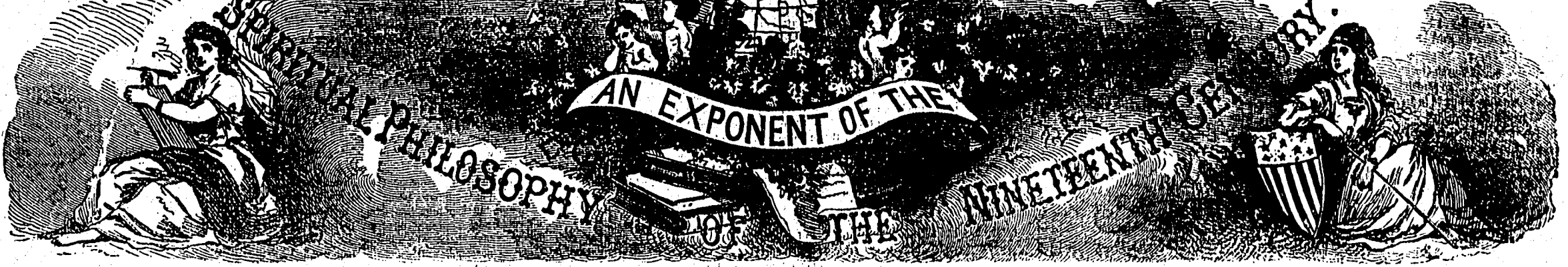


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

SPIRITE: A FANTASTIC TALE.

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

CHAPTER XV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"How impatient you render me for the other life, Spirite!" replied Mallvert; "how I yearn for that sphere above all earthly imagination, where we shall never more be separated!"
—Their conversation was prolonged till the first streaks of light began to mingle their rosy rays with the violet shades of the night. Soon a segment of the sun appeared above the bar of sombre blue which formed the horizon, and the day spread with sudden expansion. Spirite had nothing to dread from the light. If she chose the night for her visits, it was because the movement of vulgar human life being suspended, Guy found himself more free, less observed, and delivered from the risk of passing for a madman on account of actions necessarily strange. As she saw Mallvert pale and cold in the breeze of the dawn, she said to him, in a tone of pity and superiority, "Go! poor child of earth; struggle not against Nature—it is cold; the sea-dew covers the deck and moistens all the cordage. Go to your cabin and sleep." And then with feminine grace she added, "Sleep will not separate us. I shall be in all thy dreams, and I will take thee whither thou canst not yet come in thy waking state."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XVI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

About the hour that the murder was perpetrated

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

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

Spiritual Phenomena.

DR. KEITH'S "DOUBLE."

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

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

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

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

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

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was written by a spirit who has been in communication with the spiritual world. The messages are written in the language of the spiritual world, and are intended to be read by the spiritual world. The messages are written in the language of the spiritual world, and are intended to be read by the spiritual world. The messages are written in the language of the spiritual world, and are intended to be read by the spiritual world.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.
These Circles are held at No. 125 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at all times; services commence at precisely three o'clock, and which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.
Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.
Since our last report the following sums have been received, for which the friends have our warmest thanks:
Samuel L. Porter \$5.00
E. L. Herrick \$5.00
H. C. Herrick \$5.00
H. C. Herrick \$5.00
Circle of friends \$10.00
Total \$30.00

Invocation.
Thou Spirit of all souls, our Father and our Mother, again through the weakness of human life we are here to praise and to pray; to praise thee for those blessings which already surround us, and to pray unto thee for that which we need. Teach us to ask, if we would receive of thy mighty loving spirit. We ask thee for strength, for wisdom, for charity, for loving-kindness, and for all those virtues that make up the mind of God. And we praise thee, O loving Spirit, for the tender care which thou hast exercised toward us, for the incident in life which is called death—that which redeth the weary spirit from pain, from sorrow, and sets it free—free to join its loved ones in higher realms, free to bask in the spiritual sunlight of eternity. We praise thee for flowers (referring to a bouquet on the table), those bright gems of Nature which speak to us of thy love, and inspire us to worship the beautiful in life. We praise thee, also, our Father, for sickness, which, although it changes the body and makes the spirit give an uncertain sound, yet polishes that spirit and makes it better fitted to enjoy the realities of a higher existence. And now, O Infinite Father and loving Mother, we shall trust our happiness with thee, knowing that with thee it is safe, for in thee we shall live forever and forever more. Amen. Sept. 1.

Introductory Address.
CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—I have been requested to make a statement concerning the result of our labors as ministering spirits, through the Banner of Light. In preface, I would say, that we are entering upon our fourteenth year of ministerial labor through that journal, and it is nearly nineteen years since a band of far-seeing, energetic spirits resolved that they would be heard on earth through the press; and as all the journals then extant were conservative, creed-bound, and what is worse, money-bound, it became necessary for these spirits, if their theory or project was to be put in operation, to start a journal of their own. This being determined upon in convention, agents were sent out to see who among the children of earth could be selected and adapted to the work. After months of searching they were found; but they were in the rough. It then became necessary to employ artists to elicit them, and hammer and polish them. This was done by sickness, by losses, by sorrow, by various pains which were imposed upon those persons, until at last these artists announced to the assembly that the subjects were already to be vitalized. They were then separately visited by a committee selected for the purpose, and were baptized with a holy ghost of aspiration, of spiritual desire, and were made ready to stand in front of the opposition incident to the introduction of a truth to the world.

It was well known by this band of spirits what dangers they would be obliged to meet, to lead their mortal coadjutors in the path they had marked out. They well knew they would be assailed by pulpits and press, and that shots would be fired at them from every avenue in life, but they also knew that they should be able to sustain them, for they understood of what elements they were composed, and they knew that when once these mortal coadjutors put their hands to the spiritual plow they would not turn back, for they were so largely inspired with faith in those who were leading them that they could not. And to day the result of our labors is this: Our spiritual statistics show that we have brought seventy-two thousand seven hundred and forty-six into the spiritual fold here in this life. We have enumerated only those who are sound, honest Spiritualists, leaving out all the non-descripts. And the number which has been added to the ranks of freedom—liberated from the darkness of creeds, and from the various conditions of darkness that the spirit often carries with it from this world to the higher life—the number has been quadrupled, leaving out all those who are not firm and sound in the way of spiritual right.

This much, then, by the grace of Almighty God we have been enabled to do, and to-day our glorious Banner floats in every clime; it may be read by every race of human beings; we have found it in the Equinox but upon the throne; it has gone forth with the God-speed of the angel-world, and to-day it is stronger than it ever was before. It proposes to gather under its folds a larger multitude than are already there, and although this band of spirits may not be able to reward their mortal coadjutors as they wish, their reward in the hereafter is sure; and they have nothing to fear, for they are so firmly grounded in truth and justice that the gates of hell cannot prevail against them. Sept. 4.

Questions and Answers.
CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—I am ready, Mr. Chairman, for your questions.
Q.—Does heat come from the sun? And if so, in what way can you account for its not being entirely lost in its transit through such a great distance of intense cold?
ANS.—Heat does not come specially from the sun, only in the secondary sense. The luminous atmosphere of the sun does not possess that quality of heat which mortal scientists suppose it to possess, but it possesses the power of generating it in the atmosphere surrounding the planetary world. Each planet revolving around this solar centre becomes magnetically warmed by the conjunction of its internal life with the sun's at-

mosphere; that internal life is magnetically radiated through all the planet. The position which the planet occupies to its solar centre determines the seasons; that is, determines the amount and the quality of magnetic heat that is drawn from the centre of the planet to its surface, producing vegetation or the opposite.
Q.—Will the sciences of psychology, physiology, astrology and phrenology combined demonstrate that humans are predestined or chained to the car of fate?
A.—Yes, magnetically, yes. Sept. 4.

Betsy Trancham.
I lived on the earth one hundred and fifty-three years. [That was a very long time] Yes; but that was my age when I died in 1831, in Tennessee. I was born in Wickliffe, Germany. My name was Betsy Trancham. [How do you spell your last name?] T-r-a-n-c-h-a-m. You see I haven't forgot my primer.
Now I have been requested to come here and state my age, and tell where I was born particularly, and answer what other questions, and make what other statements I've a mind to, in order to facilitate some operations which are being carried out by my descendants. So, then, I was born in Wickliffe, Germany. I died in Tennessee in 1831, and I was one hundred and fifty-three years old, and some months—most one hundred and fifty-four when I died. Good-day, sir. Sept. 4.

Clement L. Vallandigham.
By the earnest desire of one of my friends, who is a believer in modern Spiritualism, I am here to-day. He wishes to know, first, if I am satisfied that there is any truth in the theory of modern Spiritualism. My coming demonstrates it to be a truth. Second, if I am satisfied that the manner of my death was fore-ordained and fore-known by a power over which I have no control. Yes, I am satisfied that that was the case, for I have learned that we are all but links in the great natural chain of being, and that we are constantly being manipulated by a Power that brought us into existence and that guides us at every step. He says: "Do you find the spirit-world well adapted to your needs?" Yes, I do; for I have sometimes felt the fetters of political conservatism and of religious conservatism, which tend to blind every soul that comes within their sphere.
"Are you happy in your new sphere of existence?" Yes, I am; at first I was not; I felt that I had been suddenly ushered into a life of which I knew nothing, and for which I was totally unprepared; but I very soon learned that the Great Master of Life had prepared me, unconsciously to myself, and that my spiritual birth was by no means an accident, but a design on the part of the Infinite Ruler of Souls. My name when here, Clement L. Vallandigham. Sept. 4.

Nettie Powers.
My name was Nettie Powers. I lived in Dayton, Ohio, and I died of scarlet fever. I was nine years old, and my mother wants to hear from me; and she thinks if any spirit ever returned to communicate with his friends, she should think that I would come. I was persevering, and I wasn't afraid of many things.
Now I want mother to know that I do come to her very often, and that it was me that influenced her about the money—that forty-two dollars. It was me that influenced her to wish I'd come if Spiritualism was true; and now I want her, whenever she wants me, to think of me, and then, if it is right, I shall help her.
(To the Chairman).—Don't you think we've done our work pretty well, to get you all these flowers? [Indeed I do.] We have to go to a great many places before we get the right ones. You see we don't always know just where the people are that are willing to respond to our call, and when we find them, we don't want to ride free horses to death; so we have to go to other places, and then, if we don't succeed, we have to go to them, because we are determined to have something anyway. It is our business to bring the flowers, and then it is our business to reward those who gave them; to go to them when they are sick and when they are in trouble, and help them, and to wait upon them and show them all the beautiful things when they get here. [It's a pretty business, and you have been singularly successful the past year.] Yes; and we mean to be next year, too. Now, tell mother I send her a thousand kisses, and I'm going to do everything I can to make her happy. Sept. 4.

Thomas Lincoln.
I fear I shall never become as proficient in a knowledge of this Spiritual Philosophy as my brother Willie is, but I shall not shrink from taking lessons whenever an opportunity occurs. I wish to say to my mother, that I shall be able, in this new and better life, to do much more for her than I could have done had I remained on earth, and also that the spirit-world had need of me, while the mortal world had not, and so a wise God called me from earth to the higher life, and I am satisfied with the change. Thomas Lincoln—or Tad, if you please. Sept. 4.

Georgiana Stevens.
I am Georgiana Stevens, from Cincinnati. I was fifteen years and four months old. I have been gone a little less than six months, and I wish, by coming here, to reach my sister. She is weary of this life, and thinks she has nothing further to remain here for. I want her to know that the earth has yet longer need of her; she must try and be satisfied to remain on earth and care for those who are entrusted to her care, and under all circumstances, be faithful in the things of this life if she would enjoy happiness in the life to come. Good day, sir. Sept. 4.

Seance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by Anna Cora Wilson.

Invocation.
All hail to thee, Mighty Spirit, who art great in wisdom, invisible as the air, mysterious as the solemn tread of storms or starlight! The soul of Rammon Roy goes out to thee in worship, and asks of thee for what we most need; thou knowest, for thou art wise. Sept. 3.

Questions and Answers.
Q.—(From Sylvanus Ward, Westfield, N. Y.) Are not the elementary forces of Nature, termed positive and negative, balanced and made one by action and reaction?
ANS.—The balancing powers of Nature are one, but when considered by man, they seem to be two.
Q.—Is it possible that a force exists behind these, that is independent of and produced them?
A.—It is not only possible, but it is a reality. The most subtle of all the forces is the force which you and I worship—it is outside, as well as inside of all things; it is the first, the last, the source of all forms, and the preserver of the life of each one.

Q.—Is not the proof of the correctness of any rule the reversion or re-education of that rule?
A.—Yes; according to the science of mathematics.
Q.—(From the audience.) If a spirit takes control of an individual, or a partial control, and that individual cares not to be controlled, can he do anything to prevent it?
A.—Sometimes he can; at other times he cannot. The most proper way is the quiet, not the violent exercise of the will. The reason why so many fall to dispossess all these various intelligences is because they exercise the will too violently. If they were more moderate they would do better.
Q.—What is the next best course?
A.—I know of none that will answer the purpose effectually but that.
Q.—(From the Chairman.) May I ask if there is any known reason or cause why, in the present year, there have been so many of what we term horrid accidents?
A.—There is a cause all potent, and it is this: the relation which the earth sustains physically to various antagonistic planets; because these planets are antagonistic, the harmony between them and the earth, and the magnetic relations between them under such circumstances, are destroyed. They are powerful, and they produce many of those various disasters that trouble the human heart—sickness, tornadoes, accidents by fire, by water, by all the various conditions incident to mortal life. When the scientists of earth shall better understand what relation the earth sustains to other heavenly bodies, and how far it is affected by them, they will know the cause of many of the mysterious conditions that are demonstrated on the earth.
Q.—Then I should judge from your reply that planets were like individuals, and act at times similar to them, against one another?
A.—There are demonstrative powers at work within the sphere of your own understanding that would prove this to be so.
Q.—Then we must expect the same antagonism to reign over humanity until the earth shall have attained such a high physical altitude as to be beyond the reach of the antagonistic planets—till it shall reach an elevation which is desired to be attained by individuals—when they are vilified and maltreated, to show kindness instead of revenge?
A.—Yes; that will do.
Q.—(From the audience.) Does not the intelligence wish us to understand that the earth is to be spiritualized more and more, until it shall rise above those conditions?
A.—That is precisely what I intend you should understand. The science of astrology, as understood by the ancients, is the key to many of the wonderful conditions of life. It has fallen of late into disrepute, because scientists found that it dealt with the small things of life as with the large. It took within its sphere and influenced to a certain extent even the pebble on the seashore; and because its scope was so mighty and so wide, so deep and so high, scientists laid it upon the shelf, not being able to fully comprehend it. In their short-sightedness they said it was worthless, but the time will come in the experience of mortality when this science will be brought out into the broad sunlight and there reviewed. It will be given a place to which it is entitled—classed with other sciences, because it is the golden key unlocking many of the mysteries of life. Sept. 3.

Zabiel Adams.
[How do you do?] I don't hardly know how I do; I am not so well posted in these things as many others, and I hardly know upon what ground I stand. My name, when here, was Zabiel Adams; I was eighty-three years old. I understand that my son has said, "If there is any life after death, and if those who have died communicate with those who live, he should be glad to hear from me." He doubtless wants evidence that it is so. I can give it in no better way than by calling to his mind my last words to him while I was in the body. They were these: "James, I hope you will find no trouble with my affairs after I am gone. I have endeavored to make everything straight, and have tried to arrange everything to the satisfaction of the family." Doubtless he remembers that, and it is all I propose to give by which he may know that his father has returned. It's all he ought to ask, for he and I were alone at the time. I should be glad to communicate with him personally, and if he desires it, will endeavor to do so. Good day, sir. Sept. 3.

Alexander Gunn.
I thought there was a good many strange things in life; but this is about the strangest of any I have met with; this coming back after death, and possessing yourself of a body entirely unlike your own, and speaking with it, is a strange thing to me. It's only about a week since I learned about coming, although I've been gone some thirteen years. [News don't travel, then, very fast in some directions?] Yes, news travels very fast, but it only goes—truths only go—when it is wanted, in our life. I seen a great deal of trouble when I was here in this world, and I was glad to get out of it; and I hadn't the slightest wish to come back. I didn't want to know anything about coming back.
I have a daughter in this life, and she is in trouble, wants advice. Now I want to say to her, "Annie, my daughter, give me a chance to come and talk with you, and I'll do what I can to straighten things out for you, and lead you right." My name was Alexander Gunn. I was a Scotchman by birth, but I died in Charlestown, Mass. Sept. 3.

"Little Feet."
I want to send a letter to my sister. [Tell us what you desire to say, and we will send it to her.] I want to let her know I come and play with her. She lives with white lady; she makes music, she sing. I want to tell her, I glad she with white lady. She learn much books, learn much, many things. Tell her her little sister—she used to call "Little Feet"—come to her. My sister named "Em-mu-ne-ee-ka." White man kill "Little Feet"; did n't kill "Em-mu-ne-ee-ka." "Om-Wa," my father. Sept. 3.

Capt. Frank Dale.
I want to say just a few words to my brother, Surgeon-General Dale. What I wish to say, is this: There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his philosophy, therefore, instead of ignoring that which he cannot understand, he had better set earnestly and honestly at work to understand them. Capt. Frank Dale. Sept. 3.

Seance conducted by Rammon Roy, Rajah of Bengal; letters answered by Jennie Johnson.

Invocation.
Oh, ye beautiful executors of our Father's will, who are mighty in wisdom and goodness, strengthen us in all good works, and baptize us with that holy spirit which cometh alone from our Father,

while we shall worship thee this hour. Come thou unto the suffering sons and daughters of earth; visit them in their darkness, and enlighten their understanding. Be thou with the mourners, and change their mourning to joy—change their doubts to sublime faith in the reality of life. Be with all who do not know of thee. So shall the kingdom of heaven find a place on earth, and thy children wandering through this purgatorial life, find peace even there. Sept. 7.

Questions and Answers.
QUES.—(From a correspondent.) Alonzo Strong, of Oberlin, Ohio, says the curiosity of the people in that locality is very much excited with regard to the source of various pictures of animals, flowers, and, in some cases, of human faces and figures, which appear—sometimes finely colored—upon the window panes of houses there. The age of the structure does not seem to affect these appearances in the least, as they are to be found upon the windows of the new Town Hall, which building has been but a few months erected—as well as on old tenements. The pictures are also as likely to be upon the windows of the second story as the first. He says the professors there attribute these phenomena to the chemical action of the sun, but he would like the opinion of the controlling intelligence as to the cause of their coming.
ANS.—It is a well-established fact that the sun is a wonderful picture painter. It is also a well-established fact that certain conditions are necessary to it, as well as to lesser artists. Now the question is: What are the conditions requisite in this particular case? I am informed that a certain group of scientists have considered it to be a spiritual demonstration—which is the fact. The sun being the prime mover in the case, the spirits are the sun's agents, acting in consonance with his powers, placing between the sun and the plate, at certain times of the day, objects which they wish to be transferred to the plate—to the glass—it may be to the sheet of tin, or of copper—anything which is capable of reflecting back an image that may pass before it, can be used. This phase of spiritual photography is but the incipient step to larger demonstrations that are to follow, and the science of the "spectrum analysis" will clear up the mystery; but it must be pursued as far as mortal science is able to pursue it, in order to get a glimpse into the spiritual realm. The spectrum analysis will reveal many wonders; it will open a door between the world of mind and the world of matter; that, and has been, so far as science is concerned, hitherto shut.

Q.—(From the audience.) I have been informed that flashes of lightning will produce the same effect upon glass that the sunlight does, photographing objects upon it?
A.—Yes, that is so; because these flashes of lightning possess the same elements that the sunlight possesses, and therefore are capable of producing the same manifestations under similar circumstances.
Q.—Do the spirits know our thoughts while we are here on earth?
A.—They do not always know them; indeed, they never do, unless they place themselves in spiritual or mental conjunction with yourselves. Whenever they do this, your mind is an open page to them. When they do not, you are as separate and distinct from them as though you inhabited another sphere.
Q.—Is not intelligence the controlling part of Nature?
A.—To my mind, it is not. I know, by taking this stand, I may be understood to be a materialist; and I am, so far as Nature is concerned. Scientists are able to perceive a law running through Nature; but it is not an intelligent law, and only as mind operates upon it, can it be made to give intelligent demonstrations. So far as Nature or matter is concerned, I do not believe it is governed by intelligence. I see nothing to prove it; but I do believe that there is a power outside of Nature, from which Nature has been born or evolved. I believe in the priority of soul to matter. Sept. 7.

Rev. Ezra S. Gannett.
By the kindness of your President, I have been invited to take part in your services this afternoon; but I do so with the full consciousness that I am unworthy, because when in the body, living as I did under the blazing sunlight of modern Spiritualism, I rejected it, and crucified this Saviour of modern times again and again. Therefore, I am unworthy to become a recipient of this great blessing; but I believe I am here by the will of God, by the grace of that Infinite Presence that cares for us all—that notes the falling sparrow, and numbers all the years of our existence. I was once told by one of my parishioners, who was a believer in modern Spiritualism, that he should yet live to see the day when I would acknowledge myself in the wrong. He is on the earth. Do acknowledge I was wrong, and like a little child, I am willing to be led in the right way; for now I fully understand that, except I become as a little child, I cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.

My friends are mourning over my sudden departure; but I have to say to them that my death was a merciful one. I suffered nothing; I took my exit from the body of flesh probably instantaneously; at least, I have no recollection of anything but a sudden blow here, [on the forehead], and then I found myself viewing the wreck of matter, and wondering into what state I had been ushered. I believe now, more than ever, in the goodness of an all-wise God—a Supreme Power that guides us through all the ways of life, and finally saves us, and admits us into that heaven of perfect happiness which every soul seeks to obtain. I feel, since entering upon this new life, deeply impressed with the necessity for great reforms upon the earth. I feel that the earth is ripe for change, and that the angels are ready to record great events which are to transpire; and one of those great events is the passing away of mythical religions, and the establishment of the glorious spiritual religion over all the earth. Did not Jesus, or the Spirit of Truth through him, declare that such a time as that should come, in the history of the earth? I do not interpret the words, but when here I did so I understand them. I believed that he referred to the millennium—to the time when the soul should be redeemed from error, and should live in a perfectly happy state upon earth.

My friends say I have been removed from the sphere of my labors. It is not so. I have only been translated higher, that I may do better—that I may be a more faithful laborer in the vineyard of my Father. I have seen, hitherto, as through a glass, darkly. Now, standing as I do in the world of causes, and communicating with the world of matter, I can look forward hopefully—I can work with a will; and I praise my God that he has dealt so mercifully with me. Rev. Ezra S. Gannett. Sept. 7.

Albert Harland.
I haven't much strength, because I am not yet entirely liberated from my body. My name was Albert Harland. I was fourteen years old. I died at Frankfort, Germany, at one o'clock this after-

noon, according to New York time. My father was with me. I had gone there to consult physicians at that place, and just as my father began to be encouraged about me, I was taken with a violent hemorrhage, and never rallied.
My mother is trying to believe in the truths of Spiritualism, and I thought if I could come and announce my death before she could get the news, nothing could be more satisfactory to her. I want her to know that I went away. I knew I was going. The only regret I had was because I was away from her. I have met little Alice here. She has grown to be a young lady. I was obliged to be told who she was, because she had changed so wonderfully, and was so beautiful. Sept. 7.

Emma Sturges.
I am Emma Sturges, wife of Capt. Alexander Sturges. I have been gone five weeks. I was twenty-two years old. I am happy in this beautiful life; I have no wish to return. Sept. 7.

Edwin M. Stanton.
A young aspirant for office desires me to manifest at this place, stating whether or no I communicated with him last night at Washington. He wishes to know if I advised him to resign his position and go home. Yes, I did; because I know that disaster awaits him if he stays, and he had better go home and practice law, if he knows anything about it. He professes to know a great deal. Sept. 7.

Hannah Adams.
"Will Hannah Adams communicate with her friends in England?" This is the question that reaches me to-day. Yes, at any time—at any place which they may desire—provided they give me a suitable subject to communicate through. Sept. 7.

Seance conducted by Father Henry Fitz James; letters answered by "Vashti."

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.
Monday, Sept. 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Mary Jane Owen, to Robert Dale Owen; James Nichols, to Susan Warner; Thomas Allen, to Edgar Allen Poe; Olive Tenney, of Oswego, N. Y., to her relatives; Johnny Gardiner.
Tuesday, Sept. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Samuel Brown, William Thompson, of the Bangor Democrat; Betsy Allen, of Pittsfield, N. H.; Edith Steinway, of New York, to her mother.
Wednesday, Sept. 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William F. Tackerman, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his friends; Annie Louisa Ames, of Fall River, to her mother; George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, Ireland; Frances J. Robinson.
Thursday, Oct. 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Philip Osborn, of London, Eng., to Philip Osborn in America; James O'Neil, of New Orleans, to friends; Amelia Worcester, to Susan Warner; Seal B. M. M. to her mother; Anna Williams, of Boston, to her mother.
Friday, Oct. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Ben. Johnson, of Burlington, Vt.; Mary Schell, of East Boston, Mass.; Hans Schell, to his father, Jefferson Davis; Alexander Robinson.
Saturday, Oct. 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Ann Carney, of Nova Scotia; Willie Hemenet, of New York, to his parents; Henry B. Edgerton, of New York, to his father.
Sunday, Oct. 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Aunt Huldah Corson, of Glen Roshell, Wis.; Thomas Kelley, of Chicago, to his brother; Alice Hooper, of Winchester, Tenn., to her father; Walter Montgomery.
Monday, Oct. 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Maggie A. Thomas, of Chicago, to her father; John Stevens, to his brother, in Port Huron, Mich.
Tuesday, Oct. 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Capt. William Madison, 34th Mass. Reg.; Dr. William Weisschelt, to Mrs. Agnes (Theaterist); Maggie Dame, to Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, of Chicago, Ill.; S. F. Tamm, to George Barrett Davis, of Manchester, N. H., to her father.

Message from Ebenezer Page.
MESSRS. EDITORS—I see in the Questions and Answers, in the Banner of October 21st, this question: "Is it true that when we sleep our spirits leave the body and visit our friends that have passed on?" Then comes the answer:
To strengthen the answer I wish to give what my father wrote through Mr. R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street, New York, in answer to some questions, which I sealed up:
New York, May 23d, 1871.
Ebenezer Page—My dear Father: Can you give me the address of my brother Ebenezer? Do you see that I am a medium to find minerals, &c.? Do you often see mother, or is she with you?
Faithfully your Son,
DR. WM. OSNOOD PAGE.
860 Sixth avenue.

The third day after I sent the above, I received the following letter, correctly directed:
"SPIRIT SPHERE—
To William Osmond Page, in Earth Sphere—My dear Son Willie: Father? Yes, Willie, your own dear father is present, and will, through this channel, in answer to your welcome letter, dictate a few words. This, dear son, gives me happiness. Yes, as the beauty of the morning, as the splendor of the shining sun upon the fields and flowers, as a spring morning replete with loveliness—such, is the spirit of a parent that can love you, a human organism, and communicate to his dear children of earth."
Mother and I are often near, and strive so hard to impress you with our presence. We often come at night when the material body is at rest, and take your spirit with us; yes, take it to our beautiful home, and again return with it in the morning. I know, dear son, that this seems strange to you. It cannot be, in the physical life, understood. William, I cannot now see the whereabouts of Ebenezer; will try and find him. You have, William, I see, mediumistic powers capable of becoming fully developed. I see around you many bright spirits that are striving to control your organism, and I see that you can, can, through your organism, locate points where minerals, &c., can be developed; they can, and do, impress you. Why do you not follow fully these impressions? You surely will, if you do, succeed much better. Dear son, keep deep in your soul the memory of your parents. We are none the less your parents of care and joy, and when guiding you on earth, William, I will soon speak to you again. Cannot remain longer. Mother joins me in deep, deep love. Good-by, Father. EBENEZER PAGE.

CONVENTION NOTICES.
Third Annual Meeting of the New Jersey State Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress.
The third Annual Meeting of the Society will be held in Camden, at Central Hall, corner of Fourth and Third streets, on Wednesday, Nov. 22d, at two and seven o'clock, P. M. Victoria C. Woodhull, Dr. H. T. Child and Mrs. Kingman will be present. Also Dr. L. C. Gannett and other speakers are expected.
All friends of the cause throughout the State, and of other States, are cordially invited.
SUSAN C. WATERS, President of Society.
FRANCIS TAYLOR, Chairman of Ex. Committee.
Bordentown, N. J.

Northwestern Woman Suffrage Association.
The annual meeting of the Northwestern Woman Suffrage Association is to be held in the Northwestern Hotel, in Indianapolis, Ind., on Wednesday and Thursday, the 15th and 16th of November. All the prominent suffrage speakers in the Northwest are invited, and every effort will be made for a great meeting. Indianapolis being the home of Senator Morton, a strong effort will be made to induce him to address the Convention. This society was formed in Chicago, in May, 1869, by delegates from the various Northwestern States, and the first annual meeting was held in Detroit, last November, and was a decided success. A large and successful Convention was held under the auspices of this society at Fort Wayne, Ind., in March last. ADELE M. HAZLITT, Pres.

Quarterly Convention.
The New Hampshire Association of Progressive Spiritualists will meet in Quarterly Convention, at Lycium Hall, in Manchester, Friday, Nov. 24, to continue Saturday and Sunday. This Convention is for the benefit of the mediums and Spiritualists of New Hampshire, and all such are earnestly requested to be present, as business of importance will come before the Convention. By order of the Committee, Newbury, N. H., Oct. 9, 1871. SUMNER S. HERR, Sec'y.

Kansas State Convention.
A State Convention of the Spiritualists of Kansas will be held in Lawrence, Kan., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 3d, 4th and 5th of November.
Several of our best speakers will be present, and a glorious time is anticipated.
MRS. EMMA STEELE PRILLBURY, President.
N. D. HORTON, Secretary.

Rhode Island Woman Suffrage Convention.
The annual meeting of the Rhode Island Woman Suffrage Association will be held in Providence, Thursday, Nov. 29. A large and interesting meeting is promised, and a successful Convention is urged. REODA A. F. PROCTOR, Sec'y.

Banner of Light.

THE WEST.

Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor.
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bers and bound volumes, can always be had at this office.

THE CHICAGO CALAMITY.

Never in the history of the world has there been recorded so marked an instance of human brotherhood extending through so wide a range of entire strangers, and arousing to so much charity and ready assistance, as in this great fire. One hundred and fifty thousand persons turned out by fire, with only a few clothes and no food or shelter. In a cold rain, most of them with nothing but a mere fraction of their property left, was a horror on such a gigantic scale that it touched the heart with such force that the hand involuntarily rushed to the pocket or pen to furnish relief. Never before have we been so proud of St. Louis as in this trial hour. A rival city, with all its wealth, has been any amount of prejudice and some bitter feelings, and a constant sharp-shooting between the papers and business men, falls beneath the flames a mass of ruins, and St. Louis is first on hand with outbursts of provision and some of her ablest citizens to assist in the procuring and distributing food and clothes, bedding, &c., while the Mayor is rallying the whole city to action, and food, blankets, bedding, and money are collected and crowded forward, in a quantity and with a rapidity that is unequalled in past records. It really does thrill the soul with joy to see and hear so many expressions of sympathy and the determination not to be outdone in this noble work of relieving human suffering. Had the cities been twins, with one common interest, it seems that more ready help could not be extended. Every body seemed to be anxious to give something. Business, pleasure, religion, all give way to one unbounded excitement and sympathy. Nature is aroused by its own relationship, and all past differences are forgotten, and none are allowed to excel the citizens of the rival city. Noble, generous and magnanimous contributions come from all parts of our country, and even from Europe, and prove that mankind are brotherhood.

In confirmation of what we have said above, we clip the following from the first issue of the Chicago Evening Journal, after the fire, it being the first to rise from its ashes and greet its patrons:—
"And now comes St. Louis, great rival of Chicago in enterprise and business, and greater than Chicago in noble generosity. \$10,000 in money and ten car-loads of cooked provisions are brought here by Mr. Blow on behalf of that city, and ten more cars, loaded with miscellaneous provisions and supplies, are reported from the same city. If Chicago ever has the opportunity—which may heaven forbid—she will prove herself a worthy rival even in these good works."

SHADOWS PASSING.

A gleam of sorrow lowered over the surrounding country about burning Chicago, which extended as the terrible news extended, but in brighter shades of feeling as the circle widened, and yet reaching England with a force sufficient to bring over many thousands of dollars, and words of deep sympathy. As the smoke cleared away from the surrounding ruins, despatch after despatch came with words of sympathy and promise of immediate assistance and relief, till the hearts were cheered and the reaction reached back, producing a thrill of gladness all over the saddened West from the sympathy, and by the noble spirit that bore up our friends in their trouble, and their determination to rise and rebuild with the aid and encouragement of the whole civilized world. Never was such a calamity in time of peace, and never before such sudden change from sorrow to rejoicing in the great goodness of the human heart.

Already the shadows are passing away, and we hear of the new Chicago, with its same spirit of enterprise unimpaired by the terrible calamity, from which it could not have arisen in a century without the aid it has so generously received, and which is so heartily appreciated. Private letters from our friends there assure us that the spirit is not broken, and that we may expect renewed efforts at reform and general progress soon as the shadows of suffering have passed away. It does our heart good to read the despatches of liberal donations for relief, and we know it is a great necessity attended to.

POEMS OF PROGRESS.

Whoever gets a copy of this most excellent book will get a treasure rich and varied—a real feast for an enlightened soul, bearing words rightly and earnestly spoken, that thrill the finest and deepest feelings of which our nature is susceptible. The Poems from the Inner Life were truly a feast and difficult to excel, and were not excelled until this second volume of inspired words came in measured rhyme, strong to a higher chord of soul-music. Every speaker and medium should at once get a copy of Poems of Progress, and show them, wherever a chance may offer, as a volume of the richest gems from the spirit-life, given to us through one of their choicest and best inspired mediums. We trust more will yet come from that source and through the same organization, before her spirit enters the other sphere and joins her inspirers.

NOTICE.

Any books kept for sale in St. Louis will be forwarded by us by mail or express, as ordered, on receipt of advertised prices, as well as any of the liberal or spiritual literature, of which we keep a complete assortment at 614 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo. WARREN CHASE & CO.

LECTURES IN ST. LOUIS.

Lectures, liberal and spiritual, every Sunday during the winter, in Avenue Hall, corner of 7th Street and Washington Avenue, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Warren Chase speaks during October. Seats free; collections for expenses.

— We are under special obligations to the conductor and agent of the Illinois Central Railroad, at Centralia, Ill., for looking up, and sending to us, an overcoat which we carelessly left in the sleeping-coach on our way north, and which was not called for till a week after it was left. It is one of the many evidences we have of the care, attention and business capacity of the managers of this road; faithful in small as in large transactions.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

The heading of your paper is being prepared in St. Louis for renewed action. No fear of its extinction. No such bad news for us, nor such good news for our enemies. If it has gone up to the clouds in fire and smoke, it will come down in "refreshing showers of grace divine." Look out for its smiling face again soon, and, meantime, collect new subscribers to help Bro. Jones out of

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

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

No. 1.

MESSES. EDITORS—I submit the following to the consideration of the intelligent public, through the medium of your ever-to-be-appreciated periodical. Man is an individual and a social being, consequently there are individual and social necessities to be cared for. The individual is personal; the social is impersonal. The individual is selfish; the social is unselfish. The individual is selfish; the social is unselfish, because it has no self; it is only a mechanical agent. Mine and Thine is the basis on which all human interests are managed. This basis is imperfect, because it accepts or only admits personal interests as the necessities to be cared for. The social interest, Ours, or the Mutual, is not recognized, and is treated as not existing.

On account of this fundamental imperfection, the social or mutual powers had to drift into the possession of individuals, and be made use of by them as their own personal private property. Thus the mutual political powers have been owned and made use of as the private property of political rulers; the mutual religious and moral powers of the people have been owned and made use of as the private property of ecclesiastical rulers; and the mutual industrial powers of the people have been owned and made use of as the private property of capitalists or industrial rulers.

Between two individuals there exists naturally three interests, namely, Mine, Thine and Ours, the two first being individual and personal; the latter being mutual and impersonal. Thus the three in number are only two in kind, namely, individual and mutual.

The individual and mutual are distinct from but complementary to each other. Thus the individual depends on the mutual to bring out his powers and develop them; the mutual depending on the individual for the bringing out and development of its powers.

All human conditions superior to those of savagism are due to the combined action of individual and mutual powers. These conditions, superior as they are, are not, however, the best which can result from the combined action of the individual and mutual powers, because, as interests, the individual and the mutual have been treated as the private property of individuals. As there are individual powers and mutual powers, so are there individual interests and mutual interests. Together with these powers and interests there are duties for the individual and for the mutual. The making of all interests and duties individual has been an immense mistake for humanity, as it has made mysterious what otherwise might be plain.

As individuals could not at first in a state of savagism combine their powers peacefully through there being as many minds and interests as there were persons, they could only be combined politically by one individual gaining an ascendancy over them by Force; they could be combined religiously only by the charm of mystery, and sublimed by an invented incomprehensibility, and could only be combined industrially by the lash of the task master, and kept in subjection by misfortune. It has been tried to obtain all possible goodness wholly from the individual; duty between man and man being enforced by the harsh rigor of penal laws, and the threat of eternal torment in the future. This is not successful, as there are subtle conditions of evil which no penal laws and theological threats can grapple with. This course, however, must continue to be pursued so long as every one desires that that on which he or she depends for comfort, convenience and luxury shall be his or her own exclusive, private property, which, however naturally just it may appear, is quite as absurd as for every one to desire to personally own as his exclusive private property, the highway on which he travels.

The management of the collective powers as the private property of political, ecclesiastical and industrial rulers, resulted in the establishment of a rigid political, ecclesiastical and industrial discipline, under the inexorable lash, of which the people have been raised out of the intense darkness of ignorance, in spite of their rulers, and have learned a considerable amount of political, religious and industrial wisdom. The question now is, what change is necessary; what is it that has to be done in order that every one, without excepting any, may enjoy the full benefit of this wisdom? The people everywhere know that personal, political, religious and industrial rulers are wrong. But they cannot profit by the knowledge until they know that which is right. Meanwhile, the only thing they can do, is to place checks upon the personal ambition of their rulers, to keep them from committing excesses, or in other terms, to make the best out of a bad bargain. Wrong has reached its culminating point, and all the people are inquiring on all sides how to escape from its evils, as the continuance of it, after their eyes have been opened to see its iniquity, is intensely agonizing.

From the wrong to the right there is not so much distance as people may imagine. The greater and more intense the wrong, the nearer we are to adopting what is right. The gigantic effort of wholesale wrong which we now witness, is but the frenzy of despair. It no longer appeals to reason to defend itself, and has nothing to rely on but sheer force and impudence. Formerly, political, ecclesiastical and industrial rulers conscientiously thought that they were right, and all the people innocently thought so likewise. But now both rulers and people know that they are wrong. Not knowing yet that which is right, wrong has to be tolerated and even respected. The millennium is close at hand. The culmination of wrong into the late gigantic wrong proclaims it; the increase of ecclesiastical impudence proclaims it; and the intense unscrupulousness of monopoly proclaims it. The conviction of the wrong which is here presented is universal. In the wrong-doers it is intense; and as it cannot be changed, that which is right will be accepted as soon as presented, and measures will be practically instituted to meet its requirements. The printing press, the steam engine, the electric telegraph, and last of all, Spiritualism, (coming among us to take up the thread where the powers of material science cease), have been generalized. Wrong cannot long exist where such powers are active. In the convictions of the people it is already dead, and it is but its rotten, putrid carcass that annoys us. What all public men, with the exception of a few, have to say in behalf of time-honored usages and institutions, is silently considered by all intelligent persons, themselves included, as so much bosh and twaddle.

I have here presented the key. Let those who can, open the lock. W. H. St. Louis, Mo.

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

NOTES.

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

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

THE SACK TEST.

by the Sherman family, which was carried out successfully. There were skeptical gentlemen on the committee. After the séance was over, some anxious Christian individual discovered that there was a small aperture, (about the size of a man's hand), on one side of the sack. The cry of

"HUMBUG!" was immediately raised. "The claim was that the mediums got out of the sack through this little aperture. The crowd grew hoarse. The country loafers, never having paid an admission fee into any kind of a gathering before, shouted,

"GIVE BACK THE MONEY!"

Things looked dark for Wheelock and the mediums. Stones were hurled at them, and clubs were swung in the air, but no personal violence was done. The gathering broke up in great disorder. Several muscular Christians regretted that vengeance had not been dealt out to

"THE FOLLOWERS OF THE DEVIL."

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

DISTURBERS OF THE PEACE;

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

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

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

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

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

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

THE BANNER OF LIGHT

just what the Davenport Brothers had to say for themselves on the subject.

THE DAVENPORTS INTERVIEWED.

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

THE CONVERSATION—A VERBATIM REPORT.

Arriving at the "La Pierre," we were so fortunate as to meet

WILLIAM H. H. DAVENPORT coming down the steps of the hotel. Warmly we were greeted. After the usual incoherent remarks upon that prolific theme, the "weather," we spoke as follows:

BANNER OF LIGHT REPORTER—"You have just returned from an extended tour through the South, I understand."

MR. DAVENPORT—"Yes, sir."

REPORTER—"You met with good success, I hope?"

MR. D.—"We did very well. True, in some places, we were financially unsuccessful; in other localities our profits were very large. But the facts, the facts, my friend—we put the facts before the people. We feel that we left a good impression through the South. The people flocked to see our manifestations."

REPORTER—"Do you think a lecturer on Spiritualism would do well to visit the South?"

MR. D.—"I do. I only wish some first-class speaker could have followed us through the country we traveled."

REPORTER—"You have been traveling for many years; do you find it growing distasteful to you?"

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

READ THIS.

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

THE SPIRITS

produce your manifestations. You remember the editorial in the Banner of Light—the oldest and most influential Spiritualistic journal in the world—not long ago, referring to the matter?"

MR. D. (excitedly)—"We know our business, young man. We have been before the public a great many years. This fault-finding among Spiritualists we lament. Let them travel as we have; let them expose their lives, as we have, to present these facts to the world; let them have the narrow escapes that we have had, from lynching, tar and feathers, etc., and they will not be so hasty to

FORCE SPIRITUALISM

upon the people—that is, the world Spiritualism. Were we to advertise that the spirits perform the manifestations, we should 'show' to empty halls. We

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

THE FACTS BEFORE THE PEOPLE; and the people draw their own conclusions. We have made and lost independent fortunes since we began to travel. We have had

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS offered us to deny the agency of spirits in our manifestations, but we

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

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

IT IS DONE BY SPIRITS.

REPORTER—"The spirits do produce the manifestations, then?"

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

REPORTER—"Good day, Mr. Davenport."

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

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

KING OF EXPOSERS, I see. Have you come to overthrow the Davenport Brothers?"

DR. WRIGHT—"King of expositors! Hal! hal! that's a good! 'Expose the Davenports,' not much. I am a

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

NO DECEPTION ABOUT THE DAVENPORTS.

REPORTER—"Do you believe in the Davenport Brothers?"

DR. W.—"I am confident that they are genuine. I never saw anything like humbuggery about them."

WHAT PROF. WILLIAM M. FAY SAYS.

October 10th we wended our way to Concert Hall, to witness the exhibition of the Davenport Brothers. Mr. Fay does the necessary talking to the audiences. At the close of the evening's entertainment he made the following remarks:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—We have had a peculiar series of manifestations to present before you this evening. The 'Brothers' were severely tried by a committee of your own choosing. Some of you may think that all these things are done by practice. It is absurd to assume this. How can these things take place when the Brothers are securely fastened? That we have no confederates is evident to all of you, for here we exhibit on an open stage, with a skeptical committee watching our every movement. Now it is for you to decide whether we do it ourselves, or whether some power, not earthly, assists us. We are not here to preach Spiritualism, or any other 'ism.' It is for you to decide for yourselves. The facts you have witnessed, and the members of your committee have reported that they were unable to discover anything like deception. The details of the dark séance, in which I had the honor to contribute something for your pleasure, and, also, I trust, edification, were satisfactory to your committee. I repeat, in conclusion, we are not here to preach any 'ism,' but to give you the manifestations, and leave you to decide as to their origin."

The Davenport Brothers contemplate a tour to South America next spring.

Bro. D. W. Hull gained sufficient control over his roaming vultures, the other day, as to bring it to a stand-still in the office of the American Spiritualist, Cleveland, Ohio. Bro. Hull has been lecturing in Western New York. At Lockport he hurled a challenge in the faces of the clergy, but not a whisper was evoked from them. Daniel is now in the West. Success attends him.

El F. Brown, the Agent of the American Association of Spiritualists, is laboring zealously in the good work. He has visited the following towns in Indiana, doing the labor of the spirit: Anderson, Winchester, West Grove and Indianapolis. Spiritualism is prospering in Eastern Indiana. Everywhere the Banner of Light gladdens the hearts of the people.

The last of October, the Nineteenth Yearly Meeting of the Liberalists and Spiritualists of Richmond, Ind., will take place. Let there be a grand rally.

CEPHAS B. LYNN.

Note from Mrs. Brown.

MESSES. EDITORS—You may know that the Lyceum Banner, with all its belongings, is in ashes. Mrs. L. H. Kimball lost by the fire not only the paper, but a large lot of engravings, stereotype plates, books, the entire edition of "The Fairfields," goods, clothing, and everything portable. With great difficulty she saved her life. The question now is, Will the friends of children—the Spiritualists resurrect the Lyceum Banner? Mrs. Kimball wants to start again, and her faith in the people has induced her to say "The Lyceum Banner shall not die." I hope the speakers, and all who have faith in the paper, will send in their contribution and subscription to help the paper out of the ashes.

Washington has begun the good work; Dr. John Mayhew paid for twenty copies, to be given to the Chicago Lyceum, and others have sent in subscriptions.

The hope is that so soon as type, press, &c., can be obtained the paper will go out, making glad the hearts of those who give and those who have suffered loss.

Please say that the address of the Lyceum Banner and its editors is No. 1253 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 18th. H. F. M. BROWN.

The Revolution has passed into the hands of J. N. Hallock, a New York publisher. It is devoted to the interest of women and home culture. It is a paper for all women and for all homes. Edited by W. T. Clarke, a well-known and popular journalist of New York.

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JUST ISSUED
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THE MOST ELEGANT BOOK

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