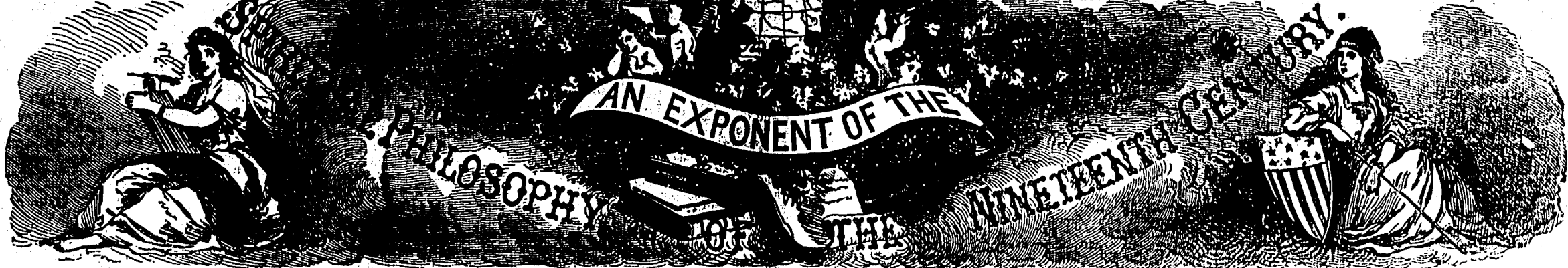


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MUSINGS.

BY LONDONER.

Oh, prison house of life!
Through thy bars I look out on immortality.
Infinite freedom comes
Just to my window sill.
While overhead soars infinite joy,
Singing a song of gladness that doth wake
Vague longings, passionate desires,
And dreams that make me shiver with delight.
The narrow, bounded walls,
Which hold me in their iron grasp,
Crumble and fall to dust and dust,
The while my thoughts take wing
And soar, with freedom and with joy,
Out into the infinitude of space.
Oh, wondrous thought! what art thou?
Life cannot hold thee as it holdeth me.
What part of me art thou?
Life's prison-bars to thee are shadows,
And thou passest through them
Swift as the sun through cloud.
I sat me down upon the floor
Within life's prison cell, and made
This song, which softly to myself I sung:
Life is but a chubby boy,
Pleased with every newest toy;
But it knows no real joy,
For it has not suffered pain.
When it one day meets a loss,
Finds it has to bear a cross,
Lo! it on its couch doth toss,
And utters a doleful strain.
But it only stays awhile;
Soon it rises with a smile,
For no one comes to it beguile,
Or take the cross away.
So it looks above, afar,
For some light or guiding star,
And it finds this trifling star
Grows fainter, day by day.
Whilst the burden that comes next,
Life, no longer with its vex,
Cheerful says that it expects
With sunshine to come rain.
For every joy will have its cure,
And every bliss, however pure,
Or long or short, we may be sure,
Is followed by its pain.

SPIRITE: A FANTASTIC TALE.

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

CHAPTER IX.

It often happens, when at the end of a certain time the remembrance is confronted with the image of an object, that the imagination has worked like a painter who labors at a portrait in the absence of the model, smoothing the rough places, blending the tints and softening the outlines, and bringing it insensibly to his own ideal. I had not seen you for more than three years, but my heart had carefully kept the memory of your features—but of your features as I beheld you then, for you were now changed. Your physiognomy had taken an air of firmness and decision, and the journey had given your complexion a warmer and more robust appearance. You had a more manly look, and that air of tranquil authority and of strength sure of itself, which women prefer even to beauty. I did not the less keep in the depths of my heart that first sketch, so slight, but so ineffaceable, of the being who was to exercise so much influence over me, as one keeps an early miniature beside an actual portrait. My dreams had not injured you, and I was not obliged, on seeing you, to strip you of a mantle of ideal perfections. I passed all this in review, as I laid sleepless on my bed, watching the reflections of the night lamp on the flowers in the carpet. Sleep came, at last, mingled with dreams and sweet melodies.

Some weeks after, we received an invitation to a great ball given by the Duchess of C—. A first ball is an important affair for a young girl. For me it was especially interesting, as you, probably, would be of the number of guests, for the Duchess was one of your most intimate friends. Balls are women's battles—lost or won. Custom, for this short space of time, gives a young debutante a greater degree of liberty than she has before enjoyed. I must think of my toilette; a ball dress is a sort of a poem, and that of a young girl presents true difficulties. It ought to be simple, but of a rich simplicity, qualities which exclude each other. A light dress of perfect white, as romances say, would not be full dress. I decided, after much hesitation, on a gauze dress with silver stripes, and a double skirt looped up with bouquets of myosotis, the blue of which would harmonize with the set of turquoise that my father had chosen for me at Janis. Some sprays of turquoise, imitating the flowers on my dress, formed my coiffure. Thus armed, I believed myself able to compete, without too much danger, with the brilliant toilettes of celebrated beauties. The Duchess of C— inhabited one of those vast houses in the Faubourg St. Germain, built for the stately families of other days, which modern modes of life can scarcely fill; the crowd and luxury of a *salon* can alone restore their former animation. Outside, one would not suspect the almost princely size of this "hotel." A high wall inclosed between two houses, was the frame of a carriage door of monumental appearance, which had for its key-stone a green marble tablet with "Hotel de C—" in gilt letters. This was all that was seen in the street. A long avenue of century limes, cut into an arcade, in the old French manner, and that the winter had stripped, conducted to an immense court, at the end of which

rose the "hotel," in the pure style of Louis XIV. with its high windows and pilasters and Mansard roof, recalling the architecture of Versailles. An awning projected over the steps, which were covered with rich carpet. I had time to examine all these details, by the resplendent lights from clusters of lamps, for the company, although select, was so numerous that it was necessary to fall into the file, like a reception at court. The carriage set us down at the steps, and we gave our pelisses to our servants.

The folding doors were opened by a gigantic Swiss in the most correct costume. Under the vestibule, one passed between a row of laqueys in fine livery, powdered, tall, motionless, and of perfect gravity; they might have been the caryatides of the establishment; they seemed sensible of the honor of being footmen in such a house. All the staircase, in which a modern town house would have stood, was tapestried with immense camellias. On every landing a large glass gave the ladies an opportunity, as they ascended, of repairing those little disarrangements caused to ball dresses by mantles, however light, and which were shown by the bright light of an enormous lustre which depended by a gilt chain from the centre of the cupola, where, amid stars and azure, some pupil of Lebrun or Mignard had painted, in foreground, a flying group in the taste of the times. Statues, paintings and lamps enlivened the corridors, and at the door of the ante-chamber, tapestried by Gobelin, after the drawings of Oudry, and wainscotted with old oak, there was an usher, in black, with a silver chain round his neck, who, with a voice more or less ringing, according to the importance of the title, announced in the first hall the name of the guests as they arrived.

The Duke, tall, slender, presenting only elongated lines, like a fine greyhound, had a noble air, and in spite of his age he retained vestiges of his ancient elegance. In the street his rank could not be doubted by any one. Placed near the entrance, he received the guests with a polite phrase, a grasp of the hand, a bow, a nod of the head, or a smile, with an exquisite perception of what was due to each, and with a grace so perfect, that each was satisfied and believed himself particularly favored. He saluted my mother in a manner at once respectful and friendly, and as it was the first time that he saw me, he addressed a few words to me half paternal, half gallant, in the fashion of the old school.

The Duchess was near the chimney, painted in a way that showed a complete disregard of all illusion; she wore a visible wig, and displayed a lean neck, intrepidly decolleté, wearing the family diamonds. She seemed as if her mind had consumed her body, and her large eyes still shone with extraordinary brilliancy. She wore a dress of rich crimson velvet with frouces of English lace, and diamond stomacher. From time to time she fanned herself with an absent air by means of a large fan which had been painted by Watteau, whilst she conversed with the groups of people who came to pay her their respects. She exchanged a few phrases with my mother, who presented me, and as I bent to her, she touched my forehead with her cold lips, and said, "Go, my child, and be sure not to miss one dance."

When this ceremony was over, we went into the adjoining room, which was hung round with family portraits in magnificent frames, all of which were painted by great masters. This led into the ball-room, of dimensions now only found in palaces. I will not describe the scene. Seated near my mother, on one of the velvet sofas, I regarded the spectacle so new to me with curious astonishment.

As you may imagine, I did not want partners. The first was a young Hungarian, an excellent dancer, who sustained me in my first timid steps; and soon, carried away by the music, I forgot that so many eyes were looking on, and I danced with pleasure; but, in the midst of all, I never forgot my habitual thought, and the end for which I came to the ball. I perceived you, at last, in the embrasure of a window, conversing with a personage in the uniform of the Nizam, and wearing the order of Medjidieh, a Bey or a Pacha. You did not deign to cast a glance on the moving mass of lace and gauze that floated past you. My partner reconducted me to my place, and the men then, as the dance was over, began to move around. You took a few turns with your Turk, looking at the women and the toilettes as you would have done at so many statues. When you approached me, my heart beat violently, and I felt myself blush to the very shoulders. You must have seen me this time, for you walked very near the rows of ladies; but, at the moment, some friends of my mother's came to salute us, and screened me from your view, and you had to turn aside to pass round the group. I watched you pass out of the room at the other end, the red cap of your Pacha serving me for a beacon that assisted my sight. All my pleasure was over, and I felt deeply disappointed. Fate seemed to take pleasure in leading you away from me. I danced no more, alleging fatigue. The ball had lost its charm; the dresses seemed faded, and the lights dull. My father, who had been playing cards in an adjoining room, came to take us to see the magnificent hot-house into which the last room of the suite opened. In that place of beauty and perfume, I saw you again. You were arm in arm with your sister, but you were going the same way as ourselves, and we could not overtake you. We passed into the room where refreshments were provided in elegant profusion.

All these details, regarded with a listless eye, have been faithfully retained in my memory, and I remember them still in this world, where the life of yours seems but the dream of a shadow; but they are united for me to sensations so keen that they have brought me back to earth. I returned home as sad as I had left it gay. I laid it to the score of a headache. On changing my ball-dress, which had served for nothing, to a dressing-gown, I said to myself, with a sigh, "Why has he not invited me to dance with him,

as the Hungarian, the Englishman, and all the others did for whom I cared nothing? It was, however, very simple. Nothing more natural at a ball! Everybody looked at me except the only being whose attention I wished. Decidedly, my poor love has no chance." I went to bed, and some tears slipped from under my eyelids on to my pillow.

Here ended the first dictation of Spirite. The lamp had long been extinguished for want of oil; but Malivert, like all somnambulists, had no need of exterior light, and continued still to write. Pages were added to pages, without Guy having any consciousness of the fact. All at once, the impulse which guided his hand ceased, and his thought, suspended by that of Spirite, returned to him. The first light of day was stealing into the room through the curtains. He opened them, and, by the pale light of a winter morning, he saw on the table several sheets covered with a feeble, rapid writing, the work of the night. Although he had written them with his own hand, he was ignorant of the contents. It is needless to say that it was with extreme curiosity and deep emotion that he read the simple and chaste confessions of this charming soul, of this adorable being, of whom he had unwittingly been the extensor.

This tardy confession of love, coming from the other world and breathed by a shadow, threw him into deep despair and powerless anger against himself. How could he have been so stupid, so blind as thus to pass by the side of happiness without perceiving it? But he calmed himself at last, and, raising his eyes to the Venetian mirror, he saw the reflection of Spirite, who smiled on him.

CHAPTER X.

It is a strange sensation to receive the revelation of a retrospective happiness which has passed near you unperceived, or which you have misused by your own fault. Never is regret for the irreparable more bitter. We desire to live over again those by-gone days. We form admirable plans of conduct; we endow ourselves with astonishing perspicacity. But life is not turned over like an hour-glass; the sand passed never returns.

Guy de Malivert vainly reproached himself for not having discovered this charming creature, who was not buried in a haven at Constantinople, nor shut up in the grates of a convent in Italy or Spain, nor watched, like Rosina, by a jealous guardian; whom he might have seen every day, and from whom no obstacle divided him. She loved him; he might have asked for her and obtained her; he might have enjoyed that rarest of earthly felicities—a union with the soul made for his soul. By the mode in which he adored the shadow, he could judge what he would have felt for the woman!

Soon his ideas took another course, and he reproached himself for these vulgar complainings. What had he lost, since Spirite had kept her love for him beyond the tomb, and tore herself from the joys of the infinite to descend into the sphere inhabited by him? Was not the passion which he felt more noble, more poetic, more ethereal, more allied to the eternal love, thus disengaged from all earthly alloy, having for its object a beauty idealized by death? The most perfect human union has its lassitudes, its satellites, its ennuis. At the end of some years, the most dazzled eyes cease to adore charms grow pale; the soul is more hidden by the flesh, and Love, astonished, asks vainly for its lost idol.

These reflections, and the ordinary course of life, with all its exigencies, from which the most enthusiastic dreamers cannot withdraw themselves, conducted Malivert to the evening, which he awaited with much impatience. When he was shut up in his cabinet, and seated in a position for writing, the same as on the preceding evening, the small, white, flowing hand reappeared, making signs for Malivert to take the pen. He obeyed, and his fingers began to move of themselves, without his brain dictating anything; for, instead of his own thought, that of Spirite was substituted.

DICTATION OF SPIRITE.

I do not wish to weary you, in a posthumous fashion, by a relation of all my sorrows. One day, however, I had a great joy, and I believed that the malicious Destiny which seemed to amuse itself by concealing me from your view was going to cease its tricks. We were to dine, the following Saturday, at M. de L—s. The event would have been very indifferent to me if I had not heard from the Baron de Ferri, who sometimes came to our house, that you were to make one at this modern *apote*, half worldly and half literary—for M. de L— took pleasure in receiving artists and writers. He was a man of taste, and a connoisseur in books and paintings, and had a library and picture gallery in irreproachable taste. You went sometimes to his soirées, as well as several authors of rising reputation. M. de L— plucked himself on being able to discover talent, and he was not of those who believe only in reputations already made.

I said to myself in my childish excitement: "At last I shall catch this fugitive; I shall seize this unapproachable one; this time he cannot escape me, for we shall be seated at the same table, perhaps side by side, under the light of fifty candles; however absent he may be, he must perceive me, at least, unless there should be a basket of flowers or an *epigramme* between us."

The days which separated me still from the happy Saturday appeared of an endless length, as long as the class hours at the convent. They passed at last, and we arrived all three, my father, my mother and I, at M. de L—s, half an hour before the dinner hour. The guests spread themselves about in the room and formed groups for conversation. Amongst them were two or three illustrious writers, whom my father named to me, and whose physiognomies did not appear to be in

relation with their works. You had not arrived, the guests were not yet complete, and M. de L— began to complain of your inexactitude, when a footman entered bearing on a salver a telegram and a pencil to sign and certify the hour; it was from Chantilly, and contained in telegraphic style: "Missed train; do not wait for me; much chagrined. MALIVERT." The disappointment was cruel. All the week I had caressed the hope which thus vanished at the moment of fulfillment. A sadness which I had great trouble in concealing, took possession of me, and the roses that animation had brought to my cheeks, faded away. Fortunately the doors of the dining-room opened, and the steward announced that "Madame *était servie*." The movement that took place amongst the guests prevented them remarking my trouble. When every one was seated, a place remained vacant at my right; it was yours, and that I might be quite sure of it, your name written in large letters on a card adorned with fine arabesques in colors, was placed on your range of glasses. Thus the sport of destiny was complete. Without this vulgar accident of the railroad, I should have had you next to me during the whole dinner, touching my dress, and your hand might have touched mine in the little services that at table the least polite cavalier must pay to a woman. Some trifling words at first as a prelude to conversation, and then, the ice being broken, the conversation would have become more intimate, and your mind would not have been slow to comprehend my heart. Perhaps I should not have displeased you, and though arriving from Spain, you might have forgiven my lilies and roses and the pale gold of my hair. If you had come to this dinner, your life and mine would surely have taken another direction. You would no longer be a bachelor, I should have lived, and I should not have been obliged to have made declarations to you from beyond the tomb.

The passion that you have taken for my shadow permits me to believe that, without flattering myself too far, you would not have been insensible to my earthly charms; but that was not to be. This unexpected event, which isolated me amongst the other guests, appeared to my mind the symbol of my fate; it announced the vain hope and solitude in the midst of a crowd. This sinister omen has only been too well fulfilled. My neighbor on the left was, as I afterwards learned, a very amiable, though learned member of the Academy. He tried several times to make me speak, but I only replied by monosyllables, and those adapted so ill to his questions, that the baffled interlocutor set me down for a fool and abandoned me to converse with his other neighbor.

I scarcely touched a morsel; my heart was so full that I could not eat. The dinner terminated, and we passed into the drawing room. In a group near the chair on which I was sitting, I heard your name pronounced by M. d' Aversac; my curiosity was aroused. "This wretch Malivert," said d' Aversac, "is bewitched by his Pacha, who on his side is the same by Malivert; they never quit each other. Mohammed Mustapha—I do not know what he calls himself—wishes to carry off Guy into Egypt. He offers to put a steamer at his disposal to ascend to the first cataracts of the Nile; but Guy, who is as barbarous as the Turk in civilized, prefers the *canga* as more picturesque. This project pleases Malivert, who finds it cold in Paris. He would like to winter in Cairo, and to continue his studies on Arab architecture, commenced in the Alhambra; but if he goes thither, I am afraid we shall never see him again, for he would embrace Islamism like Hassan, the hero of *Namouna*."

"He is very capable of doing so," replied a young man in the group; "he has always manifested very small admiration for occidental civilization."

"Bah!" replied another; "when he has worn some very exact costumes, taken a dozen vapor baths, bought one or two slaves at the Djellabs and sold them again at a loss; when he has climbed the Pyramids and sketched the profile of the broad-nosed Sphinx, he will come back to tread the asphaltum of the Boulevard des Italiens, which is, after all, the only endurable place in the universe."

This conversation threw me into great trouble. You were going to set out, for how long a time, who could tell? Should I have the chance of meeting you before your departure, and of leaving you, at least, my image to carry away? It was a happiness to which I dared not aspire after so many useless attempts.

At our return, having assured my mother that my paleness did not arise from illness, I began to reflect profoundly on my situation. I asked myself if this persistence of circumstances to separate us was not a secret intimation of Destiny which it would be dangerous not to obey? Perhaps you would be fatal to me, and I was wrong in throwing myself in your way. My reason alone spoke, for my heart would not accept this idea, and wished to run all the risks of this love. I felt myself invisibly attached to you, and this bond so frail in appearance, was more solid than a chain of diamonds. Unhappily, it only tied one.

"How unhappy is the lot of women," I said to myself; "condemned to wait, to be inactive, to silence, they cannot, without want of self-respect, manifest their sympathies. They must submit to the love that they inspire, and must never declare that which they feel. As soon as my soul is awakened, a powerful sentiment has taken possession of me—a feeling, pure, absolute and eternal—and the being who is the object of it will, perhaps, forever ignore it. How can I let him know that a young girl, whom he doubtless would love if he knew the secret, lives and breathes for him alone?"

For an instant I had the idea of writing you one of those letters which they say authors receive, in which, under the veil of admiration, sentiments of a different nature may be divined, and soliciting a rendezvous which will not compromise them, in a theatre or a walk. But my feminine delicacy re-

volted against the employment of such means, and I feared I should have been taken for a *bas bleu*, who, under your protection, wished to obtain admission for her romance in the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

D'Aversac said truly; the following week you set off to Egypt with your Pacha. This departure, which threw back my hopes to a distant period, filled me with melancholy, which I concealed with difficulty. The interest of my life was suspended. I had no longer any coquetry. When I went out I allowed my maid to decide on the decorations that I should wear. What was the use of being beautiful when you were not there! I was, however, enough so to be surrounded, like Pénélope, with a crowd of aspirants. By degrees our salons, heretofore peopled by friends of my father's, grave, sedate men, were frequented by men of younger appearance, who were very assiduous at our Fridays. In the recesses of the windows, I saw black-coated beaux, correctly dressed, whose cravat-knot had cost a world of careful meditation, and who threw toward me adoring and fascinating looks. Some, still bolder, risked some moral and poetic phrases on the foliages of a well-assorted union, and pretended that they were made for legitimate happiness. How carefully they were all dressed. The perfume of their hair came from Houbigant, and their coats were cut by Renard. What more could a romantic and *crispant* imagination require? So these fine men who surrounded me were much astonished at the little impression they made. The most spiteful, I believe, went so far as to suspect me of poetry. Some real offers came. My hand was more than once asked from my parents, but, when consulted, I repelled always in the negative, alleging very good reasons. They did not insist, for I was so young that they had no need of hastening, in case later they might have to repent their choice.

Believing that some concealed preference influenced me, my mother questioned me, and I was on the point of avowing all, but an invincible bashfulness withheld me. This love, which experienced and of which you were ignorant, seemed to me a secret which I ought not to unveil without your consent. Besides, how could I avow, even to the most tender of mothers, a passion which in her eyes must have appeared foolish—a mere remembrance of childhood in the parlor of a convent, obstinately maintained, and which nothing, in a human point of view, could justify.

Time passed, and you returned from Egypt, and they began to speak of your attentions to Madame d' Ymbereourt, with whom they pretended that you were madly in love. My heart was alarmed, and I desired to see my rival. They showed her to me in her box at the opera. I tried to judge her impartially. I found her beautiful, but without charm or refinement, like a copy of a classical antique made by a mediocre sculptor. She possessed all that forms the ideal of fools, and I was astonished that you had the least taste for this idol. There was wanting in the face of Madame d' Ymbereourt, so regular at first sight, the particular trait—original grace, unexpected charm. As she appeared that night, such would I have always appear. In spite of what was said, I had self-love enough not to be jealous of this woman.

The report of your approaching marriage was more strongly asserted. Some said that the first banns were published; others said the day was fixed for the ceremony. I had no means of verifying the truth or falsehood of these rumors. It appeared to all a very well-assorted match, and I needed not believe it. However, the secret voice of my heart asserted that you did not love Madame d' Ymbereourt. But often marriages are made without love, in order to have an establishment, to regulate a position in the world, or for repose after the wanderings and fiery excesses of youth.

A deep despair took possession of me. I saw my life closed, my chaste dream, so long time caressed, vanished forever. I could no longer think of you in the most secret corner of my heart, for you belonged to another before God and man. This innocent thought had now become guilty, for in my young girl's fancy nothing had been permitted to enter which could have raised a blush. Once I met you in the Bois de Boulogne, riding near the caletche of Madame d' Ymbereourt, but I threw myself back in my carriage, concealing myself with as much care as I had formerly taken to be seen. This rapid vision was the last.

I was scarcely seventeen. What would become of me? How should I finish an existence secretly broken from its outset? Should I accept one of the offers that my wise parents approved? This is what many young girls would have done in my position. But my truthfulness revolted against such a compromise. In my ideas, my first and only love was for you, I could only belong to you, and any other union appeared to me a sin. My heart had but one page. You had written your name upon it without intending to do so, and no other could replace it. Your marriage would not release me from my fidelity. Unconscious of my love, you were free, but I was tied.

The idea of being the wife of another, inspired me with insupportable horror; and after having refused several offers, knowing how difficult it is to lead the life of a single woman in high life, I decided to quit the world and take shelter in religion. God alone could assuage my grief, and, perhaps, would deign to console me.

[To be continued in our next.]

Dr. Hall, in his "Journal of Health," says the best medicine in the world, more efficient in the cure of disease than all the potencies of the materia medica, are warmth, rest, cleanliness, and pure air.

When you see a man with a good deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within.

Be not sorry that men do not know you, but be sorry that you are ignorant of men.—Confucius.

Free Thought

which souls-eternal can inhabit this little world of ours without the inconvenience of taking on human bodies they are now taken on. The time will come when they can call from the elements all that composes the pear or any other fruit. In the space of a few moments, instead of being compelled to be a year, as at this time, in combining the elements composing the pear—instead of being obliged to resort to the blighting winds of autumn or the chilling frosts of winter, the weeping days of spring, or the maturing and gentle breezes of summer. All that composes the pear is in the elements surrounding our planet, and much of it is the re-

3d, "The infinite part of man." In this I am again misunderstood. By referring to my article you will see that I have not said that the soul is eternal or bodiless or that in speaking of the soul-eternal, I use this expression, (for I want of a better one). "And is that divine part of man, which being also infinite, knows all that it can desire to know, not only of its own being but of all other forms of life, after it has cast off the shackles of the soul mortal." By the "divine part of man," I mean that the soul-eternal, in its component parts, possesses all the divine or pure portion of the attributes of the theological God, setting aside the hatred, vengeance and wrath. "Infinite," "without bounds or limits," so far as its own being is concerned—unbounded in its life, for it is eternal—unlimited, for there can be none to question its acts or place a limit to them except himself. There being no soul in question, no one to question its being divine, therefore, none can do wrong, and if wrong is done, there can be none to question. In this I wish to be understood as speaking of the soul-eternal, independent of the human form, or the conditions of the soul mortal.

4th. I "do not doubt that souls have been eternally able to manifest themselves to each other," and will go still further, and say that I do not doubt but, that sometimes these eternal souls have human forms so refined that they recognize each other in the human. How many times, my brother, have you come in contact with strangers, and felt that you were as well acquainted as though you had known each other for years? May not this cordiality of feeling have been produced by the recognition of other scenes, in the ages past by the souls-eternal of each other? I have thus, in my simplicity, endeavored to make myself understood. If I have not, do so, I will try again.

Spiritual Phenomena.

REMARKABLE CASE OF "THE DOUBLE,"

DEAR BANNER—There has recently come under my observation a case of healing which presents some features entirely new to me, and which may be of interest to your readers, as showing the extent to which mind, or spirit, is superior to the intervening obstacles of matter and space.

A young man, at that time boarding in this city, was taken suddenly and violently ill. The physician summoned pronounced it a severe case of lung fever and pleurisy, and advised his immediate removal to his home in a neighboring town. The family physician there was called, and agreed to treat with the first as to the disease and the gravity of the case, and on the fourth day pronounced recovery impossible. The patient, being too weak to raise, was rapidly filling up—was breathing with great difficulty, and with constant rattling in the throat.

At this time a friend left his bedside, and, coming to Boston, called upon the lady with whom he had boarded, urging her, as a person used to sickness, to go to him, and see if something could not be done to relieve his sufferings.

She replied: "If I knew of a good clairvoyant or healing medium, to consult first, it might do some good."

The gentleman expressed his willingness to try *anything*, and it resulted in their calling upon Dr. Geo. W. Kelth, and requesting an examination of their friend's case.

The Doctor considered it exceedingly improbable that he could come into *rapproch* with the patient, as they had nothing belonging to him; but in the very act of expressing his doubts, he was seized by an influence, under which he gave an accurate description of the young man's past and present symptoms.

"Is there any hope for him?" was the eager question.

The answer came slowly.

"His friends all think he must die, and his spirit friends think so, too." Then—"wait a moment; this influence is leaving me, and another is coming. An Indian stands before me, and he says—"

"I am helping him by this," said he; "and he is conscious of it. He feels the relief very sensibly."

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and knows that I am working over him."

He then told the lady to go to the sick man on the next train, giving her minute directions where to do for him, insisting that she must do it with her own hands, and the patient would recover.

Now while all this was transpiring in Boston the sick man, ten miles away, surrounded by

last, declared that a man was standing by his bedside and talking about his case, repeating some of the expressions used by Dr. Keith, word for word. Soon he said that he was putting his hands upon his chest, back, &c.

"Oh! how good they feel and he is helpless."

His friends—who are not Spiritualists, but extremely opposed to anything of the kind—suspected him delirious; and when the improvement became plainly visible, they said, "That was the crisis: the fever has turned."

The next morning, when Dr. Keith called, (as expected by any of the family) he was instantly recognized by the sick man as the one who had stood by his bedside and helped him so much the day before. A week from that day the patient was out, as well as ever.

the remarkable cure, because that has been equaled and indeed surpassed hundreds of times in Dr. Keith's own practice, to say nothing of others, but because of the peculiar circumstances attending it. Here one man sees another, miles away from him, and of whose existence even his agent, standing by his bedside, knew nothing.

I confess I am puzzled to reconcile this manifestation with any law or theory with which I am acquainted, and would feel obliged to a

one whose superior knowledge enables them to do so, if they would offer a solution through your columns. Any one who desires may satisfy himself of the truth of these facts, and that they in no degree "colored" or overdrawn, by calling at 196 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

Yours for truth and progress, A. E. I.
 Boston, Sept. 23, 1871.

P. S. Since writing the above I have submitted to both the lady and gentleman referred to in order to be sure that it was an accurate statement. The following note in reply speaks for itself:

"I received your letter this evening, and I read it very carefully, and am happy to say I see no error. I have no objection to having it published."

Yours with much respect, F. P. HERRING
Newton Upper Falls, Sept. 25, 1871."

very | 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass.
May 6.

Banner of Light.

THE WEST.

Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor.
Office at his Spiritual, Reform and Liberal Books, 614
North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.
Copies of the Banner of Light, including back num-
bers and bound volumes, can always be had at this office.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

In the opening of this new religious dispensation all eyes and ears were turned to the phenomena mainly, as they were in the opening of the Christian era in the phenomenal exhibitions so prolific in the early records, apocryphal and canonical, of the churches. Christianity had no philosophy till the fourth century, and very little till the Reformation, as the Roman Catholic Church never needed any; and does not even at this age, its votaries believing in and relying on forms and ceremonies for salvation and heaven. In ten years from the advent of Spiritualism it had accomplished as much and more than Christianity had in three hundred, and was ready for a philosophy to cover and explain its phenomena, but the instruments were no more capable of giving it than were the disciples and early followers of Jesus to explain what they saw and heard and believed of him. They put a God and devil in, but the age and country in which we live are too far enlightened and advanced to accept such absurdities; but in place of these we have Divine Intelligence working in and through finite organic forms, both voluntarily and involuntarily on their part. These organic forms we claim are of two distinct kinds: one visible and tangible to our senses and medium, and the other invisible and intangible to our senses. The latter we say and they say are the souls or spirits of persons who once lived with us or as we live, and have escaped mentally intact from the flesh and bones of a mortal form with an elemental and much superior body, but still natural and material in a strictly philosophical sense. This brings a new point into the science of life not yet demonstrated in the chemical experiments, nor admitted from the spiritual phenomena and the assertions of spirits. This point is that the subtle and imponderable elements are capable of forming organic bodies and being held by some adequate force in position as parts of the structure. Our scientific experiments are conducted within the realm of gravitation, and we know by actual demonstration little beyond the sphere of attraction. Although our scientists are unable to define the nature of gravity or attraction, yet they use it as a measuring rule for nearly all experiments. The elements seem so slightly controlled by it that it is difficult to establish the fact of cohesion in sufficient force to admit of organic bodies that are wholly beyond the reach of the laws that govern our physical life, so far as specific gravity is concerned.

Limited as we are in mental scope and capacity, it is not strange that we should find beings and other objects both near and remote from us in condition as well as space, as our capacities enlarge, that we were not aware of in a less developed condition, nor does it now seem strange to us individually that some of these should prove to be spirits, with the same conscious identity they bore in this life. In an infinite variety, with infinite extent and eternal time, there is good reason to expect such beings as our spirit-friends assert themselves to be, and it only betrays ignorance for any human mind, with its dark lantern of science, to assume that there can be no invisible and intangible beings that are finite like ourselves, and it is a total denial of the faith and belief of the whole race to assert that there is no more of our individual existences than we experiment with here in the bodies.

One great fundamental error of the scientists has been permanently corrected, viz., that mind is the effect or result of organization. It is now well established that it is the cause, and itself permanently material as well as absolutely essential to all organic life. This "change of base" gives good ground for introducing the Psychic force, or soul-force, to assist in the explanation of modern phenomena. Experts will not be long in going from soul-force to the soul itself, and when the recognition of its force among us is well established we may consider the victory won, and the intelligence which belongs to the soul and not to the body will soon be acknowledged in its relation to the force and the phenomena. We are on the eve of a full recognition by the scientific portion of the literary world of our philosophy, after which the clergy and the church will soon "drag their slow length along" as they did on the subject of astronomy or geology. "The world moves."

PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

Joseph Beare, of Chester, Ill., says the cause is not dead in that part of Illinois, although they seldom have lectures on Spiritualism. He thinks the calm which pervades the country, generally, may be the forerunner of a storm, as calms often are; but he is sure the spirits are not idle. He informs us that new discoveries of the defalcations of the fugitive postmaster, at that place, are being made, by which it seems he had long been carrying on various peculations. We notified the Department at Washington, nearly a year before he ran away, that money had been taken from letters in his office that were directed to us and to the Banner of Light.

Dr. G. Goodwin, extensively known among Spiritualists as an active and progressive spirit, who will not let the waters stagnate where he is, has moved into St. Louis, from his Kirkwood farm, and opened a healing and remedial institution, where he intends to treat and cure those who fall to get cured elsewhere. There certainly is need enough of such services.

Our esteemed friend and fellow citizen, J. H. Garver, has just returned from his first trip to Boston, highly gratified with his visit to the Free Circle, and in the Banner office, and wishes us to return his thanks to those he met there, for kind attentions. He is much pleased with the appearance of Boston, and its favorable contrast with our own city, especially in the progress of the temperance cause, in which he is an active and prominent officer. He thinks Boston is doing a great and good work in banishing from all respectable places the sale of intoxicating drinks; but, like us, thinks it will be a long time before it can be done here.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

A spirited discussion is going on in some religious papers over the advent of Christ's kingdom, which was to begin at his second coming, and the question is whether he did come and set up his kingdom during the lifetime of the generation that stood around him when he announced it to take place before they all tasted death. The notable point of the controversy is, that nobody can tell, except by faith, whether he came and set up his kingdom or not. To us, it seems of no consequence, since it was so insignificant that nobody

could tell then, or at this late day, whether the events transpired or not. One point is quite sure, viz., that if it was set up it has been overthrown by the universal Babel that has reigned since, and especially in the Roman Church and empire. There is no such kingdom as he described on earth now, nor has there ever been, that we can find in history, and if there is such in the other world, it will require spiritual evidence to substantiate it, as faith is of no account as evidence of things not seen.

A MISTAKE.

A. M. Champion, of Rochester, N. Y., who is just opening his eyes to real life in the spirit-world, and who was said to be worth several millions of dollars at his death, left one half his estate to the American Bible Society to help to support its drosses in a business about as good as idleness, and only one thousand dollars to one woman, and the remainder to the Presbyterian Society for Foreign Missions, a cause as little deserving as the Bible Society. No doubt he is already far enough advanced to see and regret the mistake, and will soon wish he had left it, as Bro. Barnes, of Evansville, Ind., did, to educate the poor without sectarianism, instead of giving it to these superannuated and useless old institutions, which have outlived their usefulness and become "cumberers of the ground." If he had been wise he would have left it to advance the truths of Spiritualism and to aid the poor, and then his soul could have rejoiced in the good work while it watched it from the realms of higher life, where now it must long regret its fatal mistake. We advise the rich to take warning.

TABLES TURNED.

Mayor Hall, of New York, who three years ago was engaged in an effort with other Atonist and pious men in prosecuting Mumler for alleged swindling, and who signally failed in all but their own meanness, has now more than he can do to clear himself from similar charges of fraud and deception, if it can be called by as respectable a name, and that, too, on a gigantic scale, which is likely to reach into the millions. Such are usually the characters who pander to popular prejudice and persecute the innocent to gratify the public sentiment, while they riot in the very acts they charge to others. Justice is often slow, but usually sure of getting the right victims at last. We, with our limited knowledge of New York, are not surprised at results, but surprised that honest men did not sooner detect the rogues. There are many dens of corruption yet to be opened to the public.

GOOD TO TAKE.

Old Theology Turned Upside Down. By Rev. T. B. Taylor. Better send us \$1.00 and get a copy by mail, and convert your pious neighbors from the Methodist errors, which he has corrected after most thoroughly and searchingly examining them. Mr. Taylor was one of the ablest men in the ranks of the Methodist Church, and is able to point out errors and mistakes, and has done a good work.

LECTURE NOTICE.

All who are willing to assist in paying rent for a hall for lectures, in St. Louis, the coming winter, are requested to hand in their contributions for the first three months' rent at our store, 614 North 5th street, before October 8th, as the friends desire to have them commence as early in October as practicable, it being decided to have regular lectures during the winter. WARREN CHASE.

Our liberal and spiritual friends who visit St. Louis are requested to call and examine our large assortment of spiritual, liberal, reform, and miscellaneous books and papers. We are now prepared to supply nearly all the reform works that are in print, and solicit the patronage we shall try to deserve at our new store, 614 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

WARREN CHASE & CO.

WISCONSIN PEBBLES.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

A slow-coach-car on a railroad is a torment. To relieve the monotony, I begged the conductor to let me run ahead and get some apples. "That would be stealing," was his response. "This railroad is honest!" "Oh, yes, I know that, for the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Co. grant half-fare tickets to Orthodox ministers, but not to me, a Spiritualist missionary!"

At Portage City, on the 23d ult., the trio here—Dr. Dunn, Mattie Parry and "patient J. O. B."—remained a few hours at the good home of Bro. and Sister Race, where we found a sick daughter—a medium. The doctor administered healing. Everywhere is a chance to do good. No need of waiting the opportunity for that.

Night at Kilburn City, situated in a most romantic river-locality—a city which the Lord has turned over to the Orthodox. Some places angels cannot visit, the mental atmosphere is so thick with theological fog. Here Bro. Samuel Montross greeted us so cordially, all fatigue fled. How much of rest there is in a good soul! Through the woods now, sixteen miles over sand and snow, sweet starry sky overhead. In the wilds of Nature one feels the nearest God. More room here for the soul to be embosomed on the divine heart. Where now? At Bro. Montross's farm home, among the trees of a fine nursery—hills beyond, valleys before, flowers filling all the air with fragrance. How one's mind drinks and expands and rests!

Saturday morning, the 25th. Rode through the town, a promising point soon to be reached by a railroad. The people stared, for the "spiritual lecturers need inspecting!" Whether it was our dignified looks, or a genuine inquiry after the truth, that caused the throng to us, we cannot tell. At any rate, they came out to hear these "Johns in the wilderness of Reidsburg." What a beautiful grove in full bloom of leaf, beside a still stream, lily-clothed! The friends had selected a side-hill for the audience, scooped out on purpose for us, in form of a scenic amphitheatre, enabling the speakers to behold the whole groups of eager people at once glance. Mr. and Mrs. Ellenwood, with Mr. Northing and Bro. Montross, constructed flower wreaths and arches festooned to the oak trees, containing such mottoes as "Let us have truth," "Death is immortal life," "It does move," and circling over the speakers' stand, in gorgeous colored flowers, was the significant motto: "The problem of the nineteenth century."

That promiscuous gathering was candid, intelligent, inquiring, and very courteous. Brother Montross, born in the manger of Quakerism, thence emancipated into the free light of the angelic gospel—a man of fine brain and beautiful life—gave utterance to his soul-joy. There for years he had stood alone, breathing the storm of scorn for his truth, sowing seed in the cold, watering it with tears, fostering it in silent prayer; and now he discovered the springing and the blossoming. Truly, it was one golden step to heaven to behold the gratitude and soul peace of this good man; and how precious did our hearts only religion loom up to us as speakers! It gave the sweet key-note to the musical inspiration of this ever-to-be-remembered grove meeting. Bro. H. M. Higbee, of Delton, serving as chairman, managed with dignity. Nettie Hazeltine, of Richland County, was the modest secretary, reporting the best part of the soul of the meeting. Her father, after the meeting, assisted "Nettie" in the enchanting music to which those very trembling leaves seemed to listen. This is a "home choir" from the rustic wilds of Western Wisconsin. I shall venture to

give it an appropriate name—the "Wisconsin Spiritual Minstrels." Did you ever eat dinner in the woods? They ate better there. Why is it? Do the grass, trees, blue-birds, and chirping squirrels magnetize the rich feast—such as all had there? I wish once a week everybody could eat a meal out of doors, and sleep at night on henlock or cedar boughs. I tell you—no more eating daintily, selecting the food with nervous care, saying, "I have the dyspepsia!" and like a shiver of lightning a thought flashed on my brain: "Feel dainty, think dainty, eat dainty; fear to eat what your appetite craves, and you will be dainty, puny, dyspeptic. Why, man, eat with a soul, be energetic, laugh, enjoy your food, and disease will depart."

Will let Father Montross tell the rest of the story of this uplifting meeting, as published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"On Sunday morning, after conference, J. O. Barrett, who carries the interests of Wisconsin Spiritualism on his broad and able shoulders, gave a thrilling lecture on the motto over his head, 'I have the dyspepsia!' and the Nineteenth Century, which flowed after wave over the audience, baptizing it into devotional feeling for the great, the noble and the true. He showed conclusively that the grand problem of the age was to solve spirit communion, and he brought evidence to prove that it was spirit, not matter, that constituted the communion of the living with the loved ones gone before was the greatest of all earthly consolations."

"In the afternoon Dr. Dunn canvassed the objections to Spiritualism. He answered the accusations of critics and slanderers with such masterly and humorous manner, his comparisons and illustrations were so well directed, that spiritual truths shone out in all their glowing beauty, while the objections seemed silly and frivolous if not contemptible, magnetizing the audience into spells of admiration, devotion and mirth."

"He was followed by Mrs. Parry, whose text was 'Fidelity of the Angels.' She was handled in a masterly manner, showing conclusively that the fidelity of one day was the devotion and fidelity of another, in the discovery of science and progress in religion, and that the ruling churches never produced or sustained a solitary progressive step in the march of progress, but that the angels, not only a dignified vindication of integrity, but it demonstrated beyond all cavil that through woman could come the heavy blows to shatter the corner-stones upon which rest fossil antiquarians in their creed-bound prisons. It was gratifying to many of her sex, who never before heard a female lecture, to see her towering up among the highest."

"At the hour appointed, the hall in the evening was promptly filled, for it had been announced that Dr. Dunn would speak of 'The Nazarene—Who was he? What was he? Whence came his power?' And with all the boasted 'love of Jesus' that I ever heard from an Orthodox standpoint, I never heard so beautiful a description of his life, so enchanting, so pure, so much to be admired. He said:

"Go back with me to the mountains of Judea. Seat yourselves on the ground at midnight, in its stillness, and listen to the flap of the angel's wing as he comes to bring the glad tidings of great joy. And thus he made us as though we were there, and followed him through his teachings, his trials and persecutions, to the cross, and then, I heard the heavy hammer, in the strong hand of the soldier, strike the nails, driving them in his quivering flesh. He left him there, and then denounced the atonement as Christians explain it, to be one of the most productive engines of ignorance and wickedness that ever existed. His injustice was illustrated by many parallels of punishing the innocent for the guilty."

"I must not forget to say that the audience were delighted with the sweet music discoursed to them by Miss Nettie Hazeltine, her father and sister, throughout the meeting."

"Bro. Parry gave an invocation, and the meeting ended."

MANCHESTER, ILL., ON THE 2D AND 3D OF SEPTEMBER.

One of the old veteran points of Spiritualism. Here are the Ellises, the Manleys, Daniels, Bennetts, Wymans, &c. They are among the substantial of this region. The spiritual cause has passed through many adversities, and yet the first must burn till all the alloy is purged away, and what is left is the pure gold. The friends in the chair of fellowship, the Lyceum, of many years' standing, is still a living institution. Bless the angels for this descent of instruction from their educational circles in the spirit-life. Mrs. Parry has labored here, and at Beloit, for several months, with happy results. She is a growing and noble light. Her husband, who is a high and reformatory order. Bro. E. W. Stevens spoke with point and energy, and is another rising star in Wisconsin. Several had words of encouragement: "the cloud on the missionary" is a rainbow. Bro. U. S. Hamilton, of Beloit, was Chairman of the meeting, and happily did he preside. Bro. Cummings, a dear, sensitive brother, gave us an improvised and thrilling poem. The Manchester choir is a heavy artillery of melody, lifting us there with power of soul in commingling voices. Col. Winslow entertained us all with fervor and strength. His mediocrity is superior.

"I thank" was the cry of the Nazarene on the cross. How many of us repeat it! Where and how is the "living water"? Innocence of purpose, modesty of spirit, tenderness of affection, fidelity in justice, confidence in each other, love that knows no dissimbling, aspiration to overcome self, soul-culture and growth—these are the springs that will refresh the deserts!

GENESEE, WIS., SEPT. 8TH AND 10TH.

The last grove meeting of the season, quickened into life by Bro. E. W. Stevens. At this point Bro. Stevens, as well as other points in this region, Bro. Stevens has worked for months. He is beloved among all the people, and wears well, as a seed-sower and cultivator. Bro. Ellis, chairman, and Sister Augusta Loomis, secretary, were happily chosen. Bro. S. touched the key-note, charity, and all those arched oaks responded to the prayers of souls under them. It was a most heavenly meeting, loving and inspiring, and burning words of truth leaped from their founts, from angels down, from human souls outward, and a glory shone all around. Never was there a happier and more ennobling meeting held in Wisconsin. We shall all of us cherish the memories of those angels' visits in that clean grove on those autumnal days. A hundred years hence on the other side, we will talk about them with tears of joy. Sister Stillman Severance was also present, speaking with power and inspiration, as did all the rest. Here we met the Waukesha friends—White, Phillips, Holbrook, and others—also Brother and Sister Dodge, of Palmyra. The friends here, all efforts to relieve the sorrows incident to disease. Every where Dr. Dodge is highly spoken of as a physician. He and his psychometric wife are soon to visit Iowa State—the towns of Des Moines, Iowa Falls, &c. Blessings go with them. Dr. Severance interested us with his practical words. Sister Taylor, wife of the ascended apostle, Bro. Taylor—who years ago scattered the precious seed in souls East and West—had words of experienced wisdom. There are angels in such homes as bear the names of Balcom, Steel, Norris, Ellis. Are they not "written in the Lamb's Book of Life?" I mean, in the affections of the benevolent and true? State friends, and all the faithful, courageous, oh ye apostles. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Acknowledgment.

Our invalid brother, Joseph Baker, sends us the following card of acknowledgment to those friends who have helped him in his hour of distress:

"I have received the following donations to assist me in my destitute condition: Anson Rogers, Mayor of Janesville, \$200; A gentleman of Marshfield, \$100; W. F. McFee, Lebanon, N. H., \$100; Mrs. J. M. F. Frost, Florence, Iowa, (formerly of Delavan, Wis.), \$200. I thank these persons all. "Friends in need are friends indeed." JOSEPH BAKER, Janesville, Wis., Sept. 23, 1871.

Justice is a sham in our courts; mercy has long since yielded her face to the grim and cold modes of punishment are a disgrace to the humanity of the nineteenth century.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

WESTERN LOCALS, ETC.,

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

THE YEAR-BOOK FOR 1872.

We have glanced at a portion of the MSS. of this forthcoming work. The general style of the book will be the same as last year's issue, though there will be but few essays of any great length. Among the contents of the "Year-Book of Spiritualism for 1872" will be found interesting biographical sketches of Prof. De Morgan, Rev. John Pierpont, Prof. Hare, and other eminent personages—which sketches will give detailed accounts of the methods of investigation used by these distinguished searchers for truth, in their analytical study of Spiritualism. A lengthy chapter of facts relating to the identification of spirit friends will appear, which will be very interesting to all readers. These facts have been gleaned from the spiritual press and other sources during the past year. Then there will also be found in the "Year-Book" a complete list of all the works ever issued on modern Spiritualism. This list has been gotten up by great amount of labor; it is arranged alphabetically, and, to the student, is invaluable. Hudson Tuttle will have an essay on "Preexistence and Re-incarnation," arguing against both doctrines. Mr. Peebles has returned from Europe with a large amount of "matter" for the "Year-Book."

This publication will appear early in the fall. The sales this year will quadruple those of the former issue, we are confident. And for the reason that people have learned that the "Year-Book" contains a vast amount of valuable information relative to the progress of Spiritualism in this country, and in Europe and the Old World. The details concerning Spiritualism in foreign parts, in last year's issue, were especially interesting. This year, all these details will be more perfect, and each succeeding issue of the "Year-Book" will be more and more polished, methodical and complete. Wonders, in the domain of information, were accomplished last year.

Reader, have it a settled conviction in your mind to purchase one or more copies of the "Year-Book of Spiritualism for 1872."

BUSINESS!

How people who believe in the grand philosophy of Spiritualism can manage to get along without a Spiritualist weekly journal, we cannot imagine!

Some say, "I know all about Spiritualism. I don't care to read your Banner of Light!" You know all about Spiritualism? We take off our hat to all such persons; we bow before them—only we don't. Questioning such boasters, as to their methods of investigation, etc., they will generally tell you with surprising simplicity that "they attended a séance once!"

This is not an exaggeration. We have met several of that class during our travels. It is lamentable, such a state of things! But what shall we do? Why, talk on, solicit subscribers for the Banner of Light! It is justifiable to torment this boasting, wiseacre, all-knowing class, with the cry, "Subscribe for the Banner of Light!" We are gaining quite a reputation as a "tormentor," in certain localities, because of the persistency with which we talk "newspaper." We glory in it! We detect the growing tendency among so many nominal Spiritualists to sit down, and sit—sit—until the resurrection day.

None of the late spiritual works on their tables, no Spiritualist paper to be seen—mark it, no "Spiritualist paper." Plenty of others, though, and probably but one or two of any real merit.

Now, then, let us respectfully suggest that all persons believing in the fact of spirit communion are morally obligated to give aid to the spiritual press. Who says so to that statement?

"ARCA OF SPIRITUALISM."

This, the last work of Hudson Tuttle, is meeting with large sales. It is written in a calm, dignified manner, and covers almost entire, in its ramifications, the domain of Spiritualism. Reader, have you a copy of this work in your library? If not, send to William White & Co., Boston, for it.

NOTES.

Hudson Tuttle is the "American correspondent" of that sterling magazine, Human Nature, published in London. In the August number we find the following eloquent passages from Bro. Tuttle's pen. Speaking of American Spiritualism, he says:

"The souls devoted to it have, one and all, been published at a sacrifice. The books which form its extensive library have been written under adverse circumstances, and published at individual cost. The power of existing orders, of professions alarmed at its assaults, and of the press, have been firmly arrayed against it. Scientists have sought to reason it down; theologians to excommunicate it; the polemics; a multitude to extinguish it by bigotedness, falsehood and abuse, yet bas its life flowed with the unintercepted and immutable power of the sea. It is not human energy, not force emanating from great names, or delegated bodies or societies. The unity of its purpose gives us the key to the throne of its power, which is the spirit-world. Disorder and confusion may pervade our ranks here, but there all is order, and our confusion is one element from which the mighty intelligences there assembled will evolve the greatest good."

A young and talented Universalist clergyman, of Illinois, writing us relative to Spiritualism, pens the following sentences, which will find a response in every progressive soul. After admitting that many of the most eminent Universalist clergymen are "avowed Spiritualists," he says:

"In conclusion, my brother, let me say that it seems to me the believers in liberal religion, whether it be liberal Christianity, Spiritualism, or scientific free religion, should rather strive to encourage one another, than to build up walls of separation. Full well I am aware that, in saying this, I wield a two-edged sword which cuts my own church as well as others. My church is no more infallible than are they; if it errs, it deserves rebuke. I cannot find it in my heart to condemn any man whose belief is founded upon the light he obtains. And a cursory glance into my own past reveals such wonderful changes that I am very hopeful for all the rest of humanity, and have no words of scorn for those who claim to know more than I, nor for those who, as I feel, have seen less than I of truth, and who still grope blindly."

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson speaks in Des Moines, Iowa, two months this fall. The following are the officers of the Norwalk (Ohio) Society: President, J. R. Vredenburg; Vice President, Mrs. D. W. King; Secretary, A. Joslin; Treasurer, Ira Lake. The Norwalk friends are devoted in their labors of love.

Mrs. A. A. Wheelock was in attendance at the Ohio State Convention. She is a noble little woman, and works on the American Spiritualist, in the absence of her husband, with remarkable ability and zeal.

Mrs. Mary J. Hollis, of Louisville, Ky., a most excellent medium for slate writing and dark séances, intends to visit New Orleans, La., this winter. Lecturers are in demand in Central Kentucky. The Cincinnati, Louisville and Memphis Spiritualist societies work together in securing lecturers on Spiritualism.

Elif Brown is an enthusiastic laborer in the spiritual vineyard. We shall furnish notes of his success in organizing Lyceums. Western Spiritualists are exceedingly gratified over the genial welcome extended to Elder Evans, who accompanied Bro. Peebles to London. Blessings on both of these brothers—so say thousands. OPHAS B. LYNN.

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