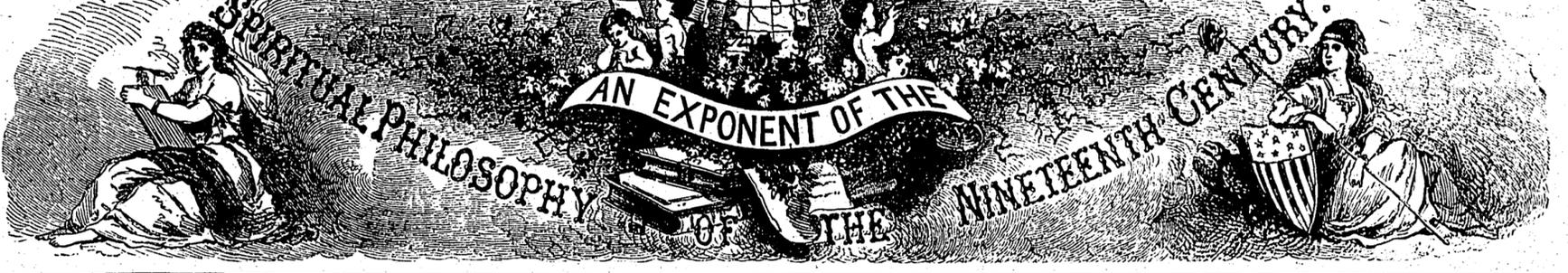


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

BEAUTY UNVEILED;

OR THE ADVENTURES OF EDWARD FOSTER, The Enthusiast, the Philosopher, and the Lover.

BY CHRISTOPHER HARTMANN.

CHAPTER VIII.

Willard was taken to the house as a boarder, under the most solemn promises that he would conduct himself as a gentleman. He opened rooms in the vicinity of Court Square, where he commenced business as a miniature painter, and for the first few months realized as much as he expected. It was but a bare pittance above the necessities of a living, for he was known by many as the same man, who had quitted the city some years before, with broken fortunes and a ruined character. It took him, therefore, some time to retrieve himself; but, being an excellent artist, he soon acquired a name among those who appreciated good work, and it was not a great while before the tide of a returning prosperity began to set in upon him.

He was introduced to Goodman, and in him he found a companion worthy of his best hours; but it was the gentle and confiding spirit of Edward that made the most impression upon him. True to his secret purpose and to the mission he conceived had been given him, he was always ready to converse with him, to associate with him in the house and out of it; and being so related to the affections and memory of his wife, he had a double hold upon his earnest and enthusiastic spirit.

As a matter of course, their thoughts would turn, sometimes, to the subject of female character. Whether either of them would ever marry, after such an experience, did not as yet appear. But Edward was too full of the young, poetic spirit of female beauty and loveliness to keep this thought very far from him. His affections were very strong and ardent. Such a man—to one who knew him better than he himself did—could not remain single; it was out of the question. He would have withered up and stupefied under such a discipline; and when he expatiated upon the subject in the presence of Willard, it was not without considerable sympathy in the mind of that cultivated and fervent man. He also had married a beauty, and he knew well how to appreciate it; but he knew enough, also, to caution Edward against thinking so much of the mere external. One day, while conversing upon the subject, "Edward," said he, "you are young now. Had you my experience, you would be more considerate. It is true, I do not believe I ever should have married Mary, had it not been for her wonderful beauty. It may have been a curse to her; but of that, Heaven knows. I saw her first at a party. I was struck with her at once. I immediately, almost, resolved that I would marry her if I could. I cared not for wealth; I would trust to love. I knew that a certain love for so glorious a creature was inevitable; but I would have beauty. What an infatuating power! But I tell you, Edward, it is a deceptive power. It pertains to the senses more than it does to the soul; and when the devil wants to entrap a man, having tried all other enticements, he will present to him this gorgeous and irresistibly fascinating thing. It is stronger than armies, and hundreds of thousands fall before it. I happened to be fortunate; but it was a mere hap. I would have had that woman if I had been compelled to go through seas of difficulties. I could not resist the inspiring, captivating power of her charms; and I won her. After I had won her, I found I had got an angel. Not every man is so fortunate. Her looks were a true emblem of the wonderful beauty of her spirit. But oh, how sadly, sadly are we frequently deceived! Now, Edward, you are in the very prime and vigor of youthful manhood, when the blood is warm and the imagination quick; and, to one of your temperament, it is a dangerous passage from celibacy to matrimony. All I have to say is, be calm, and let the passions wait upon the judgment."

Edward heard, and bowed assent; but he immediately replied—"All this depends very much upon one's knowledge of character, and his power to connect the outward with the inward. If I should see a woman in all the world that looked like your wife, I would almost venture upon that appearance alone."

"Ah, my good friend, look well before you leap. It was all hap-hazard with me. I had neither wisdom nor penetration enough then to know what I was about; but, if she were back here now, re-incarnated in the most repulsive form that ever man set eyes upon, I would marry her—yes, and feast upon her glorious spirit."

"But, my dear sir, I want to initiate you into the doctrine of forms. I would not give a snap for the miserable, so-called philosophy which spiritualizes every quality of goodness away into shapeless nothing. I go for forms, sir—forms to everything. Even God must have some sort of infinite form, else he never could have been manifested in the flesh. And are not the angels all in forms—forms of humanity more or less beautiful? Did they not always appear in forms, on the various occasions of their manifestation to men? Look here, sir; look at my head. Do you see?—I have the organ of form very largely developed. The phrenologists all remark upon it."

"Ay, ay, my good fellow; and ideally and individuality, too—all the requisites for a first-rate artist. And in looking for a wife—pardon me if I say it again—it is upon that rock you will be most likely to founder. You have the most

marked combination of faculties for appreciating forms and outlines I ever saw."
"Do you think I would make a good artist?"
"Capital."
"Not a painter?"
"Rather a sculptor or a carver."
"I hate the business I am now in."
"But you can't change it immediately. Perhaps it would not be well to think of it. At your time of life, unless under some very pressing emergency, it is generally best to follow on the accustomed track; but if I had your combination of talent, I could make use of it to excel in outline."

This conversation, coming as it did, so spontaneously, was rather flattering to Edward; and he began to think it might portend an agreeable change. He was now in his twenty-second year. He had seen, as he thought, a great deal of the world, and experienced a great deal of trouble, and was well acquainted with human nature; but, just as many others do who imagine themselves quite wise, he had but just entered upon the borders of the mighty ocean of human life; and what was before him, or how well he was prepared to meet it, he knew not so well as some other person might have conjectured for him. Alas, how true it is, that when we ought to have the power of our own superior intuitions to guide us, and might have, if we would give ourselves up more to their single and unbiased operation, we yet suffer some other parts of our nature—some passion, or principle, or interest—to overpower the gentle suggestions of the better and purer spirit, and lead us blindfold into trouble! Edward's mind was peculiar in this respect. He was drawn powerfully by opposite influences. This he did not know himself sufficiently to save him, although he had spoken sometimes distinctly of it. It was more of a misfortune to him, because of the very superior tendencies he had in one direction. He was impulsive, ardent, and very ethereal; had a large intellect, great tendencies to the poetic and beautiful in nature and art, but was of a nervous-sanguine temperament, and where he happened to take, there he was likely to fix himself, whether for or against his interests. His prejudices once set, were very strong. And he had such a child-like simplicity that he was very apt to be deceived by any one who should attempt an art or a stratagem with him. He was credulous, and too apt to believe what was told him. He was so honest himself, that he knew not how to mistrust others. And for one of his subtle genius in philosophizing upon the qualities of persons, particularly in the connection of outward appearances with interior realities, and thus, as it might seem, leading him to a true judgment of character, it was lamentable that his feelings were so strong as to frequently overpower that judgment, and mislead him in the very particular wherein he prided himself upon peculiar wisdom. How frequent is this weakness! We think we know, and frequently do know; that is, we have a correct judgment; but while the head is right, some strange fire of the heart, some impetuous will, passion, impulse, or other, leads us blindfold into that very error against which we had supposed ourselves most strongly fortified. This is precisely the distinction between knowledge and consideration, so frequently spoken of in the Scriptures. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." And the prophet Malachi treats us to a similar distinction thus: "If ye will not hear, and if ye will not lay it to heart." It is, in fact, very possible and very common for a man to do one of these things, and not to do the other. He may know the truth, and yet not consider it. "Nay," as says a distinguished preacher upon one of these texts, "he may have heard of a particular doctrine so often as to have got it by heart, without ever laying it to heart." And this was precisely the peculiarity and the strange infatuation of young Foster. No one of his years and experience could stand more ably up to his theory, and demonstrate it with all the power of the finest and most truthful argument; and no one was more likely to go astray from the very same principles, when powerful feeling, or some vain hallucination, swayed and diverted him from the perfection of his wisdom. This was a trait which was frequently observed in him, about which Mrs. Willard and Louisa had both cautioned him when a mere youth; in the familiarity of brotherhood, and against which his friend Willard, too, felt constrained to pointedly admonish him.

I have been thus particular in detailing the character of Edward, because of the incidents that now follow in his history. If I should specify any one trait in his character more prominent than all the rest, it was a tendency to very peculiar extremes which are sometimes noticed between what may be denominated the spiritual and the materialistic modes of thought. That is, with a wonderful faith in the supernatural and in certain mystic operations of the mind, which made him almost a seer—and with a strong disposition to dwell upon the unseen and eternal—he yet combined a powerful tendency to the mere outward and visible. He was a man of the world, and a man not of the world, if there ever was one. There seemed to be, more than in most people, some chamber in his mind of a decidedly superior order, and which, if fully opened and cultivated, and its treasures brought out, would have made him a pure saint, after the old fashion, but which was just struggling with partial openings, alternate obscurations and enlightenings, and which thus rendered him the subject of contrary tendencies. Or, as the Apostle says—but in a very peculiar sense with him—the flesh pulling one way, and the spirit the other, so that he could not do the things that he would. It is said that the famous Dr. Young, author of the "Night Thoughts," was such a man; and several other dignitaries of the old church. It might as well be said, perhaps, of some of the present church also! But let that pass. Our Edward was not vicious, but originally sensual, but, with all the spiritual in

him, he would yet dwell rapturously upon the satisfaction derived from external things that appealed only to the senses, and the visible and cheating glories of the world.
He was now entering upon the most critical time of his life. He thought that he had passed the Rubicon. But it was yet before him. He was good looking, though not handsome; and, with the accomplishments now added to his early manhood, was a very attractive person in society. I must mention, however, one more peculiarity, and then pass on to his eventful life. He was very apt to shrink from persons for whom he did not feel an agreeable association. This, indeed, is quite common; but with him it had this disagreeable connection, which, alas! is also too common: he would not exert himself to the extent which politeness required to make himself agreeable, except to those for whom he felt a decided partiality. When he met with his favorites, he would be very entertaining and very sociable; but in common company was apt to be very distant and reserved. This was a fault in him. He carried it to an unpleasant extreme; as he would sometimes say of himself, he would frequently be either all familiarity or all distance.

Now, being relieved somewhat from his first great sorrow—the death of Mrs. Willard—he was both upon the look-out and the look-out-for some union which might give peace to his soul, and realize his bright anticipations of a happy life. His first moving impulses were again stirred deeply. He wanted a companion—a partner; some one who could share with him his secret and inmost life—to whom he could unbosom himself thoroughly, and relieve himself of that load of individual solitariness which weighs so oppressively upon many a sensitive, sympathetic spirit. True, he was not yet quite able to maintain the expenses of a family, but he thought it time to be looking out, and he counted, at least, upon two or three years' courtship. I think he appreciated well that sweet preliminary—better, alas! for some, were it still longer drawn—to the marriage life.

Now, were it not that I was absolutely acquainted with the parties, and was dealing in part truth as well as part fiction, I should not dare to introduce a circumstance here which must be told, as we should not do strict justice to our story without it. Edward's brother, the matter-of-fact Thomas, so plain and practical and very sure in all he said and did, had received a visit one day from a country gentleman, an old friend of his, who had come to his city to replenish his stock of shoes and leather, and as he had formerly known the Tracy family, particularly the mother, and the daughters before their marriage, took occasion to inquire after their health and prosperity. "Oh," said Thomas, "the mother is down East, with a relative of hers, and the son and Mrs. Willard are dead, and Louisa (Mrs. Cushing) is here now with her husband. The greatest piece of ill-contrived fortune you ever saw—all jumbled up into infernal marriages, poverty and untimely death."

"Mrs. Willard is not dead?" said the man, half doubting, half believing.
"Yes—dead."
"But I heard from her the other day, by a man who saw her in the street."
"Pshaw! that can't be. She's been dead these six months."
"That is strange. It was Rutherford, my neighbor, said he met her in Woodstock."
"Poh! she died in Mobile."
"But he said he spoke to her."
Thomas laughed, and said—"Tell that to Edward. He believes in ghosts."
"But how should he make such a mistake?" said the man, staring seriously. "Rutherford has good eyes; and he said he spoke to her and she spoke to him."
"What! in Woodstock, Vermont?"
"Yes."
"I tell you, she's been dead these six months."
"Well, it must have been a mistake, then; but it's very curious."
Now, as Thomas's friend dined with him that day, for curiosity he sent for Edward, who was only a short distance off, and introduced him.

"Edward," said he, "my friend says Mrs. Willard was seen in Woodstock the other day."
"What!"
"Mrs. Willard was seen there—met in the street; was spoken to, and spoke again in return."
"You are trifling."
"No, sir," said the gentleman from the country. "I had this from my neighbor, who told me himself that he met her there in the street."
"What! and spoke to her?"
"Yes; and she spoke to him."
"It was all a mistake, of course."
"I tell you what," said Thomas, quizzingly, who was familiar with the theatre, and could quote Shakspeare some,
"The times have been, That when the brains were out, the man would die, And there an end; but now they rise again, With twenty mortal murders on their crowns, To push us from our stools: this is more strange Than such a murder is."

He said this to play upon Edward's imagination—not that he had a particle of faith in it himself. The effect was secured. Edward knew not what to make of it.
"Who is this person," said he to the gentleman, "who told you this?"
"My neighbor Rutherford—a very truthful, common-sense man, who does not believe in ghosts, I guess, and is not very easily mistaken, either."
"Was he ever acquainted with Mrs. Willard?"
"He used to know her by seeing her there with her husband."
"You say he lives in—"
"In Burlington, where I live."
"And saw her in Woodstock?"
"Verily so."
"What was he in Woodstock for?"
"I do not know. Business, I presume."

"What is this man's whole name?"
"Joseph B. Rutherford. He is a shoemaker."
Now, Edward was determined to write to this man, and declared his determination on the spot. Thomas laughed vociferously.
"You may laugh," said Edward. "I presume there's some mistake in it; but I am determined to know the truth of the matter."
"Follow it up," said Thomas. "There are strange things happen in this world."
After he had left the house, Thomas continued, to his country friend, who remained—"There! that is my brother; and if he was n't my brother, I should call him an added goose. The fellow goes off half-cooked. He is part man and part balloon—one of those airy, whimsical, imaginative beings that think they know a great deal about what can't be seen. If there was any such thing as spirit, if anybody could tell what it was, I should say he was half spirit, and the rest, matter. He is either in the cellar or in the garret—on earth or in the skies—a sort of angel, with very fleshy tendencies. Catch him at a good dinner! Yes; and I wish you could hear him talk about the girls! A dreadful sermonizing strain in it, but terrible strong, sir—terrible strong. But I've nothing to say against my brother."
The countryman laughed, and enjoyed it profusely. Well, the letter was written and sent; and here is an exact copy of the answer to it:

"MY DEAR SIR—In answer to your inquiries, I would state that I thought I met Mrs. Willard in the street at Woodstock. Sure I am that I bowed to her and she bowed to me; but whether it was her or not, I am not able to say. I can only say that it was somebody that looked very much like her. I merely passed her in the street.
Yours truly,
JOSEPH B. RUTHERFORD."

"That is short and plain," said Edward, "but bowing is not speaking."
Now it so happened that this letter was sent and answered before Thomas's country friend had returned home; and nothing had been named by Edward about Mrs. W.'s death. It was answered, therefore, in perfect innocence of any such event, or any questioning about it. Edward thought it very singular indeed. Who could this be? said he to himself. Is it possible she has any relative who bears any family resemblance to her? Being gone in Woodstock, and Mrs. W.'s husband once residing in Burlington, he thought it might be that there was some connection he had not heard of, who resided in that part of the country. But on questioning Mr. Willard about it he knew of no such relation. "But," said Willard, "I would go all the way to Woodstock to see somebody that looked very much like my wife."

Edward thought of the matter for two or three days, and finally resolved to write to Rutherford again. He wrote to inquire if he often went to Woodstock, and if there was any probability of his seeing the lady again. He returned for answer that he had a sister who lived in that town, and who was with him at the time he met the lady, and if it was a matter of any special interest to him, he would name it to his sister when he should be there again, which might be in a month, and then write to him whatever might be known, if anything, of the person. So this thing gradually wrought upon Edward, till by degrees he was drawn into an interest which at first was not anticipated. By this time, however, Thomas's friend had gone home and seen Rutherford, and told him all the interest there was about it, which made the man all the more intent to know of it. But Edward had become so excited about it that he would not wait a month. He felt that he was now on the track of discovery; he must know about this sister. His imagination was now on the qui vive. So up goes another letter, nicely enclosed in a letter to Rutherford, for him to direct to his sister. Rutherford and Thomas's friend now enjoyed the laugh together, and off went the letter to Woodstock. Here is an exact copy of Mrs. Rutherford's answer to Edward:

"DEAR SIR—In reply to your inquiries I would say that the lady we met had been seen by me once or twice before, but I never knew before that it was any one of my brother's acquaintances. I expressed some surprise, at the time, that he knew her. I have seen her once since. In compliance with your request, I have made some inquiry, and find that she is a visitor in this place, from Rochester, N. Y. Her name is Maria Freeland. Her father is a merchant in that city. She is stopping here with a relative of hers, but for how long a time I cannot tell. This is all the information I am in possession of, and if it is of any service to you it is a pleasure to me that I am able to communicate.
Yours respectfully,
MARY RUTHERFORD."

This kind letter was some relief to Edward. Being written without any knowledge, on the part of the writer, of the circumstances that gave rise to the inquiry, it was considered quite an amusing incident. The ghost-story—what there was of it—was fairly out. Indeed, nobody had any serious impressions of any such thing; only Thomas, moved to test Edward's gullibility, was disposed to make the most of it, and push it to the extreme of interest. Had it not been for the circumstance that Rutherford had known Mrs. Willard very well in her life-time, the fact of another person looking so much like her as to cause so great a mistake would not have wrought so easily in Edward's mind. But, as it was, and with all his tendencies and perturbations, it was not really impossible but that some "mystical premonition," as Coleridge has it, might work in that direction.

However, the matter did not end here. By some straying gossip of the village Miss Freeland got wind of the inquiry respecting her, and, being of a very vivacious turn, was disposed to make capital out of it. For this purpose she got one of her female acquaintances to have it reported to Miss Rutherford that she would very much like

to know of the cause of this inquiry, as she had been made the subject of a similar inquiry before. The messenger employed on this occasion happening to be an acquaintance, also, of Miss Rutherford, it was soon arranged for a mutual meeting. By this time the story of wonder had come all the way from Burlington to Woodstock, and the parties had great merriment over it. But some laughter is more serious than weeping. Miss Freeland now learning that the lady who had died, who so much resembled her, had left a widower, thought it would be a capital joke to see him, and, if possible, try what virtue there was in so fair a presentiment, to move him to some interesting reminiscence. The devil was in it, no doubt, but a funny devil, and intending no harm, but a vain amusement. She, however, soon learned the history of the man, how he had fallen, how he had lived in Burlington, and how disreputable a name he had left there, and that it was not for his sake, but for another's, that all these inquiries had been set on foot.

Now Edward, curious, impulsive, imaginative, had actually been heard to say in Boston, in presence of Rutherford's friend, that he would give fifty dollars to see the person who so resembled Mrs. Willard. This was told by Rutherford to his sister, and she transferred it to the ear of Miss Freeland. She then felt, after inquiring who Edward was, something more than a mere disposition to joke. A species of vanity and curiosity had seized her, and she secretly thought that, if she could, she would like to display her presence to the eyes of the young enthusiast. But how should it be done? What art of woman, under the circumstances, could so contrive it? Miss Freeland was not at all a person who would condescend to any low trickery; she was far above it; she was a lady of considerable character and accomplishments. But there did nestle in her woman's heart this secret disposition to gratify so earnest a gentleman, and—to gratify herself. I presume to say, from what afterwards took place, that her motives were nothing more than an excited vanity, a stimulated curiosity, a disposition to gratify honorable feelings in the gentleman, and a real desire to see who it was that wanted to see her so much, mingled, of course, with a woman's romance as to what might come out of it. This was all; but how could it be brought about? From an intimacy that afterwards grew up between herself and Miss Rutherford, she playfully got her to write to her brother and say, as if from her own prompting, that Miss Freeland would be very much gratified to see the gentleman who was so desirous to know of her, and had thought a great deal about it; and this was passed off as a mere matter of course. But Rutherford did not let it rest here. He went to Boston again on business, and plainly communicated this fact to Edward. The whole train was now laid, and Edward thought of it, and thought of it, and thought of it. The whole philosophy of looks and resemblances again passed rapidly through his mind. He spoke to Willard about it; he got muddled about it. Willard, more in good nature than anything else, was rather in favor of gratifying his curiosity; and one day, talking merrily and earnestly about it, he agreed to pay one-half the expenses of a trip to Woodstock, if Edward would go and make the most of the whole thing.

But how? This, on reflection, was somewhat of an awkward business to engage in. What would the lady think of it? How would he be received? Could it be managed with delicacy and propriety? If he could only meet her somewhere, as by chance, or by some arrangement by which he could see her without all this apparent effort—these were the thoughts that now agitated him. But as nothing of this kind seemed feasible, he finally determined to write to Miss Rutherford, and get her to ask the lady if she would think it any branch of propriety to allow him the pleasure of an introduction, especially as she had been the occasion of so much honest and serious controversy. And to take the edge off as much as possible, he pretended to be traveling that way, too, on other business. "Oh, certainly not," was of course the answer returned; and so, having ascertained his mind on that point, he fairly started on his romantic journey.

Miss Freeland was of course put upon the very tilt of excitement. She would now have all the capital she desired to make out of the affair. But she trembled some, lest the sly agency she had in it should get known to the gentleman. Yet for two or three days she gave full play to all her fun and vivacity. Such a time! and yet it seemed too bad to laugh at a poor man whose curiosity was based on such a bereavement. But Nature now had her frolic in the female heart, to the very extent of its tension.

But yet—a tinge of seriousness. Who could he be? What might come of it? How far was it prudent and right to indulge these venturesome sports? These were questions that played away down beneath all the merriment, and made it rather a subdued exhilaration of spirits flowing over depths of concealed and ominous import. She went to the house of Miss Rutherford, and Miss Rutherford came to hers. They talked and puzzled over the matter together. There was a gentleman—a cousin of hers—in the house where Miss F. was stopping. He joined in the prognostications. He was a member of the legal profession, and a man of considerable shrewdness. He took the serio-comic side of the question—talked of special providences, truth stranger than fiction, a time for everything, and her time probably had come. Miss Rutherford was of a medium turn. She was a member of the Methodist church in that place. She said it was queer, but queer things were always happening. She said that if it was her case, she should consider it quite an event; but she should n't feel much like laughing nor crying over it. "Let it come," she said; "the same sun, I guess, will continue to shine." There was an old lady, grandmother of the lady of the house, who, by the way, was aunt to Miss Freeland, who looked gravely, but yet smiled dubi-

ously through all her gravity, and murmured out dolefully, "Gals sometimes get caught in these man-traps they set. I wouldn't laugh, Maria."

"Why, ma'am," said Miss Freeland, "do you suppose I care anything about it? Let him come, if he wants to. I'm sure I've no objections. I do think it's really laughable. What harm can there be in it?"

"Yet, but," said grandmother, "I only spoke. I've heard of such things, and read about 'em in books, and it aint any good that comes out of such great excitements."

Miss Freeland laughed heartily. It only went to magnify the importance of the occasion to her; and she wished, by preserving proper respect for the feelings of the gentleman, to make the utmost possible that could be made of it.

Well, the time came round, and Mr. Edward Foster was duly booked at the hotel in the village; and that evening—for it was late in the day when he arrived—he sauntered out, viewing the beautiful scenery of the Green Mountain State, and at the same time inquiring for the house of Mr. George Parkhurst, where Miss Rutherford resided.

The soon found it, walked up to the door, and inquired for Miss Rutherford. She came, and he introduced himself. It was a pleasant encounter after such a brief correspondence, and she assured him that he need not have any embarrassment about it. She had talked it all over with Miss Freeland, and they were both pleased with the idea.

They sat not long together, before it was proposed to go to the house where Miss Freeland was stopping. It was about half a mile from Miss Rutherford's, and it was now about eight in the evening. When they arrived there, the lady had gone out on an evening visit. It was then proposed to go again in the morning. Foster was to call for Miss Rutherford, and they both to start off together. But by the call in the evening, Miss Freeland had got previous notice of Edward's arrival, and of his intention to call in the morning. She accordingly prepared herself.

Now, it was true that this Miss Freeland, when she had her bonnet on, in the street, did look very much like the late Mrs. Willard. But of course there were very essential differences, as in almost all cases of personal resemblance, Miss Freeland was in height and size rather beneath the average, with a graceful figure, large, brilliant eyes, but not so dark as those of Mrs. Willard's; dark brown hair, rather high cheek bones, cheeks full and fair, and slightly tinged with color; a forehead of very beautiful proportions, but not high; clear and fair almost as ivory; a nose not prominent, nor very expressive; chin round and even, with something in the curve of it, in connection with a very fine neck, which struck one as a symmetry itself.

The mouth and lips, although a little large, were very indicative, I should say, of a certain frankness and heartiness; and as, in the opening, they displayed two very fine rows of sound and white teeth, the whole ensemble made her a very attractive personage. Her voice was quite musical, and the sprightliness and vivacity of her manner, her exuberant flow of spirits, and her hearty, contagious laugh, made her, with all a very decided power in the human world. I have heard it said by at least one, who had seen both Miss Freeland and Mrs. Willard, that the former had the most physical beauty, but that there was something of the more thoughtful, contemplative cast about the latter, which Miss Freeland lacked.

What she lacked, however, in the purely intellectual aspect, she made up in vivacity, and a certain abandon which relieved her from all self-consciousness, and made her perfectly easy in every one's presence. She had self-possession and wit. And over all was a very perceptible modesty, which, while it kept her from any disagreeable forwardness, and sometimes slightly abashed her, served to heighten her very superior attractions. It seldom ever destroyed her self-possession.

As to vivacity, she had enough of it; but it was so apparently held in check, and there was such a reason for it, that people in general were disposed to pardon it.

There was a certain something—it was hard telling what—in the expression of her face, that revealed, or at least appeared to reveal, at times, a sort of dreamy abstraction, or a wandering from the matter in conversation. It was the more remarkable because contrary to her usual readiness and vivacity. Some called it absent-mindedness; some called it vacancy. At all events, it was a slight inattention.

I shall say no more now. I am speaking of her mere personal appearance, at a first introduction. Such was the exterior of Miss Maria Freeland—nothing extenuated, nor ought set down in prejudice. She must now unfold herself to our further acquaintance.

(To be continued in our next.)

Written for the Banner of Light.

SILENCE.

BY A. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

How wanes the day. The sun assumes his robe of deepest crimson, gliding down the west. Now almost hid among the fleecy clouds that, motionless, seem to impede his way. Magnificent they hang, his dying flame suffusing them with such a golden glow that we can almost deem, so real they seem, that Midas, with his avaricious soul, had climbed the steps of Heaven, and with his touch, turned all the west to earth's most precious ore.

Above the line of dusky, shadowy hills, that stretch like giant banners round the east, silent and undisturbed, pale twilight comes, and slowly moving westward, spreads her robe of star-bespangled stillness o'er the world. Above his shield of clouds, the waning sun faintly burns, and, like a dying brave, speeds his last glittering arrow at the night, which, falling like a meteor on his track, ab instant lights his way with delicate and rosy beams. And now the day is done, and all is hushed and still. The very air, which but a little while ago was full, and rose and fell with surging waves of sound, seems to have fallen into tranquil sleep. The tiny flowers, the forests and the groves are motionless as though the voice of God had made them like the rocks immovable. And firm, that hold unceasing war and storm with mighty Neptune, on the Phrygian coast. The brooks run still; the waving fields asleep. Give back no answering sigh unto the air, which like a curtain hangs above. The lark, hid in his mazy labyrinth of grain, sleeps on, or only dreams of that sweet song which yester-morn he sang, when, far from sight, he folded wing against the gates of heaven. Impressive silence! Stillness infinite! The hand of Heaven laid soft on Nature's brow, and bowed her head to sweet, refreshing sleep, disturbed by no wild dreams.

The Christian Union says: "Miss Helen Taylor—whose preparation for publication of Buckle's posthumous works we lately mentioned—is the daughter, by a former marriage, of the late Mrs. John Stuart Mill. Miss Taylor, who has written much, but anonymously or for periodicals, recently made her first appearance in a speech in behalf of Woman's Rights, a subject on which she shares her stepfather's views. It is understood that in her important literary task she has the benefit of his advice and supervision."

Original Essays.

FLYING.

BY DR. G. L. DITSON.

The question is often asked, Will man ever be able to fly?—meaning, in general, though not always, as I hereby acknowledge, by some sort of machinery. I have the temerity to declare that it is my firm conviction that human beings will yet be able to fly (not in the face of truth, I do not mean, and not even into a passion) without wings and without machinery; that this action will be by a simple volition of the will; that it will be a law of our subtle nature, and universal—that is, without exception, when the body and mind are in perfect, rational harmony; the former having overcome a certain amount of grossness pertaining to it now almost universally, so as to be thoroughly absorbent of what I will here term divine magnetism; the latter, strong in its faith and trust, and sublime in its humility.

I see the smile of derision on many a face, and the eyebrows lifted on the visage of the multitude, at the absurdity (as it will appear to them) of my proposition; but I beg of all to look earnestly at it before laughing, and reason about it before rejecting it.

The question that first suggests itself to us, in view of this idea, is, Whether the long-accepted law of gravitation, so firmly established by Newton on the observations of Kepler, Hooke, Galileo, Huyghens, is a truth or not? If this supposed fixed law has ever once been overcome, and a definite result opposed to it admitted to be a truth, then we have only to move the peg of our ignorance to another hole along the measure-stick of our studies into causes and effects, and begin anew. Newton may have unintentionally hoodwinked the so-called civilized world by his scientific scoundrels, as the church has intentionally by its pseudo religions; but when as truthful observations as those of the English philosopher demonstrate that the said "fixed law" is a fallacy, even the mulish Sir D. Brewster and the no less stubborn Faraday should be on their knees, as an Arago and a Humboldt would have been, and were, under like circumstances, as humble seekers after the new light. If a Brewster and a Faraday declare that a table, a piano, a book, a picture or any other substance heavier than the atmosphere cannot be suspended in it without some visible or, to them, well-known agent (always excluding, of course, all jugglery), because such a phenomenon is opposed to the law of gravitation, then the law of gravitation must go to the wall, and something more truthful must take its place; for it is a fact as well established as the motion of the moon, that ponderable objects weighing hundreds of pounds are lifted and held in the air without human contact, without any visible or well-understood agent, and utterly in defiance of the aforesaid Newtonian law. Human beings are not an exception to the power of this new (?) agent. D. D. Home in London, another gentleman in New York, and a child of the Hon. Chas. Catheret, of Indiana, have been lifted at various times, and carried various distances, through the air—setting at naught, so far as human sight and ordinary investigation could reach, the law of gravitation.

Must we, then, in view of these facts, ignore this law? I opine not. Such men, however, as those scientists whose feet are in old, beaten tracks, whose hands and souls are dallying with only material things, and whose heads are in the smoke of their own furnaces, must ere long acknowledge—that all Spiritualists know—that a force which has as yet eluded their grasp is working its wonders in our midst; and it is this force which is yet to be available by all—all, I mean, who, by that harmony of life (or, perchance, adaptation by birth) which shall be wholly compatible with the exactions of the "superior intelligences," prepare themselves for its exalted and—may I say?—divine operations.

Again: Is this flying through the air by human beings something new? According to Apollonius, the sages of India were not only clairvoyants, but possessed the power of walking, as it were, on rays of light over people's heads whenever they chose to exercise it. He said he had himself seen them "elevated two cubits above the surface of the earth and walk in the air, not for the purpose of display, which was quite foreign to the character of the men." The sages of India were doubtless the noblest and purest type of mundane mortality. The very fact that Apollonius sought them out, made a marvelous journey in order to add to his own great erudition, is proof sufficient that they were beings far-famed for the worthiness of their lives, their transcendent wisdom, their superior culture. Such men we should strive to emulate, that we too may rise above the earth (in more than one sense) and its material meshes—making it quite foreign to our characters also to do anything for display; aiming by fruit and vegetable diet (not pork and beef) to refine the body; and, by deep searchings in solitude, fold about us the wings of angels for future use—here or hereafter.

Let us think, then, or rather meditate. Emerson has given expression to something like the following: "Man is not to be blamed for not thinking more, but not thinking at all." Shall I dare to improve on this and say, Man should meditate on his seeming mythhood, or better, perhaps, on the mysterious of his make-up. Man thinks enough, but in a wrong or unprofitable direction. "What if a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—here, I mean, as well as in the future. Intense, all-absorbing thought is even an evil in our day; for it is given to perishable gain, to phantom popularity, while the spirit, the fair, the beautiful soul in the human breast, is first lulled by the narcotic of promises of some future return to a consideration of its gentle pleadings, then swathed in the careless drapery of night like an abandoned sylph, then entombed, lost "neath that pyramid of power or that sphinx of gold which has sorrowfully served to arrest the drifting sands of a desert life—a tower, a tomb, a turret temple perchance, a sphinx indeed, a terrible mystery, a mighty mass with eyes and ears and mouth, but sightless, soulless, speechless, save as a sepulchre.

Let us throw off, then, as much as possible of the grossness or earth-attached, earth-clinging materiality of our mortal life, and meditate on the mysteries of our being, on the inner of our double nature, and let the gentle song of the soul, God's warbler that in the morn of life sings so sweetly about the cradle of our young hopes, be heard above the din and strife and turmoil of earth's trials. Let us meditate much on the mysterious of our manhood, and see what will come of it. Albany, Sept. 22d, 1870.

Our estimable brother, Chas. Partridge, told me, some years since, that a person, whose name I do not recall, was fisted through his party; he, Mr. P., reaching up and touching the royal voyager's feet as he went along. One reason why so many Americans like France, Spain, Italy, is because there is much more gaiety in those countries than here—the air is redolent, if I may say so, of cheerful life—arising from the fact that there is more philosophy there and less money-getting, less thinking and striving after wealth.

SHALL WE NOT WELCOME ALL WHO COME?

BY REBECCA J. MASON.

I would like to call the attention of a class of persons who do not fully understand spirit control to a few truths which should be more clearly comprehended.

Many persons sitting with a medium do not take it kindly that spirits who are entire strangers to them—who have received none of the advantages of good training and æsthetic culture—who have even been degraded in their earthly lives—should intrude their presence where they desire only their own friends.

It is very evident that these spirits cannot emerge from the darkness by which they are surrounded until they return to earth and are welcomed and aided by those who are better than themselves.

We talk much of social evil! How are those sunk in its depths to take one step upward—how lift themselves higher, except a cleaner hand and purer heart go out in their midst to meet and aid them? They that are whole need no physician; only sick persons can be cured. So said the man through whose blood millions are striving to wade into eternal happiness.

This man went not among the refined and cultured, but mingled with publicans and sinners; yea, even with harlots, to awaken their dormant aspirations for the good and the pure: This man worked always in the lower strata of society. Was he contaminated? Surely not. So in all ages have philanthropic men and women worked for the rude and oppressed; yea, even the vile.

Look at Elizabeth Frye; look at Howard and Willberforce; look at the great soul whose sympathies ever went out into "Bleeding Heart Court," into "Tom All Alone's Alley," into "Squeaker's School" and the famous English "Magdalen;" and many another dark place in a great city; and in our own town, look at a Barnard and a Parker. It is a law of nature that only the highest can uplift the lowest. When the rude and the oppressed approach such noble souls for aid and sympathy and instruction, do they close their doors, saying, Why come you to me? Far from it. Do they not rather take them by the hand and lead them up into a clearer, purer atmosphere, and give them the encouragement and instruction which never come too late?

So with the return of those spirits. They must be taken by the hand and instructed in all things necessary for their progression; and if mediums are willing to be made the instruments of their regeneration, they should not be repulsed by those from whom they implore help. Our friends—many of them from the higher spheres—draw their profoundest happiness in thus leading back some despairing soul to earth, there to receive the teaching it should have had, but was debarred from while here.

Let our friends, then, who wish to commence only with their own families, open wide their hearts and give cordial welcome to all who come to them, even the rude, rough sailor, or the penitent victim of our social evil, being assured that a Margaret Fuller, a Lady Jane Grey, or a Theodore Parker do not disdain to lead them thither.

THE WINDOW JUST OVER THE STREET.

BY ALICE CARV.

I sit in my sorrow-weary, alone; I have nothing sweet to hope or remember. For the spring of '47 year and life has flown: 'Tis the wildest night of the wild December, And dark in my spirit and dark in my chamber.

I sit and list to the steps in the street, Going and coming, and coming and going. All the spring of '47 year and life has flown: 'Tis the wildest night of the wild December, And the winds are bitterly beating and blowing.

I list to the steps as they come and go, And list to the winds that are beating and blowing, And my heart sinks down so low, so low; No star is in the sky, and no moon is in the sky, Nor stayed by the wind so bitterly blowing.

I think of the ships that are out at sea; Of the wheels in the cold, black waters turning; Not one of the ships beareth news to me, And my heart is sick, and my heart is turning. As I think of the wheels in the black waters turning.

Of the mother that, by her sick baby's bed, Away in her cabin as lone and dreary, And little and low as the flax-breaker's shed; Of her patience so sweet, and her silence so weary, With cries of the hungry wolf hid in the prairie.

I think of all things in the world that are sad; Of children in homeless and homeless places; Of prisoners, of dungeons, of men that are mad; Of wretched, unwomanly light in the faces Of women that fortune has wronged with disgrace.

I think of a dear little sun-lighted hour, That came when no hand of us all could deliver; And, crazed with the cruel pain, went to bed: Poor darling! may God in his mercy forgive her! The footsteps grow faint and more faint in the snow; I put back the curtain in very despairing; The mist-creek and stream in the woe come and go; And the light in the light-house all wildly is flaring; But what glory is this, in the gloom of despairing?

I see at the window just over the street, A maid in the lamp-light her love-letter reading. Her red mouth is smiling, her nose is so sweet; And the heart in my bosom is full of reading. As I look on the maiden her love-letter reading, She has finished the letter, and, folding it, kisses And hides it—a secret too sacred to know; And now in the heart-light she softly undresses; A vision of grace in the roseate glow.

I see at the window just over the street, A maid in the lamp-light her love-letter reading. Her red mouth is smiling, her nose is so sweet; And the heart in my bosom is full of reading. As I look on the maiden her love-letter reading, She has finished the letter, and, folding it, kisses And hides it—a secret too sacred to know; And now in the heart-light she softly undresses; A vision of grace in the roseate glow.

And now, as she stoops to the ribbon that fastens Her slipper, they tumble o'er her shoulder and face; And now, as she patters in bare feet, she hastens To gather them up in a flit of a pace; And now she is gone, but in fancy I trace The lavender line upworn, the round arm Half sunk in the counterpane's brodered roses, Revealing the exquisite outline of form: A willowy wonder of grace that reposes Beneath the white counterpane, fleecy with roses.

I see the small hand lying over the heart, Where the passionate dreams are so sweet in their fairy; While she opens her arms—ah, her world is not ours! As part to the warm waves the leaves of the lily, And they play with her hand like the waves with the lily. In white, fleecy flowers, the queen of the flowers! What to her is the world with its bad, bitter weather? While she opens her arms—ah, her world is not ours! As part to the warm waves the leaves of the lily, And they play with her hand like the waves with the lily.

Mark! midnight! the winds and the snows blow and beat; I drop down the curtain and say in my sorrow, Thank God for the window just over the street. Thank God there is always a light whence to borrow, When darkness is darkest, and sorrow most sorrow.

BLEEDING FROM THE NOSE.—Some two years ago, while going down Broadway, in New York, blood commenced running from my nose quite freely. I stepped aside and applied my handkerchief, intending to repair to the nearest hotel, when a gentleman accosted me, saying, "Just put a piece of paper in your nose, chew it rapidly, and it will stop your nose bleeding." Thinking him rather doubtfully, I did as he suggested, and the flow of blood ceased almost immediately. I have since the remedy tried since quite frequently, and always with success. Doubtless, any substance would answer the same purpose, but the stoppage of the flow of blood being caused, no doubt, by the rapid motion of the jaws and the counter action of the muscles and arteries connecting the jaws and nose.

Physicians say that placing a small roll of paper or cotton about the front teeth, under the upper lip and pressing hard on the same, will arrest bleeding from the nose, checking the passage of blood through the arteries leading to the nose.—H. C. K., in Country Gent.

A Texan naturalist claims to have discovered a native silk-worm superior to that of Japan.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A SINGULAR DREAM.

The following case, in which a dream—in other respects highly remarkable—occurred twice on the same night, came under the notice of the writer of this article when he was practicing in London in the year 1848. Our older readers may recollect, says Once a Week, that in the year just recited, there was a terrible case of murder in America, Dr. Webster, Professor of Chemistry in Harvard College, being convicted for the murder of his acquaintance—we can hardly say his friend—Dr. Parkman. A lady—we will call her X. Y.—well known in the literary world, and then residing in London, had, some years previously, paid a long visit to the United States, during which she became intimately acquainted with Dr. Webster and his family, who showed her much kindness and attention. After her return to England, she continued to correspond with the family; and one day, in the early autumn of 1848, a gentleman related to Dr. Parkman called upon her with an introduction from Professor Webster. On that night she went to bed at her usual hour, but soon experienced a horrible dream. She fancied that she was being urged by Dr. Webster to assist him in concealing a set of human bones in a wooden box; and she distinctly recollected that there was a thigh-bone which, after falling to break it in pieces, they vainly attempted to insert, but it was too long. While they were trying to hide the box—as she fancied, under her bed—she woke in a state of terror and cold perspiration. She instantly struck a light, and tried to dispel the recollection of her horrible vision by reading. After a lapse of two hours, during which she had determined fixed her attention on the book, she put out the light, and soon fell asleep. The same dream again occurred; after which she did not dare—although a woman of singular moral and physical courage—to attempt to sleep any more that night. Early on the following morning she called upon the writer, and told him of her fearful experiences of the past night. Nothing more at the time was thought of these dreams; but shortly afterwards the news reached England that Dr. Parkman was missing; that the last time he was seen alive he was entering the college gates; and that the janitor was suspected of having murdered him.

On the writer mentioning this to X. Y., she at once exclaimed, "Oh! my dreams! Dr. Webster must be the murderer!" The next mail but one brought the news that the true murderer had been detected; and that, at the very time when X. Y.'s dream occurred, he must have been actually struggling to get the bones—the flesh having been previously burnt—into a wooden box such as she had seen; and that, after attempting in vain to break the thigh-bone, he had hidden them elsewhere.

In this remarkable case, the visitor's call, and his conversation regarding their mutual friend, may have suggested to the mind of X. Y. the idea of Dr. Webster; but why it should have called him up to her mind as engaged in that singular manner, we admit that we cannot explain, as he had not seen her for some years. It is in the highest degree improbable that, when engaged in this horrible attempt to conceal the evidence of his guilt, he should have been specially thinking of X. Y.; otherwise we might have explained the dream according to the "Brain-wave Theory" propounded in the Spectator for January 30, 1869.

A REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION.

We clip the following account from the New Haven Palladium, of Oct. 6th, 1870, furnished to that paper by its regular Boston correspondent. The writer says:

"Your correspondent is not a Spiritualist, and never has had any sympathy with the views or beliefs of that class of people; furthermore, he has always been exceedingly skeptical as to the truth of many stories of wonderful performances by so-called spiritual mediums. But facts have recently come to my knowledge which I do not attempt to explain or account for, and will give your readers, who may rely implicitly on the truth of the statement. Dr. C.—, a gentleman upon whose reliability and veracity I would be willing to stake much, and who, you will bear in mind, is no Spiritualist, related to me recently the following: A gentleman friend of his, whom he will style Dr. M.—, invited Dr. C.— to his house not long since, on a Saturday evening, to witness the performances of another doctor, who was a medium, and whom I will locate as Dr. W.— Dr. C.— accepted the invitation, and, on arriving at his friend's residence, found already assembled fifteen or twenty ladies and gentlemen, all sitting quietly engaged in conversation in the brilliantly lighted parlor. Dr. C.— was not introduced to the company; but, while conversing with an acquaintance, he casually observed on a table near him a slate, on which lay a short piece of pencil, about half an inch in length, which had been left there by the little son of Dr. W.— No one sat nearer than three or four feet to the tables. Suddenly the attention of Dr. C.— and others near by was called to the antics of the diminutive piece of pencil, which was hopping about in a lively manner on the slate. The medium then requested Dr. C.— to take hold of the slate by a frame, which was no sooner done than the pencil assumed an upright position, and at once commenced to write, filling one side of the slate, to the amazement of every one present. No sooner was the slate filled than it gently tipped toward Dr. C.—, as much as to say, 'Take it!' The doctor raised the slate, and, to his utter amazement, discovered written there, in a neat, lady-like hand, a message signed by his mother, who had been dead many years. Her entire name was subscribed. Now, no one was near the table except the doctor, who held the slate at arm's length, and the slate one that had been used the day previous, before Dr. W.'s little boy, at school; and, furthermore, the medium did not know Dr. C.— never had heard of him, and did not know that he was to be present.

The writing was erased, and soon another message was written to a gentleman present from his son, who was drowned at sea several years before. No sooner did the father see the slate than he burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'that is my son's handwriting; I could distinguish it among a thousand.'

To further test the power of the unseen influence, Dr. C.— remarked that if the spirit of his mother was present, he would like to have it open a book which lay upon the mantel and throw it into his lap. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when open sprang the blade, and down it came into Dr. C.'s lap, a distance of two or three yards—His face turned pale, and he asked no further demonstrations, the authorship of which was unseen, but about the actual occurrence of which he had ocular proof.

A request was made of the medium for music, which was complied with. A very large accordian lay on the table, and taking hold of the guard around the large key back of the instrument, he held it down, and in a second the bellows began to move, the keys vibrated, and from it came forth the sweetest music. Air after air of a strangely fascinating melody poured forth, to the astonishment of the bewildered spectators.

I have not time or space to enumerate all the wonders of that night. They would fill a page of your paper. There was no trickery. You may call it magnetism; but did one ever hear of an intelligent magnetism or electricity? The knife came forth from the mantel by command, not by magnetic sympathy. The blade opened without human agency. I cannot, nor will I try to explain the mystery. But of the truth of what I have briefly narrated you may rely."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Rare Book—What and Where is the Spirit-World?

Spiritualists who are interested in knowing more definitely about the location and character of the spirit-world will find one of the most rational answers to this query yet given, from any source, in "Arcana of Nature," Vol. 2d, by Hudson Tuttle. True, the work is not new; it has been before the world seven years; but, appearing in 1863, when the country was immersed in the excitement of civil war, it was, doubtless, not read with the attention and care that a work of such rare interest would be now. Mr. Tuttle's three books, "Life in the Spheres," and first and second volumes of "Arcana of Nature," constitute the very best and most interesting works on science and the Spiritual Philosophy extant. In "Arcana," Vol. 2d, the description given of the spirit-world is so simple and rational, its revelations form an epoch in spiritual literature, contrasting strikingly with the confused and vague representations on the subject received from other sources. Like Prof. Hare's great work, "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated," it affixes the spirit-spheres as connected with the earth in concentric zones, located respectively immediately outside the earth's atmosphere, and extending beyond the orbit of the moon. The mineral and vegetable emanations of the earth form the first spiritual zone; a further elimination of this the second, and a still greater the third. Davis frequently mentions the "Polar-opening" in the passage from the earth to the spirit-sphere. The idea is also broached in "Strange Visitors," pages twelve and thirteen, by Henry J. Raymond in his communication. Tuttle reiterates the same, in "Arcana," Vol. 2d, and still again the same statement is made in Hare's "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated," page eighty-seven. Such an array of concurrent testimony certainly cannot be ignored until some other theory can be made more plausible by a preponderating weight of evidence; and as the claim seems fully to realize all the necessities of our conceptions of a spirit-world, it will naturally be adopted, as answering the exigencies of the case. Spiritualists, like the Israelites who required a daily supply of manna, are ever looking for new testimony corroborative of the tangibility and reality of the spirit-world, and are too apt to require, in their desire to realize what it is impossible to, while in the body, details in evidence, which may already have been exhausted in representations given of the spirit-world. Spiritualists having "Arcana," Vol. 2d, and "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated," will be refreshed by a re-perusal of them, while to those who have never read them they will prove evangelists of interest in elucidating queries pertaining to the nature of the summer-land.

Des Moines, Iowa. V. C. TAYLOR.

From the Western Rural.

HELEN HARLOW'S VOW. By Lois Walsbrooker, author of "The Valley," "The Sunbeam," "The White and the Black," etc. etc. Boston: Willis, White & Co. New York: American News Co.

No writer could be animated by a better spirit and intention than the author of this rather crude but exceedingly interesting story. It touches upon the most delicate relations that exist between the sexes, as well as wrongs old as civilization, and shows how woman, by long effort, can rise above the most unfortunate circumstance and stand alone respectable and respected, victor over both sin and society. No mother need hesitate to put the book into the hands of her daughter, for its morality is sound and its language chaste, while at the same time it portrays the innate strength of a true woman's character, and her undeniable tendencies toward purity of heart and life. Helen Harlow, unfortunate and falsely dealt by, refuses the protection of a marriage and a safe, sweet corner by the household fire, determined to vindicate her ability to live right and independently in the face of all scorn and discouragement. Our sympathies are with her in the story, though in real life many hearts would be turned from her. It would be well if the world could carry its sympathies beyond the pages of a novel, and expend them upon suffering, striving men and women, no matter of what standing, sex or creed.

From the Investigator.

THE IRRECONCILABLE RECORDS; or Genesis and Geology, by William Denton. In this handsome pamphlet of eighty pages, is presented in a most thorough, scientific and conclusive manner the irreconcilability of Genesis with Geology, and of course the incorrectness of the former as a system of cosmogony, for the Bible must go by the board when it comes in conflict with science. Prof. Denton proves that it does, and he proves it, too, by a vast amount of testimony from the leading geologists, Christian and otherwise. This treatise, which is well and plainly written, free from technicalities, and replete with interesting scientific facts, is a valuable contribution to the Liberal cause, and as a laborer in this important field we reckon William Denton as one of the ablest of the present time. We recommend this pamphlet to every infidel who may think his views need strengthening, and to every Christian who is not afraid of the teachings of demonstrated and exact science.

Complimentary Resolutions to Mrs. Harding.

At the close of Mrs. Harding's engagement with the Cleveland Society of Spiritualists, Sept. 23d, A. A. Wheelock, chairman of a committee appointed to prepare resolutions, read the following, which were unanimously adopted by the large and intelligent audience to whom they were presented:

Resolved, That the ministrations of our esteemed and gifted sister, Emma Harding, in Cleveland, Ohio, are now closed, and desiring to give expression to the affectionate esteem we entertain for her, as a noble woman and a self-sacrificing co-laborer in every reform that can aid humanity; therefore,

Resolved, That we regard our eloquent sister, second to none as an able expounder of the Spiritual Philosophy; and that we feel a pride and satisfaction in committing the sacred cause of Spiritualism to her, as a noble woman and a self-sacrificing co-laborer in every reform that can aid humanity; therefore,

Resolved, That our sincere gratitude is due and hereby most freely tendered to Mrs. Harding for her earnest, unflinching and most successful labors in different parts of our State and in Cleveland for the past two months, assured, as we are, that by her irresistible logic, her matchless eloquence, her exalted and angelic inspiration, our cause in Ohio has received, as in other parts of the country, where her voice has been heard, aid and assistance most encouraging for the ultimate triumph of the truths of Spiritualism.

Resolved, That not only as a brilliant orator, but in the character of a true and noble woman, sympathizing with the poor and oppressed, and using the most heroic efforts to relieve the degraded and suffering, whether native or foreign, we honor the woman and the angel united and combined.

Resolved, That in her recent offer to recall a paying engagement in order to return to an invitation given by Mrs. Hill and other ladies, representatives of a benevolent society in the city of Cleveland, to give a lecture, the proceeds to be devoted to aid the suffering, we find additional proof, though none were needed, of the unselfish devotion and living sympathy of Emma Harding's great, womanly heart for suffering humanity.

Resolved, That though parting with her in the form, we shall still keep and cherish her in memories bright and golden; and whenever she may journey through life, whether across the ocean blue, to the land of her birth, childhood and kindred; whether visiting foreign lands, or whether she has been appointed to visit some other part of our America, "the land of the free," with fresh inspiration and a baptism of the dew of heavenly knowledge for all; our sympathies, friendships and prayers for her; and we follow her like the ceaseless love of the angels—a constant benediction and blessing forever.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Harding, and that they be sent to the American Spiritualist, Banner of Light, Religio-Philosophical Journal and Present Age, for publication.

A. A. WHEELLOCK, Chairman.

Mrs. BOWEN, Mrs. S. M. THOMPSON, Dr. M. C. PARKER, Committee.

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

Banner of Light.

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

Business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of LEWIS B. WILSON, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed.

The Secret is Charity.

How well spoke the fervent Paul, when he exclaimed that, though he possessed all the other Christian virtues, but had not charity, he still had nothing. This is the bond that holds human sympathies together. Nothing is possible without its vitalizing offices. We are to think of charity as something more than an ornamental possession of the character, a beautiful addition to the virtues. It is time that it be regarded as the essential thing in the every-day life.

But it is by no means for any special purpose of organization that we urge the general adoption of the principle. It is for the perfection of the individual, and the absolute good of all. We have but one life to live here—why not be as kind and do as kind things now as we are secretly hoping and expecting to do at some future time, in some other state? Now is the time to put our faith in practice. If we really believe Spiritualism to be so very beautiful in all respects, and confess that it is this spirit of kindness which chiefly helps to make it so—being no other than the spirit that comes down from heaven—why do we hesitate to exemplify so important a fact in our own conduct, and to present it in all its most attractive features to the contemplation of others?

Seeing to what lengths we have gone, solely from the lack of its guidance, it strikes the reflecting mind that it is full time a stop was made and a reckoning had. If so very much has been sacrificed that might just as readily have been saved, and saved, too, for the help of the general health and happiness, how necessary it becomes that a turn be made in the other direction, and made with no further delay. Have not the advanced minds in our midst heavy responsibilities resting upon them? Is it not their especial duty to address their efforts to the bringing of harmony out of this disorder, and peace out of this discord? As they can see further than the mass, so are they the more strictly responsible for the longer continuance of a state of things so lamentable.

It is very common to say that, if everybody was resolved to do right, there would be no more trouble among men and women. But that we all know to be a dream only, not to be realized while human nature continues to be just what it is. Instead of waiting for that, however, suppose that every one of us should resolve to practice charity. It might be hard to compass at first, and come with difficulty for a long time; but it is a profound satisfaction to be assured that it is not impossible. Example is contagious, and in this instance it would be particularly so. There is nothing that human nature is so soon moved by as by kindness. If it falls to tell now, it is sure to tell to-morrow. None of us know precisely how influences work in the mind and heart. Its avenues are not open to the feet of cold analysis. But what if we framed and tried our very best to keep a resolve that we would be charitably disposed toward every one? We might begin the experiment on our enemies—on those who slight us and sneer at us—those who ignorantly or willfully misrepresent us. How could such persons possibly do us a wrong, if we persistently refused to permit it? Thus we see that it all lies with ourselves at last. But Spiritualists, above all others, need to open their lives to the inspiration of this holy influence. This would be the most effective way to preach their faith before men.

The Established Religion?

It is becoming desirable to know if there is a positively established religion in Massachusetts, and if that religion is Orthodoxy. From certain things which have transpired, it has been argued that the latter supposition is strictly correct—that we have at last a State religion, and that it is to be respected accordingly. Thus: we find that one of our most popular orators, himself a Calvinist, said that after a Massachusetts School Committee had examined a teacher and become satisfied with her qualifications, they invariably put her the significant question, "Are you a member of an Evangelical (meaning Orthodox) church?" This is pushing things rather fast and far. It is these very people who cry out so lustily for the Bible in the schools; they simply want the Bible there as they interpret it themselves; in other words, they aim at establishing Orthodoxy there outright. The Christian Register states that it has heard of a Massachusetts teacher who was dismissed from a State institution solely because he was not "Evangelical," that is, Orthodox. Of course, if candidates are admitted only on that ground, they will be excluded and expelled on the same ground. The same paper, whose statements may be accepted as in the highest sense reliable, informs us that the chaplain of the State Reform School at Westboro' publishes in the local newspaper the card from which the following extract is made.

Fifteen more teachers are wanted in the Sabbath school attached to the Reform School, and thus discourseth the chaplain on the subject generally, in illustration of the doctrine of an established religion for the State:

"It will be highly proper to say that I do not wish to be understood as making an indiscriminate call for teachers, without regard to their character or fitness. We are needing converted teachers. We would not especially urge any but converted teachers to take classes, for 'if the blind lead the blind, will they not both fall into the ditch?' The boys cannot certainly be benefited by the instruction of infidels. The scorners, the doubters, and those who are commonly known as non-professing Christians, we will very willingly excuse. We would have our teachers not merely respectable and intelligent, but experimentally religious. Intelligence and discernment may be well employed in increasing the resources and glory of earthly kingdoms, but the high-

est order of learning can contribute nothing to the glory of God's spiritual kingdom, unless it includes also a knowledge of the Divine science of saving immortal souls. We do, therefore, most earnestly call to our Reform School Sabbath school converted, consecrated and conscientious teachers. Will the Evangelical churches of Westboro' promptly respond to our invitation, and on each Sabbath morning send to our relief of a ready company of those whose hearts are pierced with the love of God and of souls, and who are willing to rise to the sublime height of St. Paul's motto, 'I will gladly spend and be spent for Christ.' F. P. TOMPKINS, Chaplain State Reform School."

Well says the Register that this is "cool," when Mr. Tompkins receives his salary from other denominations from what he styles "Evangelical," and from people who subscribe to no denominational religion at all. The Register calls on Governor Claflin to know if he is willing to stand responsible for this sectarian management of a public school.

A Clerical "Frog in the Well."

It is stated that some years since, when the Empire of Japan was less open than now to the influence of foreigners, and the many improvements of Western civilization were scouted as the direct product of evil powers, that a class of minds arose who dared to look out beyond the petty limits of their own circumscribed land of birth, and to perceive, to some extent at least, the grandeur of other countries—their superior power both in war and peace—and to demand some advancement toward these greatly-to-be-desired national characteristics. And as the advocates of "things as they were" arose in might to cry down these reformers, the liberals compared them to a frog who in the bottom of a well looks upward and sees one narrow ring of blue sky by day, or one fraction of the many circling lights of heaven by night. Chained to their posts by custom, they were either unable or unwilling (like the frog) to mount to the clear sunlight or the evening breeze!

But it is not at all necessary to cross a continent and an intervening ocean to find a living representative of this policy. One lives to-day in full bloom amid the classic shades of the "Athens of America." Here amid the bustle of trade, the whirl of manufactures, and the publicly enunciated deductions of the schoolmen from science and morality as well, he sits squarely on his haunches, and looking upward to the "heights whence cometh his hope," he snarls or laughs at those who are spiritually his superiors, as they tell of the "green fields and pastures new," which are spread out on every side in this great world of humanity. From the Tremont Temple and its vestry, the Melancon, and the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, the same voice proceeds which cursed and condemned to endless woe the spirit of Charles Dickens, as a time when whole continents were mourning his departure. Why should not the Reverend J. D. Fulton abuse Dickens? The storm of grief which swept over a world, only threw a few circling drops down the cavity wherein the priest was enmeshed; it only hid a ray of sunlight from his creed-blessed eye—but the phlegmatic hermit reeked not of the extent of the tempest till an ill-timed sermon of his brought a whirlwind of condemnation to his deep recess, which stirred the dim waters into rocking mirrors whereon floated refracted and distorted images, instead of well-defined ecclesiastical walls, and he was fain to leap from his perch and hide his head for a time beneath the friendly flood.

But he still lives! He has again spoken, demonstrating the necessity of this isolated system of religious thought as the chief pillar of the church. A friend of ours recently attended a meeting at Tremont Temple wherein the church matters were being canvassed and candidates voted in. A colored man was brought in as an offering; he gave but little light as to how he became converted, at which Mr. Fulton asked him how long he had been in the city. He replied, "Three months." He then asked him if he had attended any other church. He said, "No." "Mr. Fulton," as our informant has it, said, "Vote him in." If any man would attend his church three months, without going to any other, he deserved to be voted in, and thanked beside. So they passed a unanimous vote in his favor.

The Reverend then proceeded to warn all his hearers to stay at home in their own church, and stick to the flag. Why, he had a friend who, while absent from the city, took to going to the Unitarian Church, and now he was a Spiritualist! A sad fate, if looked up at through the jaundiced spectacles of creed, from the Stygian blackness of priestly authority, but a glorious freedom to the mind of him who, following the divine light of reason, has left forever, like Spinoza of old, the synagogue of the self-righteous—who can bear to hear the solemn earthly Anathema Maranatha, because the angels are crying in his newly awakened spiritual ear: "Come up higher." The world moves on; churchial sepulchres are the fit abode for the spiritually dead; let his followers rejoice in the narrow limits of a Fulton, but give us the broad-gauged road of truth which leads from darkness unto day.

"What Good has Spiritualism Done?"

This question is frequently asked in a triumphant tone by those who have given but little attention to the subject, and are willing to accept the dicta of the priesthood or the prejudice of the masses as the ultimate of all progress. We give below extracts from a note forwarded us by A. S. Hayward, of Boston, (himself a well-known healing medium) regarding a cure effected some time ago by spirit directions coming through Mrs. J. H. Conant. Mr. Hayward says:

"Some fourteen years ago, Mrs. Conant (medium for the Banner of Light) was giving sittings at the National House, Boston. I was then stopping at the New England House. A sea captain was boarding there, with his wife. She was taken very sick; her doctor had no hopes of her recovery, and she was summoned from New York City to see her before the change called death took place. She was a Baptist in belief, therefore the divine from Tremont Temple (Kalloch) was called to pray with her.

Meeting the captain, and hearing how dangerously ill his wife was, I broached the subject of Spiritualism to him very gently, (he being a stranger) and advised him to call on Mrs. Conant—who was controlled by Dr. Kitredge—and see if he could not give some assistance to the sick one. He said he did not know anything about such things, but was willing to try anything, as he had no hopes of her recovering. I told him I would go with him to see her. We next day, and I asked if she could examine a patient at a distance. She replied that she did not know what could be done, but she would give a sance and see. She then passed into a trance, when Dr. Kitredge came, and I asked him if he would go to the New England House and examine a patient, not stating who it was, or what the trouble. The doctor asked the number of the room. The captain gave it. All was silent for five minutes, when the doctor spoke and stated who he found in the room, and just the condition of the patient, and said that the attending doctor did not understand the case, and that if he (the captain) would go to her room and make passes over her and rub her, he thought she could be saved from the change. The captain followed the advice of the spirit, Dr. Kitredge, and in a few weeks' time his wife was sitting by his side at the dinner-table with myself opposite, and I know I did not see through a glass darkly, but 'face to face.'

He is the truly spiritual man who lives for spiritual ends; and he is the truly practical man who seeks them by practical means.

Musical Spiritual Meetings.

Next Sunday afternoon Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, one of the most eloquent and finished inspirational speakers of the age, will commence a short engagement, lecturing upon different topics each Sunday. The subject of her first lecture can best be expressed by the significant title of "A Sermon of Sermons."

It has been suggested that, after the first Sunday, the audience be allowed the privilege of propounding a number of suitable subjects for elucidation by the controlling spirit. If this plan is adopted, it will undoubtedly give great satisfaction, as in that case many important questions of a general nature, which all would like to hear treated from the spiritual standpoint, would be offered, and receive attention according to their merits.

Prof. Denton's lecture, Oct. 16th, on "God in the light of Science and Common Sense," intensely interested a very large audience, and many are asking for its repetition. The Professor will speak again in this course in January. His lectures are better appreciated than ever before.

The fine singing by the quartette choir is a pleasing and attractive feature in the exercises.

E. S. Wheeler in Washington.

The Washington Republican of Oct. 8 furnishes its readers with a synoptical report of Mr. Wheeler's first lecture at the reopening of the Spiritualists' meetings in Harmonical Hall. We would transfer it to our columns if we had room. It appears that on this occasion he prefaced his discourse with an invocation which, as reported, reads as follows:

"Oh thou wise, good and beautiful angels, help us. Spirits of the brave, true, intelligent and holy, inspire us with words of wisdom and thoughts of goodness. Oh thou sainted and ever glorious Channing, and all the great and good who have gone before us into the land of the immortal, help us. Spirits of the wise and intelligent Socrates, Plato and Pythagoras, send your wisdom, your truth and nobility, to redeem us from the impurities of time and principle. Send forth thy ministers that they may with glory bear to us the inspiration which God has given to you. Help us to words of truth and thoughts of wisdom in every act and in every hour, until, in accordance with thy inspiration, we shall be faithful to thy guidance and follow thy footsteps through the beautiful world of the hereafter. Amen."

Mr. Wheeler's lectures are attracting large audiences, and a lively interest is manifested.

Mormonism and the Bible.

We have repeatedly asserted that Mormonism was based on the Bible, and consequently was an adjunct of Christianity; but our Orthodox friends stoutly deny the fact. We have before us an autograph letter of Brigham Young, the head of the Mormon Church, which settles the question pretty effectually. The letter is dated—

SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.,

Aug. 10, 1869.

DEAR SIR—Yours of the 28 ult. has been received. With regard to the Book of Mormon, what it is, and how to procure a copy of it, I will briefly say that it is not what many suppose it to be—the Bible of the latter-day Saints. The Bible of the Latter-day Saints is a history of the aborigines of the American continent—much as the Old Testament is a history of the Jews; it was translated by the gift and power of God, and is really the most extraordinary work extant. The Latter-day Saints believe in it, because it is the truth, and they very generally bear witness of their knowledge of this fact.

Yours with respect, BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

J. Madison Allen lectured in Quincy, Mass., Sunday, Oct. 9th; in Hingham, Oct. 16th. He speaks again in Quincy, Oct. 30th, and will make further engagements if application is made at once. See lecturers' list.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan will answer calls to lecture week-day evenings, before Lyceum and Lecturing Associations, during November. Address Messrs. Redpath & Fall, 36 Bromfield street, Boston.

Mrs. E. A. Blair, spirit artist, has removed to Salem, Mass., and resides at 166 Bridge street.

Mrs. Clara A. Field is speaking in Parsonfield, Me.

D. W. Hull has been laboring in Indiana, for some time past, with good success. He is coming East soon.

Mrs. Drake, room 24 in Hoffman's Block, Cleveland, Ohio, a magnetic healing medium, is said to largely possess the gift of imparting great strength to those lacking vitality.

A Woman's Protest.

Since our recent remarks on the insults deliberately offered girls and women who apply for situations behind some of our shop counters, we have had additional protests of a similar nature brought to our attention, going to prove that the evil complained of so indignantly is more widespread and deep than most people might be willing to believe. Every day, respectable females, who are guilty of nothing worse than being obliged to earn their own and perhaps a parent's support, are rebuffed by rude shop-masters, who seem to think themselves privileged to sit in judgment on weaker persons than themselves, but whose pleading and hurt looks will surely come up again some day to punish them for their cruelty and wrong. A decent girl may be answered decently, precisely as a customer is answered whose money is wanted in the money-drawer.

Judge Edmunds.

It will rejoice all Spiritualists to learn that this distinguished and steady advocate of the grand truths expressed in their faith, has returned to New York from his summer residence at Lake George, with health very greatly restored, and the use of his physical faculties wonderfully reinstated by the season's rest. Judge Edmunds is a leader in the great spiritual revolution of the age, though but an agent; it is for this reason that his service has proved so effective. May the day be far distant when an eager multitude, hungering and thirsting for truth in its purity, will be denied the fresh power of his pen and tongue in the cause of spirit emancipation and expansion.

Mechanicsburg, Penn.

H. Breeman writes, Oct. 13, as follows: "We had Dr. J. K. Bailey, from Laporte, Ind., to lecture for us. His subject was 'A Review of Spiritualism,' and it really was a grand lecture, taking in the whole ground of Spiritualism; explaining the law of physical manifestations upon a natural and scientific law of the universe. If we had more such lecturers in the field it would help the cause greatly." Mr. Bailey's address for the present is Elmira, N. Y.

PERSONAL.—We enjoyed a pleasant call last week, from our friend, Judge E. S. Holbrook, of Chicago. The Judge is a New England man by birth, but went West after graduating from one of our colleges, where his ability soon brought him into notice. He is now devoting his attention almost exclusively to law business, for which his experience peculiarly fits him.

Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

Boston.—Mercantile Hall.—A good session of the Children's Lyceum was held at this hall Sunday morning, Oct. 26th. Singing by the Lyceum, Charles W. Sullivan, Hattie A. Richardson, Edna S. Dodge, answers to questions, marching, &c., composed the exercises. Remarks were also made by A. E. Carpenter. A good number, both of visitors and members, attended.

The second of the "Union Lyceum Assemblies" came off successfully at Codman Hall, 170 Tremont street, on Monday evening, Oct. 17th.

Meeting of the Conference.—On Sunday evening, Oct. 10th, the regular session of the Boston Conference was held, M. T. Dole, President, in the chair. The services were opened with a song—"There's a beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone"—by Miss Mary A. Sanborn and Mrs. Lucerne Lovjoy; after which, Dr. Storer, who had been, at a previous meeting, appointed to open the debate on the question, "Is the spirit-world objective or subjective?" proceeded to the discharge of the incumbent duty. As a preliminary, he read several extracts from spirit testimony, to prove that the spirit-world was as real to its inhabitants as that of earth to mortals. Among other things, he said that a spirit purporting to be the father of Prof. Hare, had described in that world mighty mountain ranges, forests, and an intimate acquaintance of all the higher phenomena of earth. Spirits, through Mrs. M. B. Glady, of Philadelphia, had described the second sphere as about sixty miles distant from the earth (this sphere was delineated much as the influences through Emma Hardinge portrayed "the dwellers on the border"—a land full of troubled convalescence); then came the third, fourth, and so on to the seventh, each sphere of advance being in a degree more heavenly. Dr. Storer said he had read this to bring before the audience a type of the communications which purport to come from spiritual beings. These things seemed to be objective to the spirits describing them—that is, existing outside of the mind, and giving a picture to the conception of that mind. That which is within the mind and subject to it, was what the speaker conceived to be subjective. We are asked whether we have reason to believe that the spiritual world is objective in the sense that the objects and scenes of this world are objective. I affirm, at the outset, that we know nothing of the subject, except as we have been able to perceive the reasonableness or probability of the communications that come to us. We referred to the phenomena of dreams, and said that, on waking, we were accustomed to make a distinction between what we see in dreams and what we see when awake. How could we decide that the objects seen by the clairvoyant were objective and real, or that they did not originate in the mind of the seer? It was easy enough to receive what was told us, if we had sufficient credulity; but how should we receive sufficient evidence to prove to us that, after death, we entered into a real world? Spiritual things are only spiritually discerned; and the speaker thought that the only means of gaining this evidence was by a developing of the spiritual senses while in the body. If the spiritual world was to be the exact counterpart with this, then many things would have to exist there which we were accustomed to think we should escape from at death. If we accept the flowers, we must also acknowledge the weeds, both physical and spiritual.

If the spiritual world was to be an exact counterpart of the physical, its organs, functions, &c., &c., would have to exist and be perpetuated—the exact use of which the speaker could not conceive. To him it was not probable that the spiritual was an exact counterpart of the earth-sphere. We grow out of lower conditions, as in past times man has grown upward from the animal. I believe that, in the spiritual world, whatever appears to us to be objective appears so to ourselves; that we are surrounded by our own conceptions, and that we are perfectly satisfied because they are the result of our own needs and desires; that new objects were presented to the spirit was simply the result of the action of one spirit upon another.

Man does not comprehend all the spiritual intelligence that exists in the universe. All those forms are projected by the intelligence of these beings; we have ascribed them to one spiritual being; but the speaker thought it as reasonable to ascribe them to many as to one. The half hour having elapsed the speaker closed.

A. E. Carpenter then followed under the ten minute rule. He followed out the idea expressed by the previous speaker, that it was possible for us to create an imaginary world into which others could enter. He spoke of some psychological experiments he had had, which went to demonstrate this possibility of making others see with the operator. But some might think this was subjective. The material of the seer might exist, but human skill worked out the beauty. So spiritual things, tangible and real to the spiritual senses, are subjective, as we use the term. He spoke of a dream he had had of the old homestead, which appeared to him as it was years ago, though in his mind (even while dreaming) he knew it was much changed, and wondered at it; and said he had gone down the avenues of memory and grasped a reality. Just as Prof. Denton's boy goes back in time to describe earth's early geological circumstances. He cited the case where three mediums, describing a spirit by his side, would give different outlines to it; now if that spirit was really objective why did they not all describe it alike? He thought each medium saw it according to their conception, and not as we see.

Mr. Burko followed, "denying everything and insisting upon proof." To him the real was the substantial; the subjective was imagination. Who could prove the existence of what no man (in his belief) ever saw?

H. S. Williams opposed the statements of the previous speaker, and said he had not touched the question, the existence of the spiritual world, in some shape or other, not being denied by any present. He referred to the contradictions of the spirit world, and said the belief because it appeared reasonable to him that the spirit-world was both objective and subjective, and spiritual life was the real, endless existence. He did not, however, believe the spirit-world was possessed of scenery corresponding to this plane, or that things there were objective in the sense that they always were fixed, and would be found unchanged after the lapse of years, as a building in a city street.

J. G. Albo referred to the idea started by others, of creating our heaven, and said it was well known that certain persons could throw out an aura by which, as by a substance, any one could be turned aside or away from them, if they did not desire their presence. Here was a power which prophesied of the future. He did not believe death—but progression—was the door of release from mortal shortcomings.

Dr. H. E. Gardner being loudly called for, said he had not intended and should not make a speech. He thought the two statements were true in degree—that the spirit-world was both objective and subjective. He referred humorously to the speech of Mr. Burke, and said it was a question in his (the Doctor's) mind at one time during the evening, whether he was an objective being in Mercantile Hall in 1870, or a subjective one in Bromfield Hall in 1850 or 1855—the same line of argument being followed now as then by Mr. Burke. The Doctor closed by giving an interesting account of the occurrence—of the sinking of the Alabama by the Kearsarge.

Messrs. H. S. Williams, A. E. Carpenter and Dr. Storer were appointed to present a subject for next evening's discussion. They reported the question already up as the one most fitting to their minds. Report accepted.

G. A. Bacon briefly stated his views. The agitation of thought being the beginning of wisdom, such meetings as the present must be of great advantage. He defended clairvoyance, and spoke of an interesting occasion just before he came to the hall, wherein Mrs. Tappan became entranced, and reviewed, in a masterly manner, the subject now under discussion; affirming the spirit-world to be both subjective and objective. He closed by relating a singular circumstance in the life of Abraham James, the leader of the Chicago artesian well, when he was recognized by an entire stranger in Boston as being a fellow-student with him in spirit-life, while both of them were yet in the form. To the speaker's idea, spirit-life was as infinitely diversified as imagination could conceive of.

The chair then appointed Judge Ladd to open the debate on the next session, and after a song by Messrs. C. W. Sullivan, D. N. Ford, Miss M. A. Sanborn and Mrs. L. Lovjoy, the meeting adjourned.

CHICAGO.—Granite Hall.—The course of Spiritualist lectures at this place still continues with unvarying interest. Prof. William Denton spoke here on Sunday evening, Oct. 10th, to a very large audience, presenting a most convincing answer to the query, "Is Spiritualism true?"

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Harmony Hall.—The Children's Lyceum meets regularly at this hall—which has been somewhat changed by the removing to another side of the stage, giving more room on the floor. The singing and marching

on Sunday A. M., Oct. 10th, were excellent. The first six groups (little ones) gave answers to the question, "Of all things you do, what do you like the best?" The remainder of the scholars considered the query, "In what moral aspect is the Lyceum superior to the Sunday school?" Misses Floe Bullard, Cora Hastings, Nellie Bullard, Phoebe Dowling and Cora Harrington declaimed, and Miss Georgia Martina read a selection. Mr. Enoch Powell, a student at the Harvard Divinity School, also made a very interesting address to the children. He will lecture at Harmony Hall Sunday evening, Oct. 30th, on "Spiritualism and Christianity." The course of parties for dancing, held weekly on Thursday evenings, for the benefit of this Lyceum, at Harmony Hall, have thus far proved quite successful.

MILFORD.—Washington Hall.—Hon. Anson, Assistant Conductor, writes that on "Sunday morning, Oct. 18th, eleven o'clock—the usual hour for opening the Children's Lyceum—the regular exercises were carried out, after which came speaking by Masters Willie Wilkinson, Freddie Read and Miss Hattie Draper; and readings by Misses Carrie Adams, Flora Cheney, Essie Onley, Ida Hill, Nellie Anson and Henry Anson. Remarks by J. L. Buxton, Henry Bacon, Henry Anson and Rowland Connor, of Boston; also by Mrs. Nelson, of Alton, Ill.

In the afternoon and evening Mr. Rowland Connor, of Boston, lectured to the Spiritualists and liberal element of Milford, and he was so well liked that he has been engaged to speak for us again the third Sundays in November and December.

NORTH BRITAIN.—Conihast Hall.—A correspondence informs us that the Progressive Lyceum held a festival at the above hall on the 14th inst., with the following exercises, accompanied by singing: Declarations, "On the Rocks," by Lizzie C. Bradford; "The Little Angel," by Gerlie Clapp; "The Captain's Daughter," by Mary E. Bates; "The Tempter," by Emily Morris. Duett, "Where the roses ne'er shall wither," by Misses A. A. T. and H. E. Morris. Recitations, "Betty and the Boat," by Emily Whitcomb; "On the Starway," by Hannah Whitcomb; "Learn a Little every day," by Ellen M. Bates and "Angel Whispers," by Flora Newcomb. These were followed by social games, during which the party were entertained by musical notes from the "Scolastic Cornet Band," who had been solicited to enliven the Lyceum by A. W. Locke, President of the Band Association. After regaling the party with a musical feast, they were duly invited to partake of that which tends to uphold the physical, after which a grand Lyceum march was creditably performed, the music of the band inspiring a quickening sense of duty. Dancing until eleven o'clock closed the first of a series to be held during the coming season.

New Publications.

THE FOUNTAIN: WITH JETS OF NEW MEANING, is a new volume by Andrew Jackson Davis, for the use and improvement particularly of the young. It is most felicitously illustrated with one hundred and forty-two engravings, which will quickly bring home the teachings it would impress in the mind and heart of the pupil. Mr. Davis has the happiest way of imparting what he is impressed to convey, and none of the force or unctious of his spiritual lessons is lost in transmission. This pretty little volume—from the press of Wm. White & Co.—will, from a mere glance at its contents, strike one as a peculiarly happy conception, such as could not have come to its author except in an inspired hour, as he describes in his preface. It should be generally purchased by all who are interested in the education of the young.

Redfield, of New York, gathers up in a very neat and substantial form the much talked of essays in the Saturday Review, of London, on "MORAL WOMEN," and presents them in a form which will greatly delight those who were led to read the articles when they appeared. They were at the time largely copied by the American press. There are forty-four different articles in the volume, making a most comprehensive variety for readers of all tastes and likings. It has come out that the author is a preacher of the Church of England communion, which gives his society criticisms much more interest and edge to such as like to indulge their curiosity while gratifying their fondness for smooth yet searching writing.

THE GALAXY for November is a very brilliant number, yet not at the expense of all those sterling elements of a popular magazine which indicate strength and solidity. Justus McCarthy is making out a powerful tale of "Lady Judith," Carl Benson supplies "Reminiscences and Speculations" relative to the King of Prussia; Gideon Welles, ex-Secretary of the Navy, under Lincoln and Johnson, writes up some hitherto unknown "Facts in relation to the Expedition ordered by the Administration of President Lincoln for the Relief of the Garrison in Fort Sumter;" the stirring story of "Overland" is continued in four more chapters; there is a discussion of "The Reality of Medicine;" "Fanny Bayard Taylor plus 'Shook Ahmad's Letter from Baghdad,'" A. P. Southworth writes on the older Danes; and, with poems and a few other pieces, the "Driftwood and Current Literature Review," to which is appended Mark Twain's comical "Map of Paris," with Editorial Memoranda and Nebula added, we have such a table as is not every month set before even a literary epicure.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for November keeps up that indelible freshness and fullness which, signify high magazine health, its contents being as various as they are entertaining and instructive. The illustrated articles are: "The Huguenots;" "The Cave of Ballantrae;" "Down the Mississippi;" "The Negative in Photography;" and "Frederick the Great;" and the articles themselves are of marked interest and value. "Life in Brittany;" "A Pilot's Wife" (illustrated), "Anne Furness," "Antlers," and "The Rock of the Legion of Honor," by Berthold Auerbach, make the list of attractive stories. While the poems, essays and vastly various editorial department complement the foregoing nobly, and the whole is in consequence a rich, rare, and extremely good number. Harper has reached its forty-first volume.

THE NURSERY.—This capital little monthly magazine for children, published by John L. Shorey, 33 Bromfield street, Boston, is an instance of the rapid success which a good thing, really supplying a genuine want, is likely to meet with. The Nursery within three years, has reached a circulation of thirty thousand copies, and probably the year 1871 will see that number increased by at least ten thousand. Beautifully illustrated, and edited with the utmost care, containing nothing that is not wholesome and appropriate for the youthful mind and heart, the Nursery richly deserves its unparalleled success, and we cheerfully commend it to all our readers. By sending to the publisher you can get a specimen copy for ten cents.

THE NOVEMBER NUMBER OF PETERSON'S MAGAZINE is bristling with original stories and poetry, with any quantity of engravings, fashion-plates, patterns in embroidery and the like, and is, on the whole, the cheapest of the lady's books now published. It likewise publishes a generous prospectus for 1871, offering large inducements to subscribers.

LEFFINCOTT'S MAGAZINE comes out strong and fresh for November, and continues to gain steadily on the popular mind. It is as neat as possible, and its literary contents are to compare. It contains articles like the following: Cracker's; A Polyglot Empire; A Yankee on the Throne of France; Three Triumphs; The Stone Annals of the Past; The Calvert Family; and tales from Anthony Trollope and others, besides poetry and literary gossip and criticism. The leading essays are distinctive features of a capital number.

Oliver Optie's "OUR BOYS AND GIRLS" for October is a handsome issue of this popular magazine, and full of stories and sketches, with essays containing interesting and valuable information for juvenile readers. Lee & Shepard make a very attractive periodical for the young, which deserves the wide celebrity it enjoys.

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC is out for 1871, and will be welcomed with the usual rush. Almost a hundred thousand copies were sold on the day of publication.

BRUTALIZING EFFECTS OF WAR.—A German soldier describes his sensations in battle as follows:

"When one has seen the dreadful wounds of many of one's comrades, one feels doubly thankful to his Creator for having escaped unscathed; and yet I confess that the second time, at Sedan, I faced the bullets even much more calmly and coolly than the first time. I do not know how it is, but one wholly forgets the danger one is in, and thinks only of the effect of one's own bullets, falling like a child, at the sight of the enemy falling like a child, and having scarcely a compassionate glance to spare for the comrade falling at one's side. One ceases to be a human being, and turns into a brute—a complete brute."

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was written by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of...

The Banner of Light Free Circles. These Circles are held at No. 153 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (top stairs) on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings...

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. Oh thou who flameth in the stars and lowereth in the earth, and art heard in every slugging bird and bee, we pray thee to baptize us this hour with a consciousness of our nearness to thee...

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have questions, I am ready to answer them.

Q.—What is the origin of evil? A.—Growth—simply spiritual growth through material life.

Q.—If the sun is an opaque body, how does it generate so much heat? A.—It generates heat in consequence of its intense magnetic power, multiplied by its own rapid rotation.

Q.—Yes. To my mind, it is the mark of the beast spoken of by John the Revelator, and has been one of the greatest causes of physical suffering known to man...

Q.—If spirits have bodies analogous to the human body, how is it that so large a number inhabit a small space? A.—Spirits do have bodies which bear the representation of human bodies; but they are so flexible that they can be transformed into any shape or any condition that the will of the possessor may desire.

Q.—Can you see that the differences in religious belief are to produce a physical war in this country? A.—Such a condition is indeed imminent. More we cannot say upon it to-day.

A.—Yes. Q.—Will the world of to-day ever become pre-historic? A.—It is so supposed by some scientists with us. I should doubt the theory myself.

William M. Thackeray. Quite unexpectedly to myself, by invitation from your President, I find myself able to control after the manner of modern Spiritualism. I am thankful to be in receipt of the blessing.

Invocation. Lead us, oh Holy Spirit, lead us by thy hand of love, lest in our blindness we mistake the better way. It hath been well with us in all past time.

Henry C. Wright. Ab, Brother White, I feel like saying, "Oh, death, where is thy sting? oh, grave, where is thy victory?" for to me death had no sting, and over my spirit the grave has had no victory.

Questions and Answers. Q.—"And the Lord called unto Moses, and spake unto him out of the tabernacle of the congregation, saying," &c. (Lev. i:1.) Who was this, or what spirit was this that was called Lord, and spake to Moses?

Henri Lamoine. I have two brothers in my own country, who are believers in the doctrine of Spiritualism. They do not know I have ascended to the spirit-world.

Q.—Does chloroform compel the spirit to evacuate the body while under its influence? A.—No; it compels it to retire from the sensorium, thus cutting off all external consciousness.

Q.—The following extract is taken from an article by George A. Bacon, in the American Spiritualist, entitled "Is Disease a Necessary Condition of Mediumship?"

Sam Brownlow. I'd like to do a good turn for my old master if I could. When the war first broke out, he said to me, "Sam, you can stay with me or you can go, just as you like. You are free. Do as you please."

A.—As I was not present on the occasion referred to, I can have no more of an idea of the subject in question than what I am able to receive from the article you have just read. I know what the leading minds in the spirit-world think concerning this subject, and in all probability what is the belief of the mind who spoke on that occasion, and I shall speak accordingly.

Sarah Frances Hammond. Sarah Frances Hammond, my name. Age, twenty-two years, four months, and seven days. I died in Frankfurt, Germany, where I had gone to receive medical treatment. While there, I learned of this way of return. I was first told of it by my physician, who was himself a believer.

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Alcinda Wilhelm Slade. He was faithful in life, and no less faithful in that men call "death." I come not here with a feeling of sadness because I am no longer one of your number in mortal.

A.—As I was not present on the occasion referred to, I can have no more of an idea of the subject in question than what I am able to receive from the article you have just read. I know what the leading minds in the spirit-world think concerning this subject, and in all probability what is the belief of the mind who spoke on that occasion, and I shall speak accordingly.

James Garry. I am satisfied. I come here to say so. I took passage of the ship "John Adams," from Stockholm, Sweden, for New York. I was sick, and I made the surgeon of the ship promise me that if I died before we arrived, in port he would not have me buried at sea.

Invocation. Lead us, oh Holy Spirit, lead us by thy hand of love, lest in our blindness we mistake the better way. It hath been well with us in all past time.

Mary Brown. My mother wants me to come. I want to tell her I like where I live, and should not want to come back to live, and she must not cry any more about me.

Questions and Answers. Q.—Did you influence the lady to send them? Yes, sir.

Q.—You must have had a good many to help you? Oh, yes; there's more than twenty of us. We was n't all colored children.

Q.—We thank you all for your kindness. Tell mother I want her to be happy. Sept. 5.

Q.—Was the earth, in pre-historic times, inhabited by civilized and enlightened men? A.—Yes.

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Banner of Light.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE—FOREWARNED, FORE-ARMED.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the spirit." Spiritualists claim to be. When a way is discovered to reach the wind without destroying its elasticity and life, we may perhaps subject Spiritualists to religious organizations with its destroying, Spirit-

Until the priestly element succeeded in organizing the early Christians, their mediums were spoken boldly, as the spirit gave them utterance, as ours do in the present day. But no sooner had the "children of those that killed the prophets" succeeded in organizing the disciples of Jesus into a religious sect, than they began, as their fathers did before them, to set bounds to the utterances of the spirit, and persecute, even unto death, those mediums who preferred "to obey God rather than men." So it was then, so it was before then, so it has been since then, and so doubtless it will remain to be, until mankind learn that the regulation and order of religious belief and worship belong not to rulers of priests, or organizations of any kind, but to the individual and God alone. For these and other reasons, the writer has always been opposed to Spiritualists attempting any system of religious organization, preferring that the laws and what should be permitted to grow together, after the manner recommended by Jesus of Nazareth, "until the harvest," when they will be sure to be separated by an unerring rule, without risk of mistaking the one for the other, as has generally, if not always, been the case when any secular or priestly attempts have been made to anticipate the divine law.

But, though we cannot organize the wind or the spirit so as to compel either to fixed laws or expressions, it does not follow that individuals might not properly associate for the purpose of protecting their liberty and lives against the machinations and plottings of other individuals, sects or organizations, whether acting in civil or religious capacities. I think the signs of the times denote that a period is approaching when it will be proper for Spiritualists and Liberals generally to band themselves together for mutual defence against the covert designs of the priestly element, which history shows to have ever been the most crafty as well as deadly foe to religious truth and the progress of mankind. Hitherto the ecclesiastical orders have succeeded in surrounding themselves with an exclusive atmosphere of prebendal sanctity, through their subtle teachings, that in all the persecutions and wars they have brought about, they have themselves mostly escaped unharmed.

It strikes me, that in their progress, the people of the United States have arrived at a stage at which the order of things might well be reversed in these respects, in case the Romish or other (so-called) evangelical or orthodox church, singly or combined, succeed in inaugurating another persecution for opinion's sake. To meet this threatening danger, I would propose that Spiritualists and all other liberal-minded men and women should organize throughout the States and Territories of the Union, substantially for the following declared objects, and that they faithfully and energetically prosecute them to the end, at whatever cost of life and treasure:

First, That each and all members of the organization should pledge themselves to use their influence and vote to discourage and oppose, at the polls or otherwise, every candidate for public office, of whatever party, who favors an introduction into the Federal or any State constitution of a religious test of any kind whatever.

Second, That they do everything in their power—should their enemies succeed in establishing such a test—to render it inoperative through peaceable means.

Third, Should all peaceable efforts prove unavailing, that they adopt more stringent measures for their defence and protection, regardless of majorities, and even, if necessary, resort to the use of arms.

or infidel who ventures to pick up a few sticks on the Sabbath must be adjudged by their divine expounders guilty of a crime so heinous, that it can only be expiated by a violent death at the hands of Christian citizens—for who but the Lord God of the Old Testament said "that the man who thus breaks his Sabbath shall be surely put to death; all the congregation shall stone him without delay."

And let Spiritualists, liberals and infidels also beware how they succumb in battle and fall into the hands of those divinely-appointed priests and ministers, lest they be commanded, as their prototype Moses was by "the Lord," when his chosen people captured the cities of the Midianites, and were ordered to slay all the men and to "kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him; but all the women children that have not known a man by lying with him keep alive for yourselves."

This is Bible law such as the priesthood of our day would fain subject us to. This is the law that the Rev. Dr. Page declared at the late Convention at Pittsburg he was ready "to shoulder his musket or draw his sword" to fight for, and to which Mr. Finney rejoined that "he was ready to back his brother Page in the war." This is the law in both its letter and spirit that the "Priest" in all ages, from Samuel and Caliphans to the present day, has inflicted upon mankind precisely in proportion to their power to execute it. Explain and equivocate as they may, not a line of it has ever been expunged from the code of the "priest" or left unexecuted except through "fear of the people." Let them again succeed in placing their foot on the necks of mankind, as in past days, and the church in power will quickly return to its murderous precepts and precedents like "a dog to its vomit," and again fill the earth with the groans of Calvary. It is perfectly logical that it should be so. If the priest believes as he pretends, it could not be otherwise. The very opposite of the God of the Spiritualists and of Jesus of Nazareth—the God of the Jews and of the churches—is a personification of cruelty, bloodshed and revenge. David, whom every Christian priest under "the law" is bound to reverence and imitate as "the man after God's own heart," stands out prominent in "the Word of God" as a monster, surpassing in cursing, vindictiveness, murder, treachery, cruelty and malignancy, any man recorded in history, sacred or profane. Priests and saints of the Romish Church have endeavored in vain to excel him in cursing. His treachery and cruelty in murdering hundreds or thousands of the subjects or friends of Achish, his benefactor, is without precedent. His dealings with and murder of Uriah is of the same stamp. If the horrible cruelties inflicted on the Albigenses and Waldenses by Papal authority, or on the heretics of Spain, France and Italy, and elsewhere, in the dungeons of the Inquisition, exceed those that David caused the infidelistic people he exterminated to suffer, it is only because long experiment and practice had taught the priest and inquisitor more exquisite modes of torture than were known to the worshippers of Jehovah in early times. When David brought forth all the people of the cities of Ammon, "and put them under saws and hammers of iron, and under axes of iron, and made them pass through the brick-kiln," the sport enjoyed by that favorite of God and his chosen people was doubtless as great, though of a ruler kind, as any that Dominic or any other saintly inquisitor ever partook of in the torture-rooms of the prison. What peals of laughter must have echoed from the common people, what derisive smiles must have passed between the king and the court, as they beheld some Ammonite mother clasp her babe to her breast in the vain attempt to shield it with her own lacerated body from the approaching harrow, and what a shout of merriment must have gone up to the mercy seat of God, as its tooth transfixingly dragged the shrieking infant from its wretched mother's embrace.

But David's crowning act of malignity was reserved for the last. It seems by his own testimony that the Lord "had hidden" one Shimei to curse and upbraid him for his blood-thirstiness, and other crimes. Out of respect for fear of God's authority, David professed to forgive Shimei at the time, and promised not to kill him. It seems, however, that David had never really forgiven the insult! In a few moments before his death, he returned to the subject, and charged his son Solomon to "bring Shimei's hoary head down to the grave with blood." These days the very last words this man "after God's own heart" uttered, and it may be safely said that such a dying bequest to a son cannot be paralleled in the history of mankind. This is he whom the priestly scribes of the Old Testament declared to be a man not after their own heart as he really was, but after "God's own heart," and who for his crowning graces and superabounding piety, according to the moral standard of priests, was selected by Deity itself to be the progenitor of the "mother of God" through a son borne him by an adulteress whose husband he had treacherously assassinated, that he might possess his wife. This is plain talk, but it is truth, and cannot be gainsayed. What then are Spiritualists and liberals to expect of an order of men who are educated and fashioned after such a model, should they succeed in their unhalloved designs? What but persecution even to torture and death as of old?

The position of the leading church, that has ever been foremost in persecution for religion's sake, is plainly defined in its own creed, although of late it has not for obvious reasons been kept prominently before the public, especially in America. The following is one of a batch of twenty-one canons promulgated by the General Council of the Romish Church, recently held in Rome: "Canon 20. Whosoever says that his supreme rule for public and social conduct is in the law of the political state, or in the public opinion of men, or that the judgments of the church concerning what is lawful and unlawful do not extend to such actions, or that there may be something allowed by civil rights that is not allowed by church rights, let him be anathema." (excommunicated with curses). When the church possessed the power these curses were generally inflicted in the dungeons and torture rooms of the Inquisition, or by the sword or at the stake, in strict accordance with what has been, for the last thousand years or more, the law of the Papal Church, as laid down in the notes attached by supreme spiritual authority to the following passages in a Catholic Rhemish Testament:

Mat. xlii: 29: "Lest you pluck up also." The good must tolerate the evil when it is so strong, that it cannot be redressed without danger and disturbance of the whole church, and commit the matter to God's judgment in the latter day. Otherwise, where ill men, whether they be heretics or other malefactors, may be punished or suppressed without disturbance and hazard of the good, they may and ought, by public authority, either spiritual or temporal, to be chastised or executed.

Rev. xlii: 6: "Drunkard of the blood." It is plain the woman signified the whole core of all the persecutors that have and shall shed so much blood of the just; of the prophets, apostles and other martyrs; from the beginning of the world to the end. The Protestants foolishly expound it of temporal, to be chastised or executed.

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allow of their punishment in other countries; but their blood is not called the blood of saints, no more than the blood of thieves, man-killers and other malefactors, for the shedding of which, by order of justice, no commutation shall ensue.

It is a cardinal feature of the Romish Church that she never abrogates any of her doctrines. The last Pope Gregory, in his encyclical letter addressed to his bishops in 1832, says: "Now you will best correspond with these sentiments if, in compliance with the nature of your station, you attend unto yourselves and unto doctrines, ever bearing in mind 'the universal church suffers from every novelty,' as well as the admonition of Pope St. Agatho, that from what has been regularly defused nothing can be taken away, no innovation introduced, then no addition made, but that it must be preserved untouched, both as to words and meaning."

Every bishop of the Romish Church in America engages by oath, among other things, to "take care to preserve, defend, increase and promote the rights, honors, privileges and authority of the holy Roman Church of our Lord the Pope, and of his successors. With my whole strength I shall observe, and cause to be observed by others, the rules of the Holy Father, the decrees, ordinances and dispositions, reservations, provisions and mandates of the Apostolic See. According to my ability I shall pursue and impugn heretics, schismatics and rebels against our said Lord, or his successors, as aforesaid."

The word "impugn" was probably adopted for its convenient flexibility, and should, should opportunity offer, doubtless be given by the church a more catholic or general meaning than is laid down by lexicographers. That the Romish Church must persecute, from the tenor of its doctrines, whenever and wherever it has sufficient power, is self-evident to all who are acquainted with the polity and history of the Papacy. That the other evangelical and Orthodox Churches always have persecuted wherever and whenever they have had sufficient power, is also matter of undisputed history. Hitherto religious liberty has been for a season permitted, because of the dissensions among the churches themselves. The advent of Spiritualism is making such inroads upon them in the present day that they manifest a disposition to forego their private quarrels and unite to put down the growing power that menaces equally the existence of them all. When the struggle is to begin is only a question of time. Let us prepare for it!

WESTERN LOCALS, Etc.

Prepared Expressly for the Banner of Light.

We were premature in announcing that we had concluded our "Ohio Items." From the harmonious and profitable convocation at Richmond, Ind., we journeyed to TOLEDO.

Pleasant the renewal of former acquaintances. We enjoyed the generous hospitality of Henry Dreed, Esq. This city evinces more signs of life and progress than any locality visited by us this trip. Several fine buildings—a commercial exchange, an opera house and a hotel—are in process of erection.

Where there is energy, perseverance and enthusiasm, there is the soil for Spiritualism. The great West is full of life; hence Spiritualism flourishes therein. Another fact: The Spiritualists of the West are almost universally in favor of organization. They want to see Spiritualism come up into organic life, as a distinctive religious movement; and they believe that it is the blessed province of Spiritualists to demonstrate to the world that there can be organization in religious matters, and yet perfect freedom and the most rapid progress.

Prospects in Toledo are encouraging. There has been quite a calm for some time past, but the light breaks anew. Souls are on the alert for knowledge of immortality. Mediumship tells the whole story. It is the instrumentally which renders positive and absolute the fact of a spiritual existence. It brings the great idea of religion (immortality) down from dizzy heights of mysticism, speculative reasoning, and doubtful historical foundations, to a matter of scientific certainty. Spiritualists proclaim that immortality is a fact; that it is susceptible of methods of demonstration kindred to its nature, as are geological, astronomical or mechanical truths. This is the distinguishing and distinctive feature, the special element, of Spiritualism. Without it, we have no Spiritualism. This is the burden of our song!

We hear considerable about Spiritualists overlooking mediumship, neglecting it, wanting physical manifestations to cease, etc. Nonsense! It is not so. Spiritualists are studying mediumship and appreciating it as they never did before; and they are affirming that mediumship is an indispensable agency; that what the electrometer is to the electrician, the telescope to the astronomer, the compass to the navigator, the microscope to the naturalist, mediumship is to the Spiritualist. In proof of this, we cite the following resolution, adopted during the sessions of the late National Convention:

manifestation. Confusion ensued. Some wanted one thing, some another. The atmosphere was disturbed very much. The medium's mind was in a great state of agitation. The second trial was a failure! The spirits were unable to cause a single letter to appear. Many said, "It is all a humbug!"

None were so positive of trickery as Bro. Moses Hull. Now Moses is skeptical by nature. He doubts continually. It was only after a long, long struggle that he was converted to Spiritualism. He was sure that Mrs. Mollero was a humbug. He showed how easy it was to cause these letters to rise on the arm, by using a slate pencil. He demonstrated it upon us. We bared our arm, as Mrs. Mollero, and Moses solicited with the slate pencil. Sure enough, letters did appear almost identical with those seen on Mrs. Mollero. Moses was elated; he had conquered.

Many present thought there had been too much haste in the matter, too much confusion, and decidedly a great lack of that dignity and calmness characterizing the full-orbed and self-poised, philosophical Spiritualist.

They did not cast the entire blame on Bro. Hull—not at all. Some misapprehended him. We were sorry to see it. No man talks more "phenomena" in his lectures than Moses Hull; no lecturer on Spiritualism makes such a specialty of narrating to audiences tests received and heard of, as our brother, Moses was in earnest; he thought he was right. Convinced to the contrary, we were confident he would do the *amende honorable*.

The Convention adjourned. Soon after Moses visited Chicago. Entering the *Present Age* office, he saw ready for the printer an article against Mrs. Mollero, stating that she was an impostor. (Moses made this statement to Mr. Breed, of Toledo.) Conditions more harmonious, mind more receptive than could possibly have been the case at Richmond, Bro. Hull was cautious. "Keep the article back one week," said he to Col. Fox. The next train to Toledo carried Moses with it. He tarried at Mr. Breed's. This gentleman accompanied him to Mrs. Mollero's residence. Moses was welcomed; a circle was formed; the manifestations were convincing; Moses was satisfied with Mrs. Mollero's mediumship, as the following letter to Col. Fox testifies:

TOLEDO, O., Oct. 6, 1870.

COL. FOX—Please say in the forthcoming issue of the *Age* that I am here investigating Mrs. Mollero's mediumship. She is a genuine and a splendid medium.

Moses Hull.

ANOTHER MEDIUM.

Mrs. Jennie Ferris, of Louisiana, is in Toledo. She is a fine medium for physical manifestations. Séances are held nightly in Lyceum Hall. Many are being converted. We have attended her sésances. We like them. Bro. Hull attended. He was satisfied, and departed for Cincinnati full of phenomenal Spiritualism. The readers of the *Banner* will doubtless hear from him on the subject, soon.

A GEM.

Approves this matter of investigating mediumship, are the words of Hudson Tuttle (and they equal Emerson's best): "That incredulity which will not receive anything is as reprehensible as that credulity which swallows everything."

FACTS.

We cannot exercise too great care in the study of Spiritualism. Conditions must not be dictated to the spirits.

Our faith in mediumship grows stronger daily. And this, too, after perusing Loveland on the "Unreliability of Spirit Communications!" We can accept this brother's statements to a great extent, and still be consistent in affirming our faith in mediumship.

NORWALK.

October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, meetings were held here. Bros. Peebles, Barrett, Tuttle and Wheelock, were the principal speakers. We participated a little. The gathering was a success. Bro. Peebles' lecture on "Turkey" was a grand thing. Bro. Barrett was mild and gentle in his remarks, but firm. Wheelock and Tuttle uttered bold radicalisms. The last named was chairman of the meeting. V. Vredenburg, Esq., was assistant chairman. The sessions were well attended. Harmony and love prevailed, even with a difference of opinion among the speakers as to the methods to be involved in the perpetration of the truths of Spiritualism.

financial operations, including the direction of the Treasurer, as to the bestowal of benefits, and other disbursements of the Funds; and shall make an annual report of their transactions, signed by each member of the Board. They shall also determine and announce the time and place of the regular meetings of this Association.

Up to the present time, October, 1870, the Club comprises the following members: A. E. Carpenter, Thos. Gales Foster, Susan M. Johnson, Dean Clark, Sarah A. Byrnes, Emma R. Storer, J. H. Powell, George A. Bacon, Edward S. Wheeler, John P. Guild, A. H. Richardson, Isaac P. Greenleaf, N. S. Greenleaf, J. H. Currier, Isaac H. Rhodes, William Denton, N. Frank White, Mrs. E. M. Wolcott, Susie A. Willis, Cephas B. Lynn, A. A. Wheelock, Hudson Tuttle, Mrs. S. E. Warner, Moses Hull, Mrs. Frances A. Logan, Henry T. Child, J. H. W. Tooley.

Besides these, there are fourteen honorary members, whose donations to the Club are prompted by sympathy with its objects, and a desire to assist those who are seeking to assist each other to attain a more perfect union of feeling and purpose in the life-work to which they have been called.

The officers elected to serve for the year commencing September 1st, are Judge J. S. Ladd, of Cambridge, President; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of East Cambridge, Miss Susie M. Johnson, of Milford, Mass., Vice Presidents; George A. Bacon, of Boston, Secretary; Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, Treasurer.

At the first meeting of the Club, the subscriber was requested to prepare this statement of its origin and purposes, for publication in the spiritual papers, and cordially to invite every lecturer in the ranks of Spiritualism to join with us in this effort for mutual acquaintance, cooperation, and protection; also, to invite the general and generous cooperation of all persons who are interested in the public advocacy of Spiritualism. We should be glad to enroll the name of every true Spiritualist in America upon our books, as an honorary member, receiving \$1.00 as his or her annual fee, and as much more as the generosity and means of the donor will permit. We hope and expect to create a fund, mainly by the just liberality of Spiritualists in private life, which shall aid us in ministering to the necessities of any of our number when sickness or disability offers occasion.

Every Spiritualist in the land who has any adequate conception of the nature of the reformatory and progressive movement in which we are engaged, knows that its public champions are called to a work of self-denial and sacrifice. To them, the ordinary channels of lucrative business, by which wealth or even competence is secured, are closed. Whatever energy or natural ability they may possess for successful competition in business pursuits, is transmuted into the force by which the ideas of the New Dispensation are apprehended, and conveyed to the public mind. If true to their work of universal philanthropy and the genius of the great movement which they represent, they cannot stop to chaffer and bargain for personal emolument or pecuniary gain. The tem station and the necessity to do this should be removed from them. While we believe that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," experience has taught us that current funds form a small part of the payment which advocates of reform have reason, as yet, to expect for their services. While they are able to work, they can usually obtain food and clothing, and conveyance from place to place; but when sickness or debility comes upon them, they have no funds laid by for a rainy day.

This Club intends to care for its members, and its core ideas is absolute fraternal unity. Again we solicit the honorary membership and vital cooperation of Spiritualists everywhere. Fraternality. H. D. Bronson.

TOLEDO, Oct. 18, 1870.

A Discussion.

DEAR BANNER—There is to be a discussion in this city, commencing Nov. 1st, and continuing eight sessions, between W. F. Jamieson (Spiritualist), and O. A. Burgess (Christian), of Chicago, Ill.

The propositions are: 1st, W. F. Jamieson affirms that the spirits of the departed furnish clear and reliable communications to those living in the body in reference to the past, present and future, also conferring extraordinary powers upon men to heal the sick, to speak with tongues and foretell events, as did the ancient prophets, Christ and the apostles, as recorded in the Bible.

O. A. Burgess affirms that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments furnish a complete revelation, by divine authority, of man's origin, duty and destiny, and the only rule of life which God approves. Truly yours, W. F. JAMIESON, Sec'y.

La Porte, Ind., Oct. 17, 1870.

Two Days' Meeting at Albion, N. Y.

There will be a two days' meeting of the Spiritualists of Albion, N. Y., and vicinity, at Howard Hall, in that village, to commence on Saturday, Nov. 1st, at 10 o'clock A. M. J. A. Peebles will address the people.

W. W. MALAY, By order of Committee.

Albion, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1870.

Married:

In this city, June 16th, by Rev. Chandler Robbins, D. D., Mr. Charles H. Wildes to Mrs. Lizzie Armetad, both of Cambridge.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Swampscott, Oct. 14th, of typhoid fever, Anna F., wife of Atkins B. Atwood, and eldest daughter of George R. Dill of this city, aged 21 years 8 months.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN; OR, Out of the Darkness into the Light.

A Story of Struggles, Trials, Doubts and Triumphs.

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CHAPTER I.—Katy's Visit to Dr. Graham's Office.

CHAPTER II.—The Little "How-Do-You-Do's."

CHAPTER III.—Departure of Mrs. Graves.

CHAPTER IV.—Aunt Ronah and her story.

CHAPTER V.—Mr. Harris introduced.

CHAPTER VI.—Katy and Carrie start for the City.—Their Reception there.

CHAPTER VII.—The County-House.

CHAPTER VIII.—Carrie's Sickness.

CHAPTER IX.—Carrie joins her mother.—Katy finds a Friend and Home.

CHAPTER X.—Marion's Letter.

CHAPTER XI.—Henry and the Doctor.

CHAPTER XII.—Marion's Arrival.—Katy's Discovery.

CHAPTER XIII.—Mr. Graves' Departure to a Higher Life.

CHAPTER XIV.—Breaking Up and Removal.—Katy's Story.

CHAPTER XV.—A Talk on Spiritualism.

CHAPTER XVI.—A Visit to a Medium.

CHAPTER XVII.—Mr. Hall and his Parties.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Mr. Stanton and Kate start on their Journey.

CHAPTER XIX.—Katy's Visit to Boston.

CHAPTER XX.—A Call from the Spirit-World.—Mrs. Grayson obeys.

CHAPTER XXI.—The Hospital.

CHAPTER XXII.—The Dawning of Light.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Katy finds her Father.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Henry and the Doctor again.

CHAPTER XXV.—Henry's Inspiration.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Mr. Graves' Recovery.—The Circle.—Katy finds her Brother.

CHAPTER XXVII.—The Circle in Henry's Studio.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Darkness and Light.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Investigations continued.

CHAPTER XXX.—The Last Circle.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Life on the Ocean Wave.

CHAPTER XXXII.—Home Again.—Mr. Harris out of the Darkness into the Light.

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