

DAISY ON LIGHT.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

VOL. XXVIII.

{W.M. WILBUR & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1870.

{\$3.00 PER ANNUM.
In Advance.

NO. 10.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BEAUTY UNVEILED;

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF EDWARD FOSTER,

The Enthusiast, the Philosopher, and the Lover.

BY CHRISTOPHER HARTMANN.

CHAPTER X.

Propositions were now made by Cushing for quitting the boarding-house and going to house-keeping. Over a year had now passed since Edward's return from Rochester. All this time he had held a secret correspondence with Miss Freeland, and in his own mind was thinking of marriage. His salary was now sufficient, with right economy, to enter upon such a life, and he began to grow very restless. The great object of his desire—the partner of his soul—no thought to realize. A house was talked of by Cushing, at the northwest part of the city, and where, it was thought, Willard and Edward could board with them. But when the matter was proposed to Edward, he immediately felt the necessity of larger accommodations. How should he explain it? What should he say now? He was on the very verge of matrimony, and, as yet, no explicit avowal of it had been made to any one. He revealed it first to Goodman. Then he proposed another visit to Rochester. Finally, the secret was all out, and to no one was the news more easily received than by Thomas. Willard was confounded, and all the rest digested it as best they could. But said Thomas, "What can be more natural? The truth is, it runs in the blood. The young man can no more keep out of this business than I can keep out of mine. I advise you, Edward, to go on. Follow it up. There's nothing like sticking to one's occupation. I should like to see Miss Freeland myself. Good-looking, I dare say."

"We shall see her soon, now," said Louisa. "Yes," said Thomas; "and I hope Edward's eyes will continue with the same power of vision." It was now but a few weeks before the new house engaged by Cushing was fitted up with every convenience, and two rooms furnished for Edward. In another week he left for Rochester. It is strange, now, to see the power of external charms, as they vary and change by the power of circumstances. Edward arrived at Rochester on the afternoon of the third day of September. He found Miss F. at the residence of her father, the same sprightly and lively girl that at first had so charmed him, but considerably changed in outward appearance. She had grown pale and thin. The cause was not entirely known, but was in part attributed to the excitement and anxiety of mind occasioned by the new life that loomed up so uncertainly before her. She was indeed changed. Edward saw this with astonishment. He was suspicious of a more serious cause. He inquired for her general health. She was still beautiful, but the freshness had faded from her cheeks, and she exhibited traces of a wan and somewhat emaciated person.

Well, now, how did this affect the young man? How did it act upon his artistic faculty for beautiful forms and pictures? Miserable revolution of poor human nature! He shall not depart from strict truthfulness in my story. I say that it caused at once a dimming of his passion. Yes—so soon! Even before marriage had his ardor abated and his passion dwindled! He began to think, now, that he had gone too fast and too far. What was it that beset him? We shall soon see the mystery which lurks in the world's great drama; but I beg the reader to be patient. The scene of the story is now in respect to pleasant as might be desired, charge it not to romancing, but to fact.

In a few days he married her. It was a wedding party composed only of the family and a few friends; but it was with the full approval of the parents of the young lady, and with every testimonial of good feeling and respect. She went to see her good way from home; and the father, a gentleman of about fifty-five, gave her up to the care of one in whom they both trusted, with a thousand prayers and blessings upon her. The younger sister, too, and the brother, but will not describe the scene that now existed. Suffice it to say that the last word was spoken, the last kiss given, and the carriage rolled away with the young couple—a long, long journey into the trials and mysteries of life.

In a few days they reached Boston. Mrs. Cushing was the first to receive her. As she alighted from the carriage, she discovered a faint resemblance to her departed sister. She welcomed her to her new home, and in the midst of many attentions and the flow of conversation, she discovered, not a further resemblance, but more unlikeliness, to the sister she had been taken for. She had not her intellect, her manner, her calm and thoughtful attention, and was evidently that now existed. Suffice it to say that the last word was spoken, the last kiss given, and the carriage rolled away with the young couple—a long, long journey into the trials and mysteries of life.

After a while, tea hour came, when Cushing and Willard made their appearance. At the first sight of her by the latter, he scanned her from top to toe. Before he sat at the table, he got up and left the room. He was overwhelmed with confusion. He was amazed at what had been said about her, and could not divine the secret which had so effectually wrought upon Edward. "Why," said he, "she has not scarcely a feature, but her bright and handsome eye, that would ever remind me of my wife. A little of the same complexion and figure, but nothing of the expression." "You being ready, the family party were summoned to the table. Mrs. Foster was evidently ill at ease. She had not her usual self-forgetfulness. It was partly diffidence and partly unwillingness to her new situation. Edward tried his very best to introduce freedom and familiarity, but there was this same abstract wandering on the matter of discourse, which every one noticed. Edward, too, seemed somewhat diverted from his usual composure. Every one noticed this, too.

The truth was, they were both laboring under the influence of an experience that they had upon their journey, before they reached Boston. It was in the city of Albany. At the very first hotel they stopped at an incident occurred which was perhaps promissory of their future life. They had proposed to spend a day in that city. They sallied out one morning for a view. Several prominent objects had been mentioned for their attention, but in one of the main streets, Mrs. Foster met, to her surprise, an old friend of her youth, a young woman who had not seen for years. It was a young woman who had formerly resided in Rochester, and with whom Mrs. Foster had been very familiar in her school days. She had been a good deal in her father's family.

Some four or five years previous she had got married to a man by the name of Milburn, and removed to Buffalo. He had died, leaving her a widow with one child, which she had with her and she had come to Albany to reside with an uncle of hers, her father and mother being both dead. In Albany she was employed in a millinery establishment, by which, with the favor of her uncle, she contrived to support herself and child. When Mrs. Foster met Mrs. Milburn, she exclaimed with surprise at having found her there, and immediately introduced her to her husband. Mrs. F.'s attention was now so much taken up with her old friend, that Edward found it difficult to occupy any part in her conversation. From the proposition to visit the city, Mrs. F. now turned to one for spending a part of the day with Mrs. Milburn. "Do let us go this dear, oh, do come now and go to Mrs. Milburn's." And yet this Mrs. Milburn was so ordinary a person, with such a dawdling, drawing way, and the child, too, was such a snub of inferiority, that Edward would as soon have listened to a proposition to go and see the monkeys. He therefore stoutly denounced.

"Why, husband, what are you hesitating for?" Edward thought the cause of hesitation very prominent, and he was a little piqued that his wife could not see it. He replied that there was the library to visit, and the paintings and statuary, besides several places of importance not seen any; and, also, his old friend, who owned a superb place in the outskirts of the city. He was a gentleman of wealth and intelligence, whom Edward had met acquainted with in Boston, whom he had met several times, and who made him promise, if he ever came to Albany, to be sure and see him. But, no, his new wife could see no superior attractions in the library, the paintings and the statuary, nor even in Mr. Fallerton, whom he had met several times, and who made him promise, if he ever came to Albany, to be sure and see him. But, no, his new wife could see no superior attractions in the library, the paintings and the statuary, nor even in Mr. Fallerton, whom he had met several times, and who made him promise, if he ever came to Albany, to be sure and see him. But, no, his new wife could see no superior attractions in the library, the paintings and the statuary, nor even in Mr. Fallerton, whom he had met several times, and who made him promise, if he ever came to Albany, to be sure and see him.

"What!" said he, "spend the afternoon with that woman?" "Why not, at any rate." "Well, then, let me go." "Good heavens! thought he, is this her companionship? Have I been so—but the thought would not quite form itself. What! leave every other interest and pleasure for this Mrs. Milburn and her child? But she is an old friend, and I am alone, too. Poor man! he never got over it. It struck him to the centre of his being. It was the first act in a very long drama. It was soon over, however; just a little preliminary jar, an exercise of free thought and expression, a few partings and jeers on her part, and a few sharp words from him, and she gave up the idea of accompanying him fairly to a husband's supremacy, and went with him as he desired. A little more of such experience before they reached Boston was what mutually occupied their thoughts, among other things, at the tea-table.

The cloven-footed mystery began here to reveal itself. The truth is—and it is no use to deny it—it is only the sense of duty, which binds one to such an experience. Before marriage there is something sought for which the soul knows nothing of. The selfish principle is not aware of the nature of its own tendencies. As soon as it is gratified, that is, after marriage, and after the senses come into possession of the coveted object of their longing, in the change of position, and the sacrifice of the more brutal passion which sometimes so strongly governs the parties of such a union, and leads them blindfold to ruin, but of that sensualism which pertains to the whole external man—to the sight of the eye no more than to the merely sensuous principle of the mind—to a pleasing idea of coming into possession of an object, and a lower, more animal, with an imagination fired with a certain inflated light, and which prevents the mind, while this fatality reigns, from taking any deeper views of the spirit or the life of anything. Edward of course thought of the deeper side, and thought he had seen enough to satisfy him of no fatal humbug, but, under such a low, vulgar, and ignominious, and of acting in the most prudent manner. If such thoughts come, they are for the most part transient, and the mind again surrenders to the infatuation. It was the more unpardonable in Edward from the fact of his decidedly spiritual character. But his brother Thomas hit the matter exactly right in his description of a sort of animal, which required the most careful attention. Both existed in Edward in a marked and predominant manner. At times it made him even whimsical, but with a most singular gravity at the bottom of it all.

And so he took the fearful leap. She, too, though they were in fact very different persons. He was profound, thoughtful, and serious, while she was light, superficial, given to fun and hilarious sport, with only those few accomplishments which made her graceful, and for short seasons entertaining in society. But she could hold no continuous thought, no such high and noble thoughts, which required the most careful attention. Both existed in Edward in a marked and predominant manner. At times it made him even whimsical, but with a most singular gravity at the bottom of it all.

Edward now began to realize this more fully. He had wanted that could not be gratified in the object of his choice—deep, eternal wants, which sometimes wrong his whole soul with silent agony. His wife, indeed, was for the most part amiable, and disposed to do what she could to mutual happiness. Yet there was always a dreadful vacancy which she could never fill, and which bid fair to run in parallel lines through long years of mortal pilgrimage. And yet she was beautiful! "The world is still deceived with ornament." As he looked upon her sometimes in moments of contemplation when she was not observing him, and noted her fair form and admirable appearance, he would shrink within himself at the thought of so much emptiness in all this imposing show, and how he had committed himself for life to the specious figure! Sad thoughts indeed for a bridegroom, and terrible

ly said that the fair bride was equally destitute of one whom she could mentally unite with. While, indeed, she was so unkind to her husband's application, and to the fact that was upon them.

Let us pass over these preliminaries as speedily as possible. Continued acquaintance brought round its usual habits, and Mrs. Foster was soon considered in the house as an amiable woman, though not remarkable for any unusual attractions. The Woodstock ghost had become a valuable personage, and Edward had become a But, gentle reader, time had not yet made its revelations. Edward himself knew more than they did, and it was soon discovered in the family that there were some slight perturbations, both on the part of Edward and his wife. One Sunday morning proposals were made to go to church. They had not been to church together since their turn of mind, had no sectarian bias, and she had been educated in the Episcopal faith. That she had no deep-rooted faith, however, in the doctrines and usages of that church, was very manifest. Still she entertained a deep respect for the church, and she was, as educated, while Edward had no attractions at all for the church, and he had rather inclined to what is called "liberal Christianity." He wanted to go to Dr. Channing's church. She demurred. The controversy was quite sharp. A portion of it was overheard in the entry. "Fact," said Willard, "they're spitting it out about church."

She soon showed, however, that had not before been observed. She gave short, pouty replies. She had no respect for Edward's love of a certain kind of books, and the devotion of so much of his time to matters beyond her understanding. Occasionally she would be in a pet that he could devote so much of his attention to her at the theatre and in the city, and she would say, "One day, what is the use of spending so much of your precious time about that stuff that nobody can understand? It only makes you visionary, absent-minded, and unfit for business and everything else."

"Why, Maria, if it had not been for the fact that you have married you."

"For what? pray."

"For this tendency to the mystical, as you call it."

"Why, money! you don't think I have any of it."

"No; but I had, when I heard of the Woodstock ghost."

"Oh, that was a good one!"

"I could wish it might have been a better one."

"I do think you ought to be ashamed!"

"I am, some."

"Edward, I think it is too bad."

She looked at him, rather disposed to be serious, but she soon broke up into a laugh. "What you say?" Edward said, "Silence reigned for the space of several moments, which was then broken by the entrance of Thomas.

"Well, Edward," said he, "you have now been married three months, and I suppose you are prepared to pronounce upon all the blessedness of the conjugal life."

"You look! What's the matter?"

"Thomas, do for heaven's sake stop your fun! Do you know how serious a matter you are tampering with? Thomas, the world will devour you up. You have no more idea of the soul of man than a horse has of poetry. Every drop of your blood is only the sense of duty, which binds one to such an experience. Before marriage there is something sought for which the soul knows nothing of. The selfish principle is not aware of the nature of its own tendencies. As soon as it is gratified, that is, after marriage, and after the senses come into possession of the coveted object of their longing, in the change of position, and the sacrifice of the more brutal passion which sometimes so strongly governs the parties of such a union, and leads them blindfold to ruin, but of that sensualism which pertains to the whole external man—to the sight of the eye no more than to the merely sensuous principle of the mind—to a pleasing idea of coming into possession of an object, and a lower, more animal, with an imagination fired with a certain inflated light, and which prevents the mind, while this fatality reigns, from taking any deeper views of the spirit or the life of anything. Edward of course thought of the deeper side, and thought he had seen enough to satisfy him of no fatal humbug, but, under such a low, vulgar, and ignominious, and of acting in the most prudent manner. If such thoughts come, they are for the most part transient, and the mind again surrenders to the infatuation. It was the more unpardonable in Edward from the fact of his decidedly spiritual character. But his brother Thomas hit the matter exactly right in his description of a sort of animal, which required the most careful attention. Both existed in Edward in a marked and predominant manner. At times it made him even whimsical, but with a most singular gravity at the bottom of it all.

Another event now occurred. Their first child was born, a male, and a lovely baby, which, with rather more of the mother than of the father, it; but as it grew, showed decidedly too much preponderance in the back part of the head. The truth is, this child was gestated and born under the influence of estranged and discordant feelings on the part of the parents, and it bore the impress upon its spirit and on the conditions under which it was born. Here is a problem for the philosopher to solve. Here is a problem for the man who would indulge in the visions of a better human world. A fine one for our modern reformers. More than reformers, we need reformers. It is comparatively a hard work to reform the discordant materials which have received their misshapen birth and fixity by the influence of a thousand generations. But to create a new world, with the original proportions of beauty and excellence, is the most important, as it may be the easiest work. And the problem is, how to produce the best specimens of humanity for this world and the next. For this subject is so important, that not only time, but eternity, is involved in this work. It is a work of the highest importance, which requires the most careful attention. Both existed in Edward in a marked and predominant manner. At times it made him even whimsical, but with a most singular gravity at the bottom of it all.

I own that at the present day, in our confused society, it is many times impossible to secure those partners who are most fitted by nature to enter into the marriage relation. And human nature is so much in a state of artificial depravity, that the absolutely true marriage—the spiritual union of souls for eternity—is scarcely known or thought of. But with all our disadvantages, we might do vastly better than we do. And if there is no marriage of minds, none of the spirit, none, in short, by the great Author of Nature, then can be none by our having made our artificial, superficial, the fruitful cause of discord, sin and misery.

I am the more particular here, because of the intimate connection of the subject with the history of Foster's union with this celebrated beauty. A large portion of his sufferings came from his children. "What," says Dr. Johnson, "can be

expected, but disappointment and repentance, from a choice made in the immaturity of youth, in the ardor of desire, without judgment, without insight, without inquiry after uniformity of opinions, similarity of manners, rectitude of judgment, or purity of sentiment? A youth and maiden meet by chance, or are brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home, and dream of one another. Having little to divert attention or diversify thought, they therefore conclude that they shall be happy together. They marry, and discover what nothing but voluntary blindness before had concealed; they wear out life in altercations, and charge Nature with cruelty."

"This is not the worst of it. Under these discordant circumstances, they excite each other mentally, and each grows more and more dissatisfied with themselves, rear a family of confused human material, who again marry, deriving no wisdom from their parents, and thus the earth is peopled with discords and imperfections which can be fully outgrown only in the more harmonious spheres above."

So when Edward Foster married, not only in his wife, but in his children. His first child grew up immensely developed in the animal region, was obstinate, self-willed, passionate, and before he was seven years of age, was more than father or mother could manage by their best exertions. He had manifestly received his spiritual organism during a very dark period of the world, and the parents, and the influence of that spirit had so diffused itself into the embryo of the child that he was born into the world, as the Scriptures say, "conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity." He was, generally speaking, an honest, decent sort of a boy, when he could have his own way; but he was a very dark child, and his disposition was crossed, his temper and disposition caused both him and his parents an infinite deal of trouble.

"The second child, about a year afterwards, was a girl. She also gave evidence of similar influences wrought into her constitution, which prevailed at the time of gestation with the mother. During the time, both Edward and his wife were laboring under a deep depression of spirits, arising from troubles which had grown out of their own misunderstanding, and which at this time plunged them frequently into deepest sorrow. As a natural consequence, the child, as it grew, exhibited a most sensitive and tender spirit, would cry at the least thing, was irritable, despondent, and would look at her mother with a dark and shivering face, and shrank from effort twenty times a day at the least cause of discouragement.

The third child, which was also a girl, did not make her appearance till the fourth year of marriage. Matters had then become desperate. Edward tried to make the best of it, but he was continually looking at her with a dark and shivering face, and shrank from effort twenty times a day at the least cause of discouragement. The fourth child, which was also a girl, did not make her appearance till the fourth year of marriage. Matters had then become desperate. Edward tried to make the best of it, but he was continually looking at her with a dark and shivering face, and shrank from effort twenty times a day at the least cause of discouragement.

They never had but four children: it was enough. How much misery was introduced into this world, and beyond it, by the births of these respective individuals, is beyond our arithmetic. It is a work of the highest importance, which requires the most careful attention. Both existed in Edward in a marked and predominant manner. At times it made him even whimsical, but with a most singular gravity at the bottom of it all.

CHAPTER XI.

We must now pass rapidly over seven long years of the history of this unfortunate couple, and come to the point where we began our tale beyond. Seven years of disappointment, trial and sorrow, mingled with attempts at improvement, vain and futile efforts at condensation, during which Edward had reaped scarcely anything of the calm and satisfying fruits of the conjugal union. Willard and Cushing looked upon Edward as a man who had been deceived by Mrs. Cushing—never allowing her attachment to Edward, while at Cushing, to comfort him with the belief in something ulterior to this, which this might have been permitted to lead to. Sometimes the young husband was cast into the greatest despondency. His melancholy turns would come upon him—his high and bright ideal of what ought to be, contrasted with what was, would so plague his inmost soul, that if ever a man could learn in the school of experience, he had the high privilege of that first-class institution. It was during one of these seasons that his friend Goodman came in. And up came the old discussion of the philosophy of beauty, and the conditions of outward form and inward realities. Foster began to think by this time that he had got about enough of it; but Goodman persisted that he was right in his theory but wrong in his practice.

"It is true, as you said, that there is a deep and subtle connection between the character and the outward form of the body. It is not so easily broken as you would have it. I have long been willing to admit that all the best things ought to be the most beautiful. That is, if the world was in complete order. There is a true form to the spirit of all things. But unfortunately, in the human being, the internal form and the face of the spirit are sometimes very different from the external form, and the face of the body. It has very much marred the human face and form; and it has, by the connection established between parent and child, in bodily as well as spiritual peculiarities, transmitted a form of misshapen materials to the bodies of those who have not sinned after the similitude of the parents' transgression. Thus the children, even from a remote ancestry, appear with unthoughtful and even deformed faces, that is, outward faces; while the face of the spirit is a perfect representative of the purer quality and character within. So, also, on the other hand, where beauty has at first existed by its own intrinsic cause—the goodness and purity of the spirit—yet when that spirit has sinned, and thereby marred the interior form, it has not immediately affected to deformity the outward beauty of the body. Of course, in process of generations, such an effect would be realized to a great extent. But it cannot immediately take place, because the material body is not so plastic as the spiritual, and is not so easily moulded into form by its changing qualities. Therefore it is that very distinguished outward beauty may be transmitted from generation to generation, while at the same time the spirit may be deformed by wickedness, and rendered inferior to its original state and error."

Your theory, therefore, is true. And if we could see into the spiritual world, I think we should invariably find that the best and most exalted spirits were clothed correspondingly in the most beautiful forms, while the evil and the outcast were forms of the utmost malignity and horror."

"Where did you learn all this?"

"From various sources, but particularly from the study of Swedenborg."

"That is my faith exactly."

"Yes, but you did not act up to it, my dear fellow. Besides, as it is in your mind, which you first proposed the matter to me, you did not sufficiently distinguish between the face of the body and the face of the spirit. You thought, and truly, that there must be a correspondence between the outward form and the inward spirit; and you made some very beautiful hits at the truth. I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it is true, my friend, and I have just now written upon—that in the spiritual world the good only are the beautiful, and the evil deformed. But you did not seem to realize it fully, nor could you tell exactly how it was. You did not sufficiently reflect that the outward form, in this world frequently, may be very beautiful, while the spirit is not. Besides, your peculiarizing the outward form, and your connecting it with beauty, individuality, &c., which is not you for the observation of exterior, perfectly hallucinated you with external beauty. You did not frequently penetrate to the spirit at all. You could not, sufficiently, while you were under the spell of that powerful charm. Oh, it

spirit, and with a partial success. But they were so constituted and educated that they could not think alike, and the old difficulties would occasionally renew themselves under a milder and more subdued form. Her appearance at this time was a melancholy testimony to the frailty of all human beings, and even to those who are supported by the insubstantial divinity. Pale, emaciated, eyes of brilliancy somewhat dimmed and sunken in their sockets, the visage of disappointment too plainly revealing the terrible struggles that had been going on within—and yet a grace of exterior and a remaining vivacity which reminded one of her former days of bloom and brightness. But if this were all—a faded beauty and a spirit of disappointment and suffering were all that appeared, the sight would have been comparatively endurable. But there was nothing to fill and comfort her desolate heart in this great hour of her bereavement, only a nominal faith, the frequency of a fashionable church, and its shreds of consolation—this was all. For there was no balm in Gilead. On the contrary, Edward's penetrating gaze swept the high heavens above him, and his cheerful faith felt the dear children around him. He could not make them dead, though he yielded so to the power of suffering. He saw them still in the arms of heaven, and he floated into the arms of loving angels, delivered from the strife and discord of which his errors and follies had been the predisposing cause, and ultimately made happy in their home in heaven. Such was the difference between the parties. Their remaining son was the only surviving pledge of their blighted truth. He was cherished as the strongest bond of union between them.

These afflictions, however, completely upset their calculations for house-keeping. Mrs. Foster persisted that she had no heart or strength for it, and her husband was willing to accede to her preference. The house they had hired was dismised of by another party, and they again took rooms in a street, not far from the residence of Cushing. The event here referred to as illustrating the power of human affections, took place in this house. There were twelve boarders—two of her families, and the rest single gentlemen. Nearly opposite to these at the table which was reserved for her, a lady sat, a complete and perfect answer to the following description. The lady was of dark complexion, dark eyes, and of very superior quality. It is common, I know, to speak with admiration of large, dark eyes; but no lady, I will venture to assert, ever had Mrs. Storkman's eyes. They were not only large and dark, but a peculiar softness and lustre, not that it shined brilliantly, which sometimes dazzles so powerfully, but which has no high character in it, but a soft, pleasing lustre, that lighted up into a peculiar expression, and gave forth the brilliancy of a spirit which shone so occasionally and gloriously upon you, and so exasperating and tantalizing to all. I am very particular about this lady's eyes, because they were the best part of her—that is, of her outward appearance. If they were deceptive, then it was a stupendous deception. Surely, no cruel artifice ought to shine through such eyes. A word or two, they were not about the color of the eyes, but of the light that shone out. But, at a little distance, they exhibited a darker aspect; and as they shone and glared in the different shades of light, they gave one the feeling of pleasure, exaltation and rest. There were doubts in them that told of the unfaithfulness of the heart, and lights that revealed the spirit's aspirations. At times, as the conversation of a conversant, they would not frequently be very expressive, only of a calm goodness and simplicity that seemed to radiate there; but, as you advanced, and the interest increased, they would look upon you with the most enchanting expression, and glow with a heavenly beam.

This was a girl. They had a chance to match. Just above these burning eyes, were the most perfectly regular arches of shining black hair that ever grew a lady's forehead. The forehead itself was fair and high, and the whole upper part of the face was symmetry itself. She had rather a prominent nose, but regular and noble, large mouth and large ears, generally. Her cheeks were colorless, except when she blushed, which frequently occurred, for she was very modest and diffident. She was certainly very good looking, and had great dignity. Her marked traits were modesty and simplicity. She had not a highly cultivated intellect, but a good deal of mind and great natural firmness. She was a poor-distracting her own abilities, and did not show for much as she was. She had a low, sweet tone of voice, expressive of sincerity and affection. She was remarkably even in her disposition, was seldom excited about anything, had few ups and downs, and was very easy in her manner.

The peculiar character of her beauty, if beauty it could be called, and there certainly was an exceeding richness of what I am now about to express, was that it seemed to be in perfect keeping with her character. It was one of the kind of faces which seem in harmony with the qualities within. There was no great contrast, no glaring inconsistency about her. She was good looking in the emphatic sense that she looked good.

Her husband, who sat by her side, had nothing in him in particular to be described. He was a short, thick, clever looking fellow, with full face, rather inferior shaped head, and showed excellent marks of rationality. He was a native of the country, had not yet worn off the mental roughness that belongs to the back region, and had a little twinkling blue eye that, with his general expression, told clearly of a genuine Yankee. He was good natured, and, I have no doubt, took good material care of the excellent lady entrusted to him. He kept a grocery store near Quincy Market.

No matter about him now. It was the lady that arrested Foster's attention. At first he was not particularly attracted to her, and only thought her a good specimen of the home-like, unadorned women that frequently adorn our New England families. She said but little, and that in so low a tone that he could not hear it, and she immediately around her. Foster noticed that she was very diffident. In a few days he perceived that she was the most of a lady of any one at the table. There was nothing coarse or vulgar about her, but a great deal of Nature's own finish. Soon he observed that she noticed him. Her eyes frequently met his as if instinctively, and away he could not, after a while, for the life of him, keep himself from observing that fine brow and those magnificent eyes. And yet, after all, it was her disposition, so mild, unobtrusive, pleasant and good, that captivated so appreciative a beholder.

He formed a slight conversational acquaintance with her, and after a few weeks, found her a very agreeable and entertaining person. But the civility of her husband was occasionally invited, with others, into his room.

At the card-table he was her partner several times. And at last—But I imagine I hear the reader impatiently inquiring, Are you going to say that Foster fell in love with her? I will tell you just what happened, and how it was. In the first place, Foster could not unmake himself; he could not away with those qualities of his nature which put him almost instantly in sympathy with the fair and beautiful creature. And I have heard him say that it seemed sometimes as though there was a different atmosphere about him from other men; something that diffused itself from his very soul to the souls of others in his presence. He experienced as great reveries as he did attractions. But whatever it was, it had, with all agreeable people, this clinging quality to it, so much that he sometimes feared to trust himself to any one in the presence of certain persons, as if submitting him to the disadvantage of a connection which they could not break, and would not know how to appreciate. It was more than sensitiveness, it was more akin to magnetic attraction. His instincts and affections, when not overpowered by an inferior passion, as in the case of his first cousin, detected very readily the presence of qualities similar to his own, and if this is love, had surely been in a fair way again to some of the pleasantest experiences in life. Yes, surely he was in love again. And precisely as every particle of matter is held together by the force of attraction, so, in other words, by power analogous to choice, so is every particle of spirit, and every individual spirit, subjected to the same law, with more or less of dominion and influence. And oh, if the straps and bands which bind together this human machinery which we call civilized society, could be removed, and each individual, giving to each other spiritual liberty to gratulate the Creator, how would this world of human beings traverse up and down, across and athwart the lines of des-

tiny, each seeking its own, with which to settle into fixed and harmonious relations! But mind, I am not now pleading for this, or for any of the vagaries of "free love," as it is called, which are only so many attempts to remodel society after another pattern than that of divine law. If human beings will be so blinded as to trammel themselves into voluntary bondage where no love can exist, then, for the present, they must bear the consequences. These consequences may be, some of them, new loves continually breaking out, and where the acts of love, in many respects, must possibly be forbidden. But such parties cannot help being joined in spirit, at least to a greater degree than exists in their own intolerable bondage. It may be stilled somewhat, it may be struggled against; duty to one's family, and other interests, may require that it be held in check, unmanifested, moderated and controlled as far as possible, in order to prevent greater evils. But those who have never realized it. It is as inevitable as fate, and it may be pure as the white robes of the redeemed in heaven. All is, let people be more careful. Let them look well at this act of marriage before entering into it. It will save them a world of trouble, but if they have had entered and loved themselves in by wall more impregnable than adamant, forged and riveted their own fetters, imprisoned themselves for life where deliverance is impossible—if then they should happen to discover new affluence and experience new loves, a merciful God pity them, for their trial is severe.

[To be continued in our next.]

Free Thought.

THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WALSHBOOKER.

DEAR BANNER—The article in a recent number of the Banner, signed by "A Clerk," and asking some pertinent questions in reference to the case of U. S. Grant, granting government employes the government's time to worship God three days according to Methodist fashion, sent me to my scrap-book; and there I find the following, taken from the *Morning Star*, the organ of the Free-will Baptist denomination:

"Three years ago the Bureau was waiting for us to come and claim six thousand five hundred dollars as our portion of a fund set apart for Normal Schools in the States. The government was waiting for us to ask for the most beautiful site in the country, with a plenty of the most substantial brick walls."

After making further statements, and an appeal for more funds, that "Storer College," located at Harpers Ferry, may become a success, the writer goes on to say:

"While we have received all this aid from abroad, which has become our *demagogical property*, let it not be forgotten that we have done very little ourselves. The Treasurer's book shows as follows:

Received from the Bureau,	\$4,500
John Storer,	10,000
Storer's heirs,	40,000
U. S. Government,	40,000

Fifty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, and all but eleven thousand of it from public funds and property, the holders of which were false to their trust, false to the rights of the people at large, when they permitted it to become *demagogical property*. But a writer in an Iowa paper, some three years since, while pleading for the Sabbath primarily, and temperance secondarily, explains the whole matter. He says: "This is a Christian government; its institutions are Christian institutions, and must be maintained." Yes, though every promise, constitutional or otherwise, be invalidated thereby. What are

OATHS AND PROMISES?

Let the following, from the *Impartialist* of August, 1869, answer. I had therein the following in reference to the "Stuart case," as reported in the *Reformed Presbyterian Advocate*. The underscoring is my own:

"If Andrew Johnson had been found guilty of violating his oath of office, as charged in his celebrated impeachment, the great majority of the Christian men who sustained Mr. Stuart would have cheerfully and unapologetically acquiesced in the sentence of deposition of the offending President. But what comparison is there in the moral turpitude of the two cases? * * * The former broke his word with the nation who trusted him; the latter not only violated a covenant engagement most sacred to his fellow citizens, but also members, but he broke his word made with the most solemn solemnity to the Lord Jesus Christ, whom he professes to believe, with all other Orthodox Christians, is the Ruler of nations. * * * An oath proper is a religious thing. * * * The Constitution of the United States is perfectly 'unreligious.' It bears on its face the inscription, 'ATHEOS.' It can take no cognizance of an oath."

Query 1st—I wonder if, in taking that oath, he was obeying the command, "Swear not at all."

Query 2d—Wonder if he promised, in his *vow* to the "Lord Jesus Christ," that he would always praise him with psalmody instead of hymnody?

But let us hear more of the *moral turpitude* of Mr. Stuart, as compared with Mr. Johnson:

"The kiss which Mr. Johnson pressed on the Bible when sworn into office was not, except so far as he had no right to do so, himself, a *violation*. For all the binding power of the oath, the recognition he might as well have kissed his own hand. Mr. Stuart, on the other hand, took on himself the *oath of God* in the house of God, in the presence of God, before the people of God. He has been false to his solemn covenant, and committed perjury in the directest manner and the grossest form."

LOOK AT IT.

Dear reader, look at the full significance of the above. "A promise made to *man*—to a great nation—not binding unless the promiser chooses to make it so, because the word 'God' is not in the constitution! But a promise made to God—to One of whom we can know nothing, save through the manifestation he makes of himself, the highest of which is through man—such a promise, such a vow must be kept, even though the one vowing become satisfied that it was made ignorantly, made contrary to the rights of humanity, consequently to the will of God. Come forth, oh Jephthah! come forth and be crowned for thy faithfulness—come forth from the tomb of the past, and perhaps thy presence may so arouse the conscience of the present, that these Christians may be able to get the word "God" inserted in the Constitution, and then we may safely put Christians into office, for they will keep their oaths!"

But hear this *Impartialist* further:

"All honor to the R-formed Presbyterian Church—noble sons of noble sires, the old Covenanters who in days gone by made tyrants bite the dust! How well they have stood their ground amid this withering fire of persecution which has been poured on them front and rear by the profane, as it was earnestly hoped, that this Stuart case would rise them asunder and finally scatter them to the four winds of heaven; but here they stand, shoulder to shoulder, like Napoleon's Old Guards, and American church democracy has recoiled in the assault, like angry surges from the rock around which they impotently foam. These are the men to whom we shall look for aid in rescuing our noble Ship of State from the breakers into which she is drifting."

Read the above in the light of the efforts being made to so amend the Constitution as to recognize God and Christ. It matters not if the *Impartialist* is dead; the Evangelical Alliance is not. The convocation of ministers which met at Oskaloosa one year ago, pledging their honor and their lives to the attainment of the above, still lives in its members, and is strong in the same spirit—the spirit which speaks through the Chaplain of a

State School, supported by State funds, when he calls for converted teachers.

Indications everywhere point to but one conclusion, to wit, that the followers, so called, of the meek and lowly Jesus are determined to rule or ruin, and—well, why appeal to Spiritualists to unite and be strong for the right? When they have learned a few more lessons perhaps they will be ready for efficient work, and, perhaps, like a maul of old, they may yet find themselves in a condition that, bowing in *blind strength*, they can destroy the enemy's forces only as they destroy themselves.

Topeka, Kansas, Oct. 30th, 1870.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

NO. VIII.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—How to escape "the wrath of God and the pains of hell forever," is the question. In answering it, all the religions of all ages and nations agree that this can be done only by the shedding of blood. All except Christianity agree that the blood of birds, beasts and men may propitiate God—save from hell. Christianity insists that nothing but the blood of God can appease the wrath of God. Of all plans to shun hell and win heaven, the Christian plan is the most horribly monstrous and ludicrous.

SPIRITUALISM: As a religion of life, whose mission is to banish hell and give us heaven, what is its plan of salvation? This, as I understand it, is: As are our feelings and actions toward one another in the various relations of life, so is our heaven or our hell. As we feel and act toward others—not as they feel and act toward us—so is now, and ever must be, our heaven or hell.

No matter how Christ felt and acted; no matter whether we ever heard the name of Christ; no matter whether Christ ever existed—we know that love is heaven, and that hate is hell; that justice, truth, sincerity, honesty, kindness and tenderness give heaven, and that injustice, untruth, insincerity, dishonesty, unkindness and cruelty give hell. So sure as food will appease hunger, and water thirst, so surely will love, justice, truth, forbearance, forgiveness, self-forgetfulness, and good for evil, in my heart, appease the wrath of God toward me, and save me from hell.

Love in the heart of Christ gave heaven to and banished hell from the soul of Christ; but love in the heart of Christ can never give heaven to my heart, and banish hell from it, any more than food in the stomach of Christ could banish hunger from mine. Food must be in my stomach, to save my body from death; so must love be in my heart, to save my soul from hell.

Neither the blood of birds, beasts nor men, nor yet the blood of Christ nor of God, could take hell out of my heart, and place heaven in it; but love can and does do it, and nothing else can. It is of no account to us to know what was in the heart or head of Christ; our only concern is to know what is in our hearts and heads. No matter what Christ said or did, nor how he was born, nor how he lived or died; our business is to see to it that we think, feel, speak and act lovingly, honestly, truly and nobly.

Love in the soul of Christ saved him: love in our souls must save us. Love, not Christ, is the only Redeemer or Saviour of mankind. My soul is the only maner in which this Saviour can be born to me. The soul of Christ was the only maner in which this Saviour could be born to him. Love could not be born in Christ's heart as a Redeemer or Messiah for anybody else. As well say that food in the stomach of Christ would save the face from starvation, as to assert that the righteousness that was in the soul of Christ can save us from "the wrath of God" (supposing God to be full of hot wrath) and the pains of hell forever. The merits of Christ can save Christ—nobody else. The merits of *I. C. W.* can save *I. C. W.*, and no one else.

God is love: love is God. A heart full of love is a heart full of God. A heart full of God is a heart full of heaven. There can be no hell for the soul that is full of love. There can be no hell for that husband and wife whose hearts are filled with love each for the other. There can be no hell for those parents and children, brothers and sisters, or men and women, in or out of the body, whose hearts are filled with love for one another. God can give no hell where love is; God can give no heaven where hate is.

NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

There are various opinions in regard to the utility of National Conventions, and these diverse opinions have been thoroughly ventilated. Individual opinions are private property until they are thrown into the public mart; then they are at the mercy of the public. I mean always to respect the sentiments of others, however widely mine may tend in another direction, but I cannot forego the pleasure of making a few thrusts at an article by Hon. Warren Chase in the *Banner of Light* of Oct. 29th. Mr. Chase is not a narrow-souled, near-sighted person, therefore I am a good deal surprised at his convention and organization views. If I do not mistake, the American Organization had its origin in his brain. He was one of the working officers, one of the foundation stones of the new temple. Did he not know as well two years ago as he knows now that "the time for organization has not come?"

Forty years ago W. L. Garrison talked of organizing the anti-slavery element, the better to battle an unrighteous system. The cautious and cowardly, even among the friends of the slave, said, "The time to work has not come. Let us wait." The first anti-slavery society that was organized in Boston had but fourteen members, and two of the number turned Peters before chancery announced the next day dawn. Our beginning was small. Earnest, unselfish souls are not lighting the land as the stars illumine the overhead. Too many very good folks are *outing*; others are doing their work in silence and in secret. Let them work and win the blessing of heaven. But I trust that a large charity will suggest that it does not matter two farthings in whose name or how the devils are cast out, if so be that they perish with the swine in the sea instead of possessing human hearts.

Bro. Chase says: "Our present national organization is not worth continuing, with its present inefficiency and want of funds." "Inefficiency?" Eight men, the wisest and best—judging from the ballots cast at the Convention—have had charge of the Association. Bro. Chase has been one of that number. Haven't they done the best they knew? Haven't they done well? True, one woman has been on the Board of Trustees. She sees that much good and no evil has been done. "Wast of funds!" We are not paupers, not poor; the wealth will be poured into the "Lord's treasury" just so soon as we manifest faith in ourselves, not before.

If the conventions and organizations are failures—if they accomplish no good, why do not those who see and feel and deplore these facts set about devising a something that will be worthy the cause so near every heart? None of us are looking to the "loaves and fishes," none dream-

ing of the laurel wreath. We have heard the call for workers, and are working. I well believe that the very persons who are charged with going to conventions and doing nothing are among the faithful few who have brought their gift to Truth's holy shrine, and are asking, "What shall I do to help humanity?" That we blunder in the darkness no one denies; but are we not outreaching honest hands for help? May we not hope to see Bro. Chase, and all who love truth and justice, at the next National Convention with some perfected scheme that will benefit the world?

H. F. M. BROWN.

THE "LIBERAL CHRISTIAN'S" CRITICISM.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I have lately noticed a criticism of "REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-LAND," in the *Liberal Christian*, which I wish to notice briefly through your columns.

I am so impressed by it with the "liberality" of the above-named journal, that I have not attempted to get a hearing through that paper to answer the very "Christian" remarks of the reviewer of the book in question.

I am impelled to notice this criticism, affording as it does so perfect an illustration of the power of bigotry and prejudice over the human mind. I regard the writer of that criticism as *insane* on religious matters. Prejudice has so warped his mind, that he can see beauty, propriety, purity, morality and religion in nothing that is not shaped to his own dwarfed and misshapen intellect. His mind is evidently cast in the mold of a theology as nasty as the age affords in any of the dark corners where superstition hides its dimming head. Whether it is his theology or his intellect that is most at fault in decking his criticism to be what may appropriately be termed a *burlesque on literary reviews*, it matters not, since in this review the public is presented with the spectacle of a "Christian" reviewer dealing with a work after the manner of a partisan politician of the lowest order with the statements of his opponents; that is, selecting sentences here and there, and omitting adjoining dependent and explanatory ones, for the express purpose of misrepresenting its moral tendency. For the credit of Christianity, the Christian public should purge itself of the stain of employing and sustaining reviewers—be they editors or employees of such—who make it a business to misrepresent everything that does not accord with Christian theology, or the doctrines of particular sects. It is a scandal upon the civilization of our age and country, that equal justice cannot be meted out to writers of every sect and people in the land. It should not follow that because one writes to sustain Spiritualism, or any other ism that happens to be unpopular with a portion of the community, his writing should be misrepresented and misconstrued before the public, in order to increase the unpopularity of the cause the writer advocates. The Christian public, I repeat, for the honor of the name Christian, should watch their reviewers; for many of them are sadly given to misrepresentation when called to pass their judgment on Spiritualism and works tinged with that philosophy. Things are at such a pass in "free, enlightened America," where "liberal Christians" are so much the order, that a writer on Spiritualism does not feel that his works are eliciting the public attention to any desirable degree, until they have called forth some scoundrelous, scurrilous criticisms, like the one in question, from "Christian" periodicals or others in the interests of popular religion.

This fact disparages not true Christianity, but its counterfeit, which is so prevalent in society. This state of things proceeds from the false education the people are receiving—the false ideas of truth and religion, which are instilled into the minds of old and young by a class of teachers of whom our reviewer is an example. I shall not trouble myself to make quotations from this review, to illustrate the gross manner in which the book and the principles it inculcates, and Spiritualism and spiritualistic writers in general, are misrepresented; I will merely refer to the chapter from which quotations are drawn in the effort to misrepresent the moral tendency of the work.

The ninth chapter, entitled "Courtship and Marriage in Spirit-Land," is that so *unsuccessfully* drawn upon to establish what is evidently in the mind of the critic, viz: that all Spiritualism is immorality. This chapter devoted to the relation of the experience of Napoleon Bonaparte, is noticed with the characteristic fairness of the writer. The judgment of an unprejudiced public upon this chapter has forestalled this critic, and his statement that it is written "in a feeble and bombastic manner," will pass for what it is worth. I can but wish that all readers of the "Banner" and the "Liberal Christian" could read the book in connection with this criticism, and contrast the spirit of the two. I sincerely pity the man whose brain is so diseased that it emits a miasm which is like that of a "lazzaretto," or what is omitted at a "dissection," in which he must live and breathe, walk and think, through life; causing the emanations from his pen to be like those from a sepulchre, "full of dead men's bones, and all manner of uncleanness."

MARIA M. KING.

BE TRUE.

[The following specimen of Scotch verse was written by a liberal-minded gentleman to a native of Scotland residing in Boston, who had written to the author some account of a visit in which he had a glimpse of scenes in the other life.]

My auld (1) Scotch friend, (2) I got your note,
On yesterday, (3) when homeward gait,
An' glad was I at what you wrote,
Telling me a' that 'w'orth the knowin'
About yoncor, an' how ye 're tossed on
A sea of unco's (4) down in Boston.

I dinna (5) mean eile (6) unco' rare
As waridly eile (7) maist (8) take delight in,
But heav'nly visions, bright an' fair,
By which ye gat (9) o' blessed sight in
God's kingdom, fu' (10) o' love an' glory,
'Bout which ye tell sic pleasing story.

An' I agree 'tis justly true,
If you or I be saint or sinner,
O' heaven at last, bairn (11) I an' you,
By grace of God, shall be the winner—
Though roarin', ravin', rantin', wrathin'
Priests an' prelates grant us naethin'. (12)

And gillin (13) was my sooner come
To heaven's gate, an' gently thump it,
In search for God, than even some
Who loudly blaw the gospel trumpet—
Who seek to win St. Peter's favor
By what, to us, is kishmakelavon. (14)

An' jee 'tis true, as you suggest,
That each man (15) seek his proper level—
That lika (16) soul is cured or blest,
Accordin' as 'e is good or evil;
In spite o' talos lang syne (17) related,
Of Jacob loved an' Esau hated.

Then let us to onrairs be true,
An' let our past experience teach us
Bairn what to shun an' what to do,
That truth an' happiness may reach us;
Ik (18) human soul a friend an' brither,
Workin' for God an' ane another.

(1) Old. (2) Friend. (3) Yesterday evening. (4) Good things. (5) Don't. (6) Sure. (7) People. (8) What. (9) Fine. (10) Full. (11) Both. (12) Nothing. (13) Perhaps. (14) Nonsense. (15) Must. (16) Every. (17) Long since. (18) Each.

Spiritual Phenomena.

MR. FOSTER "INTERVIEWED."

"Facts are stubborn things," but my mind is so constituted that in all my investigations I must have evidence so positive to support the facts, that with all my ingenuity I can find no way escape; then when I am forced to yield, by the power of evidence, I do so willingly.

Now, sir, the evidence which I have recently received in regard to the immortality of the soul is of such a positive and startling nature, that I feel it to be my duty to give it to the public just as I received it. And to those who may not know me, I would just say that I am no "fictitious person." I may be seen or addressed any day at the "Bay Flour Mills," Hamilton avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., of which mill I am proprietor. And now for the facts:

On the 8th of May I was invited by Hamilton Reeve, Esq. of this city, to accompany him to the rooms of Mr. Charles H. Foster, the "medium," at the same time saying that if there was any evidence that a man would continue to live after he left this earth he wanted it, as he had never as yet been in possession of any such evidence.

We found Mr. Foster in his room, quietly smoking his cigar, which gave us rather an unfavorable impression of the gentleman, as we are opposed to the *reed* in any of its forms. We took seats by a common-sized centre-table, which was covered with an ordinary damask table-cloth; quite a quantity of white paper was on the table. We were told to take strips of paper and write on them the names of some of our spirit-friends, (either the Christian or the surname would do,) and fold them up many times and throw them all together on the table. While we were doing so, Mr. Foster was engaged giving orders to a boy in regard to a horse and carriage which he had engaged for a ride, and as we had his time engaged for awhile, he had to send and demand the order for the horse and carriage. We being ready, he proceeded to business. I now watched him like a hawk, for somehow my faith was not very strong, (perhaps on account of the tobacco-smoke.)

Mr. Foster remarked that the "influence was beautiful," and that we "would certainly get something from our friends." The first thing, he took up a piece of white paper about six inches square and folded it in a funnel shape, put a pencil in it and handed it to my friend, Mr. Reeve, telling him to hold it under the table, which he did about one minute, till three heavy knocks were given as a signal that the test was completed. We found written on it, very plainly, "Bowla." Mr. Reeve stated to me that that was the name of his mother, who had been dead many years. Whilst he and I were looking at the writing, Mr. Foster said, "Lutz is here." As I had a brother-in-law by that name, (also dead,) I asked, "What Lutz?" He took up a pencil and wrote, "Dama Lutz" which was correct. I then said, "Dama, if you are present, give me the maiden name of your wife?" For I well knew that no one present knew it but myself. It was then written, "Amanda Igon." I stated that "I wanted the full name." It was then written, "Amanda Melvina Igon," which was perfectly correct.

While I was cogitating in my mind how difficult it would be for a perfect stranger to guess at a combination of three such rare names as these, he wrote on a slip of paper and handed to me the following:

"I come with a message to-day from the heavenly world; I would guide and direct you always, and you shall ever be made aware of my presence. Look upward, for the light is coming to you; tell dear mother that I love her as ever, and am always near her. MARY ELLEN REES."

This was the name of my oldest daughter. (After I left the room I discovered that about one-half an inch below the name was written "May Ellen," upside down, in a very different hand.) Mr. Foster then said that he saw "John Rees (my son) on my left side, and Bristol standing at my right with his hand on my knee." I inquired, "What Bristol?" It was written, "Reuben Bristol." This was the name of a brother-in-law of mine. Then the following was written and handed to me:

"I, too, join the angel-band that have assembled this morning to greet you, dear one; am ever near to assist you at all times in the way of light and truth; this message comes to you from ANNE POLLY."

Then Mr. Foster said, "Daniel is here." I asked for the full name. Mr. F. then exposed his bare arm; on it was printed in red letters about one inch in size, D. H., which, it was said, stood for Daniel Hare, the former husband of "Aunt Polly." This Aunt Polly was my mother's aunt, whom she raised from infancy, and was called by all her acquaintances "Aunt Polly," and a kinder-hearted woman than she never lived. She will ever be remembered by the poor and unfortunate of her acquaintances, for the many acts of kindness and material aid which she bestowed so liberally upon them. I then took a pencil and wrote on a slip of paper and rolled it up carefully, so that Mr. F. could not see the writing, and threw it down on the table. It read as follows: "Uncle Daniel, for a test will you give me the names of both your wives?" Mr. F. took up the pencil and immediately wrote, "Debora and Polly." Now Polly was the "Aunt Polly" above referred to. As to the correctness of the first name I can't say, as she was dead long before I was born; but I have written West to an old friend of mine, who, I think, can give the name of the first wife.

Mr. F. then said a Mr. Lum was present, and wished me to tell my wife that he "loved her still, and was ever near her to guide and protect her at all times." My wife's father's name was Lum. Paul Igon announced himself as being present; also "Davis," an old friend of mine, who died in Marion Co., Iowa. Paul Igon was a half-brother of mine.

Many other things were said and done, which to give here, would make this "record of facts" too large. I will only add that, in making this statement, I have no interest to subscribe, or obliquely to fear; but it is for the sake of what I sincerely believe to be the truth, and that my friends, scattered all over the land, may have the pleasure, (if it be a pleasure,) of reading my statement.

I. H. REES.

N. B.—Since writing the above, I have received information from two sources that "Debora" was not the correct name of the first wife referred to, so the probabilities are that the spirit erred. But it was only one out of almost one hundred questions asked. I am certain that Mr. Foster knew nothing of the parties whose names were given.

I. H. E.

A Spanish proverb says: "A little in the morning is enough; enough at dinner is but little; but a little at night is too much." The Indian philosopher, equally profound, held that "too much rum was just enough."

French sorrow and sentiment are illustrated at MountAra cemetery, where a tombstone has been erected with a colossal tear carved on it, and the words beneath, "Judge how we loved him!"

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1870.

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

AGENCY IN NEW YORK, THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 NASSAU STREET.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LITHIA COLONY, EDITOR, LUCAS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT.

For Terms of Subscription see third page. All mail matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

Business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of the Editors.

Communications must be addressed to the Editors.

Now Ready!—The Year-Book of Spiritualism for 1871.

This very interesting work, just issued from the press of William White & Co., Boston, should be in the hands of every Spiritualist in the world.

The one article alone by Prof. W. D. Gunning, on "The New Science—their bearing on Spiritualism," is well worth the price of the volume.

"Parallelism of Christianity and Spiritualism," by William Howitt, of England, is also a capital essay. But we have not time this week to enumerate all the good things within the covers of this splendid book.

Our readers must wait until our next issue; or if they can't wait—which is the most likely—they can read the contents in our advertising columns, the price of the book, etc., etc., and send at once to this office for it.

Death—The Spirit—The Future.

We hope the report of Prof. Denton's lecture in the *Banner of Light* was passed over by not one of our readers.

The subject discussed was Death, one that has absorbed the thoughts and fears of mankind for generations.

Related to that was the subject of the Spirit, its condition and character. An I close upon it followed, of course, the absorbing question of the Future. What is death? How do we die? What does the act signify? Where do we go? These are all inquiries which people are slowly making every day.

The preachers cannot answer them, for they know no better than their others. But there is an answer, and a satisfactory one. It is given by Spiritualism. How fully and faithfully, with what words of hope, and even pleasure, how beautifully in response to the searching, eager, human spirit, they will know who have felt their immortal thirst for a better knowledge assuaged by its numberless consolations.

We shall not undertake to reproduce here any of the overwhelming proofs cited by Prof. Denton, in his matchless discourse; nor shall we take up space in repeating any of those consolatory and reviving phrases which we prefer not to disdain from the holy of his splendid and impressive address.

Well said the gifted speaker, that death made no actual difference with the spirit, for the spirit is in eternity already. That is a thought worth profound reflection.

The gloom, therefore, that enshrouds death, is wholly dissipated as we came to understand that the mystery is no mystery, but only the unflinching of the spirit. The account by Mary Carpenter, which Prof. Denton read with so much effect, makes the whole action simple and clear, and divests it of all fear and superstitious dread. To die is as natural as to be born. Only it is the common desire that the spirit be ripe for the change of condition, by reason of the experience gained before that change comes.

Life in this earthly sphere is as necessary to the growth and development of the spirit as death is after life draws to its natural close. The spirit needs to be placed in different places and circumstances, or it would never acquire its desired enlargement, health, and happiness.

And, as Prof. Denton impressively declared, the two localities are close neighbors to one another. It is but a step from one world to the other. The future is the present continued indefinitely. Though the soul in the body does not see what is to be its life after it casts off the body, we know that after it is once freed, it can see with distinctness the life of the soul while here on the earth.

Oh, what a clear sunshine will fall upon every individual's path when he realizes this simple fact, that "the quick and the dead" are side by side, companions still, with no break in the sympathy that lives now and is to live forever. This is the faith that, when once rooted in the heart, will be the only Orthodoxy known among men.

Watching the Signs.

The secular press betrays a tendency to discuss the warning-signs in the action of the elements of late, and the pupils follow on with their warnings.

There is no question that both are pretty well exercised over the strange, if not unparalleled proceedings of the year. Let us run them over in a moment: earthquakes, tidal waves, hurricanes, water spouts, wilfully flaming auroras, frightful meteors, protracted drought, ocean tempests—all these up to the present date, and one of the most beautiful months for October that ever crowned the summer with its brilliant glories.

There is much in what has been witnessed and felt to start the human mind on a new course of inquiry. So many marvels within the limits of a single year—who can tell what the year 1871 may have secreted for the world? It is a fact that these startling phenomena tend to make people more serious, however much they may try to turn it off with superficial laughter.

When the earth itself grows uneasy, like the waves of the sea, and the forces of the air are let loose to ravage the face of Nature, and the deep heavens flame nightly with fires of whose kindling no man knows the cause, and when, as now, the phenomena are all crowded together in so small a compass of time, men's minds might reasonably become stirred to deeper strata of reflection, and it is a fair subject of thought whether all these distinctions and ambitious projects are of any account in comparison with the one thing that alone has reality, and that is the spirit.

"The Bible in the Balance."

This is a valuable text-book for investigators. Mr. J. G. Fish, the author, has in a thorough and masterly manner weighed the Bible in the balance with history, chronology, science, literature and itself.

The book has also many illustrations, which greatly help the reader to understand the text. A more minute description of its contents will be learned from the advertisement in another column.

The Spiritualists of Washington have been asking President Grant why they can't be represented on the Indian Commission. No answer as yet.

Mr. Beecher's Hell.

We may know what a man like Mr. Beecher is mostly thinking of, by the topics he selects to preach upon. He has of late been driving, in several discourses, at the old dogma of Hell. His aim seems to be to rub out the frightful impressions left on the mind by past preachers of his own creed, and to write something wholly different in their place.

Of course he never would undertake to do this, unless it were forced upon him by the pressure of public sentiment and opinion. That has entirely outgrown the clothes of the hell-fire dogma, and we may expect to see the other dogmas go the same way; for if a literal hell was true fifty years ago, it is not less true now. Mr. Beecher has just as much authority to deny the doctrine as John Calvin had to affirm it—no more, and no less.

Mr. Beecher says that the idea of hell, as defined in the standard writings of the old school "divines," was a medieval one, derived from the monks; and he illustrated his position from Dante's "Inferno" and Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," affirming that it was from such diabolic imaginings that the common notions of a state of future punishment were taken.

He holds still that sin and penalty are inseparable, and so do we; but all the hell we know is in the soul, scarring and tormenting it, and producing intense suffering than any actual fire could inflict on the body. We may reasonably gather from these views of Mr. Beecher that he has relaxed his old belief to the limit of holding on to a sort of purgatory, out of which all souls are to be released into a state of endless growth and happiness.

These sermons of Beecher on the reality of hell—or rather, the contrary—may be regarded as a wedge that is to split off a very large side of the Orthodox organization from the old rock it hoisted itself. The *Sun* finds it necessary to devote a column leader to the interesting matter, in which it admits that these discourses will rouse the ire of many an Orthodox believer, and confesses that "he ventures to apply common sense to the consideration of the subject." It says the belief in a hell heaven and hell is a thing of past days.

Neither astronomers nor miners have been able in centuries of exploration to discover such a place. It allows that all heaven and hell must be an inner state, appreciable only to the senses of the soul. Heaven and hell are none the less real because not material. And this bringing of the future state closer to human apprehensions, and impressing upon them its intimate relations to their own moral quality, makes it easier, in his opinion, to entertain a living faith in it. The *Sun* confesses "that human beings do not cease to be human by the death of the body." Dr. Franklin held that man is not a body animated by a soul, but a soul clothed with a body. After the clothing is removed, the man remains the same. And the same paper adds:

"What he loved he continues to love; what he hated he continues to hate; and he retains all the peculiarities which distinguished him from other men. If heaven is to be a place of happiness at all, its happiness must be adapted to human nature; and not only that, but to the peculiar human nature of each individual. It is contrary to reason, as well as an imputation on the resources of Almighty Wisdom, to suppose that the inhabitants of the heavenly abode are to be all molded in one pattern, and permitted to engage in only one class of labors and pleasures. Mr. Beecher, therefore, in striking out on this apparently bold and hazardous line of thought, is running much less risk than might be supposed. He is not so much leading public opinion as indicating the current in which he has had the sagacity to perceive it is already running. As has happened many times before in the history of intellectual progress, he comes in at a late day to profit by the labors of men who have preceded him, and who have suffered martyrdom for prematurely promulgating the views he now advocates with toleration, if not approval."

A Sunday Library.

The question of a Sunday use of the City Library is being agitated again. A committee of the City Council has reported that, while a majority of the members think the measure of opening the library on Sundays would prove decidedly advantageous "from a moral and educational point of view," there is still serious doubt whether it would not be in violation of the laws of the State.

Therefore permission is to be asked of the Legislature to modify the Sunday laws, so that the opening of the Public Library may become an innocent action, and wholly out of the reach of fines or imprisonment. This is in the real spirit of red tape, though doubtless a necessity of form.

But we should like to inquire the reason why the Legislature is not also invoked to alter or wipe out many another law which the City Government allows to be violated with perfect impunity. This is rather straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

A Spiritualist Funeral in Putnam.

The funeral of the late Prescott May took place in Putnam, Conn., Wednesday, Nov. 31. The services were held in Quinebaug Hall, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. The throng outside was even greater than within, large numbers flocking from the surrounding country to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of the departed.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, the well-known lecturer on Spiritualism, conducted the services in a very impressive manner. The *Norwich Bulletin* says: "It was much the largest and most imposing funeral that ever took place in the town, and the largest, except that of Gen. Lyon, that ever took place in the county."

"The Voices," by Warren Sumner Barlow.

Those who have not yet perused this remarkable work—three poems in one—will do well to examine its pages. In this book the author in "The Voice of Superstition" takes the credit in their word, and proves the failure of the God of Moses to control the principle of evil; in "The Voice of Nature" represents God in the light of reason and philosophy, and in "The Voice of a Pebble" delineates the individuality of Matter and Mind, fraternal Charity and Love.

The present edition is finely printed and bound, and is selling rapidly—being greatly admired by its thousands of readers.

Regular Armies.

Germany boasts of having achieved her present astounding victories by a whole people in arms, instead of by a regular army. And she has successfully destroyed the regular army of France, having three hundred thousand French prisoners on her hands now. It looks as if this war would do one good thing in beating down the gigantic system of keeping up regular armies, which has so long eaten out the life and soul of the industry of Europe. To have accomplished this is much better than to have founded an empire.

The Pennsylvania Peace Society will hold their fourth anniversary the 15th and 16th inst., afternoon and evening, at their hall, corner of 11th and Wood streets, Philadelphia. Speakers expected: Ellhu Burritt, Aaron M. Powell, Egbert Hazard, Lucretia Mott, A. H. Love and others.

From Matter to Spirit.

On the 6th of November, 1870, Nellie R. Crosby, wife of Mr. John Melvin, and youngest daughter of Mr. R. R. Crosby, passed from the materiality of earth to the full liberty of the spirit home. Funeral rites were observed at her late residence, No. 1 Akron street, Boston Highlands, on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 9th, many friends being in attendance. The choir furnishing music for the Music Hall Spiritualist lectures was present, and opened the services with the chant: "Midnight Watcher's Prayer" from the Spiritual Harp. A prayer followed from the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, after which the choir in a touching manner sang "Gone Before," and Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan delivered an inspirational poem on death, which she characterized as "our great, white mother."

At the conclusion of the poem, Rev. Mr. Clarke made some consolatory remarks to the friends and relatives, speaking of death as sleep, and the new meaning attached to it by the coming of Christianity, as was evinced by the name cemetery, which signifies a sleeping place or dormitory, for a burial place, which was not used till the advent of Christ, in such a connection. The future state would owe its happiness, he thought, to our having enough to know, enough to do, and enough to love—and we might be sure our friends did not go to an inactive heaven, but that such transitions as the present one were for good purposes.

Mrs. Tappan followed in a beautiful and persuasive manner, rising to the heights of spiritual inspiration and bringing consolation to those who felt so keenly the loss of her who was once the light of the household. Her remarks were founded on the scriptural text: "Are they not all ministering spirits?" The speaker preceding her had spoken of death as a long voyage, but the one who had departed had gone on in full faith that she could soon return, and had accordingly wished some one who knew of the spiritual philosophy to assist in addressing her relatives at the funeral season. The speaker proceeded to give the messages of love which she knew the departed spirit—then present—desired to convey, and ended with a fine poem, after which the choir sang the "Silent River" and the ceremony ended.

Let us hope that the words of comfort spoken may sink to the deep recesses of those mourning hearts, laying therein, like the debris of the earthquake, the foundation of an island of hope whose summit shall yet reach the surface of the sea of knowledge, telling that "Nellie is not dead!"

The Hygrodelk.

This instrument is of invaluable use to consumptives whose pecuniary means will not allow them to locate in a mild climate during the cold season. With the aid of the Hygrodelk patients at home can make the air of their rooms precisely like the climate of Cuba. It is well known to scientific men that in our northern winter climate the air contains a very large percentage of ozone, which is extremely deleterious to those troubled with bronchial affections; therefore a certain amount of moisture is necessary in the atmosphere to render it comfortable and healthy—too much or too little being equally unhealthy—and every one who has given much time and thought to the subject of ventilation must be aware how essential it is to know, from some other source than from our own ever-varying feelings, the real state of the air in which we exist, and upon which our life and enjoyment depend. To assist in the solution of this problem is the object of the Hygrodelk. For further particulars see the advertisement on our seventh page.

An Opinion of A. J. Davis's Last Book.

(Extract from a letter received from a distinguished physician of Missouri.)

A. J. DAVIS, My Dear Friend—I received by mail "The Fountain." I have read it. I like it. How often, how often I have in my life pursued my life and said, "O," when reading your narrations and statements, and then explained myself to others much as you have. How singular it seemed to see a chapter from your pen in the same strain about the "Everlasting O." "The Fountain" is as grand a book as you have written, and is better adapted to the average intellect than any you have written. I have written the engraving on the lower corner of page fifty-nine and on page sixty. I am so much indebted to you for mental illumination. If I should obey my impulse I should get a back load of your books, and distribute them to all men.

"The Fountain" is attracting a good deal of attention. The first edition, which was unusually large, is nearly sold, and the second will soon be published. See our advertisement in another column.

Paris Militant.

The capital of France indignantly refuses to accept the terms of the armistice offered by Prussia, and the fighting and bombardment will therefore go on. It is calculated that Paris can hold out till into January, when the Prussian general expects it will fall into his hands, and then that he can make such terms as he pleases. The French people appear to be determined to fight it out to the last, and are collecting their scattered resources and concentrating their energies for a long fight. But harmony is not so well established as to make their prospects altogether flattering.

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan will close her engagement in this city next Sunday afternoon. Her lectures have been of a truly spiritual nature, and seemed to meet the wants of the times. Those who would listen to her glorious inspirations should not miss this opportunity.

St. Louis.

As Mr. Chase has opened Sunday meetings in St. Louis for the winter season, we urgently entreat our friends in that locality to sustain him peculiarly in his laudable undertaking.

New Subscribers.

Seventy-five new names have been added to the list on our books for the *Banner of Light* since our last notice, procured by our old patrons. Z. Hayden sent two; R. H. Ober, two; S. H. Nye, two; J. Heddon, two; Joseph H. Riggs, one; H. Hawse, one; F. S. Lane, one; A. S. James, one; J. Falls, one; T. C. Carter, one; L. Day, one; O. Martin, one; J. A. Park, one; E. P. Goodsell, one; W. Chase, one; S. W. Richmond, one; E. L. M. Paul, one; G. Doty, one; A. Randolph, one; E. Lewis, one; A. E. Carpenter, two; P. Spence, one; H. H. Overly, one; H. Tripp, one; G. Dwight, one; N. W. Conant, one; Mrs. M. L. Fenner, one; J. M. Cook, one; Mrs. J. L. Folsom, one; M. A. Grimes, one; George A. Healy, one; B. Nickerson, one; Mrs. L. A. Chapman, one; J. B. Cross, one; J. McKel, one; F. E. Wilkinson, one; J. S. Chamberlain, one; Miss M. L. Sanger, one; J. S. Lamberton, one; Mrs. M. G. Rudy, one; Mrs. J. C. Welch, one; J. Merrill, one; Mrs. M. G. Rudy, one; Mrs. I. Dickinson, one; A. B. Colton, one; G. A. Fox, one; L. M. Hillings, one; Mrs. J. Crane, one; J. Wildwood, one; J. W. Herrick, one; M. S. Pike, one; J. Forsyth, one; Mary Mendenhall, one; N. Travis, one; N. Mellony, one; C. R. McCrea, one; William G. Spencer, one; Samuel Reynolds, one; D. Lathrop, one; C. Court, one; T. Barr, one; O. Gamago, one; Mrs. G. K. Doolittle, one; L. Nichols, one; C. Roys, one; J. Phillips, one; S. D. Ober, one; H. G. Carpenter, one; William H. Fitzmiller, one.

Will Dr. Davenport, the oculist, favor us with his address?

Unconscious Mediumship.

I have been lately reading in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* an article on "Literary Forgeries," in which I found these remarks in regard to Chatterton:

"He was but sixteen when he produced those so-called poems of Rowley, which deceived so many excellent judges, and which still hold a place in English literature. From the old stores of pretended manuscripts of the monk Rowley, Chatterton drew successively not only the drama of 'Ella,' ballads, elegies, and those poems which, as I have just said, form to-day part of the English literature, but even genealogies, etc.

There is no denying the superiority of Rowley's poetry to all that Chatterton subsequently published under his own name, or that was found after his death; so that, even to this day, we find ourselves confronted by that literary problem—a writer who has shown infinitely more grace and talent in imitations than in his own language; who, in an obsolete dialect, has left admirable fragments, but who dropped to mediocrity in the moment when he returned to the common English of his own time."

When I read these lines, the question occurred to me, whether this was not a case of unconscious mediumship—a condition then unknown—but it was more than one hundred years ago—far now getting to be well understood.

We have, in our experience of modern Spiritualism, many similar instances, where the performer is in a state of trance so deep as not to be aware of what is being done or of what words were spoken; and another kind, where the actor is conscious of all that is done or said, but is not aware of the source whence flow the ideas that are uttered.

Were either of these the condition of Chatterton when only sixteen years old, and when he was erratic and apparently a stupid boy—a mere copying clerk in an attorney's office? And is that a condition in which numbers of people are to be found at this day?

If it is, it certainly is important that it should be known; for we have learned that, when known, the power displayed can be cultivated and improved, and made valuable to the actor and to others, and not end, as it did with Chatterton, in suicide at the early age of nineteen, or in being hung or drowned as witches, as many were at Salem about the same time.

Of Chatterton it is said: "He labored without a complaint, sleeping little, preferring to write by moonlight, since he believed that the presence of that planet added to his inspiration; roaming over the country on Sundays, lying in meadows, where, in a sort of trance, he would contemplate old churches and edifices, and nursing in solitude a wild and vain enthusiasm and a stolon pride of talent." (*New American Cyclopaedia*.)

Does not all this describe mediumship as we have often seen it in our day, when displayed through an unregulated mind, and when its character is not understood either by its subject or the lookers-on?

It seems to me that it does, and that the fair inference is, that it was that kind of mediumship—the result of physical organization—which we now see so much, and in regard to which we are more fortunate than people were one hundred or one hundred and fifty years ago in this—that we do or can know what it is and what to do with it, and not allow it to run away with us.

And it seems to me that there were in Chatterton the elements of that higher order of mediumship which could then have been, as they now often are, developed into an elevated condition of inspiration and a wide field of usefulness to man.

I have studied this phase of Spiritualism pretty carefully for now some twenty years, and I have observed numerous similar instances. Let me mention some of them, for they may help us to know "what to do with it."

On one occasion, some years ago, at the funeral of a brother-in-law, when the officiating clergyman arose to perform the services—which embraced a brief discourse by him—I saw the spirit of the deceased standing by his side, but looking intently at me. As soon as the spirit saw that he had attracted my attention he beckoned me to come nearer. I complied, and took up my position within two or three feet of the preacher. The spirit then proceeded to dictate to him what to say, or, in the language of religionists, the preacher was inspired by the spirit. So distinctly was this done that, for sentence after sentence, I knew what he was going to say before he uttered a word. And what was observable was that the preacher was a stranger to my sister's family, but the discourse was specially applicable to its condition.

A few years ago I was engaged in the trial of a cause before a jury. We had been several days taking testimony, and, having closed it late in an afternoon, the case was adjourned to the next day to have the summing up. I took the papers home with me, and in the evening sat down in my library to prepare myself. It was a very complicated case, and it was difficult for me to determine how to treat it. I finally arose from my table on which the papers were spread out, and threw myself on the sofa to think the matter over. Pretty soon I saw three spirits standing by my table apparently looking at the papers. Two of them I knew—Chief Justice Marshall and Chancellor Kent. The other I was told was Lord Mansfield. I asked them what they were doing there. They replied they had come to help me in that case. I said I was glad of it, for I really did not know what to do with it. They answered that they would help me. Nothing further was said between us, and, after remaining awhile longer, they vanished. In a short time I returned to my table, finished my brief and retired to bed, but not at all satisfied with my view of the case. I could, however, do no better, and the next day I went into court prepared only to present that view. I had not spoken more than ten minutes when an entire new view of the case occurred to me. I threw aside my brief, and for more than an hour proceeded to present a view of it which not only astonished me, but struck the court and the opposing counsel with its novel but clear and cogent reasoning. Had I known nothing of spiritual communion, I should, very naturally, have taken to myself the credit of the effort; as it was, I thought I had reason to believe and did believe that it was the product of other intellects than mine.

So in the pamphlet on "Reconstruction" which I published a few years ago; but for this knowledge I should have taken to myself the credit of its authorship; but I knew well the source whence it came, and if I had had any doubts they would have been removed by my being aware that several facts mentioned in it were then unknown to me, and became known only by subsequent inquiry.

A similar instance occurred when I was writing the introduction to my second volume on Spiritualism. I was speaking of my knowledge of the phenomena, and I said, "I know I cannot be mistaken; whether I am or not, the means are furnished at hand to determine. I repeat, they are within every man's reach. He has but to stretch forth his arm and be satisfied." Here I thought I had finished my illustration, and I arose from the table at which I was writing. But this was

given to me, and I added, "The tree of knowledge is planted in our midst, and each can pluck for himself of its fruit and eat." Here again I thought I had finished the topic, and again I arose from the table, but again it was given to me, and I added, "True, now, as of old, the serpent of evil does roll his loathsome form around its outer branches, but the fruit is at length beyond the reach of his poison—the flower blossoms in spite of its pestiferous breath, and man, when he approaches its grateful shade, may yet crush the tempter's head beneath his heel."

When Dr. Bell, formerly of the Lunatic Asylum near Boston, was afterwards commenting on that work, he doubted the spiritual nature of the communication it contained, purporting to come from Lord Bacon and Swedenborg, because he said the introduction, which was avowedly mine, was as well written as those articles were. If he had known what I did, he would have found out that he was right in attributing the introduction and the communication to the same intellect, but he would have believed as I do, that that intellect was of the unseen, and not mine.

These few instances out of my own experience are enough to show what I mean, and they are not only the ideas communicated, but the fact that they were from the spirit-world, and from a particular spirit, came to me through my own consciousness, and not through any other medium.

There are plenty of instances of a different character, namely, where the ideas come through one person, and the fact that they are from spirits is not known to him, but is known to another person.

Thus in the case of Henry Ward Beecher. In some of his very numerous discourses, the spirit that was speaking through—or in perhaps more acceptable language, inspiring—him, was seen by some one in his audience who knew before he spoke what he was going to say, and that even—if the truth was known—before he himself knew.

So in the case of Bryant; I have had occasion to know what was the source of the inspiration which has given birth to some of his immortal verse.

In these, and numerous kindred cases, the fact of inspiration is conceded on all hands and fully believed in by the subjects of it. Could not their powers, already so beneficial to man, be made more so by a knowledge of the source whence the inspiration comes, and a knowledge of man's legitimate power to control it—control it so far at least as to drive away the evil which taints a Byron and a Shelley, and draw down the beneficence which makes a Beecher and a Bryant?

I think it could, and that opinion is founded on my careful scrutiny and my long experience. Would the same opinion and knowledge harm any of these people, or even in the slightest detract from the merit of their inspiration? Nay, more: might not the source of the inspiration be so thoroughly understood as to enable us to drive away its evil taint even from others, and aid them—perhaps even unconsciously to themselves—to direct the heaven-born gift in diviner channels than profligacy and atheism? If there is truth in this, thought for the moment "crushed to earth," she will rise again, for the eternal years of God are hers.

Let us turn again to the case of Chatterton, and see how his case reads by the light of these considerations. He was born in 1752, three months after the death of his father, who was a tailor in Bristol, England. At the age of five he was sent to a charity school, but was withdrawn as an incorrigible dunce in a year and a half's time. Of his mother he learned his letters. In his eighth year he was sent to school to a pedant in poetry. There he remained seven years, and was almost the only pupil whom his master could not excite to poetical enthusiasm. During these seven years he took no interest in his associates, and reeled beneath an appearance of incapacity and melancholy the labors of an original mind, and wrote some poetry even in his eleventh and twelfth years. In his seventeenth year, he imbibed infidel principles, and contemplated suicide. He went to London, where ultimately "he suffered for want of food, while with a gay exterior he frequented places of public amusement, retained his unconquerable pride and vanity, confided his distress to no one, declined the invitation of his landlady to a dinner after he had been three days without food, spent his last penny for a dose of arsenic, and was found dead in his room, surrounded by numerous manuscripts which he had torn into shreds." In the meantime he had "made himself proficient in the most various studies, created the person, history and language of an ancient poet, composed epic, tragedies, satires, elegies, ballads, and a long narrative poem, and exhibited powers which promised him a high position among English poets." He was buried in a pauper burying-ground in London, and had a monument afterwards erected to his memory by the citizens of Bristol!

During the time when he was penning those works which are now and were at the time denominated as "literary forgeries," may it not be that the spirit of some departed man of those ancient times might have been using him, without his being aware of it, and that the impulse came, as his medium for communicating to earthly man the thoughts which, in this life and the next, he had been gathering and enlarging?

If not, whence, then, came the thoughts which Chatterton was certainly unequal to generating, and which have lived so long in English literature? They had merit in themselves, which has challenged the admiration of the learned and the wise ever since—which caused Warton to call the utterer of them a "prodigy of genius," and Wordsworth to name him "the marvelous boy—the sleepless soul that perished in his pride," and which have caused him to stand out in history for over a century far beyond all others of his age.

The magazine speaks of the case as a problem—a "literary problem." Can literature find no solution to it, or must we, who have no claims to literary position, be driven to find the solution in the plain common sense which is called in question by the popular realities which are existing all around us? And amid those realities how many instances have there been of mediums who, like him, have given utterance to thoughts far beyond their own capacity to originate or even to comprehend!

Such was the case—such the fate of one who was possessed of powers of whose extent or use he and the age in which he lived knew nothing—powers which the ignorance and superstition of the times in which he lived surrounded with a profound mystery, and even made it impossible to direct in their natural and useful channels. He was in this age and in this age, and he was over a century far beyond all others of his age.

The magazine speaks of the case as a problem—a "literary problem." Can literature find no solution to it, or must we, who have no claims to literary position, be driven to find the solution in the plain common sense which is called in question by the popular realities which are existing all around us? And amid those realities how many instances have there been of mediums who, like him, have given utterance to thoughts far beyond their own capacity to originate or even to comprehend!

Such was the case—such the fate of one who was possessed of powers of whose extent or use he and the age in which he lived knew nothing—powers which the ignorance and superstition of the times in which he lived surrounded with a profound mystery, and even made it impossible to direct in their natural and useful channels. He was in this age and in this age, and he was over a century far beyond all others of his age.

The magazine speaks of the case as a problem—a "literary problem." Can literature find no solution to it, or must we, who have no claims to literary position, be driven to find the solution in the plain common sense which is called in question by the popular realities which are existing all around us? And amid those realities how many instances have there been of mediums who, like him, have given utterance to thoughts far beyond their own capacity to originate or even to comprehend!

Such was the case—such the fate of one who was possessed of powers of whose extent or use he and the age in which he lived knew nothing—powers which the ignorance and superstition of the times in which he lived surrounded with a profound mystery, and even made it impossible to direct in their natural and useful channels. He was in this age and in this age, and he was over a century far beyond all others of his age.

The magazine speaks of the case as a problem—a "literary problem." Can literature find no solution to it, or must we, who have no claims to literary position, be driven to find the solution in the plain common sense which is called in question by the popular realities which are existing all around us? And amid those realities how many instances have there been of mediums who, like him, have given utterance to thoughts far beyond their own capacity to originate or even to comprehend!

Such was the case—such the fate of one who was possessed of powers of whose extent or use he and the age in which he lived knew nothing—powers which the ignorance and superstition of the times in which he lived surrounded with a profound mystery, and even made it impossible to direct in their natural and useful channels. He was in this age and in this age, and he was over a century far beyond all others of his age.

The magazine speaks of the case as a problem—a "literary problem." Can literature find no solution to it, or must we, who have no claims to literary position, be driven to find the solution in the plain common sense which is called in question by the popular realities which are existing all around us? And amid those realities how many instances have there been of mediums who, like him, have given utterance to thoughts far beyond their own capacity to originate or even to comprehend!

Such was the case—such the fate of one who was possessed of powers of whose extent or use he and the age in which he lived knew nothing—powers which the ignorance and superstition of the times in which he lived surrounded with a profound mystery, and even made it impossible to direct in their natural and useful channels. He was in this age and in this age, and he was over a century far beyond all others of his age.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT is sent to the Editor of the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of...

The Banner of Light Free Circles. These Circles are held at No. 154 Washington Street, Room No. 4 (up stairs) on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock, services commencing at three o'clock...

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles. Since our last report the following sums have been received, for which the friends have our warmest thanks...

Invocation. Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers, Kindle a flame of sacred love, And that shall kindle ours.

Come, Soul of Benevolence, that the hungry may be fed, that the naked may be clothed. Come, oh, Spirit of Peace, that the sword may be sheathed and the cannon's thunder silenced forever.

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—I will hear your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—It is a well known fact that a hemp rope will contract in length, and with great power, by moisture, while most other substances expand.

A.—There are many things in Nature for which we cannot account. This is one of them. Q.—Do we, after entering the spirit-world, suffer from anxiety or grief for those we have left on earth...

A.—The many thousand messages published in your good Banner of Light prove, if they prove anything at all, that the mother loves still in her beautiful spirit-home, and that love does not cease to exist or to act there...

Q.—Why do our friends so often, when communicating with us, cease to do so as soon as we make serious inquiry into the state of their existence?

A.—Your correspondent's experience, then, is by no means the experience of all. It is a personal case of which we have no knowledge, and, therefore, cannot give it any definite answer.

Q.—It is stated by Prof. Huxley, and some other modern philosophers, that there is some one element as a basis of vegetable and animal life. They call that element protoplasm.

A.—You yourself are an exhibition of some of its peculiarities and its composition. Study self, and when you have learned to understand self, you have learned all that there is to learn.

Q.—How is it that this element is one and the same in the lowest orders of the animal and vegetable kingdoms and also in man?

A.—Because life is life everywhere, whether in the granite or in the human soul. Life is God and God is life; the same every where; the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Q.—The deduction which Prof. Huxley renders from this fact with regard to protoplasm is that all life proceeds from the material; as water, for instance, contains certain properties resulting from the combination of oxygen and hydrogen...

A.—Here he is wrong. He is arguing from wrong premises, and his argument, if carried to any extent, must fall to nothing. And for this reason: matter is capable of being resolved into spirit, absolute spirit, proving conclusively that from that it has come.

Q.—Are we not usually taught that matter is the negative side of Nature, and spirit the positive?

A.—Yes, and this is true under some circumstances, and quite untrue under others. Sometimes matter controls spirit, and again sometimes spirit controls matter.

Q.—Are they ever found separate from each other?

A.—Matter and spirit are indissolubly connected, and they cannot by any possibility be thoroughly separated and, at the same time, studied and understood. For, apart from matter, you know nothing of spirit.

Q.—Is it not usually taken as the type of perfection? A.—It may be by some. By others it certainly is not. Q.—Why is the number twelve ordinarily designated as the most desirable number for the formation of circles where harmony is desired?

A.—I do not know. I am not aware that that is the case. Q.—That has been my experience. A.—It has not been mine. Two form as perfect a circle as twelve, a thousand, or seven.

Q.—Is there any reason why Christ selected twelve as the number of his disciples? A.—He probably saw that there were elements in the twelve selected friends that he had need of—elements distinct in each that he should require in the course of his mortal mediocrity.

Mazie Barrett. I want to send a message to my father and mother. A little boy who has got a mother here, and who knows about coming this way, brought me here, and he has taught me how to come. You see, sir, my father and mother mourn for me very much, and sometimes think I am far away.

Edwin M. Stanton. The record tells us that Christ once said to his followers, "Except ye become like little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Invocation. Oh God, we recognize thy presence in this temple made with hands. We know that thou art not far from any one of us. We feel thee in every throbbing of these human hearts, and we rejoice in thy nearness to us.

John Costello. I have been trying, sir, ever since I left the body, to come back in this way. My name was John Costello, and I lived in Lowell. I went out to fight the battles of this country, and I got killed.

William Newbury. I died in February, 1838. My name was William Newbury. I was eighty-four years of age at the time of my death. I lived in Boston, a short distance from the Old South Church.

Philip Collins. A fair day to you, sir. [How do you do?] All right—all right. [It is a fine day.] Yes, it is a fine day—a fine day to return. I went out on a fine day, and without a single hour's sickness.

Mazie Barrett. I want to send a message to my father and mother. A little boy who has got a mother here, and who knows about coming this way, brought me here, and he has taught me how to come.

Edwin M. Stanton. The record tells us that Christ once said to his followers, "Except ye become like little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Invocation. Oh God, we recognize thy presence in this temple made with hands. We know that thou art not far from any one of us. We feel thee in every throbbing of these human hearts, and we rejoice in thy nearness to us.

John Costello. I have been trying, sir, ever since I left the body, to come back in this way. My name was John Costello, and I lived in Lowell. I went out to fight the battles of this country, and I got killed.

William Newbury. I died in February, 1838. My name was William Newbury. I was eighty-four years of age at the time of my death. I lived in Boston, a short distance from the Old South Church.

It is from them that you make an appearance in the spirit-world. Q.—[From the audience.] I would like to know somewhat of the method by which sensation and motion are communicated to the soul through the external organism.

Q.—Each nerve branching from the cerebro-spinal centre, though not larger than the finest caudic needle, has the white and the gray portions, the outer white, and the inner gray.

Q.—Does the communication to the brain pass on the outside, the white matter, and from the brain on the gray matter of the same nerve, or do these two functions belong to different nerves?

Q.—Do both these fluids belong to the spiritual body, and do they leave the physical body at death? A.—No; they do not belong to the spiritual body, but there is a spiritual emanation proceeding from them, that is used in elaborating the spiritual body.

Q.—The opinion generally entertained is, that it is alone by the muscular contractions and relaxations of the heart that the blood is forced to the extremities and back again.

Q.—Do you find protoplasm in the mineral as well as the vegetable kingdom? A.—Certainly we do. Q.—Scientists to-day give the elements of what they call protoplasm, as a composition of ammonia, water and carbonic acid.

Q.—In part, not all. They have given but a part of the truth, as scientists did years ago with regard to the primaries.

John Costello. I have been trying, sir, ever since I left the body, to come back in this way. My name was John Costello, and I lived in Lowell. I went out to fight the battles of this country, and I got killed.

William Newbury. I died in February, 1838. My name was William Newbury. I was eighty-four years of age at the time of my death. I lived in Boston, a short distance from the Old South Church.

Henry F. Jaques. My name, Henry F. Jaques, I was a lieutenant in the Confederate army. I come here to assure my mother and sisters and a younger brother that I am safe in the spirit-land—not confined in any Yankee prison, as they have been told that I was, together with many others, which is one of the large stories that have been freely circulated through the South.

Lucy Ann Adams. I want my mother to know that I am alive. I am Lucy Ann Adams. I was born in Boston, I died last May, in Boston. I was eleven years old.

Edwin M. Stanton. The record tells us that Christ once said to his followers, "Except ye become like little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

Invocation. Oh God, we recognize thy presence in this temple made with hands. We know that thou art not far from any one of us. We feel thee in every throbbing of these human hearts, and we rejoice in thy nearness to us.

John Costello. I have been trying, sir, ever since I left the body, to come back in this way. My name was John Costello, and I lived in Lowell. I went out to fight the battles of this country, and I got killed.

William Newbury. I died in February, 1838. My name was William Newbury. I was eighty-four years of age at the time of my death. I lived in Boston, a short distance from the Old South Church.

Q.—What is the nature and character of the spiritual body? Is it matter refined? and is it of such a nature that its properties or elements may or can be tested by chemistry or analysis?

Q.—What is the nature and character of the spiritual body? Is it matter refined? and is it of such a nature that its properties or elements may or can be tested by chemistry or analysis?

Q.—What is the nature and character of the spiritual body? Is it matter refined? and is it of such a nature that its properties or elements may or can be tested by chemistry or analysis?

Q.—What is the nature and character of the spiritual body? Is it matter refined? and is it of such a nature that its properties or elements may or can be tested by chemistry or analysis?

Q.—What is the nature and character of the spiritual body? Is it matter refined? and is it of such a nature that its properties or elements may or can be tested by chemistry or analysis?

Q.—What is the nature and character of the spiritual body? Is it matter refined? and is it of such a nature that its properties or elements may or can be tested by chemistry or analysis?

Q.—What is the nature and character of the spiritual body? Is it matter refined? and is it of such a nature that its properties or elements may or can be tested by chemistry or analysis?

Q.—What is the nature and character of the spiritual body? Is it matter refined? and is it of such a nature that its properties or elements may or can be tested by chemistry or analysis?

Q.—What is the nature and character of the spiritual body? Is it matter refined? and is it of such a nature that its properties or elements may or can be tested by chemistry or analysis?

Q.—What is the nature and character of the spiritual body? Is it matter refined? and is it of such a nature that its properties or elements may or can be tested by chemistry or analysis?

Q.—What is the nature and character of the spiritual body? Is it matter refined? and is it of such a nature that its properties or elements may or can be tested by chemistry or analysis?

Q.—What is the nature and character of the spiritual body? Is it matter refined? and is it of such a nature that its properties or elements may or can be tested by chemistry or analysis?

Q.—What is the nature and character of the spiritual body? Is it matter refined? and is it of such a nature that its properties or elements may or can be tested by chemistry or analysis?

Q.—What is the nature and character of the spiritual body? Is it matter refined? and is it of such a nature that its properties or elements may or can be tested by chemistry or analysis?

Q.—What is the nature and character of the spiritual body? Is it matter refined? and is it of such a nature that its properties or elements may or can be tested by chemistry or analysis?

Mediums in Boston.

DR. J. R. NEWTON, Practical Physician for Chronic Diseases. Has resumed his healing at No. 23 HARRISON AVENUE.

DR. NEWTON'S power of imparting life force and health to any part of a diseased body is in many cases certain, especially in the following instances: Heart Disease, Nervous Debility, Diabetic Liver Complaint, Hypertrophy, Weak Eyes, Falling of the Womb and all other chronic diseases.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE, AT NO. 126 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON. "PHYSICIAN'S EXAMINATIONS BY LETTER WILL BE MADE AT A SPECIAL RATE."

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM. 292 Washington Street, Boston.

FRESHMAN HATCH, FOR several years a sea-captain, voyaging to Europe, East India and China, has been aided by God and angels to heal the sick and suffering.

MRS. L. M. WATSON, CLAIRVOYANT, France, Test, Developing, Healing and Medium. 17, on one flight, hours, 9 to 12 M. and 1 to 4 P. M.

MRS. C. H. WILSON, FORMERLY MRS. J. W. WILSON, 454 Washington Street, Boston. Circles Monday evenings at 7 1/2 and Friday afternoons at 3. Private sittings, 10 to 12, 3 to 5. Nov. 12-14.

DR. J. C. WEBSTER, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, 30 Tremont street, Boston. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M. and 2 to 5 P. M. Other hours will visit the city. 8-10-12-14.

MRS. A. H. HAYWARD, SPIRIT-MAGNETIC HEALER, 48 Beach Street, cor. Harrison Avenue, Boston. Where magnetic falls the system is healed and restored. Consultations free. 11-Sept. 21.

MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT, 118 Harrison Avenue, Boston, Mass. Written examinations by lock of hair, \$2.00 spoken, \$1.00. Hours from 10 to 5. Medicines furnished. 11-Sept. 21.

LAURA H. HATCH will give Inspirational Musical Services every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evening, at 8 o'clock. No. 10 Apicton street, first house on left from Berkeley, Boston, Mass. Terms 25c. Nov. 12-14.

MRS. E. S. SMITH, Medical Clairvoyant, No. 90 Leverett Street, Boston. Hours, from 10 till 6 P. M. Particular attention to Women and Children. Oct. 29-1870.

MRS. L. W. LITCH, Trance, Test and Healing Medium, has removed to 163 Court Street, Boston. Circles Tuesday and Sunday evenings at 7 o'clock. Nov. 12-14.

MRS. A. B. LOVELL, and MRS. J. C. DUTTON, Magnetic and Clairvoyant Physicians, No. 1 Hanson Street, Boston. 11-Sept. 21.

MRS. MARSHALL, Medium for spirit communication, 37 Jefferson Street, Boston. Hours 10 to 12, 3 to 5. Circles Saturday at 3 P. M. 21-Nov. 19.

MRS. M. A. PORTER, Medical and Business Clairvoyant, No. 8 Lagrange Street, Boston. Nov. 12-14.

MRS. M. M. HARDY, 125 West Concord Street, Boston. Circles Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Sept. 12-14.

MRS. A. S. LEDRIDGE, Medical and Business Clairvoyant, 1 Oak St., Boston. Answering letters, \$1.00. Nov. 5-14.

MRS. LITTLEJOHN, Medical, Business and Prophetic Clairvoyant, 26 Hanson Street, Boston, Mass. Nov. 12-14.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 23 Dix Place (opposite Harvard Street). 3rd-Sept. 10.

Miscellaneous.

59 59 59 59 59 59 59 59 59 59

A GREAT TEST OF THE POWERFUL ACTION OF DR. H. A. TUCKER'S

NO. 59 DIAPHORETIC COMPOUND NO. 59

Is found in its marvelous cures of RHEUMATISM!

SAFE, SURE AND SPEEDY.

RHEUMATISM and Sciatica are diseases of the Blood and the Nerve, and the only way to cure them is by the use of the

DIAPHORETIC COMPOUND, by its action on the secretory and excretory organs of the system, it peculiarly adapted to the cure of these complaints.

DR. H. A. TUCKER'S 59 DIAPHORETIC COMPOUND. 59

REMOVAL! SEWING MACHINES. ENGLEY & RICE.

323 WASHINGTON ST., CORNER WEST WINDMILL. We shall sell all the best quality of Sewing Machines.

A 10 CENT SPECIMEN SENT FREE.

100,000 MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS wanted for Regular Employment or to supply labor.

100,000 YOUNG RECRUITS.

ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS IN EVERY TOWN, VILLAGES, AND CITY should get the MARK HOME HAPPY ARMY.

SOUL READING, Or Psychometrical Declaration of Character.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in person, or send their autographs or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition.

NOTICE! H. C. CHAMPLIN, M. D. AND WIFE treat specially for Rheumatism.

\$500 REWARD FOR a case of Catarrh that Donerita's North American Catarrh Remedy cured.

BOSTON BELLE VIGORETT FOR THE HAIR has no equal in the world for promoting the growth, and restoring gray or faded hair to its natural color.

MRS. CUSHMAN'S PUBLIC GROOMING, TUESDAY afternoon and Wednesday evening, 20 Concord Street, Charlestown. Private sittings always Wednesday.

Miscellaneous.

CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY! CERTAIN CURE FOR WORST CASES OF CATARRH AND SKIN.

DR. H. B. STORER, 69 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON. ARE perfect extracts of the medicinal virtues of plants.

NEURALGIC ANTIDOTE, Blood Purifier, Nerve Invigorator, Haemorrhoidal Compound, Fever and Ague Cure, Peruvian Tonic, Hypnotic Powder.

WANTED, ONE RELIABLE, ENERGETIC BUSINESS MAN, OR FIRM, with a capital of not less than ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

LIBERAL PER CENTAGE. For further particulars address JOHN C. BUNDY, 150 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

1840. 1870. FOR THIRTY YEARS Has that well-known, standard, and popular remedy, the PAIN KILLER,

MANUFACTURED BY Perry Davis & Co., Providence, R. I. been before the public, and in that time has become known in all parts of the world, and been used by people of all nations.

It remains to-day, that same good and efficient remedy, and is as well known and as popular as ever.

MERCANTILE SAVINGS INSTITUTION, No. 48 Summer Street, cor. of Arch, Boston. SIX PER CENT.

FROM this date all deposits which remain in bank six months next prior to the semi-annual dividend day, and the per cent on all other deposits for each and every full year, shall be as follows:

EDISON'S HYGRODEIK, FOR HYGIENIC AND MECHANICAL PURPOSES. THE practical utility of the Hygrodeik, if followed, will enable us to maintain an atmosphere in inhabited rooms of such a nature that the most delicate lungs will not suffer from morbid influences.

J. T. GILMAN PIKE, PHYSICIAN, Pavilion, No. 57 Tremont Street, (Room No. 5.) BOSTON.

J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, No. 30 Court Street, Room 4, Boston.

DR. T. LISTER, ASTROLOGER, 25 LOWELL STREET, BOSTON, MASS. WIKER has been lecturing 25 years. Time of birth must be given. A brief written notice sent by mail, events two years to come, \$1. 3rd-Sept. 10.

THE MAGNETIC TRACT SOCIETY, 18 STATE STREET, BOSTON. Send stamp for postage, and you will get pamphlet by mail with full particulars. 11-Sept. 10.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, A descriptive piece of music of 11 pages. Price 75 cents. SELLING BY THE SHEET, 25 CENTS. WALZ, 30 cents. The above pieces of music were composed inspiringly by Laura Hastings Hatch.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS, painted on cards photograph size, in colors, by the excellent medium, MRS. E. A. HAIR, of Montpelier, Vt., for sale at this office.

SEND ONE DOLLAR TO DR. ANDREW S. HAYWARD, 118 Harrison Avenue, Boston. Send one dollar to Dr. Andrew S. Hayward, 118 Harrison Avenue, Boston. Send one dollar to Dr. Andrew S. Hayward, 118 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

30 NEW RECEIPTS, AFS, and Ten Ballads, Sent free. T. F. WOOD, Vernon, N. J. Oct. 22-28.

AGENTS WANTED (\$25 A MONTH) BY THE AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., BOSTON, MASS., OR AT LOUIS, Mo. 6th-Sept. 14.

THIRD EDITION. THE SPIRITUAL HARP, The new Music Book for the Choir, Congregation and Social Circle.

By J. M. FEEBLES and J. O. BARRETT, E. H. BAILEY, Musical Editor.

THIS work has been prepared for the press at great expense and much labor, in order to meet the wants of Spiritualist Societies in every portion of the country.

THE HARP contains music for all occasions, particularly for the social relations of life, both religious and domestic.

When sent by mail 25 cents additional required on each copy.

When it is taken into consideration that the SPIRITUAL HARP is a work of original and beautiful music, comprising some of the choicest music and poetry ever put in print—such as SONGS, DIALOGUES and QUARTETS, with many ORGAN and ACCOMPANIMENT—none, we venture to say, will demur at the above prices.

Send in your orders to WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale also by J. M. FEEBLES, Hammon, N. J.; J. O. BARRETT, Lynchburg, Ill.; E. H. BAILEY, Charlotte, Mich.; and by Liberal Booksellers throughout the United States and Europe.

FIFTH EDITION. SOUL AFFINITY. BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

Price 25 cents postage 2 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston.

Miscellaneous.

THE MEDICINES, PREPARED AT THE LABORATORY OF DR. H. B. STORER, 69 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.

NEURALGIC ANTIDOTE, Blood Purifier, Nerve Invigorator, Haemorrhoidal Compound, Fever and Ague Cure, Peruvian Tonic, Hypnotic Powder.

WANTED, ONE RELIABLE, ENERGETIC BUSINESS MAN, OR FIRM, with a capital of not less than ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

LIBERAL PER CENTAGE. For further particulars address JOHN C. BUNDY, 150 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

1840. 1870. FOR THIRTY YEARS Has that well-known, standard, and popular remedy, the PAIN KILLER,

MANUFACTURED BY Perry Davis & Co., Providence, R. I. been before the public, and in that time has become known in all parts of the world, and been used by people of all nations.

It remains to-day, that same good and efficient remedy, and is as well known and as popular as ever.

MERCANTILE SAVINGS INSTITUTION, No. 48 Summer Street, cor. of Arch, Boston. SIX PER CENT.

FROM this date all deposits which remain in bank six months next prior to the semi-annual dividend day, and the per cent on all other deposits for each and every full year, shall be as follows:

EDISON'S HYGRODEIK, FOR HYGIENIC AND MECHANICAL PURPOSES. THE practical utility of the Hygrodeik, if followed, will enable us to maintain an atmosphere in inhabited rooms of such a nature that the most delicate lungs will not suffer from morbid influences.

J. T. GILMAN PIKE, PHYSICIAN, Pavilion, No. 57 Tremont Street, (Room No. 5.) BOSTON.

J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, No. 30 Court Street, Room 4, Boston.

DR. T. LISTER, ASTROLOGER, 25 LOWELL STREET, BOSTON, MASS. WIKER has been lecturing 25 years. Time of birth must be given. A brief written notice sent by mail, events two years to come, \$1. 3rd-Sept. 10.

THE MAGNETIC TRACT SOCIETY, 18 STATE STREET, BOSTON. Send stamp for postage, and you will get pamphlet by mail with full particulars. 11-Sept. 10.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, A descriptive piece of music of 11 pages. Price 75 cents. SELLING BY THE SHEET, 25 CENTS. WALZ, 30 cents. The above pieces of music were composed inspiringly by Laura Hastings Hatch.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS, painted on cards photograph size, in colors, by the excellent medium, MRS. E. A. HAIR, of Montpelier, Vt., for sale at this office.

SEND ONE DOLLAR TO DR. ANDREW S. HAYWARD, 118 Harrison Avenue, Boston. Send one dollar to Dr. Andrew S. Hayward, 118 Harrison Avenue, Boston. Send one dollar to Dr. Andrew S. Hayward, 118 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

30 NEW RECEIPTS, AFS, and Ten Ballads, Sent free. T. F. WOOD, Vernon, N. J. Oct. 22-28.

AGENTS WANTED (\$25 A MONTH) BY THE AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., BOSTON, MASS., OR AT LOUIS, Mo. 6th-Sept. 14.

THIRD EDITION. THE SPIRITUAL HARP, The new Music Book for the Choir, Congregation and Social Circle.

By J. M. FEEBLES and J. O. BARRETT, E. H. BAILEY, Musical Editor.

THIS work has been prepared for the press at great expense and much labor, in order to meet the wants of Spiritualist Societies in every portion of the country.

THE HARP contains music for all occasions, particularly for the social relations of life, both religious and domestic.

When sent by mail 25 cents additional required on each copy.

When it is taken into consideration that the SPIRITUAL HARP is a work of original and beautiful music, comprising some of the choicest music and poetry ever put in print—such as SONGS, DIALOGUES and QUARTETS, with many ORGAN and ACCOMPANIMENT—none, we venture to say, will demur at the above prices.

Send in your orders to WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale also by J. M. FEEBLES, Hammon, N. J.; J. O. BARRETT, Lynchburg, Ill.; E. H. BAILEY, Charlotte, Mich.; and by Liberal Booksellers throughout the United States and Europe.

FIFTH EDITION. SOUL AFFINITY. BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

Price 25 cents postage 2 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston.

New Books.

An Extraordinary Book, BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITED, A STELLAR KEY TO

THE SUMMER-LAND. PART I. ILLUSTRATED WITH DIAGRAMS AND ENGRAVINGS OF CELESTIAL SCENERY.

CONTENTS. CHAPTER I. OF THE NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE. CHAPTER II. IMMORTAL MIND LOOKING INTO THE HEAVENS.

CHAPTER III. DEFINITION OF SUBJECTS UNDER CONSIDERATION. CHAPTER IV. THE POSSIBILITY OF THE SPIRITUAL ZONE.

CHAPTER V. THE ZONE IS POSSIBLE IN THE VERY NATURE OF THINGS. CHAPTER VI. THE SPIRITUAL ZONE VIEWED AS A PROBABILITY.

CHAPTER VII. EVIDENCES OF ZONE-FORMATIONS IN THE HEAVENS. CHAPTER VIII. THE SCIENTIFIC CERTAINTY OF THE SPIRITUAL ZONE.

CHAPTER IX. A VIEW OF THE WORKING FORCES OF THE UNIVERSE. CHAPTER X. PRINCIPLES OF THE FORMATION OF THE SUMMER-LAND.

CHAPTER XI. DEMONSTRATION OF THE HARMONIES OF THE UNIVERSE. CHAPTER XII. THE CONSTITUTION OF THE SUMMER-LAND.

CHAPTER XIII. THE LOCALIZATION OF THE SUMMER-LAND. CHAPTER XIV. A PHILOSOPHICAL VIEW OF THE SUMMER-LAND.

CHAPTER XV. THE SPIRITUAL ZONE ASKED THE STAIRS. CHAPTER XVI. TRAVELING AND SOCIETY OF THE SUMMER-LAND.

CHAPTER XVII. THE SUMMER-LAND AS SEEN BY CLAIRVOYANCE. CHAPTER XVIII. SYNOPSIS OF THE IDEAS PRESENTED.

Price \$1; postage free. Liberal discount to the trade. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston.

MORNING LECTURES. Twenty Discourses DELIVERED BEFORE THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS IN NEW YORK IN THE WINTER AND SPRING OF 1863.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. CONTENTS. DEFEATS AND VICTORIES. THE WORLD'S TRUE REDEEMER.

THE END OF THE WORLD. THE NEW BIRTH. THE SHORTEST ROAD TO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

THE RIGHTS OF ANTI-CHRIST. THE SPIRIT AND ITS CHANGEMENTS. ETERNAL VALUE OF PURE PURPOSES.

WAYS OF THE BLOOD, BRAIN AND SPIRIT. TRUTH, MALE AND FEMALE. FALSE AND TRUE EDUCATION.

THE EQUALITIES AND INEQUALITIES OF HUMAN NATURE. SOCIAL CENTRES IN THE SUMMER-LAND.

POVERTY AND RICHES. THE OBJECT OF LIFE. EXPENSIVENESS OF ERROR IN RELIGION.

WINTER LAND AND SUMMER-LAND. LANGUAGE AND LIFE IN SUMMER-LAND. MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL WORKERS.

ULTIMATES IN THE SUMMER-LAND. Vol. 12mo., price \$1.25; postage 20 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston.

LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN HISTORY. A BOOK FOR WOMEN, YOUNG AND OLD; FOR THE LOVING; THE MARRIED; SINGLE, UNLOVED, HEART-BROKEN, PINING ONES; A BOOK FOR UNHAPPY WIVES, AND LOVE-STRAVING MEN OF THIS WORLD.

BY THE COUNT DE ST. LEON. THE statements contained in this book are indeed startling. Its exposure of the simony and idolatry and the monstrous crimes of this age are withering, and will go far toward changing the current of the thought of the century upon matters of religion.

Price \$1.25, postage 16 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston.

EXETER HALL. A THEOLOGICAL ROMANCE. The most Startling and Interesting Work of the Day.

READ "EXETER HALL," READ "EXETER HALL," READ "EXETER HALL."

EVERY Christian, every Spiritualist, every skeptic, and every enquirer should read it. Every ruler and statesman, every teacher and reformer, and every woman in the land, should have a copy of this extraordinary book.

Price 60 cents, postage 2 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED WHEN FORMING SPIRITUAL CIRCLES. BY EMMA HARDINGE.

We have never seen better or more comprehensive rules laid down for governing spiritual circles than are contained in this little book. It is just what thousands are asking for, and coming from such an able, experienced, and reliable author, is a sufficient guaranty of its value.

Price 10 cents. For sale by the publishers, WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 155 Washington Street, Boston; and also by our New York agents, THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 Nassau Street. If AGENTS WANTED (MALE OR FEMALE) FOR THE

PHYSICAL LIFE OF WOMAN: BY GEORGE H. NAPIEY, M. D.

THIS volume, which has been the great success of the year, has already been sold. It still sells with a rapidity quite unprecedented. Agents all agree that they never saw a book so rapidly and so extensively sold.

Price \$1.25, postage 16 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston.

SEXOLOGY OR THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, IMPLYING Social Organization and Government.

By Mrs. Elizabeth Osmond Goodrich Willard. THIS title is a new work of the most vital importance to a clergy in the present age, containing the most deep and important philosophical truth, suited to the comprehension of every intelligent reader. The most fundamental, vital truths are always the most important.

Price \$1.25, postage 16 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; OR, GHOSTS AND GHOST-SEERS. BY CATHERINE CROWE.

Price \$1.25; postage 16 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston.

New York Advertisements.

PATENTS, AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN.

MUNN & Co. continue to give opinions in regard to the novelty of inventions. Free of charge, make Special Examinations at the Patent Office, prepare Specifications, Drawings, Caveats, and Assignments, and prosecute applications for Letters Patent at Washington and in all European Countries. They give special attention to the preparation of Rejected Claims, Appeals, Extensions and Interferences.

FREE Pamphlet of the New Patent Law for 1870 furnished by Address.

MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN! A SIXTEEN-PAGE WEEKLY, devoted to MECHANICS, MANUFACTURES, INVENTION, CHEMISTRY, AGRICULTURE, ARCHITECTURE, and POPULAR SCIENCE. Full of splendid Engravings. Price 10 cents a year. 25 copies sent free. Address, MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York.

J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE, M. D., Eclectic and Clairvoyant Physician, No. 430 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

MAKES examinations by lock of hair. Send stamp for circular containing testimonials. Dr. Van Namee, in addition to being a graduated physician, possesses a high order of developed Clairvoyant powers, enabling him to clearly distinguish and arrange proper Medicines for each case. Reception Day Wednesday, from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. No Personal Examinations given except on Reception Day. Personal Examinations—Ladies \$1.00, Gentlemen \$1.00. Examinations by hair, \$1.00 and \$1.50. All letters must be addressed to Dr. J. W. VAN NAMEE, Sec'y, 430 4th Ave., N. Y. J. HERBERT MILES, Sec'y.

BUST OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Nearly life-size, in Plaster of Paris. It is acknowledged to be one of the best likenesses of the great yet made. Price \$100. Order by mail, send no money. Address, Geo. C. O. D., Liberal discount to agents. Address, Geo. C. O. D., 67 Broadway, New York City.

IN THE LECTURE FIELD. DR. H. SHADDE (CLAIRVOYANT).

J. SIMMONS. DR. SHADDE will receive a lock of hair, with the full name and age, make a physical examination, and return a written diagnosis of the case, with cost of treatment. A fee of Two Dollars must accompany the hair, which will be applied on the first sitting. Send no money. All letters should be directed to SHADDE & SIMMONS, 20 West 23rd Street, N. Y. P. S.—Please write your address plain.

WILLIAM WHITE, M. D., Homeopathic, Magnetic and Electro-pathic Physician, Treats all acute and chronic diseases successfully. 528 Sixth Avenue, between 31st and 32d Sts., near Broadway, New York. Oct. 2-1870.

MRS. KANE, ONE of the First artists, has taken copies, and will give equal and satisfactory sittings for portraits, busts, and all equal in America. All who are sick or in trouble should consult Mrs. Kane. Her Remedies, composed of Indian Herbs, for the cure of Chronic Weakness, diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Womb and Bladder. Pleasant rooms and good nursing for Ladies who need careful medical attention, at 4 West 17th Street, New York. Nov. 12-14.

MISS BLANCHÉ FOLEY, Clairvoyant, French and Writing Medium, 613 Third Avenue, between 6th and 7th Streets, New York. (Please give first hall.) Hours, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms: Ladies, \$1.00; Gentlemen, \$1.00. Aug. 25-30.

MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR, Business and Test Medium, 109 E. 7th Avenue, east side, near 7th Street, New York. Hours from 2 to 6 and from 7 to 9 P. M. Circles Tuesday and Sunday evenings.

New Books.

REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-LAND. BEING LIFE EXPERIENCES, SCENES INCIDENTS, AND CONDITIONS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

Given Inspirationally BY MRS. MARIA M. KING, Authoress of "The Principles of Nature," etc.

This volume, as its title indicates, is illustrative of the Spiritual Philosophy. It is sent forth on the mission of men by the author, with the firm conviction that it is a necessary volume to educate the people to a knowledge of the future state by every method that can be devised by human faculties in spirit-life. Now that the "heavens are opened and the angels of God are ascending and descending," and men can receive communications from spirit life, nothing can be more appropriate than for them to receive instruction as to the methods of life in the future state, and the principles which underlie these methods.

Price \$1.00, postage 16 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston.

PROF. WM. DENTON'S WORKS. THE SOUL OF THINGS; OR, PSYCHOMETRIC RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES. BY WILLIAM DENTON and Elizabeth M. Denton. This truly valuable and exceedingly interesting work has taken its place among the standard literature of the day, and is fast gaining in popular favor. Every Spiritualist and all seekers after hidden truths should read it. Price \$1.00; postage 20 cents.

LECTURES ON GENEALOGY, THE PAST AND FUTURE OF OUR RACE. A Great Scientific Work. Selling rapidly. Price, 50 cents; postage 8 cents.

THE IRRECONCILABLE RECORDS; or, Genealogies and Pedigrees of the Past. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents.

COGNITION BEING THOUGHTS ON THE HILLS. For Common Sense People. Third edition—enlarged and revised. Price, 10 cents; postage 2 cents.

CHRISTIANITY NO FINALE; OR, SPIRITUAL DELIVERANCE FROM THE DEATH OF CHRISTIANITY. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents.

ORTHODOXY FINE, SINCE SPIRITUALISM IS TRUE. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents.

THE DELUGE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE. Price 10 cents.</

