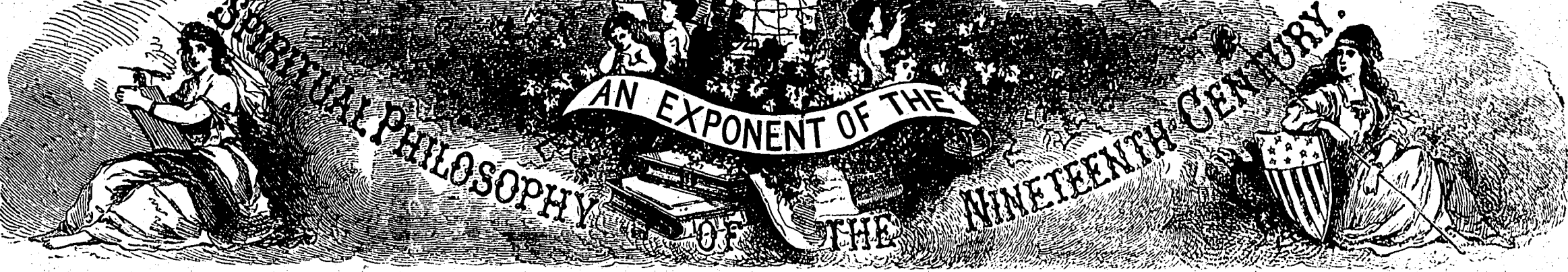


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXVIII.

[WM. WHITE & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1870.

[\$3.00 PER ANNUM,
In Advance.]

NO. 8.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BEAUTY UNVEILED;

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF EDWARD FOSTER.

The Enthusiast, the Philosopher, and the Lover.

BY CHRISTOPHER HARTMANN.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

The morning came, and after duly breakfasting, and mentally casting about upon the peculiar nature of the business he was on, Foster sallied forth again in pursuit of Miss Rutherford. His romantic expedition began to be a little suspicious, even to him. He could not help thinking that he might as well have stayed at home. He was some afraid that his own enthusiasm and curiosity had put a useless trouble upon him. Miss Rutherford, too, was a little disconcerted. Nothing strange, for there were certainly some Quixotic features in the matter. But Edward made a bold boast of it, and as he approached Miss Rutherford's door, saw what he thought to be a figure in black, sitting at the window; but when he got there, it was not observed. He found Miss Rutherford in readiness to accompany him, and laughing some at the romance of the expedition, and making some excuses for what might be thought strange in it, they walked along together to the house where Miss Freeland was stopping. As they drew near it, Edward saw again this same figure in black—not at the window, but as it were, before him, between him and the house. It was a woman upon the road. But why should it be this same woman, whom he had not seen while at the house of Miss Rutherford, nor seen to leave the house, although the road would not have led him out of sight of her movements; had she been traveling that way? This he could not account for. But Miss Freeland was now so close at hand, and so immediately to be revealed to him, that he had no continuous thoughts, and no remarks for anything but her. They were now upon the very threshold of the yard leading to her door. A few minutes, and the knock was given that made Edward's heart go pit-a-pat. The two were invited into an ordinarily-sized parlor, furnished and ornamented in a neat and somewhat affluent manner. There were appearances of abundance, culture and refinement. In a few minutes more, the object of his visit and of his long-indulged curiosity came stepping into the room with an air and grace and brilliancy which would have done honor to a queen. Foster was introduced by Miss Rutherford. "I hope you will excuse me, madam," said he, "for I really fear I have trespassed upon good property; but Miss Rutherford has informed me of the object of my call, and I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken; really, I hardly know how to excuse myself for the freedom I have indulged in." This was rather awkward.

"I beg you, sir," said the lady, in a free, joyous manner, "not to think of it. It is a very pleasant occurrence—a desire very innocently gratified, though attended, I presume, with peculiar interest to you. I have certainly not the least unpleasantness about it."

All this was said in such a sweet tone, and with so much nonchalance, that Edward felt reassured at once. He continued, "I really have been so interested in this little occurrence that I could not let it rest."

"It is very singular such a mistake should have occurred," said Miss Freeland.

"I do not think so now," said Edward.

The lady blushed, but said nothing. Edward went on again, "I do not, of course," said he, contemptuously, with his eyes turned from the lady, "see anything, and never have seen anything, in all my intercourse with the world, that can so sensibly remind me of my departed friend as her own speaking likeness, and the image I always bear about me in mental vision; but, I confess, I was not prepared for anything like this."

"Like what?" said Miss Freeland.

"Like the impression which you first gave me." Seeing the embarrassment that was now evident between them, Miss Rutherford ventured to relieve it.

"I told Mr. Foster," said she, "that I hoped he would not be disappointed."

"I am, indeed," said he, "amplified for my visit."

"I was once taken," said Miss Freeland, "for the wife of a gentleman in Rochester, New York, when it was really thought that lady was present."

"Not by the gentleman himself?" said Foster, laughing.

"On, no!—by another person!"

"And there was no ghost story about that," said Miss Rutherford.

"Not at all!" said Miss Freeland; and the pleasant thus indulged in soon put them all upon terms of comparative ease, and the conversation turned readily into natural channels. Personal resemblances, Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors, and other such matters came up, one after another, till finally Foster ventured to declare what it was that impressed him first and most of all at the sight of Miss Freeland. "It was," said he, "the remarkable outline of feature. The expression is different, yet there is a resemblance of form and motion, and the eyes also have a similar look."

But as this was rather a delicate subject to discuss on very particularly, it was soon passed off, and merged into more general matters. The town, the residence of the lady, the difference between Vermont and New York, the time of tarrying in Woodstock, the unhappy man who was the husband of Mrs. Willard, a desire on the part

of Miss Freeland to visit Boston, etc., were all duly brought into the arena, and made the topics of an agreeable chit-chat. It was observed, however, that the lady occasionally eyed Foster, and he her, with a very questioning, penetrating glance.

As soon as opportunity occurred for a private word to Miss Rutherford, which, after an hour's sitting, was offered by a proposal to view the surroundings of the commodious mansion where Miss Freeland was stopping, and for which purpose they all went out together, Foster remarked to her ear alone, "Really this is interesting. I should never think of confounding Miss Freeland with Mrs. Willard, but the resemblance is striking. To a stranger I should think the mistake might occur, but the difference is in the expression. Mrs. Willard had more of the sombre, thoughtful, about her; this lady has a great deal more vivacity. They seem indeed like sisters. It reminds me of two sisters I once boarded with in New York. They kept a house at the lower end of Broadway, by the firm of Mix & Tripp. They were both widow ladies, and were frequently taken for each other. What I tell you now is an absolute fact. I boarded with them six months; and when one was present and the other absent, I frequently could not tell which it was; but when both were present together, then I could distinguish them. At the end of about six months, Mrs. Mix was taken sick and laid up for several weeks. When she came out again, she looked so pale and thin, that I could tell the difference even afterwards. I had accustomed myself from the difference first made in sickness. Miss Freeland ought to see the likeness of Mrs. Willard. Mr. Willard, too, would be interested in seeing her."

Soon Miss Freeland made her appearance again, with her bonnet on, for a short walk to a neighboring hill. From this hill quite a prospect was presented. As soon as Foster saw her with her bonnet on, "Ah!" said he, "now I see."

"What now?" said the lady.

"Now I begin to understand the mistake. The bonnet—the bonnet makes quite a difference."

Here the pleasant conversation resumed again for a few minutes, and the freedom of conversation, from one thing to another, continued even to the top of the hill. Before, however, it was reached, Miss Rutherford gave way to impressions which she could not conceal. Spite of all her Methodist proclivities, nature would out with her, when, at a difficult pass up one of the steep places, Edward had to help her by main strength over a large, jagged rock. It stirred the fountains of inspiration in her meek soul immediately. "Oh!" said she, "how nice it is to climb up these hills, and have a young man to help you over the steep places!" Miss Freeland's laugh assented to this wisdom immediately. When that eminence was reached, "See there!" said Miss F.; "there is the extent of my uncle's land. Father has a place in Rochester not near so large as this. Oh, I wish you could see it!—with just such a pond, only larger; and he said he would not exchange it for this, although this is twice as large. Merely look at those children!"—and she ran, with all possible agility, down the hill, to the pond, where a couple of the neighbors' children had been playing, and one of them was so near the edge of a cliff, in a clump of woods at the border of the pond, where an accident had taken place a year previous, that she feared lest a similar accident might occur; and, without saying anything more to her associates, she sped forth instantly for the prevention of it. They soon saw what she was after, as she knew that they would, and they followed on, at a slower pace, to the scene of danger. When arrived, she was in such commotion, so flushed with excitement, and so elated at the idea of having possibly saved the child, that she appeared to Foster the very impersonation of spirited and glorious beauty. So self-forgetful, too—such a complete abandon in her manners, and so much grace and dignity of movement!

"Why! you little thing, you!" said she, taking hold of the child's arm, "do n't, for mercy's sake, ever go there again! What do you suppose your mother would say to you?"

"My mother?" drawled out the child; "I haint got any mother."

"So much the more need of caution, then," replied Miss F. "Whose boy are you?"

"I live with aunt, down the road there"—pointing in the direction of his home. "Did you think I was going to fall into the water? I've been there ever so many times."

"What! does your aunt allow you to go on to that rock?"

"She doesn't know I do go there. I got some fishes there the other day."

"What! fish off from that rock?"

At this, she got down to the little urchin, who was both ragged and dirty, and gave him such a lecturing, as though she herself had been the mother of the child, that Foster and Miss Rutherford enjoyed it richly. They went into the house together; and, having thrown off all the embarrassment consequent upon their first interview, and it being understood that Foster must return to Boston the next day, he was invited to another interview and another ramble in the afternoon. He accepted, and left her. As he walked home with Miss Rutherford, she began to congratulate him on the pleasantness of his visit. "Oh!" said Foster, "this is a very interesting person. I do wish she would come to Boston. Can't we contrive it in some way? Can't she, when she goes to Rochester, come round by way of Boston?"

"I do n't know," said Miss R.; "I have no doubt she would like to." And they walked home together, and he went to the hotel.

The grand encounter was over—the wonderful presence seen—and the young enthusiast satisfied, I presume, to the brim of his desires. And now what? I am expecting my readers are thinking, of course, of a terrible smiling somewhere in the region of the heart. I will tell you how it was, exactly. It was a smiling of the head and of the

animal passions, with just enough of the higher sentiments to make him at once the enthusiastic admirer of her beauty and a bit of her character. How could he resist? He must have been made of marble. It was acknowledged, on all sides, that Miss Freeland was a very beautiful and attractive person, and she was now just entering her twenty-fifth year. She was sprightly, spirited, active, charming, entrancing—just the very person to excite the ideas of Edward Foster. Nothing was wanting—nothing lacking to hit him off at one blow, fairly and handsomely. The spirituelle of her character was rather left in the background—completely overpowered by the full presentment of her other rare accomplishments and her physical beauty. To be sure, there was a tolerable share of kindly good nature in her, and several little accomplishments, and a character, as it evidently appeared, of a fair, every-day amiability and virtue; but nothing in all this that struck—nothing that a man or a woman would be liable to be taken with suddenly. Alas! how true it is that this is not generally the quickening substance of a man's love. Love—did I say? Yes—a certain kind of love; for how true it is that the glow of feeling for what outwardly appears is in some correspondence with that inward, vital, spiritual warmth which the heart and soul feel in genuine love. As was stated before, in the conversations of Edward and Goodman, there is that in an outward appearance which is philosophically productive of this effect. Somehow, it connects with the mental nature. It does not generally go very deeply, but it goes deep enough to produce a glow of the affection which is sensibly felt, and even perceptible in the material frame. It conducts, somehow, from exterior to interior. Sometimes it is mere lust; at other times, it is a kind of natural love touching upon a still deeper love. It is impossible to analyze it fully; but he who does not recognize this subtle connection between the outward and the inward has yet to learn one of the most powerful and operative principles in nature. What I would remark here, however, is that even this animal or physical love is not to be condemned altogether; for when it is of the spirit, and thence of the body, it is very proper; but when it is of the body, and thence of the spirit, it of course becomes a low and degrading passion.

Foster felt, at first, for the beautiful Miss Freeland, that which is so common between the sexes. Is it not surprising, after all the experience of the world, and all its disappointments, wretchedness and misery from this one cause of personal beauty, that both men and women will still continue to be taken with it so disastrously and so thoroughly and effectually? Is it not proof in itself that there is, more deeply and mysteriously than is suspected, some hidden connection of it with character? Would men and women—sensible men and women, too—fall in love with a mere doll—so much geometrical form, and outline, and color, with but an ordinary expression—if there was not some deeper significance in it? And it is manifestly true that sensible people, too, to a certain extent, love beauty for something more than its own naked self; else how is it that so very few love well enough to marry a very homely and deformed person, though endowed with angelic goodness? Why is such homeliness so repulsive? Why do we say—as homely as sin?—ugly as the devil? Why this feeling, in the best of us, that goodness and virtue ought to be beautiful, whether it is or not, and sin ugly-looking? Oh, there is a deeper philosophy here than is generally suspected; and if this narrative has any power to bring it out, it will not be in vain that the events here recorded are given to the world.

Foster was smitten—yes, deeply smitten—before he was aware. That intellectual power he had, which would have made him a sculptor or a painter, combined with a temper so ethereal, an imagination so quick, and animality enough, with all his spiritual tendencies, to make him susceptible of a rapid motion of all that pertains to what, in common parlance, is called love—this fixed him at once. And all the circumstances of his experience were so romantic! That he should ever see so fair a resemblance of his first love, and under circumstances so pleasant and exhilarating, with all the bewitching kindness of the creature, too—all this conspired to make a very strong first impression. Of course, he was restless for the afternoon excursion. He would like another ramble with her? Yes—and he would go home and tell Willard the whole story.

The afternoon came, and off he went to enjoy his new acquaintance. And Miss Rutherford, too—she was the very pluck of unsophisticated church propriety and sobriety, with all simplicity and sincerity, and a certain piquant good nature which made her jokes tell. Her moderation added to the force of her sobriety. They went again, and the now considerably assured Miss Freeland felt that a very fair encounter could not be missed. I shall not speak of certain undoubted thoughts in her heart as to the upshot and end-all of this expedition; suffice it to say she had some ulterior calculation about it; she could not help it—with so fine a young man, and so earnest in his interests. But Foster himself—I know that at this time he thought it was very singular, very singular indeed, that things should turn out just as they had; while the lawyer in the house pleased himself with some very merry thrusts at special providences, and all that kind of talk; and the old grandmother shook her ominous head, and said, "Ah! I see there's no stopping it; may be the Lord's in this thing; may be he is n't. It's a long way up the hill!"

"Why, grandmother!" exclaimed Miss Freeland, "I hope you don't think there's any harm in going up the hill!"

"Ah! I meant the hill of life!" murmured she.

"Why, grandmother, I should think you'd be ashamed!"

"Not ashamed," muttered she, "so long as Lord lets me live."

Well—as I was saying—they all started off again together, and were gone the whole afternoon. A merry time they had of it. Foster almost forgot, for the time being, all his sorrows. They went into the woods, for it was now the pleasant spring-time of the year, and dry enough to gather some early flowers; and they went miles off by the aid of uncle's horse and carriage; and they saw all the surrounding country, and a great deal, I dare say, that did not pertain to the country. Miss F. was in her very best trim. She had prepared herself for the occasion, and no pains were spared to make herself look as much like a certain imaginary possibility as nature and bonnet could do. She clad herself very simply, but beautifully. I might as well say it—this lady was now on for a conquest; whether marriage or not she had not fully determined. But she felt that she had power. She meant to use it. I do not say inconsiderately; but she felt that here might be her fortune. Foster, it was observed, lost by degrees his self-possession; but she never lost hers; she was seldom ever known to. Foster began to grow absent-minded. Her eagle eye detected this in a moment. She took more courage, and pressed on, and with all the vivaciousness and brilliancy of which she was capable, now played her lustrous and glorious eyes full and fairly upon his—now gave utterance to her melodious voice in full, free, joyous laughter, which made the woods ring, now went ahead that he might have the advantage of viewing her graceful form without her observation, then turned round upon him unexpectedly and gave him such a look of modest and bewitching languishment! and the chatter of her tongue and the kindness of her heart, as displayed to him on various occasions, were full enough—quite too much for him. Foster could not resist it any more than he could resist lightning.

It was done, reader—done that very afternoon. I do not say that Foster had fully yielded his heart, but he felt so much that he could not leave her. Possibly, very probably, I think, to those invisible spirits who help on the destiny of human beings, whether good or bad, their fate was now soon to be decided; but not to Foster; not to her, either. But she had exerted influence enough that afternoon to keep him in her power, although neither of them knew it.

They returned to the house of Miss F.'s uncle, who, by the way, was Esq. Jotham Pollard, a rich farmer in that town, where the table was spread for them all to sit down to tea. This was an unexpected visit to young Foster. But Miss F. had left orders to that effect, having first obtained the consent and approval of aunt and uncle; and the display of fine crockery and glass, the neat, white damask cloth, and the viands furnished for the occasion, made it a very tempting and social finale to the agreeable afternoon entertainment. It was arranged, of course, that Foster and Miss Freeland and Miss Rutherford should sit together—the first two in immediate proximity. Thus he was furnished with an occasion for the exercise of his best attentions and powers of entertainment, and she for a reciprocity of favors, aided by all that peculiar inspiration which fumes up with a rich cup of tea. Our young friends were seated directly opposite the square, and his wife and the young lawyer took seats by their side. Grandmother occupied the end of the table. Miss F. had suspicions of nobody but her. Occasionally she gave a sidelong glance at her, fearing every moment that she would say something dreadful; but the supper passed on till nearly the close, and no word had escaped from her ominous lips. Esq. Pollard was evidently pleased with his young visitor; and his wife, partaking of the mutual satisfaction, continued to throw off many a pleasant remark for their mutual edification. The lawyer more than once gave utterance to his piquant remarks; just revealing enough of what was in him to let the knowing ones see his drift, when by-and-by the venerable personage at the end of the table ventured to open her mouth.

"You are speaking," said she, "of the strange things that happen in this world. When I was a young gal I used to think it stranger than all, why folks could n't tell beforehand more what's goin' to happen. My mother used to have a sort of feeling that way, others when a'y trouble folks used to call it presentiment, second sight; but I tell 'em, so and so about what's goin' on or is comin'." Oh, dear! well, it aint given us to know everything—a mercy 'tis! Troubles come fast enough without seein' 'em aforehand. But it's no use of being blind to everything." Then, sipping her tea, and looking over her spectacles, she added ominously, "You have high times now."

"Grandmother," said the lawyer, "you don't seem to enter into the spirit of the occasion. You're rather blue."

"Blue? no, I don't mean to be blue. I own I don't feel very well."

"Grandmother's always prophesying evil," said Miss F. impatiently.

"No, not often; it comes fast enough."

Foster looked at her with a very curious, quizzical glance; finally he ventured to speak:

"You don't always hit right, do you, ma'am?"

"Almost often when I feel very heavy."

This brought down the table. Lightness, the Esq. thought, was the more appropriate mood for inspiration. But it was no use; the old lady would have her mood; and the company, not disposed to notice her much more, gave indulgence to the utmost freedom and merriment.

When supper was over they all took a walk upon the hill again. It was just at sunset. The mellow light of departing day threw its beautiful tints upon the fine scenery around; the pond shone like a sheet of clear glass in the distance; and there, upon the top of an eminence, beautiful for its commanding prospect, and sacred to Foster for some of the most delightful impressions of his life, the subject was brought up of a possible last view of all these regions, which elicited from

him an earnest expression of his desire that Miss Freeland might visit Boston.

"I should be delighted to," she said, "but I did not contemplate it, and father would think it so strange."

"Tell him you were persuaded to; he'd consent, I guess."

"Oh, yes, he'd consent; but —"

"But what?"

"I do n't know a single person there."

"You know me," said Foster, as though that was enough.

"Yes—I beg your pardon, sir; I should admire to see the city, and —"

"And what?"

"I should be much pleased to prolong our acquaintance. I will write to father about it, and if he is willing, I will try to see Boston before I go home."

Here was encouragement. Miss Rutherford told her she had better, and Foster thought she certainly would. At all events, a very interesting acquaintance had been formed, and a friendship cemented under very unusual circumstances. But all was not over yet. There was the evening to come. Miss Rutherford had invited them to her house in the evening. Of course it was accepted, and Foster had another pleasure to count on, which would, more than amply repay him for his somewhat doubtful journey to Woodstock. I shall not enter into the particulars of this evening's entertainment, except to say that the mellow influence of the candle-light showed off Miss F. in more than her usual beauty. Everything that was an imperfection in her was now shaded and concealed by a light that has so many advantages. She appeared truly lovely. To a lover of the merely beautiful, to an artist, to a connoisseur in all that was attracting to the outward gaze, here was a luxury on which to feast the eyes. And her eyes shone with a really captivating lustre. I know not if Byron's lines could be applied more appropriately than to her on this occasion:

"She walks in beauty, like the night,
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best, of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

Now, gentle reader, here is a problem. Why is it that without any superior intelligence, without any unusual goodness, without any peculiar affinity of character, (for really Miss F. had shown none during all the interview which Foster had with her,) why is it that so intellectual a young man, so pure and aspiring, and having such a true philosophy, too, of the connection of external appearance with internal qualities, why is it that all this intelligence is at once and effectually overpowered by such outward charms? I say, overpowered. For that it was so, was very evident. He could not help falling in love with so fine a person. He had seen no remarkable displays of her mental capacities; did not even see or feel that tender and sweet affection which sometimes so allures and attaches where there are no particular intellectual qualities to arrest one's attention, and which is oftentimes so much better than intellect; he had scarcely caught a glimpse of her real soul, that is, of those deep and habitual qualities that reign there and form one's character; he had seen only, to say the most, but a very ordinary and moderate share of good nature and kindness; whether assumed or not, he could not tell. It might have been chiefly deceptive. Yet still he fell in love with her. Why was it? I suppose some of my readers will say that it was the easiest and most natural thing imaginable. So it was. But I will be bound by all the net proceeds of this story, that not one in a thousand can tell why it was. Surely, it was not for the mere outside show, regardless of any internal qualities represented by it. Just think of it. A man with a heart and soul in him, loving so much finely carved flesh, and symmetrical proportions, and paint, (though of Nature's best), and colored light flashing from two eyes, with so much wave-like and graceful motion! Loving it, I say; that is, being warmed with such an idea! Was ever a man known to be warmed with geometry, and mathematics, and the science of forms? Perhaps you speak of the spirit within. Ah! but if this external case-mold of it had happened to have been utterly uncouth and deformed, the spirit within might have gone a begging for love where it could find it. Surely, Foster would not have been drawn to it, in the condition he was in then; no, nor thousands of others who find their affections so powerfully stimulated by these outward harmonies. Well, I am not going to dissect the throat of a nightingale to get at the substance of the sweet singing; for our mystery opens to us more clearly than that. There is something in this philosophy of the beautiful that is so simple, appreciable, and profitable without, when it is seen, that its worth is far above rubies, and when once fully displayed to view, the world should go after it at once. All mankind should be falling in love with the beautiful.

Why, everybody sees it at once, in general. Everybody knows that, very generally speaking, all the best and noblest of humanity are the best looking. I do not say handsome, but still, in a true sense, the best looking. You do not see the extremes of deformity—the fiendish and piratical aspect, upon the extremes of goodness. There is a certain good look upon every truly good person, and this good look frequently merges into styles of the handsome and the beautiful—varying, to be sure, according to every one's ideal of beauty, and the peculiar order of the genius so represented. But why not this principle entire and perfect? Why not carried out into the effect that all the best characters are not only the best looking, but so in exact proportion to their characters?

It is, I say, precisely this sense, though blunted and obscured by sensuality, ignorance and sin, that yet plays in the deep caverns of the human mind, and gives us the phenomenon of this intense and all-absorbing love of the beautiful. If this is not so in the depraved, and in those who as to their affections do not think of the good, but seek merely a perverted sensual gratification, then I say there is an evil love—love not the less of

something besides mere forms and pictures, which presents to the mind the idea of the good they crave. They may call it good; and they do, frequently; and strive to paint it up, and throw around it the attractions which only truly belong to genuine goodness. It is a true principle that prevails at the bottom of all this; and our very expressions—"graceful" forms and motions, "good" looks, &c., imply as much. Grace is a quality justly connected with highest themes. We speak of the grace of God, which is only another term for his goodness or favor; and there is a peculiar propriety in connecting all grace, gentleness, &c., with those acts and motions which flow from a celestial goodness.

"For contemplation he, and valor formed;
For softness she, and sweet, attractive grace."
This, then, is in part the solution of the problem. Why the apparent exceptions appear, and characters are frequently so different from their looks, remains to be developed. Our story will be all-sufficient for it.

Young Foster was dealt with by the powers in question most effectually. He was fixed to the admiration and love of Miss Freeland. He had not told his love, and it had not yet the deepest hold upon him. But he was decidedly enamored. He knew it, and she knew it too. What a scene that of last evening was! Could he ever forget it? ever live without a repetition of it? Truth is, when they parted that night, it was with such a manifest affection on his part, and anxiety on hers, that he began to question within himself whether he had not been deceived. It was as late as ten o'clock. And when, at the door of the house, he finally took leave of her, without knowing whether he should ever see her again, he felt as if he was leaving a dear friend he had known for years. So much had one day done to rivet the chains of destiny. She said to him, cheerfully—"I hope you will be prosperous, sir, in all your pursuits in life, and never make a worse mistake than did your friend Bartholomew." He said to her—"I wish that every mistake of my life might be attended with as pleasant consequences." And so they parted—he to the hotel for the night, from which he was to leave for Boston early the next morning; and she to her rest in the house of her tarrying, to which she had been accompanied by him.

[To be continued in our next.]

Spiritual Phenomena.

From the London Spiritual Magazine for October.
MANIFESTATIONS ON THE CONTINENT THROUGH MRS. GUPPY.

The last number of the *Spiritualist* gives a history of Mrs. Guppy's mediumship compiled from our pages, and adding the following account of manifestations through her mediumship on the Continent, where Mr. and Mrs. Guppy have been living for the last two and a half years. Mrs. Guppy's mediumship was a subject of much interest to many of the more cultured residents in Naples and Florence, in which places several séances of a remarkable character were held. Some remarkable manifestations through Mrs. Guppy's mediumship have also been witnessed in Paris.

About a year and three-quarters ago, at a dark séance held at the house of Mrs. Paget, Paris, at which several Madame Val d'Or, of Paris, was present, the latter lady said, "It is impossible for me to believe this kind of thing. I have known Mr. Guppy to get away from the table, while I hold the hands of Mrs. Guppy." This was willfully contradicted, and a shower of fresh flowers fell afterwards, just the same as before. About the same time at another sitting in the house of Mrs. Paget, in Paris, Madame Val d'Or was present, and said, "I feel only one thing something in the light I should be satisfied. Mrs. Guppy marked that 'tests of these kinds usually happen at unexpected times, and not when most desired.' She had scarcely finished speaking, when, in the full light of four candles, a chair glided along the floor of the room, a distance of four or five yards, and stopped close to Madame Val d'Or. Madame, who was very much startled, raised the chair, and examined it for strings or machinery. She found none and put the chair down again, when it at once glided back to its former place.

In Naples some very good séances took place at the palace of the celebrated Duchess d'Arpino. One evening the Princess Aquila and the Countess Castellana were also present. The Countess Castellana said she could not believe in the manifestations unless she were certain that Mrs. Guppy had nothing concealed about her. Mrs. Guppy insisted on taking off her own clothes and putting on at once a dress of a different color. This she did in the presence of the Duchess d'Arpino and Princess, who themselves rebelled her in the dressing-room, and then threw a shawl over her shoulders to keep her warm. She then held the séance in a room she had not sat in before, when a shower of flowers, as usual in her séances, took place. Mr. Guppy was not present at this séance.

On one occasion she held a sitting with Mr. Augustus Trollope and his wife at Florence. Mr. Trollope held Mrs. Guppy's hands, yet his hands and arms, and those of Mrs. Guppy, were quite buried in fresh flowers soon after the light was extinguished.

On another occasion Lady Augustus Paget asked permission to be present at one of Mrs. Guppy's séances at Naples, and to bring a friend with her. She brought the Countess Molke, a relative of General Molke, the present commander of the Prussian army. Mrs. Guppy was indisposed, and nothing very remarkable took place at the séance. However, a few days later they had another. Mrs. Guppy's hands were held by the ladies, yet the spirits brought flowers in profusion; the sitters were touched by invisible hands, and noises were heard in the room, so loud that they frightened the whole party.

At Florence there is a society for the investigation of spiritual phenomena; its members consist chiefly of nobles, and it is called the Florence Spiritual Society. A one of the séances held in the winter months, it was found to be too cold to sit in the room ordinarily used for the purpose, as there was no fire in it, so the party adjourned to one of the private rooms of the secretary, at the top of the house. There was a large fire in the room, which was covered over before the séance began to exclude light, and all the ladies present were furnished with foot warmers. Flowers were brought as usual; but suddenly a noise was heard as if the chandelier had fallen down; a light was struck, and a thick block of ice, of about a square foot in size, was found upon the table.

Some wonderful manifestations through Mrs. Guppy's mediumship were also witnessed at séances held with the Princess Marguerite, at Naples. Fruit and flowers were brought as usual; but one evening the Princess remarked that she should like to receive from the spirits some specimens of the Italian cactus, a prickly plant, having the most unpleasant smell in the world, and of those who venture to touch it. Soon after the wish was expressed, twenty or thirty of those plants were found upon the table. They were removed with the tongs, because if the spines of the plants enter the hands, they have to be removed by means of tweezers, and cause much irritation and pain. Singing notes were also brought in like manner at Mrs. Guppy's séances. On another occasion, at a séance held at the house of the Duchess d'Arpino, a number of white flowers were brought by the spirits; the smell of these flowers was very unpleasant, the odor from them being so repulsive that one lady present fainted. Before the sitting began there was no trace of any smell of the kind in the room. Among the witnesses present at this séance were the Duchess d'Arpino, Lady Hamilton, Princess Aquila, Countess Castellana, Lord Jocelyn and Mr. Locke. The flowers, which were brought in great quantities, were put in the fire as quickly as possible. One evening, at another séance, the Duchess d'Arpino expressed a wish that the spirits would bring sea-water and wet sand, and she was splashed over those present, and when a light was struck

some live star-fishes were found upon the table. The sea was not much more than a hundred yards from the house.

On one occasion Mr. H. W. Longfellow, the American poet, called upon Mrs. Guppy at Naples; he said that he had been at many séances, but had not seen anything entirely satisfactory, and that he should like to have a sitting with her. He requested a consultation with her, and she held her hands, and while he did so several orange-blossoms were brought by unseen agency. The poet said that he considered the manifestation to be one of the most conclusive he had ever witnessed. Mrs. Guppy gave several séances to the Neapolitan Princess Royal, and received some very interesting remembrances from the Royal Family. Where do the flowers come from? In the majority of cases it is not known where they are gathered, but in some few instances Mr. and Mrs. Guppy have evidence that they were gathered in gardens varying in distance from the place of meeting from a few yards to several miles. In some cases of spiritual manifestations, distance is no more an impediment to the action of the spirits than a thick copper wire to the passage of electricity.

POE'S RAVEN.

CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST LIFE.

(Through the instrumentality of Thos. L. Harris.)

First within my brain was burning;
Searing life, and death, and doom;
Heedless, I sat in my chamber; through my body's open door,
Came a River, foul and cold;
Like those who sit in the halls of the dead,
Downward, swooping white the drooping spectres haunt
The Stygian shore—
Not a bird, but something more,
Ghosts of agonies departed,
Fostered sounds that long had smothered,
Broken voices, restless murmurs, griefs and miseries of
yore.
By some art revived, undaunted,
I gazed steadfast, The enchanted,
Black, infernal river, and the Stygian shore, Evermore—
Not a bird, but something more,
Gazing slowly, crying madly,
On the blood, the smoke and sooty,
Broken down to deep, but soaring, sought for mercy to
improve.
Turning to the left, I thought it
In my bosom I expressed it;
Still it pierces my heart, and revels in the palpitating gore;
"It was a bird, and something more,
I knew not. The crowing fancies—
Black words that, not blushing, ran—
Made me think the bird a spirit." "Hill," I cried, "he bird
to more,
Taken shape: he man—the dead—
Be a shaker; the form that roved—
From thy banquet rise, he human. I have seen thee oft
before;
Thou art not, and something more.
Tapping, tapping, striking deeper,
Rousing, rousing, my body's keener,
Thou hast oft croaked, sought entrance at the heart's great
palace door.
Take thy shape, oh ghastly demon;
Feet of Spirit must illumine,
Strike me through, but first, unrolling, let me scan thee
thoroughly.
Thou art not, but something more."
Still with subtle pious tapping,
The great Raven, tapping, tapping,
Struck into my breast his talons, vast his wings outspread,
and said:
"All my voice is a rattle;
But I strive with dying valor,
With the poison of reason striking through the form it
wore—
Not a bird, but something more.
"With thee, infernal Raven,
I have that hell-sound, the raven,
Image growing more gigantic, more beyond the Stygian
shore,
Leave me, leave me, I beseech thee;
I could not of myself improve thee.
I cried madly, "Thou art not, with a brazen, earth-
quake tone.
"It was a bird—a demon more.
Downward, downward, croaking, speeding,
Cries of anguish still unending,
Striking through me with his talons—still that Raven-shape
he wore—
"Oh, Erebus, do I do this?
I could not of myself improve thee.
I cried madly, "Thou art not, with a brazen, earth-
quake tone.
"It was a bird—a demon more.
"I'm no bird—an angel, brother;
A bright spirit, and I none other.
I have waited, listless, for thee for thirty years and
more.
In thy light, disease and sadness,
I have sounded, tapping, tapping, at the heart's Eden door;
Not a bird—an angel more.
Shining down, with light Elysian,
Through the partly gates of vision,
On thy traced, soul-light fancy, when, across thy cham-
ber floor,
Fell the spirit moonlight, when
With soft down from trees in Eden
Shaken downward—still unending, drunk by dreaming hands
thou wore—
Not a bird—an angel more.
In my Palace, when I ponder,
In Zenobia's requiem tender,
More than Roman, though Arabian were the kindly name I
bore,
I have left my angel-palace,
Dropping in the softest of children
Consolation. "O, 'twas blessed, sweet, thy pillow to bend
over;
Not a bird—an angel more.
Emble is the mocking fever,
When, through crown and hair, forever,
Blows the spirit wind, and the love-birds tell their rapture
over.
From earth's hell, he wrote haunted,
From the spirit's hell, he wrote haunted,
I have borne thee, gaze upon me; didst thou see me 'er
before?"
Not a bird—an angel more."
And I awakened—! to waken
By the light, by grief forsaken
With the God who dwelt with angels in the shining age of
yore.
And I stood sublime, victorious,
While below lay Earth, with glorious
Realms of angels, shining crown-like on its temples ever-
more.
Not a corpse—a woman more.
"Earth," I cried, "thy clouds are shadows,
From the Asphodelian meadows
Of the sky-world floating downward—pearly rains that from
thy crown
Lore's own heaven—thy mother—here thee,
And the father—God—hence, here thee;
'Tis his hand that, crowns thy forehead. Thou shalt live
forevermore.
Not an Earth—! an Eden more."
As a gem has many gleamings,
And a day has many beatitudes,
And a garden many roses, filled with sweetness to the core,
So the soul has many ages,
And the life has many pages,
And the heart's great, gospel opens where the seraphim
adore.
Not a heart—love's angel more.
I will write a book hereafter,
Cherished as a baby's laughter,
When a mother's heart overleaps on the painted spirit-
shore;
Like Apollo, the far darter,
The poet and the martyr,
Will chant poems of such grandeur, that shall live forevermore—
Not a fennel—A Boreas more."

My design, in this production, has been to embody in poetic form, the record of my life. Being from my cradle a haunted man, conscious of more than human presence, and unable from physiological and mental perversions, to analyze its essence, I grew morbid and melancholy. This influence was that of my good guardian. Supernatural visions, elevating and inspiring, descended from him to me. These became distorted in their descent. I wrote under spiritual inspiration. My mediocrity condition was imperfect. I misperceived and misinterpreted the spiritual truth; hence the gloomy, misanthropic character of my productions.

I left the body to recover sanity, and then, in that mysterious, ethereal, ideal world, discovered the pain-producing, vision-creating influence, which had been in my earthly-life, to have been not demoniacal but celestial.

Pity the man of genius. Madness itself, when accompanied with any degree of physical comfort, is Eden in comparison to the growth-pains of a mind, living in the unconscious violation of the spirit's law, forced to the rack of mental exertion to purchase bread, unable to compete with men of the world, crushed by unfeeling avarice. Inly, vainly striving, through all despite, to give birth to deathless inspirations. I have but partially expressed myself.

E. A. T.

A boy makes a huge snowball to show his skill and perseverance, and as something to wonder at, not that he can swallow it as an ice or warm his hands at it; and the man accumulates a pile of wealth for pretty much the same reason.

He who sows the ground with care and diligence, acquires a great estate; and the religious man, who sows the ground with the seed of a thousand prayers,—Zendaestra, Bible of the Persians.

The Lecture Room.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH.

A LECTURE BY PROF. WM. DENTON,
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Oct. 9, 1870.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Having cast aside as authority that collection of Jewish traditions and Christian imaginings called the Bible, we must reconsider all vital questions, and find their bearings from our new position. We henceforth take Nature as our guide, our unerring standard; whatever that teaches we are prepared to accept, and whatever that opposes, we reject. It is not sufficient to say to us: "Thus saith the Lord." What foolish thing is there that he has not said? It must be: "Thus saith Nature," and when this is proved, all that we desire is done.

In the light of this new morning that has dawned upon us, with the sun of science beaming into our souls, how stands the important question of death? We can no longer regard it as a curse coming upon us because of the apple eating propensities of the first pair—for death reigned upon the planet ages before man came here—but as the inevitable result of the law of his being. Nor can we regard Jesus as the revealer of immortality. Centuries before his time Socrates proclaimed his hope of future life, and gave his reasons for it, as Jesus neither did nor could. Light had been shed upon this subject centuries before the first chapter of Genesis was written. The Bible on this, as on many other subjects, gives little light, and no philosophy. The ancient Jews never saw deeper than the bottom of the grave where they laid their dead. To David death was a land of darkness and forgetfulness; David thinks that we sleep in the earth; and even Paul, the light of his age in the eyes of so many Christian people, requires the things of an angel to blow a trumpet blast to waken the sleeping dead. A number of scattered and contradictory fragments is all that the soul can gain from the Bible; therefore we come to Nature, our loving mother, and ask her to teach us the lesson which facts reveal concerning the question of life.

There stands a majestic New England elm. Under its spreading branches five generations of children have played; but as its successive crops of leaves have fallen and died, so must it in turn go down to the dust—the common grave of all living. The enduring pyramids have looked down upon a hundred generations of men as they have marched to their destiny; over thousands before them; but even they feel the tooth of time. Each desert wind that blows over diminishes them, and a heap of sand will yet mark the spot where they died.

But here are the mountains—the cloud-kissing, the heaven-propping, the over-arching mountains—surely they will always be monuments of the activity of our planet in ages gone by. Not at all; they, too, must dissolve; these winds that howl around their frosty heads are but chanting their funeral dirge, and the rivers that run down their furrowed sides are the corpse-bearers for ever. Carrying them to the ocean, whose caverns gawn to receive them and lay them with the thousand that went before them. Not a mountain that stands to-day but shall be leveled with the lowest valley—it is the decree of destiny. Yea, the world itself grows old, and must inevitably die; as Shakespeare has it:

"The great globe itself—
Yea, this globe itself, shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

It is the destiny of the planets—millions have gone, and all that remain are destined to follow them:
"Worlds have their time to fall,
And suns to perish, and bright stars decay."

It is, however, but the turning of the kaleidoscope. The old forms have departed; the glittering beauties we beheld are gone, never to return, but that which composed them remains, enters into new combinations as fair to the eye, as perfect in form, in like manner to pass and be succeeded in the eternal procession of all things. The old elm falls, but out of its dust springs the young one, more vigorous for the ashes of its predecessor, and waves in time its lordly crown as high as those who went before it. The mountain decays, its last atom is borne upon the sea's troubled breast, but out of the ocean depths spring new mountains, higher, fairer than their predecessors, and enriched with the spoil of the waters from which they were heaved. The matter composing the earth has belonged to other worlds millions of times, and shall doubtless in the future belong to worlds unnumbered; stars die and go out in blackness, but new ones bright and fair and radiant succeed them. This is the law of Nature universally—the one is as certain as the other.

So much everybody sees of death, the inevitable, the undeliverable; the renewal, the transformation—the old gone, but out of it all things made new. Sunsets—suns rise in glory; trees decay—trees spring up and crown the world with verdure. This we see; this we know. But is this all? How little of man we see when looking at the body! How little of the world we see through this physical eye! Do you see all there is of the earth, you ditch-digger, whose spade goes down five feet? Do you know it all, oh miner, whose toll carries you down half a mile into the darkness? The deepest delver knows as little as the mussel at the bottom of the sea knows of the thousand islands and coasts the broad ocean laves; and we know as little of what the spirit of man is to reveal. We behold but little of what constitutes the man here, and what follows death is equally hidden from our gaze.

You say the elm is gone, and all things are as if it had never been; and I say you are wrong—the tree remains. It has passed into that spiritual realm that knows no change; where no frost can nip it, no blight affect it, and time wield its all-destroying scepter in vain. The mountain that we say perished, is yet—its granite crags, the boulders that lay around its base, the woods that clothed its shaggy sides. The world, to the eye, may pass away, but it still remains. The world of the past is spiritually present here, and unchanged forever. The eyes of the psychometer behold it, and he reveals this to us. It is not fancy, but fact.

Sir John Herschel gives the following experience:—"I had been witnessing the demolition of a structure familiar to me from childhood, and with which many interesting associations were connected; a demolition not unattended with danger to the workmen employed, about whom I had felt very uncomfortable. It happened to me, at the approach of evening, while, however, there was yet a pretty good light, to pass near the place where, the day before, it had stood; the path I had to follow leading beside it. Great was my amazement to see it, as if still standing, projected against the dull sky. Being perfectly aware that it was a nervous impression, I walked on, keeping my eyes directed to the light, and the perspective of the form and disposition of the parts appeared to change with the change in the point of view, as they would have done if real."

My explanation is, that Herschel saw the very building that had been demolished with his spir-

itual eye, and that it required the spiritual eye to see it. As evidence of this, witness the change in perspective as he passed from point to point—just as it would had it been before his very eyes. Such visions to the psychometer are very common things. Many times have psychometers described, by this power, parts of the earth geologically, which are not to day, to our ordinary senses, but spiritually exist as real as ever.

To me, then, there is no death, in the absolute sense. Everything on the planet is immortal by virtue of its very existence; and everything that has been, is. I know that this view of Nature will be far from giving satisfaction to the soul of man, if that is all. However beautiful the life of the past may have been, no man would desire to live forever. This will do for the tree, the mountain, the flower, the planet; but, for conscious man, whose desires are an unfathomable deep, more than this is needed. Our very needs are the guaranty of their supply; our want is a ticket to the illimitable storehouse containing what we want. "My God," says Paul, "will supply all your needs, through Christ Jesus;" and I say Nature will supply all your needs without Christ Jesus, of whom she knows no more than she does of Thomas Jones.

Man abides as these objects abide. The vast procession of human life moves on; youth to manhood and tottering age; dropping their bodies as they go, that have served the soul's purpose for awhile, and these are seized, and, by subtle alchemy, transformed into grass, flowers, trees, corn, grapes and potatoes to feed a new host who keep up the grand march. The water we drink has made the glory of many a sunset, and spanned the sky in rainbow arches. The dust itself beneath our feet has trodden, as it is now trodden upon, and every drop of the briny sea has coursed down the cheeks of the children of sorrow. But, more than this, the spirit of man abides to meet the infinite needs of his nature; solid and substantial it remains, knowing itself and its surroundings; marching irresistibly on to the still greater destinies that rise before it. It does not depend for life upon the will of a Jehovah who may become angry and blot it out of existence; if it did, mercy on it! but by virtue of its very constituents, and the laws of Nature in the universe of which it forms so important a part. The great facts which have come to us during the last twenty-five years have made this truth clearer to the mind of man generally than it ever was before. The following extract, which I make from the *American Spiritualist*, describes a scene full of confirmatory testimony on this subject. It is from a lady named Mary Carpenter, and addressed to her former physician, describing the death of her mother. She says, writing to him:

"By your assistance I acquired the power of putting myself in that state (clairvoyance) without the assistance of an operator. * * * Perceiving that she [her mother] was dying, I seated myself in the room, and was soon in the state of spiritual clairvoyance. With the opening of the lower light the painful scene of a mother's death was changed to a vision of glory. Beautiful angelic spirits were present watching over her; their faces were radiant with bliss, and their glittering robes were like transparent snow. I could feel them as material, and yet they communicated a sensation that can only describe by saying it seemed to me as if I were surrounded by the light of the sun. Some of these spirits only stood at her head, and some at her feet, while others seemed to be hovering over her form. They did not appear with the wings of birds (of course not) as angels are commonly painted, but they were in the perfected human form. They seemed so pure, so full of love, that I was unable to look at them as they watched the change now taking place in my mother."

I now turned my attention more directly to my parent, and saw the external senses leave her. First the power of sight departed, and then a veil seemed to drop over the eyes; then the hearing ceased, and next the sense of feeling. The spirit began to leave the limbs, as they died, and next the light that filled each part in every fibre drew up toward the chest. As fast as this took place the veil seemed to drop over the part from whence spiritual light was removed. A ball of light was now gathering just above her head, and this continued to increase as long as the spirit was connected with the body. The light left the brain last, and then the "silver cord" was loosed. The luminous appearance soon began to assume the human form, and I could see my mother again; but, oh, how changed! She was light and glorious, arrayed in robes of dazzling whiteness, free from disease, pain and death. She seemed to be surrounded by the attending spirits with the light of a mother over the birth of a child. She paid attention to me or any earthly object, but joined her companions, and they seemed to go away through the air. I attempted to follow them in spirit, for I felt strongly attracted, and longed to go with my mother. I saw them ascend till they began to pass through an open space, when a mist came over my sight, and I saw them no more. I returned, and soon awoke, but not to sorrow as those who 'have no hope.'"

Oh, if that had been a chapter in the Bible, what a beautiful one it would have been! If it had been written by Paul, how the Christians would have hugged it to their breasts, and thanked God for the incontestable revelation of immortality! Is it any worse because a woman saw it? She says she sees her mother. "Her visits are no terror to me, but I receive strength from them; she is still my mother, with whom I love to converse." Many independent seers have described death in a very similar manner, and some without any knowledge of the similar descriptions of others. On one occasion my oldest boy, without any previous thought on my part or his, described to me the death of an Egyptian:

"I see one man ready to die; he lies on a flat place and faintly groans; nobody appears to notice him. He is dead. I see the man's spirit standing still over him; it looks better than the dying man; it stands up and looks a great deal better than the man. * * * The spirit is a little higher now, about as tall as I am above him. It keeps rising and rising, and slowly. Now it darts away quickly, and I cannot see it; it went like a flash."

What we see, my friends, is indeed but a small part of that which exists. There lies the sick man; how pale his brow! how fevered his lips! His eye is dim, his fingers are clammy; the doctor says he can do no more for him. Here are the weeping wife and the sorrowing children. All these we see, and they make death the most terrible event in our history. But we do not see the radiant spirit that no sickness can reach; that no poisonous medicine can harm; that needs no Jesus to save, or priest to pray for it—this spirit, struggling to free itself from the encasing body, as the young bird does to liberate itself from the no longer needed shell. We see not the spirit friends that hover round, to welcome it to the land of the immortals. This is no fancy to those whose soul-vision is opened; it is just as real as our presence here this afternoon, or the sunshine that now lights up this hall with glory. How many, when dying, manifest spiritual powers all unknown in the healthy state! Most persons are spiritual seers at death. Chahaguet was present at the death of his patient, Eliza, when she exclaimed:

"Oh, my father! you are happy—you—what! You expect me? You, little angel! you that hold out to me your arms—pretty creature that I bore in my bosom. I am about, then, to be reunited to you, never more to part. A whole eternity you shall be with me. How foolish I was to fear death! I long now to be dead. I feel, on the contrary, that I am being born."

This is the true idea; it is being born. In this

sense we must be born again, and why should we dread it? It is no curse; it is nothing imposed upon us in consequence of some man or woman's transgression. It is just as natural as life; as natural as the flow of the river to the sea; it is one with the falling blossom, the dispersing cloud, the dropping leaf, the rushing wind; and the universe that holds the one, inevitably holds the other, and must have always held it. Make death thus natural, and you have robbed it of more than half its terror. In the light of this philosophy we no longer mourn as those without hope. We do not sing the dismal songs of Watts and Wesley:

"And am I only born to die,
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
A land of deepest shadows,
Unpeopled by human thought;
The dreary region of the dead,
Where all things are forgot?"

No, indeed; we see that these men never beheld, and all Nature looks fairer, brighter, in consequence.

Walt Whitman is right when he says:
"I know I am deathless, and am not contained between
my hat and my boots.
This orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's com-
pass."

I do not know what follows the death of my body.
But I know well that whatever it is, it is best for me.
And I know well that whatever is really my shall live
just as much as before.

I suppose I am to be eligible to visit the stars in my time;
I suppose that I shall have myriads of new experience;
And that the experiences of this earth will prove only
one out of my myriads."

I strike hands with Whitman on this point. I rejoice to find that there are men who know that they are deathless—that this life is only the starting-point, and that the great future beckons them on—on—forever on! The ancients seem to have had an intuitive perception of this; and man has nursed the thought for ages in his breast, spite of the sneers of the skeptic, and the frowns of the so-called philosophic. Cicero, in his Book on Old Age, says:

"I am persuaded that your fathers, those illustrious personages whom I so much loved, have not ceased living, although they have passed through death; and that they are still living that sort of life which alone deserves being called by that name."

Cyrus, when on the point of dying, said to his children—and the fact of his being near death may have given him this clearness and accuracy of perception:

"Beware of believing, my dear children, that I am no longer alive, or that I am no longer anywhere, when I have quitted you; for, at the time I was with you, you did not behold my spirit; but what you saw me do, made you think that there was one within my body. Doubt not, therefore, that this spirit will subsist even after it has been separated from it, although no longer covered by any action. For my part, I have never been able to persuade myself that our spirits live only so long as they are within our bodies; and that they die when they quit them, or that they remain stripped of intelligence and wisdom, when disengaged from a body that has by itself neither sense nor reason. I believe, on the contrary, that when the spirit, disengaged from matter, finds itself in all the purity and simplicity of its nature, it is then that it possesses most light and wisdom."

There are but few Christians that discourse as rationally about death as this old Pagan. But this man received only the drops—we have the baptismal shower of the new revelation; he had but the starlight of a darksome night—we the broad sunrise of a never-ending day! What a glorious revelation is this that has come to us. How we ought to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory! Death is natural; it is no extinguisher; it opens the flat of law, just as surely as the tide ebbs and flows; and we know that as surely as we ebb in death, so shall we flow in future life. We no longer look on the grave with despair. We cannot avoid dropping the tear of affectionate remembrance—that is manly and natural—but we do not look at our friends as those who have gone from us forever, and gnash our teeth in hopeless agony at the power that has taken them away. A deeply afflicted mother was recently consoled by some neighbors at the death of her child, by the trite aphorism, "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away." But her overflowing heart disclaimed the imputation, and she exclaimed: "God never did it; I cannot believe it!" And she was right! God take it away! What a devil of a God that would be. God took away her child because she loved it too much! How could we do less than hate a being capable of such horrible conduct? God no more took the child than he drops children from the skies in answer to the prayers of those who desire them. [Laughter and applause.] This old idea of a personal God, who is doing all these things by the power of his will—not by law—is for us passing away. We stand on the ground of Nature, and preach her philosophy: Death inevitable—according to the nature of things, it could not possibly be otherwise.

"But," says some inquirer, "why leave the earth at all if the future existence is but a continuation of the present?" To make room for the incoming hosts; to advance humanity. Thank God for death, says some one, otherwise the world would be covered by foggy forebears. Death carries off the stand-stills and pull-backs, makes room for young heads and hearts, and gives the reins to the go-aheads, who drive us along at a celestial speed. Without death, in a few generations the world would be so crowded that you could not wedge in another inhabitant; but the dispensation gives to the outgoing, the glories of the hereafter—to the incoming, room to expand and grow. If death never came, where would be the advancement of clearer views? Without death I should have little hopes for the progress of this new idea for a hundred years to come.

The old notion that has been taught us, that the present and the after life are separated by a wide gulf that can never be passed by the spirit, is losing its hold on the human reason of to-day, and we recognize that the spirit-world and our own are on the same plane; all that is necessary is to break down the wall between them. When in the days gone by we accepted the teachings of Orthodoxy as divine, what was the world with all its beauty and glory? There, over the world's wide plain marches humanity! There is the chaos, deep and precipitous—infancy that just toddles along; youth in his bloom; the old man, his trembling limbs supported by the stick he carries, move forward. Time is behind, sweeping them on, as rivers are hurried to the all-containing sea. No one can stay an instant, no backward step is possible. On they go, till they reach the precipice on the edge of that unfathomable gulf that the eye strives in vain to bottom. One step, and they disappear from our gaze. There walk before us father, mother, sister, brother—life in every vein, laughter in the eyes, but they reach the precipice, brink and are gone; gone never to return. And in those days when we looked for consolation, where could we find it? We turned to the priests, who professed to know all about it, and they told us that they would remain invisible till Gabriel should blow his mighty trumpet, and out of the gulf of death should rise the friends we had known. Others said that our friends were gone, their fate forever fixed—dropped into the bottomless abyss, with devils, to howl their lives away where there is weeping and wailing and teeth-grashing; while others had fallen into the outstretched arms

of Jesus, who carried them to heaven and made them recipients of all its bliss—bliss unspeakable and everlasting. And they united in saying: "Come to Jesus, he can save you, and he alone; he has conquered death and conquered him; he can save you, and he alone!" All was dark. These men professed to know, and we believed them, yet as our friends stepped on and departed, we knew not into whose hands they had fallen—those of the devil or Jesus.

But now our eyes are opened. There is no gift—no precept; our ignorance, our blindness alone made them. We now see that the spirit-land and the earth-land unite; there is not a hair's breadth between them. We see the soul step from the one to the other without fear or trembling, stumbling or falling. Our Mother Nature takes them by the hand and leads them onward forever in the path of progression. [Applause.] This is the doctrine of the nineteenth century, which I am here to proclaim: As we are here, so we march on into the great future. Heaven and earth are one—the spirit-life a continuation of the body life, equally natural, equally for the best interests of those who dwell in them. Here, the sun shines to warm and light us, the rains fall to bless our lands with abundance, the air sustains us and rushes into our lungs to feed the vital flame that burns in them. Morning wakes the world to beauty; evening soothes it to sleep and delicious dreams. Who told this, humanity-scaring, hell-preaching priest, that Nature, in the future, would be less loving?—that our mother, who brought us up through the fire-blast of the past, and folded us in the warm vestments of her love, would abandon us to the chilling arms of death? This Mother Nature, that shines in the sky, and laughs in the limpid rills, and blushes in the heart of the rose; this Nature, so kind and so loving—oh, my friends, does she turn a monster at last, and devour her own offspring? It is not possible! [Applause.] Stand aside, priest! It is the gospel of ignorance ye preach—a devil's gospel. Let it go to the hell it has prepared for humanity. Give me the gospel that wells in the uncontaminated soul—that angels whisper to the dying man when they lift his spirit's eyelids and give him glimpses of the lovely land that lies before him and the hands that stretch out to welcome him. Our existence is as much guaranteed for the future as it is certain that we live in the present. We are to be men and women for the ages to come. The gospel that teaches a blazing hell, a raging devil and an angry God is unworthy an intelligent people, and should not be countenanced amid the glories of the age in which we live. [Applause.]

But some may inquire, Why did we come here at all, if this be so? Because life seems to be essential to the growth of the spirit. From matter to spirit is the unchanging law—from the gross to the refined. The blossom must precede the fruit; the green, young apple must be, that the ripe and juicy one may follow. Only thus can we pass into the spiritual realm. There is the realm of the spirit; here the law of life, along which all must travel. We cannot reach the one without passing along the other. As the world advanced during all the stormy ages of the primitive time, despite of earthquake and volcano, the God within pushing, urging, never relaxing, and crowning it at last with humanity, so, despite of man's fiery passions, his brutal lusts, his religious childishness, his bigotry and his pride, still grows the soul. Shall its destiny be less worthy than that of the planet?

Is it all alike, then, whether we do good or evil—whether we are the children of falsehood or truth—whether we wade in filth and wallow in brutality, or walk through the world with clean hands? There is not a volcano of the past but has scarred the face of the planet; not an earthquake, but has left its desolating impress on the rocks. Not a flood has swept over the land but the mark remains to tell the story. As much more indelibly are we impressed by our deeds as spirit is more enduring than body. Death, therefore, is but the beautiful gateway that opens to the soul the road to the greater unfoldment of its divine possibilities. [Applause.]

When this gospel obtains possession of our minds, then death will be different to mortal conception. Dry your eyes, my sister. That was not your child that was buried. She stood smiling, as you laid the senseless form in the grave, and gave to the dust the body. Death never comes till it is a blessing. When you look at the matter in this light, away go these dark, unhealthy dresses. Take down the craps. Why go about mourning? Bring flowers, bright flowers to-day on the new-made grave, and wear those colors that are emblematic of that future of promise which lies before all souls. Drop the tear—the tear is natural; but when the light of the spiritual philosophy shines through it, it will form in your sky the rainbow of promise to cheer your sorrowing soul. Death, when we are ripe for it, is nothing to be dreaded. Our characters, our conditions are equally indestructible with our existence. There is no God that can make a man other than himself. We need to prepare for death, just as we prepare for sleep. The evening comes to the old man; his eyes are dim with long watching; his ears are heavy; his limbs have lost the elasticity of the morning, and his brain is sluggish. Come, sleep—death—sleep—and free the spirit. Let it awaken in the soul's morning, fresh, joyous, girded for the race of a new life that lies before it. To the man whose mind has never been warped by orthodox delusions, death at last is desirable; the weary head rests lovingly on his bosom, and he sleeps in peace.

In the light of this gospel what importance attaches to life's every act. We are spirits in the spirit-land now! Do you want to know your condition after death? What is your condition now? Let us make our heaven and carry it along—our every good deed is as an angel to sing in our everlasting home. Let us have as many as we can, and let their songs be full of melody. We wait not for any far-off judgment, with the king on a great white throne and all nations gathered before him. Our king sits on his throne in every soul; his eye pierces all shame; his voice, louder than thunder, sharper than lightning, denounces all crimes, applauds all virtues.

With a future life whose conditions depend upon our present, and that not even a God can change, what manner of persons should we be? If the Jew should be good that he may reap a blessing in this life, and the Christian that he may bring forth good fruits to the glory of his "Master," how much better should we be, who know that both our present and future condition depend upon our obedience to the laws of rectitude, which are the soul of Nature. We are no slaves to be driven by the lash; no convicts who must under pain and penalties do our task. We are the freemen of truth and Nature, and we will prove by our lives that an intelligent, willing worker with Nature is vastly superior to the slave of Jehovah or the servant of "our Lord Jesus Christ." We are kings, my brothers! every one of us! Let us be worthy of our proud position. There was a reason for our coming into the universe, or we should not have come. Do not

belittle yourself—do not go fawning around some imaginary deity, saying, Oh, God, I am a miserable worm of the dust! You are no worms, only worthy to be banished forever from his presence and the glory of his power! [Applause.] You are all sons and daughters of the great eternity; and there is not one man in a thousand who appreciates his position. Think of it—the great eternity of the past labored to bring us here; the grand eternity of the future is for us wherein to grow. Oh, my brother, gird yourself up for the mighty work of life that lies before you. Nature is evermore whispering this lesson in our ears, and pointing out to us the path of duty; let us walk manfully in it, and it cannot but be good for us here, and good for us in the hereafter that awaits us. For this purpose you are here, and if you are not adding in the full development of your soul, then are you not working out the grand design of your very existence. Here is a gospel that man can everywhere reach—the gospel of Nature, a gospel that, when it influences our lives, will make us all the apostles of the new faith, and send us out as missionaries to reveal it to the universal acceptance of mankind!

The Conference Room.

Meeting of the Boston Spiritual Conference at Mercantile Hall.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Sunday evening, Oct. 23, the regular meeting of this organization was held—Mr. Dole in the chair. John Wetherbee was chosen Secretary for the evening. The subject of conference was, "Is the spirit-world objective or subjective?" Judge Ladd made the opening speech, asking the question: Has the spirit-world an existence in Nature, or is it a reflex merely? All our knowledge is observation through the senses. It gave a pretty exhaustive analysis of how we gather impressions—through the ear, through the eye, &c.; how it is all through the fine vibrations reaching our consciousness through the organs of sense. This explanation was full of thought. He spoke of human adaptability to human surroundings; the world within us was adjusted to fit the world without us, somewhat giving the impression that there was outward existence or Nature, because we existed to be conscious of it.

John Wetherbee followed with a short speech suggested by the fine thought of the Judge, and felt impressed to give the view of the subject as it appeared to him. The objective, though, is visible Nature as it is perceived by the senses; the subjective was Nature manifested through thought, or reproduction by memory of what existed objectively—or imagination. To the essential subject he thought there was nothing objective—all subjective. We never see or perceive anything really objectively; all we see is the image or reproduction of it. As looking at, saying, he said, "Has it an objective existence?" Hegel would say "No; it only seems to be." The speaker said yes, it had objective bases. By a law in our being it impressed itself on our retina, and he is conscious of it by virtue of the image of the object thereon painted; that we, the real person, perceive the outward material existence, except through a medium, but impressions of flesh is that medium, and through it we perceive, by reproduction, the external world. Our perception, then, of the mundane is, in this light, subjective. In reference to the spirit-world, our knowledge of it was subjective. A clairvoyant saw with his spirit-eye the pictures of the summer-land. It is these that impressions made on him, not outward objects; as a traveler impresses by statement a view of the places he has seen; the people he heard him, and each has the picture in his own mind. If it were possible for each mind's eye view to be actually objective, no one would be a duplicate of the other; either a duplicate of the reality in the mind's eye of the traveler. Of this character are the scenes given to us of the spirit-world—the real world, which one day we are to perceive as we perceive this. There may be a doubt then of its essential objectivity; but, as reported to us while in this mundane sphere, it is subjective. It is impressions made on his mind the contradictions associated with the subject, which seem to trouble so many people.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan followed, and gave, in her usual finished language, her thought on the subject. She asked, Do spirits have five senses? On these she said yes, and that they have five senses. They require food—do they wear clothing—do they walk with feet? Unless we perceive, we do not see. The farmer goes into the field and sees the ground adapted to potatoes; another sees the flowers that grow around; another, with a geological eye, and sees what that suggests; the poet goes there, and in his imagination builds a world where. But none see the same field; all see different things. The farmer looking for his crop, and the poet for his beauty, each sees what he wants. The sight is in the soul. Must we, as spirits, have food? Yes; we need spiritual food if we are spiritual. The spirit-world surrounds this; it is, and if any spirit will only look into it, he can see it. It is not a matter of faith, it is a matter of fact. Not having any canine proclivities, I could not see dogs here unless my thoughts were directed to them. Judge Edmonds says, in one of his books, that he not only saw horses in the spirit-world, but rode there, in a carriage, with the departed friends of other days; and I have no doubt that he is right. I have seen a horse, and the horse grew there too. I shall not use them when I get out of this body, for I see a swifter way. The substance of the spirit-world is so different from what we expect, it will surprise us all. If our thoughts are of earth, earthly, our garments will be dark and earthy; if of heaven, light, and bright, and airy. The more we are, we have constructed. We have our earth thoughts engraved on our habitations; we find them for us as we have built. Shall we find music in the spirit-world? Hayden and Mozart have left us many splendid tones that they ever executed. We shall hear them yet in the spirit-world. I have seen a man, who had been a great musician, and he carried with him not what he had, but what he was. He is unclothed, naked. Perhaps, in his lifetime, he aided some poor wretch, perhaps only to get rid of him; the fact has gone with him, and that belongs to his clothing. Oh, it is a great thing to go hence clothed in the garments of good deeds in our earth-life.

Mr. Richard Burke then said he never attended a spiritual meeting that interested him so much as this; he thought, however, if Spiritualists believed they had what was a source of comfort to them, they should make it clearer to others who desired, but could see no such comfort; when you tell us there is a spirit-world, on whom is the burden of proof? He did not believe that there was a well-authenticated case of clairvoyance on record, or to be found. Was it mind-reading?—what is mind?—who can see it to read it? One felt on hearing this friend's criticism, after his twenty years' pursuit of this knowledge, that there were none so blind as those who will not see; thus illustrating the beautiful thought of Mrs. Tappan, each in the field saw what he looked for; one saw a crop, another flowers, another beauty; but Mr. Burke noticed none.

An elderly stranger next spoke very eloquently, evidently from a theological standpoint; took the ground that this world was real; and the Belug who could make as good and as real a world as this, could make another, and that would be real; too; and this world and the world to come existed, and would exist, whether we existed or did not, or if we had never been born. There being a few moments to spare Judge Ladd improved them, to show that the thought of Mrs. Tappan was in no way in conflict with his; speaking of clothing in the spirit-world being our thoughts, he made it appear in a sense that our clothing and garments we now are decorated in were our thoughts, our taste, finding their expression in material form; that all matter was but points of force; and form being matter visible, what we wear is in a sense the product of our mind.

At the conclusion of the Judge's remarks, the meeting adjourned.

Banner Correspondence.

Virginia.

YORK COUNTY.—Joseph Dimmock, of Peasleet, Mass., writes, dated Sept. 12th, and dated Sept. 12th, of York Co., Va., dated Sept. 13th, and also gives an account of some remarkable manifestations of spirit power, the variety of which is known to Mr. Martin, who verbally states that it is the case in the case of Mr. Dimmock about a year since. The story runs as follows:

A woman residing in the neighborhood of Mr. Martin, in York Co., Virginia, went out one evening, as usual about sunset, to bring in the pumpkins that she had just harvested. She did not create any uneasiness, as she supposed she had gone, (as she frequently did) to visit a sick neighbor about three miles distant. But as she did not come back in the morning, search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward, during the life, the subject of strange phenomena, all sorts of noises occurring in her presence, especially after she had gone to bed, and more so when another child, a cousin, near by her, knocked, thumped, scratched, &c., continued, till the whole household became disturbed, and the child's father determined to solve the mystery. Accordingly he put her in her room to sleep in a bed, while in the morning search was made for her, and her body was found about a mile from the house. She had evidently died a hard death, as the grass and stubble around her were torn up in her struggles. She left a family of four children, the youngest a child of about eleven years. This child was afterward

Report: 4 for the Banner of Light

Isaiah C. Ray.—Robby Burns said, "For fear of faith let graceless bigots fight; he can't wrong whose life is in the right." He liked natural expression of life. What a man feels must be true—that is what I want to have him express. He need not make any great preparation for it. I was brought up a Quaker, and in the Quaker way of speaking, I was a Quaker. I was a Quaker's bush-whacking fashion of speech. I was earnest, and gives out freely without studied flow of speech what he feels and knows to be true. So do our mediums; if they are true to their calling, they must give us what is given them, and it comes to them. We are individuals, and have no use for anybody to try to make us anything. I can say to our Quaker folk to come and say what they have to say, and I will receive it. I stand up for the most ignorant member in this tribe, or sing songs to the glory of God. *John Wetherbee.*—I think the features of Spira-

WRECK OF STEAMSHIP CAMBRIA.—The steamer Cambria, of Antrim, from New York for Liverpool, started at 10 o'clock the night of Oct. 20th, on Irishtravel, and ran on the Irish coast, and became a total wreck. The craft left New York Oct. 8th, with a cargo of wheat, flour, cotton, apples, and barrel staves, and 127 passengers; cabin, 18 second-class and 67 steerage. A sailor by the name of McGartland was the only one saved. Fragment of the wreck have been washed ashore on the Irish coast near Antrim and Donegal.

A Second Joan of Arc.
Despatches from Tours announce that a young girl of that city is creating the most intense excitement by imitating Joan of Arc. Hundred enthusiastic persons have joined her standard. Her appeals for recruits are said to be singularly patriotic and eloquent.

ally | izing creedists, of whatever name or natu
rally to the support of SPIRITUALISM.

friends in all parts of the country should be
mind that it is their paramount duty to sus-
the spiritual press above all else.

100

Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

Boston.—*Mercantile Hall.*—Sunday morning, Oct. 23, about one hundred members and officers of the Children's Progressive Lyceum assembled at this hall, and a profitable meeting took place. Seventeen children declaimed: Maria Adams, Fannie A. Richardson, and Minnie W. Dodge sang; Alice Cayvan performed a musical selection, and singing and marching filled out the time.

Notice was given that the next regular concert for the benefit of the Lyceum would take place on Sunday, Nov. 6th. This is one of the few means possessed by the school to assist its finances. Let there be a good attendance of its friends.

The "Lyceum Assemblies" still continue weekly, on Monday evenings, at Colman Hall, 176 Tremont street, and are harmonious and select in their character. That of Monday evening, Oct. 24th, was particularly successful. Music by Hall's Band.

Chelsea.—*Granite Hall.*—The highly successful labors of Prof. William Denton for the last four weeks at this hall closed on Sunday evening, Oct. 23, by a lecture on the following out-spoken subject: "Does man's spirit live after death? and can it communicate with mortals?" which queries were answered in an incontrovertible manner—a crowded house evincing great satisfaction by frequent applause.

The *Mystic Press*, (a paper published in Chelsea, by the Hovey Brothers), in its issue of Oct. 23, gave an excellent notice of the course of Spiritualist lectures now going on at Granite Hall, saying its audiences were intelligent and respectable, comprising representatives from nearly every church in the city, and devoting about half a column to a fair sketch of Prof. Denton's lecture: "Is Spiritualism true?"

NORTH SCITUATE.—*Conthasset Hall.*—A correspondent informs us that the Lyceum opened at this hall on the 23d, were well attended, not only by its members but by visitors. Golden Chain recitations, interspersed with singing from the *Lyceum Guide*, readings and declamations by members of the groups, were among the services; also a trio, "Sing all together," by Master Buell Bradford and the Misses Morris, and an address by Rufus Clapp, in which he showed to good advantage the difference between the Lyceum teachings and those of the theological Sunday school. We have adopted the *Lyceum Guide* as our guide, and the Lyceum enters into its callisthenics and other exercises with a determination to make our efforts a success. I regret my omission, in the notice of our festival of the 14th inst., of the declaration, *Work*, by Miss Laura Bradford. As she is acknowledged to be one of our best speakers it is but justice to her, from me, to correct its omission.

Another Generous Offer for Charity.

Dr. William B. Farnestock has sent to our office twelve copies of his interesting book on "Artificial Somnambulism," which he wishes us to sell and remit the entire proceeds to our sick and suffering brother, Austin Kent. The price of the book is \$1.50, and 20 cents additional for postage when sent by mail. Friends, send to the *Banner of Light* for the work at once, for Bro. Kent needs all the assistance he can get. He is entirely disabled, and will probably remain so the rest of his earth-life.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November is a rich number, as will be seen by the following table of contents: Foot-paths, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; The Return; Oldtown Fiddle Stories, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; Explosive, by Jane G. Austin; Experiments, by C. A. H.; Fechter as Hamlet, by Kate Field; Joseph and his Friends, by Bayard Taylor; Four Months with Charles Dickens, II; Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," by David Gray; Traveling Companions, I, by H. James, Jr.; The Intellectual Influence of Music, by John B. Dwight; A November Pastoral, by Bayard Taylor; Mr. Burlingame as an Orator; Reviews and Literary Notices.

Good Health should be read by every one. It is one of the most valuable monthlies printed.

LE OCEANIC AMERICAN is the title of a paper published in Syracuse, N. Y., J. N. Oudoux editor. It is the only French and English paper, translated in alternate columns, published in this country. Terms three dollars per year. It will be a great help to the student.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just published a beautiful spiritual song and chorus entitled "Gates Ajar," words by George Cooper, music by the popular composer, J. R. Thomas. The choir at the Music Hall Spiritual Meetings sing it with fine effect. It is very appropriate for such occasions.

"Come to meet the angel faces," Where our lovely treasures are, Meets a response in every Spiritualist's heart. The chorus runs thus:

"There's a sister, there's a brother
Where our lovely treasures are,
There's a father, there's a mother
Gone within the gates ajar."

White, Smith & Perry, Boston, have also recently published several excellent pieces suitable for spiritual meetings, namely, "Gone Before," "Lies me and I'll go to sleep," "Beyond the Clouds," "Lead us not into Temptation."

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER OF THE BANNER.
First Page: Continuation of Story. Second: Spiritual Phenomena; Prof. Denton's lecture, "The Philosophy of Death," and "Poe's Raven, Continued from the Spirit Life," a poem through the instrumentality of Thos. L. Harris. Third: "Meeting of Boston Spiritual Conference;" *Banner Correspondence*; Dr. J. K. Bailey's "Itinerant Observations," and obituaries. Fourth and Fifth: Report of Spiritualist Convention at Haverhill; Editorials on current subjects. Sixth: Messages. Seventh: Business Cards. Eighth: Correspondence from Warren Chase and Cephas B. Lyon.

BOFFIN'S BOWER.—Miss Jennie Collins has chosen a decidedly unique name for the project which, under her auspices, was inaugurated in this city Thursday evening, Oct. 20th. A hall has been rented at 815 Washington street, and this it is intended to be a club room for the work girls of the city. A library will be opened, and three evenings of the week, literary, musical, and other entertainments will be given. Several ladies and gentlemen have, it is understood, promised to aid the project, and it is hoped that the girls who have no homes in the city will give preference to the decent recreations here provided.

ORDER OF PROGRESS.—This select Order of ladies and gentlemen will celebrate the anniversary of its institution at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, Nov. 4th, with a musical, literary and social entertainment. Vocal and instrumental music by professional and amateur performers, a poetical greeting by one of its members, and an address by the founder of the Order will occupy the early part of the evening, commencing at eight o'clock. A grand regatta march, ball and banquet, with an efficient orchestra, will conclude the entertainment.

Our cordial thanks are due to our friend, Nathan Crosby, of Brewster, Mass., for a barrel of splendid cranberries. Such remembrances of "the poor printer" are indeed evidence that humanity is progressing. We are also under obligations to Mrs. Needham for a beautiful bouquet for our Free Circle Room.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

It will be almost an impossibility for any one to read Prof. Denton's lecture on the "Philosophy of Death," printed on our second page, and not be wiser and happier for having done so. It goes directly to the heart.

The importance of physical manifestations and the sustaining of physical media, was set forth in strong light by the speakers at the Convention at Haverhill, last week, as will be seen by our report.

The people buy A. J. Davis's new book, *THE FOUNTAIN*, with a relish that shows the work is liked.

See an account of the Iowa State Convention, in Mr. Chase's Department, on our eighth page.

George Wm. Curtis's lecture on "Charles Dickens," in Parker Fraternity Course, in Music Hall, Tuesday evening, Oct. 20th, was superb; and, for an hour and a half, the large audience seemed spell-bound. Mrs. Scott-Siddons's Readings, interspersed with music, was announced for the following Tuesday evening. [The Parker Fraternity Committee deserve much praise (in a certain quarter) for their strict economy.]

The discussion in the Boston Conference of Spiritualists, Sunday evening, was of an interesting character. Mrs. Tappan, being present, took part in the debate. A report will be found in another column.

We have received a letter from Contro Lisle, N. Y., containing money and ordering books. But the writer omitted to sign his name. The books will be mailed when we receive his address a full.

Judge Hear calls Wendell Phillips a "good." This is a great compliment to Wendell. The oxen attached to the political cart today need just such a teamster. Our vote goes for the good.

E. P. Worcester, of Pittsfield, Mass., has been placed on the roll of fame for contracting last spring to supply his customers with ice for the season at 25 cents a hundred, and fulfilling his contract, though he could have sold his stock for \$1.50 a hundred.

The Washington Gazette calls Ed. S. Wheeler an interesting and powerful speaker.

The New York Tribune sums up the action of the recent Unitarian Convention on Christian fellowship, as settling the whole question in favor of the largest possible liberty consistent with a Christian confession, leaving it to each individual to decide the latter for himself.

Senator Morton declines the mission to England.

The bargain has been concluded for the purchase of the lot of land at the intersection of Tremont and Berkeley streets and Warren avenue, Boston, upon which to erect an Old Folios' Hall. Work upon the foundations will commence this autumn. The building will be of brick, with freestone trimmings, and it is intended to make it the most convenient and best arranged public building in the city. Members of the Order are liberally subscribing for the stock, and the enterprise promises well.

"If a man eats canned meat, can he be considered a cannibal?" asks *Digby*.

Ralph Keeler, in his "Six Months on Five Cents" (see *Old and New*), says: "It is still doubtful in my mind whether it is not better to devote half of one's energies in learning to live on a very small income than to devote all of one's energies in struggling and waiting miserably for a very large income."

The People's Literary Companion, Augusta, Me., furnishes its subscribers with the beautiful engraving "From Shore to Shore."

What bird does General Prim most resemble? A kingfisher.

Rev. Rowland Connor, it is reported, has accepted the call to a rich Unitarian Society in Milwaukee.

THE AMERICAN PROTESTANT is the title of a new weekly paper printed by the American Protestant Publishing Company, 80 Court street. Its title indicates its purpose.

Latitude, like a clothes line, stretches from pole to pole.

Dumas père is lying at a small town near Dieppe, insensible and dying of paralysis. His son and daughter are with him.

"You're a queer chicken!" as the hen said, when she hatched out a duck.

Henry Ward Beecher owns a twenty-five thousand dollar house in Brooklyn, a thirty thousand dollar farm in Peekskill, and half of the *Christian Union* newspaper.—*Ex.*

Any one desiring a box of superior pens can obtain them by sending \$1.00 to our office. We have only a few boxes left. See advertisement "Snow's Pens."

There are 991 trades unions in this country, with 126,775 members.

Five women preachers are now firmly settled in pulpits in Universalist churches in this country.

Belgium, a little kingdom of 11,382 square miles—about the size of Maryland—gives comfortable support to over 5,000,000 people, or about 600 to the square mile.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.
Entrance on Tremont and Winter streets.

Nov. 6, Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan.

The fourth course of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism will be continued in the elegant and spacious Music Hall.

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON, at 2 o'clock, until the close of April, under the management of Lewis B. Wilson, who has made engagements with some of the ablest inspirational, trance and normal speakers in the lecturing field. Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, Thomas Gates Foster, Prof. Wm. Denton, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Miss Lizzie Dolan (probably), Ed. S. Wheeler, J. M. Poulton and others will lecture during the course. Vocal exercises by an excellent quartet.

Season ticket, with reserved seat, \$5—now ready for delivery at the counter of the *Banner of Light* office, 158 Washington street; single admission 15 cents.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST MAGAZINE. Price 80 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cts. THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK. A weekly paper published in London. Price 5 cts. THE BELMONT-PHYSIOLOGICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by E. S. Jones, Esq. Price 5 cts. THE LYCEUM BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cts. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 5 cts. THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY AND LYCEUM RECORD. Published in Boston. Price 15 cts. THE PRESENT AGE. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cts.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps. Obit.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 105 East 12th street, New York. Terms \$2 and 3 stamps. Money refunded when not answered. No.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SONG—NEW YORK AND BOSTON.
New York talks of a jubilee.
Of one to beat the jub.
Boston beats the world, you see,
New York can't beat the jub.
In music Boston bears the palm,
Leaves Gotham in the rear;
You'll hear of Boston's name in New York,
Of Gotham far and near.
In clothing, Richard takes the lead,
His stock is large and fine;
Matched suits in quality the best,
Colors of every kind;
A splendid stock of shirts and drawers,
Selected with great care.
At 200 West 14th street, New York,
At twenty-five Buck Street, N. Y.—Nov. 5.

S. B. BRITTON, M. D.,
Treats chronic diseases by the use of subtle remedies. He has devoted many years to the scientific study and practical application of
Electricity and Magnetism as Remedial Agents.
Professional services and board for the winter may be had at his own residence,
Address as above, P. O. Box 564, NEWARK, N. J.
Oct. 22—10w

HOME AGAIN.
Thousands who have been away,
For the summer to remain,
Now desire to return home,
They are at their "home again."
Some have had a pleasant time,
Free from sickness and from pain.
Rejoice in the present time,
Who are now at "home again."
Many of the Boys need "Clothes,"
And the Girls need "Shoes" for each,
Which they can buy at GEORGE FANNO'S,
Corner of Washington street and North.
Nov. 5—1w

MERCANTILE SAVINGS INSTITUTION, 14 Summer street, corner of Arch, Boston. Deposits will be received with interest, and will be paid on the first day of every month. See notice in another column. Nov. 5.

LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL AND REFORM BOOKSTORE.
Western Agency for the sale of the
BANNER OF LIGHT,
AND ALL
Liberal and Spiritual Books,
PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.
Also, Adams & Co.'s
GOLDEN PENS AND PARLOR GAMES,
The Magic Comb, and Voltaire's Armored Soles,
SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS,
Congress Record Ink, Stationery, &c.
WALDEN CHASE & CO.,
No. 601 North Fifth street, (corner Washington Avenue) St. Louis, Mo.

HERMAN SNOW,
No. 319 KEARNEY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Keeps for sale the
BANNER OF LIGHT,
And a general variety of
Spiritualist and Reform Books,
At Eastern prices. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free.
Also for sale, *Handbook of Spence's Positive and Negative Powers*, etc.

AUSTRALIAN DEPOT
for
LIBERAL AND REFORM BOOKS,
And Agency for the *Banner of Light*.
W. H. TERRY,
No. 98 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia.
Keeps constantly for sale the
BANNER OF LIGHT,
And a full supply of the
SPIRITUAL AND REFORM WORKS
Published by William White & Co.

J. BURNS,
Progressive Library,
15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng.
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT
AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

Notice to Subscribers to the Banner of Light.
Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the papers of this paper. These figures stand as indices, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time for which you paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to re-accept. Those who desire the paper continued should renew their subscriptions at least as early as three weeks before the receipt-figure corresponds with those at the left and right of the date.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion.
SPECIAL NOTICES.—Thirty cents for first insertion and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions per line.
BUSINESS NOTICES.—Thirty cents per space of an *Agate* line, each insertion. Payment in all cases in advance.

For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.
Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Tuesdays.
GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., 40 PARK ROW.
S. M. PATTENGILL & CO., 31 PARK ROW.
Are our only authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

THE GREAT WORK!
YEAR-BOOK
OF
SPIRITUALISM.
A RECORD
OF ITS
FACTS,
SCIENCE,
AND
PHILOSOPHY.
FOR
1871.

CONTAINING: Essays by the leading Spiritualistic Writers of Europe and America; Statements relating to the progress of Spiritualism in the various Countries of the Old World; Notices of its Current Literature; Lists of its State Organizations, Lyceums, Local Societies, Media, Lecturers, Periodicals, Books, Correspondence, and Suggestions touching the future of Spiritualism.

EDITED BY
HUDSON TUTTLE AND J. M. PEEBLES.
Published by WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Boston, Mass.
The price of the book will be announced in our next issue.

THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY and *Lyceum Record*, containing the Christianization of Dickens: Case of Scientific Men and Women of Modern Churches, by William Howitt; The Mediums, by J. H. Poulton; A Story of Spiritualism; A Confession: Spiritualism of Shakespeare—Hamlet; The Skeptic, a poem by the Editor; Deafness cured by Spiritualism; Sitting with Mediums; Progressive Duties; Let's and Lucy, by Louisa R. Powell; The Messenger;—A Friend in Need, &c., &c. Terms \$1.50 a year, single copies 15 cts. Sent by mail, 20 cts. Published by W. F. BROWN, 107 N. 3rd street, Boston. Agents wanted everywhere. 1w—Nov. 5.

THE SECRET ARMY OF INVISIBLE WORKERS.

SILENTLY and without show or parade, an immense army of invisible workers is at work in the world. They go forth in bodies of hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, and following the great highways of travel, the railroads, the rivers, the lakes, the canals, the turnpikes, the mail routes and the battlefields—they invade every city, town, village and settlement, where man's restless and ambitious feet have carried him. Unlike the great Prussian hordes that have overrun France, this secret army of invaders goes not to kill but to bring to life—to develop but to save. They are soldiers and deliverers, each one and all, saviors from pain and suffering, deliverers from disease and death. Each one has a banner, from one side of which, written in golden letters, "Positive," and upon the other side, "Negative," indicative of the great principles which they, the Positive and Negative Powers, embody, and with which they do their silent but gigantic work.

The following is a faithful record of the number of cures of different diseases have been accomplished by the great army of Positive and Negative Powers during the past six years:

GENERAL DEBILITY.....	2,137
ASTHMA.....	2,071
ASTHMA.....	2,515
CATARH.....	987
CHILLS AND FEVER.....	2,418
CHOLERA.....	1,478
DIARRHOEA.....	1,402
DISPEPSIA.....	934
FEMALE WEAKNESS.....	1,501
FEVER.....	2,436
AMALGAM.....	403
COUGHS AND COLDS.....	1,739
HEART DISEASE.....	483
KIDNEY DISEASE.....	571
DIARRHOEA.....	1,111
HEADACHE.....	844
DYSPEPSIA.....	740
LIVER COMPLAINT.....	740
PAIN AND ACID.....	981
DEAFNESS.....	83
BRONCHITIS.....	325
PHLEBS.....	24
COLIC.....	112
WORMS.....	380
INFLAMMATIONS.....	971
PARALYSIS.....	74
ACIDITY OF STOMACH.....	352
ERUPTION.....	436
TOOTHACHE.....	325
FLUORALGIA.....	205
HYSTERIA.....	81
DYSURIA.....	98
SPERMATORRHOEA.....	1,191
RENAL WEAKNESS.....	1,083
ERYSIPELAS.....	396
CONSUMPTION.....	32
LOSS OF TASTE.....	32
LOSS OF SLEEP.....	172
STUTTERING.....	23
DISEASE OF PROSTATE GLAND.....	43
SCALD.....	32
SLEEPLESSNESS.....	1,169
TYPHOID.....	28
FALLING OF WOMB.....	317
INFLUENZA.....	18
INFANTILE.....	270
FEVER SORES.....	591
CONVULSIONS.....	591
FITS.....	591
DIARRHOEA.....	430
CHOLERA.....	430
CHOLERA.....	430
CONSUMPTION.....	591
DYSPEPSIA.....	591
DISORDERS OF THE SKIN.....	591
GOUT.....	591
INSANITY.....	394
JAUNDICE.....	591
THREATENED ABORTION.....	591
QUISSY.....	591
SCROFULA.....	591
SCROFULA'S SORE EYES.....	591
TYPHOID FEVER.....	431
TYPHOID FEVER.....	431

Total Number of Cures.....39,304

In the above list, the kind of Powders which are to be used in each case, is indicated by the letters "POS." for POSITIVE, "NEG." for NEGATIVE, and "POS. AND NEG." for POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS.

Thousands of patients and hundreds of physicians assure me that they cannot do without Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, and declare that they should be in the hands of every family and of every man and woman in this country.

Buy the Positive and Negative Powders of Druggists and Agents, or send your money for them to PROF. SPENCE, at 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass., sending all sums of \$5.00, or more, in the form of money orders, or drafts, or else in registered letters.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Mailed 1 Box, 44 Pos. Powders, \$1.00
postpaid 1 " 32 Pos. & 22 Neg. 1.00
PRICES: 4 Boxes, - - - - - 5.00
12 " - - - - - 15.00
OFFICE: 315 N. MARKER PLACE, NEW YORK.
Address: PROF. PAYTON SPENCE,
M. D., Box 5917, New York City.

If your druggist hasn't the Powders, send your money at once to PROF. SPENCE, at 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass.; also by J. Burns, 15 Southampton Row, London, Eng. Nov. 5—1w

ADVERTISEMENTS.
Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion.
SPECIAL NOTICES.—Thirty cents for first insertion and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions per line.
BUSINESS NOTICES.—Thirty cents per space of an *Agate* line, each insertion. Payment in all cases in advance.

For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.
Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Tuesdays.
GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., 40 PARK ROW.
S. M. PATTENGILL & CO., 31 PARK ROW.
Are our only authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

THE GREAT WORK!
YEAR-BOOK
OF
SPIRITUALISM.
A RECORD
OF ITS
FACTS,
SCIENCE,
AND
PHILOSOPHY.
FOR
1871.

CONTAINING: Essays by the leading Spiritualistic Writers of Europe and America; Statements relating to the progress of Spiritualism in the various Countries of the Old World; Notices of its Current Literature; Lists of its State Organizations, Lyceums, Local Societies, Media, Lecturers, Periodicals, Books, Correspondence, and Suggestions touching the future of Spiritualism.

EDITED BY
HUDSON TUTTLE AND J. M. PEEBLES.
Published by WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Boston, Mass.
The price of the book will be announced in our next issue.

THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY and *Lyceum Record*, containing the Christianization of Dickens: Case of Scientific Men and Women of Modern Churches, by William Howitt; The Mediums, by J. H. Poulton; A Story of Spiritualism; A Confession: Spiritualism of Shakespeare—Hamlet; The Skeptic, a poem by the Editor; Deafness cured by Spiritualism; Sitting with Mediums; Progressive Duties; Let's and Lucy, by Louisa R. Powell; The Messenger;—A Friend in Need, &c., &c. Terms \$1.50 a year, single copies 15 cts. Sent by mail, 20 cts. Published by W. F. BROWN, 107 N. 3rd street, Boston. Agents wanted everywhere. 1w—Nov. 5.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion.
SPECIAL NOTICES.—Thirty cents for first insertion and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions per line.
BUSINESS NOTICES.—Thirty cents per space of an *Agate* line, each insertion. Payment in all cases in advance.

For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.
Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Tuesdays.
GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., 40 PARK ROW.
S. M. PATTENGILL & CO., 31 PARK ROW.
Are our only authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

THE GREAT WORK!
YEAR-BOOK
OF
SPIRITUALISM.
A RECORD
OF ITS
FACTS,
SCIENCE,
AND
PHILOSOPHY.
FOR
1871.

CONTAINING: Essays by the leading Spiritualistic Writers of Europe and America; Statements relating to the progress of Spiritualism in the various Countries of the Old World; Notices of its Current Literature; Lists of its State Organizations, Lyceums, Local Societies, Media, Lecturers, Periodicals, Books, Correspondence, and Suggestions touching the future of Spiritualism.

EDITED BY
HUDSON TUTTLE AND J. M. PEEBLES.
Published by WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Boston, Mass.
The price of the book will be announced in our next issue.

THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY and *Lyceum Record*, containing the Christianization of Dickens: Case of Scientific Men and Women of Modern Churches, by William Howitt; The Mediums, by J. H. Poulton; A Story of Spiritualism; A Confession: Spiritualism of Shakespeare—Hamlet; The Skeptic, a poem by the Editor; Deafness cured by Spiritualism; Sitting with Mediums; Progressive Duties; Let's and Lucy, by Louisa R. Powell; The Messenger;—A Friend in Need, &c., &c. Terms \$1.50 a year, single copies 15 cts. Sent by mail, 20 cts. Published by W. F. BROWN, 107 N. 3rd street, Boston. Agents wanted everywhere. 1w—Nov. 5.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion.
SPECIAL NOTICES.—Thirty cents for first insertion and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions per line.
BUSINESS NOTICES.—Thirty cents per space of an *Agate* line, each insertion. Payment in all cases in advance.

For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.
Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Tuesdays.
GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., 40 PARK ROW.
S. M. PATTENGILL & CO., 31 PARK ROW.
Are our only authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

THE GREAT WORK!
YEAR-BOOK
OF
SPIRITUALISM.
A RECORD
OF ITS
FACT

Wm. L. Corwin.....	\$2.00	Friend.....	\$1.00
Iden ¹ , Oct 3.....	4.00	Mary Webster.....	50
Mrs. R. Bowker.....	1.00	Henry Tripp.....	25

