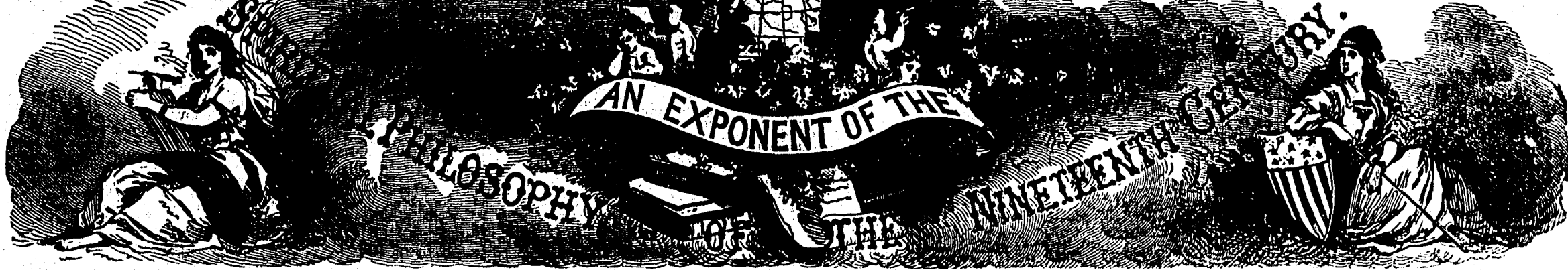


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXX.

(WM. WHITE & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.)

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1871.

(\$3.00 PER ANNUM,
In Advance.)

NO. 7.

Literary Department.

SPIRITE: A FANTASTIC TALE.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

Dating from this day, the existence of Mallvert was divided into two distinct portions, one real, the other fantastic. Outwardly, nothing was changed in him; he went to the club, into the world; he was seen in the Bois and on the Boulevard. If some interesting representation took place, he was present, and, seeing him correctly dressed, walking amid human life, no one would have suspected that this young man was in communication with spirits, and that, when he left the opera, he saw dimly the mysterious depths of the invisible world.

However, they who examined him closely might have seen him more serious, paler, thinner and more spiritualized. The expression of his face was no longer the same; and when he was not animated by conversation, one might have remarked a kind of disdainful beatitude. Happily the world observes no more than its interest requires, therefore the secret of Mallvert was kept.

The evening of the visit to the cemetery, which had taught him the earthly name of Spirite, whilst waiting for a manifestation which he called for with all the strength of his will, he heard a scale on the piano, like drops of rain falling into a silver basin. There was no person there, but these prodigies no longer astonished Mallvert. Some chords were struck in a manner that commanded the attention and awakened the curiosity of Guy. He looked toward the piano, and, by degrees, there was sketched, in a luminous mist, the graceful outline of a young girl. The image was at first so transparent that the objects placed behind her were depicted through the contours, as one sees the bottom of a lake through clear water without taking any materiality; it was gradually condensed sufficiently to have the appearance of a living figure, but with a life so light, so impalpable, so aerial, that it resembled rather the reflection of a body in the glass than the body itself. Certain sketches of Prud'hon, barely rubbed in, with outlines indefinite and mingled, bathed in *clair-obscur* and as if surrounded by a twilight mist, whose white draperies seem made with rays of the moon, may give a faint idea of the graceful apparition seated before Mallvert's piano. Her fingers, pale yet faintly rosy, wandered over the ivory keyboard like white butterflies, merely brushing against the keys, yet evoking the sound by this frail contact which would not have bent the down of a feather. The notes, without requiring to be struck, descended from the luminous hand floated over them. A long, white dress, a thousand times finer than the Indian web, of which a piece passes through a ring, fell in ample folds around her, and swelled out at her feet like festoon of snowy foam. Light curls of golden hair floated over her neck and opaline shoulders, whose whiteness blended with that of the dress. A bandeau of stars glittered amongst her tresses. From the place where Mallvert sat, the ear and part of the cheek were visible, and appeared fresh and velvety, and of a hue to shame the peach. It was Lavinia—or Spirite, to keep the name by which she has hitherto been distinguished in this story. She turned her head quickly, to assure herself that Guy was listening and that she might commence. Her blue eyes shone with a tender light and had a celestial sweetness which penetrated the heart of Guy. The place which she played was the work of a great master, one of those inspirations in which human genius seems to foretell the infinite, and which render so powerfully the secret aspirations of the soul, sometimes recalling the remembrances of heaven, of the paradise from which it has been driven. Spirite gave all the different emotions with a skill that eclipsed Chopin, Liszt and Thalberg, those magicians of the keys. It seemed to Guy that he heard music for the first time. A new art was revealed to him, and a thousand ideas, hitherto unknown, aroused emotion in his soul; the notes awakened in him vibrations so deep, so distant, so anterior, that he believed that he had heard them in a former life now forgotten. Not only did Spirite render all the intentions of the master, but she expressed the ideal that he had dreamed, and to which human infirmity had not permitted him to attain; she completed genius; she rendered perfection perfect; she added to the absolute.

Guy had risen and gone toward the piano like a somnambulist who walks without having a knowledge of his steps; he stood leaning against the piano, with his eyes fixed on those of Spirite. Her face was truly sublime; her head, a little thrown back, showed her looks illuminated by the splendors of ecstasy. Inspiration and love shone with a supernatural splendor in her eyes, the blue pupils of which almost disappeared under the upper lid; the woman disappeared and the angel augmented. The intensity of light that she spread was so great that Mallvert was obliged to turn away his dazzled eyes.

Spirite perceived this movement, and, in a voice more harmonious and sweeter than the music that she had just played, she murmured: "Poor friend! I forgot that thou art still retained in thy terrestrial prison, and that thine eyes cannot support the most feeble ray of the true light. Later I will show myself to thee, such as I am in the sphere to which thou shalt follow me. Now the shadow of my mortal form suffices to manifest my presence to thee, and thou canst contemplate me thus without peril."

By insensible transitions she returned from her supernatural to her natural beauty. Her unma-

terial appearance, was gradually condensed, and a milky cloud was spread over the outlines of her figure, marking them more just as in water you pour a drop of essence to enable you better to see the outlines of the crystal which contains it.

She had ceased playing, and looked at Mallvert standing before her; a light smile wandered over her lips, a smile of mingled irony and pity, rallying whilst it consoled the human weakness, and her eyes, purposely deadened, still expressed the most tender love, but such as a chaste young girl might have allowed to be seen in a permitted intimacy on earth, and Mallvert believed for a moment that he was with that Lavinia who had loved him so much on earth, and from whom fate, had always divided him.

Overcome, fascinated, forgetting that he had before him only a shade, he advanced, and by an instinctive movement, he wished to take the hand of Spirite, still placed on the keys, and to carry it to his lips; but his fingers shut on themselves without seizing anything, as if they had passed through a fog. Although she had nothing to fear, Spirite drew back with a gesture of offended bashfulness; but soon her angelic smile reappeared, and she raised her rosy transparent hand to his lips, which felt it, like a vague coolness and a delicate perfume.

"I did not think," said she, in a voice which was not in a formula of words, but which Guy understood in the depths of his heart, "I did not reflect that I was no longer a young girl, but only a shadow, a soul, an impalpable vapor, having no more human senses. What Lavinia might have refused, Spirite grants thee, not as a voluptuary, but as a sign of pure love and eternal union;" and she left her phantom hand for some seconds under the imaginary kiss of Guy.

Soon she put herself again at the piano and brought out of the keys a melody and a power of incomparable sweetness, in which Guy recognized one of his own poems—that which he liked the best—transposed from the language of verse into the language of music. It was an inspiration in which, disdaining vulgar joys, he essayed a desperate flight toward the superior spheres where the poets' desires would be satisfied. Spirite, with marvelous intuition, rendered the hidden meaning of the words, the sense that human words express not, that which remains unsaid in the best turned phrase, the mysterious, the intimate, the deep, the secret aspiration that one scarcely avows to one's self, all that is soft, elevating and gentle, that flies from the harsh forms of words.

After playing, she arose; her hands no longer appeared to float over the key-board, and the melodies escaped from the piano in visible and colored vibrations, spreading themselves through the atmosphere of the room in luminous undulations, like those which attend the radiant explosions of the aurora borealis.

Lavinia had disappeared and Spirite reappeared, but taller, more majestic, surrounded by a bright light. She had already, though evidently with reluctance, quitted the floor of the room. The folds of her robe floated in vacancy, a breath from above carried her away, and Mallvert found himself alone, in a state of excitement easy to comprehend. But little by little calm came back to him, and a delightful languor succeeded to that feverish excitement. He felt that satisfaction so rare to poets, and it is even said, to philosophers, of being understood in all the delicacies and depths of his genius. What a dazzling and radiant commentary Spirite had made on that piece of poetry of which he, the author, had not so well understood the sense and bearing! How this soul was identified with his! how this thought penetrated his thought!

On the morrow he wished to work; his mind, long indolent, awoke, and ideas pressed tumultuously into his head. Limitless horizons, endless perspectives open themselves to his view. Never had he written so brilliantly; the greatest poets would have signed what he wrote on that day.

Having finished one verse, he was meditating the next, when he let his eyes wander vaguely around the studio and saw Spirite half-lying on the divan, who, with one hand under her chin, resting her elbow on a cushion, the ends of her taper fingers playing in the blonde clouds of her hair, was looking at him with an air of contemplative affection. She seemed to have been there some time, but she did not wish to reveal her presence, for fear of interrupting the labor of Guy, and as Mallvert rose from his chair in order to approach her, Spirite made him a sign not to disturb himself, and in a voice sweeter than music, she repeated strophe by strophe the piece at which Guy labored. By a mysterious sympathy, she felt the thought of her lover, followed him in his flight, and even surpassed him; for not only she saw, but she foresaw, and she repeated completely the unfinished stanza of which he still was seeking the cadence.

The poem, as we may easily imagine, was addressed to herself. What other subject would Mallvert treat? Carried away by his love for Spirite, he scarcely remembered the earth, and he penetrated into the heavens.

"That is fine," said Spirite, whose voice echoed in the very heart of Guy, for it did not reach his ear like ordinary sounds; "that is fine even for a spirit; genius is truly divine; it invents the ideal; it has glimpses of the superior beauty of eternal light. Where will it not ascend when it has for wings faith and love! But let us re-descend to the regions where the air is respirable for mortal lungs. All your nerves shudder like the chords of a lyre; your brow is like a censor. Strange, feverish lights are in your eyes. Fear, lunacy, ecstasy is near it. Calm yourself, and if you love me, live still your human life; I wish it."

To obey her, Mallvert went out, and though men appeared to him but distant shadows with whom he had no more relation, he tried to mingle in the crowd; he appeared to be interested in the news of the day, and smiled at the description of the wonderful costume that Mademoiselle B. wore at

the last ball; he even accepted an invitation to play whilst at the old Duchess of O's; every action seemed indifferent to him.

But in spite of his efforts to reattach himself to life, an imperious attraction drew him out of the terrestrial sphere. The apparitions of Spirite no longer sufficed him; his soul followed her when she disappeared, as if it tried to disengage itself from the body.

Guy saw almost every hour of the day and night this *alma adorata*, sometimes as a pure ideal, as Spirite—sometimes under the appearance more humanly feminine of Lavinia.

The short intervals during which Spirite quitted him, recalled, without doubt, by some order given "there where can wait on will," became insupportable to him, and when she disappeared, he would willingly have broken his skull against the wall.

One evening he said to himself: "Since Spirite cannot take a body and mingle in my life otherwise than by vision, what if I were to throw off this troublesome mortal envelope, this gross and heavy form which prevents me raising myself with the adored soul into the spheres where Spirite hovers?"

This resolution appeared wise, and he went to a collection of savage arms, clubs, tomahawks, sagals and cutlasses, and took out a poisoned arrow, plumed with parrot's feathers, and having a point of fishes' bone dipped in *ciguë*, that terrible poison, of which the South American Indians alone possess the secret, and which strikes down its victims like a thunderbolt, and from which no counter poison can save them.

He held the arrow near the hand that he was about to prick, when suddenly Spirite appeared before him, dismayed, terrified, suppliant, and threw round his neck her shadowy arms with an intensely passionate movement, pressing him to her phantom heart and covering him with impalpable kisses. The woman had forgotten that she was only a spirit.

"Madman!" she cried, "what are you doing? You wish to kill yourself to join me? Thy death in this manner would separate us without hope, and would dig a gulf between us which millions of years would not suffice to fill. Come back to thy senses; support life, of which the longest is no more than the fall of a grain of sand. To support time, think of eternity, in which we can love each other forever, and pardon me for having been a coquette. The woman wished to be loved as the spirit; Lavinia was jealous of Spirite, and I have almost lost thee forever!"

Re-taking her angelic form, she stretched her hands above Mallvert's head, who felt a calm and celestial freshness descend upon him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Madame d'Ymbercourt was astonished at the small effect that her coquetries with M. de Aversac had produced on Guy; this want of success overturned all her ideas of feminine strategy. She believed that nothing could revive love like the touch of jealousy, but she forgot for the truth of the maxim that it was necessary that the love should really have existed, for she could not suppose that a bachelor, who came regularly to her Wednesday for three years, who brought her bouquets on opera nights, and kept himself awake in the back of her box, was not smitten with her charms. Was she not young, beautiful, elegant and rich? Did she not play the piano like the gainer of a first prize at the Conservatoire? Did she not pour out tea with the correctness of Lady Penelope herself? Did she not write her notes in an English hand, sloping, angular, and quite aristocratic? What could be found fault with in her carriages, which came from Blinder, or her horses, sold and guaranteed by Oremieux? Had not her footmen the air of the best houses? Did not her dinners merit the approbation of all gourmets? All this seemed to her to compose a tolerably comfortable whole. However, the lady of the sledge seen in the Bois de Boulogne throbbed through her brain, and she went many times to make the tour of the lake in the hope of meeting her again, and of seeing whether Guy would follow her.

The lady reappeared no more, and the jealousy of Madame d'Ymbercourt had to exercise itself on nothingness; besides, no person knew her or had remarked her. Was Guy smitten by her, or was it a simple movement of curiosity that had made him put Grymalkin in pursuit of the stepper?

This was what Madame could not explain. She returned to the idea that she had frightened Guy, by giving him to understand that he compromised her. This phrase, which she had only used to force him to a formal declaration, she deeply regretted, for Guy, too faithful to the hint, and too much occupied with Spirite, had abstained from any further visits. This perfect obedience vexed the Countess, who would have preferred less submission.

Although her suspicions did not rest on the momentary vision in the Bois de Boulogne, yet she felt that some hidden passion was concealed under this excessive care for her reputation. Nothing was changed in the apparent life of the young man; and Jack, interrogated in secret by Madame d'Ymbercourt, assured her that his master went out but little, and lived like a cenobite, passing most of his nights in writing.

D'Aversac redoubled his attentions, and Madame d'Ymbercourt accepted them with gratitude, because she felt that he prized what Guy had alighted.

One evening he appeared in her box at the opera, in full glory as an accepted cavalier, and they inquired in some other boxes: "Is the marriage of Guy de Mallvert and Madame d'Ymbercourt broken off?"

There was a movement of curiosity when Guy made his appearance, and they saw him turn his looks absently on the lady's box; but the best *lorgnettes* could not discover the slightest change

in his face when he saw D'Aversac seated in full glory beside Madame d'Ymbercourt. The expression of his face was that of a secret joy.

"If Mallvert were beloved by a princess or a fairy, he could not have a more triumphant air," said an old *habitué* of the balcony. "Madame d'Ymbercourt may put on mourning for this missed marriage, for she will never be Madame de Mallvert."

Between the acts he paid a short visit to her box, to take leave of her, as he was about to depart for a tour of some months in Greece. His politeness toward Aversac was natural—without constraint, without exaggeration. He had not the cold, ceremonious air which vexed people put on, and he pressed the hand of the Countess with perfect sincerity, whose countenance betrayed emotion in spite of her efforts to appear calm. The blush which had risen to her face when he left his seat in the orchestra to go to her box, had given place to a paleness, in which rice powder had no part. She hoped for an expression of anger, a mark of jealousy—perhaps a quarrel. But this unaffected coolness disconcerted her, and took her by surprise. She had believed that Mallvert loved her; she saw that she was deceived. This discovery wounded at once both her pride and her heart. She found that she cared more for him than she had imagined.

When he left her, she leaned on the edge of the box and answered D'Aversac by monosyllables. He could not account for her sudden change of manner, and was greatly disconcerted; but as he knew that they were the objects to which all the glasses were directed, he continued to whisper in her ear pleasantisms which might have been heard without danger by the whole theatre.

D'Aversac conducted her home, and tried in vain to say something tender, that would, at least, extort a reply. But she remained silent and cold. On approaching her door she extended her hand, and said to him: "Pardon me, my dear M. D'Aversac; my nerves are miserably shaken. Do not be angry, and come and see me to-morrow. I shall then be more calm. Where shall they put you down?"

With a rapid step she descended from the coupé and mounted the steps of her house, without permitting Aversac to bid her.

D'Aversac, in a sullen humor, directed the coachman to drive him to his club, where his own carriage awaited him. He played and lost, which did not contribute to put him in good temper.

Madame d'Ymbercourt, after having been undressed by her maid, threw on a dressing-gown of white cashmere and sat down, leaning her elbow on her desk, with her hand buried in her hair. She remained thus for some time, her eyes fixed on the paper, and rolling the pen in her fingers. She wished to write to Guy, but it was a letter difficult to compose. Thoughts which rushed upon her tumultuously, fled away when she wanted to form them into phrases. She scrawled five or six copies, full of erasures and illegible, notwithstanding her beautiful English hand, without being able to satisfy herself. Some said too much, others said too little, and she threw them into the fire.

At last she decided on the following: "Do not be vexed, my dear Guy, at my little innocent coquetry. I swear that I had no other object in view but to render you a little jealous, and to bring you back to my side. You well know that I love you, though you do not love me. Your cold, tranquil air has frozen my heart. Forget what I said to you. It was a malicious woman who made me say it. Is this departure for Greece a reality? Are you obliged to fly from me in this way? I, who have but one desire—that of pleasing you. Do not go away. I shall be too unhappy in your absence."

She signed it Cecile d'Ymbercourt, sealed it with her arms, and wished to send it immediately; but as she rose to ring for some one, the clock struck two. It was too late to despatch a servant to the far end of the Faubourg St. Germain, where Guy lived.

"It is as well," said she. "I will send my letter early in the morning, and Guy will receive it when he awakes, provided that he has not already set out."

The first thing that met her view when she opened her eyes in the morning, was the letter, written before she slept.

"Must I send it?" asked Aglaia, who saw her mistress's eyes directed toward it.

"Oh, no!" cried she, warmly; "throw it into the fire."

Then she added, to herself: "What could have put it into my head to write such a letter?"

[To be concluded in our next.]

(From Dr. Holcombe's new book of poems, entitled "Southern Voices.")

THE TWO FIGURES.

I saw two figures in the light
Stand out like statues as I dreamed:
A skeleton—oh ghastly sight!
And a sweet youth who sleeping seemed.
"Ah, this is hateful Death!" I thought,
"With cold, white bones and sockets deep;
And this our life, forever wrought
Of dreams, of shadows, and of sleep."
"Your thought is wrong, your thought I've read!"
Some Spirit spoke, I held my breath.
"This skeleton is Life," he said,
"And this sweet sleeping youth is Death."
"Your life to us is cold and bare,
We sigh and sorrow for your sake,
Your death we welcome everywhere,
That sweet, sweet sleep from which you wake."

ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.—Much injury is done to the eye by the improper use of lamp or gas-light. Many persons suppose that a bright light, in reading, is injurious to the eye, and therefore attempt to read with a low, unsteady light. This is wrong. Let the light be bright and steady—the brighter the better—but let it be so placed that it may not shine directly into the face, but over the shoulder. No harm is done in illuminating the book well; the error is in allowing the light to fall directly on the face. Gas-light is better than lamp-light, if it is steady and brilliant. The student's lamp is the best kerosene lamp for reading purposes. Remember to sit with your back to the light; then let it burn brightly, and illuminate your book well.

REVIEW OF THE BRINKLEY COLLEGE GHOST STORY.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Not long after the account of that thrilling "Ghost Story," which originated in the Brinkley Female College, was published, I obtained from Mr. Robertson his pamphlet concerning it; and as it appears to me to be worthy of more attention among us than it has received, I beg permission to give to your numerous readers a synopsis of Lawyer R.'s work, the affidavits of parties present at the finding of the mysterious jar, and the testimony of Dr. Shaw, who was called to dress the wound received by Mr. Robertson from those who robbed him of his mystic treasure. That there might be no reasonable doubt concerning the truthfulness of Mr. R.'s statements, I wrote to a gentleman in St. Louis, who formerly resided in Memphis, and his reply leads me to infer that we may have faith in the Brinkley College Ghost Story. Indeed, much that remains in obscurity concerning this affair, is readily explained by a passage in the letter just referred to: "It is not only a difficult but a disagreeable undertaking to fight persecution with the data spirits give, and personal safety has been considered more than the recovery of the jar."

A further reason for believing Mr. R.'s report comes to me also from the same disinterested party. He says: "Clara is a remarkable medium, and discloses much about property. She is an interesting child, all simplicity and truthfulness, which gives no one a chance to think there was any deception. All her companions and friends regard her as an uncommonly truthful and candid girl."

We may remember that one evening Miss Clara was alone in one of the upper rooms of the institution practicing her music lesson. An apparition suddenly appeared before her, in the shape of a girl about eight years of age, with sunken, lustreless eyes, and strikingly emaciated form and features. She was clad in a dingy and tattered dress of faded pink. Clara ran into an adjoining room and sprang into bed with a sick girl. The figure, with noiseless step, followed her to the bedside and laid an emaciated hand on the pillow. The young lady, agitated and speechless with terror, was nearly thrown into spasms, and could do nothing but motion the frightful object away. It finally disappeared through a side door as noiselessly as it came.

Two days afterward, while practicing in the same room, two other pupils being present, Miss Clara was startled by a noise as if by some water being dashed over the floor. Turning her head, she saw the spectral-looking visitor of two days before. It was seen by all three, who fled in dismay. Five days later it again appeared, and one of the teachers (a Miss Boone) being called, she also saw the figure, though in her eyes it was less distinct than in those of our gentle medium. Miss Clara then had courage to ask why it was there. Pointing in a southerly direction, the ghost replied that under a stump, some fifty yards from the house, were secreted some valuables which she wished her to have. Miss Boone heard a noise, but could not distinguish words, but a pupil present at the time relates that words similar to those heard by Miss Clara, were distinct to her ears also. Dismiss now prevailed throughout the institute, and there were none to ridicule or question as there had been before. Subsequently, when Miss Clara was walking outside of the building, the figure in pink again suddenly appeared before her, and while she stood transfixed with terror, the spirit kindly addressed her; told her not to be alarmed; that her name was Lizzie; that she wished her to have the documents under the aforesaid stump, and obtain property now illegally held by others. Finally, Clara, entranced at her own house, wrote the particulars concerning the papers and the jar, which would be found under some mason work five feet under ground.

When there could be little doubt that a spirit had revealed a strange truth, digging was begun, under the direction of Mr. T. Burns, overlooked by a motley crowd. Only some mason work was reached that night. The next day work was resumed, but as the treasure was not reached, Clara, at home, was again visited by the little ghost, and told to go and aid in the search. She went with a neighbor, a Miss Franklin, and the spectre came to her and pointed out the exact spot where the looked-for object would be found, and wished her to go into the pit and dig. She went, removed a shovel full of dirt, stepped forward, as if to pick something up, and fell insensible. Carried into the house, she was restored, when she declared she had seen the jar containing the valuables. Mr. Robertson then went with two diggers, and, following the direction of the spirit, unearthed a glass jar, which he passed up to a lady; then they returned to Mr. R.'s house, followed by an excited crowd. The jar was delivered to Miss Clara, who received it with transports of delight, believing now that her troubles were at an end.

The jar bore evidence of long concealment, being covered with mould. But in regard to the time when it could be opened, a condition was imposed by the spirit, which has unfortunately not been explained—sixty days must elapse if the jar was unearthed by any one but Clara; and here naturally arises a doubt, and the sprig of suspicion springs up from it.

Sixty days! Why not to-day, most people would say. The ways of the spirits are often seemingly very mysterious; but when I have ever had cause to doubt the judiciousness of their schemes, I have eventually discovered that it was because I had not understood them, or discovered that conditions were unfavorable. Those that surround my family, wear the diadem of truth.

It seems that Mr. Robertson, for the greater safety of the jar, concealed it in an outhouse. One evening "a number of persons, friends of the family," says the pamphlet, "were sitting in the parlors, when a noise was heard in the back yard

as of persons talking. Mr. R. remarked it, and went out to ascertain the cause. Nothing was seen or heard of him for about five minutes, when a servant named Joe came running into the parlor and said that Mr. R. was lying dead in the back part of the yard. Several of the gentlemen, accompanied by Joe, immediately proceeded to where Mr. R. was, and found him lying insensible in a pool of blood. He was carried into his house, and a physician sent for. In a few minutes Dr. H. J. Shaw arrived, administered restoratives, and proceeded to examine the wounds on Mr. R.'s head. He found a long, ugly-looking wound that appeared as if made with a knife or some sharp instrument, extending four inches over the forehead; also the marks of a person's fingers upon his throat. It was about half an hour before Mr. R. was restored to consciousness.

It seems that Mr. R., on going out, was seized by four men, one of whom, presenting a pistol, threatened his life if he did not deliver up the recently found jar. The place of concealment being told, the jar was secured by them, when one of them, seizing him by the throat, struck him a blow which felled him to the earth, where he was probably left for dead.

"State of Tennessee, Shelby Co.
Personally appeared before me, John E. Burke, Justice of the Peace for said county, Wm. Taylor, Joseph L. Pearson and Ransom Christopher, who, being duly sworn, depose as follows, to wit: State that on the 27th of March, they were employed by J. R. Robertson, to assist in digging up a stump near Brinkley Female College. * * * but failed to find the treasure supposed to be there; that, on the evening of the 28th, they were again employed to dig again at the same place, but were instructed to dig on the right side of the stump, while the excavation on the previous evening. * * * Finally Mr. R., accompanied by Mrs. Nourse, (a medium) came to them; that Mrs. N. remarked that the instructions were for Mr. R. to dig. Whereupon Mr. R. took off his coat, got into the place already dug, and, after he had descended about one foot, found a glass jar under a portion of said brick work, and dug it out. It was picked up by Mrs. Nourse, and the whole crowd, consisting of some fifty persons, proceeded to Robertson's house, where quite a number, including ourselves, examined the jar. He stated that from the time said Robertson took the jar, until the jar was dug up, they were within four or five feet of him, watching every spade of dirt that was taken up, and knew that there was no deception on the part of Robertson, as to the finding of the same. They were also within a few feet of Mrs. Nourse at the time that Robertson was digging, and knew that she had on no cloak or other garment with which she concealed said jar; * * * that she had no possible chance to have deposited said jar under the brick from where it was taken after she came." (Signed) J. E. BURKE, J. P.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1871. JOHN E. BURKE, J. P.
"This is to certify that I was called to see Mr. J. R. Robertson on the night of the 24th of March, and found that he had a wound, I think an incision, on the forehead; also a bruise on the abdomen, from which he seemed to suffer very much; also was called some days afterwards, and found that he was suffering from gastric troubles." (Signed) H. J. SHAW, M. D.

"I am a policeman; went to the house of J. R. Robertson, on the 26th of March, on the night of the 28th of March, sometime after he was hurt; found him on the bed with a wound on his head. Went into his back yard in company with Mr. McAllister, another policeman, examined the premises; found in the back lot the tracks of three men who had come in at the back end of the lot and passed out the same way. One of the tracks was that of a large foot or coarse shoe, very broad, and another looked like a common boot-track, and the other a fine foot. We got a light and examined the tracks carefully." (Signed) J. B. HAYS.

The pamphlet further states that there was a Lizzie Davis who died at Brinkley College some time in 1860. Persons who were at her funeral say she was laid out and buried in a dress of pink. She was about six or eight years of age, and is well remembered for her beauty and goodness. It is remembered, too, by old and reliable citizens, that there was a chancery suit about the ground on which Brinkley College stands, and that there was much scandal at the time.

I have recently heard that the jar has been recovered. G. L. DITSON, M. D.
Albany, N. Y., 1871.

THE TRIUMPHANT SPIRIT.

Dedicated to Mr. & Mrs. A. Thomas, South Abington, Mass.

Thank God that the veil of the future is thin
To many while living below;
That even while dwelling earth-temple within,
Despite all the darkness and sickness and sin,
Its ascension the spirit can know.
The Spirit of Fear hath yielded his power
To the Spirit of Infinite Love,
And the flash of a radiant, God given power
Increases in brightness and glory each hour.
As we glance to the heavens above,
'T was this, that, entrancing your souls on earth,
Gave communion with angels so bright;
No wonder the feared not her own spirit-birth,
But said, "I am better for leaving this death
For a land full of glorious light."
When her loved friends wept sorrowful tears,
And in pain she was passing life's morn,
And thus faded from their sight to the mystical spheres,
Her soul rose serenely beyond the dark fears,
And with welcomes awaited the dawn.
How the angels rejoiced when close to her side
The sister in spirit-life came,
And, aiding her over the beautiful tide,
Rang songs of glad joy when, in sweetness and pride,
She knew them and called them by name.
Then let us in reverent thankfulness pause,
And our voices through earth-arches ring;
For life with its unchanging, dimly-seen laws,
Result of glory brings forth from each cause,
Until death and the grave lose their sting.
Like her, then, be patient, and wait for the time,
When you, too, will watch on this shore,
Shall catch the tones of the life-bells that chime,
That call you to them in the angel-kept clime,
Where unions shall be evermore. C. F. A.

THE FEDERATION OF ITALY, a Romance of Canaan's Captivity, by G. L. Ditson, M. D. Wm. White & Co., Publishers.
This work has been on our table sometime, but a pressure of duties has prevented such a perusal of it as would enable us to express an intelligent opinion of its merits. Judging from the well-known scholarly attainments of our friend, the author, we could but anticipate much pleasure in a careful perusal of this work.

POEMS OF PROGRESS, by Lizzie Doten. Wm. White & Co., Boston, Publishers.
Just as we go to press, this beautiful volume reaches us. No time in this issue for such a notice as it deserves; but we have only to open the book to feel the divine inspiration poured "like a fiery flood" upon the sensitive soul of Lizzie Doten, producing the living, stirring, life-revealing poems which compose this volume. Of course everybody will want a copy of the "Poems of Progress."—A. A. W., in American Spiritualist.

Spiritualism.

THE WORK AND THE WORKERS.

BY DEAN CLARK.

Although to a casual observer who sees only the objective and tangible results, but not the potent forces that are ever active in the mental world, the cause of Spiritualism may not present a very flattering aspect, in some places at least; yet to the scientific observer, and the philosophical thinker, there is abundant evidence of a steady, onward march toward a final triumph and a glorious achievement.

While but few of the great mass who are convinced of its truth, are really faithful to their deepest convictions, or to the moral obligations that legitimately devolve upon those who have received the stewardship of a mighty truth not revealed to all alike, yet the "Powers Above" are unremitting in their efforts to demonstrate their presence and scatter broadcast the germs that proper culture will make productive of rich results.

Hitherto all efforts at constructive and organic application of the great principles taught by our supernatural visitants, and evolved from the phenomena they have produced, have resulted in ephemeral, or at best but experimental unions of the believers, and this fact has led many to believe that Spiritualism can never become a concrete form of religion, and was designed only as a haven to spiritualize the masses that were becoming materialistic through loss of faith in the systems that have embodied the religious ideas of mankind.

Whatever may be the ulterior purpose of the Power that has inaugurated and superintended this great movement, it is evident that it has not yet moved in a general and concerted effort at marshaling the hosts into any systematic form of being or action; and this obvious fact leads me to the conclusion that the elements for a permanent organic system or body, are not yet fully prepared, rather than the belief that they never will be.

As human nature is, and as history shows it to have been, I cannot see how existing religious systems can be changed so as to adapt them to the new regime, or so as to take in that which is so much more catholic than any of them, that it embraces all of them, so far as each is adapted to the wants of any part of humanity.

True, any of the sects may recognize the cardinal fact of present spirit intercourse, if they go no further, and for a time, change their basis, but that entering wedge once driven into the most tenacious system, will eventually and inevitably drive it aside, for not one of them is elastic enough to enlarge to the size of the ideas germane to Spiritualism.

Hence, when the "new wine" is fully fermented, and the dregs have gravitated to their own place, "I" say, believe me, it will be put into "new bottles," capacious and strong enough to contain it; but at present, and perhaps for some time to come, the fermenting of the great mass of mortality seems to be the principal, if not the only practical work for its prime movers; though it may be an error of judgment to pronounce the various efforts toward organization to be "rational" and "practical" efforts perfect methods and proper means.

Although our cause has advanced with a celerity unprecedented by any other religious movement, and that, too, against far greater odds, yet the work of propagandism, comparatively speaking, is but just begun, and it is not to time yet to stack arms and hire guns, while so many conquests are summoning the valiant to the contest with embattled Error and strongly fortified Superstition.

The grand object of the spirits being at present the promulgation of the facts and philosophy of the case, and the only means of doing so as necessary and will best promote this purpose will be the machinery of associative labor must be as simple and unpretentious to individual action as possible, and every cause be wholly subservient to the public good which is paramount to any and all time extent.

Only local organizations seem to have done very effective work; and I opine that for a while, at least, they will be most effective; and these are necessary principally as a creative power for teaching the Philosophy, and the more they are broad and free enough to encourage free speech upon every subject pertaining to the welfare of humanity.

The desire and effort to restrict the exponents of Spiritualism to spiritual things only, or even mainly, will in every case be abortive, or at best destructive of the best interests of the cause, and impede rather than aid the beneficent work of the Higher Power, whose chief object is to teach us how to make the most and the best of this life. Therefore any movement tending to sectarianize Spiritualists will come to grief, for the Philosophy of the case is not a "one idea" scheme will cover the ground that embraces UNIVERSAL NATURE.

SPECIAL WORK AND WORKERS
is the theme I purpose to dwell on mainly, and to advert to some of the most able means by which our work is now being accomplished.

Among the oldest and most efficient laborers or instruments in the hands of the laborers-in-chief is J. N. Mansfield, of Mansfield, Mass. I have long read, but never tested till this summer; and I desire to add my testimony to that of many others published in the Banner, as to his reliability in answering sealed letters, and giving written communications from the spirits.

I have and do, thoroughly sealed and addressed to my spirit friends, and have long read twelve and the last thirteen questions—answered *seriatim* and specifically, and so far as I can know, correctly.
The first, however, was answered by John Pierpont, who claims to be one of my guardians. He said he did not know me, but that I was my mother's names, and as he was a spirit, they (meaning, I suppose, Mr. Mansfield's controllers), had no clue by which to find her; so he (Father Pierpont) would take the liberty to answer all of my questions not specially personal to my mother. So all but two were answered to my entire satisfaction.

But wishing to hear from my angel mother particularly, I wrote again, addressing her by her full name, and my thirteen questions were answered as directly as when she was in earth-life, and, to some extent, in her characteristic manner, although the evidence of the truth was not so plain in the phrasing, which I have taken of the medium instead of the spirit; as in the facts stated and matters referred to, of which Mr. M. knows nothing. Truly Bro. M. is a most wonderful amanuensis for spirit-communication, and, from my own experience, with that of scores of people whom I have met in my travels, I can commend him as one of the most reliable and capable mediums in the world, and I think no one can ever regret spending five dollars for such unmistakable communion with their spirit-friends.

SPRIT-TESTS.
It was my pleasure and good fortune to meet Bro. Joseph D. Stiles—medium for writing the "Twelve Messages" from J. Q. Adams, with which many of the readers of the Banner are acquainted—at Quincy, Mass., about a mile and a half last July, and though he was a total stranger to me and to those who came from spirit-land to greet me, he gave me, within an hour's sitting, seventy-six names of persons in and out of the body, who once lived in and in the vicinity of my native town in several instances giving cause of death and other circumstances, which, so far as I know, were correct; but there were sixteen of the persons named concerning whom I knew little, but have since learned of two of them that the facts were given correctly. I published an account of this remarkable séance in a secular paper which circulates in the places where the spirits once lived, and I learn it has stirred up quite a commotion, and called out the wrath of some of the modern Demetriuses—the priests, two of whom in my native town have since paid me their compliments; one in the form of a sermon, the other—Rev. T. B. Hubbard, with whom I held a conference last year—in the form of a letter, in which he tries to blind the eyes of the readers with the slime of ridicule. I have responded, and possibly may yet give the readers

of the Banner a taste of the enjoyment I have had. Bro. Stiles is now in Montpelier, Vt., or the vicinity, lecturing and giving tests at the close of his able discourses; and with his rare talent at poetical improvisation, his marvelous gift to give shape, and his logical power as a speaker, he is doing heroic service for his cause.

SPRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.
Among the remarkable media whom I have recently met and tested, second to none is W. H. Munier, of 170 West Springfield street, Boston. Just before the recent Camp Meeting at Walden Pond, I visited him, sat for a photograph, hoping to get my mother's picture, but instead, got a very beautiful and distinct picture of a cousin, twenty-two years in spirit-life, who was but eleven years of age when she departed. Her name was vividly impressed on my mind while sitting, and I recognized a striking resemblance to her family, enough to make me sure it is of her; besides, Bro. Stiles, or his guide, saw with me, and I have since been able to identify her before I sat. Bro. Stiles, on Sept. 4th, 1871, Mr. John J. Glover, of Quincy, Mass., who was very skeptical about the form of manifestation, accompanied me to Mr. Munier's, and we both obtained accurate pictures of our spirit mothers. 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Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Dumont O. Dake, M. D.'s elegant offices in Chicago, which had been rented and newly furnished, together with his household goods and clothing, were consumed by the recent disastrous fire. The doctor is now at Rockford, Ill.

R. W. Flint, medium for answering sealed letters, can now be found at No. 34 Clinton Place, one block west of Broadway, New York.

Dr. H. Slade, clairvoyant, has removed to No. 210 West 43d street, New York.

Dean Clark will speak in New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 22d. He will soon start for the West and South-west via New York City, and by the Erie Railroad to Cleveland, thence South-west if applications are made in care of "American Spiritualist" before his arrival. He would like engagements along the Erie Railroad while en route, and solicits applications at once, care of Woodhull & Claflin, 44 Bond St., New York City. This able and eloquent lecturer will speak upon Woman Suffrage, Lato Reform, The Social Question, and the Spiritual Philosophy, and any of the vital topics of the times, and we trust his eminent powers will be in constant requisition. Address till Nov. 1st, care of Banner of Light.

Bryan J. Butts, of Hopdale, Mass., is prepared to deliver lectures on the following subjects: "The Public Library Question; or Books and Culture for the Masses." "The Angel of Freedom; or Prophecy of the 'Great Rebellion' (In rhyme)." "The Bigot's Dream; or a Disagreeable Call to Preach." (In rhyme.) "The 'Five Points' of Spiritualism—Philosophical and Religious."

Dr. J. K. Bailey attended the late Iowa State Convention of Spiritualists at Iowa Falls. He spoke at Parkersburg, Iowa, the 11th, 12th and 13th; at Union, Saturday evening, the 14th, and Sunday, 15th inst. He expects to labor in Northern Iowa and Southern Minnesota for a time; has prospective engagements at Waverly, Mason City, or Clear Lake, and hopes to hear from the friends of the various localities of that region with a view to appointments. The work is needed there, as everywhere, and we hope that Spiritualists will not let the opportunity slip. Bro. Bailey can do the cause much good. Address him immediately at Charles City, Iowa, until further notice.

A. S. Hayward, magnetic physician, has taken rooms permanently at 82 Dover street, this city, and will exercise his "gift of healing" in cases of mental and physical diseases.

Mrs. S. A. Byrnes will lecture at Quincy, Mass., Nov. 5th and 10th; at Cohasset, Nov. 12th; at Middleboro, Nov. 26th; at New Bedford, Dec. 17th, 24th and 31st. She would like to make further engagements. Address Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 87.

John R. Kelso, of Springfield, Mo., has announced his intention of entering the lecturing field in advocacy of the Spiritual Philosophy and kindred reforms. He is very moderate in his charges. He will go wherever called. During the winter he would like engagements in Kansas and the western and northern portions of Missouri.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, of Vermont, lectured in Salem, Mass., Oct. 15th, with marked success. The two next Sundays she speaks in Manchester, N. H. Societies wishing her services for November will do well to apply at once.

Spiritualism in England.

Our cause is well represented by many earnest advocates and sterling mediums in Great Britain, and is constantly working its way to the public examination, which means, if rightly conducted, its acceptance by the investigator. One of the most earnest laborers for truth to be found in the kingdom is Mr. J. Burns, of London, publisher of the magazine "Human Nature," and proprietor of the Progressive Library at 15 Southampton Row, and a lecturer of acknowledged merit. We see, per announcement, that he continued his labors on the rostrum recently by three services at the Town Hall, Batley, his subjects being, in the morning, "The Facts of Spiritualism: God is Spirit—There is a Natural Body and there is a Spiritual Body—Matter and Spirit—The Manifestations: how produced—The Laws of Mediumship—The Philosophy of the Spirit Circle," and, in the evening, "The Teachings of Spiritualism: Spiritual Gifts—The Nature of the Spirit-world—The Spirit after Death—Hell—Heaven—Salvation—Of what use is Spiritualism?—&c., &c."

In the afternoon illustrations of spirit communion, through the organism of local mediums, were given under his direction. Mr. Burns is indefatigable in the advocacy of the truth which he has espoused, and his labors are of the utmost benefit in spreading the light where the moral darkness of creeds points out the harvest field of the reformer.

Panama.

Sometime since the steamship "Virginus" put into the port of Aspinwall, S. A., in distress. The commander of the Spanish war-ship Tornado, made a demand on the Governor of Panama, that the Virginus be given up to his government to be treated as a pirate. The Governor, before doing so, thought best to inform the United States Consul, Charles E. Perry, Esq. As the Virginus was a bona fide American merchant vessel, the Consul remonstrated against so foul an act, and thus threw the shield of his Government over the vessel. A sharp correspondence took place between the State officials, the Spanish Captain and the U. S. Consul, which resulted in the withdrawal of the Spaniard's claim. Had our Government been represented by a less competent and energetic Consul, the case would have been entirely different, and national expense and trouble would have followed the seizure. While the Government employs such able men to represent its interests abroad, our marine property will be safe from such molestations. Had we room we would transfer the account of the above affair, which we find in the Panama Herald and Star, to our columns.

New Publications.

The contents of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November, (to write the word suggests the near approach of the end of the year), are of a variety, force and general literary ability and finish, that entitle this newest issue of a favorite leading magazine to be considered without a successful rival in America. Steadman opens with a scholarly and studious comparison of Tennyson with Theocritus. Dr. Goodell contributes "The Bedlams of Stamboul," revealing some of the mysteries of Eastern Life. DeForest proceeds with his popular story of "Kale Beaumont." Clarence King narrates the romance and truth of "Wayside Pikes." H. James, Jr., gives Part Four of his "Watch and Ward." "California Saved." "The New Light." Howells' "Wedding Journey," and "Our Whispering Gallery," by Fields, complete, with critical notices, the sterling prose of this number; while the poetry is but sparsely interspersed, yet excellent, according to the high Atlantic standard. Between the covers of this number the reader will find a fresh installment of intellectual aliment, and he will feel that the new month is well begun after the enjoyment of its treasures.

Our Young Folks for November has been received. The boys and girls are deeply in love with this charming monthly, and no wonder, for it is a credit to its publishers, James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.

Letter from Judge Edmonds.

It gives us pleasure to publish the following letter from the pen of J. W. Edmonds, of New York, commendatory of the new work by Robert Dale Owen:

Dear Sir—My friend, Dr. Gray, put into my hands, within the last few days, some of the proof sheets of Mr. Owen's forthcoming work, "The Debatable Land."

I don't know that I had Mr. Owen's consent to peruse them, and I know I have not his consent to speak of them to you; but still I must do so, for I was struck with the value of what I read.

It was about two hundred pages that I read—the most of which was occupied with an address from him to the Protestant clergy.

That paper it was that struck me so forcibly that I think I might advantageously be published as a tract by itself.

It shows great research and learning, involving necessarily a great deal of study; its style is plain and clear; its temper is most admirable, and its conclusions seem to me to be irresistible.

Referring to the past history of Christianity and Protestantism, it asks the pertinent question, whether either are equal, unaided by spirit-communion, to the emergency now upon us, growing out of the great increase and accumulation, at this day, of all the elements of physical prosperity which envelop us?

He shows how the spirit-communion of the past—that of eighteen hundred years ago, as well as the more modern of Wesley, Swedenborg and the Quakers—has failed to perform the work that might have been accomplished, and he warns the clergy against the sectarian rock on which former efforts were wrecked.

His appeals are eloquent and at times actually sublime, and I write to you so that you may have your attention called to that Introduction as soon as the book appears, and, if you agree with me in opinion, that you may commend it to your readers. I think it will richly reward their perusal.

How bravely the work goes on! The facts on which we have rested our faith are no longer disputed; even science condescends to examine them as realities, and we see the effect in the universal charity which, all over the civilized world, is flooding with its timely aid a deeply afflicted community.

Is it presumptuous for us to hail this unprecedented display of brotherly love as owing, in some degree at least, to the principles which have come among us, with the facts of spiritual intercourse? Truly yours, J. W. Edmonds.

L. Colby, Esq.

Baltimore, Md.

In another column our friend Danskin has a letter in relation to spiritual movements in Baltimore, to which we call attention.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER OF THE BANNER.—First Page: Continuation of story, "Spirits." Poem—"The Two Figures." "Review of the Brinkley College Ghost Story," by G. L. Dixon; Second Page: "The Triumph Spirit;" "The Work and the Workers," by Dean Clark; "A New and Extraordinary Spirit-Phenomenon," by K. Graves; Banner Correspondence; Poem—"At Plymouth Rock," by John William Day; "Spiritualism," Third Page: "Our Sister," by Mrs. C. L. Shacklock; "Children: Their Rights and Privileges," a Lecture by Mrs. Victoria O. Woodhull; "The Scene in Chicago;" "The Spiritualists Thank their Fellow-Citizens;" Convention Notices; List of Spiritualist Meetings. Fourth and Fifth: Usual editorials, items, etc. Sixth: "Message Department." Seventh: Advertisements. Eighth: "Editorial Correspondence," by Warren Chase; "Iowa Association of Spiritualists;" "Desolated Chicago," by Cephas B. Lynn.

Attention is called to the contents, advertised in another column, of the new and valuable book on "Vital Magnetic Cure," being an exposition of vital magnetism, and its application to the treatment of mental and physical diseases. The book will be out the first of November.

Please send the address of Dr. William C. Huesey, formerly of New York, to Charles G. Huesey, clerk "Curtis House," Auburn, N. Y.

Thanks are due Mrs. Dudley Hubbard, Boston Highlands, for an elegant bouquet of flowers. Other friends have supplied our Free Circle table with flowers, for which we tender thanks.

A subscriber in Texas says he has been a reader of the Banner for two years, and considers one of Prof. Denton's lectures worth the whole subscription.

We have been honored by a visit from Mr. E. D. Babbitt, of Chicago, who is one of the most intelligent Spiritualists we have met with for a long time.

When "The Shaker" newspaper goes out of its way to allow an anonymous writer to slander us, because we are not willing to condemn our fellowmen to gratify the personal antipathy of said anonymous scribbler, it conclusively proves to our mind that its professions of purity and goodness are mere myths. Brotherly love, farewell!

Orders received at this office for Mr. Owen's new book, "The Debatable Land." For price, etc., see the advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

BOSTON'S GRAND MOSQUITO FACTORY—The reservoir on Beacon Hill.

"LICENSE?" NEVER!—Bryan J. Butts has issued a small pamphlet with the above title, in which he gives a scientific answer to the question, "Is alcohol a nutritive?" It would do every one good to read it.

MOTTO OF THE NEW YORK CITY RING—"Tweed-lee-dee and Tweed-lee-dee."

Andrew Jackson Davis proposes to tell the world what he knows about insanity, which, according to the general opinion, is a good deal. He has only to write his autobiography to throw a vast deal of light on the subject. But this man, who has lived for years in the seventh heaven of vision, or hallucination, is a very clear-headed, hard-headed, matter-of-fact man, notwithstanding his dreams, and has made insanity a subject of special study.—Golden Age, Oct. 14.

THE GREAT INCENDIARY OF CHICAGO—The wood and tar pavements.

SPIRITUALISM.—A large and respectable audience assembled in the northern wing of Welsiger Hall yesterday morning and last night to hear Mr. Peebles, the spiritual lecturer. His discourses were very able and entertaining. The lecture at night was in explanation of the message in Scripture: "He who believeth and is baptized shall be saved. He who believeth not shall be damned." Mr. P. is certainly an eloquent man, and fully able to present his views of the text in a most favorable light. His audiences are increasing in numbers so rapidly that a new place of worship will have to be procured. Arrangements are already being made to effect this purpose. On next Sunday, Mr. Peebles will deliver a funeral discourse appropriate to the life and death of Mr. A. B. Whiting, who was well known to many of the people of Louisville.—Louisville Courier-Journal, Oct. 9.

BOSTON'S WHOLESALE PERFUMERY ESTABLISHMENT—The Back Bay.

To Correspondents.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable. We cannot guarantee that we will take to return or preserve communications that are not used.

N. H. M.—"Madman's Dream" is accepted, and will be published as soon as room will permit.

Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.—Music Hall.—Free admission.—The fifth series of lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy commenced in the elegant and spacious hall Sunday afternoon, Oct. 1st, and will be continued every Sunday, at 2 1/2 P.M. (except Dec. 11 and Feb. 11). Mrs. Emma Harding will lecture during October, and be followed by other speakers of known ability, among whom are Prof. Denton, Miss Jennie Loya, Thomas Gates Foster, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, and probably Miss Bowen and Dr. Willis. Reserved seats for the term, at \$10 each, can be procured at Mr. Lewis H. Wilson, Treasurer, 158 Washington street, or at the hall.

Elliot Hall.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 1/2 A. M. Mrs. Mary Carline, medium. Lecture and answering questions at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M., by Mrs. A. F. Floyd.

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

Boston.—Elliot Hall.—The exercises of the Lyceum meeting at this place were witnessed by various spectators on Sunday, Oct. 15th. Among the visitors were a full delegation from the Stoneham Lyceum, filling several large carriages. Music and singing by Mrs. W. L. Lovejoy and Misses Edna B. Dodge, Alice Cayvan; readings by M. E. Davy, Mrs. Hubbard and Heywood; declamations by the scholars, etc., made a pleasant and profitable occasion.

Fair for the Benefit of the Lyceum, etc.—At the weekly social meeting of Spiritualists held in Elliot Hall on Tuesday evening, and presided over by Dr. H. F. Gardner, it was unanimously voted to hold a fair, commencing on the 10th of December next, and continuing one week, to raise funds to rent a hall for the general purposes of the Spiritualist movement, such as the meetings of the Children's Progressive Lyceum and the support of the same, including the library; for a place of meeting and headquarters of the ladies; Aid Society and other benevolent objects, committee meetings, etc.

John A. Andrews Hall.—We understand that the usual exercises occurred at this hall on Sunday, Oct. 15th, and that a contribution was taken in aid of the Chicago sufferers—of the amount of which we are unenformed.

Cambridgeport.—Everett Hall.—The Spiritualists of this place have again rallied, under the leadership of Mr. Chas. H. Wiggin, the newly elected President of this Association, and the cause looks more prosperous than for a long time in this city. The new hall is a great improvement upon the old. Good lectures will be held there on each Sunday evening, at half-past seven o'clock; circles in the afternoon, same day, commencing at three o'clock. The board of officers, in addition to Mr. Wiggin, consists of Chas. H. Gullit, Vice President; David Howe, Treasurer; Mrs. D. J. Pearson, Secretary; a Layman Executive Committee—D. J. Pearson, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Ireland. The Lyceum will hereafter be considered as carried on under the auspices and pecuniary protection of the Association, and its prospects are much improved by the change.

Saturday evening, Oct. 14th, a series of Polka Parties was inaugurated at this hall. A fine company assembled—dancing closing eleven o'clock. The Bonnyville Brass Band, twenty pieces, kindly volunteered their services, under Messrs. W. Buckman, leader, and D. Boardman, director, and did much toward the success of the occasion. A fine collection was also taken of with cost by all.

CHARLESTOWN.—Evening Star Hall.—On Sunday, Oct. 15th, conference and circle inaugurated a new series of meetings to be held at this hall Sunday evenings till further notice, under the direction of C. B. Marsh. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Mrs. Adams, J. B. Hatch, Arthur Hodges and others took part. Mrs. Cushman, of Temple Hall, Boston, will speak at this place Sunday evening, Oct. 22. By this it will be seen that there is life in the spiritual cause in Charlestown, though so many have supposed it to be taking sleep, if not a final sleep.

EAST ANTONIO.—Phenix Hall.—Lilla H. Shaw, guardian, reports as follows: Sunday, Oct. 15th, the exercises were opened by singing and Silver-Chain recitations. The wing-movements were performed very nicely. Recitations and readings were submitted by the following: Harry Fish, Minnie E. Lowell, Arthur Wheeler, Ira F. Lowell, Ellen Groce, Amy Young, Emily Holbrook, Ada Vining. The consideration of the question was omitted for the choice of officers directly after the march. The grand march was joined in by about eighty-five children. The target march is participated in by the best behaved of every group, as far as possible. We closed our interesting exercises by singing "The Sweet Summer-Land."

After the regular session, the following were chosen: Conductor, Freeman J. Gurney; Assistant Conductor, Turner R. Holbrook; Guardian, Lilla H. Shaw; Assistant Guardian, Maria J. Bennett; Guards—Annie F. Shaw, Irene Oushling; Ed. Brown; Mrs. D. Newell; Leaders: Fraternity Group, Daniel G. Wheeler; Librarian, Edwin Wright; Assistant Librarian, Fred Young; Secretary, Daniel G. Wheeler; Treasurer, Frank B. Hallow; Freedmen, Alfred Brown; Liberty, Lanna Shaw; Evangel, Ira F. Lowell; Excelsior, Mrs. D. G. Wheeler; Temple, George Wheeler; Star, Brainerd Oushling; Beacon, Mrs. H. Turner; Banner, Mrs. J. Shaw; Ocean, Mrs. Howard Trumbull; Shore, Mrs. F. J. Gurney; Lake, Mrs. Stoddard; Sea, Mrs. T. Jenkins; River, Mrs. L. F. Lowell; Fountain, Mrs. E. H. Knox; Stream, Miss Ellen Groce.

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "Banner of Light Publishing House" is not an incorporated institution, and as we could not therefore legally hold bequests made to us in that name, by those who, blessed with the means, are desirous to bequeath to us pecuniary aid in disseminating a knowledge of the great truths of Spiritualism, we give below the form in which such a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto William White, Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, Massachusetts, Publishers, [here insert the description of the property to be willed] strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper, for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

Notice to Subscribers.

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

BUSINESS MATTERS.

DR. SLADE, Clairvoyant, is now located at 210 West 43d street, New York. O28.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth avenue, New York. Terms, \$3 and four three-cent stamps. O7.

C. H. FOSTER, "Test Medium," No. 16 Twelfth street, between University place and Fifth avenue, New York. O21.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.—Terms 50 cents and three stamps enclosed. Address, Dr. G. E. MARKHAM, Station B, New York City. O28.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. Flint, 34 Clinton place, one block west of Broadway, New York. Terms \$2 and 3 stamps. Money refunded when not answered. O28.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.—A SEALED LETTER, \$1.00 and four stamps. Medical examination by letter \$1.00. Address, M. K. GARDNER, 185 Bank street, Newark, N. J. 2w.O21.

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

The "HOME CIRCLE" is one of the best and cheapest illustrated story papers in the United States, brimful of good things every week. Only \$2 a year, besides a beautiful magazine given free a whole year to every subscriber. Splendid premiums for clubs, such as costly gold watches and silverware. Single copies, 5 cents, for sale everywhere. Send 3 copies post paid free by addressing the publisher, F. Gleason, No. 42 Summer street, Boston, Mass. 4two.O28.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

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ONE FAVOR, the favor, boys, of you we ask, And as we've done so much for you, We hope you will not think a task The thing we wish to have you do. You've many little friends, maybe, Who "Clothing" for the season need; Ask them to call, and we'll agree To sell them very low indeed; Tell them the place to buy new "Clothing," And they'll be glad, and we'll be glad, Is at the store of GEORGE FENNIS & CO., Corner of Beach and Washington street Oct. 23—1w

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

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

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

Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 10 M. on Monday.

GEORGE P. HOWELL & CO., 40 PARK ROW, S. M. PATTENHILL & CO., 37 PARK ROW.

Are our authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

THE LYCEUM BANNER OFFICE

Was totally destroyed in the Great Fire in Chicago.

On the morning of Oct. 8th, nothing being saved but the SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS.

The publication of the BANNER will be resumed as soon as we can take up with new material, what has been burned; and we hope our many

DISAPPOINTED READERS will be patient with the delay, and render us such aid as may be within their means, to assist us in again sending out our

BANNER TO THE WORLD.

Donations and subscriptions may be addressed for the present to

MRS. LOU H. KIMBALL, 51 25th street, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

To sell by subscription that great and beautiful steel-plate engraving, "THE GUARDIAN ANGEL," noticed editorially in the Banner of Light, and briefly described in advertisement of same date, also June 31 and July 22d. Truly a "Spiritual" Picture of the highest order, yet all denominations admire and patronize it liberally, rendering it a superior work for agents, either ladies or gentlemen. Now in the time to sell it for Christmas gifts. Price \$2.75. Good territory and remit \$2.50, and a complete canvasser's outfit (including Engraving, Patent Boiler-Case, Oil of Bore, Art Essays, etc.) will be forwarded, and the most liberal terms offered. Address, W. H. MUMLER, 40 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y. 1w—Oct. 24.

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, 170 West Springfield street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 28—2w

MRS. C. A. BATCHELDER, Magnetic Healing Medium, formerly of Lynn, has removed to Everett on the Mauds Branch R. R. Residence, formerly the Old Poor-house, five minutes walk from the station and horse-car track. Free from Boston, by steam-car, 5 cts.; by horse-car, 10 cts. Oct. 28—2w

CARD. DUMONT O. DAKE, M. D., until further notice can be consulted or addressed at ROCKFORD, ILL.

MRS. F. J. DILLINGHAM, Magnetic and Electric Physician, No. 20 High street, Lynn, Mass. Oct. 28—3w

A. S. HAYWARD, Magnetic Physician, No. 82 Dover street, Boston. CONSULTATION FREE. Oct. 28—1w

A GIFT

Worthy of a Rothschild, Brown's Shakespearean Almanac for 1872. It is filled with quotations and illustrations from the Bard of Avon. Its principal features, however, are the Seven Fables, illustrating the most serene in Macbeth, and an animated Frodo, representing King Lear, seated at the banquet table, with young America running into the easy ways of life, &c. &c. Twelve or fifteen copies of this work will be sent free and prepaid by mail, to any person who will judiciously distribute them in his locality.

DE. O. PHELPS BROWN, 21 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J.

A REMARKABLE WORK!

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BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

Author of "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another

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.

Copies of the Banner of Light, including back numbers and bound volumes, can always be had at this office.

ILLINOIS AND THE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Leaving the crowded city in the midst of the State Fair and clouds of dust, we pushed out into the great artery of the richest agricultural State in the Union, for a through trip over its prairies, rivers, and rich farms, to the north-west corner of the State. Intersecting the road at Centralia, the junction of the Chicago branch with the main line in Egypt, we were soon in the best of cars, moving smoothly, rapidly north-west, among the largest corn-fields of the world, and where it can be bought in large quantities for fifteen cents per bushel and farmers make money at that price. All day we were in sight of corn, corn, corn, rich and golden, shading the thousands of acres of the black prairie soil among the groves and orchards, with a population of rich farmers. Northern and Central Illinois was settled largely by single men from the east, who made claims, commenced improvements, and went or sent east for wives, or married the girls which the State and others sent out as teachers, and from which intelligent mothers have grown up many of the wealthiest and most intelligent families of the great west, retaining slightly some of the Puritanical ideas of early childhood, which are rapidly fading in the rising generation. Illinois has grown up from a wild barren prairie since our recollection, and is now the fourth State in the constellation, with the fourth city, St. Louis, on its western border, and the fifth at her north-west shipping ports, the great event of which, during the past year, was turning the water in her river up stream, and letting in the pure water of the lake, washing out all her filthy sewage and sending it down through the State into the Illinois river, poisoning the fish and big bugs that lived in the stream, and finally emptying it into the Mississippi, above where we pump out our supplies for the St. Louis reservoir; but as the Missouri river comes in just below the Illinois and on the St. Louis side, our citizens think they do not drink much of Chicago drainage.

The Illinois Central Railroad, of which we have often spoken, is one of the best, and best conducted roads in the United States. Few if any roads carry more freight and passengers with as little loss of freight and property as this long line with efficient and gentlemanly officers, and the best of care and attention to the traveling public. It has now an extension across Iowa from Dubuque to Sioux City, and a branch from that, running north into Minnesota, and from these and its Chicago branch and over twenty connections along its line, it collects and carries down to the deep waters of the Mississippi and Cairo, an immense amount of northern produce for southern and Atlantic markets, and brings back from the river-boats the tropical productions, with cotton and hides, &c. We advise our friends in all parts of the north-west who design going south to ticket down and up through this safe and interesting thoroughfare of travel and trade, and see some of the finest farms and country in the nation.

IOWA STATE CONVENTION.

On the lovely banks of the Iowa River, about one hundred and fifty miles west of Dubuque, and on the northwestern extension of what is now the Illinois Central Railroad, stands the beautiful town of IOWA FALLS, with about two thousand inhabitants scattered among the large gardens, small orchards, low cottages and pleasant homes, with several mills and a little huddle of shops and stores as a centre of business, and the whole surrounded by a rich and prosperous farming country. At this point was located the State Convention of Spiritualists for 1871, and there we parted with the gentlemanly conductor of the Central Railroad, and landed on time at 3:30 A. M., and found the warm hearts, open doors, and extended hands and welcome words of friends Higgin, Rump, Stevens, Thomas and others, all ready for a good time, which they expected we would bring with us. A good hall was prepared for us, and a few friends opened the Convention with flattering prospects at 10 A. M., Oct. 23d, and once more we found ourselves on the platform, full of words of encouragement and hope. Our meetings increased till our hall was filled, and the listening crowds seemed to drink in the spiritual truths as the thirty plants in a garden do a refreshing shower. We noticed on several occasions two clergymen in attendance, who seemed to enjoy it well, as they were noticed sometimes laughing in meeting, which was a sign of good manners in them, but would be rude in us if witnessed in their meetings, but it always does make a difference whose ox is gored.

The entire business of the Convention was transacted in harmony and success, and we have seldom attended a more harmonious and better conducted convention in the West. Our audiences were larger than those of the seasons last year at Des Moines, and fully as earnest and intelligent in the pursuit of knowledge, light and life from the spirit-world. The weather was delightful, and Nature had robed the trees and shrubs in her richest and most variegated hues, and both earth and heaven seemed to join in helping us to a good time. Sunday, the third and last day, was a lively and interesting occasion, the hall well filled, and speakers full of the spirit and animation. Peter P. Good, of New Jersey, was earnest, forcible, free of speech and sound argument, and we hope to hear from him in the halls of his native State. Brother J. K. Bailey, of Indiana, was, as he ever is, a ready speaker and filled with inspiration. Spirits from the invisible side entertained us with short speeches, through several mediums. One Mormon brother of the monogamic side, and opposed to polygamy, gave us some good words and good advice, and, as usual, would our way to many good, intelligent hearers. Elsewhere will be found the official report, with the well-deserved resolutions to the citizens of the place and the Illinois Central R. R.

THE MISSOURI STATE FAIR.

Missouri, and especially St. Louis, boasts the best arranged and most expensive as well as most extensive fair ground in the nation, and it is rarely the case that it is excelled in the display and exhibition of goods. We were present on Monday, Oct. 23, at the opening, but being obliged to leave for the Iowa State Convention, lost the best part of the magnificent entertainment, as we did by the same cause last year. We however saw the finest display of fruits, raised in our climate, we saw peas, grapes, pears, quinces, apples and preserved specimens of earlier fruit which we think could not be excelled. Stock and the agricultural utensils were such as the

greatest agricultural region in the world, the Mississippi valley, ought to present, and of course could not be beat; of horses, mules and hogs, we are no judge, but they are said to excel. On the whole, the fair is well worth the visit which so many thousands pay it.

CONSISTENCY.

The Christian Register has a long and able article to prove that life only begins here in the body, to be continued and completed, or perfected, after the death of the body. This is just what all Spiritualists teach and ever have taught, and not only believed but conclusively proved by living witnesses, and yet these Christian papers, writers and preachers take every occasion to ridicule and abuse us as infidels, because we will not discard our senses and deny the real evidence, and rest on the authority of the churches and faith to establish a belief. The writer says very truly that many lives are only begun here, and suddenly cut down in our midst while we have great hope and expectations of their valuable services, and he is satisfied that the life goes on to complete its work, but carefully avoids any allusion to its nearness to a participation in the affairs of friends and earthly home.

TEMPERANCE.

One voice and pen is at last joined with ours in the temperance cause, asking for the suppression of distilleries as the only way to secure temperance through the country. The St. Louis Daily Times of Sept. 30th, says: "The New York Republican Convention resolved that the people have a right to prohibit, by legislation, the sale of intoxicating liquors. If that be the case, have not the people the right to prohibit their manufacture? Why not begin at the beginning, if statutory reform in this matter is to be begun at all?"

We have long been satisfied that this is the only practicable course, and will at once put an end to the war on retailers and tipplers, which are a mighty host, while distillers are few and easily reached. Licensing or prohibition of sale are ineffectual to cure the evil.

Mrs. A. B. Sovereign, of Whitewater, whose advertisement will be found in the Banner and who is extensively known to our friends, is eminently successful in her psychometric delineations, of which we have abundant testimony. Scarcely a week passes that we do not hear, by word or letter, from some one who has been delighted with her delineations of himself or herself, and we can bear corroborative testimony of our own to the truthfulness and success of this faithful worker in our cause. We have often wondered that more was not written for the press of her success in this department, as it is certainly one of the most successful we have among the many branches of our great work. We are called, at this time, to this just tribute, by a prominent citizen of St. Louis, who has just returned from Wisconsin, where he saw Mrs. S. and, although for many years a successful medium with spirits, he assures us that this was among his best tests.

IOWA.

State Association of Spiritualists.

According to previous announcement this Association met in Convention at Iowa Falls, Friday, Oct. 6th. The following Committee were appointed: Business Committee—Mrs. Lucy Ann Mitchell, Mr. C. Benbow, Mrs. G. Bump.

Warren Chase opened the meeting with a poem, followed with an address. Convention adjourned.

Afternoon Session.—Music, poems and short addresses. Adjourned.

Evening Session.—Poem by Mr. Chase, entitled "Good and Evil," followed by an address, subject, "The Dawning of the New Dispensation."

P. P. Good was called for; he made some very appropriate remarks. Adjourned.

Saturday Morning Session.—Warren Chase in the Chair. Finance Committee chosen: Mr. E. Higgins, G. McMillen, Mrs. L. E. Lowden, Mrs. L. A. Mitchell, Mr. Hineshaw.

Committee on Permanent Organization, Mr. C. Benbow, Mr. — Colburn, Mrs. — Taylor.

Poem by Mr. Chase. Conference for one hour. Adjourned.

Afternoon Session.—House called to order at two o'clock P. M. Committee on Permanent Organization called to report officers for the ensuing year:

President—Mr. C. Benbow, Hanjia County.

Vice Presidents—L. O. Lowden, Ft. Pleasant; Mrs. I. Swaine, Fort Dodge.

Secretary—E. Cate, Anita, Cass County.

Treasurer—J. P. Davis, Des Moines.

Trustee—Mr. H. Stevens, Iowa Falls.

On motion of Mr. Bailey, voted that the Finance Committee be instructed to raise all the money they could for the missionary cause. Adjourned.

Evening Session.—Address by Mr. Chase, subject, "The Religions of the World." House full to overflowing. Adjourned.

Sunday Morning Session.—Conference. An interesting debate on the Lyceum Question. Adjourned.

Afternoon Session.—Poem by Mr. Chase. Discourse by J. K. Bailey. Remarks by Rev. J. W. Briggs and others. Adjourned.

Evening Session.—The following resolutions were presented:

1. Resolved, That this Convention respectfully recommend to the Spiritualists of Iowa that they earnestly take into consideration the question and practicality of instituting a Lyceum or some system for the Sunday culture of their children, so as to avoid the necessity of attendance by the children upon such institutions as inculcate erroneous doctrines and teachings.

2. Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention are hereby tendered to the people of Iowa for their generous hospitality in entertaining delegates; and to those who have favored us with music and songs, and to the speakers, officers, and all who have contributed to the success and enjoyment of its sessions.

3. Resolved, That the thanks of the Iowa State Association of Spiritualists be extended to the Superintendent of the Illinois Central Railroad for the reduction of fare to the delegates from Iowa Falls to their respective homes; and that these resolutions be published in the papers of the Country.

Remarks were then made by the President. Music. Poem by Mr. Chase—"Chemistry of Character." Music. The closing lecture was given by Warren Chase.

Having had one of the most interesting times ever held in the State, the Convention adjourned to meet in one year at such place as the Executive Committee shall determine.

EWING CARP, Sec'y. Anita, Cass Co.

MISS M. F. SMITH, Asst. Sec'y, Iowa Falls.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Messrs. Editors—I have several times had the pleasure of mentioning a young lady here, who, as a medium, a noble woman, a loving, estimable wife and daughter, had won the warm friendship and high esteem of all who knew her. It is now my painful duty to record her demise.

Mrs. Sarah Betts Ross, after many months of great physical suffering—her beautiful face wreathed with smiles her blither tears—has donated the bright vestments of the immortals. We decked her and her coffin with fragrant flowers, and wept over her, but wept more for the deeply afflicted mother, father, husband, sister and brother, than for the "arisen" one, for we knew that she was still in our midst, in heartfelt harmony with all our tender sympathies. Her funeral was largely attended. Mrs. Brigham came from Troy to officiate, and her discourse was apt and full of sublime thoughts. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," was the burden of her theme. At the grave, from her seemingly dying lips, flowed forth angel-winged words, perfumed as if from paradise—a poem that wrought into its gracious and graceful numbers the "gentle falling shower," which came as if to show us that all Nature wept for her dear, dearly loved daughter. The choir, also from Troy, sang at the house and at the grave, with much effect, several of those eminently appropriate songs which have sprung into existence with Spiritualism.

A short time previous to her decease, uttering the form, she said that the spirits were all around her; that the home she was going to was very beautiful; and when asked by her husband there was a place for him, she replied: "Oh, yes, dear William, a beautiful place, a good one, yet the place realizing that he would be immortal. In spiritual life he would not, and of his will would around their home to cheer them in their last moments before the spirit left the body, he was in great distress; he wished to have his father take him to a window, which being done, "Gennie" gazed

G. L. DITSON.

Desolated Chicago.

No writer for the press can take up his pen at this hour (Oct. 10) and not have a word of lamentation to offer at the terrible affliction which has visited this great city of the west. Before any words of ours can appear in the Banner of Light, the reading public will have the details of this awful calamity furnished them by the local press of the country.

Chicago! gay, sparkling, energetic, enthusiastic Chicago! Can it be that thy colossal business houses, thy palatial hotels and thy princely private residences are in ruins? Yes, the tale is too true. But, oh! the affliction of the Nation for thee, Chicago!

Old rivalries are forgotten; sectional prejudices are annihilated! The sphere of the spirit, of brain and universal love entered upon, and so, from every part of our country, and from old England, too, come voices of tenderest sympathy, also substantial gifts to give strength and comfort in the hour of need.

There is but one cloud in the sky. And that, of course, comes from whining, sniffling, bigoted priests, who must, on honest knees, while depicting the disaster of Chicago's fall, vilify insinuate that God, the great overshadowing Presence, the loving parent of the universe, had an influence in the matter, and could, by the simplest volition, cause the conflagration to cease.

Orthodox theology blasts everything it touches. Away with the idea that God hurls men in conflagration, or sweeps them on the Mississippi, or burns great cities!

Such theories are immoral in their tendencies. And dogmatic Christianity, instead of being a comfort in the hour of disaster, is a centre from which springs an influence—these superstitious and religious ideas—these theories of grief and sorrow, which have referred—that is, makes more unhappy.

Why do we write thus, here and now? Because we are confident that, all over the country, ministers will, with long faces and sanctimonious air, tell their congregations that the Chicago fire was a "dispensation of God's wisdom," or something to that effect.

Now the superstition contained in such a statement—superstition—ridiculous as it appears to the free thinker and the Spiritualist—is ingrained in the common conviction of the masses.

Let us deny such an affirmation! Let us do it boldly in the public press, on our rostrums, and in private. We shall, by so doing, touch the hearts of the people, who shall gain a power over a cardinal superstition, and the result will be that humanity will begin to look to improved fire-engines, fire-extinguishers, and perfected water works, etc., etc., as safeguards against the devastations of fire, rather than to the prayers of priests or the caprices of the priest's capricious deity.

People familiar with Western spirit and enterprise will not fear that Chicago has failed, and that there is no hope of a resurrection. The resurrection will come, and soon, too.

The first duty is to feed the hungry and furnish shelter for the homeless multitude.

After that different business departments will come. We hope Spiritualists will not be behind hand in this direction. Let us remember that

THE SPIRITUALIST PAPERS

of Chicago have all gone down in the awful sea of fire. Let the friends of a free religious press co-operate to give all the aid needed to start these journals again. Especially are Spiritualists interested in this matter.

CHICAGO SPIRITUAL PRESS FUND.

Let every Spiritualist Society and Lyceum, and all other independent organizations, send their donations to

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

128 Washington street, Boston. The Banner of Light firm, we know, will esteem it a great pleasure to take charge of such funds, subject to the call of our Chicago brethren.

CEPHAS B. LYNN.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 10, 1871.

The First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore.

Messrs. Editors—In May last our board of trustees leased the beautiful Hall and adjoining rooms in the Law Buildings, and have designated our portion of the building "Lyric Hall." This Hall is centrally located, finely lighted and ventilated, handsomely frescoed, and in every way adapted to our use.

Connected with our congregation are the Lyric Hall Circles, which meet every Wednesday and Friday evenings for spirit communion and manifestations. During the past season we have had several mediums with us who have convinced many of the truth of Spiritualism: Little Fowler, who is unquestionably one of the best test mediums in the field, though somewhat erratic and eccentric in manner; Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, of Philadelphia, who charmed all her visitors by her gentle and childlike deportment, and gave great satisfaction as a medium.

Dr. H. Slade spent a few days in Baltimore, and had many more calls than he could respond to. Being very ill at the time, I had no opportunity of witnessing the manifestations given through his mediumship, but trust he will soon return and satisfy the many who desire to see him.

Our "Circle Room" is a spacious apartment, with lofty ceiling, comfortably furnished and admirably situated for a professional medium. We use it but two nights in the week, and the balance of the time give it, free, to such mediums as come properly accredited to our congregation.

There is no place in the country, I think, where a thoroughly reliable test or physical medium could do better than in Baltimore at this time. I have as many as four or five inquiries a day, sometimes.

Would be pleased to correspond with that class of mediums, and have no doubt but arrangements could be made both pleasant and profitable.

With kindest wishes for yourselves personally, and for the progress of our beautiful and soul-inspiring philosophy,

Yours truly, WASH. A. DANKSIN,

President of the First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore.

Northwestern Woman Suffrage Association.

The annual meeting of the Northwestern Woman Suffrage Association is to be held in the Representatives' Hall, in Indianapolis, Ind., on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Nov. 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th.

All the prominent suffrage speakers in the Northwest are invited, and every effort will be made for a great meeting. Indianapolis being the home of Senator Morton, a strong effort will be made to induce him to address the Convention. This society was formed in Chicago, in May, 1870, by delegates from the various Northwestern States, and the first annual meeting was held in Detroit, last November, and was a decided success. A large and successful Convention was held under the auspices of this society at Port Wayne, Ind., in March last.

ADELE M. HAZLET, Pres.

Rhode Island Woman Suffrage Convention.

An interesting meeting of the Rhode Island Woman Suffrage Association will be held in Providence, Rhode Island, Nov. 9th, 10th, and 11th. A large and interesting meeting is promised, and a general attendance urged.

RHODA A. F. TUCKMAN, Sec'y.

Mediums and Speakers' Convention.

The next Convention of Mediums and Speakers will be held in Howard's, 2nd Cor. N. Y. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 28th and 29th. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

GEORGE W. TAYLOR.

Married:

In Chelsea, Sept. 26th, at the house of H. C. Clayton, by N. Frank White, N. V. Foster to Mary Ross, both of New York.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Hampshire, Ill., June 2nd, 1871, Albert Eugene, son of Sarah J. and William T. Willard, born July 20th, 1863.

He was a great sufferer for five days with membranous croup. With a well-formed brain and fine disposition, little Albert, a baby brother, and many friends. It was said to them that his voice was husky, and they were no more to hear his sweet voice. The mother, who was very fond of him, realizing that he would be immortal. In spiritual life he would not, and of his will would around their home to cheer them in their last moments before the spirit left the body, he was in great distress; he wished to have his father take him to a window, which being done, "Gennie" gazed

around, then looked up, raised one hand, and seemed to beckon, whispering, "Come! come!" He then asked to be laid down, and, without a struggle, at once joined the angels. The writer was invited to speak words of consolation in a public building. Although but short notice was given, the house was well filled.

From South Abington, Mass., July 6th, 1871, after a long illness, of consumption, Julia A. Zates, wife of Florin Zates, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Thomas, of South Abington, aged 21 years 9 months and 21 days.

She was a Spiritualist and a trance medium, and often saw and talked with the loved ones that had passed on before her. She was a devoted wife and mother, and was with her, encouraging and sustaining her in her last days on earth. She was kind and loving to all—patient, yet willing to go, she was revivified, and given assurance of her continued existence.

Notices sent us for insertion in this department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.

Another New Book.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.

Have in press and will shortly issue

A NEW AND INTERESTING WORK,

Entitled the

SPIRITUAL PILGRIM.

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BY J. O. BARRETT.

PREPARED

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

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

"Perhaps none of the phenomenal personages of the spiritual movement can furnish a more striking, instructive and interesting theme for the biographer than J. M. Peebles. His early education and connection with the ministry in phases 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 as his apostle; his admirable and scholarly contributions to its literature, and the vast geographical areas over which his conquests 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, 138 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

JUST PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

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