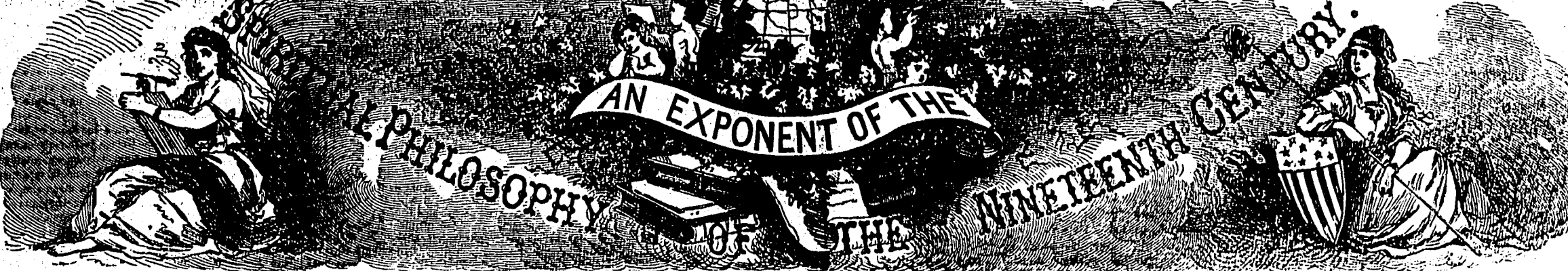


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXX.

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NO. 3.

Literary Department.

SPIRITE: A FANTASTIC TALE.

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

CHAPTER V.

Guy de Mallvert reëntered his house, perfectly decided to attempt the adventure. Although he did not appear romantic, yet he was so in reality; but severe and haughty modesty made him conceal his sentiments, and he did not ask more from the world than it gave. Agreeably indifferent relations attached him to society, without chaining him down in it, and the bonds were always easy to unbind; but it may be conceived that his soul dreamed of a happiness which he had never experienced up to this time.

After what the Baron de Feroc had said to him at the Club, on the projection of will necessary to bring the spirits from the depths of the invisible world to the limits of this, Mallvert called out all the powers of his being, and put into form his ardent desire to enter into more direct communication with the mysterious spirit which he felt around him, and who would not probably resist the invocation, when she had tried to manifest herself without being called.

That done, Mallvert, who was in the studio-saloon, began to look and listen with extreme attention. He saw and heard nothing at first, but the objects that furnished the room—statuettes, pictures, old carved bureaux, curiosities from foreign lands, trophies of arms—seemed to have taken strange aspects that he had never before observed. The lights and shadows projected by the lamp lent them a fantastic life. An ape-in-jade seemed to laugh, to his ears, with his grinning, old man's laugh. A Venus de Milo distended her haughty nostrils with spite, and disdainfully lowered the corners of her arched mouth. The Chinese god and the Grecian goddess disapproved the undertaking of Mallvert; one might have believed so, at least, from the expression they took thus lighted. Inensibly, his eyes, as if directed from within, turned toward a Venetian mirror suspended on the wall.

It was one of those mirrors of the last century, which are often seen in the paintings of Lough, the Watteau of Venetian decline, and such as one may still meet with in some of the *bric-a-brac* shops in the Ghetto. It had an angular frame, with ornaments of cut glass, which darted rays of prismatic colors. In the midst, the mirror, of small dimensions, appeared of a bluish tint and indefinitely deep, resembling a hole by which one might look out into ideal darkness.

Strangely enough, none of the surrounding objects were reflected in it. It was like one of those glasses in a theatre, which the decorator covers with vague and neutral tints, to prevent the room being reflected in it. A vague instinct made Mallvert feel that, if any revelation were to take place this night, it would be by this means. The mirror, on which, usually, he rarely cast his eyes, seemed now to exercise a sort of fascination for him, and absorbed his entire attention.

At last, he thought he could distinguish in its shadowy depth something of a vague, milky whiteness, like a kind of distant, trembling light, which seemed to approach. He turned to see what object in the room might throw this reflection; he saw nothing. Although Mallvert was brave—and he had proved it on many occasions—he could not prevent a shivering feeling, of which Job speaks, "which made the hair of his flesh to stand on end." He was going, willingly and knowingly, to cross the formidable threshold. He was stepping outside the circle which Nature has traced around man. His life might henceforth be *disordered*, and turn around an unknown point. Although skeptics may laugh, there never was a weightier step, and Guy felt all its importance; but an irresistible attraction led him on, and he continued steadily his gaze on the Venetian mirror. What was he going to see? Under what appearance would the spirit present herself, so as to be perceptible to human eyes? Would it be a pleasing, or terrible form—bringing joy or terror? Guy, although the light in the mirror had not taken definite shape, was persuaded that it was a feminine figure. The sight that he had heard in the evening had touched his heart too deeply for it to be otherwise. Had this spirit belonged to earth?—or did it come from some superior planet? This is what he could not tell. However, judging from the question of the Baron, he concluded that it might be a spirit that had passed through the conditions of terrestrial life, and that an attraction, of which he would, doubtless, later learn the motive, had brought it back to its former sphere.

The luminous spot in the mirror began to indicate a more distinct form, and to be tinted with colors of brightness that would have made any earthly palette look dim. It was rather the idea of color than color itself—a vapor imbued with light, and so delicately shaded that no human words can describe it. Guy continued to look with an anxiously nervous emotion. The image condensed itself more and more, without attaining the grossness of reality; and he could at length perceive within the limits of the border of the glass, like a portrait in a frame, the head of a young woman, or rather, of a young girl, of a beauty to which mortal charms are but as a shadow.

A tinge of rose slightly colored this face, on which light and shadow were scarcely felt, and which had not need, like terrestrial figures, of this contrast to round itself, not being submitted to the light which we possess. Her hair, like an aureole, encircled her brow like a golden vapor. In her eyes—half cast down—of a dark blue,

there was infinite sweetness. They recalled the tints of twilight when the violet of evening approaches. A smile of wavy beauty, which recalled the angels of Leonardo da Vinci, but with more tenderness and less of sarcasm; her flexible neck bent gracefully forward, rising out of a silvery circle that would have served to light up any other figure.

This feeble sketch, in words fit only for things of earth, can give but a faint idea of the apparition which Guy contemplated in the Venetian mirror. Did he see it with the eye of the body, or that of the soul? Was it a real image, and an appearance which another person, not under the same nervous influence as himself, might have seen?

This is a question which it is not easy to answer; but, at all events, what he saw, although like, did not resemble in anything what passes in this life for the head of a fine woman. It was the same features, but purified, transfigured, idealized, and rendered perceptible by a substance in some degree immaterial, having only just sufficient density to be seen in the atmosphere of earth, by eyes from which the veil had not fallen. The spirit which communicated with Guy de Mallvert had, without doubt, borrowed the form of its former perishable envelope, but such as it would be in a medium more subtle, more ethereal, where only the phantoms of things, and not things themselves, can exist. This vision plunged Guy into ineffable delight. The sentiment of fear which he had at first experienced was dissipated, and he gave himself up without reserve to the novelty of the situation, reasoning no longer, but admitting all, and decided to find the supernatural natural. He approached the glass, thinking to seize more distinctly the features of the image; it remained the same as it had at first appeared—very near, but still very distant—and resembled the projection, on the inner surface of the glass, of an image immeasurably distant. The reality of what he saw—if one can make use of such a word in these circumstances—was evidently elsewhere, in regions profound, distant, enigmatical, inaccessible to the living, on the borders of which the boldest thought could hardly venture. Guy tried in vain to unite this face with some earthly remembrance; it was for him entirely new, and still he seemed to remember it. But where had he seen it? Not in this sublimity and terraqueous sphere.

It was the form under which "Spirite" desired to show herself—for Guy had thus baptized the figure in the glass, until he learned a name that suited her better.

Soon it seemed that the image began to grow paler, and to disappear in the depths of the mirror. Then it became more like the light vapor of a breath, and then this vapor even disappeared. The end of the vision was marked by the sudden reflection of a gilt frame on the opposite wall. The mirror had regained its reflective properties. When he was quite sure that the apparition would not return this evening, at least, and in this manner, Guy threw himself into an arm-chair, and, although two o'clock had just struck on the clock whose silver tongue warned him to retire to his rest, he could not resolve to put himself on his bed. However, he felt himself fatigued. These emotions of a kind so new, these first steps outside the world of reality, had caused him that nervous lassitude which drives away sleep. Indeed, by sleeping he feared to miss some new manifestations of "Spirite."

With his feet stretched on the fender before the fire, which had burned up brightly by itself, Guy reflected on what had just happened to him, and of which two days ago he would certainly have denied all possibility. He thought of this charming head, recalling only to make him forget the dreams of beauty that had formerly visited him in sleep. He discovered a thousand charms that Nature and art had never united in one person, and he augured well, after this specimen of the population of the external world. Then he asked himself what strange and mysterious sympathy, hitherto unavowed, had been able to attract toward him, from the depths of the infinite, this sylph, this soul, this spirit, attached to some order unknown to him. He dared not flatter himself that he had inspired love in a being of a superior order, for conceit was not a fault of Mallvert, yet he could not prevent himself from acknowledging that Spirite, by the sight that she had breathed, by the letter of which she had changed the sense, by the prohibition murmured at the door of Madame d'Ymbercourt, by the phrase suggested doubtless to the Swedish Baron, seemed to prove for him, for Guy de Mallvert, a simple mortal, a sentiment of a feminine nature which, in the world, would be called jealousy. But what he did understand clearly enough was that he was desperately, irrevocably enamored and taken possession of by a passion which eternity would not assuage.

From this moment all women whom he had ever known began to be effaced from his mind. At the apparition of Spirite he had forgotten earthly love, just as Romeo forgets Rosalind when he sees Juliet. Had he been Don Juan himself the three thousand names would instantly have been struck out of his book. It was not without a certain terror that he recognized this sudden flame which devoured all thought, all will, all resistance, and left nothing living in his soul but love; but it was too late; he no longer was his own master. The Baron was right; it was a formidable thing to cross the boundaries of the unseen world, while living, and to venture an opaque body among the shades, without having at hand the golden wand to command the phantoms.

A terrible idea crossed the brain of Mallvert: If Spirite had the caprice of never more visiting him, by what means should he bring her back? and, if this means did not exist, how could he support the darkness of the sun after having for an instant contemplated the true light? The feeling of an immense sorrow possessed him, and he fell

into excessive grief; he had a moment, long as an eternity, of the deepest despair. At this supposition, which no indication confirmed, the tears gathered in his eyes, and, although, ashamed of such weakness, he made an effort to restrain them, he ended by feeling them run over and flow down his cheeks. Whilst he was weeping, he felt, with mingled surprise and joy, a veil, finer than the finest tissue woven of air, which passed over his cheeks and dried up the bitter drops. The touch of a dragon-fly's wing would not have been more delicate. It was not an illusion, for the contact was renewed three times, and, when his tears were dried, Mallvert thought he saw a white, transparent flake melting away in the air.

By this attentive and tender sympathy, Mallvert was assured that Spirite, who seemed to float around him, would answer to his appeals, and would find, through her superior intelligence, means of communicating with him. Spirite might come to him in the world which he inhabited, at least, as much as a soul might mingle with the living, and it was interdicted him to follow, by the clog and hindrances of the flesh to pursue her into the ideal circle where she dwelt.

In saying that Mallvert passed from the most sombre despair to the purest joy will not surprise any one. If a simple mortal can throw you into the depths of the *Inferno* and make you mount up to heaven, inspiring in turn the wish to blow out your brains, or to buy a villa on the banks of Lake Como to shelter your happiness, you may imagine easily that a spirit must far exceed in power. If the passion of Guy for Spirite appears very sudden, it must be remembered that earthly love often arises from a single glance of the eye, and that many serious passions have had no other beginnings; besides, unknown to Guy, this love was less sudden than it appeared. For long Spirite had hovered around him without being suspected; his soul had supernatural communications, suggesting to him, through all his worldly follies, thoughts going far beyond those vain surroundings, and creating in him nostalgias of the ideal by confused remembrances of the anterior world, turning him away from senseless amours and making him anticipate what earth could not afford. It was she who had given all tender bonds, all beginnings of webs that were weaving around him; it was she that had put a veil to him the part of such or such a flower, and until now had kept him from forming any individual engagement. She had arrested him on the brink of the irreparable; for the existence of Guy, although it had not produced any event of significance, was approaching a decisive moment; mysterious balances weighed his fate; it was this which determined Spirite to leave the shade, where her secret protection enveloped him, and to manifest herself to Guy, whom it was no longer possible to direct by occult agency. What was the motive of this interest? Did Spirite act by a spontaneous movement of her own will, or did she obey an order emanated from that radiant sphere where I can see I will, according to the expression of Dante? What was it that she alone was in a state to reveal, and which she would, perhaps, soon reveal?

At last Mallvert went to bed and was soon asleep. His sleep was light, transparent, and filled with those dazzling wonders which have not the character of dreams, but rather of visions. In the midst of light so dazzling that the brightest stars were shown as dark spots, Guy thought he could distinguish Spirite amongst the swarm of spirits that passed, discernible not by their shadow but by a difference in their light. By this dream that she induced, Spirite wished to show herself to her adorer in her true character and surroundings. The soul, untied by sleep from the bonds of the body, lent itself to this ecstatic vision, and Guy could see for a few moments with the eye of the soul, not the outer world itself, of which the contemplation is not permitted except to souls entirely freed from the flesh and its affections, but a ray, filtering, as it were, under the half-closed door of the unknown, as in a dark street one sees a ray of light streaming from under a palace door, giving an impression of the splendor of the life within. Not wishing to fatigue the still too human organization of Mallvert, Spirite dispensed the vision and withdrew the ecstatic to plunge him in ordinary sleep. Guy had the sensation, in falling into the night of common dreamland, of being dragged like a white shell through liquid black marble, in darkness of an unpenetrable density; then all was effaced, even this sensation, and Guy, for two hours, was steeped in this nonentity from which life springs more joyous and more fresh.

He slept thus until ten o'clock, and Jack, who watched his master's awakening, seeing his eyes open, pushed wide open the half door which he had kept slightly ajar, and entered the room, bearing on a salver to the bedside of his master, two letters, which had just been brought—the first was from Madame d'Ymbercourt, the other from the Baron de Feroc. It was the Baron's that Guy opened first.

CHAPTER VI.

The note of the Baron contained only these words: "Has Caesar crossed the Rubicon?" That of Madame d'Ymbercourt was much longer, and insinuated so many tortuous phrases—that one must not take too seriously that idle gossip; and that to cease all at once his accustomed visits, was, perhaps, to compromise her more than by multiplying them. The whole was concluded by a sentence about Patti, seeming to indicate that a place was reserved for him in the Italian Opera, in box twenty-two. Doubtless Guy admired greatly the young *diva*; but, in the state of mind in which he was, he preferred hearing her another evening, and he undertook to find an excuse for missing the rendezvous.

There is in the human mind a tendency to doubt supernatural things, when our ordinary surroundings have regained their habitual aspect. Thus, Mallvert, in broad daylight, looking at the Venetian mirror which reposed in blue light in its frame of cut glass, asked himself, seeing there only the reflection of his own face, if it was quite true that this morsel of polished glass had presented to him, a few hours ago, the most exquisite image that mortal eye had ever contemplated. His reason, in vain, tried to establish a belief that this celestial vision was a dream, a deceitful delirium; his feelings belied his reason. Although it is difficult to appreciate the reality of the supernatural, he felt that all this was true, and that behind the calm of appearances there moved a whole world of mystery. Still, nothing was changed in this apartment, always so peaceful, and visitors would have remarked nothing particular in it; but, for Guy, henceforth the opening of a door of a bookcase or a closet, might open a door to the unknown. The least noises, which he took for warnings, made him start.

In order to overcome this nervous excitement, he resolved to take a long drive; he felt that the apparition of Spirite would be nocturnal; and, besides, if she had any communications to make, she could easily find means to reach him, wherever he might be. In this affair, the part of Mallvert must necessarily be passive. His ideal mistress might at any moment make her entrance into his world, and he was incapable of following her into the imaginary spaces that she inhabited.

It had snowed the evening before, and, a thing rare in Paris, the white sheet was not melted, under the influence of a tepid breeze, into that cold broth, more horrible than the black mud of the old pavement, or the yellow mud of the new Macadam. A keen cold had crystallized it, and it grated under the wheels of the carriages like pounded glass. Grymalkin was a swift trotter, and Mallvert had brought with him from St. Petersburg a Russian sleigh and harness. The opportunities for sleighing are not frequent in our temperate climate, and sportsmen eagerly seize upon one.

Guy was proud of his equipage, the best appointed, certainly, in all Paris, and which would have made a figure even at the races on the Neva. The prospect of this rapid drive in a healthy, frosty air, was pleasant to him. He had learned, in a winter passed in Russia, to enjoy the northern delights of the snow and the frost; he liked to glide over the white carpet, scarcely yet marked by the hoofs of the runners, driving a fast horse with both hands, like the Russian *trovachchik*. He ordered his equipage and soon reached the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées.

The track was not formed and raised, as in the perspective of Nevski, but the snow was thick enough to prevent the sleigh making too great shocks. One cannot demand from a Parisian winter, the perfection of one in Russia. In the Bois de Boulogne one might have believed one's self in the *taiga*, so smooth and white was the bed of snow, especially in the transverse alleys where fewer carriages had passed. Guy de Mallvert took a road which crossed a wood of pines, whose black arms, loaded with snow which the wind had not yet shaken off, recalled to him the drives which he had taken in Russia. Furs were not wanting in his carriage, and the north wind seemed a warm zephyr, in comparison with those that he had experienced in that country where the cold congeals the mercury.

A considerable crowd thronged the borders of the Lake, and the number of carriages was as great as in a beautiful day in spring or autumn, when races take place between celebrated horses on the Hippodrome of Long Champs, attended by crowds of all ranks and fortune. One saw, half lying in caissons with eight springs, under a vast white bearskin with teeth of red cloth, around the real ladies of fashion, pressing against their satin mantles, muffs of Siberian sable. On boxes covered with laced hampercloths, the coachmen of the great families sat majestically, with shoulders covered from the cold by great palatots of foxskin, looking down with eyes as disdainful as their mistresses on the lesser ladies, who themselves drove their own ponies yoked to some extravagant or pretentious vehicle. There were also many close carriages, for at Paris there are few who relish an open carriage with five or six degrees of cold. A few sleighs were remarked amongst all these wheeled vehicles, the owners of which did not seem to have foreseen the snow; but the sleigh of Mallvert was the most exquisite of all. Some Russian nobles who were idling there, contented as reindeer in the snow, designed to approve the elegant sweep of the *Donga*, and the correct way in which the beautiful leather of the harness was attached.

It was scarcely three o'clock; a light fog overpread the lower part of the sky, and on this gray ground the leafless trees traced their delicate articulations, like those leaves from which the pulp is taken, leaving only the weblike fibres. The rayless sun appeared like a great seal of red wax descending into the mist. The Lake was covered with skaters. Two or three days of frost had thickened the ice sufficiently to enable it to bear all the crowd. The snow swept up and piled on the banks, allowed the black polished surface marked all over by the skates to appear, like the mirrors of restaurants, where amorous couples inscribed their names with diamonds, marks which endure when the love has melted away. On the banks were the letters of skates for the use of the citizen amateurs, whose fall served as comic interludes to this winter *fete*—to this ballet of the Prophet, executed on a large scale. In the midst of the Lake the celebrities of skating, in graceful costume, displayed their prowess. They passed like lightning, abruptly turning, avoiding shocks, stopping suddenly by making the heel of their skate bite the ice, describing curves, spirals, figures of eight, writing letters, like those Arab riders, who, with their spurs, write the name of Allah on the flanks of their horses. Others, in light fantastic sleighs, pushed slow ladies, swathed in furs, who leaned back, smiling at their cavaliers, intoxicated by the rapidity and the cold. Some were conduct-

ing a young belle by the tips of the fingers, who wore a Russian or Hungarian cap, with a frogged jacket trimmed with blue foxskin, with bright colored petticoats looped up by ornamental hooks, and little boots overlaid by the straps of the skates, like the buskins of a cothurn. The way to win the race now, as formerly, would, perhaps, be to throw down before some of these Atlantes, costumed by Worth, apples of gold, as of yore; but there were some of high station whom a knot of diamonds would not have delayed. This crowd of costumes of elegant oddity or rich originality, this species of fancy ball on the ice, formed a graceful spectacle, animated and charming, worthy of the pencil of a Watteau, of Lancret or of Baron.

Mallvert had stopped his sleigh near the lake, and looked at this animated and diverting scene, the principal actors of which were known to him. But he contemplated all that henceforth with a disinterested eye, and he even saw a lady pass, leaning on the arm of a fine skater in a most familiar manner, who had formerly been one of his admirers, but he did not experience the least shade of jealousy.

Soon he gave the reins to Grymalkin, who pawed the snow with impatience. He turned his head toward Paris, and began to descend the avenue of the lake, a perpetual Long Champs of carriages, where pedestrians have the pleasure of seeing ten or twelve times in an hour the yellow berline of the solemn dowager, and the same little coupé, showing at its door a Spanish poodle, or the head of a fawn, *coiffé à la chien*—pleasures of which they never seemed to weary.

Guy moderated the pace of his horse, lest he should run over some one in this thickly-peopled avenue; and, besides, it is not good taste to pass rapidly over this privileged route. He saw approaching a calesche which he had no desire to meet. Madame d'Ymbercourt was afraid of cold, and Guy did not think she would venture out, with a temperature of five or six degrees. In this he showed little knowledge of women; for no temperature would hinder them going to a fashionable place, where custom requires that they should show themselves. Now, that winter, nothing was more stylish than to go to the Bois de Boulogne, and take a turn around the lake, where "all Paris"—as the chronicles say—asssembled daily to meet the people of title and position. It was shameful for a woman tolerably well situated not to see her initials figure amongst the names of the fashionable people on some of the gazettes of the day. Madame d'Ymbercourt was beautiful, rich and fashionable enough to believe herself obliged to conform to the rite of fashion, and she accomplished the tour of the lake, although trembling a little under the furs, which, like all Parisians, she wore outside.

Mallvert wished much to let Grymalkin, who asked nothing better, start off at a fast trot. But Madame d'Ymbercourt had preceded him, and he was obliged to allow his sleigh to pass alongside her calesche. He conversed with her in a general and absent way, alleging a great dinner, which would finish late, to avoid a visit to the opera-box. At this moment a sleigh touched his. It was drawn by a magnificent horse of the Orloff breed, an iron gray, with white mane, and one of those tails which seem composed of silver thread. Driven by a Russian coachman, with a large beard, in a caftan of green cloth and a velvet cap with astrakhan head-piece, he trotted indignantly under the curb, and tossed his head until he touched his knees with his nostrils. The elegance of the vehicle, the dress of the driver, the beauty of the horse, attracted the attention of Guy; but what did he experience when he saw the lady seated in the sleigh, whom, at first, he took to be one of those Russian princesses who come for one or two seasons to dazzle Paris by their eccentric luxury, if anything can dazzle it. He recognized, or thought he recognized, features resembling a face seen, and henceforth ineffably engraved in the depths of his soul; but which, certainly, he did not expect to meet in the Bois de Boulogne, after having seen her appear, like Helen to Faust, in a sort of magic mirror! At this sight he started so suddenly, that Grymalkin, receiving the nervous movement, shied. Guy saying a few words of excuse, on the ground of his horse's impatience, which he could not subdue, set off to follow the sleigh, which increased its pace at the same time.

As if astonished at being followed, the lady half turned her head over her shoulder, to see who permitted himself to take so great a liberty; and, although in this position she only presented what is called by artists *profil perdu*, Guy discovered a hand of wavy gold, an eye of evening blue, and on her cheek that ideal rosy hue which covers the tops of snow mountains at sunset, and which only gives a distant idea of its beauty. In the ear there hung a turquoise, and on the part of the neck which was seen between the collar of the pelisse and the hat, there fell a little curl, light as a zephyr, fine as the hair of an infant. It was truly the apparition of the night—but with a degree of reality which a phantom ought to take—in full daylight, and near the lake in the Bois de Boulogne.

How did Spirite go thither, and in a form so humanly charming, and no doubt, seen by others? that it was difficult to believe, even admitting the impalpability of the apparition, that the driver, the horse and the sleigh were only shadows.

It was a question that Guy did not take the trouble to resolve, and in order to assure himself that he was not deceived by one of those resemblances which are lost when one looks closer, he wished to go before the sleigh, in order to see the face in front. He gave Grymalkin full liberty, and he darted off like an arrow, and his breath for some minutes, in jets of white vapor, was thrown on the back of the other sleigh, but though a noble animal, Grymalkin had not power to count with a Russian trotter, the most beautiful specimen that Mallvert had ever seen. The driver uttered a slight click of his tongue, and the iron-gray horse, in some impetuous bounds, soon dis-

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PETER'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for October is crowded with good musical compositions.

R. Hoe & Co., New York, have issued, in pamphlet form, "**Hints to Stereotypers and Electrotypers.**" All interested in the above-named arts should have a copy.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for October has also come to hand.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER OF THE BANNER.
 First Page: Continuation of story, "Spirite."
 Second Page: Poem—"How Betsey and I Made Up," by Wm. M. Carlton; "Spiritual Phenomena—The Sleepless Girl of Brooklyn, N. Y.," by L. S. Richards; "The Begun and End of our Planet," or to and from the Sun," by L. S. Richards; "Third: Free Thought—"The Red-hot Idol," by C. E. Bentley; "An Appeal to the Women of America," "Settled Speakers," by K. Graves; "On the Existence of God," by "Daybreak;" "Facts are Speaking;" Poem—"Lonely;" Banner Correspondence; Obituaries; Prospectus. Fourth and Fifth: "The Question of Immortality among Scientists," by Mary F. Davis; Editorials, etc., etc. Sixth: Message Department; "Verifications of Spirit Messages." Seventh: Advertisements. Eighth: "Editorial Correspondence," by Warren Chase; "Western Local," by Ophelia B. Lynn; Report of the Eighth National Convention of Spiritualists.

We have our eyes upon a "Rev." hypocrite, who is as slippery as an eel. While professing belief in Spiritualism, and while teaching its great truths to the people, he slyly attempts to poison the minds of many honest Spiritualists against those who will not bow at his shrine. This kind of "dicker" belongs to the church; we want none of it among the liberal reformers of the day.

The two pamphlet lectures on "The Spiritual Philosophy vs. Diabolism," by Mrs. Maria M. King, are having a large circulation, and deserve a still wider range of readers.

Spirite, on our first page, is very interesting; especially so are the chapters in this issue. Do not miss reading the story entire.

The full account, in another column, respecting the wonderful phenomena connected with the sleepless girl, in Brooklyn, N. Y., (of which we have made mention several times in these columns), will be read with the deepest interest.

As Miss Jennie Leys is to be in Boston every week, from Monday till Saturday, she will attend funerals in this vicinity, if word is left for her at Dr. Cranston's office, No. 4 in Tremont Temple.

In the Common Prayer Book now used for the Episcopal Church service, the following lines occur in the index to the hymns:

My opening eyes with rapture see..... Page, 23.
 My Saviour hanging on the tree..... 38.
 "The works of Lohr Walbrook—viz.: 'Alice Vale' and 'Helen Halse's Vow'—are books of great merit under the veil of romance. Mrs. Walbrook deals with some of the most vital questions that engage the attention of society, and does her work well"—so says the Religious-Philosophical Journal.
 DEN BUTLER.
 Bold as a lion,
 Tender as a lamb,
 Fierce as a tiger,
 Tough as a clam.
 Sharp as a razor,
 Cunning as a fox,
 He gives his opponents
 Awful saucy knocks.

Why does Laura Fair deserve hanging for the crime she committed, any more than Sikkles, Cole or McFarland for theirs? Her judicial murder would be barbarous, and a blighting stain upon our civilization. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says, in the Golden Age:

"Many a man who now wraps the mantle of complacency about himself, and points the slow, unweaving finger of scorn at this malignant and persecuted woman, will perchance find her purer, nobler than himself, in that better land where all arts and dignities are removed, and each soul stands revealed in its true character."

The irrepressible "Brick Pomeroy" will publish, in a few days, through G. W. Carlton & Co., two new books—one comic, entitled "Brick Dust," and one serious, entitled "Gold Dust."

On Saturday, the 9th inst., a woman named Marie S. Clarke, twenty-eight years of age, left her home in West Newton, Mass., and her friends are much distressed in consequence of her absence. She is about five feet six inches in height, light complexion, sandy hair and blue eyes. She is partially insane, and when she left the house, took no covering for her head save what might be afforded by the hood of a waterproof cloak she wore. Information of her whereabouts should be transmitted to Chief-of-Police Savage.

The author of "The New Gospel of Peace," which circulated more than half a million of copies a few years ago, will be out this week with a racy satire on the Darwin theory of Sexual Development, entitled, "The Fall of Man, or, Loves of the Gorillas." Carlton & Co. are the publishers.

POEMS OF PROGRESS.

Miss Lizzie Doten's new and elegant volume of inspirational poems—just issued—is selling rapidly. It is one of the choicest books in the spiritual literature. There are many grand poems in it, any one of which is worth the price of the book. The introductory pages embrace a "declaration of faith," which in itself is one of the strongest arguments in favor of Spiritualism ever seen in print. Price of the book, in cloth, \$1.50; full gilt, \$2.00; postage 20 cents. Send your orders to WM. WHITE & CO., 158 Washington street, Boston.

Blaghamton, N. Y.

Sunday, Sept. 10th, we had the pleasure of hearing two able discourses from the spirit-world, through the mediumship of our brother, J. Wm. Van Namee, and a well filled house testified the appreciation of the citizens of this place of his well-developed powers. We have no need to indulge in a panegyric of Mr. Van Namee's extraordinary gifts; he has been long and favorably known to the public, not only as a trance speaker not to be excelled, but also as a clairvoyant physician of established ability. He left behind him many happy hearts, who rejoice that his coming was the means of driving away the black cloud that for years had enshrouded their souls, now giving place to the bright sunlight of love, joy and peace. A warm welcome ever awaits him from these, and his reward is sure.

Notice to Subscribers.

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

To Correspondents.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable, as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications that are not used.

J. L. P.—The poem you refer to was published in the Banner some time ago.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE SPIRITUAL ANALYST AND SCIENTIFIC RECORD. Published in Boston. Price 20 cents.
 THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents, per copy.
 HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 35 cents.
 THE MEDIUM AND DAYBOOK. A weekly paper published in London. Price 5 cents.
 THE RELIGIO-SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. S. Jones, Esq. Price 5 cents.
 THE PRESENT AGE. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 8 cents.
 THE LITTON BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents.
 THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 5 cents.
 THE CAUCASIAN. Published in Baltimore. Price 5 cents.
 THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL OSTEOPATHY. Published in New York. Price 20 cents per copy.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

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

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 105 East 12th street, New York. Terms \$2 and 3 stamps. Money refunded when not answered. S9.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

HOW SWIFTLY.
 How swiftly pass our days away,
 How short the seasons seem;
 Weeks seem, sometimes, as but a day,
 While floating down life's stream.
 May each have wisdom to improve
 What may of life remain;
 And in whatever sphere we move,
 From every sin refrain.
 And may the boys, when they need "Clothes,"
 Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat and Shoes complete,
 Step in and buy them at FISK'S,
 Corner of Beach and Washington street.
 Sept. 30.—1w

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SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.

TERMS 50 cents, and three stamps enclosed. Address, DR. GEO. MARKLIN, Station B, New York City. Sept. 30.—2w

HENRY C. LULL, Business, Test and Circle Medium. Also examines for disease. Office, No. 18 F street, South Boston. Hours from 9 to 11, and 2 to 5. Private sitting—terms, One Dollar. N. B.—Will attend calls at private residences for circles evenings, in Boston and vicinity. Sept. 30.—1w

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MRS. R. COLLINS, Clairvoyant Physician and Healer of Sufferers, has resumed practice. Examinations by lock of hair, by person, \$2, at 9 East Canton st., Boston. Sept. 30.—1w

CITIZENS' COURSE

LECTURES, CONCERTS, READINGS, AT TREMONT TEMPLE, LOOK AT THE ARRAY OF TALENT. NOTE THE PRICE.

Oct. 6.—Hon. JAMES M. ASHLEY, of impeachment notoriety. Subject—"An Inside View of the Impeachment Struggle."
 Oct. 13.—ELIZABETH CADY STANTON—"The Coming Girl."
 Oct. 27.—To be announced.
 Nov. 3.—GRAND CONCERT—Madame Anna D'Archi, Gilmore's Band and Orchestra, and a host of resident talent.
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 Nov. 17.—Prof. C. H. HITCHCOCK—(Mt. Washington Expedition, with elegant stereoscopic views of frost work, exhibited with electric light.)
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 Dec. 1.—JAMES T. FIELDS.
 Dec. 8.—J. P. MILLABER (Mrs. Partington)—Lecture with-
 Dec. 15.—Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, of the Independent Subject—"Held Yourself;" and Mrs. L. H. FOSS, the eloquent elocutionist.
 Organ Concert each evening at 7 o'clock.
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A GREAT OFFER.—HORACE WATERS, New York, will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, at extremely low prices, for cash, during this month, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments. 2w—Sept. 30.

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This book has now been before the public two years, and during that time has obtained a large and increasing sale among Spiritualists and their opponents. It was dictated by well known characters who have left the form and are now wandering about in the mediumistic powers of Mrs. NIXON G. HOGG. Among the thirty-seven essays contained in it may be found

Pre-existence and Prophecy,
 Life and Marriage in Spirit-Land,
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 Invisible Influences,
 Locality of the Spirit-World,
 Drama and Painting there.

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A Lecture delivered before the Semi-Annual Convention of the Association of Spiritualists at East Saginaw, June 11th, 1871, by Dr. GEORGE A. LATROOP.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was given by the Spirit who spoke through the instrumentality of the person named.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT FREE CIRCLES.
These Circles are held at No. 153 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock, services commencing at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.
Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.
Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room are solicited.
The questions answered at these Circles are often responded to by individuals among the audience. Those ready for the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

Invocation.

Thou Soul of Goodness, who preside over nations and over souls, over worlds and over systems, we would not weary thee by our prayers, for thou art good, and wilt furnish us with all that we need; but we would bring thee our praises for what thou hast given unto us—for life, with its many voices, for what we have already read of its volume, and for what there is yet for us to read. We know that thou wilt be with us and bless us forever, because that is thy work; and that thou wilt never desert any one of us. We praise thee, oh Infinite Good, for the light and the love and the wisdom and the power of intelligence that we find in every inhabited world. We praise thee for the loveliness, the grandeur, the wisdom of life; for all thy varied attributes which we find exhibited in Nature, we praise thee; for flowers, for birds, for beasts, for the seasons—for all we praise thee, oh Infinite Soul of Goodness. And as we march up the steps of eternity, and keep pace with worlds, we would ever sing thy praises; we would join the chorus of suns and systems in adoration of thee, who art the soul of all.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will consider your question, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—Will perceptive motion, or a self-generating power, ever be invented? If so, how soon?

A.—The question, of itself, means very little. But if it involves another query, which is this: the power of matter to produce within itself constant and eternal motion, then the correct answer may be of utility to the world. It is not probable that there is any brain at present living on earth which is capable of receiving the ideas by which it might evolve from Nature such a scientific production. That in the future it can be done, we believe; we know; but we are equally sure that in the present, and for ages that are to come, nothing of the kind will be successful. Those whose brains are at present acting on the subject are simply machines for experiment; but the machine does not expect success in the present age.

Q.—(By the Chairman.) Are there not many minds acting in the same direction?

A.—Yes, very many. The world of mind and the world of matter move at present very rapidly, and are constantly drawing nearer in the power of reflection from the one and absorption in the other.

Q.—(From the audience.) Does the spirit of man, in and of itself, possess intelligence, or does it derive that intelligence from the soul?

A.—The spirit, being the covering, or the body of the soul, does not possess intelligence. It is the soul which possesses that.

Q.—Then do we not give too much license to the word spirit as generally used?

A.—Yes; because you do not understand it as being distinct from the soul.

Q.—Is there a divine economy exercised in these circumstances which we call fortunate or unfortunate?

A.—There certainly is, and must be; else God is not omnipotent—which we cannot for a moment admit.

Q.—Am I to understand by this that there is a personal, designing Mind?

A.—Not in the sense in which humanity understands this "designing Mind." I do not believe that there is any intelligence outside of that which belongs to the combined intelligence of souls. Souls have always existed. They are back of all matter; they are the power by which all exists, and are the producing power of the same. Soul, then, either in the aggregate or taken separately, may be called the designing mind, or the designer of matter—the molder of form. It may be argued, and is so argued by the materialist, that matter takes precedence of spirit or soul or mind; that this earth (and all other worlds) was obliged to pass through many cycles of years and changes ere it was fit to give birth to human souls. That is a mistake. Souls existed long before worlds ever existed; but, so far as the body of the soul is concerned, it is a truth. The unerring record of geology tells us this. Again: the idealist argues, on the other hand, that, because there is a law, there must be a law-giver; that, because these laws exist, there must be a power by which they exist; and they, too, run as far in a wrong direction, though in another way, as their materialistic brothers. They are pendulums in the natural world, each of which swings too far to the poles. By-and-by, as religion becomes combined with science, you will begin to understand what God is, what Nature is, what the laws of Nature are, what the laws of mind are, and how each is related to the other.

Marie Roche.

I promised to be a guardian angel, and I have come to day to say I have much more power in that direction than I expected I would have before death. I was sick, very sick, in Boston, on Rochester street. I had no one to care for me, and so the Sisters of Charity took me to their hospital, and there I died on the 18th of March—last March. I wish to thank them for their kindness, and to say that I will do all I can to assist them; and that when their time to die shall come, I shall meet them, and thank them in a more substantial way for the kindnesses I received from them during the last hours of my earthly life. Marie Roche, to the Sisters of Charity, Boston.

Edward Fox.

(To Mrs. Wilson.) How do you do? [Mrs. W.: "Who's this?"] I am Edward—Edward Fox. I want you to tell Ella I was present at her marriage, and I enjoyed the fun quite as much as if I was here in the body, and perhaps a great deal better. And tell father he ought to be the last person on earth to ignore Spiritualism. Tell him this from me. He has had too much aid from outside. He ought to be the last person—if every

one in the world should put it under their feet, he ought not to. Tell him so for me. May 25.

Commodore Mead.

One of my old comrades, who has lately become interested in Spiritualism, has requested me to come here and make a statement concerning the disease of which I died. He says, "What have you learned about it? and are you satisfied with the manner in which you made your exit from this world?" Well, my friend, I was sufficiently glad to be free from the annoyances of this life, and the pains incident to a human body, without stopping to inquire whether it was a golden, silver, brass or iron key that let me out—whether it was the hand of evil or good. I know to what you refer. You believe that my incarceration by my family produced such a tremendous shock upon my physical system that I died in consequence. Possibly you are right; but this much I can safely affirm: I was never insane; I never, for a moment—except during the hours of sleep—lost possession of my faculties. I sometimes made use of violent expressions, and of violent means by which to carry my point; but I was sane, and always knew what I was about, and was responsible to my God for all my acts; and those who feigned to think otherwise—that is the word I mean to use—who feigned to think otherwise—will by-and-by reap the reward of their deeds. Every soul is rewarded, either with punishment or its opposite, for all it does. I class all gifts from the Infinite as rewards. I think all disease comes as a reward for the misapprehension or misunderstanding of law, either on our own part or the part of our progenitors; and I apply the same rule to the mind. But, for my own part, I care little whether they are rewarded or no; I am satisfied to leave it with their God—mine has nothing to do with it. My God deals with me, and I with him. Their God will see that they get their just deserts—I am not at all concerned.

I am quite satisfied with the manner in which I made my exit from this world. I am quite satisfied with my present surroundings; they are far better than one could enjoy on earth, because earth cannot furnish such; nor would you be capable of enjoying them were they furnished you now. I am very glad you are engaged in investigating Spiritualism; go on; but investigate carefully; never for a moment lay down your reason; and if Christ or the Angel Gabriel brings you anything which does not tally with your reason, lay it aside—do not accept it. Your God will not approve of you if you do. But go on investigating, honestly and patiently, and success will crown your efforts. Commodore Mead, to the friend who has called for him. May 25.

Since conducted by Whan See, a Chinese philosopher; letters answered by "Vaahli."

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, thou Soul of all Souls, thou whom we perceive marching through the worlds in grandeur and in glory, and who dost condescend to take up thine abode in the violet and the rose; thou strength in our weakness; thou who art the loving spirit over all and through all, we invoke thy blessing this hour. And we pray thee to so baptize us with thyself, that we shall feel at one with thee; that we shall forget all our differences and come straight away to thy throne, worshipping thee the one God over all. Bless thou the sinner, and through thy loving kindness and tender mercy, bring him or her safely to thee. Send healing angels to those who are hoarse and sick, and philosophers of morality and intelligence to those who are mentally sick; and at all times inspire us with a knowledge of thy presence; make us to feel that whatever we do, we do in thy sight, and therefore we shall do well. Amen. May 25.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—(From a correspondent.) There is a little paper printed in Toledo, Ohio, which assumes to be "an organ of the most advanced religious thought of the times." In the issue of May 27th, 1871, I find the following paragraph, the sentiments of which I should be pleased to have the controlling intelligence of the Banner Circle circulate. I allude particularly to the point wherein the writer says, "I have held to Spiritualism a good many years, but it cannot constitute a religion." Please send me some copies of the Index. I have never yet seen the paper, or any of its kind. I have held to Spiritualism a good many years, but it cannot constitute a religion. It is only a phenomenon; I am of the "harmonious philosophy" persuasion, and am interested in the general liberal projects of the age."

A.—Well, that correspondent's opinions need but little criticism, I think. It is to be clearly perceived, by every thinking soul who looks at the matter at all, that he is one of those persons who cannot recognize religion, science and philosophy as being one. Doubtless, to that soul, they are distinctly separate; but to the soul who has gone beyond the vestibule of investigation, Spiritualism, or Spiritism—whichever you may term it—and science are synonymous. They tend to one object—the revelation, the unfoldment of religion from within the soul to the science of the soul's immortality. And thus they are inseparably connected to those minds who have come out of the different churches in search of truth—in search of something that shall prove to them of a life after death. They are very apt to draw distinctive lines when they should not be drawn; they are given to divorcing religion and science, when, with the most scientific and religious, it is a known fact that science and religion have been indissolubly wedded by the Infinite Jehovah.

Q.—What is the cause of wens, fatty tumors and warts? Dr. Warren, in his book on the subject of these tumors, says he does not know.

A.—Medical science has determined them to be the result of imperfect circulation; the circulation being sluggish and imperfect, these particles of matter are aggregated until they become large substances, and are given the various names that medical men attach to them. Now when your healing mediums perform cures in such cases, they do simply this: They start a violent current through this aggregation of atoms of matter, and the result is, it is speedily dissolved, dissipated.

Q.—(From the audience.) In this sphere of existence, I understand that the soul expresses itself through the physical body; in the next, through a spiritual body. Now is there a condition, or state of existence, to be reached when the soul leaves the spiritual body, or lays it down forever, and exists after, and controls matter without a material body?

A.—That is, evidently, the ultimate of the soul. It is superior to matter; but so far as its manifestations through it upon matter are concerned, it is dependent upon matter; but for its own life, its own will and inspirations, it is not dependent upon matter, therefore it can exist without it. But be it understood that matter, without the action of soul, would be nothing but an inert substance. So, then, matter that is devoid of soul is inert and useless. There is no matter devoid of soul at the present time; but we believe it is the destiny of the soul to soar beyond matter, and to

finally exist in a thoroughly distinct state, co-existent with God the Infinite.

Q.—May we not have existed in that condition before the soul expressed itself through matter, or before it now expresses itself?

A.—Those philosophers in our life who have attained the highest degree of eminence so determine.

Q.—The soul is not dependent, then, upon matter for a conscious existence?

A.—No, it is not.

Q.—Is it not individually so?

A.—So far as matter is concerned, the individuality that belongs to matter is dependent upon matter; but the individuality that belongs especially to the soul, is dependent upon the soul.

Q.—And has always existed as such?

A.—And has always existed as such. Be it known that you do not know your best friends—the real man and the real woman you have never known. You only know as much as can be expressed through crude matter. May 25.

Sidney Whiting.

I made my way here as soon as I could, but I thought I could get here a little quicker. I told the skeptics who used to come to talk with me, that I should come back within twenty-four hours after I went away, but could not do it. I was a believer in Spiritualism for a good many years, and I want simply to prove, by coming here, that with all the wild ideas that I entertained, I was a great deal nearer the truth than those who opposed me—a great deal nearer the truth. I lived here eighty-five years. I was pretty familiar with this place—the circle room; I used to come here clairvoyantly, and I got acquainted with it, and seems now as though I had come in about the same way. [You never was in it while in the flesh?] No; and I want you to tell your readers that Sidney Whiting was right in his ideas of Spiritualism, and right in the belief that he could come back after death, and right in the belief that he should continue to climb the ladder of progress to all eternity. I have found that out, if I have not been here but a few days. I told them I was coming back to shake up some of their dry bones in Franklin, and I am going to do it—I am going to shake up their dry bones there, and see if I can put some vitality into them, and set them to thinking. Good day. May 25.

Levi Ingalls.

This is Boston, is it? [Yes.] I am sorry I cannot travel around and take a look, but I suppose I must be content to do as others do that come here—leave my card and go. I died in California about two weeks ago. I did not know anything about this business, but my old grandfather who has considerable interest in this matter—he lives where I am now—he brought me here and instructed me, and advised me to send a telegram to my friends. I want them to know that the religions that are on the earth, that they pin their souls' salvation to, are not worth a real. But it is about as well for everybody to do pretty nigh right if they want to get a fair show on this side. If they don't care anything about it—well, then, just stuff it into the free and easy way; but if you care about what you are going to have hereafter, walk pretty straight; that is the advice I should give to all my friends from what I have learned here. I got free from my body on the 17th of May, 1871. You see I have not had a chance to learn much. But I have lost my infirmities and found a good, young, sound body, and that is worth everything. [Your age?] Seventy-three. Now if my friends, my son in particular, wish to know more, I am ready to give it. May 25.

Emma Tracy.

I told mother I would try to let her hear from me before the roses bloomed; but it is such hard work to get here—there are such crowds ahead of you, I began to think I was going to disappoint her. My name was Emma Tracy. I was ten years old. I lived in New York City. I died of inflammation of the throat and lungs, last September. Well, I want mother to know that I have got a good home, but it is a public place. I have not been adopted by anybody, because I did not want to be; I am waiting for her; I am stopping in a place where there are a great many children—I have such nice times! There is a beautiful garden, and we have everything we want; and we don't have any such rules as they have in charity places in New York. [You are sure of that?] Yes, sir, I am sure about where I live now, because the children ain't kept so close; they dress beautiful, and they can each one dress to suit themselves, and have what they like best, because their own taste is consulted by those who furnish the dresses; they do not put on something that they do not like. Tell mother I have seen father once; he seemed to feel bad, and so I went right away, but I guess he is better than he used to be here; he looks better, and I expect he is better. [You think he is very much better than he used to be here?] Yes, sir; I think so; but he seemed disturbed because I was there, so I went right away. Good-by, sir. [Will your mother get this?] Yes, sir. May 25.

Since conducted by Rabbi Lowenthal; letters answered by "Cousin Benja."

Invocation.

Thou Holy Trinity of Wisdom, Love and Truth, we would be warmed by thy presence while we worship thee this hour. We would gain something more of wisdom; we would gain something more of love; we would gain something more of truth; we would open still wider the doors of the temple of science, that they who stand at the entrance asking admission may find it. We would not seek to change thy laws, oh Mighty Spirit of Law, for we know we cannot. But we do seek to bring ourselves in harmony with thee; we do seek to so understand thee that every vibration of our being shall be harmonious and at one with thee, and thus shall thy kingdom come to us wherever we may be, and thy will be done by us. Amen. June 1.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—What is the true definition of Paradise? **A.**—A state of contentment, of rest, of happiness surely. The soul in its flight through matter never forgets the Paradise, the state of happiness from which it has come; and, because it does not forget, it is constantly yearning for that state, eternally unsatisfied. To me it is the condition wherein the soul is satisfied with itself, its surroundings, because it is in harmony with its inner and its outer law.

CHAIRMAN.—I have been requested by a friend to read, at this meeting, the following telegram which appeared in the Boston daily papers, May 23d, and request an answer from the controlling intelligence, whether the opinions expressed in the phrase are true or otherwise:

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 22.—The Presbyterian Reformed Synod to-day adopted the following Resolution: Resolved, That the present condition of France in general, as denoted by a storm of war—and the city of Paris in particular, as now drenched by the blood of her own citizens—is a righteous

retribution for the martyrdoms of St. Bartholomew's day, and the tangible fulfillment of the Divine promise to the Church, "That no weapon formed against thee shall prosper."

A.—That France needs to be brought up higher, we all understand; that she has sinned against the law of her own well-being, we cannot fail to see; and as we believe that there is no forgiveness for sin—no, not anywhere—we, of course, are not amazed to see France suffering as she is. But that it has been brought upon her in consequence of any failure on her part to perform any churchly rites or observances, we do not believe. The massacre which took place on the day referred to in your correspondent's query, was a seed sown to the wind, and to-day Paris is reaping the fruits thereof in the whirlwind of civil war. That is in accordance with spiritual, with natural and with divine law, and could not have been averted. The seed was sown. The dissensions that have been constantly going on between France and the sister nations, have been the fostering powers to bring forth this seed; and now that the harvest has come, and the fruit thereof is death, the natural sequence must, in the order of divine and natural law, be life, higher life—a budding out of higher purposes than those that have hitherto actuated France, and a settling down into a more harmonious state. France, ever since the bloody days of her first revolution, has been struggling toward a republic. But instead of educating herself, so that she would be fitted to govern herself, she has forgotten that duty, and to-day she is no more fitted to govern herself than she was in the days of the first revolution; and therefore, to the minds of those who know her best, the crown of a republic cannot rest with her. Monarchical fetters must still be hers; and for every sin committed, either ignorantly or knowingly, she, in common with the great world, must suffer.

Q.—Will France be governed by the Napoleonic dynasty, or the Orleansist?

A.—You speaker cannot see either one way or the other. But it is believed by those who understand France best that the Napoleonic dynasty is not at an end; that Louis Napoleon will be recalled to France; and that he, and he alone, of all who seek to ascend the throne of France, is fitted to restore her to a quiet state, and to build up that which has been torn down. June 1.

Capt. E. A. Strong.

I come to thank the Post who went out of their way to do honor to all that remains to the earth of Capt. E. A. Strong, whose remains rest in the old cemetery at West Newbury, Mass. I was present. And I desire also, by coming here, that my family and friends be apprized of my power to come, and my desire to open communication with them. Good day. June 1.

John Riley.

I am in a strange way. I got a bit too much liquor last St. Patrick's day. I walked over the ferry and got drowned, and two days ago my body was fished up, and it's being handled pretty roughly just now, and it's a bad time, so far as I am concerned, because it troubles me very much. It has been at the Morgue, waiting to be identified. Well, since there's nobody here bound to identify it, I will do it myself. It bore the name of John Riley. I was born here in Boston, of Irish parents. I was thirty-six years old. They set it at forty. Good, for a rough guess. [Your friends?] No, the coroner. I come here because I want the priest to write to my brother, who is in California, stating my death; and he may as well drop a good word for me, that I am very well off in the other life.

There is some kind of attraction between me and that body now. I don't know what. They handle it too rough. It is a dead body, I know; but I am in some way mixed up with it yet. It isn't buried, you see. I suppose they are putting it away—maybe cutting it up or something. I don't know. It looks like it. Good day, sir. [Will the priest know your brother's name and address?] No; but I will give it. Timothy Riley, Marysville, California. [That is quite essential.] I suppose so—glad you told me. June 1.

Mary Searle.
I am not dead nor old in the world of souls, but I feel the infirmities of age here, just as I did before I made the change from that body I lived in eighty-four years. My name is Mary Searle. I lived in Townsend. I have been gone sixteen years this month. I come here because there has been a statement made by one of my grandchildren, that Spiritualism is the greatest humbug of the age, and that no one of his relatives has ever returned, and he is not afraid that they ever will. The prayer he made at my bedside answered for this world, but it was an unsuitable thing, I find, in the other world. It required things that were unnatural, and not according to law. It served to help me here, but it was no help beyond. I have faith that he will come out of his darkness, and become spiritually light; and that the Bible—perhaps the old one that he requested me to give him, and which I did give him—may furnish him with evidence concerning this new truth, that shall be unanswerable to his mind, if he will only study it by the unprejudiced light of reason. Good day, sir. June 1.

Alice Appleton.

I want to tell my mother that it was I who brought the violets, and left them in her room, one morning last week. My name was Alice Appleton. I lived in Scranton, Penn. Now I want her to find out how I brought them there, and she must find a medium, and then I shall learn her all about it. I expect Mr. Watkins will send her the paper when he sees my name. He has it, and she don't. [Does he live near her?] Yes; he don't live in the same place. I was thirteen years old. June 1.

Since conducted by Theodore Parker; letters prompted by William Berry.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, June 5.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mary Wier, of San Francisco; George D. Prentiss; Lily Knox, to her grandmother, Tabbs, San Francisco, Cal.; Henry C. Wright. **Tuesday, June 6.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Charles W. Allen, of Auburn, N. Y.; Baron Von Humboldt; Minnie Lawler, of Dayton, O., to her mother; John Harvey, of Brattleboro, Vt., to friends. **Wednesday, June 7.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; William Hamford, for his brother Philip Hamford; Isaac Simmons, of Kansas; Joseph A. Thompson, to his mother; Mary Anne Reshold, to her brother. **Thursday, June 8.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Elizabeth Webster, to her daughter David Spencer, to his relatives; Alexander Stone, of Barnstable, Mass., to her mother. **Friday, June 9.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mary Jane Owen, to B. Bert Doh Oren; Anne Nicholas, of Boston; Thomas Allen, for Edgar Allen Poe; Olive Tenney, of Oswego, N. Y., to her relatives; Johnny Garfield. **Saturday, June 10.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Samuel Brown; William Thompson, of the Bangor Democrat; Isaac Allen, of Pittsfield, N. H.; Edith Steiny, of New York, to her mother. **Sunday, June 11.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Elizabeth Webster, to her daughter David Spencer, to his relatives; Alexander Stone, of Barnstable, Mass., to her mother. **Monday, June 12.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mary Jane Owen, to B. Bert Doh Oren; Anne Nicholas, of Boston; Thomas Allen, for Edgar Allen Poe; Olive Tenney, of Oswego, N. Y., to her relatives; Johnny Garfield. **Tuesday, June 13.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Samuel Brown; William Thompson, of the Bangor Democrat; Isaac Allen, of Pittsfield, N. H.; Edith Steiny, of New York, to her mother. **Wednesday, June 14.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; William Hamford, for his brother Philip Hamford; Isaac Simmons, of Kansas; Joseph A. Thompson, to his mother; Mary Anne Reshold, to her brother. **Thursday, June 15.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Elizabeth Webster, to her daughter David Spencer, to his relatives; Alexander Stone, of Barnstable, Mass., to her mother. **Friday, June 16.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mary Jane Owen, to B. Bert Doh Oren; Anne Nicholas, of Boston; Thomas Allen, for Edgar Allen Poe; Olive Tenney, of Oswego, N. Y., to her relatives; Johnny Garfield. **Saturday, June 17.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Samuel Brown; William Thompson, of the Bangor Democrat; Isaac Allen, of Pittsfield, N. H.; Edith Steiny, of New York, to her mother. **Sunday, June 18.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Elizabeth Webster, to her daughter David Spencer, to his relatives; Alexander Stone, of Barnstable, Mass., to her mother. **Monday, June 19.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mary Jane Owen, to B. Bert Doh Oren; Anne Nicholas, of Boston; Thomas Allen, for Edgar Allen Poe; Olive Tenney, of Oswego, N. Y., to her relatives; Johnny Garfield. **Tuesday, June 20.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Samuel Brown; William Thompson, of the Bangor Democrat; Isaac Allen, of Pittsfield, N. H.; Edith Steiny, of New York, to her mother. **Wednesday, June 21.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Elizabeth Webster, to her daughter David Spencer, to his relatives; Alexander Stone, of Barnstable, Mass., to her mother. **Thursday, June 22.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mary Jane Owen, to B. Bert Doh Oren; Anne Nicholas, of Boston; Thomas Allen, for Edgar Allen Poe; Olive Tenney, of Oswego, N. Y., to her relatives; Johnny Garfield. **Friday, June 23.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Samuel Brown; William Thompson, of the Bangor Democrat; Isaac Allen, of Pittsfield, N. H.; Edith Steiny, of New York, to her mother. **Saturday, June 24.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Elizabeth Webster, to her daughter David Spencer, to his relatives; Alexander Stone, of Barnstable, Mass., to her mother. **Sunday, June 25.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Mary Jane Owen, to B. Bert Doh Oren; Anne Nicholas, of Boston; Thomas Allen, for Edgar Allen Poe; Olive Tenney, of Oswego, N. Y., to her relatives; Johnny Garfield.

Spirit-Communion—Verifications of Spirit-Messages.

We give below several notes which have reached us, going to show the reliability of the messages weekly given publicly to our sixth page. We are assured that many others are recognized, but the parties are withheld from acknowledging the same by prudential reasons, springing mostly from the "fear of man," engendered by a false state of society as regards mental freedom and social status. We earnestly repeat the call we have so often made on our readers, that they should forward us such knowledge as they may possess regarding any particular message which may fall under their notice. By so doing, we shall be encouraged in the work, and an act of simple justice will be accomplished. The following letter treats of a message inserted by us in our issue of Sept. 16th:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Having known, in the form, the late Adah Isaacs Menken, I am positive that her spirit was present at the séance at the Circle Room of the Banner of Light this afternoon. It was, no like the voice, as I have heard her in times past, while considering some subject that awakened her latent enthusiasm, I could have fancied her indeed there in person.

She was a Spiritualist for some time previous to her passing away and some of her finest poems were given utterance to under most peculiar inspirational impulses. My anxiety at hearing her give testimony to her joyous life above was only exceeded by my gratification; for I have often hoped for some proof of the kind since I learned of her departure. I knew her well, and was glad to know of the many pure gems in her nature that few could discover beneath the lava of error which it was her misfortune to carry upon the surface. Respectfully yours.

ELISE LOVELL.
200 Harrison ave., Boston, May 16, 1871.

The letter below gives instance of a plan which it would be well for investigators—as well as confirmed Spiritualists—to adopt, viz: to take the utterances of the spirits on our sixth page, and, as far as may be, prove them true by writing to the parties named, no matter if strangers or how far off they may reside. Thus can undeniable evidence be arrived at:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—In your issue of July 1st, 1871, I received a communication from Henry Wisner, of Albany, Oregon. On reading it, addressed a letter to Mrs. Wisner, and received an answer, stating the message to be correct in every particular. The persons and their names were never heard of by me before I saw the message. I think it the duty of every one, knowing of the verification of a message, to send the same to the Editor. I have long been a devoted friend of your paper, and a faithful peruser of its kindly and truthful teachings.

MRS. HELEN REMINGTON.
Silverton, Marion Co., Or., Aug 10 1871.

The same message is verified by the wife of the spirit. Her words are those of gratitude for the truth thus bestowed on her. One such occurrence amply rewards us for months of opposition and opprobrium. Though there be those who, like the rich man's relations in the parable, "would not believe though one rose from the dead," Mrs. Wisner is not of that class evidently:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—I have just received a communication through your paper from my husband, Henry Wisner, who died, as I am bound to respond to. It was truly a source of unbounded satisfaction to myself, relatives and friends to read it, as it gave us such good evidence of the truth of Spiritualism; and I will now tell you wherein the evidence lies. First, he tells how long he has been in spirit-land; he says about nineteen months, which was true, as between eight and nineteen months. Second, he speaks of being influenced by those we call dead, and of having knowledge of spirits' returning. That was true; he had been a medium for quite a while, and gave many good tests. He also speaks of parents, brother and sister, and wife. His parents are living, and he has but one brother and sister and wife, and no children; so you see that is also evidence. He also says he told us he would return and give us evidence of the beautiful truths of spirit communion; and he did often tell us that. Believe me, it was truly a welcome message to us all; it seemed as "one risen from the dead," saying, "Lay your hand on me and believe; though physically dead, I am still bound to respond to." And what consolation—though his dear form has been consigned to the tomb and is fast returning to its mother earth—to know his spirit is free and permitted to revisit his earthly friends, bringing glad tidings from the Summer-land, and lifting the dark veil that hides us from the light beyond. Oh how my heart goes up in thankfulness to the Heavenly Father when I think of the great blessing he has bestowed upon us in allowing our loved ones to return, and in permitting us mortals to enjoy their sweet communion.

How dark the future must look to those who go and listen to an Orthodox sermon, and believe it all hearing the minister place their loved ones in the lowest pits of torment and punishment, just because they were not so organized as to believe in Jesus Christ as being miraculously born to save sinners. I think the people are fast progressing out of the domain of such horrible unreasonableness. The Bible says, "Seek, and ye shall find." All we need do is to investigate, and give way to our spirit friends, and they will give us the path that leads to happiness and to the beautiful future before us. Although I had seen a great deal of Spiritualism, I could not say that I believed in it; but when my husband died, I started with a determination to find out if there was truth in it or not, and I feel to-day that I have found it, and I thank God for all good that he has so graciously permitted the loved one to return, bringing such a welcome, satisfactory message from his angel abode, and placing it in such a way (among strangers) that we might read and believe beyond a doubt. What joy unspeakable! It makes me long to lay this body down, and cross the silent river, and share with him in his angel home. I truly hope you may have a message from him again. Rest assured your good medium has our heartfelt thanks, and you, also, for allowing him to find utterance.

Yours truly, NANCY E. WISNER.
Lebanon, Or., July 27, 1871.

Iowa State Association of Spiritualists.

This Association will hold its Third Annual Convention at Iowa Falls, Harlan County, commencing Friday, October 6th, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continuing three days. As important business will come before the Convention, it is earnestly requested that all those desiring to attend the Convention make it their meeting the most important event in the State. Good speakers and test mediums will be present, and no pains will be spared to entertain and make the Convention an affair of interest. Speakers wishing to attend the Convention are requested to correspond with the President and Secretary, at Anita, Cass County. I. M. BLAKESLEY, President.
EDWIN CATE, Secretary.

Convention in Hancock County, Maine.

The Spiritualists of Hancock County, Me., will hold their Fourth Semi-annual Convention, in Ellsworth, Saturday and Sunday, October 7th and 8th, at 10 o'clock A. M. A cordial invitation is extended to all to come and participate with us and help propel the work of progress. For order of the Committee, address: MORTIMER KINGMAN, Secretary, Mariaville, Me., Sept. 17, 1871.

Spiritual Meeting

Banner of Light.

THE WEST.

Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor.

Office at the Spiritual, Reform and Liberal Bookstore, 614 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.
Copies of the Banner of Light, including back numbers and bound volumes, can always be had at this office.

SECRET SOCIETIES AND M. B. DYOTT.

Our highly esteemed brother, M. B. Dyott, thinks we were wrong in our advice to young men to keep out of secret societies and make the world their country, to do good their religion, and think the latter can as well be accomplished in the societies as out, and moreover, that that is the mission of secret societies, at least of those to which he belongs. He also very justly and very pertinently asks us what we know of secret societies. In this he has the advantage of us, as he has an inside view, and we only an outside, he belonging to three, while we never belonged to one, not even to a church. Yet we may know a little of the public working from an outside point of view, and from general observation, and may be permitted to place our life experience in contrast with that of our brother. We have never belonged to one, and are as well satisfied with our life and experiences in that respect as our brother can be with his from his connection with them. Here, then, our experiences may balance each other, while we admit that, personally, the country of our brother is the world, and to do good his religion.

Thus far we shall not differ, as we know and admit all Mr. Dyott claims for himself personally, but cannot withdraw our advice to young men to keep out of all secret societies that bind the belief and render partial the effort at human elevation and private or public charities. As we are called on for what we know on the subject, it is incumbent on us to give at least our reasons. Of the "Order of Progress" we can say nothing, as it has no historic record, and for aught we know, may be fraudulent, although we have heard bad stories about it, as we have about every good institution and almost every good person, not excepting Jesus of Nazareth. Old Fellowship, too, is young, and has never shaken its "heavy locks" at any enemy in Church or State, while Masonry may be taken as having a history antedating Christianity, if not Judaism; and we think history can be so far relied on as to warrant us in saying it has often defied both Church and State, and rescued its members from merited punishments, in spite of both with justice on their side. The Roman Catholic Church, against which we war all, both old and young, whose charities are its saving virtue and have gained it much credit among its enemies, openly condemns Masonry, and gives ample reasons for its condemnation. As an outsider, we look on both institutions and are glad we are in neither, at this late day in life, hoping to die, as we have lived, a child of the world, and advise all others who have life's battles to fight, and feel strong for the conflict, to keep out of them. Leaving the public record of secret societies, which charges as much as it credits, or more, to them, we state what we have so often heard that we believe it to be true, and which is with us a reason why we advise persons to keep out of them:

1st, If a member of three secret societies was to see a fellow member of all three in distress, and another person equally, or more, deserving his aid, and could help but one, he is bound to help the fellow member of the three.

2d, If he sees a fellow member of two secret societies in distress, and one equally, or more, deserving who is a member of one, or more, he is bound to help his fellow to the exclusion of the other.

3d, If a member of one or more secret societies sees a fellow member in distress, deserving, or not, of his assistance, he is bound to render the assistance in his power, as he is bound to one who is not a member. This makes the society a brotherhood inside the great human brotherhood to which we all belong, and which we would make paramount to all orders and societies. This seems to us to be a partiality in the human family not warranted in Nature, and which we would support only by a broader philanthropy and more universal charity. It is true, Nature has planted in us ties that make us partial, such as family and kindred ties, and various relationships, but whether this should or should not be the basis for forming other partial society ties of a secret nature, is really the question at issue. Shall we, or shall we not, extend the family ties to a large circle of men, or of men and women, some of them utterly unknown to us and utterly unworthy of our special charity, to the exclusion of more deserving persons, some within and some not within our acquaintance, and base this on a secret brotherhood with branches in various localities? As a secret organization, and one into which the public have no right to pry, is not the family circle sufficient and sufficiently extensive, and is not a larger one not only partial beyond reason and Nature, but dangerous in society when it has power to rescue its members from the courts of justice and the religious tribunals? It is from this broad view of the subject that we have given our advice against secret societies and churches, while we approve religion and charities as cordially as any one can.

THE UNDER CURRENT.

Never, since the advent of Spiritualism, has there been so much tendency in the public mind toward recognizing both its phenomena and philosophy as at the present. While there is very little concert of action, and very little cooperation in efforts to extend it among its advocates, leading minds from all classes of society are approaching it and respectfully inquiring after the best of its literature, its best attested phenomena, and its ablest exponents. True, many of its earliest and ablest exponents have retired from its fold of labor, for various reasons, and many new and zealous converts are coming into the ranks as exponents, often with more zeal than knowledge or wisdom, but earnest and faithful, who can learn as much from those they attempt to teach, as they can impart. This was the school we all learned in, and as we have no others, of course they must go into the work and qualify as they go along. The cause now requires many able minds to put it into a practical shape and make it educational and useful. Spiritualism is the power that must root out sectarianism out of the schools, and, finally, out of the churches, leaving the former for the intellectual and scientific education, and the latter to cultivate the moral and religious nature without the authority of Bible or creeds. It is to this free religious phase we are already drawing thousands who hardly recognize us, or know the power that is moving them. We notice with pleasure, the clergymen at the funeral of Mrs. Robert Dale Owen endorsing all Mr. Owen had said, which certainly was coming over to our philosophy at that time, and is only one of the many evidences

we have seen of late that the clergy are beginning to see the object and tendency of the public mind, and to also feel in themselves the pressing influence of the spirit-world, which is doing much of this work in its own way and time.

VILLAINY EXPOSED.

The Klamroth (Julian) swindle, which furnished the sensational article for the St. Louis dailies for several days under the attractive heading of Spiritualism, and which we have before corrected, has brought out the following note from our esteemed friend, Hon. N. O. Archer, who was by the reporter of the Daily Times named as one of the Spiritualists who attended Julian's circles. The letter, which we cut from the Times, speaks not only for the Judge, but is, so far as we know the parties, all the connection there was in the whole affair with Spiritualists, or persons known as such in this city. The companies engaged in the swindle were anything but Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the St. Louis Times: In the report of an interview between Julian, alias Klamroth, and your reporter, he represents me as being in the habit of attending his séances. This is false. I never saw him but once, and then in company with three other persons, who, with myself, believed, from what we heard of him, that he was an adroit swindler, and we attended for the sole purpose of exposing him. The result more than confirmed our convictions that he was practicing upon the credulity of the Wilkeys for the purpose of getting their money, and I so expressed myself to the company present, warning the Wilkeys of their danger, which it seems was not heeded. Captain Kinney, of the post office, and Dr. Hall, now under charges before the Medical Society, were present at the séance, and instead of advising the Wilkeys not to give the \$2000 to Klamroth, as he states to your reporter, they earnestly urged him to do so.

The whole thing was such a naked and transparent swindle, that we could not resist the conviction that there was a conspiracy somewhere to defraud the Wilkeys of their money.

N. O. ARCHER.

St. Louis, September 5.

SUNSTROKE.

A new theory of this disease has recently been put out by some eminent physician, which we think well sustained by facts. It is that the light and heat combined produce through the eye the deleterious effects on the brain, and that, if the eye be properly shaded and protected, the effect will in no case be produced on the brain as in ordinary sunstroke. This would seem consistent with the fact that, in Turkish baths and other cases of heated air, we safely bear a much higher temperature, with no such effects. We have also noticed, in our own case, that the first effects or symptoms of sunstroke are produced on the eyes, producing flashes of light and an impaired vision internally, with very unpleasant reflections from surrounding objects. It is also true that the effects may be partially or wholly averted by keeping something cool or wet on the top of the head during exposure; but this may produce its effect on the nerve of the eye, as well as on the whole brain.

GOSSIP.

Over a column in the St. Louis Daily Times, of Sept. 5th, on the Wilkey and Julian fiasco, furnishes street gossip for the hundreds who, as ignorant of Spiritualism as they are of the habits of the Esquimaux or reindeer, believe the reporter's heading correct which labels it "Spiritual Mediumship," when it is only Christianity gone to seed in Klamroth, (Julian) the ex-chaplain and the prayerful Wilkeys who were duped.

Mrs. F. A. Logan is lecturing quite successfully in Northern Wisconsin, or rather what was formerly called Northern Wisconsin, along the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, where we scattered the seeds of social, political and religious reforms more than twenty years ago, and where the public mind is well developed, and able to sustain liberal speakers and mediums. We are glad to hear of the success of Sister Logan, whose perseverance is well worthy success. Her permanent address is Genesee, Wis.

Matters in this Country and Europe.

On Monday afternoon, Sept. 18th, the corner-stone of the monument to be erected on First Street Hill, (Common), by the city of Boston, to the memory of the fallen soldiers and sailors of the late war, was laid with imposing ceremonies, under the form of the Masonic fraternity. The display included a large procession, consisting of the First Brigade, M. V. M., forty-eight Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Independent Cadets, Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Boston Fire Department, and the State and City Governments and Grand Lodge (Masons) of Massachusetts, (First Battalion), made a fine parade. Exercises on the Common began about five o'clock and ended at seven, consisting of prayer by Rev. Warren C. Cutworth, followed by the choir and by the assembly, salutes from artillery, music by the bands, speeches by Gen. Robt. Gordon and Mayor Boston, and Masonic ceremonies, under direction of Acting Grand Master Charles Levi Woodbury. The day was fine, and the city crowded with visitors.

The work of "accidental" destruction goes on all over the continent. In the curl magazine of the daily press, there was on Saturday, Sept. 15th, a \$200,000 fire in St. Albans, Vt., a \$100,000 fire in St. Paul, Minn., and a \$250,000 explosion of powder in Pioche, Nevada, by which last a person lost their lives and twenty-nine were seriously injured, many of whom are expected to die. No information is given by the explosion at a New York City "union" torpedo factory, of some of the dangerous articles there put up, on Sept. 14th, a boy was killed, six men wounded, and the whole side of the building blown into the street. Sixty-three saltd torpedoes were seized and emptied into the Hudson river on Saturday, 10th, by Chief Gunner, of the Bureau of Combustibles of the New York Fire Department.

The Park Place, Cornwall Hotel, with other buildings, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., were burned Sept. 14th, loss, \$200,000. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

At Mobile, Ala., Sept. 14th, Governor Fane arrested E. P. Sprague, United States Inspector of Rollers, and Hugh H. Murray, owners of the steamer Ocean Wave, on the charge of mutiny, in accordance with the verdict of the jury at the inquest rendered on the Ocean Wave disaster.

Prof. Mahan, of West Point Academy, of world-wide celebrity in science as pertaining to military matters, committed suicide by jumping overboard from the steamer Mary Powell, on the Hudson, on his way to New York recently. Between five and six hundred dollars was subscribed at the recent meeting at Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C., held under the auspices of the Woman's Reform Club—President, Mrs. Shearer—for the purpose of arranging the best means by which rescued women could be taught various branches of industry and fitted for respectable positions.

On Tuesday, Sept. 19th, a great fire broke out in Virginia City, Nevada, which destroyed the principal part of the place. Loss estimated at \$1,000,000.

Recently twenty-six convicts escaped from the Carson (Nevada) State Prison, by overpowering the guards, all of whom were seriously wounded, and one volunteer killed. Lieut.-Gov. Denver was also knocked down and left for dead, but subsequently recovered.

Foreign advices are of a quiet nature, with the exception of reports that the failure of the new Customs' Treaty between France and Germany is imminent.

The French Assembly has taken a vacation, leaving matters in the hands of a Committee of Control of twenty-five members of the right, eight of the left and six moderates—who are to hold weekly sessions during the recess.

The cholera is decreasing at Königsberg.

The irrepressible Dr. Livingston is reported as "now" safe in Zanzibar.

The French forts around Paris were surrendered by the Germans on Wednesday, Sept. 20th.

The completion of the Mont Cenis Tunnel was celebrated by a banquet by the municipality of Turin, Sept. 18th.

THE BRAGYAT-GEETA.—This remarkable book, recently issued by S. S. Jones, of Chicago, has already reached its second edition. The Religious Philosophical Journal says: "We had no expectation that there would be such a demand for the work when the first edition was printed. But it seems that everybody wants to read this wonderful book—the oldest book in the world; a book that contains the moral precepts as taught by Kreesha—the Christ of the Brahmins."

WESTERN LOCALS, Etc.,

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Learning that on Sept. 12th, 13th and 14th, the Eighth National Convention of Spiritualists would convene in TROY, N. Y., we journeyed to that city in order to take items of interest for the edification of the vast army of readers of the most influential Spiritualist journal on the globe, the Banner of Light.

THE CITY.

Troy is a city whose reputed population is 50,000. There are three dailies published in the place; also one weekly journal. Like any sensible traveler, we stopped at

THE MANSION HOUSE.

kept by J. W. Stearns, a gentleman who understands his business. We were exceedingly gratified in finding that the house was

FULL OF DELEGATES.

Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, was there; so was William White, publisher of the Banner of Light, and—well, we can't stop to mention all the brothers and sisters who made the Mansion House their home.

THE CONVENTION.

was held in Lyceum Hall, which was tastefully decorated. The number of delegates was quite large. They came from all parts of the country. There were familiar faces present—many who have been seen at all the National Conventions of Spiritualists. The evening session, Sept. 12th, was made deeply interesting by

ROBERT T. HALLOCK'S

most excellent lecture on "The Relation between Ancient and Modern Spiritualism," a verbatim report of which will appear in the Banner of Light.

HON. J. M. PEEBLES

delivered an able address on the general aspect of Spiritualism, taking strong grounds in favor of organization, settled speakers, and the necessity of a school wherein young media suited for the rostrum could receive that discipline and culture so essential to success.

THE LYCEUM EXHIBITION.

Tuesday evening, the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Troy, gave a public exhibition in Lyceum Hall. A large audience was in attendance, and everything passed off satisfactorily.

BUSINESS.

The most important matter that came before the Convention was the report of the Committee on Lyceums—A. A. Wheelock, Chairman. The Committee submitted a report, the substance of which was, that all the organized bodies of Spiritualists in the country should resolve themselves into organizations to be called "Spiritual Progressive Lyceums." Many considered that such a course would effectually annul all that has been done in the line of organization heretofore, being

"A NEW DEPARTURE"

of too much limitation—so Mr. E. S. Wheeler and others said. The debate on this point was hot and heavy. The report of the Committee, together with the substitute offered by Mr. Wheeler, was finally referred to the Executive Board of the American Association of Spiritualists, with instructions which can be found in the minutes of the Convention.

During the ensuing year, the Executive Board will decide upon the merits of the original report of the Committee on Lyceums and Mr. Wheeler's proposition. Beyond doubt, the decision of this Board will be heartily endorsed by the majority of Spiritualists.

SENSATION NO. 1.

Tuesday afternoon (13th), Victoria C. Woodhull, of New York City, appeared in the Convention, and delivered an oration on "The Rearing of Children." She was much affected on taking the rostrum, and, in her introductory remarks, said:

"I feel strangely in this appearing before this National Convention of Spiritualists. I did not know how I should be received. The voice of slander has been abroad in the world, concerning me; but my spirit guides have led me on. I am a Spiritualist, have always had spiritual experiences since childhood. I thank you for this cordial welcome. It fills my soul with joy. I am encouraged to continue on in the great work of political and spiritual emancipation."

Victoria C. Woodhull then proceeded with her oration. She had perfect control of the large audience; the silence was deathlike—broken only by tumultuous tokens of approbation, as the lady elaborated her ideas.

DR. H. B. STORER'S RESOLUTION,

declaring that

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL honored the Eighth National Convention of Spiritualists by her presence and her address, was unanimously adopted.

SENSATION NO. 2.

took place Wednesday forenoon (14th), when, as the delegates were electing officers for the ensuing year, Mr. Ed. Granville, of Baltimore, nominated

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL AS PRESIDENT of the American Association of Spiritualists. The excitement was intense.

DR. H. F. GARDNER,

of Boston, was nominated, also one or two others; Dr. Gardner receiving many votes for President of the Association.

THE ELECTION.

It is no exaggeration to say that the stillness of death reigned as one of the tellers was called upon to announce the result of the election. When the declaration came that

"VICTORIA C. WOODHULL IS PRESIDENT of the American Association of Spiritualists," the excitement ran, as the saying goes, "mountains high."

The new President was then introduced by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, the President of the Association for the last year. Mrs. Woodhull spoke as follows:

"I scarcely know what to say. I have been misunderstood in the past. Spiritualists, I thank you for the great honor that you have conferred upon me. I shall work for your interests. Executively considered, others—Dr. H. F. Gardner, for instance—would have made me a better President; but I shall do the best I can. So, let me say in closing, 'By my works shall ye know me.' [Applause.]

THE OTHER OFFICERS

electd are as follows: Secretary—Henry T. Child, Philadelphia, Pa.; Treasurer—Levi Weaver, Baltimore, Md.; Trustees—A. A. Wheelock, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, —, Mass.

CERPHAS B. LYNN.

Mrs. A. W. Tanner in Portland. EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—You will pardon me, I know, if I call the attention of New England Spiritualists who desire to engage first-class speakers to Mrs. A. W. Tanner, of Montpellier, Vt., who has just closed a short engagement in Portland. The eloquent and beautiful addresses given last Sunday, through her mediumship, were fully equal to any lectures we have ever had in Portland, and so much pleased and gratified were the people, that she has been engaged to return and remain through the month of January, 1872. Associations and committees who desire the services of good speakers will not regret it if they give Mrs. Tanner a trial.

In haste, yours,

JOSEPH B. HALL.

The Eighth National Convention of the Spiritualists of America,

Held in Lyceum Hall, Troy, N. Y., Sept. 12th, 13th and 14th, 1871.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Pursuant to call, delegates assembled in Lyceum Hall, Troy, N. Y., Tuesday, Sept. 12th.

The President of the American Association of Spiritualists, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, called the Convention to order at half-past ten A. M. and proceeded to deliver the following address of welcome:

"I gladly welcome you, friends, to the eighth annual meeting of the American Association of Spiritualists. You may expect me to confess my unfitness for the place I am to occupy during this convocation, but you will learn the facts soon enough. If I fail in my work, it will not be my first failure, and your mortification will not be altogether a new experience. I may say, however, that there seemed good reasons for my election to the office of President of the American Association. We hold to the equality of men and women; for seven years, men—good men—have presided at our national convocations. It was thought wise to test a woman's ability to preside. Few cared to be made a mere experiment. Your present chairwoman seemed the most available woman for the task. Hence I am here. There is no great cause for alarm. There will not, I trust, be the need of more than ordinary parliamentary discipline. Ours is not a religious warfare, nor are we looking for personal aggrandizement; we are here to confer together, to learn, if we can, the safest and the surest way to establish the kingdom of peace and good-will on the earth. Pagan China holds her yearly festivals. Before the dawn of the grand gala day, old debts are canceled, old hates wiped out, so that nothing mars the festive day. Let us not be outdone in good words and righteous deeds by the worshippers of 'Joss.' If the pecuniary balance be not adjusted, we may surely leave behind old prejudices and whatever else may block the path of progress.

The pivotal idea of our meeting is the communion of soul with soul, of world with world; but any hand and any word will be welcomed that will strengthen the weak and that will help the human world on its way. We have no thunderbolts to hurl at those who do not choose to walk by our light, and we claim the right to worship as we will, and to do our soul-work in our own time and way.

Various clans and cliques will be represented in this Convention. Let them come. Some will drop in to see if any good comes of believing in the ministry of angels; others will come to preach to our children, which brings health, peace, salvation. The following persons wish to speak on the subject of children—of their education, etc.: Mrs. S. E. Warner, Mrs. V. C. Woodhull; any time will suit them. Peter P. Good and Eli F. Brown are prepared to speak on the Lyceum question.

Some will come who are weary; others will come bringing rest. Reporters are here, ready to give wings to our words. Some of our thoughts will go rough-hewn from their hands—others may be finely polished; so the scales will be balanced. The children are to be heard in this convention. Their glad voices and May flower songings will bring back the May-time of our life. Men and women are here, bearers of life's noon-time flowers and fruits. Age, too, has come, crowned with snow-blossoms, and bearing the autumn sheaves. To all—the weak and strong, to the child, the man and woman—a cordial, hospitable welcome!

May it be our blessed work

"To make the world within our reach
Somewhat better for our living
And braver for our human speech."

Music by the Troy spiritual choir. Dr. H. T. Child read the official call of the Convention. Delegates handed in their credentials. The following committees were organized:

Business Committee—Benj. Starbuck, N. Y.; A. O. Robinson, Mass.; J. E. Edwards, M. D., Penn.; Sophronia E. Warner, Conn.; Rachel Walcott, Md.; Committee on Resolutions—Newman Weeks, Vt.; Geo. A. Bacon, Mass.; Susan C. Waters, N. J.; J. Edwards, Pa.; Sophronia E. Warner, Conn.; J. K. Bailey, Ind.; Levi Dinkelspiel, Ky.; Lora S. Craig, N. H.; Ira Carpenter, N. Y.; John Frist, Mo.; John Frist, D. C.; —, Ill.; C. B. Lynn, Ohio.

Committee on Lyceums—Betsey Sparhawk, Vt.; Dr. F. J. Gurney, Mass.; Jennie Dixon, N. J.; Geo. D. Gleason, Pa.; Eli F. Brown, Ind.; Levi Dinkelspiel, Ky.; Lora S. Craig, N. H.; T. G. White, N. Y.; E. G. Granville, Pa.; A. A. Wheelock, Ohio; Sophronia E. Warner, Conn.; Wilson Miller, D. C.

A Committee was also appointed on Finance.

The balance of the forenoon was passed in social conference.

Afternoon Session.—Opened with an invocation by Mrs. Abby N. Burnham, of Massachusetts. Next came singing by the Troy choir. The Secretary then read a list of the delegates present. Mr. Starbuck, from the Business Committee, then made a partial report, which was adopted. This was followed by the annual report of the Executive Board of the American Association of Spiritualists, which was adopted. The Secretary then read an address from the Spiritualists of Salt Lake City, which, on motion of Dr. R. T. Hallock, was adopted.

This was followed by short speeches from E. S. Wheeler and others. Susan C. Waters, of New Jersey, made some very sensible remarks.

Singing by the Troy choir.

The session closed with a general conference. Evening Session.—The Convention was called to order by the President at half-past seven P. M. Singing by the Troy choir. J. Jefferson Kelly, the young trance medium, was then controlled by the spirits, and passed among the audience giving tests, Moses Hull making explanatory remarks.

The Convention then listened to an address from Dr. R. T. Hallock (which we have on file for publication.—ED.).

An address by Mrs. M. S. Townsend Hoadley closed the session.

SECOND DAY.

Forenoon Session.—At half-past ten A. M. the President called the Convention to order. Singing by the Troy choir.

Invocation by E. Annie Hinman. Mrs. Mary Peables then read a poem.

Prayer by Rev. Mr. Harter. Hon. J. M. Peables then delivered a lengthy address covering the general ground of Spiritualism, and the needs and necessities of the hour.

Mr. Eli F. Brown, the agent of the Association, was the next speaker. He discoursed upon the Lyceum movement. A speech by Mrs. Sophronia E. Warner closed this session.

Afternoon Session.—After the usual opening preliminaries, the report of the Business Committee was called for. Mrs. Victoria Claflin Woodhull was announced as the first speaker. She met with a most cordial welcome, and her oration on "The Rearing of Children" was frequently applauded. At the conclusion of her oration Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, presented the following resolution, which was adopted by acclamation:

Resolved, That this Convention is honored by the participation in its deliberations of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, who has elected the following fundamental subject of reform has been fully justified by her able statement of its importance; and that our thanks are hereby expressed to her for the comprehensive, plainness of speech and true devotion with which this eminently radical subject has been treated by her.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend Hoadley made a few remarks.

Mrs. A. A. Wheelock then submitted the report of the Committee on Lyceums, which elicited a large amount of discussion. The matter was finally laid on the table until the next day.

The announcement was made that the entire evening would be devoted to an exhibition of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Troy.

THIRD DAY.

Forenoon Session.—The report of the Committee on Lyceums was taken up; it elicited a great amount of discussion, and at eleven o'clock, it was laid over until the afternoon.

The Convention then proceeded to the election of officers, elected the following result:

President—Victoria Claflin Woodhull, New York City.
Secretary—Henry T. Child, Philadelphia, Penn.
Treasurer—Levi Weaver, Baltimore, Md.
Trustees—A. A. Wheelock, Cleveland, O.; Anna M. Middlebrook, —, Mass.

Much in brief—the alphabet.

Afternoon Session.—The Convention took under consideration, once more, the report of the Committee on Lyceums. An exciting debate followed, and finally the report of the Committee, together with a substitute for that report offered by E. S. Wheeler, were referred to the Executive Board of the American Association of Spiritualists, with instructions for that Board to publish an address to the spiritualistic public through the spiritual press; and also, that that address should be printed in tract form for gratuitous circulation. Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, offering a motion to that effect, which was carried.

The Committee on Resolutions then reported a lengthy series of resolutions, which, after some discussion, were adopted.

The Evening Session.—This session was devoted to speech making by Victoria C. Woodhull and others. Then the Convention adjourned sine die.

Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.—Music Hall.—Free admission.—The fifth series of lectures on the spiritual philosophy will commence in this elegant and commodious hall, on Monday, Oct. 1st, at 7 1/2 o'clock. The series will consist of four lectures, to be followed by other speakers of known ability, among whom are Prof. Denison, Mrs. Jennie Lewis, Thomas Dale Foster, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, and probably Miss Doten and Dr. Willis. Reserved seats for the term, at all cities, can be procured of Mr. Lewis Wilson, Treasurer, 133 Washington street, or at the hall.

Ellet Hall.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 1/2 A. M. Religious-Philosophical Club (conference) at 7 1/2 P. M. John A. Andrew Hall, corner of Chauncy and Essex streets.—Test circle at 10 1/2 A. M. Mrs. Mary Carlele, medium. Lecture and answering questions at 7 1/2 and 7 3/4 P. M., by Mrs. S. A. Floyd.

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

Boston.—Ellet Hall.—At half-past ten o'clock, Sunday morning, Sept. 17th, a largely attended and unusually interesting session of the Children's Progressive Lyceum took place at this hall—the services being diversified by the introduction of a new banner march, and singing by Edna S. Dodge, Maria Adams, Hattie C. Richardson and others.

Religio-Philosophical Club.—Abby N. Burnham, Secretary, reports that this organization met at Ellet Hall, Sunday evening, Sept. 17th, with a good attendance of members, and a large number of strangers who came to witness the exercises. In absence of President, Dr. Storer, H. B. Williams acted as Chairman. The question for the evening was: "Is there any evidence that diseased action of mind and body is liable to be induced by spiritual mediumship?"