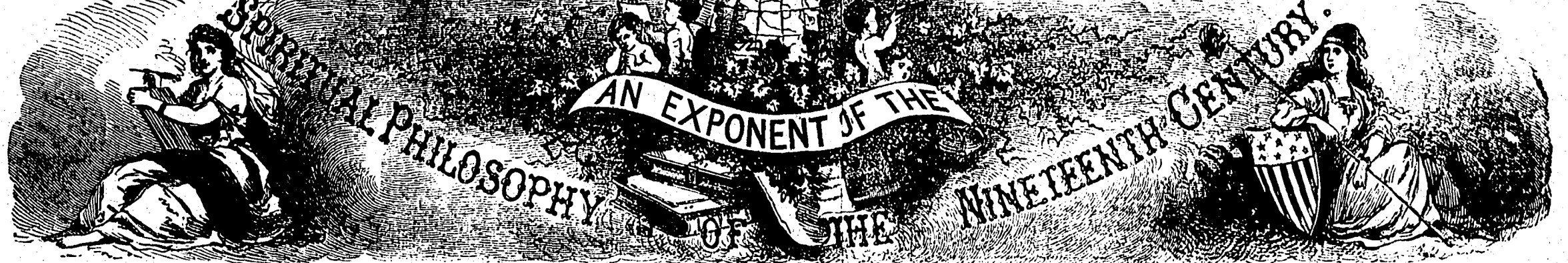


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### STARVING BY INCHES.

BY REBECCA J. MASON.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Alfred Dobbs, as has been said, was an artist; a sketcher and painter of landscapes. He had leaped wholly upon his father, in his lifetime, and now that he had died the gentleman must support himself or starve—which Mr. Dobbs did not wish to do. Therefore, as he considered painting a rather genteel employment, he concluded to take his paints and brushes to Ashley, and do as did the immortal Micaëwer—wait until something should turn up. Now Mr. Dobbs was more shrewd than sensible; for he thought that while pursuing his romantic occupation, his stylish air and dress must inevitably captivate some smart daughter of some well-to-do farmer, (but, then, when he had married her he should never tell his acquaintance that her father was a farmer, and leaning then upon his wife instead of his father, he should yet be comfortable; for he could not endure the thought of being seen without gloves—and choice gloves cost something. But Mr. Dobbs would have to expedite his movements or he would get positively shabby, and that was another of his fastidious notions; a man looks so shabby in poor garments. Does a woman?

The Sunday after Mr. Dobbs's arrival, he had made good use of his eyes and eye-glass. He had leisurely surveyed the congregation, particularly the singers in the front gallery, and had come to the determination to choose between the two prettiest girls in the choir—Anna Jones and Jane Graves. He was shrewd enough not to make too great haste; but he knew that in country towns a stranger was always an object of interest. So, on pleasant mornings, Mr. Dobbs might be seen perched on the top of a hill, with his face turned toward the best looking houses; and in the cool of the evening he might be seen sitting gracefully by the roadside, sketching the splendid sunsets.

By-and-by, the young men, in driving home the cattle, would stop to look at his pictures, and were amazed at seeing their own house, sometimes their own cows, looking so lifelike—for Mr. Dobbs could do very well if he chose, but he did not often choose. At sunset, too, the young ladies often came to walk, and sometimes they would happen to walk in his direction, and encounter, most unexpectedly, the showy artist.

Mr. Dobbs also knew a little Latin, and still less of Italian, although he was frequently seen with a book lying on the grass beside him—always unopened—which was an untranslated copy of Dante. He did, indeed, once try to paint one of Dante's hells; but having nothing to copy from, and his imagination not being vivid enough, he could produce neither demons or flames. Once besides, he tried Milton's Paradise, but could get no farther than to portray an indolent looking Adam asking his companion for an apple she was plucking from the tree. Then Mr. Dobbs ceased all attempts at painting from imagination, and confined his genius solely to copying Nature.

In the course of a few weeks, Mr. Dobbs had succeeded, so far as bowing to the persons he sometimes met on the road, and of a Sunday he had occasionally walked along chatting with the young ladies.

Captain Smith and Deacon Grant, judging he was fond of music, from the fact that his face was often turned in the direction of the choir, invited him to their house to a singing meeting, which was held at the different houses alternately. It was at Captain Smith's that Mr. Dobbs gained an introduction to Anna Jones and Jane Graves. That night he was made up his best. His ever damp hair was almost dripping, his complexion freshened as well as a towel dipped in new rum could make it. His rings, his pins, his watch-chain and his boots were all freshly polished. His black frock-coat with dark blue velvet collar, his maroon plush vest, his grey satinet pants, were all carefully brushed; and taking his walking-stick he set forth. The young men and women who composed the village choir had assembled at an early hour. As Mr. Dobbs approached the door he heard the tuning of fiddles, the quavering of the deep bass viol, the shrill notes of the clarinet and fife, preparatory to sounding. Just then our hero entered, which entrance caused a very little commotion. He was introduced to the young ladies, he was introduced to the young men, and he made his bows with an ease and nonchalance that they had never witnessed before. He was invited to join in the singing, and acquitted himself beyond his own expectations.

At nine o'clock the company dispersed, and Mr. Dobbs begged the pleasure of walking home with Anna Jones. Anna Jones was not only well-bred and sensible, but extremely sensitive to the real qualities of one's nature, at first sight. She had fathomed this man, had taken his mental and moral gauge, and instinctively shrank from all contact with him. Yet she would not be rude, so allowed him to walk by her side the short time it required to reach her home. How often men make themselves repulsive to women through their deficiencies and lack of fine instincts!

When Anna came to her own door, she thanked Mr. Dobbs, and coolly bade him good-night. As the gentleman left the door, he gave a low, prolonged whistle of disappointment and chagrin. That, then, was the end of his magnificent toilet; but he consoled himself with the thought that that was the way with some girls; they never could appreciate a splendidly got-up man, and that there were as good fish in the sea as ever swam; and Mr. Alfred Dobbs would yet be the bait at which they would bite.

Captain Smith and his wife thought him a very nice young man; not so Arthur Vose, the hired



CHASTITY.

### THE FINE ARTS.

#### CHASTITY.

Milton's beautiful mask of "Comus" furnishes many exquisite scenes for the painter's skill; and among those who have been inspired by the magnificent thoughts of the great poet, Mr. W. Frost, A.R.A., may be justly mentioned as having been highly successful in imparting to the eye those brilliant conceptions which the sublime Milton breathes to the heart.

The mask of "Comus" was first presented at Ludlow Castle, in 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales. This drama was founded on an actual occurrence. The Earl of Bridgewater then resided at Ludlow Castle; his sons, Lord Brackley and Mr. Egerton, and Lady Alice Egerton, his daughter, passing through Haywood Forest, in Hertfordshire, on their way to Ludlow, were benighted, and the lady was for a short time lost. This accident being related to their father upon their arrival at his Castle, Milton, at the request of his friend, Henry Lawes, the musician—who taught music in the family—wrote the mask. Lawes set it to music, and it was acted on Michaelmas night, 1634, the two brothers, the young lady, and Lawes

himself, bearing each a part in the representation. "Comus" is better entitled to the appellation of a moral mask than any by Jonson, Ford, or Massinger. It is a pure dream of Elysium. The reader is transported, as in Shakespeare's "Tempest," to scenes of fairy enchantment, but no grossness mingles with the poet's creations, and his muse is ever ready to "unbuckle the song" with strains of solemn imagery and lofty sentiment. "Comus" was first published in 1637, not by its author, but by Henry Lawes, who, in a dedication to Lord Bridgewater, says, "although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction."

Mr. Frost has selected "Chastity" for his subject, and an engraving from his celebrated picture is herewith presented. In order, however, that the subject may be fully realized, we extract such portion of "Comus" as relates to the picture:

"T is Chastity, my brother, Chastity:

She that has that is clad in complete steel,  
And like a quivered aim with arrow keen,  
May trace huge forests, and unharbored heaths,  
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,  
Where through the sacred rays of Chastity,

No savage feroes, bandit, or mountaineer,  
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:  
Yea, there, where very desolation dwells,  
By groves and caverns shagged with horrid shades,  
She may pass on with unobscured majesty,  
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
Some say no evil thing that walks by night  
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,  
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unkind elf;  
No goblin or swart fairy of the mine,  
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.  
So dear to heaven is saintly Chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.  
And in clear dream and solemn vision  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
Begin to cast a beam on 'th outward shape,  
The unpolished temple of the mind,  
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
Till all be made immortal."

We need not dwell upon the merit of the picture before us; for without the delicate coloring, we lose much of its beauty. The conception, however, is here, and that is entitled to our especial praise.—*Reynolds's Miscellany.*

man. Arthur Vose, too, had taken his measure, and set him down as a brainless puppy. Vose was a noble fellow, who had worked and studied nights to acquire an education. Naturally intelligent, he made rapid progress; and from the first moment, his heart had gone out toward the minister. They were fast becoming friends, and John Collins had placed his small, but choice library, at Arthur Vose's command. Arthur had some talent for public speaking, which John Collins wanted him to cultivate; for he saw that he possessed a fearless, earnest nature, that would force, would cut its way irresistibly, in the cause of right; therefore he wished him to get accustomed to declaiming. John Collins and Arthur Vose had talked together about establishing a Lyceum for debate and free discussion on the questions of the times, when the long evenings should set in, but Mr. Collins found that no proceedings ever had or ever could take place, without calling a meeting of the church. When the time came, he would call a meeting of the church, and if the church should grind it under foot, why then he must resist. His course was clear. His aim was the good of the people. But should he force the people's mouth open, and cram the obnoxious tonic down their throats? He would bide his time.

One pleasant sunset our artist carried his sketching materials into the old burying-ground, not so much because he had a fancy for drawing death's heads and cherubs, but because, a little while before, he had caught the gleam of a pretty blue dress and checked sun-bonnet moving about among the trees, and like a true artist he had an eye for the beautiful. He seated himself just inside the gate, so that the figure in the blue dress could not pass without seeing him, and being seen. Sometimes the figure would be out of sight ten minutes, then it would be seen sitting demurely on a grave; as twilight came on, the figure moved toward the gate, as if to go out. The artist sprang up surprised, lifted his hat, threw back his damp locks, and exclaimed in his purest tenor:

"Good evening, Miss Graves; do not leave this sainted place, which, I presume, is filled with the memory of your sires."

Jane Graves, for it was she who was indulging her little romantic hour in the old burying-ground, did not immediately recover her self-possession at this unexpected encounter. She had met him at Captain Smith's on the evening of rehearsal, but, as they had met to sing, there was little time for talking, and she had not seen him since. In her heart she admired his curling ringlets, his beautiful rings; and then he could paint pictures! How

much better that was than milking cows and feeding hens and horses! How much whiter his hands were than Lennox's or her father's! In the meantime she had seated herself again, in her embarrassment, and, handling her a picture he had been sketching, he asked her to look at it. Jane was amazed at seeing a rough sketch of her father's house, and a girl with just such brown hair as her own sitting on the door-step.

"It is nice, Mr. Dobbs, real nice! but I should think the paint would stain your fingers."

"Oh, a little pumice-stone and meal will remove that. I never travel without it," and he looked tenderly at his white hands.

"Have you been about a good deal, Mr. Dobbs?"

"Well, yes, I've been to New York and Boston, and I've been off fishing two or three times in summer, and I've come here. Let's see; this is in New Hampshire, and so I've been to New Hampshire. And then I've been to New Jersey. I used to reside in New York, and most of my acquaintances are there. But, Miss Graves, what beautiful curls you have!"

"And so have you, Mr. Dobbs. I admired your hair the first Sunday I saw you."

"That shows you to be a young lady of good taste, that you can appreciate a man's good looks. I should be sorry to take such pains with my toilet and have no one to admire it."

"It is growing dark now, and I guess I must go in," and Jane rose to go.

"Allow me to escort you to your residence, Miss Graves," said the artist, rising.

"I guess not, for I don't know what our folks would think to see me with a stranger," replied Jane, for she well knew that none of her family would tolerate the man a moment. Indeed, her father and Susan had formed an opinion upon first seeing him. They were both too plain and honest to be misled by his shallow pretensions.

"But, my dear girl, let me walk with you until we come in sight of your house; you cannot object to that!"

And Jane took his arm and walked with him down to the turn in the road, for she had never been so addressed, so flattered before. Arriving there, he raised his hat and politely bade her good evening, hoping he should soon have the pleasure of meeting her again.

I have said that Jane Graves was pretty and naturally lady-like, but she was vain, frivolous and selfish, because her sister had trained her to no responsibility. Susan had erred through kindness of heart and ignorance of the world. She knew nothing of life, and she did not dream that there could be a future different from anything

they had known. And, possibly, there might not for her; but Jane was twenty years younger, and, in the next twenty years, both herself and Becky might be laid in the old burying-ground, and even the Squire himself, hale and hearty though he was, and her sister be left alone. Therefore Susan had unknowingly taken much from Jane's life that should have been hers, and had given her nothing in its place.

"Well, Jane, where have you been? and here 'tis pitch dark!" said Susan, as her sister entered the house.

"Out in the burying-ground," replied Jane, for she had been taught to treat Susan with respect.

"Out in the burying-ground at this time 't is the evening? Why, for pity sake, what 'ye stay out there till dark for, Jane Graves? Was any o' the gals out there with ye?"

"None o' the girls, Susan; but Mr. Dobbs was out there paintin'." He spoke to me, and I stayed talkin' with him."

"Mr. Fiddlesticks! Now, Jane Graves, do n't you go to makin' no talk with that strange feller; we do n't know nothin' about him, no way, nor we do n't want to; nor we shan't, unless he comes taggin' round after you. My sakes! I should 'nough sight rather see a good shaggy dog comin' in here, 'n him!"

Jane made no reply, and soon lighted her candle to go to bed. She saw no more of Mr. Dobbs until the next Sunday. After meeting, he managed to walk part of the way home with her, notwithstanding the gruff manners and sour looks of Susan. Susan did not mean to stand in her sister's light, but she had read Dobbs as an adventurer, and she could not bear that Jane should form an acquaintance, possibly attachment, with such a man. She expected Jane to marry. She calculated on a good match, but she saw that Jane was prepossessed in this man's favor, and it made her uncomfortable.

The summer wore away, and John Collins still labored for the good of the people. He had preached on various subjects—on temperance, education, recreation, politics, religion, as applied to man's daily life; but never once on theology. He had never touched the doctrinal points. Not a word on the trinity, the atonement, the immaculate conception, or miracles; but he read, every Sunday, from the New Testament, and held up for example the life of the Nazarene. He showed him as their elder brother—a reformer—man in advance of his age—as there are in all ages. As he was divine, even all are divine; as he was the Son of God, even all are sons of God; as he was led to crucifixion, so, from earliest ages, had all foremost men, and women too,

suffered martyrdom—suffered in various forms. Were not Servetus, and Archbishop Cranmer, and many another burned at the stake? And if Jesus was nailed to the cross, did not Socrates drink his cup of hemlock? Were there not noble Roman women, and men, torn in pieces by wild beasts? And, in the nineteenth century, was not the grand old man, from North Elba, martyred in the cause of freedom? All, for their love of Truth. And should we falter? Should we not, taking our lessons from the past, go bravely on?

All this he preached to them through that beautiful summer time. Little was said to him. His daily life was so pure and blameless, they were loth to call him to account. Only in the middle of the summer, Deacon Grant had told him that "he guessed he could n't keep a boarder any longer," and Squire Graves had opened his doors, and told him he was welcome to a room and the mouthful he ate, and no persuasion could induce him to take a cent for it. Thus he had quietly moved into their home, and the two women cared for him as if he had been their son. Through all this time, the church, had been gradually fermenting. Autumn was near. Much was to be done. The harvest was to be gathered in; the church-meeting called to suggest the plan of the Lyceum. Squire Graves and Susan, accompanied by Mrs. Jones, were to make their first visit to a city. Yes, much was to be done. Division—and more than that—sorrow and sadness, were coming to Ashley. Who would stand firm? Who would prove true? Who, if need be, would be stoned to death in the streets? A great moral battle—a battle of ideas—was hanging over Ashley.

#### CHAPTER VII.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly."

Mr. Dobbs was unable to advance as rapidly as he desired, but he had vowed not to leave Ashley alone. He looked over his wardrobe, and thought that with care he could make it serve him a few months longer. He had staked all his hopes on getting a smart wife in Ashley; one that would keep him tidy, get him up a good breakfast, and, perhaps, bring him some money. How could a man live without money? And the easiest way was to marry some rich man's daughter. He had frequent interviews with Jane Graves, for, as Anna Jones had never noticed him since the night of the singing-meeting, he had decided to marry Jane. She was very pretty, and he should not be ashamed to introduce her to his set. So he had persuaded Jane to many a clandestine meeting. Jane Graves was all unused to deception. She had scarce known a thought she could not impart to the family, and though frivolous and vain, she was perfectly guileless and frank. This man had roused her sympathies. He had bemoaned to her that he had never been appreciated socially or professionally; and Jane, who knew nothing of the world, looked up to him as to a god. Yes, the girl loved him. He was ever flattering her with his shallow words, the first that had ever been spoken to her. But it laid heavily upon her conscience, these secret meetings. An entire change had come over her; she no longer ran singing over the house; she no longer asked Susan what she should wear; she consulted another's taste now. Susan saw she was unhappy, and thought her sick; she gave her less to do than ever, and spent whole mornings gathering herbs to make a good strong diet-drink which would sharpen her appetite and bring her back to herself.

September had come, and the first day saw Anna Jones installed as mistress of the village school. This was what Anna had been studying and striving for. Her school numbered about thirty scholars, and it was her first attempt; but she was good-tempered and patient, and determined to succeed. It required time and gentle discipline to bring thirty little people into anything like routine. Sometimes they would start up and rush out of doors to play, forgetting they were in school. Often they would be stretched on the benches fast asleep; sometimes they brought visitors with them in the shape of tiny kittens, ragged dolls, and little aprons full of grasshoppers. But Anna did not grow cross; she turned all these little objects into useful lessons and childish sermons, thereby gaining love and not fear.

The fifth day of September the great church-meeting was to be held, to which all the congregation, all the town people were invited. They were to assemble by three o'clock in the afternoon, in the meeting-house. It was an important affair, therefore called early. John Collins opened the meeting with prayer. He then made a statement of his views regarding an appropriation of the funds for building a hall for the purpose of forming a Lyceum, which Lyceum should be open for the discussion of all questions, moral, social, religious, political. The subject he wished freely and fully treated by all present, women as well as men. Here the audience exchanged glances, for in Ashley no woman had ever been known to speak in public. They then proceeded to nominate a chairman, and Arthur Vose was unanimously chosen. Deacon Grant first took the floor. For his part he had never seen such changes in his life. He did not know how it would better the condition of things to spend money in building a hall to talk in. He would sooner vote to have the money given to the heathen. He had tried to keep quiet all summer, but believed the time had come when he must speak his mind. Now in preaching he had been used to hearing about Christ dying for us sinners, about the good, them that belonged to the church being set up on the right hand of God, and the wicked, them that did not belong, on the left, to have their portion in hell-fire forever.

Then the deacon was called to order by the chairman, who rose and spoke as follows: "With all respect for Deacon Grant, he must



allow me to say that we have come here to discuss the project of a Lyceum, not to discuss the theology of the past. The town is stagnating. It were better to become extinct than to try to shrink these questions longer. We must have a place where we can work, and our part for humanity, and Arthur Voss sat down amid subdued applause, for it was not decorous to evince interest in a meeting-house.

Dr. Killam then rose. He rather agreed with brother Grant, that the money had much better be sent to the poor, perishing heathen, than in erecting buildings which might in time become golden calves to the people. He thought the town was going backward now, and he preferred the good old ways.

Mr. Holt, the tavern-keeper, took the floor. He really believed it would do the young folks good, and old ones too, to have a spirited meeting to go to long winter evenings. When his boys were alive, after the corn was shelled, they had nothing to do but sit in the chimney corner and sleep. He wished they had meetings then to go to. For his part he'd like to have such meetings, and hear men and women talk, and perhaps he'd talk some himself, he didn't know, he wasn't much used to it, but anyway he'd give 'em a lift. So he told them to set his name down for one hundred dollars. They'd all got money enough, and why should n't they try and make some good use of it. And the young people could no longer be restrained from expressing their approbation nobly.

Squire Graves next rose, and told them to put him down for two hundred, and while they were about it, to build thoroughly a strong, handsome building, and as he was going to Bamford before long, he would look around and see how they were lighted and warmed in other places. And upon the impulse of the moment his daughter Susan got up, and breaking through all her old sense of propriety, told them to put Susan Graves down for five dollars. The house was in an uproar. The ice was broken, and the women could breathe, and talk as never before. But Susan sat calmly down, as she whispered to Mrs. Jones, "not feeling a bit dashed, she knew she was right." Mrs. Jones gave three, Anna one, Captain Smith one hundred, in spite of his wife, Arthur Voss fifty, John Collins fifty, Squire Graves's hired help, Becky and Leander, five each. Various sums were contributed, amounting in all to seven hundred and fifty dollars. Then in Grant, Doctor Killam and many others left the meeting, while the rest remained in animated talk until almost dark. But the best-hearted had carried the day. It would not yet do to call them progressivists, they were not prepared for that.

The next Sabbath there were many vacant pews in the old meeting-house. The minister's face was sad as he looked around, but he felt that for humanity's sake he must bear bravely on. He did not like to sow dissension in the church; it grieved him to see the empty pews, and miss the old grey heads that had looked up to that pulpit for spiritual nourishment for more than half a century. And then he asked himself the question, "Was he feeling them with his hands, that they should refuse it at his hands?" He felt that he must say:

"I will speak 'till at the judgment day any of you should say, 'old man, you told us not of this!'"

Again there were busy times at Squire Graves's. Susan had commissioned Mrs. Jones to purchase for her a suitable wardrobe, and Chloe Adams, the village tailress and mantua-maker, was engaged for three weeks, as she had also to make a new outfit for the Squire. They expected to be absent about four weeks, and wished to go the first of October. The time passed all too soon, but the last day came. The stage was to call for them the next morning at five o'clock, as they had twenty miles to travel before they would reach the railroad station. Susan had been up early and late. She had given numerous directions to Becky and Leander, to take good care of the house, of the cattle, and especially of Jane and of the minister.

Mr. Collins was to visit the city the last week of their stay, to attend a "woman's convention," and would return with them. They were through breakfast, and waiting on the doorstep when the stage rolled up—a great, clumsy, old-fashioned vehicle, with three seats inside that would hold twelve persons, and a great flat roof that would hold as many more, drawn by four large-framed, strong horses. The Squire was walking round his farm to take a last look at the cattle, Susan had her face covered with her handkerchief, and Jane was sobbing quietly, while Mrs. Jones was bidding her daughter good by. The luggage was strapped on, and the driver holding the door open for the party to enter.

John Collins had shaken hands with them all, and as the stage rolled away, Jane sprang from the doorstep, and screamed, "Father, father, kiss me before you go!" The driver checked his horses, and Mr. Collins lifted her to the window. The old man was deeply moved, as she clung round his neck and covered his face with kisses. She kissed Susan, too, again and again, and returning to the house, she laid her head in Becky's lap, and sobbed aloud. The home was very lonely that day. Becky went about her work as if she had just returned from a funeral, and Leander was uncommonly grave and quiet, while the minister remained in his study, except when out upon one of his long walks.

When the party arrived at the railroad station, Susan and her father were quite bewildered. The low-roofed building, the long train of cars, which they had never seen before, the steam, and smoke, and noise of the engine, and the many persons moving to and fro, were to them, objects of profound curiosity. And after being seated in the cars, and having time to recover herself, Susan ventured to look around, and found that no one was looking at them, she soon felt quite at home. She saw long rows of seats behind her, filled with people, but these people did not seem to know she was there. Some were reading, some sleeping, some looking out at the windows, and Susan soon found that instead of whispering to her father and Mrs. Jones, as she thought she must among so many strangers, she would have to raise her voice to a higher pitch than ever before. The Squire was equally amazed. It was his first trip by rail, and he could not understand how it was they flew so rapidly over the road.

At five o'clock they reached their first stopping-place, which was a little manufacturing town, where they were to stay all night. They were thankful to alight, for they were completely tired out. Susan said she had rather do a whole summer's work than travel, if that was the way folks had to be hurried along. They had an early supper, and retired at once, as they were to take the six o'clock train in the morning.

Again they were up early, and in readiness for the morning train. This time they would go through to their destination, the city of Bamford. Mrs. Jones did not think they would feel so much at home in a hotel, and had written to her friends for suitable accommodations. Therefore, upon their arrival, they were to go directly to a private house, in a quiet street. Who does not remember their first impressions upon entering a great city?

The first thing was the noise—the endless driving of carriages; then the long lines of shops, with goods of all sorts displayed at the doors and windows. There seemed to be no houses, and if there were, the people were all out in the streets. Where could they be going to? What were they out for—so many of them? Who was doing the work, while they were out? And then the houses! Susan said she didn't think she could breathe shut up in one of those straight, comfortable red brick houses. However, when she stepped from the carriage into one of these same houses, she found it quite comfortable. The appointments of the house were a source of wonder to both her and her father. The carpeted floors, the marble wash-basins, with hot and cold water, the handsome gas-fixtures, which did not have to be trimmed in the morning, giving forth such brilliant light—all—everything for the first week was a matter of wonder, simply wonder.

[To be continued.]

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH KATY FOX.

DEAR BANNER—In the early part of last August the spirit of the poet, N. P. Willis, communicated, through the mediumship of Mrs. Maggie Kane, at the house of my friend Mr. Albert B. Fox, as follows:

"My own dear friend and companion, the dark, east hour brings forth the brightest morn.  
Oh, I would ever lead thee, Mary,  
To brighter paths of earth;  
I would guide thy feet to greener spots,  
I would teach thy soul its worth.  
I would lead it up with light of love,  
I would give its pinions play,  
In the gentle light of a second spring,  
In the light of a new day.  
Oh, turn not from me now, Mary,  
The heart which thou hast tried,  
Mine is no wavering heart, Mary,  
Though all prove false beguile."

Oh, my dear friend, the light of love shines up on your soul. Meet me soon again. Poor child, Maggie, go to bed and dream of happier days in store for you.

N. P. WILLIS.

Upon receiving these verses Mrs. B. remarked, "How strange that Mr. Willis should address these lines to me! I did not know him in earth-life, nor do I remember ever to have read his poems." It was repeated out, "Never mind, Mary; I will bring you my book of poems from my library." The writer happening to call at the house the evening the book was promised to be brought at the circle, and the directions having been given previously by the spirit, as to who should compose the circle, a member, Mrs. Judge Stamps, of Texas, asked the spirit, through Miss Katy Fox, if the Colonel could remain. It was answered by rap, "Let him stay." The circle being formed, and gas turned down, spirit-lights flitted across the room, darting to and fro, while others remained stationary. A few darted like meteors, leaving trains and lighting up the room; the guitar was played, floating above our heads; we were taken hold of by spirits whose forms were distinctly felt behind us, while the circle all joined hands.

While sitting quietly, Mrs. B. said, "Oh, he has brought the book!" The spirit rapped out, "Get me pen and ink." Upon its being brought, the members of the circle distinctly heard the spirit writing, and upon the gas being turned up, the writing was found on the fly-leaf of the book as follows: "To my beloved Mary, from N. P. Willis." On the back of the fly-leaf he had drawn his own likeness, which compared favorably with the steel engraving and fac simile of himself. Also a beautiful little lily was placed in the book.

After the manifestation Mrs. Stamps and Mrs. Kane were told to go by the window, while Mr. and Mrs. B. were told to stand by the door, and myself alone to remain seated. We were told to sing. The guitar was brought by angel-hands and placed in my lap and played upon while I sang "Home, sweet home," and we distinctly heard a spirit-voice beautifully singing second. We had been requested to close our eyes. (It must be borne in mind that the circle was held in the third story, and the doors were locked.) After finishing the song, it was rapped out, "Dear one, open your eyes! look!" when a light about the color and brightness of the moon approached within a foot of me, brought there to illuminate my spirit-wife's face, which I saw three times, appearing at my right, and I felt distinctly her whole form, and felt her kiss impressed on my lips.

My hat, which was left in the hall, was brought in the room and placed upon my head. We were then told that the power was exhausted for the evening.

During this summer, my friend, Judge Stamps, through Planchette, wrote his wife, then at Branham—the terminus of the branch of the central road of Texas—that if she would go North, she should see him face to face. She complied, and he has fulfilled his promise and appeared to her in times, bringing flowers, &c. Finally, he told her to procure Bristol board, brush, pencil and paint. She did so, and a short time previous to returning to Texas, and while seated in a circle at nine A. M., the articles all disappeared. At the evening-circle the identical board (having the names previously written upon it by four of the circle present) was returned, and a good likeness of the Judge was drawn upon it in the following manner: A rattling was heard at the window, the curtain was lifted, all present, aided by the light of the moon, saw the picture returned and placed by Mrs. Stamps's hands.

A few evenings after, a picture of the Judge's spirit child was brought in a similar manner. These pictures she had framed, and took them to her Southern home as evidences of spirit power, and proofs of identification.

N. P. Willis also on another occasion brought his picture. Thursday last, at their circle, he brought and presented to Mrs. B. a breast pin, telling her previously, through Miss Katy Fox, to get a purple velvet ribbon and lay it upon the table when the circle was formed. This being done he took the ribbon from the table, put it around her neck and pinned it, standing behind her, and then turned it in front. He then wrote a communication backwards, through Katy Fox, telling Mrs. B. that the pin was one he wore in youth. It is of gold, and set with his own hair, and is in the form of a harp.

Where this beautiful memento was brought from, is what the writer would like to know. If any of his friends in earth-life remember his having worn such a pin, and can inform us in whose custody it has been since he passed to the higher life, this incident may be the means of convincing many skeptical minds among his earth associates that, unseen by the many, the spirit of N. P. Willis still lives, moves and has a being. Will not some of his friends, for their own good and that of humanity, make the necessary inquiry, that the facts may be verified? Our circles have been private, but any information will be given by me to any interested party.

I have given as brief an account as possible of the manifestations, and, if agreeable, will give you others.

P. BREMOND.

New York, Oct. 1st, 1869.

## CHRISTMAS EVE OFF THE COAST.

Suggested by a picture.

JOHN WILLIAM BAY.

Along the rock-ribbed hill—  
The scolding whirlwinds blow,  
And fear and anguish thrills  
Swift through the blinding snow!  
The Snow King throws his cruel law  
With the drifted vale,  
And rears aloft his midnight crown  
O'er our mad, mad, mad world!

God say the sailor now!  
With the forest dim  
The oak in ruin low,  
Along the seaward grim  
The lighthouse casts a glim gleam,  
Scarce seen a mile away,  
Where spouting billows onward stream  
And to their caps of spray!

Around the leaping mast  
Each stout and ballad sings:  
Along the bulwarks fast  
Death-cursing hammer rings:  
Hope quies their sad and struggling souls,  
And fast hands hold the wheel,  
As marky mark the water shoals  
Beneath the plunging keel.

Oh lady! sit and pale  
Who slaps that infant's cry.  
As peals the wailing gale,  
And entering spurs reply:  
Serve you thy heart, the hour is near  
When through the "seagate" cold  
Shall call thee to a grander sphere  
Beyond the gates of gold!

The erping table holds  
The chart outspread with care,  
And stern eyes trace its folds  
In calm and mute despair.  
But angels peal their welcoming strain  
Along the cloudy sky,  
As one by one the moonlit plain  
It rolls in days gone by!

Down from the swinging lamp  
The flickering light rays fall—  
Up from the cabin damp  
God calls his children call:  
And from the midnight's gulfing wave  
Immortal souls are born,  
To greet beyond the shadowing grave  
Home's grander "Christmas morn!"

Boston, Jan. 5, 1870.

## SPIRITUALISM IN EUROPE.

NO. 11.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

In my last article I briefly glanced at the general surface of Spiritualism in Europe, without making particular mention of any phenomena which I had myself witnessed, or any movements of interest which grow out of the revelations of spirits. In the latter category I cannot include the associations founded by Allan Kardec in France. Any view of immortality which builds upon the corner-stone of the horrible and loathsome theory of "reincarnation" is not Spiritualism, as I understand it, but a sort of rehash of the ancient "Metempsychosis" theory, with certain variations not at all in favor of the modern theorist.

Despite the fact, however, that the believers in this hateful doctrine, as taught by the late Allan Kardec, are exceedingly numerous, the believers in the universally coincident affirmations promulgated by the spirits, proved by the immense array of testimony in their favor, and sanctioned by common sense, grow far more numerous in Europe than the "Reincarnationists," or "Spirites," or any theorists whose chief source of authority is French imagination. The popular tone assumed by Spiritualism in England is at present almost entirely phenomenal. Owing to the tendency of mind hinted at in my last communication, the English Spiritualists being—like a certain apostle of old—"determined only to know 'the Lord Christ, and him crucified'"—receive, as every experienced investigator may surmise, only such communications as endorse their own peculiar views; and where the spirits who come cannot be psychologized into endorsing good old fashioned Methodism, stern Calvinism, high Trinitarianism, or Vicarious Atonementism in some form or other, they are either exercised with the solemn formula for trying the spirits prescribed in St. John, or sternly advised to confine their demonstrations to physical performances, and leave their awkward infidelic theology to your humble servant, and his Yankee competers.

Sitting once in a circle in London, where some very Orthodox investigators were discoursing solemn platitudes, and very resolutely desiring an endorsement from the spirits concerning their views of the "Saviour," my clairvoyant perceptions and long continued methods of holding direct intercourse with spirits convinced me my not invisible friends were quietly laughing in their spiritual sleeves, or, in other words, humoring the pious inquirers by responding to them after their own fashion. When an opportunity occurred I questioned these very self-same spirits how they could thus pander to what they knew to be the conservative spirit of ancient superstition, when my friends answered me by asking if I could tell why the priests and sages of antiquity did not break up the images that the people worshipped, before they had learned to comprehend that they were only the mythical external embodiment of a spiritual idea? I was silenced, but not fully convinced. Besides the Orthodox, who disown every spirit that does not acknowledge that God came in the flesh, &c., &c., there are a goodly number of noble minds and clear intellects who hold on to the atonement and all its marvelous adjuncts of what they call "revealed religion," as they do to the organism which their fathers bequeathed to them, and yet, strange to say, receive and fully credit the stupendous revelations which spirits make concerning a hereafter of infinitely graduated scales of supreme bliss and of ghastly misery; and all growing out of those same "works" of which faith in a Saviour makes so little account. How these noble minds, for such many of them undoubtedly are, manage to reconcile the use or function of a "Saviour," with the solemn asseverations of returning spirits, that the good are in bliss without the aid of a "Saviour," and the evil doers are in torment despite the atonement that was assumed to have washed their sins away, my blundering commonplace sense cannot well comprehend. Such, however, is the case, in proof whereof consult a file of the "London Spiritual Magazine," where numerous admirable, startling and instructive communications are cited on the compensative and retributive condition of the spirit after death.

Besides the two classes of communicants referred to above, there is another, and not an inconsiderable number, who sit around a table and when by long practice a "planchette" becomes sufficiently obedient to their magnetic force as to move in time and measure to their thoughts, they receive whole volumes of MSS. from an unknown spiritual monstrosity, (for a spirit they would not consult for the world,) growing up into an "I am,"

or condensed into a temporary but evanescent personality, out of the "collective spirit emanations" of the circle.

It matters not that this spontaneously created demon seldom writes any opinions which do not exactly tally with those of the writers, or some other psychologist who influences them. This myth, more marvelous, inconceivable, and utterly irrational, than any that the Dark Ages have palmed upon us in the shape of theologies, is gravely affirmed to cover the whole ground of the rappings, tipplings, heavings, floatings in air, rope tyings, music playing—with and without instruments—feats of strength, most commonly performed in answer to some human request, the writing of names and forming of pictures and scenes on the arm, forehead, hands of mediums, &c., revelations, inventions, speaking with new tongues, entrancements, visions, prophesying, healings, spirit lights and voices, the seeing of spirits in many various ways, the warnings, communications, messages and revelations from spirit friends, conveyed through writing or speaking, and above all, the millions of tokens of identity with deceased persons which the controlling intelligences have given through all the above and other methods too numerous to mention. Oh, wondrous spirit mundi! "unintelligent" collective force" of the circle, or whatever else the agent may be that is not an individualized spirit! what a pity that some of our material scientists could not knock up against a stream of this collective force, travelling off in the air from one circle to another; what a wonderful deal of insolent denial and cold assertion might have been spared, and how much of spiritual verities the worshippers of blind atoms and causeless effects might learn from a wandering stream of collective soul force! And now having enumerated the most prominent phases of human opinions versus spiritual revelations, which beset the progress of "the cause" in England, let me turn to the other side of the picture and notice wherein the "little island" holds its own, even in the foremost ranks of spiritual enlightenment. We have in London some most excellent physical mediums, second to none in the world for the power, variety and beauty of their manifestations.

Besides Mr. Home, whose renown is in every rene of the term "world wide," there are two mediums in London whose positions in private society I should not have presumed to invade, had I not already seen their names openly mentioned in several English communications addressed to the Banner. With the mediums in question—Mrs. Everitt and Mr. Edward Childs—I have the pleasure of enjoying intimate social relations, and have been in the habit of witnessing the phenomena produced in their presence under a great variety of favorable circumstances.

Besides the usual phantasms of loud and varied rappings, movings of ponderable bodies, with and without contact, spirit lights, writings, and all the other demonstrations which accompany this kind of mediumship, Mrs. Everitt is endowed with a power by which spirits can converse in her presence with loud and characteristic speech. At times, too, the house in which her circles are held is shaken with a violence equal to the vibration produced by a passing train of cars, the tremulous motion of the whole building being continued for several minutes. Although the force of the manifestation is sensibly increased by darkness, yet their principal charm is displayed in the spontaneously and tokens of unmistakable intelligence and identity which are often rendered without the inventory processes of the circle, or the awkward adjunct of darkness.

In the broad light of day, in ordinary conversation, at the social board, in railway cars, the public street, or the rural walk, the ever welcome presence of dear spirit friends is manifested through Mrs. Everitt's mediumship, with a force and spontaneity which lifts the very thin veil which is said to divide the spiritual and natural worlds, and brings us directly face to face with the immortals.

In the presence of Mr. Childs, I have heard as many as a dozen different spirits converse in loud, clear tones, sing songs, make speeches, quarrel with each other, recite in various voices, and go through all the phases of conversation incident to a large assemblage of different individuals. When the presence of Mr. Austin (a medium of equally remarkable endowments) is added to Mr. Childs's circles, the most delightful performance on various musical instruments takes place. The violin, guitar, piano-forte, concertina and flute are all played upon in masterly style. Duets, trios and solos are given, and that, too, from any opera or other musical work the company may select.

I have frequently been requested by the leader of the band, an Italian spirit named "Sancto," to choose the pieces I would desire to hear, and, in answer to my request, selections from five or six different operas have been admirably performed. As these wonderful vocal and instrumental scenes have been so recently described by an esteemed English physician, Dr. Dixon, in his letters in the Banner of Light, I need not reiterate, but simply endorse his statements, and add that these marvelous circles, although strictly limited to the invited guests of the families in which they are held, have been witnessed and attested by large numbers of the most distinguished, intelligent and veracious ladies and gentlemen in the land, that the mediums are gentlemen whose social position places them far above the reach of suspicion or the mud of infamy cast by the foul hands of a "Carbonell" and his crew against the poor American mediums, whilst the circles are invariably so conducted as to render deception as physically impossible as it is morally and socially unlikely. I must add that the mediums I have described are but representative specimens of many others I have not space to mention; also that if Spiritualism in England is cramped and fettered by the bitter spirit of theological sectarianism, it is at least free from that scoffing materialism so fatally prevalent in our ranks, which seizes at every truly religious idea and rudely assails every conception, however sacredly it may have been cherished, which fails to conform to the modern scheme of external demonstration; hence I think it will be seen that what the Spiritualism of Europe teaches in expansive progress, it makes up for in force, refinement, decent observance and good order. There is yet another point on which I commend the unorganized Spiritualism of Europe to the associated masses of the American movement. If our public teachers are few in number, they are not obliged to wage a continual warfare with the charge of free loveism, so strangely and infamously branded upon the movement in America.

The English rostrum is not free for the utterances of wandering missionaries grown tired of their lawful husbands and wives, and traveling in search of new affiliates, and something like social order and decent observance must be practiced as well as preached by those who claim to be "Spiritualists" in England. Animalists, although they may urge the influence of "magnetic conditions" or "spiritual teachings," are politely advised to recross the waters of the Atlantic; Spiritualism in England meaning something like

purity of life and decency of behavior, even if it be fettered with the bigotry of sects and the narrow-mindedness of threadbare creedal faiths.

Again, if our writers in England are not so numerous as in America, I think the names of the noble William and Mary Howitt, the venerable Dr. Ashburner, Prof. and Mrs. De Morgan, the joint authors of "From Matter to Spirit," the finest piece of philosophic writing in the English language, Thomas Braxton, the accomplished author of "The Two Worlds," Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Dr. Garth Wilkinson and his inspired and scholarly brother, William Wilkinson, are alone enough to form a phalanx of talent sufficient to redeem any cause, in any nation, from obscurity.

The sterling worth and classical tone of the "London Spiritual Magazine" has been too many years before the public to be questioned now. The bright, sparkling periodical, "Human Nature," is still admirably written up by Mr. J. Burns, its enterprising London publisher, whose industry, energy and self-sacrificing spirit would do honor to any cause; and all this, together with one or two fair public test mediums, constitutes a wealth of phenomenal Spiritualism which I do not exaggerate in affirming to compensate in quality for what it lacks in quantity.

During the past winter, we have had for several months series of capital public conferences, presided over by T. C. Luxmoore, Esq., as Chairman, and Thomas Shorter, Esq., (Brevior) as Vice Chairman. Our plan has been to present some subject of interest, in a speech of about half an hour, and then throw open the meeting for remarks from the audience, each speaker being limited to fifteen minutes. At the regular hour for terminating the conference of the evening, the chairman calls upon the speaker of the evening to display his or her acumen and forensic abilities, by summing up the whole of the evening's exercises, and pronouncing judgment upon its general tone. The utility and interest growing out of these conferences has exceeded even the warmest anticipations of their projectors, and reflect high honor on the talent and keen spirit of investigation displayed in their sessions.

Many associative efforts have been attempted besides these interesting conferences. The most important, and the one which promises the most permanent success, is the publishing house, and home for transient visitors, place of meeting, Spiritual and Reform Library, &c., conducted at 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, London, by Mr. J. Burns, the enterprising editor of "Human Nature." It was here that the cordial semi-public receptions awarded to Messrs. J. M. Peebles and Dr. F. L. H. Willis took place; and here, that many an earnest investigator learns to estimate the unpretending but really sterling character of European Spiritualism. I have not yet spoken of the progressive element in English Spiritualism, which without the disruptive ban of that license so fatally prevalent amongst a certain section of the American ranks, or the sneering materialism which characterizes another portion, really endorses all the broad progressive ideas which form the best characteristics of our best Spiritualists in America. The numbers of such thinkers are few; still they have their place in Europe, and wait and watch, ay, and labor too, for the "good time coming," when all men shall recognize that "the truth shall make them free." With a few Liberalists to head the van of the armies of progression; with hosts of conservatives to restrain the free truth from springing into rank luxuriance by too rapid growth; with a staff of the noblest and most talented writers and thinkers of the age to expound and advocate "the cause," and a good rank and file of capital mediums to illustrate it, English Spiritualists are not so much behind the age after all. On the contrary, they look with "grieved surprise" on the press of so great a country as America undertaking to cite the juggling performances of a poor bungling conjurer as sufficient to "expose Spiritualism;" also on the millions in the American Spiritual ranks, condescending to discuss the question of whether one Carbonell, a very indifferent trickster, can compel thousands of the noblest minds in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, to acknowledge that in believing in Spiritualism they must either be as great fools or knaves as himself. "Being 'only a woman,' I have no Latin, I am sorry to say, at my command to apostrophize this expose madness, whilst as to my own vernacular, it falls me to express the contempt I feel for the man who has spent months in learning to do and unte himself in poor imitation of the spirits, who can do it so much better and quicker without any learning at all; and still more for the sanguine literary 'Dunciad' who think by such poor tools to cut asunder the mighty telegraphic cable by which legions of wise and mighty spirits have bridged over the gulf between the material and spiritual worlds!

Whether the next notable piece of work undertaken by the redoubtable Carbonell will be acting as a medium for "John King" in creating another antagonistic revival for Spiritualism, or scooping up the waters of the Atlantic with a thimble, the Davenport's controlling spirits and the Boston Press can decide between them. In Europe, however, Spiritualism still lives—Carbonell and the exposers notwithstanding.

## From Springfield, O.

DEAR BANNER—This city, boasting of a population of intelligent and enterprising people, is today without a society of Spiritualists, simply because the believers are among the poorer classes, that is, the hard-working, water-of-face people, who do not possess a bank, a flock of spacious stores, or broad acres of land. Some five or six ago the first spiritual lecture was given here by Dr. Scott, and the truths of Spiritualism, as eloquently spoken by him, are still remembered by those who heard them. At the present time a society of Spiritualists could not be formed here, from the fact that one or the other class of believers must have the control of the things, and the handling of all funds for the organization and the arranging and controlling of all mediums brought under their influence, to the utter disregard of all teachings from wise and truth loving spirits and mortals.

A few firm friends of Spiritualism, as a Christian dispensation, still uphold the Banner of Light and the teachings of spirits who declare the Son of Man their ruler and who do his will on earth, as it is done in Heaven. This class of believers are few, but their power is great for the power is given them by the simple fact of their acknowledging him to be controller of spirits as well as mortals. Christian Spiritualists will yet become a host in themselves for silencing those who shame the traducers of those who rely on the "Saviour" side of the grave, as well as on the "other shore." Time will yet make this matter plain to Spiritualists generally, as well as the repudiators of the doctrine that the Son of Man has not yet power to act on Earth as well as in Heaven. See Luke ix, also 1st John xiv, also xlv, and many more if the author be admitted. This is true Spiritualism and the Spiritualist who advocates this doctrine is a true Spiritualist.

There are many willing to associate with Christian Spiritualists here, but to organize on any other platform is simply impossible, and this is the trouble in many places beside Springfield, Clark Co., Ohio.

The principal medium here now, is Mr. Ludlow, a good man and a fervent Spiritualist. The prominent Spiritualists are W. W. Lewis, Squire Miller, Bro. Dice and a few others.

Yours truly, HENRY STRONG.

Springfield, O., Dec. 22, 1869.



## Correspondence in Brief.

[illegible]



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## Banner of Light.

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of this paper is under the exclusive control of J. B. RICH,  
to whom letters and communications must be addressed.

### Legalizing Religion.

A call having been published some time since,  
in a Keokuk, Iowa, paper, for a State Convention  
to promote the formal recognition of the Almighty  
in the Constitution of the country, a trenchant  
criticism of the whole plan was written for the  
same journal in the name of a young Jew named Noah Green, who handles the  
subject with the ease and practice of a master.  
Some of his points are so good that we gladly re-  
capitulate them, using his own language. Speaking  
of the real object of the proposal itself, he says:  
"There can be but little doubt that the real  
design of the above movement is to achieve, not  
so much a recognition of the Almighty God, as an  
acknowledgment of the Christian religion, and  
all that the Orthodox school understand by that  
term. It means that the Constitution shall ac-  
knowledge the dogma of human depravity, of  
sacred atonement, of salvation through faith,  
of the Trinity, &c., &c."

The writer states the true plan of civil govern-  
ment with precision, in the following manner:  
"On entering society man surrenders the law-  
less liberty of the beast of prey—to do as he  
pleases, and to take the consequences—that he  
might gain the higher liberty of man, the liberty  
restrained by law, which prohibits him to encroach  
upon the equal rights of his fellow citizens. Gov-  
ernment is the machinery to guard these relations;  
it is nothing but a compact between the individ-  
ual and the others, in their corporate capacity  
called society. Government, as such, has no reli-  
gion. It were absurd to call a contract between a  
carpenter and his employer, Christian, Jewish,  
or Mahomedan, and yet so absurd is it to attrib-  
ute to government a religious name. The object  
of government is not the promotion of religion—  
that belongs to the church."

But the object of government is merely to se-  
cure life, liberty and property. If it steps beyond  
this sphere it becomes the greatest curse upon man-  
kind. It knows but its own law, and no divine  
ones. Government prohibits stealing, not because  
it is a violation of divine law, but because theft  
upsets the safety of property. It punishes the  
thief, not because he broke a divine law, but be-  
cause he violated its own law. It recognizes no  
divine law."

As for the equal rights of different religions and  
sects, he urges that they cannot be impaired by  
any such arrangement. All have the same claim  
on legal recognition, if it is to be granted at  
all. "We ask," he says, "what more right have  
our Christian citizens to a recognition of their  
religion in the Constitution, than have those of  
other beliefs? We predict if the agitators will  
file a petition for a recognition of the Christian  
religion, the Jews will come, too, and say: 'Our  
religion is the mother of the Christian religion,  
recognize us also.' There will also be petitions  
from the Catholics, the Unitarians, the Universalists,  
the Spiritualists, the Deists, the Pantheists,  
the Atheists, for all of them have a belief,  
and as all have equal rights, all these religions must  
be recognized. For, by the recognition of only  
one religion, the others would become mere tol-  
erated religions, and will lose that equality which,  
to reconquer, might take years of severe strug-  
gles."

He closes his forcible argument in this convin-  
cing fashion:  
"Another objection is this: To say in the Con-  
stitution that the people acknowledge the Chris-  
tian religion, would not be true, inasmuch as a  
great many do not believe in the Christian religion.  
To say that that part of the people who believe in  
Christianity acknowledge it, would be to say a  
very simple thing, not worth the trouble. And  
then, where will it end? If you recognize the  
Christian religion, you must also recognize that  
Jesus Christ is King over the whole world, and  
the promotion of his cause the highest interest  
to which everything must be made subservient.  
Then it will not take a very long time to make  
other discoveries: an infidel—and of course  
every one is an infidel who does not believe in the  
Trinity—should be no law giver under the King  
Jesus Christ. It will gradually and naturally  
work itself into established religion, and its evil  
consequences. History teaches an earnest lesson,  
written with types dropped in the blood and tears  
of the noblest of human ages, that man is natu-  
rally a religious tyrant; that the safety of all  
forbids State power to be entrusted to any one  
denomination. The tendency of human nature  
has not changed. The dark and blinding spirit of  
religious persecution is not dead; the volcano has  
not turned out. Under the lava it burns, and  
of feeding the flames. Christianity has always  
lost by the alliance with the State. Its original  
purity was lost after it ascended the throne of the  
Caesars. If you believe in God and the Christian  
religion, recognize it, not on a piece of paper, but  
in your actions. Use your Sunday schools, your  
class, prayer and camp meetings, your preach-  
ers, your colporteurs, your tract, Bible and Chris-  
tian associations—use these to promote your  
cause, and not that which is common property—to  
which you have no more right than any other."

### The French Revolution.

There is really revolution in France again—that  
is, so far as it goes. The Emperor has found it  
necessary to carry out the pledges made by him  
in his last September's manifesto, and, as a con-  
sequence, there is an end of the personal govern-  
ment. In other words, the Empire makes  
way for the Constitution. We cannot at all think  
that this is real, after so many advances  
and retreats on the part of the French nation.  
They want prudence now, however, along with  
firmness. They must keep all they have already  
gotten from the Emperor in the form of concession,  
and at the same time throw away none of their  
present advantage by indirection and an untimely  
zeal. A new Cabinet has been formed, with  
M. Ollivier at its head as Minister of Justice, who  
has composed a body of Ministers with positively  
liberal tendencies, yet conservative possibilities.  
It is believed to be more or less imbued with the  
spirit of M. Thiers, the venerable ex-Minister of  
Louis Philippe, who would naturally counsel  
prudence and caution. The world stands ready  
to congratulate the French people in sincerity for  
their manifest progress in constitutional freedom,  
but it wants still another pledge of their ability to  
restrain excesses and establish order and public  
peace.

### Physical Manifestations.

A short editorial upon this subject, in our  
paper of Dec. 25th, has called out the following let-  
ter from Mr. Josiah Moorhouse, of Waltham.  
We publish it, notwithstanding its heavy im-  
putations upon the character of Mr. Jenison, as  
well as other media, because of the counteracting  
influence of the testimony from other parties,  
which we include in this article.

WALTHAM, MASS., Thursday, Dec. 23, 1869.  
Editors BANNER OF LIGHT—Your last issue having  
a personal allusion to a remark contained in a com-  
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time and place we think his "varicity" might  
suffer from the fact. We know Miss Ellis to be a  
genuine medium, having tested her manifesta-  
tions, in presence of some of the most decided skeptics  
in Boston, under conditions that render the  
idea of deception on her part simply absurd. We  
printed, two weeks since, the statement of Mr.  
Lewis, of Providence, concerning the purporting  
of Miss Ellis by Messrs. Raub & Turner,  
which was refuted in our last by William Fos-  
ter, of that city. Since then we have received  
an indignant letter from her father, protesting  
for himself and daughter, against the influence  
of Mr. Lewis's letter through the *Banner* upon  
their reputation for integrity. We exercised our  
discretion in giving even so severe and hasty an  
article admission to our columns, knowing that  
every person who had ever really tested Miss  
Ellis, would see the very mode of statement  
that the imitations of Messrs. Raub & Turner  
were very bungling. But if there be any doubts  
aroused in the minds of our readers, by that ar-  
ticle, then they need to review and re-investigate  
the proof upon which they have relied—and Mr.  
Ellis need have no fear of the most thorough and  
critical tests. In this connection we publish  
the following spy letter from W. Brooks Cum-  
mings:

WALTHAM, MASS., Thursday, Dec. 23, 1869.  
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with us, thus giving ample opportunity of testing his  
mediumistic powers, we feel it a duty and a great pleasure  
to testify to his reliability and honesty as a physical medium of  
great promise.

Having witnessed his wonderful powers we can, with con-  
fidence, recommend him to all Spiritualists and investigators.  
In his sances held here, in which were some of the most  
distinguished citizens of this place and abroad—among whom  
may be mentioned the Rev. F. Young, of Cambridge, a Pro-  
fessor in Harvard University, all expressed themselves well  
satisfied with the honesty of the medium, in all the wonder-  
ful manifestations.

Friends, receive him kindly, for in him you will find a  
kind and generous heart, and earnest worker in this our  
glorious cause.

WM. H. YEAW,  
Secretary of Loomister Spiritual Association.  
We, the undersigned, having tested the mediumship of C.  
O. Jenison, cheerfully endorse the above testimonial.

MR. AND MRS. J. P. LINCOLN, Waltham.  
MR. AND MRS. J. F. FERRIS, "  
MR. AND MRS. O. INGLETT,  
DR. N. S. SORREMAN,  
DR. J. H. CURRIER, Boston.

But these physical manifestations do not de-  
pend upon the moral qualities of the media, and  
are never accepted upon their mere testimony, or  
general reputable character. Their value as facts  
illustrative of spiritual science, depends upon  
their production under positively test conditions  
by which the voluntary agency of the medium is  
absolutely prevented. Persons differ as to what  
constitutes such a test; but it must be by some  
means adequate to the purpose and that cannot  
be successfully imitated by tricksters. The only  
question to be decided, is, when manifestations  
occur with new media, or under new conditions,  
whether they can be so tested as to render the  
spiritual hypothesis more credible than any other.

We have published evidence in individual  
cases, and have admitted the expression of favor-  
able and adverse speculations, when conceived  
in a spirit of candor; but our whole object has been  
and will be to lead the minds of our readers to  
personal investigation of this whole subject—and  
to a knowledge of facts through the testimony of  
credible witnesses. It would be equally unneces-  
sary and undignified for us to say we have no  
interest in defending impostors, who may tempo-  
rarily seem to be advancing a belief in Spiritualism.  
Neither will we prejudice or turn away our  
sympathies from those media who may be un-  
able at once to satisfy incompetent investigators  
of their integrity, because the conditions under  
which the manifestations occur are sometimes  
imperfect and unsatisfactory. We commend close  
observation, patience, candor, and a teachable  
spirit to all who would be learners in the school  
of modern Spiritualism.

### A Generous Gift.

The following letter and resolution give the  
particulars of a very generous act, on the part of  
our friend, F. L. Crane, of Topeka, Kansas, in  
donating to the Society of Spiritualists a house  
as a residence for its speaker. Bro. Crane felt it  
his duty to do this much in return for the great  
good Spiritualism has been to him. How many  
there are who could do as much in a thousand  
different ways, if they would but let the better  
impulses of their souls have a controlling influ-  
ence over them when



Our New Year's Present.

Our patrons who are each endeavoring to circulate the *Banner of Light* more generally among the people by obtaining one or more new subscribers, have met with splendid success, and forwarded us, since our last issue, one hundred and thirteen names, accompanied with the money. This is beginning the new year well for the dissemination of the great truths of Spiritualism, and shows how much can be accomplished by a united effort. We tender our sincere thanks to these co-laborers for their timely aid. Their names we append: Mrs. E. S. Loper sent four new subscribers; Wm. Outland, one; J. M. Perry, one; Mrs. D. P. Haskell, one; James N. Claus, one; F. D. Edwards, one; S. Hurd, one; Miss R. Prentiss, one; M. Kenney, one; C. C. Campbell, one; Isaac Kloth, one; Wm. Somerby, one; A. Allen, one; Dr. S. W. Fiske, one; E. H. Doane, one; E. A. Ewers, one; Geo. Gallup, one; Mrs. H. E. Brown, one; L. Howes, one; H. M. Jewell, one; Wm. S. Osborn, one; Susan M. Hoffman, one; D. Anderson, one; S. F. Drinkwater, one; C. Canster, one; Mrs. L. P. Riley, one; Mrs. E. Matthy, one; B. H. McCord, one; D. H. Stetson, one; J. Kishy, one; L. Mason, one; H. Steelman, Jr., one; Wm. W. Pike, one; A. Couch, one; J. Jones, one; Phillip Morrill, one; Mrs. F. Rule, one; A. W. Cross, one; G. A. Lomas, one; Eli Jackson, one; N. Frank White, one; Lewis Parker, one; A. E. Carpenter, four; Dr. D. A. Penno, one; Silas Crocker, one; N. Marshall, one; O. D. Kendall, one; F. V. Powers, one; S. A. Gage, one; Mrs. J. A. Goodrich, one; Mrs. M. J. Owen, one; H. Alden, one; D. E. Pease, one; T. D. Melvin, one; J. J. Taylor, one; Mrs. S. Gillis, one; W. B. Blaney, one; Geo. Thompson, Esq., one; Dr. J. Currier, one; Geo. M. Hoxox, one; J. G. Morse, one; Geo. Day, one; C. Hovey, two; R. F. Bissell, one; Wm. Howe, one; Jas. S. Whitaker, one; Mrs. H. A. Cooley, one; Mrs. A. Kling, one; Chas. N. Allen, one; Martha Hulot, one; E. Calvin, one; Amos Drake, three; E. Jackson, one; J. Sawyer, one; Dr. J. D. C. Holt, one; J. A. Woolcock, one; Mrs. J. H. Bell, one; Mrs. A. C. Caswell, one; R. G. Blackman, one; Miss M. Richardson, one; A. C. Smythe, one; S. M. Briggs, two; Thomas B. Loomis, one; Mrs. C. M. Harvey, one; Samuel Cook, one; L. Burnett, one; James J. Marsh, one; Mrs. H. Hinckley, one; Mrs. A. L. Andrews, one; N. M. Farquhar, one; C. F. Webster, one; Juliet M. Field, one; R. A. Gilbert, one; Wm. Watson, one; Mrs. H. E. Brown, one; T. T. Greenwood, two; D. Kelley, one; C. Savor, Jr., one; Jos. G. Peckham, one; R. H. Ober, one; M. A. Ogden, one; Joseph Wight, one; D. H. Williams, one.

Boston Children's Progressive Lyceum.

On Sunday morning, Jan. 2, this Lyceum assembled at Mercantile Hall in good numbers, notwithstanding the storm. The usual exercises were varied by answers to the question, "What is the value of character?" One hundred leaders and pupils were in the ranks of the *Banner March*. Among other pleasing features of the meeting, Dr. Dunklee, Treasurer, reported that the Lyceum would commence the New Year free of debt.

Monthly Concert.

In the evening the regular monthly concert of this organization was given at the same hall. The programme consisted of songs by the Lyceum quartette (whose names we have frequently published), an invocation, recitations, music from the piano, songs, and an original dialogue written for the occasion by D. N. Ford. The audience was all that could be expected, owing to the rainy evening, and the performances were received with marked approbation. These concerts occur on the first Sunday of each month. It is hoped that the Spiritualists of Boston will bear this in mind, and give their countenance and aid to the organization by attending in full numbers.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Andrew T. Foss will lecture in Salem, Mass., Sunday, Jan. 10th; in Hartford, Jan. 23d and 30th. He will answer calls to lecture week evenings while on the Cape.

A. E. Carpenter will speak in North Bridge-water, Mass., Sunday, Jan. 10th.

Dr. A. B. Child will answer calls to lecture. Address 50 School street, Boston.

Daniel W. Hull will lecture in Granite Hall, Chelsea, Sunday evening, Jan. 16th.

Mrs. F. A. Logan is meeting with good success, lecturing on Equal Rights, Spiritualism and Temperance, in the Southwest. She will answer calls for Southern Illinois. Her address is care of Warren Chase, 827 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Phelps has entered the lecture field to plead the cause of the poor working woman, and point out to those interested the way whereby all may be permanently benefited. She will gladly, if requested, address Spiritual Societies or Lyceums on this subject, accompanied with the great questions of the day, and with the basis of all true Spiritualism and real religion. Address Aurora H. O. Phelps, care of American Workman Office, 37 Cornhill, Boston.

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Prof. Wm. Denton had a good audience in Music Hall, this city, Sunday afternoon, Jan. 2d, though the rain came down in torrents. His hearers were well pleased with his interesting exposition of "The Irreconcilable: Science and Scripture, Genesis and Geology."

Mr. Daniel W. Hull will deliver his second lecture next Sunday afternoon. His theme will be "The Atonement," as taught by theologians of the present day, considered from a Biblical, Philosophical and Philanthropic standpoint.

Thos. Gales Foster is to commence his lectures, Jan. 23d.

Lyceum Festival in Chelsea.

The Chelsea Children's Progressive Lyceum celebrated the advent of the New Year by a pleasant entertainment at Banquet Hall, on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 1st. Presents were distributed to all the scholars, and amusements participated in. A bountiful collation closed the meeting.

Spiritualists of Chelsea, you will sustain your Lyceum? Its officers have worked long and well to uphold it, and are sorely needing assistance. "God loveth a cheerful giver," and he who would win the smiles of the ministering angels, will do well to see that the lambs of the flock faint not by the way.

Course of Radical Lectures.

The second course of Radical Lectures will be given in Horticultural Hall, this city, Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, commencing Jan. 23d. The lecturers are John Weiss, O. B. Frothingham, T. W. Higginson, Samuel Longfellow, Julia Ward Howe, Francis E. Abbot, John B. Dwight, Wm. J. Potter, Ednah D. Cheney, D. A. Wasson, Wm. Henry Channing and Wendell Phillips.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HEAVEN.

BY R. A. PLACE.  
Where is heaven?  
Not where cank'rous wealth abounds,  
Not where power its gift doth sell,  
Though proud cities lure foundeth,  
Lottily though power may swell.

Where is heaven?  
Not within the shining palace,  
Pleasure buildeth by the road;  
Not within the golden chalice,  
Quaff in her ornate shade.

Where is heaven?  
Look not outward—'tis within thee;  
Turn thine eye no more abroad;  
Let not artful pleasure win thee  
From the palace of thy God.

Trueth heaven—  
Where the soul its honor beareth  
High above temptation's tide;  
And the surging waves weareth,  
Vainly at her rock-arm slide.

Brightest heaven—  
Where the heart its love-spring keepeth—  
Ever flowing round about;  
Where its pulse in union leapeth,  
At a brother's joyful shout.

Deepest heaven—  
Where a heart seeks rest, in union  
With high thought and pure desire;  
Yearning for profound communion  
With the soul's most central fire.

Heaven supreme—  
Kingdom of all loves and uses,  
When we yield our feeling breath;  
Flowing through the grave's dark sluices,  
Life eternal shall dawn Death!

Heaven how gained?  
As we scale the mountain ridges;  
As the iron road is laid;  
O'er the torrents casting bridges,  
By the strong arm and the spade.

Here we spring the lofty arches,  
Costing many a sigh and tear,  
Over which our weary marches  
Take us to the higher sphere.

Lo! when reached the last earth-trial,  
Death forces his dire defeat;  
Rejoicing the destructive visit,  
Flings it, farious, at our feet.

Fear-hemote, more pale and hoary,  
Gleams and gasps he in a gleam;  
Bursting in a boundless glory,  
From the veil's changing stream.

Heaven behold!  
Trueth, brightest, deepest heaven;  
Till that hour, march on, my soul!  
When with grief thy peace is riven,  
Love and Trust shall make thee whole.

New Publications.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW for December brought to our table a solid array of scholarly and literary papers from able pens, the great redeeming feature of this Quarterly being that it chooses living themes to treat in an exhaustive way, or enlarges its discussion of scholastic topics with the spirit and style of modern learning and literary skill. It is always fresh, vigorous and instructive. For comprehensiveness and accuracy, liberal learning and the spirit of progressiveness, it stands unsurpassed among similar modern publications. The contents of the present number are as follows: Hindu Mythology and its Influence; Hugo and Saint-Bove; The Greek Church; William's Rights viewed Physiologically and Historically; Robin Hood and his Times; Our Millionaires and their Influence; Mr. Gladstone on the Heroic Ages; Eclipses and their Phenomena; and Notices and Criticisms. The entire number merits a wide and thoughtful perusal.

BOSTON ALMANAC—George Colquhoun, publisher of this valuable annual, has just issued the thirty-fifth volume. It contains a fine map of Boston. Hon. Charles W. Black contributes a very interesting article, upon "Boston and its Territorial Acquisitions," in which he treats in a concise manner the growth of the city and its future prospects, interspersed with valuable suggestions. Mr. Black thinks that, without any further territorial acquisitions, we shall have in 1890 over 350,000 population, and in 1900, 500,000. His article will be read with interest by all Bostonians. There is much information in this book that thousands wish to know.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for January is received. It is greatly enlarged and improved, and reflects credit upon the Order of which it is the official organ. Among its uniformly attractive contents we notice: Conscience Money, an original story of thrilling interest; Scientific and Curious Facts; Odd Fellow Gems; Health and Physical Culture; The Old Year and the New; Reminiscences of the Order; The Manchester Unity; Ladies' Odd; Youthful Department; Choice Poetry; Entertaining Miscellany; State Departments; Home and Foreign Correspondence, &c., &c. Published by John W. Orr, No. 86 Nassau street, New York.

GOOD HEALTH opens the new year with a cheerful array of timely and sensible articles, such as all persons who care to provide seasonably against physical ailment and trouble would like to read and appropriate in personal practice. Its system is that of common sense, and cannot therefore but be successful.

HARPER'S BAZAR contains a whole gush of patterns and pictures, seeming to make an effort to outdo itself. Its every page is stunning with feminine designs—on themselves.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE, edited by Dr. Guthrie, is published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

GOOD WORDS for the Young for January is received.

MERRY'S MUSEUM for January is a fine number.

First Spiritualist Association of Charlestown.

This organization still continues its work for the maintenance of the cause in its locality. Lectures are listened to every Sunday evening, at Union Hall, Main street, and a free conference participated in on Sunday afternoons at the same place. Rev. J. Wiley Blake, pastor of the Parker Fraternity, will address the Spiritualists at Union Hall, Sunday evening, Jan. 16. The next meeting of the Social Association (held for the benefit of the society) will take place on the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 12th, at the house of Mrs. Brin-nal, 35 Bartlett street.

New Year's Party.

Notwithstanding the bad weather on Saturday evening, Jan. 1st, quite a goodly number of friends assembled at the house of James B. Hatch and lady, on Concord street, Charlestown, to celebrate the coming of the New Year, and congratulate Mrs. Hatch on another birthday. The exercises were of an interesting character, and the occasion will long be remembered by all who attended.

Woman's Suffrage Association.

A call has been published, signed by influential persons in various parts of the country, for a mass convention to be held in the city of Worcester, Mass., the 10th inst., for the formation of a Woman's Suffrage Association. Mrs. Livermore and other prominent movers in the reform are announced to be present.

Charity Fund.

Money received in behalf of our sick and destitute brother, Austin Kent, since our last report: Mary A. Lieber, Dec. 28.....\$1.00 "Skeptic," Portland, Oregon, received Jan. 4.....2.00

Ohio has over twenty thousand more boys than girls.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Moses Hull is facing "Old Theology" bravely in New York State. This is as it should be. Buckle on your armor, friends of Truth, for this battle has but just begun.

The annual reports of the State Lunatic Asylums have been published, and they go to show that those institutions have been conducted rationally the past year.

A letter remains at this office for Prof. I. G. Stearns.

Miss Alice Cary's new story, "The Born Thrall, or Woman's Life and Experience," is to be published in the next volume of the *Revolution*.

A little boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mother began to scold, when he silenced her by inquiring, "What 'a the good of a horse until it 'a broke?"

The discontinuance of Bible reading in the public schools of that city is recommended by the president of the Chicago Board of Education.

The popular and "hygienic" Russian baths at New York, are supplied with fresh Croton only once a week, all overflow and refuse from the bathing tanks being collected in a reservoir, pumped up and used repeatedly. The board of health are investigating the matter.

It is authoritatively stated that the loss of life by kerosene is greater than by railroad and steamboat accidents combined.

The sale of the pews for Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church, 3d inst., realized over \$50,000, a considerable increase over last year. Poor church!

CAPITAL IN DAIRYING.—American dairying now represents a capital of \$700,000,000. The cheese product of 1867 sold for \$25,000,000, and the butter product of New York alone was nearly 85,000,000 pounds, and the quantity of cheese made 72,000,000 pounds. The value of these products, at a very moderate estimate, was \$50,000,000.

The British Post Office Department made \$23,000,000 net profit last year, while ours went behind \$5,000,000. No franking in England. The Queen, even, who may write a letter by another hand, must put her own head on it to send it by mail.

The New York Herald says the clergy cost the United States \$12,000,000 per annum; the criminals \$40,000,000; the lawyers \$70,000,000, and ruin \$200,000,000.

A young lady who went to see Hackett in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was anxious to know which was Mr. Windsor, as she did not see his name printed on the bill.

The wife of a New York shoddyite has gone to Europe to get the portraits of her three homely daughters painted by the "old masters," of whom she has heard so much.

The Bishop of Panama died at Rome, Jan. 3d. This is the second death which has occurred in the Ecumenical Council.

Mr. Peabody's personal expenses never exceeded \$3000 per annum during the last ten years of his life.

New postal regulations between the United States and Canada went into effect on the 1st instant. The rates are now as follows: Prepaid, by Canada mail packet, by way of Quebec, Portland, in winter, or Halifax, six cents per half ounce; if sent prepaid by way of New York, eight cents per half ounce.

What is the difference between a pill and a bill? One is hard to get up, the other is hard to get down. Down's pills go down easily, Bill says.

Fire-proof furniture is the latest scientific announcement in Germany. It is stated that a German chemist, acting under a commission from a fire insurance company, discovered that impregnation with a concentrated solution of rock-salt renders all timber fire-proof. The salt, too, renders wood proof against dry rot and the ravages of insects.

It is stated, on good authority, that during 1869 the dry goods jobbing business was as good as any year since 1865, which is noted as being the good year. The profits were as good or better, and the losses less.

It is reported that Mrs. Dr. Charlotte Lozier, a well-known female physician, and Dean of the Female College, died in New York, Jan. 3d. She was one of Nature's noble women.

Miss Minnie Hauck, the American prima donna, has been singing at Moscow, where she seems to have created an extraordinary sensation. In "Faust" she was called out ten times after the scene scene, fourteen times after the church scene, and six times at the end of the opera.

Another death from trichina occurred among the persons recently attacked with the disease near Marengo, Ill. This makes four deaths from the same cause, and three or four more are sick, who, doubtless, cannot recover.

To Correspondents.

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

C. H. WARREN, IND.—Your question has been sent to the circle for answer. The answer will appear in our Message Department in due time.

T. S., CHICAGO, ILL.—We should be most happy to accommodate you, but we have no faith in the scheme proposed. Moreover, we have just received a letter from California, from a reliable source, which informs us that there are too many people there already—more than business will comfortably support. Many are returning in consequence.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Jan. 10th, Lecture by Daniel W. Hull.

The third course of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism will be continued in Music Hall—the most elegant and popular assembly room in the city—

Jan. 15.—AMERICAN VINEGAR CO., Middletown, Conn.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AT 2 o'clock.

until the close of April (20 weeks), under the management of Lewis B. Wilson, who has made engagements with some of the ablest inspirational, trance and normal speakers in the United States. Daniel W. Hull will lecture Jan. 9 and 10, lecturing field, Daniel Jan. 23 and 30 and during February, Thomas Gales Foster, during March, Mrs. Emma Hardinge during April. Vocal exercises by an excellent quartette.

Season tickets, with reserved seats, \$3.00; single admission, 15 cents. Season tickets can be obtained at the counter of the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, 158 Washington street, and at the hall.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents per copy.

HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.

THE RATIONAL-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. S. Jones, Esq. Price 8 cents.

THE LYCEUM BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 6 cents.

DATENAK. Published in London. Price 5 cents.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 3w. D18.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

ANSWERS TO SCALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclosure \$2 and 3 stamps. J1.

MRS. ARMY M. LAFIN FERRIER, Psychometrist. Psychometric readings, \$3.00; Directions in development, \$3.00; Personal directions, \$5.00. Address, Sacramento, Cal.

MRS. S. A. R. WATERMAN, box 4193, Boston, Mass., Psychometrist and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) in business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c. Terms \$2 to \$5 and three-cent stamps. Send for a circular. J1.

AN ARTICLE OF TRUE MERIT—"Brown's Iron-chloride Troches" are the most popular article in this country or Europe for Throat, Croup, Coughs, and Croup, and this popularity is based upon real merit, which cannot be said of many other preparations in the market, which are really but weak imitations of the genuine Troches.

Special Notices.

WARREN CHASE & CO., No. 827 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo. Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Mendum, Adams & Co., and all other popular Literature, including all the Spiritual Papers and Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, &c.

Herman Snow, at 310 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal., keeps for sale a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books at Eastern prices. Also Planchettes, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, &c. The *Banner of Light* can always be found at his counter. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. May 1-11

Notice to Subscribers of the *Banner of Light*.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted in placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires. I. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper held, then know that the time for which you paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send notices to subscribers at any time, and, should they desire their subscriptions at least as early as the weeks before the receipts correspond with those at the end of the date.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 30 cents per line for each insertion.

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

JUST PUBLISHED BY WM. WHITE & CO.,

A NEW AND VALUABLE WORK,

PURELY SCIENTIFIC,

COSMOLOGY.

WRITTEN BY

George M'Ilvaine-Ramsay, M. D.

THIS work is purely scientific, and the subjects treated upon are handled with care and great ability. The eminent author in his introduction, says:

Man has various means and avenues by which he may and does obtain knowledge, the most obvious of which are those faculties of the mind known as the five senses.

Resulting from a combination of those five special faculties is the production of another called memory, by which he is enabled to accumulate knowledge.

Having learned a fact yesterday, and another fact to-day, to-morrow he may combine these two facts, and thus elicit a third fact, which the same process mentally, as the chemical by a union of two kinds of substance, produces a new and third kind.

Man has still another faculty, which we have all agreed to call reason, by which he further adds to his knowledge through a process called analogy. Having obtained a limited knowledge of something which he sees or feels or hears, he thence proceeds by analogy, either retrospectively or prospectively, and thereby gains further knowledge; e. g., if, on traveling through a forest the first time, he sees a great many trees standing upright and a few lying down, his reason intuitively suggests that those trees lying down had formerly stood upright, and those standing up would eventually fall to the ground. Still extending his chain of thought, he would learn that some of those trees lying down looked fresh and like-like, much like those still standing, while others, again, were very much decayed. His conclusions in such a case would inevitably be, that some of those trees had long since fallen, while others had fallen but recently.

Now, this reasoning by analogy, as a means of obtaining knowledge, is of paramount value when we come to study the heavenly bodies, including our earth.

The life of man, standing, while others, again, were very much decayed. His conclusions in such a case would inevitably be, that some of those trees had long since fallen, while others had fallen but recently.

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JUST PUBLISHED BY EMMA HARDINGE,

THE HISTORY OF MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM: A TWENTY YEARS' RECORD.

ASTOUNDING AND UNPRECEDENTED OPEN COMMUNION

EARTH AND THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

ONE VOLUME, LARGE OCTAVO, SIX HUNDRED PAGES.

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The whole splendidly printed, on tinted paper, with extra fine binding.

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By Emma Hardinge.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, 229 EAST 60TH STREET, NEW YORK.

THIS wonderful and thrilling history has been gathered up from the annals of thirty-two States by the author herself, collected and written.

Under the Direct Supervision and Guidance of the Spirits.

It contains excerpts from the Spiritualism of the New England States, California, Oregon, the Territories, Canada, the whole of the Southern, Western and Middle States;

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF DARK CIRCLES, inaugurated by spirits who lived on this planet ten thousand years ago.

PORTRAITS OF ORRIS.

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