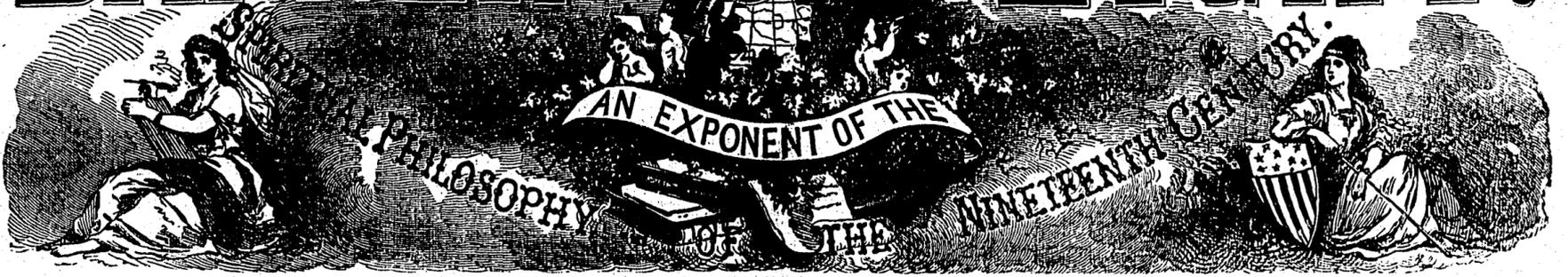


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXX.

W.M. WHITE & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1871.

(\$3.00 PER ANNUM,
In Advance.)

NO. 6.

Literary Department.

SPIRITE: A FANTASTIC TALE.

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

CHAPTER XI.

I entered as a novice into the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, in spite of the remonstrances and supplications of my parents, which affected me but did not shake my courage. However firm be the resolution with which one is armed, the last separation is terrible. At the end of a long corridor a grating marks the division between the world and the cloister. The family may accompany her no further than this threshold, for all human ties profane the virgin devoted to God. After the last embraces, of which sad, veiled figures await the end with an unmoved air, the folding door opens just enough to allow the novice to enter, whom the arms of a spectre seem to drag within, and it falls to again with an iron sound which reverberates in the passages with a hollow noise like distant thunder. The sound given out by the lid of a coffin being closed is not more lugubrious and strikes not more painfully on the heart. I felt myself turn pale, and a freezing chill seized me. I had just made my first step out of the world's life, henceforth closed for me. I penetrated into those cold regions where the passions are stamped out, where the remembrances are effaced, where the rumors of the events of the times never reach. There nothing exists but the thought of God. That suffices to fill the frightful void, and the silence that reigns in these places is as deep as that of the tomb. I can speak because I am dead.

My piety, although devoted and fervent, was not carried to mystical exaltation. It was a human motive, rather than an imperious vocation, which led me to seek peace in the shadow of the cloister. I was a shipwrecked soul, stranded upon an unknown shoal, and my life-drama, invisible to all, had a tragic termination. At first I experienced, in the life of a devotee, what they call aridities, fatigues, returns toward the world, the last temptations of the Spirit of Evil, who wishes to regain his prey, but soon this tumult was appeased. The habit of prayer and religious practices, the regularity of the services and the monotony of a rule are calculated to subdue the rebellion of body and soul in those whose thoughts too often turn toward earth. Your image lived still in my heart, but I succeeded in loving you only in God.

The Convent of the Sisters of Mercy is not one of those romantic cloisters which the worldly imagine suitable to give shelter to a despairing heart. No arched arcades, no columns festooned with ivy, no rays of moonlight breaking through a tracery of stone and falling on the inscription of a tomb, no chapel in diamond windows, no clustered pillars—none of those things that form so fine an effect in a diorama. The religiosity which seeks to sustain its Christianity by its picturesque and poetical side, would find there nothing like the descriptions of Chateaubriand. The building is modern, and offers not the least corner in which to lodge a legend. Nothing there amuses the eyes; no ornament, no fantasy of art, nor painting, nor sculpture; only dry, harsh lines. A white light, like a winter's day, illumines those long passages, with the wainscot opening at regular intervals for the doors of the cells, and floored with shining boards. Everywhere a gloomy severity, careless of the beautiful, and not thinking of clothing idea with form. This mean architecture has the advantage of not distracting the souls that ought to be swallowed up in the contemplation of God. On the high windows bars of iron were crossed, and the blue or gray sky was all that could be seen through them. One lives in a fortress raised against the assaults of the world. Solidity is all that a cloister needs; beauty would be superfluous.

The chapel itself is only half given up to the service of the faithful. A great iron grate reaching from the ground to the roof interposes like a barricade between the church and the part reserved for the nuns—some stalls of dark oak, brightened by rubbing down each side. Toward the middle are placed three seats for the superior and her two assistants. It is there that the sisters come, to hear the service, with their veils down, in long black dresses with a broad stripe of white cloth. In this atmosphere of ecstasy and incense, where the trembling lights of tapers shed a pale ray on the prostrate worshippers, my soul seemed to spread its wings and stretch more and more toward the regions of ether. The roof of the chapel was covered with azure and gold, and, in a part of its blue heaven, it seemed that smiling angels looked down from a luminous cloud and made signs to me to come up to them. I perceived no longer the bad taste of the lustre and the poverty of the paintings framed in black wood.

The time for pronouncing my vows approached. They surrounded me with those flattering encouragements, those delicate attentions, those mystic caresses and those hopes of perfect felicity that they lavish in convents on the young novices about to consummate the sacrifice and to devote themselves to the Lord. I had no need of this support. I could walk to the altar with a firm step. Excepting the tenderness of my parents, nothing remained in the world to cause me a regret, forced to renounce you, as I believed; therefore my resolution remained unchanged.

My trials terminated; the solemn day arrived. The convent, usually so peaceful, was animated by a sort of restrained agitation. The nuns went and came in the corridors, forgetful of that ghost-like step enjoined by the rule, for the taking the

veil is a great occasion. A new sheep is going to be added to the flock, and all the fold is moved. The worldly toilet that the novice wears for the last time is a subject of curiosity, of joy and astonishment. They admire with a sort of fear this satin, this lace, these pearls, these jewels, destined to represent the pomps of Satan. Thus decorated, I was conducted to the chancel. The Superior and her assistants were in their places, and the nuns were praying in their stalls. I pronounced the sacramental words which separated me forever from the living, and, as the ritual of the ceremony requires, I pushed away with my foot the rich square of velvet on which I was to kneel; I tore off my necklace and my bracelets, and I hid myself of all decorations in sign of renouncing vanity and luxury. I adjoined feminine coquetry—that was not difficult for me, since I had not the right of pleasing you or of being beautiful for you. Then came the scene, the most dreaded and the most gloomy of this religious drama—the moment when they cut off the hair of the new sister—a vanity henceforth useless. This recalls the dress of a culprit, only here the victim is innocent, or at least purified by repentance. Although I had very sincerely and from the bottom of my heart made the sacrifice of all human attachments, a deadly paleness covered my face when the steel of the scissors entered into my long blonde tresses, which I wore floating over my shoulders. The golden curls fell in thick flakes on the floor of the sacristy where they had led me. I looked fixedly at them as they rained around me. I was cast down and filled with a secret horror. The cold of the metal touching the back of my neck made me start nervously like the touch of an axe. My teeth chattered, and the prayer that I essayed to pronounce died on my lips. Cold damps, like those of death, bathed my temples. My sight failed, and the lamp suspended over the altar of the Virgin seemed to be extinguished in a mist. My knees bent under me, and I had only time to say as I fell forward, stretching out my hands as if to grasp vacancy, "I die!"

They put salts to my nostrils, and when I regained my senses I was as much astonished at the bright light as if I were a phantom coming out of a tomb. I found myself in the arms of the sisters, who supported me with a placid care that showed them accustomed to such swoons.

"That is nothing," said the youngest of the sisters, with a compassionate air; "the most difficult part is over; recommend yourself to the protection of the Holy Virgin, and all will be well; the same thing happened to me when I pronounced the vows; it is the last effort of the Adversary." Two sisters then put on me the black dress of the order, and over it the white stole, and bringing me back to the sacristy, threw over my shorn head the black veil—that symbolical shroud which makes you dead to the world, and only visible to God. A pious legend that I had heard relates that if you ask a favor from heaven under the folds of a pall you will be heard. When the veil enveloped me I implored the Divine Goodness to reveal to you my love after my death, if such a wish had nothing culpable in it. It seemed to me by a sudden flow of joy that my prayer was heard, for that was the secret pain that pierced my heart night and day, like a point of steel concealed under the clothes. I had truly renounced you in this world, but my soul could not consent to keep its secret eternally.

Shall I relate to you my convent life? There day follows day inflexibly alike. Each hour has its prayer, its devotion, its task to fulfill. Life advances with an even step to eternity, happy to see the end draw near. Yet this apparent calm often hides languishing, sadness and agitations. Thought, although subdued by prayer and meditation, often wanders in reverie. The nostalgia of the world seizes you, you regret liberty, family, Nature; you dream of the vast horizon inundated with light, of the prairies starred with flowers, of the hills with their wooded slopes, and the blue smoke that ascends in the evening air, of life, with its movement and joyous noises. One wishes to run, to fly; one envies the bird his wings; one is agitated in the tomb, or when thought clears the high convent walls, it goes back to the cherished scenes of infancy and youth, which revive with wonderful veracity of detail; you arrange useless plans of happiness, forgetful that the irrevocable bolt is forever drawn upon you. The most religious even are exposed to these temptations, to these remembrances, to these mirages that the will repels, that prayer tries to dissipate, but which revive, nevertheless, in the silence and solitude of the cell, between those four white walls whose only decoration is a crucifix in black wood. Your remembrance, dulled at first by the fervors of the earlier times, came back to me more frequently and more tenderly. The regret for missed happiness oppressed my heart, and often tears flowed down my pale cheeks without my being conscious of it. I often wept as I dreamed, and in the morning I found my pillow wet with this bitter dew. In more happy dreams I saw myself on the steps of a villa returning with you from a walk. I was your wife, and from time to time you cast upon me caressing and protecting looks. Every obstacle between us had disappeared. My soul did not consent to these sunny dreams, which I forbid myself indulging like a sin. I confessed, I did penance, I kept awake to pray, and I struggled against sleep in order to withdraw myself from these guilty illusions; still they came back.

This combat undermined my strength, which was not long in yielding. Without being sickly, I had always been delicate. The rude cloister life, with its fasts, its macerations, the fatigue of the night services, the sepulchral cold of the church, the rigors of a long winter, from which the thin stuff dress but ill preserved me; but above all, the struggles of the soul, the alternations of exaltation and dejection, of doubt and fervor, the fear of not being able to give to the Heavenly Bridegroom a heart detached from all

earthly passion, and of incurring celestial vengeance, for they said God is jealous, and will not suffer any division of affection; perhaps also the jealousy that Madame de Lambert inspired—all these causes agitated my frame in a disastrous manner. My skin had taken that dead white that is seen in the waxen candles of the altar; my eyes, enlarged by leanness, shone feverishly in their darkened orbits; the veins of my temples were indicated in deep blue lines, and my lips had lost their rosy hue. The violets of death began to flourish there. My hands had become slender, transparent and white as the hands of a statue. Death is not regarded in the convent as in the world; there one sees it arrive with joy; it is the deliverance of the soul, the open gate of heaven, the end of trials and the commencement of blessedness. God takes to himself the soonest those whom he most loves, and abridges their passage through this vale of tears. Prayers full of hope in their funeral psalmody surround the bed of the dying whom the sacraments purify from all stain of earth, and the light of another world already shines upon them. She is for the sisters an object of envy, and not of terror.

I saw the end approach without fear. I hoped that God would pardon my only love, so chaste, so pure, so involuntary, and which I had tried to forget as soon as it appeared guilty in my eyes, and that he would receive me into his favor. I was soon so weak that I once fainted under my veil, and remained stretched as one dead, with my face to the ground; they respected my motionless state, which they took for ecstasy; then seeing that I did not rise, two nuns bent over me and straightened me up as they would have done a corpse, and with their hands under my arms they reconducted me, or rather carried me back to my cell, that soon I was to quit no more. I remained long hours all dressed on my bed, fingering my rosary with my meagre hands, lost in some vague meditation, and asking if my wish would be accomplished after my death. My strength decreased daily, and the remedies they brought me might diminish my suffering, but did not cure me. I did not wish it, besides, for I had beyond the earthly life a hope that I had long cherished, and of which the possible realization inspired me with a sort of curiosity for what was beyond the tomb. My passage from this world to the other was made in the most peaceful manner. All the bonds of mind and matter were unloosed, one only excepted, a thousand times finer than those gossamer webs that float about in the fine days of autumn, and which alone retained my soul ready to spread its wings for the flight into the infinite. Alternations of light and shade like those intermitting lights thrown by an expiring night-lamp, palpitated before my troubled eyes. The sisters kneeling around murmured prayers, in which I tried to join mentally, and which only reached me as vague and distant murmurings. My deadened senses no longer perceived earthly things, and my intelligence deserting my brain, flew uncertainly in an odd dream between the material world and the world immaterial, belonging no more to one, and not yet being of the other, while my fingers, white as ivory, alternately gathered up and straightened out the folds of the sheet. At last, my death agony commenced, and they laid me out on the ground with a bag of ashes under my head, in order to die in the humble attitude befitting a poor servant of God, restoring her dust to the dust. The air failed me more and more; I was stifled; a feeling of extraordinary anguish took possession of me; the instinct of Nature struggled against destruction, but it soon ceased, and in a feeble sigh my soul passed from my lips.

CHAPTER XII.

Human words cannot render the sensation of a soul which, delivered from its corporeal prison, passes from this life to another, from time into eternity, from the finite to the infinite. My motionless body, already clad in that dead white—the livery of death, was lying on its funeral couch surrounded by the nuns in prayer, and I was as detached as a butterfly from the chrysalis, the empty case, the formless mass which it abandons to open its young wings to the unknown and suddenly revealed light.

To a period of profound darkness had succeeded a dazzling splendor, an enlarged horizon, a disappearance of all limit, of all obstacle, which filled me with an intoxication of delight. The development of new senses made me understand the impenetrable mysteries of thought and the terrestrial organs. Freed from the load of clay which had hitherto weighed me down, I darted with alacrity into the fathomless ether. Distances existed no longer for me, and my simple wish made me present where I desired to be. With a flight more rapid than light, I traced great circles in the azure of space, as if to take possession of immensity, or sailing over the swarms of spirits and essences.

A light like diamond dust formed the atmosphere; each grain of this sparkling air was, I perceived, a soul. They formed these currents, undulations, waves, like that impalpable powder that they spread on tables of harmony to study the vibrations of sound, and all these movements caused the splendor of these inundations of light. All the numbers that mathematics could furnish would not give an approximate figure to this overwhelming multitude of souls which compose this light, differing as much from ordinary light as day differs from night.

To the souls already passed through the trials of life since the creation of our world and those of other universes, were joined those expectant virgin souls which awaited their turn to become united to a body on a planet in some system or other. There were enough to people all the universes during millions of years. These souls, although dissimilar in essence and in aspect, according to the world that they were to inhabit, in spite of the infinite variety of type, always recalled the Divine type, and were made after the

image of the Creator. They had, for their constitutive monad, the celestial spark. Some were white as the diamond; others colored like rubies, emeralds, sapphires, topaz and amethyst. For want of other terms that you can understand, I employ these names of gems, vile stones, opaque crystals, of which the most brilliant would only serve as spots on this ground of living splendor.

From time to time there passed a great angel carrying an order from God to the end of the universe. The milky way poured through the heavens a river of suns in fusion. The stars, which I saw in their true size, in their enormity, of which man's imagination can form no idea, sparkled with fierce rays; behind them were depths more and more dizzy. I could have supposed myself enclosed in a prodigious hall filled in the interior with stars. Their splendor was supported by the eyes of my soul. I went and came, ascended and descended, and traversed millions of leagues in a second. I heard the music of the spheres; mysterious numbers, the pivots of the universe, marked the rhythm. I read the open book of this poem of God, which has suns for its letters. Why is it not permitted me to explain some pages? But you live still in lower darkness, and your eyes would be blinded by those heavenly effulgences.

Notwithstanding the ineffable beauty of this spectacle, I had not yet forgotten earth, the poor abode which I had just quitted. My love, the conqueror of death, followed me beyond the tomb, and I saw with divine joy that you loved no person, that your soul was free, and that it might be mine forever. I then knew what I had felt before: we were predestined one for the other. Our souls formed this celestial couple, which, in melting, form an angel; but these two halves of the supreme whole ought, in order to be united in immortal life, to have sought each other whilst in life on earth, to have divined each other, under the veil of flesh, through trials and obstacles. I alone had felt the presence of the sister-soul, and had darted toward it, urged by an instinct that never deceives. With you the perception was confused, and had only sufficed to put you on your guard against all bonds and vulgar loves. You understood that none of these souls were made for you, and, under a cold exterior, you passionately reserved yourself for the highest ideal.

Thanks to the favor which was granted me, I could make you understand this love of which you were ignorant during my life, and I hoped to inspire you with the desire of following me to the sphere which I inhabit. I had no regret. What is the happiest human bond in comparison with the felicity which two souls enjoy in the eternal kies of divine love? Until the last moment my task is bounded by preventing the world engaging you in its ways and leading you forever from me. Marriage binds in both worlds, but you do not love Madame d'Ymbereourt; my quality of spirit permits me to read the heart, and I have nothing to fear on that side; however, you might be weary of waiting for your ideal dream, and, through weariness, indolence, or discouragement, or the need of coming to a conclusion, you might allow yourself to conclude this vulgar union.

Quitting the luminous zones, I lowered myself to the earth, which I saw rolling beneath me in her foggy atmosphere and her hands of clouds. I found you without difficulty, and I was present, an invisible witness, reading your thoughts, and unknown to you, influencing your life. By my presence, which you did not suspect, I drove away the ideas, the desires, the caprices which might have turned you from the object to which I directed you. I detached your soul little by little from all terrestrial bonds; to keep you closer, I spread over your home a vague enchantment which made you love it. You felt there around you an impalpable and mute caress, and you experienced an inexplicable happiness; it seemed to you, without being able to account for it, that your happiness was enclosed within those walls that I inhabited. It was necessary that I should prepare you by degrees for my apparition, and put myself mysteriously in relation with you; between a spirit and mortal not initiated, the communications are difficult. A profound abyss separates this world and the other. I had crossed it, but that was not enough; I must render myself sensible to your eyes, which were still bandaged and saw nothing but the material world through the opacity of your organs.

Madame d'Ymbereourt, still pursuing her ideas of marriage, attracted you to her house, and tried to overcome your nonchalance by her attentions. Substituting my will for your thought whilst it slumbered, I made you write that answer in reply to the lady's note in which you betrayed your secret sentiments, and which caused you so much surprise. The idea of the supernatural awoke in you, and, more attentive, you understood that a mysterious power mingled in your life. The sigh that I heaved, when, in spite of the warning, you decided to go out, although feeble and weak as the vibration of an aolian harp, troubled you profoundly, and moved hidden sympathies in your soul. You had guessed in it an accent of feminine suffering. I could not yet manifest myself to you in a more precise way, for you were not sufficiently disengaged from the bonds of matter, and I appeared to the Baron de Fercé—a disciple of Swedenborg, a clairvoyant—to recommend him to say to you that mysterious phrase which might put you on your guard against the perils that surrounded you, and give you the desire to penetrate into the world of spirits, where my love called you. You know the rest. Must I ascend or remain below? shall the shade be more happy than the woman?

Here the impulse ceased which made the pen of Mallvert glide over the paper, and the thought of the young man, suspended by the influence of Spirite, regained possession of his brain. He read what he had just written in a careless manner, and strengthened himself in the resolve to love solely, and to death, this charming being who had

attracted so much for him in her short passage through this world.

"But what will be our relations?" said he. "Will Spirite take me into the regions where she hovers, or will she fly around me, visible to myself alone? Will she answer if I speak to her, and how shall I hear her?"

These questions were not easy to answer, so Mallvert, after having long discussed them in his mind, abandoned them, and remained plunged in a long reverie, out of which Jack aroused him by announcing the Baron de Fercé.

The two friends exchanged a hearty grasp of the hand, and the Swede with the golden moustache threw himself into an arm-chair.

"Guy, I come without ceremony to invite myself to breakfast," said he, stretching out his feet on the fender. "I went out early, and passing your house, the fancy took me to come and make a call almost as early as a huckster."

"You have done rightly, my dear Baron," replied Mallvert, ringing for Jack, to whom he gave orders to bring breakfast for two.

"One might suppose that you had not been in bed," said the Baron, looking at the heap of papers scattered on the table, and the lights burned down to the sockets. "You have worked all night. Will that soon appear? Is it a romance or a poem?"

"It is, perhaps, a poem," returned Guy, "but it is not of my own composition. I have only held the pen under an inspiration superior to my own."

"I understand; Apollo dictated; Homer wrote; these verses are the best."

"This poem, if it is one, is not in verse; it is not a god of mythology who has inspired me with it." "Pardon me! I forgot that you are romantic, and that before you one must quit Apollo and the Muses, for Chompe's dictionary or the letters of Emille."

"Since you have in a manner been my mystagogue and my initiator in the supernatural, my dear Baron, I have no motive in concealing from you that these sheets which you have taken for copy, as printers say, have been dictated to me this night and the preceding, by the spirit who interests herself in me, and who seems to have known you on earth, for you are named in the recital."

"You have, then, served as a medium, because the relations are not well established between you and the spirit who visits you, but soon you will have no more need of these slow and gross means of communications—your souls will be penetrated by thought and wish, without any exterior sign."

Jack announced that breakfast was ready. Mallvert, quite disturbed by this strange adventure and this good fortune from the spirit-world, scarcely touched what was before him. The Baron de Fercé ate, but with Swedenborgian sobriety, for he who would live in commerce with the spirits ought to attenuate a matter as much as possible.

"You have excellent tea there," said the Baron—"green tea with white points, gathered after the first rains of spring, that the mandarins drink, without sugar, by little swallow, in cups surrounded by filigree for fear of burning their fingers. It is the beverage par excellence of thinkers, and the excitement it produces is quite intellectual. Nothing shakes off more thoroughly all human heaviness, or better predisposes for the vision of things that the vulgar do not see. Since you are going to dwell in an immaterial sphere, I recommend you this beverage. But you are not listening, my dear Guy, and I can understand your preoccupation. A situation so new must absorb you."

"Yes, I confess," replied Mallvert, "I am in a sort of intoxication, and I ask myself constantly, 'Am I not a prey to some hallucination?'"

"Drive away such ideas, which will make the spirit fly from you; do not seek to explain the inexplicable, and abandon yourself with faith and absolute submission to the influence which guides you. The least doubt will bring a rupture, and will cause you eternal regrets. A permission rarely accorded unites in heaven souls that have not met in life; profit by it, and show yourself worthy of such a happiness."

"I shall be worthy, believe me, and I will not make Spirite suffer another time the sorrows that, unknowingly, I have inflicted on her whilst on earth. But I now recollect that in the account which she has dictated, this adorable soul has not given me the name by which she was known on earth."

"Do you wish to know it? Go to Peré la Chaise, ascend the hill, and near the chapel you will see a tomb of white marble, on which is carved a cross, lying, and on the cross part a crown of roses with delicate marble leaves, a *chef-d'œuvre* of a celebrated chisel. Within the medallion formed by the wreath, a short inscription will tell you that of which I am not formally authorized to inform you. The tomb in its mute language will speak in my place, although, in my view, this is but idle curiosity. What import is a terrestrial name, when there is eternal love? But you are not quite detached from human ideas—that is easily understood. It is not long since you put your foot outside the circle formed by common life."

The Baron took leave. Guy dressed, ordered his carriage, and hastened to the best florist to seek a bunch of white lilies. It was in the depth of winter, and it was difficult to find what he wanted, but at Paris the impossible, when one can pay, does not exist. He found it, therefore, and climbed the hill with palpitating heart and humid eyes.

Some flakes of snow, not yet melted, glittered like silver tears on the sombre branches of the yews, cypresses, firs and ivy, and raised in white relief the ornaments of the tombs and the tops and arms of the funeral crosses. The sky was grey and lowering—fit for a cemetery—and a bitter north-east wind whistled through those streets

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Cephas B. Lynn lectures in Philadelphia, Pa., during October. He will answer calls to speak in the West and South, during the fall and winter. Our young speakers should receive every encouragement.

Mrs. A. P. Brown will speak in Manchester, N. H., Oct. 21 and 22nd; would like to make further engagements. Address, in care of Henry M. Robinson, of Salem, or Manchester, N. H., till the 31st of October.

Miss J. E. McFarland, test and medical clairvoyant, has left Boston for a few weeks hoping to improve in health. She is now at the house of Capt. Sanders, Woonsocket, R. I., where she would be happy to meet with friends of the cause, and others anxious to receive the light.

Mrs. Clara A. Field, of Lowell, addressed large audiences at Music Hall, New Bedford, on Sunday afternoon and evening, Oct. 8th.

Mrs. Carrie M. Cushman spoke at Everett Hall, Cambridgeport, Sunday, Oct. 1st and 8th. As Mrs. Cushman is stopping at present in Boston (34 Myrtle street) societies not yet provided with, or wanting a sterling, forcible speaker, and one who can be heard by those upon the back seats, will find it to their spiritual if not temporal interest to secure her services without delay in looking further. Though not publicly known in Boston, she has long been identified with Spiritualism and reform. Though not before the public all the time, still she has made a good impression wherever heard.

Prof. William Denton is engaged for a course of five lectures on various topics, at the Town Hall in Dexter, Me., on the evenings of Oct. 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, and also a special lecture on Sunday the 29th at 2 o'clock; subject, "Does man's spirit live after death, and can it communicate with those in the body?" considered in the light of philosophy and science."

J. M. Peebles is lecturing in Louisville, Ky., this month. The Daily Ledger of Oct. 6th contains a synopsis of one of his week evening lectures, and says, "All who came were richly repaid in the very interesting lecture of Mr. Peebles, on a subject but vaguely understood by Americans generally." The Daily Sun also favorably notices the lecture.

Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham is lecturing in Troy this month.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan lectured in Titusville, Pa., Oct. 8th, in the Hebrew Synagogue. The Daily Courier of that city says, "Mrs. Tappan is a woman of rare eloquence, and highly delights all who listen to her, whether they accept all she says or not."

Mrs. Juliette Yeaw lectures in Mendon, October 22d and 29th; in Hudson, November 5th; in North Scituate, January 14th.

Mrs. Lora S. Craig has changed her residence from New Hampshire, to Rock Island, Ill.

Mrs. S. L. Chappelle Polley is going West on a lecturing tour.

Warren Chase will commence a series of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism, in St. Louis, the third Sunday in October.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER OF THE BANNER. -First Page: Continuation of story, "Spirite." Second: Poem: "There's Somebody Waiting for Me," by Laura A. Boyce; "The Ministry of Love," by Cephas B. Lynn; Spiritual Phenomena—"The Wonderful Performances at Moravia, N. Y.," from the New York Sun. Third: Same continued; "Acrostic," by Mrs. Eliza H. Blanchard; Free Thought—"Things as I See them," by Lois Walsbrook; "Who are unreasonable?" "Yes, Let us take Counsel," by W. Sanson; Poem—"To one enfranchised," by Cora Wilburn; "Spiritualism in San Francisco;" List of Spiritualist Lecturers; Obituaries. Fourth and Fifth: "Spiritualistic Jottings," by John Wetherbee, editorials, items, etc. Sixth: "Message Department;" Banner Correspondence from various localities; Calls for Spiritualist Conventions. Seventh: Advertisements. Eighth: "Editorial Correspondence," by Warren Chase; "Wisconsin Pebbles," by J. O. Barrett; "Western Locals," by Cephas B. Lynn.

In this issue of the Banner we give additional accounts of the remarkable spirit manifestations at Moravia, N. Y., from the New York Daily Sun. Last week we gave our own statements of the case, and now we present a narration of facts from the standpoint of the secular press. The facts mentioned by the Sun are not the same as given by us, but are of a far more interesting character.

On a printer—Here rests his form within a case, Dead matter his condition, To be re-set and re-appear, A new revised edition.

BRIEF—LEGIBLE—PRACTICABLE—USEFUL—See Lindsey's Taichography, a new system of shorthand writing; for sale by William White & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston.

Spurgeon has dropped the "Rev." So has Bro. Peebles.

Charles H. Read, the physical medium, is holding séances at St. Paul, Minn. The Pioneer of Oct. 4, says, "Ingersoll Hall was filled to its utmost capacity with the most fashionable audience that has assembled together in St. Paul for years, to witness the Physical Manifestations of Mr. Charles H. Read."

Von Vleck really did good in Louisville, Ky., by his attempted exposé of Spiritualism, under the patronage of the Young Men's Christian Association. The Daily Courier-Journal, Sun and other papers, are publishing in their columns lengthy and authenticated accounts of the genuine manifestations. Thus the truth finds its way to the hearts of the people.

Lippincott, of Philadelphia, will soon issue a volume of poems, entitled "Southern Voices," by Dr. Wm. H. Holcombe, of New Orleans. Southern Voices are songs of brotherhood and peace, designed to cultivate the spirit of reconciliation in all liberal souls.

Damon Y. Kilgore, a lawyer of Philadelphia, proposes a schedule of principles to be the basis of a national reform party. Mr. Kilgore is a radical, and his general views agree substantially with those of the representative radicals of the day. But in addition to woman suffrage, anti-monopoly, prison reform, and other familiar ideas, Mr. Kilgore proposes that public officers should be paid liberal salaries, and that all "fees" shall go into the public treasury.

"In God We Trust" is on the nickels, and it is proposed now to adorn the greenbacks with "I know that My Redeemer Liveth."

Pride is increased by ignorance; those who assume the most are usually those who know the least.

The blood of a healthy, full-grown, average man weighs twenty pounds.

Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.—Music Hall.—Free admission.—The fifth series of lectures on the spiritual philosophy commenced in this elegant and spacious hall Sunday afternoon, Oct. 1, and will be continued every Sunday, at 4 P.M. (except the 11th and 12th). Mrs. Emma Harding will lecture during October, to be followed by other speakers of known ability, among whom are Prof. Denton, Miss Jennie Lee, Thomas Hales Foster, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, and probably Miss Doten and Dr. Will. Reserved seats for the term at 25c each, can be procured of Mr. Lewis B. Wilson, treasurer, 138 Washington street, or at the hall. Donations are solicited.

Ellet Hall.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 104 A. M. Religio Philosophical Club (conference) at 7 P. M. John A. Andrew Hall, corner of Chauncy and Essex streets. Test circle at 10 A. M. Mrs. Mary Carleton, medium. Lecture and answering questions at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M., by Mrs. S. A. Floyd.

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

Boston.—Ellet Hall.—Songs by Hattie C. Richardson, Maria Adams and Edna S. Dodge, and remarks by Dr. H. F. Gardner diversified and gave interest to the regular sessions of the Children's Lyceum on Sunday morning, Oct. 8th. The session was well attended and profitable. A course of dancing parties, for the pecuniary benefit of the Lyceum, will be inaugurated at this hall, Monday evening, Oct. 16th; music under direction of T. M. Carter, its well-known and popular Musical Director.

A school for the teaching of dancing, for the benefit of the Lyceum children and others, will be carried on under charge of officers of the organization, commencing on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 18th; also one for adults, commencing Friday evening, Oct. 20th. Any information desired can be obtained of the Lyceum officers.

John A. Andrew Hall.—A Circle was held Sunday, Oct. 8th, 10, by Mrs. Hardy, at which many very beautiful tests were given, and were fully recognized by persons in the audience.

In the afternoon a memorial service was conducted by Mrs. S. A. Floyd for our Bro. J. H. Carleton, who passed to spirit-life during the past week. The services were very beautiful and truthful, fully setting forth the fact announced by the spiritual philosophy, that there is no death, but that the spirit of the risen one has left for a time his near and dear friends here, to join those that have passed on before to that blessed land where sorrow and parting are known no more.

The following resolutions were passed: Resolved, that we, the members of John A. Andrew Hall Society, do offer our sympathy and condolence to the afflicted widow and daughter of our Brother, John H. Carleton, in his great bereavement. May they be sustained by the thought that their loss is his gain.

Resolved, That the above be read on Sunday, and a copy be sent to the widow.

G. M. Hovanina, T. R. Frye, Samuel Barker, Thomas Bradford, Secretary.

The regular services at 7 P. M. were held by Mrs. S. A. Floyd.

Temple Hall.—Under date of Oct. 9th, J. H. Bickford writes: "At a regular meeting of the Association of Temple Hall, the following gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing term: President, Thomas E. Moon; Vice President, J. McOrville; Secretary, J. H. Bickford; Treasurer, J. Simpson; Ushers, William Brown and N. H. Gray. A good degree of interest is exhibited, as usual, and the meetings are harmonious."

On Sunday, Oct. 1st, Mrs. Bowditch held her last séance at this hall. We learn it is her intention to enter upon a new profession. At the close of the meeting she made her acknowledgment for the kindness and courtesy of the Association.

Mrs. Cushman officiated Oct. 15th.

Chelsea.—Granite Hall.—Emma Harding addressed a large audience at this place, Sunday evening, Oct. 8th.

Cambridgeport.—Everett Hall.—The Cambridgeport Lyceum held its regular session, Sunday morning, Oct. 8th. There was a very large attendance of scholars. The interest in this direction seems to be increasing rapidly. The usual exercises were gone through with. Masters George Pearson, George Banister, and Misses Abbie Goss, Ellen Murray, Jennie Pratt and Georgie Martain gave fine recitations.

Mrs. J. M. Cushman lectured in the evening to a large audience. On Sunday evening, Oct. 15th, Mrs. N. J. Willis will speak at Everett Hall (Hyde's Block).

BAKINGTON.—Phœnix Hall.—Julia H. Shaw, Assistant Guardian, reports that on Sunday, Oct. 8th, the officers and members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum assembled in goodly numbers, together with some thirty spectators. Our songs and Silver-Chain recitations were taken from the Spiritual Harp. Readings and recitations were submitted by the following: Belle Holbrook, Ellen Groce, Minnie Lowell, Emily Holbrook, J. E. Lowell, Alfred Brown, Louise Porram, Daisy Trumbull, Lanna Shaw, Mr. Lynn, Jennie Deal and Maria Bennett.

The Conductor, F. J. Gurney, then announced that, instead of the usual object lesson, we would listen to a few remarks from a member of Fraternity Group, Edwin Wright, who stepped forward and gave us an able declamation on "Alcohol," illustrating it by the actual stimulus in a common black bottle. He earnestly hoped that he could impress it upon the minds of even the smallest, that this was ruining young men and bringing unhappiness to many homes. No one could fail to feel the force of his arguments. The Conductor then announced our coming anniversary exercises, which take place on Tuesday evening, Oct. 10th. Grand and Target Marches now took place. Closed the exercises by singing.

New Publications.

POEMS OF PROGRESS, by LIZZIE DOTEN.—To refer anew to what all readers by this time know, that Lizzie Doten's "Poems of Progress" are not, as professed, as they deserve to be, with a strikingly faithful likeness of their gifted author, is in a measure to come nearer to the reader in spiritual sympathy at once, and establish old and delightful relations on what we may style a "new departure." For there is not one in many, many thousands of those who have heard and read Lizzie Doten, who is not inauspiciously influenced by her high and fine inspirations. She comes to every heart like a friend. Her utterances, in prose or verse, run through the gamut of all soul experiences. Heaven charged her with sacred gifts, which she has as sacredly dispensed, and thus increased. What she says is in itself as beautiful and expressive and inspiring as what she sings. Unrest is quelled and made calm under her magic influence, and the storms of passion, the blindness of desire, and the griefs of sorrow and discouragement are by turns subdued, cured and assuaged under the healing, soothing and guiding influences of her rich and deep nature.

Of the very varied contents of her fresh volume of Poems the columns of the Banner have already advertised all. Most of the pieces are well known to those for whom they have done a timely service. Her fine and subtle humor plays like a pure light over many of her productions, the fruit of a certain class of moods, while in her more serious and reflective strains she betrays a living sympathy for others that utterly refuses to let her enjoy the comparative selfishness of solitary thought and contemplation. It is a positive characteristic of Lizzie Doten and her writings, that her mind is chiefly active through the medium of her sympathies. She speaks because she must, but she must because others are so very much to her happiness. It certainly is both a rare and enviable balance of qualities in a temperament, which all persons might well desire to possess; out of such a combination, creating condition and power together, as it were, we might reasonably expect precisely such ripe and delicious fruit, intellectual and spiritual, and far above the merely literary, as is to be freely plucked and eaten from between the two covers of her book—"The Poems of Progress." When such effects are known to be produced as her poems have notably yielded, the cause of them claims our profoundest regard.

Shall we run over the suggestive titles of these many Poems, as the pliant runs up and down the ivory keys beneath his practiced hands? Her profatory "Declaration of Faith" is a grand opening to them all; "The Chemistry of Character;" "Let Thy Kingdom Come;" "The Spirit of Nature;" "The Rainbow Bridge;" "Rest Thou in Peace;" "Ecco Homo;" "Peter McGuire, or Nature and Grace;" "Hymns of the Angels;" "Gone Home;" "The Cry of the Desolate;" "The Spirit-Mother;" "Face the Sunshine;" "Hester Vaughan;" "The Famed Heart;" "Mr. De Bono;" "Will It Pay?" "My Angel;" "Truth Triumphant;" "Gone is Gone, and Dead is Dead;" "The Spirit-Teacher;" "Guardian Angels;" "Nearer to Thee;" "The Good Time Now;" "The Inner Mystery;" and more that must be found by the eager reader and sincere admirer. The structure of her verse is remarkably smooth and harmonious, and its melody becomes such genuine sermons in song. Her ear is quick to detect faulty rhythms, while she possesses a happy faculty of marrying sound to sense. We need not

urge the uncounted friends of Lizzie Doten to make themselves the possessors of a volume which, while bringing such a world of silent good to themselves, is the best and purest token they could have of her beloved presence and elevating influence.

Carleton puts forth an intensely funny brochure, profusely illustrated, entitled, "THE FALL OF MAN; or, The Lives of the Grillas"—a popular scientific lecture upon the Darwinian theory of development by sexual selection. It purports to have been prepared by "a learned Gorilla."

Adams & Co. are out seasonally with their "SPORTS AND GAMES" for all seasons, but particularly for the one just ahead of us.

MAGNOM, by Dr. Paulus, is the mysterious title of a neat volume published in New York, which purports to contain wonderful prophecies concerning Popery and its impending overthrow and fall, together with predictions relative to America, the end of the world, and the formation of the new earth. Also, predictions concerning the true beginning and future of the New Church, called the New Jerusalem, Twenty-four "magic figures" illustrate the text.

Noyes & Hall have for sale "Brick" Pomroy's "Gond-Dar: For the Beautifying of Lives and Homes." Mr. Pomroy has made his mark in this department of writing, and the present book will meet with general welcome.

Loring publishes a novel by Cecil Griffith, entitled, "Victory Drains," an English story of startling plot and intense character—the first literary production of a young female writer. The characters tell their own story. The tale was written four years ago, and achieved at home a wide popularity.

Lee & Shepard publish a diamond edition—exceedingly neat, with a fine portrait professed—of THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS, edited by Rev. Robert A. Wilmott. It is just such an edition of a favorite poet as cannot fail to be popular.

Of the "Upward and Onward Series," from the same publishers, Oliver Optic has just come out with Number Four, called, "CARROLL AND CROSS-TREE; or, The Sea Swashes of a Sailor." Phil Farrington, the hero of all these stories, appears in the present one as a sailor, and makes a voyage to the coast of Africa. The author carries him through many sorrowful trials and temptations, and brings him out on the basis of a brave and elevated manhood at last.

Lee & Shepard continue to manifest their enterprise as publishers in a handsome volume named "THE CHILDREN'S ALBUM OF PRETTY PICTURES WITH SHORT STORIES," by Uncle John. The twenty-sixth thousand has been now published. Every juvenile in the land will require a copy at once.

The third edition, from the same publishers, of the "CHILDREN'S SUPPER ALBUM," by the author of "A Trap to catch a Sinner," with upwards of one hundred and fifty illustrations, proves the popularity of this venture, and it deserves as wide a sale as so excellent a child's book can possibly reach.

The Western Railway Guide, with the whole library of maps, is such a thoroughly efficient handbook that we do not wonder at the extraordinary success with which it meets. Such a guide is of the first necessity in the vastly extended West.

The September number of the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW, Dr. Edward I. Sears editor, presents the scholarly and studious reader with the following table of contents: The Decline of Poetry; England under the Tudors; The French Tragic Drama—Cornillon; Our Aristocracy as manifested from the Raw Material; Ancient Africa and its Races; American Civil Literature; Colloquial and Scholastic Quackery, Male and Female; The "Spirited" National Quarterly and Innocent King Leader Rules; and Notices and Criticisms. This sturdy Review is always fresh, independent, vigorous, and illustrated with broad and thorough scholarship.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for October is before us, and it contains a vast variety of pleasant and instructive reading matter. There are several illustrated articles, and a great variety of news contributions and domestic matters edited or general reading, including full reports of the proceedings at the last session of the G. L. U. S. It is one of the leading publications of the age.

DENNIS HOLLOW, by Mrs. Henry Wood. We have noticed this interesting novel in a previous issue. Loring has it for sale.

Quarterly Convention.

The New Hampshire Association of Progressive Spiritualists will meet in Quarterly Convention, at Lyceum Hall, in Manchester, Friday, Nov. 2d, to continue Saturday and Sunday. The Convention is for the benefit of the mediums and Spiritualists of New Hampshire, and all such are earnestly requested to be present, as business of importance will come before the Convention. By order of the Committee. Newport, N. H., Oct. 9, 1871. SOUVENIR P. HANCOCK, Sec'y.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE SPIRITUAL ANALYST AND SCIENTIFIC RECORD. Published in Boston. Price 25 cents.
THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 60c. per copy.
HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.
THE MIND AND DATA. A weekly paper published in London. Price 5 cents.
THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by B. B. Jones, Esq. Price 5 cents.
THE PRESENT AGE. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents.
THE LYCEUM BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents.
THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 5 cents.
THE OCEANIC. Published in Baltimore. Price 5 cents.
THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 20 cents per copy.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth avenue, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps. 07.

C. H. FOSTER, "Test Medium," No. 16 Twelfth street, between University place and Fifth avenue, New York. 021.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 105 East 12th street, New York. Terms \$2 and 3 stamps. Money refunded when not answered. 07.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.—A SEALED LETTER, \$1.00 and four stamps. Medical examination by letter, \$1.00. Address, M. K. CASSEBIN, 135 Bank street, Newark, N. J. 2w.021.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A second-hand side saddle. Also a second-hand large road circular table. Apply to WM. WHITE & CO., Booksellers, 158 Washington street, Boston, up stairs.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL AND REFORM BOOKSTORE. Western Agency for the sale of the BANNER OF LIGHT, AND ALL LIBERAL AND SPIRITUAL BOOKS, PAPERS AND MAGAZINES. Also, ADAMS & Co.'s GOLDEN PENS AND PARLOR GAMES, The Magic Comb, and Voltaire Armor Scales, Dr. Storor's Nutritive Compound, SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, Congress Record Ink, Stationery, &c. WARREN CHASE & CO., No. 614 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE PROGRESSIVE BOOKSTORE. D. S. CADWALLADER, No. 1005 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. Keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, AND A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF SPIRITUAL AND LIBERAL BOOKS, PAPERS AND PAMPHLETS. Also, Librarian for The Connecting Link Library, a Circulating Library of Spiritual Books. Has for sale MYSTIC WATER from David's Well.

GEORGE ELLIS, BOOKSELLER, No. 7 OLD LEVEE STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA. Keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, AND A FULL SUPPLY OF THE SPIRITUAL AND REFORM WORKS. Published by William White & Co.

LITTLE THINGS. Of "little things" the earth is made, All that the eye can see; Each, by its hundred atoms staid, Keeps all things where they lie. The "Little drops" the ocean make, Which each to each adds, No ships across its bosom take Their course to distant shores. The "Little boys" who need new "Clothes," Can afford not at all to grieve; For, when they are clothed complete, Corner of Beach and Washington street Oct. 21.—1w

HERMAN SNOW, 318 KEARNEY ST., (Up Stairs), SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Keeps for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, AND A GENERAL VARIETY OF SPIRITUAL AND REFORM BOOKS, At Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Pens, Finches, Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, Orton's Anti-Tobacco Preparation, Dr. Storor's Nutritive Compound, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. Box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

RICHARD ROBERTS, BOOKSELLER, No. 1626 SEVENTH STREET, ABOVE NEW YORK AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C. Keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, AND A FULL SUPPLY OF THE SPIRITUAL AND REFORM WORKS. Published by William White & Co.

AUSTRALIAN DEPOT FOR LIBERAL AND REFORM BOOKS, AND AGENCY FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT. W. H. TERRY, No. 96 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia. Has for sale all the works of Spiritualism: Liberal and Reform Works, published by William White & Co., Boston, U. S. may at all times be found there.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Thirty cents per line for first insertion and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions.

AGENTS' NOTICES.—Thirty cents per line, each insertion, set in Milton, measured in Agate. Payment in all cases in advance.

For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be Renewed at Conclusion, unless they be left at our Office before 10 P. M. on Monday.

GEORGE P. HOWELL & CO., 40 PARK ROW, AND S. M. PITTENGER & CO., 31 PARK ROW, Are our authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

THIS magic control of the POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, over disease of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent. They do no violence to the system, causing no purging, no sweating, no evacuating, no nauseating. The POSITIVE CURE: Rheumatism, Headache, Rheumatism, Pain of all kinds; Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Spitting, Bronchitis, Catarrhs, Worms, all Female Weaknesses and derangements; Fits, Cramps, St. Vitus' Dance, Spasms; all high grades of Fever, Small Pox, Measles, Scarlatina, Erysipelas, all Inflammations, acute or chronic, of the Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Womb, Bladder, or any other organ of the body; Gout, Consumption, Rheumatism, Catarrh of the Bladder, Nervousness, Asthma, Nephritis, &c. The NEGATIVE CURE: Paralysis, or Palsy, whether of the muscles or of the senses; Blindness, Deafness, loss of taste, smell, feeling or motion; all Low Fevers, such as the Typhoid and the Typhus. Both the POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE are needed in Child and Fever. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Mailed 1 Box, 3 Powders, \$1.00. Retail 1 " 34 New, 1.00. Postpaid 1 Box, 3 Powders, 2.00. At these 3 Boxes, 10.00. PRICES, 12 1/2 ST. MARKS LANE, NEW YORK. OFFICE, 12 1/2 ST. MARKS LANE, NEW YORK. Address, PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., Box 5817, New York City. If your druggist has not the Powders, send your money at once to PROF. SPENCE. For sale also at the Banner of Light Office, 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass.; also by J. Burns, 15 Northampton Row, London, Eng. Oct. 21.

CATARRH.

ABOUT four months ago I gave notice in the Banner that I had a cure for the catarrh. I had many applications, more or less, from most every State in the Union, and many speak highly in its favor. I forward three articles, and who need according to directions. I require a report of the effect of each. I then, for a small sum, can inform you what will cure or much relieve. No one can be put to cure all cases or events to relieve. When I fail to do any work the money will be refunded. Price one dollar. DR. BASCOM, No. 73 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y. I have used Dr. Bascom's No. 2, and found it the best article that I have used for many years for the catarrh. Dr. S. W. Fiske, 101 North Main street, Providence, R. I. I have been badly afflicted with the catarrh for years, and I can, by experience, recommend Dr. Bascom's No. 2 for that disease. S. F. GIBBS, Druggist, Broad street, Providence, R. I. Dr. Bascom's medicine cured me of the catarrh. Oct. 21. W. H. V. 152 North Main street, Providence, R. I.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS

BY W. H. MUMLER. Full information how to obtain them, and a beautiful specimen sent to any part of the world on receipt of 25 CENTS. Address, W. H. MUMLER, Oct. 14.—2w. 170 West Springfield street, Boston, Mass.

DR. WAYBOSHAM, PHYSICIAN, treats all kinds of chronic diseases. Is eminently successful in treating Humors, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys and all Bilious Complaints. Parties at a distance examined by a lock of hair by stating sex and age. Examination \$1.00. Office No. 5 Willow Place, Lowell, Mass. Oct. 21.—2w

SPIRITUALISTS' HOME.

ROOMS TO LET, by the day or week, at MR. WESTON'S, 46 Beach street, Boston. 1w.—Oct. 21.

NOMORE SUGAR OF LEAD OR SULPHUR, or poisonous drugs as a hair dye. Send me a lock of hair, either gray, red, or any other color, and a lock to be tinted, and I will return the same, which will assure that a dye can be made to give any desirable tint. I give price of dye when I return the hair, and any purchaser who is dissatisfied can have the money refunded. Send two stamps. Oct. 21. DR. BASCO, 4, 73 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MRS. ELDRIDGE, Test, Business and Medical Clairvoyant. Answering letters, \$1.00. No. 1 Oak street, Boston. 1w.—Oct. 21.

A NEW BOOK FOR YOUNG FOLKS. THE FAIRFIELDS, BY F. M. LEIBELLE. Read what the author says of it: "This story is not the work of imagination; I have known every character in real life." This book contains one hundred and seventy-five pages, and is handsomely bound in cloth. Price 25 cents, postage 12 cents. Address the Publisher, LOU H. KIMBALL, Oct. 14.—4w. Lyceum Banner Office, Chicago, Ill.

NEW BOOK JUST ISSUED. THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN, AND WHAT FOLLOWS FROM IT. IN TWO LECTURES. BY MRS. MARIA M. KING. 8vo., 40 pp.

CONTENTS: Man the Agent of Daily on every plane of Life; Superior and Forward Nature's Work; Original Nature of Races of Men, and where Appeared; Grades of Men a Necessity by Nature's Law; Cooperation of Forces for the Maintenance of Life; The Office of the Brotherhood on Earth and in the Spiritual Spheres; The Idea of Brotherhood implies the Maintenance of Individuality and Society—The Social Forms and Laws a Necessity; Individuality and Brotherhood. Price 25 cents. For wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

READY! JUST ISSUED FROM THE PRESS OF WM. WHITE & CO.

THE MOST ELEGANT BOOK OF THE SEASON, ENTITLED, POEMS OF PROGRESS.

BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN, AUTHOR OF THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED "POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE," WHICH HAVE BEEN READ AND ADMIRERD BY THOUSANDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

IN THE NEW BOOK WILL BE FOUND ALL THE NEW AND BEAUTIFUL INSPIRATIONAL POEMS GIVEN BY MISS DOTEN SINCE THE PUBLICATION OF HER POPULAR "POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE."

The New Volume will be ILLUSTRATED WITH A FINE STEEL ENGRAVING OF THE TALENTED AUTHORESS.

All who have read her "POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE," Will want its companion, the

POEMS OF PROGRESS, EVERY SPIRITUALIST, EVERY FREE-THINKER, EVERY REFORMER, SHOULD HAVE A COPY OF IT.

Every Lover of the BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE SHOULD OWN THE BOOK.

A LIBRARY IS NOT COMPLETE WITHOUT IT. THESE BEAUTIFUL "SONGS OF THE ANGELS" SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

Will be Taken Up Rapidly! And those who wish an Early Copy should FORWARD THEIR ORDERS AT ONCE, AND WE WILL MAIL THE BOOK IMMEDIATELY AFTER ITS ISSUE.

PRICE \$1.50, POSTAGE 20 CENTS. FULL GILT \$2.00, " 20 "

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers, 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass. TRADE SUPPLIED ON LIBERAL TERMS.

Mediums in Boston.

DR. J. R. NEWTON, Practical Physician for Chronic Diseases, No. 35 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.

DR. J. R. NEWTON is successful in curing Asthma, Coughs, Heart Disease, Nervous Debility, Diarrhea, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Weak Eyes, Falling of the Womb and all kinds of Chronic Diseases.

ALBERT MORTON, SPIRIT ARTIST. Portraits of Spirit Friends in Pencil or Crayon. Persons desiring Pictures must be present.

MRS. ALBERT MORTON, MEDICAL, Phrenology and Prophetic Medium. Letters answered, \$2.00. Clairvoyant remedies sent by mail.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE, AT NO. 26 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON. Those requiring examinations by letter will please send \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM, 222 Washington Street, Boston. Mrs. Latham is eminent in successful treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsy, Lung, Kidney, and all Bilious Complaints.

DR. G. W. KEITH has removed to No. 9 Florence Street, 3 doors from Washington Street, Boston. All forms of disease treated successfully without medicine.

MRS. F. C. DEXTER, Clairvoyant, Business and Medical Medium. Examines persons by a lock of hair, health by laying on of hands.

MRS. R. COLLINS, Clairvoyant Physician and Healing Medium, has resumed practice. Examinations by a lock of hair, by person, \$1.00.

MRS. M. CARLISLE, Test, Business and Clairvoyant Physician. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

MRS. L. W. LITCH, Trance, Test and Healing Medium, 122 Washington Street, Boston. Trance Tuesday and Sunday evenings at 7 o'clock.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 23 Dix Place (opposite Harvard Street). 3rd-Sept. 9.

Miscellaneous.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES! "THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."

THE AMERICAN LIBERAL TRACT SOCIETY PUBLISHES Radical, Spiritualistic and Reformatory Tracts to advance freedom of thought.

1. "The Bible a False Witness," by Wm. Denton. 2. "The Bible a True Witness," by M. F. Dole. 3. "The Ministration of Departed Spirits," by Mrs. H. A. Bacon. 4. "Human Testimony in Favor of Spiritualism," by Geo. A. Bacon.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE! New Arrangement. HAVING sold the number of farms we agreed to, at the low price of \$1000 per acre...

TERMS ONLY \$10 PER MONTH, without interest until paid; and you can select any unoccupied lot on the plot you desire...

Twenty Acres for One Hundred Dollars. \$25 CASH SECURES IT, and the balance in three equal payments...

Those who only want for a farm, and do not care about being near the village, had better send \$25 on each 20-acre plot...

Apply early, and get as near as possible to the first Settlement. Manager S. E. DIVISION HAY PARK SETTLEMENT, Boston Office, No. 18 State Street.

DR. H. B. STORER'S COMPOUND POWDERS OF BUCHU AND IRON, FOR DISORDERS OF THE Kidneys, Bladder, Prostatic and Urinary Organs.

These Powders are free from the irritating and destructive effects of Alcohol, which enters into the fluid preparation...

Prepared only at the Laboratory of the Proprietor, DR. H. B. STORER, No. 131 Harrison Avenue, Boston, Mass.

TRUTH, WORD FOR WORD. TEST THIS—BE YOUR OWN JUDGE. MESSRS. CRADDOCK & CO. GENTS—I am satisfied of the merits of Indian Hemp...

AGENTS WANTED! EXTRA TERMS! BOOK AGENTS have long wanted a novelty in the subscription line, which will sell at sight in every family.

PICTORIAL FAMILY REGISTER is the only work extant which satisfies this want. It is beautiful and striking, combining an entirely new and original Family Photograph Album...

PHOTOGRAPHS of Controlling Spirits of J. Wm. Van Namee, As seen in spirit-life by WELLS F. ANDERSON, Artist for the Boston Herald.

BISHOP SOULE'S LINIMENT, INVENTED by the late Bishop Soule, is creating a revolution in the cure of SORE THROAT, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS, GOUT, SPRAINS, SEVERALS, &c.

J. T. GILMAN PIKE, PHYSICIAN, Pavillon, No. 57 Tremont Street, (Room No. 5) Boston.

GEORGE SANDERSON, Healing and Developing Medium. Address, Weston, Mass. Sept. 16-18.

DR. A. B. CHILD'S WORKS. A BOOK OF LIFE. Price 25 cents, postage 2 cents. BETTER VIEWS OF LIVING; or, Life according to the doctrine "Whatever is, is Right." Price \$1.00, postage 12 cents.

CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE. Price \$1.25, postage 16 cents. SOUL AFFINITY. Price 20 cents, postage 2 cents. WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT. Price \$1.00, postage 12 cents.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED WHEN FORMING SPIRITUAL CIRCLES. BY EMMA HARDING. We have never seen before or more comprehensive rules laid down for governing spiritual circles than are contained in this little booklet.

CHRISTIANITY: Its origin, nature and tendency considered in the light of the original teachings of Jesus Christ. BY REV. D. W. HULL. "Be not moved away from the hope of the Gospel, which ye have heard, and which was preached to every creature which is under heaven; whereof I, Paul, am made a minister."

What and Where is the Spirit-World? A Lecture delivered before the Semi-Annual Convention of the Michigan Association of Spiritualists at East Saginaw, June 11th, 1871, by D. W. HULL, Lecturer. Price 25 cents, postage 2 cents.

THE MAGNETIC TREATMENT. SEND TWO CENTS TO DR. ANDREW STONE, Troy, N. Y., and obtain a highly illustrated Book on this new and vitalizing treatment.

New Books.

THE FUTURE LIFE: As Described and Portrayed by Spirits, Through Mrs. Elizabeth Sweet, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY JUDGE J. W. EDMONDS.

CONTENTS. Chapter I.—The Holy City. Chapter II.—The Spirit-World. Chapter III.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter IV.—Powers and Responsibilities of Mind. Chapter V.—Communication from a Spirit. Chapter VI.—Spirit-World.

Chapter VII.—A Picture of the Future. Chapter VIII.—Margaret Fuller. Chapter IX.—Reasonable World.

Chapter X.—Interview with Pollock. Chapter XI.—Margaret Fuller. Chapter XII.—John C. Calhoun. Chapter XIII.—Interview with Webster.

Chapter XIV.—A Second Visit. Chapter XV.—Another Interview. Chapter XVI.—Reformation.

Chapter XVII.—The Fall of Progression. Chapter XVIII.—Valley of the Shadow of Death. Chapter XIX.—A Mirror.

Chapter XX.—The Book of Life. Chapter XXI.—A Beautiful Lesson. Chapter XXII.—Retrospection.

Chapter XXIII.—The Preacher. Chapter XXIV.—Reception of Spiritualism. Chapter XXV.—The Organ-Boy.

Chapter XXVI.—The Blind of Faith and Fashion. Chapter XXVII.—Natural Development of the Soul. Chapter XXVIII.—Voyage and Woe.

Chapter XXIX.—The Second-Birth. Chapter XXX.—The Slave. Chapter XXXI.—A Scene in Spirit-Land.

Chapter XXXII.—The Mirror. Chapter XXXIII.—Spiritual Influence. Chapter XXXIV.—The New City.

Chapter XXXV.—The Erving One. Chapter XXXVI.—The Beggar. Chapter XXXVII.—Inauguration of Man.

Chapter XXXVIII.—The Bill of the Soul. Chapter XXXIX.—The Spirit-World. Chapter XL.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter XLI.—The Spirit-World. Chapter XLII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter XLIII.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter XLIV.—The Spirit-World. Chapter XLV.—The Spirit-World. Chapter XLVI.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter XLVII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter XLVIII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter XLIX.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter L.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LI.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LII.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LIII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LIV.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LV.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LVI.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LVII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LVIII.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LIX.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LX.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXI.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXIII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXIV.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXV.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXVI.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXVII.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXVIII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXIX.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXX.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXI.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXIII.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXIV.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXV.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXVI.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXVII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXVIII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXIX.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXX.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXI.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXII.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXXIII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXIV.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXV.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXXVI.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXVII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXVIII.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXXIX.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXX.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXI.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXXXII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXIII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXIV.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXXXV.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXVI.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXVII.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXXXVIII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXIX.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXX.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXXXXI.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXXII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXXIII.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXXXXIV.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXXV.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXXVI.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXXXXVII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXXVIII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXXIX.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXXXXX.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXXXI.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXXXII.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXXXXXIII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXXXIV.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXXXV.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXXXXXVI.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXXXVII.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXXXVIII.—The Spirit-World.

Chapter LXXXXXXIX.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXXXX.—The Spirit-World. Chapter LXXXXXXXI.—The Spirit-World.

New Books.

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

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

THE END OF THE WOE. THE SHORTEST ROAD TO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. THE SPIRIT AND ITS CIRCUMSTANCES.

ETERNAL VALUE OF PURE PURPOSES. WAYS OF THE BLOOD, BRAIN AND SPIRIT. TRUTHS FOR ALL AND FEMALE.

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

POVERTY AND RICHES. THE OBJECT OF LIFE. EXPENSIVENESS OF ERROH IN RELIGION. WINTER LAND AND SUMMER-LAND.

LANGUAGE AND LIFE IN SUMMER-LAND. MATERIAL WORK FOR SPIRITUAL WORKERS. ULTIMATES IN THE SUMMER-LAND.

1 vol., 12mo., price \$1.00, postage 20 cents. For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

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

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

This work has been prepared for the press at great expense and much mental labor. In order to meet the wants of Spiritualistic Societies in every portion of the country, it has been carefully examined to merit commendation.

Original music, some of America's most gifted and popular musicians have been especially for over three hundred pages, comprising SOLO, DUETS and QUARTETS, with PIANO, ORGAN or MELODEON accompaniment.

Full gilt..... \$5.00. 50 copies..... 10.00. 100 copies..... 15.00. When sent by mail 24 cents additional required on each copy.

An Abridged Edition of the Spiritual Harp has been issued, containing one hundred and four pages. Price \$1.00, postage 20 cents.

The above books are for sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

FOURTH EDITION—REVISED AND ENLARGED. A FAIR AND CANDID WORK. BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

A PEEP INTO SACRED TRADITION: CONTAINING THE CONDENSED EVIDENCE ON BOTH SIDES OF THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTIONS KNOWN TO MAN.

His Present and Future Happiness. BY REV. ORRIN ABBOTT.

The evidence and arguments of the ablest authors, Huxley, Home, and the great Methodist commentator, Adam Clarke, in favor of the truth of the Old Testament, are here compared with the author's reasons for dissenting from that opinion.

The self-contradictions of those books, and the error of asserting that the Bible is infallible and inflexible in every sense, resulting to the human heart, and which misrepresents the Divine Government, are fully presented in the fullest and most candid manner.

Price 50 cents; postage 4 cents. For sale wholesale and retail by WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

FOURTH EDITION NOW READY. One Hundred and Forty-two Illustrations! In order to supply the demand for ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS'S LATEST BOOK, ENTITLED,

"THE FOUNTAIN: With Jets of New Meanings." We have just published the FOURTH EDITION, which fact is enough to prove the popularity of "Jets."

Read Jets! Read Jets! Read Jets! Beautiful paper, fine press-work, superior binding. Price only \$1.00, postage 10 cents.

Illustrated with One Hundred and Forty-two Engravings. For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

PROF. WM. DENTON'S WORKS. THE SOUL OF THINGS; OR, PSYCHOMETRIC RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES. By William and Elizabeth M. F. Denton. This truly valuable and exciting work, which has been a great success, is now published in a new and enlarged edition.

Price \$1.00, postage 10 cents. For sale wholesale and retail by WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

LECTURES ON GEOLOGY, THE PAST AND FUTURE OF OUR PLANET. A Great Scientific Work. Selling rapidly. Price \$1.00, postage 20 cents.

THE BIBLE: OR, THE HISTORY OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE HUMAN MIND, AND THE HISTORY OF THE HUMAN RACE. Price \$1.00, postage 10 cents.

COMMON SENSE THOUGHTS ON THE BIBLE. For Common Sense People. Third edition—enlarged and revised. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents.

CHRISTIANITY NO FINALITY; OR, SPIRITUALISM SUPERIOR TO CHRISTIANITY. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents.

ON THE TRUTH OF FALSE SPIRITUALISM IS TRUE. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents.

THE DELUGE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents.

BEYOND THE VEIL. A Discourse. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents.

GOD THE FATHER, AND MAN THE IMAGE OF GOD. In two lectures. Price 25 cents; postage free.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN, and what follows from it. In two lectures. Price 25 cents; postage free.

For sale wholesale and retail by WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. MARIA M. KING'S WORKS. THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, as discovered and explained by the Structure of the Universe; The Solar System, Laws and Methods of its Development; Earth, History of its Development; Exposition of the Spiritualistic Philosophy of M. F. Denton.

REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-LAND. Being Life Experiences, Scenes, Incidents and Conditions, Illustrative of Spirit-Life, and the Principles of the Spiritual Philosophy. Price \$1.00, postage 10 cents.

SOCIAL EVILS: Their Causes and Cure. Being a brief discussion of the social status, with reference to methods of reform. Price 25 cents; postage free.

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY VS. DIABOLISM. In two lectures. Price 25 cents; postage free.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM? AND SHALL SPIRITUALISTS HAVE A CHIEF? In two lectures. Price 25 cents; postage free.

New York Advertisements.

THE NEW DISCOVERY. In Chemical and Medical Science.

DR. E. F. GARVIN'S SOLUTION AND COMPOUND ELIXIR OF TAR.

THE MOST VALUABLE DISCOVERY ever made in one mixture of ALL THE TWELVE valuable active principles of the well-known curative agent.

PINE TREE TAR. UNEQUALLED in Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption.

CURES WITHOUT FAIL. A recent cold in three to six hours; and also by its VITALIZING, PURIFYING and STIMULATING effects upon the general system, it is remarkably efficacious in all

DISEASES OF THE BLOOD, Including Scarcity and Eruptions of the Skin, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, Heart Disease, and General Debility.

ONE TRIAL CONVINCES! ALSO, A. VOLATILE SOLUTION OF TAR, FOR INHALATION without application of HEAT. A remarkably VALUABLE DISCOVERY, as the whole apparatus can be carried in the vest pocket, ready at any time for the most effectual and positively curative use in

All Diseases of the NOSE, THROAT and LUNGS. THE COMPOUND TAR AND MANDRAKE PILL, For use in conjunction with the ELIXIR OF TAR, is a combination of TWO most valuable ALTERNATIVE Medicines known in the Profession, and renders this Pill without exception the very best ever offered.

SOLE PROPRIETORS, L. F. HYDE & CO., 110 East Twenty-Second Street, New York.

AGENTS, GEORGE G. GOULDING & CO., Agents, 219 Broadway Street, New York.

NEW YORK AGENCY FOR William White & Co.'s Publications.

THE AMERICAN NEWS CO., NO. 119 NASSAU STREET.

THIS WELL-KNOWN FIRM KEEPS FOR SALE ALL OUR PUBLICATIONS.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, JUDGE J. W. EDMONDS, HENRY C. WHITNEY, WILLIAM HOWITT, HON. ROBERT DALE OWEN, DR. D. H. HULL, PROF. WILLIAM DENTON, MISS LIZZIE DENTON, J. M. PEEBLES, MRS. J. A. ADAMS, PROF. S. B. BRITTON, HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE, HENRY C. WHITNEY, CHARLES S. WOODRUFF, DR. A. B. CHILD, MRS. LIZIE WASHBROOK, P. B. BARRETT, WALTER BALDWIN, MRS. ELIZA W. FARNUM, EDWARD STEARNS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, ALSO OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

A GREAT SECRET DIVULGED! Every Man, Woman or Child Capable of being their own Perfumer and Com-pounder of Toilette Articles.

THE AMERICAN BATHS; J. M. SIMMONS, a very comprehensive system of the Healing Art, and the only one in the world, which has been known to bear upon a very large class of diseases.

Patients can avail themselves of the benefits of the Turkish, Russian, Sulphurous and Sulphate, the Fumigated, and other Medicated Baths, Electrically administered in all its approved forms.

AGENTS, in its various places, constitute a very important element in this institution. All under the management of J. G. ATWOOD, M. D., assisted by MISS ATWOOD, who has the highest and most extensive experience in the treatment of all diseases with baths. Address, DR. ATWOOD, corner Irving Place and 11th Street, New York.

DR. H. SLADE, (Clairvoyant), J. SIMMONS, DR. SLADE will, on receiving a lock of hair, with the full name and age, make a clairvoyant examination, and return a written diagnosis of the case, with cost of treatment. A fee of Two Dollars must accompany the hair, which will be applied to the medicine when the patient is ready to receive it. All letters should be addressed to SLADE & SIMMONS, 307 West 23d Street, N. Y. P. S.—Please write your address plain.

MRS. A. KIMBALL, M. D., CLAIRVOYANT, INSPIRATIONAL HEALING MEDIUM. DIAGNOSIS from lock of hair, \$2.00. No. 25 West 15th Street, New York. Office hours, from 1 to 6 P. M.

MRS. TOWNE. MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN, 14 Clinton Place, (West 4th Street), New York. Chronic Invalids treated with care. The Diseases of Women cured with success. 8W-Oct. 7.

PATENTS. HOW TO OBTAIN PATENT RIGHTS. ESTS, Caveats, Design Patents, Trademark Patents, Assignments, etc. Instructions free. 115 N. 3d St. N. Y. Free of charge. A correct diagnosis given of all diseases without cost to the patient. 123 Broadway, between 30th and 31st streets, opposite Grand Hotel, New York.

THE INVENTORS' EXHIBITION AND PATENT RIGHT ASSOCIATION. No. 12 Warren Street, New York, solicits Patents, exhibits, sells and buys Patents and Patented Goods. "PATENT RIGHT GUARANTEE" price 10 cents. AGENTS WANTED! 3m-Sept. 30.

MRS. JENNIE W. HANFORTH, CLAIRVOYANT, 115 N. 3d St., New York.

WILLIAM VAN NAMEE, M. D., Electrologist and Clairvoyant Physician and Trance Business Medium, 40th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours, 8 to 12 A. M., and 7 to 10 P. M. Free medical examinations for the poor. Trance, 3 to 12 A. M. Circles first and third Thursday of each month at 7 o'clock P. M. Will answer all letters on Sundays. Subjects chosen by the audience. 3m-Sept. 23.

CLAIRVOYANT—Marianne Clara A. Alma, (of Paris, France), late of San Francisco, Business and Medical Clairvoyant and Independent Trance Medium. Consultations in English, French or German. A correct diagnosis given of all diseases without cost to the patient. 123 Broadway, between 30th and 31st streets, opposite Grand Hotel, New York.

THE INVENTORS' EXHIBITION AND PATENT RIGHT ASSOCIATION. No. 12 Warren Street, New York, solicits Patents, exhibits, sells and buys Patents and Patented Goods. "PATENT RIGHT GUARANTEE" price 10 cents. AGENTS WANTED! 3m-Sept. 30.

FROM the 15th to the 1st of October I will be examining the Patent Rights of all who apply to me, and will charge. Send lock of hair full name and age, and one leading symptom; I will give full diagnosis of case, and when desired prepare magnetic remedies at cost price of preparation. P. S.—Write address plain, and enclose two 3-cent stamps. 3m-Sept. 30.

MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR, Business and Test Medium, 109 South Avenue, east side, near 12th Street, New York. Hours from 3 to 6 and from 7 to 9 P. M. Circles Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Oct. 11.

SARAH E. SOMERBY, Clairvoyant, Healing and Developing Medium, 719 Sixth Avenue, New York. Oct. 11-18.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE. OR, GHOSTS AND GHOST-SEERS. BY CATHERINE CROWE. Price \$1.25; postage 16 cents.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Banner of Light.

THE WEST.

Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor.

Office at his Spiritual Reform and Liberal Bookstore, 414 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

DEVELOPMENT, vs. PRE-EXISTENCE.

BR. CHASE—As you seem the most prominent exponent of the pre-existence and development theories of the many co-workers that are employed in our Father's vineyard, hence I take the liberty to address you, ostensibly to solicit a synopsis of your views on the seeming inconsistency that exists between the pre-existence and development theories. If human souls pre-exist as individuals throughout the ages of the eternal past, how can they be a development from the lower orders of the animal kingdom?

REPLY. We are not a prominent advocate of the development theory. We are, at best, only a student trying to get sufficient evidence to remove all doubts of the correctness of the general principles of that theory, which, so far as we have progressed, seem to be true, and do not seem to conflict with what we believe in as pre-existence. The development theory applies to organic forms, and not to the elements, which are eternal and eternally the same. Pre-existence pertains to the elements only within us; and the questions to be settled are: Is the human mind an element, or is it a unit? If so, is it eternal duration, no matter what form or bodies it inhabits, nor how much or little these are developed at any particular period or in any one incarnation. The superficial questions on this subject, which usually perplex the inquirer, are consciousness and memory, both of which are incidental and not fundamental, temporary and not permanent, and hence do not disturb the theory of pre-existence.

It is the bodies and not the souls that are the development from the lower kingdoms, and we do not believe that any human soul ever inhabited, or was ever incarnated in a lower form than the human, nor more than once in this or any other planet. We have hoped and still hope to place our views on this subject before the public, in a work we have had in manuscript for several years, waiting some favorable fortune to enable us to expand about two hundred dollars in getting it published; but poverty has ever been our earthly lot, and has ever crippled our efforts to use the mental accumulations of a busy life for the public good; but it will make little difference with the progress of the truth, as there will be plenty of advocates when discoveries are sufficient to establish the fact of pre-existence, or any other great truth which has lain dormant during the development of suitable forms for its reception or appreciation.

To us, it seems no more inconsistent with the development theory, that man had a prior existence, than that there is a divine mind pervading and permeating all existence, however crude and conflicting, which is ever perfect and harmonious in all the conflicts of an infinite variety. We are aware of the existence of the same pure element in the diamond and charcoal, and yet how different in appearance, with carbon as the base of both. Oxygen, too, is the same in ice, water, steam, air, or oil of vitriol, and we believe the soul germ in each human form is the same throughout all eternity, but dressed up and shown outwardly in its endless variety of human forms on the worlds of the universe with differing experiences—the same in the infant, in manhood and in old age, and in mortal or spiritual life, the outward conditions giving the various expressions and powers, according to development. The old theology even gave the same spiritual origin to Adam and Cain, to David and Saul, and even Goliath had God to Father.

ANOTHER SENSATION.

The daily papers and street gossip in St. Louis are again supplied by another event that no doubt would be called spiritual if it had any odious or offensive feature to it; but as it is wholly good, it is called a miracle. It seems, by the papers, that a pious young lady had been long and severely afflicted with something like a tumor on her side, which had grown to such enormous and painful proportions as to alarm her friends, and while the physicians were consulting about a dangerous surgical operation, and when they had decided, with the consent of relatives, to perform it, she came forth well, cured miraculously without the aid of any physician, and suddenly. As the story was too well authenticated to be disputed, it must be accounted for, and as it was inside the religious circles, it is supposed to have been a miracle performed by the Holy Virgin and her child—the same which old Joseph threatened to take out of heaven as his wife and child if St. Peter turned him out for letting in people by a side-door which he had found and was using for that purpose, and for which use Peter called him to account. It may be that he has taken them out, and this and the winking of the images at Rome are the signs of their return to earth to work more miracles. If so, it is no strange that they should begin in Rome and St. Louis as two very religious cities next to New York, where the Taumany troubles have temporarily suspended religious zeal. We shall be on the lookout for more miracles soon in our city and Chicago, but our friends at the "hub" need not expect a visit very soon, as they are too temperate, skeptical, thoughtful and indelible to have miracles, unless our Advent brethren and sisters can find enough saints with the mark in the forehead to secure a call from the one they have so long and so anxiously expected. Dr. Newton and other healers may as well quit now, as the work they have been doing is miraculously performed.

Our meetings will open, in St. Louis, about the middle of October for the winter, but it is not yet decided what course will be pursued for speakers, but it is settled that we shall have regular meetings in Avenue Hall, where they were held last year, southeast corner of 9th street and Washington Avenue. No funds are yet provided to pay speakers, but, when there are, we shall expect to engage some of the ablest, as formerly, and have an awakening and renewal of interest in this rapidly growing city, already the metropolis of the West.

Another soul has gone from the ranks of our earthly friends to dwell in the land of perpetual bloom, in the person of Maria A. Giddings, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Joshua R. Giddings. Maria was greatly beloved by her father and devotedly attached to him, probably too much so in earlier life to give her heart and hand to any other man, and hence remained unmarried. She was intellectually and spiritually a

superior woman, and if women had equal social, political and religious rights in this country as they deserve, she would have distinguished herself and left a historic record. We are glad to know there is a future in which talent will not be restricted and made subject to cramping institutions, as it too often is here. Miss Giddings, with her father, was an early and successful examiner of Spiritualism, and found the satisfaction in its philosophy, which her spirit has now realized in uniting again with her beloved father.

DAILY NEWS TABLE.

We copy the following headings of events from the Missouri Democrat, of Sept. 20th, under the head of LATEST NEWS: 1st. Flight with escaped convicts. 2d. Four men killed. 3d. A wife beaten to death by her husband. 4th. Brakeman killed by a running switch. 5th. Burns of the Fall. 6th. Fatal powder explosion. 7th. Terrible storm at Raleigh. 8th. Killed by falling brewery. 9th. Street car collision in New York. 10th. Murder in Sangamon County, Illinois. 11th. New York and Massachusetts Politics. 12th. Haymaster holds a guilty. If any daily can serve up a worse breakfast of news for its readers at one morning issue, we have it yet to see in small items. This is not only on one occasion, but this newspaper usually collects for its readers nearly as large a list of horrors, and no doubt they are well and fully authenticated, and show a terrible recklessness of life and property in our country.

A. J. Flashback, one of our ablest and most faithful lecturers, called on us Sept. 20th, on his way from his farm, which is about 30 miles south of St. Louis, to Independence, Ia., to visit and pay his last obligations to his aged and feeble mother, who is about to take leave of our cold world for a residence among the spirits. Our brother was engaged, partially, at least, in Minnesota, and the friends there will have to excuse him at present, as the visit will have to be deferred. We take pleasure in recommending brother Flashback wherever he may be secured or engaged, as our friends will find him a most able speaker and defender of the new gospel, and worthy every confidence placed in him. We hope to be able to have him in St. Louis on his return, as we have secured the same hall we had last winter (Avenue Hall), but have not yet secured pay for speakers, and hence none are engaged.

A. D. WILLIS, spirit-photographer, has opened rooms in St. Louis, and is already astonishing the skeptics and delighting the advocates of spiritual life and presence among us. As this branch has not had a practical operator in St. Louis, we anticipate a good work for him and the cause.

WISCONSIN PEBBLES.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

A bird on its accustomed wing, out from its nest on its mission of duty, bold and fearless, strong with faith, is a most beautiful sight. "Oh, that I were a bird!" was once my boyish prayer, as I watched the feathered singers career in the air, "then would I fly up to heaven." Have not outgrown that ambition; the soul, on this murky plain of earth, pants for the sunlit climes of the immortals; but the nest! ah, that is the stronger heaven, and duty here is fitness there. So I must not be all boy, but have some of the man in the nest. The 19th inst, took wing for East Delavan; a home among good people there, a rest of soul, a glad meeting, a greeting of friends. Surely, we are all alike in human nature, asking for the love our souls need. This is prayer. Westward ho! chasing the sun, outbreaching old time; and yet it is not fast enough. Why do I some New England-Yankee, down near the "hub," invent a machine to compete with the railroad and stop its monopoly, and enable us to go when we please, and not when the engine snorts. To fly home, just after a lecture, five hundred miles an hour, would be the dream; "you see I am in quite a celestial mood, this morning."

I told an Orthodox sister the other day, that I would meet her under "the tree of life," beside a crystal river, up in heaven, just one hundred years hence. "What happy folks you Spiritualists are!" was her remark about the meeting. But I'll meet you there, if your doctrine is true.

"If! If!" That prevents the meeting under the tree. Away with your Orthodox ifs, and say, after the apostolic style, as we Spiritualists do— "We know."

Mazamania—here the 19th. This was once a flourishing point for labor. All still now. Not all sound timbers. The angels are very careful to see if it is alive in the core. Reverses are often our best lessons, and Spiritualists are learning these all over the country. Tried and found faithful what a joy to hear that said by-and-by when by trial we have earned our liberty. A home at Bro. Gropplin's. They have recently parted from a most beautiful child that could not endure earth's frosts. Tears are many, hearts bleed, but the soul is growing calm, for "over there," oh, yes, over there. Such departures leave a trail of glory for the angels to descend by to us below. Here, too, I had a happy visit at the Leuliers—"English-Americans." How home-like a large library—how sweet a spiritual world! Such are the watch towers, the oases of rest, not only for traveling lecturers, but ministering spirits. They have recently been in England; they related to me several remarkable tests of spirit power, under the mediumship of the Everetts.

Lectured in Orion the 20th and 21st, and the next evening in Muscoda. The seed in these locations is taking root. At Orion are the Stewarts and Turners, etc.; at Muscoda, the Grahams; earnest souls that see something higher in this world than "stocks and stones." Across the country—thirty miles over bluffs and valleys, and thence into the vast open prairie of beautiful Iowa County, covered with corn. This is the lead region. Now and then came across a sharp, one, for lead. It is a great business. The lead, with the rich soils in good state of culture, render this one of the richest counties in the State. All choked and covered with dust, arrived at Dodgeville the 23d. Home at a certain hotel, not to be mentioned in history. A good audience greeted me. Was advertised, I told you, by poetic, etc. for lead. The keynote a spiritual lecture was delivered in this growing place. Some came in, paid the admission fee, expecting to see some ghost right before their eyes, and to see a man with literal horns on. The first evening's lecture convinced that part of the community that Spiritualism is a serious thing—something to think of and aspire for. The keynote touched, the inquiring and brave hearted continued to come to every lecture till the "Lord of the Ascendant" descended with the standard, and it is planted in Dodgeville. "Bless the Lord, oh my soul!" Met here Bro. Samuel Glegg, a spiritualistic astrologer, and J. Van Droover, two earnest men. Let the friends organize and cultivate orderly religious circles. Such are the batteries that take the city.

AVOCA, WIS.

A cold, ice-bound coast where Orthodoxy has frozen over the waters of life. Delivered a temperance lecture in the Congregational Church; the beautiful choruses said: "He is a Spiritualist—do not hear him." Oh, ye fools that "strain at gnats and swallow camels," know you that every reform lecturer in the land is a Spiritualist? But Avoca may be saved, for I found a soul here—Sister Moore—who has "treasures in heaven." Swam across the Wisconsin? No, I didn't; soaked a passage across in a field, both boat and landed at Richland City. Here, I found the Snows and a sick home. Laid hands on the sick in the spirit of prayer and the lights came. The two sisters here—Mrs. Snow and Mrs. Moore—are the broken remnants of the once popular "Eddy Family," that years ago sung to happy audiences all over New England and New York. The two

brothers have gone higher. These left are weepers in the loves of the angels, and so glad for the spiritual gospel.

WORD ABOUT THE MISSIONARY.

Having canvassed the State quite extensively, I am perhaps a proper judge of the condition of things and certain duties before us. I undertook this great task over a year ago, without any guarantee of financial support, and have fulfilled the contract not to run the committee. My sacrifices have been great, my labors arduous. The commission has been meagre, compared with the heavy expense. But I have pressed on, battling against every antagonism with unflinching perseverance. I have been instrumental in reviving dead societies and laying the long points of labor for other speakers. Have held fifteen large and successful mass meetings, and have had the valued cooperation of J. M. Peebles, E. C. Dunn, Cephas B. Lyon, M. O. Bent, A. A. Wheelock, Mattie H. Parry, E. W. Stevens, and others. These meetings have been most successful, and have resulted in the employment of reach and stir the masses to action. I have lectured in the following counties: Sheboygan, Fond du Lac, Calumet, Winnebago, Waupesa, Green Lake, Columbia, Juneau, Monroe, La Crosse, Richland, Sauk, Grant, Iowa, Dane, J. Berens, Waushara, Green, Iron, Walworth, Racine, Eau Claire, Boone Co., Ill., &c., &c.

Unquestionably a good work has been done for us to cultivate and reap. The heart of the people is right, and earnest is the inquiry everywhere. But we never can succeed in our present condition, work by the old conventional methods. In the effort to develop our mediumship we have fallen into the slough of magnetic intoxication. In nurturing the emotional we seem to overlook the consolidating force that sustains it. It seems to me our only hope is the co-operative one; let organization be incidental to spiritual growth, not the reverse. We have been trying to do. We then obey Nature's order—from the centre of soul to the body of force. When the organic body springs forth from within, as a fountain to its streams, when we blend a pure soul with a truthful philosophy, then, and not till then, are we united and prosperous.

WESTERN LOCALS, Etc.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

It is a busy world in which we live. Americans are "on the wing" all the time. And yet, even where there is a spirit of contentment manifest to the superficial observer, nothing but restlessness prevails. For instance, put your modern man (or woman) upon a "lightning express train" and he settles down into a quiet view of things without and things within, unmindful of the roar, and bustle all about him. We say "unmindful" of the surrounding confusion—no, not exactly; his spirit senses the rush and roar of the driving train; there is a source of comfort in it; the individual would be unhappy without, every now and then, some such experience. And yet, lowering above all this, there is, as we have intimated, a calmness and equanimity that opens the way for the sentence, which is applicable to so many people of our day, "There is a contented, restless individual."

And especially is this true of Spiritualist lecturers—a class paying seventy-five per cent. of what would be their usual conventional compensation. Well, well, it is all in a lifetime! Better do that than crystallize. Order is fast being evolved out of chaos. The reward is sure. The angels have the names of the faithful in memory. Happy day for the weary itinerant, when hearing his name called in the sweet and musical tones such as God's exalted spirits use, he receives the heavenly benediction. Don't sneer at this, skeptic! And you, critical Spiritualist, you need not say such talk is all moonshine. This faith sustains the worker. Ah, yes, it sheds a halo of golden light over his checkered path; it strengthens him morally; it helps him to the end, with all its subtleties, endeavors to lend him away into the awful darkness!

ON THE RAIL.

Not many days ago we patronized the only religious railroad corporation in the country—according to the Chicago dailies. We refer to the CLEVELAND AND PITTSBURGH RAILROAD. It appears that, about one year ago, the Y. M. C. A., of Cleveland, made application to the officials of the railroad for the use of the engine in every passenger coach, baggage-car and caboose, a small "rack" should be constructed and put in a conspicuous position, the company paying for the same. And all this to be done because the said Y. M. C. A., in its Christian zeal, had made up its mind to put the Christian Bible into strictly Christian "racks" in coaches and baggage-cars and cabooses on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh railroad.

The officers of the road heeded the request of the Y. M. C. A., of Cleveland, and so, in every coach and caboose, you can find the so-called sacred book. We left Cleveland, Sept. 20th, on the 4:30 P. M. express; and while we were trying to get into that condition of "contented restlessness"—to which we have already made reference—it suited our purpose to use that we ought to avail ourselves of the facilities for securing Christian grace; and so, off we started for the Christian book-rack. Lo! and behold, the "rack" was empty. Our depraved mind entertained the idea, on the instant, that somebody had stolen the holy book. Christian conservatism came in and said, "Stolen! stolen!" in indignation. "Not so," said the reading "I." Just so; but we walked up and down the coach in vain, to find anybody perusing "the blessed book."

Reading matter abounded among the passengers; there were several yellow-covered novels, the works of the Day's Dolge, read by people who ought to be doing something better. Also several copies of the New York Clipper could be seen; one fat German, doubtless of infidel tendencies, was reading the Index; a very beautiful young lady had a copy of the Banner of Light in her hands; her glance was resting on the 8th page, which was reading the "Western Local," which she knew. Then, over in one corner was an elderly lady, surrounded by a large group of small children—the children cried, but the good woman would not remove her gaze from the last number of the American Spiritualist, which she held firmly with both hands. We are confident she would read the Bible when any were lost, or carried away by some over-enthusiastic or devout reader. He said, "they (Y. M. C. A.) knew their business; you bet!"

This was all said with so much earnestness that we overlooked the "slang." We went through the same process, and the result could be the same repetition in every coach, of the Day's Dolge, Clipper, etc., with only here and there a stray reform journal. What a face, this attempt to force the Bible into everybody's face! And what the influence? Why, we actually heard one of the "train bands" swear that he would not read the Bible when any were lost, when we recalled to mind the fact that the Spiritualists, at the recent Try Convention, decided that there was no such thing as profanity. So we merely said to the railroad employee, "Young man, you are emphatic."

Whereupon, the gentle youth made us mind our own business, adding that several of the employees, which a prejudiced and non-progressive public would consider profane. We came to the conclusion before our journey's end, that the Bible in passenger coaches, baggage cars and cabooses, had never been so elevated, by any miraculous process, several members, at least, of the human family. True, the conductor, Mr. Macallay, and Mr. Saunders, an officer of the road, we found to be very genial and upright gentlemen; but they would be genial and upright were no Bible ever seen on the O. & P. R. E. But enough of this.

AN ENGINE RIDE—"NO. 29."

We are getting ambitious of late. The idea of riding cooped up in a common passenger coach or

even in a Pullman palace car, when, with a little ingenuity, backed up by the kindness of railroad officials, you can secure a ride on the locomotive. Through the courtesy of Mr. Bannister, we were welcomed into "No. 29." Thomas Carlyle, the engineer, gave us a kindly greeting; so, also, did Jimmie, the fireman. Without any preliminaries we carelessly swung ourself upon Jimmie's "box," and put our crutches up beside us, stowing ourself away in good shape. We did all this in a most artful manner. Thomas noticed it. Immediately we were made his bosom friend.

"You're no 'stouch,' you ain't! You've been on an engine before! Did you ever 'fire'?" said he. We thanked Thomas for his remarkable penetration in observing, so soon, that we were not a "stouch"; we then went on to say that, on several occasions, we had been our good fortune, through the kindness of railroad officials, to find ourself on a locomotive; we also added that it was a great pleasure for us to visit "No. 29." We declared it was an excellent engine; and just then we cast one of those mysterious professional glances (which don't amount to anything) around the boiler, and then we got to rest for some time on the "throttle valve," just for fun. To the right of the "throttle valve," we saw some machinery such as we had never observed before, in a locomotive. Questioning Mr. Carlyle, we found that it was connected with the carbureted

"WESTINGHOUSE AIR BRAKE." "And," said Thomas, "had such an apparatus as this been on the locomotive of the Pullman train, at Revere, Mass., no accident would have occurred." And yet the Directors of the Eastern Railroad had only "heard" of such a thing! "Why," said Thomas, "I feel perfectly safe, with the brake. I have the whole train under my control." We intimated that we should like to see it work. "You can," Thomas responded, "for we are off in two minutes." [The train had been waiting at a junction.]

PHILOSOPHY OF THE "AIR BRAKE." Before we take the reader into "No. 29," for a lively dash down the road, let us look into the philosophy of this patent brake.

On the right-hand side of the locomotive, fastened to the running board, and immediately under the engineer's eye, (so to speak,) is an upright self-acting air pump, which draws its supply of steam from the boiler, and pumps air into the reservoir, which is attached to the foot board, and hangs directly under the "cab." Under each car of the train is a cylinder firmly bolted in such a position that the piston acts directly on the lever, now used for the ordinary hand brakes, by pushing the piston down, and thereby applying the brake. The arrangement does not differ materially from hand braking. The pressure of air is conducted to these cylinders from the reservoir under the locomotive by a line of inch gas pipe running the entire length of the train, and the connection with each cylinder is made from the main pipe, with a small branch pipe. On each end of the cars the pipes are extended by three-quarter inch hose for the purpose of connecting them.

The entire management of the train is, as Thomas says, in the hands of the engineer, who can by the simple turning of a lever, instantly and effectually

STOP THE TRAIN.

Now, after Thomas had explained all this to us, we saw the face of his skeptical exclamation, "You Yankee talk about leading the country. Why, we beat you all to death in railroading. Why don't your folks have some 'git up and git' about them? I have had Eastern engineers on my engine, and they really got frightened at the time we were here." Just then we laid our hands on Thomas's sooty frock, and said, in plaintive accents, "Was it of recent date that these Eastern engineers were frightened at the speed your engine made?" "Last week," said Thomas. "That engine was it?" we nervously asked. "No, '29, this 'er one," and naughtily Thomas grinned.

WE ARE IN FOR IT.

The signal bell rang, and off we started. Evening shades were slowly gathering, as the express dashed along. What a whirl and roar! Now the blast of the whistle, and the ringing of the bell as we cross some turnpike; now the gentle manipulation of the Atmospheric Brake Combination, (original) by the ever watchful Thomas, as we slip up to pass some unimportant station. "Oh, it is exciting, this riding on a locomotive! We do love it. We wish our relatives were all locomotive engineers, or railroad officials, so that we could be sure to be a locomotive ride on every train we rode. Before we reached Alliance it was quite dark. The "head light" was fixed up for business, and on we whirled again. Riding after dark on a locomotive renders one more liable to fear. But, of course, being a "professional" (!) we were supposed to be proof against anything of the kind. One, however, we did get

AN AWFUL FRIGHT.

Leaving Alliance we had many switches to cross. A very important one stood a man with a lantern, giving the signal "all right," to Thomas. We noticed the men with lanterns, but supposed they carried them because their switches were so near the depot. Soon we were out in the inky darkness. "No. 29" was making big time. We thought of the Eastern engineers, who were so foolish as to get frightened. We had contempt for them. Just then we touched a curve in the road, and, in a second more, we saw a large

LIGHT ON THE TRACK.

right ahead. A train approaching us—such was the thought that flashed through our mind. We looked at the engineer.

THOMAS SAW IT,

and, grasping the "throttle valve," he "shut off" steam, and then manipulated "THE ATMOSPHERIC COMBINATION."

When we saw all this; when we felt the speed of the train slackening, and saw that light ahead, growing larger and larger, we became excited, and jumping from Jimmie's "box," shouted at the top of our voice, "A SMASH-UP!"

Jimmie got excited, too, not at the light ahead, but at our yell, and, in no very musical tones, said: "GET OUT OF THE WAY!"

We did that very simple thing, and soon found out that the tremendous (?) light ahead was only a lantern held by a vigilant switchman; we also learned that the "slacking up" was simply because the train was approaching a bridge which was under repair.

We then said, "Thomas, hereafter we will not cry, 'smash up,' though fourteen thousand lanterns line the track. With you, Thomas, in 'No. 29,' with the 'atmospheric combination' under your artistic and highly developed method of manipulation, we shall ride without the least fear."

AT PITTSBURG

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD. Here, also, were all the modern improvements. This is the finest road in the country. Why passengers from the East, or West, even take any other line is a mystery to us. The views of Nature alone are worth the fare, and then quick time is made.

The rolling stock is superb; and one is treated with great courtesy by the employees. Its scenery! The mountains! how grand they are!

THE MORAL.

Now the moral to all this railroad talk is this: all corporations—but why should we write more; the reader knows all about it.

NOTES.

Pleasant and refreshing to the spirit was the greeting we received from the Philadelphia Spiritualists, Oct. 1st. Dr. Child and lady give us such a blessed home! "Thee" and "thou" are so musical. The meetings in Institute Hall were well attended. The spirits came and blessed us all. We shall have copious notes of spiritual matters in a future issue before the month is out. At the conclusion of the morning lecture, Oct. 1st, Dr. H. T. Child submitted the following report, which was adopted:

THIRTIETH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FIRST ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS OF PHILADELPHIA, Read at the Annual Meeting, Oct. 1st. During the past year we had the services of the following

lecturers: Thomas Gates Foster, Edward S. Wheeler, Nellie J. T. Brigham, James M. Peebles, Juliette Young, Moses Hall, Susan G. Waters, E. V. Wilson, and Henry T. Child, M. D. They have given one hundred and fifteen lectures. At the expiration of our lease in May last, we gave up Harmon Hall, and have had no meetings during the summer months. We have leased the large hall known as Institute Hall, northeast corner of Broad and Spring Garden streets. The expenditures of the past year have been:

Table with financial details: Balance due Treasurer, \$418.81; Rent of Harmon Hall, \$61.48; Compensation of Speakers, \$94.00; Janitor, \$15.00; Gas and Fuel, \$157.63; Expenses of printing, \$168.00; Total, \$779.93. Receipts: Subscriptions and donations, \$137.61; Collections at meetings, \$61.48; Receipts of festival, \$157.19; Rent of hall, \$276.16; Total, \$532.34. Balance in Treasury, \$247.59. We have engaged the services of Cephas B. Lyon for October, 1871; Frances Kinsman for November; Anna M. Child for December; E. V. Wilson for January, 1872; G. Annie Allen for February; Mrs. N. T. Brigham for March; James M. Peebles for April. The term of office of the Trustees expires at this time, viz., the 1st of May next. The following are the Trustees: Cephas B. Lyon, A. Mary W. and Ann Rogers. We recommend that the meeting nominate persons for these vacancies and appoint a committee. By the charter, it is provided that the meeting be held for the first Monday in October, and we suggest that the polls close to-morrow afternoon at 6 o'clock. (Signed, on behalf of the Board) JAMES M. PEEBLES, Secretary.

Correspondents will please address us, care of Dr. H. T. Child, 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., during October. CEPHAS B. LYNN.

ANOTHER NEW BOOK.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO. Have in press and will shortly issue

A NEW AND INTERESTING WORK,

Entitled

SPIRITUAL PILGRIM.

A BIOGRAPHY OF

James M. Peebles,

BY J. O. BARRETT.

PREFACE BY EMMA HARDINGE.

"My name is 'Pilgrim,' my religion is love; my home is the Universe; my soul's effort is to enlighten and elevate humanity."

"Perhaps none of the phenomenal personages of the spiritual movement can furnish a more striking, instructive and interesting life than that of the biographer than J. M. Peebles. His early education and connection with the ministry in places of religious belief utterly opposed to the great modern revelation; his long, patient and self-sacrificing labors for the promotion of Spiritualism, when, Saul-like, he became inspired by its apostle; his admiring and ardent contributions to its literature, and the vast geographical areas over which his experiences have been extended in both hemispheres—all contribute to render this biography at once one of the most interesting and important that the movement can furnish."

The book will contain

A Fine Steel Portrait of Mr. Peebles,

Engraved in London.

Price announced hereafter.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

JUST PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

"He that uttereth a slander is a fool."—Solomon.

This little pamphlet is a brief sketch of the life of Victoria Child Woodhull, "a young woman." In the words of the author, "whose career has been as singular as any heroine's in romance; whose life has been a series of adventures; who has lived a whole drama of passion; whose name (through the medium of some of the most eminent spirits of the age) has caught a shadow in strange contrivance with the whiteness of her life; whose position as a representative of her sex, in the greatest reform of modern times, renders her an object of interest to her fellow citizens; and whose character (inasmuch as I know her well) I can portray without color or tinge from which she is partially exempt, but which is in unbroken respect."

Mr. Tilton says that Mrs. Woodhull has ever been subject to some of the most striking and unusual phenomena of the most mystical and ethereal type. "Those who have thus far heard of Mrs. Woodhull, but do not know enough of her character, will read this little sketch of her life with deep satisfaction, and, if they entertained prejudices against her, will feel inclined to abandon them for a different frame of mind. It is a wonderful life, and it is told with a glow and warmth which nothing but faith in his character could excite."

Price 10 cents, postage 2 cents.

For sale wholesale and retail by WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

THE FEDERATI OF ITALY.

A ROMANCE OF CAUCASIAN CAPTIVITY.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.,

Member of the American Oriental Society, New York Historical and Soc. Albany Institute, &c., &c.

Author of "Caucasia, or a Tour to the Caucasus;" "Adventures and Observations on the North Coast of Africa;" "The Pars Papers on France, Egypt and Ethiopia;" "Crimson," &c.

This is a romance of the most exciting character, and full of striking incidents. The Fédérati were a band or association of individuals in Armenia, when it was still an independent kingdom, who were pledged to undying hostility to ultramontanism, and therefore were fields of a constitutional system. They chose their moment for action when Austria was about to engage in an expedition against Naples. Beset with peril, the victims of the omnipotent imperial spirit, afraid to speak even in a whisper of politics, they were compelled to throw all their thoughts and feelings into the late career, one beyond the kingdom's boundaries, and to the sea. It is a thrillingly conceived and constructed, its wide variety of characters affords constant excitement and pleasure. Its progress among a train of pleasurable incidents is almost like the poetic vision of the tripping of the rosy hours. As a piece of romantic and sentimental fiction, it is a worthy of special remark and will provide a favorable comparison with some of the most praised romances of the time. The Boston Investigator says of the work: "The plot of the story is interesting, the characters well drawn, and the book being artistically and ably prepared, is pleasant reading for students of the novel." The Boston Post pronounces it "a tale of no little interest, dramatic in plot and incident."

Price \$1.50, postage 20 cents.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

THE GOLDEN KEY;

OR,

MYSTERIES BEYOND THE VEIL.

BY MISS NETTIE M. PEASE.

A THRILLING STORY,

Founded on Facts.