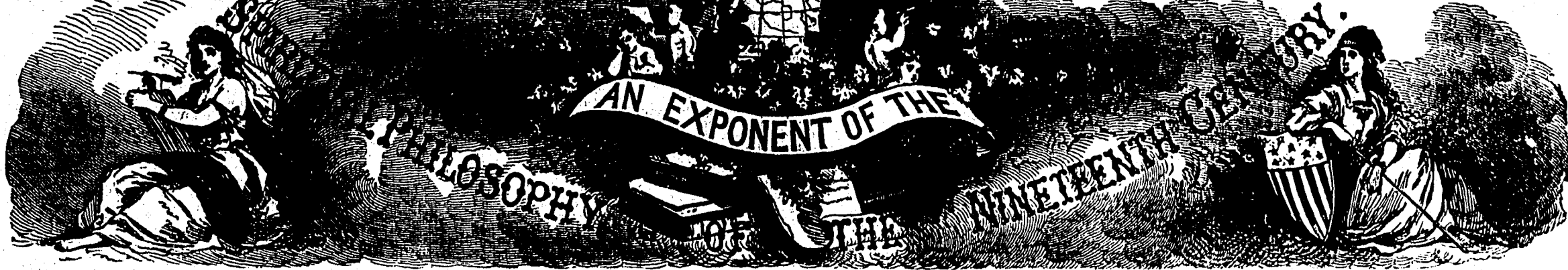


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXX.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1871.

{ \$3.00 PER ANNUM. }
In Advance.

NO. 7.

Literary Department.

SPIRITE: A FANTASTIC TALE.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

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

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

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

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

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

By insensible transitions she returned from her supernatural to her natural beauty. Her unmaterial appearance was gradually condensed, and a milky cloud was spread over the outlines of her figure, marking them more just as in water you pour a drop of essence to enable you better to see the outlines of the crystal which contains it. She had ceased playing, and looked at Mallvert standing before her; a light smile wandered over her lips, a smile of mingled irony and pity, rallying whilst it consoled the human weakness, and her eyes, purposely deadened, still expressed the most tender love, but such as a chaste young girl might have allowed to be seen in a permitted intimacy on earth, and Mallvert believed for a moment that he was with that Lavinia who had loved him so much on earth, and from whom fate had always divided him.

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

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

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

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

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

On the morrow he wished to work; his mind, long indolent, awoke, and ideas pressed tumultuously into his head. Limitless horizons, endless perspectives opened themselves to his view. Never had he written so brilliantly; the greatest poets would have signed what he wrote on that day. Having finished one verse, he was meditating the next, when he let his eyes wander vaguely around the studio and saw Spirite half-lying on the divan, who, with one hand under her chin, resting her elbow on a cushion, the ends of her taper fingers playing in the blonde clouds of her hair, was looking at him with an air of contemplative affection. She seemed to have been there some time, but she did not wish to reveal her presence, for fear of interrupting the labor of Guy, and as Mallvert rose from his chair in order to approach her, Spirite made him a sign not to disturb himself, and in a voice sweeter than music, she repeated strophe by strophe the piece at which Guy labored. By a mysterious sympathy, she felt the thought of her lover, followed him in his flight, and even surpassed him; for not only she saw, but she foresaw, and she repeated completely the unfinished stanza of which he still was seeking the cadence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, no!" cried she, warmly; "throw it into the fire." Then she added, to herself: "What could have put it into my head to write such a letter?"

[To be concluded in our next.]

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

THE TWO FIGURES.

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

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

REVIEW OF THE BRINKLEY COLLEGE GHOST STORY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

great annoyance is caused in the very prevalent custom of giving fictitious residences fancy names, a practice which is entirely prohibited by the post office regulations. The post office is not responsible for the proper Post Offices. Replies to letters addressed to the above named addresses will be sent to the post office and crossed a State in search of the destination, until it finally finds its way to the Department Office. While there are but 30,000 Post Offices in the United States, the Department has a list of over 80,000 of these fancy addresses which letters have been inscribed. A little or more on these matters on the part of the public at large will save a great amount of difficulty and irregularities.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

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

R. W. Flint, medium for answering sealed letters, can now be found at No. 31 Clinton Place, one block west of Broadway, New York.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Spiritualism in England.

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

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

Panama.

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

New Publications.

The contents of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November, (to write the words of the near approach of the end of the year,) are of a variety, force and general literary ability and finish, that we have not seen in any of our favorite leading magazines to be considered without a successful rival in America. Swedenborg with Theosophy. Dr. Goodell contributes "The Bedlams of Stamboul," revealing some of the mysteries of Eastern life. DeForest proceeds with his popular story of "Kate Beaumont." Clarence King narrates the romance and truth of "Wayside Pikes." H. James, Jr., gives Part Four of his "Watch and Ward." "California Saved," "The New Light," "Howell's Wedding Journey," and "Our Whispering Gallery," by Fields, complete, with critical notices, the sterling prose of this number: white the poetry is but sparsely interspersed, yet excellent, according to the high Atlantic standard. Between the covers of this number the reader will find a fresh installment of intellectual aliment, and he will feel that the new month is well begun after the enjoyment of its treasures.

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

Letter from Judge Edmonds.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

L. Colby, Esq.

Baltimore, Md.

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

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Boston's GRAND MOSQUITO FACTORY—The reservoir on Beacon Hill.

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

MOTTO OF THE NEW YORK CITY RING—"Tweed-ladec and Tweed-ladum."

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

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

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

Boston's WHOLESALE PERFUMERY ESTABLISHMENT—The Back Bay.

To Correspondents.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases required, so that we may be enabled to return answers, or to return to the sender any communications that are not used.

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

Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.—Music Hall.—Free admission.—The fifth series of lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy commenced in this elegant and spacious hall Sunday afternoon, Oct. 1, and will be continued every Sunday, at 2 1/2 o'clock (except Dec. 11 and Feb. 11.) Mrs. Emma Harding will lecture during October, and be followed by other speakers of known ability, among whom are Prof. Denton, Miss Jennie Loya, Thomas Gates Porter, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Wright, and probably Miss Boden and Dr. Willis. Ready seats for the term, at \$10 each, can be procured at Mr. Lewis H. Wilson, Treasurer, 188 Washington street, or at the hall. Donations for seats may be made to the Secretary, at 101 1/2 N. Main street, or at the hall.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To the Liberal-Minded.

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

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

Notice to Subscribers.

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

BUSINESS MATTERS.

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

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

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

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.—Terms 50 cents and three stamps enclosed. Address, DR. GEO. MARKHAM, Station B, New York City.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. Flint, 24 Clinton place, one block west of Broadway, New York. Terms \$2 and 3 stamps. Money refunded when not answered.

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

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

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 50 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 35 cts. THE MIND AND DREAMS. A weekly paper published in London. Price 5 cts. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 5 cts. THE COUNCILOR. Published in Baltimore. Price 5 cts. THE HARBOR OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 20 cts. per copy.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ONE FAVOR. One favor, if you will, we ask. And as we've done so much for you, We hope you will not think a task. The thing we wish to have you do, You've many little friends, maybe, Who "Clothing" for the season need; Ask them to call, and send us \$2.00 To sell them very low indeed; Tell them the place to buy new "Clothing," Conf. Pants, 144, 146 and 148, complete, Is at the store of GEORGE FRANKS, Corner of Beach and Washington street Oct. 23.—W

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

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

BUSINESS NOTICES.—Thirty cents per line, each insertion, set in Minion, measured in Agate.

Payment in all cases in advance.

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

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

GEORGE P. HOWELL & CO., 40 PARK ROW, S. M. PATTENHILL & CO., 37 PARK ROW, Are our authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

THE LYCEUM BANNER OFFICE Was totally destroyed in the Great Fire in Chicago.

On the morning of Oct. 9th, nothing being saved but the SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS.

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

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

Donations and subscriptions may be addressed for the present to MRS. LOUISE KIMBALL, 31 1/2 West 43d street, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED To sell by subscription that great and beautiful steel-plate engraving, "THE GUARDIAN ANGEL," noticed editorially in the Banner of Light, April 22d, and briefly described in advertisement of same date, also June 3d, and July 22d. Truly a "Spiritual" Picture of the highest order, yet all denominations admire and patronize it liberally, rendering it a superior work for agents, either ladies or gentlemen. Now is the time to sell it for Christmas gifts. Price \$2.75. Clauses Terms and remit \$2.75, and a complete engraving's outfit (including Engraving, Patent Roller-Case, Oil of Linseed, Art Razor, etc.) will be forwarded, and the most liberal terms made. Address, WM. WHITE & CO., Publishers, 40 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

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Address, W. H. MUMLER, Oct. 28.—2w. 170 West Springfield street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. C. A. BATCHELDER, Magnetic Healing Medium, formerly of Lynn, has removed to Everett, on the Mauds Branch R. R. Residence, formerly the Old Poorhouse, five minutes walk from the station and horse-car track. Fare from Boston, by steam-car, 8 cts.; by horse-car, 10 cts. Oct. 28.—2w

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

MRS. F. J. DILLINGHAM, Magnetic and Electric Physician, No. 20 High street, Lynn, Mass.

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

A GIFT

Worthy of a Rothschild. Brown's Shakespearian Almanac for 1872. It is a gift of words and wisdom from the hand of an Avon. Its principal features, however, are the Seven Cuts, illustrating the most scenic in Shakspeare, and an illuminated Frontispiece representing King Lear battling with the storm; a young American running into the easy ways of life, &c. Twelve or fifteen copies of this work will be sent free and prepaid by mail, to any person who will judiciously distribute them in his locality. Address, DR. G. PHELPS BROWN, 31 Grand street, New York City, N. Y.

A REMARKABLE WORK!

THE DEBATABLE LAND

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT. BY ROBERT DALE OWEN. Author of "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," &c.

A Large, Handsome Volume, Beautifully Printed and Bound. Price \$2.00.

CONTENTS: Prefatory Address to the Protestant Clergy. Book I.—Touching Communication of Religious Knowledge to the World. Book II.—Some Characteristics of the Phenomena. Book III.—Physical Manifestations. Book IV.—Identity of Spirits. Book V.—The Growing Proof of Immortality. Book VI.—Spiritual Gifts of the First Century Appearing in our Times.

The scope of this book is broad. One-fourth of it is occupied by an Address to the Protestant Clergy, reviewing the present attitude of the religious world in connection with modern science and with modern ideas touching the reign of law, human infirmity, physical inspiration, miracles, spiritual gifts. It sets forth the successes and reverses of early Protestantism and asks the question, "Is it a religion which is Protestant in its doctrine, or is it a religion which is Protestant in its practice?" It is a religion which has been losing ground for three hundred years against the Church of Rome. It discusses the effects on morality and civilization and spiritual growth of such doctrines as vicarious atonement, original depravity, a personal devil, an eternal hell. It inquires whether religion is a progressive science. It contrasts Calvinism, Lutheranism, Paulism, with Christianity. Inspiration it regards as not infallible yet an inextinguishable gift of God and the origin of all religious gifts for all ages, not confined to one century, not to one church; a gift preeminently appearing in the author of our religion.

But the main object of the book is to afford conclusive proof, able from historical evidence, of immortality. It shows that we of today have the same evidence on that subject as the apostles had. More than half the volume consists of narratives in proof of this—narratives that will seem marvelous, incredible at first sight, to many yet which are sustained by evidence as strong as that which wholly determines, in our courts of law, the life and death of men. The book affirms that the strongest of all historical evidence, modern Spiritualism, is found in the Gospels, and that the strongest of all proof, going to substantiate the historical narratives, are found in the phenomena of Spiritualism. It is a book eminently suited to an era like the present, when the Debatable Land of morals and religion is freely explored, and when men are anxious to prove all things, even they hold fast to that which is good.

*Copies sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price, \$2.00, by WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

WILL SHORTLY BE ISSUED.

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VITAL MAGNETIC CURE:

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