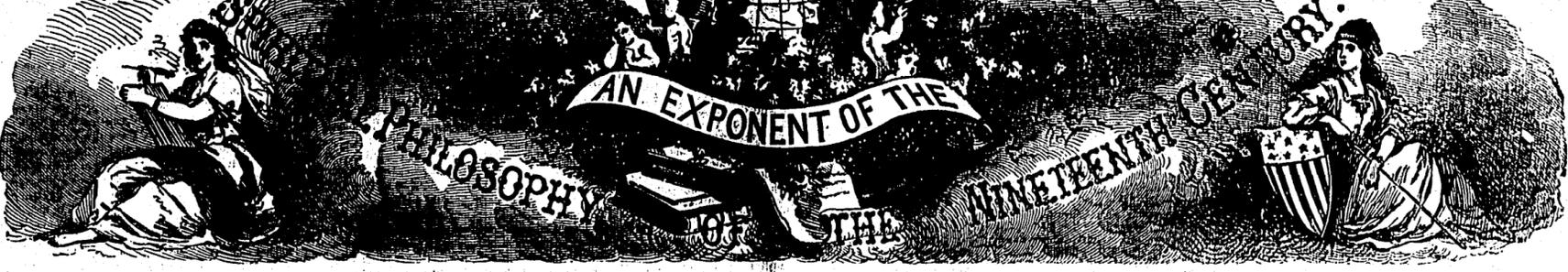


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### MUSINGS.

BY LONDONER.

Oh, prison house of life!  
Through thy bars I look out on immortality.  
Infinite freedom comes  
Just to my window sill.  
While overhead soars infinite joy,  
Singing a song of gladness that doth wake  
Yague longings, passionate desires,  
And dreams that make me shiver with delight.  
The narrow, bounded walls,  
Which hold me in their iron grasp,  
Crumble and fall to dust,  
The while my thought takes wing  
And soars, with freedom and with joy,  
On into the infinitude of space.  
Oh, wondrous thought! what art thou?  
Life cannot hold thee as it holdeth me.  
What part of me art thou?  
Life's prison-bars to thee are shadows,  
And thou passest through them  
Swift as the sun through cloud.  
I sat me down upon the floor  
Within life's prison cell, and made  
This song, which softly to myself I sung:  
Life is but a chubby boy,  
Pleased with every newest toy;  
But it knows no real joy,  
For it has not suffered pain.  
When it one day meets a loss,  
Finds it has to bear a cross,  
Lo! it on its couch doth toss,  
And stings a foolish toad.  
But it only stays awhile;  
Soon it rises with a smile,  
For no one comes to it beguile,  
Or take the cross away.  
So it looks above, afar,  
For some light or guiding star,  
And it finds this trifling star  
Grows fainter, day by day.  
Whillet the burden that comes next,  
Life, no longer with it vex,  
Cheerful says that it expects  
With sunshine to come rain.  
For every joy will have its cure,  
And every bliss, however pure,  
Or long or short, we may be sure,  
Is followed by its pain.

## SPIRITE: A FANTASTIC TALE.

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

### CHAPTER IX.

It often happens, when at the end of a certain time the remembrance is confronted with the image of an object, that the imagination has worked like a painter who labors at a portrait in the absence of the model, smoothing the rough places, blending the tints and softening the outlines, and bringing it insensibly to his own ideal. I had not seen you for more than three years, but my heart had carefully kept the memory of your features—but of your features as I beheld you then, for you were now changed. Your physiognomy had taken an air of firmness and decision, and the journey had given your complexion a warmer and more robust appearance. You had a more manly look, and that air of tranquil authority and of strength sure of itself, which women prefer even to beauty. I did not the less keep in the depths of my heart that first sketch, so slight, but so ineffaceable, of the being who was to exercise so much influence over me, as one keeps an early miniature beside an actual portrait. My dreams had not injured you, and I was not obliged, on seeing you, to strip you of a mantle of ideal perfections. I passed all this in review, as I laid sleepless on my bed, watching the reflections of the night lamp on the flowers in the carpet. Sleep came, at last, mingled with dreams and sweet melodies.

Some weeks after, we received an invitation to a great ball given by the Duchess of C—. A first ball is an important affair for a young girl. For me it was especially interesting, as you, probably, would be of the number of guests, for the Duchess was one of your most intimate friends. Balls are women's battles—lost or won. Custom, for this short space of time, gives a young debutante a greater degree of liberty than she has before enjoyed. I must think of my toilette; a ball dress is a sort of a poem, and that of a young girl presents true difficulties. It ought to be simple, but of a rich simplicity, qualities which exclude each other. A light dress of perfect white, as romances say, would not be full dress. I decided, after much hesitation, on a gauze dress with silver stripes, and a double skirt looped up with bouquets of myosotis, the blue of which would harmonize with the set of turquoise that my father had chosen for me at Janiset. Some sprays of turquoise, imitating the flowers on my dress, formed my corsage. Thus armed, I believed myself able to compete, without too much danger, with the brilliant toilettes of celebrated beauties.

The Duchess of C— inhabited one of those vast houses in the Faubourg St. Germain, built for the stately families of other days, which modern modes of life can scarcely fill; the crowd and luxury of a *salon* can alone restore their former animation. Outside, one would not suspect the almost princely size of this "hotel." A high wall inclosed between two houses, was the frame of a carriage door of monumental appearance, which had for its keystone a green marble tablet with "Hotel de C—" in gilt letters. This was all that was seen in the street. A long avenue of crenellated hedges, cut into an arcade, in the old French manner, and that the winter had stripped, conducted to an immense court, at the end of which

rose the "hotel," in the pure style of Louis XIV. with its high windows and pilasters and Mansard roof, recalling the architecture of Versailles. An awning projected over the steps, which were covered with rich carpet. I had time to examine all these details; by the resplendent light from clusters of lamps, for the company, although select, was so numerous that it was necessary to fall into the file, like a reception at court. The carriage set us down at the steps, and we gave our pelisses to our servants.

The folding doors were opened by a gigantic Swiss in the most correct costume. Under the vestibule, one passed between a row of laqueys in fine livery, powdered, tall, motionless, and of perfect gravity; they might have been the caryatides of the establishment; they seemed sensible of the honor of being footmen in such a house. All the staircase, in which a modern town house would have stood, was tapestried with immense camellae. On every landing a large glass gave the ladies an opportunity, as they ascended, of repairing those little disarrangements caused to ball dresses by mantles, however light, and which were shown by the bright light of an enormous lustre which depended by a gilt chain from the centre of the cupola, where, amid stars and azure, some pupil of Lebrun or Mignard had painted, in foreshortening, a flying group in the taste of the times. Statues, paintings and lamps enlivened the corridors, and at the door of the ante-chamber, tapestried by Gobelin, after the drawings of Ondry, and wainscotted with old oak, there was an usher, in black, with a silver chain round his neck, who, with a voice more or less ringing, according to the importance of the title, announced in the first hall the name of the guests as they arrived.

The Duke, tall, slender, presenting only elongated lines, like a fine greyhound, had a noble air, and in spite of his age he retained vestiges of his ancient elegance. In the street his rank could not be doubted by any one. Placed near the entrance, he received the guests with a polite phrase, a grasp of the hand, a bow, a nod of the head, or a smile, with an exquisite perception of what was due to each, and with a grace so perfect, that each was satisfied and believed himself particularly favored. He saluted my mother in a manner at once respectful and friendly, and as it was the first time that he saw me, he addressed a few words to me half paternal, half gallant, in the fashion of the old school.

The Duchesse was near the chimney, painted in a way that showed a complete disregard of all illusion; she wore a visible wig, and displayed a lean neck, intrepidly decolleté, wearing the family diamonds. She seemed as if her mind had consumed her body, and her large eyes still shone with extraordinary brilliancy. She wore a dress of rich crimson velvet with frouces of English lace, and diamond stomacher. From time to time she fanned herself with an absent air by means of a large fan which had been painted by Watteau, whilst she conversed with the groups of people who came to pay her their respects. She exchanged a few phrases with my mother, who presented me, and as I bent to her, she touched my forehead with her cold lips, and said, "Go, my child, and be sure not to miss one dance."

When this ceremony was over, we went into the adjoining room, which was hung round with family portraits in magnificent frames, all of which were painted by great masters. This led into the ball-room, of dimensions now only found in palaces. I will not describe the scene. Seated near my mother, on one of the velvet sofas, I regarded the spectacle so new to me with curious astonishment.

As you may imagine, I did not want partners. The first was a young Hungarian, an excellent dancer, who sustained me in my first timid steps; and soon, carried away by the music, I forgot that so many eyes were looking on, and I danced with pleasure; but, in the midst of all, I never forgot my habitual thought, and the end for which I came to the ball. I perceived you, at last, in the embrasure of a window, conversing with a personage in the uniform of the Nizam, and wearing the order of Medjidieh, a Bey or a Pacha. You did not deign to cast a glance on the moving mass of lace and gauze that floated past you. My partner reconducted me to my place, and the men then, as the dance was over, began to move around. You took a few turns with your Turk, looking at the women and the toilettes as you would have done at so many statues. When you approached me, my heart beat violently, and I felt myself blush to the very shoulders. You must have seen me this time, for you walked very near the rows of ladies; but, at the moment, some friends of my mother's came to salute us, and screened me from your view, and you had to turn aside to pass round the group. I watched you pass out of the room at the other end, the red cap of your Pacha serving me for a beacon that assisted my sight. All my pleasure was over, and I felt deeply disappointed. Fate seemed to take pleasure in leading you away from me. I danced no more, alleging fatigue. The ball had lost its charm; the dresses seemed faded, and the lights dull. My father, who had been playing cards in an adjoining room, came to take us to see the magnificent hot-house into which the last room of the suite opened. In that place of beauty and perfume, I saw you again. You were arm in arm with your sister, but you were going the same way as ourselves, and we could not overtake you. We passed into the room where refreshments were provided in elegant profusion.

All these details, regarded with a listless eye, have been faithfully retained in my memory, and I remember them still in this world, where the life of yours seems but the dream of a shadow; but they are united for me to sensations so keen that they have brought me back to earth. I returned home as sad as I had left it gay. I laid it to the score of a headache. On changing my ball-dress, which had served for nothing, to a dressing-gown, I said to myself, with a sigh, "Why has he not invited me to dance with him,

as the Hungarian, the Englishman, and all the others did for whom I cared nothing? It was, however, very simple. Nothing more natural at a ball! Every body looked at me except the only being whose attention I wished. Decidedly, my poor love has no chance." I went to bed, and some tears slipped from under my eyelids on to my pillow.

Here ended the first dictation of Spirite. The lamp had long been extinguished for want of oil; but Malivert, like all somnambulists, had no need of exterior light, and continued still to write. Pages were added to pages, without Guy having any consciousness of the fact. All at once, the impulse which guided his hand ceased, and his thought, suspended by that of Spirite, returned to him. The first light of day was stealing into the room through the curtains. He opened them, and, by the pale light of a winter morning, he saw on the table several sheets covered with a feeble, rapid writing, the work of the night. Although he had written them with his own hand, he was ignorant of the contents. It is needless to say that it was with extreme curiosity and deep emotion that he read the simple and chaste confessions of this charming soul, of this adorable being, of whom he had unwittingly been the executioner.

This tardy confession of love, coming from the other world and breathed by a shadow, threw him into deep despair and powerless anger against himself. How could he have been so stupid, so blind as thus to pass by the side of happiness without perceiving it? But he calmed himself at last, and, raising his eyes to the Venetian mirror, he saw the reflection of Spirite, who smiled on him.

### CHAPTER X.

It is a strange sensation to receive the revelation of a retrospective happiness which has passed near you unperceived, or which you have missed by your own fault. Never is regret for the irreparable more bitter. We desire to live over again those by-past days. We form admirable plans of conduct; we endow ourselves with astonishing perspicacity. But life is not turned over like an hour-glass; the sand passed never returns.

Guy de Malivert vainly reproached himself for not having discovered this charming creature, who was not buried in a harem at Constantinople, nor shut up in the grates of a convent in Italy or Spain, nor watched, like Rosina, by a jealous guardian; whom he might have seen every day, and from whom no obstacle divided him. She loved him; he might have asked for her and obtained her; he might have enjoyed that rarest of earthly felicitates—a union with the soul made for his soul. By the mode in which he adored the shadow, he could judge what he would have felt for the woman!

Soon his ideas took another course, and he reproached himself for these vulgar complainings. What had he lost, since Spirite had kept her love for him beyond the tomb, and tore herself from the joys of the infinite to descend into the sphere inhabited by him? Was not the passion which he felt more noble, more poetic, more ethereal, more allied to the eternal love, thus disengaged from all earthly alloy, having for its object a beauty idealized by death? The most perfect human union has its lassitudes, its satellites, its *ennuis*. At the end of some years, the most dazzled eye sees its adored charms grow pale; the soul is more hidden by the flesh, and Love, astonished, asks vainly for its lost idol.

These reflections, and the ordinary course of life, with all its exigencies, from which the most enthusiastic dreamers cannot withdraw themselves, conducted Malivert to the evening, which he awaited with much impatience. When he was shut up in his cabinet, and seated in a position for writing, the same as on the preceding evening, the small, white, flowing hand reappeared, making signs for Malivert to take the pen. He obeyed, and his fingers began to move of themselves, without his brain dictating anything; for, instead of his own thought, that of Spirite was substituted.

### DICTION OF SPIRITE.

I do not wish to weary you, in a posthumous fashion, by a relation of all my sorrows. One day, however, I had a great joy, and I believed that the malicious Destiny which seemed to amuse itself by concealing me from your view was going to cease its tricks. We were to dine, the following Saturday, at M. de L—'s. The event would have been very indifferent to me if I had not heard from the Baron de Feré, who sometimes came to our house, that you were to make one of this modern *opéra*, half worldly and half literary—for M. de L— took pleasure in receiving artists and writers. He was a man of taste, and a connoisseur in books and paintings, and had a library and picture gallery in irreplaceable taste. You went sometimes to his soirées, as well as several authors of rising reputation. M. de L— piqued himself on being able to discover talent, and he was not of those who believe only in reputations already made.

I said to myself in my childish excitement: "At last I shall catch this fugitive; I shall seize this unapproachable one; this time he cannot escape me, for we shall be seated at the same table, perhaps side by side, under the light of fifty candles; however absent he may be, he must perceive me, at least, unless there should be a basket of flowers or an *épergne* between us."

The days which separated me still from the happy Saturday appeared of an endless length, as long as the class hours at the convent. They passed at last, and we arrived all three, my father, my mother and I, at M. de L—'s, half an hour before the dinner hour. The guests spread themselves about in the room and formed groups for conversation. Amongst them were two or three illustrious writers, whom my father named to me, and whose physiognomies did not appear to be in

relation with their works. You had not arrived, the guests were not yet complete, and M. de L— began to complain of your inexactitude, when a footman entered bearing on a salver a telegram and a pencil to sign and certify the hour; it was from Chantilly, and contained in telegraphic style: "Missed train; do not wait for me; much chagrined. MALIVERT." The disappointment was cruel. All the week I had caressed the hope which thus vanished at the moment of fulfillment. A sadness which I had great trouble in concealing, took possession of me, and the roses that animation had brought to my cheeks, faded away. Fortunately the doors of the dining-room opened, and the steward announced that "Madame *était servie*." The movement that took place amongst the guests prevented them remarking my trouble. When every one was seated, a place remained vacant at my right; it was yours, and that I might be quite sure of it, your name written in large letters on a card adorned with fine arabesques in colors, was placed on your range of glasses. Thus the sport of destiny was complete. Without this vulgar accident of the railroad, I should have had you next to me during the whole dinner, touching my dress, and your hand might have touched mine in the little services that at table the least polite cavalier must pay to a woman. Some trifling words at first as a prelude to conversation, and then, the ice being broken, the conversation would have become more intimate, and your mind would not have been slow to comprehend my heart. Perhaps I should not have displeased you, and though arriving from Spain, you might have forgiven my lilies and roses and the pale gold of my hair. If you had come to this dinner, your life and mine would surely have taken another direction. You would no longer be a bachelor, I should have lived, and I should not have been obliged to have made declarations to you from beyond the tomb.

The passion that you have taken for my shadow permits me to believe that, without flattering myself too far, you would not have been insensible to my earthly charms; but that was not to be. This unoccupied seat, which isolated me amongst the other guests, appeared to my mind the symbol of my fate; it announced the vain hopes and solitude in the midst of a crowd. This sinister omen has only been too well fulfilled. My neighbor on the left was, as I afterwards learned, a very amiable, though learned member of the Academy. He tried several times to make me speak, but I only replied by monosyllables, and those adapted so ill to his questions, that the baffled interlocutor set me down for a fool and abandoned me to converse with his other neighbor.

I scarcely touched a morsel; my heart was so full that I could not eat. The dinner terminated, and we passed into the drawing room. In a group near the chair on which I was sitting, I heard your name pronounced by M. d' Aversac; my curiosity was aroused. "This wretch Malivert," said d' Aversac, "is bewitched by his Pacha, who on his side is the same by Malivert; they never quit each other. Mohammed Mustapha—I do not know what he calls himself—wishes to carry off Guy into Egypt. He offers to put a steamer at his disposal to ascend to the first cataracts of the Nile; but Guy, who is as barbarous as the Turk is civilized, prefers the *canga* as more picturesque. This project pleases Malivert, who finds it cold in Paris. He would like to winter in Cairo, and to continue his studies on Arab architecture, commenced in the Alhambra; but if he goes thither, I am afraid we shall never see him again, for he would embrace Islamism like Hassan, the hero of *Namouna*."

"He is very capable of doing so," replied a young man in the group; "he has always manifested very small admiration for occidental civilization."

"Bah!" replied another; "when he has worn some very exact costumes, taken a dozen vapor baths, bought one or two slaves at the Djellabs and sold them again at a loss, when he has climbed the Pyramids and sketched the profile of the broad-nosed Sphinx, he will come back to tread the asphaltum of the Boulevard des Italiens, which is, after all, the only endurable place in the universe."

This conversation threw me into great trouble. You were going to set out, for how long a time, who could tell? Should I have the chance of meeting you before your departure, and of leaving you, at least, my image to carry away? It was a happiness to which I dared not aspire after so many useless attempts.

At our return, having assured my mother that my paleness did not arise from illness, I began to reflect profoundly on my situation. I asked myself if this persistence of circumstances to separate us was not a secret intimation of Destiny which it would be dangerous not to obey? Perhaps you would be fatal to me, and I was wrong in throwing myself in your way. My reason alone spoke, for my heart would not accept this idea, and wished to run all the risks of this love. I felt myself invisibly attached to you, and this bond so frail in appearance, was more solid than a chain of diamonds. Unhappily, it only tied one.

"How unhappy is the lot of women," I said to myself; "condemned to wait, to be inactive, to silence, they cannot, without want of self-respect, manifest their sympathies. They must submit to the love that they inspire, and must never declare that which they feel. As soon as my soul is awakened, a powerful sentiment has taken possession of me—a feeling, pure, absolute and eternal—and the being who is the object of it will, perhaps, forever ignore it. How can I let him know that a young girl, whom he doubtless would love if he knew the secret, lives and breathes for him alone?"

For an instant I had the idea of writing you one of those letters which they say authors receive, in which, under the veil of admiration, sentiments of a different nature may be divined, and soliciting a rendezvous which will not compromise them, in a theatre or a walk. But my feminine delicacy re-

volted against the employment of such means, and I feared I should have been taken for a *bas bleu*, who, under your protection, wished to obtain admission for her romance in the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

D'Aversac said truly; the following week you set off to Egypt with your Pacha. This departure, which threw back my hopes to a distant period, filled me with melancholy, which I concealed with difficulty. The interest of my life was suspended. I had no longer any coquetry. When I went out I allowed my maid to decide on the decorations that I should wear. What was the use of being beautiful when you were not there! I was, however, enough so to be surrounded, like Penelope, with a crowd of aspirants. By degrees our salons, heretofore peopled by friends of my father's, grave, sedate men, were frequented by men of younger appearance, who were very assiduous at our Fridays. In the recesses of the windows, I saw black-coated beaux, correctly dressed, whose cravat-knot had cost a world of careful meditation, and who threw toward me adoring and fascinating looks. Some, still bolder, risked some moral and poetic phrases on the foliities of a well-assorted union, and pretended that they were made for legitimate happiness. How carefully they were all dressed. The perfume of their hair came from Houbigant, and their coats were cut by Renard. What more could a romantic and *crignac* imagination require? So these fine men who surrounded me were much astonished at the little impression they made. The most spiteful, I believe, went so far as to suspect me of poetry. Some real offers came. My hand was more than once asked from my parents, but, when consulted, I repelled always in the negative, alleging very good reasons. They did not insist, for I was so young that they had no need of hastening, in case later they might have to repent their choice.

Believing that some concealed preference influenced me, my mother questioned me, and I was on the point of avowing all, and an invincible bashfulness withheld me. This love, which I experienced and of which you were ignorant, seemed to me a secret which I ought not to unveil without your consent. Besides, how could I avow, even to the most tender of mothers, a passion which in her eyes must have appeared foolish—a mere remembrance of childhood in the parlor of a convent, obstinately maintained, and which nothing, in a human point of view, could justify.

Time passed, and you returned from Egypt, and they began to speak of your attentions to Madame d' Ymbercourt, with whom they pretended that you were madly in love. My heart was alarmed, and I desired to see my rival. They showed her to me in her box at the opera. I tried to judge her impartially. I found her beautiful, but without charm or refinement, like a copy of a classical antique made by a mediocre sculptor. She possessed all that forms the ideal of fools, and I was astonished that you had the least taste for this idol. There was wanting in the face of Madame d' Ymbercourt, so regular at first sight, the particular trait—original grace, unexpressed charm. As she appeared that night, such would I she always appear. In spite of what was said, I had self-love enough not to be jealous of this woman.

The report of your approaching marriage was more strongly asserted. Some said that the first banes were published; others said the day was fixed for the ceremony. I had no means of verifying the truth or falsehood of these rumors. It appeared to all a very well-assorted match, and I needed must believe it. However, the secret voice of my heart asserted that you did not love Madame d' Ymbercourt. But often marriages are made without love, in order to have an establishment, to regulate a position in the world, or for reposit after the wanderings and fiery excesses of youth.

A deep despair took possession of me. I saw my life closed, my chaste dream, so long time caressed, vanished forever. I could no longer think of you in the most secret corner of my heart, for you belonged to another before God and man. This innocent thought had now become guilty, for in my young girl's fancy nothing had been permitted to enter which could have raised a blush.

Once I met you in the Bois de Boulogne, riding near the caletche of Madame d' Ymbercourt, but I threw myself back in my carriage, concealing myself with as much care as I had formerly taken to be seen. This rapid vision was the last.

I was scarcely seventeen. What would become of me? How should I finish an existence secretly broken from its outset? Should I accept one of the offers that my wise parents approved? This is what many young girls would have done in my position. But my truthfulness revolted against such a compromise. In my ideas, my first and only love was for you, I could only belong to you, and any other union appeared to me a sin. My heart had but one page. You had written your name upon it without intending to do so, and no other could replace it. Your marriage would not release me from my fidelity. Unconscious of my love, you were free, but I was tied.

The idea of being the wife of another, inspired me with insupportable horror; and after having refused several offers, knowing how difficult it is to lead the life of a single woman in high life, I decided to quit the world and take shelter in religion. God alone could assuage my grief, and, perhaps, would deign to console me.

[To be continued in our next.]

Dr. Hall, in his "Journal of Health," says the best medicine in the world, more efficient in the cure of disease than all the potencies of the materia medica, are warmth, rest, cleanliness, and pure air.

When you see a man with a good deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within.

Be not sorry that men do not know you, but be sorry that you are ignorant of men.—Confucius.

Banner Correspondence.

TITUSVILLE.—A correspondent writes, Sept. 20th: "This city is the commercial centre of this oil-producing section of country; a place of considerable importance, with most of all the luxuries and necessities of a well-appointed, populous and governed metropolis, rapidly increasing in population and material wealth."

The Spiritualists have an association here, and keep up regular meetings. Their speaker for this month is Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham of Massachusetts, whose lectures are well attended, and she is very popular. Last week the Society held a three days' meeting, continuing through Friday, Saturday and Sunday, to be repeated this week, on corresponding days. These meetings are productive of much good, being well attended, and are held in the Universalist Church. Among the speakers are Mrs. Watson, a resident of Titusville, Pa., Cora L. V. Tappan, temporarily in the city, and Mrs. Brigham. When the Universalists erected their beautiful church edifice, the Spiritualists assisted in the work, and as a return now have the use of it occasionally.

The Jews of this city are about to build a synagogue, toward which the Spiritualists (and some of them are numbered by millions) contribute. In consideration of having the use of the building on Sundays for five years, an arrangement understood to have been made, and the money paid over. This is a good way of doing, not only here, but in other places; one society use the house on Saturdays, the other on Sundays, to the mutual benefit and satisfaction of all concerned. We find as persons, members of the different denominations of religious worshippers of whatever name, become liberalized by contact with the world and by culture, they approximate to our faith, they add to their growth, and come up into a higher and clearer atmosphere, and eventually worship at the same altar. The continuation of all religions. The religious has all ages are founded upon the great truths we all reverence, but long use has corrupted the worshippers into blind adoration of the dead form, and they cannot comprehend the living spirit. Remove this incense, and they will all rise up into the light. And it cannot be speedily removed; we must wait the slow process of growth, and continue to present, in a kind but persistent spirit, the higher truth, invite them to greater heights of religious thought and natural philosophy, and patiently wait their coming."

A LETTER TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF THE STATE.—Dear and Esteemed Friends: After three years labor with you, I find myself here in Vineland, N. J., very sick, and the prospect is I shall not be able to return to labor for months to come. I engaged, on my way here, a few weeks ago, to work as missionary for the State Society. I had not been doing such service for several months; and if I were able to go to work I would prefer not to since reading the report of the last Annual Meeting. Such reports state all amounts collected as paid to missionaries for salary, whereas such amounts should be for the purchase of Bibles. I objected to such form of report, and was promised it should be rectified. The difference is of importance to me, as many suppose it to be correct.

I have a few words to say concerning my condition; I need no medical aid. If any among my many friends could administer to my necessities and some who would pay, and some who have had the labor of the missionary without money and without price would aid in this hour of my necessity, it would be gratefully received. I dictate this letter with the kindest feelings to all. I feel that my labor in Pennsylvania has been appreciated, but that the State Society, as such, is a failure, as far as being sustained by the people of the State is concerned.

I came here sick, thinking soon to be better. I was called upon to speak at the Woman's Suffrage Convention, and did so. I was not able, and have been confined to my room since. I trust the friends of earth, as well as of spirit life, will administer to my pressing necessities, and that this plea will not be in vain. Fraturnally yours, I. T. STEARNS, Vineland, N. J.

[Religio-Philosophical Journal please copy.]

Barryville.—Dr. H. H. Haysen gives an account of his late experience with the spirits who communicated through his youngest son, a boy of twelve years of age. He says the facts he represents have aroused the attention and wonder of the village, which has heretofore been very backward in spiritual matters.

On the 26th of August, at four o'clock in the morning, the store of Mr. Gardner, in that place, was burned—strong suspicions being aroused that it was first broken open and robbed. Our correspondent consulted the spirits generally manifesting, and was informed that those suspicious were true—that the store was entered for food and clothing by runaway Sing Sing prisoners, seven in number. He was also informed that the thieves concealed on a hill near by, under a rock, with brush piled up before it—they being keen enough to suppose themselves safer near the scene of trouble than if they endeavored to escape—and that three others of the same kind were concealed on the other side, back of the turnpike.

The next day the spirits directed him to warn Mr. Gardner that the thieves were about to kill him and burn his house. Going to this person with the story, he believed the warning, and mounted guard over his property, assisted by two others. The number of men, and the disposition of Mr. Gardner, was not known to our correspondent, but the spirits informed him that the guard was set, consisting of two men being the danger man. On going over to the house, he asked Gardner, and was informed that the statement was correct.

After this, warning came that on the 12th of September the thieves would make another movement. Their advance was perceived; but Mr. Thomas, who was informed by the spirits that they and they took his horse and wagon to carry off their plunder. Pursued by the neighbors, they abandoned most of their booty. Added by the medium, who was present, our correspondent reached a position one hundred yards from a thicket in which they were concealed, but was cautioned not to attack, as he would be overpowered.

The next morning he was informed by the spirits that the seven at Barryville had left, and joined the three who made the expedition previous, and preparations were made to attack their rendezvous. Going to the place, "over the hill, back of the schoolhouse," where the robbers were formerly hidden, they found it as described, and were informed that the robbers were hiding in a thicket near the other. This was on Saturday, September 16th. Delays arose, and no movement was made.

On Wednesday following, information was received that six of the prisoners had left on Tuesday night, and, shortly after, the other four—all intending to go South, and having parted to make the way safe for them.

Four of them afterward shipped on board the "Liverpool" for Dublin, Ireland, where they had friends. The other six were on their way by land toward New Orleans.

Our correspondent declares that to the best of his knowledge and belief, founded on actual experience, the information given was true at that time.

Missouri.—Spiritualism in St. Joseph.—Editors Banner of Light: A few intelligent and zealous Spiritualists in this city, deeming an organization necessary for the good of our cause, and that of humanity, issued a circular the following: DECLARATION: We, the undersigned, citizens of St. Joseph, do hereby form ourselves into a Society, to be known as progressive Spiritualists, for mutual benefit and the dissemination of truth, and agree to be governed by such Constitution and By-Laws as may be adopted by a majority of its members, and to pay, on the first Monday of every month, the sum set opposite our names toward defraying its expenses. Individuals may become members of this Society who are seeking after truth, with a desire to elevate and perfect their natures, and to promote their present and future happiness. All persons becoming members of this Society will be required to live a good, moral, temperate, truthful, and virtuous life, and to do unto others as they would be done by—otherwise they may be expelled by a vote of two-thirds of its members present at any regular meeting. A member may withdraw at any time by notifying the secretary to that effect."

After a sufficient number of names were ob-

tained, and the requisite amount of funds subscribed to insure its permanent success, they organized by electing the following officers, viz: John C. Bender, President; C. F. Smith, Vice President; John B. Harder, Recording Secretary; Dr. Daniel White, Corresponding Secretary; and George Seifert, Treasurer. Regular meetings will be held every Sunday at the "Gospel Room," which is held under the most favorable auspices. Our worthy President proposes to donate a melodeon, and the necessary number of "Spiritual Harps" to establish a good choir. The Spiritualists of St. Joseph are composed of men and women whose moral characters are above reproach, and having tested the truths contained in our beautiful philosophy, they desire to impart them to others. Most truly thine, DANIEL WHITE, M. D. St. Joseph, Mo., Sept. 22d, 1871.

Maine.—KITTEBY.—S. A. James writes, Sept. 10th: "Dear Banner, You are delighted, each week, with such wisdom, and bring to our hearts such cheer, that we cannot help thanking you for the work. May the angels of God and our loved ones lead you all the aid necessary to reach every heart in the land. I feel to glory in God for your heroic devotion. What do we not owe you? God will reward you in heaven, and I trust he is recompensing you here below. Thanks for the heavenly food you are giving us. How much easier does it make it to leave this world, if the secret of our existence is revealed, and we know our cherished ones are hovering around, and that we, too, go not, at this change, away from our loved on earth. My soul's wishes are fulfilled. Our Father has given us the healing word. He holds in his hands all things—life, death, happiness. He is kind, loving, benevolent, impartial, unchangeable. He speaketh to us as he did to our Elder Brother, and allows us the angel hand to hover over us. They are our benefactors; they warm our chilled hearts, and bring brighter days to our spirits."

CORNWELL.—Seward Mitchell says: "I write to respond to a very courteous and kind letter from Mr. E. C. Cressy, dated Sept. 9th, concerning Spiritualism and the speakers he names, and wish to say a word in behalf of Sister S. A. Rogers. If the Spiritualists of Maine allow no able speaker as Mrs. Rogers to be idle for one single day, they are not worthy to be called Spiritualists. With all due appreciation of Mrs. Field and Mrs. Wadbury, (and both are very able speakers) Mrs. Rogers is second to no speaker who has ever lectured in this part of Maine. Some people who call themselves Spiritualists dislike Mrs. Rogers because she is so radical; but such Spiritualists are a real hindrance to the cause. The worst enemies Spiritualism ever had are those who continually cry out against radicalism, or real, living, vital truth."

Iowa.—DAVENPORT.—A correspondent, "R. N." writes, Sept. 11th: "It is with much regret that we have to call attention to the burning out of house and home of Mr. P. B. Jones, photographer of this place, by which he lost all or nearly all his materials, and his furniture, and his furniture. He had but a light insurance. He was burned out in the same place four years ago, with no insurance; but his friends would not allow him to be beaten, and they gave him encouragement and assistance to go into business again. The recent disaster is a great trial to Mr. Jones, and we feel so much the more for him because we have reason to believe that it is intimately connected with his preparation for another stage of public duty, and though we are not at liberty to speak of this at present, his experience during the last few years may be given to the public at some future time. He is a highly developed Spiritualist, possessing strong magnetic and intuitive powers, and we hope to see him occupying the position his excellent faculties qualify him for. Many of his friends will remember him as an energetic worker in the spiritual ranks, and we feel sure they will render him all the encouragement they can in whatever course he pursues."

BUSH CREEK.—P. R. Scott, writes, Sept. 23d: "Seeing your notice regarding friends in the West, I am glad to hear of the progress of Spiritualism in this locality has never been as prosperous a condition as at this time. Mr. Lacton and T. Newley, two of our most able opponents, were induced to be present at a séance, and were eye-witnesses of some of the many evidences of spirit power, and before leaving the room declared that they were convinced of the reality of Spiritualism, and that they were ready to give up their old notions, and to accept of the new faith. The name of Tom Osborn, who was influenced by the spirit of an old circus performer, by the name of Tom Osborn, and created not a little surprise by turning double somersaults backwards and forwards, and other daring and dangerous feats, for which Tom was noted. Our correspondent further says that E. Cressy, O. J. C. Dalbins, and others are doing what they can to spread the new gospel."

Massachusetts.—BOSTON.—Mrs. Jennette J. Clark, having returned to this city, sends us the following note: "I am now ready to resume my labors in the missionary field as a lecturer, and to attend funerals, feeling greatly encouraged by the interest shown in the rural districts among the hills and mountains of Litchfield County, Conn. I now come forth with increased bodily strength and vigor, and hence would say to all liberal and progressive minds, stop not to inquire as to whether you can pay more than care for your rostrum and accept, during the coming winter, of a salary of \$1000, such pecuniary reward as the dear friends, feeble to impart and can readily take up on the occasion of my lectures. Let the inquiry then be, Friends, do you need the true gospel—the bread of life—dispensed in your midst? If so, I will gladly respond to you, and call anywhere within two hundred miles of Boston. Should I be unable to attend personally, then I will send a good representative of the higher spheres of light and knowledge. Thankfully, joyfully, I accepted the work ten years ago, and my soul is not less interested in surviving the cruel chains of theological superstition and despotism of to-day, and I hope with the assistance of my good guides to roll away the stone from the sad heart of many of God's dear children. I hope earnestly that all liberal and progressive minds may be instrumental in scattering far and wide the printed pages of news containing the doings of the angel world, as enunciated by the Religio-Philosophical Journal, the American Spiritualist, and especially the Banner of Light, whose Message Department sheds so much light from the inhabitants of spirit-life."

Mrs. Clark's address is 1233 Washington street. DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW MEDIUM.—S. B. Allen writes us from East Bridgewater recently, giving us the following information, which is also endorsed by Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, who is conversant with the facts: "Mrs. Geo. W. Pollock of Bridgewater, has recently become developed as a test medium and physician. Her ability to discern occurrences in the past, unknown to any human being, is truly astonishing—discovering in one instance that the death of an individual, which took place thirteen years ago, was the result of poison; and in another, where four persons in our family had died in a very sudden and mysterious manner, she said the cause was poison, a subsequent post mortem examination proving the correctness of her opinion. Her powers as a healing medium, without the aid of medicine, to remove rheumatism, stiffness of joints and limbs, and inflammation, are very wonderful. The public in her vicinity are becoming acquainted with her ability, and we bespeak for her an extensive practice, which may be for the benefit of all who call on her for advice. She will also give to those who may be favored with her acquaintance, tangible and satisfactory evidence that the life of man does not cease with the death of the physical body."

Alabama.—HUNTSVILLE.—M. Ryerson writes us from this place, under date of Sept. 18th, sending money for subscription, and stating the same had been fully given in that vicinity by the Davenport Boys. The place of meeting on each occasion was crowded. One skeptical individual being appointed by the audience to inspect the cabinet, the tying of the mediums, etc., thought it a good opportunity to test the matter thoroughly; so when the spirit hands were raised, he took a little diamond shaped aperture in front of the cabinet, and held one of them. Quick as thought the bow of the violin was pushed out, and he was violently struck across the back; the bow was quickly with-

drawn, and the metal trumpet thrown out of the article, striking the daring investigator over the left eye. The doors were thrown open and the Boys found securely tied. The "committee man" said he knew the Boys did not do the striking, for he tied them himself, but that he would kill the man who did it. If he could find him. Our correspondent then, in his motion, in his vicinity, is not quite ripe for Spiritualism, but still is a reliable lecturer and test medium could follow the Boys, a good work might result for the ultimate spread of the truth.

Vermont.—BRIDGEWATER.—Mrs. S. A. Jeamer, writing recently from this place, speaks of the great necessity for the cultivation and exercise of charity among Spiritualists. The majority of the adherents of our philosophy are sensitive, and are too apt to be at once turned to one side or the other, with reference to their views concerning their neighbors, without exercising due thought. Among other things, she finds that Spiritualists too apt to be offended with any of their faith who, for reasons best known to themselves, supply an old-school physician in cases of sickness. The circumstances surrounding the individual ought to have weight in the making up of the judgment of others. It is hard, when suffering from sickness, to be asked to do things which are not friendly, with "You don't practice what you preach," when under the circumstances, perhaps, there is no way of doing differently. Mrs. Emma Harding-Britton has (in the opinion of our correspondent), under the same custom, been unduly and unfairly criticized by Spiritualists, because, for reasons of which she should be the judge, she "dared" to be married according to the forms of the Church of England.

At the present time our correspondent is suffering from sickness, and is unable to occupy the rostrum for public speaking, which is her wonted means of support. She says: "I wonder, as I look at the little ones dependent, what is in store for them? Will they be as friendly as I am? But there is a world to console us in the thought that we have done right in the sight of God and the angels. God bless every kind hand that has been extended to me in my wanderings for humanity's sake, and every home that has sheltered my weary head." She hopes at some future time again to meet the friends of Boston, Charlestown, and other parts of Massachusetts, also at St. John, N. B. Persons interested can address her at Bridgewater, Vt.

Illinois.—COAL VALLEY.—"W. F. P." writes, Sept. 25: "I noticed in the Banner a short time since that an agent was engaged to go to the West, and in the West would be thankfully received. Having been a careful peruser of the Banner for some time, and not seeing anything in it from this part of the glorious West pertaining to the advance and spread of the Spiritual Philosophy, I thought a short notice of a meeting held in the beautiful grove near E. Cressy's residence, three miles from this place, would be of great interest to those who earnestly desire the dissemination of truth and wish its beauties known. Eleven o'clock, the hour appointed for the meeting, arrived. W. E. Cressy introduced Mrs. Lora S. Craig, late of New Hampshire. When she began to speak all was serene and still; not a sound could be heard except the words that fell from her lips and the voice of God as heard in the quivering of the leaves around the speakers' stand. She unraveled the conglomerated mass of modern theology, and showed it in its true light, and then she blessed her hearers with the holy baptism of Spiritualism. The contrast was so great and the subject so absorbing, that every mind seemed enchanted by the words of the great philosopher, and moral truths that flowed from the spiritual font that filled the chambers of her soul. The difference between her girlish innocence and the deep trance state she is in while lecturing and making the woods ring with her eloquence, strikes every one with wonder and astonishment. She is the lecturer, Dr. Hughes of Rock Island, the well-known healing medium, who has done so much for the spiritual cause, made a few brief remarks, closing by telling the audience of the 'star and feathers' he has been so often threatened with."

Many thanks are due Mr. Cressy and wife for their earnest efforts in spreading the glad tidings of great joy."

The "Scientific American" and Spiritualism. EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—In the Scientific American of Sept. 23d inst, we have a letter by P. H. Vanderweyde, on "Psychic Force," which only claims notice as being quite characteristic of the journal, and the one of its great contributors who undertakes to write down Spiritualism. Mr. V. blesses his stars that his indulgent parents provided for him "a box" with which "to perform tricks," and to which he attributes his success in science, and his ability to expose "so-called mediums."

The letter, in itself, is too silly to merit any notice; but it might be well for Spiritualists to note that it is the character of the only articles on Spiritualism that are accepted for publication in that journal, with the exception of a single notice of Mr. Crookes's observations and experiments with Mr. Home, which the editor published probably through an oversight, thinking at the time that those observations were a refutation of Spiritualism, and that he would thus summarily get rid of that, to him, very disagreeable and troublesome subject. But, unfortunately for him, the spirits will not "rest," as he predicted, and hence he allows his correspondents, who have had the advantage in their education of "a box with apparatus to perform tricks," to write them down.

Yours truly, J. E. HENDRETT. Des Moines, Ia., Sept. 23d, 1871.

\* See "Scientific American," for Aug. 12th, page 103.

COVINGTON.—J. B. Doby, M. D., writes Sept. 12th, informing us that he has just returned from a tour North and West, bringing a host of pleasant memories with him of friends met in his journeyings. He further says that everywhere he found the cause progressing, and saw the "familiar face of the Banner of Light." He organized several spiritual societies, also some having temporary funds for their work. He is in receipt of many letters from Texas, inviting him to go thither, and thinks he may go there sometime during the fall or winter. Persons or societies in his vicinity, desiring lectures on Spiritualism or temperance, and the sick who need a magnetic healer, should write him soon.

Written for the Banner of Light. LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE. BY SAMUEL GROVEN'S SPIRIT GUIDE. As the flowers of Summer perish In the Autumn's chilly breath, So our loved ones leave their mansions, Called away by beckoning death. There's a home beyond the river Never visited by death. One by one from out life's circle Pass away to that bright shore; Free from pain and care and trouble— Rest in peace forever more. We shall meet again in heaven With our loved ones gone before. Then take courage, oh bereaved one; Though the light from home has strayed, She is watching 'er your footsteps— 'Tis the form alone can fade. As you hear her angel whisper, Think ye of the promise made: "I will come again to cheer you In your lonely journey through; I will comfort, I will aid you; 'O'er 'the river' cold and blue, In the angels' home in glory, There's a place prepared for you. Walk, then, loved, a little longer, Till your mission you fulfill; Bear with trials of the mortal. For it is the Father's will. Fit thy soul on earth for heaven; Cherished one, I love you still!" Boston, Sept. 30, 1871.

It is queer that at a party the guests always grow thin after supper.

Free Thought.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—In your issue of June 24th, there appears a short article from the pen of Eliza A. Morton, in which she claims conditions and circumstances should conduce to the effect of influencing the right of woman suffrage, either pro or con, according to the amount bid by the male sex for services—thus placing woman in the market to be bought by her legal lord, if he has money enough; if not, he must yield to the lucky wight who can support her best. Our good sister has evidently not well studied the motives which have actuated and influenced her sisters in their beneficent work of reformation, and carries the idea in the limited sphere of her reasoning, that the great ultimatum to be arrived at, in this grand movement of woman's rights, would be a temporal immunity, resulting from the purchase of her vote in the market.

Learn, dear sister, that the grand struggle is for principle and liberty, unconditional, without contingencies or concessions. If suffrage belongs to a woman as a right vouchsafed by the God of Nature, because of her being a free-born American citizen, she demands it by virtue of that right, and not through concession. So tenacious were the fathers of the republic of this heaven-born blessing, that a unanimous response welled up from the bosom of every American citizen to the sentiment expressed by Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty or give me death." For this, the Nazarene lost his life, and Galileo his liberty; and she who would willingly forego this high behest, for money or position, can only be considered worthy of the pity and contempt to which she is justly subjected.

"But," says Sister Morton, "of those of my sisters from that large class who are living in luxurious dependence upon the earnings of men, I would ask, Can you show good and sufficient reasons why you should demand as a right female suffrage?" How sweet is the bread earned through honest toil! And she who lives in luxurious dependence, or a voluntary slave to the being who supports her. The gaudy butterfly is but a day, but principles live forever; and that noble being, the relic of the great Positive Mind, who is content to work without limitation for the establishment of a principle, without any expectation of fee or reward, struggling through poverty, adversity and suffering, is erecting a monument from material as imperishable as law and as lasting as time. The phantom of a day, whose light, like the moon, is borrowed, shines only by reflection; but the mind that has kept pace in growth and development with the well-kept frame and sound physical structure—made so through honest toil, and buffeted with the storms of life, like the hardy oak—only is fit for use.

Of such material, and to such, do we look for help in time of need. These are our saviours, and the saviours of their country. The most stern experiences have been their masters; they speak from knowledge, and not through faith; they are those female "Tom Paines" who were so derisively spoken of in the preamble accompanying the remonstrance to the petition on woman's rights. The play of impendable forces upon a battery well fed from the bountiful storehouse of Nature's best gifts, falls not to eliminate thoughts commensurate with the spheres; while the borrowed plumage of the supported satellite, cradled in the lap of luxury, fed upon the husks of vanity, and supported in illuision, is capable of reflecting only phantoms evolved from disordered and inharmonious conditions. Indigestion, with its train of physical and moral evils, engenders hysteria, nervous derangement, hypochondriasis and hallucinations; perverted appetite steals in clandestinely to fill the cup of bitterness; and this microcosm of the universe, this beautiful phenomenon of earth and her forces, perfected by Nature's evolution through untold ages, stands before us a stranded wreck. An untimely grave swallows up this supported wreck. Nothing has been gained—nothing lost.

If a woman is a free-born American citizen, she is such without any proscribed conditions; and she is such wholly, not in part. If she is taxed, she should be represented. No woman or man has the right to vote, hold office, or enjoy any rights vouchsafed by the constitution as a citizen, unless he or she is one. The whole matter is, then, in a nutshell. Is a woman a citizen of the United States wholly or in part? By what right, if not a citizen, shall she be taxed? Is the elective franchise hers as a heaven-born right, legitimately, by virtue of her citizenship? These are issues now pending before the people of the United States. And if those rights of woman are claimed, they must be respected, and if respected, then at once acted upon. NAOMI. Morris, Ill.

RE-INCARNATION—REPLY TO AUSTIN KENT.

BY W. H. KING.

MY WORTHY BROTHER: For your criticism of my letter on re-incarnation or pre-existence of the soul, recently, I return my sincere thanks. My only excuse for not noticing it at an earlier day, is that a pressure of business in other directions so occupied my mind, that it was not observed by me until my attention was called to it by a friend yesterday. And I hasten to reply:

"1st. You ask: 'Have animals' souls the same knowledge and freedom, and is this why they suffer?' In reply, let me state that I do not believe that the soul of the animal has intelligence, nor did it exist until called into being by the intelligence of some soul-eternal. For instance: the rose has a soul, as some have seen fit to call it, but this soul can be nothing more than the fragrance of that rose—or in other words, the refined or spiritualized matter resulting from the growth and maturity of the rose, by Nature's laws. The same results from the animal kingdom; the matter refined by the life and suffering of the animal—or spiritualized—is but matter, and in my humble opinion has been incorrectly named the soul, and is apt to mislead the mind. It would be better to call it by the name of etherialized matter, coming either from the mineral, vegetable, or animal kingdoms. All of this variety of conditions in matter was a necessity to the human condition. For instance, to be as brief as possible: The growings and convulsions of the mineral kingdom only refined a certain portion of matter, thereby producing a condition whereby life could be manifested in the vegetable kingdom; and both of these were required in order to etheralize matter so as to enable the planet to sustain animal life. And all the various conditions of the planet have been required to so far etheralize the matter of the planets that a soul-eternal could call into being a human form, and through this form give vastly higher manifestations of its intelligence than it (the eternal soul) could do in the convulsions of the mineral, the struggles of the vegetable, or the suffering of the animal.

You ask: "Is it not possible that some souls take sickly bodies from pure benevolence, and leave healthy bodies for other waiting souls?" To this I answer most positively, yes, and for this reason: If the soul is eternal, as has been previously assumed, it must also be divine; and all that is performed by it is from its benevolence—either to another soul-eternal or to all soul-eternal combined. But your condition may have been taken on for more than one or two objects. Soul-eternal (to use a homely expression) never throw a stone without killing more than one bird. You say for penury. True, my brother, viewing it from a human standpoint, but your soul-eternal, or father, knew the object to be obtained and the price to be paid in order to attain that object. If my position be correct, some soul must take on that condition. You no doubt was sufficiently strong to endure it, or it would not have taken it on. Was it not a necessity, in order to prepare the matter you have combined, to enable you to give to the world the noble and pure thoughts which are often given through your human organization of pain and sorrow?

Again, if the soul is eternal and divine, it cannot suffer; it is the human that suffers, from the inharmonious existing in the organization. But if it could, when we compare your life with eternity, it is but the smallest moment you have to suffer. Could you not suffer, even with your human knowledge, for a day, in order to do a good to some one of your fellow mortals? Your answer to this I am sure would be: Yes. Are you more liberal than that which is divine? 2d. You say, "The logical necessity is an eternal repetition of re-incarnation to each soul, and, what is worse, on about the same plane." In this, I think you mistake. Is there no variety in the human conditions? Are all of these human forms in "about the same plane"? It would seem that your own and experiences would teach a different theory. Cannot you, my brother, look back and see any progress in the human? Has no advance been made? Certainly there has. This advancement has been slow, but how steady and sure! The wheels of progress move not rapidly, but are certain to move on until the time arrives in

which soul-eternal can inhabit this little world of ours without the inconvenience of taking on human bodies as they are now taken on. The time will come when they can call from the elements all that composes the pear or any other fruit, in the space of a few moments, instead of being compelled to be a year, as at this time, in combining the elements composing the pear—instead of being obliged to resort to the blighting winds of autumn or the chilling frosts of winter, the weeping dews of spring, or the maturing and gentle breezes of summer. All that composes the pear is in the elements surrounding our planet, and much of it is the refined matter, or souls of the rose, the lily, the blade of grass, or animal life, in all its varied forms.

"3d. The infinite part of man." In this I am again misunderstood. By referring to my article you will see that I have divided man into three distinct parts, or heads; and in speaking of the soul-eternal, I use this expression, (for the want of a better one.) "And is that divine part of man, which being also infinite, knows all that it can desire to know, not only of its own being but of all other forms of life, after it has cast off the shackles of the soul mortal." By the "divine part of man," I mean that the soul-eternal, in its component parts, possesses all the divine or pure portion of the attributes of the theological God, setting aside the hatred, vengeance and wrath. "Infinite," without bounds or limits, so far as its own being is concerned—unbounded in its life, it is eternal—unlimited, for there can be none to question his acts or place a limit to them except himself. There being none his superior and none his inferior, but all being divine, therefore none can do wrong, and if no wrong is done, there can be none to question. In this I wish to be understood as speaking of the soul-eternal, independent of the human form, or the conditions of the soul mortal.

4th. I do not doubt that souls have been eternally able to manifest themselves to each other," and will go still further, and say that I do not doubt but that sometimes these eternal souls have human forms so refined that they recognize each other in the human. How many times, my brother, have you come in contact with strangers, and felt that you were as well acquainted as though you had known each other for years? May not this cordiality of feeling have been produced by the recognition of other scenes, in the ages past, by the soul-eternal of each other? I have thus, in my simple way, endeavored to make myself understood. If I have failed to do so, I will try again. South Norwalk, Conn., Aug. 15th, 1871.

Spiritual Phenomena.

REMARKABLE CASE OF "THE DOUBLE."

DEAR BANNER—There has recently come under my observation a case of healing which presents some features entirely new to me, and which may be of interest to your readers, as showing the extent to which mind, or spirit, is superior to the intervening obstacles of matter and space.

A young man, at that time boarding in this city, was taken suddenly and violently ill. The physician summoned pronounced it a severe case of lung fever and pleurisy, and advised his immediate removal to his home in a neighboring town. The family physician there was called, and agreed with the first as to the disease and the gravity of the case, and on the fourth day pronounced recovery impossible. The patient, being too weak to raise, was rapidly filling up—was breathing with great difficulty, and with constant rattling in the throat.

At this time a friend left his bedside, and, coming to Boston, called upon the lady with whom he had boarded, urging her, as a person used to sickness, to go to him, and see if something could not be done to relieve his sufferings.

She replied: "If I knew of a good clairvoyant, or healing medium, to consult first, it might do some good."

The gentleman expressed his willingness to try anything, and it resulted in their calling upon Dr. Geo. W. Keith, and requesting an examination of their friend's case.

The Doctor considered it exceedingly improbable that he could come into rapport with the patient, as they had nothing belonging to him; but, in the very act of expressing his doubts, he was seized by an influence, under which he gave an accurate description of the young man's past and present symptoms.

"Is there any hope for him?" was the eager question.

"The answer came slowly. "His friends all think he must die, and his spirit friends think so, too." Then—"wait a moment; this influence is leaving me, and another is coming. An Indian stands here now, and he says, very decidedly, he can get well."

The Doctor then manipulated his own person for over half an hour, still talking of the patient's condition.

"I am helping him by this," said he; "and he is conscious of it. He feels the relief very sensibly, and knows that I am working over him." He then told the lady to go to the sick man in the next train, giving her minute directions what to do for him, insisting that she must do it with her own hands, and the patient would recover.

Now while all this was transpiring in Boston, the sick man, ten miles away, surrounded by friends, who hourly expected him to breathe his last, declared that a man was standing by his bedside and talking about his case, repeating some of the expressions used by Dr. Keith, word for word. Soon he said that he was putting his hands upon his chest, back, &c.

"Oh! how good they feel and he is helping me," I can breathe easier. He says I can get well."

His friends—who are not Spiritualists, but extremely opposed to anything of the kind—supposed him delirious; and when the improvement became plainly visible, they said, "That was the crisis; the fever has turned."

The next morning, when Dr. Keith called, (unexpected by any of the family) he was instantly recognized by the sick man as the one who had stood by his bedside and helped him so much the day before. A week from that day the patient was out, as well as ever.

Now I have chronicled this case, not because of the remarkable cure, because that has been equaled and indeed surpassed hundreds of times in Dr. Keith's own practice, to say nothing of others, but because of the peculiar circumstances attending it. Here one man sees another, miles away from him, and of whose existence even he is ignorant, standing by his bedside, hears him speak and feels the touch of his hands, and all the time the person he sees is not unconscious, but talking to a third person.

I confess I am puzzled to reconcile this manifestation with any law or theory with which I am acquainted, and would feel obliged to any one whose superior knowledge enables them to do so, if they would offer a solution through your columns. Any one who desires may satisfy himself of the truth of these facts, and that they are in no degree "colored" or overdrawn, by calling at 196 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

Yours for truth and progress, A. E. R. Boston, Sept. 23, 1871.

P. S. Since writing the above I have submitted it to both the lady and gentleman referred to, in order to be sure that it was an accurate statement. The following note in reply speaks for itself:

"I received your letter this evening, and read it very carefully, and am happy to say I see no error. I have no objection to having it published, and, if you so wish, you can add my name and residence. Every one I see sick I shall always refer to Dr. Keith. Yours with much respect, F. P. HERRING. Newton Upper Falls, Sept. 25, 1871."



POEM OF PROGRESS.

Miss Eliza 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, \$3.00; postage 20 cents. Send your orders to W. M. WHITE & CO., 154 Washington street, Boston.

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 communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of free thought, when not too personal, but of course we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1871.

OFFICE IN THE "Parlor Building," No. 154 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

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LESTER B. WILSON, EDITOR.

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

Remarkable Manifestations at Moravia, N. Y.

Occasional brief notices of spiritual manifestations, at the house of Mr. Morris Keeler, in Moravia, Cayuga Co., N. Y., have been furnished us, in years past, by correspondents, but until within a few months they seem not to have attracted much attention except from persons residing in the near vicinity. Having had our attention recently called to the remarkable character of these manifestations, comprising the presentation to visitors of the materialized features of personal friends and acquaintances, together with audible communications from their reconstructed vocal organs—and desiring to know what degree of credit could be attached to the wonderful statements made to us, in order that our readers may be apprised of the actual progress made by the spirits in their efforts to establish communion between the two worlds, Mr. William White, one of the proprietors of the Banner, accompanied by Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, visited Moravia for that purpose.

As we purpose publishing in the next number of the Banner a lengthy and graphic description of the place, the persons and the circumstances connected with these manifestations, together with a description of what was seen and experienced by the author at several sittings, the whole forming a very accurate statement of the general character and conditions of the phenomena, written by a reporter for the New York Sun, it is not deemed worth while to write out our own somewhat extensive notes, comprising the same information.

Suffice it to say, that the general impression left upon our minds, after occupying the larger part of three days, and improving ten sittings in the investigation, was entirely favorable to the honesty and good faith of the medium, the sincerity of Mr. and Mrs. Keeler, and the value of the manifestations as illustrating the power of intelligent spiritual beings temporarily to clothe themselves with the elements of matter. A possibility seems to us demonstrated, which we trust may ripen into the fulfillment of a prophecy, there being, that the time will soon come when the invisible spirits that press closely everywhere upon these mortal shores, shall be able, in many places, to re-incarnate themselves, and for a time give to the ears and the eyes of doubting mortals even sensuous proof of man's immortality.

Our interviews with the spirits were generally had in the company of other visitors, some thirty of whom came and went during our stay, many of them having made previous visits. From some of these visitors, as well as from the medium and Mr. Keeler's family, we learned that the manifestations were not as powerful as they had been a few weeks previous. The faces were not present at the window of the cabinet as promptly, nor did they remain as long to be identified and to converse, as they had done. Testimony was volunteered by several persons, that they had distinctly recognized their friends, and been spoken to by them, at previous interviews; one gentleman stating to us, that his wife had appeared to him distinctly as before death, had called him by name, and asked if he recognized her. He had subsequently seen her there, very often, and familiarly conversed with her. But all who had been thus gratified with recognizing the faces of acquaintances, agreed that better opportunities were given them than were afforded us. In the first part of the sitting, which is held in darkness, the medium sitting with the company, lights were seen, large and small bands touched us, water was sprinkled over the company, and a powerful male voice joined in the singing. At one sitting, a small hand patted Dr. Storer upon the knee, and a voice, in a low whisper, called, "Father, father," and gave the full name of his little son, a voice, evidently that of a man, saluted us as "Bro. White," in a loud whisper—the value of both these incidents being enhanced by the fact that our names had been carefully kept from the knowledge of the medium.

In the second part of the sitting, the lamp being lit and the medium shut into the cabinet, faces appeared at the square aperture in the partition, and in two instances out of the fifteen or twenty which we saw, we were both simultaneously impressed with the resemblance of faces to those of persons whom we knew. One was of dark complexion, full beard and moustache, and certainly looked like Charles H. Crowell, late associated with us in this office. He did not speak, but made several efforts to present his features at different angles, and when asked if we were correct in our recognition, bowed an affirmative. The other was a venerable countenance, presenting hair of the whiteness of wool, the white beard trimmed short, and the features sufficiently distinct in color and outline to suggest the honored name and presence of the truly revered John Pierpont. He, too, responded in the affirmative, when his name was suggested, but it seemed impossible for him to remain long enough at the aperture to make the recognition positive and beyond doubt. Our anxiety to accomplish this, seeming to thwart the conditions, Mr. Keeler sug-

gested that something lively should be played on the piano—perhaps some dancing tune—when a voice, appearing to proceed from the dimly seen form within the cabinet, and apparently about a foot from the window, uttered a monotonous in low but firm and distinct tones: "No, my friends, those tunes will cut around you spirits of a lower class. This is serious subject." Hands were frequently seen, in two instances holding out well formed flowers. Quite a lengthy talk was addressed to us, purporting to come from Dr. Baker, formerly of Owasco, who is a frequent participant in these circles. He it was who, through the trumpet, stated that he could promise us, from positive knowledge, that manifestations similar to the present would become very general all over the world.

From our own experience alone we should not feel justified in asserting that visitors may reasonably expect to recognize their spirit friends among the fitting faces that come a moment to the light and then dissolve away into the darkness. Sometimes nothing occurs during an hour's sitting. Two of our ten sittings were entire failures. This, we are told, is not an uncommon occurrence. Hearing of several persons whose experience had been richer than ours, we have corresponded with some of them, inviting a concise statement of what they have witnessed, for publication in the Banner. In response we are privileged to present this week a letter from a medical gentleman of fine intelligence and entire reliability, residing in the vicinity of New York City, and the author of that excellent little pamphlet advertised and recently noticed in the Banner, entitled "The Claims of Spiritualism."

BROOKLYN, Sept. 28th, 1871. DEAR SIR—Yours of the 21st inst. is at hand, and as I have a few hours leisure, I will answer your letter at once, and do so with much pleasure, as I feel it a duty to add my testimony to that of others in making known the wonderful proofs of spiritual intercourse and presence which are daily being given, through Mrs. Andrews, at Moravia, Cayuga County, N. Y.

Having seen a letter from a gentleman who had just made a visit to this medium, in which some remarkable occurrences were related, I determined to visit her myself, and arrived at Moravia June 6th, 1871. I found myself in a plain farmhouse, half a mile from the town, with a large and healthy, a plain farm, but with well cultivated hard work, with no children, and the medium, now a married woman, with three young children, residing in the town. Her husband is a steady, uneducated working-man. As soon as I arrived, my host, Mr. Keeler, sent for Mrs. Andrews; and when she arrived I was introduced to a woman about 40 years of age, with large pale blue eyes, fringed with long black lashes, good features, with a modest, serious look. She expressed her willingness to give me a sitting, and I was conducted to an upper room, which was dedicated to spiritual manifestations. This room was furnished with half-a-dozen chairs and a piano. One side was partitioned off with plain boards, enclosing a space the length of that side of the room, by perhaps five feet in depth. I asked permission to inspect the room, and also the portion enclosed, which was freely granted. After examining everything in and about the main room, I entered the partitioned space or cabinet, which was intensely dark, the medium being covered with new-made black cloth, and a bright coal-oil lamp and carefully inspected every inch of wall, partition, ceiling and floor, using my eyes, fingers and knife, and continued this examination alone until I became satisfied, when I left the cabinet.

At that sitting there were present Mr. and Mrs. Keeler, Mr. and Mrs. H., two other gentlemen, myself—all but the former two being visitors, like myself. We were seated in a semi-circle, facing the cabinet, in the middle of the partition of which was a square opening, perhaps fourteen inches in diameter, covered by a black cloth curtain suspended from the inside. The medium entered the cabinet by a door, and sat herself on a chair placed in a corner. The door was then secured with two buttons by Mr. Keeler. The coal-oil lamp was placed in a corner of the main room, upon the piano, and nearly in contact with the partition, and a screen placed before the lamp, so that the light from the window, but the full glare of the light was thrown sideways upon the partition, rendering every part of this latter luminous, so that any object which projected from the little opening, or window, caught the full effect of the lamp.

I have been thus particular in the description of the arrangements of the rooms, &c., because much depends upon a proper understanding of the surroundings in these sittings; but space will not permit me to be equally specific in relating what there occurred, as my notes of my sittings during this and my subsequent visit would, if copied, fill perhaps four sides of the Banner of Light. I shall, therefore, only refer to a few points of interest, among the many, here recorded.

I will digress once more, and say that upon my first visit to that part of the country had no previous knowledge of me; that I had purposely left my card-case at home; that I announced myself as a person desirous of witnessing the phenomena through the medium—gave no name—and that not a question was asked me relating to myself or habitation. After sitting a few minutes, suddenly an arm was thrust from the opening. It was clothed with the sleeve of a night-dress. The hand was that of a female, plump, with taper fingers. The lady visitor present inquired if the spirit had any friend present, when the forefinger pointed to me. I inquired whether she was my friend, and the son I was then thinking of, when the hand waved up and down three times, accompanied with raps. It occurred to me that the medium herself might do all this, and I requested her to withdraw her arm and again present it in a black silk sleeve. It immediately disappeared, and in less than a minute reappeared, clothed with black silk. I will here add that, after the sitting, at my request the medium showed me her hands, and they presented in full degree the usual effects of hard labor, viz., enlarged finger ends and knuckles, and bearing little resemblance to the hand exhibited. The hand then vanished, and was followed by the appearance of five little hands ranged along and above the lower edge of the opening, every finger in motion, the little hands to the wrists plainly in view, and in addition two tiny fingers peeping from the upper corner, representing the sixth hand. The hands differed in size, from those of an infant to those of a child four years old. These hands, like the arm previously seen, were, if possible, more visible than my own in strong light. The fingers seemed to be more particularly directed toward me, and upon my asking if they were those of my children, the hands were all directed toward me with a waving motion. I will here add that six of my children have passed from earth-life, ranging in age from six weeks to four years.

After this appeared the face of a man of dark complexion and with full whiskers—at the time I did not recognize him—also the face of a woman not so clearly seen. At the next sitting an arm appeared, pointing to the gentleman present, which was recognized by him. Then the same arm appeared, and appeared to me before, again appeared. Upon one of her fingers was a plain black ring. I inquired where she got the ring, when she pointed with an unsteady motion to me, and upon my asking if my son gave it to her, she twirled her fingers rapidly as answering yes. Here the medium, in a low voice, inquired whether we did not hear her speaking and upon our answering no, she said, "The spirit tried to talk, but I only heard the name Charles." I have a son of that name, who some years since amused himself in cutting rings out of rubber buttons and presenting them to different members of the family, two of which are yet worn by the sisters of the spirit whose arm was visible; one also was presented to her while living. At this sitting a number of spirit voices were heard addressing different members of the circle; most of them were husky and somewhat unnatural, but one or two were entirely natural. At another sitting the same female arm again appeared, the fingers nearly covered with rings studded with precious stones. One of her hands, set on the wrist, also set with diamonds and other stones, all flashing and sparkling equal to any-

thing in our life. I asked if that was her hand as she decorated by in earth-life, when immediately the hand disappeared and reappeared with the plain black ring as seen before. I then inquired if the jeweled hand was as she had it now decorated, when the hand so jeweled again was presented, and I waved three times in reply. At my last sitting during this visit, I proposed that we should have a dark séance, and the medium, another lady, and myself entered the room and seated ourselves—the lady and myself side by side, and the medium opposite to and apart from us perhaps six feet. In a few minutes the floor trembled strongly, and violent concussions were heard on the cabinet partition. This was followed by raps, raps, and raps, and one of these, which approached me, expanded into the form of a human face, but not distinct. Soon I saw a spirit-form approaching me, then numerous other forms, until the room appeared full of them in gentle gliding motion. They were nearly all female in gender, and close together as possible became so distinct that I saw the body from the shoulders to the waist, as clearly as that of any person in earth-life. It was that of a female dressed in a white dress, every fold and plait of which was visible, and had it remained a minute more, I could have distinguished the features of her face. I then saw the lady next me said the spirits were raising her left arm, and we all saw an infant form placed upon her arm, while another full sized form stood between the lady and myself, inclining forward, and appeared to be the one arranging the baby form in the lady's arms.

Many acts of recognition were given, mostly of a private nature, which cannot with propriety be here given. August 30, 1871, I again visited the same medium in company with my wife. The same arm again appeared, and shortly after the face of the same person, which we recognized to be that of a young man, who was recognized as possibly appeared during our visit. She addressed my wife by name, and we held conversation with her as freely as when she was in earth-life. These conversations referred to relatives and things, showing familiarity with our domestic affairs. My only brother, deceased some thirty years since, was recognized as possibly recognized him by his resemblance to me. He spoke of various relatives now in spirit-life. I inquired if my father were present? when a hand was laid upon my head, the fingers tapping my forehead three times. Two arms were thrust out the opening, with the palms of the hands placed together, and the fingers of these were clasped together, and the hands were clasped in a lively manner, and upon Mr. Keeler saying, "That is your daughter," C— said, "No, I am her sister." Soon a strong masculine voice said through the opening, "How do you do? I come to see you and let you know I come." I recognized the voice, but said, who is the spirit speaking? then he continued, "Why, you ought to know that. One day you were here, and I said was? and he answered, "Oh, he is some better." Then addressing my wife by name, he added, "E—, I will fix you some more medicine at Dr. Slade's when you come back." I inquired whether this place was not a favorable place for spirit manifestations? when he answered, "Yes, it is a favorable place, but I have never seen any one should go to my Dr. Slade for medicine." I then asked if he would present my compliments to Dr. Slade, and told him to remember my having done so when I next saw him. He answered, "Yes, I will tell him." I then asked if many of our friends were there, and he said, "I guess you'd think so, if you were here, and I would like to see you. Bidding us good-by, and adding that the influence was used up, he left.

I have omitted saying that, previous to my leaving New York for Moravia, I called upon Dr. Slade and requested O— to manifest himself to us there; and it is proper to here state that upon my return I again visited Dr. Slade and inquired if he would present my compliments to Mrs. Slade, and he answered, "Oh, he is some better." Then addressing my wife by name, he added, "E—, I will fix you some more medicine at Dr. Slade's when you come back." I inquired whether this place was not a favorable place for spirit manifestations? when he answered, "Yes, it is a favorable place, but I have never seen any one should go to my Dr. Slade for medicine." I then asked if he would present my compliments to Dr. Slade, and told him to remember my having done so when I next saw him. He answered, "Yes, I will tell him." I then asked if many of our friends were there, and he said, "I guess you'd think so, if you were here, and I would like to see you. Bidding us good-by, and adding that the influence was used up, he left.

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dition of Spiritualists, stepped from the cars on her way to the Keeler mansion. In accordance with her promise to give us the result of her visit, we have received the following letter:

DEAR SIR—I make haste to redeem my promise in regard to the manifestations. I do not need to explain the situation of the room, or the manner of obtaining the communications. You have been there, and know. My first sitting was with the Syracuse party. We saw floating light; heard raps; voices joined in the singing, and a few faces were seen, but too insubstantial to be recognized.

At the next sitting we all saw faces and forms very distinctly. An old lady, whose hair was white as wool, came to the window and bowed to me. I did not know her, but a voice, calling me by name, said, "That is your grandmother." Another spirit, who seemed to know all my gongs and doings, spoke to me of things personal. The medium, in fact, no one in the room—knew anything of me beyond my name. A gentleman at my side was addressed by a spirit. We heard the words distinctly, but the face we could not see. Like another doubting Thomas, he wanted a sign.

"What will you do if a sign was asked." "Bring me a fair girl's hand was outstretched, holding a cameo pin. "It is Mary! I am satisfied," was the gentleman's remark. At the third sitting the voices were low and the faces very indistinct.

At the fourth sitting the curtain was raised, and spirits stood before us just as real as in life. Among them came my grandfather, Dr. John Hall. He looked me in the face, bowed, and turned about and walked away. Then Dr. Loomis, an old friend, stood before me. In wonder I cried out, "Why, Gilbert, is that you?" He put out his hand, and then, in a clear, distinct voice, said, "I am glad to see you. Are you well?" With the last word the speaker faded from sight. Dr. Loomis, though young, wore glasses in life, and came to me spectacled yesterday. A spirit came to a gentleman, and calling him by name, said, "I thank you, sir, heartily, for helping me and my family when we were in need." The gentleman, who was recognized by the gentleman, said, "The Germans are lovers of flowers. Will they not bring us some?" A hand was thrust out holding roses and pinks. Water was dashed in our faces and over our clothing. But there was no water in the room, and the flowers, as they were, were in the singular. One voice, clear and strong, sang every word of "Old John Brown's soul is marching on." "Skeptics may ask was it not one of us singing? No; no such singer belongs to our company.

Mrs. B.'s husband came, took her by the hand, and said in soft tones, "Elizabeth, I am not dead, but I am here, and I will be with you again in this beautiful land." Mrs. B. had not till then remembered that this was the anniversary of her husband's death. No one besides them could have known the fact. Mrs. G. and her little boy came to-day to see husband and father. Mr. G. came and told the loved ones his care long and hope regarding them. Master Charlie, in the full joy of his young heart, cried out, "I can see my father; he knows me too!"

This morning I sat with two ladies—sat between them. A young man came to Mrs. C. and said: "My own dear mother, I am so glad to see you! You will not forget the poor, the poor, the poor, the poor, the poor!" A young woman came to Mrs. W. and said: "I am Olivia, your sister, and I am so glad of this opportunity of speaking." Both ladies were widows; both had loving words from their husbands. A spirit stood behind me, with both hands on my head. At the same time my sister Mary put her hand in mine and said, "My dear sister, I am here, and I have been with you in your years of shadow and sunshine." A voice called out to me and said: "Mrs. Brown, I have a favor to ask of you. My name is Roger Burkley. I want you to write to the Banner of Light, and say that Mr. Taylor, of Toronto, Canada, wanted me to communicate through the medium. I have been there, but the crowd was so great that my chance was slim. Tell Mr. Taylor that some of the communications were mine, others were not." I knew nothing of these persons, but trust that Mr. Burkley's words will reach his friend.

I shall remain a few days longer, and may obtain other communications, but I am fully convinced that the windows of heaven are wide open, but the why and how I do not know.

Truly, H. F. M. BROWN.

Next week we shall occupy several columns of our paper with the very minute and spirited account of what a professional reporter learned concerning these mysterious performances, and what baffled and perplexes him still.

A. B. Whiting.

Our readers have ere this perused, with sadness for themselves and a calm and subdued thankfulness for him who is enfranchised from the trials of earth, the information of the translation of this gifted and indefatigable laborer. We are in receipt of a private letter from R. Augusta Whiting, his sister, under date of Albion, Mich., Sept. 20th, from which we desire to make the following extracts:

"My brother had been in feeble health for about a year, but filled his engagements up to July; since which time he has been at home, under imperative orders to rest a long time. He seemed improving, and, Sept. 31, was able to ride two miles to a grove meeting, where he spoke a few words and improvised a short poem for the last time. The next day, having laid down as usual after dinner, he complained of sickness; he then said that he felt better, but in a few minutes exclaimed, 'It seems to me I never felt so bad in my life!' and died in my arms almost before any one else could reach the room. \* \* \* In his last address he said, 'To this cause I have given seventeen years of the best of my life, and I do not regret it.' Youth, strength and life he gave freely until all were exhausted in the work. It is hard for the mother and sister left lonely upon earth to say 'I am well,' but thanks to the blessed knowledge of his continued love and presence, and the abundant sympathy of kind friends all over the land, who send us loving words for his sake, we are not comfortless. When he shall have gained strength to give and I calmed to receive from him some instructions which his dear old mother and sister are giving on earth, I hope to be able to prepare for his going, and MSS. a history of his life, wonderful mediumistic experiences and public labors."

The Society of Spiritualists at Port Huron, Mich., passed the following resolutions Sept. 10th, in respect to the memory of A. B. Whiting:

Resolved, That the physical body of A. B. Whiting has yielded to the ravages of disease, and the beautiful soul that once animated it has taken its flight to a purer climate and a higher life, be it therefore Resolved, That this society have always entertained the highest regard for his talent and appreciation of his mother and sister, and that in his transition, the cause of Spiritualism has sustained an irreparable loss.

Resolved, That the Spiritual Society of Port Huron, Mich., do hereby tender to his bereaved mother and sister an expression of our sympathy and heartfelt regret.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his mother and sister, and that the spiritual press be requested to publish the same. J. S. NEWELL, Pres. S. D. PACE, Sec. pro tem.

Illness of Rev. W. R. Alger.

The Rev. Mr. Alger has been in Europe since last June, but was expected home the first of October, to resume his meetings at Music Hall, Boston. Instead of his appearance, a despatch came stating that he was seriously ill in Paris. A later telegraphic despatch has been received, which states that he has been examined by Dr. Brown-Beyard, who pronounces him hopelessly insane. He will be placed in the charge of two attendants, who will accompany him home. This is sad news to his many friends in this city. Mrs. Alger will not go to Paris, as was at first proposed.

Free Meetings a Success—An Audience of 3000!

Last Sunday afternoon the Spiritualists of this city recommenced their meetings in Music Hall, with free admission. The hall was filled with an audience of nearly three thousand seated, while many others were obliged to stand. The experiment of free meetings has proved a complete success from the very start. This looks as though Spiritualism is dying out in Boston "in the right way."

At quarter to three precisely, Mr. Lewis B. Wilson (who has managed these meetings successfully for several years past) made his appearance on the platform, as chairman, accompanied by Mrs. Emma Harding, the lecturer, and the choir, consisting of Miss Loud, Miss Thomas, Messrs. Metzger and Turner. This was Mrs. Harding's first appearance here since her return from Europe. During the entire services the immense audience were remarkably quiet, and paid the deepest attention to the lecture, as well as to the beautiful strains of the choir, which performed its part in an artistic manner. Though laboring under a severe cold, Mrs. Harding was efficient for the occasion, and went through with her able discourse triumphantly. Her subject was "The Religion of the Divine Humanity." As we have the lecture reported in full, we will not attempt to give a synopsis at this time. Mrs. Harding will continue her lectures every Sunday afternoon during this month.

The next day the press generally, except the Journal, made favorable mention of the meeting. The Post said: "SPIRITUALIST FREE MEETINGS AT MUSIC HALL.—Twenty-seven hundred people assembled at Music Hall Sunday afternoon, to listen to the opening lecture of the course by Mrs. Emma Harding-Britten. Her subject was 'The Religion of the Divine Humanity.' The ideas advanced by the speaker evidently met the approval of her audience, as did every word she uttered. Mrs. Harding is said to speak here during October."

But the Journal did not deem so large an assemblage of respectable people worthy of notice in its columns, because they were not of the Orthodox persuasion. This course was probably actuated by the supervising editor, who, we noticed by a paragraph in that paper not long since, is a member of an Evangelical Committee appointed to devise measures to put a stop to the "growing infidelity of the age"—which means simply disbelief in theological creeds and dogmas. Meritorious as he may consider the work, we think he will find it a "big job"—one that will most likely exhaust the energies of the committee long before it makes any visible progress. Meanwhile the believers in spirit-communion will continue to increase in numbers daily, and religious liberty will triumph over religious intolerance and bigotry.

The So-Called "Psychic Force."

We are in receipt of numerous letters treating upon the newly discovered (?) force announced by our scientific friends "over the water." The position at first assumed by the investigators—and that which the great world of skeptics so greedily seized upon—is capitally sketched by a correspondent, Carl Harter. Wouter Van Twiller—surnamed "the doubter"—he says, gained a great reputation for knowledge and incapability of being imposed upon, by a solemn, mysterious shake of the head and a muttered "I have my doubts about the matter," whenever a new question was propounded. So with scientists, who have smoked and doubted for all these years, and have gained a great repute among men by their reticence. He says the various hypotheses of "slight-of-hand," "humbug," "psychology"—self or otherwise—have vanished before the tests of truth; now the spirit-phenomena are declared to be the result of soul power or mind power: "but whether that soul or mind is in a mortal body or not will perhaps be determined within the present century."

"Wonderful psychic power! a table suspended in mid air; an accordion is played; a pencil writes intelligent sentences; and all without contact with mortal hands, and under circumstances which make machinery impossible; and the question arises, What is the cause? 'Why,' says the common mind, 'the making of music, the writing of an intelligent sentence, are things that can only be done by a human being; there is no other power that can do these things, and since the hand and flesh did not prevail in this case, it must have been done by a human being without a hand of flesh—a spirit.' 'Not so,' says science; 'he elient when wisdom speaks; this medium thought write, and the pencil wrote.'"

Pleased with what has been accomplished, and with the bravery of such learned men as Crookes and Huggins, our correspondent desires them to go further in their investigations, to give their results honestly to the world, and he has no fears of the end.

A Line from William White.

The senior partner of this establishment is at present on a visit to the West. A private note received from him under date of "Albion, Mich., Sept. 24th," contains the following:

"I arrived here last Friday, and feel already much better in health for the change of climate. We have had fair weather up to this date, but now it is raining, and the lumbermen hope it will rain sufficiently to raise the streams, that they may get the balance of their logs down to the mills. I find the city has much improved since I was here last August. There is in process of building a large hotel, situated on the lake shore. The house is to be furnished throughout in the best possible manner, which will make it, when ready for use, equal to any in the country.

Steamboats now leave Bay City at one o'clock, and arrive here the next morning. The Steamboat Company are building an iron steamer to run the same route by day, coming and going with the trains at Bay City, which will save nine hours time in reaching Detroit.

Lumber has advanced two dollars per thousand feet this year; consequently, lumbermen are preparing to cut a larger amount of logs than last season. At this place alone there have been manufactured about fifty million feet. It will take about a year, at the rate they slaughter timber here, to use up all the pine in Michigan. I wonder that Eastern men, who have learned how to economize in the cutting of timber, do not come here with their capital. It seems to me that the rise on standing timber must be, in the nature of things, from ten to fifteen per cent. each year, on money invested in the present prices of woodland. Clapboards are manufactured here, and shipped to Barrie, thence direct to Portland, Me. So you see that Michigan is furnishing lumber for the 'Old Pine State.'"

When fourteen years ago I visited this place, I was landed from a little sailboat, which was chartered at Thunders Bay Island. At that time we found one log hut here, where the men who cleared some ten acres the winter before boarded. Now the place is a chartered city, with between three and four thousand inhabitants, five churches, a police court, and all the paraphernalia of a large city."

THE PRESENT AGE.—We learn by the announcement in the Present Age, of Saturday, Sept. 30th, that a new project is about to be set on foot by its publishers, and that henceforth that paper will be issued both in New York City and Chicago. The announcement further says that Mr. E. S. Wheeler, late one of the editors of the American Spiritualist, will be the general business agent for New York and all the Eastern States, with his headquarters at 44 Broad street, New York City.







Banner of Light. THE WEST.

Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor. Office at his Spiritual Reform and Liberal Bookstore, 614 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

In the opening of this new religious dispensation all eyes and ears were turned to the phenomena...

One great fundamental error of the scientists has been permanently corrected, viz., that mind is the effect or result of organization.

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PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

Joseph Beare, of Chester, Ill., says the cause is not dead in that part of Illinois, although they seldom have lectures on Spiritualism.

Dr. E. G. Goodwin, extensively known among Spiritualists as an active and progressive spirit, who will not let the waters stagnate where he is, has moved into St. Louis, from his Kirkwood farm, and opened a healing and remedial institution, where he intends to treat and cure those who fall to get cured elsewhere.

Our esteemed friend and fellow citizen, J. H. Garver, has just returned from his first trip to Boston, highly gratified with his visit to the Free Circle, and in the Banner office, and wishes us to return his thanks to those he met there, for kind attentions.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

A spirited discussion is going on in some religious papers over the advent of Christ's kingdom, which was to begin at his second coming, and the question is whether he did come and set up his kingdom during the lifetime of the generation that stood around him when he announced it to take place before they all tasted death.

could tell then, or at this late day, whether the events transpired or not. One point is quite sure, viz., that if it was set up it has been overthrown by the universal Babel that has reigned since, and especially in the Roman Church and empire.

A MISTAKE.

A. M. Champion, of Rochester, N. Y., who is just opening his eyes to real life in the spirit-world, and who was said to be worth several millions of dollars at his death, left one half his estate to the American Bible Society to help to support its drosses in a business about as good as dishonest, and only one thousand dollars to one woman, and the remainder to the Presbyterian Society for Foreign Missions, a cause as little deserving as the Bible Society.

TABLES TURNED.

Mayor Hall, of New York, who three years ago was engaged in an effort with other Atonist and pious men in prosecuting Mummer for alleged swindling, and who signally failed in all but their own meanness, has now more than he can do to clear himself from similar charges of fraud and deception, if it can be called by as respectable a name, and that, too, on a gigantic scale, which is likely to reach into the millions.

GOOD TO TAKE.

Old Theology Turned Upside Down. By Rev. T. B. Taylor. Better send us \$1.10 and get a copy by mail, and convert your pious neighbors from the Methodist errors, which he has corrected after most thoroughly and searchingly examining them.

LECTURE NOTICE.

All who are willing to assist in paying rent for a hall for lectures, in St. Louis, the coming winter, are requested to hand in their contributions for the first three months' rent at our store, 614 North 5th street, before October 8th, as the friends desire to have them commence as early in October as practicable, it being decided to have regular lectures during the winter.

WARREN CHASE & CO.

WISCONSIN PEBBLES.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

A slow-coach-car on a railroad is a torment. To relieve the monotony, I begged the conductor to let me run ahead and get some apples. "That would be stealing," was his response. "This railroad is honest!" Oh, yes, I know that, for the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Co. grant half-fare tickets to Orthodox ministers, but not to me, a Spiritualist missionary!

At Portage City, on the 25th ult.; the trio here—Dr. Dunn, Mattie Parry and "patient J. O. B."—remained a few hours at the good home of Bro. and Sister Race, where we found a sick daughter—a medium. The doctor administered healing. Everywhere is a chance to do good. No need of waiting the opportunity for that.

Night—at Kilbuck City, situated in a most romantic river-locally—a city which the Lord has turned over to the Orthodox. Some places angels cannot visit, the mental atmosphere is so thick with theological fog. Here Bro. Samuel Montross greeted us so cordially, all fatigue fled. How much of rest there is in a good soul! Through the woods now, sixteen miles, over sand and wood, sweet starry sky overhead. In the wilds of Nature one feels the nearest God. More room here for the soul to be embosomed on the divine heart. Where now? At Bro. Montross's farm home, among the trees of a fine nursery—hills beyond, valleys before, flowers filling all the air with fragrance. How one's mind drinks and expands and rests!

Saturday morning, the 25th. Rode through the town, a promising point soon to be reached by a railroad. The people stared, for the "spiritual lecturers need inspecting!" Whether it was our dignified look, or a genuine inquiry after the truth, that caused the stare, it is not for me to tell. At any rate, they came out to hear these "Johns in the wilderness of Reidsburg." What a beautiful grove in full bloom of leaf, beside a still stream, lily-clothed! The friends had selected a side-hill for the audience, scooped out on purpose for us, in form of a scenic amphitheatre, enabling the speakers to behold the whole groups of eager people at one glance. Mr. and Mrs. Ellenwood, with Mr. Northling and Bro. Montross, constructed flower wreaths and arches festooned to the oak trees, containing such mottoes as "Let us have truth," "Death is immortal life," "It does move; and circling over the speakers' stand, in gorgeous colored flowers, was the significant motto: "The problem of the nineteenth century."

That promiscuous gathering was candid, intelligent, inquiring, and very courteous. Brother Montross, born in the manger of Quakerism, thence emancipated into the free light of the angels' gospel—a man of the brain and beautiful life—gave utterance to his soul-joy. There for years he had stood alone, breathing the storm of scorn for his truth, sowing seed in the cold, watering it with tears, fostering it in silent prayer; and now he discovered the springing and the blossoming. Truly, it was one golden step to heaven to behold the gratitude and soul-peace of this good man; and how precious did our hearts only religion loom up in the faithful effort! It gave the sweet key-note to the musical inspiration of this ever-to-be-remembered grove meeting. Bro. H. M. Higbee, of Delton, serving as chairman, managed with dignity. Nettie Hazelton, of Richland County, was the modest secretary, reporting the best part of "the soul" of the meeting. Her husband, Harlow, a student, assisted "Nettie" in the enchanting music to which these very trembling leaves seemed to listen. This is a "home choir" from the rustic wilds of Western Wisconsin. I shall venture to

give it an appropriate name—the "Wisconsin Spiritualists." Did you ever eat dinner in the woods? They ate better there. Why is it? Do the grass, trees, flowers, and chirping squirrels magnetize the rich feast—such as all had there? I wish once a week everybody could eat a meal out of doors, and sleep o' nights on hemlock or cedar boughs. I tell you—no more eating daintily, selecting the food with a cautious care, saying, "I have the dyspepsia!" and like a shiver of lightning a thought flashed on my brain: "Feel dainty, think dainty, eat dainty; fear to eat what your appetite craves, and you will be dainty, puny, dyspeptic. Why, man, eat with a soul, be energetic, laugh, enjoy your food, and disease will depart."

will let Father Montross tell the rest of the story of this uplifting meeting, as published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal: "On Sunday morning, after conference, J. O. Barrett, who carries the interests of Wisconsin Spiritualism on his broad and able shoulders, gave a thrilling lecture on the motto over his head, 'The Nineteenth Century,' which flowed wave after wave over the audience, baptizing it into devotional feeling for the great, the noble and the true. He showed conclusively that the grand problem of the age was to solve spirit communion, and he brought home with proof that it was spirit communion, and not a physical body, and that the communion of the living with the loved ones gone before was the greatest of all earthly consolations."

In the afternoon Dr. Dunn canvassed the objections to Spiritualism. He answered the accusations of critics and slanderers with a masterly and humorous manner. His comparisons and illustrations were cleverly directed, that spiritual truths shone out in all their glowing beauty, while the objections seemed silly and frivolous if not contemptible, magnetizing the audience into spells of admiration, devotion and mirth. "He was followed by Mrs. Parry, whose text was 'Fidelity of the Angels.' It was handled in a masterly manner, showing conclusively that the infidelity of one day was the devotion and fidelity of another, in the discovery of science and progress in religion, and that the ruling churches never produced or sustained a solitary progressive step in the march of progressive religion."

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At the hour pointed, the hall in the evening was promptly filled, for it had been announced that Dr. Dunn would speak of 'The Nazarene—Who was he? What was he? Whence came his power?' And with all the boasted 'love of Jesus' that I ever heard from an Orthodox standpoint, I never heard so beautiful a description of his life, so entirely true, so pure, so much to be admired. He said: "Go back with me to the mountains of Judea. Seat yourselves on the ground at midnight, in its stillness, and listen to the flap of the angel's wing as he comes to bring the glad tidings of great joy. And thus he made us feel as though we were there, and following his teachings, his trials and persecutions, to the cross, and then dejected the atonement, as Christians explain it, to be one of the most productive engines of liberation for the human race that ever existed. His injustice was illustrated by many parallels of punishing the innocent for the guilty."

I must not forget to say that the audience were delighted with the sweet music discoursed to them by Miss Nettie Hazelton, her father and sister, throughout the meeting. "Bro. Parry gave an invocation, and the meeting ended."

MANCHESTER, ILL., ON THE 2D AND 3D OF SEPTEMBER.

One of the old veteran points of Spiritualism. Here are the Elliess, the Manleys, Daniels, Bennetts, Wymans, &c. They are among the substantial of this region. The spiritual cause has passed through many adversities, and yet the fire must burn till all the alloy is purged away, and what is left is the gold line in the chain of fellow-ships. The Lyceum, of many years' standing, is still a living institution. Bless the angels for this descent of instruction from their educational circles in the spirit-life. Mrs. Parry has labored here, and at Beloit, for several months, with happy results. She is a growing and noble light. Her expression on this occasion was of a high and reformatory order. Bro. E. W. Stevens spoke with point and energy, and is another rising star in Wisconsin. Several had words of encouragement: "the cloud on the missionary" is a rainbow. Bro. U. S. Hamilton, of Beloit, was Chairman of the meeting, and happily did he preside. Bro. Cummings, a dear, sensitive brother, gave an improvised and thrilling poem. The Manchester choir is a heavy artillery of melody, lifting us there with power of soul in commingling voices. Col. Wislowlaw entertained us all with fervor and strength. His mediocrity is superior.

"I thank!" was the cry of the Nazarene on the ground. How many of us repeat it! Where and how is the living water? Innocence of purpose, modesty of spirit, tenderness of affection, fidelity in justice, confidence in each other, love that knows no dissembling, aspiration to overcome self, soul-culture and growth—these are the springs that will refresh the desert!

GENESEE, WIS., SEPT. 2TH AND 10TH.

The last grove meeting of the season, quickened into life by Bro. E. W. Stevens. At this point and time, as well as other points in this region, Bro. Stevens has worked for months. He is beloved among all the people, and wears well, as a seed-sower and cultivator. Bro. Ellis, chairman, and Sister Augusta Loomis, secretary, were happily chosen. Bro. S. touched the key-note, charity, and all those ardent souls responded to the prayers of souls under them. It was a most heavenly meeting. Loving and smiling, and burning words of truth leaped from their lips, from angels down, from human souls outward, and "a glory shone all around." Never was there a happier and more ennobling meeting held in Wisconsin. We shall all of us cherish the memories of those angels' visits in that clean grove on those fall days. A hundred years hence on the other side, we will talk about them with tears of joy. Sister Stillman Severance was also present, speaking with power and inspiration, as did all the rest. Here we met the Waukesha friends—White, Phillips, Holbrook, and others—also Brother and Sister Dodge, of Palmyra, leaders and successful in their efforts to relieve the sorrowing inlaid to disease. Everywhere Dr. Dodge is highly spoken of as a physician. He and his psychometric wife are soon to visit Iowa State—the towns of Des Moines, Iowa Falls, &c. Blessings go with them. Dr. Severance interested us with his practical words. Sister Taylor, wife of the ascended apostle, Bro. Taylor—who years ago scattered the precious seed in souls East and West—had words of experienced wisdom. There are angels in such homes as bear the names of Balcom, Steel, Norris, Ellis. Are they not "written in the Lamb's Book of Life?" I mean, in the affections of the benevolent and true? And Elder's beyond for the faithful. Courage, oh ye apostles. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Acknowledgment.

Our invalid brother, Joseph Baker, sends us the following card of acknowledgment to those friends who have helped him in his hour of distress: "I have received the following donations to assist me in my destitute condition: Anson Rogers, Mayor of Janesville, \$2.00; A gentleman of Marshfield, Mass., \$1.00; W. F. McFee, Lebanon, N. H., \$1.00; Mrs. A. W. King, Rockford, Ill., \$1.00; Mrs. B. P. Frost, Florence, Iowa, (formerly of Delavan, Wis.), \$2.00. I thank these persons all. "Friends in need are friends indeed." JOSEPH BAKER, Janesville, Wis., Sept. 23, 1871.

Justice is a sham in our courts; mercy has long since yielded her face to a modes of punishment are a disgrace to the humanity of the nineteenth century.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

WESTERN LOCALS, Etc., REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

THE YEAR-BOOK FOR 1872.

We have glanced at a portion of the MSS. of this forthcoming work. The general style of the book will be the same as last year's issue, though there will be but few essays of any great length. Among the contents of the "Year-Book of Spiritualism for 1872" will be found interesting biographical sketches of Prof. De Morgan, Rev. John Pierpont, Prof. Hare, and other eminent personages—which sketches will give detailed accounts of the methods of investigation used by these distinguished searchers for truth, in their analytical study of Spiritualism. A lengthy chapter of facts relating to the identification of spirit friends will appear, which will be very interesting to all readers. These facts have been gleaned from the spiritual press and other sources during the past year. Then there will also be found in the "Year-Book" a complete list of all the works ever issued on modern Spiritualism. This list has been gotten up by great amount of labor; it is arranged alphabetically, and, to the student, is invaluable. Hudson Tuttle will have an essay on "Preexistence and Re-incarnation," arguing against both doctrines. Mr. Peebles has returned from Europe with a large amount of "matter" for the "Year-Book."

This publication will appear early in the fall. The sales this year will quadruple those of the former issue, we are confident. And for the reason that people have learned that the "Year-Book" contains a vast amount of valuable information relative to the progress of Spiritualism in this country, and in Europe and the Old World. The details concerning Spiritualism in foreign parts, in last year's issue, were especially interesting. This year, all these details will be more perfect, and each succeeding issue of the "Year-Book" will be more and more polished, methodical and complete. Wonders, in the domain of information, were accomplished last year. Reader, have it a settled conviction in your mind to purchase one or more copies of the "Year-Book of Spiritualism for 1872."

BUSINESS!

How people who believe in the grand philosophy of Spiritualism can manage to get along without a Spiritualist weekly journal, we cannot imagine! Some say, "I know all about Spiritualism. I don't care to read your Banner of Light!" You know all about Spiritualism? We take off our hat to all such persons; we bow before them—only we do not. Questioning such boasters, as to their methods of investigation, etc., they will generally tell you with surprising simplicity that "they attended a séance once!"

This is not an exaggeration. We have met several of that class during our travels. It is lamentable, such a state of things! But what shall we do? Why, talk on, solicit subscribers for the Banner of Light! It is justifiable to torment this boasting, wisecracking, all-knowing class, with the cry, "Subscribe for the Banner of Light!" We are gaining quite a reputation as a "tormentist," in certain localities, because of the persistency with which we talk "newspaper." We glory in it! We detest the growing tendency among so many nominal Spiritualists to sit down, and sit—sit—until the resurrection day.

None of the late spiritual works on their tables, no Spiritualist paper to be seen—mark it, no "Spiritualist paper." Plenty of others, though, and probably but one or two of any real merit. Now, then, let us respectfully suggest that all persons believing in the fact of spirit communion are morally obligated to give aid to the spiritual press. Who says nay to that statement? "ARCANA OF SPIRITUALISM." This, the last work of Hudson Tuttle, is meeting with large sales. It is written in a calm, dignified manner, and covers almost entire, in its ramifications, the domain of Spiritualism. Reader, have you a copy of this work in your library? If not, send to William White & Co., Boston, for it.

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NOTES.

Hudson Tuttle is the "American correspondent" of that sterling magazine, Human Nature, published in London. In the August number we find the following eloquent passages from Bro. Tuttle's pen. Speaking of American Spiritualism, he says: "The journals devoted to it have, one and all, been published at a sacrifice. The books which form its extensive library have been written under adverse circumstances, and published at individual cost. The power of existing orders, of professions alarmed at its assaults, and of the press, have been firmly arrayed against it. Scientists have sought to reason it down; theologians to extinguish it with their polemics; a multitude to extinguish it by blackguardism, falsehood and abuse, yet has its life flowed with the unintercepted and immutable power of the sea. It is not human energy, not force emanating from great names, or delegated bodies or societies. The unity of its purpose gives us the key to the throne of its power, which is the spirit-world. Disorder and confusion may pervade our ranks here, but there all is order, and our confusion is one element from which the mighty intelligences there assembled will evolve the greatest good."

A young and talented Universalist clergyman, of Illinois, writing us relative to Spiritualism, pens the following sentences, which will find a response in every progressive soul. After admitting that many of the most eminent Universalist clergymen are "avowed Spiritualists," he says: "In conclusion, my brother, let me say that it seems to me the believers in liberal religion, whether it be liberal Christianity, Spiritualism, or scientific free religion, should rather strive to encourage one another, than to build up walls of separation. Full well I am aware that, in saying this, I wield a two-edged sword which cuts in two our church as well as others. My church is no more infallible than are they; if it errs, it deserves rebuke. I cannot find it in my heart to condemn any man whose belief is founded upon the light he obtains. And a cursory glance into my own past reveals such wonderful changes that I am very hopeful for all the rest of humanity, and have no words of scorn for those who claim to know more than I, nor for those who, as I feel, have seen less than I of truth, and who still grope blindly."

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson speaks in Des Moines, Iowa, two months this fall. The following are the officers of the Norwalk (Ohio) Society: President, J. R. Vredenburg; Vice President, Mrs. D. W. King; Secretary, A. Joslin; Treasurer, Ira Lake. The Norwalk friends are devoted to their labors of love.

Mrs. A. A. Wheelock was in attendance at the Ohio State Convention. She is a noble little woman, and works on the American Spiritualist, in the absence of her husband, with remarkable ability and zeal.

Mrs. Mary J. Hollis, of Louisville, Ky., a most excellent medium for slate writing and dark séances, intends to visit New Orleans, La., this winter.

Lecturers are in demand in Central Kentucky. The Cincinnati, Louisville and Memphis Spiritualist societies work together in securing lecturers on Spiritualism.

Eli F. Brown is an enthusiastic laborer in the spiritual vineyard. We shall furnish notes of his success in organizing Lyceums.

Western Spiritualists are exceedingly gratified over the genial welcome extended to Elder Evans, who accompanied Bro. Peebles to London. Blessings on both of these brothers—so say thousands.

CEPHAS B. LYNN.

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