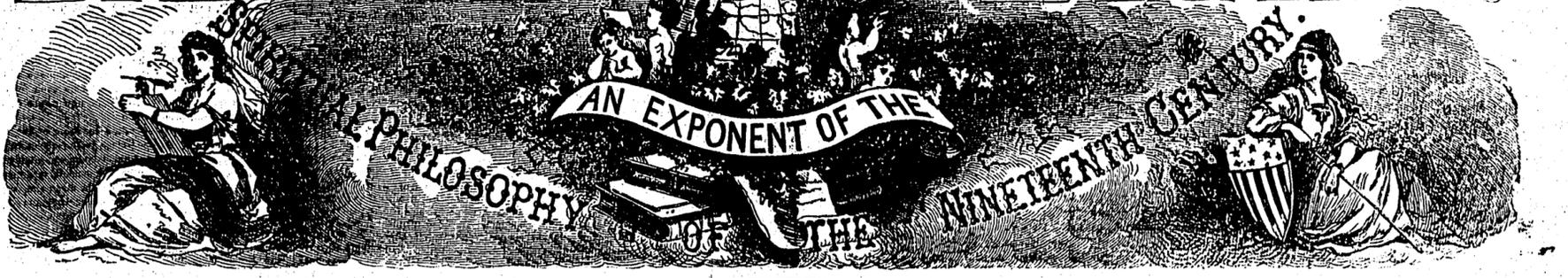


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

SPIRITE: A FANTASTIC TALE.

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

CHAPTER V.

Guy de Mallvert reëntered his house, perfectly decided to attempt the adventure. Although he did not appear romantic, yet he was so in reality; but severe and haughty modesty made him conceal his sentiments, and he did not ask more from the world than it gave. Agreeably indifferent relations attached him to society, without chaining him down in it, and the bonds were always easy to unbind; but it may be conceived that his soul dreamed of a happiness which he had never experienced up to this time.

After what the Baron de Feroc had said to him at the Club, on the projection of will necessary to bring the spirits from the depths of the invisible world to the limits of this, Mallvert called out all the powers of his being, and put into form his ardent desire to enter into more direct communication with the mysterious spirit which he felt around him, and who would not probably resist the invocation, when she had tried to manifest herself without being called.

That done, Mallvert, who was in the studio-saloon, began to look and listen with extreme attention. He saw and heard nothing at first, but the objects that furnished the room—statuettes, pictures, old carved bureaux, curiosities from foreign lands, trophies of arms—seemed to have taken strange aspects that he had never before observed. The lights and shadows projected by the lamp lent them a fantastic life. An ape-in-jade seemed to laugh, to his ears, with his grinning, old man's laugh. A Venus de Milo descended her haughty nostrils with spite, and disdainfully lowered the corners of her arched mouth. The Chinese god and the Grecian goddess disapproved the undertaking of Mallvert; one might have believed so, at least, from the expression they took thus lighted. Inensibly, his eyes, as if directed from within, turned toward a Venetian mirror suspended on the wall.

It was one of those mirrors of the last century, which are often seen in the paintings of Lough, the Watteau of Venetian decline, and such as one may still meet with in some of the *bric-a-brac* shops in the Ghetto. It had an angular frame, with ornaments of cut glass, which darted rays of prismatic colors. In the midst, the mirror, of small dimensions, appeared of a bluish tint and indefinitely deep, resembling a hole by which one might look out into ideal darkness.

Strangely enough, none of the surrounding objects were reflected in it. It was like one of those glasses in a theatre, which the decorator covers with vague and neuter tints, to prevent the room being reflected in it. A vague instinct made Mallvert feel that, if any revelation were to take place this night, it would be by this means. The mirror, on which, usually, he rarely cast his eyes, seemed now to exercise a sort of fascination for him, and absorbed his entire attention.

At last, he thought he could distinguish in its shadowy depth something of a vague, milky whiteness, like a kind of distant, trembling light, which seemed to approach. He turned to see what object in the room might throw this reflection; he saw nothing. Although Mallvert was brave—and he had proved it on many occasions—he could not prevent a shivering feeling, of which Job speaks, "which made the hair of his flesh to stand on end." He was going, willingly and knowingly, to cross the formidable threshold. He was stepping outside the circle which Nature has traced around man. His life might henceforth be *disrupted*, and turn around an unknown point. Although skeptics may laugh, there never was a weightier step, and Guy felt all its importance; but an irresistible attraction led him on, and he continued steadily his gaze on the Venetian mirror. What was he going to see? Under what appearance would the spirit present herself, so as to be perceptible to human eyes? Would it be a pleasing, or terrible form—bringing joy or terror? Guy, although the light in the mirror had not taken definite shape, was persuaded that it was a feminine figure. The sign that he had heard in the evening had touched his heart too deeply for it to be otherwise. Had this spirit belonged to earth?—or did it come from some superior planet? This is what he could not tell. However, judging from the question of the Baron, he concluded that it might be a spirit that had passed through the conditions of terrestrial life, and that an attraction, of which he would, doubtless, later learn the motive, had brought it back to its former sphere.

The luminous spot in the mirror began to indicate a more distinct form, and to be tinted with colors of brightness that would have made any earthly palette look dim. It was rather the idea of color than color itself—a vapor imbued with light, and so delicately shaded that no human words can describe it. Guy continued to look with an anxiously nervous emotion. The image condensed itself more and more, without attaining the grossness of reality; and he could at length perceive within the limits of the border of the glass, like a portrait in a frame, the head of a young woman, or rather, of a young girl, of a beauty to which mortal charms are but as a shadow.

A tinge of rose slightly colored this face, on which light and shadow were scarcely felt, and which had not need, like terrestrial figures, of this contrast to round itself, not being submitted to the light which we possess. Her hair, like an aureole, encircled her brow like a golden vapor. In her eyes—half cast down—of a dark blue,

there was infinite sweetness. They recalled the tints of twilight when the violet of evening approaches. A smile of wavy beauty, which recalled the angels of Leonardo da Vinci, but with more tenderness and less of sarcasm; her flexible neck bent gracefully forward, rising out of a silvery circle that would have served to light up any other figure.

This feeble sketch, in words fit only for things of earth, can give but a faint idea of the apparition which Guy contemplated in the Venetian mirror. Did he see it with the eye of the body, or that of the soul? Was it a real image, and an appearance which another person, not under the same nervous influence as himself, might have seen?

This is a question which it is not easy to answer; but, at all events, what he saw, although like, did not resemble in anything what passes in this life for the head of a fine woman. It was the same features, but purified, transfigured, idealized, and rendered perceptible by a substance in some degree immaterial, having only just sufficient density to be seen in the atmosphere of earth, by eyes from which the veil had not fallen. The spirit which communicated with Guy de Mallvert had, without doubt, borrowed the form of its former perishable envelope, but such as it would be in a medium more subtle, more ethereal, where only the phantoms of things, and not things themselves, can exist. This vision plunged Guy into ineffable delight. The sentiment of fear which he had at first experienced was dissipated, and he gave himself up without reserve to the novelty of the situation, reasoning no longer, but admitting all, and decided to find the supernatural natural. He approached the glass, thinking to seize more distinctly the features of the image; it remained the same as it had at first appeared—very near, but still very distant—and resembled the projection, on the inner surface of the glass, of an image immeasurably distant. The reality of what he saw—if one can make use of such a word in these circumstances—was evidently elsewhere, in regions profound, distant, enigmatical, inaccessible to the living, on the borders of which the boldest thought could hardly venture. Guy tried in vain to unite this face with some earthly remembrance; it was for him entirely new, and still he seemed to remember it. But where had he seen it? Not in this sublunary and terraqueous sphere.

It was the form under which "Spirite" desired to show herself—for Guy had thus baptized the figure in the glass, until he learned a name that suited her better.

Soon it seemed that the image began to grow paler, and to disappear in the depths of the mirror. Then it became more like the light vapor of a breath, and then this vapor even disappeared. The end of the vision was marked by the sudden reflection of a gilt frame on the opposite wall. The mirror had regained its reflective properties. When he was quite sure that the apparition would not return this evening, at least, and in this manner, Guy threw himself into an arm-chair, and, although two o'clock had just struck on the clock whose silver tongue warned him to retire to his rest, he could not resolve to put himself on his bed. However, he felt himself fatigued. These emotions of a kind so new, these first steps made outside the world of reality, had caused him that nervous lassitude which drives away sleep. Indeed, by sleeping he feared to miss some new manifestations of "Spirite."

With his feet stretched on the fender before the fire, which had burned up brightly by itself, Guy reflected on what had just happened to him, and of which two days ago he would certainly have denied all possibility. He thought of this charming head, recalling only to make him forget the dreams of beauty that had formerly visited him in sleep. He discovered a thousand charms that Nature and art had never united in one person, and he augured well, after this specimen of the population of the external world. Then he asked himself what strange and mysterious sympathy, hitherto unavowed, had been able to attract toward him, from the depths of the infinite, this sylph, this soul, this spirit, attached to some order unknown to him. He dared not flatter himself that he had inspired love in a being of a superior order, for conceit was not a fault of Mallvert, yet he could not prevent himself from acknowledging that Spirite, by the sign that she had breathed, by the letter of which she had changed the sense, by the prohibition murmured at the door of Madame d'Ymbercourt, by the phrase suggested doubtless to the Swedish Baron, seemed to prove for him, for Guy de Mallvert, a simple mortal, a sentiment of a feminine nature which, in the world, would be called jealousy. But what he did understand clearly enough was that he was desperately, irrevocably enamored and taken possession of by a passion which eternity would not assuage.

From this moment all women whom he had ever known began to be effaced from his mind. At the apparition of Spirite he had forgotten earthly love, just as Romeo forgets Rosalind when he sees Juliet. Had he been Don Juan himself the three thousand names would instantly have been struck out of his book. It was not without a certain terror that he recognized this sudden flame which devoured all thought, all will, all resistance, and left nothing living in his soul but love; but it was too late; he no longer was his own master. The Baron was right; it was a formidable thing to cross the boundaries of the unseen world, while living, and to venture an opaque body among the shades, without having at hand the golden wand to command the phantoms.

A terrible idea crossed the brain of Mallvert: If Spirite had the caprice of never more visiting him, by what means should he bring her back? and, if this means did not exist, how could he support the darkness of the sun after having for an instant contemplated the true light? The feeling of an immense sorrow possessed him, and he fell

into excessive grief; he had a moment, long as an eternity, of the deepest despair. At this supposition, which no indication confirmed, the tears gathered in his eyes, and—although, ashamed of such weakness, he made an effort to restrain them, he ended by feeling them run over and flow down his cheeks. Whilst he was weeping, he felt, with mingled surprise and joy, a veil, finer than the finest tissue woven of air, which passed over his cheeks and dried up the bitter drops. The touch of a dragon-fly's wing would not have been more delicate. It was not an illusion, for the contact was renewed three times, and, when his tears were dried, Mallvert thought he saw a white, transparent flake melting away in the air.

By this attentive and tender sympathy, Mallvert was assured that Spirite, who seemed to float around him, would answer to his appeals, and would find, through her superior intelligence, means of communicating with him. Spirite might come to him in the world which he inhabited, at least, as much as a soul might mingle with the living, and it was interdicted him to follow, by the clog and hindrances of the flesh to pursue her into the ideal circle where she dwelt.

In saying that Mallvert passed from the most sombre despair to the purest joy will not surprise any one. If a simple mortal can throw you into the depths of the *Inferno* and make you mount up to heaven, inspiring in turn the wish to blow out your brains, or to buy a villa on the banks of Lake Como to shelter your happiness, you may imagine easily that a spirit must far exceed in power. If the passion of Guy for Spirite appears very sudden, it must be remembered that earthly love often arises from a single glance of the eye, and that many serious passions have had no other beginnings; besides, unknown to Guy, this love was less sudden than it appeared. For long Spirite had hovered around him without being suspected; his soul had supernatural communications, suggesting to him, through all his worldly follies, thoughts going far beyond those vain surroundings, and creating in him nostalgias of the ideal by confused remembrances of the anterior world, turning him away from senseless amours and making him anticipate what earth could not afford. It was she who had given all tender bonds, all beginnings of webs that were weaving around him; it was she that had put around him the parity of such or such a flower, and will now had kept him from forming any individual engagement. She had arrested him on the brink of the irremediable; for the existence of Guy, although it had not produced any event of significance, was approaching a decisive moment; mysterious balances weighed his fate; it was this which determined Spirite to leave the shade, where her secret protection enveloped him, and to manifest herself to Guy, whom it was no longer possible to direct by occult agency. What was the motive of this interest? Did Spirite act by a spontaneous movement of her own will, or did she obey an order emanated from that radiant sphere where I can see it, according to the expression of Dante? What was it that she alone was in a state to reveal, and which she would, perhaps, soon reveal?

At last Mallvert went to bed and was soon asleep. His sleep was light, transparent, and filled with those dazzling wonders which have not the character of dreams, but rather of visions. In the midst of light so dazzling that the brightest stars were shown as dark spots, Guy thought he could distinguish Spirite amongst the swarm of spirits that passed, discernible not by their shadow but by a difference in their light. By this dream that she induced, Spirite wished to show herself to her adorer in her true character and surroundings. The soul, united by sleep from the bonds of the body, lent itself to this ecstatic vision, and Guy could see for a few moments with the eye of the soul, not the outer world itself, of which the contemplation is not permitted except to souls entirely freed from the flesh and its affections, but a ray, filtrating, as it were, under the half-closed door of the unknown, as in a dark street one sees a ray of light streaming from under a palace door, giving an impression of the splendor of the *lie* within. Not wishing to fatigue the still too human organization of Mallvert, Spirite dissipated the vision and withdrew the ecstatic to plunge him in ordinary sleep. Guy had the sensation, in falling into the night of common dreamland, of being dragged like a white shell through liquid black marble, in darkness of an unpenetrable density; then all was effaced, even this sensation, and Guy, for two hours, was steeped in this nonentity from which life springs more joyous and more fresh.

He slept thus until ten o'clock, and Jack, who watched his master's awakening, seeing his eyes open, pushed wide open the half door which he had kept slightly ajar, and entered the room, bearing on a salver to the bedside of his master, two letters, which had just been brought—the first was from Madame d'Ymbercourt, the other from the Baron de Feroc. It was the Baron's that Guy opened first.

CHAPTER VI.

The note of the Baron contained only these words: "Has Cesar crossed the Rubicon?" That of Madame d'Ymbercourt was much longer, and insinuated so many tortuous phrases—that one must not take too seriously that idle gossip; and that to cease all at once his accustomed visits, was, perhaps, to compromise her more than by multiplying them. The whole was concluded by a sentence about Patti, seeming to indicate that a place was reserved for him in the Italian Opera, in box twenty-two. Doubtless Guy admired greatly the young *Div*; but, in the state of mind in which he was, he preferred hearing her another evening, and he undertook to find an excuse for missing the rendezvous.

There is in the human mind a tendency to doubt supernatural things, when our ordinary surroundings have regained their habitual aspect. Thus, Mallvert, in broad daylight, looking at the Venetian

mirror which reposed in blue light in its frame of cut glass, asked himself, seeing there only the reflection of his own face, if it was quite true that this morsel of polished glass had presented to him, a few hours ago, the most exquisite image that mortal eye had ever contemplated. His reason, in vain, tried to establish a belief that this celestial vision was a dream, a deceitful delirium; his feelings belied his reason. Although it is difficult to appreciate the reality of the supernatural, he felt that all this was true, and that behind the calm of appearances there moved a whole world of mystery. Still, nothing was changed in this apartment, always so peaceful, and visitors would have remarked nothing particular in it; but, for Guy, henceforth the opening of a door of a bookcase or a closet, might open a door to the unknown. The least noises, which he took for warnings, made him start.

In order to overcome this nervous excitement, he resolved to take a long drive; he felt that the apparition of Spirite would be nocturnal; and, besides, if she had any communications to make, she could easily find means to reach him, wherever he might be. In this affair, the part of Mallvert must necessarily be passive. His ideal mistress might at any moment make her entrance into his world, and he was incapable of following her into the imaginary spaces that she inhabited.

It had snowed the evening before, and a thing rare in Paris, the white sheet was not melted, under the influence of a tepid breeze, into that cold broth, more horrible than the black mud of the old pavement, or the yellow mud of the new Macadam. A keen cold had crystallized it, and it grated under the wheels of the carriages like pounded glass. Grymalkin was a swift trotter, and Mallvert had brought with him from St. Petersburg a Russian sleigh and harness. The opportunities for sleighing are not frequent in our temperate climate, and sportsmen eagerly seize upon one.

Guy was proud of his equipage, the best appointed, certainly, in all Paris, and which would have made a figure even at the races on the Nova. The prospect of this rapid drive in a healthy, frosty air, was pleasant to him. He had learned, in a winter passed in Russia, to enjoy the northern delights of the snow and the frost; he liked to glide over the white carpet, scarcely yet marked by the iron of the runners, driving a fast horse with both hands, like the Russian *voizochik*. He ordered his equipage and soon reached the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysees. The track was not formed and raised, as in the perspective of Neveki, but the snow was thick enough to prevent the sleigh making too great shocks. One cannot demand from a Parisian winter, the perfection of one in Russia. In the Bois de Boulogne one might have believed one's self in the *Isles*, so smooth and white was the bed of snow, especially in the transverses alleys where fewer carriages had passed. Guy de Mallvert took a road which crossed a wood of pines, whose black arms, loaded with snow which the wind had not yet shaken off, recalled to him the drives which he had taken in Russia. Furs were not wanting in his carriage, and the north wind seemed a warm zephyr, in comparison with those that he had experienced in that country where the cold congeals the mercury.

A considerable crowd thronged the borders of the Lake, and the number of carriages was as great as in a beautiful day in spring or autumn, when races take place between celebrated horses on the Hippodrome of Long Champs, attended by crowds of all ranks and fortune. One saw, half lying in caletches with eight springs, under a vast white bearskin with teeth of red cloth, around the real ladies of fashion, pressing against their satin mantles, muffs of Siberian sable. On boxes covered with lined hampercloths, the concubines of the great families sat majestically, with shoulders covered from the cold by great palstots of foxskin, looking down with eyes as disdainful as their mistresses on the lesser ladies, who themselves drove their own ponies yoked to some extravagant or pretentious vehicle. There were also many close carriages, for at Paris there are few who relish an open carriage with five or six degrees of cold. A few sleighs were remarked amongst all these wheeled vehicles, the owners of which did not seem to have foreseen the snow; but the sleigh of Mallvert was the most exquisite of all. Some Russian nobles who were idling there, contented as reindeer in the snow, designed to approve the elegant sweep of the *Donga*, and the correct way in which the beautiful leather of the harness was attached.

It was scarcely three o'clock; a light fog overpread the lower part of the sky, and on this gray ground the leafless trees traced their delicate articulations, like those leaves from which the pulp is taken, leaving only the weblike fibres. The raysless sun appeared like a great seal of red wax descending into the mist. The Lake was covered with skaters. Two or three days of frost had thickened the ice sufficiently to enable it to bear all the crowd. The snow swept up and piled on the banks, allowed the black polished surface marked all over by the skates to appear, like the mirrors of restaurants, where amorous couples inscribed their names with diamonds, marks which endure when the love has melted away. On the banks were the letters of skates for the use of the citizen amateurs, whose fall served as comic interludes to this winter *Reve*—to this ballet of the Prophet, executed on a large scale. In the midst of the Lake the celebrities of skating, in graceful costume, displayed their prowess. They passed like lightning, abruptly turning, avoiding shocks, stopping suddenly by making the heel of their skate bite the ice, describing curves, spirals, figures of eight, writing letters, like those Arab riders, who, with their spurs, write the name of Allah on the flanks of their horses. Others, in light fantastic sleighs, pushed fine ladies, swathed in furs, who leaned back, smiling at their cavaliers, intoxicated by the rapidity and the cold. Some were conduct-

ing a young belle by the tips of the fingers, who wore a Russian or Hungarian cap, with a frosted jacket trimmed with blue foxskin, with bright colored petticoats looped up by ornamental hooks, and little boots overlaced by the straps of the skates, like the buskins of a courtier. The way to win the race now, as formerly, would, perhaps, be to throw down before some of these Atlantes, costumed by Worth, apples of gold, as of yore; but there were some of high station whom a knot of diamonds would not have delayed. This crowd of costumes of elegant oddity or rich originality, this species of fancy hall on the ice, formed a graceful spectacle, animated and charming, worthy of the pencil of a Watteau, of Lancret or of Baron.

Mallvert had stopped his sleigh near the lake, and looked at this animated and diverting scene, the principal actors of which were known to him. But he contemplated all that henceforth with a disinterested eye, and he even saw a lady pass, leaning on the arm of a fine skater in a most familiar manner, who had formerly been one of his admirers, but he did not experience the least shade of jealousy.

Soon he gave the reins to Grymalkin, who pawed the snow with impatience. He turned his head toward Paris, and began to descend the avenue of the lake, a perpetual Long-Champs of carriages, where pedestrians have the pleasure of seeing ten or twelve times in an hour the yellow berline of the solemn dowager, and the same little coupé, showing at its door a Spanish poodle, or the head of a fawn, *coiffe à la chien*—pleasures of which they never seemed to weary.

Guy moderated the pace of his horse, lest he should run over some one in this thickly-peopled avenue; and, besides, it is not good taste to pass rapidly over this privileged route. He saw approaching a caletche which he had no desire to meet. Madame d'Ymbercourt was afraid of cold, and Guy did not think she would venture out, with a temperature of five or six degrees. In this he showed little knowledge of women; for no temperature would hinder them going to a fashionable place, where custom requires that they should show themselves. Now, that winter, nothing was more stylish than to go to the Bois de Boulogne, and take a turn around the lake, where "all Paris"—as the chroniclers say—asssembled daily to meet the people of title and position. It was shameful for a woman tolerably well situated not to see her initials figure amongst the names of the fashionable people on some of the gazettes of the day. Madame d'Ymbercourt was beautiful, rich and fashionable enough to believe herself obliged to conform to the rite of fashion, and she accomplished the tour of the lake, although troubling a little under the furs, which, like all Parisians, she wore outside.

Mallvert wished much to let Grymalkin, who asked nothing better, start off at a fast trot. But Madame d'Ymbercourt had perceived him, and he was obliged to allow his sleigh to pass alongside her caletche. He conversed with her in a general and absent way, alleging a great dinner, which would finish late, to avoid a visit to the opera-box. At this moment a sleigh touched his. It was drawn by a magnificent horse of the Orloff breed, an iron gray, with white mane, and one of those tails which seem composed of silver thread. Driven by a Russian coachman, with a large beard, in a caftan of green cloth and a velvet cap with astrakhan head-piece, he trotted indignantly under the curb, and tossed his head until he touched his knees with his nostrils. The elegance of the vehicle, the dress of the driver, the beauty of the horse, attracted the attention of Guy; but what did he experience when he saw the lady seated in the sleigh, whom, at first, he took to be one of those Russian princesses who come for one or two seasons to dazzle Paris with their eccentric luxury, if anything can dazzle it. He recognized, or thought he recognized, features resembling a face seen, and henceforth ineffably engraved in the depths of his soul, but which, certainly, he did not expect to meet in the Bois de Boulogne, after having seen her appear, like Helen to Faust, in a sort of magic mirror! At this sight he started so suddenly, that Grymalkin, receiving the nervous movement, shied. Guy saying a few words of excuse, on the ground of his horse's impatience, which he could not subdue, set off to follow the sleigh, which increased its pace at the same time. As if astonished at being followed, the lady half turned her head over her shoulder, to see who permitted himself to take so great a liberty; and, although in this position she only presented what is called by artists *profil perdu*, Guy discovered a hand of wavy gold, an eye of evening blue, and on her cheek that ideal rosy hue which covers the tops of snow mountains at sunset, and which only gives a distant idea of its beauty. In the ear there hung a turquoise, and on the part of the neck which was seen between the collar of the pelisse and the hat, there fell a little curl, light as a zephyr, fine as the hair of an infant. It was truly the apparition of the night—but with a degree of reality which a phantom ought to take—in full daylight, and near the lake in the Bois de Boulogne.

How did Spirite go thither, and in a form so humanly charming, and no doubt, seen by others? for it was difficult to believe, even admitting the impalpability of the apparition, that the driver, the horse and the sleigh were only shadows. It was a question that Guy did not take the trouble to resolve, and in order to assure himself that he was not deceived by one of those resemblances which are lost when one looks closer, he wished to go before the sleigh, in order to see the face in front. He gave Grymalkin full liberty, and he darted off like an arrow, and his breath for some minutes, in jets of white vapor, was thrown on the back of the other sleigh, but though a noble animal, Grymalkin had not power to countenance a Russian trotter, the most beautiful specimen that Mallvert had ever seen. The driver uttered a slight click of his tongue, and the iron-gray horse, in some impetuous bounds, soon dis-

tanced Grymalkin, and put a space between the two sleighs sufficient to calm its mistress, if, indeed, she had been alarmed.

The idea of the lady was certainly not to discourage Mallivert, for her sleigh took a more moderate pace. Their race had led them into the pine alley, which, at this time, was not obstructed by vehicles, and the chase was established in a regular manner. However, Grymalkin could not pass the Orloff-stepper. His greatest effort could only maintain an equal distance between the carriages. The horses' shoes threw back flakes of snow against the guards of the sleighs, and white smoke enveloped the noble animals like classic clouds. At the extremity of the alley, which was barred by carriages coming by the grand route, the two sleighs were one instant abreast, and Guy could see the face of the pretended Russian, as the wind at the moment raised her little veil. A smile of almost mischievous wandered on her lips, whose sinuities formed the same bow as those of Monna Lisa. Her blue eyes shone like sapphires, and a rather deeper rose colored her velvet cheeks. Spirit, for it was indeed she, lowered her veil, and the driver urged his horse, who darted forward with terrible impetuosity. Guy uttered a cry of terror, for at the same moment a great berlin crossed the way, and, forgetting that Spirit was an immaterial being, under shelter from all terrestrial accidents, he expected a terrible shock. But the horse, coachman and sleigh passed through the berlin as through a fog, and Mallivert soon lost sight of them.

Grymalkin seemed terrified. Nervous shiverings made him tremble on his legs, ordinarily so firm, as if he could not explain to himself the disappearance of the sleigh. Animals have instincts of mysterious depths; they see what often escapes the eye of man, and one might say that many of them possess a sentiment of the supernatural. He was soon reassured by taking the side of the lake amongst the other real vehicles.

In descending the Avenue du l'Imperatrice, Guy met the Baron de Fercé, who also was returning from the Bois de Vincennes.

The Baron, after having asked Mallivert for a light for his cigar, said to him, with a half-jesting, mysterious air: "Madame d'Ymberecourt will not be very well pleased. What a scene she will make this evening at the opera, if you have the imprudence to go thither, for I do not think that steeple-chase of sleighs would be to her taste. But tell Jack to throw a blanket over Grymalkin, for he may very easily take an inflammation of the lungs."

[To be continued in our next.]

From Harper's Weekly. HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

BY WILL H. CARLTON.

Give us your hand, Mr. Lawyer, how do you do to-day? You drew up that paper—I suppose you want your pay. Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a Y. For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me. Goin' home that evenin', I tell you I was blue. Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do; and I ain't no more but 't been the stondest team alive. They 've tugged me over, certain, for I could n't see where to drive.

No-for I was laborin' under a heavy load; No-for I was travellin' an entirely different road; No-for I was actin' over the path of our lives ag'in. And reasonin' where we missed the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we 'd turned that just to a quarrel led; And when I ought to 've held my temper, and driven straight ahead; And the more I thought it over, the more these memories came.

And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame; And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind; Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was good and kind.

And those things, they flashed all through me, as you know things sometimes will. When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still. "But," says I, "I was 'er too far along to take another track. And when I put my hand to the plow I do not cut turn back. And I ain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two."

And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I 'd see it through. When I come in sight of the house 't was some't in the night. And just as I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen light; Which often a han' some pleas'r to a hungry person makes. But it do n't interest a tatter much that 's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went to the house the table was set for me— As good a supper 's I ever saw, or ever want to see; And I examined the agreement down my pocket as well as I could. And felt to eat 'n my victuals, which somehow did n't taste good.

And Betsey she pretended to look about the house, But she watched my side coat pocket like a cat would watch a mouse; And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup. And I meanin' to make a new paper, I drawed it wrong side up.

And when I 'd done my supper I drawed the agreement out, And give it to her without a word, for she knowed what 't was about; And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note 's bustled by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

And then Betsey she got her spees from off the mantel-shelf, And read the article over quiet, sofly to herself. And I read by tattle and tittle, for her eyes 's gittin' old. And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when 't 's cold.

And after she 'd read a little she gave my arm a touch, And kindly as I sh'n was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much; But when she was through she went for me, her face a- streamin' with tears.

And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years; I don't know what you 'll think, sir—I did n't come to inquire— But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire; And I told her we 'd bury the hatchet alongside of the coar; And we struck an agreement never to have another war.

And I told her in the future I would n't speak cross or rash; I 'd half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash; And she said in regard to heaven, we 'd try and learn its worth. By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we set a-talkin' 'n three quarters of the night, And opened our hearts to each other, until they both grew a- light; And the days when I was winnin' 'er away from so many men.

Was nobblin' to that evenin' I courted her over again. Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us. Her lap all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fire; But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores, My Betsey rose politely, and showed her out of doors.

Since then I do n't deny but there 's been a word or two; But we 've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do; When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh. And the first one 's ready to give up considerable more than half.

Maybe you 'll think me soft, sir, a-talkin' in this style, But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while; And I do it for a complemen'—'t is so that you can see That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer; don't stop short of an X; Make it more if you want to, for I have got the checks. I 'm richer than a national bank with all its treasures told, For I 've got a wife at home now that 's worth her weight in gold.

SPIRIT PICTURES.—An artist in Los Angeles, Cal., is taking spirit pictures. Dr. Donnell Smith, of San Bernardino, cut the glass from common window pane glass, and had his picture taken with that of a young lady—a spirit, who has been in the spirit-world some time. Recently I saw several pictures taken by this artist. One was a portrait of an elderly gentleman, and at his side a young lady, the wife of his younger days, which he says is a good likeness. As Dr. D. Smith cut the glass for his picture himself, the objection so generally brought forward of the portraits of these so-called spirits having been there before is, in this case, removed, and the circumstance, therefore, becomes a valuable fact.—Present Age, Sept. 9.

I do not see why we should be as just to an ant, as to a human being.—Charles Kingsley.

Spiritual Phenomena.

THE SLEEPLESS GIRL OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A REMARKABLE CASE—FIVE YEARS WITHOUT FOOD OR SLEEP.

EMITIOUS BANNER OF LIGHT.—In a recent number of The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Daily Union, I find a narrative of facts about a sleepless, blind, speechless, fasting, and bed-ridden girl of that city. Having myself been pretty familiar with the case for the five years past, from intimate, friendly intercourse with a family who are near neighbors of the girl and her aunt, and who are in daily intercourse with them, being, I believe, the only near neighbors that are allowed that privilege; and having had the special favor of seeing the girl twice, I can vouch for most of the facts stated by the reporter of the Brooklyn Union—who, by the way, I understand is a woman.

I will add that I have recently solicited and received from the girl some specimens of her work, consisting of wax flowers most exquisitely modeled and artistically grouped, and a beautiful crocheted tidy. Most of the flowers are white; the rest are variously colored by herself, though blind. Two years ago when I last saw her, I coveted some of her work, but dared not ask her to give or sell it. But quite recently, on finding that she had accepted pay for a specimen, from a friend who visited her on the first occasion with me, I asked for the same favor, and was glad enough to obtain it. I understand that now she is willing to take pay for some of her work, in order to procure material for more; for she uses a vast quantity, saying that if she can't work, she wanted to die. Heretofore she has realized very little from the few pieces of work sold. Accompanying the specimens which I have, is a pencilled letter in the handwriting of the girl, addressed to my wife. That it is genuine, there is no doubt, for at our visit two years ago, she kept up a lively conversation with my wife, by writing with her left hand (the other being entirely useless) on a slate, after the manner of the deaf and dumb.

I have refrained heretofore from giving publicity to the case, out of regard to the known wishes of the girl and her friends, who have shunned public notoriety; but now that it is made known so fully in a daily newspaper, I transmit the report of the case to you with my indorsement, knowing that it will prove highly interesting to the readers of the Banner.

WM. HENRY BURR.

208 E Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., Sept. 11th, 1871.

From the Brooklyn Daily Union.

Several years ago the papers were full of the particulars of this strange and distressing condition of a young lady of Brooklyn, who by a series of misfortunes had been brought to a state of almost living death. The advertisements made at that time were credited by a great many, because the authors themselves had not been permitted the privilege of personally seeing or conversing with the invalid, and the statements made at a later date that she had not tasted food in the interval was received with universal discredit. The subject created much excitement at the time, and the houses in which the family resided were visited by hundreds of curious people, who, it is needless to state, were refused admittance. So persistent were some of the callers that the aid of the police was required to prevent their forcible entrance.

As time rolled on, and nothing more of a public nature was said of the case, it passed out of the minds of many, and in the great whirl of public cares and private trials, and the ever-varying changes taking place about us, the interest of the multitude died out. But for all that, the phenomenon has continued to exist, and to attract the attention of scientific and medical men every where.

During all these years the poor sufferer has lain in the same painful position, save when distorted by spasms, sightless, in a measure dumb, and without nourishment of any kind. As she yet remains with us as great a mystery and unsolved problem as when almost six years ago she was afflicted. The interest in her is revived, and many and earnest are the prayers offered by loving ones for her ultimate recovery.

THE STATEMENTS.

made at the time of the occurrence were substantially correct, and from the many files of newspapers before us, and from the family and herself, we have gleaned the following particulars, withholding the names of all concerned.

UP TO 1863.

at the age of fifteen, she was a healthy girl, although delicately organized, and possessed of a nervous temperament indicative of spirituality and refinement. Although fragile in figure, and what might be termed a delicate frame, her constitution was strong, and her powers of intellect were of a high order. She was a diligent student, and from extensive application to study, superinduced sickness, faintness, and a feeling of despondency. Up to this date she had been a bright student, and stood deservedly high in Professor West's school. In a few months she was to graduate, and, neglecting her physical health, thought only of her books. Early in the late she studied, until her nervous system was prostrated, and she was compelled to leave school. This was a cruel blow to her, and her spirits sank until her symptoms became aggravated, and horseback exercise was advised as a means of restoration. In riding one day she was thrown from the horse and severely injured. For nine days and nights she suffered intensely, without rest, and it was many months before she was sufficiently recovered to be out again. In June, 1865, on leaving a street car in Fulton avenue, her crinoline caught upon the step; she was thrown violently down, and dragged a long distance, injuring the same side of her head and back that had been hurt before. A day or two after the accident she was seized with spasms, of which she has been a victim almost constantly up to the present time. The entire body is affected by the spasms, and the contortions are violent; at times she cannot be held. One by one her faculties deserted her; first sight, then hearing, and then when the power of deglutition had departed she could neither speak nor swallow. During the time that she changed since the spasms began, a period of nearly six years, she has not

SLEPT A MOMENT.

This is stated by the physician and attendant, who are persons entitled to credit.

THE TRACE.

is the nearest approach to rest her body ever knows. While in this condition, she experiences pleasurable emotions, and often talks with her mother in heaven, and seems to be refreshed and calmer after each one. They usually follow spasms, some of which are so violent that it has taken two or three physicians and three female friends—six persons in all—to hold her, when she would be thrown in the air; and while held up as high as their heads by the many hands of her plying and faithful attendants, the patient would turn somersaults and make violent contortions, suspended in the air on their hands. Sometimes she would be thrown from the bed, brushing herself and discoloring her face pitifully. Sometimes she would roll up like a hoop, forward or backward. Her lower limbs are twisted entirely around each other, the right and left feet changing places, and the toes pointed toward each other.

AT FIRST, NOURISHMENT.

was sought to be administered by enema and injection, but for years they have not been applied. Her system has maintained a loathing for food, and even the odor of it.

SUCH WAS THE CONDITION.

of the unfortunate sufferer nearly six years ago, and to-day her situation is the same. It is not through the agency of a friend of the family, we were admitted to an interview with her, and are thus enabled to place before the readers of The

Union the following interesting account of the visit:

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

of — and — avenues, in a quiet, secluded street, we found the house, and, in company with this mutual friend, were invited to her presence.

THE SECOND FLOOR.

is devoted to the patient, and a prettier suite of rooms cannot be found in the city. From the hanging baskets filled with vines and plants, to the potted sweet peas lying so still on its sill, everything evinced refinement and taste. Large folding-doors separate the rooms, which, we judge, are always thrown open. In the front parlor are wax flowers—crosses of the purest white, wreaths and clusters—all made by her, and are indisputable proofs of the

EXTRAORDINARY POWER.

of second sight possessed by the sick girl. On the piano we saw some of her marvelous worsted work, and recognized in its workmanship the hand of a skillful master.

SHE WAS LYING.

on a large bed, beautifully adorned with coverings of white and blue, and about her shoulders were draped the same colors. The pillows at the head of the bed, and the diminutive one further down, near the centre, upon which rested the head of the child-woman, were immaculately fresh and pure. A musical box placed near her was discoursing its low, sad tones, and a small work-table stood near by, covered with articles wrought by her own miny though defunct hand. Taking a seat beside her bed, she extended her left hand—the right being twisted round her neck, and immovable—and expressed in this outward manner her pleasure at the meeting.

HER FAITHFUL AUNT.

is her sole nurse, and to her unwearied devotion and strong and well-disciplined mind does the sufferer owe her life. When the blow first came upon her, and her house was besieged by the curious people who desired to crowd the chamber and hall, this devoted woman protected herself from intrusion, and claimed that the sorrows and misfortunes of her household were sacred. In this decision she has been sustained by the attending physician, who is regularly and carefully noting every new development, in the hope of being able, at some time, to detect something that shall give him a clue to the mystery of his patient's existence.

NONE BUT A WOMAN.

and that one this devoted aunt, could so gradually light and shade in that sick room, and arrange draperies in waves and folds so as to screen from the casual observer the outlines of that poor, distorted body. But she is and has been a mother to this motherless sufferer, and in her great love has made it her duty to induce the best possible results. Her only physical pain mars the perfect harmony and peace of his inmates. An only brother of the invalid shares with his aunt the mournful pleasure of caring for their charge. Although younger than his sister, he has a more manly face than she, and is in feature very like her.

THE APPEARANCE.

of the sufferer is most pleasing. Aside from the marble pallor and the rigidity of the muscles about the sightless eyes and closed mouth, there is nothing to indicate the terrible state of pain through which she has passed. The eyes are simply closed, not sunken, and no contraction of the lids is apparent. As she lies on her right side, the right arm under her head, the appearance is a natural one, and to glance at her position it seems that of a comfortable convalescent. But the drapery covers the arm, the hand is hopelessly stiff, and the hand resting on the back of the neck is never withdrawn. In this condition she lifts the left hand, which is tightly closed and very small, to her neck, and, with her work behind her, creates out of wax those perfect representations of flowers seen in the parlors.

HER TETHER.

are nearly all gone, but the mouth has lost none of its former beauty; the lower jaw is set like that of a corpse, and it is impossible to open it but slightly, even with force. And her motions and efforts to break through are attempted to be practiced in one instance, as has been alleged, it would not succeed in all, for it is not a particular feature that is extraordinary, but the case is one of extraordinary combinations.

Her neck is small, while the throat is solid and utterly dead to feeling. When struck it gives out a hollow noise, and the blow is not felt by the patient.

NEARLY EVERY FUNCTIONAL OPERATION.

is in abeyance, and all the avenues of the body are closed. She could not eat, even if she had a desire; nothing but fluid could be forced into her rigid lips, and any amount of it would throw her into spasms. Occasionally her aunt has succeeded in putting the half of a grape in her mouth, and, after leaving it there a while, has found, on removing it, that the absorption of the juice was scarcely perceptible.

THE STOMACH.

is utterly empty, and the lower portion of the body is dreadfully deformed. The head of a grown person could be inserted in the cavity of the stomach, and a hand laid in it readily distinguishes the spinal column in the back. In fact there are no bowels, for the skin alone represents this portion of her body. Evacuations never take place, and there is no evidence in the lower portion of her higher life. Although the case is a strange problem, and one yet to be solved. A woman in years, her frame is as small as that of a little child, and, although bed-ridden, blind, for a long while deaf and dumb, and but occasionally able to utter a sound now, she is yet possessed of a strong, active intellect that has triumphed over bodily ailments and disease, and is strong and clear, and more intelligent than when she was first taken.

BUT FOR HER STRONG WILL.

and splendid mind, she would have long ago ceased to live. These have triumphed over every shock her physical nature has endured, and, unless some unforeseen change for the worse overtakes her, there is no reason why she should not ultimately recover.

Recently she has begun to articulate—very little and indistinct, it is true, but, nevertheless, the effort has been and is being made every day by her to express herself in this way. In the meantime she writes with a pencil placed under the cramped fingers of her left hand, and her orthography is clear and beautiful.

THE RAPIDITY.

with which she writes is astonishing. Her sentences are well-formed, her words well chosen, and her ideas are always bright. The perfect refinement of manner, and gentle dignity, that characterize her slight and feeble form, are evident in her writings. It is utterly impossible for one so situated to lend herself to any kind of deceit. After looking into her face, we felt ashamed that we had ever entertained for a moment any doubt as to the reality of her condition. She is as great an enigma to herself as to others, and is glad to hear any opinion advanced as to her possible recovery. While she is not opposed to being questioned in regard to the strange unnatural state in which she lives, her means of conveying replies are limited to writing with her left hand, which, as has been remarked, is greatly deformed. Occasionally she can speak so as to be understood, but generally it is difficult to catch her meaning, and evidently wearisome to her to make the effort. Several times she was a good deal impatient to look on her face, after she had tried and failed to express herself.

SHE DOES NOT SLEEP.

any; the only rest she has is when entranced. In this respect her symptoms have not changed. Without any effort on her part, in the midst of her work or writing, they come upon her, and always leave her refreshed. While we were near her she was thrown into this trancelike state, and for more than ten minutes was rigid, unconscious, and, as far as we could tell, pulseless. Her awakening was signified by a movement with her left hand.

THE ASSERTION.

has often been made that she was a tool for designing persons, and that money was the motive. This is false in every respect. The family are in comfortable circumstances—far above want; and even were they destitute, money could not be made out of this child. The presence of unwelcome strangers, who, for mere curiosity, could find it in their hearts to pay for a sight of her, would be to her a positive torture. It is not her tender, watchful care of aunt, brother and physician, she could not survive. Even an hour passed in the presence of visitors exhausts her, and it is not

probable that she will ever be exposed to the momentary gaze of any but those who, by reason of a past friendship, find it their great privilege to converse with one who is scarcely of the earth.

SO SPIRITUAL.

is her nature that she lives almost altogether in the realms of the beyond, and perceives with her unsealed spirit eyes the forms of those who are dead to us. She is not wholly absorbed in this happiness; hers is a strong, loving nature, and gifted with a self-denial and patience remarkable, under the most favorable circumstances.

SHE HAS USED.

in making afghans, nubbies and crochet-work, three thousand ounces of worsted and forty thousand yards. Aside from this she has constructed a large quantity of wax-flowers and other fancy articles. The most remarkable of her work are the leaves she has cut. They are colored with the pencils and regularly of machine-work, are usually cut from velvet, and are then veined with a white silk thread. A pin-ribbon of white and pink satin, ornamented with these leaves and pearl beads, and adorned on the top with a diminutive slipper attached to the cushion, and trimmed with the leaves, is the handsomest article of leaf work we have ever seen. She crochets and knits with the greatest rapidity, and most beautifully; all manner of shawls, baby sacques and stockings, and embroiders on canvas with more skill than any person in health could do.

Her patience is as wonderful as her taste is faultless, and in the artistic blending of shades and colors she has no superior. Were it not for her shrinking reality, she might make this talent a source of revenue to herself, and the profits arising from the sale of such handicraft would tend to relieve her mind of the regret she has that she is a care to her aunt.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS.

that she can amuse herself with her work; much of the time she lies motionless and silent. In warm weather she is not so comfortable as in winter, and the thunder and lightning affect her keenly. The noises of the street about her, and the passing of a horse-drawn carriage, are particularly annoying, and she is distressed before it occurs, and generally causes her to tremble violently.

IT IS NATURAL.

that the great majority of the busy outside world should deny the almost supernatural powers of this person; reasonable that they should judge of the condition and gifts of others by their own weights and measures, but it is shameful to impugn the reality of the talents which she has testified to her mental and physical powers.

SHE IS A CLAIRVOYANT.

is gifted at times with a marvelous power of reading sealed letters, of foretelling events, of predicting the coming of persons, and of describing the personal appearance of individuals she has never seen.

In the years to come, when science shall have superseded superstition, and common sense illumined the religiously dim, she will be understood and exact plainness. To those who have a breadth of mind to see and perceive great truths she is an interesting study, proving beyond a doubt the existence of mind independent of matter.

WHAT THAT CHILD.

sees, and hears, and experiences, it is impossible to know. Her spirit is not able to commune with the outer world clearly, confined as it is to her body, and yet it is nevertheless so much stronger than the material that she cannot control its action. She will see visions, and will be the witness of another sphere, and when by the still strong cord of life it is recalled and she is cognizant of what is going on around her, the body is capable of much mental exercise.

She is the least material of any living human being, and her spiritual perceptions are therefore clearer and more distinct. What is dormant in others is fully developed in her, and the veil that separates the visible and invisible world has been rent by her partially enfranchised spirit.

Though she is hopelessly blind, she yet possesses the faculty of sight, and as an instance of her quickness of perception, a chair was about being moved by a visitor, when she was broken, when she shrank to her feet, and by her motions and efforts to break through the attention of her aunt to the fact. Then the aunt remembered that it had been broken only a day or two before.

HER FEELINGS.

are acute, and she is alive to the contradictory views held by physicians in regard to her case, yet she is hopeful, and at times happy, though she has had heavy sorrows to bear, apart from her physical sufferings. She recognizes the fact that her misfortunes have fitted her for the perfect bliss of her higher life, and she longs with intense desire for the change that in the twinkling of an eye shall release her from the body, and render transformed the deformed.

AND SHE IS.

a warning to others, and her condition should be a lesson to those who would urge forward immature children. Perhaps a long life of usefulness would have been the portion of this poor child, but for the mistaken ideas of her teachers and others. She was gifted with great talent, and its cultivation was continued long after the inroads of disease had unfitted her for any kind of effort, and most of all mental work. She erred through ignorance, then, and the world is guilty of the same weakness to-day in denying her the possession of the same mind she was once applauded for developing. Her body is a distorted slug, the spirit a soaring eagle, and the world is guilty of all but dead to us; the other is strong and clear, and rapidly unfolding for another existence beyond the confines of this world.

The Late A. B. Whiting.

Again has the Angel of Deliverance swept suddenly down from the upper heights and loosed from earthly bonds the spirit of one of our oldest and ablest lecturers.

From his home in Albion, Mich., on Monday, September 4th, A. B. Whiting passed to spirit-life. He had been out of health, but not considered dangerously ill, for several months. Only the day before, he had spoken a short time at the annual Spiritualists' picnic of his townpeople in a beautiful grove about two miles from his home, and I thought while he was speaking I had never heard him talk more forcibly and eloquently in defence of our common cause and the general principles of progress. His closing remarks with a swelling poem, which, as we afterward reverted to it, seemed almost prophetic of the events which followed. The subject of the poem was, "Only a Question of Time." I dined with him on Monday, and he remarked that he was unusually well. Between two and three p. m. he left us without even a "good-by." The struggle of separation was but momentary with him, at least, and a fitting poem, which, as we afterward learned, he felt that "our loss was his gain."

The physicians pronounced the immediate cause of his change to have been congestion of the heart. His funeral was attended by Parker Pillsbury and myself. No words of mine will add anything to Mr. Whiting's public record; it is humanity's inheritance, and his most fitting eulogy. As a liberator, and a most successful one, he died at his post. "And as we folded the lid over the beautiful blue eyes and draped the body for the grave, the words of Paul seemed appropriate: "He has fought a good fight; he has finished his course; he has kept the faith; henceforth is laid up for him a crown of righteousness."

Thus the old workers cotemporary with myself take their departure one by one to the higher schools of experience, and but a few are left to struggle and counsel together here. But oh, how inexpressibly comforting is the consciousness that it is "only a question of time," and we shall rejoin them, and together carry forward the grand purposes of being!

And with a patient with expectant ears to catch the words of wisdom dropping like refreshing dews from loving lips in the like and higher life, let us not forget to repay their watchful care by our ministries of sympathy and assistance to those they have left behind. We hope Mr. Whiting's numerous friends throughout the country will send words of friendly appreciation and comfort to his mother and sister, who are lonely, though not alone.

SUSIE M. JOHNSON.

Detroit, Sept. 4th, 1871.

A lady, on leaving home, was thus addressed by her little boy: "Mamma, will you please remember to buy me a penny whistle? and let it be a religious one, so I can use it on Sundays."

Speculative Philosophy.

THE BEGINNING AND END OF OUR PLANET, OR TO AND FROM THE SUN.

That "the world is coming to an end" there cannot be much question. The only point at issue is the time and manner. That our planet had a beginning in its present spherical form there is not the slightest doubt, and that inasmuch as the earth and its sister planets came from the sun—a part and parcel of him—we are now returning, and ultimately must fall into the sun.

To make these points—advanced by some of the most eminent scientists of Europe—clear, is the object in penning this hypothesis. The solar system, comprising the sun, planets, asteroids, satellites and comets, is supposed to have been originally one great nebula mass, similar perhaps to the nebulae as seen to-day in the constellations of Orion, Andromeda, Ursa Major, Cygnus, and in other parts of the sidereal heavens, a vast gaseous region where nothing with the density of a solid existed. Eventually the little molecules comprising this mass of gas condensed a trifle; that portion nearest the centre concentrated in one mass, and the outer portion of the nebula condensed by itself and separated or dropped off in the form of rings, which, continuing to condense, divided, and the separated fragments, taking the shape of a spheroid, followed the same impulse of motion as when separating or being ejected from the central mass (the sun). The centrifugal motion, which causes it to fly in a tangential direction from the sun, is held in check by the centripetal motion which is constantly directed toward him; and thus a circle, or more properly an ellipse, (oval) constitutes the orbit or path of our planet around the sun. Some of the planets have grown more dense than others. Mercury is about the density of quicksilver—very heavy; Saturn as light as cork; while some of the comets (which are in fact identical with planets) are as light as soap. In support of the hypothesis that the planets separated from the central mass—the sun—in rings, we have but to point to the rings surrounding Saturn—a gaseous envelope, as it were, at a considerable distance from the planet, and no doubt was thrown off during the condensation process of Saturn. How intimate is the connection of the inhabitants of the earth to the sun! Stop into a photograph saloon and note how rapidly, on slipping for a picture, the light of the sun, striking upon your face and reflecting upon the plate, decomposes the salts of silver thereon; but take a green leaf and attempt to photograph it, and you find the salts of silver upon the plate do not decompose. In the first instance it is reflected sunlight; in the latter the light of the sun cannot be reflected, because the leaf absorbs it, and the light proceeds no further. Vegetation, in short, consumes or absorbs a portion of the sun. Now what have we, the people, to do with that? The correlation of material forces is nowhere more plainly manifested than between the animal and vegetable life. The animal partakes of the vegetable, which is composed largely of carbon; it enters the system and is consumed; it escapes, a considerable portion, in the form of carbon. The planet inhales it and exhales oxygen, which we in turn inhale. The larger part of vegetation we cannot consume, hence, between the plant and the carnivorous animal there exists a heribivorous animal, who consumes the grasses and other coarser plants. We drink the milk, kill the animal, consume it, and thus we find, as the plant is a part and parcel of the sun, that we in reality are the children of the sun.

Let us now examine the hypothesis of the earth's return to the sun. The interplanetary space, (that is, the space between the several planets, and beyond their atmospheres) it is not reasonable to suppose can be in itself a vacuum. Nature, as we are aware, abhors a vacuum; hence, it is very probable that an ether or some extremely rarefied substance pervades this space. The theory of light, in fact, substantiates this hypothesis; for the tiny star depends as much upon a substance between itself and our vision to travel upon, as does sound upon the air a gaseous substance to make itself manifest. The latter is due to the vibrations or undulations of the air elements, and light is due to the same undulations or waves of a substance terrestrial or celestial—and the retina of the eye. If, then, the theory is established that a certain ether or other highly rarefied substance fills the interplanetary space, the gradual precipitation of the earth into the sun is inevitable. Toss a ball into the air, and if it was not for the resistance of the atmosphere through which it passes, and the gravitation of the earth, the ball would continue in motion forever. So with the earth while moving through space. The motion it received when expelled from the central mass would continue through all time if no substance existed in space to obstruct the march in its orbit around the sun; but if, as has been shown, some form of ethereal substance exists, however thin

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1871.

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

The Convention.

We give in another column a synoptical report of the Eighth Annual Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists. It was remarkable that the attendance was by no means so numerous as had been hoped and expected, and for that reason the topics presented for discussion were hardly in their usual variety. Dr. Hallock read an essay which is yet to be published, and Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, a new delegate from New York, read with much effect a paper on the rearing of children. Mormonism was introduced, and "free love" came in as a matter of consequence. The debates were at times heated and strikingly earnest, but the speakers appeared only to emphasize convictions that were honestly entertained. It was conceded that Mrs. Woodhull's essay was the feature of the Convention, for which, as well as for her presence, she was declared by vote to have honored its deliberations. The same lady was subsequently chosen President of the Association for the ensuing year, to succeed Mrs. Brown, who presided with so much grace and dignity.

There was considerable debate over the question of a general organization into the form of Lyceums, which terminated with referring both the report of the Committee and the substitute moved for it to the Executive Board of the Association—with instructions to them to publish an Address through the Spiritualist press, and also in tract form. It is believed that this Address will embody the real sentiments of the Spiritualists of the country. The Children's Lyceums received a good share of the Convention's attention, as they richly deserved. The Convention also adopted a resolution recommending the establishment of a Psychopathic Institution for the cure of mental diseases, as suggested by Dr. Edward Mead, through these columns. The newly elected President seemed deeply moved by her reception in the Convention, confessing that she did not know how she should be received. She avowed herself a Spiritualist, and said she had always had spiritual experiences from childhood. And she promised to go forward in the great work of political and spiritual emancipation. Mr. Peabody was present with his progressive ideas and persuasive voice, and the personal influence of Dr. Gardner made itself felt throughout. Thus closes the Eighth Annual Convention in this country.

The Two Thomsons.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science, rejoices in two Thomsons. The one President, de facto, the other de jure. President, in his inaugural address, has Thomson, and on spontaneous generation, and laid a heavy burden upon the world, without a certificate of birth, nor a cucumber care from the regalia, but those lawfully transmitted to grow from any seed, where in the red-hot admitted to this mundanity. Red peppers and salbrils of an exploded planet. And all reasonable amandans came this way be, and all reasonable doubt, and establish the law. Iceland moss and Polar bears still prove the law. Thomson, President in posse, is a more negative mind, and does not seem to be anything in this or other worlds, exploded or distinct, yet here and there in his articles there are distinct traces of "spontaneous generation."

His "dominant idea" is: that all men whom he differs are meet subjects for lunatic asylums; (an idea which has been more than once entertained in connection with those places); but as it would be inconvenient to imprison so vast a multitude, he and science may be satisfied with the alternate brand of knave and fool. These crazy men, base rogues and wonderful simulators, Tremous, Eusebius, Tertullian, St. Cyprian, Origen, Athanasius, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Jerome; and, later, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Baxter, Cardan, Glanville, the Wesleys, Oberlin, Korner, Ennesmore, Eschenmayer, Arago, Elliotson, Ashburner, Archbishop Whately, Professors De Morgan, Varley, Hare, Crookes, Iluglius, etc., and some five hundred "infamous" persons who have pretended not to feel pain under the surgeon's mesmeric knife, many of them little children—sad proof of early depravity—with millions of others scattered over the habitable globe, all come under Prof. Allen Thomson's triple-headed judgment.

Ah! President, in case, the world owes you a debt of gratitude for bringing down the germ of your successor, in the motion ruins of some ancient moon; and may the theory of selection long preserve both you and your seed from all spontaneous generation, to be the pride of the British nation, and an ornament to the British Association.

The Excitement in Louisville, Ky.

The Louisville Young Men's Christian Association did not accomplish what it expected, when it engaged Von Vleck to come there and "expose Spiritualism." He made the attempt, and under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., drew together large audiences, and created quite an excitement on the subject of spiritual manifestations. He did not, however, succeed in shaking the faith of any one at all acquainted with the genuine physical manifestations, but on the contrary, those who witnessed his shallow imitations had their belief strengthened in the genuine. The Daily Sun, after sharply criticizing Von Vleck's whole performance, says: "If there was any person at the entertainment last night who ever sat one night a week, for three months, in a development circle, or alone in his chamber, and was satisfied with Von Vleck's exposure, we are very much mistaken. That Von Vleck can do a few tricks in an indolent manner, we admit. That they are at all like the raps, or other manifestations of mediums, we utterly deny."

Those desiring to satisfy themselves on the question, "What is Spiritualism?" should read Mrs. Maria M. King's work on the subject.

"Poems of Progress."

At last we are able to announce that we have on our counter, and for sale, this remarkable collection of poetic writings. Miss Lizzie Doten, its talented and inspired authoress, looks upon the reader kindly from Stuart's fine steel engraving at its commencement, and the motto on the title page: "If an offence come out of the truth, better is it that the offence come than the truth be concealed," conveys the spirit of the writer of the volume—a determination which is evidenced by the utterance of every line that follows. All the way from the uncompromising "Declaration of Faith" which opens the volume, to "The Inner Mystery"—an inspirational poem delivered by Miss Doten at a festival commemorative of the twentieth anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism, held in Music Hall, Boston, March 31st, 1868, which closes it—the book breathes the utterance of a brave soul—scorning the bands of conventionalism on the one hand, and true to the highest principles of light on the other—proclaiming:

"Hour by hour, like an opening flower,
Shall truth after truth expand;
The sun may grow pale, and the stars may fall,
But the purpose of God shall stand.
Dogmas and creeds without kindred deeds,
And altar and fanes, shall fall;
One bond of love, and one home above,
And one faith shall be to all."

Let every believer in the Spiritual Philosophy buy and read this work. The familiar faces of "The Chemistry of Character," "Margery Miller," and "A Respectable Lie," this majestic sweep of "The Rainbow Bridge," and "The Hymn to the Sun," the heart-touching tale of "Peter McGuire," or Nature and Grace," the solid comfort of "Face the Sunshine," and "Good in All," the ringing cadences of "Heater Vaughn," the sweet assurances contained in "He Giveth his Beloved Sleep," the sharp sarcasm of "Mr. De Spina" and "Will It Lay?"—and many other productions not heretofore published—will be met with on its tastefully printed pages.

Our sister, in giving these utterances to the world, has done the work she calls on all to do in the concluding stanza of "The Pyramids," and added another

"Monumental thought
Upon the desert waste of time."

Which shall give strength to the earth-weary
and "lift his spirit up to God." Earnestly working "in the good time now," she points out the struggle daily going on between superstition and moral freedom, in her poem, "Growth and Giant Despair," and calls all friends of free thought to unite, in the closing stanza—with which we also conclude the present notice:

"Oh, where is our Greatheart, the valiant,
A terrible warfare to wage
On the old Theological Giant.
The Doubt and Despair of his age?
Let us rise, one and all, when our leader shall call,
And each for the conflict prepare;
We will march round about that old Castle of Doubt,
With our 'Banner of Light' on the air,
And raze to its very foundations
The stronghold of Giant Despair."

A. B. Whiting.

The sudden departure to spirit-land of our co-laborer, Bro. Whiting, of Albion, Mich., created a deep feeling of sadness among his townsmen. On our second page we print a letter from Susie M. Johnson, giving the particulars in his case. The Port Huron Commercial of Sept. 13, devotes a column to editorial remarks of a highly eulogistic character. It also states that on the Sunday previous, in that city, a memorial address was given in the evening by Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith, at the close of which, Dr. Pace, after some brief and feeling remarks, offered a series of resolutions of respect, which were unanimously adopted by the society. We may also incidentally state that Dr. Pace, in his official capacity as American Consul at Sarnia, caused his flag to be suspended at half mast during the day after the reception of the news of Mr. Whiting's decease.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Our Chicago cotemporary has just entered upon its eleventh volume in the full tide of vigorous life, with stronger hopes for its future success than ever before indulged in, and which we hope will be more than realized. The editor says: "We can with full assurance of fulfillment promise our readers that Volume XI will reach them promptly on time from week to week—each successive number richly laden with startling truths as they shall be developed from the spiritual or mundane spheres. It will continue to be bold and iconoclastic in dealing with the popular superstitions of the religionists of the world. It will chronicle new discoveries in the arts and sciences—never failing to proclaim a truth because it has not been recognized as such by the so-called scientists."

Passed On.

The Alton (Ill.) Weekly Telegraph for August 25, brings us the intelligence of the demise, at that city, August 19th, of Mrs. M. G. Atwood, formerly of Concord, N. H., after a long and lingering illness, in the sixty-seventh year of her age. The lady was well known to Mr. White, of this firm. Her husband is now absent from the city, but we have frequently heard him speak in the highest terms concerning Mrs. Atwood, she being the wife of him of whom he learned his trade, in Concord, N. H., in early life. Our sympathy, with that of other friends, is tendered to those relatives and children who remain. May the blessed assurance of a life immortal be with them in this time of trial.

Another Spiritualist Fair.

It is proposed to hold another Fair this winter, one-third of the proceeds to be devoted to the Children's Lyceum meeting in Elliot Hall, and the balance to the Music Hall meetings. All who are favorably disposed toward such a movement, are requested to meet in Elliot Hall, Tuesday evening, Oct. 3d, for the purpose of deciding whether a Fair shall be held or not. If decided in the affirmative, then they will proceed to make arrangements to carry the enterprise through successfully. There need be no failure—and will not be—if friends take hold in earnest.

Meetings in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Association of Spiritualists of the above named city, resumed their meetings last week, under most favorable auspices. Thomas Gales Forster delivered the address, and will continue to speak for the Society every Wednesday evening, (instead of Thursday), in Masonic Hall (instead of Temperance Hall). Masonic Hall, having been improved, is now better adapted for the convenience of the meetings. The prospect now is good for continuing the meetings through the winter. The moneyed people are coming forward and offering assistance, with considerable spirit.

\$7,500!

A. J. and Mary F. Davis offer for sale their splendidly located house and lot in the beautiful town of Orange, N. J., at the low price of \$7,500. The lot is 85 feet front and 110 deep, and as property is now selling there, is worth one hundred dollars per foot. It is within an hour's ride of New York City. A more desirable location cannot well be found in that vicinity.

The Question of Immortality Among Scientists.

BY MARY F. DAVIS

It is a generally conceded proposition, that some idea of a future life is so prevalent, even among rude and barbarous nations, that it may be claimed as universal. Huxley says: "There are savages without God in any proper sense of the word, but none without ghosts." C. O. Whitman, in the August Radical, disputes the validity of this claim, and cites examples of such mental darkness among the lowest savage tribes, as would preclude any idea of immortality. "Is it any wonder," he says, "that such hopeless stupidity never indulges speculation about eternal existence? Nay, verily. But it is a wonder that our author should take the absence of such speculation on the part of these savage beings as an index of the universal native conviction of the mind on this question. He seems not to be aware that, by showing the lack of ideas on all subjects in these undeveloped minds, he fully explains their lack of the idea of immortality."

Creatures so low in the scale of being as not to understand "the simplest arithmetical calculations," are scarcely the ones to illustrate the sweep of human reason in its normal activity. The author says: "Children and idiots have no conception of immortality." Have children and idiots any conception of other ideas which we find ourselves possessed of when the powers of the mind, which are latent in infancy, and dormant in idleness and among the lowest savages, come to reveal themselves more fully? If children do not enunciate the axioms of mathematics, does this prove that these axioms have no lodgment in the mind? And if they express no thought of the moral law, does this show that it is not written on the heart? "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual." A certain amount of mental activity must precede even self-consciousness, and the actual contents of consciousness cannot be discovered until such command of the faculties is attained, as to make introspection possible. Therefore the assertion that "whatever is innate appears clearest in children, idiots, and the lowest savages," is necessarily without foundation, and the apparent absence of any special intuition from a mind wholly unawakened, forms no basis on which to predicate the theory that it is actually destitute of such intuition.

But the whole doctrine of "innate ideas" is called in question by modern science. The theory of "evolution" is rapidly superseding it. In fact, mind itself is considered by materialistic scientists as evolved from matter. The phenomena of thought, reason, affection, and moral ideas are regarded as caused by the various forces operating upon matter in the human form of organization. Carl Vogt considers that the brain secretes thought as the liver does bile; and others aver that soul is a product of matter. C. O. Whitman says: "Is the mind a distinct and independent entity, or a mere attribute of matter? This is the real question that awaits a scientific answer. Assumption cannot settle it; speculation cannot solve it; intuition cannot grasp it; reason cannot compass it; dark circles can shed no light upon it; reported recollection cannot determine it." Thus the board is swept clean, and we are left to await the slow processes of scientific inquiry for a settlement of our doubts. The affirmations of reason, which is "the flower of the mind," are to pass for nothing; the intuitions which have an outlook toward the hidden realm of causes, are to have no voice; the testimony of the senses, those swift messengers of the soul, which constitute the primal dependence of science itself, must be cast aside. Yes to the ear of the spirit, thus prone and a subject, comes a voice saying: "We lie open on one side to the depths of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God." Reason is not doomed to remain under the sway of the understanding. It would fain stand abreast of science, but it will accept its fiat only after it has explored the whole field of investigation.

A poet-philosopher of our day, Mr. Emerson, has uttered the following memorable words: "All goes to show that the soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all the organs; is not a function like the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison, but uses these as hands and feet; is not a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect or the will, but master of the intellect and the will; is the background of our being, in which they lie—an immensity not possessed, and that cannot be possessed." This is an affirmation of the higher consciousness, and is as valid, to those who "dwell in the same thought on their own part," as the declarations of science are to its earnest investigators.

In this view, mind is something far other than "a mere attribute of matter," and, strange to say, the fundamental assumptions of modern science unwittingly confirm this high claim of deductive philosophy for the spiritual nature of man. These primary assumptions are, first, matter; second, spontaneous molecular activity; and hence, as one writer asserts, a latent pantheism lurks in the scientific system. "Comprehensively stated, humanity represents the highest self-consciousness of matter; and if self-consciousness is a mode of molecular motion, then molecular motion is latently conscious." In other words, science, in its baldest materialistic phase, lays the foundation for a purely spiritual philosophy. The "formative principle" which it is forced to admit the existence of, can be none other than the Divine Energy, or Supreme Intelligence, that pervades the trackless universe, and ascending from chaos through material forms, at last finds complete expression in the highest type of organic life, and by means of this incarnation, gives immortal personality to each separate human soul.

This tacit contribution of material to spiritual science is clearly shown by William J. Potter, in the June Radical, in a discourse of inestimable value, entitled "The Doctrine of Immortality in the Light of Science." He points out certain "fatal defects" in the argument of those scientific men who positively deny the possibility of the soul's continuance. The first defect appears in connection with the scientific doctrine of the unity of force. Materialists "resolve human consciousness and all its contents into the action and interaction of physical and chemical forces," but, by their own confession, they are unable to tell the nature of force itself. "Since we do not know," says Mr. Potter, "what are the contents of this original germinal energy, this elementary matter or force, why may we not believe that it was the element of mind? Nay, must we not so believe, on the principle which these scientists make so much use of in their investigations and deductions, that 'the cause equals the effect?' This axiom expresses the very essence of the doctrine of 'correlation of forces.' Whatever appears in the effect must exist in some shape in the cause. And since mind, consciousness, personal intelligence and will have been evolved in the processes of Nature, it follows, on the ground of this material philosophy, that there must have been something corresponding to them, equivalent to them, and equal to their production in the primal germ

—that is, an element of consciousness, mind, will—not as something separate from the germinal matter, but involved in it as one of its native latent capacities."

This is a masterly and unanswerable argument in favor of the supremacy and perpetuity of mind, constructed on the basis laid down by the materialists themselves. The second defect on their part, instanced by Mr. Potter, is their failure to present testimony from all sides of human nature, even while professing to make facts the entire substrata of their argument for the dissolution of consciousness with the body. Their facts all belong to the physical side of human experience. All the phenomena connected with what is called religion they leave out of the account; yet these facts make up half the recorded history of mankind, and have an important bearing on the question of immortality. "And there is another class of phenomena," says our brave and candid author, "which, however much of fraud, delusion and charlatanism may be mixed up with them, will persist, I believe, in forcing themselves upon human attention until science shall give them a just investigation and recognition. I refer to the phenomena of mesmerism, clairvoyance, animal magnetism, along with which whatever is well authenticated in 'Spiritualism' is to be placed. . . . I believe it will be found, in the end, that this class of phenomena to which I now refer, and which are so closely related to the mysterious connection that exists between mind and body, will, when investigated and classified, have an important bearing on the revelation of things pertaining to the future that are now inscrutable to reason."

This manly attitude toward an unpopular theme is worthy of imitation on the part of all professional scientists, and would they at once assume it, the antagonism between "Intuition and Science," drawn in such bold relief by F. E. Abbot, in the Index of April 15th, would ere long disappear. Mr. Abbot says that the scientific school "insists that universal causative power, the intelligible unity of Nature, the 'creative idea' in organic development, the moral sentiment in man, the religious affections, the spiritual instincts, sensibilities and aspirations, the ideal hopes and struggles, the conscious freedom of the human soul, considered as a part of Nature, are just as real facts, to be scientifically studied and interpreted, as any other facts." This is doubtless the position of one class of Free Religionists, but not of the main body of scientists. They not only ignore this spiritual half of human experience, but reject with impatient scorn the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, for the neglect of which Mr. Potter takes them to task. This vast body of well-attested phenomena, science has no right to overlook. When a person tells me that, on one occasion, ten years before the advent of Spiritualism, her room at midnight was suddenly irradiated with a soft white light, and from its midst, the glorified face and form of her departed mother advanced toward her bedside, with an expression of more than mortal love, and when I learn that this occurred when the daughter was healthy in body and mind, and that she was fully awake, and her senses on the alert, it is my business not to scout her testimony, or dismiss it with a scientific platitudinous concerning optical illusion, but to inquire what law of spiritual being underlies so transcendent and beautiful a phenomenon. Such facts as this, and others of a more public nature, abound in the record of human experience for the past twenty-three years, and invite scientific inquiry into that occult realm which by its aid may be rescued from superstition and dogmatism. C. F. Varley, the English electrician, disdains not to devote his most earnest attention to its investigation, and Gerald Massey, the English poet, publicly admits the establishment of his faith in immortality by the revelations of Spiritualism. F. E. Abbot and his co-workers on the broad platform of Free Religion, show a noble courage and devout trust in principles, by assuming an attitude of perfect acquiescence in the final decisions of science, be they for or against man's personal continuance after death. But, while yielding so much to science, let them demand of it what is demanded by one of their number whose truth-inspired words we have quoted. Let them insist, as do rational Spiritualists, that it shall take a larger outlook, so as to scrutinize the whole area of spiritual phenomena, and they will help hasten the time when life and immortality will be brought to light anew by a religion based on science.

Music Hall Free Spiritual Meetings.

The free meetings in the above hall will commence Sunday afternoon, Oct. 1st, at quarter to three o'clock precisely. Mrs. Emma Hardinge will be the first speaker. Singing by an artistic choir.

Seats will be reserved for subscribers, and checks for the same are now being delivered by the treasurer, L. B. Wilson, at 153 Washington street, to whom all subscriptions are to be paid in full. Be sure and call for checks before the first of October. Others who wish to help sustain these meetings free, can do so by calling as above, and also select a reserved seat. Choice seats remain unspoken for. Do not delay, but call at once, as the committee are anxious to know how far they will be sustained in extending the meetings free.

Chelsea Spiritualists.

The regular meetings of the Spiritualists will commence on the evening of Sunday, Oct. 1st, at Granite Hall. Mrs. Emma Hardinge will speak through the month of October. A splendid organ has been procured, which will be played by N. Frank Baxter, who will also supply the vocal music. The best of talent has been engaged for the winter—such as Mrs. Hardinge, Prof. Denton, Dr. Willis, of New York, Miss Jennie Leys, Thomas Gales Forster, of Washington, Mrs. Nellie Brigham, etc.

All communications for the Association should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Crandon, 4 Tremont Temple, Boston.

Dedication.

The Spiritualists of West Grove, Jay County, Ind., will dedicate their new hall on Saturday and Sunday, September 30, and October 1, 1871. O. P. Kellogg, of Ohio, and other eminent speakers will be present. Ample accommodations are provided for all, and a good time is expected.

In Press.

Prof. Wm. Denton has a new volume of poems in press, entitled "Radical Rhymes," which will be issued in a few days. He will also soon issue, in pamphlet form, his powerful argument on the question, "Is Spiritualism True?"

The appeal to American mothers, by Mrs. L. B. Olander, on our third page, for a wiser and truer education of children, touches the right chord. "Our social science and fine philosophy will be useless and worthless as fringes of vapor and puffs of air, if they are not applied to the culture and training of the young." There is great need of reform in regard to the rising generation,

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

N. Frank White will lecture in Middleboro, Mass., Oct. 1st; Taunton, Oct. 8th; Ashland, Oct. 15th; Milford, N. H., Oct. 22d and 29th. November is not filled. In December, he lectures in New York City. He is lecturing in Salem during September. His address, for the present, is care of this office.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge will lecture at Westford, Mass., Sunday, Sept. 24th; in Boston Music Hall during October; in New York during November, and Salem during January, 1872. For other Sabbath, (in the Eastern States only), apply, care of Mr. Thomas Ranney, 251 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Dean Clark spoke Sunday, Sept. 17th, at Quincy, and will speak in Malden, Sunday, Sept. 24th, afternoon and evening.

Miss Susie A. Willis is at present lying very ill at Somersville, Ct., by reason of an accidental fall from a carriage. She desires all who have corresponded with her in a business capacity to accept this fact as an apology for her delay in replying.

Miss Susie M. Johnson, having had a partial rest from lecturing during the summer, is now ready to receive calls for engagements for the fall and winter months. Engagements in the West preferable. Her permanent address is 64 Grand River street, Detroit, Mich.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, O., has returned home from a very successful mission to California, and will resume his labors in the lecturing field.

E. Annie Hinman will speak in Paper Mill Village, N. H., Sept. 24th; in Lemport, Oct. 1st; in Keene, Oct. 8th. Will make engagements to lecture week evenings in the vicinity of Sunday appointments.

Dr. Kayner, formerly of Erie, Pa., is now located in St. Charles, Ill., where he has been holding regular meetings in the Universalist Church, Sunday morning and evening, once in two weeks, for the last four months, with increasing interest. In these meetings, he has been assisted by John Cowan, trance speaker. Aug. 20th, Dr. Kayner gave a lecture on Clairvoyance, at the Patten School House, Franklin, Ogle Co., Ill., which started Orthodoxy into action, as an appointment was then made for two lectures on Spiritualism, Sept. 3d. A protracted effort was commenced at the Chronokton School House, near by, and kept up every evening for the two weeks; but, notwithstanding all this, the Patten School House was filled, morning and evening, to hear from the angel-world. Sunday evening, some who attended the Doctor's meeting in the morning visited theirs, and were told that all who attended the Spiritualist meetings were "on the straight road to hell!" This so exasperated a lady present, that after the sermon was closed, she arose and told them that she "attended Dr. Kayner's lecture that day, and was no nearer hell than she was now," adding that, "if all would live up to what he taught, 'the world would be the better for it,' and none need fear of going to hell." As a result, he was engaged to speak at the Chronokton School House, Sabbath evening, Sept. 17th.

K. Graves, having been reappointed Missionary for the State of Indiana, by the Board of State Association, will postpone his contemplated tour westward for the present.

Mrs. Clara A. Field, of Lowell, commenced the regular course of Spiritualist lectures for the present season at Music Hall, New Bedford, Sunday, Sept. 10th, and addressed good audiences at the same place on Sunday, Sept. 17th. She speaks there again the second Sunday in October.

I. P. Greenleaf, of Boston, will lecture in New Bedford, Sunday, Sept. 24th.

Mr. M. J. Wilcoxson speaks in Topeka, Kan., during November.

Charles H. Read, the physical medium, is at present at St. Paul, Minn., where he is creating quite a stir among the ranks of skeptics.

New Publications.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, by Theodore Tilton, is an enthusiastic and strangely earnest piece of writing, which is the very essence of romance, while making the most serious pledges of verity. Mrs. Woodhull's career has been a checked one. She has ever been subject to spirit guidance, and is styled "a Spiritualist of the most mystical and ethereal type." Those who have thus far heard of Mrs. Woodhull, but do not know aught of her character, will read this little sketch of her life with deep satisfaction, and, if they entertained prejudices against her, will feel inclined to abandon them for a different frame of mind. It is a wonderful life, and it is told with a glow and warmth which nothing but faith in its character could excite.

Mrs. Henry Wood's New Book—"Dense Hollow," will be published in a few days by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, from the author's manuscript, and advanced proof-sheets, purchased by them from Mrs. Henry Wood. It will be issued in America simultaneously with its publication in London, and in uniform style with "Bessey Bane," "Roland York," "The Channings," and all the previous works by this favorite and popular author. "Dense Hollow," which contains the characteristic features of the author's style, may be considered equal if not superior to anything previously written by Mrs. Wood. This lady has a marvelous faculty of charming her readers, with the skill with which she puts her characters on the stage, of multiplying her plots, of sustaining her dialogues, and of intensifying all her minor incidents; and as the work itself presents all those characteristics of the author which have established her reputation among the first writers, there is but little doubt of its success with our novel-loving community. The story is one of absorbing interest—interest that would be unpardonable to anticipate its detail, and thereby spoil the interest of the reader. "Dense Hollow" will not be laid aside without eager pursuit to the end; for the reader will be constantly led aside into new avenues and lanes, with such enchanting views and scenery, that he never wearies of the path; there are so many new faces among the minor actors, and such a magic influence thrown around all they say and do, that his interest never flags for a moment. The book will be handsomely published, in clear, large print, on the paper, which will make it a luxury to read.

THE SPIRITUAL ANALYST for September—J. H. W. Toohy, editor—has arrived. Dedicated to "Life and its issues," this magazine is true to its motto. John Wetherbee leads off the list of contents with an article on "Nerve Atmosphere"; "Pre-Historic Times"—extracts from the writings of Heinrich Zschokke, "Scientific Record," "Reports and Notes," a review of the "Scientific American," and a glance at recent publications, together with two fine selected poems, make up a standard number for the present month.

THE ATLANTIC for September offers the following excellent table of contents: The Intermingling of Religions; Two; Kaweah's Run; June Days in Venice; Marble or Dust? Watch and Ward; An Evening with Mrs. Hawthorne; On an Old Latin Text-Book; A Love-Letter; Their Wedding Journey; Free-Trade—Reverend Reform; A Newport Romance; Kate Beaumont; My Birthday; Our Whispering Gallery; Recent Literature.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL for October is fully up to its usual high standard. It is the ladies' favorite.

THE LADY'S FAIRIED has again made its appearance. It is bright and sparkling as ever, and must win new friends every month.

THE NURSERY for October is as pretty as heart could wish. Buy it for your little ones.

PETERSON'S MONTHLY MORALES for October is crowded with good musical compositions.

R. Hoe & Co., New York, have issued, in pamphlet form, "Hints to Stereotypers and Electrotypers." All interested in the above named arts should have a copy.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for October has also come to hand.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER OF THE BANNER. First Page: Continuation of story, "Sprites," Second Page: Poem—"How Betsy and I Made Up," by Will. M. Carlton; "Spiritual Phenomena—The Sleepless Girl of Brooklyn, N. Y.," by L. S. Richards; "Free Thought—"The Red-hot Kettle," by C. E. Bentley; "An Appeal to the Women of America," "Settled Speakers," by K. Graves; "On the Existence of God," by "Daybreak;" "Facts are Speaking;" Poem—"Lonely;" Banner Correspondence; "Obituaries; Prospectus. Fourth and Fifth: "The Question of Immortality among Scientists," by Mary F. Davis; Editorials, etc., etc. Sixth: Message Department; "Verifications of Spirit Messages;" Seventh: Advertisements. Eighth: "Editorial Correspondence," by Warren Chase; "Western Locals," by Ophias B. Lynn; Report of the Eighth National Convention of Spiritualists.

We have our eyes upon a "Rev." hypocrite, who is as slippery as an eel. While professing belief in Spiritualism, and while teaching its great truths to the people, he slyly attempts to poison the minds of many honest Spiritualists against those who will not bow at his shrine. This kind of "dicker" belongs to the church; we want none of it among the liberal reformers of the day.

The two pamphlet lectures on "The Spiritual Philosophy vs. Diabolism," by Mrs. Maria M. King, are having a large circulation, and deserve a still wider range of readers.

Sprites, on our first page, is very interesting; especially so are the chapters in this issue. Don't miss reading the story entire.

The full account, in another column, respecting the wonderful phenomena connected with the sleepless girl, in Brooklyn, N. Y., (of which we have made mention several times in these columns), will be read with the deepest interest.

As Miss Jennie Leys is to be in Boston every week, from Monday till Saturday, she will attend funerals in this vicinity, if word is left for her at Dr. Cranston's office, No. 4 in Tremont Temple.

In the Common Prayer Book now used for the Episcopal Church service, the following lines occur in the index to the hymns:

My opening eyes with rapture see... My Saviour hanging on the tree... "The works of Lols Waterbrooker—viz.: 'Alice Vale' and 'Helen Harlow's Vow'—are books of great merit under the veil of romance. Mrs. Waterbrooker deals with some of the most vital questions that engage the attention of society, and does her work well"—so says the Religious-Philosophical Journal.

Why does Laura Fair deserve hanging for the crime she committed, any more than Slicks, Cole or McFarland for theirs? Her judicial murder would be barbarous, and a blighting stain upon our civilization. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says, in the Golden Age:

"Many a man who now wraps the mantle of complacency about himself, and points the slow, unweaving finger of scorn at this maligned and persecuted woman, will perchance find her purer, nobler than himself, in that better land where all arts and dignities are removed, and each soul stands revealed in its true character."

The irrepressible "Brick Pomeroy" will publish, in a few days, through G. W. Carleton & Co., two new books—one comic, entitled "Brick Dust," and one serious, entitled "Gold Dust."

On Saturday, the 9th inst., a woman named Marie S. Clarke, twenty-eight years of age, left her home in West Newton, Mass., and her friends are much distressed in consequence of her absence. She is about five feet six inches in height, light complexion, sandy hair and blue eyes. She is partially insane, and when she left the house, took no covering for her head save what might be afforded by the hood of a waterproof cloak she wore. Information of her whereabouts may be transmitted to Chief-of-Police Savage.

The author of "The New Gospel of Peace," which circulated more than half a million of copies a few years ago, will be out this week with a ray satire on the Darwin theory of Sexual Development, entitled, "The Fall of Man, or, Loves of the Gorillas." Carleton & Co. are the publishers.

POEMS OF PROGRESS.

Miss Lizzie Doten's new and elegant volume of inspirational poems—just issued—is selling rapidly. It is one of the choicest books in the spiritual literature. There are many grand poems in it, any one of which is worth the price of the book. The introductory pages embrace a "declaration of faith," which in itself is one of the strongest arguments in favor of Spiritualism ever seen in print. Price of the book, in cloth, \$1.50; full gilt, \$2.00; postage 20 cents. Send your orders to WM. WHITE & CO., 158 Washington street, Boston.

Binghamton, N. Y.

Sunday, Sept. 10th, we had the pleasure of hearing two able discourses from the spirit-world, through the mediumship of our brother, J. Wm. Van Namee, and a well filled house testified the appreciation of the citizens of this place of his well-developed powers. We have no need to indulge in a panegyric of Mr. Van Namee's extraordinary gifts; he has been long and favorably known to the public, not only as a trance speaker not to be excelled, but also as a clairvoyant physician of established ability. He left behind him many happy hearts, who rejoice that his coming was the means of driving away the black cloud that for years had enshrouded their souls, now giving place to the bright sunlight of love, joy and peace. A warm welcome ever awaits him from these, and his reward is sure.

Notice to Subscribers.

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

To Correspondents.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are all cases indispensable, as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications that are not used.

J. L. P.—The poem you refer to was published in the Banner some time ago.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE SPIRITUAL ALYDAST AND SCIENTIFIC RECORD. Published in Boston. Price 20 cents. THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 90 cents per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE MEDIUM AND DAYBOOK. A weekly paper published in London. Price 5 cents. THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. S. Jones, Esq. Price 8 cents. THE PRESENT AGE. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 8 cents. THE LYONIAN BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 6 cents. THE CAUCASIAN. Published in Baltimore. Price 5 cents. THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PNEUMATIC CURATIVE. Published in New York. Price 20 cents per copy.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

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

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street, New York. Terms \$2 and 3 stamps. Money refunded when not answered. S9.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

HOW SWIFTLY. How swiftly pass our days away, How short the seasons seem; Weeks seem, sometimes, as but a day, While floating down life's stream. May each have wisdom to improve What way of life he chooses, And in whatever sphere we move, From every sin refrain. And may the boys and girls need "Clothes," Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat and Shoes complete, Step in and buy them at FERRIS'S, Corner of Beach and Washington street. Sept. 30.—1w

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Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES.—Thirty cents per line for first insertion and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions. BUSINESS NOTICES.—Thirty cents per line each insertion, set in Minion, measured in Agate. Payment in all cases in advance. For all Advertisements printed on the 6th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion. Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Monday. GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., 40 PARK ROW, AND S. M. PATTENBERG & CO., 37 PARK ROW, Are our authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

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E. A. SAWTELLE,

Practical Voice and Tuner, selects Pianos FOR HIS FRIENDS AND PATRONS, to their perfect satisfaction, and at a great saving to their pockets, as he sells only the best instruments, and at wholesale prices. Societies generally dealt with. Instruments rented and sold on instalments, in Boston and vicinity. Refers with pleasure to the following gentlemen: Prof. Wm. Denton, J. M. Peabody, H. B. Storor, M. D., of Boston; Prof. J. H. W. Toohay, of Providence, R. I.; S. Waldron, Esq., of Malden. Call at or address SMITH'S GALLERY, Tremont st., opposite Waltham street, Boston, Mass. 1w—Sept. 30.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.

TERMS 20 cents for three stamps enclosed. Address, DR. GEO. MARKHAM, Station B, New York City.

HENRY C. LULL, Business, Test and Circle Test Medium. Also examines for disease. Office, No. 18 F street, South Boston. Hours from 9 to 11, and 2 to 6. Private sitting—terms, One Dollar. N. B.—Will attend calls at private residences for circles evenings, in Boston and vicinity. Sept. 30.—1w

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Send for Price List. GUY BROTHERS, 163 Essex street, Salem, Mass.

MRS. R. COLLINS, Clairvoyant Physician and

Healing Medium, has resumed practice. Examinations by lock of hair, \$1, by person, \$2, at 9 East Canton st., Boston. Sept. 30.—1w

CITIZENS' COURSE

LECTURES, OF CONCERTS, READINGS, AT TREMONT TEMPLE, LOOK AT THE ARRAY OF TALENT. NOTE THE PRICE.

Oct. 6.—Hon. JAMES M. ASHLEY, of impeachment notoriety. Subject—"An Inside View of the Impeachment Struggle." Oct. 13.—ELIZABETH CADY STANTON—"The Coming Girl." Oct. 27.—To be announced. Nov. 3.—GRAND CONCERT—Madame Anna D'Almeida, Gilmore's Band and Orchestra, and a host of resident talent. Nov. 10.—OLIVE LOGAN—"Nice Young Men." Nov. 17.—Prof. C. H. HITCHCOCK—(M. Washington Expedition, with elegant stereoscopic views of frost work, exhibited with electric light.) Nov. 21.—Mrs. SCOTT FIDDOES—(An Evening with the Poets.) Dec. 1.—JAMES T. FIELDS. Dec. 8.—H. P. SHILLABER (Mrs. Partington)—Lecture with- out a subject. Dec. 15.—Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, of the Independent. Subject—"Helo 'Yourselves;" and Mrs. L. H. FOSS, the eloquent elocutionist. Organ Concert each evening at 7 o'clock. SEASON TICKETS.....\$1.00 For sale at the office of Tremont Temple, from 9 A. M. until 9 P. M., daily. 2w—Sept. 30.

D. W. NILES,

Liberal, Spiritual and Reform Bookstore, and Progressive Library, No. 8 Bromfield street, Boston. A SPECIALTY will be made of the sale of all books relating to SPIRITUALISM and MODERN REFORM, at the lowest prices. Any book not found in the store will be promptly supplied. THE SPIRITUAL ALYDAST constantly on hand. THE PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY is intended to supply a want long felt for BOOKS ON SPIRITUALISM AND KINDRED SUBJECTS, and will contain everything fresh and new in literature. We will furnish Books of any kind published, at regular rates, and on receipt of the money will promptly send them by express, if desired. If sent by mail, one-eighth more than the price of the book will be required to prepay postage. Those who favor us in their orders may rely upon their being filled faithfully and promptly. Also for sale, copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Sept. 30.—1w

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is the only work extant which satisfies this want. It is beautiful and striking, combining an entirely new and elegant Family Photograph Album, with a complete Family History. Full particulars and circulars free. Address, GEO. MACLEAN, Publisher, 3 School street, Boston, Mass. Sept. 30.—3m

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STRANGE VISITORS.

This book has now been before the public two years, and during that time it has attained a world-wide notoriety, not among Spiritualists and their opponents. It is dictated by well known characters who have left the form and are now dwelling in the spirit-world, and are able to give us powers, in Mrs. STARR'S HOME. Among the thirty-seven essays contained in it may be found: Pre-existence and Prophecy, Life and Marriage in Spirit-Land, Prediction of Earthquakes, Causes of Insanity, Apparitions, The Mormons, Invisible Influences, Locality of the Spirit-World, Drama and Painting there.

Appended are some of the notices upon the work: "This is truly a wonderful and interesting book. It meets my idea of spirit life as well if not better than any work I have had the opportunity of perusing."—Dr. Wm. Otisgood Page, New York.

"The articles are intensely interesting."—Judge Edmonds. "I have been reading the wonderful 'Strange Visitors,' and I ask myself, will we be surrounded with such beautiful objects in our spirit home, with such varied scenery, 'hazy' and 'misty' clouds, and such a variety of celestial powers?"—Our Banner of Light. "In point of interest I think it exceeds all works I have ever read."—P. C. Taylor, Dec. Jones, Iowa.

Answer to a skeptic of Mrs. Cougan's circle from Wm. E. Burton: "Yes, I did write that article. The sentiments contained therein are true, and the truth such as I have gleaned from the spirit-world."

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A Lecture delivered before the Semi-Annual Convention of the National Association of Spiritualists at East Saginaw, June 11th, 1871, by DA. GEORGE A. LATHROP. Price 25 cents, postage 2 cents. Sent by mail, post paid, by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

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To be afflicted.

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EVIDENCES FROM THE SOUTH.

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MAGIC POWERS

OF THE

MAGNETIC, MEDICAL MESSENGER

FROM SPIRITS TO MEN,

M

Message Department.

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Invocation.

Thou God of Goodness, who presidest over nations and over souls, over worlds and over systems, we would not weary thee by our prayers...

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will consider your question, Mr. Chairman. QUES.—Will perpetual motion, or a self-generating power, ever be invented? If so, how soon?

Q.—(By the Chairman.) Are there not many minds acting in the same direction? A.—Yes, very many. The world of mind and the world of matter move at present very rapidly...

Q.—(From the audience.) Does the spirit of man, in and of itself, possess intelligence, or does it derive that intelligence from the soul?

A.—The spirit, being the covering, or the body of the soul, does not possess intelligence. It is the soul which possesses that.

Q.—Then do we not give too much license to the word spirit as generally used? A.—Yes; because you do not understand it as being distinct from the soul.

Q.—Is there a divine economy exercised in these circumstances which we call fortunate or unfortunate? A.—There certainly is, and must be; else God is not omnipresent—which we cannot for a moment admit.

Q.—Am I to understand by this that there is a personal, designing Mind? A.—Not in the sense in which humanity understands this "designing Mind." I do not believe that there is any intelligence outside of that which belongs to the combined intelligence of souls.

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Q.—What is the cause of wens, fatty tumors and warts? Dr. Warren, in his book on the subject of these tumors, says he does not know.

A.—Medical science has determined them to be the result of imperfect circulation; the circulation being sluggish and imperfect, these particles of matter are aggregated until they become large substances, and are given the various names that medical men attach to them.

Q.—(From the audience.) In this sphere of existence, I understand that the soul expresses itself through the physical body; in the next, through a spiritual body. Now is there a condition, or state of existence, to be reached when the soul leaves the spiritual body, or lays it down forever, and exists apart, and controls matter without a material body?

A.—That is, evidently, the ultimate of the soul. It is superior to matter; but so far as its manifestations through it upon matter are concerned, it is dependent upon matter; but for its own life, its own will and inspirations, it is not dependent upon matter, therefore it can exist without it.

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one in the world should put it under their feet, he ought not to. Tell him so for me. May 25.

Commodore Mead.

One of my old comrades, who has lately become interested in Spiritualism, has requested me to come here and make a statement concerning the disease of which I died. He says, "What have you learned about it? and are you satisfied with the manner in which you made your exit from this world?" Well, my friend, I was sufficiently glad to be free from the annoyances of this life, and the pains incident to a human body, without stopping to inquire whether it was a golden, silver, brass or iron key that let me out—whether it was the hand of evil or good. I know to what you refer. You believe that my incarceration by my family produced such a tremendous shock upon my physical system that I died in consequence. Possibly you are right; but this much I can safely affirm: I was never insane; I never, for a moment—except during the hours of sleep—lost possession of my faculties. I sometimes made use of violent expressions, and of violent means by which to carry my point; but I was sane, and always knew what I was about, and was responsible to my God for all my acts; and those who feigned to think otherwise—that is the word I mean to use—who feigned to think otherwise—will by-and-by reap the reward of their deeds. Every soul is rewarded, either with punishment or its opposite, for all it does. I class all gifts from the Infinite as rewards. I think all disease comes as a reward for the misapprehending or misunderstanding of law, either on our own part or the part of our progenitors; and I apply the same rule to the mind. But, for my own part, I care little whether they are rewarded or no; I am satisfied to leave it with their God—mine has nothing to do with it. My God deals with me, and I with him. Their God will see that they get their just deserts—I am not at all concerned.

I am quite satisfied with the manner in which I made my exit from this world. I am quite satisfied with my present surroundings; they are far better than one could enjoy on earth, because earth cannot furnish such; nor would you be capable of enjoying them were they furnished you now. I am very glad you are engaged in investigating Spiritualism; go on, but investigate carefully; never for a moment lay down your reason; and if Christ or the Angel Gabriel brings you anything which does not tally with your reason, lay it aside—do not accept it. Your God will not approve of you if you do. But go on investigating, honestly and patiently, and success will crown your efforts. Commodore Meade, to the friend who has called for him. May 25.

Science conducted by Whan See, a Chinese philosopher; letters answered by "Vaahli."

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, thou Soul of all Souls, thou whom we perceive marching through the worlds in grandeur and in glory, and who doth condescend to take up thine abode in the violet and the rose; thou strength in our weakness; thou who art the loving spirit over all and through all, we invoke thy blessing this hour. And we pray thee to so baptize us with thyself, that we shall feel all one with thee; that we shall forget all our differences and come straight away to thy throne, worshipping thee the one God over all. Bless thou the sinner, and through thy loving kindness and tender mercy, bring him or her safely to thee. Send healing angels to those who are hoarse and sick, and philosophers of morality and intelligence to those who are mentally sick; and at all times inspire us with a knowledge of thy presence; make us to feel that whatever we do, we do in thy sight, and therefore we shall do well. Amen. May 25.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—(From a correspondent.) There is a little paper printed in Toledo, Ohio, which assumes to be "an organ of the most advanced religious thought of the times." In the issue of May 27th, 1871, I find the following paragraph, the sentiments of which I should be pleased to have the controlling intelligence of the Banner Circles criticize. I allude particularly to the point wherein the writer says, "I have held to Spiritualism a good many years, but it cannot constitute a religion." Please send me some copies of the Index. I have never yet seen the paper, or any of its kind. I have held to Spiritualism a good many years, but it cannot constitute a religion. It is only a phenomenon; I am of the 'harmonical philosophy' persuasion, and am interested in the general liberal projects of the age."

ANS.—Well, that correspondent's opinions need but little criticism, I think. It is to be clearly perceived, by every thinking soul who looks at the matter at all, that he is one of those persons who cannot recognize religion, science and philosophy as being one. Doubtless, to that soul, they are distinctly separate; but to the soul who has gone beyond the vestibule of investigation, Spiritualism, or Spiritism—whichever you may term it—and science are synonymous. They tend to one object—the revelation, the unfolding of religion from within the soul to the science of the soul's immortality. And thus they are inseparably connected to those minds who have come out of the different churches in search of truth—in search of something that shall prove to them of a life after death. They are very apt to draw distinctive lines when they should not be drawn; they are given to divorcing religion and science, when, with the most scientific and religious, it is a known fact that science and religion have been indissolubly welded by the infinite Jehovah.

Q.—What is the cause of wens, fatty tumors and warts? Dr. Warren, in his book on the subject of these tumors, says he does not know.

A.—Medical science has determined them to be the result of imperfect circulation; the circulation being sluggish and imperfect, these particles of matter are aggregated until they become large substances, and are given the various names that medical men attach to them. Now when your healing mediums perform cures in such cases, they do simply this: They start a violent current through this aggregation of atoms of matter, and the result is, it is speedily dissolved, dissipated.

Q.—(From the audience.) In this sphere of existence, I understand that the soul expresses itself through the physical body; in the next, through a spiritual body. Now is there a condition, or state of existence, to be reached when the soul leaves the spiritual body, or lays it down forever, and exists apart, and controls matter without a material body?

A.—That is, evidently, the ultimate of the soul. It is superior to matter; but so far as its manifestations through it upon matter are concerned, it is dependent upon matter; but for its own life, its own will and inspirations, it is not dependent upon matter, therefore it can exist without it.

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finally exist in a thoroughly distinct state, co-existent with God the Infinite.

Q.—May we not have existed in that condition before the soul expressed itself through matter, or before it now expresses itself? A.—Those philosophers in our life who have attained the highest degree of eminence so determine.

Q.—The soul is not dependent, then, upon matter for a conscious existence? A.—No, it is not.

Q.—Is it not individually so? A.—So far as matter is concerned, the individuality that belongs to matter is dependent upon matter; but the individuality that belongs especially to the soul, is dependent upon the soul.

Q.—And has always existed as such? A.—And has always existed as such. Be it known that you do not know your best friends—the real man and the real woman you have never known. You only know as much as can be expressed through crude matter. May 25.

Sidney Whiting.

I made my way here as soon as I could, but I thought I could get here a little quicker. I told the skeptics who used to come to talk with me, that I should come back within twenty-four hours after I went away, but could not do it. I was a believer in Spiritualism for a good many years, and I want simply to prove, by coming here, that with all the wild ideas that I entertained, I was a great deal nearer the truth than those who opposed me—a great deal nearer the truth. I lived here eighty-five years. I was pretty familiar with this place—the circle room; I used to come here clairvoyantly, and I got acquainted with it, and it seems now as though I had come in about the same way. [You never was in it while in the flesh?] No; and I want you to tell your readers that Sidney Whiting was right in his ideas of Spiritualism, and right in the belief that he could come back after death, and right in the belief that he should continue to climb the ladder of progress to all eternity. I have found that out, if I have not been here but a few days. I told them I was coming back to shake up some of their dry bones in Franklin, and I am going to do it—I am going to shake up their dry bones there, and see if I can put some vitality into them, and set them to thinking. Good day. May 25.

Levi Ingalls.

This is Boston, is it? [Yes.] I am sorry I cannot travel around and take a look, but I suppose I must be content to do as others do that come here—leave my card and go. I died in California about two weeks ago. I did not know anything about this business, but my old grandfather who has considerable interest in this matter—he lives where I am now—he brought me here and instructed me, and advised me to send a telegram to my friends. I want them to know that most of the religions that are on the earth, that they pin their souls' salvation to, are not worth a real. But it is about as well for everybody to do pretty nigh right if they want to get a fair show on this side. If they do not care anything about it—well, then, just stuff it along in the free and easy way; but if you care about what you are going to have hereafter, walk pretty straight; that is the advice I should give to all my friends from what I have learned here. I got free from my body on the 17th of May, 1871. You see I have not had a chance to learn much. But I have lost my infirmities and found a good, young, sound body, and that is worth everything. [Your age?] Seventy-three. Now if my friends, my son in particular, wish to know more, I am ready to give it. May 25.

Emma Tracy.

I told mother I would try to let her hear from me before the roses bloomed; but it is such hard work to get here—there are such crowds ahead of you, I began to think I was going to disappoint her. My name was Emma Tracy. I was ten years old. I lived in New York City. I died of inflammation of the throat and lungs, last September. Well, I want mother to know that I have got a good home, but it is a public place. I have not been adopted by anybody, because I did not want to be; I am waiting for her; I am stopping in a place where there are a great many children—I have such nice times! There is a beautiful garden, and we have everything we want; and we do not have any such rules as they have in charity places in New York. [You are sure of that?] Yes, sir, I am sure about where I live now, because the children ain't kept so close; they dress beautiful, and they can each one dress to suit themselves, and have what they like best, because their own taste is consulted by those who furnish the dresses; they do not put on something that they do not like. Tell mother I have seen father once; he seemed to feel bad, and so I went right away, but I guess he is better than he used to be here; he looks better, and I expect he is better. [You think he is very much better than he used to be here?] Yes, sir; I think so; but he seemed disturbed because I was there, so I went right away. Good-by, sir. [Will your mother get this?] Yes, sir. May 25.

Science conducted by Rabbi Lowenthal; letters answered by "Cousin Benja."

Invocation.

Thou Holy Trinity of Wisdom, Love and Truth, we would be warmed by thy presence while we worship thee this hour. We would gain something more of wisdom; we would gain something more of love; we would gain something more of truth; we would open still wider the doors of the temple of science, that they who stand at the entrance asking admission may find it. We would not seek to change thy laws, Oh, Mighty Spirit of Law, for we know we cannot. But we do seek to bring ourselves in harmony with thee; we do seek to so understand thee that every vibration of our being shall be harmonious and at one with thee, and thus shall thy kingdom come to us wherever we may be, and thy will be done by us. Amen. June 1.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—What is the true definition of Paradise? ANS.—A state of contentment, of rest, of happiness surely. The soul in its flight through matter never forgets the Paradise, the state of happiness from which it has come; and, because it does not forget, it is constantly yearning for that state, eternally unsatisfied. To me it is the condition wherein the soul is satisfied with itself, its surroundings, because it is in harmony with its inner and its outer law.

CHAIRMAN.—I have been requested by a friend to read, at this meeting, the following telegram which appeared in the Boston daily papers, May 23d, and request an answer from the controlling intelligence, whether the opinions expressed in the resolve are true or otherwise:

"PHILADELPHIA, MAY 22.—The Presbyterian Reformed Synod to-day adopted the following Resolutions: Resolved, That the present condition of France in general, as denoted by a storm of war—and the city of Paris in particular, as now drenched by the blood of her own citizens—is a righteous

retribution for the martyrdoms of St. Bartholomew's day, and the tangible fulfillment of the Divine promise to the Church, 'That no weapon formed against thee shall prosper.'

A.—That France needs to be brought up higher, we all understand; that she has sinned against the law of her own well-being, we cannot fail to see; and as we believe that there is no forgiveness for sin—no, not anywhere—we, of course, are not amazed to see France suffering as she is. But that it has been brought upon her in consequence of any failure on her part to perform any churchly rites or observances, we do not believe. The massacre which took place on the day referred to in your correspondent's query, was a seed sown to the wind, and to-day Paris is reaping the fruits thereof in the whirlwind of civil war. That is in accordance with spiritual, with natural and with divine law, and could not have been averted. The seed was sown. The discussions that have been constantly going on between France and the sister nations, have been the fostering powers to bring forth this seed; and now that the harvest has come, and the fruit thereof is death, the natural sequence must, in the order of divine and natural law, be life, higher life—a budding out of higher purposes than those that have hitherto actuated France, and a settling down into a more harmonious state. France, ever since the bloody days of her first revolution, has been struggling toward a republic. But instead of educating herself, so that she would be fitted to govern herself, she has forgotten that duty, and to-day she is no more fitted to govern herself than she was in the days of the first revolution; and therefore, to the minds of those who know her best, the crown of a republic cannot rest with her. Monarchical fetters must still be hers; and for every sin committed, either ignorantly or knowingly, she, in common with the great world, must suffer.

Q.—Will France be governed by the Napoleonic dynasty, or the Orleansist? A.—Your speaker cannot see either one way or the other. But it is believed by those who understand France best that the Napoleonic dynasty is not at an end; that Louis Napoleon will be recalled to France; and that he, and he alone, of all who seek to ascend the throne of France, is fitted to restore her to a quiet state, and to build up that which has been torn down. June 1.

Capt. E. A. Strong.

I come to thank the Post who went out of their way to do honor to all that remains to the earth of Capt. E. A. Strong, whose remains rest in the old cemetery at West Newbury, Mass. I was present. And I desire also, by coming here, that my family and friends be apprized of my power to come, and my desire to open communication with them. Good day. June 1.

John Riley.

I am in a strange way. I got a bit too much liquor last St. Patrick's day. I walked over the ferry and got drowned, and two days ago my body was fished up, and it's being handled pretty roughly just now, and it's a bad time, so far as I am concerned, because it troubles me very much. It has been at the Morgue, waiting to be identified. Well, since there's nobody been round to identify it, I will do it myself. It bore the name of John Riley. I was born here in Boston, of Irish parents. I was thirty-six years old. They set it at forty. Good, for a rough guess. [Your friends?] No, the coroner. I come here because I want the priest to write to my brother, who is in California, stating my death; and he may as well drop a good word for me, that I am very well off in the other life.

There is some kind of attraction between me and that body now. I don't know what. They handle it too rough. It is a dead body, I know; but I am in some way mixed up with it yet. It is n't buried, you see. I suppose they are putting it away—maybe cutting it up or something. I don't know. It looks like it. Good day, sir. [Will the priest know your brother's name and address?] No; but I will give it. Timothy Riley, Marysville, California. [That is quite essential.] I suppose so—glad you told me. June 1.

Mary Searle.

I am not dead nor old in the world of souls, but I feel the infirmities of age here, just as I did before I made the change from that body I lived in eighty-four years. My name is Mary Searle. I lived in Townsend. I have been gone sixteen years this month. I come here because there has been a statement made by one of my grandchildren, that Spiritualism is the greatest humbug of the age, and that no one of his relatives has ever returned, and he is not afraid that they ever will. The prayer he made at my bedside answered for this world, but it was an unsuitable thing, I find, in the other world. It required things that were unnatural, and not according to law. It served to help me here, but it was no help beyond. I have faith that he will come out of his darkness, and become spiritually light; and that the Bible—perhaps the old one that he requested me to give him, and which I did give him—may furnish him with evidence concerning this new truth, that shall be unanswerable to his mind, if he will only study it by the unprejudiced light of reason. Good day, sir. June 1.

Alice Appleton.

I want to tell my mother that it was I who brought the violets, and left them in her room, one morning last week. My name was Alice Appleton. I lived in Soranton, Penn. Now I want her to find out how I brought them there, and she must find a medium, and then I shall learn her all about it. I expect Mr. Watkins will send her the paper when he sees my name. He has it, and she do n't. [Does he live near her?] Yes; he do n't live in the same place. I was thirteen years old. June 1.

Science conducted by Theodore Parker; letters prompted by William Berry.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, June 5.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mary West, of San Mateo; George D. Treatise; Lily Knox, to her grandmother; Tubb, San Francisco, Cal.; Henry C. Wright.

Tuesday, June 6.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Charles A. May, of Eastport, Me.; to friends; Patrick Minton, to his mother.

Thursday, June 8.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Samuel Hazen, to William B. Haskell, of Galenburgh, Ill.; Thomas DeWolf, of Canada, to his son; John Melville, of New Orleans, to Capt. William T. Staniels.

Sunday, June 10.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Polly Merriam; Johnny Jole; Adolph Snyder, to his father.

Tuesday, June 13.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mary Jane Owen, to B. Bert Dale Owen; amc Nicholas, of Boston; Thomas Allen, for Edgar Allen Poe; Olive Tenney, of Quince, N. Y., to her relatives; Johnny Garfield.

Thursday, June 15.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Samuel Brown; William Thompson, of the Bangor Democrat; Betty Anne Beahold, to her brother.

Monday, June 19.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Elizabeth Webster, to her daughter; David Spencer, to his relatives; Alexander Stone, of South Wilcox, of Barnstable, Mass., to her mother.

Monday, Sept. 11.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mary Jane Owen, to B. Bert Dale Owen; amc Nicholas, of Boston; Thomas Allen, for Edgar Allen Poe; Olive Tenney, of Quince, N. Y., to her relatives; Johnny Garfield.

Thursday, Sept. 14.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Samuel Brown; William Thompson, of the Bangor Democrat; Betty Anne Beahold, to her brother.

Monday, Sept. 18.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; James Walter Welch, to friends in New Orleans; William Beahold, to his relative; Edward Ambrose Clark, of Augusta, Me., to his grandmother.

Spirit-Communism—Verifications of Spirit-Message.

We give below several notes which have reached us, going to show the reliability of the messages weekly given publicly to our sixth page. We are assured that many others are recognized, but the parties are withheld from acknowledging the same by prudential reasons, springing mostly from the "fear of man," engendered by a false state of society as regards mental freedom and social status. We earnestly repeat the call we have so often made on our readers, that they should forward us such knowledge as they may possess regarding any particular message which may fall under their notice. By so doing, we shall be encouraged in the work, and an act of simple justice will be accomplished. The following letter treats of a message inserted by us in our issue of Sept. 16th:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Having known, in the form, the late Adah Isaacs Menken, I am positive that her spirit was present at the séance at the Circle Rooms of the Banner of Light this afternoon. It was, no like the one and the same as I have heard her, in times past, when, considering some subject that awakened her latent enthusiasm, I could have fancied her indeed there in person.

She was a Spiritualist for some time previous to her passing away and some of her finest poems were given utterance to under most peculiar inspirational impulses. My surprise at hearing her give testimony to her joyous life above was only exceeded by my gratification; for I have often longed for some proof of

Banner of Light.

THE WEST.

Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor.

Office at the Spiritual, Reform and Liberal Bookstore, 614 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

SECRET SOCIETIES AND M. B. DYOTT.

Our highly esteemed brother, M. B. Dyott, thinks we were wrong in our advice to young men to keep out of secret societies and make the world their country, to do good their religion, and think the latter can as well be accomplished in the societies as out, and moreover, that that is the mission of secret societies, at least of those to which he belongs.

Thus far we shall not differ, as we know and admit all Bro. Dyott claims for himself personally, but cannot withdraw our advice to young men to keep out of all secret societies that bind the belief and render partial the effort at human elevation and private or public charities.

As an outsider, we look on both institutions and are glad we are in neither, at this late day in life, hoping to die, as we have lived, a child of the world, and advise all others who have life's battles to fight, and feel strong for the conflict, to keep out of them.

1st, If a member of three secret societies was to see a fellow member of all three in distress, and another person equally, or more, deserving his aid, and could help but one, he is bound to help the fellow member of the three.

2d, If he sees a fellow member of two secret societies in distress, and one equally, or more, deserving, who is a member of one, or more, he is bound to help his fellow to the exclusion of the other.

3d, If a member of one or more secret societies sees a fellow member in distress, deserving, or not, of his assistance, he is bound to render the assistance in his power, as he is bound to one who is not a member. This makes the society a brotherhood inside the great human brotherhood to which we all belong, and which we would make paramount to all orders and societies.

This seems to us to be a partiality in the human family not warranted in Nature, and which we would supplant only by a broader philanthropy and more universal charity. It is true, Nature has planted in us ties that make us partial, such as family and kindred ties, and various relationships, but whether this should or should not be the basis for forming other partial society ties of a secret nature, is really the question at issue. Shall we, or shall we not, extend the family ties to a large circle of men, or of men and women, some of them utterly unknown to us and utterly unworthy of our special charity, to the exclusion of more deserving persons, some within and some not within our acquaintance, and base this on a secret brotherhood with branches in various localities? As a secret organization, and one into which the public have no right to pry, is not the family circle sufficient and sufficiently extensive, and is not a larger one not only partial beyond reason and Nature, but dangerous in society when it has power to rescue its members from the courts of justice and the religious tribunals? It is from this broad view of the subject that we have given our advice against secret societies and churches, while we approve religious and charities as cordially as any one can.

THE UNDER CURRENT.

Never, since the advent of Spiritualism, has there been so much tendency in the public mind toward recognizing both its phenomena and philosophy as at the present. While there is very little concert of action, and very little cooperation in efforts to extend it among its advocates, leading minds from all classes of society are approaching it and respectfully inquiring after the best of its literature, its best attested phenomena, and its ablest exponents. True, many of its earliest and ablest exponents have retired from its field of labor, for various reasons, and many new and zealous converts are coming into the ranks as exponents, often with more zeal than knowledge or wisdom, but earnest and faithful, who can learn as much from those they attempt to teach, as they can impart. This was the school we all learned in, and as we have no others, of course they must go into the work and qualify as they go along. The cause now requires many able minds to put it into a practical shape and make it educational and useful. Spiritualism is the power that must root out sectarianism out of the schools, and, finally, out of the churches, leaving the former for the intellectual and scientific education, and the latter to cultivate the moral and religious nature without the authority of Bible or creeds. It is to this free religious phase we are already drawing thousands who hardly recognize us, or know the power that is moving them. We notice with pleasure, the clergymen at the funeral of Mrs. Robert Dale Owen endorsing all Mr. Owen had said, which certainly was coming over to our philosophy at that time, and is only one of the many evidences

We have seen of late that the clergy are beginning to see the object and tendency of the public mind, and to also feel in themselves the pressing influence of the spirit-world, which is doing much of this work in its own way and time.

VILLAINY EXPOSED.

The Klamroth (Julian) swindle, which furnished the sensational article for the St. Louis dailies for several days under the attractive heading of Spiritualism, and which we have before corrected, has brought out the following note from our esteemed friend, Hon. N. O. Archer, who was by the reporter of the Daily Times named as one of the Spiritualists who attended Julian's circles. The letter, which we cut from the Times, speaks not only for the Judge, but is, so far as we know the parties, all the connection there was in the whole affair with Spiritualists, or persons known as such in this city. The companies engaged in the swindle were anything but Spiritualists.

In the report of an interview between Julian, alias Klamroth, and your reporter, he represents me as being in the habit of attending his séances. This is false. I never saw him but once, and then in company with three other persons, to, with myself, believed, from what we heard of him, that he was an adroit swindler, and we attended for the sole purpose of exposing him. The result more than confirmed our convictions that he was practicing upon the credulity of the Wilkeys for the purpose of getting their money, and I so expressed myself to the company present, warning the Wilkeys of their danger, which it seems was not heeded. Captain Kinney, of the post office, and Dr. Hall, now under charges before the Medical Society, were present at the séance, and instead of advising the Wilkeys not to give the \$2000 to Klamroth, as he states to your reporter, they earnestly urged them to do so.

The whole thing was such a naked and transparent swindle, that we could not resist the conviction that there was a conspiracy somewhere to defraud the Wilkeys of their money.

St. Louis, September 5.

SUNSTROKE.

A new theory of this disease has recently been put out by some eminent physician, which we think well sustained by facts. It is that the light and heat combined produce through the eye the deleterious effects on the brain, and that, if the eye be properly shaded and protected, the effect will in no case be produced on the brain as in ordinary sunstroke. This would seem consistent with the fact that, in Turkish baths and other cases of heated air, we safely bear a much higher temperature, with no such effects. We have also noticed, in our own case, that the first effects or symptoms of sunstroke are produced on the eyes, producing flashes of light and an impaired vision internally, with very unpleasant reflections from surrounding objects. It is also true that the effects may be partially or wholly averted by keeping something cool or wet on the top of the head during exposure; but this may produce its effect on the nerve of the eye, as well as on the whole brain.

GOSSIP.

Over a column in the St. Louis Daily Times, of Sept. 5th, on the Willey and Julian farce, furnishes street gossip for the hundreds who, as ignorant of Spiritualism as they are of the habits of the Esquimaux or reindeer, believe the reporter's leading correct which labels it "Spiritual Mediumship," when it is only Christianity gone to seed in Klamroth, (Julian) the ex-chaplain and the prayerful Wilkeys who were duped.

Mrs. F. A. Logan is lecturing quite successfully in Northern Wisconsin, or rather what was formerly called Northern Wisconsin, along the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, where we scattered the seeds of social, political and religious reforms more than twenty years ago, and where the public mind is well developed, and able to sustain liberal speakers and mediums. We are glad to hear of the success of Sister Logan, whose perseverance is well worthy success. Her permanent address is Geneva, Wis.

Matters in this Country and Europe.

On Monday afternoon, Sept. 18th, the corner-stone of the monument to be erected on Flag Staff Hill, (Common), by the city of Boston, to the memory of the fallen soldiers and sailors of the late war, was laid with imposing ceremonies, under the form of the Masonic fraternity. The display included a large procession, consisting of the First Brigade, M. V. M., forty-eight Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Independent Cadets, Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Boston Fire Department, and the State and City Governments and Grand Lodge (Masons) of Massachusetts, in carriages. These, together with cavalry and artillery, (First Battalions) made a fine parade. Exercises on the Common began about half past five and ended at seven, consisting of prayer by Rev. W. D. Howland, D. D., followed by the choir and by the assembly, salutes from artillery, music by the bands, speeches by Gen. John A. Dix and Mayor Gaston, and Masonic ceremonies, under direction of Acting Grand Master Charles F. Woodbury. The day was fine, and the city crowded with visitors.

The work of "accidental" destruction goes on all over the continent. In the curt language of the daily press, there was on Saturday, Sept. 16th, a \$200,000 fire in St. Paul, Minn., and a \$250,000 explosion of powder in Pioche, Nevada, which last is a persons lost their lives and twenty-nine were seriously injured, many of whom are expected to die. No information is given as to the cause of the explosion at New York City "union" torpedo factory, of some of the dangerous articles there put up, on Sept. 14th, a boy was killed, six men wounded, and the whole side of the building destroyed. Sixty thousand dollars' worth of torpedoes were seized and emptied into the Hudson river on Saturday, 10th, by Chief Gillmeister, of the Bureau of Combustibles of the New York Fire Department.

The Park Place, Columbia and Green Hotels, with other buildings, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., were burned Sept. 14th, 1871, loss, \$200,000. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

At Mobile, Ala., Sept. 14th, Governor Fane arrested E. P. Sprague, United States Inspector of Ballots, and Hugh B. Boney and Bill Murray, owners of the steamer Ocean Wave, on the charge of manslaughter, in accordance with the verdict of the jury at the inquest rendered on the Ocean Wave disaster.

Prof. Mahan, of West Point Academy, of world-wide celebrity in science as pertaining to military matters, committed suicide by jumping overboard from the steamer Mary Powell, on the Hudson, on his way to New York City, recently.

Between five and six hundred dollars was subscribed at the recent meeting at Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C., held under the auspices of the Woman's Reform Club—President, Mrs. Shearer—for the purpose of arranging the best means by which rescued women could be taught various branches of industry and fitted for respectable positions.

On Tuesday, Sept. 19th, a great fire broke out in Virginia City, Nevada, which destroyed the principal part of the place. Loss estimated at \$1,000,000.

Recently twenty-six convicts escaped from the Carson (Nevada) State Prison, by overpowering the guards, all of whom were seriously wounded, and one who was killed. Lieut.-Gov. Denver was also knocked down and left for dead, but subsequently recovered.

Foreign advices are of a quiet nature, with the exception of reports that the failure of the new Customs' Treaty between France and Germany is imminent, and that the French Assembly has taken a vacation, leaving matters in the hands of a Committee of Control of twenty-five elected members of the right, eight of the left and six moderate—who are to hold weekly sessions during the recess. The cholera is decreasing at Königsberg.

The irrepressible Dr. Livingston is reported as "now" safe in Zanzibar.

The French forts around Paris were surrendered by the Germans on Wednesday, Sept. 20th.

The completion of the Mont. Cenis Tunnel was celebrated by a banquet by the municipality of Turin, Sept. 18th.

WESTERN LOCALS, Etc.,

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Learning that on Sept. 12th, 13th and 14th, the Eighth National Convention of Spiritualists would convene in

TROY, N. Y., we journeyed to that city in order to take items of interest for the edification of the vast army of readers of the most influential Spiritualist journal on the globe, the Banner of Light.

Troy is a city whose reputed population is 50,000. There are three dailies published in the place; also one weekly journal. Like any sensible traveler, we stopped at

THE MANSION HOUSE, kept by J. W. Stearns, a gentleman who understands his business. We were exceedingly gratified in finding that the house was

FULL OF DELEGATES. Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, was there; so was William White, publisher of the Banner of Light, and—well, we can't stop to mention all the brothers and sisters who made the Mansion House their home.

THE CONVENTION was held in Lyceum Hall, which was tastefully decorated. The number of delegates was quite large. They came from all parts of the country. There were familiar faces present—many who have been seen at all the National Conventions of Spiritualists. The evening session, Sept. 12th, was made deeply interesting by

ROBERT T. HALLOCK'S most excellent lecture on "The Relation between Ancient and Modern Spiritualism," a verbatim report of which will appear in the Banner of Light.

HON. J. M. PEEBLES delivered an able address on the general aspect of Spiritualism, taking strong grounds in favor of organization, settled speakers, and the necessity of a school wherein young media suited for the rostrum could receive that discipline and culture so essential to success.

THE LYCEUM EXHIBITION. Tuesday evening, the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Troy, gave a public exhibition in Lyceum Hall. A large audience was in attendance, and everything passed off satisfactorily.

BUSINESS. The most important matter that came before the Convention was the report of the Committee on Lyceums—A. A. Wheelock, Chairman. The Committee submitted a report, the substance of which was, that all the organized bodies of Spiritualists in the country should resolve themselves into organizations to be called "Spiritual Progressive Lyceums." Many considered that such a course would effectually annul all that has been done in the line of organization heretofore, being

"A NEW DEPARTURE" of too much limitation—so Mr. E. S. Wheeler and others said. The debate on this point was hot and heavy. The report of the Committee, together with the substitute offered by Mr. Wheeler, was finally referred to the Executive Board of the American Association of Spiritualists, with instructions which can be found in the minutes of the Convention.

During the ensuing year, the Executive Board will decide upon the merits of the original report of the Committee on Lyceums and Mr. Wheeler's proposition. Beyond doubt, the decision of this Board will be heartily endorsed by the majority of Spiritualists.

SESSION NO. 1. Tuesday afternoon (13th), Victoria C. Woodhull, of New York City, appeared in the Convention, and delivered an oration on "The Rearing of Children." She was most affected on taking the rostrum, and, in her introductory remarks, said:

"I feel strangely in this appearing before this National Convention of Spiritualists. I did not know how I should be received. The voice of slander has been abroad in the world, concerning me; but my spirit guides have led me on. I am a Spiritualist, I have always had spiritual experiences since childhood. I thank you for this cordial welcome. It fills my soul with joy. I am encouraged to continue on in the great work of political and spiritual emancipation."

Victoria C. Woodhull then proceeded with her oration. She had perfect control of the large audience; the silence was deathlike—broken only by tumultuous tokens of approbation, as the lady elaborated her ideas.

DR. H. B. STORER'S RESOLUTION, declaring that

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL honored the Eighth National Convention of Spiritualists by her presence and her address, was unanimously adopted.

SESSION NO. 2 took place Wednesday forenoon (14th), when, as the delegates were electing officers for the ensuing year, Mr. Ed. Granville, of Baltimore, nominated

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL AS PRESIDENT of the American Association of Spiritualists. The excitement was intense.

DR. H. F. GARDNER, of Boston, was nominated, also one or two others; Dr. Gardner receiving many votes for President of the Association.

THE ELECTION. It is no exaggeration to say that the stillness of death reigned as one of the tallers was called upon to announce the result of the election. When the declaration came that

"VICTORIA C. WOODHULL IS PRESIDENT of the American Association of Spiritualists," the excitement ran, as the saying goes, "mountain high."

The new President was then introduced by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, the President of the Association for the last year. Mrs. Woodhull spoke as follows:

"I scarcely know what to say. I have been misunderstood in the past. Spiritualists, I thank you for the great honor that you have conferred upon me. I shall work for your interests. Executively considered, others—Dr. H. F. Gardner, for instance—would have made you a better President; but I shall do the best I can. So, let me say in closing, 'By my works shall ye know me.' [Applause.]

THE OTHER OFFICERS elected are as follows: Secretary—Henry T. Child, Philadelphia, Pa.; Treasurer—Levi Weaver, Baltimore, Md.; Trustees—A. A. Wheelock, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, —, Mass.

CERHAS B. LYNN.

Mrs. A. W. TANNER in Portland. EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—You will pardon me, I know, if I call the attention of New England Spiritualists who desire to engage first-class speakers to Mrs. A. W. Tanner, of Montpellier, Vt., who has just closed a short engagement in Portland. The eloquent and beautiful addresses given last Sunday, through her mediumship, were fully equal to any lectures we have ever had in Portland, and so much pleased and gratified were the people, that she has been engaged to return and remain through the month of January, 1872. Associations and committees who desire the services of good speakers will not regret it if they give Mrs. Tanner a trial.

In haste, yours, JOSEPH B. HALL.

The Eighth National Convention of the Spiritualists of America,

Held in Lyceum Hall, Troy, N. Y., Sept. 12th, 13th and 14th, 1871.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Pursuant to call, delegates assembled in Lyceum Hall, Troy, N. Y., Tuesday, Sept. 12th. The President of the American Association of Spiritualists, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, called the Convention to order at half-past ten A. M. and proceeded to deliver the following address of welcome:

"I gladly welcome you, friends, to the eighth annual meeting of the American Association of Spiritualists. You may expect me to confess my inability for the place I am to occupy during this convention, but you will learn the facts soon enough. If I fall in my work, it will not be my first failure, and your mortification will not be altogether a new experience. I may say, however, that there seemed good reason for my election to the office of President of the American Association. We hold to the equality of men and women; for seven years, men—good men—have presided at our national convocations. It was thought wise to test a woman's ability to preside. Few cared to be made a mere experiment. Your present chairwoman seemed the most available woman for the place. Hence I am here. There is no cause for alarm. There will not, I trust, be the need of more than ordinary parliamentary discipline. Ours is not a religious warfare, nor are we looking for personal aggrandizement; we are here to confer together, to learn, if we can, the safest and the surest way to establish the Kingdom of peace and good-will on earth.

"Tazewell holds her yearly festivals. Before the dawn of the grand gala day, old debts are canceled, old hates wiped out, so that nothing mars the festive day. Let us not be outdone in good words and righteous deeds by the worshippers of 'Joss.' If the pecuniary balance be not adjusted, we may surely leave behind old prejudices and whatever else may block the path of progress.

The pivotal idea of our meeting is the communion of soul with soul, of world with world; but any hand and any word will be welcomed that will strengthen the weak and that will help the human world on its way. We have no thunderbolts to hurl at those who do not choose to walk by Tazewell's side, and we claim the right to worship as we will, and to do our soul-work in our own time and way.

Various clans and cliques will be represented in this Convention. Let them come. Some will drop in to see if any good comes of believing in the ministry of angels; others will come to preach by Tazewell's side, which brings health, peace, and salvation. The following persons wish to speak on the subject of children—of their education, etc.: Mrs. S. E. Warner, Mrs. V. C. Woodhull; any time will suit them. Peter P. Good and Eli F. Brown are prepared to speak on the Lyceum question.

Some will come who are weary; others will come bringing rest. Reporters are here, ready to give wings to our words. Some of our thoughts will go rough-hewn from their hands—others may be finely polished; so the scales will be balanced. The children are to be heard in this convention. Their glad voices and May flower songings bring joy to the May-time of our lives. Men and women are the bearers of life's non-time flowers and fruits. Age, too, has come, crowned with snow-blossoms, and bearing the autumn sheaves. To all—the weak and strong, to the child, the man and woman—a cordial, hospitable welcome!

May it be our blessed work

"To make the world within our reach, and somewhat better for our living."

And bravo for our human speech."

Music by the Troy spiritual choir. Dr. H. T. Child read the official call of the Convention. Delegates handed in their credentials. The following committees were organized:

Business Committee—Benj. Starbuck, N. Y.; A. C. Robinson, Mass.; J. E. Grant, M. D., Penn.; Sophronia E. Warner, Conn.; Rachel Walcott, Md.

Committee on Resolutions—Newman Weeks, Vt.; Geo. A. Bacon, Mass.; Susan C. Waters, N. J.; J. Edwards, Pa.; Sophronia E. Warner, Conn.; J. K. Bailey, Ind.; Levi Dinkelpiel, Ky.; Lora S. Craig, N. H.; Ira Carpenter, N. Y.; John Frist, Md.; John Frist, D. C.; —, Ill.; O. B. Lynn, Ohio.

Committee on Lyceums—Betsey Sparhawk, Vt.; Dr. F. J. Gurney, Mass.; Jennie Dixon, N. J.; Geo. D. Gleason, Pa.; Eli F. Brown, Ind.; Levi Dinkelpiel, Ky.; Lora S. Craig, N. H.; T. G. White, N. Y.; E. G. Granville, Pa.; A. A. Wheelock, Ohio; Sophronia E. Warner, Conn.; Wilson Miller, D. C.

A Committee was also appointed on Finance. The balance of the forenoon was passed in social conference.

Afternoon Session.—Opened with an invocation by Mrs. Abby N. Burnham, of Massachusetts. Next came singing by the Troy choir. The Secretary then read a list of the delegates present. Mr. Starbuck, from the Business Committee, then made a partial report, which was adopted. This was followed by the annual report of the Executive Board of the American Association of Spiritualists, which was adopted. The Secretary then read an address from the Spiritualists of Salt Lake City, which, on motion of Dr. R. T. Hallock, was adopted.

This was followed by short speeches from E. S. Wheeler and others. Susan C. Waters, of New Jersey, made some very sensible remarks. Singing by the Troy choir.

The session closed with a general conference. Evening Session.—The Convention was called to order by the President at half-past seven P. M. Singing by the Troy choir. J. Jefferson Kelly, the young trance medium, was then controlled by the spirits, and passed among the audience giving tests, Moses Hull making explanatory remarks.

The Convention then listened to an address from Dr. R. T. Hallock (which we have on file for publication.—ED.).

An address by Mrs. M. S. Townsend Hoadley closed the session.

SECOND DAY. Forenoon Session.—At half-past ten A. M. the President called the Convention to order. Singing by the Troy choir.

Prayer by E. Annie Hinman. Mrs. Mary Peables then read a poem.

Prayer by Rev. Mr. Harter. Hon. J. M. Peables then delivered a lengthy address covering the general ground of Spiritualism, and the needs and necessities of the hour.

Mr. Eli F. Brown, the agent of the Association, was the next speaker. He discoursed upon the Lyceum movement. A speech by Mrs. Sophronia E. Warner closed this session.

Afternoon Session.—After the usual opening preliminaries, the report of the Business Committee was called for. Mrs. Victoria Claffin Woodhull was announced as the first speaker. She met with a most cordial welcome, and her oration on "The Rearing of Children" was frequently applauded. At the conclusion of her oration Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, presented the following resolution, which was adopted by acclamation:

Resolved, That this Convention is honored by the participation in its deliberations, of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, the most eminent and distinguished subject of reform has been fully justified by her able statement of its importance; and that our thanks are hereby expressed to her for the comprehensive, plainness of speech and true delfer with which this eminently radical subject has been treated by her.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend Hoadley made a few remarks. Mrs. A. A. Wheelock then submitted the report of the Committee on Lyceums, which elicited a large amount of discussion. The matter was finally laid on the table until the next day.

The announcement was made that the entire evening would be devoted to an exhibition of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Troy.

THIRD DAY. Forenoon Session.—The report of the Committee on Lyceums was taken up; it elicited a great amount of discussion, and at eleven o'clock, it was laid over until the afternoon.

The Convention then proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President—Victoria Claffin Woodhull, New York City. Secretary—Henry T. Child, Philadelphia, Penn. Treasurer—Levi Weaver, Baltimore, Md. Trustees—A. A. Wheelock, Cleveland, O., Anna M. Middlebrook, —, Mass.

Much in brief—the alphabet.

Afternoon Session.—The Convention took under consideration, once more, the report of the Committee on Lyceums. An exciting debate followed, and finally the report of the Committee, together with a substitute for that report offered by E. S. Wheeler, were referred to the Executive Board of the American Association of Spiritualists, with instructions for that Board to publish an address to the spiritualistic public through the spiritual press; and also, that that address should be printed in tract form for gratuitous circulation—Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, offering a motion to that effect, which was carried.

The Committee on Resolutions then reported a lengthy series of resolutions, which, after some discussion, were adopted.

The Evening Session.—This session was devoted to speech making by Victoria C. Woodhull and others. Then the Convention adjourned sine die.

Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures. MEETINGS IN BOSTON.—Music Hall.—Free admission.—The fifth series of lectures on the spiritual philosophy will commence this evening at the Music Hall, at 7 P. M. The first lecture will be given by Mrs. Emma Hardinge for four consecutive days, to be followed by other speakers of known ability, among whom are Prof. Daniel, Miss Jennie Lewis, Thomas Dale Foster, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, and probably Miss Dotson and Dr. Willis. Reserved seats for the term, at 50 cents each, are procured of Mr. Lewis B. Conant, Treasurer, 153 Washington street, or at the hall.

Ellet Hall.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. Religious-Philosophical Club (conference) at 7 P. M. John A. Andrew Hall, corner of Chauncey and Essex streets. —First circle at 10 A. M. Mrs. Mary Carlele, medium. Lecture and answering questions at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M., by Mrs. S. A. Floyd.

Temple Hall.—The Boylston-street Spiritualist Association meets regularly at this place (No. 18, St. Paul) Circle morning and afternoon; evening, lecture.

Boston.—Ellet Hall.—At half-past ten o'clock, Sunday morning, Sept. 17th, a largely attended and unusually interesting session of the Children's Progressive Lyceum took place at this hall—the services being diversified by the introduction of a new banner march, and singing by Edna S. Dodge, Maria Adams, Hattie C. Richardson and others.

Religio-Philosophical Club.—Abby N. Burnham, Secretary, reports that this organization met at Ellet Hall, Sunday evening, Sept. 17th, with a good attendance of members, and a large number of strangers who came to witness the exercises. In absence of President, Dr. Storer, H. B. Williams acted as Chairman. The question for the evening was: "Is there any evidence that diseased action of mind and body is liable to be induced by spiritual mediumship?"

Mr. Williams opened the discussion by explaining the various forms of mediumship, dividing them into the several classes as follows: physical, psychical, trance, the inspirational and impressional, giving the highest place to the last phase, which, he said, usually includes those who, by reason of a well balanced mind, afford, in a normal condition, a channel for the influences to operate through.

Mr. Norton believed the passive condition necessary to control from influences out of the body was dangerous, and so he rejected it whenever he could.

Mr. Battles, Dr. Webster and G. A. Badger united in saying that the fear should be experienced by those submitting themselves to these influences; all that was needed was that the individual should be actuated by good motives, as like would attract like. Fear was the child of ignorance.

"Although the question was one of interest, few present felt they could rightly participate in the discussion, as they were incompetent to judge of the effects, owing to their lack of experience and observation relative to mediumship. At this point a lively discussion arose relative to man's retaining his peculiarities after leaving the body, which was participated in by Messrs. Williams, Norton, Battles and others. Adjourned."

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 19th, the regular weekly soiree was held at this hall; exercises—conversation, games and dancing; music by T. H. Carter and Miss Emma Fessenden, volunteers. A goodly number were in attendance. These meetings are intended for the better acquaintance of the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity with each other, and are free to all friendly to the cause.

Temple Hall.—Entertaining and profitable meetings continue to be held at this place on each Sunday—also sessions of the Children's Progressive Lyceum—under the auspices of the Boylston-street Spiritualist Association.

John A. Andrew Hall.—The series of morning and afternoon meetings inaugurated at this place on the last Sunday of April, 1871, continues in the full tide of success at the present writing; in proof of which, the management—G. O. Huggins, President, T. R. Tripp, Vice President, and Samuel Carter, Treasurer—decided, on Sept. 17th, to inaugurate a course of Sunday evening meetings also, to commence, for the present, at half-past seven o'clock; services—singing by the choir, and address and answers to questions, by Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd. The hall is situated at the corner of Chauncey and Essex streets, and is commodious and tasty, the seating up being executed in a very convenient and beautiful manner. Over the platform are suspended portraits of Rufus Choate, "Harwood," Mrs. Floyd, and an engraving of "Spirit Vintana."

The services on the morning of Sunday, Sept. 17th, consisted of a circle by Mrs. Carlele, at which several recognized tests were given, and singing by Mrs. Minnie (Prouty) Stone. In the afternoon—at which time some six hundred were present—Mrs. Floyd replied to a communication which had been sent to her by five clergymen of Boston—which letter she had not opened or read, it having been mislaid at home—but which was clairvoyantly rendered by the spirits when she was entranced. The authors of this document complained of the spiritual philosophy generally, saying that they had attended many spiritual meetings, read many spiritual platforms, and listened to many spiritual speakers, but had never yet derived from them any benefit or any proof that Spiritualists had any rites or ceremonies whereby they could dare to assume to worship the eternal God. They could not see what right Spiritualists had—judging from what they had seen—to dedicate their souls (John A. Andrew) to God and the angel world, but thought their teachings were only intended to "deceive the ignorant and hoodwink the wise." The same subject was continued in the evening. The influence through Mrs. Floyd said it was theology which hoodwinked the eyes of the pastors so that they could not perceive the spirituality which pervaded and flowed out of the religious assemblies of our faith. The God taught by Spiritualism was an Infinite one, poring all things—no sect could monopolize his private ear, he was ready to hear all his children, and at all times—and to him and the angel world were its tabernacles ever reared. The rules of life taught by Spiritualism were the highest known among men—the fact of individual responsibility for wrong doing; the necessary exercise of mercy, charity and love; the importance of the cultivation of purity of heart. The ministers were of opinion—as they expressed themselves—that the Children's Progressive Lyceums were miniature theatres for the ruin of the young, but the practical teachings inculcated therein, she thought, could be successfully compared with those of the Christian Sabbath school. It was useless for the clergy to oppose or misrepresent the gospel of the present hour. From the new Mount Zion of Spiritualism the glory streamed downward as from the old—the thought of to-day was better than the thought of yesterday, and progression was the universal destiny of the race.

As in the afternoon, so in the evening, Mrs. Floyd answered questions, and singing and music were furnished by Mrs. Minnie Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, and S. W. Morrill.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Harmony Hall.—On Sunday morning, Sept. 17th, the Children's Lyceum assembled as usual, and the regular exercises were gone through with, together with answers to the question, "What are light and heat?"

In the evening, Mrs. Hattie Wilson (colored) addressed a good audience at this hall. She will speak there again, Sunday, Sept. 24th, at 7 P. M.

MILFORD.—Washington Hall.—Henry Anson reports that "on Sunday morning, Sept. 10th, the Children's Progressive Lyceum assembled at the usual hour. Speaking and reading took place, by Eva Wales, Freddie Road, Stella Worgan, Minnie Wilson, Lillian Smith, Eliza Adams, Nettie Anson, Ida Hill, Minnie Williams, Mr. Eben Hill, Rev. S. T. Aldrich, of Marlboro', and B. D. Godfrey made some remarks. A song followed, by Mrs. Maria Waterston, R. C. Harrington and Miss Anna Waterston; after which, were distributed eight prizes to the scholars who had made the most improvement in reading during the past three months: three of one dollar each, and five of fifty cents each—said prizes being awarded by