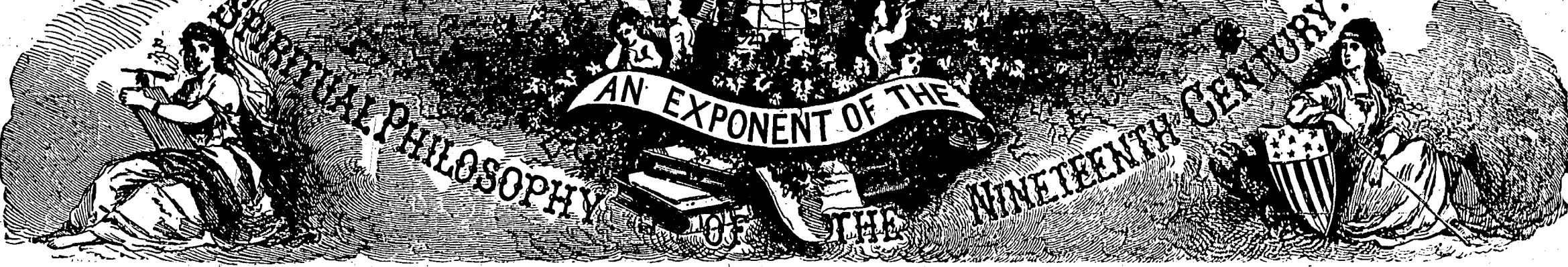


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 18.

IMMORTALITY PROVED BY THE TESTIMONY OF SENSE: In which is Contemplated the Doctrine of Spectres, and the Existence of a Particular Spectre. Addressed to the Candor of this Enlightened Age.

BY ABRAHAM CUMMINGS.
SECTION II.—CONTINUED.

It has been objected against the Spectre that in obtaining parental approbation the mothers were not sufficiently respected. But as the husband and wife are one, the message to the father was virtually sent to the mother. It was necessary in this case that three families should be consulted by the Spirit—that which had been her own family and those of the parties.

But with whom began this consultation? Not with Eve, like that of the devil. She did not, like a deceiver, first frighten and convince the timorous sex that they might assist her either to delude or afflict their husbands. No, her conduct was fair and above-board. Her first application was to the fathers of these families: What was it? Certainly not that which is recommended by the Encyclopedia and the ballad poem, but that of deliberation. She at first neither appeared nor spoke to them immediately to frighten them into compliance at once; but as she had dealt with the son,* so she dealt with the fathers. She sent messages to them.

By this fair mode of conduct they had opportunity to reflect; to exercise reason; to consult one another; and to watch and pray against deception. Her first message, sent only to the two fathers of this couple, contained that passage in Mark x:2-3, by which they might learn that, as the condition of ancient Israel—at a certain time required a precept with respect to marriage somewhat distinct from the common law, which had existed from the beginning, so now the condition of this little branch of society might, for aught they knew, require a precept with respect to marriage somewhat distinct from the common regulation which had obtained from the beginning, though not contrary to it: even as a by-law may be consistent with the public code.

Such, she declared, was the precept now revealed for the particular regulation of those families, and her proofs to be produced were her miracles. A strange, unexpected, unheard-of message indeed! But not more strange, unexpected, unheard-of, than the credentials. By this precept she declared the parties must and would be joined. "And what God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

The father of the young lady, who had ever been most obstinately opposed to this connection, by whose means it had been once interrupted already, and who was no less capable than the other of discovering imposition, and ever watchful against it, was the first who obtained conviction. Him the Spectre sent to the other father (Mr. Butler) and his son to declare this conviction, and that the latter must conduct accordingly. The response was repulsed, and he returned.

By the same extraordinary counsel, after praying and reading for light, he went again, and his daughter with him, crying and wringing her hands. After they had proceeded a small distance, they were accompanied by the Spectre, the rest of the way, whose delightful voice uttering expressions full of love and tenderness consoled the daughter as they went along. This prepared her for acquiescence when coming to the house of the Spectre, as decency required, directed; that, while the daughter should tarry with her abroad, the father should go in and tell Mr. Butler's family that the Spectre had come with them, and that, if they chose a miracle for further confirmation, it should be granted.

After Mr. Butler had performed this, they invited the daughter to come in, and the question of suspicion being proposed, she solemnly protested that, if there was mischief in hand, she was as ignorant of it as they were.

Here we see what abundant opportunity was given them to deliberate and consider for themselves in what way they would choose to be convinced, whether by miracle or common providence.

Message, protestation and miracle being rejected, Mr. Blaisdel and his daughter returned without delay, but had no sooner reached home than a new order from the Spectre, consistent with Scripture, required that Mr. Hooper, who had been her father, and who lived about six miles off, should be conducted here the next morning.

We now return to Mr. Butler's family; not to see miracles, but their confirmation by the voice of common Providence.

After Mr. Blaisdel and his daughter had left them, his conduct was naturally the subject of their discussion; and the more they reasoned, the more unaccountable it appeared. His notorious and inflexible opposition to this connection, which had continued several years, rendered him the most unlikely person in the world to pass a river, now the brink of death, for such a purpose. Their result was the necessity of further advice, and they unanimously chose Mr. Hooper, the young gentleman's father-in-law, as the person best qualified to give it. Accordingly the son, Capt. Butler, went the next morning to consult with him on this affair, but, to his great surprise, found himself intercepted by messengers sent by the

ghost for the same purpose, who had just finished their business with success. Capt. Butler asked what he should do. "The case is such," said Mr. Hooper, "that I can have no advice to give." Mr. Hooper, according to his promise, went off with the messengers; discouraged with the Spectre, and, by the tokens which she gave him, identified his daughter.

After the deliberation of several days, he, by the desire of the Spectre, went to Mr. Butler's family, declared his conviction, and closed the message by solemn exhortation. Thus was the very man, whose advice they had preferred to a miracle, qualified by the Spectre to give it.

But to recede: Mr. Hooper's interview with the Spirit at Mr. Blaisdel's house was immediately succeeded by the arrival of Capt. Butler there. He soon acquired evidence that the Spirit was that of his deceased wife, and declared that her will was his.

But now to what purpose was all this labor and all these messages? For Miss Blaisdel was then asked if the same was her will. The reply was categorical and indignant—the purpose of which was, that if she must die for her refusal, she desired to submit—that servile attentions, however miraculous the compulsion, would afford no satisfaction to her—that her trials were already intolerable by those false and wicked calumnies, which her compliance would now invigorate and render her life more bitter than death. That her attachment to his person was peculiar, she did not deny; but his credulous attention to these calumnies had rendered his society a burden. At length, however, Capt. Butler's unreserved and honorable confession, and his renewed assurance that his own will was his, as well as that of his deceased wife, did, with the words of the Spectre, prevail.

The design of marriage was made public, and round her increased the storm of accusation abroad, and opposition at home; for, though her father had constant and unwavering conviction that the precept was from heaven, it was only at certain intervals that he enjoyed the least degree of reconciliation; and it must not be concealed that Capt. Butler received very ill treatment from him.

Worn out by unjust reproaches abroad, and these vexations at home, she at last told Capt. Butler, offering him a golden token of her constant affection, that she could bear these miseries no longer, and that they must separate. He pleaded the impropriety of her conduct, after such evidence that the appointment was divine. His plea was the waste of words. She dismissed him utterly and forever. This I had by the favor of Capt. Butler himself—Here Mr. Blaisdel, Mr. Butler, their families, their friends and everybody else, had another fair opportunity allowed them by Miss Blaisdel herself to search, examine, reflect, deliberate and investigate the deception, if there was any.

A vessel was now in the river, bound to a port about two hundred miles from this place, where lived some of her near kindred. Thither she was determined to go, and made preparation for the voyage, that, if possible, she might find repose on some distant shore. But the miraculous voice solemnly warned her, in the hearing of several witnesses, that her efforts were vain, and that her affliction would sail with her.

By the direction of the Spectre given to one of those witnesses, the dismissed was recalled. Not long after the nuptials were celebrated; and thus the Spectre obtained one of those ends, which were only subordinate to other ends of far superior magnitude and importance.

These superior ends you will know hereafter; but they cannot—they must not be written.

I remain yours, &c.

LETTER III.

Further evidence deduced from the appearances of the Spectre.

My Dear Sir—In compliance with your request, I proceed in the argument that some persons among us have seen and conversed with the dead. Of the five corporeal senses, only three are capable of information by events of this nature. These are seeing, feeling and hearing. To all these three senses, evidence has been addressed in favor of the Apparition in this place. I would now contemplate the evidence obtained by the senses of seeing and feeling.

The times, places and modes of her appearing were various. Sometimes she appeared to one alone, as the events which follow bore witness; for the testimony of events is sometimes more valid than that of persons. Sometimes she appeared to two or three; then to five or six; then to ten or twelve; again to twenty; and once to more than forty witnesses. She appeared in several apartments of Mr. Blaisdel's house, and several times in the cellar. She also appeared at other houses, and several times in the open field, as already observed. There, white as the light, she moved like a cloud above the ground in personal form and magnitude, and in the presence of more than forty people. She tarried with them till after daylight, and vanished—not because she was afraid of the sun, for she had then several times appeared when the sun was shining. Once in particular, when she appeared in the room where the family were, about 11 o'clock in the day, they all left the house; but, convinced of the impropriety of their conduct, they returned.

At another time, when several neighbors were at the house, and were conversing on these remarkable events, a young lady in the company declared that, though she had heard the discourse of the Spectre, she would never believe that there had been a Spectre among them unless she could see her.

In a few minutes after the Spectre appeared to several persons, and said she must come into the room where the company was. One of those who

saw her, pleaded that she would not. The Spectre then asked, "Is there a person here who desires to see me?" The young lady was then called, who, with several others, saw the Spectre. "Here I am," said she; "satisfy yourselves." The lady owned that she was satisfied. It was now about 2 o'clock in the day; in short, the ghost appeared or conversed or performed both almost as frequently in the day as in the night.

But will Christians argue that the appearance of an angel to the Shepherds was a fiction because it happened in the night?

In all the appearances of the Spectre she was as white as the light, and this whiteness was as clear and visible in a dark cellar and dark night, as when she appeared in the open field and in the open day. At a certain time, August 9th-10th, 1799, she informed a number of people that she meant to appear before them—for she frequently conversed without appearing at all—that they must stand in order and behave in a solemn manner: "For the Lord," said she, "is a God of order." Accordingly she appeared and vanished before them several times. At first they saw a small body of light, which continually increased till it formed into the shape and magnitude of a person.

This personal shape approached so near to Capt. Butler that he put his hand upon it, and it passed down through the apparition as through a body of light, in the view of six or seven witnesses. There were now thirteen persons present, who all saw the apparition except two. And five others, whether they were looking another way, or were prevented by some standing before them, or whatever might be the cause, did not see this attempt of handling the apparition.

But I attend to your reasoning. "If this extraordinary fact be true, what a pity it is that there were no more witnesses! Would not the evidence have been greater had it been acquired by all the eleven?" The more extraordinary the fact, the more numerous should be the witnesses. This is the opinion naturally entertained by mankind everywhere. Hence it follows that all of those eleven persons were not then practicing artifice, for then they would all have seen this extraordinary fact.

The five who did not see it, saw that which was very little short of it. They saw that which rose into personal form, face and features in a moment, returned to shapeless mass in a moment, resumed the person in a moment, and vanished again in a moment. They saw that which was not afraid to be handled by them, for she passed slowly by them near enough for that purpose.

The transfiguration of Christ was a very extraordinary fact. Out of all his twelve disciples, why chose he only three to be eye-witnesses of it? As to the six witnesses, not one of them has ever been accused or even suspected of being concerned in the supposed artifice. Some of them are aged, others young. They had, and still have, professions, employments and interests widely different, and belong to four different families. It is the fixed and settled opinion of our opponents here, that two of them are not only persons of integrity, but were ensnared by others through the whole case.

These two persons soon after confirmed what they had now seen and experienced by solemn, practical and most deliberate oaths in the presence of eighty people. For one of them made a prayer at the re-interment, expressing his belief of what he had seen, and the other solemnly declared to all the assembly, as soon as the prayer was finished, that this solemnity was ordered by the Spectre—to be observed by his means. He also confirmed the same by an express verbal oath before the civil magistrate.

LETTER IV.

Evidence Produced by the Discourse of the Spectre.

Dear Sir—I would now present to your consideration the conversation of the Spectre. But I shall first observe the objection urged against some part of it.

At the time when she appeared to several persons at 2 o'clock in the day, she said she must come into the room where the company were, but was prevented by earnest entreaty. This, they say, was a falsehood.

At another time, when she walked in company with forty people, she went with them only to one house, though she had informed them that she must go to two houses. She indeed went forward in order to visit the other house, but was again prevented by earnest entreaty. This was a fault like the other.

Observe a similar case in Gen. xix:2-3: "And he said, behold now, my lords; turn in, I pray you, into your servant's house, and tarry all night and wash your feet; and ye shall rise up early and go on your ways; and they said, nay, but we will abide in the street all night. But he pressed upon them greatly, and they turned in unto him and entered into his house."

Several credible persons say, "she promised nearly fifty people to convince them of her being such as she professed to be, if they would comply with a certain condition. They complied, and went off unconvinced." But credible persons are sometimes mistaken, and so, perhaps, they were now; because other persons, as credible and as numerous, who stood nearer to and had better advantage of understanding the voice, declare that it was not the Spectre, but Mr. Blaisdel, who said that the company, by complying, would be convinced. But he was mistaken. They went off, in general unconvinced at that time. The Spectre uttered but few words and withdrew. This was the night of August 9th, 1799. In that company were the best of people, conducting in a sober

* Voltaire, in his philosophical dictionary, treating the Bible and ghosts with equal ridicule, says that the latter "used to his way at the crowing of the cock." The same was the idea of Shakespeare in his ghost of Hamlet, "Adieu! the glow-worm shows the morning to be near." But this, we now see, is not always the case. I then two, by their own desire, had obtained a promise that they should not see her. There were several such instances at different times.

manner; but others uttered such profanity and derision as rendered them unworthy to obtain conviction. On this account the Spirit afterwards declared that she could not manifest herself among them. Christ himself, in a certain place, could not do many mighty works because of their unbelief. It is early enough to treat any affair with derision when we have fully discovered what it is.

A scorner seeketh wisdom and findeth it not.

This company in general went off with the full persuasion that the whole affair was mere legdemain, and that the few words of the Spectre, which they had heard, were only the words of Mrs. Butler herself; though they had been expressly told by an unsuspected person—who held her by the hand when the words were uttered—that she did not speak—that the voice was at a distance from her. But they were moderns, and the witness was rejected; and, as it was plainly a different voice from that of Mrs. Butler, or any other that ever they had heard, necessity, the mother of invention, produced their hypothesis that Mrs. Butler had used some sounding instrument.

But several of the company still remained at the house. To them Mrs. Butler complained of the unjust reproach which encompassed her. "What have I done," said she, "that I must suffer all this?" "Nothing, dear, you have done nothing," answered a voice immediately in the vacant space of the room. Then about fourteen persons, by the direction of the Spectre, went into the cellar. As soon as they were there, the Spectre said to Mrs. Butler, "Go up and sit with others on the kitchen hearth,* that this company may know that it is not you who speak." After she was gone up, the ghost conversed with the company on several topics suited to authenticate her mission.

She mentioned several incidents of her past life, known only to her husband, as he declared, and asked him if he remembered them. He said, yes. She asked him if he had told them. He answered, no; and of such a nature were those incidents as to render it utterly improbable that he ever should have mentioned them before. This was at the time when he attempted to handle the apparition.

It is objected against her, that she told who was in heaven and who was in hell.

She indeed mentioned the world of misery as the eternal portion of the finally impenitent; but I find not the least evidence of her particularizing any person or persons as being in that miserable state.

She indeed mentioned several deceased persons as being in a state of happiness. And who can prove the impropriety of this? though, indeed, it is not what we should have expected.

Once, when she conversed with about fourteen persons, Mr. Blaisdel, having heard that his father was sick, asked the Spectre whether she knew anything or not concerning him. "Your father," she replied, "is in heaven, praising God with the angels." He afterwards found that his father, two hundred miles distant, died seven days before this answer of the ghost. True, the news might come from thence in that interval. But his friends at York, where his father lived, utterly deny that they sent the news in the course of these days. Suppose, however, the news did some way or other come, could any deceiver, improving the circumstance, know what questions Mr. Blaisdel would ask, so as to be sure they could all be answered? Or was Mr. Blaisdel himself in the plot? "No," say our opponents; "his piety, his veracity, and his utter aversion to the purpose of it, forbid the suspicion." It is, therefore, probable that the same creature who appeared and disappeared so often in the view of the people, and could tell them where they should be and what they would say and do in future time, was the true author of this information.

At a certain time, when thirty people were convened to hear her conversation, the name of a certain woman, who was absent, happened to be introduced. "That woman," said the ghost, "has enjoyed a revival lately." Immediately one of the company went to her and asked what had lately been the state of her mind. She related it to him, and he told her that her information and that of the Spectre agreed. Upon this she came and saw the Spectre, heard her conversation for several hours, and expressed abundant satisfaction and delight.

At the time when fifty people heard her discourse—while more than forty saw her—to some of them, who had no more believed these extraordinary events than mankind now do in general, she mentioned several occurrences of her past life known to them and her, but not divulged, in order to satisfy them that she was the very person she professed to be. Almost all this company had been acquainted with her in her lifetime, and a considerable number of them very intimately. She desired that any of them would ask what questions they pleased for the removal of any doubts respecting her which might exist in their minds. Accordingly certain persons did propose several questions respecting a number of events in her past life not divulged, which were so minute and circumstantial as to render the hypothesis of their being all so exactly rehearsed as now to become the medium of artifice, utterly absurd and irrational. To all these inquiries she gave complete, satisfactory answers.

But not to detain you, I will now only ask, How shall I judge of these facts? Shall I suppose that some artful girl personating that deceased woman, could present herself before forty people well acquainted with that woman in her lifetime?—tell them by a voice inimitable not to be afraid to stand as near as they pleased, and ask as many questions as they pleased, and all without fear of discovery? What subtle person would not be subtle enough to avoid such a perilous situation? I remain yours.

* A place in the house most distant from that of the Spectre.

LETTER V.

The Evidence Deduced from her Predictions.

Dear Sir—I must now ask your attention to the arguments furnished by her predictions.

She foretold what the opinion and conduct of mankind would be with regard to her, and the ill treatment which Mr. Blaisdel's family would receive on her account. She not only declared the necessity, but foretold the certainty of the marriage at an hour when both the parties and both their families opposed it, if there was anything to be known by the harmony of words and actions; yet the attachment of the parties seems to have been mutual from first to last. The passage of the paradox is future, for mankind have more than one character, and the actor of 1840 will despise what a Jeweler would prize.

She not only predicted the prosecution, but named a particular person as one who would certainly be present at the court for a witness eleven months before these events took place.

She named another particular person, as one who should be present at the trial by the Grand Jury, and foretold what kind of language he would utter in their presence eleven months before the accomplishment.

In about a month after—that is, ten months before the accomplishment—an oath of its existence was given before a magistrate. The person, too, who is the subject of this prediction, and fulfilled it, was never a friend, but invariably the foe of the Spectre from first to last. She foretold to forty people the issue of that trial eleven months before the accomplishment. To the genuine friends of literature in this place who were sincerely opposing superstition and legdemain, this prediction was made known.

They were warned of the disadvantage which they must suffer if they persisted.

They disbelieved the prediction, despised it, and became the involuntary subjects of its fulfillment at the time appointed. Within thirty hours after Mrs. Butler's marriage, the Spectre predicted that she would become the parent of but one child, and then die. Ten months after this her child was born, and she died the next day. The safe return of one bound to the West Indies was also foretold and accomplished.

These predictions are all fulfilled, and were previously and sufficiently known in this vicinity for evidence that they were such. She uttered several other predictions now accomplished. But as these events might possibly be foreknown or strongly conjectured by other means, the mention of them is omitted. Not only her words, but her behavior too, manifested the spirit of prophecy. The re-interment of the child was a practical oath, and never would have been thought of but for her direction. Friends and foes were all in one condition—all unable to conceive, or even to conjecture the design of it, till it was manifested eighteen months afterwards by certain special unexpected events of divine Providence. If, then, we take an impartial and connecting view of these and all the preceding evidences, how absurd is the hypothesis that all these evidences could be the effect either of imagination or artifice! How much more rational is the opinion which has obtained credit in all ages and nations, that the spirits of deceased persons do sometimes appear, however incapable we are of learning all purposes for which such events are designed!

By misapprehension and misinformation, piety and veracity may give you an account very different from mine. But ask those people of piety and veracity, who were present when the greatest of these events took place—I tell you they will not deny these facts. I am yours, &c.

[To be continued in our next.]

A Test that Stirs California.

Legislative and newspaper circles on the Pacific Coast have recently been very much stirred by a manifestation of spirit-influence in a quarter least expected. It occurred on this wise:—The question of removing a county seat was pending before the Legislature, and a bill to that effect had just passed the Senate to the stage known as engrossment. A member of the Legislature, named Crane, not a believer in spiritual manifestations, was in San Francisco at that particular time, and as the subject of the removal was much talked of, Mr. Crane sat down at a table with other friends, and, forming a circle, asked mentally if the plan was likely to succeed. The spirits rapped out a negative, and repeated it more than once in reply to the same inquiry. Finally, to make matters worse, learning of the presence of a remarkable clairvoyant in the city, Mr. Crane resolved to pay her a visit. She was a complete stranger to him and he to her. But she proceeded at once to tell him who he was, and the position he occupied; and in response to his question whether the spirit controlling her had anything to communicate respecting the matter that was in his mind, he was assured that the measure of removal was not going to succeed, though it then looked as if nothing could hinder it. She also bade him go to Sacramento, enter the capitol, and accost the first senator who should come out of the chamber; and, after talking with him, his vote would be the very one that would finally defeat the scheme. He did as directed, and the project was defeated. And all California is stirred up about it, preferring, in many cases, to blacken Mr. Crane rather than admit a syllable to the credibility of the manifestations. Mr. Crane stands above reproach where known, and the occurrence is likely to become influential for our good cause in the general mind, in spite of the assaults of misrepresentation and prejudice.

Among the few mistakes which men make when they come to town, is that of leaving the wife and daughter sitting in the wagon to hold the lines, while the lord of creation goes "just round the corner and back." A more polite way would be to help the ladies out, tie the team to a post, treat to the ice cream or a new dress, then go home sober and happy.—Williamsport (Pa.) Reform Journal.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

EMMA LINDEN:
OR,
THE MOTHER'S TRUST.

A Mirror of Facts in the Robe of Fiction.

BY MRS. H. G. GREENE BUTTS,
Author of "Vine Cottage Stories."

CHAPTER VI.

As day after day passed by, and Mr. Linden saw that Emma was quietly making preparations to leave him, he began to reconsider seriously the whole matter. He had no idea that his child would take this course. He believed that she would concede to any proposal which he might make, rather than to leave her home and sister. He perceived that he had carried the matter too far; for his pride would not allow Emma to take such a step. He knew that if his daughter left him, under the present circumstances, there would be revelations made which would be fearful and mortifying; but how to extricate himself honorably was a very difficult problem.

It had been rumored abroad, somewhat, that Mr. Linden's daughter was to leave Princeton, and various were the conjectures in regard to it. "Take" had the father been spoken of or interrogated by his friends on the subject; but he only smiled, or treated the matter lightly. But the time had come when he could not silence his friends on that point. He had just been questioned by Mr. Bentley, Lucy's father, with whom he had long been intimate, concerning the matter—both having belonged to the same church for years. Mr. B. said that his daughter Lucy had informed him of acts which, if true, were quite reprehensible; and he felt it to be his duty, as a friend, to advise with him. He further said that, in regard to Mr. Allston, he had no sympathy with his peculiar views, but thought him a very worthy young man; and, for his part, he believed in freedom of speech. The dismissal of Mr. A. from college, on account of his religious opinions, he thought a great mistake. He was conscious that there had been a growing dissension among the students from that hour; and the result would probably be that a new Board of Education would soon be chosen. The people were growing more liberal in their sentiments, and the rising tide of progressive thought could not be stayed.

Mr. B. said much more, which it is not necessary to repeat. Suffice it to say that Mr. Linden was feeling very uncomfortable.

In the meantime, Emma had consented to stop awhile with her friend Lucy, and wait for a favorable calling elsewhere. The relative to whom she had written had been deceased for some months, so that her prospect of a home in that direction was at an end. But in these days of waiting and anxiety, how did she long for the society of Lucie! Months had passed since his last letter was written. She revolved, on mature reflection, to write to him once more, and reveal her heart-struggles to the only human being who had risen like a star of hope in her earthly horizon. The letter was written, and its words of deep and tender pathos revealed how human love is made heavenly—almost divine—through suffering.

Few words passed between Mr. Linden and his daughter. Both were under painful restraint when together, and the latter began to desire to leave so thrilling an atmosphere.

As the time drew near when she thought it advisable to go, she remarked to her father that on the following day he intended to depart. She wished to know if he had any suggestions to make in regard to Flora.

Her calm, self-possessed manner in speaking of her departure so disconcerted Mr. Linden that he started from his seat, and asked to what she alluded.

"Father," replied Emma, "are you ignorant to what I allude?"

Mr. Linden quickly recalled himself, and said: "Emma, I have thought seriously about this matter, and have concluded, on account of Flora, to have you remain, provided that you will have no more correspondence with Lucie Allston."

"Father," responded Emma, calmly, "I, too, have considered seriously on this matter since that fearful night when your words fell like scorching fire upon my tortured soul. I can now promise nothing whatever in regard to the future. The day of compromise is past. My heart has been cast into the refining fire, and has come out strong and resolute. For Flora's sake, I may remain for a season under your roof; but how long, circumstances will alone determine."

Emma saw a dark shadow gathering upon her father's brow, waited a moment for a reply, but, as no sound proceeded from his lips, quietly withdrew.

Mr. Linden now saw clearly that his daughter held him somewhat in her power. He saw, too, that it was futile for him to attempt to subject her to his will. He had aroused the Linden spirit in his child's bosom; he must abide the results and be cautious how he added fuel to the fire he had kindled.

There was another power silently doing its work for Mr. Linden. The nightly visits of his spirit-wife to his bedside had not ceased. He began to think that the powers of heaven and earth were against him, or, rather, that "Satan and his legions" were endeavoring to thwart his plans; for he still believed that whatever savored of "Spiritualism" belonged to the devil's fraternity. He resolved to change his course toward Emma, and try to win her obedience by deeds of kindness, thinking this to be the better policy. He must prevent her union with Allston, if possible. Another trouble also weighed upon Mr. Linden's mind. Many years ago, in England, a large property was willed by his father-in-law to Mary (Mr. Linden's wife) and her brother Robert. The latter, with his young wife, had gone to Germany, while his sister's husband managed the estate at home. In a few months the news reached Robert that his father was dead and he was disinherited. He returned to England, but found the estate sold, and his sister and her husband departed from the country. Through the influence of James Linden, and on the plea that Robert was a wanderer and a spendthrift, the father was persuaded, on his sick bed, to make a codicil to his will, giving his whole property to his daughter. As administrator, Mr. Linden had managed to keep the facts from the knowledge of his wife till the day of her decease. Seeing no chance of obtaining justice, Robert returned, disheartened and discouraged, to Germany. The appearance, therefore, of this same Robert in the town of Princeton, twenty-five years later, was a startling revelation to James Linden. The bare supposition that Flora's "Uncle Robert" might prove to be her departed mother's brother, whom he had been himself instrumental in reporting as dead, was a

sufficient cause for his nervous command to the child not to speak again to the stranger.

"This is a new aspect of things," thought Mr. Linden. "That is unquestionably the veritable Robert Barton, the wanderer whose property I took charge of by due process of law. By accident or design he is here in Princeton; yes, and by accident or design, he must again be sent adrift. He was never born for anything but a pauper, and he has no business here to put in his claim for past injustice. It won't do for Emma to hear his story, as she will if he finds out that Mary and I did not embark in that ill-fated ocean steamer, as was supposed."

The next afternoon Emma entered her father's library, and surprised him by asking:

"What objection have you to Flora's talking with Mr. Stanley's new gardener? Do you know anything about the old man's history?"

"Emma, I am engaged in important business and do not wish to be disturbed," replied Mr. Linden sternly, while a dark cloud gathered upon his brow.

"But, father, I wish to know the reason for your strange injunction."

"Which you cannot know at present. I can keep my own counsel without your interference," continued Mr. Linden.

"Well, father, I am more than half convinced that there must be something wrong in regard to your relations with that old man. He bears my mother's family name, and it is but natural that I should make inquiries in regard to him."

"Emma Linden," said her father, trying to speak calmly, "I am surprised that you should question my motives! I can say this much: that I once knew this man, and I knew him to be a vagabond and a spendthrift. For this reason I had no desire that Flora should lavish her flowers and kisses upon him."

At this moment Aunt Clarissa knocked at the library door and informed Emma that Miss Bentley was in the music room, and wished to see her. Glad was Mr. Linden that the conversation had been so providentially interrupted.

Lucy Bentley had called on her friend to disclose her plans. She had gained her father's consent to write to Mr. Allston, and had that day mailed a letter to him with an invitation to spend a few weeks at their house. She thought he would accept the invitation, and she was delighted to know that everything was working so favorably. She further said that the Trustees of the Princeton Institute had met the evening before, and had chosen her brother Alfred as chairman of the board. There was no doubt, in her mind, that the conservative element which had so long usurped authority in the college would soon be superseded by more liberal and humanitarian views.

Before the friends separated, Emma informed Lucy of the conversation with her father in regard to her leaving home, and that she thought it best to remain for the present. Lucy smiled, and said she presumed that Mr. Linden would have an opportunity to make still further concessions.

Emma replied that the future was still unknown to her; she could only trust that her happiness in the hands of her Heavenly Father, who would wisely shape her destiny.

Emma sat musing for a long time after her friend Lucy left her. She could scarcely realize that there was a prospect of Lucie's coming to Princeton. Joy and sadness alternately took possession of her heart, for she felt that his visit would bring momentous results.

CHAPTER VII.

As the days and weeks pass by, the state of affairs at Emma's home is somewhat improved. Mr. Linden, from policy, treats his daughter with less marked severity. Charles Linden, the maid-on-sister, has received a lesson from her brother, and understands that she must be more gentle to her niece. Flora, like a summer flower, brightens in the dawning sunlight of her father's house, and like an uncaged bird, warbles her sweet songs of freedom.

While Emma sat at the piano one evening, in the falling hour of twilight, Lucy entered the room, tossed a letter upon her lap, and was gone. The envelope bore the well-known superscription of Lucie. Emma nervously broke the seal of the long-expected letter, and read as follows:

"I received your last epistle with the pulsations of a deep joy and sorrow. I would have answered it directly, but being invited to speak to the students of C— College, and also to the 'Free Church,' I have been laboriously engaged in preparing my lectures. But my intellectual labors, in this field, are nearly over—except as I speak on Spiritualism."

Dear E., I have thought often of you since your last note was received. I have wished to know whether you suffered greatly on my account. How is it now? Do the breezes blow more gently? There is a great Spiritual Source of health and harmony, and I know you are acquainted with its Life-Giving Fountain. I commend you ever and ever to Him and his angels, in whose arms I am led to repose in hours of the greatest emergency. Do not fail to keep up your courage, for this is a hard life indeed for us, when we cannot brave its opposing elements. As for myself, I feel that the hand of Wisdom is laid upon me in these small trials, and a prophecy deep in my soul of ultimate triumph over all temporal foes, and the promise of increased power to bless mankind. It may not be in this life; but sometimes it shall be.

A few days later, Emma received the following note from Mr. Allston:

"I suppose you are aware that I have received an invitation to visit Princeton. I am inclined to do so as soon as my engagements will allow. I know of no call so loud as that which bids me to step once more upon hallowed ground—hallowed not for its steeples and its churchyards, but for the first morning utterance of my soul's love! But how shall I be met by your father? Is the question that still intrudes itself upon me. It rejoices my heart to learn that my old friends in P. are inclined to do me justice. Greatly was I surprised to receive your excellent friend Lucy's note. Its sentiments are magnanimous. She must have changed since the hours she so dreaded my heresy."

On one bright morning a few weeks after the above letter was written, a carriage was seen driving up the avenue which led to Mr. Bentley's fine residence. As the traveler alighted, many eyes were looking out of windows to ascertain who the interesting stranger might be. It was none other than Lucie Allston. He could hardly believe that he was so soon to meet the only being whose transcendent image was mirrored upon the perpetual skies of his opening future. He had learned from a letter recently received from Emma, that her father was more genial toward her; but he had no reason to suppose that his feelings had changed in regard to himself. He had not hinted to Emma that he had received that bitter letter from James Linden. He would spare the daughter any additional sorrow. His feelings, on reading the letter, were those of compassion, and he forebore to make reply. His was one of the rarest of temperaments. His faith in an overruling Providence was such that scarcely a shadow of distrust in the triumph of goodness

ever darkened the beautiful sunlight which radiated his spirit.

Mr. Linden was sorely vexed in view of the change of public opinion in regard to the "fanatic," as he is still persistently called Mr. Allston, but said nothing to his daughter relative to his expected visit to Princeton. He knew that Lucie would not intrude upon his premises. Lucy Bentley also thought it would be unwise for him to call at Linden Mansion at present, and so effected a meeting of her two friends at her own home.

That meeting it is not our purpose to describe. But after the happy interview Emma seemed to live a charmed life. She was pained only when she saw how pale and mentally worn her friend appeared, and that they might soon be separated again. The future she dared not question. But Mr. Allston was calm and tranquil as an autumn morning, while he recounted the incidents, hopes and struggles he had experienced in his absence.

While they were thus conversing one day, in Mr. Bentley's parlor, Emma caught sight of Mr. Barton opening the front gate, and in a moment the door bell rang with considerable force.

"An old gentleman is at the door who wishes to see Mr. Allston," said the servant.

"Ask him into the parlor, Lucie," said Emma.

"I think I know who he is."

"Just as you please, Emma."

In a moment's time Robert Barton stood in the presence of his friends, and grasping the hand of Mr. Allston, said:

"Thank God! I see you once more, but how you have changed."

"You have the advantage of me," said Mr. A.

"I don't know you."

"Do not know Robert Barton? Well, I suppose I'm not the man I was when you saw me in Germany."

"In Germany! Robert Barton!" spoke Lucie, grasping the old man's hand. "Is it possible? Ah! yes, I remember now. But how came you here?"

"Well, as most everybody comes over to this country, I thought I'd try my luck. Besides, I wanted to see you once more, my kind friend," said the old man, with a husky voice.

"Ah, this is a pleasant surprise indeed; I am glad you have come. Emma," he said, "have you ever met with my old friend, Robert?"

"Yes; but in my joy, strange to say, I forgot to tell you about him," said Emma.

"Nothing strange," spoke Uncle Robert, eyeing Emma steadily; "young folks' heads are apt to be turned sometimes."

"But where have you been, Uncle Robert? I have not seen you for several weeks," said Emma.

"Oh, I have been—you must excuse me, Miss Emma, I'm a little confused—I've been out of town attending to Mr. Stanley's large nursery in Ashdale. I returned last night, and learning that Mr. Allston was here, I could not rest till I had seen him," said the old man, with his eyes still fixed upon Emma.

"Miss Emma, you must excuse me," he continued, "if I seem impatient. But your face reminds me so much of my sister Mary, that I can hardly keep my eyes off from you."

"Mary? Why, that was my mother's name," spoke Emma, with emotion. "She came with my father from England to this country, before I was born."

"And your father's name is James Linden?"

"The same," replied Emma. "I have heard my mother speak of a brother whom she supposed to have been dead."

"Then they did not perish in that ship?" said Mr. Barton, musingly. "Can it be possible that I have found my sister's child?" he continued, nervously grasping Emma's hand. "But poor Mary, where is she?"

"My mother departed this life ten years ago."

"Ah! yes, I thought it must be so; for I have felt her guardian presence for many years. She never could have known the great wrong done to her brother while she was living. I hope she did not. But no matter! Let it all go, Robert Barton. You'll soon be the other side of the curtain yourself."

"Come, come, my good friend, cheer up," said Mr. Allston; "I am delighted at this disclosure; you are brought nearer to me than ever."

"Then you are indeed my real uncle?" exclaimed Emma, kissing his brown cheek. "Won't Flora be glad?"

Here the old man broke down, and sobbed like a child. The kiss, the voice of affection, the memory of his departed sister Mary, were too much for him. But quickly recovering himself, he said, with a smile:

"You see I can't bear good fortune very well. I'm not used to it. That blessed child Flora, with laughing eyes and beautiful ringlets, is my own little niece! If this isn't a bit of romance for an old man, I don't know what is. Ah, now I know why that sharp command was given to the child. But no matter; it will all come out right, as you said to me years ago, friend Allston."

[To be concluded in our next.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

NELLY'S GRAVE.

BY S. B. KEACH.

Oh tell me not 'tis long ago,
For what are years to me?
Death ne'er can strike another blow,
To wound so hopelessly.

A heart all other griefs might brave,
Still sadly throbs by Nelly's grave.

And what if we were children then,
Unschool'd in worldly ways?
Life never can restore again,
Those brief and happy days.

Too good for earth-life to deprave,
The angels led her to the grave.

My cheated heart must still repine,
Nor reason woe away,
Though Heaven bid me to resign
That dear form to the clay.

Say, what is Heaven, that could not save
My Nelly from the cruel grave?

The morn is past—the sun is high,
The flowers that drank the dew
In childhood's happy morn, are dry,
And soon will wither too;

The trees are fading, soon to wave
Leafless, above my Nelly's grave.

I sit and watch them stealing on,
The phantoms of the past.
I listen to the moaning tone
That mingles with the blast.

Soft breezes sigh or tempests rave
Alike above my Nelly's grave.

Roll on, oh time; your weight of care
To crush my heart is vain.
Th' abandoned temple pure and fair,
Might moulder where 't was laid—

But earth's dark bar could ne'er enslave
Her spirit in my Nelly's grave!

The last man who would a serenading go, was
carried home on a shutter.

The New Alphabet—What it is, and
what it is not.

NUMBER TWO.

BY JAMES MADISON ALLEN.

The following are some of the points involved in the new classification. A more extended account cannot here be given.

The underlying, all-pervading element in speech is BREATH. This presents itself under two forms, namely: breath purely such, or breathing, and breath vocalized, or voicing. These two elements (two forms of the same element), breathing and voicing—or breath and voice—may be said to correspond, in the realm of speech, with spirit and matter in the realm of substance. Breathing and voicing conjoined give rise to syllables, words, language; like as spirit and matter conjoined give rise to the diversified forms and phenomena of the external world.

The elementary sounds are all arranged in pairs, every element having its "mate." Here appears the conjugal principle, everywhere else present.

The first pair of breathings are related to all other breathings, and the first pair of voicings to all other voicings, as parents are related to children. These (original or parent elements) are classed as "germs"; all other elements as "derivatives."

The germs are produced in the lungs and larynx, the organs of the mouth and nose taking no special part; the derivatives require the aid of the organs above the larynx.

The derivatives are arranged in two general classes, namely: voicings, or vowels, and breathings, or consonants—the vowels being children of the voice-germs, the consonants children of the breath-germs. The classes are divided into groups, the members of which bear certain relations to each other of resemblance and of difference—all the members of the same group having some special characteristic in common.

In the resemblances and differences among the members of the same group and of different groups, we discover what may be termed the relationship of *fraternity* (or brother and sisterhood) and of *friendship*, while between the members of the different classes, the relationship is less intimate than that of personal friendship, and may be considered to correspond with what is termed "universal" love (general or impersonal affection).

Each pair of elements requires for its perfect production an arrangement or "configuration" of the vocal organs peculiar to itself. There are twenty-eight of these configurations, giving twenty-eight pairs of elementary sounds as the number comprised in the primary scheme of elements. These fifty-six sounds serve as the basis of all possible speech; as standards to which to refer and by which to test any and all possible tones or shades of tones. Any elementary sound of any language ever spoken or ever to be spoken, must either be one of these fifty-six, or some variation thereof. No sound of human speech but is referable to some one of these, either as identical with it, or some modification of it. All that vast and indefinite number of "shade elements" theoretically possible, (of which the writer has uttered and represented upon paper more than fourteen hundred), are produced by applying to the "primaries"—as the fifty-six are termed—certain easily comprehended principles of variation.

These principles are only ten in number; and by a knowledge of these ten simple principles merely, together with an understanding of the primary classification, embracing only twenty-eight pairs of elements, all possible speech-elements are, easily understood, "located" and described, and their exact relationship to each other determined.

Having now ascertained the organic or physiological characteristics, resemblances and differences of the various elementary sounds, and groups and classes of sounds, and arrived at a simple yet all-embracing classification, the next step is to develop, in a scientific manner, from this classification, forms, characters, "letters," which shall externalize to the eye, exactly, the sounds which strike the ear, and which are first sent forth through their various special configurations. To do this, I have had recourse to a very simple, self-evidently correct and scientific principle—so simple and natural that the great wonder is that it should not have been discovered and applied thousands of years ago! It is the law of correspondence, which, present everywhere else in Nature, is also present in the alphabetism of Nature.

By the law of correspondence as applied to Alphabetism, is meant that in a true alphabetic system sound and sign must "correspond"; that is to say, the organic peculiarities, resemblances and differences among the elementary sounds, must correspondentially reappear in the geometric peculiarities, resemblances and differences of the letters which represent them. Sounds which bear a certain degree or kind of organic likeness to each other, must be represented by letters bearing a corresponding degree or kind of geometric likeness to each other; and vice versa, sounds bearing a certain degree or kind of organic unlikeness to each other, must be represented by letters which bear a corresponding degree or kind of geometric unlikeness to each other.

The result of a strict adherence to this principle in the construction of the new alphabet, presents a most wonderful contrast to the diverse, numerous, unphilosophical inventions, called alphabets now in use by the various nations of the earth—no one of which recognizes the existence of any such law. We have, then, for the first time, an alphabet completely universal in its scope, whose letters are constructed in accordance with a fixed and definite natural law. There is nothing accidental, nothing arbitrary or conventional. The letter belonging to each sound, and the sound belonging to each letter, is determined by no whim of invention, by no varying fancy or caprice, by no imitation of the outline of an ox, tent, camel, door, window, etc., whose name, in Hebrew or some other language, chanced to begin with a certain sound; but by a precise scientific principle, which gives to each letter, and to each particular feature or part of each letter, its own distinct and appropriate natural value. A certain character is "a" because it must be "a"—it cannot be anything else; another is "e" by necessity; another is "d" for the same reason—it cannot help itself—it resembles, and differs from other letters, as the "d" sound resembles and differs from other sounds, and so on to the end. Have we a straight line, have we a curve, a hook or a circle at the beginning, a heavy line or a light, a large letter, or a small, a stroke to the right or to the left, up-right or down-right, an attachment on either side? There is a natural reason for it.

In the abnormal alphabets, the English, for instance, there is no philosophical reason why the sound *a* should be represented by the letter "a" rather than by the letter "c," "d," "g," "x," or "z." There is no natural relationship between the sound and the letter. The letter "b" might as well have been called *kay*, *eff*, *en*, *tee* or any thing else. It wasn't, because it wasn't! It seems to have not occurred to our ancestors, that to represent a certain sound by a sign bearing no relationship to it, is both absurd and unnecessary. The common alphabets of the world [which there are about fifty distinctly different for printing purposes, now in use] had their birth in the relative ignorance of the past. They will meet their death in the greater knowledge and wisdom of the present and near future. Mankind will not always rest content to continue in its unnatural, unreliable, effete and wasteful methods of representing speech. With the rapidly hastening decay of the old order of civilization, there will also a dissolution of the Cadeus order of Alphabetism. With the evolution and establishment of a scientific normal social order for universal humanity, there will be established also [as a necessary fundamental part of the same] a SCIENTIFIC NORMAL ALPHABETISM for universal humanity.

The Spiritual Congress and Daniel Webster.

Probably many readers of *The Spiritual Congress*, that wonderful event described in A. J. Davis's PRESENT AGE AND INNER LIFE, have observed with surprise the name of Daniel Webster as a member of the committee of spirits who on that occasion addressed the sons of Africa. Mr. Davis particularizes twenty-four delegations, giving the names of their constituent members who then made revelations to the principal nations and races of the world. After messages had been given to the Jewish race, and to the nations of China, Persia, Japan, Turkey, Greece and Rome, and to the people of other countries, a committee of thirteen immortals, among whom was Daniel Webster, uttered words of encouragement and prophecy to the enslaved African.

That Daniel Webster should have been a delegate, was not remarkable, for he possessed powers that admirably qualified him to represent any cause with which he should ally himself. But why was Daniel Webster in the AFRICAN delegation? Why should he, honored above most other Americans, ally himself to and cooperate with a people then among the most despised and abject of earth's inhabitants? Such questions would readily suggest themselves to readers who remember that Daniel Webster had not in his earth-life been prominent as an opponent to the extension of negro slavery, or as a friend to the African. Like queries occurred to Mr. Davis at the time of the vision, and he inquired, as Daniel Webster's name appeared on the roll of the African delegation, "What does this mean?" "Because," was the spiritual reply, "there is a Law of Justice which evermore overcomes evil with good. He selects his own field of labor. He comprehends the extent of the ground—in harmony with the workmen already engaged—and sees where the institution is vulnerable, and its advocates accessible."

But a puzzled inquirer might again query, though Daniel Webster selects his own field of labor, why should he, in spirit-life, choose to work for and with the African? At this point of the inquiry, the following item, from a recent newspaper, is quite suggestive, and perhaps responsive:

ANCESTORS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—On his paternal side, as is given in full in his life, by Curtis, he came from the Websters of Hampton, among the earliest settlers of that town. Of his maternal ancestry less is said. "We are told that his mother's maiden name was Abigail Eastman, a tallness of Salisbury. But whence came she? The late Dr. Nye of Salisbury was much interested in the history of that town, and has left papers detailing the genealogy of some of the families. From one of these papers we quote: 'A Miss Eastman, a young lady of Welsh descent, a tallness of Salisbury. But whence came she? The late Dr. Nye of Salisbury was much interested in the history of that town, and has left papers detailing the genealogy of some of the families. From one of these papers we quote: 'A Miss Eastman, a young lady of Welsh descent, a tallness of Salisbury. But whence came she? 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The late Dr. Nye of Salisbury was much interested in the history of that town

more than forty miles in thickness, explosion, not at a few limited spots only, but at all points and instantly, must occur, and the whole surface be blown into atoms. And again: fire is always a consumer of combustible matter; and whence can that vast internal fire get fuel to feed it interminably? And yet again, such a molten ocean is

st commenced struggling to put life under and over
n- the ribs of death, and by his warming energies
es began disintegrating and dissolving the surface
ot of the granite, and subsequently evolved from it

the constituents of water and atmosphere, and warmed both them and the decomposed and modified granite, so that vegetable and animal life came forth and flourished. He increased in away till he made a torrid climate over the whole of earth's surface, and matured the gigantic and widespread growths of the carboniferous period. At length, his success in eliminating the needful elements and causing the formation of water, submerged so much of the globe that his sphere of action became abridged; and electricity, who revels in water, gained advantage over her antagonist, and brought on and sustained the cold, deadly glacial period. Desolation and death then seemed to be claiming this fair globe as their permanent possession. But, in the fullness of time, the "World Builders" found their opportunity and their duty to bring relief. This they did by drawing off, in the form of electricity, materials for forming a new world, and constructing our moon. What was thus abstracted relieved the temperate zones from their excessive verdure of water and ice, and fitted them to become the congenial home of the myriads of vegetables, animals and men who have lived and died or are now living in them. The time, however, had not yet come for deliverance of the whole of earth from the rigid reign of the ice-king. Mostly between latitudes 70 to 80, both north and south, a frigid belt remained subject to his scepter, but not in endless subjection; for already the spirit structure of a second moon has been formed by the "World Builders," and within a century it will become so materialized by the aggregation of matter drawn from earth's high latitudes that it will become visible to our children, who will be blessed with the vision of two moons; while the abstraction of the matter to compose this new attendant will put an end to icebergs and frozen regions, and render all seas freely navigable and all lands fertile up to the open polar seas, and pathways will be opened for easy exchange of visits between us and our brethren on the concave surface, where light is aural, while ours is solar.

Not gravitation and centrifugal force, but electro-magnetism, is made the great motor force of worlds in their orbits and on their axes, and the same force with one focus in the sun and one in the moon produces the tides.

The warming up of primal matter, and not its cooling down, produced granite.

Light does not come all the long journey from the sun in undulations or waves of space ether, but either magnetic or some more highly spiritualized emanations from him or his inhabitants agitate earth's atmosphere, or some essences in it, and produce light and warmth.

Unsuspected economy has been used by the World Builders. By adopting the hollow form, or spherical shell, they have saved about thirty-five thirty-sixths of the material which would be needed for a solid ball.

This hollow form permits the free coursing of the magnetic and electric currents up and down, in and out, round and round in ceaseless progression; and as the on-moving parts of such currents must all converge near the poles, intense friction of the parts must there occur, and may generate sufficient heat to keep warm an extended space around each pole. The crowding may be so great for all the parts to retain position proximate to the surface, and some of them may be pressed down, not from friction, and cause the Norwegian maelstrom and other whirlpools in the Northern Seas, near which the corals and other tropical marine productions are found.

Magnetic and electric streams are flowing not only in the atmosphere, and on the surface of the land and water, but also for miles below the surface, and through the obstacles to progress cause friction enough to generate all the heat needed to produce all our earthquakes and volcanoes.

The granite shell is supposed to be about forty miles in thickness, and its upper four or five miles will allow sufficient space for all known subterranean fires and devastating forces. We therefore may believe that we have at least a foot-thick thirty miles in thickness, ever resting in profound repose, cold, calm, solid, stable. This seems safer than restless, consuming fire.

Prof. Lyon says: "We have invariably presented them," (that is, ideas and theories) "because they seemed to our minds best supported by evidences that are absolutely found in the great storehouse of Nature," and "not solely because invisible spirit intelligences have taught them."

I do not say that I yet see entirely satisfactory evidence of the soundness of some of the positions I have quoted. But, I desire to interest thoughtful and logical minds to such extent that they will produce this unique production and make themselves familiar with its contents, and to do this fairly by exhibiting a fair proportion of its excessively marvelous contents. There seems to me within its covers the seed of great changes in cosmological science. ALLEN PUTNAM.

426 Dudley street, June 28.

A VALUABLE BOOK.

Messrs. Editors—Permit me to express, through your columns, my sense of the great value of a work lately issued by the publishing house of William White & Co., and which, through your kindness, I have recently had the pleasure of reading. I refer to the book entitled "THE MENTAL CURE," by Rev. W. F. Evans. I have not the privilege of a personal acquaintance with the author, and am not aware whether or not he avows himself as distinctly a Spiritualist; but his work shows him to possess a comprehensive knowledge of human nature, both physical and spiritual, and an insight into spiritual laws and forces, and the conditions of health and happiness, which, to say the least, are exceedingly rare in one who wears the title of "Rev."

Regarding man as vitally and intimately connected with the Central Life of the Universe, and capable of receiving therefrom, under the right conditions, constant influxes of vital energy into the body as well as the soul, bringing health to the one and joy to the other, he presents a basis for a system of mental or spiritual therapeutics which is both rational and intelligible.

The curative agency of mind, or of spiritual forces, is a subject which is as yet shrouded in mystery and marvel to most people, though Spiritualists in general have some idea of it, as a possibility at least. But it is, doubtless, one day, to supersede the incongruous and ineffectual medical systems now in vogue. At all events, it is worthy of careful study and earnest experiment on the part of all, and especially of medical practitioners.

The perusal of this book will show the reader that Spiritualism, properly so called, is something more than curious phenomena—more, even, than deliverance from mistaken ideas and apprehensions concerning the future state. It includes a knowledge of spiritual laws and forces, which are intimately related to the welfare, the daily needs, physical and spiritual, of humanity, in this life as well as in that which is to come. The possession of this knowledge, moreover, enables one to rightly interpret the religious history and spiritual utterances of the past, which many superficial think-

ers are too ready to cast aside as worthless products of superstition.

In commending this work thus earnestly, I refer to its general import. It contains here and there an expression of sentiment, to which exception might be taken; and the author occasionally dogmatizes, where argument and demonstration seem rather to be called for, by many minds, at least. But these exceptional points are few, and my present purpose is not to criticize, but to commend the work to the study of all who desire to know the practical value of true Spiritualism.

A. E. NEWTON.

Arlington, Mass., June 22, 1872.

In quoting from the Banner of Light, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condemned 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 are utterance.

This paper is issued every Saturday Morning, one week in advance of date.

For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1872.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT.

All letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper must be addressed to the Editor, and must be sent to the address of the Editor, but invariably to WILLIAM WHITE & CO.

Prison Tyranny.

Not until the State consents to consider penal servitude something more and better than the gratification of a sentiment of hatred and revenge, will it be of any use to seriously attempt reforms within prison walls that will only be continually misdirected. We have just got through with the trial of a boy of some fifteen years, in New York, who was accused of killing his keeper; and the evidence of the witnesses, as well as the testimony of the boy himself, shows that the lamentable result was due wholly to the studied cruelty and tyranny of the murdered keeper, which provoked passions in a young heart that sought their gratification in this way. The lad was convicted of manslaughter, and the court sentenced him to but a single year's imprisonment for the offence. It evidently took into account the utterly wicked system of torture practiced by this unrelenting master—the thumb-screws, lashings with knots, and other inflictions of physical torment, which might be expected to arouse every sleeping demon of passion that occupies a place in the human heart. Not that the lad is excused for his crime, but the cruelty of the keeper is more impressively illustrated by the shocking result of which it was the sole provocation!

The Commissioners on State Prison affairs in Connecticut have just issued their report, in which is sketched with faithful minuteness the daily life and treatment of the inmates of that institution—one of the oldest in the country. It was erected in 1827, and so long ago as in 1830 was reported to the French government by two of the most distinguished French citizens, as a model of order, cleanliness and thrift. The chairman of the Prison Commissioners is Mr. Chas. Dudley Warner, whose genial and humorous little book, "My Summer in a Garden," is sufficient to attest his capacity for sympathetic penetration and humane judgments. As the Connecticut prison earned \$30,000 to the State in seventeen years, that was considered reason enough to persist in a system of management that resulted so profitably. The inmates were treated merely as money-making machines, who never saw the slightest benefit of their own earnings, however. A success of this substantial sort was thought good ground to retain all the features of the management until now, when the present Commission is likely to lead to a thorough overhauling. Think of cells for occupants, that are only three and a half feet wide and seven feet long, and ventilated only by an office measuring but four inches by two!

The outhouses, barns, etc., are reported in a ruinous condition, and the rooms in which the prison officers themselves sleep are dark and without sufficient ventilation. As for the ventilation of the prison cells through that narrow opening of four inches by two, one prisoner said that "spider-webs stretched across this opening never vibrate." A more terrible tale of slow killing could not be told. The cell-floors are solid, except for a space of two feet by one and a half in the upper part, at which the occupants can barely see to read by straining their sight. This is the convict's daily life at Weathersfield: he turns out by dawn, carrying his night-bucket in his hand, and marches in line with the other prisoners, all eyes fixed on the ground, to the washing place. He then marches back to his cell with his breakfast, and is made to realize, after this gulp of fresh air, how intolerable is the atmosphere into which he is crowded back to eat his breakfast. After this meal, he again marches in silent file to the workshop, where not a word is spoken between the prisoners, their eyes being kept continually downward, and labor is pursued until evening; and his solitary supper again in an offensive cell. This is not punishment; it is torture, physical and mental. Weak minds give way under it, while the stronger ones revolt, and, in a fit of insane passion, wreak vengeance on their keepers.

A Challenge.

The Harbinger of Light, a monthly spiritual magazine published at Melbourne, Australia, contains the following fair offer to the opposers of the philosophy in that vicinity:

"Should any gentleman of unexceptional character, who is in fair repute as a man of science or a theologian—and in whose abilities the public, and especially the opposers of Spiritualism, have confidence—feel moved to oppose the views of Spiritualism as propounded by the Spiritists of Melbourne and elsewhere, by a presentation of facts and arguments, we are authorized to say that he will be met with alacrity, and in sincere love of truth, by a gentleman who undertakes to maintain these views; and we are willing the Harbinger be used as the medium of communication by the public, and that three columns monthly, if required, will be appropriated for that purpose."

We have received nearly a score of articles—several of them from highly esteemed correspondents of ours—in which Mr. D. A. Eddy's recent letter, published in our columns, is reviewed and replied to, but as the party most interested—Allen Putnam, Esq.—does not seem to consider an answer necessary, we prefer to waive its discussion by others.

"Truth Fallen in the Streets."

Whether Mr. Beecher at all times stands stanchly up to his preaching or not, is a question which we will not make it our business to decide. But that he does, from time to time, thunder forth some pretty plain statements about men and things, and such as are heard reverberating from one other than Plymouth pulpit, is as obvious to the current reader as anything else is with which he is perfectly familiar. Beecher means to speak out the truth, let it break whose china it will. In a late discourse, he had much to say about the decay of faithfulness and truthfulness in work of all kinds, in official conduct and in public employments; and every phrase conveyed no more than what all observant persons know to be impossible of contradiction. "Is there not"—he inquired—"a current of deceit running through society, and honeycombing it?" Yes, verily, is the unanimous answer. People say, however, "It's the way of the world." Then it is a confession that the world is becoming less and less desirable to live in. "When we drink milk," says the Plymouth-church pastor, "we do not drink it; and when we take medicine, we do not take it." And he asks, "How is it with offices of trust?" I will say—"he answers for himself"—that, within the last twenty years, all manner of official dishonesty has largely increased, and relatively more people fallen under the temptation than formerly. That is the plain and painful fact. And now, what are we going to do about it?

Mr. Beecher doesn't think our duty is done when we "damn the culprits!" He thinks there is need of reformation in our courts, legislatures, high offices, in all of which there is an undeniable "infidelity to honesty." But how to meet this growing tendency to such an infidelity, is the point of all. Law is insufficient, because trophicative. "The moment," says he, "that you make a law to stop dishonesty, the dishonesty runs across it." Then what and where is the required remedy? He answers, "You cannot correct any public evil in any other way than by teaching the public itself. It has got to be the result of the application of ethical principles. It is not enough for a man to teach his children that to amass wealth is the only object in life. He must teach them truth for the truth—nobleness because it inspires nobleness. It must be done when you are kneading the batch. There are many things that, when you are cooking, you can't reason after it is done, but while it is cooking. And so it is in the family: the truth must be kneaded into them." Mr. Beecher has hit the nail on the head this time. We do not think of correcting evils in character until they are fully formed and have got their growth and strength; and then they contest the supremacy with us. The place to clear the stream is at the fountain. The time to bend the tree is when it is a sapling. Not the courts, but the family, is the arena for exercising those primary principles of virtue which are so sorely needed in the active commerce of life.

Deceit has dragged its fatal slime over all the transactions of ordinary affairs, and even public administration is foul with the fresh trail of its passage. The mechanic does not perform the work for which he charges a higher price; the employees do not practice that faithfulness which for the time is the whole of their resources. Selfishness crops out in trade, so that the sole object is to transfer money from one pocket to another, rather than to render a fair and honest equivalent. Trustworthiness is relaxing its fibre; the men are very few of whom it can be truly said that their word is as good as their bond—they are gone out of fashion. Grocers compound and corrupt; manufacturers cover up falsehood with bright colors or a glossy surface; and the rule in all departments of work and business seems to be to do only that which is for the immediate individual advantage. And even our young men discover that this worm of selfishness is the activity that gnaws at the core of everything, the decay begins which is sure to leave them early wrecks and worthless material for all permanent and high purposes. Mr. Beecher feels obliged to confess that there is a scarcity of young men who are faithful in their obligations to their employers; and he says he hears the same complaint in respect to men who fail to perform promised work. In short, there is a lamentable lack of honest men. To what is it owing? Can the preaching and teaching be right, that produces so baneful a product? Is it not time the churches took down their pretensions?

Sabbath—Sabbath—Sabbath!

It is wonderful what a hue-and-cry the Orthodox ministers keep up in their pulpits and presses over the sacredness of the "Sabbath." They are all the time in fear that it is going to be desecrated. Probably, if they had had the original arranging of it, they would have managed to suspend human life altogether over their "Sabbath," and in that way save its reputation. They are so puritanical that they challenge a man's reading on that day, permitting nothing themselves but the Bible and Westminster Catechism. Since the Jubilee has been going on, the managers have given a "sacred concert" or two on Sundays; and directly after the occurrence of the first one, several of the Boston clergy—among them Mr. Wright, of the Berkeley Street Church, and Mr. Twombly—preached up-and-down discourses against the shocking desecration of the day. The report said that the former preacher spoke "in strong terms" against the pretended "desecration of the Sabbath by the sacred concert at the Coliseum," expressing his "regret" that Boston, through some of her best citizens, should have set such an example "to the world." Pshaw! will be the instant exclamation of impatience and contempt from all sensible people.

So it seems that the real, old, hard-head Calvinistic Puritanism is not dead yet, by a good deal. The priests set up their shibboleths still after the old fashion, and issue orders from their pulpits for the people to repeat them or be banned. They do not intend that a man shall be considered respectable, or a good and trustworthy citizen, or fit to be invested with public responsibilities, unless he says just what they tell him to say, and does just what they tell him to do. They thunder their anathemas against us, and expect that we are going to be frightened. They tell us Sunday libraries are wicked, a ride or walk on Sunday is wicked, that drowning on Sunday is Heaven's certain penalty for going upon the water on that day, and that we cannot even go in crowds on Sunday to listen to and enjoy selections of the finest music, that most spiritual of all human delights. This thing has been treated seriously long enough. So long as every man governs his Sunday conduct so as not to trouble his neighbor, he is amenable to no human law; and in respect to any divine law he knows best about that for himself. "Sacred concerts" are nothing but a silly compromise with this puritanic prejudice any way. They are as "secular" as any other, and the people go to them as much as to any other. But were they thoroughly "sacred," these priests would forbid them wholly on their "Sabbath."

Banner of Light Free Circle Fund.

The following note from a Western friend, whose modesty exceeds even his kindness of heart, is printed (without his name, as per desire) with a hope that others may be led to follow his generous example:

DEAR BANNER—It appears that the donations to the Free Circle fund have become very small. I have been waiting several months for some one to propose a plan which would be acceptable to such as were wealthy enough to contribute liberally. I have waited in vain, and we will have to get along in the old dubbling way. You will therefore please find a post-office order enclosed for ten dollars. Yours truly, ELKHART, IND., June 22, 1872. INDEX.

In this connection we feel it but a sacred duty to the cause we strive to represent, as well as a practical one to ourselves, to present a few suggestions to the minds of the Spiritualist public generally. So broad an air of freedom plays over the velvet meads, and by the running waters, and through the rustling trees where the enfranchised spiritual believers now wander, that any attempt looking to the organization of power for the purpose of exhibiting the blessings of our philosophy to others not yet so fortunate as to know concerning it, is too often greeted by a hasty retreat—a la gabelle—of all parties in the immediate neighborhood. But, brothers, a word with you. While you are called on no more by reason to wear the heavy harness of time-crusted creeds, yet there are nevertheless responsibilities bearing alike and naturally upon all, even as the surrounding atmosphere closes with a certain—though unfelt—grasp around every human form.

It is eminently the duty of a man (or woman as well) who has the good of his race at heart, to do all in his power to increase the influence of any measure, line of conduct or new light which he finds by his own experience, and weighed by the standard of his individual reason, to be good for himself. If therefore the great mass of Spiritualists feel—and how can they otherwise?—that the light of spirit revelation and the line of conduct laid down for them by the returning ones have brought a blessing to themselves, how can they, consistently with their own inner perceptions, fail to recognize their duty to support all measures looking to a spreading abroad among mankind of a knowledge of this new resurrection morn, upon whose forehead the rays of a brighter than Judean sunrise are still gleaming, and beside whose open amphitheatre stand the angels who have rolled the stone away?

And giving all due credit to where it should rightfully belong; ascribing the highest praise to the fearless missionaries and speakers for our cause who have for years faced the blasts of opposition from every point of the sectarian compass; ascribing a meed of glory whose depth may not be known till their tired feet tread no more earth's hostile strand—to that army of humble, faithful male (male and female) who have laid down reputation, health, business prospects—all upon the altar of that truth to whose service they have fearlessly devoted their lives; ascribing honor to every worker, whether in public or private—on the rostrum, in the family circle, in the editorial chair—we still feel called upon at this precise moment to direct special attention to the work accomplished for the cause by the Banner of Light Free Circles, which are held (except during a brief vacation in the summer) three times a week at our rooms, 128 Washington street, Boston.

Here is a private enterprise, costing us, as we remarked in our last issue, five thousand dollars a year; a field where Mrs. J. A. Conant, who has truly been termed "the world's medium," has labored ever since the foundation of our paper; a room opened freely to all to come; if they but obey the rules of "quiet" and "cleanliness"; a place where the investigator, residing in or visiting our city, can come "without money and without price," to witness the workings of that mighty telegraph whose cable swings in the liquid waves that vibrate "betwixt Orion and the Pleiades." Here are given those messages—written down phonographically by a salaried and competent scribe always at hand—which weekly fill the sixth page of the Banner of Light, and which we have shown—by numerous printed verifications scattered along the years of the paper's existence—have carried so much light and joy to the hearts of entire and distant strangers, proving the undoubted truth of that grandest philosophy extant, which tells of the FACT OF DIRECT SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

But this grand enterprise, so long sustained by us, has its severely practical side. We must have aid to carry it on. Yearly the drain of the great expense consequent to its successful prosecution is felt with added force upon our exchequer, till the financial burden sometimes seems harder than we can bear. Will not our friends follow the example of our good brother "INDEX" above, who has his own and the thanks of our spirit friends for his kind remembrance, and establish in some way a CIRCLE FUND for the upholding of the enterprise? Who will second this name in the LIST OF HONOR?

Lincoln a Spiritualist.

What makes the trouble with some of the hyper-critics over Col. Lamon's recently published biography of Abraham Lincoln, who was his intimate friend and associate for many years, is the fact that he brings out the truth too palpably: The Advertiser of this city objects to the biographer's thorough devotion to facts in a complaining strain, and a paper of the character of the New York Nation professes to think that "a Spiritualistic medium" might have written some of Mr. Lamon's chapters on Lincoln's "love" affairs, because, it says, such a medium holds loose theories on such matters. It holds Mr. Lamon to be a man of "sense," whereas it refuses point-blank to concede that common boon to a medium. The Nation pursues the biographer for some distance with sentences purposely sharpened, all the time easing off Mr. Lincoln's responsibility for his real sentiments and action, however, and distorting or suppressing what it is perfectly right for the reader to know, so far as Mr. Lincoln's character and career are public property. The fault with these overwise papers is, they miss the comprehension of the subject they treat with such flippancy. They try to put upon the biographer what really belongs to his subject. Mr. Lincoln was really mediumistic in a very strong meaning of that term, and if his true biography is distasteful to them it is because he was the very being he was.

We are requested to announce that Mr. A. E. NEWTON, author of the new work for Children's Lyceums mentioned elsewhere, may be expected to be present at the Abington picnic on the 12th inst., (and other picnics in this vicinity if practicable) with specimen copies of the work—where Conductors of Lyceums and others interested will have opportunity to meet and confer with him.

Isaac Parker, brother of the late Theodore Parker, died at the old homestead in Lexington, Friday, June 23rd.

"Straws Show which way the Wind Blows."

We have followed with the deepest interest all the points developed in the movement making for the opening of the Boston Public Library on Sunday, and despite the apparent defeat of the project by the recent veto of Mayor Gaston, we see nothing but signs of victory in the end. The public mind is being interested, ay, more, excited, concerning this and other matters referring to Sunday observance, as day after day the inspiring animus of the credulists shows itself more and more plainly.

The eyes of the social world have been opened to a considerable degree by the recent interference, on the part of a bigoted policeman, with the occupation of a quiet citizen of Brookline, Mass., who on Sunday was harmlessly transplanting a flower in his own dooryard. The "culprit" was tried and fined under the Sunday law, as a "desecrator of the Lord's day," but the circumstance has proved of immense advantage to the cause of liberal thought. The citizens of the town were enraged at this palpable evidence of the ultimate intent of strict Sabbatarianism, and many of them joined in a petition to the selectmen, demanding that the police be restrained hereafter from the exercise of such arbitrary and unnecessary authority. Even the Boston Advertiser says of this matter that "it is absurd to attempt to maintain such an espionage over the habits of the people in these days as this case exhibits, and which a common-sense construction of the Sunday law does not warrant."

In this case the Puritanic spirit, like "vaunting Ambition," has

—"cries itself, And fallen on 'other side." And so will it be with the recent petty triumph of sectarian bigotry embodied in Mayor Gaston's veto—June 20th—of the order passed by the Aldermen and Council requesting of the Trustees the opening of the Boston Public Library on Sunday. We have faith in the glorious now, the living spirit of the age, as opposed to the spectre of ancient tradition. The victory will yet be achieved, and other generations will smile at the labored logic of this worthy city functionary.

Charles W. Slack, ever fearless in his enunciations of what he believes to be true, has, in an editorial (see Commonweal for June 29)—which, by the way, we consider to be one of the very best that ever emanated from his pen—given expression to our own feelings in the matter in so masterly a manner that we cannot forego the pleasure of tracing out his line of argument for the perusal of our readers.

Starting out with the proposition that the trustees of the Public Library a few years ago "intimated that they were willing to open that institution on Sunday if public opinion would in that action sustain them," and stating the recent affirmative vote by both branches of the city government, Mr. Slack characterizes the Mayor's veto as "1st, slightly impertinent; 2d, opinionative; 3d, disingenuous; 4th, sectarian."

Slightly impertinent, because, while he expressly tells the city government that in passing an order for such request, they have presumed to interfere in matters not concerning them, he also obtrudes his own opinions upon said trustees—whom he before intimates require no prompting from the City Fathers to do their duty—and tells said officials in effect that the request to open the Public Library on Sunday is one which they ought not to grant.

The second count is proven by Mr. Slack from the fact that "the veto is rested upon the opinion, given five years ago by the City Solicitor, that the use of the People's Library by the people on Sunday is illegal." Though it was a legal maxim with which Messrs. Healy and Gaston should have been familiar, that "nothing is law that is not reason," yet no reason was given why it was illegal. "Other lawyers have an opinion on the subject, and they opine that, with proper restraints and sufficient attendants, the opening of the public library would be no violation of the Sunday statutes."

In the third place Mr. Slack indulges in some trenchant and yet sunny criticism of the recent Sabbath Collection Concerts, sustained and defended by said Mayor Gaston as official head of the police, and says: "No wonder the Philadelphia Inquirer describes Boston as a 'queer place,' where the Mayor 'strains at a literary gnat and swallows a musical camel.'"

Fourthly, and in conclusion, the meat of the matter is reached in this sweeping paragraph, to which we add our heartiest endorsement:

"It is well known that the opposition to opening the library comes mostly, if not exclusively, from the sectarians commonly known as 'evangelical' Christians. They are the conservatives in religion, having their roots ages away back in heathenism, reverencing what Bacon designates as 'idols.' They have sacred books, holy days, sacred places. They adore a godlike man. They are unconscious of any divine principle within themselves, but affirm they are totally depraved. They are pertinacious in adhering to the traditions of the elders."

Jesus rebuked them sternly in his day, when it is not unlikely that the common people struggled for their rights against them. But they had sleek and well-paid lawyers on their side, who stood up for them as do Mr. Healy and Mr. Gaston now—days for their descendants. What Jesus thought of such lawyers, and what prospect he forewarned them of, may be learned in Luke xli: 52: "Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge; ye enter not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hinder."

The First Grand Union Picnic.

Of the Spiritualists of Eastern Massachusetts, for 1872, will be held at Island Grove, Abington, on Friday, July 12th. All Spiritualists and radicals are invited to attend and participate in the festivities of the occasion. Special trains will leave the Old Colony Depot, Boston, at 9 and 12 o'clock precisely, stopping for excursionists at way stations. Fare to the Grove and return, including dancing: From Boston, \$1.00; Harrison square, 70 cents; Neponset, 65 cents; Atlantic, 65 cents; Wollaston Heights, 65 cents; Quincy, 60 cents; Braintree, 50 cents; South Braintree, 45 cents. Children at proportionate rates. Passengers between Plymouth and South Abington, and Fall River and South Abington, will take the regular trains at reduced rates. Tickets to be obtained at the depots. No exhibitions allowed on the premises. Refreshments in abundance to be had on the grounds. Be sure and ask for excursion tickets.

Prominent speakers—among them Mr. A. E. Newton, Miss Lizzie Doten and others—will address the multitude, and give zest and interest to the occasion.

If the weather is pleasant, it is anticipated that this will be one of the largest and most interesting gatherings ever held in this famous grove. Come one and all, and bring the children, that they may enjoy the fresh air and sunlight of the country.

H. F. GARDNER, Manager.

Boston, June 24th, 1872.

We shall print in No. 20, an autobiographical sketch of Marianne R. K. Wright.

Digby requests us to inquire if Mr. A. J. Davis, the celebrated author, is an Orange man?

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