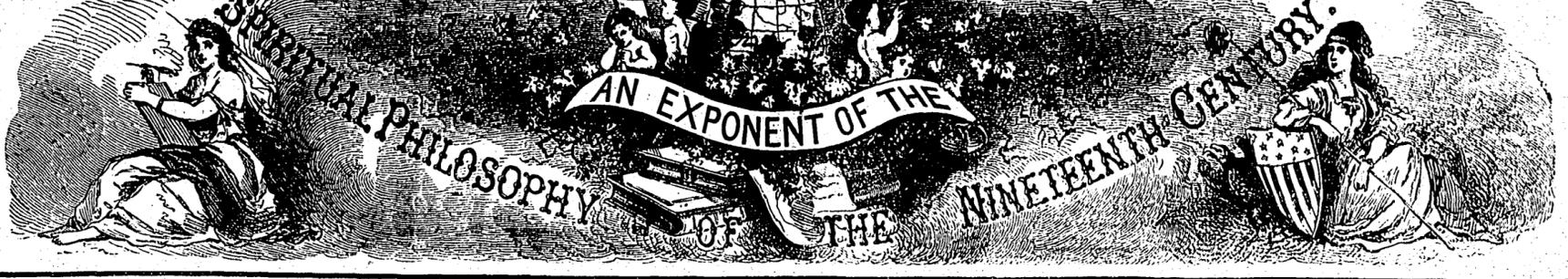


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 8.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BEAUTY UNVEILED;

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF EDWARD FOSTER,

The Enthusiast, the Philosopher, and the Lover.

BY CHRISTOPHER HARTMANN.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

The morning came, and after duly breakfasting, and mentally casting about upon the peculiar nature of the business he was on, Foster sallied forth again in pursuit of Miss Rutherford. His romantic expedition began to be a little suspicious, even to him. He could not help thinking that he might as well have stayed at home. He was some afraid that his own enthusiasm and curiosity had put a useless trouble upon him. Miss Rutherford, too, was a little disconcerted. Nothing strange, for there were certainly some Quixotic features in the matter. But Edward made a bold boast of it, and as he approached Miss Rutherford's door, saw what he thought to be a figure in black, sitting at the window; but when he got there, it was not observed. He found Miss Rutherford in readiness to accompany him, and laughing some at the romance of the expedition, and making some excuses for what might be thought strange in it, they walked along together to the house where Miss Freeland was stopping. As they drew near it, Edward saw again this same figure in black—not at the window, but as it were, before him, between him and the house. It was a woman upon the road. But why should it be this same woman, whom he had not seen while at the house of Miss Rutherford, nor seen to leave the house, although the road would not have led him out of sight of her movements, had she been traveling that way? This he could not account for. But Miss Freeland was now so close at hand, and so immediately to be revealed to him, that he had no continuous thoughts, and no remarks for anything but her. They were now upon the very threshold of the yard leading to her door. A few minutes, and the knock was given that made Edward's heart go pit-a-pat. The two were invited into an ordinarily-sized parlor, furnished and ornamented in a neat and somewhat affluent manner. There were appearances of abundance, culture and refinement. In a few minutes more, the object of his visit and of his long-indulged curiosity came stepping into the room with an air and grace and brilliancy which would have done honor to a queen. Foster was introduced by Miss Rutherford. "I hope you will excuse me, madam," said he, "for I really fear I have trespassed upon good property; but Miss Rutherford has informed me of the object of my call, and I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken; really, I hardly know how to excuse myself for the freedom I have indulged in." This was rather awkward.

"I beg you, sir," said the lady, in a free, joyous manner, "not to think of it.—It is a very pleasant occurrence—a desire very innocently gratified, though attended, I presume, with peculiar interest to you. I have certainly not the least unpleasantness about it."

All this was said in such a sweet tone, and with so much nonchalance, that Edward felt reassured at once. He continued, "I really have been so interested in this little occurrence that I could not let it rest."

"It is very singular such a mistake should have occurred," said Miss Freeland.

"I do not think so now," said Edward.

The lady blushed, but said nothing. Edward went on again, "I do not, of course," said he, contemptively, with his eyes turned from the lady, "see anything, and never have seen anything, in all my intercourse with the world, that can so sensibly remind me of my departed friend as her own speaking likeness, and the image I always bear about me in mental vision; but, I confess, I was not prepared for anything like this."

"Like what?" said Miss Freeland.

"Like the impression which you first gave me."

Seeing the embarrassment that was now evident between them, Miss Rutherford ventured to relieve it.

"I told Mr. Foster," said she, "that I hoped he would not be disappointed."

"I am, indeed," said he, "amply paid for my visit."

"I was once taken," said Miss Freeland, "for the wife of a gentleman in Rochester, New York, when it was really thought that lady was present."

"Not by the gentleman himself!" said Foster, laughing.

"Oh, no!—by another person!"

"And there was no ghost story about that," said Miss Rutherford.

"Not at all!" said Miss Freeland; and the pleasantness thus indulged in soon put them all upon terms of comparative ease, and the conversation turned readily into natural channels. Personal resemblances, Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors, and other such matters came up, one after another, till finally Foster ventured to declare what it was that impressed him first and most of all at the sight of Miss Freeland. "It was," said he, "the remarkable outline of feature. The expression is different, yet there is a resemblance of form and motion, and the eyes also have a similar look."

But as this was rather a delicate subject to discuss on very particularly, it was soon passed off, and merged into more general matters. The town, the residence of the lady, the difference between Vermont and New York, the time of tarrying in Woodstock, the unhappy man who was the husband of Mrs. Willard, a desire on the part

of Miss Freeland to visit Boston, etc., were all duly brought into the arena, and made the topics of an agreeable chit-chat. It was observed, however, that the lady occasionally eyed Foster, and he her, with a very questioning, penetrating glance.

As soon as opportunity occurred for a private word to Miss Rutherford, which, after an hour's sitting, was offered by a proposal to view the surroundings of the commodious mansion where Miss Freeland was stopping, and for which purpose they all went out together, Foster remarked to her ear alone, "Really this is interesting. I should never think of confounding Miss Freeland with Mrs. Willard, but the resemblance is striking. To a stranger I should think the mistake might occur, but the difference is in the expression. Mrs. Willard had more of the sombre, thoughtful, about her; this lady has a great deal more vivacity. They seem indeed like sisters. It reminds me of two sisters I once boarded with in New York. They kept a house at the lower end of Broadway, by the firm of Mix & Tripp. They were both widow ladies, and were frequently taken for each other. What I tell you now is an absolute fact. I boarded with them six months; and when one was present and the other absent, I frequently could not tell which it was; but when both were present together, then I could distinguish them. At the end of about six months, Mrs. Mix was taken sick and laid up for several weeks. When she came out again, she looked so pale and thin, that I could tell the difference ever afterwards. I had accustomed myself from the difference first made in sickness. Miss Freeland ought to see the likeness of Mrs. Willard. Mr. Willard, too, would be interested in seeing her."

Soon Miss Freeland made her appearance again, with her bonnet on, for a short walk to a neighboring hill. From this hill quite a prospect was presented. As soon as Foster saw her with her bonnet on, "Ah!" said he, "now I see."

"What now?" said the lady.

"Now I begin to understand the mistake. The bonnet—the bonnet makes quite a difference."

Here the pleasantness was resumed again for a few minutes, and the freedom of conversation, from one thing to another, continued even to the top of the hill. Before, however, it was reached, Miss Rutherford gave way to impressions which she could not conceal. Spite of all her Methodist proclivities, nature would out with her, when, at a difficult pass up one of the steep places, Edward had to help her by main strength over a large, jagged rock. It stirred the fountains of inspiration in her meek soul immediately. "Oh!" said she, "how nice it is to climb up these hills, and have a young man to help you over the steep places!" Miss Freeland's laugh assented to this wisdom immediately. When that omniscience was reached, "See there!" said Miss F.; "there is the extent of my uncle's land. Father has a place in Rochester not near so large as this. Oh, I wish you could see it!—with just such a pond, only larger; and he said he would not exchange it for this, although this is twice as large. Mercy! look at those children!"—and she ran, with all possible agility, down the hill, to the pond, where a couple of the neighbors' children had been playing, and one of them was so near the edge of a cliff, in a clump of woods at the border of the pond, where an accident had taken place a year previous, that she feared lest a similar accident might occur; and, without saying anything more to her associates, she sped forth instantly for the prevention of it. They soon saw what she was after, as she knew that they would, and they followed on, at a slower pace, to the scene of danger. When arrived, she was in such commotion, so flushed with excitement, and so elated at the idea of having possibly saved the child, that she appeared to Foster the very impersonation of spirited and glorious beauty. So self-forgetful, too—such a complete abandon in her manners, and so much grace and dignity of movement!

"Why! you little thing, you!" said she, taking hold of the child's arm, "do n't, for mercy's sake, ever go there again! What do you suppose your mother would say to you?"

"My mother?" drawled out the child; "I haint got any mother."

"So much the more need of caution, then," replied Miss F. "Whose boy are you?"

"I live with aunt, down the road there"—pointing in the direction of his home. "Did you think I was going to fall into the water? I've been there ever so many times."

"What! does your aunt allow you to go on to that rock?"

"She does n't know I do go there. I got some fishes there the other day."

"What! fish off from that rock?"

At this, she got down to the little urchin, who was both ragged and dirty, and gave him such a lecturing, as though she herself had been the mother of the child, that Foster and Miss Rutherford enjoyed it richly. They went into the house together; and, having thrown off all the embarrassment consequent upon their first interview, and it being understood that Foster must return to Boston the next day, he was invited to another interview and another ramble in the afternoon. He accepted, and left her. As he walked home with Miss Rutherford, she began to congratulate him on the pleasantness of his visit. "Oh!" said Foster, "she is a very interesting person. I do wish she would come to Boston. Can't we contrive it in some way? Can't she, when she goes to Rochester, come round by way of Boston?"

"I do n't know," said Miss R.; "I have no doubt she would like to." And they walked home together, and he went to the hotel.

The grand encounter was over—the wonderful presence seen—and the young enthusiast satisfied, I presume, to the brim of his desires. And now what? I am expecting my readers are thinking, of course, of a terrible smiling somewhere in the region of the heart. I will tell you how it was, exactly. It was a smiting of the head and of the

animal passions, with just enough of the higher sentiments to make him at once the enthusiastic admirer of her beauty and a bit of her character. How could he resist? He must have been made of marble. It was acknowledged, on all sides, that Miss Freeland was a very beautiful and attractive person, and she was now just entering her twenty-fifth year. She was sprightly, spirited, active, charming, entrancing—just the very person to excite the ideas of Edward Foster. Nothing was wanting—noting lacking to hit him off at one blow, fairly and handsomely. The spirituelle of her character was rather left in the background—completely overpowered by the full presentment of her other rare qualifications and her physical beauty. To be sure, there was a tolerable share of kindly good-nature in her, and several little accomplishments, and a character, as it evidently appeared, of a fair, every-day amiability and virtue; but nothing in all this that struck—nothing that a man or a woman would be liable to be taken with suddenly. Alas! how true it is that this is not generally the quickening substance of a man's love. Love—did I say? Yes—a certain kind of love; for how true it is that the glow of feeling for what outwardly appears is in some correspondence with that inward, vital, spiritual warmth which the heart and soul feel in genuine love. As was stated before, in the conversations of Edward and Goodman, there is that in an outward appearance which is philosophically productive of this effect. Somehow, it connects with the mental nature. It does not generally go very deeply, but it goes deep enough to produce a glow of the affection which is sensibly felt, and even perceptible in the material frame. It conducts, somehow, from exterior to interior. Sometimes it is mere lust; at other times, it is a kind of natural love touching upon a still deeper love. It is impossible to analyze it fully; but he who does not recognize this subtle connection between the outward and the inward has yet to learn one of the most powerful and operative principles in nature. What I would remark here, however, is that even this animal or physical love is not to be condemned altogether; for when it is of the spirit, and thence of the body, it is very proper; but when it is of the body, and thence of the spirit, it of course becomes a low and degrading passion.

Foster felt, at first, for the beautiful Miss Freeland, that which is so common between the sexes. Is it not surprising, after all the experience of the world, and all its disappointments, wretchedness and misery from this one cause of personal beauty, that both men and women will still continue to be taken with it so disastrously and so thoroughly and effectually? Is it not proof in itself that there is, more deeply and mysteriously than is suspected, some hidden connection of it with character? Would men and women—and sensible men and women, too—fall in love with a mere doll—so much geometrical form, and outline, and color, with but an ordinary expression—if there was not some deeper significance in it? And it is manifestly true that sensible people, too, to a certain extent, love beauty for something more than its own naked self; else how is it that so very few love well enough to marry a very homely and deformed person, though endowed with angelic goodness? Why is such homeliness so repulsive? Why do we say—as homely as sin?—ugly as the devil? Why this feeling, in the best of us, that goodness and virtue ought to be beautiful, whether it is or not, and sin ugly-looking? Oh, there is a deeper philosophy here than is generally suspected; and if this narrative has any power to bring it out, it will not be in vain that the events here recorded are given to the world.

Foster was smitten—yes, deeply smitten—before he was aware. That intellectual power he had, which would have made him a sculptor or a painter, combined with a temper so ethereal, an imagination so quick, and animality enough, with all his spiritual tendencies, to make him susceptible of a rapid motion of all that pertains to what, in common parlance, is called love—this fixed him at once. And all the circumstances of his experience were so romantic! That he should ever see so fair a resemblance of his first love, and under circumstances so pleasant and exhilarating, with all the bewitching kindness of the creature, too—all this conspired to make a very strong first impression. Of course, he was restless for the afternoon excursion. He would like another ramble with her? Yes—and he would go home and tell Willard the whole story.

The afternoon came, and off he went to enjoy his new acquaintance. And Miss Rutherford, too—she was the very pluck of unsophisticated church propriety and sobriety, with all simplicity and sincerity, and a certain piquant good nature which made her jokes tell. Her moderation added to the force of her sobriety. They went again, and the now considerably assured Miss Freeland felt that a very fair encounter could not be missed. I shall not speak of certain undoubted thoughts in her heart as to the upshot and end-all of this expedition; suffice it to say she had some ulterior calculation about it; she could not help it—with so fine a young man, and so earnest in his interests. But Foster himself—I know that at this time he thought it was very singular, very singular indeed, that things should turn out just as they had; while the lawyer in the house pleased himself with some very merry thrusts at special providences, and all that kind of talk; and the old grandmother shook her ominous head, and said, "Ah! I see there's no stopping it; may be the Lord's in this thing; may be he is n't. It's a long way up the hill!"

"Why, grandmother!" exclaimed Miss Freeland, "I hope you don't think there's any harm in going up the hill!"

"Ah! I meant the hill of life!" murmured she.

"Why, grandmother, I should think you'd be ashamed!"

"Not ashamed," muttered she, "so long as Lord lets me live."

Well—as I was saying—they all started off again together, and were gone the whole afternoon. A merry time they had of it. Foster almost forgot, for the time being, all his sorrows. They went into the woods, for it was now the pleasant spring-time of the year, and dry enough to gather some early flowers; and they went miles off by the aid of uncle's horse and carriage; and they saw all the surrounding country, and a great deal, I dare say, that did n't pertain to the country. Miss F. was in her very best trim. She had prepared herself for the occasion, and no pains were spared to make herself look as much like a certain imaginary possibility as nature and bonnet could do. She clad herself very simply, but beautifully. I might as well say it—this lady was now on for a conquest; whether marriage or not she had not fully determined. But she felt that she had power. She meant to use it. I do not say inconsiderately; but she felt that here might be her fortune. Foster, it was observed, lost by degrees his self-possession; but she never lost hers; she was seldom ever known to. Foster began to grow absent-minded. Her eagle eye detected this in a moment. She took more courage, and pressed on, and with all the vivaciousness and brilliancy of which she was capable, now played her lustrous and glorious eyes full and fairly upon his—now gave utterance to her melodious voice in full, free, joyous laughter, which made the woods ring, now went ahead that he might have the advantage of viewing her graceful form without her observation, then turned round upon him unexpectedly and gave him such a look of modest and bewitching languishment! and the chatter of her tongue and the kindness of her heart, as displayed to him on various occasions, were full enough—quite too much for him. Foster could not resist it any more than he could resist lightning.

It was done, reader—done that very afternoon. I do not say that Foster had fully yielded his heart, but he felt so much that he could not leave her. Possibly, very probably, I think, to those invisible spirits who help on the destiny of human beings, whether good or bad, their fate was now soon to be decided; but not to Foster; not to her, either. But she had exerted influence enough that afternoon to keep him in her power, although neither of them knew it.

They returned to the house of Miss F.'s uncle, who, by the way, was Esq. Jotham Pollard, a rich farmer in that town, where the table was spread for them all to sit down to tea. This was an unexpected visit to young Foster. But Miss F. had left orders to that effect, having first obtained the consent and approval of aunt and uncle; and the display of fine crockery and glass, the neat, white damask cloth, and the viands furnished for the occasion, made it a very tempting and social finale to the agreeable afternoon entertainment. It was arranged, of course, that Foster and Miss Freeland and Miss Rutherford should sit together—the first two in immediate proximity. Thus he was furnished with an occasion for the exercise of his best attentions and powers of entertainment, and she for a reciprocity of favors, aided by all that peculiar inspiration which fumes up with a rich cup of tea. Our young friends were seated directly opposite the squire, and his wife and the young lawyer took seats by their side. Grandmother occupied the end of the table. Miss F. had suspicions of nobody but her. Occasionally she gave a sidelong glance at her, frowning every moment that she would say something dreadful; but the supper passed on till nearly the close, and no word had escaped from her ominous lips. Esq. Pollard was evidently pleased with his young visitor; and his wife, partaking of the mutual satisfaction, continued to throw off many a pleasant remark for their mutual edification. The lawyer more than once gave utterance to his piquant remarks; just revealing enough of his drift, when by-and-by the venerable personage at the end of the table ventured to open her mouth.

"You are speaking," said she, "of the strange things that happen in this world. When I was a young gal I used to think it stranger than all, why folks could n't tell beforehand more what's goin' to happen. My mother used to have a sort of feeling that way, others when's any trouble. Folks used to call it presentiment, second sight; but I tell 'em, so and so about what's goin' on or is comin'. Oh, dear! well, it aint given us to know everything—a mercy 'tis! Troubles come fast enough without seem' 'em beforehand. But it's no use of being blind to everything." Then, sipping her tea, and looking over her spectacles, she added ominously, "You have high times now."

"Grandmother," said the lawyer, "you do n't seem to enter into the spirit of the occasion. You're rather blue."

"Blue? no, I don't mean to be blue. I own I don't feel very well."

"Grandmother's always prophesying evil," said Miss F. impatiently.

Foster looked at her with a very curious, quizzical glance; finally he ventured to speak:

"You do n't always hit right, do you, ma'am?"

"Almost others when I feel very heavy."

This brought down the table. Lightness, the Esq. thought, was the more appropriate mood for inspiration. But it was no use; the old lady would have her mood; and the company, not disposed to notice her much more, gave indulgence to the utmost freedom and merriment.

When supper was over they all took a walk upon the hill again. It was just at sunset. The mellow light of departing day threw its beautiful tints upon the fine scenery around; the pond shone like a sheet of clear glass in the distance; and there, upon the top of an eminence, beautiful for its commanding prospect, and sacred to Foster for some of the most delightful impressions of his life, the subject was brought up of a possible last view of all these regions, which elicited from

him an earnest expression of his desire that Miss Freeland might visit Boston.

"I should be delighted to," she said, "but I did not contemplate it, and father would think it so strange."

"Toll him you were persuaded to: he'd consent, I guess."

"Oh, yes, he'd consent; but —"

"But what?"

"I do n't know a single person there."

"You know me," said Foster, as though that was enough.

"Yes—I beg your pardon, sir; I should admire to see the city, and —"

"And what?"

"I should be much pleased to prolong our acquaintance. I will write to father about it, and if he is willing, I will try to see Boston before I go home."

Here was encouragement. Miss Rutherford told her she had better, and Foster thought she certainly would. At all events, a very interesting acquaintance had been formed, and a friendship cemented under very unusual circumstances. But all was not over yet. There was the evening to come. Miss Rutherford had invited them to her house in the evening. Of course it was accepted, and Foster had another pleasure to count on, which would more than amply repay him for his somewhat doubtful journey to Woodstock. I shall not enter into the particulars of this evening's entertainment, except to say that the mellow influence of the candle-light showed off Miss F. in more than her usual beauty. Everything that was an imperfection in her was now shaded and concealed by a light that has so many advantages. She appeared truly lovely. To a lover of the merely beautiful, to an artist, to a connoisseur in all that was attracting to the outward gaze, here was a luxury on which to feast the eyes. And her eyes shone with a really captivating lustre. I know not by Byron's lines could be applied more appropriately than to her on this occasion:

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best, of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

Now, gentle reader, here is a problem. Why is it that without any superior intelligence, without any unusual goodness, without any peculiar affinity of character, (for really Miss F. had shown none during all the interview which Foster had with her) why is it that so intellectual a young man, so pure and aspiring, and having such a true philosophy, too, of the connection of external appearance with internal qualities, why is it that all this intelligence is at once and effectually overpowered by such outward charms? I say, overpowered. For that it was so, was very evident. He could not help falling in love with so fine a person. He had seen no remarkable displays of her mental capacities; did not even see or feel that tender and sweet affection which sometimes so allures and attaches where there are no particular intellectual qualities to arrest one's attention, and which is oftentimes so much better than intellect; he had scarcely caught a glimpse of her real soul, that is, of those deep and habitual qualities that reign there and form one's character; he had seen only, to say the most, but a very ordinary and moderate share of good nature and kindness; whether assumed or not, he could not tell. It might have been chiefly deceptive. Yet still he fell in love with her. Why was it? I suppose some of my readers will say that it was the easiest and most natural thing imaginable. So it was. But I will be bound by all the net proceeds of this story, that not one in a thousand can tell why it was. Surely, it was not for the mere outside show, regardless of any internal qualities represented by it. Just think of it. A man with a heart and soul in him, loving so much finely carved flesh, and symmetrical proportions, and paint, (though of Nature's best), and colored light flashing from two eyes, with so much wave-like and graceful motion! Loving it, I say; that is, being warmed with such an idea! Was ever a man known to be warmed with geometry, and mathematics, and the science of forms? Perhaps you speak of the spirit within. Ah! but if this external casing of it had happened to have been utterly uncouth and deformed, the spirit within might have gone a begging for love where it could find it. Surely, Foster would not have been drawn to it, in the condition he was in then; no, nor thousands of others who find their affections so powerfully stimulated by these outward harpings. Well, I am not going to dissect the throat of a nightingale to get at the substance of the sweet singing; for our mystery opens to us more clearly than that. There is something in this philosophy of the beautiful that is so simple, appreciable, and profitable, which, when it is seen, that its worth is far above rubies, and when once fully displayed to view, the world should go after it at once. All mankind should be falling in love with the beautiful.

Why, everybody sees it at once, in general. Everybody knows that, very generally speaking, all the best and noblest of humanity are the best looking. I do not say handsome, but still, in a true sense, the best looking. You do not see the extremes of deformity—the fiendish and practical aspect, upon the extremes of goodness. There is a certain good look upon every truly good person, and this good look frequently merges into styles of the handsome and the beautiful—varying, to be sure, according to every one's ideal of beauty, and the peculiar order of the genius so represented. But why not this principle entire and perfect? Why not carried out into the effect that all the best characters are not only the best looking, but so in exact proportion to their characters?

It is, I say, precisely this sense, though blunted and obscured by sensuality, ignorance and sin, that yet plays in the deep caverns of the human mind, and gives us the phenomenon of this intense and all-absorbing love of the beautiful. If this is not so in the depraved, and in those who as to their affections do not think of the good, but seek merely a perverted sensual gratification, then I say there is an evil love—love not the less of

something besides mere forms and pictures, which presents to the mind the idea of the good they crave. They may call it good; and they do, frequently; and strive to paint it up, and throw around it the attractions which only truly belong to genuine goodness. It is a true principle that prevails at the bottom of all this; and our very expressions—"graceful" forms and motions, "good" looks, &c., imply as much. Grace is a quality justly connected with highest themes. We speak of the grace of God, which is only another term for his goodness or favor; and there is a peculiar propriety in connecting all grace, gentleness, &c., with those acts and motions which flow from a celestial goodness.

For softness she, and sweet, attractive grace. This, then, is in part the solution of the problem. Why the apparent exceptions appear, and characters are frequently so different from their looks, remains to be developed. Our story will be all-sufficient for it.

Young Foster was dealt with by the powers in question most effectually. He was fixed to the admiration and love of Miss Freeland. He had not told his love, and it had not yet the deepest hold upon him. But he was decidedly enamored. He knew it, and she knew it too. What a scene that of last evening was! Could he ever forget it? ever live without a repetition of it? Truth is, when they parted that night, it was with such a manifest affection on his part, and anxiety on hers, that he began to question within himself whether he had not been deceived. It was as late as ten o'clock. And when, at the door of the house, he finally took leave of her, without knowing whether he should ever see her again, he felt as if he was leaving a dear friend he had known for years. So much had one day done to rivet the chains of destiny. She said to him, cheerfully—"I hope you will be prosperous, sir, in all your pursuits in life, and never make a worse mistake than did our friend Bartholomew." He said to her—"I wish that every mistake of my life might be attended with as pleasant consequences." And so they parted—he to the hotel for the night, from which he was to leave for Boston early the next morning; and she to her rest in the house of her tarrying, to which she had not been accompanied by him.

[To be continued in our next.]

Spiritual Phenomena.

From the London Spiritual Magazine for October. MANIFESTATIONS ON THE CONTINENT THROUGH MRS. GUPPY.

The last number of the Spiritualist gives a history of Mrs. Guppy's mediumship compiled from our pages, and adding the following account of manifestations through her mediumship on the Continent, where Mr. and Mrs. Guppy have been living for the last two and a half years. Mrs. Guppy's mediumship was a subject of much interest to many of the more cultured residents in Naples and Florence, in which places several séances of a remarkable character were held. Some of the most striking manifestations through Mrs. Guppy's mediumship have also been witnessed in Paris.

About a year and three quarters ago, at a dark midnight hour, at the house of Mrs. Paget, Paris, at which sat Madame Val d'Or, of Paris, was present, the latter lady said, it is impossible for me to believe in this kind of thing, when Mr. Guppy took away from the table, while I held the hands of Mrs. Guppy. This was willfully done to do, and showers of fresh flowers fell afterwards, just the same as before. About the same time at another sitting in the house of Mrs. Paget in Paris, Madame Val d'Or was present, and said, "I could not see anything in the light, but I should be satisfied if Mrs. Guppy marked that 'tests of these kinds usually happen at unexpected times, and not when most desired.' She had scarcely finished speaking, when, in the full light of four candles, a chair glided about the floor of the room, a distance of four or five yards, and stopped close to Madame Val d'Or. Madame, who was very much startled, raised the chair, and examined it for strings or machinery. She found none and put the chair down again, when it at once glided back to its former place.

In Naples some very good séances took place at the palace of the celebrated Duchess Arduina. One evening the Princess Aquilana and the Countess Castellana were also present. The Countess Castellana said she could not believe in the manifestations unless she were certain that Mrs. Guppy had nothing concealed about her. Mrs. Guppy insisted on taking off her own clothes and putting on a dressing-gown of a Day's dress. This she did in the presence of the Duchess Arduina and Princess, who themselves rubbed her in the dressing-gown, and then threw a shawl over her shoulders to keep her warm. She then held the séance in a room she had not sat in before, when a shower of flowers, as usual in her séances, took place. Mr. Guppy was not present at this séance.

On one occasion she held a sitting with Mr. Augustus Troupp and his wife at Florence. Mr. Troupp held Mrs. Guppy's hands, yet his hands and arms, and those of Mrs. Guppy, were quite buried in fresh flowers soon after the light was extinguished.

On another occasion Lady Augustus Paget asked permission to be present at one of Mrs. Guppy's séances at Naples, and to bring a friend with her. She brought the Countess Molke, a relative of General Molke, the present commander of the Prussian army. Mrs. Guppy was indisposed, and nothing very remarkable took place at the séance. A few days later they had another. Mrs. Guppy's hands were held by the ladies, yet the spirits brought flowers in profusion; the sitters were touched by invisible hands, and noises were heard in the room, so loud that they frightened the whole party.

At Florence there is a society for the investigation of spiritual phenomena; its members consist chiefly of nobles, and it is called the Florence Spiritual Society. At one of the séances held in the winter months, it was found to be too cold to sit in the room ordinarily used for the purpose, and there was no fire in it, so the party adjourned to one of the private rooms of the secretary, at the top of the house. The séance was a few days later held in the same room, which was covered over before the séance began to exclude light, and all the ladies present were furnished with foot warmers. Flowers were brought as usual; but suddenly a noise was heard as if the chandelier had fallen down; a light was struck, and a thick block of ice, of about a square foot in size, was found upon the table.

some live star fishes were found upon the table. The ice was not much more than a hundred yards from the house. On one occasion Mr. H. W. Longfellow, the American poet, called upon Mrs. Guppy at Naples; he said that he had been at many séances, but had not seen anything entirely satisfactory, and that he should like to have a sitting with her. His request was complied with; he held both her hands, and while he did so several orange-blossoms were brought by unseen agency. The poet said that he considered the manifestation to be one of the most conclusive he had ever witnessed. Mrs. Guppy gave several séances to the Neapolitan Princess Royal, and received some very interesting remembrances from the Royal Family. Where do the flowers come from? In the majority of cases it is not known where they are gathered, but in some instances Mr. and Mrs. Guppy have evidence that they were gathered in gardens varying in distance from the place of meeting from a few yards to several miles. In many kinds of spiritual manifestations, distance seems to be no impediment to the action of the spirits than a thick copper wire to the passage of electricity.

POE'S RAVEN.

CONTINUED FROM THE SPIRIT LIGHT. (Through the instrumentality of Thos. L. Harris.)

First with my brain were burning; Soaring like the eagle, through my open door; Heedless—blinded in my anguish; through my open door. Came a Raven, foul and sabbic; Like those that haunt the Royal Family; Looming where the dooping spectres haunt the Stygian shore— Not a bird, but something more. Ghosts of agonies departed, Fostering sounds that long had smothered; Broken voices, restless mornings, girls and miseries of youth. By some art revived, Undaunted, I gazed steadfast, The enchanted, Black, infernal River, with its banks, Evermore— Not a bird, but something more. Gazing steady, crying woe; On the blot, I saw, and sabbic; Broken down too deep for scolding, sought for mercy to implore. Turning to the left, I thought; In my bosom I expressed it; Still it pierced my heart, and revelled in the palpitating pore; 'T was a bird, and something more. I grew mad. The crowing fables— Black words, they not blossoming can be— Made me think the bird a spirit. 'Heil,' I cried, 'the bird no more. Taken shape; he man—the devil; Be a snake; the form thy soul— From thy banquet rise, he human. I have seen thee oft before; Thou art not, and something more. Tapping, tapping, striking deeper, Rousing Pain my body's keeper. Thou hast oft croaked—sought entrance at the heart's great portal door. Take thy shape, oh ghastly demon; Fend or Split most infernal man. Strike me through, but first, unrolling, let me scan thee— Thou art not, but something more.' Still with calm passions tapping, The great Raven, tapping tapping, Struck into my breast his talons, viz his wings outspread, and said: All my notes are a rattle; But I strive with dying valor, With the point of my raven's striking through the form it wore— Not a bird, but something more. With that huge, infernal Raven, I could not of myself implore, Image growing more gigantic, moved beyond the Stygian shore. Leave me, leave me, I beseech thee; I would not of myself implore, I cried madly. 'Thou art not, but something more.' 'T was a bird—a demon more. Downward, downward, circling, spooling, Circle of anguish still unfolding, Striking through me with his talons—still that Raven shape he wore— Not a bird, but something more. Into Erebus we drifted; He—large wings, by tapers lifted, Saw 'gainst dots of stars, his plumage, sprinkled red with human gore. 'T was a bird—a demon more. 'I'm no bird—an angel, brother; A bright spirit, an I none other; I have waited, till—tended thee for thirty years and more. In thy wild blue eyes, I have sounded, tapping, tapping, at the spirit's Eden door; Not a bird—an angel more. Shining down, with light Elysian, Through the party gates of vision, On thy trance, soul-touched fancy, when, across thy chamber floor, Fell the scarlet moonlight, helen With soft dots from trees in Eden Shaken downward—still unpeptide, drank by dreaming hands. Not a bird—an angel more. In my Patmos, on a shadow, In Zion, on a wreath, More than Roman, though Austrian, were the kingly name I bore. I have not of myself implore, Drooping in my sorrow's chaffin Consolation. 'O, 't was blessed, sweet, thy pillow to bend over; Not a bird—an angel more. Enchil is the moaning fever, Where, through cotton green, forever, Blows the spirit wind, and the love-birds tell their rapture o'er. From earth's hell, he a fits haunted, 'T was the spirit's, he a fits haunted; I have borne thee. Gaze upon me; didst thou see me o'er before?— Not a bird—an angel more.' And I awakened—if to waken Be to dwell, by grief forsaken— With the God who dwelt with angels in the shining age of yore. And I stood sublime, victorious, While below lay Earth, with glorious Realms of angels, shining crown-like on its temples evermore. Not a corpse—a woman more. 'Earth,' I cried, 'thy clouds are shadows, From the Asphodelian meadows Of the sky-world floating downward—pearly rains that from thee fall; Love's own heaven—thy mother—here thee. And the father—God—hence o'er thee; 'T is his hand that, crowns thy forehead. Thou shalt live forevermore; Not on Earth—on Eden more.' As a gem has many gleamings, And a day has many bellows, And a garden many roses, filled with sweetness to the core, So the soul hath many ages, And the life has many pages, And the heart's great, complex organs where the seraphim adore. Not a heart—love's angel more. I will write a book hereafter, Cheerful as a baby's laughter, When a mother's heart, overleaps it on the sainted spirit's shore; Like Apollo, the far darter, I, the poet and the martyr, Will chant poems of soul-music, that shall live forevermore— Not a fiasco—A Bozzetti song!

My design, in this production, has been to embody, in poetic form, the secret of my life. Being from my cradle a haunted man, conscious of more than human presence, and unable from physiological and mental perversions, to analyze its essence, I grew morbid and melancholy. This influence was that of my good guardian, Supernatural visions, elevating and insulating, descended from him to me. These became distorted in their descent. I wrote under spiritual inspiration. My meditative condition was imperfect. I misapprehended and misinterpreted the spiritual truths; hence the gloomy, misanthropic character of my productions. 'T is the body to recover sanity, and then, in that mysterious, ethereal, ideal world, discovered the pain-producing, vision-creating influence, descending from me in my earthly-life, to have been not dematerialized but celestial.

Pity the man of genius. Madness itself, when accompanied with any degree of physical comfort, is Eden in comparison to the grinding of a mind living in the unconscious violation of the spirit's law, forced to the rack of mental exertion to purchase bread, unable to compete with men of the world, crushed by unfeeling avarice. Inty, vainly striving, through all despite, to give birth to deathless inspirations. I have but partially expressed myself. E. A. P.

A boy makes a huge snowball to show his skill and perseverance, and as something to wonder at, not that he can swallow it as an ice or warm his hands at it; and the man accumulates a pile of wealth for pretty much the same reason.

He who sows the ground with care and diligence, acquires a great stock of riches, more than he could gain by the repetition of a thousand prayers.—Zendavesta, Bible of the Persians.

The Lecture Room.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH.

A LECTURE BY PROF. W. M. DENTON, In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Oct. 9, 1870. Reported for the Banner of Light.

Having cast aside as authority that collection of Jewish traditions and Christian imaginings called the Bible, we must reconsider all vital questions, and find their bearings from our new position. We henceforth take Nature as our guide, our unerring standard; whatever that teaches we are prepared to accept, and whatever that opposes, we reject. It is not sufficient to say to us: "Thus saith the Lord." What foolish thing is there that he has not said? It must be: "Thus saith Nature," and when this is proved, all that we desire is done.

In the light of this new morning that has dawned upon us, with the sun of science beaming into our souls, how stands the important question of death? We can no longer regard it as a curse coming upon us because of the apple eating propensities of the first pair—for death reigned upon the planet ages before man came here—but as the inevitable result of the law of his being. Nor can we regard Jesus as the revealer of immortality. Centuries before his time Socrates proclaimed his hope of future life, and gave his reasons for it, as Jesus neither did nor could. Light had been shed upon this subject centuries before the first chapter of Genesis was written. The Bible on this, as on many other subjects, gives little light, and no philosophy. The ancient Jews never saw deeper than the bottom of the grave where they laid their dead. To David death was a land of darkness and forgetfulness; Daniel thinks that we sleep in the earth; and even Paul, the light of his age in the eyes of so many Christian people, requires the wings of an angel to blow a trumpet blast to waken the sleeping dead. A number of scattered and contradictory fragments is all that the soul can gain from the Bible; therefore we come to Nature, our loving mother, and ask her to teach us the lesson which facts reveal concerning the question of life and death.

There stands a majestic New England elm. Under its spreading branches five generations of children have played; but as its successive crops of leaves have fallen and died, so must it in turn go down to the dust—the common grave of all living. The enduring pyramids have looked down upon a hundred generations of men as they have marched to their destiny; over thousands before them; but even they feel the tooth of time. Each desert wind that blows over diminishes them, and a heap of sand will yet mark the spot where they died.

But here are the mountains—the cloud-kissing, the heaven-propping, the over-arching mountains—surely they will always be monuments of the activity of our planet in ages gone by. Not at all; they, too, must dissolve; these winds that howl around their frosty heads are but chanting their funeral dirge, and the rivers that run down their furrowed sides are the corpse-bearers forever carrying them to the ocean, whose caverns yawn to receive them and lay them with the thousand that went before them. Not a mountain that stands to-day but shall be leveled with the lowest valley—it is the decree of destiny. Yea, the world itself grows old, and must inevitably die; as Shakespeare has it: "The great globe itself—Yea, all that it contains, shall dissolve, like this insubstantial page of vision. Leave not a rack behind."

It is the destiny of the planets—millions have gone, and all that remain are destined to follow them: Worlds have felt this to fall, And suns to perish, and bright stars decay.

It is, however, but the turning of the kaleidoscope. The old forms have departed; the glittering beauties we beheld are gone, never to return, but that which composed them remains, enters into new combinations as fair to the eye, as perfect in form, in like manner to pass and be succeeded in the eternal procession of all things. The old elm falls, but out of its dust springs the young one, more vigorous for the ashes of its predecessor, and waves in time its lordly crown as high as those who went before it. The mountain decays, its last atoms borne upon the sea's troubled breast, but out of the ocean depths spring new mountains, higher, fairer than their predecessors, and enriched with the spoil of the waters from which they were heaved. The matter composing the earth has belonged to other worlds millions of times, and shall doubtless in the future belong to worlds unnumbered; stars die and go out in blackness, but new ones bright and fair and radiant succeed them. This is the law of Nature universally—the one is as certain as the other. So much everybody sees of death, the inevitable, the undeliverable; the renewal, the transformation—the old gone, but out of it all things made new. Suns set—suns rise in glory; trees decay—trees spring up and crown the world with verdure. This we see; this we know. But is this all? How little of man we see when looking at the body! How little of the world we see through this physical eye! Do you see all there is of the earth, you ditch-digger, whose spade goes down five feet? Do you know it all, oh miner, whose toll carries you down half a mile into the darkness? The deepest delver knows as little as the mussel at the bottom of the sea knows of the thousand islands and coasts the broad ocean waves; and we know as little of what the spirit of man is to reveal. We behold but little of what constitutes the man here, and what follows death is equally hidden from our gaze. You say the elm is gone, and all things are as if it had never been; and I say you are wrong—the tree remains. It has passed into that spiritual realm that knows no change; where no frost can nip it, no blight affect it, and time wield its all-destroying scythe in vain. The mountains that we say perished, is yet—its granite crags, the boulders that lay around its base, the woods that clothed its shaggy sides. The world, to the eye, may pass away, but it still remains. The world of the past is spiritually present here, and unchanged forever. The eyes of the psychometer behold it, and he reveals this to us. It is not fancy, but fact.

Sir John Herschel gives the following experience: "I had been witnessing the demolition of a structure familiar to me from childhood, and with which many interesting associations were connected; a demolition not unattended with danger to the workmen employed, about whom I had felt very uncomfortable. It happened to me, at the approach of evening, while, however, there was yet a bright light, to pass of the place where, the day before, it had stood; the path I had to follow leading beside it. Great was my amazement to see it, as if still standing, projected against the dull sky. Being perfectly aware that it was a mere nervous impression, I walked on, keeping my eyes directed to it; and the perspective view, the form and disposition of the place appeared to change with the change in the point of view, as they would have done if real."

My explanation is, that Herschel saw the very building that had been demolished with his spiritual eye, and that it required the spiritual eye to see it. As evidence of this, witness the change in perspective as he passed from point to point—just as it would had it been before his very eyes. Such visions to the psychometer are very common things. Many times have psychometers described, by this power, parts of the earth geologically, which are not to day, to our ordinary senses, but spiritually exist as real as ever. To me, then, there is no death, in the absolute sense. Everything on the planet is immortal by virtue of its very existence; and everything that has been, is. I know that this view of Nature will be far from giving satisfaction to the soul of man, if that is all. However beautiful the life of the past may have been, no man would desire to live it over forever. This will do for the tree, the mountain, the flower, the planet; but, for conscious man, whose desires are an unfathomable deep, more than this is needed. Our very needs are the guaranty of their supply; our want is a ticket to the illimitable storehouse containing what we want. "My God," says Paul, "will supply all your needs, through Christ Jesus;" and I say Nature will supply all your needs without Christ Jesus, of whom she knows no more than she does of Thomas Jones.

Man abides as these objects abide. The vast procession of human life moves on; youth to manhood and tottering age; dropping their bodies as they go, that have served the soul's purpose for awhile, and these are seized, and, by subtle alchemy, transformed into grass, flowers, trees, corn, grapes and potatoes to feed a new host who keep up the grand march. The water we drink has made the glory of many a sunset, and spanned the sky in rainbow arches. The dust itself beneath our feet has trodden, as it is now trodden upon, and every drop of the briny sea has coursed down the cheeks of the children of sorrow. But, more than this, the spirit of man abides to meet the infinite needs of his nature; solid and substantial it remains, knowing itself and its surroundings; marching irresistibly on to the still greater destinies that rise before it. It do not depend for life upon the will of a Jehovah, who may become angry and blot it out of existence; if it did, mercy on it! but by virtue of its very constituents, and the laws of Nature in the universe of which it forms so important a part. The great facts which have come to us during the last twenty-five years have made this truth clearer to the mind of man generally than it ever was before. The following extract, which I make from the American Spiritualist, describes a scene full of confirmatory testimony on this subject. It is from a lady named Mary Carpenter, and addressed to her former physician, describing the death of her mother. She says, writing to him: "By your assistance I acquired the power of putting myself in that state [clairvoyance] without the assistance of an operator. * * * Perceiving that she [her mother] was dying, I seated myself in the room, and was soon in the state of spiritual clairvoyance. With the opening of the lower sight the physical scene of a mother's death was changed to a vision of glory. Beautiful angelic spirits were present watching over her; their faces were radiant with bliss, and their glittering robes were like transparent snow. I could feel them as material, and yet they communicated a sensation that can only describe by saying it seemed to me as though I were sitting with the lady, only that she stood at her head, and some at her feet, while others seemed to be hovering over her form. They did not appear with the wings of birds [of course not] as angels are commonly painted, but they were in the perfected human form. They seemed so pure, so full of love, that I sought to look at them as they watched the change now taking place in my mother. I now turned my attention more directly to my parent, and saw the external senses leave her. First the power of sight departed, and then a veil seemed to drop over the eyes; then the hearing ceased, and next the sense of feeling. The spirit seemed to leave the limbs, as they were lifted, and the light that filled each part in every fibre, drew up toward the chest. As fast as this took place the veil seemed to drop over the part from whence spiritual light was removed. A ball of light was now gathering just above her head, and this continued to increase as long as the spirit was conscious of the physical body. The light left the brain last, and then 'the silver cord was loosed.' The luminous appearance soon began to assume the human form, and I could see my mother again; but, oh, how changed! She was light and glorious, arrayed in robes of dazzling whiteness, free from disease, pain and death. She seemed to be seated to watch the limbs, as they were lifted, of a mother over the birth of a child. She paid no attention to me or any earthly object, but joined her companions, and they seemed to go away through the air. I attempted to follow them in spirit, for I felt strongly attracted, and longed to go with my mother. I saw them ascend till they seemed to pass through an open space, when a mist came over my sight, and I saw them no more. I returned, and soon awoke, but not to sorrow as those who 'have no hope.'"

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Oh, if that had been a chapter in the Bible, what a beautiful one it would have been! If it had been written by Paul, how the Christians would have hugged it to their breasts, and thanked God for the incontestable revelation of immortality! Is it any worse because a woman saw it? She says she sees her mother. "Her visits are no terror to me, but I receive strength from them; she is still my mother, with whom I love to converse." Many independent seers have described death in a very similar manner, and some without any knowledge of the similar descriptions of others. On one occasion my oldest boy, without any previous thought on my part or his, described to me the death of an Egyptian: "I see one man ready to die; he lies on a flat place and faintly groans; nobody appears to notice him. He is dead. I see the man's spirit standing still over him; it looks better than the dying man; it stands up and looks a great deal better than the man. * * * The spirit is a little higher now, about as tall as I am above him. It keeps going and rising, but slowly. Now it darts away quickly, and I cannot see it; it went like a flash."

What we see, my friends, is indeed but a small part of that which exists. There lies the sick man; how pale his brow how fevered his lips! His eye is dim, his fingers are clammy; the doctor says he can do no more for him. Here are the weeping wife and the sorrowing children. All these we see, and they make death the most terrible event in our history. But we do not see the radiant spirit that no sickness can reach; that no poisonous medicine can harm; that needs no Jesus to save, or priest to pray for it—this spirit, struggling to free itself from the encasing body, as the young bird does to liberate itself from the no longer needed shell. We see not the spirit friends that hover round, to welcome it to the land of the immortals. This is no fancy to those whose soul-vision is opened; it is just as real as our presence here this afternoon, or the sunshine that now lights up this hall with glory. How many, when dying, manifest spiritual powers all unknown in the healthy state! Most persons are spiritual seers at death. Cahagnet was present at the death of his patient, Eliza, when she exclaimed: "Oh, my father! you are happy—you—what you expect me? You, my little angel! you that hold out to me your arms—pretty creature that I bore in my bosom. I am about, then, to be reunited to you, never more to part. A whole eternity you shall be with me. How foolish I was to fear death! I long now to be dead. I feel, on the contrary, that I am being born!"

This is the true idea; it is being born. In this

sense we must be born again, and why should we dread it? It is no curse; it is nothing imposed upon us in consequence of some man or woman's transgression. It is just as natural as life; as natural as the flow of the river to the sea; it is one with the falling blossom, the dispersing cloud, the dropping leaf, the rushing wind; and the universe that holds the one, inevitably holds the other, and must always have held it. Make death thus natural, and you have robbed it of more than half its terror. In the light of this philosophy we no longer mourn as those without hope. We do not wail the dismal songs of Watts and Wesley: "And am I only born to die, To lay this body down? And must my trembling spirit fly Into a world unknown? A land of forgetfulness, Depleted by human thought; The dreary region of the dead, Where all things are forgot?"

No, indeed; we see that these men never beheld, and all Nature looks fairer, brighter, in consequence. Walt Whitman is right when he says: "I know I am deathless, and am not contained between my hat and my boots. This orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass. I do not know what follows the death of my body, But I know well that whatever it is, it is best for me. And I know well that whatever is really me shall live just as much as before. I suppose I am to be eligible to visit the stars in my time; I suppose that I shall have myriads of new experiences. And that the exhalations of this earth will prove one out of my myriads."

I strike hands with Whitman on this point. I rejoice to find that there are men who know that they are deathless—that this life is only the starting point, and that the great future beckons them on—on—forever on! The ancients seem to have had an intuitive perception of this; and man has nursed the thought for ages in his breast, spite of the sneers of the skeptic, and the frowns of the so-called philosophic. Cicero, in his Book on Old Age, says: "I am persuaded that your fathers, those illustrious personages whom I so much loved, have not ceased living, although they have passed through death; and that they are still living that sort of life which alone deserves being called by that name."

Cyrus, when on the point of dying, said to his children—and the fact of his being near death may have given him this clearness and accuracy of perception: "Beware of believing, my dear children, that I am no longer aught, or that I am no longer anywhere, when I have quitted you; for, at the time I was with you, you did not behold my spirit; but what you saw me do, made you think that there was one within my body. Doubt not, therefore, that this spirit will subsist even after it has been separated from it, although no longer personified by any action. For my part, I have never been able to persuade myself that our spirits live only so long as they are within our bodies; and that they die when they quit them, or that they remain stripped of intelligence and wisdom, when disengaged from a body that has by itself neither sense nor reason. I believe, on the contrary, that when the spirit, disengaged from matter, finds itself in all the purity and simplicity of its nature, it is then that it possesses most light and wisdom."

There are but few Christians that discourse as rationally about death as this old Pagan. But this man received only the drops—we have the baptismal shower of the new revelation; he had but the starlight of a darkness night—the broad sunrise of a never-ending day! What a glorious revelation is this that has come to us. How we ought to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory! Death is natural; it is no extinguisher; it opens the flat of law, just as surely as the tide ebbs and flows; and we know that as surely as we ebb in death, so shall we flow in future life. We no longer look on the grave with despair. We cannot avoid dropping the tear of affectionate remembrance—that is manly and natural—but we do not look at our friends as those who have gone from us forever, and gnash our teeth in hopeless agony at the power that has taken them away. A deeply afflicted mother was recently consoled by some neighbors at the death of her child, by the trite aphorism, "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away." But her overflowing heart disclaimed the imputation, and she exclaimed: "God never did it; I cannot believe it!" And she was right! God take it away! What a devil of a God that would be! God took away her child because she loved it too much! How could we do less than hate a being capable of such horrible conduct? God no more took the child than he drops children from the skies in answer to the prayers of those who desire them. [Laughter and applause] This old idea of a personal God who is doing all these things by the power of his will—not by law—is for us passing away. We stand on the ground of Nature, and preach her philosophy: Death inevitable—according to the nature of things, it could not possibly be otherwise.

"But," says some inquirer, "why leave the earth at all if the future existence is but a continuation of the present?" To make room for the incoming hosts; to advance humanity. Thank God for death, says some one, otherwise the world would be cursed by fogges forever. Death carries off the stand-stills and pull-backs, makes room for young heads and hearts, and gives the reins to the go-aheads, who drive us along at a celestial speed. Without death, in a few generations the world would be so crowded that you could not wedge in another inhabitant; but the dispensation gives to the outgoing, the glories of the hereafter—to the incoming, room to expand and grow. If death never came, where would be the advancement of clearer views? Without death I should have little hopes for the progress of this new idea for a hundred years to come.

The old notion that has been taught us, that the present and the after life are separated by a wide gulf that can never be passed by the spirit, is losing its hold on the human reason of to-day, and we recognize that the spirit-world and our own are on the same plane; all that is necessary is to break down the wall between them. When in the days gone by we accepted the teachings of Orthodoxy as divine, what was the world with all its beauty and glory? There, over the world's wide plain marches humanity! There is the chasm, deep and precipitous—infancy that just tumbles along; youth in his bloom; the old man, his trembling limbs supported by the stick he carries, move forward. Time is behind, sweeping them on, as rivers are hurried to the all-containing sea. No one can stay an instant, no backward step is possible. On they go, till they reach the precipice on the edge of that unfathomable gulf that the eye strives in vain to bottom. One step, and they disappear from our gaze. There walk before us father, mother, sister, brother—life in every vein, laughter in the eyes, but they reach the precipice's brink and are gone; gone never to return. And in these days when we looked for consolation, where could we find it? We turned to the priests, who professed to know all about it, and they told us that they would remain invisible till Gabriel should blow his mighty trumpet, and out of the gulf of death should rise the friends we had known. Others said that our friends were gone, their fate forever fixed—dropped into the bottomless abyss, with devils, to howl their lives away where there is weeping and wailing and teeth-grashing while others had fallen into the outstretched arms

MASSACHUSETTS.

Spiritualist Convention at Haverhill.

Report for the Banner of Light.

The Massachusetts Spiritualists' Association held a very interesting Quarterly Convention at Haverhill on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 23d and 24th.

In the absence of the President the call for the meeting was read by the Secretary, and Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, being nominated, was elected President pro tem.

Prof. J. H. Powell, editor of the Spiritualist Monthly, was invited to open the conference. He thought the most interesting subject for our consideration, and that which lay at the base of our religion, is mediumship.

John Wetherbee—I have no prepared thoughts for this occasion, but a man with an earnest heart can hardly fail to say something interesting upon the general subject.

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ulliam are eminently scientific. The religions of the day are full of assumed facts, but no scientific ones. But there are some things that science cannot give us.

William White—I feel like confessing that I know little of science or religion, but what little religion I have, I believe to be scientific.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1870.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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

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

The Rights of Labor.

Without in the least taking sides for or against any political party in the present campaign, we are well warranted in reciting some of the more striking facts which were adduced by Wendell Phillips, in a recent political lecture in this city, in reference to labor and its interests.

He said he wished the capitalists of New were only as wise as those of Old England. The latter have voluntarily adopted a plan of arbitration between themselves and the workmen.

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Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

The logical and eloquent lectures which from Sunday to Sunday during the month of October have been given at the above-named place by Prof. Denton, have awakened great interest in the subjects treated upon, and attracted the attention of the Boston press to the existence of the Spiritualist course of lectures at Music Hall.

On Sunday afternoon, October 31st, Prof. Denton closed his engagement for the present, by a lecture on "The Coming Day." Of this the Boston Herald of Monday presented the following account.

"Mr. Denton appears to be a gentleman of about forty years, rather slight in stature and of delicate frame and temperament, and a deep-mental eye."

"The services closed by the choir singing 'Gone Before,' in a style that met the enthusiastic approbation of the audience. It is one of the best spiritual songs extant."

Next Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Cora L. Y. Tappan will continue her beautiful and highly spiritual discourses in the above hall.

Henry C. Wright.

We published in last week's Banner a strikingly characteristic communication from Henry C. Wright, by which all who knew him will certainly recognize him.

But he assures us of what we might have expected to be assured, and that is, that he will still work in the vineyard. There is work enough to do, and his are not the hands to be idle.

Liberal Christians.

"Liberal"—one of the rallying-words of the century—is continually deceiving multitudes. Often these organizations calling themselves "liberal Christians" are the most illiberal and intolerant of all church denominations.

"Under these circumstances, we went to Neenah, Wis., the angels flocking thither, and then do we all thank for a victory. Application by influential citizens, some of whom were supporters of Universalism, applied for the use of the Universalist church, when not otherwise occupied, but were flatly refused."

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Thos. Gales Forster is lecturing in Philadelphia. A correspondent says: "The lectures by Bro. Forster, in his present course, have, if possible, surpassed his former efforts."

Miss Nellie L. Davis has been lecturing in Worcester during this month. A correspondent writes: "We have been deeply interested in her lectures. They have fully met the demands of the best minds in her audiences."

Mrs. F. A. Logan is meeting with good success in Central Illinois, and will answer calls to lecture on the line of railroads leading out of Bloomington, Ill., for a few weeks to come.

"Mrs. Carrie M. Cushman," writes a correspondent, "for a long time a trance speaker, but only a portion of the time before the public, is again ready to enter the lecture field, at such places as they want the plain truth spoken in a plain and distinct way, upon practical Spiritualism and reform, and can furnish a place to speak in, 'if not able to pay much.'"

Josiah Jacobus, the clairvoyant and test medium, is located in New York, at 371 Broome street. He holds himself ready to lecture on "Administrative justice through the angel-world," and "A prophecy and past experiences."

Miss Jennie Leys, of Boston, spoke in Plympton, Mass., Sunday, Oct. 23d, to the largest audience of Spiritualists and free thinkers ever gathered in that place.

Dr. H. Slade, the clairvoyant, and J. Simmons have located at 207 West 22d street, New York.

Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bulleno has lectured at Sawyer's Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the past two Sundays, and will continue till further notice, as her hearers are very much pleased with her discourses.

E. V. Wilson will lecture in Union Hall, West Farmington, Ohio, on the evenings of Nov. 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th.

The New Year-Book of Spiritualism.

This new work, which has been in preparation for some time, by Hudson Tuttle and J. M. Peebles, is in press and nearly ready to be issued to the public. Great pains have been taken to make it one of the most interesting and useful works of the day.

Another Spiritualistic Journal.

We have received the first number of a new paper devoted to Spiritualism. It hails from New York City, and is entitled "The American Journal of Spiritual Sciences."

Robbery of Girls.

Highway and till robbery is not the only form of it, by any means. Perhaps the most contemptible form is that too commonly practiced by certain greedy tailoring men, who will give out to poor women and girls large quantities of vests and pantaloons to make, and when returned declare the work good for nothing, and on such an excuse cheat the dependent creatures out of their hard earnings altogether.

The American Spiritualist.

This able advocate of the spiritual philosophy of the nineteenth century is doing yeoman service in the Army of Progress, and deserves the liberal patronage of the spiritualistic public.

Spiritualist Lectures and Lectures.

Boston.—Mercantile Hall.—Sunday morning, Oct. 23, about one hundred members and officers of the Children's Progressive Lyceum assembled at this hall, and a profitable meeting took place.

Notice was given that the next regular concert for the benefit of the Lyceum would take place on Sunday, Nov. 6th. This is one of the few means possessed by the school to assist its finances.

The "Lyceum Assemblies" still continue weekly, on Monday evenings, at Colman Hall, 178 Tremont street, and are harmonious and select in their character.

CHelsea.—Granite Hall.—The highly successful labors of Prof. William Denton for the last four weeks at this hall closed on Sunday evening, Oct. 23, by a lecture on the following out-spoken subject: "Does man's spirit live after death? and can it communicate with mortals?"

The Mystic Press, a paper published in Chelsea, by the Hovey Brothers, in its issue of Oct. 22d, gave an excellent notice of the course of Spiritualist lectures now going on at Granite Hall, saying its audiences were intelligent and respectable, comprising representatives from nearly every church in the city, and devoting about half a column to a fair sketch of Prof. Denton's lecture: "Is Spiritualism true?"

NORTH SCITUATE.—Conthasset Hall.—A correspondent informs us that the Lyceum services at this hall on the 23d, were well attended, not only by its members but by visitors.

Another Generous Offer for Charity.—Dr. William B. Fahnestock has sent to our office twelve copies of his interesting book on "Artificial Somnambulism," which he wishes us to sell and remit the entire proceeds to our sick and suffering brother, Austin Kent.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November is a rich number, as will be seen by the following table of contents: Foot-paths, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; The Return; Oldtown Fossil Stories, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; Highly Explosive, by Jane G. Austin; Experiments, by C. A. H.;

Good Health should be read by every one. It is one of the most valuable monthlies printed.

LE OCEANIC AMERICAN is the title of a paper published in Syracuse, N. Y., by J. N. Cadoux editor. It is the only French and English paper, translated in alternate columns, published in this country.

White, Smith & Perry, Boston, have also recently published several excellent pieces suitable for spiritual meetings, namely, "Gone Before," "Kiss me and I'll go to sleep," "Beyond the Clouds," "Lead us not into Temptation."

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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER OF THE BANNER. First Page: Continuation of Story. Second: Spiritual Phenomena; Prof. Denton's lecture, "The Philosophy of Death," and "Poe's Raven, Confined under the Spirit Life," a poem through the instrumentality of Thos. L. Harris. Third: "Meeting of Boston Spiritual Conference;" Banner Correspondence; Dr. J. K. Bailey's "Literary Observations," and obituaries. Fourth and Fifth: Report of Spiritualist Convention at Haverhill; Editorials on current subjects. Sixth: Messages. Seventh: Business Cards. Eighth: Correspondence from Warren Chase and Cephas B. Lynn.

BOFFIN'S BOWER.—Miss Jennie Collins has chosen a decidedly unique name for the project which, under her auspices, was inaugurated in this city Thursday evening, Oct. 20th. A hall has been rented at 815 Washington street, and this it is intended to be a club room for the work girls of the city. A library will be opened, and three evenings of the week, literary, musical, and other entertainments will be given.

ORDER OF PROGRESS.—This select Order of ladies and gentlemen will celebrate the anniversary of its institution at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, Nov. 4th, with a musical, literary and social entertainment. Vocal and instrumental music by professional and amateur performers, a poetical greeting by one of its members, and an address by the founder of the Order will occupy the early part of the evening, commencing at eight o'clock. A grand regatta march, ball and banquet, with an efficient orchestra, will conclude the entertainment.

Our cordial thanks are due to our friend, Nathan Crosby, of Brewster, Mass., for a barrel of splendid cranberries. Such remembrances of "the poor printer" are indeed evidence that humanity is progressing. We are also under obligations to Mrs. Needham for a beautiful bouquet for our Free Circle Room.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

It will be almost an impossibility for any one to read Prof. Denton's lecture on the "Philosophy of Death," printed on our second page, and not be wiser and happier for having done so. It goes directly to the heart.

The importance of physical manifestations and the sustaining of physical media, was set forth in strong light by the speakers at the Convention at Haverhill, last week, as will be seen by our report.

The people buy A. J. Davis's new book, THE FOUNTAIN, with a relish that shows the work is liked.

See an account of the Iowa State Convention, in Mr. Chase's Department, on our eighth page.

George Wm. Curtis's lecture on "Charles Dickens," in Parker Fraternity Course, in Music Hall, Tuesday evening, Oct. 23d, was superb; and, for an hour and a half, the large audience seemed spell-bound.

The discussion in the Boston Conference of Spiritualists, Sunday evening, was of an interesting character. Mrs. Tappan, being present, took part in the debate. A report will be found in another column.

We have received a letter from Contro Lisle, N. Y., containing money and ordering books. But the writer omitted to sign his name. The books will be mailed when we receive his address a full.

Judge Hear calls Wendell Phillips a "goat." This is a great compliment to Wendell. The oxen attached to the political cart to-day need just such a teamster. Our vote goes for the goat.

E. P. Worcester, of Pittsfield, Mass., has been placed on the roll of fame for contracting last spring to supply his customers with ice for the season at 25 cents a hundred, and fulfilling his contract, though he could have sold his stock for \$1.50 a hundred.

The Washington Gazette calls Ed. S. Wheeler an interesting and powerful speaker.

The New York Tribune sums up the action of the recent Unitarian Convention on Christian fellowship, as settling the whole question in favor of the largest possible liberty consistent with a Christian confession, leaving it to each individual to decide the latter for himself.

Senator Morton declines the mission to England.

The bargain has been concluded for the purchase of the lot of land at the intersection of Tremont and Berkeley streets and Warren avenue, Boston, upon which to erect an Odd Fellows' Hall. Work upon the foundations will commence this autumn. The building will be of brick, with freestone trimmings, and it is intended to make it the most convenient and best arranged public building in the city. Members of the Order are liberally subscribing for the stock, and the enterprise promises well.

"If a man eats canned meat, can he be considered a can-nibal?" asks Digby.

Ralph Keeler, in his "Six Months on Five Cents" (see Old and New), says: "It is still doubtful in my mind whether it is not better to devote half of one's energies in learning to live on a very small income than to devote all of one's energies in struggling and waiting miserably for a very large income."

The People's Literary Companion, Augusta, Me., furnishes its subscribers with the beautiful engraving "From Shore to Shore."

What bird does General Prim most resemble? A kingfisher.

Rev. Rowland Connor, it is reported, has accepted the call to a rich Unitarian Society in Milwaukee.

THE AMERICAN PROTESTANT is the title of a new weekly paper printed by the American Protestant Publishing Company, 80 Court street. Its title indicates its purpose.

Latitude, like a clothes line, stretches from pole to pole.

Dumas père is lying at a small town near Dieppe, insensible and dying of paralysis. His son and daughter are with him.

"You're a queer chicken!" as the hen said, when she hatched out a duck.

Henry Ward Beecher owns a twenty-five thousand dollar house in Brooklyn, a thirty thousand dollar farm in Peekskill, and half of the Christian Union newspaper.—Ez.

Any one desiring a box of superior pens can obtain them by sending \$1.00 to our office. We have only a few boxes left. See advertisement "Snow's Pens."

There are 991 trades unions in this country, with 126,775 members.

Five women preachers are now firmly settled in pulpits in Universalist churches in this country.

Belgium, a little kingdom of 11,382 square miles—about the size of Maryland—gives comfortable support to over 5,000,000 people, or about 600 to the square mile.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.—Entrance on Tremont and Winter streets.

Nov. 6, Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan.

The fourth course of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism will be continued in the elegant and spacious Music Hall.

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AT 2 1/2 O'CLOCK, until the close of April, under the management of Lewis B. Wilson, who has made engagements with some of the ablest Inspirational, trance and normal speakers in the lecturing field. Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, Thomas Gates Foster, Prof. Wm. Denton, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Miss Lizzie Dolan (probably), Ed. S. Wheeler, J. M. Poulos and others will lecture during the course. Vocal exercises by an excellent quartet.

Season ticket, with reserved seat, \$5—now ready for delivery at the counter of the Banner of Light office, 158 Washington street; single admission 15 cents.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office: THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 80 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cts. THE MEDIUM AND DAYDREAM. A weekly paper published in London. Price 5 cts.

THE BELGIAN-PHILANTHROPIST, JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by E. B. Jones, Esq. Price 5 cts.

THE LYCEUM BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cts.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 5 cts.

THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY AND LYCEUM RECORD. Published in Boston. Price 15 cts.

THE PRESENT AGE. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cts.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps. OI.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 102 East 12th street, New York. Terms \$2 and 3 stamps. Money refunded when not answered. N2.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SONG—NEW YORK AND BOSTON. New York talks of a jubilee. Of one to beat the tub. Boston beats the world, you see. New York can't hear the rum. In music Boston bears the palm. Levee gather in the rear. You'll hear of Boston, New York, Of Gilmore far and near. In clothing, Richard takes the lead. His stock is large and fine. Matched suits in quality the best. Colors of every shade and hue. A splendid variety of shirts and drawers. Selected with great care. At our store, 102 East 12th street. At twenty-five cent Buck. 1w—Nov. 5.

S. B. BRITIAN, M. D., Treats chronic diseases by the use of subtle remedies. He has devoted many years to the scientific study and practical application of Electricity and Magnetism as Remedial Agents. Professional services and board for the winter may be had at his own residence. Office as above, P. O. Box 364, NEWARK, N. J. Oct. 22—1w

DO ME AGAIN. Thousands who have been away. For the summer to remain. Now they are all here again. They are at their "home again." Some have had a pleasant time. Free from sickness and from pain. Some have seen their friends. Who are now at "home again." Many of the Boys need "Clothes." All sorts of Hats and Shoes for each. Which they can buy at GEORGE FAKNO'S, Corner of Washington street and South.

MERCANTILE SAVINGS INSTITUTION, 14 Summer street, opposite Arch, Boston. Six per cent interest will be paid on deposits by this institution from the first day of every month. See notice in another column. 1w—Nov. 5.

LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL AND REFORM BOOKS TO BE.

Western Agency for the sale of the BANNER OF LIGHT, AND ALL Liberal and Spiritual Books, PAPERS AND MAGAZINES. Also, Adams & Co.'s GOLDEN PENS AND PARLOR GAMES, The Magic Comb, and Voltaire Armor Sets, SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, Congress Record Ink, Stationery, &c. VALDEN CHASE & CO., No. 601 North Fifth street, (former Washington Avenue) St. Louis, Mo.

HERMAN SNOW, No. 319 KRAMER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Keeps for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, And a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books, At Eastern prices. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. Also for sale, by special order, Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, &c.

AUSTRALIAN DEPOT LIBERAL AND REFORM BOOKS, And Agency for the Banner of Light.

W. H. TERRY, No. 98 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia. Has for sale all the works on Spiritualism, Liberal and Reform books, published by William White & Co., Boston, U. S., may at all times be found there.

GEORGE ELLIS, BOOKSELLER, No. 7 OLD LEVEE STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA. Keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, And a full supply of the SPIRITUAL AND REFORM WORKS Published by William White & Co.

J. BURNS, Progressive Library, 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

Notice to Subscribers of the Banner of Light.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time for which you paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts. Those who desire the paper continued, should renew their subscriptions at least as early as three weeks before the receipt-figures correspond with those at the left and right of the date.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Agents: 1 Box, 44 Pos. Powders, \$1.00 postpaid; 1 " 32 Pos. & 23 Neg. 1.00; 1 " 16 Pos. & 11 Neg. 50c. OFFICE: 315 MARSH PLACE, NEW YORK. Address: PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., Box 5917, New York City.

If your druggist hasn't the Powders, send your money at once to PROF. SPENCE, 315 MARSH PLACE, NEW YORK. Or to GEORGE ELLIS, BOOKSELLER, No. 7 Old Levee Street, New Orleans, La.

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THE SECRET ARMY OF INVISIBLE WORKERS.

SECRETLY and without show or parade, an immense army of invisible workers, the "Army of the Invisible," is at work in all the great cities of the world, following the great highways of travel, the railroads, the rivers, the canals, the turnpikes, the main routes and the bit-paths, they invade every city, town, village and settlement, where man's restless and ambitious feet have ever trod. Unlike the great Prussian hordes that have overrun France, this secret army of invaders goes not to kill but to bring to life—to do good but to save. They are saviors and deliverers, each one and all, saviors from pain and suffering, deliverers from disease and death. Each one bears a banner, upon one side of which is written the golden letters, "Positive," and upon the other side, "Negative," indicative of the great principles which they, the Positive and Negative Powders, embody, and with which they do their silent but gigantic work.

The following is a faithful record of the number of cures of different diseases which have been accomplished by the great army of Positive and Negative Powders during the past six years:

Table with 2 columns: Disease Name and Number of Cures. Includes: NEURALGIA (2,137), DYSPEPSIA (2,071), ASTHMA (2,215), CATARRH (987), CHILLS AND FEVER (2,418), CHOLERA (1,978), PAISPE (1,407), SUPPRESSED MENSTRUATION (934), FEMALE WEAKNESS (1,501), FEVER (2,404), ANEURISM (403), COUGHS AND COLDS (1,739), GOUT (1,438), HIBERNAL DISEASE (483), RHEUMATISM (571), DIARRHOEA (1,111), HEADACHE (841), DYSENTERY (1,240), LIVER COMPLAINT (2,400), PAINS AND ACHES (981), DEAFNESS (861), BRONCHITIS (325), PHLEGM (234), COLIC (112), WORMS (380), INFLAMMATIONS (71), PARALYSIS (321), ACIDITY OF STOMACH (352), ERUPTION (430), TOOTHACHE (325), FLEUR-BAU (205), FATALITY (81), HYPERTROPHY (81), DYPHTERIA (81), SCURF (1,141), NEURALGIA (1,141), REMISAL WEAKNESS (1,141), BRISPLA (1,141), CONSTIPATION (1,141), LOSS OF TASTE (1,141), LOSS OF SLEEP (1,141), NERVOUSNESS (1,141), ST. VITUS' DANCE (1,141), DISEASE OF PROSTATE GLAND (1,141), SCALD (1,141), SLEEPLESSNESS (1,141), TUBERCLES (1,141), FALLING OF WOMB (1,141), INVOLUNTARY URINATION (1,141), INFANTRY (1,141), FEVER SORES (1,141), CONVULSIONS (1,141), FITS (1,141), DIARRHOEA (1,141), CHOLERA (1,141), CRAMPS (1,141), CONSUMPTION (1,141), DERMATITIS (1,141), GOUT (1,141), DISCHARGES OF THE SKIN (1,141), GOUT (1,141), INSANITY (1,141), JAUNDICE (1,141), THREATENED ABORTION (1,141), QUINCY (1,141), SCROFULA (1,141), SCROFULA'S SORE EYES (1,141), TYPHOUS FEVER (1,141), TYPHOUS FEVER (1,141).

Total Number of Cures.....38,304

In the above list, the kind of Powders which are to be used in each case is indicated by the letters "POS." for POSITIVE, "NEG." for NEGATIVE, and "POS. AND NEG." for POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE.

Thousands of patients and hundreds of physicians assure me that they cannot do without Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, and declare that they should be in the hands of every family and of every man and woman in this country.

But the Positive and Negative Powders of Druggists and Agents, or else send your money for them to PROF. SPENCE, at 315 MARSH PLACE, New York, or to GEORGE ELLIS, BOOKSELLER, No. 7 Old Levee Street, New Orleans, La., or to any of the following Agents:

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Message Department.

Each message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken to the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

The Banner of Light Free Circles. These Circles are held at No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoon. The Circle Rooms will be open for visitors at two o'clock, services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted.

Invocation.

Oh thou who occupiest all space and guidest all motion, who art the life of everything that lives, and in whom we also live and move and have our being, we come to thee this hour with our psalm of praise given through human lips, and our hearts full of prayer, forgetting not that the earth which is trodden by mortal feet, and the sea which whelms it round, and the air which holds them both, and the heavens which sparkle with many a fire, are all, all thine.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, I am ready to answer them. QUES.—Is it to be understood that the intelligence who signs as conductor of the séance for May 31st was the intelligence who answered the questions propounded at that time? ASS.—Yes, certainly.

Q.—Is the answer as given to the question of the Eastern King and Jesus of Nazareth to be understood as an incarnation of personality, or a re-incarnation of a principle or truth? A.—Both: a re-incarnation of an organized spirit, possessing certain special truths. Q.—What becomes of the personality, identity of the King, if it is re-incarnated in the person of Jesus? A.—So far as that personality was dependent upon external forms and circumstances, it is no more—just as you all are losing your personalities every hour, degree by degree.

Q.—Does the disembodied spirit find joy in hovering around the material world, and does it recognize all material aspects of this life, as it did while in the body? A.—The disembodied spirit under certain circumstances finds joy in hovering around the material world, and in taking cognizance of the scenes of that life; but it does not view them as it did through physical life. It can only view the scenes of mortal life through mortality.

Q.—Is the death penalty justifiable under any circumstance? A.—If your correspondent refers to capital punishment, I shall answer, No, except it be justifiable under the ban of ignorance; certainly in no other way. Q.—Will any great benefit result from the prosecution of voyages of discovery toward the North Pole? A.—Yes; very great.

Q.—Are the Mormons entitled to a full measure of toleration in their belief and practice? A.—They are, certainly; for, in their way, they are no worse than Christians are in theirs. They believe in polygamy—the Gentile does not; and where is the difference? It is simply a form of faith; and the form of faith is just as sacred upon one side as the other.

Q.—Is a disembodied spirit free of all restraint at liberty to do whatsoever it chooses, whether its tendency be good or evil? A.—No, certainly not. There are systems of wholesome restraint with us, as there are systems of unwholesome restraint with you.

Q.—What benefits may be expected to result from explorations in the vicinity of the North Pole? A.—Those who go there, if they are the scientists that they should be, will ascertain that there are new degrees—new to them at least—of magnetic and electric life, such as they have been accustomed to in other localities.

Q.—Is there such a place in the vicinity of the South Pole? A.—Yes. The old area that has been discovered by the march of intellect is by no means all that there is, as future discovery will determine.

Q.—Is it of all varieties of climate? A.—It is. Q.—Is there such a place in the vicinity of the South Pole? A.—Yes. The old area that has been discovered by the march of intellect is by no means all that there is, as future discovery will determine.

Ralph Farnham. I was called for about three weeks since to come and answer this question: [At this place?] No; they wanted me to come there, but I could not do it, because they did not furnish me with any medium—thought I could come, I suppose, whether they did or not; they thought all you had to do was to form a circle and call for any spirit you might wish for, and they would respond.

Q.—Why is it that, of some of the events which occur in our experience, we have an impression of having had prior knowledge?—they seem, in some sort, a recurrence of events that have already transpired. A.—The old adage, that "coming events cast their shadows before," is a very true one. It should be understood, that all the circumstances of being are first such in spirit before they are such in physical life.

Q.—If vaccination, as a preventive of small-pox, is provocative of more harm than good, perhaps you can suggest some substitute therefor. Possibly the disease may be due to some cause which is in our power to obviate. A.—It is mainly due—so the scientists in our life have determined—to your unnatural way of living. But, you will say, those who live nearest to nature have it. Very true; but you generate it, and the air takes its seeds among them.

come as soon as it was best for me to. I could find no other way to come than by coming here. I think my sister has visited two different mediums. I could not come, and so she went away thinking it was all false. I came to tell her it is not false, and more than that, to tell her that I have devised a way by which I hope to be able, if she will follow it, to lead her out of her present unhappy life. I have tried to impress her to reach an uncle who lives in Illinois, but she fears to do so.

Now I want her to write to him and inform him of my death, and simply ask him if there is anything by which she can earn an honest living where he is. I know what will be the response: "Come to me, and I will provide you with all you need." And when she gets that response, go, by all means; for I can tell her she will find a better home than she has ever had before.

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James Donovan. He was not able to speak at all. [Can't you give an account of him?] No, sir; everybody must give an account of themselves at this bar. All I know is that he is a man of forty, perhaps, and has lately come here. He was over-anxious. You see he had no right to come. I was to come in on this time myself. [He trespassed.] Yes, sir; but I was very willing to wait.

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the heads of the few, but above the heads of all, and ever stretching out its hands of love north and south, east and west. Oh, we thank thee that thou art marching over the nations of the earth, over-topping thrones and crowns, and calling unto itself that which belongeth to thee. We are glad, oh, Lord, that thy hand is seen everywhere on the earth, and that thou dost visit where they are needed the significant words, *Mene, Mene, tekel upharsin!* And may Napoleon learn, our Father, that he hath been weighed in the balances and found wanting; and may he who shall succeed him profit by what has been, and learn to be truly just, truly wise, learn to live truly and to worship the God of truth at all times and under all circumstances.

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What's them? China aster? (Attending to a bouquet on the table.) [Yes.] Grandmother had lots of 'em in her garden, and she was going to have 'em all destroyed, only I wanted 'em to live so much. She said they killed everything else. I told her I'd rather have everything else die than them, so she did n't have 'em killed. She said the garden was running over with them. It was n't, only there was a good many China aster in it. She said she thought it better be running to potatoes, but I did n't, so she let 'em be. Tell her that Aunt Agnes is n't crazy here, not at all. Grandmother has felt awfully about it, for fear she was, and for fear she never would see her again, because she had n't any mind when she died. But she has got just as bright a mind now as anybody, and she is a beautiful spirit, and does a great deal for the children here in this world. You see she got crazy, and she was crazy three years, and then she died, and grandmother thought that her mind was all gone, and thought there was nothing to her only the body when she died, and she should never see her again. But she need n't think any such thing, because she will see her, and auntie will be awful glad to see her when she comes, too. Do n't forget to tell her, will you? because she will be so glad to know, and tell her I have nice things in this world, some of the things I used to wear here but could not get. I have 'em now. [Everything you want?] Yes, oh yes, sir. And I've got some of the nicest things. I'd show 'em to you if you could only see 'em. Grandmother would say they were foolish, but then she'd like 'em if they he, as she did my China aster. She liked the looks of 'em, and she will when she comes here, I know she will. I ain't got no potatoes. I do n't like 'em. I did n't when I was here, and I do n't believe she will when she comes here. She will like my things, I know. And tell her not to cry any more about auntie. She is all right here. [Do you go to see your grandmother often?] Oh yes, go real often, only I can't always see her very well, only once in a great while when somebody comes I can see her through, and I see her real good. [Some unedificatory persons?] Yes, sir. And tell her I know about her pitcher's being broken, too. It was her mother's pitcher, and she thought a great deal of it. And she always told me, "Mind that pitcher, and do n't break it." I did n't break it, but I know about its being broken since I died. And tell her I was real sorry for her. [Do n't you want to tell who broke it?] Oh, Betsey broke it. She is a girl she took out of the poor-house. She broke it. But you tell grandmother that I've got one where I live that looks exactly like it, and she can have it when she comes. I'm real sorry she has lost that one, but she can have mine. It looks just like it, with the red flowers on it and all. [You must come again.] I like to come; did n't know about coming only a little while ago. I helped the children get flowers for you, and maybe sometime I can go down in granny's garden and get some of my own China aster. They will be all out pretty soon, and if I could bring a whole bunch up here myself, you would like it, would n't you? and if I could, I'd just come and drop 'em on your head when you did n't expect it. You would know I was right here. Good-by, mister. I am going now. Sept. 8.

Q.—Will any great benefit result from the prosecution of voyages of discovery toward the North Pole? A.—Yes; very great. Q.—Are the Mormons entitled to a full measure of toleration in their belief and practice? A.—They are, certainly; for, in their way, they are no worse than Christians are in theirs.

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Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles. Since our last report the following sums have been received for which the friends here our warmest thanks! Mrs. L. Corwin.....\$2.00 Friend.....\$1.00 Friend, Oct 3..... 4.00 Mary Webster..... 2.00 Mrs. R. Bowker..... 1.00 Henry Tripp..... 2.50

Mediums in Boston.

DR. J. R. NEWTON, Practical Physician for Chronic Diseases, Has resumed his office at No. 23 HARRISON AVENUE, (One door north of Beach street.) BOSTON.

DR. NEWTON'S power of imparting life force and health to any part of a weak body by many cases certain, especially in the following instances: Heart Disease, Nervous Debility, Pleurisy, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Weakness, Painful Swelling of the Womb and all kinds of Female Weakness, Weak Spines, Pleurisy, Loss of Voice, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Hemorrhoids, Leucorrhoea, and all kinds of Lameness and Weakness of Limbs.

MRS. M. A. STICKNEY, Clairvoyant and Business Medium, 225 Cambridge Street, Boston.

MRS. J. L. PLUMB, Perfectly Unconscious Physician and Local Business Clairvoyant. Answers all kinds of letters, and examines all kinds of diseases at a distance, for \$1.00 and stamp.

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MRS. A. C. LATHAM, Medical Clairvoyant and Healing Medium. 292 Washington Street, Boston. Her specialty is in the treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and all Bilious Complaints.

DR. H. H. BLANCHARD, Electric, Electrostatic and Magnetic Physician, No. 49 Harrison Avenue, Boston. Hours from 9 to 12, and 2 to 5.

MRS. C. H. WILSON, Formerly Mrs. L. C. Armstrong, Test Medium, 54 Washington Street, Boston. Her specialty is in the treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and all Bilious Complaints.

MRS. J. W. LITCH, Trance, Test and Healing Medium, 161 Court Street, Boston. Her specialty is in the treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and all Bilious Complaints.

MRS. E. S. SMITH, Medical Clairvoyant, No. 30 Leverett Street, Boston. Her specialty is in the treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and all Bilious Complaints.

MRS. A. F. MARRAS, Healing Medium, 563 Washington Street, Boston. Her specialty is in the treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and all Bilious Complaints.

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MRS. L. L. LITTLEJOHN, Medical, Business and Psychometric Clairvoyant, 25 Hanson Street, Boston. Her specialty is in the treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and all Bilious Complaints.

MRS. N. E. STAFFORD, Medical, Prophetic and Business Medium, 44 Hudson Street, Boston. Her specialty is in the treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and all Bilious Complaints.

MRS. DR. GRIDLEY, Trance and Test Business Medium, 42 Essex Street, Boston. Her specialty is in the treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and all Bilious Complaints.

MRS. SAMUEL GROVER, Healing Medium, No. 23 Miss Revere Place, Boston. Her specialty is in the treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and all Bilious Complaints.

PSYCHOMETRY—MRS. M. C. BOSTWICK, Psychometric and Clairvoyant, 10 Pine Street, Boston. Her specialty is in the treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and all Bilious Complaints.

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THE book is designed to meet the evident demand for a collection of short plays suitable for amateur theatricals. The compiler has had access to a large number of plays, and has selected the best, and has arranged them in a manner that will enable the amateur to obtain a play adapted to every particular of that sort of entertainment. Most plays are of a length of from ten to twenty minutes, and are so arranged that they can be performed in a variety of places, and by a variety of persons. The plays are all of a high quality, and are so arranged that they can be performed in a variety of places, and by a variety of persons.

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THE VOICE of Nature, represented in the light of Reason, following the lines of the "Voice of a Pebble," and "Voice of Superstition," is a beautiful and noble poem, and is one of the finest ever written. It is a beautiful and noble poem, and is one of the finest ever written. It is a beautiful and noble poem, and is one of the finest ever written.

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