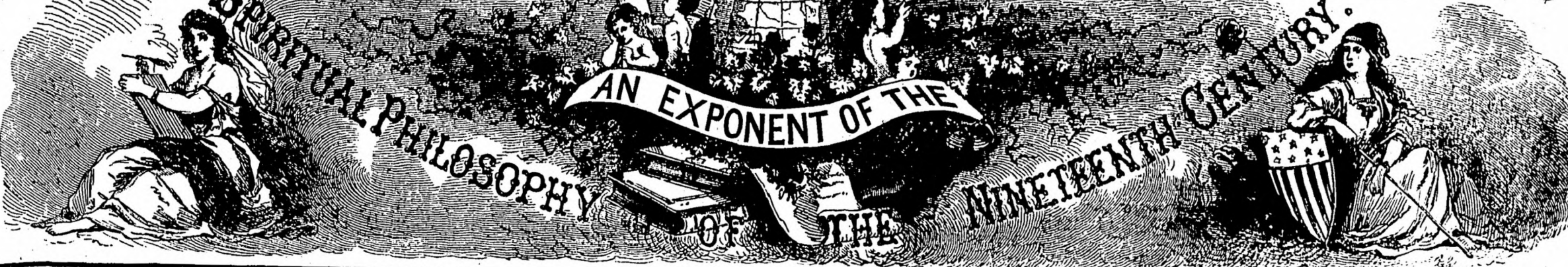


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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**THE HARMONIAL CYCLOPEDIA:**  
A Repository of Useful Knowledge Concerning  
Things and Ideas  
PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.  
Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light.  
BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

## ARTICLE X.

**Bigotry.**—A prophet, priest, and king—a union of three great functions—is a possible combination. But I cannot imagine in one character the harmonious blending of a priest and a philosopher. For the philosopher can be neither a creed-advocate, a time-server, nor a bigot; and it would be equally as impossible for the priest to be a truth-seeker, a friend of free speech, and a philanthropist without distinctions. The priest, because he is not a philosopher, blindly breaks the commandments of God in order to convert souls to God. In order to enhance the glory of God, and for the salvation of men, he will institute the Inquisition, the rack, the wheel of torture, and the burning pile. The priest is, by the misfortune of his profession, a bigot. The church is, in his estimation, only another name for the administration of religion, conscience, virtue, salvation, damnation, devil, heaven, hell, God. Hence, professionally, he opposes every new doctrine, derides every discovery that interferes with his "care of souls." But the philosopher sees clearly that

When doctrines meet with general reprobation it is not heresy, but reform. Preachers under salaries in the sectarian pulpits of Protestantism, although not under cardinals, are all priests. And the priest is disturbed by the investigations of the philosopher. In Italy, at the age of seventy, Galileo was by priests thrown into prison. This act illustrates what bigotry means. It means persecution in blind zeal for the glory of God; which, in other language, means conversion or destruction of all who oppose the creed. A more tolerant spirit, which is inculcated by the liberal-minded in free churches, introduced some such rule as this: "Let there be harmony in essentials; liberality in non-essentials; charity in all things," which, as a rule, seems perfect. But do you not see "the apple of discord," the seeds of bigotry and bitter persecution, in the very first line—"Let there be harmony in essentials?" To accomplish this you must appear when summoned before the creed-commanders, and stand for a church trial whenever, impelled by some new truth seen by your reason, you dare openly to utter sentiments opposed to the doctrines. The Presbyterians recently fulminated against one of their bravest ministers who "permitted" a gentle Quakeress to preach in his church. Calvin, the author of Presbyterianism, burnt Servetus. Bigotry, however, does not actuate all preachers; neither are they all governed by influences unselfish and celestial.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear? About two hundred pounds a year. And what was proved quite plain before. Proved false again? Two hundred more! One thing must be remembered and said for the genuine bigot; his vice of narrowness is set in the virtue of sincerity. His uncharitableness, his bitter persecutions, crop out of severe earnestness. No lazy mind, no habitual hypocrite, is bigoted; all stupid and indifferent minds, and all religious vagrants, are forever exempt; but, beware, when a strong-minded man, passionate, active, and sincere, adopts with all his heart a terrible creed. The fanaticism of the old-time priests grew out of their horribly sincere convictions. "The evil heart of unbelief," in their opinion, merited the fires of hell. Earthly persecution, when carried to the bloodiest extremes, was nothing compared to the after-death fate of the unbeliever. Hence to the virtue of sincerity, coupled with ignorance and blind fanaticism, we must attribute much of the religious vice and bigotry of our predecessors.

The philosopher, on the other hand, is one who knows that his knowledge, even when perfectly correct, is limited. His exact honesty, which begets in him true humility, makes philosophical bigotry impossible. He drains no fountain of knowledge; but leaves much, so that every other traveler can find a drop or a cup of fresh truth. Emerson says, truly,

"He mistakes who tries  
To search all mysteries."  
And adds, wisely,

"Who seeks to know too much  
Brushes with ruthless touch  
The bloom of fancy from the brow of fact."  
But although the philosopher is not deficient in imagination, and can, by this power, refresh his mind with pictures of the same truth taken upon every line of the radius, still he is not permitted to relax his investigations, lest he should grow too wealthy in knowledge. The bigot is one who can see his truth from just one position in the landscape of ideas. His mind is constitutionally confined to single perceptions of truth. He is naturally prejudicial; while the philosopher is naturally judicial. The first is a narrow person, with narrow views, and should, therefore, be kindly regarded by the large-minded, who can entertain enlarged ideas and principles.

**Effects and Causes.**—Reasoning from effect to cause is called inductive philosophy, which is the reverse of the deductive philosophy, which means reasoning from cause to effect. The first is the scientific or sensuous, while the last is the intuitional or supersensuous method of discovering and arriving at truth. These opposite methods represent two exactly different types of mind. According to Pope, the Supreme Being

obeys the deductive principle, in that he, living at the centre, and being, *per se*, the fountain of causation, is of necessity obedient to the intuitional or deductive process. And thus the poet's insight has expressed it—

"God loves from whole to parts; but human soul  
Must rise from individual to the whole."  
Reasoning from causes to effects, or from effects to causes, unless the mind can comprehend the vast system of relations and bearings, can impart but little satisfaction. And yet no real progress can be made in either science or philosophy without profound researches into causes and their effects.

Churches are supported by wealthy and sincere persons who do not, cannot, or dare not use their reason upon their creeds.

They believe things both contradictory and inconsequential; doctrines of God and of the soul at once absurd and impossible; theories without foundation either in Nature or in humanity.

Reasoning, for example, from effect to cause, would convince any candid mind that the rainbow, which is produced by a natural refraction of the rays of light, has been a part of the system of Nature ever since there was a sun in the heavens. But in the churches and catechisms, the rainbow was supernaturally created by Deity as a promise of no more cold water treatment of mankind. Reasoning from effects to their causes would hopelessly destroy the doctrine that there can exist three equal, infinite Gods in one personal and local head. Three infinities in one divinity is a doctrine which conflicts with God's immutable laws of mathematics. Religionists generally violate the divine laws of numbers and proportions in order to obey what they suppose to be God's Holy Word! Reasoning from effects to causes would overthrow the church doctrine of the origin of sin and evil; and if these are proved false, what would become of the doctrine of the atonement, which is founded upon the first proposition? If you reason, you discover a false basis beneath every theological doctrine. Therefore you say, if you be time-serving and timid, "I dare not reason concerning these sacred things;" or, if you be weak-minded, you say, "I cannot reason on the incomprehensible doctrines of my church;" or, if you be narrow and opinionated, you say, "I will not reason concerning matters which must be believed on penalty of eternal damnation." Where do you belong in this classification? Are you timid? Are you disabled? Are you opinionated? If you will reason from cause to effect just a very little at this juncture, you may easily discover why you do not make progress in truth and new ideas.

It is not heresy, but reform.

When doctrines meet with general reprobation it is not heresy, but reform. Preachers under salaries in the sectarian pulpits of Protestantism, although not under cardinals, are all priests. And the priest is disturbed by the investigations of the philosopher. In Italy, at the age of seventy, Galileo was by priests thrown into prison. This act illustrates what bigotry means. It means persecution in blind zeal for the glory of God; which, in other language, means conversion or destruction of all who oppose the creed. A more tolerant spirit, which is inculcated by the liberal-minded in free churches, introduced some such rule as this: "Let there be harmony in essentials; liberality in non-essentials; charity in all things," which, as a rule, seems perfect. But do you not see "the apple of discord," the seeds of bigotry and bitter persecution, in the very first line—"Let there be harmony in essentials?" To accomplish this you must appear when summoned before the creed-commanders, and stand for a church trial whenever, impelled by some new truth seen by your reason, you dare openly to utter sentiments opposed to the doctrines. The Presbyterians recently fulminated against one of their bravest ministers who "permitted" a gentle Quakeress to preach in his church. Calvin, the author of Presbyterianism, burnt Servetus. Bigotry, however, does not actuate all preachers; neither are they all governed by influences unselfish and celestial.

## IS THE SPIRITUAL LIFE A DELUSION?—AN OPEN LETTER.

**EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.**—A few weeks ago I received a letter from a friend, asking me of my visit to Moravia, and other like experiences. I answered, giving some detail of what I saw and heard, and soon came his letter in response. I quote from it, as it reveals and represents the mood of mind and thought in which many good people are, and from which they will emerge, here or in the hereafter, as more light comes to quicken the "light within."

My friend, in an Eastern city, is a birthright member of the Hicksite Friends, although not now especially attached to them, and is thoughtful, highly intelligent, liberal and free from bigotry, earnestly engaged in the best reforms for years past, and of eminent personal excellence. He writes me: "I have great faith in your common sense and honesty, and your letter is very surprising; but it cannot be, or the secrets which are covered in the grave, and that the world has, for centuries, yearned to know, would be revealed, and many of the just be redeemed in public opinion, and many of the unjust, now honored, be denounced. It cannot be; you should search out the cause. There is not so much dishonesty as delusion; but delusion you may be sure there is."

Let me briefly answer these frank and honest words, in an open letter, which may serve my friend, and others whom he represents:

**ESTEEMED FRIEND.**—I thank you for your faith in my honest intent, but can hardly agree with you when you say "it cannot be," as I relate and believe, or know, that the denizens in the life beyond can return and tangibly reveal themselves to our senses. I carefully examined the "cabinet" at Moravia, both before and after each séance, and took note of the position of the medium, and of other conditions, with all the vigilance I could use.

What I saw and heard was witnessed by all others in the room, putting it beyond the range of any psychological influence on me alone. When my name was called, before I had been in the house a half-hour, and while I had carefully concealed it from all present, and when, in response to my unspoken mental request, a hand gently touched mine and was laid on my person, the "delusion" was indeed remarkable!

When, in the full light of a large lamp, the familiar face of my wife's beloved brother, who left his earthly form two years ago, looked upon me with pleasant aspect from the cabinet door, my senses must have been strangely deluded, and the medium and all others present must have had strange powers indeed to personate the life-like features of one whom they never saw or heard of, but whom they described to me. I do not think "the secrets of centuries" are to be all revealed, for it is only with the best conditions, attained in our most favored hours, that

we get glimpses of the other and higher life; yet if, at last, the good repute of some whom the world well-nigh worships should be stained and the real heroes and benefactors rescued from oblivion and lifted from dishonor to honor, "the world would be better for it."

Since writing you I was at the home of George W. Taylor, in North Collins, New York, some twenty miles or more south of Buffalo, a man well known for integrity most eminent, and for a sagacity clear and penetrative. Mrs. Libbie White, of Alton, New York, was there, and a dozen others, mostly strangers or new acquaintances.

A cabinet was improvised in a closet, all under the eye of Mr. Taylor and his wife, and we sat down to wait for the motion of the spirits. Next we sat my wife, holding my hand, and in a few moments she started with a glad surprise and laid her head on my shoulder. "What is it?" I asked. "Brother Albert," she replied, "and so pleasant!"

I did not see the face, not looking just then, but others did. Afterwards my wife told me that before she saw the face, a thrill of delight passed through her. She knew not why, but the sight of that beloved brother seemed "the coming event" that had cast this fine shadow of delight before it. This "delusion" is yet more difficult to explain.

A few moments after, the face of an old man looked out, and after a moment's silent waiting, George Taylor says in a tone of quiet enjoyment, "Griffith Cooper, is it you?" and a pleasant smile and a nod of the head gave response. George says, "We are glad to see you," and the lips opened and a distinct whisper floated out on the waiting air; "Friends, I am glad to meet you all here." You know our valued friend Cooper, you know how he wrought with Lucretia Mott and George Truman and others in the Society of Friends, for the slave, for the Indian, and in other reforms; you or they would have recognized that venerable and kindly face, crowned with the silver glory of its gray hair, and would have thought it a most singular "delusion," since the medium and her friends never knew or saw him, while for five minutes he was seen by all, recognized by all who knew him, and spoke to us twice.

I have done my best to "search out the cause," and unless sight and hearing and feeling are a "delusion"; unless that "inward witness" of the spirit of which Friends talk so much be a "delusion" also; unless reason and intuition be put in the same category; unless we decide with the writer of the Orthodox hymn that

"This world is all a dreaming show,  
For man's illusion given."

I find the cause and origin in the mastery of spirit over matter.

In this life, it is the spirit within a man that builds and shapes his outward form. From the first origin of life to the birth of the babe, from infancy to maturity, it is a spiritual and unseen energy that gathers and marshals nicely into place the stuff that makes our bodies. For the spirit to make a full-grown body here, twenty years are needed. In the life beyond, by some spiritual chemistry we know not of, a body can be shaped in twenty seconds, tangible to our senses, and then can pass from sight and sense again. I see no other solution or suggestion possible, and whether this be critically correct or not, I am satisfied, from eighteen years' careful investigation and thought, of the real presence of those "not lost, but only gone before."

Lift the world into the light of this belief and knowledge, and into the idea that it is not miracle or supernatural power, but in and through the Divine Law—which is spiritual, eternal and all-sustaining—and the "delusions" of superstition, the dull, cold pride of bigotry, the materialistic tendencies of inductive science will pass away, and men will feel and know how real is the interior and spiritual life, as well as the external life of the bodily senses, and how the first survives the last and goes on and up beyond the grave.

Truly your friend,  
G. B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 20th, 1872.

**ARTIFICIAL STONE.**—Mr. F. Ransome read a very interesting communication before the British Association relative to the formation of artificial stone. His process consists in first producing a soluble silicate of soda by dissolving flint in caustic soda, and then incorporating this thoroughly with clean dry sand and other suitable siliceous or earthy ingredients; when the substance is sufficiently stiff in consistency, it is molded into any shape required. If this is now dried, a very good stone is formed, but one which will not stand the action of water; burning the material when worked up costs too much, with not too good a result. The great want, however, was a stone which could stand the action of water as well as heat or other agencies, and the prosecution of several experiments led ultimately to this—a successful one. The sand and earthy ingredients with the silicate of soda solution are exposed, by immersion, to the action of a saturated solution of chloride of calcium; a double decomposition immediately takes place, chloride of sodium and an insoluble silicate of lime being formed. By a slight modification of the above method, the necessity for washing out the common salt formed as above is obviated. This stone hardens with age, is readily made to any size, or of any shape, and is therefore an invaluable discovery to those who have to use large quantities at high prices from distant quarries.

## Literary Department.

### THE YOUNG AUTHORESS: OR, CRUMBS OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

Written for the Banner of Light,  
BY MRS. H. N. GREENIE BUTTS,  
Author of "Vine Cottage Stories," Etc., Etc.

#### CHAPTER IV. The Antecedents.

Mary Melville was no pretender to genius. From the morning of her earliest childhood she had evinced remarkable powers of intuition. As her mind matured, she displayed a vivid and expansive imagination, an instinctive perception of the beautiful that delighted to dwell in the world of imagery, in the golden land of melody and song. Whether she wrote her early poetry or later prose, her guiding genius never deserted her; the hymn of humanity was in her heart, the song of immortality upon her lips, and in her eyes shone the hallowed light of the gospel of true religion. Her parents looked upon her expanding faculties with joy mingled with trembling. They saw that such a sensitive mind was capable of great achievement and intense suffering, and they strove to direct her genius aright, and to teach her the importance of self-reliance. While her parents lived, all was as fair as a bright May morning. Sorrow had not visited her heart, and Elm Cottage, the sweet home of her childhood, was the dearest spot on earth. Every flower and vine spoke to her in song, and breathed a holy inspiration as the tender leaflets waved in the breeze. Elm Cottage was indeed a fairy-looking spot, as it nestled lovingly amid vine-clad arbors, gemmed with clustering roses. Artistic skill and taste were manifest to the cultivated eye in all its surroundings. Gracefully waving willows, bending, kissed the green earth, and singing birds built their nests in the spreading branches.

Here Mary first opened her eyes upon the world; here she drank largely from the fount of knowledge and communed with inspired authors. It was not till after her father's death that she saw the necessity of making her talents a source of usefulness as well as pleasure. A few years have passed, and her name has become dear to many hearts because of the true, rare feelings, the ennobling sympathies her writings have awakened. But lo! the tropic breezes come, wafting another wave to swell the inspired heart-throbs of the gifted authoress. Love sits enthroned at her heart's shrine. The generous, the scholastic Herbert Winslow has learned to appreciate and admire the clustering virtues of Mary Melville's character, as having a mind both naturally endowed and richly furnished by mental culture. But dare Herbert Winslow be true and brave? We shall see.

"Maple Grove" was a spot of modern beauty. The shade trees were forest-born—the maple, oak, beech, the grand elm and the graceful willow. The mansion within this beautiful grove was large and commodious, and pleasantly embosomed amid shrubs and flowers. In the extensive garden, beauty and utility were ingeniously combined. There were the thrifty vegetables, deserving a home in the Eden of the most enthusiastic horticulturist. There grew hedges of roses, the jasmine, the dwarf lilac, and sweeter than all, the garden honeysuckles wove their rich tendrils over each other; gaudy beds of carnations and pure white lilies, with their fragrant breath, lent beauty and harmony to the scene, where oleanders and heliotropes vied with each other in sweetness. Looking out from the verandah of the mansion, we beheld a landscape whose magnificence is seldom represented by the brush of the painter, or pen of the poet. It was intersected by a river, compared with whose native grandeur the far-famed Hudson dwindled into insignificance. Beyond, an intervening valley, and stretching away obliquely further than the eye can reach, ascended successive mountain-ranges, with their half-revealed plains and fertile valleys. From the opposite side of the mansion a landscape nearly analogous to the first was presented, whose mountainous ranges stretched on and on, like the waves of the sea, till they greeted the eastern sky.

To such a home Herbert Winslow is hastening, after his last interview with Mary Melville. He was an only son, and the pride of his indulgent parents. His father was an aristocrat, and proud of the nobility of his ancestry. He was an Englishman of high birth, and had succeeded in impressing his son's mind with the great importance of wealth and station. It was natural, therefore, that Herbert, notwithstanding his love for the gifted Mary, should have many misgivings about the propriety of their union. He had visited her, as we have narrated in the last chapter, expressly to convince her of the inconsistency of her course. The reader has seen how signally he failed. But he now returns homeward with different convictions of duty. With high resolves, yet with painful emotions, he reflects upon how he shall carry them out. How could he pain his parents, who had ever been so kind and indulgent? For to think that they would

approve Mary Melville in her course was out of the question. They were honorable members in the Established Church, and were never guilty of transcending the limits of their early theological views. With these facts staring him in the face, he found it impossible to be perfectly at ease.

As he entered the sitting room, his father, who sat busily engaged in reading, laid aside his book and asked his son if he would give him his attention for a few moments, as he had something important to communicate. Herbert was in a measure prepared for this announcement, and seated himself as unconcerned as possible. He listened respectfully to all his father had to say, but was a little surprised when he stated that he wished him to go to Washington, on the following morning, to transact some urgent business.

"I do not feel able to attend to the matter myself," said the father. "I am glad I have a son who is qualified to take my place."

Herbert would rather have gone anywhere else at this particular time, but thought it wise to make no objection.

"How long do you think my presence will be required in Washington?" asked he.

"A number of weeks, probably; I cannot tell exactly. It is a good chance, Herbert. It will afford you the opportunity of meeting many of the greatest minds in the nation. I hope some time, my son, to see you a member of the Senate. For this I have ardently looked and hopefully labored."

"Dear father, do not lay any plans for my future. I have no disposition to leave you. I know my kind mother could never desire such a step," continued Herbert, rising and taking his mother's hand.

"No, my son; I would be glad always to see your face, and to see you act worthy of the noble name you bear."

Herbert well knew the reference of his mother's last words. He did not feel disposed, however, to make any reply, but, kissing her cheek affectionately, and respectfully bowing to his father, he left them and sought the solitude of his own private room.

"Then I must leave home early to-morrow morning," said Herbert to himself. "I shall have no opportunity to see Mary before leaving. I must pen a few lines to her and say that my parents are determined to break all communication between us except she renounces her heresies. This she will not do. Nay, I will not speak of this to her. Perhaps circumstances will look more favorable before my return."

So saying, he penned a farewell note to Mary, and then throwing himself upon his bed, soon fell into an uneasy slumber.

Herbert Winslow had been gone from home several days before Mary was apprised of the fact, and then it was merely accidental.

"How strange," she said, "that Herbert should have left me so unceremoniously. He could not have contemplated doing this the last time we met. And yet report says that he started a week ago, the very next morning after he was here."

Mary was perplexed at Herbert's sudden departure. Could it be possible that after all, he would trifle with her! She had not seen the note which he had put into the gardener's hand; neither did she know that Mr. Winslow had sought the gardener, after his son's departure, and taken charge of the message he had directed to her.

Mr. Winslow was a man of few words. He acted, rather than talked. He had planned Herbert's absence, with the view of weaning him of all personal interest in the "poor authoress." He thought that a change of place and circumstances would be more effectual in accomplishing his design than hard words and innuendoes.

#### CHAPTER V. The Suspense.

The spring passed away, the summer flowers bloomed and faded, autumn spread her golden shawls upon the lap of earth, and yet no tidings from Herbert Winslow reached Elm Cottage. Mary had not found it an easy matter to banish his image from her mind, however plainly the facts seemed to stare her in the face that her once trusted and beloved friend had forgotten her. She could not reason wisely. She felt that it was in vain to argue either on the origin, nature or duration of love. It may spring into existence unconsciously, becoming so completely a part of one's being that it remains unknown until some sudden shock of joy or grief awakens in the soul an overwhelming sense of its divine intensity and power. The experience of a single hour may open the mysterious volumes of the human heart, whose sacred pages only appreciative angel eyes can read and truly interpret.

But Mary was not easily overcome by reverses. She still labored on, sometimes with a sad heart



indeed, yet ever conscious that she was struggling for the right. "I will not despair," she often said mentally. "I will strive to accomplish good; then, surely, I shall not live in vain."

"Well, Mary, I suppose you are satisfied with the consequences of your radicalism. You know not what you have lost, by persisting in having your own way. Report says that Herbert Winslow has gone to Florida to spend the winter, and it is quite evident that your conduct is the cause of his prolonged absence from home." These words were angrily spoken by Edward Melville, Mary's only brother.

"Edward, I have not driven Herbert from me," replied the sister. "I have simply been true to myself, while he has apparently left me with his own free will, without a parting word of explanation, or a single evidence of a sigh or tear of regret. And yet my faith is strong that Herbert will sometime see the justice and wisdom of my course, and the injustice of his long and painful silence. I have an instinctive feeling that he will hereafter become an outspoken friend of the equality of woman, and the champion of the oppressed everywhere."

"Mary, depend upon it, Herbert Winslow will never make such a fool of himself. And even if he would, I think you will find that his father will have something to say about the matter. He has expended too much money in Herbert's education, and is too proud of his son's fine talents, to see them devoted to the wild and unpopular reforms which you advocate. No, Mary, Mr. Winslow has another course marked out for his son. He would sooner see him figure in the Senate, or preside on the Bench, or occupy the presidential chair."

"Edward, it is idle for us to waste words. If Herbert Winslow's talents and influence are to be given to the support of our laws, customs and institutions as they are, whether right or wrong, then I must use my smaller talents and influence against every law or custom which is opposed to the true interests of humanity."

Edward, after listening impatiently to Mary's last words, arose and hastily left the room.

Like many other young men, he could see no sense in being so odd and eccentric. It was perfect nonsense to be forever battling against public opinion. In the early part of his youth he had looked upon his sister with pride. He believed that her extraordinary gifts would qualify her for a position in life which many women might envy. So long as she wrote to please the popular fancy, in the department of poetry and romance, all was well. She had been his educator, to a large extent, solving his difficult problems in their common school days; and in later years, assisting him in the pursuit of his college studies by the pecuniary products of her pen. But now, when the true fire and genius of her spirit is aroused, and she pours forth her sentiments in thoughts that breathe and words that burn, in the interests of the wronged of her own sex, he affects the critic, and would assign to her her own proper sphere!

Mary had resided with her aunt Sarah Clayton ever since the departure of her parents to the spirit-land, which happened about the time of the demise of Mrs. Clayton's husband. At the earnest desires of Mary, her aunt removed from the West, where she had long resided, and took up her abode at Elm Cottage. Mrs. Clayton had one son, who was for a season employed as a clerk in one of the government offices in Washington.

Life at Elm Cottage, with Mary and her aunt, was apparently much the same after as before Herbert's departure. The authoress continued her writings as formerly, but something was wanting. Mrs. Clayton discovered her anxiety, which began to reveal itself in the paleness of her cheek, and defined the cause. The wave of popular applause, set in motion by her earlier and sentimental works, had just now commenced to rise higher and higher, but they were powerless to restore her wonted vivacity, or to fill the void created by Herbert's absence. Mrs. Clayton feared that her close application to study, and her secret disappointment, would at last undermine her health. She cautioned her niece about her health, which was evidently failing, but avoided any allusion to the real cause of her illness, for fear of giving pain. It was her womanly instinct. She loved her niece, and would gladly have folded her to her bosom, but Mary's reserve seemed almost to forbid her doing so. Her aunt did not quite understand why she should be so different from her young lady associates, in her preference for books and study; yet she respected her for her beautiful life, and admired her spiritual philanthropy and benevolence.

One rich autumnal evening, Mary sat by the bay-window, where she could look out upon Nature arrayed in her richest dress. The forest trees were clad in gorgeous beauty. While sitting there, in a pensive mood, she heard Mrs. Clayton's approaching footsteps.

"I am glad you have come, dear aunt, for I want you to enjoy with me the magnificent scenery spread out before us. I would that I were an artist, that I might transfer such varied light and beauty to canvas."

"Your aunt took a seat beside her, remarking:

"It is indeed a beautiful night. I always love an hour like this, so serene and tranquil. It seems as though we were nearer the land of rest, where the shadows fall no more. Yet I had scarcely noticed this beautiful view; I was thinking so intently of Chester. I received a letter from him to-day, and he writes me that he is coming home soon, and that I may be prepared to see him any day, bag and baggage. This seems strange, for his term of clerkship has not yet expired, and he merely says that when he returns he will explain. It cannot be that my son has done anything contrary to the rules of the Department, which would cause him to be discharged. I know that Chester is bold and outspoken; he reminds me of yourself, Mary, in this respect. But he certainly would not transgress or oppose any just rules and regulations. I hardly know how your brother Edward and his cousin will agree. I presume that Chester will be your champion, and earnestly advocate the reforms in which you are engaged."

#### CHAPTER VI. Life in Washington.

We will now glance at Herbert as he sits in his private room at one of the "first-class" hotels in the city of Washington. He had been there several weeks, and still his stay was prolonged by advice from home. At the end of three months he was advised by his father to complete his law studies, by entering the office of a celebrated at-

torney of that city. Though under constraint and weighed down by the depression of spirits which the combined influences of absence from home and a disappointment in love always produce, Herbert entered the attorney's office with his father's letter of introduction, and was soon buried in the dry abstractions and unpractical details of Coke and Blackstone. Such a place was ill calculated to supplant the private grief of his heart by any more absorbing emotion. Though proud and independent by nature as well as by birth, the apparent coldness of Mary Melville on the occasion of their last interview—the fact that she had not deigned to answer his parting note, which confirmed him in the view that the coldness was not merely apparent, but real—came up constantly before his mind, and the dry pages of the law before him often glowed with an unwonted brilliancy through the crystal tears that fell from the eyes of the young law student.

The fact, too, that Herbert's father did not wish to see him at home, and that no pleading word for his return had come even from his beloved mother, added to his sorrow; for he was too proud to ask to go home before he was wanted. To be held at that scornful distance as a sort of prisoner at bay, by both Mary and his parents, was a trial to his spirit that seemed to the tenderly reared young man harder than he could bear. His opinions on the matters of difference between himself and Miss Melville had materially changed in her favor, and so strengthened his acquaintance with her had spoiled him for fashionable society in W., with which he had frequently commingled, but of which he was tired and heart-sick. The weak, effeminate women he had met in high circles, appeared to him like butterflies sailing along the sunny side of an aimless existence. He longed once more to sit by the side of his absent Mary, and converse with a woman of intelligence.

"What is the matter, Winslow?" asked a fellow clerk from a neighboring department, who was accustomed to perform much of his copying in the attorney's office, and who happened to note the falling of the crystal tears aforesaid.

"You are not undertaking to convert the Chancellor's Reports into Dickens's novels, I take it?"

"This apparently very cruel innuendo came from a young man in whom Herbert had become much interested, and whose quaint and outspoken manner he had learned not to interpret as coming from an unkindly heart. He looked up, and in spite of the merry irony in the eye of the clerk, saw behind it a welling sympathy, as if he, too, had known somewhat of the romance of love and the privations of home. Herbert had first met him at the table of the hotel, the second day after his arrival in the city. Mr. Neville was an intellectual looking gentleman, who had every appearance of liberal culture. There was a frankness in his manner, and smile upon his countenance, while speaking, which often reminded Herbert of Mary.

But a week later Herbert missed the accustomed visits of his friend in the attorney's office. He learned from another clerk, that Mr. Neville had suddenly left the city. His informant seemed unwilling to state the reasons, but simply said that he was officially discharged. This circumstance but increased the indescribable interest which Herbert already felt in the stranger, of whose history and future prospects he had gained but slight information. He tried to explain his depression of spirits, occasioned by the absence of Mr. Neville, by ascribing it to the abnormal weakness of his own nervous system; but he could not rid himself of the vague impression that the discharged clerk was something more than a stranger to him—some kindred and appreciative fellow-being at least, from whom to separate was like parting with a brother of long ago.

Under this influence he took his hat and wandered out upon Pennsylvania Avenue, if possible to revive his drooping spirits. He did not return until late in the evening, but wandered on beyond the precincts of the city, musing upon the reverses and incongruities of life. He had seen men who filled the high offices of the nation in a state of intoxication, and had learned that many of them were grossly immoral, rioting in luxury and dissipation, supported by the poorly paid and hard working men and women of the Republic.

"And these are the honorable gentlemen," said Herbert, "that my father sends me here to admire and imitate! These are the senators he hopes to see me one day associated with, in their high official position? I should prefer to go home," he continued, "and never fill an honorable public office, if such is the ladder I am to climb. But I have seen some noble specimens of statesmen, and since my father is bent on my taking this course, I shall try and not disgrace their memories—unless I do it by becoming a luted radical. And who knows but I yet may be a champion for human rights, or of the next constitutional amendment—just what my earnest Mary would like to see me? But, ah! what is that to me now?"

At this moment the sound of a pistol arrested his attention. "Another tragedy!" thought he. In a fit of jealousy one of the "upper ten" had shot his rival. The evening papers pronounced it an "unfortunate affair," and thus ended another of those sensational scenes too common among the aristocratic, ruling classes.

A few months of study of criminal law, in which Mr. Winslow had become much interested, and his attorney pronounced the student qualified to offer upon the duties of the practical lawyer. He had already, in association with older and eminent counsel, made several pleas in the interests of persons accused of crime. One of these was a woman charged with infanticide. Herbert showed that, lured by promises of a clerkship in one of the Departments, she had been disappointed and betrayed by the very man who ought to have befriended her. The young lawyer, after an extended and eloquent speech, in which more than one of the honorable officials in the interest of the accusers of the woman was daguerreotypied to the jury, closed with the words, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

Herbert was looking fondly forward to the hour when, his term being ended, he might again see his beloved home, when he received a request from his father, wishing him to go to Florida for the purpose of looking after an orange plantation which he had rented for several years previous.

"What," said Herbert, "go to Florida without seeing home! Yet I can frame no excuse for not fulfilling my father's wishes, except that I am homesick. That will hardly do for a young law-

yer just entering upon the stern realities of his profession. There is no alternative. I must go."

A few weeks later, and Herbert Winslow is on his way to a land of tropical beauty. After traveling a short time, he remembered having received a letter from an old class-mate, Alfred Dudley, who lived in his native town. "I think it strange," he said, half aloud, "that I should forget to read my friend's letter, especially since it bears the name of dear old Northland. As he read the words, carelessly written by his friend, Herbert's face grew pale, and for some moments he seemed to be lost to all passing events. Reading and re-reading the letter, he crumpled it in his hand and said:

"Then this is the cause of Mary's silence! How have I been deceived! Would that I could banish her image from my memory. May I never trust womankind again. I am glad that the distance lengthens between us. In other scenes may I forget the entrancing hours I have spent in her society."

(Continued in our next.)

## Foreign Correspondence.

### LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NO. III.

(Continued from last issue.)

BY J. M. PERELES.

#### TREATMENT OF THE ISLANDERS.

The testimony of missionaries and explorers is alike uniform, that those visiting the Pacific islands for trade and traffic have, with few exceptions, exhibited the worst traits of meanness, injustice, and rank dishonesty. Dr. Damon, of Honolulu, told us of a certain shipmaster dealing with the Marshall Islanders who agreed to pay for coconuts at a certain amount of tobacco; but in place of it, delivered "boxes filled with pieces of old tarred ropes cut up to correspond in length with plugs of tobacco." This was civilized smartness! Another merchant trader dealing with them, sold them for "stipulated bundles, kegs filled with salt water!"

Two captains of whalers under friendly pretences coaxed several chiefs aboard, then moving out into the harbor, demanded a ransom of the tribes for their delivery. Others with still baser purposes, have induced the native women to come upon their vessels. And when the natives have retaliated, the cry has been "savages," "cannibals," "fendish heathen!"

When the New Zealand aborigines were at war a few years since with the English settlers for the illegal seizure of their lands, the unsuspecting natives were off their guard and unprepared for an attack, because it was the Christian Sabbath! They had been told that Christian soldiers would neither make an attack nor fight on the Lord's day. And yet, this very day they rushed out well-prepared, attacked and butchered hundreds of the trusting "savages!" The wrongs, deceptions and diseases of civilization have been so burnt into the bodies and souls of these "heathen" that they distrust everybody with a white skin! Are they blameable?

The distinguished Rosseter sadly says: "It is painful to behold, to report that disease is now being rapidly introduced even among the Pacific Islanders by whale-ships passing the islands, and which now permit natives with females on board their vessels. How sad that the safe residences of missionaries among them should be the causes of attracting physical and moral death to their shores! With but few exceptions, the contact with the representatives of civilization serves to render their diseases more deadly, and their views more vicious."

So far as missionaries have taught these islanders to read and write, taught them the industries of civilization, they have done a good work. On the other hand, their shrewd, selfish, condescending and theological dogmas have proven a curse to the native mind. None now deny that the missionary Williams, termed the apostle of Polynesia, was murdered by way of retaliation on account of the iniquitous and wicked conduct of foreign sundal-wood traders!

It has been a fixed purpose with most of the missionaries in their reports to portray the weaknesses and paint the natives in the worst colors possible. "This accords with their creed of 'total depravity' and the 'condition of man in his natural state.' To get a correct opinion of these millions peopling the Pacific Islands—their manners, habits, purposes, laws, and religious convictions—one must see and converse with them; and also with old voyagers, explorers and non-sectarian residents among them.

#### INTELLECTUAL DECLINE.

Though doubtless true, "That through the ages one unvarying purpose runs, And thoughts of men are widened by the progress of the times,"

still there are lost Eldons of civilization and culture. If literature and art like the nationalities they crowned, have had their ebb and flow, so civilized countries and island tribes have had their golden ages now dead and buried. Extant monuments, mammoth ruins and exhumed scrolls, substantiate the position.

Who has not been charmed, while reading in Baldwin's Pre-historic America, of that ancient Peruvian road extending over marshes, ravines, rocky precipices, and the great chain of the Sierras—strongly walled on each side, and quite as long as the two Pacific railroads? These macadamized roads were constructed, according to Gomara, long before the reigns of the Incas. Humboldt, examining them, writes:

"Our eyes rested continually on superb remains of a paved road of the Incas. The roadway, paved with well-cut, dark, porphyritic stone, was twenty feet wide, and rested on deep foundations. This road was marvelous. None of the Roman roads I have seen in Italy, in the south of France, or in Spain, appeared to me more imposing than this work of the ancient Peruvians."

So there are remnants of a magnificently paved road around the Isle of Maui, one of the Hawaiian group. It was constructed long ages ago by a king of the island, named Kahilapilani, who was expecting his sister from the island of Hawaii. This masonry, as well as templed ruins, point to a once high, but now tombled civilization.

And what is equally interesting, the native poets of the Hawaiian islands were an order by themselves, something like the Druidic bards. These were called Kahu-meles, poet-bards, in ancient times, and were not unlike the Homeric balladists and Grecian rhapsodists. Their chant-like poems were handed down from father to son, and they proudly sung that in the halcyon ages their ancestors came from Asia. Their poems, drawn from natural scenery, were weird and musical, but neither measured nor rhythmical. This

is true of those old compositions of the Vedic ages.

Declining and degenerate, the Hawaiians have no genuine poets now. Some, however, excel in music and mathematics. Natives constitute the missionaries' choirs. Many of the old Hawaiian chants in praise of their chiefs and their gods have been committed to writing by Judge Fanning for the purpose of publication. Fortunately, while attending a natives' "hula-hula" dance in the Queen's gardens, I listened to some of these meles, or ballad-songs.

#### HAWAIIAN SPIRITISM.

Candid research will ultimately force the concession that the lowest and most degraded tribes have deep-rooted ideas of gods and a future existence. Otherwise they are not men, but monkeys, apes, baboons, chimpanzees or gorillas. Man, devoid the cranial organs of hope, veneration, conscientiousness, ideality and spirituality, is not a wholeness—is not man! With these organs, he necessarily conceives of futurity. His notions may be rude; still, they are germinally bedded in truth. So man naturally believes in the superhuman.—in the return of departed ancestors and the care of guardian spirits. This is preeminently true of the Hawaiian branch of the Polynesians. Faith of this kind is so rooted in their souls' soil that thirty years' missionary drillings have in no way eradicated it. The present King has his media, called "sorcerers."

Bennett, after describing, in his historical sketches, their mythology and the "tabu" imposed by the chiefs, says there was always a "class among them who practiced sorcery and conjuration, and offered prayers to the spirits." Richardson assures us that, in all past times, "they dealt in divination, calling upon the spirits of their dead to assist them in war and bless them in peace. Their gods were the spirits of departed heroes."

A strong effort was early made to convert Kamehameha I. to the Christian religion. The purpose signally failed. He listened, however, with great gravity to the church argument for the "necessity of faith in Christ," and then, says Jarvis, coolly replied:

"By faith in your God, you say anything can be accomplished, and the Christian will be preserved from sin. If so, cast yourself down from yonder precipice, and if you are preserved, I will believe."

It was a clincher!

#### RECENT MANIFESTATIONS.

Mr. Sheldon, the gentlemanly editor of the Pacific Advertiser, and an old resident of Honolulu, narrated to us several interesting incidents relating to Spiritism in his own family, and others among the natives of the islands. Mrs. Sheldon, a cultured, lady-like, half-caste, is a clairvoyant. The gift belongs to her family on the mother's side.

The Hawaiian, of January 15, 1872, published under the heading of "A Strange Visitor," a most thrillingly interesting sketch of a man, suddenly killed, appearing to his heart-broken widow in the presence of several friends and neighbors. They first heard the muffled tread along the stairway. They knew the step; it was familiar. All were expectant, with fixed gaze. Suddenly, at the foot of the stairs, the friendly form appeared. Mrs. Sheldon was one of the party present. The gathering were tremulous and wonder-stricken. The spirit, seemingly leaning against the door-post, looked upon them and smiled. All knew it was their risen friend. A little child upon the mat, whose young lips had just learned to breathe the baby welcome whenever seeing its father, cried out, "Papa! oh, papa!" The spirit-father moved, smiled again, and then, walking slowly past the social group toward the door, vanished. The names of all these parties are as respectable as accessible.

Honolulu is cosmopolitan. The Chinese have a firm foothold in the city. The Rev. S. C. Damon, a missionary here for thirty years, and frequently officiating at Chinese funerals, confessed that the Chinese were a nation of Spiritists, holding conscious intercourse with the spirit-world. "Dr. Damon, though rigidly sectarian, is social and jolly. Those carriage rides and conversations, in his library-room, upon Spiritualism, are ones in our memory. So are the attentions of the Raffles, Sheldons, and others." In addition to the hospitalities of D. N. Flitner, Esq., we were made the recipient of two large chairs of the North and South Pacific. Originally from Maine, he is deeply interested in Liberalism and Spiritualism.

Capt. Gulick, an extensive traveler and Chinese trader, said to us that "magic and spirit-mediumship were common in all the coast cities of China." "Not only do these spirits professedly come back," said he smilingly, "but the people so firmly believe it that they provide feasts for them, corresponding somewhat to the sacramental feast of angels among the Catholics." These phenomena, world-wide, demonstrate a future existence.

Shortly after shipping we arranged with our spirit-friends, through Dr. Dunn, for frequent sittings. They have been deeply interesting. The teachings and lessons of these immortals shall be forthcoming. They summer in heaven.

We are now in Auckland, New Zealand, and distant from New York nearly nine thousand miles. The city looks fresh and vigorous. Exclusive of suburbs, it numbers twelve thousand. Natives in the province of Auckland, divided into five tribes, number twenty-five thousand. June and July are the coldest months of the year; and January and February, corresponding to July and August in England, are the warmest. Neither serpents nor noxious reptiles of any species have been found upon the island. Toads are also unknown. Has some Saint Patrick here lifted his magic wand? The original inhabitants of New Zealand call themselves Maori. They are a dark race, but athletic, brave, ingenious and intelligent. Efforts to christianize them have not been very successful. In the three New Zealand Islands they number forty thousand. They belong racially to that branch of the Polynesians that are of Indo-Malayan origin. They have straight black hair, aquiline noses and well-balanced frames. They tattoo themselves, and the native women, as well as men, smoke in the streets.

It is just the opening of springtime now in New Zealand. The delicate blossoms are falling from plum and peach trees, and the gardens are beautiful. The English oak is putting out its emerald leaves, and flowers fill the air with their fragrance.

Here we change steamers for Sidney and Melbourne, Australia. We have yet six, perhaps seven days of sailing.

Auckland, New Zealand, Oct. 20th, 1872.

#### WITNESSES.

Whenever my heart is heavy,  
And life seems as sad as death—  
A subtle and marvelous mockery  
Of all who draw their breath—  
And I weary of thronged injustice,  
Of rumor, of outrage and wrong,  
And I doubt if God rules in heaven,  
And I cry, "Oh Lord, how long—  
How long shall darkness and evil  
Their forces around them draw?  
Is there no power in thy right hand?  
Is there no life in thy law?"

Then at last the blazing brightness  
Of day forsakes its height—  
Slips like a splendid curtain  
From the awful and infinite night;  
And out of the depths of distance—  
The gulfs of the purple space—  
The stars steal, slow and silent,  
Each in the ancient place.  
Each in armor shining,  
The hosts of heaven arrayed,  
And wheeling through the midnight  
As they did when the world was made.

And I lean out among the shadows  
Cast by that far, white gleam,  
And I tremble at the murmur  
Of one note in the mighty beam,  
As the everlasting squadrons  
Their fated influence shed,  
And the vast meridians sparkle  
With the glory of their tread.  
The constellation glory  
That the primal morning saw—  
And I know God moves to his purpose,  
And still there is life in his law!

—[Harper's.]

## Scientific.

### COSMOGRAPHY: A Description of the Universe. NUMBER FOURTEEN.

BY LYANDER S. RICHARDS.

Glaciers in the past have contributed largely in grinding and reducing rocks to soil. These immense masses of ice which are found to-day upon the Alps and in the cold regions, are mostly due to vast accumulations of snow. These accumulations, if not too dense, are melted by the sun's rays on the Alps at the rate of some twenty-five inches per day. Wind and moisture upon the mountain side contribute largely toward melting these snow-beds. The névé which is preparatory to the glacial formation, consists of snow partially melted, a whitish and gray mass of granules, or small grains aggregated together. The lower portion of the névé is again melted and frozen, and here the solid glacier begins, ice being also formed on the bottom by the pressure of the upper layers of the névé; the weight of the latter is very thick, beds being considerable like the pressure of the foot upon a bed of snow when walking in the streets; ice is similarly formed. An equal volume or amount varies considerably in weight, as the above changes or transformations progress. A cubic yard of snow weighs about one hundred and eighty-seven pounds, the same volume of névé one thousand pounds, while an equal volume of ice constituting the glacier weighs nearly two thousand. The accumulations of snow on these mountain-slopes are enormous. At the height of eight or ten thousand feet it is continuous, and as the sun's rays strike upon these masses and warm them, they pass down, and lodge perchance in some ravine or basin, and there remain until the accumulations are thousands of feet in extent, of immense but varied thickness, and here the melting and freezing process commences, and the entire mass is gradually converted into a glacier as above described. The sun's rays are constantly pouring upon this glacial sheet, and aided by wind and rain, some portions of this huge ice body melt, and little rivulets underlying the bed are formed, which finally unite into a river, and thus we have a large stream, called the glacial stream, conveying the waste water away from the mammoth ice sheet. The glacier is found to possess an onward or downward movement, caused in a slight degree by the slow melting of its lower surface, by the many fissures formed upon its bed by the changes at work throughout the entire mass, and the constant tendency to descend the slope in obedience to the laws of gravitation.

This movement was clearly demonstrated nearly fifty years since, by a savant named Hugi, who built a small hut on the Glacier Unterar, and found that in three years the hut and said glacier had passed three hundred and twenty-five feet below the fixed objects adjacent or surrounding them. Six years later it moved two thousand three hundred and forty feet; five years more it had reached four thousand six hundred and eighty-three feet from its first starting point; hence it will be perceived that, although a glacier moves, its march is very slow, occupying some fourteen years in traveling scarcely a mile. The movement of the glacier is greater in the summer than winter. Prof. Tyndall records the progress of the glacier, Aar-de-glacé, as about thirteen inches per day in the winter, and more than twenty-four and one-half inches per day in summer. The glacial sheet does not move regularly in all its parts; that is, the central portion travels more rapidly than the sides, the latter being subjected to greater friction by its edge grating along the bank with rocks projecting, and, owing to its inequality of tension, the ice cracks, and hence most of the crevasses are found near the sides. Some of these are very large, extending a thousand or two feet in depth, and to the traveler are very deceptive, the gap or opening being covered with snow. It is but two or three years since, that two sisters were ascending Mount Blanc with their guide; when nearing the summit, one unconsciously stepped into one of these crevasses hidden with a covering of snow. It is usual with travelers in these regions to connect themselves by fastening a continuous rope to each of their bodies, keeping a proper distance apart; hence if one steps on these false snow bridges the other travelers prevent him or her falling into the crevasse to any depth, by the rope being attached to them, which buoys him or her up; but these two ladies and their guide were not, I think, connected by said ropes, and as one of the former was passing over the snow covering one of these huge crevasses, she fell in and lodged on a slight projection a few feet below. The guide cautiously descended to assist her in gaining the surface, when, to the terror of the sister remaining above, he lost his foothold as he reached the lady below, and down they went in the gaping icy chasm, striking the sides and sending their heart-rending shrieks upward; but, alas! it was that lone traveler to stand against and terror-stricken in beholding that loved sister and faithful guide fading gradually out of sight in the winding passage of the crevasse, reaching some fifteen hundred feet below the surface, never again to return in their earth-form. This is a time, but not often, the price paid in attempting the dangerous ascent of Mount Blanc.



## Banner Correspondence.

## Letter from Annie Denton Cridge.

Messrs. Editors.—Please take a peep at the two cities of Virginia and Gold Hill, whose mines send out several millions of gold and silver annually, and whose streets and roads, like loving arms, embrace the lofty mountains from their base almost to their summits.

Mount Davidson, seven thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea, looks down very demurely on all these demonstrations of affection, and one cannot help wondering if he has any idea that all this stir and bustle and parade is because of the gold and silver hid away in the pockets of his companions. He ought to be aware of it, for he is big enough and old enough to know the ways of the world.

Could you psychometrize, Messrs. Editors, I would send you a specimen of rock from the jagged sides of Mount Davidson, that you too might look down on this novel sight—on this kingdom of the mining world. You would note the numerous mines with their huge hills of "trailings" of various colors, here and there in the very heart of the city, and scores of wagons, drawn by eight or ten horses, laden with precious ore, on their way to the mills. How like specks they seem as we note them on the higher grades—high, higher, highest. Each wagon carries five or six tons of ore, and each ton yields about sixty or seventy dollars.

But what of Spiritualism? we ask as we note these young cities so vigorously walking up the mountains. What of Spiritualism? we inquire, as we listen to the click, click, of the stamps in the quartz mills, which seem to discourse only of gold! gold! gold!

Well, Spiritualism seems indigenous to all countries and all climes, for it grows as beautifully and healthily here as in the southern clime I have visited in California. Quartz and gold mills; miners and mines; religion and liberality; Spiritism and Spiritualism, have taken up their abode here and feel quite at home.

There is no spiritual hall here, but there are Methodists so liberal they lend their church to the Spiritualists; and the writer of this has lectured twice therein. Not only this, but the minister attended these lectures, accompanied by two other ministers. The people here are, as you perceive, as generous as the rocks which yield them the precious metals. Do you need another proof of this fact? Then listen to the words of Mrs. H. G. Maynard, the wife of the banker in Gold Hill, and by the way, a Boston lady: "I will build a spiritual hall here, with my own money, within one year from this time."

Again: Mrs. C. H. Baker—a most indefatigable worker, the soul of progressive effort in Virginia City—invites lecturers, entertains them in her home, engages halls, superintends lighting and heating of the same, and even goes hither and thither to sell tickets for spiritual lectures among her numerous acquaintances. Is not this glorious zeal? Mrs. Baker's lectures before the Spiritual Society last winter, in San Francisco, prove that rare intellectuality is combined with the above executive ability.

There is something in the very atmosphere, in the winds that love to play "hide and seek" round these grand old mountains, that strengthens liberality and generosity. "Orthodoxy even forgets to preach damnation, and talks of progression in another world."

I must not forget one minister here; with whom it has been my pleasure to converse several times. He is building a church; but its steeple, though high, is not high enough, for he has grown head and shoulders above its proud spire. He is doing a good work among his congregation, for he is leading them, with himself, into higher regions of thought.

I believe it is twenty years since I attended any church; but last night I went to hear a sermon by the above minister. But I found it necessary to remind myself several times, during his discourse, that I was really in a Methodist Church. Many of our reformers in the spiritual ranks would do well to copy his example. Please allow me to give an outline of this.

METHODIST SERMON.  
"The first requisite with a little child is not to teach it the Lord's Prayer, or ask it, 'What is God?'—What is heaven, or hell? But teach it to take care of its health; teach it physiology; teach it, as it can understand, simple facts in science."

Just so with men and women who tell me they are ready for heaven, and know exactly God's intentions about the race. Why, they cannot tell you the difference between a cabbage and a goose! They know about God, and do not know one simple word of health! They do not know, and so ignorant of themselves, they bring children into the world with not enough physical stamina to live! And why? Because, by debauchery and sin, they have entailed on their children their own rottenness and weakness.

We must learn to beget children aright before we talk of religion. I insist, is last, not first. We must learn about this world before we study the next world. Better learn to boil potatoes than study theology.

Why have we so many skeptics in the church? Why do not our young men attend church? Because they have been taught authority—authority all their youth up, instead of being taught to rely on their own strength—to stand on their own two feet.

First, that which is natural, said old Paul. He was right. First, know the laws governing your own bodies—first, know of this world; first, study science, and then build your religious faith on that science.

You cannot get science from the Bible. The fathers of the church tried to do that, and a flat world, with angels above the molten heavens, to drag the sun out of a pit in the morning, was Bible astronomy. This is all wrong. We have begun at the wrong end. The true law is science first, and then religion."

Think of the above for a Methodist sermon. Messrs. Editors, and do you not realize that, in this land of silver and gold—in this land of everlasting sunshine and glorious free mountain winds the grand law of progress is in active operation?

Yours truly, ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.  
Virginia City, Nev., Nov. 29th, 1872.

## Maryland.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 12, 1872.—DEAR BANNER: Having sojourned a month or more in Baltimore, I thought I would write you something of how the cause is flourishing here. There are two societies of Spiritualists—the Lyric Hall Society, presided over by Washington Danks; and the Lyceum Hall Association, of which Mr. Charles Leonard is President. I had the pleasure of speaking before both of these Societies during my stay in the city. Bro. Danks has continued the Lyric Hall meetings for a long time, giving great attention to circles and what is known as alphabetical Spiritualism. Sunday nights he usually lectures upon the primary

lessons of the various phases of spiritual phenomena, giving most able and lucid explanations of the conditions and character of mediumship, holding at the close a circle by way of experiment and illustration. During the week two circles are held in the large ante-room of the hall—one for physical manifestations, and the other for mental phases of mediumship. Lyric Hall is nicely fitted up, and a right pleasant place it is, admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is used. The lectures are generally well attended, and a good work is being done by this Society.

Lyceum Hall, on Baltimore street, is about the size of Lyric Hall, and is well fitted up for both Lyceum and lectures. Meetings are held every Sunday, and are attended by good audiences. Abby N. Burnham, of Boston, lectured for Mrs. Society during November, and the number of those in attendance continued to increase during her stay. Her lectures and readings of character gave excellent satisfaction.

I lectured for them two Sundays, and at my last meeting the hall was crowded by an attentive and apparently appreciative audience. The first Sunday was a benefit for the Banner of Light, which was a success, as you are no doubt pleasantly aware of.

I must speak of the Lyceum, which I attended every Sunday during my stay, and in the exercises of which I took great satisfaction. Bro. Weaver, the Conductor, and his able corps of assistants, are earnest and devoted workers; and Mr. Braum, the Musical Director, throws his soul into the work with a heartiness that is refreshing to see, and is deserving of the highest credit.

Work! work! work! this is what the Lyceum means, and the noble officers and leaders of the Baltimore Lyceum seem to have caught and truly interpreted the spirit of Bro. Davis, whose inspiring genius certainly meant business when he gave him the plan of the Children's Lyceum. Labor on, brave workers, for the darling children and for your own soul's development, and your reward will surely be with you.

Mr. Weaver and a photographic artist have been making some experiments in taking spirit pictures. I had no chance to test this, but I saw several pictures that were very good, and the friends said they were perfect likenesses of the spirits they claimed to represent. What is most remarkable about these pictures is, that some of them are taken in a cabinet, in total darkness. I suppose somebody who knows more about this will write you a detailed account before long. Surely, if it is what I am told, the public should be informed of it.

On the whole, the cause seems to be moving forward in Baltimore. A. E. CARPENTER.

## California.

SALINAS CITY, MONTEREY CO.—Aaron S. Cleveland writes: I am now located here. The place is filling up with American settlers, among whom are a good number of Spiritualists and free thinkers. The climate is fine. This is, at present, the terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

## Aid to re-establish the Banner.

Letters of sympathy and aid continue to arrive at our office, from many localities, in answer to our call for assistance in resuscitating our beloved BANNER OF LIGHT. How true indeed is the trite saying, "Friends in need are friends indeed."

We have found it so in this hour of overwhelming loss; and that our paper is again able to appear is chiefly due to the earnest efforts and pecuniary assistance of friends, many of whom ever desired that we should avoid giving publicity to their names. Wishing, however, that our readers may gain some idea of the encouragement and good wishes so freely bestowed upon us, we take the liberty of publishing the names, words and donations of such of our correspondents as have not specially requested that we make no public mention of them. "The list here presented is but a tithe of the letters received by us. We shall continue the publication of them in a future number."

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Deeply, very deeply, my dear friends, do I sympathize with you in your fiery affliction. California is resolved to aid you in rising triumphant from the ashes, material proof of which you will receive very soon. Mr. H. Snow and his wife Mary are working most zealously in behalf of the Banner, their efforts reaching out to every Spiritualist in California by means of circulars.

Your friend,

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

Rosemead, Cal., Dec. 3d, 1872.

WM. WHITE & CO.—Dear Sirs: As proof of sympathy in your affliction I hasten to send my mite (\$5), hoping that every other subscriber to your valuable Banner will be equally prompt in their aid.

I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

SAMUEL HOCKING.

Cliff, Elgin, Cal.

Sandwich, Mass., Nov. 30th, 1872.

MESSRS. WM. WHITE & CO.—Please accept this small contribution—\$20—from the Spiritualists of Sandwich. Though small in numbers, we are true friends of the Banner of Light.

Toledo, Ohio, Nov. 29th, 1872.

Enclosed please find \$12 for four subscribers to the Banner of Light. Hoping every Spiritualist throughout the land will subscribe for the Banner in this your time of adversity, I remain yours for truth and progress,

E. D. MOORE.

Bay City, Mich., Nov. 1872.

WM. WHITE & CO.—Enclosed please find draft for \$61, less exchange, being the amount of proceeds from our Social given for the benefit of the Banner of Light. May the dear Banner again soon float out, signaling the headquarters of free thought.

M. A. ROOR.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 25th, 1872.

MESSRS. WM. WHITE & CO.—Enclosed find draft on New York for \$50, which please accept from your friends in this city, with bright hopes that the Banner of Light will soon arise in greater power and brilliancy than before. Will send another draft in a few days—larger than this one, we hope. The circulation of the Banner is to be immediately increased in Rochester.

With best wishes, we are yours very truly,

S. MOSES, } Relief

M. H. CURRIAN, } Committee.

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 6th, 1872.

MESSRS. WM. WHITE & CO.—Enclosed find draft on New York for \$25, which please accept as another contribution from your Rochester friends. Still another draft will be sent soon.

Yours truly,

R. H. CURRIAN,

Treasurer of Relief Committee.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 1st, 1872.

WM. WHITE & CO.—Most deeply do I sympathize with you in the sad calamity which has befallen you and, through you, every Spiritualist in the land. Compared with the numbers in our ranks, the sum necessary for your reestablishment is too paltry to cause a moment's uneasiness, and must be gained. To this end let every speaker in the field present and press the subject upon their hearers; let Spiritualists, one and all, come bravely to the rescue. Who will lose this golden opportunity of doing something for those friends who have done so much for us? I instructed Bro. Foster to send you one-half of the fee which he would otherwise have paid to me for my lecture in Providence.

JENNIE S. RUDD.

2114 Mt. Vernon street, Philadelphia, Pa.,

Dec. 18th, 1872.

MESSRS. WHITE & CO.—I have had the pleasure of giving one lecture and attended one gathering in the home of Mrs. Dr. Starkey in Camden, for

the benefit of the Banner. At the first meeting in Mrs. S.'s home, \$19.00 were raised; last evening at the lecture, \$15.00. I can but believe that you will be sustained, ay, even made stronger and better able to send forth this ever welcome sheet to the homes of the millions who are hungering for spiritual food. When such zealous souls as Dr. Child lay their shoulders to the wheel, and cause hundreds of dollars to issue from their friends, as he has, I am sure you have everything to hope for.

M. S. TOWNSEND.

Boston, Nov. 19th, 1872.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—The ladies of the Spiritualist Aid Society, sympathizing with you in your great loss on the night of the 9th of November, and wishing to show their appreciation of your kindness to them in the past, do hereby enclose the sum of twenty-five dollars (\$25) for the benefit of the Banner of Light, hoping that it will, Phoenix-like, rise from its ashes to a broader plane of action, and unfurl its folds to the breeze, where it shall float onward and upward with renewed life and vigor, and become in the future, as it has been in the past, the beacon-light of Spiritualism. Mrs. H. S. WILLIAMS, Pres. of Spiritualism. Mrs. L. A. S. J.

Laurel, Ind., Nov. 26th, 1872.

MESSRS. WM. WHITE & CO.—Gents:—Your "Appeal" in the Banner of Light Supplement of the 13th inst. is received. Accept the enclosed \$50. Also, consider the unexpired time of my subscription to the "Banner" cancelled. If you again publish the Banner, send me a first number, and I will forward you a year's subscription in advance for the same.

Fraternally, etc., A. P. ANDREW, JR.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Dec. 6th, 1872.

MESSRS. WM. WHITE & CO.—Gents:—Surely, here is a grand opportunity for the millions who are rejoicing in the light of our day to do good by placing the Banner in a strong financial position. There must be thousands who would be made happy by sharing with it a surplus held at the longest only by life's lease. Enclosed is a draft for \$100.

Yours truly,

Vineland, N. J., Dec. 12th, 1872.

WM. WHITE & CO.—In behalf of the friends of progress of this place, I send you the sum of \$83.50 for the Banner of Light, to be sent to the addresses designated on the subscription paper herewith enclosed; also, the sum of \$5.00 as free gift, in all, \$88.50. We hope and trust you are getting much good from the friends everywhere, in proportion to their means, and that you will soon be able to rise like a young Phoenix, refined and replenished by the fire.

JOHN GAJE.

Office "Alpine Miner,"

Monitor, Cal., Dec. 5th, 1872.

MESSRS. WM. WHITE & CO.—Gentlemen: I

condole with you sincerely in your loss by the

great fire.

Upon receipt of your "Supplement," my wife—who is very much interested in the Banner—said at once, "We must contribute our mite to set the Banner on its feet again." From that time to this we have been looking out for a greenback, very scarce here, and no E. G. money order office, and to-night found one which enclosed—\$5.

S. G. LEWIS.

Osborn, Ohio, Dec. 7th, 1872.

WM. WHITE & CO.—I write you not to offer you sympathy merely, for I am aware that your present necessities require something more substantial, and I therefore send you enclosed in this a post-office money order for \$24, to be entered on your books to my credit as eight years' advance subscription to the Banner.

I would now unite with my brothers and sisters who have already spoken, in making a most earnest appeal to every lover of free, broad and liberal thought, and especially to every Spiritualist in the land, to aid, according to their means, in performing the sacred duty of placing the Banner of Light upon a solid basis—at least, renew their subscriptions immediately, if they cannot do more.

MARY C. WOODWARD.

Weatherford, Tex., Nov. 23d, 1872.

No, my dear brothers, you shall never appeal to me in vain in an emergency like this. I am determined to do all I can for you and the noble cause of Spiritualism. I regret very much that I cannot help you more at present. I make our brothers and sisters this proposition: Let every true and practical Spiritualist send the Banner one dollar. When they do this, I bind myself to remit another five dollar bill for the same purpose. Now, dear brothers and sisters, you have an opportunity of showing your faith by your works.

Mrs. S. CRAWFORD.

Woodbury, Conn., Dec. 7th, 1872.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I am aware that sympathy for you does not avail much, unless we feel deep into our pockets; but this I cannot do—I can only renew my subscription for one year from date. And now I will tell you a short story. I feel that I can do without anything else better than the blessed Banner, so I have taken in work to earn this money, with poor health, a constant pain in my side, and dyspepsia, so that most of the time I can only eat a Graham cracker at a meal; and besides, I have two invalid soldiers to help support—suffice it, my heart is full.

Yours truly,

DOROTHEA BONNEL.

Wheeling, W. Va., Dec. 9th, 1872.

DEAR FRIENDS—I hope this disaster may call forth the latent sympathy from the friends of our cause and other liberal-minded ones, to tender the means to replenish your stock of plates, type, paper, books, furniture, and other valuable material. Please find enclosed draft on New York City for \$21.00 payable to your order, for six new subscribers, and I wish each of these may bring in five others who will labor in our cause; and one copy for myself. Cancel my old subscription paid in advance.

Mrs. T. P. HORNROOK.

[Mr. Hornbrook also forwarded us \$20.]

National City, Cal., Nov. 12th, 1872.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Good Friends: The telegram of Sunday said, "A fearful fire raging in Boston! Yesterday an extra" gave the names of the victims, and the cause of progress in Boston, we find that you are in the burnt district. We (our household) send you our hopes that the blessed Banner lives; but if, like our Lyceum Banner, it has passed through the fire, I hope those who love our faith, and the many who have been blessed by your work, will see to it that you speedily rise again. We wait anxiously for news from your doomed city, that comes over three thousand miles of wire. One who lives five hundred miles from railroad may be allowed to count Prof. Morse, of telegraphic fame, among the saints! Truly, H. F. BROWN.

Westford, Mass., Nov. 30th, 1872.

MESSRS. WM. WHITE & CO.—Brothers: Realizing the fearful loss that has befallen you and your estimable paper, I write to say, that so far as I can make every word of my prayers for you a dollar, so far will I pray. I shall, wherever I may be, work for you and your paper more earnestly in the future than in the past, taking contributions, subscriptions, &c., remitting the same to you from time to time. Words are cheap, and deeds seem to be only time for work; if there is aught that I can do in any locality outside my Sunday engagements, you have only to command. Yours is a cause which neither fire nor flood can destroy.

J. WILLIAM FLETCHER.

New York, Nov. 19th, 1872.

MESSRS. WM. WHITE & CO.—Dear Afflicted Brothers: Sad indeed is your loss by the terrible fire, but far more sad to the cause of progress is the dear old Banner does not survive the shock. I wish I was able to give you \$5000, but I can at present give but \$20, for which please find check enclosed. I wish I could appeal in thunder tones to the progressive world to unite, as one man, and reinstate "the Banner," with its streamlets of "light" to our continental breezes. Oh, brothers and sisters of progress, do let me entreat you to show your love for the truth by sending every dollar you can to the dear old Banner of Light. Yours hopefully,

WARREN S. BARLOW.

## The Rostrum.

## William Denton at Music Hall.

On Sunday afternoon, Dec. 15th, this eloquent reform advocate continued the course of Boston Spiritualist Free Meetings at this place, by a lecture which had for its objective point, "Poverty." In a succinct manner he proceeded to describe its various causes, and to propose means for its cure. The blighting effects of this curse upon man, both in a physical and mental sense, were rapidly sketched. Sickens, from a want of proper food and shelter, and crime, from undue temptation in these regards, naturally followed in its train. By it the working-man was made ignorant, through want of time to study; his ignorance made him a slave to his employer, and his slavery kept him in ignorance. This ignorance was one of the greatest curses of poverty, but it was not all. Wastefulness—which charge lay heavily at the door of the American people—was another; that wastefulness of material which transformed millions of bushels of life-giving grain into the deadly poison that filled the imbricate cup; that wastefulness of human labor whereby three hundred thousand men were employed in the distribution and manufacture of such stimulants, and the supplies necessary to support them in practical idleness so far as the good of the race was concerned, thus forcing the regular laborers to work so much the longer and receive so much the less for their services; the same with regard to tobacco, in whose manufacture forty thousand men were employed; fashion, whose commands reigned supreme over all the civilized world, and the folly of whose votaries exhausted the pockets and taxed the brains of thousands, was another prolific source; idleness—which was directly an outgrowth of the teachings of Orthodoxy, which claimed labor to be a curse put upon Adam, from which each good brother was desirous of "escaping as soon as possible, by getting rich and thus transferring the curse upon the shoulders of another, while himself reposed in ease, giving nothing to the world for what he received—was another; and land monopoly was to be numbered in the category. There were many questions concerning this latter and labor reform, for which neither capital or labor was to blame; both were in the same boat; but he believed the political parties of the future would have higher aims than now, and that a grander state of things would be inaugurated.

As some of the means by which poverty was to be removed, the lecturer recommended abstinence in eating, temperance as regarded habits of life, industry and economy. He particularly urged upon those who were paying rent to others for shelter, to endeavor to purchase land—however small the portion—and erect on it a house, however small; this was an important step toward an independent frame of mind, which could not be felt by him whose expenses kept exact pace with his pay, poverty like an alligator with extended jaws in chase of his victim, being then ready to overtake him if he missed a single day's labor. Industry and economy were the two arms wherewith each man must work his way in the world. In his closing remarks the lecturer fore-shadowed many reforms which he believed the future would bring, among them the institution of great unitary homes, which would do away with the present spectacle of a thousand black kitchens, and a thousand red-faced women in them, cooking one thousand meals, when twenty women could by organized effort do the work to better satisfaction. He closed with that verification of Charles Mackay, wherein the triumphs of the future for the cause of human amelioration were fore-shadowed as what might be done if men were wise and loved each other.

## SPIRITUALISM COSMOPOLITAN.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

The late calamities by fire, involving two of the spiritual papers of this country, have given us a clearer view of the grand humanitarian and cosmopolitan character of Spiritualism. The tendency of all great calamities is to awaken the soul-nature in man; the cold formalities of society and the indifference which is so often felt for our fellow-beings, give place to kindly familiarity and sympathy, which is ennobling and elevating to all. We never know how near we are to each other until the icy bands are melted by the fiery ordeal of some terrible disaster; then standing side by side, souls that have always been in harmony realize the grand fact that elevates them out of their selfishness into brighter and more humanitarian fields.

Spiritualism is emphatically a universal religion; it alone can meet the demands of man's entire nature; it proclaims the necessity for physical purity and unobscured, for intellectual culture, and above all, for soul freedom and development, and it is on this latter plane that it acts most potently in bringing men and women into closer and more intimate relations than they have ever been before. This soul union is the common bond of brotherhood, that which in the past has built up and maintained all that was really good and true in the world.

Spiritualism, by making us acquainted with our soul-needs, and furnishing the means by which they are to be supplied, is fulfilling a demand which the world has felt for a long time. How many starving souls have gone from one system of religion to another, seeking the bread of life, and finding it not, because they were not enlightened in regard to their own nature.

We trust the time is not far distant when the Spiritualists of the world will recognize more fully this grand bond of union, and will be brought into nearer relations with each other. "Lands intersected by a narrow frith" should not "abhor each other." The spirit-world, which encircles this world with its atmosphere of love and good-will, is yet to be the strongest tie to bind up the nations of the earth into one loving family of brothers and sisters.

Our papers, scattering, as they do, the seeds of spiritual truth all over the world, are doing a mighty work, and we are conscious of the fact that the fiery ordeal through which they have passed is doing much to extend their power and usefulness, and sending them into hundreds and thousands of families who would not otherwise have known of their existence.

The rostrum is doing a mighty work in this land and others; but, powerful as it is, it cannot reach a tithe of those who are within the scope of the papers, which go on their silent mission, freighted with the living inspiration of the writers, scattering light and truth and love to millions of earth's children.

## OUR OWN PUBLICATIONS.

## Opinions of the Press.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE AND IMMORTALITY. An Inquiry into the Origin, Composition, and Destiny of Man. By Loring Moody. Boston: William White & Co., 1872.

In an appendix is a criticism of A. Jayram, Row or Prince of Mysore, whose materialistic views are combated according to the author's ability. Mr. Jayram is open to criticism; but it is noticeable that "science" makes many Spiritualists quite as uneasy as it does Christians. The literary style and tone of this little book are much superior to those of the preceding: there is honest thought in it, and not a little of new and pure sentiment. But, as a demonstration of imposture, its arguments are not strong. The general looseness of its method is fairly illustrated by the following bit of exegesis (page 129): "When Peter said, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God,' Jesus answered and said, 'And I also say unto thee, That thou art Peter.' As if he had said, 'So are you, Peter.' And on this basic and fundamental truth—the Fatherhood of God and the sonship of humanity—I will build." In other words, when Peter announced that Jesus was the Christ, Jesus returned the compliment by replying that Peter was another name for Christ. The facility of turning everything to account in the bolstering up of a preconceived theory runs all through the book. But enough good thinking can be found in its pages to raise it to the ordinary level of Spiritualist literature.—Index.

RADICAL DISCOURSES ON Religious Subjects. Delivered in Music Hall, Boston, Mass., by William Denton. For sale by William White & Co., 14 Hanover street, Boston. This volume contains a series of ten discourses on such popular subjects as "Man's True Saviors," "The Deluge in the Light of Modern Science," "What is Light?" "Who are Christians?" "A Sermon from Shakespeare," etc., which were delivered before the Spiritual Society in Boston between the years 1868 and 1872. Mr. Denton is a vigorous and able writer, and persons who do not fear of being startled out of their old-fashioned notions in these days, will find these "Radical Discourses" (for such they really are) a source of very suggestive thought and reasoning. The volume is handsomely printed and bound, and will make a valuable addition to the thoughtful student's library.—Reading State Journal, Richmond, Va.

GOLDEN MEMORIES OF AN EARNEST LAYMAN—A biography of A. B. Whiting, together with selections from his practical compositions and prose writings, compiled by his sister, R. Augusta Whiting. Introduction by Rev. J. M. Peabody.

His years, 'tis true, were few;  
His life was long;  
He lived in deeds, not years;  
We live in deeds, not breaths;  
In thoughts, not breaths.

Boston: Wm. White & Co. A handsome volume of 300 pages, with steel-plate portrait of A. B. Whiting.—The Rochester, Mo. Enterprise.

Messrs. William White & Co., although sufferers by the late fire to a great extent, give evidence of undiminished enterprise by the publication, in their usual handsome style, of a new, enlarged and revised edition of Andrew Jackson Davis's "Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse."—Boston Post.

## BANNER OF LIGHT:

## AN EXPOSITION

## OF THE

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

## OF THE

## NINETEENTH CENTURY.

## PUBLISHED WEEKLY

AT NO. 14 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

Editors and Proprietors.

ASSISTED BY A LARGE CORPS OF ABLE WRITERS.



order to insure an insertion in the Banner of the same week



ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We thank the Weekly Ithaca for setting its brother editor of the Ithaca Daily Journal right in regard to us. What won't Bigory resort to, to accomplish its crooked ends? We have great faith in humanity, and are doing what little we can to benefit and enlighten the race; and we lose hope when such persons come into the field and libel us without rhyme or reason. Again we thank our brother of the Weekly Ithaca for showing up so thoroughly the absurd statement of its contemporary.

Our large safe, that was pronounced fire-proof by its makers, proved to have been, like our Boston Insurance office, bogus. On opening it we found nothing except the charred remains of valuable papers. Even the steel chest was no proof against the fire. Property holders should call a mass meeting and come to some definite arrangement in regard to protection in future against fire. We have nothing of the kind now.

A New York correspondent writes: "My heart leaps with joy to see the Banner again in all its beauty this week. I hope its ashes may invigorate its soil, and give it stronger growth than ever." By the destruction of the printer's office, one thing has been fully demonstrated, viz., that this paper has a more numerous circle of real true-hearted friends throughout the world than it before had any idea of.

THE WEEK. - We have received a letter from Mr. Lynn, giving an account of the recent Spiritualist gathering at the State Convention at Alleghen, Mich., and other matters of general interest, which we shall publish in our next issue.

THE LITTLE BOURQUET. - We perceive, by reference to the Religious-Philosophical Journal, that Bro. S. Jones is preparing to issue this progressive offering for children and young men at an early day. We shall take occasion to speak more fully of the work in our next issue.

The way individuals have been enriched with public property in New York has just come to the surface. Estimates, based upon sworn statements of officers of eight city railroads, show that public property worth more than \$10,000,000 has been given away to private corporations by the city and State, and that those franchises to-day might be yielding the city an annual revenue of \$21,103.

A new and complete collection of Whitlitt's poetical works has just appeared.

"When I put my foot down I have you to understand," says Mrs. Nolozer, "that there's something there." On investigation it was found to be a No. 11 shoe.

The Transcript propounds this local conundrum: How is it that it is legal to open the Public Library of Worcester on Sundays, and illegal to do the same thing in Boston?

That which humbles us is always for our good.

A thinking man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have; every time such a one awakes himself I doubt not there rises a shadowy warrior, the number and power of whom are in direct ratio to the number of such thinking men. If possible, entrap him and hoodwink and handcuff him.

Carlyle.

It is given out that Rev. Mr. Spurgeon says he is not coming to America till after the day of judgment. "There are gains for all our losses." It is a comfort to reflect that at least one distinguished European will not lecture in this country.

To sleep in a room with the temperature lower than fifty degrees Fahrenheit, is no advantage to any one; colder than that is dangerous to the aged or the very young, and also to persons in delicate health.

We go to the grave of a friend, saying, "A man is dead; but angels throng about him, saying, 'A man is born.'"

Every day in the week is, by different nations, devoted to the public celebration of divine service. Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews.

Happiness does not consist in things, but in thoughts.

Oh! spring of kindness in life's desert flood,  
O'erwhelm'd fondly by the waves of peace,  
Rise every wave and in each heart awake  
The strife and anger may be dead and cease;  
But strife and anger may be dead and cease;  
But strife and anger may be dead and cease;

"I am a self-made man," said a native of Stonington, the other day, to a New York gentleman, with whom he had been driving a sharp bargain. "Glad to hear you say so," responded the New Yorker, who had been worsted in the bargain, "for it leaves the Lord of a great responsibility."

A witness, in describing certain events, said, "The person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye named Jacob Wilkins." "What was the name of his other eye?" spontaneously asked the opposing counsel. The witness was disgusted at the levity of the audience.

BANNER OF LIGHT. - We have this week received the first number of this paper which has been issued since the office was destroyed in the great fire in Boston, last month. It has a better appearance than ever, and the publishers and we all feel sure that the present efforts in behalf of the cause of humanity may meet with a remunerative reward from an appreciating public. Success to them. - *Haverhill (Mass.) Publisher, Dec. 11.*

Blunders are like flies, that leap over all a man's good parts to light only upon his sores.

By a recent report upon the bill to allow women to vote and hold office in the Territories, the Congressional Judiciary Committee, through its Chairman, Senator Edmunds, has rendered its vote adversely to the measure, their ground being that, whatever might be the sentiments of the members of the Committee on the abstract question involved in the bill, this was a matter which should be determined by the people, and not by Congress.

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy.

Half a dozen visits to Mrs. Conant's circle (at Fraternity Hall, 64 Washington street) will suffice to convince the most transcendental of optimists that there are terrible conditions of suffering for some form of human action, and glorious states of happiness resulting from others. - *Western Star.*

A lady wished to have her husband's life insured in a Boston office the other day, giving as a reason that she wanted other a husband to come money. "She did not care which." She never expected both at the same time.

Mediocrity can talk; but it is for genius to observe. - *Democrat.*

A wise man will desire no more than he can get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

The newspapers of this country are urged to warn advertisers that postmasters are forbidden by law to deliver letters addressed to initials or fictitious names, unless sent to the care of some responsible person.

The New Hampshire Lunatic Asylum has had its secrets unfolded. A woman of character and undoubted veracity, connected with one of the first families of the State, and the wife of a clergyman, gives a harrowing account of her own experience in the institution for a period of five months. She says that the treatment was cruel, and makes a revelation of a state of affairs which is a disgrace to civilization. Lunatic asylums need a thorough overhauling. - *Rhode Island Press.*

THE BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. J. H. CONANT, THE WORLD'S MEDIUM, just published at the Banner of Light office, 14 Hanover street, Boston, is an exceedingly interesting book, and especially appropriate for a Christmas or New Year's present.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.  
Ring out, the old, ring in the new;  
Ring out, the year that was, and give  
Ring out, the day that was, and give  
Ring out, the old, ring in the new;  
Ring out, the year that was, and give  
Ring out, the day that was, and give

When Richard Pierce, printer of the Boston, worked off upon his hand-press, on the 23rd of September, 1868, the first newspaper ever published in America, the General Court took the sheet into custody, held solemn debate over the daring disturbance of the public quiet, and voted that it "contained reflections of a very high nature," and its publication was contrary to law. It was not allowed to appear again. Are we to have a similar farce re-enacted in this enlightened nineteenth century? Free speech has been tabooed in Music Hall; the freedom of the press, so dear to the heart of every American, will be tabooed next, unless the liberal-minded come to the rescue.

Dickens says: "I have known vast quantities of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust to that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare you out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it."

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Heeswax; "what will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder? Why they might as well tell me that the man had six cents in his hat!"

New Publications.

RADICAL DISCOURSES ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS. The very expressive title of the new book of William Denton, who is his own publisher. - These discourses - ten in all - were delivered in Music Hall, with the exception of the second one, on Sunday afternoons, between the years 1868 and 1872, to the Spiritual Society that meets in that place. The second discourse referred to was given before the "Parker Society" in 1864. Some of these discourses have already been out in pamphlet form, and received in that style also the distinct stamp of the public approval. They are richly deserving of their more permanent volume shape, in which their friends, whom it would be difficult to number, will be glad to receive them for further enjoyment and a longer preservation. The titles of these ten discourses are as follows: Man's True Saviour; Be Thyself; The Deluge in the Light of Modern Science; Is Spiritualism True? Orthodoxy False, since Spiritualism is True; What is Right? Who are Christians? Christianity no Finality; The God Proposed for our National Constitution; and A Sermon from Shakespeare. These will readily suggest the nature of the contents, and those who have heard any of them will eagerly avail themselves of so good an opportunity to read them at their leisure.

THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE for the year 1871 has reached us from the Government Printing Office at Washington, presenting, through the labors of Commissioner Watt, a complete digest of agricultural operations in the country for the year mentioned. The volume is 600 pages in length, and is profusely illustrated. Though of course in some respects incomplete, so full as one of our Massachusetts State Agricultural Reports, it is, nevertheless, a complete map of the agricultural operations of the States and Territories, and presents a valuable compendium, such as nowhere else is procured. The progress making in Agriculture, science, as well as the volume, is carefully sketched, and liberally illustrated. Scarcely any important questions connected with the culture of the soil of the country, whether experimental or practical, but receive in this valuable Department Report full and satisfactory discussion.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January, 1873, comes to us from the press of H. Osgood & Co. Its contents are led by a "Chapter of Autobiography," from the pen of Robert Dale Owen, whose name is well known to our readers, as indicated to the friends of liberal views the world over. The publishers take occasion to say of Mr. Owen's sketches, now commenced by them: "His varied life in connection with the rise of the manufacturing interest in England, the socialistic movement in this country, as a statesman and diplomatist, and his intimate knowledge of the growth of modern Spiritualism, afford abundant material for an instructive and delightful narrative." Poems from O. W. Holmes and other accomplished authors, and an historical sketch concerning the Cabinet of President Washington, by Parton, are presented; Rebecca Harding Davis gives "A fadful leaf from History," and the pages are enlivened with stories, graphic delineations, such as "Among the Ruins," etc., etc., in addition to the usual thorough and readable departments. That the public may form an adequate idea of the character of the contents promised by the publishers for the opening twelvemonth, it will be well to remember that regular or occasional contributions may be expected in the Atlantic from W. Longfellow, John G. Whittier, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Bayard Taylor, T. W. Higginson, James F. Childs, Bro. Harte, John Plafie, H. James, Jr., T. B. Aldrich, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, H. H. Harris, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Lucy Larcom, Miss Caroline Chesbro, E. Stuart Phelps, and other well known writers.

THE GALAXY for January - Sheldon & Co., 677 Broadway, New York - presents the following table of contents: Earl Russell, by Justin McCarthy; The Wetherell Affair, by J. W. DeForest; Song, by Charles Carroll; French Songs, Customs and Characters, by J. DeForest; The Muse, by William Winter; The Growth of "Giant Power," by J. W. DeForest; Language according to Sample, by Richard Grant White; De Mortelle, by Edgar Fawcett; A Yagabond Heroine, by Mrs. Edwards; Wanderings - Part I., from Madeira to Rome, by Lady Blanche Murphy; The Rustic Diamonds, by Anthony Trollope; Old and New; In the Back Street, by Isabel Craig Meredith; Off the Coast, by Scott M. Arnold; Driftwood, by Philip Quibb; Current Literature; The Gaiety Club-Room; and Neptune, by the Editor. This magazine has now entered upon the eighth year of its history, and has from the first occupied a field distinctly its own, being edited with nice appreciation of the public taste, and admirably fitted to the family circle.

LITTLE PICTURES MAGAZINE for January - J. B. Lippincott & Co., 715 and 717 Market street, Philadelphia, opens out with a new and an illustrated article on "Iron Bridges and their Construction;" "The Quilting Plant;" a story material for a second paper, also fully illustrated. Its object is to give to the public, in a cheap and accessible form, its engravings, add much to the popularity of this magazine. The present issue abounds in lively and exciting stories and tales, by Caroline Chesbro, Ella Williams Thompson, Cornelius Deewee and others. Roginald Winford describes "The Irish Capital;" a visit to the Colony of Communists at Aurora, Oregon, is given from the German of Theodore Kirsch; and other articles of merit, together with poems by Margaret J. Preston and Edgar Fawcett, and the departments, make up an interesting number. As additional attractions for the year the enterprising publishers promise a new serial novel, "The Princess of Thule," by the author of "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," etc., and a new serial story, "Malcolm," by George MacDonald. The latter production is confidently believed to be the master-piece of its author, combining in it the most interesting and striking characters and dramatic situations.

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON. - Music Hall. - Free Admission. The Sixth Series of Lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy in its various and practical applications, will be given on Wednesday at 7 1/2 precisely, (except April 20,) until May 5th. Speakers of known ability and eloquence have been engaged, and a large number of our friends are expected to be present for the balance of the term, at 45 cents each for the course, or 10 cents for each lecture. The course will be given at 14 Hanover street. Speakers engaged: Dec. 25, Wm. Allen; 26, Wm. Allen; 27, Wm. Allen; 28, Wm. Allen; 29, Wm. Allen; 30, Wm. Allen; 31, Wm. Allen; 1, Wm. Allen; 2, Wm. Allen; 3, Wm. Allen; 4, Wm. Allen; 5, Wm. Allen; 6, Wm. Allen; 7, Wm. Allen; 8, Wm. Allen; 9, Wm. Allen; 10, Wm. Allen; 11, Wm. Allen; 12, Wm. Allen; 13, Wm. Allen; 14, Wm. Allen; 15, Wm. Allen; 16, Wm. Allen; 17, Wm. Allen; 18, Wm. Allen; 19, Wm. Allen; 20, Wm. Allen; 21, Wm. Allen; 22, Wm. Allen; 23, Wm. Allen; 24, Wm. Allen; 25, Wm. Allen; 26, Wm. 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To the Spiritualists and Social Reformers of the United States: (Greeting—We, the undersigned, believing that the present social, financial and educational condition of mankind is not what Humanists desire that it should be for the benefit of the race, and that the cause of the present social, moral and intellectual unfoldment and culture; the isolated homes dear to us from many of the *flaccid* and unwholesome enjoyments of life, and our unhappiness and dissatisfaction with the present order of things, is that *Unitary Homes and Coöperative Industry* with larger and more abundant means of production, will reduce the present expense of living; that labor should be attractive, and not compulsory; that John-Stoke Institute should be a model of the new order of things; that *Unitary Material Power*; that a *Unitary Brotherhood*, where each man should be self-sustaining, independent and free, in all the relations of life, is necessary to the happiness and prosperity of individuals; that the *Unitary Brotherhood* should be of idealized men and women; that woman should exercise unlimited control over her person and property; that woman should enjoy and exercise all the privileges of life in common with men, either social, religious, political, financial, educational and otherwise; that we desire to accomplish these ends; therefore we invite you who are interested in the cause of *Progressive Return* to congress with us at Cleveland, Ohio, February 19, 1873, and remain in session *seven days*, for the purpose of an interchange of ideas, and uniting upon some definite plan of action, and redress, for the accomplishment of the above stated ends. Address, Social, Educational and Political Reformers, 100 West 12th St., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

JOHN W. EVARTS, *Centralist*, Ohio.







