

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

NO. 10.

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If any person had watched this woman for the last four days, had seen the clenched hands, the flushed face, the eyes, fierce and fiery, the quick

"If the wind blows this way for another hour," said captain on board of a ship in danger of being wrecked, a passenger who was a clergyman, "we shall all be lost."
"Heaven forbid!" was the prayerful answer.

I have stained my soul with murder for his sake—battered heaven for him; and yet he knows it not! Hark! there is a bell tolling! I suppose they had a funeral, and told the bell for the flowers in her coffin—*red flowers, rose-buds and tuberoses and white japonicas*. I hope they did, she loved them so.

She rose, drank another large draught of ice water. With a careless touch she gathered her long hair in her hands and wound the heavy mass about her head, then rung the bell with the intention of ordering something to eat. Mrs. Wilson answered it in person, and asked what she would like.

"Anything, madam, I care not what."

The good woman looked at the lady an instant and disappeared, but soon returned with steak and coffee and such additions to a good meal as she thought might be well-liked, and left again with some pleasant remark about the beauty of the day.

Toward sunset Miss Ruby took her drawing materials and colors, and went down to the bluff, to catch, if possible, some of those tints that had cheered her so much at sunrise. She remained away till the twilight was too sombre to distinguish colors, and returned home to engage her room for a week, much to the satisfaction of good Mrs. Wilson, whose feminine curiosity was much excited by her strange guest. The next morning at sunrise the lady was seen going in the direction of the bluff with a portfolio under her arm.

"She must be one of them women-artists that we read about in the papers," said Mrs. Wilson to her husband.

"She better marry and rear children," said her husband bluntly. "I don't like to see women go round the country in that way."

"Now, John, you are about there," said his wife. "If a woman can paint as well as a man let her do it. Do not you go to joining yourself to them as might be called woman oppressors. Did not I keep the hotel for you when you went to England last year, and make money for you, too? To be sure I could not have done it if I had little children about me, but God saw fit to take our babies and give us no more. If now, John, we could find my poor dead sister's child, I might care less about the business."

"Not a child now," said her husband. "It is twenty-eight years since her first child was born, and I never heard she had another."

"Well, well, he might be a child to us yet in our old age, and we could leave our money to our own kith and kin."

"It is of no use to mourn any longer for that. They must have died, or we should have heard from them in all these years; and, as for money, which we are done with it, we will give it to the orphan asylum."

"That is just like you, John; so we will; but don't run against women, John. It isn't like the good husband that you are."

"Ay, but, Hepsy, there are not many women like you," said the polite John, who never allowed himself to dispute with his wife. When he found out which way the wind blew he would not go in the teeth of it, but let it help him onward.

"And you, John, are one of them sensible men that know when they are well taken care of. But did you see the lady's eyes?"

"Yes, I heard Caesar say to Dinah when they were at work together in the dining room: 'Dat ar woman's eyes, she stunnars, huff to knock a body down if he stared too much.' But Doctor Benson, who was in the office when she passed out into the street to-day, remarked: 'Madness lies that way.'"

"I find a sort of care of her, John. She is young to be traveling alone in the world, and she has not one of your frail women that are gone astray. I know them at once. This one don't train in that company. I think she's got furred blood in her veins—looks like the picture of a Spanish lady in my album. She paid her money for her board in advance; she's all right there."

"Well, then, Hepsy, we mustn't have too much curiosity," said the husband. "If our guests pay their bills and behave themselves, we mustn't pry into their affairs."

"Go along, John," said his wife, laughing; "you men ain't no curiosity—no, not a bit! Do not I hear you talking when you smoke your pipes? There ain't a lady comes to the house, that you don't know whether she has a pretty foot and a bright eye. There! the strange lady's bell-rings! I am going to answer it myself." John went to the office, humming "John Anderson, my Jo."

At the risk of being called a "materialist"—which word is a terrible dishonor to many good souls—we must say that the quiet room, the good fare, and the strong, health-giving presence of Mrs. Wilson, were tones for the morbid lady. There was some faintness of blood, some mysterious, secret poison, derived, perhaps, from that Italian grandmother, which, spreading through all the veins and arteries of that body, so faultlessly beautiful in form, produced what we call the deformity of the soul. When the world shall dare to set upon the knowledge which it already possesses of the intimate connection between healthy blood and a sound mind, there will be a great change in our sanitary and in our criminal code. We shall then give pure air, water and food, instead of the watch-house and the gaol, "Endless Punishment," mercy and patient watchfulness, instead of dungeons and the water-torture. Our prisons will be hospitals rather than jails.

One day, Mrs. Wilson found her lady guest painting by the one large window in her room.

"If I may make so bold," she said, "I would like to look at your picture."

The lady rose, and permitted Mrs. Wilson to come in front and get a better view of the canvas upon the easel.

"My stars, ma'am! if that ain't Oak Bluff, and Black Pete's house, and the bridge, and them vines a-runnin' on the rock! I have often looked at them myself, and thought what beautiful colors they would make for a carpet. If now, you could only paint my John's face for me, I would n't stand about the price at all, ma'am."

For the first time for many weary months, a smile flickered over the face of the painter.

"I have little talent for portrait-painting," she answered, kindly, "but I will try."

The healthy, happy temperament of this good woman had wrought good already to the lady in whose veins ran the poison of hereditary taint. She actually worked on the likeness of honest John, the lapidator, and produced a face simile which his wife thought wonderful for its similitude to the original, and which secured her gratitude—the only compensation she was allowed to give. She was busy, one day, with her colors, when, suddenly throwing them down, she burst into a laugh which rang through the house.

"Ay, I know what that is," said Mrs. Wilson. "It's hysterics. She has worked over those horrid-smelling paints till she has got 'em. I have seen 'em before. I will get her to bed and put a bottle of 'ot water to her feet, and give her some bold 'ollands. Nothing like bold 'ollands for quieting the nerves."

"Come, my dear," said Mrs. Wilson, as Miss Ruby walked her room in a terribly excited state, "take this, and let me help address you. I will take away them horrid paints. Paint always makes John sick, and I cannot stand 'em long. No wonder you are ill, poor dear!"

Never before in her life, perhaps, did Rosemary Ruby yield to another's will; but in the confusion of an hour she was in bed, under the soporific influence of the hot water and the "ollands."

"I think she is asleep," said Mrs. Wilson to her husband, after listening about midnight, at the door of Miss Ruby's room. "I think she is asleep, and I hope she will stay so till morning. Them 'isteriks must be cured when they first come on, or they will grow too strong even for the doctor."

"Pshaw, Hepsy! what does a woman want with 'isteriks? It's just make-believe. Don't you go to worrying yourself about a woman's 'isteriks; it's all 'umbage; there's nothing but devilry in 'em."

"John, John! there you are at the woman again. I tell you, 'isteriks is worse than fever or rheumatism."

"But you never got 'em, Hepsy."

"No, John, if you'd been a huffy brute of a man, or one of them chaps as do n't believe what the Bible says: 'Let every man love his own wife.' I should 'ave caught 'isteriks long ago. You do n't know how much poor women bear in silence sometimes. They keep it all in till they can't keep it no longer, and then it bursts out like a burning volcano. Do n't you pretend to know more about women's troubles than your wife, as 'ad the confidence of many a poor, forsaken wife and disappointed girl."

"Well, Hepsy, so as you don't undertake to cure 'isteriks in men, I won't say no more."

"'Isteriks in men? Go along, John; you know better. Their feelings are fine enough to suffer. Do n't you know the poet says, 'Love is the whole book of life to woman, but only one chapter to a man.'"

"Never read much poetry, you know, Hepsy, but I remember, when a school-boy, the old English reader said:

"The love that life's latest stage
Proves against sickness and old age."

He! he! I'll be 'anged if I can get any further."

"You need n't get any further, John; that will do. You can go to sleep in that. I don't ask any more than to life's latest stage, that will do. What comes beyond is a mystery to me."

And the good woman sighed as she led her night-cap and thought of the betrothed of her girlhood, the young sailor who was lost at sea. Her good, honest heart would not allow her to think of him much, lest she might, even in thought, be faithless to her John, but memory would sometimes waken, and her loving soul ask that question which so many sad hearts have asked in vain through all the ages, "Shall we meet in the hereafter?"

It was an hour to sunrise, when Mrs. Wilson, whose sense of hearing never succumbed wholly to sleep, thought that she heard a noise as of some one passing down the staircase leading to the ladies' entrance. She rose, and, looking out, saw in the dim light a figure which she fancied to be that of Miss Ruby, dressed for a journey.

"My dear lady, surely you are not leaving us in this way!" she said, coming out in her night-dress, her good, kind face looking round and rosy in her ruffled night-cap. "Not that I have any right to interfere with your movements, but you are not well—your eyes and your pale face show it. I feel toward you as a woman of my age ought toward a beautiful young woman who seems alone in the world. I will nurse you well again if you will stay. Indeed, indeed, you must not leave me," she continued, as she saw the wild eyes and quivering mouth.

There was something in Mrs. Wilson, that, to say the least, did not jar upon the highly-strung nerves of her guest. She paused an instant, then said: "I cannot stay, I cannot! I must go further; but sometime, sometime, perhaps, I will come back to you. I am not ungrateful for your kindness. I have left a note for you."

But Mrs. Wilson detained her till she could order a cup of coffee, which the lady drank very strong, not stopping to sit down. In less than half an hour afterwards she was seated in the car and moving onward, little caring where, so that the motion was swift and carried her further and further from old associations.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said good Mrs. Wilson after her departure. "She is sick at heart, I know. Alack-a-day! this is a weary world! I wish that I could make it better."

She was too busy to waste time in useless regrets. She should have been a mother with half a dozen children around her house; but, as is often the case, children seem to be sent where they are not wanted, rather than to such warm, loving hearts as hers. "Things are terribly askew in this world," said a good man to me once, who has just come from an infant held over the dead body of an infant which the poor, unfortunate mother had strangled at its birth in her dread of the world's scorn. Mrs. Wilson heaved her sigh, wished she could find her dear, dead sister's child, and went into her kitchen to make pastry.

[Continued in our next.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

"KEEP HIS MEMORY GREEN."

BY META VALE.

The winter's ermine mantle fell
Around an open grave at night;
The morrow's solemn-tolling bell,
Breaks silence as we climb the height.

We pause beside the broken ground,
We give the sleeper back to dust;
The weepers' wail above the mound,
Is hushed by sounds that breathe of trust.

Sweet voices from the upper air,
Like silver chimed-bells calmly fall;
They meet the echo of a prayer,
Gone up in faith beside the pall.

And now they softly breathe of peace
Unto that healer of the frame,
Whose life a benediction seemed,
Made holy by his constant aim;

Unto a noble soul repress
For all the wrong it ever knew;
Unto a weary heart its rest—
Gone through the depths intense and true.

We leave him there alone and chill—
We know the angels guard his tomb;
His place on earth with loved ones still—
In heaven's eternal light his home!

Free Thought.

WETTERBEE'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

VI.

"The day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death and sleep."

The thoughtful Spiritualist seems inclined to turn everything inside out. Everywhere he finds the cart before the horse. He would write the fourth line of the stanza just quoted, thus:

"The morn of life draws near."

Now, in this evening hour, my finger rests on a poem. Its reading suggests a dark cloud. The thoughtful Spiritualist sees the silver lining beyond. Suppose we quote for our "Night Thought" the first verse. It reads thus:

"Here in this churchyard, darkly shadowed,
Sepulchral stones stand thickly planted round;
My wandering foot-steps hitherward have strayed,
To read the names of those who under ground."

How natural the expression, but how delusive!—to suppose for a moment that Allen Dole lies worm-eaten or "dust to dust" beneath that slab! In that sense, the whole world is a churchyard, the dead outnumbering the living beyond compute. How cheering the thought, that, of the countless millions who have passed on before us, not a single human being ever mingled with the dust or was food for worms. The instinct of the race has dreamed something different, and through inspired minds has found expression. Socrates, who was as much inspired and as much of a prophet as Isaiah—perhaps more—said, in reply to his disciples, "Bury me where you please, but catch me first." He was doomed to die. He knew the body he was inhabiting was not the real Socrates. He would be free and out of harm's way, the moment he was severed by death from his material body, which, though representing him in its changes for seventy years, was much nearer to being a part of his old clothes than a part of Socrates himself. Though the superiority of man to death is occasionally found expression through intuitive or inspired men, who speak often wiser than they knew, the more common acceptance of the thought to-day is due to the "voices" of the departed through the faint raps now so familiar to us—in a word, to Modern Spiritualism—for its high conception of essential man. This thought of continued existence, finding essent by its rationality and its beauty outside of the sphere of its manifestations, is fast becoming the "stolen thunder" of the church, and every day increases, and is the consolation now in a modern Christian's funeral.

Does not one notice the change to-day, if he be old enough to remember the funeral services of thirty or forty years ago? Bible and theology have not done this; it is the spreading of common sense in Christendom in spite of the teachings of "Holy Writ." The bright lights in the church to-day make that Book elastic (we give it the benefit of a capital B for its consistent endorsement of Modern Spiritualism). Alas! there is no authority for this change. Its letter killeth; the spirit made apparent by this later light maketh alive, and, as we have before said, will save it, and the true interpreter of that Book will be a Spiritualist. In this connection, speaking of funeral ideas, we see the progress of human thought, which, in ideas, as in species, teaches evolution of Darwinism—the survival of the fittest; and in these latter days, it was receptive enough to catch intelligently the "airs of Palestine," which seem to say, in their variety and their wholeness, "Lo, I am and was with you always, and will be, even unto the end."

The Bible, through three-fourths of its chronological period of history, knows no future life for man. The chosen people, Theodore Parker has said, knew nothing of a future until they learned it in their captivity of the heathen, (?) and whatever it taught of it, in its last quarter, including the New Testament teachings, was of a resurrection day, when the trumpet should sound and the dead arise. At first this day was supposed near at hand. "This generation shall not pass away," &c. The idea was elastic; like the Millerite's belief; as time rolled on, and the end not yet, the event was removed, until it became indefinite, then immeasurable, and equivalent, in most modern minds, to forever.

It expressed itself so in poetry; all inscriptions over graves carried the idea of unconscious sleep—waiting for the last trump to sound. As we have said before, elegies long and short, "Old Mortality's" retouches, wherever found, express themselves in this one common property of the graveside:

"Life's trial fever is over; she sleeps well."

The beauty of some of the sentiments will relieve their absurdity, and they will live in their beautiful language—and ought to—and aid, as they have, to perpetuate the false idea. Poetry has privileges, founded on fancy, often at the expense of fact, but we will forgive it, like the follies of youth, and say still, in our hearts, "Once more who would not be a boy?" which means, all things considered—once more who would not be a fool?

Mr. Joshua Billings says, "a man can be a fool and not know it," which, being interpreted, means: the world has been a child or a fool, and is now, to a large extent, and does not know it. It is waking up, however; it has learned very fast in the last score of years, and has got a momentum now that will surpass and surprise the past and us. We shall never outgrow the love of the beautiful, even in error, and sentiments like this stanza of poetry will not cease to please, though the later light will restate the case; this stanza from Gray's Elegy reads thus:

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

We add, in the words of Whittier:

"As for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees,
But hopeless lays his dead away—
And make no further comment."

We regret (referring to the idea of a future general resurrection day,) that the greater part of the Christian world had no intelligent idea of this common absurdity expressed in churchyards, churches and poetry; that is, they gave a semi-consent, but did not believe it. Try them practically, and you will hardly find a man, even a professor of religion, who will give an ounce of this life for a ton of the other. The exceptions to this assertion are congenial, that is, in a man's nature, and have no reference to his belief or unbelief. The belief, once almost universal, and to-day too much so, that when a man was dead that was the end of him, at least for an indefinite and immeasurable period, almost equivalent to forever, has made this world the all-in-all—the bird in the hand, worth all in the bush. The Christian world was and is, to a great extent, infidel on the point of future existence, so connected, as it is, with a resurrection day, which is the burden

of all our songs and all our sermons, except in the latter, where the "Word" is made elastic to suit the common sense of the age; the evangelist even distort it to make it approximate rational thought. Can any one wonder, when these lines express a fact:

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep?"

that every presentiment, everything that runs counter to the sentiment that "dead men tell no tales" is superstition?—that ancient records of such things, when in the Bible, were revelations, and with it there was an end to open vision, and outside of it were impositions or magic? Can any one wonder also at the reluctance men have to-day to receive the spiritual manifestations first as facts, and when those are established beyond controversy, to deny their spiritual origin?

—in a word, as Macbeth did to the ghost of Banquo—"Take any form but that"—we do not wonder at it. If the idea had prevailed as long that the man did not die when he shuffled off his mortal coil, as is now not only the rational but the growing belief, it would be the most natural thing conceivable that the departed should manifest themselves. Where should a loved member of a family, whose body lies in the church-yard, be, but at his or her home, and among friends? "If in his narrow cell forever laid," then there would be an absurdity in considering the modern manifestations as spiritual. But when they are not impositions, a cheat; when mind-reading will not cover them in their variety; and when, every time, they say "I am thy brother-man;" and when, without scriptural authority, the minister in the house of mourning, who is not a believer in Spiritualism (thus giving consolation at the sacrifice of consistency), says, "Our departed loved one is not in that casket covered with flowers—the tender tribute of loving friends—but moves among you a thing of life, an observer of your sorrow, saying, Weep not for me, for my days of pain and sorrow are over, and evermore I am the angel in the house, till you, like me, shall be called to this better and happier life." Then, there is no absurdity or superstition in giving these manifestations what is claimed for them by many astute observers, as well as the "voices" themselves, in solo and in chorus—a spiritual origin.

We would pity the world in its eclipse of faith—the faith once delivered to the saints, which the world has wholly outgrown—and in doing so has drifted from its moorings, and without it is without God and without hope in the world. We should pity the world, we say, if, when Faith went, it had not said: I will send you the Comforter—in a word, if there had not been a supply to the demand of the thoughtfully hungry children of men; but

"Aspidochelone! in thy sweet garbous grow
Weaths for each toll, a balm for every woe."

And now, while Faith is setting in the west, Knowledge rises in the east, and the Comforter draweth near.

What better consolation can there be to the struggling children of men than to know that there is a "To-morrow to Death"—not merely a sentiment, but an assurance, by the affirmation of one who has survived death? I am stating what is as certainly a fact to me as that I am now living and using this pen; not that man is immortal—that word is beyond our reach, but that a human being continues to live as a personality after this life's fitful fever is over.

"George is dead"—how sad those words fell on my ear, though a child of three years old or less. I took hold of an elderly hand and went into the dead man's chamber. He was unconscious. Two old-fashioned copper cents lay on his closed lids, to cover, perhaps, the want of speculation in his eye. Down through the years that have passed, I see him thus in my mind's eye, his eyes still darkened with two pennies. It is many a long year since, his body and bones have turned to clay; there is nothing there now remaining of him. Even his slab has gone, but he has come to me, and said, "I still live, and you shall live, also;" and he said, also, he saw me when I looked at the pennies on his eyes. When I call him to mind now, I see no disfigured, emaciated individual, but an angel of light.

In the midst of great darkness and error in reference to the departed, now and then a truth finds expression even on a graveside; and perhaps I cannot do better, in closing this "Night Thought," than by quoting one that, though in quaint and frivolous phrase, speaks real truth. We are glad Ephraim Pease lived and bore this name, for the sake of the illustration his epitaph affords us:

"Under this sod,
And under these trees,
Lies the body
Of Ephraim Pease.
He's not in this hole—
Only his post;
He sheltered his soul,
And went up to God."

There is a truth, if not a beauty, in this tombstone thought. There may be a ludicrous feature on its surface. We do not quote it for that; for we are a sober, even if we are a grotesque-minded man; and the above homely phrase carries with it more of truth than usually is the lot of epitaphs. "To lie like an epitaph" is a common saying. How happy, then, are we to present this exception, though even in the attire of frivolity.

Now, returning, for the sake of unity, to the sentiment expressed in some of the familiar lines quoted in the earlier part of this "Night Thought," for instance, these:

"To read the names of tenants under ground,"
or,
"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

How cheering the thought when one can say, both from the heart and the understanding, to all such expressions, as a refrain:

"Not in these holes—
Only their pods."

It is the mission of Spiritualism to effect just this radical change: that the real man does not die, but survives death; spirit the reality, matter the manifestation.

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Western Correspondence.

BY WARREN CHASE.

DARK CIRCLES AND THEIR EXPOSURE.—There seems to be a persistent effort of some Spiritualists, aided by all the opposers of our philosophy, religion and facts, to break up and put an end to dark circle manifestations, and the suppression of that class of mediums and manifestations. Should they succeed in this—of which, however, there is no probability—the next attack would be on some other phase of mediumship, and thus continue until the whole was destroyed, and man left with a *heliophony*, as the Christians are, in what did once but cannot again take place. Invisible intelligences are of course all in the dark to us, as are those of the dark room circle, and although we can see the objects around us in the light room, in ordinary circles, yet we cannot see the forms that hold the intelligence that communicates to us, and hence we have as good grounds for suspicion as in a dark circle. The only safety in either is to remove the possibility of being imposed upon or cheated by impostors when we do not know we are not dealing with such. We do not object to the detection of rogues and impostors, but we do object to having prejudice and ignorance of the laws of mediumship place all the innocent and honest dark circle mediums in the list of impostors and cheats. Persons not acquainted with the laws nor the manner in which spirits deal with grosser material things through mediums, detect a fact they were not acquainted with, and a manner in which they did not expect the work was done, and at once denounce the medium as an impostor, without the least possibility of explaining what they did witness on any rational or scientific principle, without the aid of invisible intelligences. As an instance of this, many years ago a small company of detectives attempted to catch a roguish medium and expose him, as he was using his mediumship for making money out of both sides of the question, giving séances for believers, and exposing tricks, &c., for those that would pay him for denying and repudiating it. The medium was willing to submit to their tests, and they prepared themselves, without his knowledge, with artificial lights that could be sprung suddenly upon him. After tying him securely, and fixing his chair and his feet on paper, marked around the boat, and setting the table six feet from his body, and placing on it the bells and instruments, and filling his hands with flour, &c., they extinguished the light, and soon after the music began, and the bells on the table rang, &c. The signal was given, and suddenly the lights were struck and flashed in full blaze on the table, and behold! they all saw the hand moving among the bells and instruments, and *quite at drawn back to his body* and into its place in the ropes, where it was found tied as they had tied it, and the chair and feet unmoved, and the table still standing as it was placed. But they had seen enough to expose the impostor. They saw his hand doing the work, and he was caught; but they did not find how his arm could be lengthened to reach six feet without getting untied from his body, and without moving the feet, the chair, or the body.

A large share of the *exposés* we have heard and read are of this same class. They give no clue to how the acts are performed, and leave as much mystery as was at first claimed, while they only discover that some things are not done as they supposed spirits would do them. Such have been all the *exposés* we have seen or heard of the Eddy mediums, of Vermont, of whose mediumship we have the fullest assurance from our own senses and the testimony of all the spirits we have consulted on the subject, and that is sufficient to us when we have so many other witnesses.

In the above detective *exposé* we learned our first lesson of the manner in which spirits use the medium in performing physical feats in the dark, and the reason ink marks are left by the trumpet on the lips of the tied medium through whom the spirit uses the instrument to talk to us. The extension and elongation of arm or body has been well established, and the frequent use of the entire body is no secret to us, but a fact well known. In the coat and ring performance we have also found the spirit has a power of extension of the arm from the gripping hand of the witness and its return with the ring on it, without the knowledge of either the medium or the skeptical witness who holds it. The question is not *how* do the spirits do it, but *do they do it*, or does the medium do it and cheat us with a belief that it is the spirits? Skeptics, supposing they know how spirits must do the work—if they do it at all—and finding it is not done in that way, at once begin to suspect the medium, and no sooner discover that the feat is not done as it should be to conform to their theory, than the medium is "exposed."

No class of people in our country have been subject to so much abuse, misrepresentation and scandal as the mediums, and none are so sensitive and generally honest, and none would be less able or less inclined to impose upon and cheat their friends or strangers.

Suppose a man determined to expose the deception, or the devil engaged in developing a photograph in a dark room, should insist upon rushing in with a bright light to see the artist perform his tricks and thereby spoil the picture, would that prove that he was a cheat? or that the devil did aid him and could not work in the light? All persons acquainted with magnetism know how powerful is the action of the eye, and it is to us no mystery that a score or two of eyes would destroy the effect of spirit action on a medium. To us the mystery is that Spiritualists cannot stop to reason and use a little good sense and charity combined on the subject of spirit circles dark and light, and on mediums of all kinds, and not fly off in a tangent filled with wrath and condemnation of the poor, sensitive mediums, who have enough to bear from the common enemies, without being also abused in their own households.

We have known many excellent mediums driven entirely out of the field of useful labor in this cause by the abuse of those who should be last to condemn and first to defend them, but we have rarely known one driven from the work by the enemies of Spiritualism unaided by some of its believers. The most vile and scandalous and false attacks we have had to meet in our personal experience have come from those pretending to believe in spiritual intercourse, and to advocate our cause, and yet we have never had a reproach nor condemnation from the invisible world, and hence have always been sustained by them and kept in the field. We have known mediums, after weeping and sorrowing over the abuse of Spiritualists who should be friends, to turn for consolation to the spirits, and receive the most heart-touching sympathy and encouragement that would induce them to try to hold out a little longer, and do the difficult work assigned them, while the cruel and unreasonable skeptical believers seemed to have no heart or sympathy for the mediums, and to lay the failures to want of opportunity to play tricks, or want of disposition to do better. We have long since resolved to take our part and lot in this world and the next with the persecuted mediums and not with the accusers.

We have known many excellent mediums driven entirely out of the field of useful labor in this cause by the abuse of those who should be last to condemn and first to defend them,

LIZZIE

Our Book Business.

At the new location on Montgomery Place, (No. 9) corner Providence street, Boston, we have been able to obtain a difficulty long felt both by ourselves and the business public. It is no longer necessary for our patrons to climb up numerous stairs in their search for Spiritualist Literature, as we now have a fine book-store on the ground floor of the building, where all the modern improvements are with a tastefully arranged and large stock of Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to make a pleasant spectacle and invite the attention of the passer-by.

While orders accompanied by cash, will receive direct attention by us, and we are prepared to forward, at desired, any of the publications of the whole sale book trade in Boston at usual rates, we respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of our books on commission, as such a course would, under the circumstances, be impracticable. Send for a free Illustrated Catalogue of our Holiday and other Publications.

Depositing from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between the various editions and the various issues of the same work, and to be sure to send the correct one. Our patrons are asked to be careful to send the correct one, and to be sure to send the correct one.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1873.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
Corner of Providence Street and No. 9 Montgomery Place.

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, NEW YORK,
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 19 NASSAU ST.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

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The Ville du Havre—Spiritual Incident.

When a ship goes down in mid-ocean, with great loss of human life, the question is often asked, "If there are spirits, why did not some of them give an intimation of the event to surviving friends before the news by telegraph was received?" To which question, all we can reply is: "Why spirits do not do just as we want them to, why they do not at once communicate a full account of an accident, of which they are cognizant, to the daily papers in advance of the telegraph, we do not know. But we do know that very often, spiritual intimations of great disasters are given in advance of the telegraph. Perhaps the fault is in ourselves that we are not more open to their reception, more thoughtful and attentive. Take the following as a thoroughly well attested case in point.

On the 23d of last November the splendid Atlantic steamship, Ville du Havre, from New York, collided in mid-ocean with the sailing ship Loch Earn from Glasgow, and in twelve minutes from the time of the accident the Ville du Havre sank, carrying down 227 persons out of 314. Among the lost was Mrs. Bininger, wife of the well known wine-merchant of Broad street, New York. The following statement appeared in the telegraphic reports of the disaster, published in the principal daily papers of the United States, the 24th of Dec. current.

"Mrs. Bininger was the wife of Mr. Bininger, the well known wine-merchant in Broad street. The ship was saved, and the mother, it is feared, was drowned. Mr. Bininger was among the first at the company's office. He received a dispatch containing the news that his daughter was saved, and on her way to Paris, but that his wife was lost.

"Mr. Bininger mentioned a curious circumstance. On the evening of the 23d inst. (the day after the accident) a flower, which his wife had left at his house, and which he remarked to his friends, was present that he believed that motion indicated that some accident had befallen his wife. His friends tried to dissuade him from the idea, but his mind has never since been uneasy in regard to the circumstance, and his worst fears have been confirmed. The gentleman was grief-stricken beyond measure, and his sorrow was shared by all those present.

Incidents similar to the above are of frequent occurrence. They are mentioned in the newspapers—they are perfectly well authenticated—but they make little or no impression except upon minds prepared, like those of Spiritualists, for their reception, and attributing them to their true and rational cause. Why spirits do not do more than they seem to do—why they do not appear to us palpably—and relate audibly what they have to communicate, we cannot say. Perhaps their powers are limited—perhaps they are not omnipotent—and perhaps their own spiritual faculties may not be so far developed as to be receptive of the influences to which spirits would like to make us sensitive. The facts remain, and if they do not imply spirit action, sympathy and recognition—what do they mean? Or was it a mere accident or coincidence that a flower should move at a particular moment, and impress Mr. Bininger with the idea that something had happened to his wife?

An Indian's Testimony.

An intelligent Chippewa Indian, who evidently understands what he is talking about, has written a letter (for even an Indian is equal to letter-writing in these times), in which he denies that the money appropriated by Congress for the Chippewa tribe is expended for the benefit of their advancement in agricultural pursuits, as is alleged by United States Commissioner Smith. He says that the White Earth reservation has for school whatever, and that there is but little plowed land, with the exception of that of the chief Meshakoshig, whose land was plowed by the Government employees by mistake. He says Commissioner Smith was to have purchased thirty pairs of oxen for the Indians, with funds received from the Government for some land which they sold to it, but that nothing has yet been seen either of the money or the oxen. There is supposed to be a millwright to teach the Indians how to run the steam saw and fluting mill, and who actually does receive pay from the Government for that purpose, but he is engaged only about business of his own. The reason, however, is a sufficient one, that there is no flouring mill to run, the money which was appropriated to build it having mysteriously disappeared. Our Chippewa friend only tells truths, which can be told of all the other tribes as well. "The Indian business is anything but an honest one."

Giles B. Stebbins and Lady.

At the recent election in Detroit, Mich., confront of the Inspectorial Clerks at the First Ward, with a request that their names should be entered upon the books. Mr. Stebbins's name was registered without controversy, but the Inspector refused to heed the appeals and arguments made by Mrs. Stebbins in her behalf. The matter was "settled," as much as it can be for the present, (for "nothing is settled which is not right") by the following correspondence between the Board and the City Council:

Hon. D. C. Hathcock, City Councilor.

DEAR SIR—Mrs. Giles B. Stebbins has applied to this Board and demands the right to register. This Board has declined to grant the request, on the ground that they do not believe her to be a legal elector. Mrs. Stebbins has all the required qualifications of an elector, except the fact of being a woman, and we therefore respectfully request that you instruct us as to our duty in the premises.

Very respectfully,

S. R. WOOLEY, Inspector of First Ward.

ALBERT BORSFORD, Clerk.

Woman cannot be enrolled or registered. Let her try it on.

H. C. HOLBROOK, City Councilor.

Oct. 24th, 1873.

Libraries of Spiritual Works.

A correspondent favors the idea of establishing libraries of spiritual publications, as the public libraries generally do not contain enough of such works to accommodate Spiritualists or even those seeking information in regard to the Spiritual Philosophy. He says: "We ought to have a library situated in some part of every city throughout the Union, devoted to spiritual literature. It is something we need very much, and the matter ought to be looked after as soon as possible. If this idea meets with approval by believers in the Spiritual Philosophy, it is to be hoped that they will do all they can to further it."

127 Mrs. Emma Harding Britten will speak at Parker Memorial Meeting House, corner Appleton and Berkeley streets, Boston, under the auspices of the 28th Congregational Society, on Sunday, Dec. 7th. Her subject will be "Physiology."

"Pope" Beecher.

Plymouth Church is as independent as need be, and has resolved to go alone. Mr. Beecher's speech was full of the politician's spirit—a puff for Dr. Storrs and a puff for Dr. Huntington—and the patronizing proclamation that he had not an enemy in the world, "or any other man," whom he could not "take to Christ" and intercede for. But what if Mr. Beecher should want interceding for himself? The report of his sermon to his church contains some sentiments; however, that are of far wider application than to Plymouth Church. It says that Mr. Beecher went into the religious phase of his theme, alluding to the spectacle of men blindly striving to be religious as the most pitiable of the time. He pictured the former reign of force in religion, and was severely denunciatory of the rigorous and despotic enforcement of church doctrines. "Has this infernal devil of intolerance been exorcised?" he asked. "While religion has been full of justice, the framework and engine which men have built up for it have been the curse of the world. The spirit of religion has said, 'Ye are all free men.' The organized church has said 'Obey.' It has been the spirit of the Bible to open prison doors; but the captives of a thousand years, when they sought deliverance from oppression, have found their way blocked by ramparts of Bibles, defended by ecclesiastical guns." Applause interrupted the speaker, and then he added:

"In discussions that are everywhere going on about religion, it is no longer considered as a dogmatic power, but as a means of education and reformation, adapting itself to the absolute wants of mankind. Men have stolen the fire from heaven to forge chains and swords, but such things are passing away. When religion becomes love, it cannot keep men apart. If you put sticks of beef and birch and maple in a pile together, each will retain its identity, and passing away, it will be a new thing, and no longer birch and birch and maple, but one glowing fire. So long as men called sacred doctrines religion, the sticks of birch and maple, and as soon as they began to burn with the fire of love, the sticks would melt and be one with the fire. There are those who mourn over what they call a reaction in religion. It is a reaction in its abstractness, and I don't wonder at it. If you teach that the Bible is a charter of tyranny, then every generous sentiment of the soul, we are bound to react religion under foot. It is those who are seeking profounder views of God's government, and seeking every revelation of his will, who are ready to have their eyes and ears open to every thought and tendency of the age. You call that infidelity, and you are right. The general tendency of the age is to declare that nothing is true which is not believed, no matter where it leads."

Mr. Beecher concluded with a denial that Christianity cannot stand any scientific test, breaking off at last with, "I am saying, too long a grace for your Thanksgiving dinners."

"The Life."

A critic who has carefully perused the new work bearing the above title, recently published by Colby & Rich, Boston, speaks of it as follows: "This little book is in some respects so remarkable that it deserves more than a cursory reading. To be fully appreciated it must be carefully studied. Minor blemishes aside, the book is certainly a very noteworthy production, and should receive, as it surely merits, the careful perusal and consideration of every Spiritualist in the land. It carries with it the strongest internal evidence of the thorough honesty of its author. He proclaims in it a system of life, and with all his want of order of statement, this proclamation is very clear. It is made by the suggestion of a few undeniable primary principles, of which the chief is, adherence to and cultivation of inward conviction. The principles are set forth so aptly, and in such a variety of phrases, that they cannot fail to have a convincing effect upon the most ordinary mind. While there are some things in the book which seem rather commonplace, there are also very many other things within the narrow bounds of the sixty-eight pages which are very fresh and suggestive."

The author has given us a few thoughts which do not accord with our way of thinking—with our faith—and which we venture the opinion will not be likely to accord with the faith of many; but it is one of the virtues of the book that the author does not attempt to insist upon acceptance of any dogma. He expresses some thoughts of his own existence and progress beyond experience, but does not insist upon one's acceptance of them. He suggests, but never dictates a dogmatic thing; and herein we have a strong element of what should constitute such a bible as we need: a book of suggestion—a book the sum of whose teaching is the cultivation of self-honesty and self-abnegation—without any arbitrary demand of faith in the super-sensible."

Indiana State Association.

Our readers will find on the third page, present issue, the report of the Convention of the State Spiritualist Association, held Nov. 1st and 2d, in the city of Richmond. Outspoken resolutions were passed by the body, and the ideas advanced in the Address of its Committee, concerning our duty to work with the angel-world, will meet the approbation of all who truly comprehend the necessities of the hour. Here is an extract worthy of the widest dissemination:

"We should not expect the angel-world to do everything, but we must meet them, and earnestly invite them to work with us in our efforts. Buy reform books and papers, and circulate them, and they will do their silent work in the minds of the people. Organize Children's Progressive Lyceums with one half dozen children, if no more, and teach them to think for themselves. Organize into corporate bodies, under the laws of the State, and send delegates to our next annual meeting, as we will have very important questions to decide. Organize for self-culture, for development of mediumship, for the good of the children, for pushing our cause by agitation, and for resisting the desire of certain conservatives to cripple freedom through the government. Angels help those who help themselves. Then let us work."

Bible Marvel-Workers.

This new and attractive book from the scholastic pen of Allen Putnam, A. M., is now before the public, and is meeting with a rapid sale at the bookstore of Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. Circulate the work, friends; it is calculated, wherever it goes, to act as a strong incentive to individual inquiry into biblical matters, and experience shows that thought once awakened, if left to go on untrammelled, is sure to "think" its way to perfect freedom.

127 Prof. Lyander S. Richards, well known to our readers by his contributions on natural science, will give a course of four interesting lectures on subjects named below, the following Wednesday evenings, in "Unity Chapel," Gloucester Place, off Harrison Avenue, near Dover street, Boston:

1st.—Dec. 3.—Water; explaining the formation of rain, snow, hail, dew, frost, ice, mineral and hot springs, artesian wells and glaciers.

2d.—Dec. 17.—Darwinism, or, What man sprung from.

3d.—Dec. 24.—Our Planet: the origin and development of the earth, and its movements and appearance among the stars.

4th.—Dec. 31.—Dramatic and Miscellaneous Readings.

Our Book List.

Our eighth page displays to the reader the third installment of the catalogued publications of Colby & Rich. We desire to further call the attention of the public to some of the principal works now offered for sale at their counters.

THREADING MY WAY, OR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY, gives the life experiences of Robert Dale Owen, the author and orator, who has, in the past, accomplished so much for the cause of Spiritualism, and whose labors are not yet finished, though the frosts of years have gathered upon him. The book is one which will, we are sure, find a hearty welcome from Mr. Owen's multitudinous admirers.

JOEL MOODY discusses the "SCIENCE OF EVIL," or FIRST PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN ACTION, and presents three other lectures, the whole treating subject matter of the deepest importance.

R. AUGUSTA WHITING, in GOLDEN MEMORIES OF AN EARNEST LIFE, furnishes a pleasant biography of A. B. Whiting, her brother, together with selections from his poetical compositions and prose writings. The book is embellished with a fine steel portrait of the individual whose life it portrays, and should find a wide reading.

"THE LIFE" is a worthy publication which merits close attention. Its main object is to give to suggestive teaching a recognition and a force (in the domain of religion and morals) greater than dictation has.

MRS. J. S. ADAMS'S "DAWN," an entertaining novel, which presents radical social philosophy in such a garb of poetic imagery as is sure to please, and chains attention to the end, still holds its place in the popular estimation.

D. P. LINDSEY'S tachygraphic publications challenge the examination of all phonetic reformers.

DR. G. L. DITSON, of Albany, N. Y., tells a romantic and exciting story in excellent style in his "FEDERATE OF ITALY."

READ "SUPREMACY FACTS IN THE LIFE OF REV. JESSE BANCROFT FERGUSON, A. M., L. D., the ascended, revered, exponent of much that was of value in spiritual truth."

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LIZZIE DOTEN offers "MY AFFINITY, AND OTHER STORIES," a capital book for Lyceums, Libraries and Associations.

Read the works of MOSES HULL—"THE GENERAL JUDGMENT," and others.

Many "free thinking" volumes can be found, among them "THE PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY OF VOLTAIRE," and "VOLNEY'S RUINS," while Lydia Maria Child traces "THE PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS THROUGH SUCCESSIVE AGES," "SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY," "WHY NOT?" "VITAL FORCE," "PHYSICAL PERFECTION," "PARTICULAR WITHOUT PAIN," etc., etc., give valuable medical advice.

EPHES SARGENT, Esq., contributes "THE WOMAN WHO DARED," which is worthy the most extensive circulation among the friends of female equality of rights with man.

Those desiring to make offering to their juvenile friends will find an almost unlimited field from which to choose. Among the authors whose works for the young fill the shelves of Messrs. Colby & Rich, can be found the well known names of Louisa M. Alcott, James DeMille, Oliver Optic, Mrs. H. M. Brown, Annie Denton Childe, L. Maria Child, Sophie May, Rev. Elijah Kellogg, Jonathan Swift, D. D., Miss M. A. Osgood, Mrs. D. N. Greene Butts, Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, Mrs. Rosa Abbott Parker, De Foe, and others.

GAMES of various kinds, calculated to awaken lively pleasure in the young heart, and to gladden the long winter evenings, can also be found at the counters of the firm.

Call at the SPIRITUALIST, LIBERAL AND REFORM BOOKSTORE, No. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON, and examine the stock, or send for an illustrated catalogue, which will be forwarded free, at once, upon application.

The Cardiff Professors.

Speaking of the well-known "Cardiff Giant," an imposture in stone that made a good deal of talk several years since among the searans and self-knowing scientists, and which was recently sold in New Orleans for the pittance of eight dollars, the Herald of this city says: "We will remember the learned remarks made by connoisseurs in this city when it was exhibited in a vacant store quite near our office. While the vulgar herd only looked on in silence, seeing a colossal figure which excited their curiosity, but which they did not attempt to explain, the Harvard professors and other learned men traced its pedigree by their knowledge of artistic history, and constructed theories as to its origin which at

Gerald Massey at Princeton.

We learn from the Daily Graphic that, in spite of the prohibition on the part of the Princeton faculty and the inclemency of their opposition, Mr. Massey's lecture on Charles Lamb took place on Thursday evening, November 20th. It was delivered in the Methodist chapel, the usual place for lectures having been refused. The audience was mainly composed of students, a few of whom had determined that Mr. Massey should be heard. They made up enthusiasm for want of large numbers, and gave Mr. Massey and his subject a reception that rang with heartiness again and again. Not one professor was present, nor one lady. It is in evidence that several ladies expressed a great personal desire to hear the lecture, but they were forbidden. They were the property of the faculty, and not permitted to have any will in the matter or faculties of their own. The student did not fail to notice the difference in spirit shown by the old theology, still true to its persecuting instinct; and the genial spirit of the lecture and the consequent thoughts will not fail to bear fruit. These plucky youngsters are bound by their ingrained manhood to slough off the husks of the old hogged theology of Princeton. (We learn that the lecturer on leaving inscribed a parting word or two in a college album, which we have the pleasure of transferring.)

"You had the power, and you and yours upon me slumped some outer doors; but if you look you'll see and start to find me in the student's heart."

The torch of freedom had bathed its banner upward for the indelible. And through all hindrances it will, And just, and shall burn upward still. And all who try to hold the torch inverted, must to ashes turn. Whilst all who say the upward aim, Shall strive like the life in flames."

Mr. Massey will address the Spiritualists and liberals, of Boston, in the Music Hall Course, on the afternoon of each Sunday in January. There is an opportunity rarely offered, and it is to be hoped that all lovers of free thought will make it a point to attend, and listen to the clear logic and vivid imagery of England's "poet of the people."

K. Graves's Lectures and New Book.

K. Graves, who is now performing missionary labor in Indiana, having received numerous calls to lecture in various States, proposes making a lecturing tour through Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, and perhaps Middle and Eastern Pennsylvania. He has calls in New York also, and may reach that State before he returns westward. He earnestly desires the friends of free thought in those localities and through Ohio to write to him immediately, and inform him of every point where one or more lectures can be given. He will furnish persons writing, with a printed schedule of the topics he proposes to speak on, and containing resolutions passed by various spiritual and reform societies he has addressed, by which they will earn his status as a speaker. Now friends, Spiritualists, liberals and reformers in general, here is an opportunity for having cheap lectures with an entire guaranty of satisfaction in every case. Don't neglect to write, as he is permanently in the field, and wants to make thorough work wherever he goes. He can show as good credentials as any speaker in the field. "God in the Constitution" he makes a specialty of in his lectures. The many grand truths, the glorious practical achievements, the many unparalleled benefits of Spiritualism, together with its rich promises for the future, are favorite themes with him, which always produce a deep impression upon the hearer. Then write—and the spirits say, Write!

The publication of "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors" is delayed by the present pecuniary pressure upon all kinds of business. But as the arrangements for publishing the work are completed, it will most certainly be put to press as soon as life begins to revive in the veins of society. In the meantime, if some good brother or sister, who has the cause of truth and reform at heart, will advance three or four hundred dollars to pay for the stereotyping (for which they will be allowed a higher interest than is usually paid for money), the work will be put to press immediately. Security "as good as the bank" will be furnished that the money shall be refunded in the course of five or six months if desired.

William Lloyd Garrison on "Chapters from the Bible of the Ages."

The word of a man so wise and able and true as Mr. Garrison, is worthy of thoughtful attention, and we are glad to publish a letter from him to the editor of the work above named. He writes as follows:

"Boston, May 30th, 1873.

DEAR FRIEND—I have unintentionally delayed sending you my thanks for your excellent and painstaking compilation, entitled 'Chapters from the Bible of the Ages.'"

It clearly shows that inspirational thought, feeling and utterance have not been confined to any one book, period, nation, or race of men; but that, from the earliest to the latest time throughout the earth, there have been greatly enlightened souls, with clear perceptions of an infinitely wise and beneficent overruling power, of what constitutes essential goodness, of what is truly worthy of reverence and adoration, of the worthlessness of ceremonial piety, of the binding obligations of justice, mercy and truth, and of the capacity of the soul for immortality.

They have spoken from their own standpoint, in their own dialect, with long centuries intervening, and in many cases with no possible intercommunication; yet, though showing diverse modes of statement and illustration, they also show a similarity of spirit, and the same noble aim—the establishment of the kingdom of righteousness and peace on earth. It deserves to be widely circulated and read, for its moral and religious tone is such as to elevate the mind, to quicken to high spiritual attainment, and to strengthen every noble aspiration.

Yours for all truth,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Giles B. Stebbins.

In another column will be found an advertisement of this valuable book.

James M. Peebles.

The celebrated traveler and lecturer, will claim the attention of the Spiritualistic public in the Music Hall, Boston, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 7th. The reputation of Bro. P. as an interesting speaker and cogent reasoner is already so well established in this city that words of praise from us are unnecessary in this connection. Friends, give the "Spiritual Pilgrim" a hearty welcome on the 7th, as his engagements elsewhere are such that he cannot appear again before the free course of the current season.

There will be no services Sunday, Dec. 14th, as the Hall is to be occupied by a Fair.
Dec. 21st and 28th, Prof. E. Whipple, of Cambridge, will lecture. This is his first appearance on the Music Hall rostrum. He is a gentleman of ability and a fine speaker.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

Mount Vernon.—As one that runneth in haste and leapeth over a fence may fall into a pit, so the other side which doth not see, so is the woman that plungeth suddenly into any action before she hath considered the consequences thereof. Hearken, therefore, to the voice of Wisdom, and her words shall lead thee to safety and truth.

Two.—We have on file a great variety of interesting and instructive correspondence, which it is impossible for us to print for some time to come, owing to our limited space. Our desire is to accommodate all correspondents, but it is simply impossible. They must take the will for the deed.

The Spiritualist Society of Vineland, N. J., gave an entertainment in Plum-street Hall, Thanksgiving evening. The hall was crowded.

There are many moments in our lives which are as fortuitous, from which the rest of life continues to flow. — Mrs. Charles.

Scene in a London restaurant: (Old gent.) "You don't mean to tell me, waiter, that you can't give me a doo-pick?" (Waiter.) "Well, sir, we used to keep 'em, but the gents almost invariably took 'em away when they'd done with 'em."

A bachelor, at a banquet in Newcastle, gave the following toast: "The women and coat of Durham County." (Oh, how desolate would the desolate be without them?)

Read the Review of Foreign Spiritual Literature in this issue of the Banner, prepared by Dr. G. L. Titson, who is doing much to sow the seeds of true Spiritualism throughout the land.

Loss.—Tweed, the great financial culprit of New York, has taken up his quarters on Blackwell's Island, there to remain a criminal for twelve years. His age is 66. Take warning, fast liver.

Cephus B. Lytle, one of the most indefatigable workers in our ranks, has struck out on an independent track since the late Chicago Convention, and is building all over 4th political campaign. "Pete" his letter in a late number of the Toledo Sun. He goes in for "Jeffersonian principles" with a perfect flash. He may get into Congress yet. Who knows?

With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for allience of thought; they mistake butterfies for the grass for immeasurable miles of gold under ground. — Longfellow.

A Western editor says he saw a beautiful maiden in the street, the other day, "who had what seemed to be a stake-and-ride fence of lace around her sloping neck so high she was compelled to tip-toe in order to see over it." Is not this rather ruff?

Where virtue dwells, there friendship makes. But evil neighborhoods forsake. Which for ruin frowns upon a man, A friend does more than money can.

Capt. Jack, who was lately separated from his body by leprosy, has returned, through a borrowed body, to say to the "Grave Father" at Westchester, "I am to be a great Indian war on the Plains for long, which will be inaugurated by 'bad' Indians, spurred on by 'bad' white men."

A Sad Record.—The Cape Ann Advertiser says: "The total number of lives lost in the terrible storm of this year, the present year, is one hundred and seventy, and the total number of vessels thirty. This is the heaviest loss of life and property in any one year since the fishing business has been carried on at this port. The only year which approximates to it is 1862, when there were one hundred and sixty-five men and sixteen vessels lost."

God help the poor: the Government protects the rich. — Clinton (N.Y.) Register.

John P. Hale died Wednesday, Nov. 19th, at Dover, N. H., at the age of sixty-seven. He was a senator sixteen years, and United States minister to Madrid afterwards.

It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good waggoner who can turn in a minute. To live well in abundance is the praise of the more, not of the poorer. I will study more how to make it more. — Bishop Hall.

Haverhill, Mass., was recently visited by a disastrous conflagration, by which eighteen buildings were burned, thirty-five business firms were turned out of shelter, and about eight hundred hands deprived of employment. Loss about \$75,000.

China has four hundred thousand square miles of coal fields, the veins being from twelve to thirty feet thick. China and the United States have more coal than is known in all the rest of the world.

An unpopular man—the rheumatism.

O. E. Pope writes us from Pembury, Mass., that he (or she) sent a letter to Mrs. A. B. Severance, Whitewater, Mich., June 19th, with fees, requesting a full definition of character, etc., as per advertisement, and not hearing from the lady up to July 17th, he mailed a letter of inquiry to her; but has received to date, Nov. 20th, no answer to his second letter. He accordingly writes us upon the subject, as Mrs. A. B. advertised in this paper. "Our reply is that this is the first time any fault has been found with the lady being particular as a psychometrist or as being derelict of duty in a business point of view. It is our desire to advertise for none but reputable persons, and we have no doubt Mrs. Severance is one of this class, and will clear up the matter satisfactorily to O. E. P."

The Parker Fraternity trustees are not half as "liberal" as the proprietors of Music Hall, for they will allow Mrs. Woodhull "free speech" there, while the utterances from the latter platform are much more radical than Mrs. Woodhull's. There are radical phrases as well as conservative ones.

He who has no money is poor; no spirit, poorer; no heart, poorest.

Why is Julius Caesar supposed to be the strongest military man in the world? Because he "threw his entire army across the Rubicon."

Those who believe that it is wicked to take interest will relish the following epiphany, which the Oxford Press says will some day adorn a Westchester cemetery:

Here lies old thirty-five year old. The more he made, the more he lent; The more he lent, the more he made; The more he made, the more he saved; Great God! can such a soul be saved?

Here is what the Traveller says in regard to a Newton church edifice:

"Probably no Episcopal church can be found in the country, where the interior is so dark, and the architecture so magnificent and grand, and appropriate to the ritual used within its walls, as can be compared to Grace Church, Newton. At a description of a building of such a full and detailed account of the building would convey so inadequate an idea of it that we will not attempt it."

What would the humble Nazarene say to this, were he bodily on earth to-day?

He who checks a child with terror, Stops its play and stills its song, Not alone criminal can be deemed, But a grievous moral wrong. Give it play and never fear; Active life is no defect; Never, never break its spirit; Curb it only to direct.

Senator Sumner has introduced resolutions into the United States Senate to the effect that, in the determination of international differences, arbitration should become a substitute for war in reality as in name. God grant that these resolutions may take the force of law.

Some of the members of the Evangelical Alliance went to see Gen. Grant. After they had arrived in the "Blue Room," and before they were introduced, the Dean of Canterbury made a " fervent prayer." They then made speeches, and shook hands all round. When the Indians need to have "a talk," instead of a prayer they first have a smoke. It is only a difference of custom. — Index.

Charles Bradlaugh says that one person out of every twenty-three, in England, is a pauper.

Several correspondents request us to define our position. We have defined it seventy years, by speech and pen, it seems that, at this late day, we ought to be pretty well understood. However, we will gratify several who seem to be "on the anxious seat" in regard to us. We hold—if that is what is meant by "our position"—to the following from the "good book":

"At No. 419 Kearney street (up stairs) may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, a general variety of Spiritual and Reform tracts, and Eastern papers. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Pens, Pencil Cases, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powers, Orion's Anti-Tobacco, and various other goods. Catalogues and price lists mailed free. Remittances in U. S. currency or New York Post Office orders, addressed, HERRMAN & SONS, P. O. box 10, San Francisco, Cal."

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Michigan.

Having many patients in Michigan, Dr. Dumont C. Dake will visit Kalamazoo on the 18th, 19th and 20th of each month, and can be consulted at the Kalamazoo House. Next visit comes on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18th, 19th, 20th.

A Triumph in Art.

Read advertisement headed "A Spiritual Picture."

Read "Letters of Travel," No. 16, on our first page, by James M. Peebles, author of the "Spiritual Pilgrim."

Mr. W. F. Jamieson, the noted Spiritualist and free-thinker, gave a course of six lectures in this city last week, agreeable to announcement in the last Journal. His lectures were well attended and attentively listened to. He is a very radical man, and speaks his mind without reserve.

His mission seems to be to annihilate the Bible and Christianity, so far as in him lies. He is certainly a very able speaker, and one whom all like to listen to, no matter how little stock they take in his doctrines. — B. R. (W.) Journal for Nov. 11th.

LIBERAL LECTURES IN FALL RIVER (Mass.)—The editor of the Investigator will lecture before the Spiritualists and Liberals of Fall River, on Sunday, Dec. 14th, afternoon and evening, at their usual place of meeting.

Subject in the afternoon: "Truth—What is it?" Evening: "Salvation—From its practical, useful, or temporal point of view."

Friends of free thought, free speech, and a free platform, are cordially invited to attend.

For order, — BENJAMIN MILLER.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in *Banner of Light* costs five cents for the first, and five cents for every subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line. **BUSINESS CARDS.**—Thirty cents per line. **Advertisements in all cases in advance.**

For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be renewed at 12th on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Hack, Hack, Hack! Cough, Cough.

Cough!—Cough is a symptom by which various diseased conditions of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, manifest themselves. But whether it arises from the irritation produced in the throat and lungs by taking cold from an attack of Bronchitis, from Inflammation, Consumption, or from various other causes, nothing will allay it more speedily or cure it more permanently than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It does not matter whether it be a recent attack of a lingering cough, the discovery is in either case equally well adapted for its relief and permanent cure. In fact, it will cure a cough in one half the time necessary to cure it with any other medicine, and it does it, not by drying it up, but by removing the cause, subduing the irritation, and healing the affected parts. No time should be lost in commencing the use of a proper medicine for the relief of a Cough, for unless this course is pursued, serious and dangerous disease of the lungs is liable to result.

SPRINT COMMUNICATIONS TO SEALED LETTERS. Send \$1.00 and 4 stamps. Address M. R. C. SEWAGE, Station B, New York City. 6x8 N. 22.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, Grand Hotel, San Francisco. D. 6.

VEGETINE has never failed to cure the most inveterate case of Erysipelas.

DUMONT C. DAKE, M.D., assisted by Dr. H. I. HOPKINS is now located at 935 Wabash avenue, Chicago. Remedies sent to any address. O. A.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER!—Mrs. C. M. MORRISON.—Within the past year this celebrated Medium has been developed for Healing. She is the instrument or organism used by the Invisibles for the benefit of humanity. Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art. The placing of her name before the Public is by the request of her Controlling Band. They are now prepared, through her organism, to treat all Diseases and GUARANTEE A CURE in every instance where the vital organs necessary to continue life are not already destroyed.

Mrs. Morrison is an accomplished FRANCES MEDIUM, CLAIRVOYANT AND CLAIRAUDIENT. Her Medical Band use vegetable remedies, (which they magnetize,) combined with a scientific application of the Magnetic healing power. From the very beginning, her's is marked as the most remarkable career of success that has but seldom, if ever, fallen to the history of any person. No disease seems too insidious to remove, no Patients too far gone to be restored.

\$1.00 for examination by lock of hair. Give age and sex. "Healing Rooms" No. 175 East Fourth street, Oswego, N. Y. Post Office Box 1322. 43x8 N. 15.

DR. WILLIS will be in Chelsea the first Thursday in every month, at Deacon Sargent's, No. 80 Central avenue, and at 25 Milford street, Boston, the first Wednesday and Thursday. Office hours from 10 till 3. After Nov. 1st, address, for the winter, Box 362, Williamsville, Conn. N. 1.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth Ave., New York. Terms, \$2 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. N. 1.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. Flint, 30 West 24th street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. N. 22—4x8.

THE REPORT OF THE LONDON DIALECTICAL SOCIETY, a volume of interest, interesting as presenting the spiritual phenomena in a scientific light, is presented to the American public in an attractive typographic dress, and may be obtained at the Bookstore of Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery place, Boston, Mass.

DR. SLADE, now located at 413 Fourth avenue, New York, will give special attention to the treatment of disease. Also keeps Specific Remedies for Asthma and Dyspepsia. O. 1.

A COMPETENT PHYSICIAN.—The best and most efficient help in Boston is Dr. T. Gilman Pike. He compounds his own medicines, is a mesmerizer, skillfully applies the electro-magnetic battery when required, administers medicines to his patients with his own hands, has had forty years' experience as a physician, and cures nine out of every ten of his patients. His office is in the Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Room C. Au 31.

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Friday evening, Nov. 21st, 1873, by Dr. Daniel White,
Mr. Henry Hitchcock, Jr., to Mrs. Mary M. Kellogg, a
of St. Louis, Mo.

Passed to Spirit-Life:
From West Amesbury, Mass., Nov. 9th, Mrs. Eliza A. Brown, aged 59 years, wife of James S. Brown, of Chelsea, Mass., and daughter (by a former wife) of Horace Cushman, the present wife being Mrs. Mary Cushman, the musical medium.

Mrs. Brown has been wasting away for over two years yet so patiently, so gently, that her husband, who has business in Boston, thought she was a little longer in coming home. But she has gone to that beautiful land that he knew was her home, for she was a firm Spiritualist. We well know that she will come to him with cheering words, for she was a true seer, and her fingers will yet touch strings of steel (Urbain's instrument), showing to the aid that there is no death.

"Oh, how sweet is beautiful religion! What balm it brings to those who remain! Could I all see, as the writer said at the funeral, such beautiful scenes in spirit-life, such wreaths of flowers as were thrown over the mourner's head, such a cheering and cheering of the loved ones from the front! Surely 'death has lost its sting, and the grave its victory.'" Funeral services by the writer.

S. A. ROGERS HEYDER.

From Dorchester, Nov. 17th, after a short illness, Mrs. Abigail A., wife of George Haynes. In the 60th year of her age.

She was a faithful and kind wife and mother. For more than twenty years she and all her family have lived in the city of Boston. Her husband was a member of the Baptist Church; it was her staff and support in her last moments. A few hours before she passed on, and while in the full enjoyment of all her faculties, she was permitted to believe in the glorious light of the spirit-world, and to see and converse with the loved ones gone before, all waiting to welcome her to their beautiful home. After calling them by name, she turned to her earthly friends and said: "I am now at home," and then her mournful for her as absent, for they could not be with them often, then, with a cheerful expression

From Charleston, S.C., Nov. 24, Mr. Wm. M. Dinmore, aged 55 years.

Mr. Dinmore was well-known, especially in musical circles, and his bodily presence will be sadly missed by many relatives and friends; but, with the consciousness of an eternal reunion, may they all gainfully await their own turn.

Funeral services were held at his late residence, No. 10 Russell street, on Saturday, Nov. 23, consisting of singing of hymns, reading of scriptures, and prayer, by the pastor, Dr. J. H. Currier, of Boston, and a solo, long and feelingly rendered, by Miss Carrie Brackett.

From Bradford, Me., Oct. 23d, Dr. Russell Severance
aged 69 years.

Our brother was one of our veteran leaders for forty
years, and when disease ravaged his vitality, as death
threw a few years ago, he, with his companion, promptly
answered the call of suffering humanity, and with an
angel hand went forth to relieve, she with his ever ready
to assist. In the labor of love that brought success his
ward through his organism he he joined the loved ones
gone before. Services by Priscilla D. Bradbury, Bangor,
Me. H. M. B.

[Notice sent us for insertion in this department last
charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every
column. The enclosed notice was not published, as it
was published gratuitously. No poetry printed under
above heading.]

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OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY

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