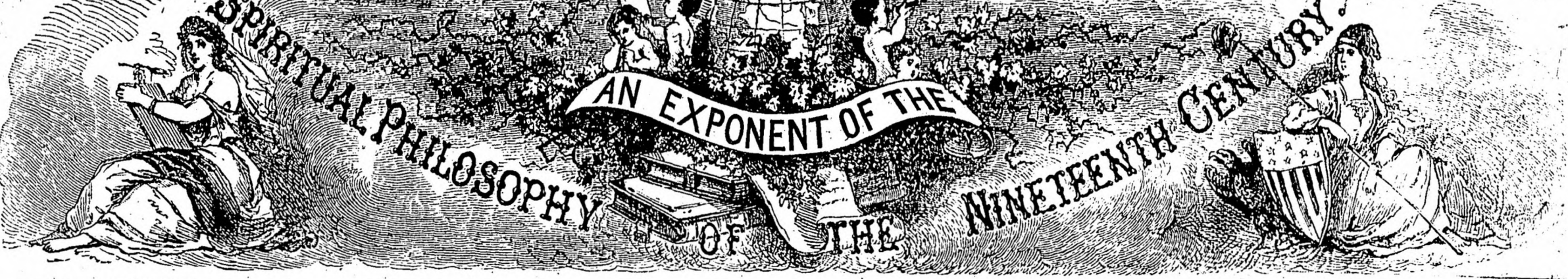


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A RELATION OF THE APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL.

[The following interesting account is forwarded us by Mrs. Veal, and is, as its quaint style regarding language and typography indicates, an excerpt from a very old work. In these days of spirit materialization it is well to cast a retrospective glance upon the experiences of our ancestors in a kindred (though utterly misunderstood) direction.—EWS. D. OF L.]

This Thing is so rare in all its Circumstances, and on so good Authority, that my Reading and Conversation have not given me any Thing like it: It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious Enquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her Death: She is my intimate Friend, and I can avouch for her Reputation, for these last fifteen or sixteen Years, on my own Knowledge; and I can confirm the good Character she had from her Youth, to the Time of my Acquaintance; though since this Relation, she is calumniated by some People, that are Friends to the Brother of Mrs. Veal, who appeared; who think the Relation of this Appearance to be a Reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's Reputation, and to laugh the Story out of Countenance. But by the Circumstances thereof, and the cheerful Disposition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the ill Usage of a very wicked Husband, there is not yet the least Sign of Dejection in her Face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring Expression; nay, not when actually under her Husband's Barbarity, which I have been Witness to, and several other Persons of undoubted Reputation.

Now you must know, Mrs. Veal was a Maiden Gentlewoman of about Thirty Years of Age, and for some Years past had been troubled with Fits, which were perceived coming on her, by her going off from her Discourse very abruptly, to some Impertinence: She was maintained by an only Brother, and kept his House in Dover. She was a very pious Woman, and her Brother a very sober Man, to all Appearance; but now he does all he can to null or quash the Story. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her Childhood. Mrs. Veal's Circumstances were then mean; her Father did not take Care of his Children as he ought, so that they were exposed to Hardships: And Mrs. Bargrave in those Days had as unkind a Father, tho' she wanted neither for Food nor Clothing, whilst Mrs. Veal wanted for both, inasmuch that she would often say, Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only Friend I have in the World; and no Circumstance in Life shall ever dissolve my Friendship. They would often console each other's adverse Fortunes, and read together DREINCOURT upon Death, and other good Books: And so, like two Christian Friends they comforted each other under their Sorrow.

Some Time after Mr. Veal's Friends got him a Place in the Custom House at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her Intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there was never any such Thing as a Quarrel, but an Indifference came on by Degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two Years and a Half; tho' above a Twelvemonth of the Time, Mrs. Bargrave hath been absent from Dover, and this last Half-Year has been in Canterbury about two Months of the Time, dwelling in an House of her own.

In this House, on the Eighth of September, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Five, she was sitting alone in the Forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate Life, and arguing herself into a due Resignation to Providence, though her Condition seemed hard. And, said she, I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still; and am well satisfied, that my Afflictions shall end, when it is most fit for me: And then took up her Sewing-work, which she had not sooner done, but she hears a Knocking at the Door. She went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Veal, her old Friend, who was in a Riding-habit: At that Moment of Time the Clock struck Twelve at Noon.

Madam, says Mrs. Bargrave, I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a Stranger; but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her; which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their Lips almost touched; and then Mrs. Veal drew her Hand across her own Eyes, and said, I am not very well; and so waved it. She told Mrs. Bargrave, she was going a Journey, and had a great Mind to see her first: But, says Mrs. Bargrave, "How came you to take a Journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have a fond Brother." Oh! says Mrs. Veal, I gave my Brother the Slip, and came away, because I had so great a Desire to see you before I took my Journey. So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another Room within the first; and Mrs. Veal sat her down in an Elbow-Chair, in which Mrs. Bargrave was sitting, when she heard Mrs. Veal knock. Then says Mrs. Veal, "My dear Friend, I am come to renew our old Friendship again, and beg your Pardon for my Breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are the best of Women." O, says Mrs. Bargrave, do not mention such a Thing; I have not had an uneasy Thought about it; I can easily forgive it. "What did you think of me?" said Mrs. Veal. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I thought you were like the rest of the World, and that Prosperity had made you forget yourself and me." Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly Offices she did her in former Days, and much of the Conversation they had with each other in the Times of their Adversity; what Books they read, and what Comfort, in particular, they received from DREINCOURT's Book of Death, which was the best, she said, on

that Subject; ever written. She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, the two Dutch Books which were translated, written upon Death, and several others: But DREINCOURT, she said, had the clearest Notions of Death, and of the future State, of any who had handled that Subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave, Whether she had DREINCOURT? She said Yes. Says Mrs. Veal, Fetch it. And so Mrs. Bargrave goes up Stairs, and brings it down. Says Mrs. Veal, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the Eyes of our Faith were as open as the Eyes of our Body, we should see Numbers of Angels about us for our Guard. The Notions we have of Heaven now, are nothing like what it is, as DREINCOURT says. Therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular Regard to you, and that your afflictions are Marks of God's Favour; and when they have done the Business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you." And believe me, my dear Friend, believe what I say to you, one Minute of future Happiness will infinitely reward you for all your Sufferings: For, I can never believe (and claps her Hand upon her Knee with great Earnestness, which indeed ran through most of her Discourse) that ever God will suffer you to spend all your Days in this afflicted State: But be assured, that your Afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in short Time." She spoke in that pathetic and heavenly Manner, that Mrs. Bargrave wept several Times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Horneck's Aseetic, at the End of which he gives an Account of the Lives of the Primitive Christians. Their Pattern she recommended to our Imitation, and said, "Their Conversation was not like this of our Age: For now (says she) there is nothing but frothy, vain Discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to Edification, and to build one another up in Faith; so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were: But (said she) we ought to do as they did. There was an hearty Friendship among them; but where is it now to be found?" Says Mrs. Bargrave, It is hard indeed to find a true Friend in these Days. Says Mrs. Veal, Mr. Norris has a fine Copy of Verses, called Friendship in Perfection, which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the Book? says Mrs. Veal. No, says Mrs. Bargrave; but I have the Verses of my own writing out. Have you? says Mrs. Veal; then fetch them. Which she did from above Stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused, and waved the Thing, saying, Holding down her Head would make it ache; and then desired Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring Friendship, Mrs. Veal said, Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you for ever. In these Verses there is twice used the Word Elysium. Ah! says Mrs. Veal, these Poets have such Names for Heaven! She would often draw her Hand across her own Eyes, and say, Mrs. Bargrave, do not you think I am mightily impaired by my Fits? No, says Mrs. Bargrave, I think you look as well as ever I knew you.

After all this Discourse, which the Apparition put in much finer Words than Mrs. Bargrave said she could pretend to, and as much more than she can remember (for it cannot be thought, that an Hour and three Quarters Conversation could all be retained, tho' the Main of it, she thinks, she does) she said to Mrs. Bargrave, She would have her write a Letter to her Brother, and tell him, she would have him give Rings to such and such; and that there was a Purse of Gold in her Cabinet, and that she would have two Broad Pieces given to her Cousin Watson.

Talking at this Rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a Fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself in a Chair just before her Knees, to keep her from falling to the Ground, if her Fits should occasion it: (for the Elbow-chair, she thought, would keep her from falling on either Side) and to divert Mrs. Veal, as she thought, took hold of her Gown-sleeve several Times, and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her, it was a scoured Silk, and newly made up. But for all this, Mrs. Veal persisted in her Request, and told Mrs. Bargrave, she must not deny her: And she would have her tell her Brother all their Conversation, when she had Opportunity. Dear Mrs. Veal, says Mrs. Bargrave, this seems so impertinent, that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying Story will our Conversation be to a young Gentleman? Why, says Mrs. Bargrave, it is much better, methinks, to do it yourself. No, says Mrs. Veal, tho' it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more Reason for it hereafter. Mrs. Bargrave then to satisfy her Impertinence, was going to fetch a Pen and Ink; but Mrs. Veal said, Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it. Which was one of the last Things, she enjoined her at parting; and so she promised her.

Then Mrs. Veal asked for Mrs. Bargrave's Daughter; she said, she was not at Home: But if you have a Mind to see her, says Mrs. Bargrave, I'll send for her. Do, says Mrs. Veal. On which she left her, and went to a Neighbour's to see for her; and by the Time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs. Veal was got without the Door into the Street, in the Face of the Beast-market, on a Saturday (which is Market-day) and stood ready to part, as soon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her. She asked her, why she was in such Haste. She said, She must be going, tho' perhaps she might not go her Journey till Monday; and told Mrs. Bargrave, she hoped she should see her again at her Cousin Watson's before she went whither she was going. Then she said, She would take her Leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave in her View, till a Turning interrupted the Sight of her, which was three Quarters after One in the Afternoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at Twelve o'Clock at Noon, of her Fits, and had not above four Hours Senses before Death, in which Time she received the Sacrament. The next Day after Mrs. Veal's appearing, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a Cold, and a sore Throat, that she could not go out that Day;

but on Monday Morning she sent a Person to Capt. Watson's, to know if Mrs. Veal was there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's Enquiry; and sent her Word, that she was not there, nor was expected. At this Answer Mrs. Bargrave told the Maid she had certainly mistook the Name, or made some Blunder. And tho' she was ill, she put on her Hood, and went herself to Capt. Watson's, tho' she knew none of the Family, to see if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They said, they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in Town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two Hours. They said, it was impossible; for they must have seen her, if she had. In comes Capt. Watson, while they were in Dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her Escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, when she sent to the Person immediately who had the Care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole Story to Capt. Watson's Family, and what Gown she had on, and how striped; and that Mrs. Veal told her, it was scoured. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, You have seen her indeed, for none knew, but Mrs. Veal and myself, that the Gown was scoured. And Mrs. Watson owned, that she described the Gown exactly: For, said she, I helped her to make it up. This Mrs. Watson blazed all about the Town, and avouched the Demonstration of the Truth of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's Apparition. And Capt. Watson carried two Gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's House, to hear the Relation from her own Mouth. And when it spread so fast, that Gentlemen and Persons of Quality, the judicious and sceptical Part of the World, flocked in upon her, it at last became such a Talk, that she was forced to go out of the Way; for they were, in general, extremely satisfied of the Truth of the thing, and plainly saw, that Mrs. Bargrave was no Hypochondriack; for she always appears with such a cheerful Air, and pleasing Mien, that she has gained the Favour and Esteem of all the Gentry: And it is thought a great Favour, if they can but get the Relation from her own Mouth. I should have told you before, that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave, that her Sister and Brother-in-Law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs. Bargrave, How came you to order Matters so strangely?—It could not be helped, said Mrs. Veal. And her Brother and Sister did come to see her, and entered the Town of Dover, just as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her, whether she would drink some Tea. Says Mrs. Veal, I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant you, this mad Fellow (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's Husband) has broke all your Trinkets. But, says Mrs. Bargrave, I'll get something to drink in for all that; But Mrs. Veal waved it, and said, It is no Matter, let it alone; and so it passed.

All the Time I sat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was some Hours, she recollected fresh Sayings of Mrs. Veal. And one material Thing more she told Mrs. Bargrave, that old Mr. Breton allowed Mrs. Veal Ten Pounds a Year; which was a Secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told it her.

Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story; which puzzles those who doubt of the Truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A Servant in the Neighbour's Yard, adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's House, heard her talking to somebody an Hour of the Time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next Neighbour's the very Moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told her what ravishing Conversation she had with an old Friend, and told the whole of it. DREINCOURT's Book of DEATH is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed, that notwithstanding all the Trouble and Fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this Account, she never took the Value of a Farthing, nor suffered her Daughter to take any Thing of any body, and therefore can have no Interest in telling the Story.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to stifle the Matter, and said, he would see Mrs. Bargrave; but yet it is certain Matter of Fact, that he has been at Captain Watson's since the Death of his Sister, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; and some of his Friends, report her to be a Lyar, and that she knew of Mr. Breton's Ten Pounds a Year. But the Person who pretends to say so, has the Reputation of a notorious Lyar, among Persons whom I know to be of undoubted Credit. Now Mr. Veal is one of a Gentleman than to say she lies; but says, a bad Husband has crazed her. But she needs only present herself, and it will effectually confute that Pretence. Mr. Veal says, he asked his Sister on her Death-bed, whether she had a Mind to dispose of any Thing; and she said, No. Now, the Things which Mrs. Veal's Apparition would have disposed of, were so trifling, and nothing of Justice aimed at in their Disposal, that the Design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave so to demonstrate the Truth of her Appearance, as to satisfy the World of the Reality thereof, as to what she had seen and heard, and to secure her Reputation among the reasonable and understanding Part of Mankind. And then again, Mr. Veal owns that there was a Purse of Gold; but it was not found in her Cabinet, but in a Comb-box. This looks improbable; for that Mrs. Watson owned, that Mrs. Veal was so very careful of the Key of the Cabinet, that she would trust nobody with it. And if so, no doubt she would not trust her Gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal's often drawing her Hand over her Eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave whether her Fits had not impaired her, looks to me, as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her Fits, to prepare her not to think it strange, that she should put her upon writing to her Brother, to dispose of Rings and Gold, which looks so much like a dying Person's Request; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the Effects of her Fits coming upon her; and was one of the many Instances of her wonderful Love to her, and Care of her, that she should not be af-

frighted; which indeed appears in her whole Management, particularly in her coming to her in the Day-time, waving the Salutation, and when she was alone; and then the Manner of her parting, to prevent a second Attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this Relation a Reflection (as it is plain he does, by his endeavouring to stifle it) I cannot imagine; because the Generality believe her to be a good Spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great Errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her Affliction, and to ask her Forgiveness for the Breach of Friendship, and with a pious Discourse to encourage her. So that, after all, to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an Invention as this from Friday Noon till Saturday Noon (supposing that she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first Moment) without jumbling Circumstances, and without any Interest too; she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too, than any indifferent Person, I dare say, will allow. I asked Mrs. Bargrave several Times, if she was sure she felt the Gown: She answered, modestly, "If my Senses be to be relied on, I am sure of it." I asked her, if she heard a Sound when she clapped her Hand upon her Knee: She said, she did not remember she did; but said she appeared to be as much a Substance as I did, who talked with her. "And I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded, that your Apparition is talking to me now, as that I did not really see her: For I was under no Manner of Fear, and received her as a Friend, and parted with her as such, I would not," says she, "give one Farthing to make any one believe it: I have no Interest in it; nothing but Trouble is entailed upon me for a long Time, for ought I know; and had it not come to light, by Accident, it would never have been made publick." But now, she says, she will make her own private Use of it, and keep herself out of the Way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says, "She had a Gentleman who came three Miles to her to hear the Relation; and that she had told it to a Room full of People at a Time." Several particular Gentlemen have had the Story from Mrs. Bargrave's own Mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best-grounded Matter of Fact. And why we should dispute Matter of Fact, because we cannot solve Things of which we can have no certain or demonstrative Notions, seems strange to me. Mrs. Bargrave's Authority and Sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other Case.

SEANCES WITH DR. SLADE.

Being desirous of "proving all things, and holding fast to that which is good," I made Dr. Slade a visit Monday evening, Sept. 30th. The Doctor is a cordial gentleman, very earnest and sincere in his manners, and cheerfully gave me every opportunity to explore the room wherein his seances are held. After carefully examining every part of the room, I felt sure that no one in the form was present to become necessary to any manifestations that might follow. We then seated ourselves at a plain black walnut table, taking both hands in each other's. The gas at one burner was at its full height.

In a few seconds loud raps were heard upon and under the table; hands seemed to pat my feet and legs, and gave the bottom of my pants a sudden pull. The chair in which I was sitting was pulled back at least three inches, with my full weight resting upon it; then an empty chair was rapidly moved six or eight feet across the room. I examined, and found that no wire or cord was attached to it, by which it could have been moved. An accordion was beautifully played, the Doctor supporting it with one hand under the table, while he held both of mine in his other hand.

The Doctor then requested me to hold the accordion under the table with one hand, while he held my other hand in both of his upon the table. At once the other side of the instrument was firmly pulled, then pressed, giving full tones, but playing no tune. He asked the invisibles if they would write on the slate. "They would try," was signified by raps. I carefully examined it, and found it to be a common slate, six by nine inches in size. There was no mark on either side. The Doctor then bit off a small point of slate pencil, put it on the table, and placed the slate over it, after which he took my hands in both of his—neither of us touching the slate. Soon a sound of rapid writing was heard on the slate. So strong was the movement that the slate began to oscillate by force of the writing. Dr. Slade then held the slate down to the table by the pressure of his little finger, while we still held each other's hands, constantly talking as the writing was going on. In about one minute the sound of writing ceased. He turned the slate over, when, to my astonishment, the entire side of it was written upon; fifteen lines lengthwise of the slate, straight and regular as the lines in a copy book, were traced in a clear, legible hand. They purported to come from the Doctor's former wife, and read as follows:

MY GOOD FRIEND AND BROTHER BAWLOW: We all rejoice to see a mind like yours standing up as a shining light for others. You are doing a great work. Go on and do all you can for human souls.

And our noble brother, Thomas G. Forster—we bless him for giving himself to the cause of humanity. The words that fell from his lips last night were like shining pearls, and were felt by all, as coming from the spirit-world—a blessing to those who were so fortunate as to be present. A host of us were with him to give him power to go on.

Bless his beautiful wife! she is a noble soul. Oh, build a hall, and be at home!

I am, A. W. SLADE.

But I have the wonder of wonders yet to relate: The Doctor asked if the spirits could materialize. They signified their willingness to try. He again invited me to carefully examine the room. I did so, even to looking into his wardrobe, but found nothing in the shape of masks or faces. He then bolted the door—the only entrance to the room—and hung a thick curtain across it for a back-

ground; then hung a curtain of black cambric, three or four feet square, about three feet from the background curtain. This black cambric curtain was suspended by a cord that extended across the room. A little above the centre of this curtain was an opening about ten inches square. I was then seated within three feet of, and directly facing, the opening in the curtain, while Dr. Slade took a seat by my side, and we clasped each other's hands. The gas was partially turned down, but not sufficiently to prevent every object from being distinctly seen.

In less than two minutes a form, with dimly outlined features, gradually rose in a halo of light, and occupied the space in the curtain. If it was designed to represent a familiar face, it was too indistinct to be recognized. It soon gradually descended out of sight. We silently waited for what might follow. In about three minutes a clearly defined face appeared, rising gradually, as did the other form. At once I unmistakably recognized the features of my sister, and said, with wonder and delight, "Is this my sister?" A sweet smile and how gracefully responded. I again asked, "Is this my dear sister Callista?" She again bowed her head much more earnestly than before, forcing her head partly through the opening in the curtain in her response, while a joyous smile illumined her features, which were as distinctly seen and recognized by me as they ever were while in earthly-life, though far more beautiful. There was a halo of light about her head, and her complexion was as clear as the finest alabaster. She tarried, I should judge, about ten seconds; and seemed to bid me a reluctant good-by; though unseen, it seemed that she yet remained, and, with fare, rejoiced that

The brittle thread of life cannot divide.
For those we love still linger by our side.

Thus ended the most delightful seance I ever enjoyed, while I felt to bless Dr. Slade for thus standing on the threshold of time, and there inviting the plodders of earth to meet their angel-friends face to face, and joyously recognize each other.

The Doctor is doing a great and noble work. He is proving our little claim to immortality—the greatest gift from God to man. Though he asks a reasonable fee to those who are able, yet the poor are made welcome, and sent on their way rejoicing.

WARREN SCAMM BAWLOW.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Having recently been in New York City, and having, while there, frequently called on Dr. Slade, of 210 West 43d street, it may be interesting to some of your Spiritualist friends to learn concerning a few of the results of those visits.

Dr. Slade received me most courteously, as is his nature, he being a quiet and unassuming gentleman. His room for sittings has no fixtures or cabinet, and nothing whereby any concealment or deception could take place. During the day the room is well lighted, and, on sitting at the centre table with the Doctor, the spirit raps will be heard loud, frequent, and perfectly distinct.

While sitting with him; spirit-hands took hold of me in various ways; were distinctly seen and felt by me on my face, and recognized as those of friends. The Doctor laid a very minute piece of slate pencil upon the table, and then placed a frame slate upon it, resting also on the table. Immediately writing was plainly heard on the under side of the slate, which was in a few minutes covered with lines in distinct styles. "Two of the handwriting I recognized as totally dissimilar in their character. Much else occurred during these visits of a similar nature."

I expressed a strong desire to witness his efforts at materialization; in consequence he appointed a sitting for one evening. On my arrival we entered the same room, and sat at one side of a small square centre table, which was the same one used for the slate writing tests. The only aid was, he suspension of a small piece of single width black cambric about three feet long, opposite one end of the table—a square orifice being cut in the centre of the cloth. The gas was then turned low, but not out. Objects could be readily distinguished about the room. After a few moments, a phosphorescent light was shown at the opening, which increased till there appeared a perfect face which I clearly recognized, and afterwards a second as promptly known, both being near and dear friends. The seance was perfectly satisfactory to me, and I am sure there was no deception practiced.

This must be of interest to every Spiritualist, if for nothing more than to prove, the rapid strides which are being made toward materialization of spirit-forms. I believe the time is not far distant when we will all be able to behold, with mortal vision, the loved ones who have gone before us into that happy spirit-life.

ELEGANCE DOES NOT MAKE A HOME.—I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there was never a chair too good for a cobbler, or cooper, or king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the gorgeous sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man, but do we not value these tools of housekeeping a little more than their any words, and sometimes mortgage a home for the mahogany we would bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garments, house and furniture is a very tawdry ornament compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers of the world could gather together.—Theodore Parker.

A little island in the Connecticut, near Wells River, is a geographical curiosity. The Vermont and New Hampshire State lines run through it; Grafton, Caledonia and Orange Counties corner there, and also the towns of Bath and Haverhill in New Hampshire, and Regent and Newbury in Vermont. One can sit down at a certain point on the island, and be in two States, three counties and four towns at the same time.

BY K. GRAVES

Again the Index says: "Spiritualists should ask themselves whether these phenomena are such as to promise any definite results to strictly scientific investigation;" that is, as Prof. Faraday would say, "they should have clear and definite ideas of the limitation of the possible and impossible in Nature." They should, according to the Index, know what the phenomena of Spiritualism are; know their nature, character, and origin, before they commence the investigation of them. This knowledge is an essential prerequisite to enable them to "promise any definite results to strictly scientific investigation." This is to us like a specimen of reasoning backwards. New

commandant of the telescope, "that you may be a very learned man in the science of pills and powders, but I ask your pardon while I inform you that you do n't know anything about the science of astronomy, and never will while you insist that you shall exercise the whole prerogative in selecting and deciding on the conditions" requisite for obtaining this knowledge. This privilege should be restricted to those who, by long study and acquaintance with the science, have learned what "conditions" and processes are absolutely essential to the investigation of its principles and phenomena." "In consistency, then, they (the Spiritualists) cannot find fault with us when we say that if Spiritualism is ever to convince us, it must do it by satisfying the skeptical intellect, not by suppressing it." True, brethren, but that intellect must be presented at the right door for investigation. It must place itself in the proper "condition" to be convinced; not that of "credulity," but of honest inquiry divested of that kind of prejudice which once induced a sniggerer in science to exclaim, "I hate the whole thing!" and that kind of conceit which prompted him to say, "When I investigate the subject of Spiritualism the mediums must do as I tell them!" There is a possibility, if not a probability, of the "skeptical intellect" coming into the "good new" of investigating Spiritualism; and, while in that condition, it must fall of receiving the knowledge adequate to conviction. The "skeptical intellect" may make as serious a blunder as the man who stepped into an observatory and asked for the privilege of sending a telegraphic dispatch to his wife. "The first requisite of proof," says the Index, "is that the data for an intelligent conviction shall be supplied, and if the conditions are such that these cannot be given, then no sane man will wonder that skeptics remain unconvinced and men of science give their attention elsewhere." This argument may be illustrated thus: "A passenger, on board the steamer with Columbus, says to this geographical adventurer, 'Sir, as you are in search of a new country, I want you to supply me with the data for an intelligent conviction that you will find it; otherwise no sane man will wonder that I am skeptical about the matter.'" "The data, sir," replies Columbus, "we are now in search of, and they will be 'supplied' as soon as obtained, and to demand them in advance is 'arrogant and preposterous.' If the 'data' could now be 'supplied' it would supersede the necessity of prosecuting our voyage in quest of them."

The data for a conviction of the truth of Spirit-

"CO-OPERATIVE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH"

BY JOHN W. EVARTS.

To the Friends of Progress :

Having started a movement the mobilization of the forces of modern Spiritualism into unitary and cooperative homes, I deem it of the greatest importance that a subject matter of such magnitude should be thoroughly resolved before much active work is done, as it involves the material resources as well as the happiness and prosperity of all who take part in it.

In the *Banner* of Sept. 24th, is an article from Robert Hamer, setting forth his ideas as a basis for groundwork in a cooperative community. As applicable to "our present social order," in cities and villages, where the poor are the ignominious subjects of secular and religious charity, I would accept his plan as practicable, though merely as an expeditious alternative against the abuses of trade. But to take it as embodying the primal principles for organized colonies or communities of harmonious minds, it lacks that magnetic warmth, that sustaining power, that ever comes from unpurchased charity; inasmuch, that "no credit is given or taken."

I need not tell the gentleman that the whole system of the universe is one grand system of love and security; that life itself is trust and promise; that light, heat and sustenance are voluntary loans from Nature's bountiful storehouse; that inspiration is given and received in trust, where worth is a pledge that the wisest use shall be made of it; and, that in turn of having received borrowed light, we pay the debt by a similar reflection. It is into this correlation of Nature's forces that I would first look to discover the primordial principles of cooperative industry.

With the mass of Spiritualists, as with the mass of humanity, we have every grade and shade of physical and mental conditions; and a large portion are, at various stages of life, weak, and dependent upon the strong and vigorous. We have invalids at every age, as well as the aged, and the victims of disease and accidents. Should we not, then, in a great movement to reconstruct our "social order," regulate our plans in such a manner as to amply provide for every one of life's conditions, while at the same time kindly and justly remembering to render correct returns to the consoling and grasping purpose of self-interest?

The plan which I offer is to concentrate any

tialized atoms, this can be done. But no circum

Committee to present our Charter. Mrs. Fanning
Thomas Middleton, A. E. Stanley, E. B. HOLDEN, Secretary.
Harvey Howe

CLEVELAND, O.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Liberalists hold regular meetings every Sunday at Lyceum Hall, 286 Superior street, opposite post-office, morning and evening, at the usual hours. D. C. Pratt, President; ———— Loxley, Jr., Secretary; Dr. M. C. Parker, Treasurer; Joseph Galloway,

[illegible]

Banner of Light.

THE WEST.

Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor.
Office at his Spiritual, Reform and Liberal Bookstore, 214
North Third Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Warren Chase will make engagements to lecture at any place easily accessible from St. Louis, during the present winter. Will engage for Sunday school courses of five or six lectures to be given in one week. The friends in places out of the railroad, within two or three hundred miles of St. Louis, who wish such lectures, must write soon, or the time will be filled out early in the season.

TURNING BACK.

We see by the New York papers that the Presbytery of Brooklyn recommend the General Assembly of that Church to establish such prohibitory rules as will prevent women from taking part in church services, except as neighbors and communicants, which they are certainly not fit to do until they are qualified for the duties, including preaching. Of course the qualifications, of course, each case would rest upon its own merits; but this decision, so far as it goes, is in the face of all steps in civilization and human progress, and shows a disposition to go back to the dark, darker of darkest ages, when women were only slaves and had no civil or social rights, and only such advantages as their owners chose to give them. Put up the bars, says this Christian institution, and stop the progress which is fast elevating woman to an equality with man, for in that progress man may lose his assumed superiority, which God or Nature never gave him. It is a significant sign to see this act of a body of learned clergymen in contrast with the resolution of a collection of politicians in Massachusetts, in State Convention, who resolve that woman is the political equal of man, and entitled to the same rights, including the right of suffrage. We hail with joy this open promise, and with a warning voice point the blind leaders of the church to it as a sign to their shame. It is not probable that the General Assembly will take the steps recommended, but it registers the Brooklyn Presbytery as among the oldest of old foggy societies, and unfit to sit on a hill as a religious light to enlighten even the most ignorant. We might have looked for something of this kind from a Roman Catholic institution, or even among English Bishops, but in America, and in a Protestant body, it is a shameful transaction, and betrays the ignorance of the irrepressible tendencies of the age, which are shadowed forth in the political resolutions referred to, as well as in the successful experiments of Wyoming.

Woman would have secured her political rights, in the issues of the present political contest, but for the distracted condition of its advocates and the wrangling among its female promulgators, which has disgusted many of the best friends of their cause—a portion of the advocates wishing to unite the measure with this same kind of Christianity which spurs them in Brooklyn, and to ignore all workers and works that did not yield to the control and rulings of the church, and the others far more consistently advocating woman's rights on the broadest principles of civil and religious liberty.

We have long deplored the want of harmony and consistency among the advocates of woman's rights, and in the commencement of this breach, predicted the consequences which have followed the turning of the matter over to Christian leaders, and untiring it with the churches, which never aid any reform they cannot control, and are generally poison to every progressive movement they attempt to take charge of. Woman's rights will never succeed till the measure is made purely political and social, without being connected with religion of any kind. One leading paper advocates woman's voting because it claims she is more religious than man; and will help to make this a religious nation, and of course vote Christians into office, and put the Christian amendment into the Constitution, &c., while we have no fears of this, and advocate it as a matter of right and justice.

She must not preach, says this learned body of dignitaries, and of course she need not go to college, and why need she go to any school except to fitcher for a parlor ornament or a kitchen drudge? Of course these are the channels of her destiny, for which alone she should be fitted. Fortunately this church cannot control this country nor its social and civil policy.

The dead are said to sleep. They that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him from the dead at the last day. God said to Moses, "Thou shalt sleep." The fathers all sleep. What a beautiful symbol of death! When worn down, and worn out with the fatigues of life, how pleasant it will be to lie down and sleep till Jesus comes! We fall asleep, like Stephen, but the next moment of consciousness will bring us into the kingdom of God.—*Christian Advent Times.*

What a glorious rest Moses and the prophets must have, four or five thousand years, with a fair prospect of ten times as many more, and an indefinite number equal to eternal sleep for all who await the bodily coming of Jesus to resurrect them! And then the horrible thought of having these bodies resurrected after they have been eaten up by worms, and after the same particles that composed them have lived and died in several other bodies, vegetable, animal and human! These deluded Advent Christians are forever harping about resting from the wearying toils of this mortal life, as if all were tired and needed rest, when more than half go off the stage under ten years of age, and many in the prime of life and vigor of manhood and womanhood, and have no need of rest at that time. It does not seem reasonable to us that any should need one hundred thousand years of rest in an unconscious sleep. It seems about equal to annihilation. It will hardly pay to wake up those old sleepers, and rake together the scattered particles of the bodies they once had.

FUNNY SPECIMENS IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Rev. J. H. Vincent, in his speech on a uniform system of lessons for Sunday schools, made in the Sunday school Convention in St. Louis, and while advocating the Berean system, says:

"The speaker explained the system of Sunday school instruction called the Berean system. There was a great deal of ignorance, he said, in regard to this system. One man to whom he spoke of it asked him if it had anything to do with griststones—thinking it had reference to Berea, in Ohio, where such articles are manufactured. One man called it the 'berrying system'; and as he was teaching a colored class at the time, he might be said to be blackberrying. Another called it the 'Berean system,' and he had to defend it against the Freedmen's Bureau; and Dr. Clarke, in Buffalo, N. Y., came to the Methodist Book Concern, where he was, and asked for the 'Liberian system.' Another went as far as to call it the 'Siberian system.' A delegate said that in Arkansas they called it the 'burying system,' and used it for funeral services."

We are not surprised at the various names applied to the system, as it would require a theological education to get any sense out of it, or any meaning to it. But we were rather surprised that some one had not inquired if it was the system of the Bereans, which is their great book, next to the Bible. The man who thought it had some connection with griststones was not so far out of the way as he might have been, since it brings many a nose down to the theological griststone, and lengthens and smoothes most of the faces into an Orthodox conformity that greatly mars the natural beauty and elasticity of the young. No part of our life's experience has given us more satisfaction than the act of raising our children without having them contaminated by Sunday schools; and we rejoice constantly in the fact that we have seven grandchildren growing up in the same natural course of training.

PROPHECY.

Spiritualism, having given us definite conceptions of the future life, hesitates not to predict on the future of the world in which we live. Events are projected into the future with little regard to time as measured by us. On more worldly or business matters, we are prone to expect early and decisive results, instead of those which come under the operation of the universal law of cause and effect; therefore, with our superficial acceptance, we tire, and dismiss the interest from our minds.

Chairmen have, for a number of years, predicted another war in this country. I have, myself, in presence of mediums, in the trance, had communications—and apparently from a high source—that a war impended over us of the sword, in my day, and not far off. Labor, the inequality of life, wealth running into few hands, mammoth corporations, with their overshadowing privileges and power, rings, unjust, corrupt and selfish rulers, be they high or low, are the curses of our present condition as a people. True enough—divide the property of the world to-day, and tomorrow the improvident, the incapable would lose their share, and energy, skill, effort and parsimony would gain it. But what does Spiritualism say on the subject? Limit your desires, ye rich men; give to a subordinate or successor your good will, and retire with that which you can use to advantage to yourself, your family or follows. Against hoarding and great gain Spiritualism is wonderfully emphatic, and there need be no controversy on the point of accumulation; the limit of quantity would be each man's ability to use it aright. Whether the present political movement has a bearing on this subject, we cannot say; but we imagine that, in the future, one party will contain the wealth, mercantile and corporate interests, the respectabilities; and toward the other will gravitate the blindfolded millions, oppressed not more through laws than by the operation of this accumulated wealth and the power it confers. The numbers of the destitute, or the amount of privation, hold some relation, most assuredly, to the excess of wealth in other hands. Uneasiness on the labor problem is not confined to Spiritualism or liberal sentiment. Kings confer about it. It is laid to-day only to rise to-morrow. The debts of nations shake, and a war, even in this favored country, waged on social grounds, would unsettle our finances irrevocably. Strikes indicate the depth of feeling; they are the best the uneducated, the toiling man knows after his ten hours' work; and if masters and employers and governments won't hear and heed, we would ask wiser heads than ours to propose another remedy or awakening. But the remedy lies very deep, and we are advised that our barbarism, like the previous slavery, must be burnt out of us by fire.

I have thought that religion would take part in any future contention. If the Romish Church, the Episcopalians, the extreme Orthodox, could unite in securing State intervention, a struggle would surely come; but the Orthodox portion would hardly condescend with the others, and is too weak to do anything by itself; nor is it made, we think, of belligerent material. The Catholics—and we will let their religion alone, for we think, in all conscience, this is the inalienable right of each soul; but they consider that their religion is best promoted by an alliance with the State. Their antecedents tempt them in this direction. Political and party malice is not incorruptible, and in any civil commotion, we are not sure they might not take part in the struggle in this direction.

GEORGE BARNELL.

Springfield, Ill., Sept. 14, 1872.
One of our St. Louis dailies which inclines largely to Catholicism, says one of Gen. Sherman's daughters has been cured of a painful spinal disease by magnetic treatment. If true, it is no doubt the work of one of those healing mediums who, according to Catholic authority, are controlled by the devil and work for his cause and against the church.

J. K. DEARTH writes us, from Cleveland, Ohio, saying he is going to Alabama to settle with a colony of liberals or largely of Spiritualists. If any person wishes to know more about it, he can write him at No. 114 Ontario street, Cleveland, O. We cannot answer friend Dearth about Buckle's works, but have sent the volume so ordered.

The Cause in Albany.

DEAR BANNER—Mrs. A. E. Mossop has given us four lectures with increasing interest and admiration on the part of her hearers. Controlled by a high order of intelligence, her glowing language rolls like a wave of light over that wide field where bigotry and error hold their shadowy empire. Did not other engagements prevent, we should claim her as our speaker for months to come, feeling sure that we should be largely the gainers thereby.

Mr. A. J. Davis was with us yesterday morning, and, at the close of Mrs. Mossop's eloquent discourse on the importance of our properly spiritually educating children, made some of his very happy and appropriate remarks on the same subject. By vote of the Common Council, we have secured for our lectures their large fine room in the "City Hall."

G. L. DIXON.

Pres. of the First Soc'y of Spiritualists.
Albany, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1872.

Spiritual Matters in Ohio.

Mary A. Henry, Secretary of the Allen's Hall Spiritualist and Liberalist Society, of Springfield, O., which meets each Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.—informs us, under date of Oct. 9th, that the following Board of Officers was chosen by that body, on the 4th of September last, to serve for the coming term: President, Mrs. Sarah J. Lewis; Vice President, John P. Allen; Treasurer, Mrs. Ruth Peet; Secretary, Mrs. M. A. Henry.

Oh Music! thou who bringest the receding waves of memory over the weary heart of man, as he stands upon the shore and looks across over! Art thou the evening breeze of this life, or the morning air of the future one?—*Jean Paul Richter.*

The man who, improving in skill or knowledge, improves in modesty, has an undeniable claim to greatness of mind.

The Lecture Room.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray on Creeds.

This gentleman gave the second lecture in the Lyceum course at Music Hall, Boston, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 9th. He commenced by an allusion to public opinion, which he defined as the creed of the masses, and which was the power that stood back of the laws and sustained the church. It was a power so strong that it could make any law of no effect in a week, and take the most ancient creeds of the church and re-write and revise them at its will. This was the popular creed. What one man thought to-day another man thought to-morrow, and so it made a difference to every man what another man thought. Sometimes it even did one good to look at life from a paper standpoint. He then said that he proposed to state his creed, not that it was of more value than another's, but to set them talking and thinking on the morrow. Speaking from the standpoint of a religious teacher, he affirmed that a creed could be, and often had been, overvalued. He believed in a creed and liked to see it written in black and white, but his creed was his own and not another's. His creed was not metallic, but tree-like, capable of growth. Some worshiped creeds, but his had no value except as it was useful. He did not care a straw for all the creeds in Christendom save as they benefited men. The moment they cramped men and fostered bigotry they were hurtful. It was not verbal formulas that were beneficial, but the spirit of brotherhood. They had done fighting enough, and he despised the theology which quibbled and picked quarrels. He searched not for an arena, but for a common platform. Some people judged a man's Orthodoxy by the amount of light there was in him, but he preferred the power of gentleness and the charm of quiet ways. The men who represented the highest spiritual force were men of quiet energy. The numbers that talked loud in the pulpit were those who thought little in the study. The speaker then turned abruptly to the labor reformers, who he said had been making a most unreasonable amount of fuss. It was a grave problem, the relations of capital and labor, but thus far the agitation had been barely lifted above the level of content. It had been conducted in the interest of worn-out politicians and shirks. The object of trades unions seemed to be to conduct the agitation in such a way that the ordinary benefits of agitation should not be realized. No good had ever resulted from it, and nobody had given thought on the subject worth anything except Philip. The numbers that talked loud in the pulpit were those who thought little in the study. The speaker then turned abruptly to the labor reformers, who he said had been making a most unreasonable amount of fuss. It was a grave problem, the relations of capital and labor, but thus far the agitation had been barely lifted above the level of content. It had been conducted in the interest of worn-out politicians and shirks. The object of trades unions seemed to be to conduct the agitation in such a way that the ordinary benefits of agitation should not be realized. No good had ever resulted from it, and nobody had given thought on the subject worth anything except Philip. The numbers that talked loud in the pulpit were those who thought little in the study.

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The third article in his creed was that every man, woman and child should have a perfect physique. Now-adays people were crippled in the stomach; dyspepsia was one of the fine arts, and rheumatism a luxury which the poor could not enjoy. Good health was considered vulgar. For seventy years the scholarship of New England had had no tan on its cheeks, and a robust minister was looked upon as likely to be a heretic. It was a portion of his creed that a minister should live for a certain length of time out of doors, for the character of the woods was always simple, quiet and observant. He knew a guide in the Adirondacks who could teach many scholars astronomy, for he had studied Nature herself, and the sky was his time-piece. This wonderful aptness to interpret, the preacher needs. And it cannot come from books. No one can truly worship God while he sleeps under a shingled roof, or lies in a ten by twelve chamber with his eyes fixed on the ceiling. His creed impelled him to seek God beneath the stars, with the weight of all upper spaces resting on him. He loved the church, which had been prepared for service, and the audible prayer; but his soul at times required more room. The vice of the age was artifice, and cunning ruled the hour. The clergyman was pointed out as eccentric if he dressed and acted like other people. The clergyman was frightened out of his individuality, and dared not breathe without his nose buried in a pillow. No man was so forceful and no woman so attractive as when natural. The sermons of the day were not natural; they were grandfathers' sermons. The pulpit of New England is weaker to-day than it has been in a hundred and fifty years, because nature has been repressed. Some men who were dull in the pulpit were brilliant in the parlor, simply because there they were natural. If it was asked what was to be done to remedy this, he replied to the people, "Undo what you have done, and do not trammel your ministers and criticize their individuality."

The last element of his creed to which he made allusion was charity. He had met with a great deal of opposition and foiled it, but he bore no hatred in his soul. He had known what it was to toil and wait. From ten to thirty years of his age he had not a dollar that was not earned with his hands, and his text-books were bought with pation. But best of all he had triumphed over all obstacles, and had never seen an hour when he hated a living soul. He concluded with an invocation of the sweet spirit of charity.

The next quarterly meeting of the Van Duren County Circle will be held at Bangor, Me., on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 24 and 25. The first session to commence at 2 o'clock P. M. on Saturday. Rev. H. G. Eccles, of Kansas City, will be present as one of the speakers. He would like to spend the remainder of the month in Michigan. Those desiring a good speaker should secure his services at once.

The State Society of Kansas Spiritualists will hold its Annual Meeting at Topeka, on the 25th, 26th and 27th of October, 1872. All Spiritualists are invited to attend, whether delegates or not, as good speakers will be present, and a good and pleasant reunion is expected. The meeting will assemble at the Constitution Hall, No. 133 Kansas avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M., Friday, Oct. 25th, 1872. Price, 25 cents; postage 12 cents; paper 10 cents, postage 4 cents.

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NATURE'S GREAT ANTIDOTE

Diseases of Debility!

Triumphant Success
OF THE GREAT
BLOOD-NOURISHING
AND
Vitalizing Agent,
DR. H. B. STORER'S
Nutritive Compound.

In all diseases originating in impoverishment of the Blood, and debility of the organs of nutrition, the NUTRITIVE COMPOUND is unsurpassed, as food and medicine combined. That terrible disease,

SCROFULA!

is a disease of DEBILITY OF THE ORGANS OF NUTRITION, and an inability to convert the food we eat into healthy blood cells, and form healthy tissue and flesh. In Scrofula, the food is imperfectly digested and forms gross, fatty matter, a substance of LOWER ORGANIZATION than healthy flesh, which is often deposited by itself in the bones, brain, liver, lungs, &c., forming masses of light grey color known as Tubercles or Scrofula. These lumps, found in all parts of the bodies of scrofulous subjects, finally SOFTEN, producing

Caries and Ulcerations of the Bones;
Ulceration of the Liver;
Ulceration of the Lungs,
With COUGH and EXPECTORATION, and known as CONSUMPTION; Ulceration of the Brain and its membranes, known as SOFTENING OF THE BRAIN; Ulceration of the Lymphatic Glands of the Neck, called SCROFULOUS ABSCESS; Enlargement and Ulceration of the Lactical Glands of the small intestine, or

CONSUMPTION OF THE BOWELS, &c.

Remember This!

Scrofula, or Tuberculosis, is produced by diseased or imperfect nutrition, brought about by the use of improper food, want of cleanliness, sunlight and pure air, and is a disease of debility. In vigorous health, the food which we eat is perfectly digested, and converted into healthy blood, holding in solution all the elements of the human body. In their proper proportions. Out of the healthy blood are formed the multitude of blood cells, required to build up all the tissues and organs of our bodies. Now if we are afflicted with these diseases, which govern the process of healthy digestion, we do not digest what we eat, and our food ferments and decays in the digestive canal, causing flatulency, foul stomach, furred tongue, flatulency, &c. Impaired nutrition produces, in this way, causes general debility of all the vital forces and organs; our blood becomes poisonous, and is not converted into healthy blood, but forms imperfectly organized matter, in turn, instead of forming healthy tissues, are deposited as scroful