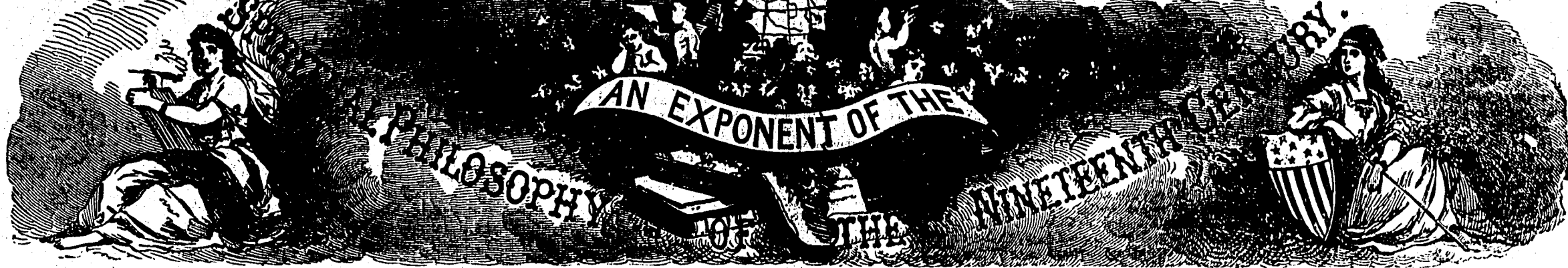


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

SPIRITE: A FANTASTIC TALE.

Translated from the French of Théophile Gautier,
expressly for the Banner of Light,
By an English Authoress.

CHAPTER I.

Guy de Mallvert was stretched, almost seated on his shoulders, in an excellent easy-chair near the fireplace, where a good fire blazed. He seemed to have made his arrangements for passing in his own home one of those tranquil evenings which the fatigues of worldly pleasures render at once a joy and a necessity to men in gay life. A black velvet jacket, a foulard shirt and wide pantaloons of red flannel, and large morocco slippers, in which his arched and nervous feet danced, composed his costume, which was at once comfortable and elegant. His body was free from all inconvenient pressure, and at ease in his soft, supple dress. Guy de Mallvert, who had taken a dinner of Spartan simplicity at his own house, followed by some glasses of Bordeaux returned from India, experienced that sort of physical beatitude which is the result of a perfect concord of all the organs. He was happy, without any pleasant event having occurred.

Near him, a lamp arranged in alabaster shed a soft, milky light, like a moon shaded by a slight mist. The light fell on a volume that Guy held in his hand in an absent manner, which was no other than the *Evangeline* of Longfellow.

Doubtless he admired the work of the greatest poet that young America has produced, but he was in that lazy disposition of soul when the absence of all thought is preferable to the most beautiful idea expressed in the most sublime terms. He had read some verses, then without putting down the book he leaned back in his chair and rested his head on the pulpit which covered it, and enjoyed the delight of an entire brain rest. The warm air of the room enveloped him in a soft caress. Around him were repose, well-being, silence and internal quietude. The only perceptible noise was the gentle blowing of a jet of gas, and the tic-tac of a clock, that with its pendulum marked a rhythmic tune.

It was winter. The recently fallen snow deadened the distant noise of the carriages, rare enough in this desert part of the city; for Guy inhabited one of the least frequented streets of the faubourg Saint Germain. Ten o'clock had just struck, and our lazy hero congratulated himself on not being in black coat and white cravat, standing in the recess of a window in some ambassador's drawing-room, having for perspective the meagre shoulder-bones of some old dowager with too low a dress. Although there reigned within the temperature of a greenhouse, one felt that it was intensely cold without, from the brightness of the fire and the silence of the streets. The magnificent Angora cat, the companion of Mallvert in this fortunate evening, crept close to the fire to lick his white fur, and one saw that it was only the gilt wire-guard that prevented him lying amongst the very clinders.

The room in which Guy enjoyed these peaceable pleasures was half studio, half library. It was large and high, and looked into a court and garden planted with those noble old trees, worthy of a royal forest, which are only to be found around the aristocratic faubourg, for it requires time to produce a tree, and parvenues cannot improve them to overshadow their great hotels built in haste from a fortune that fears bankruptcy.

The walls were hung with fawn-colored leather, and the ceiling was of beams of oak, framing squares of Norwegian pine, the woods being left in their natural color. These sober brown tints set off the pictures, sketches and water-colors suspended on the walls of this kind of gallery, where Mallvert had collected curiosities and fantasies of art. Book-cases of oak, low enough not to interfere with the pictures, formed a basement round the room interrupted by a single door. The books which loaded these shelves would have surprised the observer by their contrast. One might have thought it the library of an artist and a savant mingled together. Yet Guy de Mallvert was not a savant. He had not even learned what is taught at college, but after having remade his literary education, he felt it shameful to be ignorant of all the fine discoveries which are the glory of the present century. He had therefore put himself *au courant* as well as he was able, and one might speak in his presence of astronomy, cosmogony, electricity, micrography, spontaneous generation; he understood and sometimes astonished his interlocutor by an ingenious and new remark.

Such was de Mallvert at the age of twenty-eight or twenty-nine. His head was slightly bald on the top of his forehead, his face had an open and frank expression which was pleasant to look at; the nose, without being Grecian in its form, did not want beauty, and separated two brown eyes of firm expression; the mouth a little heavy, announced sympathetic goodness; the hair of a warm brown, was massed in small close curls without any aid from the coiffeur, and a moustache of a golden brown shaded the upper lip. In short, Mallvert was what is called a handsome man, and on his entrance into the world of fashion, he had had successes without much trouble in gaining them. Mothers adorned with daughters to marry, bestowed on him various little attentions, for he had forty thousand francs a year, and an apoplectic uncle many times millionaire, of whom he was the heir. An admirable position! However, Guy was not married; he contented himself by making an approving sign of the head to the sonatas that young ladies executed in his presence; he reconducted them politely to their places after the quadrilles, but his conversation with

them between the figures limited itself to such phrases as these: "It is very warm in this room," an aphorism from which they could not extract the least matrimonial hope. It was not that Guy de Mallvert wanted wit; he could easily have found something better to say than these banal phrases, if he had not feared to infringe the nets, woven of threads finer than spider-webs, which are stretched out in the world around young ladies whose dowry is not considerable.

When he saw himself too well received in a house, he ceased to go thither, or he set off on a long journey; and on his return, he had the satisfaction of seeing himself perfectly forgotten. Two or three misunderstood women, more or less separated from their husbands, had proclaimed him their beau idéal; to which he replied, "You are very polite, madame"—not daring to tell them that they were far from being his; for he was a polite man, this Mallvert. So he had attained the ripe age of twenty-nine without having felt love—such, at least, as it is represented by poets, dramatists and romance writers, or even the love such as was depicted by his comrades in their confidential boastings. He consoled himself very easily by reflecting on the annoyances, the calamities and trouble that this passion entails, and he waited with patience for the appearance of the decisive object which was unsought by him, to fix his destiny. However, as the world often disposes of you after its own fancy and according to its own ideas of suitability, it had been decided in society that Guy de Mallvert was smitten with Madame d'Ymbercourt, a young widow to whom he paid numerous visits. Her estate joined his; she possessed sixty thousand francs revenue, and was twenty-two. She had mourned M. d'Ymbercourt in a very suitable manner; he was old and peevish, and her position warranted her in taking a young husband of good appearance, whose birth and fortune equaled her own. The world had therefore married them on its own authority, thinking that this union would open another agreeable drawing-room—a neutral ground where people might meet. Madame d'Ymbercourt tacitly accepted the hymen, and already looked on herself something in the light of Guy's wife, who was not hasty in declaring himself, and even thought of not going any more to the pretty widow's house, for he was rather annoyed by the legitimate airs that she gave herself in advance of the event.

This very evening Guy was to have taken tea with Madame d'Ymbercourt; but after dinner he was seized with a fit of indifference, and he felt himself so comfortable at home that he had shrunk from encountering a cold of seven or eight degrees, in spite of his fur cloak and the pan of hot water that was always placed in his carriage. Besides, he had said to himself that his horse was not sharpshod, and might slip dangerously on the frozen snow. Moreover, he did not care to let an animal sold to him by Cramieux for five thousand francs stand for two or three hours exposed to a bitter northeaster. One may judge that Guy was only moderately in love, and that the lady might wait long for the ceremony that would entitle her to another name.

As Mallvert, lulled by the soft temperature of his room, where the blue, odorous vapor of two or three fine Habanas was floating, began to feel the golden powder of sleep roll under his eyelids, the door opened carefully, and a domestic appeared, bearing on a silver plateau a delicate letter, perfumed, and sealed with a device well known to Guy, for he immediately took it with an air of vexation. The scent of musk on the paper appeared to affect him disagreeably. It was a billet from Madame d'Ymbercourt, recalling to him his promise of coming to take tea with her.

"The devil fly away with notes that give a headache!" exclaimed he, with little gallantry. "A fine pleasure, to cross the city to drink a cup of hot water in which are steeped some leaves dyed green with Prussian blue and verdigris, whilst I have that box of Boromandel lacquer full of caravans tea—authentic tea, bearing the seal of the custom-house at Kiakta, the last post on the Russian frontier of China! No, certainly, I shall not go."

A remnant of politeness, however, made him change his resolution. He told his valet to bring his clothes; but when he saw the legs of his black pantaloons dangling pitifully over the back of a chair, his shirt stiff and white as a porcelain card, his black coat with slender arms, his boots polished like mirrors, and his gloves flat as hands that had been through a fluting-mill, he was suddenly seized with a fit of despair, and buried himself energetically in his armchair.

"Decidedly, I stay at home. Jack, go arrange my bed."

We have said above that he was a well-bred man, and had, besides, a good heart. He therefore hesitated on the threshold of his bedroom, where all his usual comforts smiled upon him, and said to himself that simple politeness required that he should, at least, write a line of apology, alleging a headache—important business—something that had happened to prevent him waiting upon her. Now, Mallvert, though very capable of writing an article on travel, or a tale for the "Revue des deux Mondes," detested writing letters, and especially those mere commonplace letters of politeness which women write by dozens at the corner of their toilette table, while Clotilde or Rose dresses them. He would rather have written a sonnet with difficult rhymes. His difficulty was so great that he would have preferred going in person to the other end of the city.

He approached the window, half opened the curtains, and saw through the damp window panes a dark night spotted with little flakes of snow like the back of a pintada. He figured to himself the disagreeable passage from the coupé to the vestibule, the current of cold air on the stair, and especially Madame d'Ymbercourt stand-

ing near the fireplace, in full dress, with dress cut so low that she recalled a personage in one of Charles Dickens's romances, always designated "the chest," and whose opulence of breadth and whiteness served to display the wealth of a banker; he saw her superb teeth always set in an unchanging smile; her eyebrows of arch so perfect that one might imagine them made with Indian ink, but which in reality owed nothing to art; her magnificent eyes and classical nose; her figure that all dressmakers pronounced perfect; her arms, rounded as if turned in a lathe, and loaded with massive bracelets. And the remembrance of all these charms that the world destined for him by marrying him to the young widow, without his having any great desire for it, filled him with so deep a melancholy that he turned toward his bureau, resolved—dreadful alternative—to write a note of ten lines rather than go to take tea with the charming widow.

He placed before him a sheet of cream-colored paper with an M and G curiously interlaced on the top, took a fine steel pen in a porcupine quill-holder, and began very low down so as to limit the space for the composition, and inscribed the triumphant word "Madame." Then he made a pause and leant on the palm of his hand; his faculties could furnish him with nothing more. During some minutes he remained with his hand in the same position; his fingers extended along the pen, and his brain involuntarily occupied with thoughts quite contrary to the tenor of the note. As if from waiting for the words which did not come, his body became weary of inaction, and began to show signs of impatience in his fingers, the phalanges of which extended and contracted themselves as if to trace characters, and Guy was much astonished at feeling that he had written ten or twelve lines absolutely without knowing it, and which he read thus: "You are beautiful enough and surrounded by so many adorers that one may be permitted to tell you that one does not love you. It speaks ill for the taste of him who makes the avowal—that is all. What is the use of continuing relations which will end in engaging two beings so little fitted for each other, and which would bind them together in lifelong unhappiness. Pardon me. I am going away; you will have no trouble in forgetting me."

"What is this?" exclaimed Mallvert, striking the table; "am I mad or somnambulant? What a strange note is this! It resembles one of those lithographs of Gavarni where one sees at the same time the phrase 'I am going away' and the phrase 'only here' what is written is true. I wished to force my hand to write a pretty, scolding letter; but it would not do it, and, contrary to custom, the bare truth is in the letter."

Guy looked attentively at the note, and it seemed to him that the writing was not what he commonly wrote. "There," said he, "is an autograph that would be disputed by experts; if my literary production were worth the trouble. How the deuce has this odd transformation taken place? However, I have neither smoked opium nor eaten hashish, and it cannot be that two or three glasses of Bordeaux have gone to my head. I am stronger than that. What will become of me if my pen flies thus without my knowledge? Fortunately, I have repurposed my letter, never being sure of my orthography in the evening. What an effect these amiable but too truthful lines have produced! What an astonished and indignant air she would have put on as she read them! Perhaps it would be better that the letter should go just as it is. I should have passed for a monster, a tattooed savage, all unworthy of putting on a white cravat, but, at least, this acquaintance, which wears me, would have been broken like a glass, and glass is not mended, even by sticking paper on it. If I were a little superstitious it would be easy for me to see in this a warning from heaven, instead of an unaccountable absence of mind."

After a pause Guy took a violent resolve: "I will go to Madame Ymbercourt's, for I am incapable of rewriting this letter."

He dressed himself in desperation, and, as he was leaving the room, he thought that he heard a sigh, but so feeble, so light, so aerial that it required the deep silence of night to permit the ear to catch it. This sigh stopped Mallvert on the threshold of his study, and caused him the impression which the supernatural produces on the bravest. There was nothing very terrifying in this vague, inarticulate and plaintive note, and yet Guy was more troubled by it than he dared to confess to himself.

"Bah! it is my Angora that has sighed as he slept," said Mallvert; and, taking his fur pelisse from the hands of his valet, he wrapped himself in it with the care that his long journeys in Russia had taught him, and descended in sufficiently bad humor to await the carriage at the foot of the stairs.

CHAPTER II.

Wrapped up in the corner of his coupé, his feet on the case of boiling water, Mallvert looked out without seeing any of the fantastic lights and shadows of the streets, proceeding from some late open shops or the long perspective of distant lamps.

He soon crossed the Pont de la Concorde, under which rolled the Seine, with its gloomy reflections of the lamps on its banks. As he went along, Mallvert could not help thinking of the mysterious sigh which he had heard, or thought that he had heard, at the moment when he left his room. He repeated to himself all that he knew all to explain the unexplainable. It was, perhaps, the wind in the chimney or in the corridor, or some noise without, modified by the echo, or the dull vibration of one of the chords of the piano, shaken by the passage of some heavy vehicle, or by a sound made by his Angora cat, dreaming near the fire, as he at first imagined. Nothing was more probable; good sense decided it. Still Mallvert, while acknowledging how clear and logical these explanations were, could not entirely satisfy him-

self. A secret instinct affirmed to him that this sigh was not due to any of the causes to which his philosophic prudence attributed it; he felt that this feeble groan came from a soul, and was not a vague noise in matter. There was mingled in it a sigh of sorrow. Whence came it then? Guy could not think of it without that kind of anxiety, full of questionings, which the firmest spirits experience, who, without seeking it, meet with the unknown.

There was no one in the room except Jack—a creature not addicted to the sentimental. The sigh, gently modulated, harmonious, tender, lighter than the murmur of a breeze among aspen leaves, was indubitably *feminine*. One could not deny it that character.

Another circumstance puzzled Mallvert—this letter that he had written without being aware, as if a will foreign to his own had guided his fingers. The excuse of a fit of absence of mind, to which he had at first referred it, could not stand the test of reason. The sentiments of the soul are passed through the mind before they fix themselves on paper; and, besides, they do not go and arrange themselves on paper, whilst the brain is pondering other things. It must have been, therefore, that an influence that he could not define had taken possession of him whilst he was absent from himself, and had acted in his place; for he was very sure, now that he reflected on it, that he had not slept a single instant. All the evening he had been lazy, sleepy, stupefied by the torpor of comfort, but at that moment he was perfectly awake. The vexatious alternative of going to Madame d'Ymbercourt's, or of writing a note to excuse himself, had given him a kind of feverish exaltation. These lines, which indicated his secret ideas in so just and clear a manner, and more decidedly than he had yet avowed even to himself, were due to what he must name a supernatural intervention, until analysis had explained it and given it another title.

Whilst Guy turned over these things in his mind, the carriage rolled through the streets, that were more deserted in consequence of the cold and snow than was usual in these elegant parts of the city, where nocturnal life only stops at a late hour.

On entering the court of the house he experienced a disagreeable sensation when he saw two flies of carriages, with the coachmen buried in furs, stationed in the gravelled centre of the space. The weary horses, shaking their bits, mingled flakes of foam with flakes of snow.

"This is what is called a quiet evening—a cup of tea at the fireside! she never has any other! All Paris will be there, and I have not put on a white cravat," grumbled Mallvert. "I should have done better to have gone to bed, but I try to be as diplomatic as Talleyrand. I did not follow my first impulse because it was a good one."

He ascended the stairs with a slow step, and having disencumbered himself of his pelisse, he turned toward the drawing-room, the doors of which were opened by the servants with a sort of obsequious deference, as to a man who would soon be the master of the house and of such servants as he chose to retain.

"What!" said Mallvert to himself, remarking this more than common civility, "it is even for the servants to dispose of my person and marry me on their own private authority to Madame d'Ymbercourt. But the bands are not yet published."

Madame d'Ymbercourt, perceiving Guy, advanced to meet him, bowing her head and making a bent-back, which is the modern salutation, and uttered a little exclamation of satisfaction, which she tried to correct by assuming an air of pouting coldness. But her ever-smiling lips, habituated to show her ivory teeth even to their rosy gums, could not approach each other to form the pretty mouth that the lady wished; and she, seeing in a glance from the corner of her eye in a glass that this physiognomy did not succeed, took the decision to show herself amiable, like an indulgent woman, who knows that too much gallantry must not be expected from men in these days.

"You are very late, M. Guy," said she, extending a hand so lightly moved that it seemed to the touch like wood; "you have doubtless waited at your villainous club, to smoke your cigars and play cards; so you are punished by not hearing the great German pianist play the chromatic galop by Litz, nor the charming Countess Salvaresa sing the air from Saul as Mallbran could not have executed it."

Guy, in some suitable phrases, expressed his regret (which, to say truly, was not deep,) at not having heard these fine things; and as he felt annoyed, amongst all these dressed-out people, at having found his neck two fingers' breadth of black silk instead of two fingers' breadth of white muslin, he sought to escape at a tangent into some corner less inundated with light, where this invidious solecism in dress would be less observed in comparative shade. He had much trouble in effecting this movement, for Madame d'Ymbercourt always brought him back into the midst of the circle by some glance or phrase which required a response, which Guy always made as briefly as possible. But at last he succeeded in gaining the recess of a door leading from the grand saloon into a smaller one, arranged as a greenhouse, all trellised and lined with camellias.

In the same recess there stood a young man whom he met often at his club, and whose mind, stamped with a Northern eccentricity, he much admired. It was the Baron de Feroë, a Swede, a compatriot of Swedenborg, and like him inclined to mysticism, or, at least, as much occupied with the other world as with this. The character of his head was peculiar. His blonde hair fell in masses almost straight, and appeared lighter in color than his skin; his moustache was of a golden hue, so pale that one might almost call it silver. In his grey-blue eyes there was an undefinable expression, and their glance, ordinarily half veiled by long, whitish eyelashes, sometimes emitted a keen flame, that seemed to come from beyond the bounds of humanity.

As for the rest, the Baron de Feroë was too per-

fect of a gentleman to affect the least eccentricity; his manners were quiet and cold, of English correctness, and he did not study, before the glass, the aura of an *illuminé*. This evening, as on leaving Madame d'Ymbercourt's he was to go to a ball at the Austrian Embassy, he was in full dress, and on his black coat, the folding collar of which concealed the half of a foreign order, there shone, suspended by a fine chain of gold, the crosses of the "Danebrog" and of the Elephant, the order of Merit of Prussia, the order of St. Alexander Newsky, and other decorations of the Courts of the North, which proved his high diplomatic services.

He was truly a singular man, this Baron de Feroë, but it was a singularity which did not strike at first, so enveloped was it in diplomatic phlegm. One saw him in the world, at official receptions, at the club, at the opera, but, under this appearance of a man of fashion, he lived in a singular manner. He had no intimate friend or companion. In his house, which was admirably regulated, no visitor had ever passed the first saloon. The door which conducted to the other apartments had never been opened to any one. Like the Turks, he only gave up to the external world a single room, which, visibly, he did not himself inhabit. The visitor gone, he re-entered into the retirement of the other rooms. In what did he occupy himself? That nobody knew. He often made long retreats, and the people who missed him attributed them to some secret mission or to some journey into Sweden, where his family lived; but if any one had passed, at a late hour, through the unfrequented street where the Baron resided, he would have seen a light in his room, and sometimes even the Baron himself, leaning on his elbow on the balcony, with his gaze lost in the firmament. But no one had an interest in watching the Baron de Feroë.

He gave to the world strictly what he owed it. Toward women, his perfect politeness never passed certain limits, where he might even, without risk, have ventured further; in spite of his coldness he did not displease. The classical regularity of his features recalled the Greco-Scandinavian sculpture of Thorwaldsen. "He is a frozen Apollo," said the Duchess of C. of him, who, if one can trust report, had tried in vain to thaw this statue of ice.

Like Mallvert, the Baron was looking at the snowy shoulders near them, standing in a slightly bent attitude which rounded still more their graceful outline; a fall of foliage that descended from her head-dress made them slightly shiver by their soft contact.

"A charming personage," said the Baron, to Guy, whose look he had followed; "it is a pity that she has no soul. Whoever became enamored of her would experience the fate of Nathaniel, in Hoffman's *Man of Sand*—he would run the risk of pressing a *marmosquin* in his arms."

"Be tranquil, dear Baron," replied Guy, laughing. "I am not desirous of being the person to whom these fine shoulders should belong, although fine shoulders are not in themselves objects to be despised. At this moment I confess, to my shame, that I do not experience the spark of sentiment for any person whatsoever."

"What, not even for Madame d'Ymbercourt, whom you are going, they say, to marry?" replied the Baron, with an air of ironical incredulity.

"There are persons in the world," said Mallvert, using a phrase of Molière, "who would marry the Grand Turk to the Republic of Venice; but I hope to remain a bachelor."

"You will do well," replied the Baron, whose voice suddenly changed its tone from one of friendly familiarity to one of mysterious solemnity. "Do not enrage yourself in any earthly bond. Remain free for love, which is, perhaps, about to visit you. The spirits have their eyes on you; and you might eternally repent in the outer world the fault committed in this."

Whilst the young Swede said this strange phrase, his eyes, of a steel blue, had a singular brilliancy and darted rays which Mallvert fancied he felt warm on his breast.

After the odd events of the evening, this mysterious recommendation did not find him as incredulous as, perhaps, it would have done if it had been the evening before. He turned toward the Baron, with his eyes full of astonishment and interrogations, as if to beg him to speak more clearly; but M. de Feroë looked at his watch, and said:

"I shall arrive very late at the Embassy," then giving the hand of Mallvert a hearty pressure, he turned toward the door, and cleared himself a passage without rushing a dress, treading on a train or compromising a flounce, with the delicate skill that proved him an accomplished man of the world.

"Ah, well, Guy, do you not come to take a cup of tea?" said Madame d'Ymbercourt, who had at last discovered her pretended admirer leaning, with a dreamy air, against the door of the little saloon. Mallvert was obliged to follow the mistress of the house to the table where the warm beverage was smoking in a silver urn surrounded by China cups.

The *Real* tried to reassert its power over the *Ideal*.

[To be continued in our next.]

TOBACCO AND INSANITY.—Dr. Boyd, in the *American Builder*, traces some remarkable proportions between the consumption of tobacco and the prevalence of insanity. He cites two Belgian physicians, Messrs. Grillan and Hagon, for the statement that from 1818 to 1850, the production of tobacco being 28,000,000 kilograms, there were 10,000 insane reported annually. In 1842, with a proportion of 80,000,000 kilograms of tobacco, there were 15,000 insane. In 1852, the tobacco product being 120,000,000 kilograms, the number of maniacs had increased to 22,000. In 1864, with a tobacco product of 180,000,000 kilograms, there were 44,000 crazy Belgians.

Free Thought.

THE SCIENTIFIC PROFESSORS AND SPIRITUALISM.

The Cambridge professors failed to furnish the promised report of their investigation of spiritual phenomena. Many years of research have passed—and it may be supposed they proved too true to be good—for those by whose permission so many may say that they really think. Neither have the slanders, said at the time to have been recklessly uttered by some of them, concerning the reputation of persons guilty only of gifts that constitute "mediumship," been retracted.

And although the history of the clergy of all denominations glitters with lives of truly sanctified characters, who are ignorant of the fact that, as a body, those professors of charity and humility have been, for hundreds of years, notorious for their arrogance, their pride, their insolence and cruel vindictiveness and intolerance; that they have almost ever been the ready right arm of the oppressor, the plant tools of arbitrary power, and unrelenting foes of human progress or freedom of thought?

Mr. David Brewster was roused to enthusiasm when he saw a table alone in mid-air, in defiance of gravitation, and even of orthodox science; but when interrogated by the latter, his knees trembled, his eyes became dim, his comprehension difficult, until he could only stammer, "It appeared to do so." And now we have a scientific "Huggins" modest enough to admit his inability to see what his confederates pointed out to him, though it was what he went especially to look at.

Mr. Faraday, in an evil hour having accepted a commission based upon the absurdity of such impossibilities, investigated the subject until his only refuge was by the gate of an unconscious muscular action on the part of mediums, whom his respect for justice would not permit him to accuse of either fraud or imposture.

He had discovered an occult force, which, as a scientific man, he must have tingled to investigate; but he had a master of greater authority than truth, to whom the sacrifice of truth is grateful homage. Even so gifted and accurate a man as Faraday found it necessary to treat Mr. Home's subsequent offer of opportunity for further investigation with insult; and who can doubt that the unmanly expedient was in obedience to authority he dared not defy? A bolder man at times might have qualified at the idea of accepting Mr. Home's pregnant proposition.

Mr. Tyndall, profiting by the example of his predecessor, cunningly availed himself of the same base expedient, and cast a stigma upon himself that he will not live to see effaced.

The pure and fearless Hare, the generous De Morgan, and a few other distinguished lights of science, alone of that class, have proved strong enough to express honest convictions exposing the cause of an unpopular truth that noble and devoted Edmonds and thousands of others have so heroically maintained, in defiance of vulgar and ignorant scorn and malignant derision and from of friends, until public opinion is so nearly ready to sustain its advocates, that even cowardly and hypocrites are beginning to ponder if it be not already safe to admit what they know is true; and perhaps a report of the learned society in London that lately ventured to investigate this "dangerous subject" may yet serve to make its appearance.

The invaluable conclusions that knowledge of spiritual facts affords were doubtless designed for the benefit of all mankind. They are highly essential to the welfare and happiness of every individual, and consequently must be within the scope of human faculties in general. Evidences of their existence appeal directly to human instincts as well as the senses; and the idiot, however unconscious of the means, becomes recipient of their blessings, and the most untutored boy of ten years old is capable of knowing when an apple falls or a table moves as a Newton, though not, like him, be able to give a name and theory to the yet unexplained law by which it does so.

The Lutheran reformation was the first modern step upward from the bottomless pit of Orthodox superstition and darkness that had nearly secluded this true and invaluable source of spiritual light, and crushed humanity out of Christian mankind. The most brilliant period of its power was that of man's deepest degradation; and it remains an obvious fact, to the present day, that the depravity of peoples is in proportion to the fullness of its domination, and that, in communities where the church is most respected, truth is apt to be least so. What would a scene of brigandage be without its way-side cross?

Unfortunately, the reformation that was destined to deliver mankind from these conditions could not be established unless the then prevailing, but misguided and erroneous, belief in spiritual intercourse could be cast away, as being the mere machinery and imposture of Popery.

Catholicism, entrenched in an universal opinion that "miracles" alone were sufficient proof and sanction for whatever religious doctrine that Ecclesiastical might choose to associate with them, must remain impregnable until such pretensions, however logically absurd, could be overthrown.

That protest against Rome, in favor of mankind, was the unparagonable sin of that period. The defenders of monkish iniquities regarded themselves, and doubtless with sincerity, as the supporters of the only true religion, and sanctioned by God himself. They were his special, sole and constituted agents therefore. Nevertheless, the hostile movement got upon its feet, all four of them, and, like its parent, stands as if it had no knees, braced before and behind with stern determination that, in one step, Protestantism has reached its utmost limit, shall bear no children, and is really as pure and complete and perfect as the Romish Church only pretended to be. It is only Geneva that is genuine; all else is Babylon.

The new spiritual insurance company became as intolerant as the old one. The policies of any other were more impostures than more surely leave the holders in the lurch. Its insolence and cruelty, for Christ's sake, knew no other limit than that which bounds human endurance, and, until the despised polytheism, in his schoolhouse, measurably liberated common sense and common decency, the rack and fagot remained with it, as in the old, the sole, sufficient arguments of the beneficence of a merciful God, who is, moreover, himself so infinitely tolerant as to tolerate intolerance, yea, even such advocates of it.

Deprived of this chief means of conviction, Ecclesiasticalism has been greatly weakened, but some terror of its prescription in this world and the next still remains. The foes of freedom of human thought and human progress, themselves the sincere and helpless victims of a system of religious education that imposes absolute spiritual pauperism and degrades churches (that should be temples where all men of whatever religious persuasion should be allowed to meet in harmony) into mere spiritual porthouses, that are absolutely necessary to their congregations, as an almshouse for the idiot, the demoralized tramp, or the unmanly inebriate.

Any science or philosophy, or mode of logic, or system of opinions that could only be established by recourse to mothers in their weakness, infants in their cradles, children in their nonsense, must necessarily be incompatible with human reason, and, therefore, with truth and common sense.

"Christians," so called, are made just as Mohammedans or Hebrews or worshippers of beasts or stumps are made. Kidnapping of infants, intellectually and spiritually maiming them, is the universal and only means of establishing what is so abhorrent or contrary to common sense of mankind, when freely exercised, as are the religious systems of priests in general, of whatever nation, creed or country.

It is also observable that each different religious sect is pretty equally alike entirely confident of the truth of its own creed. Every believer, of whatever persuasion, believes what he supposes to be the truth, (who can believe what he does not believe, or believes to be untrue?) and, being therefore necessarily sincere, he fulfills the moral and spiritual requirement; and it is evidently in the beneficence of the laws of human being that each sincere individual shall desire the fullness of consolation that is the natural, provided outflow of any faith, however absurd, provided only that it be conscientiously entertained.

It is quite evident that whoever stands intellectually and morally independent feels no need of any faith or observance to others, of whatever persuasion, may find necessary to themselves. The Turk has no more need of the support of Christian forms of faith than Europeans and Americans have of the Mohammedan.

In proportion to the freedom and intelligence and sober thoughtfulness of men and women, will be the elevation of their faith, their charity for that of others, and their likelihood in the final happiness of all. Such will be most likely to feel that the great question is, not what is to become of me, but what is to be the fate of the race. We all know that our own temporal anxieties desert us in proportion as we devote ourselves to the temporal welfare of others. There

are, doubtless, those—especially in Massachusetts, where spiritual and intellectual freedom have made much progress—who have found this law to be equally applicable to spiritual considerations of the same sort.

Investigation of the great subject of religious faith will probably demonstrate that it is of far less importance what a man believes, than that he should be independent and honest enough to avow it on all proper occasions, and to know that mankind has a right to every man's opinion upon such an important subject.

Such will really perceive that infidelity is only Orthodoxy's nickname for those who will not come to its shop, but it may yet become manifest that there is a moral courage in those who openly avow sentiments in conflict with Orthodox teachings; there is an exhibit of devotion to even an abhorred view of truth that gives earnest of a love of truth in general, for its own sake. Such, at least, are not likely to profess a conviction because it happens to be popular.

It is true that there are quite as many quick nostrums and galleys in theology as in medicine, but he that does not sell them, but only freely gives them, is assuredly no quack, however empty his pretensions, or worse than worthless his theories or remedies. Orthodoxy and quacks alike label their doses with charges of imposture against all other than their own genuine signatures.

Common sense revolts at Orthodox theories of human destiny, and recognizes in its God the most detestable of monsters set in a frame of brilliant attributes. Who reads Milton without an irrepressible leaning toward Satan as superior to the Deity? He has certainly thus far fallen, if Orthodoxy be true. No heaven-dethroned deity, however despised by others than his worshippers, approaches the depravity of this creation of priestcraft, the logical embodiment and expression of its own terrific teachings—teachings that whoever believes, must be guilty of the greatest, the sum of all crimes, in becoming a parent. Such theories should terminate the human race, if universally believed, unless it be a virtue and an imperative duty to people hell and feed its fires. Who does not know that to believe ourselves more sensible than others is not a quality of wisdom, or that to believe ourselves more virtuous and upright than others is not a property of virtue? Whoever boasts of superior courage is surely demonstrating his deficiency in that virtue.

In presence of one habitually proclaiming his integrity, men instinctively look to their pockets. And certainly he who declares he has "the only true religion," (that is, the sum of all the virtues), the only path, the only key to God's favor in heaven, and from which, consequently, all others must be declared, only affords the fullest possible testimony of an utter ignorance, on his part, of what constitutes the very basis of what he professes to possess. For what can be more cruelly uncharitable, what a greater, a more slanderous presumption, than to denounce a fellow being as deserving damnation more than himself; and especially, when his denunciation happens to consist in guilt of a religious belief discordant to his own?

What must that man be who conceives he can be happy while believing that nine-tenths, or even a single individual, of the race is doomed to eternal torture, from which he has no reason to exempt his friends, or even all of his own children?

What must that faith be that proposes itself as the only means of happiness—that claims itself sufficient to redeem the foulest of all transgressors, while the purest character possible, unless it combines also that faith, must inevitably suffer eternal anguish, that anguish the merited punishment of an almighty, all-wise and all-merciful God? A God that virtue, only, does not dispense, because it dispenses nothing, but whose system of government, as set forth by Orthodoxy, is abhorrent to everything that is good in man. Bigotry, with its closed eyes and open mouth, knows not what it predicates of justice, nor can see that thousands of delitties it despises are only tarnished by the frailties of men, while their own is blackened by crimes that only demons commit, or imagine.

It should, then, be no wonder that so large a proportion of intelligent men should dissent from the teachings of Orthodox Churches; though such is their influence still, that scarcely one in five of such dissenters dare say, especially to ladies, what he really believes upon religious subjects. This fact is deplorable enough, but how much more so when we find so many who profess opinions they do not entertain, because they have not the moral courage to tell the truth—and this upon the most important of all the topics that concern the welfare of humanity. Whom does this fact deprecate, not to a point, but to a plane, that is the level rock, the limit of his strength to resist temptation, and will commit an untruth, "deny his Lord," on any other account when inducement to do so has reached this low level. Doubtful dissimulation is less abhorred than honest, outspoken infidelity.

J. P. —

HEV TO THE LINE—LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY WILL.

An article appearing in the Banner of Light, August 30th, signed by Ira Davenport and five others, criticizing unjustly the statements made by E. E. Barnum, Charles Andrews, G. W. Keith, M. D., and the undersigned, in the issue of the 12th, concerning a séance with Harry Bastian, truth and justice to myself demand a reply. They say: "It is false—as their own words prove—that all reasonable tests were refused them." June 20th, I attended a séance with the above-named Harry Bastian. As I had never seen the ring manifestation under a committee's tying, I asked the privilege of tying his hands with my own rope, to hold the two ends, and was refused. Again, I asked to untie him after the spirits had tied him. I might see how he was tied, and was again refused. Were these requests unreasonable? and are our statements false?

July 3d, I attended the séance referred to by them, and requested the privilege of tying the medium with my own lines, and it was granted. I tied him with strips of lacing. The two that tied his wrists were marked; they were four and a half foot long each. When we were ready, the light was put out. While waiting for something to occur, I heard the hands break. Immediately after, I asked the spirit "Charlie" if he had broken either of the hands. He replied, "None of your business." After that, there was a general rattling of the instruments on the table. While we were waiting for something more, a light was called for. The medium was free—the hands on the floor. I picked them up; found one that tied his wrist broken. The other I did not find. I held the broken piece up to the company, saying, "It was four and a half foot long when I put it on his wrist; you can judge of its length now." I also said, "I thought I heard them both break." There was a little confusion. Soon quiet was restored; the light was extinguished, and a voice, purporting to be that of George Fox, spoke through the trumpet, saying, "If the gentlemen says we broke them both, he is a liar. He did break one; it was an accident." Are they willing to say they did not hear the above language? Is there no evidence that the hands were broken except my assertion, when the parties themselves acknowledge the fact? When the light was called for the second time, I refused to investigate further with those who had accused me of falsehood without a just cause, whether spirits in the body or out.

They say, "If the gentleman wished to be honorable, why did he not measure the lacing before commencing and in the oblique, in presence of the company." The reason why is obvious. I stated distinctly to the company the number of feet I had. If they were not willing to take my statement, I wished some one would step forward and measure them before I commenced to tie the medium. I will leave the reader to judge whether the course I pursued was honorable or not.

Now, as regarding the sequel, July 6th: the medium was tied firmly—his hands carried around the back of the chair, and tied together and to the chair. The medium claims that he remains so while the manifestations are taking place. If his claim is a good one, how could he have been standing up, with his right hand extended in front of him? They do not deny this fact, but say "the fact was, the tambourine and four bells were playing without the guitar." Does that account for the medium's position? When order was restored, the light was extinguished; and when it was called for, the medium was seen sitting, bound apparently more firmly than before—hands, feet and body—to the chair. He also claims that he remains so while the spirits rate him upon the table; indeed, he says they take hold each side of the chair. In this position he was left in darkness. When the second light was struck, they say "he was standing, or, as some are ready to testify, was suspended, so they could see under his feet. The spirits stated that; they were in the act of raising him upon the table, as they often do. This accounts for the two excuses the gentlemen speak of."

But does it account for the position the medium was seen in? or can it be accounted for under any other hypothesis than that he was free from his bands? Regarding the first position, we stated that all in the room who did not have their eyes closed at that time, or turned in another direction, saw him in this position. They say, "We would like

to have them prove it." I shall be most happy to do so when they will prove that we did not have the hands break. One word more about the lacing, and I will close. They say, "One gentleman put some in his pocket to show to his family. This, we think, will account for the missing pieces." The next day, July 4th, a re-measurement discovered the fact that one piece only was missing, viz.: the one which confined one of the wrists.

Yours for the truth, I. N. HARRINGTON.

Boston, Mass.

SHALL SPEAKERS BE WELL PAID?

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Considerable discussion has grown out of my former article to which you kindly gave place, upon "The Pious, Camp Meeting and Convention Business." In connection with this, some remark has been made upon the recent action of "The Lecturers' Club." It is considered a hardship that I should think the practice of managers in advertising speakers they take no pains to secure essentially fraudulent, but the hardship of speakers is greatest in the case.

I insist that justice and good faith require that no one shall advertise "Prominent Speakers" unless they have made engagements with such; and then good sense and courtesy would indicate that they should be announced by name. If managers intend to rely upon such talent as may offer itself, let it be proclaimed: "A free platform will be open, and the voice of the people will be heard." I am not certain "Prominent Speakers" are not about played out, as an extra attraction; they should be any way, when the word of promise falls so often in the performance.

"Justice" writes in a recent number of the Banner, to the effect that "If Speakers do not like their pay and usage, they had better go into some other business." Heaven help you, "Justice" (!) that is just what the oppressor of the worker in every department says! And oh how many such as you have driven from the service of Spiritualism and progress! Ambler, Britton, Newton, Tiffany, and more than enough to fill the alphabet.

The speakers of Spiritualism are not priests, and should not be degraded by enforced beggary. If one of them driven by need has to choose a new business, the treatment they have had from such as "Justice" (!) has qualified them to gather coppers in behalf of the sick monkey atop some tin-canned hand organ.

If any one teaches a man to fiddle, his pupil pays him. Priests disappear, and teachers take their places. Digging and praying (both mean actions as generally done) belong to priests. Learning and teaching belong to the speaker.

A civilized Indian was once asked: "What do you do for a living?"

"Oh, my preach!" was his reply.

"How much do you get?" was the next inquiry.

"Not much; sometimes four, sometimes six shillings," said he.

"Is not that pretty damned poor pay for preaching?" interrogated his irreverent examiners.

"Yes! yes!" said the Indian, "him pretty damn poor pay; me pretty damn poor preach! Ugh!"

Speakers need to be competent, therefore must have means for education even in addition to mediumistic capacity. The pretence that the angel Gabriel, or any other, can or will blow "the music of the spheres" through a rusty tin whistle, is sheer nonsense, or worse. Spirits quicken, control and develop the faculties of susceptible speakers, to an extent in direct ratio to the ever-growing intelligence of their media. But we can no more depend on them to relieve us of the duty of work, or deprive us of the privilege of culture, than we may demolish the city water-works, because it will rain in our mouths if we lay long enough on our backs in the kitchen yard.

As to the resolve of the Lecturers' Club, I see no reason any one should object; I hear that an officer of one of our public organizations declares: "We can get along without the speakers just as well as they can get on without us." Perhaps they can, better. That is not the question. Can the spiritualist public and the age at large be best served by volunteer haphazard talk—by selected but ignorant, though mediumistic, speakers meekly paid, or by inspired teachers, in whom the gifts and graces of an unfolded mediumship are made the basis of an original, broad, and generous education?

I know there is among the silent men and women, genies to shame many a vociferous egotist, and this was one reason why at Walden Pond I asked to be silent on Sunday eve. The vox populi is not heard often enough, or regarded respectfully, in my opinion, even to know what is needed. I began to speak as a medium, and I say with old Fuller, "My candle goes out in a stick, when I deny where it was lighted," but this does not forbid me to use the snuffery, and trim the wick!

The age demands and will have teachers who combine all the originality of spontaneous action with the power of a fervent spirit, inspiration, as well as the best and most beautiful culture of the time. No large number can win this for themselves, and then give its benefits to a public that fattens hogs and starves if it does not "stone the prophets."

If Spiritualists see this, and take the means to encourage the genius and talent among their sons and daughters by a special education and liberal support in this profession and vocation, they will gather into their hands the control of the era, and be able to shape the course of progress to beneficent ends; but if they abuse the charity and love of the spiritual world, by laziness and stingsiness, excusing stupidity and cupidity, the influx will pass over, and become the servant, as it is the angel, of whoever has sense to welcome and provide for it.

I do not want to rule myself out of sight and hearing, by demanding every speaker shall be first a Humboldt and Phillips in addition; but I do suggest that grace is not incompatible with grammar; though the truth may be told crudely. I affirm that the person who undertakes to occupy the time of an audience should have the means and the diligence to learn not only "the song of the angels" but the prose of science.

This takes money; this takes time, another name for cash; and this demands special adaptation of valuable talents. Somehow the three go to the bottom of everything but a South Sea. We have had cheap talk enough, our platform (I have done my part, Heaven forgive me, and man and me) to sink a fleet of ships, or send up all the balloons from Montpelier down to those lost off Boston Common in the fog last Independence Day.

Now the Lecturers' Club desires to do better service, and so asks for justice, and I ask for generosity in their behalf. Assure them of life, engage them as they deserve in advance, that they may know what they have to do; pay, prepay, and over pay if need be; any way provide the means by the use of which they can make the best and most of themselves, and then if good fruit comes not in due time, you may say, "Dear, dear, what can the matter be?" E. S. WHEELER.

HOW SHALL I PRAY?

BY N. E. MVLFOED.

"How shall I pray?" the heathen cries, "Who thinks his God of stone and brass? Demands of him a reverence, In words that can atone."

"How shall I pray?" the Papist cries, "Who fears his soul shall dwell In Purgatory too long. Unless his prayers excel."

"How shall I pray?" the Christian asks, "Whose pious thoughts 't would seem Admit that Deity is vain, And wishes man's esteem."

A spirit bends with pure thought In gentle tones to say: "True prayers were never made of words; I'll teach you how to pray:

Pray with your hands; let every nerve Be strung with godly might; To extricate all human wrong, And raise the cause of right.

Pray with your feet; let every step Be good to all around; And for yourself rejoice to seek Progress without end.

Pray with your mind; let every thought Be new, true, good, and clear, So pure and bright that when revealed, The cause of sin shall die.

Pray with your soul. Hast thou a soul Which sorrow's never cold? Then go with heartfelt sympathy, All human grief to heal.

Pray thou with every thought and act, Be thou one living prayer, So pure and true, all shall feel, He's guiding influence there."

A young man who inquired as to what business would enable him to occupy a high position in society, was advised to try the roofing business.

ENGLAND.

BY J. H. POWELL. (Correspondent.)

No. 4 CHANCERY STREET, BUCKINGHAM, W.C. }
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"A Secular View of Spiritualism"—Spiritualism before the British Association—Mrs. Houghton's Exhibition of Spirit Drawings—J. J. Morse, the Medium—Canon Kingsley on Primitive Man.

The August number of the Reasoner, a secular and cooperative review, edited by George Jacob Holyoake, is before me, calling for special notice on account of an article from the editor's pen which it contains, "A Secular View of Spiritualism."

Mr. Holyoake has been many years before the world as a thinker and reformer. He has earned the right to a hearing on any question which may occupy his attention. His acknowledged ability as a writer will always command attention. As a "Secularist," his own chosen cognomen, he has done good and valiant service, especially in the work of co-operation. It is singular how such a man could appear before the Dialectical Society with such a paper, (for "A Secular View of Spiritualism" found original expression before that learned body.) Mr. Holyoake chooses "Spiritism" in preference to "Spiritualism," on the authority of Mazzini. Spiritualists generally hold by the latter term, and are unwilling to be dubbed "Spiritists." Mr. Holyoake does not study them, but is bent on having his joke at the expense of spirits and Spiritualists.

I always credited the editor of the Reasoner with logical acumen, until I read his amusing paragraphs on Spiritualism.

The present paper opens with the confession that it is not in his power to give much attention to the subject of Spiritualism. "Nor do I, indeed, deem it entitled to formal inquiry, as not having attained to either dignity or decency in its procedure, or any certitude in its results." This is modest for a man who has not given the subject much attention.

But more remains in the same vein. He tells the Dialectical Society and the world that the spiritual phenomena are called such "by a special conjunction of courtesy and audacity." Let us all hide our diminutive heads! And this from a man who has not given the subject much attention.

I am forced to conclude, the more I think on the attitude of Mr. Holyoake toward Spiritualism, as shown in his latest lucubration, that it is neither "dignified nor decent."

It is a sign of the times that opponents make such a fuss about what Mr. Holyoake designates "the noisiest and most fruitless vagary ever dignified with the name of a cause." And this from a man who has not given much attention to the subject. Mr. Holyoake seems to act upon the principle of saying the most where he knows the least. He might here learn a lesson from ancient Sparta.

A "decent" regard for facts and a "dignified" aspect would render our acrimonious critic approximately just in his declarations. Not having given much attention to an investigation of the subject, he can coolly question "the capacity of our witnesses to see what they say they see." He asks, triumphantly, "Have they a passion for proof? Have they the courage, or ordinary clearness of brain, to use the common human tests to determine the quality of these appearances? Until these witnesses show that they have done this, I think they have no credible case."

Not having given much attention to this subject, I can understand how Mr. Holyoake has failed to obtain the answer which facts make to his queries.

But alas! his is a hard case, for with few exceptions, he considers all "Spiritists" he has known as being "mooney-minded."

What is to be done now? The scientific investigations of Mr. Crookes and others pass current with "mooney-minded" people, not with the Solons of the Holyoake stamp.

I think I know many hundreds of Spiritualists whose ability to weigh evidence and "passion for proof" are at least equal to our censor's, and who have come out into the light of Spiritualism in consequence of the weight of evidence and the "proof" obtained. And I dare affirm, if Mr. Holyoake knew them, he would hardly dare pronounce them "mooney-minded," even at the risk of sacrificing a pleasant or a pun.

But what can the poor man do? He has not given much attention to the subject, but was expected to say something. What he says is "smart," to use an Americanism. Wit degenerates into banter, and asperation takes the place of common sense.

Spiritualism is not hurt in the least. Mr. Holyoake "frets and fumes" as though he was. Perhaps he will be happier for letting off his "jibes and quibbles," but the difficulty to me is to regard "a secular view of Spiritualism" as either "dignified" or "decent."

"There were never two more unlikely philosophers than Mr. Fay and Dr. Ferguson. They forbade all inquirers to move their hands or use their eyes; they shut them up like fools in the dark, and beat their heads with tambourines, and called that investigation into God-sent truths from the great kingdom of light and life."

I wonder Mr. Holyoake did not remember, when he wrote this, that he formerly, on his visit, in company with myself, to the Davenport séance, wrote in the Newcastle Daily Chronicle:

"I decline to call the proceedings 'performances,' as that implies the manifestations were got up; and as I do not know that, I do not deem it fair to say it. For the same reason, I avoid saying that what I witnessed was very 'clever,' for that implies a trick; and as I am not prepared to prove that, it would be a violation of the strictness of speech to use such a term. To call them 'jugglers,' or 'clever mountebanks,' or 'skillful necromancers,' seems to me quite unjustifiable terms. Those who have used such language are bound to show by what contrivance the thing is done."

Here Mr. Holyoake charges Mr. Holyoake with manifest inconsistency.

On witnessing the Davenport manifestations, he scorned to imply to the brothers "the performance of a trick," and was ready to castigate all who, without being able to show how the manifestations were produced, had the temerity to call the brothers "jugglers." But before the Dialectical Society, Mr. Holyoake himself, without giving the slightest proof, charges the Davenports with beating the heads of the company with tambourines, and implies that the whole transaction was a monstrous "trick."

The coupling of Mr. Ferguson's name with that of Mr. Fay is unhappy, when the question of philosophy is involved. Mr. Fay makes little pretension to philosophy; whilst it will be admitted on all hands, by persons capable of judging, that Dr. Ferguson was a man of erudition and profound philosophy. I regret to see Mr. Holyoake in this plight. He might have spared the memory of Dr. Ferguson, who, when in London, gave the editor of the Reasoner opportunity in debate to measure "philosophy" with him on the subject of Spiritualism. Mr. Holyoake backed out, but waited until the man was in America, or dead, to beat him with the rod of secular philosophy.

I have already taken up more space than I designed with Mr. Holyoake. I am glad to see him engaged in the useful work of co-operation. He has already conferred lasting benefits on the working classes in this really reformatory movement. In closing, I would say that the Reasoner is a valuable monthly, and full of much interesting reading. It is only when Mr. Holyoake touches Spiritualism that he appears to me to lose his balance. May he yet see with "other, larger eyes" its truths.

Our scientific men do not appear able to let Spiritualism alone. The other day, at Edinburgh, the British Association met to discuss papers on Anthropology and general sciences. Prof. Allen Thomson, President of the Biological Section, may claim the merit, if merit is in it, of being the first to introduce the subject of Spiritualism before the British Association, which holds its meetings annually, and is composed of men and women of eminence in literature and science.

Prof. Allen Thomson read a somewhat meritorious paper before his section, which, but for his direct and ignorant onslaught on Spiritualism, might have called for small notice. The Professor is held in high esteem in Western Scotland, and is regarded as a clever anatomist. His chief work has been in elucidating the midriff. But what he knows of Spiritualism doth not appear, although he hints at certain experiences of the "imposture." He declares that no course of inquiry into the matter can "deserve the name of study or investigation." Thus, at the outset, the Professor blocks the way to the student, and demonstrates his utter ignorance. This is not all; he regretfully admits that "a few men of acknowledged reputation in some departments of science have surrendered their judgments to these foolish dreams." Shade of Paracelsus, here is audacity from one of your disciples!

Our learned opponents certainly are the most ignorant in their methods of attack. No illiterate observer of spiritual phenomena ever talked such twaddle or made such egregious attacks on the sanity of believers as the Professor Allen Thomsons of the day.

Nothing more easy than to invent phrases derogatory to Spiritualism and Spiritualists, and it is a common error of scientists to do so. Even the profound Professor Tyndall could say, (great proof of his profundity on the subject of Spiritualism!) "The present promoters of spiritual phenomena divide themselves into two classes, one of which needs no demonstration, while the other is beyond the reach of proof. The victims like to believe, and they do not like to be undeceived."

Who asks if Tyndall likes to be undeceived? He is demonstrably in the dark. The light is inadmissible because it belongs to the realm of spirit. The trouble which oppresses the Tyndalls and Thomsons about Spiritualism augurs influence which they cannot shake off. If Spiritualism be what they deem it, it is not singular that they should be so exercised about it? The fact is the trouble troubles, and the dreaded thing grows a veritable Frankenstein, and will not leave the path, refusing to be pushed on one side or to drop down dead.

Miss Houghton's collection of spirit-drawings in water colors, at the New British Gallery, Bond street, is a novelty in the domain of art never before introduced. Here are one hundred and fifty-five specimens, all through Miss Houghton's mediumship, hung round the gallery, producing an effect not easily described. They are all symbolic and profoundly mystical. The colors are blended with marvelous skill. It is impossible to look at them and not observe the masterly finish of many of them, and yet the eye searches in vain for an explanation. The catalogue does not mend the matter. "The Perfect Love of the Lord," "The Eye of the Lord," and "The Hand of the Holy Ghost" are just as confusing as euphonious. Miss Houghton is perfectly enchanted with her collection, and has opened the exhibition in perfect good feeling with herself and the spirits who control her, but the indifferent public and carping critic have little if any sympathy. I would say the best thing possible for these spirit-drawings, but I am unfortunate in only being able to admire and marvel, without the faintest shadow of knowledge as to the meaning of the motley mazes of paint. The pictures are all a study for the artist, and open up a new field for speculation on the part of painters and scientists.

Miss Houghton's collection is her own exclusively. She bears the expense of exhibiting them, and, I fear, at a great sacrifice. Still I am more than ever convinced that a mixed collection of the best spirit-pictures would be a greater attraction and accomplish the most good. Perhaps Miss Houghton's attempt may stimulate to such an exhibition in due time. I trust, in the mean time, that the Spiritualists of London will pay a friendly visit to the New British Gallery.

Mr. J. J. Morse is a psychological phenomenon. I heard him at the Progressive Library, 15 Southampton Row, under the influence of several spirits. He discoursed on evil and its concomitants most eloquently. "The Strolling Player" is an oddity and a crudity, and Mr. Morse himself, I should say, quite unequal to the pungency of the spirit performer.

At an inaugural meeting of the Devonshire Association for the advancement of science, Canon Kingsley has been lately discoursing on primitive man. He speaks highly of the advocates of the Darwinian theory, but sees in the missing links, which are expected, if found, to connect man with the monkey, no satisfactory solution to

September; in Salem, Mass. Dec. 24 and 31 Address No
born Mass
MRS. FANNIE T. YOUNG, trance speaker. Address, St
ford, N. H., care Dr. H. C. Coburn.

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In quoting from the Banner of Light, care should be taken to distinguish between editorials and communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of free thought, when not too personal; but of course we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

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

Volume Thirty—Our New Story.

With this issue we open the THIRTIETH Volume of the Banner of Light. It is the oldest Spiritualist publication in the world. How fervently it has labored and prayed for the spread and supremacy of the beautiful faith transmitted from above, its own pages shall most fully attest. In all these years its course has been onward and upward. Encountering the obstacles that are to be expected in an enterprise of this kind, it has steadily overcome them all, one by one, and maintained the high position to which it aspired, as the exponent and defender of the Spiritualistic faith.

In all that we shall supply to the reading public, and in all that we shall for the future attempt for the cause of Spiritualism, we shall steadily aim for the putting down of error and the lifting up of truth.

The new volume opens with a new spiritual story, entitled "Sprite," translated from the French of the popular writer, Théophile Gautier, by a lady of high literary endowments.

It is a charming, delicate and finely imaginative tale. None but a Frenchman could have written it, and only one familiar with modern spiritual phenomena, and highly impressible from the spheres of spiritual life.

The love of "Sprite" for Guy de Malivert, a noble specimen of cultured manhood, dowered and strengthened, unknown to himself, while she was yet in the body, and, surviving the death change, she comes to him in spirit, then first making herself known to him, and giving to him the story of her passion and her life. The author's insight into the subtle conditions of communion between the two worlds, as also the fine suggestive thought that seems to aid the reader's apprehension of the nature of spiritual life, pervades the story with a charm which we are sure must please those of our readers whose tastes are cultured and refined.

The Great Struggle.

The recent declaration of the National Labor Convention at St. Louis, in reference to its aims and objects, is so significant and even emphatic as to challenge general attention. In a recent number of the Fortnightly Review of England we find the whole question of the pending struggle between Labor and Capital clearly and impressively stated. It says the whole problem stands thus: "In this complex industrial system, wealth has discovered the machinery by which the principal, in some cases the whole, results of common labor become its special perquisites. Ten thousand miners delve and toil, giving their labor, risking their lives; ten masters give their direction, or their capital, oftenest only the latter. And in a generation the ten capitalists are rotting in vast fortunes, and the ten thousand workmen are rotting in their graves or in the workhouse. And yet the ten thousand were at least as necessary to the work as the ten. Yet more, the ten capitalists are practically the law-makers, the magistrates, the government. The educators of youth, the priests of all creeds, are their creatures. Practically they make and interpret the law—the law of the land, the law of opinion, and the law of God. They are masters of the whole of the social forces. A convenient faith has been invented for them by moralists and economists, the only faith which in these days they at all believe in—the faith that the good of mankind is somehow promoted by a persevering course of selfishness. Competition is, in fact, the whole duty of man. And thus it comes that in ten thousand ways the whole social force is directed for the benefit of those who have."

The writer of this striking exposition of current facts proceeds to recite other considerations illustrative of the view now finally adopted by the great working-class among the people, as distinguished from the class of capitalists and managers, to whom the former are universally made subject. By habit, as a religious duty, and at times almost unconsciously, he says, they work the machinery of society for their own objects. In the Old World, the peasant knows nothing but how to produce new modes of enjoyment from the soil he tills, while the merchant prince courts society for a perage, and a thousand lives of seamen are lost, decayed in rotten ships. Mine owners can paralyze the Legislature, while a thousand lives are lost in a year in the pits. Iron masters realize fortunes, while a hundred thousand workmen are ground to the dust. One hundred thousand families in England are cheated, insulted and oppressed by being forced to barter portions of their wages for some fraudulent equivalent in goods. The workmen abroad, as well as at home, are solidly combining against this huge body of injustice. They assert that where, in a common work, labor is no less necessary than capital, and laborers are as worthy of the profits as the managers, the system by which the gross result is appropriated by capital, and under which the self-indulgence of wealth soars to still unimagined heights—while the area of misery, ignorance, and exhaustion sinks ever deeper—is a system which is doomed to end. And so say we on this side of the Atlantic. The experiment of giving all to the few and letting the many remain their slaves, has been proven a failure and a blot, and is to terminate.

The Massachusetts State Association.

As will be seen by the President's call in another column, will meet in Convention at Plymouth, on Saturday, Sept. 23, at half-past ten A. M., its sessions ending on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 24th. It is expected that large attendance will signalize this meeting, convened as it is in a spot sacred to the memory of independence in matters of religion and spiritual thought. Efforts will be made by which an excursion train from Boston will be run on the Old Colony and Newport Railroad for Sunday, due notice of which arrangement (if successful) will be given hereafter.

"Come up Higher."

Olive A. Grover, wife of Dr. Samuel Grover, heard and obeyed the angel summons on Friday, Sept. 1st, 1871, and passed from the home of her husband, 23 Dix Place, Boston, to join those in spirit-life, after a sojourn here of 47 years, 11 months, 24 days. Her hours of sickness were long and painful, but were borne with firm patience, and solaced by the sympathy of those who had gone before, whose presence she felt and recognized.

On Sunday, Sept. 3d, funeral services were held at her late home (as per her own arrangement, before decease, in the main)—Miss Lizzie Doten officiating as speaker—at two o'clock P. M. The announcement of her demise brought crowds of sympathizing friends to attend her obsequies, and the house proved far too small to contain them. The white, silver-mounted coffin was almost hidden in wreaths of the most beautiful flowers—one of the finest of the decorations being a large circular arrangement of white blossoms, across and upon which red flowers were placed so as to spell the word "wife" in strong relief. The exercises commenced by the chanting, in a solemn and impressive manner—by the Temple Quartette: Messrs. Fitz, Cook, Fessenden and Ryler—of the first section of the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes; after which Miss Doten read the poem, "He giveth his beloved sleep," and then proceeded to address the friends with that power for comforting which alone comes to the disciple of spiritual knowledge. To-day was the promise fulfilled; this poor, perishing body was sleeping the sleep of Nature—no more to know sorrow or pain; but the spirit which once inhabited this tabernacle, giving music to the voice and lustre to the eye, was reborn, and to-day stood in our midst. Taking upon her the celestial light of that glorious world whither she had gone, she came to us with the message of peace: "Dear ones, I am with you—resting in the arms of love; resting—not sleeping in an earthly sense—resting upon the grand thought of my immortality." It was natural, at such times, for mortals, because they were so, to indulge in expressions of grief, but the resurrected spirit felt truly that contrary to the view taken by the mass of mankind, the silver cord of life is not loosed, but is the cable of sympathy drawing the soul to the loved it left behind—that the golden bowl that held the waters of life is not broken, but refilled and running over at the pellucid fountain of immortality. Speaking to the members of the circle who for so long had met regularly with the deceased, at her earthly home, [and who were marked by their wearing white roses on the occasion,] she said a rosebud was taken from them, but the angels—her teachers in the way—would bring her back to them a full blown spiritual flower. Let us obey the highest promptings of our souls, assured that she is near, and that when the long-drawn shades of physical change shall fall upon our earthly pathway, she and others gone before will meet us by the river's brink and lead us on, on—forever on!

Mr. Fessenden then sang "Over the River"—accompanied himself with the organ—assisted by Messrs. J. C. Turner, A. Metzger, Mrs. Russell and Miss Thomas. An invocation by Miss Doten, was followed by "We are Waiting by the River," from the choir. Miss Doten pronounced a benediction, and then the long concourse of carriages proceeded to Mount Auburn.

Arrived at the grave, amid the beautiful surroundings of Myrtle Path, with the halo of sunset streaming down over monument and tomb and tree, the stillness was broken by the voices of the choir, in a beautiful and appropriate chant, and in a few moments Dr. J. H. Currier, of Boston, proceeded briefly to close the services. Nature, he said, was making an address, in this calm hour, more eloquent than human lips could hope to compass. He bade those whose hearts were full of grief, remember that this separation was but a prelude to the grand harmony of an eternal reunion. In a certain portion of one of the old countries it was asserted by travelers that the fisherman's wife and child would go down to the rocks, when the day was done, and sing the first stanza of a well-known hymn, and the tolling father, far off upon the water, it might be, would hear the strain, and, joining the song, speed toward home. And so the home-bound soul, beside the ocean of life, could hear across the rolling waves—in answer to its earnest call—a chanted welcome from the farther shore. The voices of the choir again were heard, proclaiming "There is Rest for the Weary," and then the assembly returned to their homes to bear, for yet a little while, the trials of earthly life, cheered by the knowledge of a blessed immortality.

Hon. Selden J. Finney.

The Plebeian, a daily paper recently started in San Francisco, Cal., is one of the spiciest sheets of its size in the country. In its issue of Aug. 5th, we find the following paragraph respecting our old friend, S. J. Finney. It says:

"This gentleman was nominated by acclamation at the Republican District Convention held on Thursday evening in this city, for Senator from San Mateo and San Francisco Counties jointly. This is a deserved recognition of one of the truest men in the State. Mr. Finney is a systematic reformer in every particular, and in the Legislature as well as before the people he has been the earnest advocate of the rights of settlers against land monopolists, of the labor interests against scheming capitalists, and of the suffering against selfish conservatism. This fearless man is a talented and vigorous speaker, and as an exponent of the progressive ideas which are fast becoming embodied in the issues of the day, we deem him worthy of any position within the gift of the people of our State."

Rev. Mr. Cheney.

The case of this Chicago clergyman grows more and more interesting, as the time approaches for the "visitation" of the Bishop of Illinois at the church over which the former still continues the rector. The wardens of the church stand by their pastor still, and inform the Bishop that they are quite prepared to receive him when he wishes to come; but they as resolutely assure him that he must expect to find Mr. Cheney, the lately deposed priest, officiating at the altar. Now this is coming directly to the point. It is open war between the Church and the Bishop. Where is it likely to end? Nobody presumes to prophesy, though there are hopes and expectations in plenty around Chicago, and for that matter elsewhere, that Bishop Whitehouse may not turn out to be quite the Pope of Illinois.

An Extra Number.

We shall send No. 1 of the new volume of the Banner of Light to all those subscribers whose time expired with the last issue, in the earnest hope that all will renew their subscriptions for another term. Friends, if we do not hear from you before another issue, we shall then feel obliged, though regretfully, to discontinue your paper, in accordance with our plan of business. But we have strong hope that none of you will withdraw your support, especially at this time, when we so much need your aid. Encourage and sustain us in the work we all deem of the greatest importance to the human race.

Exclusive Christians.

An assumption is popular with the sectaries, that none but themselves can lay claim to being Christians; and yet, when they speak of the whole American people, it suits their purpose very well to style them, in the lump, a "Christian people." There is an incongruity in this that seems to impeach the honesty of those indulging in such a loose style of statements. At a recent meeting of the Home Mission Society, in Philadelphia, much lamenting was put up on account of the low number of attendants on church, and various devices were brought forward to cure an evil that has grown to such ominous proportions. It was claimed at this meeting that Christianity is the religion of the land; but one of the speakers protested, in opposition to such a claim, that, on the one side, there were Mormons, Indians, Chinese and Voodoo worshippers, and, on the other, the great majority outside the churches. The population of Philadelphia, for example, being taken at eight hundred thousand souls, the average attendance on the churches of all denominations is set down at two hundred thousand, which leaves three times that number, or six hundred thousand, outside of the reach of all religious instruction so called. Now, in that very plain view, can Philadelphia well be called a Christian city? The same kind of investigation would reveal a similar state of things in other large cities, Boston by no manner of means being excepted. If we are not Christians, then shall we be termed Heathen?

It must either be so, or else these assumptions of the creed-followers are as leaky of truth as sieves are of water. One speaker at this meeting undertook to say that every agency had been tried, in order to reach this great body of unchristian people: "Bibles, tracts, and religious papers have been distributed; Sabbath and mission-schools established; tea-gatherings, shows, amusements, reading-rooms, lodging-houses—every effort which might serve as a link between the few regenerate and the multitudinous unregenerate essayed with prayer and faith; and yet the poor had not the gospel preached to them." We can all see from this confession, what the machinery is when it is set in motion. But the first mistake is, that of entrenching one's self behind a creed of some sort, and of crying out that all who are outside of this chain of ecclesiastical forts are poor trash, religiously speaking. As if going to their church, and helping to support their minister, and suffering them to do, or rather to suppress, our thinking, and tamely allowing them to keep our consciences, were the sole condition of being Christian, and they held the exclusive right to issue patents for the profession! We presume to say that the most cultivated people to be found in our large cities rarely enter a church at all. Does it become boy preachers, or slang-whanging "revivalists," or noisy dogmatists to assert with such a satisfied loudness of voice that such persons are without religious sentiment and conviction? The simple fact is, they do not know what they are talking about at all.

The Spiritualism of 1862.

A play called "The Rose of Salem," written by Col. H. S. Olcott, a New York lawyer, and to be produced at the Globe Theatre, in this city, during the coming season, possesses a peculiar interest for Spiritualists. It condenses into three acts the whole history of Salem Witchcraft, giving a startling picture of the bloodthirsty persecution of certain noble martyrs to principle, by Cotton Mather, the Rev. Samuel Parris, Chief Justice Stoughton and other outrageous bigots and partisans. The deeds committed in the name of Religion, by these pastors and jurists, are shameful beyond belief, and find parallels only in the bloody records of the Inquisition. It will hardly be believed, in these enlightened days, that the satanic, much vaunted Cotton Mather—preacher, scholar, controversialist, politician, historian, the model minister of the fledgling theologians of the last two centuries, carried his religious partisanship to such lengths as actually to harangue the mob from the scaffold steps of a brother minister, to rouse their flickering prejudices, and drown the clamor that the lawless execution of the victim was in imminent danger of exciting.

The pages of history will be vainly searched for a more unreasonable, malignant, trickstering, conscienceless character than that of Samuel Parris, minister of the Salem Village Church in 1692, and Col. Olcott, in portraying him in his play, and gibbeting him in the sight of the thinking world, has performed a good service for humanity. An esteemed New York correspondent, from whom we get these facts, tells us that the venerable Judge John W. Edmonds, after hearing the manuscript read, addressed a letter of a highly complimentary character to the author. The curious actions of the "Afflicted Children"—so called—the barbarities practiced toward the accused victims in prison, and the dreadful scenes witnessed at the public trials, at which every principle of liberty and justice held dear by Americans was trampled under foot, are all reproduced in "The Rose of Salem." It is now well known, and has been referred to before in these columns, that the marvels which so troubled the Puritans in the seventeenth century, were no more nor less than spiritual manifestations in a crude form, and these "Afflicted Children" were simply mediums for speaking, trance, writing, physical manifestations, spirit voices, etc. Our forefathers attributed them to the direct agency of the devil, and thought it their duty to hang those who were suspected of bewitching the "afflicted." It is the presentation of this fact, wherein consists the merit of Col. Olcott's work; and we shall await the production of the play by Manager Floyd's superb company with no little interest.

Music Hall Free Spiritual Meetings.

At the commencement of the fifth year of these meetings in this hall, the doors will be thrown open free to the public. The lectures will commence Sunday afternoon, October 1st, with Mrs. Emma Harding, to be followed by other able speakers.

Seats will be reserved for subscribers, and checks for the same are now ready for delivery by the treasurer, L. B. Wilson, at 158 Washington street, to whom all subscriptions are to be paid. Be sure and call for checks before the first of October. Others who wish to help sustain these meetings free, can do so by calling as above, and also select a reserved seat. Do not delay another day; the committee are anxious to know how far they will be sustained in extending the meetings free.

Last Picnic at Lake Walden, Concord.

Messrs. Richardson and Dodge will close the Spiritualist picnics for the present season, by a grand reunion on the shore of this beautiful sheet of water, Tuesday, Sept. 12th, a full account of the arrangements for which may be found in another column. Let those desirous of spending a pleasant day in the woods, glorious with the splendors of the early fall, make it a point to attend. Many speakers and mediums are expected, and all things indicate a good time and a grand success.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

E. S. Wheeler has been invited to make engagements west of the Mississippi, and will accept such calls if appointments can be made at intermediate points.

C. Fannie Allen speaks in Plymouth, Mass., Sept. 10; in Stoneham, Sept. 17 and 24; in Milford, Oct. 1 and 15; in Woonsocket, R. I., Oct. 8; in Washington, D. C., during November; in Baltimore, Md., during December.

Cephas B. Lynn will speak in Norwalk, O., Sept. 17th and 24th; in Philadelphia during October; address care Dr. H. T. Child, 634 Race street.

The Spiritualists and Liberalists of Columbus, O., propose to extend a call to Charles A. Hayden.

Rev. S. T. Aldrich, formerly a Universalist clergyman, will address the Spiritualists of Milford, Mass., Sunday, Sept. 10th. His address is Marlboro, Mass.

I. P. Greenleaf will speak in Upton, Mass., Sept. 10th; Middleboro, Mass., Sept. 17th; Somers, Conn., the Sundays of October. He would like to make engagements for the remainder of the fall and coming winter. Address, 1061 Washington street, Boston.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith is engaged to speak three months in Port Huron, Mich., commencing with September. The Commercial of that city says in its issue of Aug. 23d:

"Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith is revisiting her former home, and upon the past two Sundays has lectured on Spiritualism, morning and evening, at Spiritual Hall, to large audiences. Her greeting by her old friends was warm, and she has made many new ones since her return. Her lectures during the time she has been here have been largely attended, and have given such general satisfaction that at a meeting of the Society, held on Sunday evening, after the lecture, it was unanimously decided to tender Mrs. Smith a three months' engagement, which has been done, and the lady has signified her acceptance. In consequence, services will be held in the hall twice each Sunday for the ensuing three months. She is an exceptionally fine speaker, and will doubtless draw large houses during her entire stay in the city."

Miss Nellie L. Davis speaks in Worcester during September—address, for the month, 121 Thomas street. She is engaged in New Bedford in January.

Mr. J. Wm. Fletcher, of Westford, Mass., spoke at Mt. Vernon, Me., to good audiences Aug. 26 and Sept. 31. His lectures were much liked by all. Mr. Fletcher gives great promise of future usefulness.

D. W. Hull speaks in Lockport, N. Y., Sept. 16-17; in Monroe, Ohio, Sept. 22-24; in Joliet, Ill., Oct. 1; six miles north of Covington, at the home of the wonderful trumpet medium, Oct. 7-8; will answer calls for the balance of October. The Higginsville mediums will attend the Covington meetings.

Moses Hull speaks in Eliot Hall, corner Tremont and Eliot streets, Boston, on Saturday evening, and Sunday at 2 and 7 P. M. Mr. Hull is accompanied by Master J. Jefferson-Rolly, who will give public tests at the close of each lecture. Admittance, fifteen cents.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan's address, for two weeks, is Shamburg, Venango Co., Pa.; after that time, at 136 Eighth street, New York.

Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, of Philadelphia, an excellent test medium, is sojourning for a while in Boston and vicinity. At present she is visiting at Mrs. Noble's, corner of Main and Auburn streets, Charlestown, where "White Flower," her spirit-guide, will be happy to meet friends.

A. E. Carpenter proposes to remain in the State of Maine for a few months, and would be glad to receive calls to lecture anywhere in the State. Address, care of Banner of Light, Boston.

"Mrs. S. E. Warner, of Cordova, Ill., has just closed an engagement of three months in Putnam, Conn., to the entire satisfaction of all," writes Lucien Carpenter. "Her strong words of reproof to all, we hope will not be as water spilled upon the ground, that cannot be gathered up, but will bring forth good fruit in abundance. She will be ready to speak in the West at call, and treat the sick wherever she may stop. She will also attend the National Convention at Troy, the 12th of September."

The Spiritualist National Convention.

The Eighth National Convention of Spiritualists will assemble in Troy, N. Y., on Tuesday, Sept. 12th, and remain in council three days, to discuss and act upon important matters pertaining to Spiritualism and the good of humanity. It is generally thought there will be a full attendance of delegates and others interested in the movement.

REDUCTION IN RAILROAD FARE.

Arrangements have been made with the Boston & Albany Railroad for free return tickets to all persons attending the National Convention from Boston and way stations, provided that fifty tickets are immediately engaged. Persons desiring to avail themselves of this very low rate of fare should hand in their names at the Banner of Light office at once, in order to secure the reduction of fare. A large delegation from New England will no doubt visit Troy.

MASSACHUSETTS DELEGATES.

H. S. Williams, Secretary of the State Association of Spiritualists, sends us the following minutes of the association:

At the last executive meeting of the Massachusetts State Spiritualists' Association, the following names were appointed delegates to the Eighth Convention of the National Association of Spiritualists, to be held Sept. 12th, at Troy, N. Y.: Edwin Wilder, 24, Hingham; H. S. Williams, Geo. A. Bacon, Lizzie Doten, Cora L. V. Tappan, Dr. H. F. Gardner, Dr. H. B. Storor, John Wetherbee, N. Frank White, of Boston; Dr. G. F. Gurney, of North Abington—with power to appoint substitutes or fill vacancies.

The Cherokees.

Colonel Boudnot, of the Cherokees, has recently published a letter defining his position in regard to the affairs of that nation. He says that the proper policy will be the passage of an act by Congress to secure to the Indians this territory: First, one hundred and sixty acres of selected land for every man, woman and child; second, that the balance of the land be sold to actual settlers; third, that one million dollars of the Cherokee fund be devoted to the education and support of the orphans, etc.; fourth, that the interest on the balance be divided per capita every year; fifth, that United States courts be established in the Indian country, with jurists of Indians to try Indians; sixth, an Indian delegate in Congress, to take the place of expensive delegations, thereby saving the nation \$15,000 per year. All this Congress has the authority of the treaty of 1866 to do.

Miss Doten's New Book.

It will be seen by an advertisement in another column that Miss Lizzie Doten's new volume of "Poems of Progress" will be issued on Monday, Sept. 18th. Send in your orders early, to insure a copy of the first edition.

Closing Picnic at Island Grove.

The Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity met the friends on the line of the Old Colony Railroad from below Abington at this pleasant retreat on the shores of Island Pond, on Friday, Sept. 1st, and their numbers were strongly recruited by carriages and large teams from the neighboring country. Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, on this occasion closed, for the present season, the series of picnics which he yearly holds in Abington. The weather was glorious. A cool wind swept over the blue waters; the trees, already commencing to don their robes of scarlet and gold in honor of the coming harvest king, were beautiful to see, and the people attending seemed surrounded with a feeling of goodwill and harmony.

The various pleasures which boating, fishing, dancing, swimming and the nine-pin alley offered were fully participated in by such as desired. Those wishing for mental food repaired to the speakers' stand, where, at about eleven o'clock A. M., Dr. Gardner, in an opening speech, called the meeting to order. Referring to the recent vote of the Speakers' Club—whereby all the members pledged themselves not to attend any picnic, camp meeting, convention or other public assemblage, unless a pecuniary compensation was arranged beforehand—and the absence from the present gathering, under that vote, of those speakers who were members of said Club, he remarked that he recognized the right of every association or every person to act as seemed best; but the movement in the present case did not affect him in the least, as far as he was individually concerned. He was ready to do justice to all—ready to admit that our speakers were not adequately paid by the societies; that there was not a sect in Christendom, however humble, which did not remunerate its preachers in a more generous manner than were the exponents of the Spiritual Philosophy; but still, he thought that, as long as picnics and camp meetings continued to be carried out as individual enterprises, the persons taking all the risks of loss upon themselves could not afford to become responsible in a pecuniary manner to every speaker attending. The picnics and camp meetings occurred at a time of the year when meetings were at least partially suspended, and therefore the speakers were at liberty, and an opportunity was given them to introduce themselves to the spiritualistic public, and thereby obtain engagements among the people. He thought this action of the Club closed this avenue of advantage to its members, and threw it into a position which the general public would not endorse. The result of the matter would be, that hereafter, persons arranging public meetings would be just as independent of the speakers as they of them, and would be led to hire only those who would insure them an attendance which would preclude the possibility of pecuniary loss. He intended to throw open the present meeting as a conference, and called on any one present to make remarks. The Doctor then closed his speech by a fair and impartial presentation of the claims of the Banner of Light, for aid and countenance, upon the Spiritualists of the world—for which we tender him our special thanks.

Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd, of John A. Andrew Hall, Boston, followed, stating that the satisfaction she felt in giving the light to those desiring it on the present occasion, was sufficient pay for her attendance. She urged the cultivation of a feeling that should throw care to the winds, and lead all to exult themselves with the glories of Nature everywhere spread abroad by a Father's beneficent hand.

Miss Lizzie Doten understood too well the trials and privations attending the lives of the itinerant speakers, and their great liability to be misunderstood. She had herself, in the past, labored unrelentingly in the field—sick and well—and knew that often the fact was forgotten that media were only flesh and blood after all, and must live like other people. The action of the Club was founded on this fact. It was no use for any person to point the poor itinerant missionary of truth to the example of Jesus of Nazareth, walking the ways of Palestine, giving forth his doctrines without money and without price. We did not live in the warm climate of Palestine, or under a form of government which made such a mode of life either lawful or possible. Neither could "the spirits" help the medium live. The bodily functions could be sustained only by the proper satisfaction of material needs. She thus far could sympathize with the Speakers' Club, though she did not belong thereto. She would not join it for her right hand! While she thought the local societies and organizations all over the land ought more generously to provide for the remuneration of our speakers as disciples of the new gospel, she could not favor any movement which tended to put a gag in the mouth of any solitary medium. She herself was liable to overworking impressions in public meetings—on occasions when it seemed that she must speak or die, [among others she cited her speech at the Chicago Convention during the war,] and she would not come under any arrangement which should bind her, at such times, to silence; she desired always to be free publicly to tell what Spiritualism had done for her soul. What had Spiritualism done for the race? Its effect is apparent upon the children who now smile at the thought of angels where they once shuddered at the name of ghosts; in the cheerful aspect with which death is surrounded, where once it was a synonym for horror; its work is apparent in the additional use of man's reasoning powers, and the increased individuality of our times—in the deepening conviction that man saves himself, and that all his acts go to make up his spiritual character.

The meeting then adjourned for dinner. The arrival of the 2:30 Boston train brought accessions to the number present at the afternoon session, which was opened by Mr. M. F. Davy's reading a poem by Miss Lizzie Doten, entitled "Life." Dr. Gardner next introduced the gifted poetess herself, who proceeded for upward of an hour to treat of the relations of Spiritualism to science, taking in, in the broad survey, the recent English experiments by Prof. Crookes, Huggins and others, and their announced discovery of "psychic forces." To her mind this was an unwarranted claim, as the existence of such forces had been demonstrated by similar experiments in America long ago. No synopses can do justice to this comprehensive address.

Dr. Gardner following, gave his experience with the Harvard Investigating Committee, and endorsed Miss Doten's statement regarding "psychic force" and its discovery.

Mrs. S. A. Floyd said we were in these forms for the purpose of cultivating the individuality of the soul. Too often dignity, perched upon a false pinnacle, was considered as being before reason founded in truth.

A. E. Giles, Esq., of Boston, treated of the same subject. Referring to Prof. Felton, the head and front of the Harvard College inquirers, he said he was a man who evidently loved the good things of this life, but that he had once taken occasion to describe a bill of fare indulged in by a man represented to be a J. Davis, [a mistake, the speaker thought] and to say: "The man who ate all that ought to be aspicrite." When his life was over, the Professor had placed upon his monument at Mount Auburn a sentence of Greek, which, being interpreted freely, read: "After all these things a door was opened in heaven." In the world whither he had gone, through that open door, the Professor had doubtless learned a lesson that was undimmed by the mists of prejudice, and had been able to perceive the truth he so long denied.

I. N. Harrington, entranced, proceeded to address the audience upon the sufferings of the pioneers of reform in all ages, and those of Abner Kneeland in particular.

Rev. J. L. Hatch made an earnest speech, referring to the advance of liberal sentiment among men, and appealing for aid for the American Liberalist Society. Dr. Gardner followed in a similar strain, urging the great necessity of assisting the movement, after which the meeting adjourned, and the assembled people sought their several homes.

Ohio State Association of Spiritualists.

This Association met in convention at Milan, O., Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 2d and 3d. We shall publish in our next issue a report of its proceedings. The following is the board of officers for the ensuing year: President—Hudson Tuttle, (re-elected); Vice Presidents—Chester Hunter, Mrs. Randall, Mrs. S. M. Thompson; Recording Secretary—Wm. G. Smithers; Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Ella Breed; Executive Committee—D. J. Starbird, J. V. Vredenburg, J. Sumner.

Arrival of J. M. Peebles.

A letter from Mr. Peebles, dated New York, Sept. 5th, announces his arrival there from England, after a rough passage, in which the steamer encountered two severe gales. During his sojourn in Europe, he has gathered many new and important facts for the Year-Book of Spiritualism for 1872, which he is now preparing for the press. Mr. Peebles expects to attend the National Convention in Troy. He speaks in Dayton, O., Sept. 17th and 24th.

Spirit-Message from Joseph Hill.

During the evening of August 23d, 1871, Mrs. J. H. Conant was entranced by a spirit who gave his name as Joseph Hill, of Belfast, Me. He further stated that he was a sailor before the mast, on board the ship John Caldwell, Capt. Kennard, of New York; that just before daylight that morning (Aug. 23d) he was aloft reeling sail in a pretty stiff breeze, lost his balance and fell overboard, when off the coast of Ireland; he thought no one saw him fall, as no effort was made to save him; he was in the water nearly an hour before he became exhausted and sunk. His nearest relative, he said, was his grandmother, Mary Allen Hill, of Belfast, Me. He had followed the sea for eighteen years. He was acquainted with the Spiritual Philosophy, and his first thought, on parting with his body, was a desire and determination to find the Banner of Light medium and communicate through her. His previous knowledge of Spiritualism was a great help to him, as he expressed it. He gave his age forty years. He danced and sang, and expressed himself as "the happiest man afloat" for "having got through with this hard old life and found a better one."

Dr. Ditson's New Romance.

The New York Standard says, "The Federati of Italy: A Romance of Caucasian Captivity," (published by William White & Co., No. 128 Washington street, Boston, and for sale in this city by the American News Company, No. 119 Nassau street,) is one of those fabrications which most men with a literary leaning and warm imaginations could get up, who chose to base their flights of fancy upon patient research. The trouble with most of such novels as lay their scenes in the East (as the scenes of this are laid) is that the story is tinged with a surreptitious voluptuousness, and that the object of the author too evidently is merely to beguile time through the medium of a flimsy tale, with no well-directed, consistent attempt to paint individualities or show the correlation of character and event. "The Federati" is, however, far from being the most objectionable of its class. Its author is Dr. G. L. Ditson, author of quite a number of works illustrative of life in Africa and the East."

"The Hollow Globe."

The new book by the above title is creating no little sensation among critics and thinkers. It is well worth a careful perusal. The author starts out with the central proposition, "that this globe is a hollow sphere, with a shell some thirty to forty miles in thickness, and that the interior surface, which is a beautiful world in a more highly developed condition than the exterior, is accessible by a circuitous and spirally formed aperture that may be found in the unexplored Polar sea, and this opening affords easy navigation, by a broad and deep channel leading from one surface to the other, and that the largest ships or steamers may sail or steam either way, with as much facility as they can pass through any other winding or somewhat crooked channel." The demonstration of that fact would be a matter of no little interest in a scientific point of view.

John A. Andrew Hall Meetings.

These meetings, inaugurated last May, are doing a good and wholesome work. Sunday forenoon is devoted to a test circle, by Mrs. Mary Carlisle, an excellent medium. In the afternoon, Mrs. S. A. Floyd delivers, in the trance state, a short lecture, and then answers all suitable questions propounded by the audience. The average attendance is good.

The Book on Mrs. Conant's Mediumship.

We are unavoidably obliged to delay the publication of the new book on Mrs. J. H. Conant's Mediumship until some time in December or the first of January, at which time we intend to place it in the market in as elegant a style as possible.

Our Public Free Circles.

On Monday, Sept. 18th, Mrs. Conant resumed her free circles at the Banner of Light Rooms. A large audience was present, manifesting an earnest desire to learn more of the spiritual philosophy, and hear from the spirit friends.

Written for the Banner of Light. ANGELS' VISITS.

BY MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

Light cometh: the daylight, so golden,
Hath faded away in the west;
Like the wings of an angel, the blossoms
Have folded their pinions to rest,
With the dew on each innocent breast.
The day hath been flooded with sunshine,
In beauty bewild'ringly bright;
But I smile when the daylight is fading,
I welcome the coming of night;
Grief spreadeth her pinions for flight.
For in the sweet hush of the gloaming
The star of my faith shines clear;
I list for the sound of his coming,
I know that my loved one is near,
The bliss to my spirit so dear.
Ye see but the glow of the sunset—
The deepening shadows of night;
To me all the sky is illumined
By a gleam of eternity's light—
I bask in its radiance bright.
Ye know not the presence of angels—
I feel the faint sweep of their wings;
And over my spirit is stealing
The peace which their influence brings,
My soul to its anchorage clings.
Mobile, Ala.

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "Banner of Light Publishing House" is not an incorporated institution, and as we could not therefore legally hold bequests made to us in that name, by those who, blessed with the means, are desirous to bequeath to us pecuniary aid in disseminating a knowledge of the great truths of Spiritualism, we give below the form in which such a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto William White, Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, Massachusetts, Publishers, [here insert the description of the property to be willed,] strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper, for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

Notice to Subscribers.

Patrons of the Banner, when renewing their subscriptions, should be careful to always state the place to which the paper is mailed; and the same care should be exercised when a change of location is desired. By particularly attending to this, our mailing clerk will be relieved of a great amount of extra labor in hunting through the thousands of names upon our books before a name required can be found and the alteration made; whereas, if the full address is given, he has only to consult his alphabet of towns to turn direct to the name upon the subscription book. A little care saves much labor.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER OF THE BANNER.
First Page: Story—"Spirit," translated from the French. Second: Free Thought—"The Scientific Professors and Spiritualism;" "Hew to the Line—Let the Chips fall where they will," by I. N. Harrington; "Poem—'How shall I Pray?'" by E. S. Wheeler; Poem—"How shall I Pray?" by N. E. Mulford; Letter from England, by J. H. Powell; Poem—"Heed Spirit Voices," by H. W. Longfellow. Third: Poem—"Re-Incarnation;" Spiritual Phenomena—"Spiritualism at the Methodist Camp Meetings;" "Physical Manifestations;" Banner Correspondence from various localities; "The 'Mason and Dixon's Line' Camp Meeting;" List of Spiritualist Lecturers. Fourth and Fifth: Editorial department, items of spiritual intelligence, etc. Sixth: Spirit Messages; Calls for Spiritualist Picnics and Conventions. Seventh: Obituaries; Advertisements. Eighth: "Editorial Correspondence," by Warren Chase; "Western Locals," by Cephas B. Lynn; "Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures;" New Publications, etc.

C. A. Faxon, 82 Washington street, furnishes excursion tickets over the Fitchburg Railroad, via Rutland, to Saratoga, Troy, and home by the way of New York City, for \$13.00—good to the first of November.

In the "Spirit Message Department" of the Banner of Light, this week, Henry C. Wright, in the first of the questions and answers, gives a brief but explicit explanation, embracing a phase of the re-incarnation doctrine.

Dr. Luther V. Bell, in the second day's proceedings, treats the subject of insanity with clearness.

Local papers in Northern Ohio are noticing the preparations for the forthcoming celebration by the Spiritualists at Cleveland, September 19th. We shall print an account of the affair in due time.

Mrs. Hannah B. Needham, West Newton, will please accept our thanks for a basket of beautiful cultivated flowers, and two bouquets, for the Circle Room table at the reopening of our Public Free Circles, last Monday. Mr. George Sanderson, of Weston, for a bouquet of rare and choice flowers, has our thanks.

Becher says: "You have got to make your interpretation of the Scripture conformable to Nature. Scientific disclosures are the best illuminator that can be given to men. Nature makes commentators that stand. We may as well prepare ourselves to accept this theory of elimination—this growth from the animal to the spiritual; and I, for one, am ready for it."

About eighteen thousand dollars in gold was paid to a lace house in Paris, by the wife of a New England Senator, for six and a half yards of point lace, which European sovereigns considered too expensive for them to wear.

It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose. If the former, the person can see and go straight ahead; if the latter, the head is rather apt to go where it can't see at all.

Henry Ward Beecher says: "It will scarcely be denied that men are superior to women, as men; and that women are immeasurably superior to men, as women; while both of them together are more than a match for either of them separately."

Solomon Klous has bought the Ursuline convent grounds in Somerville for \$138,000.

I sought to do some mighty act of good,
That I might prove how well my soul had striven,
I waited, and the minutes, hours passed,
Yet bore no incense of my deed to heaven.
Sad, without hope, I watched the falling rain;
One drop alone could not refresh the tree,
But drop on drop, till from its deepest root,
The giant oak drank life and liberty.
Refreshed, like Nature, I arose to try
And do the duty which should nearest lie;
And ere I knew my work was half begun,
The noble deed I sought in vain was done.

Dumont C. Dake, M. D., is now operating in the State of Michigan. At present he is in Jackson, Mich., healing the sick at the Hibbard House.

A high caste Hindoo lady, of Madras, has delivered a lecture in Telugu on "Human Being," her object in coming forward being the advancement of the education of women.

Boston estimates the value of its public school property at about \$6,000,000.

Examine the shorthand—"Tachygraphy"—advertised in our columns, and you will be convinced it is the best ever yet invented—best, because everybody can learn and use it.

A hard-working but poor German farmer, in Livingston County, Missouri, whose farm was advertised for sale for debt, in spite of all his industry and economy, still plowed and tilled, and a few days ago dug up a box containing over \$1700 in gold.

John Sylvester has over five columns in the Chronicle, published at Clarksville, Tenn., giving an account of a séance which he attended some time since. It is good reading for the Tennesseeans who know but little of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Beautiful Prairie Flowers.

For one dollar I will send to any address, by mail, post-paid, ten packets, each containing a choice variety of our most beautiful Prairie Flowers, with proper botanical names attached.
Twelve complete packages for ten dollars.
"Cultivate the handsome wild-flowers of your own country."
Address, Dr. S. C. Case,
Box 517, Nebraska City, Nebraska.

Spiritualists' Picnic at Lake Walden.

The last Grand Union Picnic and Gala Day of the Spiritualists of Western Massachusetts, in connection with friends from Boston, Charlestown, Somerville, Cambridge, Chelsea and vicinity, will take place at Lake Walden Grove, Concord, on Tuesday, Sept. 12th, 1871.
A large number of speakers and mediums are expected to be present, and all are cordially invited to attend.
J. H. Richardson's Band will furnish music. No extra charge for dancing.
Excursion trains will leave Fitchburg depot, Boston, at 8:45 A. M., stopping at Charlestown, Somerville, Cambridge and Waltham. Other trains will leave at 11 and 2:30. All excursionists above Concord will take regular trains. Refreshments for sale at the grove.
Tickets from Boston, Charlestown, Somerville and Cambridge, \$1.00; children 50 cents; from Waltham, 80 cents; children 40 cents; Fitchburg, Leominster, Mason and Townsend, \$1.00; Shirley, 90 cents; Groton and Littleton, 65 cents; Marlboro' and Hudson, 85 cents; Acton, 80 cents. Tickets for sale at the depot.
Committee of Arrangements,
Dr. A. H. Richardson, Charlestown,
James B. Dorr, Boston.

Convention in Plymouth, Mass.

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists will meet in Convention at Plymouth, Mass., on Saturday, Sept. 23d, at 10:30 A. M., and continue in session until Sunday, P. M., 24th inst. One or more Lyceums or Societies of Spiritualists are invited to unite with the Plymouth Lyceum on Saturday, and thereby add to the interest and pleasure of the meeting on that day. All the friends interested in the Lyceum movement are invited to be present and aid and assist in implanting the truths of Spiritualism in the minds of the coming generation.
On Sunday some of our best speakers and workers will be present to address the Convention. All the friends and members of the Association should make an effort to be present, and work and aid in the interest of the Convention, and further knowledge of Spiritualism.
Full particulars for the running of trains on the O. & N. E. R., and other information in the interest of the Convention, will be published in succeeding numbers of this paper. Come one, come all.
Edwin Wilkes, 2d, President.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE SPIRITUAL ANALYST AND SCIENTIFIC RECORD. Published in Boston. Price 20 cents.
THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents per copy.
HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Esoteric Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 35 cents.
THE MEDIUM AND DANCE. A weekly paper published in London. Price 5 cents.
THE RELIGIOUS-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. S. Jones, Esq. Price 5 cents.
THE PRESENT AGE. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents.
THE LYONIAN BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents.
THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 5 cents.
THE CHRONICLE. Published in Baltimore. Price 5 cents.
THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 20 cents per copy.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth avenue, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps. Jyl.

C. H. FOSTER, "Test Medium," No. 16 Twelfth street, between University place and Fifth avenue, New York, from Sept. 1st. 4w.A26.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FINE, 105 East 12th street, New York. Terms \$2 and 3 stamps. Money refunded when not answered. 89.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

MRS. G. ADE.
MEDIUM FOR MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS AND TREATMENT.
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W. H. TERRY,
No. 96 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia.
Has for sale all the works on Spiritualism. Liberal and Reform works, published by William White & Co., Boston, U. S., may at all times be found there.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.
SPECIAL NOTICES.—Thirty cents per line for first insertion and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions.
BUSINESS NOTICES.—Thirty cents per line, each insertion, set in Minion, measured in Agate.
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For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 50 cents per line for each insertion.
Advertisements to be Renewed at Contracted Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Monday.

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S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., 37 PARK ROW,
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CLAIRVOYANT.—Madame Clara A. Alma, (Clara Antonia), late of San Francisco, Russia, and Medical Clairvoyant and Independent Trance Medium. Consultations in English, French or German. A correct diagnosis given of all diseases without one question asked the patient. 1235 Broadway, between 30th and 31st streets, opposite Grand Hotel, New York. 3m-Sept. 16.

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PATENTS. HOW TO OBTAIN PATENTS, ENTS, Caveats, Design Patents, Trademark Patents, Assignments, etc. Instructions free. MUNN & CO., Patent Attorneys, 615 Broadway, Agents of American and Foreign Patents; twenty-four years' experience; publishers of the Scientific American. 3m-July 1.

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Price 30 cents.
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APPOINTMENTS

DUMONT C. DAKE, M. D.,

The Analytical Healer,

OF Chicago, Ill., for the months of September and October, MICHIGAN: Jackson, Sept. 1st to the 15th; Albion, Goodnow House, Thursday, Sept. 14th; Marshall, Hendon House, Friday, Sept. 15th; Battle Creek, Potter House, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 16th and 17th; Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo House, Sept. 18th to the 21st; Holland, Holland House, Thursday, Sept. 21st; INDIANA: Goschen, Vincent House, Saturday, Sept. 23rd; Elkhart, Clifton House, Sunday and Monday, Sept. 24th and 25th; Elkhart, Clifton House, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 26th and 27th; Laporte, Garden House, Thursday, Oct. 5th; ELIZABETH, N. J.: Clifton House, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Oct. 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th; and ELKHART, N. J.: Clifton House, Oct. 10th to the 15th; Joliet, National Hotel, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 17th and 18th; Joliet, National Hotel, Thursday, Oct. 19th, and balance of the month. Invitations in the above places will have a rare opportunity to consult this noted Healer. Sept. 16.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS

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STABLEY & CO., 46 North 4th street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sept. 16—4w

THE FEDERATI OF ITALY.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light is claimed to be spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.
While in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.
These Circles are held at No. 155 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs,) on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock, services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.
Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room are solicited. The questions answered at these Circles are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

Invocation.

Oh ye who are mighty in wisdom and truth, who have gained the victory over ignorance, come, ye holy spirits, and become teachers unto an ignorant humanity. Oh, lift them, and leave them not till the kingdom of righteousness and peace is the inheritance of every living soul. Amen. May 11.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have questions, I will try to answer them.

CHAIRMAN.—Here is a passage I find in a pamphlet as coming from Dr. Davis, through the mediumship of Dr. Blade. The question is asked: "At the Banner of Light free circles in Boston, it was said by a spirit that spirits in your spheres are subject to what we mortals call death. Is this so?" A.—It is not so. We are not subject to death, nor to anything equivalent to it. We are subject to a change, but it is only a gradual change toward increasing purity and perfection—nothing more. The soul never dies. It is immortal, and has existence as long as God, and, like him, will continue to exist to all eternity.

ANS.—Well, where is the difference between the two solutions given to the one idea? The spirit on that occasion did not presume to say that the soul died; but he said that it changed its outward condition—it laid off the bodies with which it was invested from time to time. These bodies die. He used that term that you might understand the truth he wished to convey. Truthfully speaking, there is no death, because death, when clearly defined, means annihilation. There is no death, then, even for matter; for matter, in passing from one condition to another, loses nothing, but in every change gains something—new phases, new elements, new powers, new forces.

Q.—But the spirit says there is no such change as we have here—change of the body.

A.—I have been a sejourner but a short time in the spirit-world; but, during that short time, I have learned that there is such a thing as the change of our physical body, for I have been present myself at seven dissections; therefore I know it. It is no belief with me; it is knowledge. I went out of this life determined upon knowing all that was possible for a soul to know concerning life. I made strenuous efforts to that effect here, and I am making still more in the upper life. I wanted for myself to solve this problem. I did so; therefore I know it. And the student in the temple of Nature need not wait till he lays off the physical body to become sure of this truth, because all Nature points in that direction. There is no single atom composing Nature that does not tell the same story, and we are still within Nature's kingdom after we leave the physical body. That is a truth in my case; and, being so in my case, it is true in the case of every other living soul, for we all live under one law. I answer the question, Mr. Chairman, from my standpoint as I know it—not as I believe it.

Q.—Do the elements composing the spirit-world bear the same relation to spirits that the elements composing the material world do to us?

A.—From my experience and observation concerning physical matters, I should say, Yes—emphatically, Yes.

Q.—We are told that there are hills, mountains, streams and flowers in the spirit-world. That being so, would it be possible for a spirit to be drowned in the water?

A.—It would be possible for a spirit-body to be drowned, and the soul to become dispossessed of that body, precisely as it would be possible under similar circumstances here in this life.

Q.—Would it, then, be necessary for the spirit, in communicating with the spirits it had known in the former state, to use media, as you do here in communicating with us?

A.—Yes; but there is not that sharp line drawn between spirits that inhabit different spheres of life, after having passed through physical life, that there is between you here and the spirit or soul there. Here you find it exceedingly difficult to possess yourself of truth concerning those who have passed out of your sight by death. There it is not so difficult. The lines are not so sharply drawn. There is less of separation there than between the soul who dwells in crude matter here and myself, for instance.

Q.—In case of drowning in the spirit-world, when the separation takes place what becomes of the body?

A.—Sometimes it is obtained and cared for by its friends, at other times it is not.

Q.—Does the soul immediately take upon itself another—a new form?

A.—Not always. There is a condition it sometimes gets into when it is necessary that the soul should rest. What then? It must become disconnected with matter, therefore it is not attracted to matter. The soul obtains a body of matter only by the law of attraction; and when the soul needs a state of rest, the law of repulsion, so far as matter is concerned, acts in the case of that soul, and then it is unconscious, so far as matter is concerned. It retains only the consciousness that is its own by soul right. It lives in the kingdom of the soul, and rests with its labors with matter till the law of attraction again acts in its case, and then it is attracted to matter, and takes upon itself a body of matter, and labors again through matter. That is the law, and we are all subjects of that law, and the less we war with it the better it will be for us. The more obedient we are, the faster we shall grow and the happier we shall become. May 11.

John Willey.

I feel very strange on coming in this way. It is most twenty six years since I died. My name was John Willey. I lived in Kittery, Me. I come, hoping to communicate with my son Eben. I want him to know, first, that there is a life after death, and that our happiness or unhappiness in this life depends greatly upon our course of action here. We build our own houses in the spirit-world if we have them, and we gather to ourselves

conditions of happiness or unhappiness, just as we happen to act here. If our lives are spent here in selfishness, we do not find what we are waiting for in the spirit-world. I want him to bear that in mind. If our lives here are spent in doing good, in living up to the highest wisdom we have, we can draw on the bank of heaven for a good amount. We will have credit there. It is just as true as God is true. I tried to live a Christian life here. I done as well as I could, and I met with favorable conditions in the other world. I wish to speak with my son, and I wish him to seek out some of the means that are amongst you, and give me the privilege. If it don't do him any good, it won't do him any harm. It will be twenty-six years in July since I left my body. I was then fifty-one. May 11.

Capt. John Knowlton.

This question has reached me from my friends, my relations—some are in Boston and some in Portsmouth, N. H.: "If we furnish you with suitable means, will you communicate with us?" Yes, most gladly, most gladly. I am pleased to know that an inquiry has been born in your souls to know concerning the hereafter. I am glad the call has come from your side, for it will give me strength when we meet to do much more than I could have done under other circumstances. Capt. John Knowlton. May 11.

Belle Wide-Awake.

A lady in Rutland Square, Boston, wishes me to come here and say whether I was at her house making spiritual manifestations last Friday night. No, I was not; so if anybody was there assuming to be me, she got humbugged, that's all. Now she has got something to do to find out who it was, since it wasn't me. She said if I would come here and make a statement, she would believe. Well, I've come. No, it was not me, for I was not present in any way in the city of Boston that night. Good-day. Belle Wide-Awake. May 11.

Maria Louise Bennett.

My mother said a word from me would be like apples of gold in clusters of silver. So I thought I'd try to come. I am from Fayetteville, New York State, and my name is Maria Louise Bennett. I was eight years old. I died of fever last March. I am going to school where I live now, and they are such beautiful schools! You like to go there. Mother has not got right ideas about where we live. She thinks the world where we live is located millions of miles from the earth. Well, I don't live in any such world. I live here; I live on the earth. A great many spirits do, and they don't go to the spirit-world proper to take up their permanent abode there unless they want to. They ain't obliged to go there. I don't want to; don't want to leave mother. We have homes here, and beautiful homes, and we ain't obliged to go away. The spirit-world is here, just as much as it is anywhere. It's everywhere where a living soul can exist, and that's everywhere. Tell mother I will communicate at home if I can. I don't know as I can, but I will if I can. Good-by. May 11.

Séance conducted by Henry C. Wright; letters answered by Anna Cora Wilson.

Invocation.

Ye Holy Three in One, Past, Present and Future Good, we pray thee to baptize us this hour with thine own inspiration. We pray thee that the dew of thy goodness may this hour fall upon us. And, in behalf of an oppressed and ignorant humanity, we ask that the abominations of political ungodliness may speedily pass away. That which has corrupted governments and builded the gallotines for the people, oh Infinite Good, may it speedily pass away, and may men of science, in whose souls is an abiding sense of truth, soon find place and power on the earth, and may the governments of earth represent the governments of heaven. May truth, justice and love be their corner-stones, and may the mantle of everlasting peace ever enfold them. Mighty Spirit, bless thou the sick and the suffering. Send holy angels to those who are bowed down with grief. Oh, let thy light shine in dark places where the soul cries out to know of thee—to be saved; for thine is the kingdom to-day and forever. Amen. May 15.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—(From the audience.) It is the physician's business to deal with life. Are there any means by which he can know what he is dealing with?

ANS.—Not in the absolute, certainly, since life is a principle which cannot be analyzed.

Q.—Then are we to content ourselves in groping in the dark?

A.—You will be obliged to do so, since here it is the lot of every soul to look through a glass darkly. The soul cannot behold life face to face here in this sphere. It can only know somewhat concerning the manifestations of life while here.

Q.—Can we not be instructed from the higher spheres?

A.—Yes; you are being instructed daily, hourly, momentarily. Every soul that puts forth the desire to be instructed from that higher life will be sure to receive an adequate answer to the prayer.

Q.—Life, as I apprehend it, is not shortened by the wrong acts of physicians. But is not life in this world often shortened—that is, is not the spirit often liberated from the body through their misapplications of treatment?

A.—Life and its manifestations you confound. All men and women here do that. Because they cannot grasp life—they earnestly desire to, but they cannot—so they grasp the manifestations of life and call it life. The physician through ignorance shortens the experience of the soul through matter as pertaining to the physical body that it then inhabits, but it does not shorten life. If it did Nature would be imperfect; the laws of life could be broken. But they cannot; they never can; they are so strong, so perfect, so invincible that they cannot even be infringed upon. It may seem to be otherwise when you array yourself in antagonism with the law; and when you suffer in consequence it may seem that you have broken the law. But you have not. You have only become inharmonious to the law, and the law has reprimanded you. If it were possible to break a law in Nature, what would be the result? Why, all Nature would be subject to annihilation.

Q.—People look to the physicians to prolong physical existence; but has been a query in my mind whether they do not shorten rather than prolong life, as a rule.

A.—I should hardly wish to so determine, for I did, I should see but a bad earthly medical record. I do not. I see that the majority of those who have been obliged, through physical weakness or disease, to call upon medical men for advice and aid, have received it, and have had the connection between their spirits and their physical bodies prolonged. There are many exceptions, so the record says, but these exceptions are in the minority, to the honor of your earthly medical men be it spoken. But the time is hastening on when the ears of the medical faculty will be unstopped, and

they shall listen and hear voices from the spirit-land; and then their brothers who have passed on and gained more wisdom, will teach them concerning the subtle conditions of human life over which now they have no control and no knowledge—will teach them how to deal with those subtle conditions, and instead of attacking the effect, attack the cause and drive out the enemy without much effort.

Q.—Do those who are too inquisitive obtain more knowledge than those who are somewhat modest and reasonable in their requirements?

A.—There is a paragraph in the book held as sacred by the Christian world, which says, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." We believe the author spoke a great truth. We believe in seeking, and if by seeking we are branded as inquisitive, it matters not. Go on pursuing what you desire to obtain till you have obtained it, or it has become a settled fact that you cannot obtain it. May 15.

Luther V. Bell.

I have been requested to come here and give what may be my views concerning the large preponderance of insanity, and the illa to which human life is subject at the present time. "Why is it," says my interrogator, "that there are so many people going insane? Why is it that our insane hospitals are overflowing? and that nearly every case is incurable?" Looking at it from a scientific standpoint, strictly, there is but one answer to give, and that is this: The condition of the earth, at the present time, produces what may seem to be a terrible malady, and what, so far as the body is concerned, is such. The earth has now reached a point, with reference to other heavenly bodies, from which it must of necessity act with greater force than ever before upon the human brain—must cause a greater activity there, and must draw the forces of the body powerfully to the brain—must produce restlessness, a desire to obtain something you have not got. It produces war. It is only one of those restless elements whose seeds are deep sown in the earth, that are springing up, and human life is inhaling it, and the result is an over-active brain and insanity. If biblical scholars would read their Bible understandingly, they would find this very condition of things spoken of by Isaiah, by Ezekiel, by John, and by others. But when the Comforter shall have come, and shall have become fully established on the earth, then the kingdom of peace will be amongst you, and this warlike, insane element will be extinguished. Equilibrium of these forces pertaining to physical life will be established. The brain will not do more than its legitimate share of physical labor. Now, in the majority of cases, it is doing much more than its share. Mind is largely at war with matter. When it shall learn the true office of matter, with reference to itself, the war will cease, and physical peace will ensue. But till that time has arrived, it behooves the scientific and the humane to erect such institutions as shall be most conducive to the comfort, at least, of those who are afflicted, and not only to erect, but to sustain them. For who can tell, in this transition state of Nature, whose turn it will be next? No one. The medical man who has called for my opinion, also asks, "Can you enlighten us with reference to any plan to be pursued with success, with the insane?" No; because every case is different from every other. No two can be treated alike. No general plan will answer. There must be a specialty for every case. The only generality in the matter there can be, is humanity. Be humane. Be true to the God within, and let that God find response to the God without, the call of suffering, and the whole angel world will be ready to aid you. Luther V. Bell. May 15.

Minnie Adams.

[How do you do?] I am pretty well. Oh, these are jonquills, ain't they? (taking up the flowers on the table.) [Do you like them?] Yes, sir. My name is Minnie Adams. I was seven years old. I lived in Troy, N. Y. I was born in New Haven, Conn. My mother has gone on the continent, and I want a message ready for her when she gets back. I want to tell her that I didn't go away when I died. I stayed with her ever so long, and then I didn't go far away, so but what I could come back whenever I had a mind to. Aunt Josephine and I live together, and we have beautiful flowers, and we have everything that is beautiful. And I've seen old Uncle Zeke. He is n't so ugly as I thought he was. Mother said he was the ugliest human being she ever saw. I never saw him here when I was on the earth, but I seen him since I died, and he doesn't look so ugly as I thought. I am sorry she said that, because he knows it, and he feels bad about it, and I want her to apologize to him. Because she meant he was ugly all through, that he didn't only look ugly, but he was ugly. And she must apologize to him, 'cause I don't think it's true. Maybe he wasn't so good here. I suppose he wasn't. I suppose he was cross to her, but he ain't so ugly as she thought. And she must apologize, and then he will feel better. [She will feel better, too, when she gets to the spirit-world.] Yes, because she won't want to meet him and have him know what she had said. And he does know it, and I want her to tell him why she said it, and make a real good apology to him. I went with mother through one of the art galleries in Rome, and she went into ecstasies over it. But it ain't half so beautiful as we have. It ain't nothing so beautiful. [How could you see it?] Because I was in my mother's sphere, and I could see what she saw. My mother's a medium, but she don't know it. The group she admired so much by Canova, is beautiful, very beautiful, but he thinks he can do a great deal better now. [Was he present at the time?] Oh, I asked him what he thought about it, because I seen him. Children can ask questions here, and nobody says it ain't right. I wasn't afraid of him, if he was a great man, and I asked him if he could n't sculpture better now than when he was here? and he said, "Yes, my dear, I hope I can." Tell mother that I shall try to come to her at home, and give her all the pleasant things I can. I am glad she went to Europe, because she stopped thinking so much about me, and then you see I could get settled. But I couldn't while she was so unhappy about me. I had to stay with her all the time. (Taking up the flowers again.) Oh you bright eyes. Ain't they got bright eyes? Good-by. May 15.

James Connelly.

Good-day, sir. I have a brother who is in a great deal of trouble because the priest has refused to absolve him, and he thinks he is fixed for the devil now, sure. Well, I come here to say it is all right that the priest refused to absolve him, for he had done it long enough, and any priest that would do it any longer, wouldn't know his duty to the Catholic Church. But tell Tom it will be all right, and he need n't be at all afraid of the devil. There's none worse than himself, and all he has got to do is to turn right round now and commit no more of them sins what the priest refuses to absolve him from, and

when he has kept himself straight for a good bit of time, then go to the holy father and ask his blessing, and he will get it. Then his mind will be at ease. But the first thing to do is to mind himself and see that he don't get astray any more. That's it. My name, sir, is James Connelly. His is Tom. I thank the priest for refusing to absolve him, for in my mind it's the very thing that's going to bring him to terms and make a decent man of him. [Did you reside here?] Yes, sir [Your age?] Forty-one when I was here. I been gone two years. Good-day, sir. May 15.

Séance conducted by Archbishop Hughes; letters answered by "Vashti."

Invocation.

Oh thou whose love and wisdom is over all, oh thou consciously with us this hour while we worship thee. Inspire thou our utterances, and may every thought be a two-edged sword. And give to us, oh Mighty Spirit of Truth, to drink of those waters of life that shall nourish and refresh our souls. We are glad that thou hast called us again and again to earth, to minister unto the needs of those who are tolling in the darkness of the flesh; and we are glad that thou hast placed the cross upon our shoulders, and art calling us upward through many, many sorrows. We bless thee, oh Infinite Source of all things, for life—for the gift of immortality—for that which resteth like a crown of glory upon the soul, and maketh it one with thee. And we only ask for strength, for patience, for wisdom to endure all that we may be called upon to, that we may, in the hereafter, find our names written in the Book of Life, which containeth a record of the good deeds and the bad deeds of every living soul. Send thou pitying angels to those who are physically sick; and to those who are spiritually sick, send thou also pitying angels, to lift thy children who are in darkness, in the valley and the shadow of doubt, out into the sunshine, so that they, like singing birds, may rejoice on this glad spring day in life, beautiful life. Amen. May 16.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—(From the audience.) What is the use of happiness?

ANS.—The necessity that exists with the soul for happiness is the apology for its existence. It is of use because it elevates the soul—because it is the only means through which the soul can come into conscious conjunction with its maker, God. Misery, or unhappiness, is of equal use, for it is one of Nature's teachers, by which the soul learns of itself, of its powers, of Nature and of God. They are two coequal powers in soul-life, by and through which the soul gains immortality—eternal life.

Q.—You speak of God as the maker of the soul. Has any spirit seen God? Can you describe him?

A.—No; no spirit has ever seen God. No one can by any possibility describe God, except as I may say, God is a blade of grass; God is a daisy; God is a rose; God is a human being. God is everything, because God is all and in all.

Q.—Then God is a principle of growth.

A.—Yes.

Q.—I was conversing with a friend who believed in annihilation, and the argument used was that as the body grows old the mind decays; and therefore, when the body dies, the mind is actually annihilated. What argument can you bring against that?

A.—A very strong one. In the first place, I deny that the mind is enfeebled because the body is, or that it decays because the body dies. I admit that its manifestations are feeble, because the instrument through which it is obliged to manifest is out of tune, the body being simply the instrument upon which the mind or soul acts. If that body is not in a harmonious relation to the spirit, there can be no harmonious manifestation between the spirit and body. For example: Place a musician at an instrument that is all out of tune, a string broken here and there, and all along the scale—he can give harmonious and certain sounds through that instrument? Will there not be an entire failure? Certainly—you all know that. Well, then, the body is no more than the instrument. The soul or mind is just as distinct from the body as the musical performer is from the instrument. May 16.

William Berry.

At the urgent solicitations of many of my friends, I presume to occupy this place for a few moments, and in course of time to occupy a short space in your columns. They want to know why it is that I have not returned, manifesting through the Banner of Light. They expected it long ago, they said. They expected much of me. They are disappointed. They thought I would bring them news that would perhaps eclipse all that they had ever obtained. They thought I was so well posted on spiritual matters here that I should be able to do much for them in returning and manifesting through this and other media. The first great objection, I am not much given to speech-making—would rather hear some one else than myself. The second is, I have no taste for the labor of vitalizing blockheads, who know nothing about Spiritualism, and care nothing about it. And as the Message Department of the Banner is devoted mainly to that class of individuals, I have deemed it proper, inasmuch as my instincts do not lead me that way, to remain behind the scenes. And, again, as I have been largely occupied in the spirit-world, being the publisher of a daily journal very much larger than the dear old Banner, of course I have something to do. Notwithstanding I have an able corps of assistants, the editorial department being under the jurisdiction of the able Henry J. Raymond, of New York—yet, notwithstanding all their assistance, I have enough to do, and have found it much more profitable to stay behind the scenes, to assist from behind the scenes in the process of vitalizing those mortal blockheads. That is just the term I mean to use, and none other will suit the case.

And, again, I am afraid, seeing all I am able to see of their prejudices, that if I were to stand too near I would be likely to use the mallet instead of moral suasion. Instead of going on month after month and year after year, trying to prove the immortality of the soul and the power of the soul to return after death, I should speedily open those blockheads and let the soul out where it would fly higher and see clearer. And as we spirits are largely possessed of power over matter, I might be tempted to make a bad use of it. So you see I have various reasons for not communicating through the Banner of Light and not using my influence for the furtherance of modern Spiritualism on earth. Good day. William Berry. May 16.

Adah Isaacs Menken.

"Are you happy in your spirit-home?" This is the question that has reached me, and I am here to answer it. Is the bird happy when it tries its wings and finds that its newly acquired power is one that gives zest and sweetness and loveliness to all its other powers? Oh, yes. Then I am happy. Having cast off the body that encumbered

ed my spirit, and that forced me into many dark places, that oppressed my soul with its blackness and its despair, I can but be happy in the sublime realities of the soul-world. To realize that one is free from a society where the breath of scandal is like a Upas, spreading death, death everywhere—that surely is enough to begot happiness in the soul. And, again, being away from physical pain—that surely is another source of happiness. And being conscious that the soul is ever taking on board and upward flights—that surely must bring the soul happiness. And to know that all the doors in our Father's house of many mansions are wide open—even that which hangs between this and the better life is wide open—to know this is happiness to the soul. And to know that one is free from the darkness that oppressed it here, from the inharmonious conditions that weighed upon it and made up its earthly sorrow—that surely is a source of happiness. Ob, yes, I am happy, happy, happy, beyond what I ever expected to be!

Sometimes had visions of a brighter sphere, of a better land, of a condition wherein the soul would realize its needs; where the seeds it had sown in desire here would be fruited there. And, oh, it surpasses human conception. Indeed, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of the beauties, the glories of the spirit-land. One must be happy there. Adah Isaacs Menken, to those who called for her. May 16.

Henry Jenkins.

I feel that I owe the making of an effort to return to the cause and some of my friends who are believers, for I said much against it before death. My name, Henry Jenkins. I had but twenty-two years here. I was born in Concord, Mass. I died in Switzerland, whither I had gone to get my health. For several generations back, our family had been victims to consumption, and when it seemed certain that I was going to add to the long list, I did everything in my power to prevent it. But I had scarcely arrived in Switzerland, before the bracing air proved anything but what I had hoped it would, causing a hemorrhage, of which I speedily passed on.

I have nothing to say to exonerate myself with reference to what I may have said or done against Spiritualism. I did as well as I knew how. I did not believe in it, so I said I did not. I could see nothing but fraud in it, and I said so. Now I see it to be the grandest of all blessings that has ever been vouchsafed to humanity, and I come back to say so; and to prove, indisputably, to my friends, to those who believe that this theory is correct, and to those who do not, that they are wrong. It is only about four hours since I left my body. (Half-past three P. M.) May 16.

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, May 18.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Sambo, to his master, Simon Brown, of Georgia; Moses, a Moslem, from Beirut, Syria, to Dr. Smith; Henry J. Raymond, Edith Walters, to her mother.

Monday, May 22.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Andrew Strong, of California; Mary Elizabeth Waterhouse, of Portland, Me., to her daughter; Anna Williams, of Boston, to her mother.

Tuesday, May 23.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Joseph Lyon, of Boston; John Doherty, of Boston, to his brother.

Thursday, May 25.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Marie Koche, to the Sisters of Charity, of Cleveland, Ohio, to Mrs. L. B. Wilson; Commodore Made, to a friend.

Monday, May 29.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Sidney Whiting, of Franklin, Mass., to his son; John Blunt, to his son; Emma Tracey, of New York City.

Thursday, June 1.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Capt. E. A. Strong, of West Newbury, Mass.; John Blunt, to his son; Mary Scobie, of Townsend; Alice Appleton, of Scranton, Penn., to her mother.

Monday, June 5.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Mary Wier, of Nantucket; George D. Prentice; Lily Knox, to her grandmother Tobias, San Francisco, Cal.; Henry C. Wright.

Grand Lyceum Picnic at Cleveland, O., Sept. 10th, 1871.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Cleveland will hold a Grand Lyceum Picnic at the Central Park, in the city of Cleveland, O., Sept. 10th. For the purpose of uniting all Lyceums and Spiritualists Associations in this enterprise, we extend a cordial invitation to all Lyceums and Societies in the State of Ohio, as well as speakers and mediums from all parts of the country. We shall endeavor to secure the assistance of Andrew Jackson Davis, the great Lyceum Leader, Mrs. Emma Hardinge, Prof. William Dutton, and other speakers who are well known and successful in the Lyceum movement. J. M. Peabody will be with us on his return from England, and also many of the Shakers from Union Village. It is the purpose of the Cleveland Lyceum to make this one of the best gatherings of the kind ever held in the country by any Lyceum. To make our success more sure, we invite the union and cooperation of all Lyceums and Societies throughout the State to join with us and assist in a programme for mutual advancement.

The Railroad Companies will give special rates to all who wish to attend, where enough can be gathered to fill a car, which will place it within the reach of all Lyceums of the State to attend at very low rates.

The Central Park is the largest building in the city of Cleveland, and capable of holding ten thousand people. If the weather prove inclement, we have ample room in this commodious structure, so that our friends may rest assured of a good time without exposure, as well as of the shade of the groves. The Cleveland Lyceum will meet all delegates at the Union Depot, and escort them through the city in a grand union procession, headed by the Cleveland Gray's Band, and the splendid Cornet Band of the Cleveland Lyceum. We have chartered special cars on the Lake Shore R. R. to accommodate our friends from the East, and will make like arrangements for any other Lyceums and Societies who will notify us of their intention to meet with us. All Lyceums who wish to take part in the exercises will notify us at once, that we may arrange our programme for the time. The order of exercises will consist of a procession through the city with full regalia and music, to the Central Park, where the programme will be given, consisting of an oration, entitled "Welcome," by a member of the Cleveland Lyceum, songs, speeches, &c., all of which will appear in our programme soon to be issued. Each Lyceum will go through with their regular Sunday exercises separately, and will judge of the proficiency of each. Dinner will be served at the Rink Dining Hall, giving ample time for all to view the Park, Perry Monument and the beautiful scenery of the Forest.

This Picnic will be free to all, and all speakers and others will consider this notice a special invitation to attend.

The whole will conclude with a Grand Ball in the evening at the Central Park, music by Cleveland Gray's Band.

For further particulars we invite all friends of the cause to address Miss Emma Allen, Sec., 247 St. Clair Street, Cleveland O. A. A. Wheelock, Marshal of the day; A. G. Smith, of Painesville, Assistant Marshal.

Eighth National Convention—The American Association of Spiritualists.

The Eighth National Convention will meet in Troy, N. Y., on Tuesday, the 12th day of September, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and continue in session three days. Each active State or Territorial Organization of Spiritualists within the limits of the United States of America, shall be entitled to one delegate for each fractional fifty members of such organization, and of each working Local Society and each Progressive Lyceum within the boundaries of such State or Territory. Provided that only one general organization shall be entitled to representation from any State or Territory. Each Province of the American Continent shall be entitled to one delegate for each working Association within its limits, and the District of Columbia shall be entitled to two delegates. Each active Local Society, and each Progressive Lyceum of any State, Territory or Province which is a member of the Association, shall be entitled to one delegate for each fractional fifty members.

These associations are respectfully invited to appoint delegates to attend this meeting and participate in the proceedings thereof. HANNAH, Chicago, Ill., President.

HENRY T. CHILDS, M. D., 534 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Secretary.

Iowa State Association of Spiritualists.
This Association will hold its Third Annual Convention at Iowa Falls, Hardin County, commencing Friday, October 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continuing three days. As important business will come before the Convention, it is earnestly requested that all liberal minds in the State will come, and make its meetings the most interesting ever held in the State. Good speakers and test mediums will be present, and no pains will be spared to entertain and make comfortable friends from abroad. Speakers wishing to attend this Convention are requested to correspond with the President and Secretary, at Ames, Iowa. I. M. Blackwell, President.

Oregon.

Married:
In St. Louis, Mo., Thursday, Aug. 31st, by the Rev. I. Kuhl, of Warrenton, Mo., Mr. Eugene F. Rehm and Jennie Morgan, both of St. Louis, and members of the St. Louis Children's Progressive Lyceum.