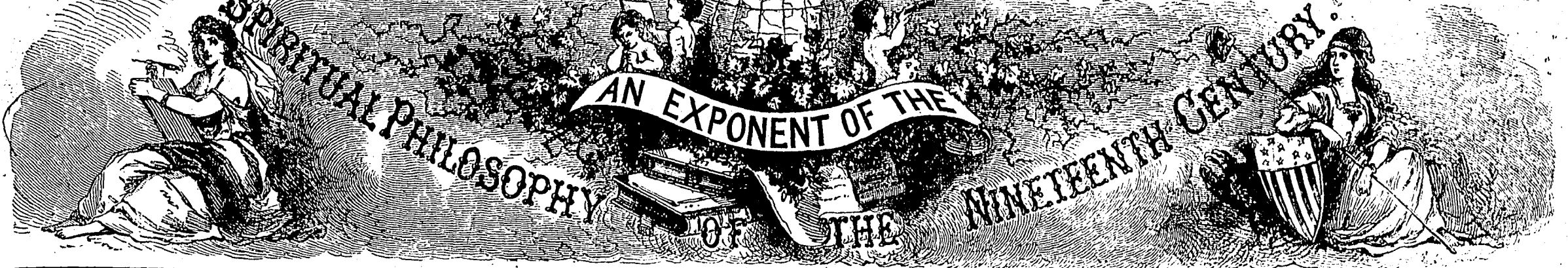


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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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 XI.

**Ethics.**—This term is applied to any doctrine, or system of principles and precepts, which philosophically teaches the rules of manners and morals. Hence it may properly be said that a code of society morals is a system of ethics. May we not also say, with equal propriety, that a system which teaches conduct and duty in politics and religion is a code of moral ethics?

Morals have never stood for much in religion. It has long been held that it was infinitely worse for a man to be strictly moral and not religious, than to be strictly religious and not moral; because the purely moral man, being indifferent to or skeptical in religion, by his noble character and good deeds led more souls from Christ and into hell, than he who, although immoral in his social relations, was yet faithful to the doctrines and requirements of the Church. The theory is that you can reach the immoral man with your religion, because he sins and he confesses it; while the morally good man, not feeling his inherent sinfulness, is the most difficult foe religion is compelled to encounter. A gentleman, writing to a magazine, relates that he "once heard a remark from one of the old-fashioned, perpendicular Doctors of Divinity, in the days of slavery, when Theodore Parker's ringing words against it filled the land, and made inaudible the petty, private, soul-saving preaching of the sects. The old Doctor felt obliged to dispose of Parker in some way, and he did. With much gravity, and in an oracular tone, he said, 'It is the best effort of the enemy; that of doing good works.'"

But such theological ethics need no refutation. It does not require a metaphysician to discriminate between morals and religion. Religion (as the word is used in common) stands for a system of doctrines. To believe is salvation; to disbelieve is destruction. Morality, on the other hand, is the practice of the divine principles of truth and justice and good-will in all your public and private relations.

"For forms of faith, let graceless zealots fight;  
This can't be wrong, whose life is in the right!"  
The difference between religion (so-called—not real religion, remember) and morality, is the difference between faith and works; or rather, they are as far asunder as are theory and practice. A life of good deeds is a diamond surrounded by purest gold; a life of good faith, merely, is a paste-jewel set in polished brass. Let the river of true life flow both your will and understanding; and never wait for an opportunity to do good, until faith in some creed, takes possession of your life.

**Evolution.**—This strong word is popular as a substitute for the more poetic phrase, "to unfold," or for the act of unrolling, from a compact or hidden state.

Applied to the human mind, we may consider the entire development of the social, moral, intellectual and spiritual faculties as an evolution from elemental or germinal conditions. "The normal evolution of man," says Conway, a brave and eloquent thinker, "is to become the simple organ of reason and the implement of justice. If there be no malformation to arrest the human evolution, he will ascend from the lower coil of Fate's spiral groove, where necessity scourges, to the resplendent circle of divine ideals and passions, which weave their chain of enchantments."

In the progression of Nature from the lowest living substance to the complex and final organization of man, everything follows the principle of evolution. The lowest is radical, because it is the root; the highest is fruition, because it is the perfect unfolding. In the germ, or "protoplasm," as the primal substance is called by the scientific Huxley, is deposited the properties and potencies necessary for the development and regulation of that particular organism in its various progressive steps up the spiral ascent of Nature. The visible process is that of evolution. And as all below man is thus regulated and unfolded, reason asks: "Why may not mind follow the same divine principle?" If the material universe ripens up into the full-orbed organization of man, "Why may not man's spirit be likewise an organ of evolution?" Reason puts no questions which she is not capable of answering. The interior Sphinx puts no riddles she cannot herself guess. Therefore it is made plain by reason, when in her superior condition, to the universal common sense of the world, that the continuation of human existence after death is no more impossible or wonderful than its continuation after birth. The principle of progress is immortal; and evolution is its mode of action throughout eternal spheres.

**Equivalent.**—Philologists agree that exactly the same meaning cannot be expressed by two different words. Hence, strictly speaking, it follows that, although phrases may be used synonymously, it is incorrect to employ different words to carry the same significance. There is always a shade of independent and special meaning in each word invented by man to express the lights and shades of his feelings and mind on any subject.

Take, for example, the two most familiar terms, *truth* and *veracity*. "He is a man of truth," is an expression used as synonymous with, "He is a man of veracity." The meaning,

at first glance, seems to be exactly identical, that *truth* is the synonym of *veracity*; and, therefore, that the man who invented the last word was simply making another tool no better than the old one to work or talk with. But a little thinking will convince you that *truth* is a word correctly used when applied either to men, to character, to facts, to science, to religion, to ideas, to principles, to Deity; while the word *veracity* would be incorrectly used when applied to anything not of the nature of self-conscious man; because *veracity* refers strictly to the reliability and sincerity of a morally responsible being; while *truth* is a principle, a fact, a reality, and may be properly used with a local or a universal significance. And the same rule will apply with equal force to every other word in the English language. Each phrase has a shade of meaning, which gives it a peculiar value of its own, and which forbids the habit of using words synonymously.

The term "equivalent" is not a synonym for equality. There is an "equality" between the two halves of an apple—one side exactly agrees with or is equal to the other side, but, in point of value, or worth, one nickel penny may be an equivalent for the whole apple, which of course would include the two equal parts. With this definition of the term—which is correct—let us proceed to press some wine out of it.

Science has, of late years, made great progress in the study of forces. Nothing is lost; nothing is gained; all forces work in a circle. "This may justly be called the 'upshot' of all scientific disclosures thus far concerning mind and matter. All forces are correlated; all forces are persistent; all forces produce their equivalents, and reappear in them. Science can estimate the exact amount of powder required to project a cannon-ball weighing two hundred pounds one mile. The motion of a mass of matter, being suddenly arrested, is instantly communicated to its constituent particles, and immediately that motion appears in the form of heat. Thus the heat and the motion are correlated; and a little more inquiry would develop the equivalence of motion and heat to the original force; thus encircling the first circle, and developing concentric circles ad infinitum."

The doctrine of equivalents was presented by Herbert Spencer, at the conclusion of his *First Principles*, in these words: "The materialist, seeing it to be a necessary deduction from the law of correlation, that what exists in consciousness, under the form of feeling, is transmutable into an equivalent of mechanical motion, and, by consequence, into equivalents of all the other forces which matter exhibits, may consider it therefore demonstrated that the phenomena of consciousness are material phenomena. But the Spiritualist, setting out with the same data, may argue that, if the forces displayed by matter are cognizable only under the shape of those equivalent amounts of consciousness which they produce, it is to be inferred that these forces, when existing out of consciousness, are of the same intrinsic nature as when existing in consciousness; and that so is justified the spiritualistic conception of the external world, as consisting of something essentially identical with what we call mind."

Now this is nothing but circle-building, in-and-out-and-out, and never arriving at the knowledge of any certain truth, which, like the eternal rock of ages, would be to the soul an anchor not only, but a foundation immovable as the mind of God. Spencer's philosophy would translate matter and its phenomena into mind and its phenomena, and vice versa; thus consecutively evolving the doctrine of equivalents—making love, reason, and aspiration in the spiritual world equivalent to (if not, in reality, caused by) heat, light, and electricity in the material world. But discussion is not the object of this quotation from the philosopher's *First Principles*; on the contrary, it was adduced to illustrate simply what is meant by the term "equivalent."

**Equivocation.**—Some persons take pride in "mental reservations"—in employing language which, while apparently teaching one thing, is susceptible of an entirely different construction. Such ambiguity is duplicity—is dishonorable, Jesuitical, hypocritical; because no man ever uses words with double meanings (except playfully, as when punning,) without designing to mislead his fellow men. In all trades and professions, are men who will unblushingly equivocate. They value it as a power, a talent, by which, in the game of life and business, they are able to mislead and get the advantage of the unsophisticated. When these persons were children, this simple verse of truth should have been impressed on each heart:

"If I should tell a shameful lie,  
And no one ever knew,  
It would be just the same,  
Whenever I might go."

But equivocation does not seem like falsehood; on the contrary, it seems frequently exactly like truth itself; hence its great power to deceive and injure. To appear to be bright, pure and good, and still to be misled by the cunning trick of equivocation, is to be false both within and without. In all wrong, it should be remembered, there lives a germ of retribution. But the dark soul, benighted by its own selfishness, does not see the principle of certain punishment lurking within the wrong.

Equivocation, unfortunately, is a part of practical social ethics. Social intercourse is extensively salted and peppered with "white lies." Insincerity of generosity, ambiguity of fraternal regard, mental reservations begot in the womb of amiability and simple good nature—"I am always happy to see my friends"—may mean that you would be glad to receive another call from

the then departing guest, or it may mean exactly what you say, by which you wish to avoid both giving offence and invitation; but the person hearing the remark is liable to be misled, and you adequately punished, if there be a germ of hypocrisy in your utterance. "Not at home" is likewise susceptible of a double interpretation. The light of truth will always guide the willing soul through every temptation. Some one earnestly exclaims—

"Oh, let us walk the world so that our love  
Burn like a blessed beacon, beautiful  
Upon the walls of life's surrounding dark!"

Double-dealing never comes from simplicity of heart. If you find, under the temptation and magnetic generalities of social good nature, that you easily equivocate, remember that the true explanation may be that you have an element of insincerity in your composition. If you equivocate under strong influences in your business, trade or profession, the possible reason is because you carry in your composition the germ and virus of a hypocrite. You have not adopted, as the structural law of your character, the harmonial principle that "Perfection and truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of Nature."

## GENERAL HOWARD AT A SPIRIT-CIRCLE.

It is well known that General O. O. Howard, late Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, and President of Howard University, at Washington—otherwise distinguished as the "Christian Soldier"—was recently sent by President Grant on a mission of peace to the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountains, which commendable mission he claims to have accomplished in a very successful manner. In a late number of the Washington Chronicle we find a very interesting account given by the General of his travels and experiences in the performance of this humane undertaking.

It appears that the most formidable of the hostile chiefs with whom he met was Cochise, chief of the Apaches, an Indian of superior intelligence, manliness and honor, if we may judge from the accounts. The General, trusting to the good faith of this so-called savage, whom others were ready to shoot at sight as a wild beast, ventured, unarmed and with but two white attendants, into the stronghold of the tribe, in an almost inaccessible mountain fastness. Here he met the chief with his captains in council, and—after listening to the old story of aggressions and wrongs at the hands of reckless whites, which had naturally aroused the Indians to do their utmost by way of self-protection and retaliation—the General offered peace on the basis of right and justice for the future. This was gladly accepted by Cochise; but it seems, before final ratification on the part of the tribe, the whole question was submitted for advisement to the Great Spirit and the spirits of their departed braves, and General Howard himself was invited to be present at the "circle" where these were consulted. He thus describes the occasion, which he is pleased to style an "Indian prayer-meeting."

"After the council, the same night, they had an Apache prayer-meeting in a curious little nook some fifty yards up the mountain. At first, we heard the sound of a multitude of women imitating the meaning of the wind. As soon as this sound died away, all sang, apparently using words. At the expiration of three-quarters of an hour, one of the young men, who had been the roughest in dealing with our party, came and pleasantly invited us to join the meeting. We did so, sitting outside of a circle formed by women sitting side by side, all facing inward. The chief, the captains and the men were arranged inside the circle. As soon as the singing ceased, one Indian after another would pray or speak without rising. Cochise's talks were apparently the most authoritative. I could hear him mention the *sobriquet* of Captain Jeffords, namely: 'Sagallito,' meaning Red Beard. I knew from this that our whole case was being considered in their way in the Divine Presence either of the God of the earth or of his spirits; and surely these were solemn moments, when you could not determine on which side of the Styx their superstition might land you. But, fortunately, the spirits were on our side; and, as we heard the next day at the council, he [they?] had said: 'The white man and the Indian are to drink of the same water, and eat of the same bread, and be at peace.' The next morning, everything was in readiness for a move by ten o'clock, and we set out for Dragon Springs to meet the officers from Camp Bowie."

Gen. Howard has been, in past years, at least, strongly opposed to Spiritualism, considering it to be only "of the devil," because spirits have not taught the tenets of Orthodoxy. But Spiritualists almost universally are aware that, foremost among the hosts of returning spirits—the devils of Orthodoxy—in our day, have been those of North American Indians, everywhere teaching the gospel of peace, justice and good-will. To their influence, in a large degree, exerted consciously and unconsciously through public speakers and writers, as well as upon individual minds, should no doubt be attributed the marked change which has of late taken place in the public mind relative to the treatment of the red men. The General himself seems to have been convinced that, in this case, instead of the devil and his emissaries, it was "the God of the earth or his spirits" that was invoked and that gave response. Could he enter other spirit-circles, nearer home, in an equally unprejudiced frame of mind, he would doubtless find equally convincing proof of the "Divine Presence" in them.

"When a young man," said E. C. Delavan, "I was going with some gay young men on a drinking lark, when I suddenly turned about and left them. On the spot, on which I made that hasty resolution to reform, stands a part of my property—the Delavan House."

## Literary Department.

### THE YOUNG AUTHORESS:

#### CRUMBS OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

Written for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. H. N. GREENE BUTTS,

Author of "Vine Cottage Stories," Etc., Etc.

## CHAPTER VII.

### The Discharge.

We will now look in upon our friends at Elm Cottage. An interesting group presents itself to our view. Chester—Mrs. Clayton's son—has arrived, and seems to be the centre of attraction. Mary is gazing admiringly upon the handsome face of her cousin, in whose glances she seemed to discern a deep inspiration, while yet upon his well-formed features reposed an expression of the most fascinating mildness. While scanning this superficial side of his character, she thought that he might be worth his weight in gold to some comic almanac maker. The mother alone wore a troubled expression. Edward Melville made one of the company, although he did not enter cordially into the conversation.

"Chester," said his mother, "you have not explained why you are with us so soon. I believe you were to tell me on your return."

"Well, mother," said Chester, casting a side glance at Mary, "if you wish to know why your lawless son was discharged—"

"Discharged! Oh, Chester! what do you mean?"

"I mean," continued Chester, "that I had a walking ticket from the Government Department because I believed that women and negroes have souls."

The mother smiled in spite of herself. Edward tried to look angry, and Mary hardly knew whether to laugh or be grave; but Chester continued:

"You see, mother, I was considered an unfaithful clerk. The honorable members of the Department in which I was engaged could not trust me to keep their secrets. They offered to raise my salary if I would be silent, but, as I was not particularly in want of money, I concluded not to be bribed."

"Bribed, Chester? why don't you explain yourself?" said Mrs. Clayton.

"Well, mother, there appears to be two kinds of woman's rights friends in the Government Departments at Washington. One class believes in equal rights for all women, and are inclined to employ and pay them the same wages, for the same amount and quality of work, without any partiality. But another class does not believe in equal suffrage, but yet they are willing to suffer attractive women to be employed in their honorable Departments. I knew two or three expert copyists who had been employed for several terms, but who accidentally learned one day that their skill was not so much appreciated as the beauty of their more favored sisters."

"How was that, cousin?" interrupted Mary, whose indignation was kindled in her large and eloquent eyes; "how did they make that discovery?"

"They saw 'yellow envelopes' on their table one morning; and a yellow envelope, to those old maids, meant discharge, mother!" handing a yellow envelope to Mrs. Clayton.

"But this is addressed to you, Chester," said the mother, half smiling. "I did not know that you were an old maid."

"Yes, mother; but your boy fell into bad company. He took the part of those unattractive maidens; and so shared their fate."

"Good, Chester! good!" exclaimed Mary, clapping her hands.

"Why, Mary, you don't mean to say you are glad that Chester was discharged for misconduct?" said Mrs. Clayton.

"Yes, I do, auntie," persisted Mary. "Such misconduct as he speaks of, on the part of Government officials—why, it is enough to sink the nation! It ought to be emblazoned in every newspaper, thundered from every pulpit and rostrum in the land, so that not an honest and skillful working-woman in America, however unattractive, could fail to see and hear it."

"See and hear what?" spoke Edward, impatiently. "I do not believe but what woman's skill is as good a passport to lucrative employment as a man's skill."

"Woman's skill do not seem to command the same pay as that of a man, as I can testify from experience," said Chester. "I have a letter in my pocket, which I forgot to mention, received the second day after my arrival here, from a very competent woman employed in one of the Government Departments. She states some facts which I presume you will all be interested to know."

"Oh, read it to us," said Mary.

"Writing from Washington," continued Chester, "this lady says—"

"What lady?" interrupted Edward, somewhat impatiently. "I don't care to hear a string of facts from an irresponsible employe in any Department."

"I am not at liberty to give the lady's name," replied Chester, "but I can give you her reasons for the restriction, which will be as good a fact

for you as any other. In a note on the margin of her letter she says: 'I have written you the above facts relative to the respective salaries of men and women in the Government Departments here, as they have occurred to me while engaged in copying. They are all reliable; and, so far as I am concerned, I should have no objection to their publication, whatever effect it might have upon my future employment. But there are hundreds of more dependent women here, whose bread and butter I shrink from hazarding by the direct exposure of the agents of their injustice. Hence we do not wish to see our names mentioned in connection with these facts, as we dare not complain, or severely say that our souls are our own, lest we receive the ever-dreaded *yellow envelope*.'"

As if to illustrate the potency of this one fact—the fact that these women could not say that their souls were their own, without risking their places—Edward arose, and with a proper show of offended dignity, left the room; and as if to reserve the remaining fact for a more auspicious occasion, when his cousin Edward could hear them, Chester returned the letter to his pocket, saying: "I want to tell you, Mary, about a fine young man I met in Washington."

"Well, cousin," said Mary, "suppose you first read to us the letter, and tell us about the young man afterwards."

"I am a little surprised," said Chester ironically. "Most of the fair sex would prefer to hear about the fine young man first. But I will read the letter. Under date of October, 1867, Mrs. B. writes:

"You ask for some facts relative to the employment of men and women, clerks in the Departments. As to the comparative skill of women, the Secretary of the Treasury has made the positive statement that they are among his most valuable clerks; and the head of one of the Bureaus told me that during the agitation of the question of diminishing the number of the female employees of the Treasury, he offered to select fourteen clerks who could better be spared than fourteen others, who were well skilled and efficient women. And yet these male clerks received per annum from twelve to eighteen hundred dollars salary, while the women clerks, even in the higher Bureaus, received but nine hundred. In the Treasury Printing Bureau they sometimes receive less than one-half of this sum. The work done by women is essentially similar, in many cases identical, with that performed by men."

In one case two sets of Registers, kept by two young men, were afterwards given to and long kept by one woman; and the same lady has now sole charge of the entire Registering division of the Bureau—composed of several ladies—and she is so thorough in her knowledge of the department as to be constantly in requisition. Another lady was offered a division of which a sixteen hundred dollar clerk could not satisfactorily perform the labor, but was to receive, of course, only a woman's meagre salary. The entire work of this division was afterwards performed, during the absence of the whole force, by one lady alone. This lady has more than once written five hundred letters per month, and it is curious to see how many letters going out from the different offices as the productions of the various male clerks, after largely having been rewritten by their male superiors in office, are finally corrected, both in spelling and grammar, by the ladies in copying. I myself saw two letters of a male clerk handed to a lady with a remark from the superior officer of the Bureau: 'Write those over, madam; they are so bad I am ashamed to send them out of the office.'

In a counting division, a lady detected an error in a package of coupons which had already been counted by six gentlemen, all of whom had failed to discover it! Such are not occasional facts, but are of frequent occurrence. "So much for the quality of woman's work; as to the amount of it performed by women in the given number of hours, the fact that it largely exceeds that performed by men, is too well known and acknowledged in the Government Departments to need any proof from me."

"There is no possible doubt but that women in the different Departments earn fully as much, or more than men, while they are better correspondents, better grammarians, better book-keepers than the most of male employes."

At this moment the supper-bell rang, and Chester remarked that the rest of the letter would keep until some future time, and added:

"I trust, Mary, from all that I learn from my mother, that you are not ignorant of the injustice done by our laws and customs to the working-women of the country."

"I thank you much, Cousin Chester," replied Mary, "for giving me these facts. They will greatly aid me in finishing my little book on the 'Social Independence of Woman.'"



## CHAPTER VIII.

View from Mt. Marvel.

After supper, Chester said to Mary: "The evening is beautiful. I observe that the full moon is just rising in the East, and it is agreeable to you, I would like to visit the grove I see in the distance. The view from here is enchanting. I have heard much of the magnificent scenery on the Susquehanna River, in this section, and find that it was not over-rated."

"Well," said Mary, smiling, "I will accompany you on condition that you entertain me with a description of the 'nice young man' at Washington."

"Ah! yes, I see," said Chester, as he gave Mary one of his fascinating looks, "that you have already become interested in my young friend?" And saying this, he drew Mary's arm gallantly within his own, and the two handsome cousins bent their steps toward Maple Grove, which rested in quiet beauty in the valley between two extensive ranges of mountains. The nearest summit, on either side, was East and West Marvel. Ascending to the summit of East Marvel, through rocky and circuitous passes, Chester, being an enthusiastic geologist, examined minutely and almost reverently the niches in the rocks directly beneath their feet. Then directing his spy-glass to West Marvel, on the opposite side of the valley, he discovered that the rocks corresponded with those of East Marvel, where they now stood.

"You are a scientific observer, cousin, I see," said Mary, "and, to such an observer, the inference is that Nature, in the dim past, must have driven her fiery steed through these receding valleys, separating these two summits. For more than sixty miles on either side, and meeting at an angle, as you see, between the two Mount Marvels, she turned up her mighty furrows, as with a plow of Omnipotence, leaving a double furrow in the center, where the noble river now courses."

"I should infer," said Chester, "that the region before us was once a vast basin, or lake, whose pent-up waters broke through the united and lowering ledge, and then sped on toward the sea. Sinking to its normal level, the river separated several miles above the angle, forming the eastward branches, one of them flowing beneath the summit on which we stand, and the other beneath the opposite summit yonder."

"Yes," said Mary, "and you observe that the two rivers again form a junction about a mile below, which is called Point Marvel."

"Then that is the way you got that circular island, or Northland, on which Maple Grove is situated?"

"Yes," replied Mary, "the island is enclosed between the two branches of the river. A name was originally given by the natives, which signified 'New Hunting Ground,' or 'Indian Paradise.' They also sometimes called it 'Forest within Forest,' because it was encircled by the river. But to the white settlers it was afterwards known by the name of 'Grove-within-Grove,' while at present it is simply called 'Maple Grove.'"

"But tell me, cousin, who owns the beautiful mansion within the grove, which seems to have all the characteristics of a modern paradise?" inquired Chester.

"Sir Robert Winslow, an English gentleman," replied Mary, with a little tremor in her voice.

"Winslow? Winslow?" exclaimed Chester, "why, that's the same name of my Washington friend, the fine-looking young man I was going to tell you about. But what is the matter, Mary? you are pale and tremulous: is this dizzy height is too fearful for a woman's nerves?"

"Well," said Mary, forcing a smile, "I am somewhat dizzy. Here is a smooth stone: suppose I sit down, while you relate to me something about your friend. I should have been surprised, cousin, had you become interested in some young woman."

"It is possible," continued Chester, "that the Winslow I met in Washington is a relative of Sir Robert Winslow. If so, there may be a capital chance for me to get an introduction to the English aristocracy. The young man in question had the air of a prince; and I judged, though I saw him but a few times, that he was a born aristocrat. But I was interested in him because he seemed to be sad and depressed, as if he was homesick, lovesick, or both. I should have been glad to have learned something more of his antecedents, but his reserve kept me at a proper distance. Yet, from all I learned about him, I judged that he was a person of fine natural genius and accomplishments; at any rate, I became strongly attracted to him, and I regretted leaving the city so suddenly. I saw, Mary, that you are interested in my narrative, and perhaps you would be interested in the subject of the narrative, also, if you were acquainted with him," said Chester, looking archly at his cousin; "but you are pale and weary," he continued, looking more gravely. "Had we not better return?"

Mary arose, and began to descend the mountain, but was scarcely able to walk upon the sloping eminence without the support of her cousin. Chester was at a loss how to account for the sudden change in Mary's appearance. He knew that he must have touched some sensitive nerve; but his intuitions were not sufficiently clear to fathom the mysterious depths of a loving woman's heart. She endeavored to rally her wonted cheerfulness as they approached Elm Cottage, for she was unwilling to cause Mrs. Clayton any uneasiness on her account. The remainder of the evening she passed in her own chamber, endeavoring to silence love's powerful pleading, and to put far from her the beloved image that neither time nor distance could efface from her memory.

Mary appeared at the breakfast table the next morning as usual, though Mrs. Clayton saw that her face was a shade paler, and that her long, drooping eyelashes had been moistened with tears. Chester met her with a cheerful smile, but she knew, from the gentle pressure of his hand, and the hasty sigh that escaped from his parted lips, that he had learned her secret. He had interrogated his mother, after their return from Mount Marvel, in regard to the Winslows, and now knew the cause of Mary's agitation the evening preceding, as well as that of the young law student's fits of abstraction. His sympathies were much aroused, and he determined, if possible, that he would aid them to a better understanding. He had spent a part of the past night in planning how to effect the desired reconciliation between two persons of rare reserve and liberal culture, without seeming to be intrusive.

## CHAPTER IX.

The Neville Family.

It may be asked by the reader why Chester's surname was not Clayton, instead of Neville.

which was his mother's maiden name. The solution of the matter is easily given. Chester Neville, Mrs. Clayton's only brother, was a bachelor, and he had come into possession of a handsome property, which, for a time, he was at a loss to know how to bestow. Mrs. Clayton was his favorite sister, and the boy Chester was the counterpart of his uncle in many respects. He had given his nephew a liberal education, and had done much to aid his widowed sister. But it seemed to him, reasoning from facts, that the aristocratic Neville family was likely to become extinct. The bachelor brother had in his younger days been disappointed in a young lady whom he had considered the paragon of perfection until almost on the eve of marriage. This so prejudiced him against all womankind that he resolved to live a life of single blessedness. At the age of fifty years he realized that his health was failing, and that his property, estimated at three hundred thousand dollars, if not disposed of by will, would be likely to be quarreled over by distant relatives. After many sleepless nights the matter was settled, to his own mind, quite satisfactorily.

"I will give," he said, "Sister Sarah Neville Clayton ten thousand dollars, and the balance to Chester, provided that he drop the name of Clayton, and take the name of Neville, nothing more. This would suit me exactly, for I like the young man, and the name of Neville would, in all probability, be perpetuated, for it is no ways likely that so fascinating a person as my nephew will get through the world without being entangled in the meshes of matrimony."

And so the matter was legally settled, and Chester Neville Junior became the rightful heir to the large estate of Chester Neville senior. Mrs. Clayton's home in Illinois was the home of her invalid brother for two years before his death, which occurred the same year that witnessed the death of her husband. Chester had just graduated from one of the most celebrated colleges in the country, with a large fortune at his command, when the news came from the East that his cousin, Mary Melville, was doubly orphaned. Mary's mother was half-sister to Mrs. Clayton, and had, when very young, married a poor author in opposition to the wishes of her older half-brother, Chester Neville. The families had never been on intimate terms, for the proud-spirited Albert Melville disdained to ask any favors from his wife's rich relatives. Mrs. Clayton and her sister had, in the early part of the latter's married life, corresponded occasionally, and Mrs. C. visited Elm Cottage once, when Mary was but ten years old. Chester had never seen his cousin, and when the news came of the departure of both her parents to the spirit-land, he said:

"Mother, I like the tone of Mary's letter, and, as I want to spend a year traveling in foreign countries, I think it would be best for you to accept of my cousin's pressing invitation, and make your home with her, for the present at least. I think that she is a person of considerable genius, judging from the productions which have emanated from her brain and pen. I know that I shall like her, and I shall look forward with pleasure to the time when I shall be able to visit both you and her in her eastern home."

And so the matter was arranged, as the reader already knows. Chester traveled two years instead of one, and, on his return from Europe, went westward to look after a large property invested in real estate. His mother went immediately to her old home in Illinois, and greeted with joy her long absent son. Chester had acquired much polish of manners in his travels, and was at the age of twenty-five rich, handsome, cultivated, and, what seems most rare, a man of radical ideas and a genuine philanthropist. He was conversant with many of the most advanced authors of the times, and had drank deeply from the springs of modern science and progressive literature.

When Mrs. Clayton returned to Elm Cottage, Chester concluded to spend a few months in Washington, that he might avail himself of the stirring debates which were then agitating Congress and the country, on the general subject of "Reconstruction."

Chester was fond of adventure, and had a passion for studying the causes which tend to elevate or depress the condition of the great masses of the people. He therefore engaged himself as a clerk in the Treasury Department of the Government, not for the pay he might receive, but partly as a novelty, and that he might have a better opportunity of studying the workings of the political machinery. He was supposed to be a poor clerk, dependent upon his salary, and often startled his fellow associates with his fearless criticism of persons in high official station, who were thought to be honest by the innocent and unsophisticated. He argued that the women employed in the various Departments, who were skilled and profitable workers, should receive as much pay as the male clerks, and thus became a wonder to all his fellow clerks, and eventually a terror to the high-salaried officials who had long been fed without protest, at the public crib. It was here that he met Herbert Winslow, and rallied him upon a subject which, he afterwards learned, affected him deeply. The reasons of Chester's discharge are already explained. But it was not until after he had left Washington that his employers learned that the "poor clerk" was a young man of fortune as well as education.

(Continued in our next.)

A FABLE.—A woman was walking and a man looked at her and followed her. The woman said, "Why do you look at me?" He answered, "Because I have fallen in love with you." The woman said, "Why are you in love with me?" My sister is much handsomer. She is coming after me: go and make love to her." The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being greatly displeased, he went again to the other woman and said, "Why did you tell me a falsehood?" The woman answered, "Neither did you speak the truth; for if you were in love with me, why did you go after another woman?"

THE SUN AND ANIMAL HEAT.—How complicated soever the motions of animals may be, whatever may be the changes which the molecules of our food undergo within our bodies, the whole energy of animal life consists in the falling of the atoms of carbon and hydrogen and nitrogen from the high level which they occupy in the food to the low level which they occupy when they quit the body. But what has enabled the carbon and hydrogen to fall? What first raised them to the level, which made the fall possible? We have already learned that it is the sun. It is at his cost that animal heat is produced, and animal motion accomplished.—*Psychist.*

There is that in every animal's eye, a dim image and gleam of humanity—a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up toward great mystery of control over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul.—*Psychist.*

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

Respectfully dedicated to Miss Nellie M. K.

By JOHN WILLIAM DAY.

Down the street the school-girls sped—  
Girls with laughter, jest and chatter;  
They life's solemn runes indeed,  
Even as birds that found-spray scatter.  
What reck they, though snow-lakes pile  
Higher up, and higher stealing?  
Warm young hearts were e'er beguiled—  
Hope through sunlit vaults was wheeling.

Freed from study's irksome ban,  
Raised from figures algebraic,  
Bright eyes down the future scan—  
Tint with gold earth's dull mosaic.  
Dance or play or bitt' choice

In each budding brain's ascendant;  
Airs visions trooping through,  
On fate's loaded die dependent.

God be with you, darlings all—  
Father's pet or mother's treasure—  
When time's wintry twilight fall,  
Blotting out each hoped-for pleasure;  
When the sting of slander's found,  
Fades the rose of summer sweetest;  
Or the heart with ice is bound,  
And the gloom is dark and deepest!

See, the teacher follows slow  
With sad, downcast eyes discerning  
Far beneath the wintry snow  
Releged of inward yearning.

In her weary arms are piled  
Copy books and scales of merit;  
Seldom hath that pale cheek smiled—  
She doth eye's meek lot inherit.

She's a mystery dim and pale;  
But she once was arch and glowing—  
Clear and bright as morning's trail  
When the eastward flush is glowing.

Romped she o'er a village mead  
Swifter than the circling swallow?  
Heard her youth a city speed  
Rumbling on its purpose hollow?

What hath seared her brow with care—  
Set her life to minor measure,  
When her early earl fair  
Trilled the major strain of pleasure?

Only he who bids us march  
Knows the spirit's woeful orders;  
Out from being's shaded arch  
Speed we forth to unknown borders.

She, a sad, wrecked life, it seems,  
May, beyond the darkness river,  
Fairer than a queen of dreams,  
Wear Diana's gleaming quiver.

We who look with pitying eye,  
Or with careless glance ignore her,  
May, methinks heaven's cruel sky,  
Bow in reverence to adore her.

For each step a purpose runs,  
For the need each power preserving;  
Swiftly roll appointed suns,  
To each toll an end conveying.

Even as Bruce through desert's hoimd  
Traced El Azrek's source Nileotic—  
And the eye-star triumph-crowned—  
Blessed a life-path deemed chaotic!

So we speak of pilgrims all;  
Angels' wards, our Father's treasures;  
And we know no soul shall fall  
From the are his glory measures.

Thus we tread the shadowy way—  
Climb the sunset-smit mountain,  
Sure that methinks Death's twilight ray  
We shall taste Fruition's fountain!

*Boston, Mass., December, 1872.*

James Bruce, who, after severe hardship and wandering in Abyssinia, discovered, Nov. 10th, 1872, the then supposed source of the Nile, though after researches have greatly enlarged the knowledge, and proved the water course found by him to be but a tributary to the main stream. Askin to his experience is that of the hardy searcher for lost continents, and he is the supposed source of duty to-day may become the tributaries of tomorrow, the continents being still hidden in the secret land of India, but subject to discovery under the great law of progression.

## A Thief's Gratitude.

The Boston Sunday Herald of December 22d, gives the subjoined instance of mental return for mental "value received." Which is always so pleasant to mark in a world where it is so often found wanting. We are of opinion that that thief's chance for even an Orthodox heaven (?) is far superior to that of the Boston divine who publicly congratulated his people that though many disasters were connected with the great conflagration, they should give thanks that the Banner of Light had been consumed!

The following fact, related to the editor of the Commercial Bulletin by an eye-witness, is one of the many curious circumstances connected with the big fire:

While the conflagration was at its height, and a merchant was busy collecting together a few valuables to carry away in his arms, a rough-looking fellow came up with a large wagon, and wished to know if he did not wish to hire him for a load.

The merchant jumped at the offer, and the wagon was by himself and clerks soon heaped with costly goods, and the driver told where to carry them, and to come back, as he could, before the flames reached the store. As he was disappearing in the distance, a police officer asked the merchant if he knew the man, when it suddenly occurred to him he had not even asked his name, and had committed his goods into the hands of an utter stranger. Worse than that, the policeman knew him to be a notorious thief, but could not leave the point he was guarding to pursue him.

The fire progressed, and in half an hour the merchant's store was in ashes. Next morning he repaired to the place where he had directed the cartman to carry the goods, and, as he feared, they had not been brought there. Two days afterwards, however, he was surprised by the cart's appearance, who apologized for his not coming before by his inability to find the merchant, and handing him a key, told him his load of goods was stored in the room of a hotel, where he would find them.

The merchant expressed surprise, and mentioned the suggestion of the police officer.

"That's so," said the cartman, "but do you remember when you were on the jury, and was tried for stealing?"

"Yes, I do, and from the evidence I believed him innocent."

"Well, sir, that was me, and I was innocent—as innocent as a child of what I was tried for. I understood it as you that was wise enough to see I was, although I had no reputation to back me, and you saved me from an unrighteous verdict and the State Prison."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and I've been trying to get even with you for more than two years, and never got a chance till that night, when I borrowed a horse and cart and took your goods out of the fire. There's the key, and there's nothing to pay."

Saying this, the visitor slammed the door after him, leaving the astonished merchant with a door-key in his hand. But upon investigation, he found his goods as had been promised by the visitor, and now is of the opinion that there is some "honor among thieves."

## Banner Correspondence.

## New Hampshire.

MANCHESTER.—Dr. H. P. Fairfield writes, Dec. 24th: "Dear Banner of Light—This is Christmas week, and I am prompted to wish you all a Merry, Merry Christmas. Wednesday, the 25th day of this month, of course, will be the Christmas. Day of joy and rejoicing in all Christendom. It is celebrated and commemorated as the birthday of Jesus Christ. The angels of heaven communicated the glad tidings of great joy to and through the mediums of Judea; saying, 'Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.'"

It appears that spiritual intercourse was enjoyed in a limited degree by the Spiritualists of that early period; that mediums saw, described and conversed with spirits, who directed them in their journeys, and advised them in their business and religious worship. These heavenly messengers have ever been laboring to remove the obstacles which have so long prevented a free and easy intercourse between the angels and the inhabitants of earth. How well they have succeeded through their mediums who have carried of the Banner of Light, you very well know. They have brought it forth again through fire and flame, and presented it anew to the world of mankind. Our Christmas joy and rejoicing could not have been perfect without the new Banner of Light. As it is,

Not a wave of trouble rolls,  
Across its peaceful folds.

We rejoice to see that the cause of Spiritualism is rapidly progressing in these Christmas days. My lectures here in Manchester have greatly revived the people, and there is a general rejoicing.

## New Jersey.

VINELAND.—Ellen Dickinson writes from this place, under date of Dec. 18th, as follows: "Last evening we were greeted by the familiar face of the dear old Banner, the friend to inspiration of many years. On the material side of my nature, he is a revivifier, the sphere of woodland flowers on the spiritual side, the love and ineffable tenderness of the dear ones who watched over my childhood. \* \* \* Go on, brave pioneer! unfurl your banner of constellated light, shedding light and truth from its benign and graceful folds into earth's dark recesses of ignorance and prejudice!"

We have been favored with the ministrations of Mrs. P. O. Hyzer, of Baltimore, for the last two Sundays of October and the first three of November. Her science, philosophy and poetic charm and instruct all who listen to her lofty inspiration. Her perfect diction disarms criticism—her grand utterances silence evil. We have with us at present Mr. O. P. Kellogg, of Ohio, who is a *vera aris*. While addressing himself to the reason and understanding of his hearers, he ministers to the mythical and comely side of their nature by the quaint and comely of his manner. He is a revivalist *par excellence*—his kind of mental chemistry, by which he draws the bitterness and aceticism out of human nature. To all societies who wait to laugh at life's ills and follies, and at the same time rise to a loftier height by his teachings, I would recommend him as a speaker.

We have raised in this place about eighty dollars for the Banner, and are in hopes to raise one hundred dollars, through the agency of John Gage."

## Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.—Mrs. M. S. Townsend says, Dec. 18: "The society here is in fine condition, and the pleasant, natural ways of Dr. Child before an audience, as chairman, make everybody feel at home. The audiences are good, and a feeling of peace and harmony seems to pervade throughout. They are to establish a series of social gatherings for the purpose of becoming better acquainted with each other, and to commence a fund for obtaining a place of their own in the future. They have also a Lyceum, but, as I have not attended once since I have been here, cannot report from personal observation, though I am told it is in good condition. There is certainly a great interest in the subject among the people in the City of Brotherly Love."

From here I go to Springfield for the month of January, where I hope to find people alive to the cause of truth, and anxious to aid and sustain its channels of communication as in this city. Whenever I can do ought for you in my humble way, please command me. My address, in Springfield, will be in care of Harvey Lyman. How thankful I was to lay hands upon another Banner, rising, as it has, from the ashes! Had I been as demonstrative as some people are, I should have waved a devilish, unbecoming sheet, but I shall ever pray that it may need no more of fire tests by which people may better know its value.

## Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 10th, 1872.—Please give a place in your columns, dear Banner, to the following just tribute of respect, which was expressed by the Central Association of Spiritualists, assembled for the occasion in their hall, on Sunday evening, the 10th inst.:

Whereas, Col. S. D. Day, who has been laboring among us, for the last two months, is now about to leave for other fields of labor; it is highly proper that we should give some expression of our regard and our appreciation of his valuable services; therefore, be it

Resolved by the Central Association of Spiritualists of the State of Louisiana, that in our acquaintance with Col. Day, as a gentleman, as a seer, and as a devoted and unselfish worker, we have found him to be worthy of our highest esteem and confidence; and that we cordially recommend him to the love, support and cooperation of all Spiritualists, and of any who are interested in the advancement of the human race.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing, signed by the officers of this Association, be sent to the Banner of Light for publication, and also that a copy be furnished to Col. Day.

U. H. MURKIN, M. D., President.

## J. Z. WINN, Secretary.

## Massachusetts.

NATICK.—Dr. J. S. Bean writes, Dec. 21st: "I desire to say a few words through the columns of your valuable paper, in behalf of Bro. George A. Fuller, of this place, who has been ready to speak at any time and place in New England for the last two years, but as yet has not had many calls. If any of our friends are in want of a good speaker, if they will give Dr. Fuller a call, I think he will give them satisfaction. He is true and inspirational, and a good medium. I had the pleasure of listening to a lecture given by him recently, in Natick, and I must say I consider it one of the ablest lectures I ever listened to. He is a young man of great promise; and, friends, all he needs is for those who are in want of a speaker to give him a chance."

## Vermont.

RUTLAND.—A correspondent, Frank Wilson, writing from this place, under date of Dec. 23d, renews his subscription, forwards us some back numbers of our paper as per request, and encloses the following advertisement from the New York Herald of Dec. 18th, desiring to know if the Orthodox churches of Manhattan have become so reduced as to numbers in attendance, that they are obliged to call in youth and beauty, "arrayed in purple and fine linen," to attract recruits to their depleted ranks:

WANTED.—FIRST VOICES, to sing for practice in a volunteer choir; must have some knowledge of music; young, handsome, dress well. Address ORTHODOX, box 198, Herald office.

There are two safe methods of ventilating a chamber: the first is to have a chimney; this is not always practicable. Sometimes there is no fireplace; and sometimes, too, there are no windows to the chamber, many persons thinking they can sleep anywhere. Future builders should construct the doors of all rooms, whether chambers or not, in such a way that, both at top and bottom, a portion of the door, three or four inches broad, and fastened as long as the door is broad, should be raised out and arranged to turn on a pivot at each end, as seen in rail-cars, having a button to fasten it when necessary.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

CHARLES H. FOSTER.

This famous test medium gave in our city quite a number of sittings for spiritual manifestations. Having been present during eleven of these sittings, I have seen and heard the most astonishing revelations of an occult intelligent power, and have also personally received a communication—a strange and truthful one—from a relative, who never saw the United States, whose name was not in my mind at the time of the sitting with Mr. Foster, and whose name was not written out or indicated in any way; but Mr. Foster told me the nickname of this my relative, and also the peculiarity of gait and seat of lameness, etc. Besides this, I saw several times direct spirit writing on paper and on a pocket-handkerchief, and blood-writing on his hand. Some of my countrymen who had also a sitting with Mr. Foster do honestly acknowledge the facts they have witnessed, and find, to their surprise, that the known laws of Nature, as exhibited in the handbooks of science, do not give any information in regard to these "modern natural wonders;" and Carl Vogt, Dr. Buchner, Moleschott, etc., the leaders of the German materialists, do not know anything about it, and have probably never witnessed one single genuine spiritual manifestation of any consequence or importance, and therefore do and cannot give any explanation, or offer any reasonable, acceptable theory. To imagine that Mr. Foster has a legion of agents, detectives, etc., in his employ, who furnish him all the various names and family secrets, is rather silly and quite improbable, if not impossible. To say it is clairvoyance of his mind does not explain it to any materialist, as clairvoyance itself would prove independent, individualized and conscious spirit power, and clairvoyance of Mr. Foster, or even of his spirits, would not explain all those communications that were given, and not known to any one of the sitters at that time, and the truth of them afterwards ascertained. Then what is left for any person witnessing these manifestations, and possessing sufficient intelligence, love of justice, truthfulness and manliness as to accept the very best theory offered at present?—and that is, doubtless, the one offered by the Spiritualists.

Mr. Foster will also visit Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, New Orleans and some other places; and I do not hesitate to recommend him in particular, and in the strongest terms, to all honest investigators of the spiritual phenomena. Besides his wonderful gifts, Mr. Foster is a pleasant and agreeable gentleman, demanding no pay if no satisfactory tests are given.

J. A. PEINSOHN.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 14, 1872.

## THE FIRE QUEEN.

A new phase of mediumship is daily being witnessed at the séance room of this Publishing House.

Mrs. Suydam, a lady of remarkable mediumistic powers, is controlled by a queen of fire—an Indian girl of only about six years in spirit-life—to handle fire with impunity.

She will handle live coals of fire, lamp chimneys at their most intense heat, and hot irons, and she will also hold her fingers and hand over a gas or lamp light, allowing the most intense blaze to flow up between her fingers for minutes at a time, without the appearance of being burned thereby.

During this time she is partially under spirit-control, but not entirely so. She knows what she is doing, yet is impelled to do that which she has a confidence that the spirit will execute the feat without harm to her, but from the fact that the least confusion in the room, either by the moving about, or the shock which is sometimes induced upon sympathetic spectators at the sight of such seeming peril, causes her to intensely feel the electrical waves thus induced.

It is a strange phenomenon. While her hands are apparently above and free from the power of fire to harm, her body seems to be intensely sensitive to the least commotion or mental excitement of others in the room, and sometimes, when there is confusion in the room, the power of the Fire Queen to hold control is instantaneously thwarted. Hence perfect order (Heaven's first law) is required while these marvelous tests are being performed. While she is under the control of the Fire Queen, her hands are cold and clammy—as cold as ice.

Mrs. Suydam is a lady of about thirty years, above medium size, and the picture of health. She is a very good test medium upon the mental plane.

She can be seen in the daytime or evening by parties desiring to witness her wonderful phase of mediumship at the *seance rooms* of the Religious-Philosophical Publishing House, corner of Fifth Avenue and Adams Street, Chicago.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Dec. 24th.

## The Housekeeper.

ROAST TURKEY.—Let the turkey be plucked clean, and washed and wiped dry inside and out. Have your stuffing prepared, fill the crop and then the bag full; sew it up, put it on a spit, and roast it, before a moderate fire, three hours. If more convenient, it is equally good when baked. Serve up with cranberry, or apple-sauce, turnip, squash and potatoes.

TO BOIL A TURKEY.—Stuff a young turkey, weighing six or seven pounds, with bread, butter, salt, pepper and minced parsley; skewer up the legs and wings as if to roast; flour a cloth and pin around it. Boil it forty minutes, then set off the kettle and let it stand, close covered, half an hour more. The steam will cook it sufficiently. To be eaten with drawn butter and stewed vegetables.

PLAIN PUDDING.—The day before you wish to have this pudding for dessert, stone and chop fine one pound of raisins, wash in warm water one pound of currants, pick and dry them, and chop half a pound of beef suet. Next morning chop a pound loaf of bread in a pint of warm, sweet milk; beat it fine, add to it the raisins, suet and currants, with three eggs well beaten, a grated nutmeg, tablespoonful of sugar, and wine-glass of brandy. Put it in a floured bag or pudding mold, and boil it four hours. Serve with cold sauce made of sugar and butter, and flavored with wine and a teaspoonful of essence of lemon or vanilla.

APPLE MIXED PRES.—To twelve apples, chopped fine, add six beaten eggs and half a pint of cream. Put in spice, sugar, raisins or currants, just as you would for meat mixed pies. They are very good.

APPLE PIE.—Peel the apples, slice them thin, add a little molasses, and sprinkle some sugar over them; grate on some lemon peel or nutmeg, if you wish to make richer, put a little butter on the top.

PUMPKIN PRES.—Pare the pumpkin, then grate it, and add sugar and ginger to taste, and milk enough to make it of the proper consistency; then line your pie-tins with crust, put in your pumpkin, and bake in the ordinary way.

SAUSAGE MEAT.—If you want it extra nice take two nice fresh hams and one shoulder; take off the skin and have it chopped nicely; season it with salt, pepper, sage, and a very little sugar. If you like spiced meats, use with that a few cloves, some mace and nutmeg. Keep it in a dry, cool place, and fry it in balls, or stuff the skins when you first make it for dried sausages.



mailed to their address on receipt of the papers containing the advertisement, marked,











1.—Hudson Tuttle Crane; Zachary Taylor

[illegible]

*Monday, Nov. 4.*—Mary Ann March, wife of William March, died. To whom, in California.  
*Tuesday, Nov. 5.*—Georgiana Loring; Patrick Canovan, to her son, George.  
*Wednesday, Dec. 18.*—Edwin Forrest; William Nash.  
*Thursday, Dec. 19.*—David Chester Solomon Holmes, of Martha's Vineyard; Adeline Cheever, of Portsmouth, N. H.; John Adams.  
*Thursday, Dec. 25.*—Thomas Higginbotham, of Port Huron, to his wife; William H. Seward; William H. Hogarth, to his wife; Lucy Jane Emerson, to her sister.

**Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.**

Since our last report the following sums have been received, for which we tender our grateful acknowledgments:

Titus Sheard.....	\$1.00	C. A. Stebbins.....	\$2.00
C. A. Elliott.....	2.00	Mrs. F. Freeman.....	2.00
S. E. Luther.....	1.00	Mrs. Charlotte Smith.....	30
Calvin Turbell.....	1.00	Cr. and Dr.....	1.00
Miss E. M. Corbett.....	1.00	Chas. Frost.....	1.00
Wm. L. Edwards.....	1.00	Mrs. Sophia E. Stewart.....	2.00

[illegible]

Mrs. Julia Valentine Fox, wife of Hon. James A. Fox, in her 48th year.

Mrs. Fox was taken sick about the middle of August, 1871, with cancer in the womb, so pronounced by some of the first physicians of the city, who were in attendance upon her from the commencement of her illness until March 21st, when the writer was summoned to her bedside. Her physician, a professor at Harvard University, had pronounced her case incurable, and had assured her family that she would never go out again, and could not live through the

The writer commenced treating the case on the 21st of March with electro-magnetism, and by local applications. In twenty-four hours all the disagreeable odor was gone, and the patient was able to get out of bed. On the 23d of March, she was so much improved that she rode out, and continued to do so nearly every pleasant day, riding further each day, with less suffering, and no return of the humor.

May 14th, the family removed from Boston to their summer residence in Cambridge. She enjoyed the change very much, rode and walked out daily. July 18th, she rode ten miles, after which, leaning upon the arm of her husband, she walked to a neighbor's and spent the evening. Rode out again on the 19th and 20th, but on the night of the 20th she took a severe chill, which caused violent inflammation of the bowels and kidneys, from which she suffered intensely for a number of days; but, by the blessing of God and the

On the 26th her symptoms were much more alarming; she had no return of her appetite, and she was again rapidly emaciating. But on the 10th of August, after partaking quite freely of water-melon, vomiting set in, which resisted all our efforts to arrest it. On the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th, we repeated all the trials which we had to pass, she had no return of her cancerous trouble.

"In the morning of the 27th. She had a very distressed turn, and I employed the spirits to concentrate their power and relieve her sufferings; did not ask for restoration to health. This incident led me more fully to believe in the reality of the medium's power over head, and I heard a voice say, 'Place your hand upon her head.' I did so, and in a few moments she said, 'I feel relieved, I am better;' and from that time until her weary spirit took its flight, she complained of no further suffering. Her last words were uttered in a low, softly-whispered, 'It may be. I yet may be saved to the loved ones a little longer. But in the evening, Sept. 24, I returned to her bedside, after an absence of a few hours.

with much earnestness. "I want to die now," and immediately, without the slightest struggle or groan, her spirit quietly took leave of the earthly tenement—no person being present but myself. Her prayer was answered that I might be with her when she died, and that there might be no suffering at last. She had said many times that she had no fear of death, nor of the future, only the agonies of death; but I must say that it was the calmest separation of spirit and matter that I ever witnessed. I only ask—that when the "home-land pale" shall come for me, my weary spirit may

addition made her feel happier, even if she could not realize its truth, and that were she ever able to do so she would read and investigate the subject. But the loving Father, "who doeth all things well," had selected her as a graduate to that higher school where she can both teach and be taught. As her physical form grew weak, her spiritual body gained strength; many times during the last two weeks of her life, she would work very earnestly into a trance and her communications would change expression, and

him; that were some pertinent facts and I happened to be in Springfield, did not come to me until after the execution. I was told by John A. Fox, who had been at the trial, that a medium was living at 108 Court street, who did not know me, and could have known none of the circumstances of the case; yet she was influenced, and Mrs. Fox gave me unmistakable evidence of her presence; she said her body was not then laid away, but that she came to fulfill her promise. On Sunday, the 27th of October, she again communicated with me twice through mediums, at a circle held in John A. Andrew Hall, giving me most excellent tests. I have also seen her myself on three different

On that dreadful day when he gave her the impress of his dear ones in the home which she is with them still. May they realize her loving presence in their midst, ever ready to guide and assist them through all the trials and changes of this life, and when the voice shall say to them "Come up higher," she will be found watching and waiting to welcome them to her beautiful home in the summer land. "Not lost, but gone before."

MRS. A. E. CUTLER, M. D.

\*The many patients who called at my office during my

I was very sorry to disappoint others, but she clung to me so tenaciously that I could not resist her entreaties.

◆◆◆

### Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Portland, Me., Dec. 7th, Mrs. Maria F. Beals.

She has long been a member of the Lyceum, and for the past two years has occupied the position of Guardian of Groups. Her physical weakness will be a great loss to the Lyceum; and she will be missed by her equals, and our friends.

with our dim earthly vision; we know that she has not left us. The Lyceum exercises on Sunday were devoted to appropriate memorial services. A. H. F.

[Notices sent us for insertion in this department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.]

**Central New York.**  
The Central New York Association of Spiritualists will hold their First Quarterly Meeting for 1873 at Summer Hall, Norwich, N. Y., on the 18th and 19th of January, opening at 12 o'clock M. Messrs. Warren Woolson, J. H. Harter and Mrs. S. A. W. Kimball, are expected to be the speakers. *Messrs. Harter will give public tests of spiritual presence.*

once on each day of the meeting, and her great success in this line will make it a prominent feature of the occasion. The friends in the vicinity will entertain visitors as far as possible.

Accommodations can be had at the Spaulding House at \$1.00 per day. All are cordially invited to be present.

L. D. SMITH, *Secretary*,      E. F. BEALS, *President*.

There will be a Quarterly Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association in St. Albans, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 17th, 18th and 19th of January, 1873. Able speakers will be there to preach the everlasting gospel, of a demonstrated hereafter and the communion of spirits, and make the occasion an instructive and profitable one. The hearts of the friends in St. Albans are warm, and their charities broad; and they send out an earnest appeal to the

Free return certificates over the several divisions of the Vermont Central Railroad will be given to all who attend the Convention and pay full fare one way.

By order of the Executive Committee,  
E. B. HOLDEN, *Secretary*.

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## New York Advertisements.

**MRS. SPENCE'S**  
**Positive and Negative**  
**POWDER.**

**THE** single control of the **POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS** is wonderful beyond all precedent. They do not violently deplete, but they are equally as powerful in building up, and in coming to normalizing.

For **St. Vitus's Dance, Neuritis, Headache, Breathing, Dyspepsia, Catarrhs, Women, and Female Weaknesses, and Degenerations, This Compound, St. Vitus Dance, Spasms, all kinds of Fevers, and all**

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**Box 5817, New York City.**  
*5¢ If your Druggist hasn't the Powders, send your money and I will send you.*  
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**Hampster street, Boston, Mass.** 11 Jan. 4.

**New York Magnetic Cure.**

**NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, TETANUS, AND FE-**  
**VER, MALE AND FEMALE DISEASES,** cured most im-  
 powerfully, delightfully and rapidly than by medicines  
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## PATENTS

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**MRS. M. LAING** Chiropract and Mammist

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**MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR**, Business and Test Medium, 109 East 4th avenue, east side, near 12th street, New York. Hours from 2 to 6 and from 7 to 9 P. M. Circle Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Nov. 7.

**SARAH C. SOMERBY**, Clairvoyant, Test and Healing Medium, 48 West 20th street, New York City. Nov. 14.  
Dec. 13, '49.

**New Books.**

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 13, 1849.

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### BAD EFFECTS OF LABOR STRIKES.

IS THE LORD COMING?

## ANOTHER PILGRIM GONE HOME

The Doctor made us a visit in St. Louis the past fall, and lectured several times with good acceptance, although his extreme age made the duties too severe for him. He has borne the

"INFLUENCE."

2-4- Mrs. R. L. Moore has located in Lawrence, Kan., where all letters may be directed to her and, if enclosing one dollar, lock of hair, and handwriting of party, will receive a prompt and faithful reply from the spirits that control her as her health and mediumship have greatly improved since she came to the West.

## WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

On Friday evening (13), the regular addresses were delivered by Benj. Todd and Rev. M. Stewart.

Saturday morning (14), opened with an interesting conference. The Chair then read a letter from Lois Waisbrooker relative to her contented paper; also one from the officers of the Marshall Society supporting Mrs. Waisbrooker project.

A resolution was adopted expressive of sympathy with the Trustees of the Indiana State Association, of Spiritualists, in their defeat in the Barnes Will Case, and exhorting them to carry the case up to the Supreme Court.

**THE DEACON'S DREAM: a Radical Rhyme.**  
By J. H. Powell, author of "Life Pictures," etc.,  
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