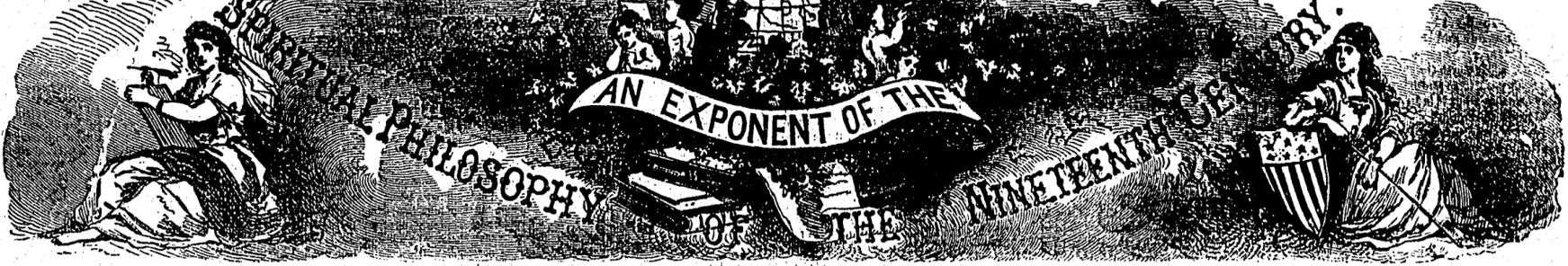


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

SPIRITE: A FANTASTIC TALE.

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

CHAPTER XV.

The steamer which performs the voyage from Marseilles to Athens had arrived off the Mallau Cape, the last point of the mulberry leaf which forms Greece, and has given it its modern name. They had left behind them clouds, fogs and frosts; they went from night to day, from cold to warmth. The gray tints of the western sky had given place to the azure of the eastern heavens, and the deep blue sea undulated softly under a favorable breeze, from which the steamer profited by holding her sails, blackened with smoke, like those sails of sombre hue which Theseus hoisted by mistake in returning from the Isle of Crete, where he had conquered the Minotaur. The end of February was near, and already the spring, so dilatory in Paris, made herself visible in these delicious shores, beloved by the sun. The air was so balmy that the greater part of the passengers were on deck, looking toward the coast, that was dimly discernible amid the blue vapors of evening. Above this sombre zone there emerged a mountain which was still visible by a ray of light which it retained on its snowy summit. It was Taygetus, which gave an opportunity for some of the travelers, who had taken their bachelor degree and still remembered some scraps of Latin, to cite the well known lines of Virgil. A Frenchman who cites a Latin verse *apropos*—a rare thing—is very near perfect happiness. As to quoting a Greek verse, that is a felicity reserved for Germans and Englishmen coming out of Jena or Oxford.

On the benches and folding chairs that encumbered the deck there sat young ladies, wearing little white hats with blue violets, their abundant curls put up in nets, their travelling bags suspended by a strap from their shoulders, and wrapped in paletots with large buttons. They contemplated the shore with glasses powerful enough to have discerned the satellites of Jupiter. Some of the boldest amongst them, who had attained their marine feet, promenaded the deck with the firm steps that the sergeants, professors of gymnastics, teach to the young ladies across the Channel. Others conversed with gentlemen of irreproachable dress and perfect manners. There were also some Frenchmen, some pupils of the school of Athens, painters and architects from the studios in Rome, who went to imbibe ideas of beauty at the very source. These, with all the energy of youth and hope, jested, laughed loudly, smoked cigars, and gave themselves up to warm discussions on aesthetics. The fame of the great masters, ancient and modern, was discussed, denied or carried to the clouds; all was admirable or ridiculous, sublime or stupid—for young people exaggerate and know no middle terms. It is not they who marry King *Modus* to Queen *Ratio*; this marriage of convenience is made later in life.

In this animated group, draped in his mantle like a philosopher of the Portico, there stood a young man who was neither painter nor sculptor nor architect, whom the artist travelers took for an arbiter whenever the discussion became obstinately entangled. This was De Mallvert. His acute and judicious remarks showed a real connoisseur, an art critic worthy of the name, and these young people, so disdainful, so fiery, who branded with the epithet *bourgeois* all who had not handled the brush, the chisel or the compasses, listened to him with a certain deference, and sometimes even adopted his opinions. The conversation was exhausted; for every conversation, even on the ideal and the real, must be exhausted sometime, and the interlocutors, with throats a little dry, descended into the cabin to moisten their larynx with some grog or other warm and cordial beverage. Mallvert remained alone on the deck. The night had fallen; in the black-blue heavens the stars shone with scintillations of such vivacity and brilliancy as cannot be imagined by those who have never seen the sky of Greece. Their reflections were prolonged over the waters, and made hues of light like lamps on the side of the water. The foam made by the wheels of the steamer broke into a million of sparkles and melted away in a line of phosphorescent light. The dark vessel seemed to swim in a basin of light. It was one of those spectacles that would have excited the admiration of the most obtuse Philistine, and Mallvert, who was not a Philistine, enjoyed it profoundly. He had not even a thought of descending into the saloon, where there is always a nauseating smell and heat, and he continued to walk up and down the deck. Guy, as we see, kept the promise that he had made not to compromise Madame d'Ymbereourt.

He leaned upon the taffrail and allowed himself to fall into a reverie full of charm. Doubtless since the love of Spirite had disengaged his attention from earthly things, the journey to Greece did not inspire him with the same enthusiasm as formerly. It was another voyage that he wished to make, but he no longer thought of advancing his departure for that world where his thoughts were already. He knew now the consequences of suicidism, and he waited without too much impatience for the hour when he should take flight with the angel who visited him. Assured of future happiness, he gave himself up to the enjoyment of the present, and he revealed as a poet in the magnificence of the night. Like Byron, he loved the sea. This eternal restlessness and this endless plaintive sound, these fierce reveries and insensate furies against immutable objects had always pleased his imagination, which

saw in this vain turbulence a secret analogy with the useless efforts of humanity.

What especially charmed him in the sea was the vast isolation, the ever-changing, yet ever-remaining horizon, the solemn monotony, and the absence of all signs of civilization. The same wave which raised the steamer on its large undulations, had laved "the hollow sides" of the vessels of which Homer speaks. The water had precisely the same tone as that which colored it when the Greek fleet plowed its surface. The sea in its pride keeps not, like earth, the scars made by the passage of man. Never had Mallvert felt himself more joyous, more free, more in possession of himself, than when, standing on the prow of a ship, rising and falling, he advanced into the unknown. Wet by the spray that dashed over the deck, his hair impregnated with saline vapor, he seemed to walk on the water, and as a horseman identifies himself with the swiftness of his steed, so he identified himself with the swiftness of the vessel, and his thought bounded over the waves.

Near Mallvert Spirite had descended without noise like a feather or a snowflake, and placed her hand on the shoulder of the young man. Although Spirite was invisible to all the world, yet it is permissible to imagine the charming group formed by Mallvert and his aerial friend.

"That is doubtless," said Spirite, "a marvelous spectacle—one of the finest that the human eye can contemplate; but what is it in comparison with the immense perspectives of the world from which I descend to rejoin you, and where we shall soon float side by side, like doves actuated by the same desire?" This sea, which seems to you so grand, is only a drop in the cup of infinity, and this pale star which lights it is but an almost imperceptible globe of silver, a last grain of sidereal dust. Oh! that I had admired this spectacle at your side whilst I was still a denizen of earth, and was named Lavinia! But do not believe that I remain insensible; I understand its beauty through your emotion."

"How impatient you render me for the other life, Spirite!" replied Mallvert; "how I yearn for that sphere above all earthly imaginations, where we shall never more be separated!"

Their conversation was prolonged till the first streaks of light began to mingle their rosy rays with the violet shades of the night. Soon a segment of the sun appeared above the bar of sombre blue which formed the horizon, and the day spread with sudden expansion. Spirite had nothing to dread from the light. If she chose the night for her visits, it was because the movement of vulgar human life being suspended, Guy found himself more free, less observed, and delivered from the risk of passing for a madman on account of actions necessarily strange. As she saw Mallvert pale and cold in the breeze of the dawn, she said to him, in a tone of pity and superiority, "Grog poor child of earth; struggle not against Nature—it is cold; the sea-dew covers the deck and moistens all the cordage. Go to your cabin and sleep." And then with feminine grace she added, "Sleep will not separate us. I shall be in all thy dreams, and I will take thee whither thou canst not yet come in thy waking state."

In fact, the sleep of Guy was filled with azure dreams, radiant and supernatural; he flew with Spirite through elysiums of light, for which our poor heavy languages have no words.

It is useless to describe the details of his voyage. Guy, occupied by one idea, gave less attention to outward things than he would formerly have done.

However, on the morrow, at break of day, he could not restrain an exclamation of admiration when the boat entered the road of the Piræus, and he saw the marvelous picture enlightened by the morning sun.

As soon as landed, without occupying himself about his baggage, which he left to the care of Jack, he threw himself into one of those carriages, the shame of modern civilization, which, instead of the ancient cars, carry travelers from the Piræus toward Athens, over a road white with dust, and bordered here and there by olive trees powdered with white. His old vehicle was carried rapidly along by two small horses with cropped manes and raised crests, which made them seem the eagles of the horses which figure on the frieze of the Parthenon, their ancestors, doubtless, having posed for Phidias. They were driven by a Phœbus in the costume of a Talikarus, who, perhaps, the conductor of a more brilliant equipage, had gained a prize at the Olympic games.

Leaving the other travelers to invade the Hotel d'Angleterre, Guy caused the driver to conduct him to the foot of the sacred hill where the human race, in its flower of youth, poetry and love, heaped its purest *chefs-d'œuvre*, as if there to present them to the gods.

Spirite was waiting his approach to the Parthenon. She stood between two of its columns, and looked like one of the wonders of the place animated by a divine fire.

Mallvert went toward her, and she extended her hand. Then, in a dazzling light, he saw the Parthenon as it was in its days of splendor. The fallen columns had regained their place; the figures of the front, carried away or destroyed by Venetian bombs, were grouped, as of old, in all the beauty of their divine humanity. Through the door of the cell he saw mounted on its pedestal Phidias' statue of gold and ivory, the divine Pallas Athena; but he cast but an absent look on the marvel, for his eyes sought those of Spirite.

"Oh," murmured she, "art itself is forgotten for love. His soul is detached more and more from earth. Soon, dear soul, shall thy desire be accomplished." And the heart of the young girl beat still in the breast of the spirit; a sigh raised her white *pelisse*.

CHAPTER XVI.

Some days after this visit to the Parthenon, Guy de Mallvert resolved to make a tour in the

neighborhood of Athens, and to go and visit the beautiful mountains which he saw from the window. He took a guide and two horses, and left Jack at the hotel as useless and even troublesome.

Jack was one of those domestics who are more difficult to satisfy than their masters, and whose dislikes are only revealed in traveling. He had fancies like an old maid, and thought everything detestable—the rooms, the beds, the food, the wines, and every moment, outraged by the rudeness of the service, he cried out, "Ah the savages!" Besides, if he granted that Mallvert had talent for writing, he judged that he was utterly incapable of governing himself, and was almost mad, especially at late, and so he had set himself to watch over him. A contraction of Mallvert's eyebrows, however, made him recoil from his position, and the mentor, with marvelous facility of metamorphosis, retook the part of valet.

Guy caused a number of gold pieces to be arranged in a leather belt, which he wore under his clothes; he put his pistols in the holsters of his saddle, and, on leaving, mentioned no fixed day for his return, wishing to leave himself free for adventures and wanderings. He knew that Jack, accustomed to his absences, would not alarm himself for several days, or even weeks of delay, and would remain in perfect quiet when he had taught the cook at the hotel to prepare a beef-steak—according to his ideas, brown outside and red within—*à la Anglaise*.

The excursion, unless Guy changed his plan, was to confine itself to Parnassus, and not to extend to more than five or six days. But at the end of a month neither Mallvert nor his guide had reappeared. No letter had reached the hotel announcing a change of purpose; the sum taken by him must be exhausted, and this silence began to be disturbing.

"My master does not send for money," said Jack, one morning, as he was eating his beef-steak, cooked to a nicety, which he washed down by good white Santorin wine, with a slight taste of rosin; "that is not natural; something must have happened to him. If he continued his journey he would have indicated some place to which I must send supplies, since it is I who keep the purse. Would to heaven that he has not broken his neck or back down some precipice! What the deuce does he always take the fancy of wandering in these dirty, ill-paved, absurd, detestable countries, when he might be in Paris, comfortably arranged in a snug house, under shelter from insects, mosquitoes, and all such villainous beasts. In the fine weather I do not object to Ville d'Avray, St. Cloud, or Fontainebleau—no, Fontainebleau—too many painters—and yet, I, for my part, prefer Paris. The country is made for peasants, and journeys for commercial clerks, since it is their calling. But it is droll to go to an inn to rusticate in a town where there are only old ruins. Faith, what fools are our masters, with their old stones, as if new buildings in good order were not a thousand times more agreeable to the eye! Decidedly, my master is wanting in consideration for me. It is true, I am his servant, my duty is to serve him; but he has no right to make me die of ennui at the Hotel d'Angleterre! If any mark has happened to this dear master of mine—after all he is a good master—I should not be consoled unless I found a better place. I have a good mind to go to look for him—but which way? who knows where his fancy has led him? To the most out-of-the-way and impossible places, in these break-neck holes which they call picturesque, and of which he takes down the points in his album, as if they were something curious. Well, I will give him three more days to be back in the house, after which I will have him cried and advertised, in every quarter, like a lost dog, with a promise of a handsome reward to any one who will bring him back."

In the fashion of a modern, skeptical servant, ridiculing the faithful and devoted valet of old times, honest Jack concealed his real uneasiness. He really loved Guy de Mallvert and was sincerely attached to him; although he knew himself inscribed in his master's will for a sum which assured him a modest competency, he did not at all desire his death.

The host began to be anxious, not for Mallvert, whose bill was paid, but for the two horses which he had furnished for the excursion. How he lamented the problematic fate of these two unpaired beasts, so sure-footed, so easy in their paces, so tender-mouthed that one might guide them with a silken thread! Jack, out of all patience, said to him with an air of supreme disdain, "Well, if your two animals are done for, we will pay you for them," an assurance that restored serenity to the brave Diamantopoulos.

Every evening, the wife of the guide, a fine robust woman, who might have replaced the *caryatide* carried off from the *pantheon*, came to ask if Stavros, her husband, had not returned either with or without the traveler. After the inevitable negative response she went to seat herself on a stone at a little distance from the hotel, undid the plat which encircled her black hair, which she shook out, then put her nails on her cheeks as if to tear them, uttering ventriloquist sighs, and giving herself up to all the demonstrations of ancient theatrical sorrow. Not that in reality she was very deeply touched, for Stavros was a hard subject and much of a drunkard, who, when he was tipsy, beat her, and brought home but little money to the house, although he gained much by conducting strangers across the country; but she owed it to the customs of the city to manifest a sufficient depth of despair. A slander which was not untrue, accused her of consoling herself in her frequent widowhoods with a handsome wasp-waisted Talikarus noted for his splendid costume. This real or pretended grief, expressed in hoarse sobs, recalled the howls of Heouba, and much annoyed and wearied Jack, who though incredulous was rather superstitious; "I do not like this woman," said he, "who howls like a dying dog."

The three days which he had assigned as the utmost limit for the return of his master being expired, he went to inform the officers of justice, who began the most active researches in the probable direction that Mallvert and his guide would have taken. The mountain was beaten in every direction, and in a hollow of the road they found the carcass of a horse lying on his side, entirely without trapping, and half eaten by the birds. A ball had broken his shoulder, and the animal must have instantly fallen with his rider. Around the dead beast the ground appeared to have been trampled in a struggle, but so long a period had elapsed since the presumed epoch of the attack, several weeks before, there was not any great inducement to be drawn from these traces, half effaced by the rain and wind. In a bush near the road, a branch had been cut in two by some projectile; the upper half had broken down and hung withered.

The ball, which was that of a pistol, was found not far from the place. The person attacked appeared to have defended himself. It must have been fatal, since neither Mallvert nor his guide had reappeared. The horse was recognized as one of those hired by Diamantopoulos to the young French nobleman. All trace of the aggressors and of the victims was lost. The clue was broken at the commencement.

A detailed description of Mallvert and Stavros was sent to every place where it was possible that they might have passed. They had nowhere been seen. Their journey had terminated there. Perhaps the brigands had carried Mallvert to some inaccessible cavern in the mountains, with the intention of claiming a ransom for him; but this supposition fell to the ground on the first examination. The bandits would have sent one of their number disguised into the city, or would have found means of passing a letter to Jack containing conditions of ransom with nuances of mutilation in case of delay, or of death in case of refusal, as is the fashion in this sort of affairs. But this was not the case. No paper of this kind had come from the mountain to Athens, and the post for brigands' letters had not been used. Jack was greatly troubled at the idea of returning to France without his master, of whom they might believe him the assassin, although he had not stirred from the Hotel d'Angleterre; he did not know to what saint to address his prayers, and more than ever he cursed the maids for traveling, which had enticed a well-dressed man into those savage places where robbers in carnival costume shot them down like hares.

Some days after these researches, Stavros reappeared at the hotel; but in what condition! Great gods! haggard, lean, miserable, with the air of a madman, like a specter risen from the tomb without having shaken off the earth! His rich and picturesque costume, of which he was so proud, and which produced so good an effect on travelers smitten by local coloring, had been stripped off, and replaced by rags covered with the mud of many bivouacs. A greasy sheep-skin covered his shoulders, and no one would have recognized the favorite guide of tourists.

His unexpected return was notified to the officers of justice. Stavros was arrested provisionally; for, indeed, though well-known in Athens and relatively honest, he had set out with a traveler and came back alone, a circumstance which the careful judges did not find quite proper. However, Stavros succeeded in demonstrating his innocence. His occupation of guide was a logical defense against the accusation of destroying travelers, from whom he drew his profit, and whom, besides, he had no need of assassinating in order to rob them.

But the recital he made of the death of Mallvert was of the strangest kind, and difficult to believe. According to him, whilst they were peacefully riding along the hollow road, at the place where they had found the dead horse, a report of firearms was heard, followed instantly by a second. The first shot brought down the horse that M. de Mallvert rode, and the second struck him. By an instinctive movement, he lifted his hand to the holsters and drew his pistol at random. Two or three bandits then darted out of the bushes to strip Mallvert. Two others made Stavros descend from his horse, and held him by the arms, although he did not attempt a useless resistance.

Up to this point his relation did not differ from the common history of the highway, but the end was much less credible, although the guide affirmed it on oath.

He asserted that he was near Mallvert when dying, whose countenance, far from expressing anguish, shone with celestial joy; and that there stood beside him a figure of dazzling whiteness, and of such marvelous beauty that it must have been *Panagia*; and that she placed her luminous hand on the traveler's wound, as if to take away the pain. The bandits, terrified by the apparition, fled to some distance; and then the beautiful spirit had taken the soul of the dead man, and had ascended to heaven with it.

They could never make the guide vary in this deposition. The body of the traveler had been hidden under a displaced stone, on the borders of one of those torrents whose bed, always dry in summer, is filled with rose-laurels. As to Stavros, poor devil, not being worth the trouble of killing, they had stripped him of his gay clothing and led him far away into the mountains, in order that he might not denounce them; and it was with the greatest difficulty that he had managed to escape.

Stavros was released. If he had been guilty, it would have been easy for him to have gained the islands, or the coasts of Asia, with Mallvert's money. His return proved his innocence.

The account of the murder of Mallvert was sent to Madame de Merillac, his sister, in nearly the same terms that Stavros had related it. The apparition of Spirite was also mentioned, as a hallucination produced by terror on the guide, whose brain did not appear quite sane.

About the hour that the murder was perpetrated

on Mount Parnassus, the Baron de Ferri had retired into his inaccessible apartment, and was occupied in reading that strange and mysterious work of Swedenborg, "*Miracles in the Other Life*." In the midst of his reading he experienced a particular uneasiness, as when he was warned of some revelation. The thought of Mallvert crossed his mind, although not led to it by any natural sequence. A light spread in the room, the walls became transparent and opened like a temple, allowing an immense depth to be visible, but only to the eyes of seers. In the centre of the light, which seemed to come out of the infinite, two spots of still greater brilliancy, like diamonds in flames, sparkled, palpitated and approached, taking the appearance of Mallvert and Spirite. They came nearer each other, continually lessening the space between them, till at last, like two drops of dew on the same leaf, they ended by blending into one pearl.

"They are happy forever; their souls, reunited, form one angel of love," said the Baron, with a melancholy smile. "And I, how long must I wait?"

Spiritual Phenomena.

DR. KEITH'S "DOUBLE."

It is not to be wondered at, that the "Remarkable Case of the Double," published in the Banner of Light of October 14th, puzzled its chronicler. The statement that a doctor, by manipulating his own person, relieved a suffering human being, then ten miles distant from him, if admitted to be true, suggests many inquiries. The published testimony of the patient certifies to the truth of the narrative, and a recent interview, which I have had with Dr. Keith, the healing operator in the case, has satisfied me of his sincerity and belief in its accuracy. It thence appears that the young man, Herring, while confined by sickness to his bed, in Newton, knew, by the evidence of three of his senses—sight, hearing and feeling—that Dr. Keith, then in Boston, ten miles distant from Newton, was operating upon and relieving him of his sickness. Of course the question instantly occurs, how could Dr. Keith be in two places, ten miles apart, at one and the same time? Many questions have been put in reference to spiritual phenomena. Nicodemus was not either the first or the last person who has inquired, "How can these things be?"

The "Rescue" is an interesting story that Robert Dale Owen relates in "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," to the effect that the image or spirit of an unknown person appeared in the cabin of a vessel sailing near the banks of Newfoundland, and wrote on a slate there, "STREET TO THE NORTHWEST" a direction, which, being obeyed by the captain, resulted, after a three hours' sail, not only in the discovery of a dismantled ship, entangled in an iceberg, and the saving of her crew and passengers, but in the further discovery that one of the rescued passengers was the exact counterpart of the image or apparition previously seen in the cabin of the relieving vessel, and that his handwriting was identical with the mysterious inscription on the slate.

In one of the Atlantic Monthlies is a story related as having been told, by Prof. Tholuck, of Dr. De Wette, the well-known German biblical critic. Mrs. Crowe, in the "Night Side of Nature," page 182, briefly alludes to the same incident, without giving the names of the actors in it. It is, in substance, that Dr. De Wette, returning homeward one evening, between nine and ten o'clock, was surprised, upon arriving opposite to his house, to see a bright light burning in his library. As he gazed up at the window, he perceived the shadow, as of a person, moving about inside of the room. It soon approached the window, as if for the purpose of looking out into the street. It was *De Wette himself*. Yes, one Dr. De Wette, on the outside of his residence, saw his counterpart moving about, inside of his study room and in full possession of it. The outside De Wette was amazed, and concluded not to attempt to dispossess the inside De Wette; so he took lodgings for that night in the house of an acquaintance, on the side of the street opposite to his own house. While there he saw the spectral Dr. Wette engaged in the employments that usually occupied himself, such as writing at his desk, searching among his books and papers, going to and from the bookshelves, and then apparently cogitating on what he had read. At about midnight the mysterious Dr. Wette approached the window, closed the curtains, and then extinguished his light. The bodily De Wette, now satisfied that his counterpart, or ghost, had retired to rest, also went to bed. Early the next morning, being refreshed by his slumber, he went over to his house to explore the mystery of the preceding evening. He found, to his surprise, everything in his study as he had left it. Nothing appeared to have been disturbed. But, on entering into his bed chamber, he saw that the lofty brick arch, which had over-spun the room, had fallen during the night, crushed his bedstead and filled the room with a mass of bricks and mortar. The ghostly De Wette had saved the life of the bodily De Wette. Who or what was that ghost?

Theodore Parker while dying in Florence, Italy, said to a friend, "I have something to tell you; there are two Theodore Parkers now. One is dying here in Italy, and the other I have planted in America. He will live there, and will finish my work." Who and what was the other Theodore Parker?

Bruno, one of the somnambulists operated on by Chalmers (see Celestial Telegraph, page 19.) said, "A spirit is air, but it can assume any form it desires and carry very heavy burdens. In the state I am now, (that is, magnetized), I am a spirit. I am out of my body. I perceive it seated on a chair. I walk about in my room without being seen or felt by you, whom I touch. I even

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was written by some of the spirits who have been in communication with the living.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT FROM CINCINNATI. These Circles are held at No. 125 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles. Since our last report the following sums have been received, for which the friends have our warmest thanks:

Invocation. Thou Soul of all souls, our Father and our Mother, again through the weakness of human life we are here to praise and to pray; to praise thee for those blessings which already surround us, and to pray unto thee for that which we need.

Introduction Address. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—I have been requested to make a statement concerning the result of our labors as ministering spirits, through the Banner of Light.

Thomas Lincoln. I fear I shall never become as proficient in a knowledge of this Spiritual Philosophy as my brother Willie is, but I shall not shrink from taking lessons whenever an opportunity occurs.

Georgiana Stevens. I am Georgiana Stevens, from Cincinnati. I was fifteen years and four months old. I have been gone a little less than six months, and I wish, by coming here, to reach my sister.

Questions and Answers. QUES.—(From Sylvanus Ward, Westfield, N. Y.) Are not the elementary forces of Nature, termed positive and negative, balanced and made one by action and reaction?

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Q.—Will the sciences of psychology, physiology, astrology and phrenology combined demonstrate that humans are predestined or chained to the car of fate?

Betsy Trancham. I lived on the earth one hundred and fifty-three years. [That was a very long time] Yes; but that was my age when I died in 1831, in Tennessee.

Clement L. Vallandigham. By the earnest desire of one of my friends, who is a believer in modern Spiritualism, I am here today. He wishes to know, first, if I am satisfied that there is any truth in the theory of modern Spiritualism.

Nettie Powers. My name was Nettie Powers. I lived in Dayton, Ohio, and I died of scarlet fever. I was nine years old, and my mother wants to hear from me; and she thinks if any spirit ever returned to communicate with his friends, she should think that I would come.

Zubiel Adams. [How do you do?] I don't hardly know how I do; I am not so well posted in these things as many others, and I hardly know upon what ground I stand.

Alexander Gunn. I thought there was a good many strange things in life; but this is about the strangest of any I have met with; this coming back after death, and possessing yourself of a body entirely unlike your own, and speaking with it, is a strange thing to me.

Thomas Lincoln. I wish to say to my mother, that I shall be able, in this new and better life, to do much more for her than I could have done had I remained on earth, and also that the spirit-world had need of me, while the mortal world had not, and so a wise God called me from earth to the higher life, and I am satisfied with the change.

Georgiana Stevens. I have a daughter in this life, and she is in trouble, wants advice. Now I want to say to her, "Annie, my daughter, give me a chance to come and talk with you, and I'll do what I can to straighten things out for you, and lead you right."

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Q.—(From the audience.) If a spirit takes control of an individual, or a partial control, and that individual does not to be controlled, can he do anything to prevent it?

Q.—What is the next best course? A.—I know of none that will answer the purpose effectually but that.

Q.—(From the audience.) Does not the intelligence with us to understand that the earth is to be spiritualized more and more, until it shall rise above those conditions?

Q.—(From the audience.) I have been informed that flashes of lightning will produce the same effect upon glass that the sunlight does, photographing objects upon it?

Q.—Is not intelligence the controlling part of Nature? A.—To my mind, it is not. I know, by taking this stand, I may be understood to be a materialist; and I am, so far as Nature is concerned.

Rev. Ezra S. Gannett. By the kindness of your President, I have been invited to take part in your services this afternoon; but I do so with the full consciousness that I am unworthy, because when in the body, living as I did under the blazing sunlight of modern Spiritualism, I rejected it, and crucified this Saviour of modern times again and again.

Alexander Gunn. I have a daughter in this life, and she is in trouble, wants advice. Now I want to say to her, "Annie, my daughter, give me a chance to come and talk with you, and I'll do what I can to straighten things out for you, and lead you right."

Questions and Answers. QUES.—(From Sylvanus Ward, Westfield, N. Y.) Are not the elementary forces of Nature, termed positive and negative, balanced and made one by action and reaction?

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while we shall worship thee this hour. Come thou unto the suffering sons and daughters of earth; visit them in their darkness, and enlighten their understanding. Be thou with the mourners, and change their mourning to joy—change their doubts to sublime faith in the reality of life.

Questions and Answers. QUES.—(From a correspondent.) Alonzo Strong, of Oberlin, Ohio, says the curiosity of the people in that locality is very much excited with regard to the source of various pictures of animals, flowers, and in some cases, of human faces and figures, which appear—sometimes finely colored—upon the window panes of houses there.

Q.—(From the audience.) I have been informed that flashes of lightning will produce the same effect upon glass that the sunlight does, photographing objects upon it?

Q.—Do the spirits know our thoughts while we are here on earth? A.—They do not always know them; indeed, they never do, unless they place themselves in spiritual or mental conjunction with yourselves.

Q.—Is not intelligence the controlling part of Nature? A.—To my mind, it is not. I know, by taking this stand, I may be understood to be a materialist; and I am, so far as Nature is concerned.

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noon, according to New York time. My father was with me. I had gone there to consult physicians at that place, and just as my father began to be encouraged about me, I was taken with a violent hemorrhage, and never rallied.

Emma Sturges. I am Emma Sturges, wife of Capt. Alexander Sturges. I have been gone five weeks. I was twenty-two years old. I am happy in this beautiful life; I have no wish to return.

Hannah Adams. "Will Hannah Adams communicate with her friends in England?" This is the question that reaches me to-day. Yes, at any time—at any place which they may desire—provided they give me a suitable subject to communicate through.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. Monday, Sept. 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Mary Jane Owen, to Robert Dale Owen; and: Nicholas, of Boston; Thomas Allen, for Edgar Allen Poe; Olive Tenney, of Oswego, N. Y., to her relatives; Johnny Gardell.

Message from Ebenezer Page. MESSRS. EDITORS—I see in the Questions and Answers, in the Banner of October 21st, this question: "Is it true that when we sleep our spirits, leave the body and visit our friends that have passed on?"

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Banner of Light.

THE WEST.

Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor. Office at his Chamber and Liberal Bookstore, 614 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE CHICAGO CALAMITY.

Never in the history of the world has there been recorded so marked an instance of human brotherhood extending through so wide a range of entire strangers, and arousing to so much charity and ready assistance, as in this great fire. One hundred and fifty thousand persons turned out by fire, with only a few clothes and no food or shelter, in a cold rain, most of them with nothing but a mere fraction of their property left, was a horror on such gigantic scale that it touched the heart with such force that the hand involuntarily rushed to the pocket or pen to furnish relief.

On account of this fundamental imperfection, the social or mutual powers had to drift into the possession of individuals, and be made use of by them as their own personal private property.

As individuals could not at first in a state of savagism combine their powers peacefully through there being as many minds and interests as there were persons, they could only be combined politically by one individual gaining an ascendancy over them by Force; they could be combined religiously only by the charm of mystery, and sublimed by an invented incomprehensibility, and could only be combined industrially by the lash of the task master, and kept in subjection by the harsh rigor of penal laws, and the threat of eternal torment in the future.

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his loss by the Chicago holocaust. The Journal, like the great city, will rise, phoenix-like, from its ashes, with greater power than ever, and go on with our old Banner of Light, side by side in the great revolutionary work so favorably begun. Let us all work together, like a band of brothers, and the enemy must succumb in good time.

MINE AND THINE, vs. MINE, THINE, AND OURS.

MESSES. EDITORS—I submit the following to the consideration of the intelligent public, through the medium of your ever-to-be-appreciated periodical. Man is an individual and a social being, consequently there are individual and social necessities to be cared for. The individual is personal; the social is impersonal. The individual is selfish; the social is unselfish, because it has no self; it is only a mechanical agent.

On account of this fundamental imperfection, the social or mutual powers had to drift into the possession of individuals, and be made use of by them as their own personal private property.

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

Bro. H. N. Wilson, of Marengo, Linnæus County, Michigan, sends us the good news that the liberal friends in that vicinity have erected a fine hall, which they have dedicated to religious freedom and progress generally. We regret that previous engagements prevented our participating in the dedicatory exercises; we are grateful for the invitation so kindly extended us. Mr. A. A. Wheelock and other speakers did the honors of the occasion, and everything passed off satisfactorily.

On Sunday, Sept. 24th, A. A. Wheelock, of Cleveland, Ohio, preached upon Spiritualism, in Fredericktown, Knox Co., Ohio. It was the first lecture of the kind ever delivered in the place. Everybody came out to hear. The country hours belated the worst they possibly could, thinking, all of the time, that they were remarkably cunning and smart. Mr. Wheelock, in his own earnest way, thundered the rational gospel in general, and the special ideas of Spiritualism in particular, into the ears of his hearers. There were many Methodists present, a quarterly meeting being in session in the town. How Bro. Wheelock did frighten some of those Methodist fossils! How they blinked and frowned! and shivered! yes, shivered! we have it all from an eye witness. Wrath was enkindled within the saintly breasts of divers Methodists. Sunday evening the hall was crowded. There were strange mutterings among the church bigots present; and it was noticed that the unruly boys were a little bolder in their movements than in the former session. Evidently they assumed a greater license from the combative attitude of their elders. The presence of the Sherman family, excellent mediums, added great interest to the evening session. Mr. Wheelock made his introductory remarks; then followed

THE SACK TEST, by the Sherman family, which was carried out successfully. There were skeptical gentlemen on the committee. After the séance was over, some anxious Christian individual discovered that there was a small aperture, (about the size of a man's hand), on one side of the sack. The cry of HUMBUG! was immediately raised. The claim was that the mediums got out of the sack through this little aperture. The crowd grew hysterical. The country loafers, never having paid an admission fee into any kind of a gathering before, shouted, "GIVE BACK THE MONEY!" Things looked dark for Wheelock and the mediums. Stones were hurled at them, and clubs were swung in the air, but no personal violence was done. The gathering broke up in great disorder. Several muscular Christians regretted that vengeance had not been dealt out to

THE FOLLOWERS OF THE DEVIL. The Fredericktown Independent the next day came out with a detailed account of the affair. All honor to the editor, for he had bold words of rebuke for the

DISTURBERS OF THE PEACE; and he held them up for the contempt of all intelligent citizens and lovers of religious liberty. Such, gentle reader, are some of the experiences of a preacher of Spiritualism.

E. V. Wilson writes faithfully and with touching pathos, relative to the spiritual birth of our brother in this blessed faith of Spiritualism, A. B. Whiting. We were not favored with the personal acquaintance of Mr. Whiting; but we knew his spirit; we knew something of his work. His eloquent words have been heard all over the land. In heaven he now addresses angel hosts. But let Bro. Wilson speak. He wants peace and harmony. Beside Bro. Whiting's grave, and in his name, he asks for it. Hear his words. Oh, may the spiritual dominate in all of us:

"We are sad to-day, but will not complain at the loss our cause has sustained in the apoplexy of our brother, A. B. Whiting. He was with us but the other day, and made our soul leap with joy, as his inspired brain overflowed with song, poetry and argument. To-day he is with the gods, next companion of the great hosts of the spirit-world. We know him well, and, in knowing him, we learned to love him—not that we agreed on all points of doctrine and law, but in the fact that we were brothers in a common cause. * * * Brothers, you of us who are in the field as teachers, one of our number has gone on to the spheres, and, in his report of progress here below, let him say that we are as one man, working in harmony for the good of all. Once before I held out the olive branch of peace and good will; some did not respect it, and now I hold it out once again over the safe in which we have deposited the body of our dear Bro. Whiting, and, in the presence of his unfeigned soul, ask you to respect it.

We will not be the first to mar the dawning happiness of our brother's new life."

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS. Tuesday evening, Oct. 10th, these wonderful mediums gave one of their unique exhibitions in Concert Hall, Philadelphia. Prof. Fay, who has traveled with them for so many years, is still a member of the party. His dark séance is now given in conjunction with the cabinet manifestations—no extra charge being made. The "Brothers," with Mr. Fay, are stopping at the La Pierre House, Philadelphia. Knowing full well that there has been considerable talk among Spiritualists relative to the fact that the Davenport Brothers

NEVER MENTION SPIRITUALISM in their public séances, and knowing also that many have expressed great dissatisfaction at such a course of procedure, we determined to lay before the readers of

THE BANNER OF LIGHT just what the Davenport Brothers had to say for themselves on the subject.

THE DAVENPORTS INTERVIEWED. Some of our modest writers in the spiritual press have put in mild protests against "interviewing." But, in this case, it seemed the only channel by which to gain the required information, so we performed the awful (?) ceremony.

REPORTER—"You have been traveling for many years; don't you find it growing distasteful to you?"

MR. D.—"Sometimes we get discouraged, but a power seems to impel us on."

REPORTER—"You are aware, of course, that not a few Spiritualists find fault because you do not say to the world that

TAKE NON-COMMITTAL GROUND, neither affirming nor denying the agency of spirits in what transpires in our cabinet. Hence we get

INDIGNANTLY REFUSED all such efforts. Hence it is hard to have Spiritualists so hasty to find fault with us after we have suffered so much. But we cherish kindly feelings for all. We feel

DEBATED TO THE BANNER OF LIGHT for many kindnesses. Were we understood better there would be less fault-finding. We, as I said before, know our business. We intend to pursue a straightforward course, asking odds of no one."

IT IS DONE BY SPIRITS. REPORTER—"The spirits do produce the manifestations, then?"

MR. D.—(with such a significant look) "Of course they do!"

REPORTER—"Good day, Mr. Davenport."

THAT DR. E. V. WRIGHT—INTERVIEW NO. 2. Just then who should come along but Dr. E. V. Wright, which individual of late has gained an unpleasant notoriety in consequence of his alleged exposure of bogus mediums.

REPORTER—"Well, Doctor, it is a long time since we met. You are the great

FRIEND TO GENUINE MEDIA, no matter what their peculiar phase may be. I have exposed humbugs, and shall continue in that line, no matter what the fanatics say. I know the Davenport; have traveled with them; did their 'talking' for some little time."

NO DECEPTION ABOUT THE DAVENPORTS. REPORTER—"Do you believe in the Davenport Brothers?"

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