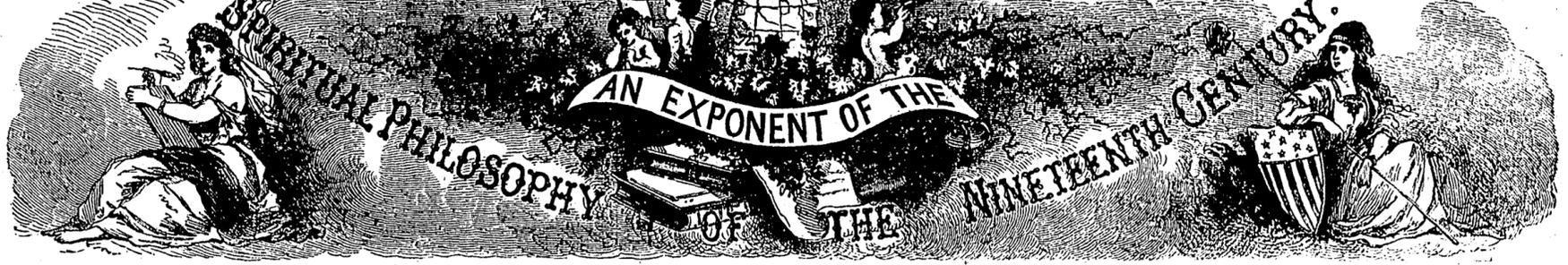


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXVII.

COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1875.

\$3.00 Per Annum,  
In Advance.

NO. 1.

## Literary Department.

### OUT OF WORK: A STORY FOR THE TIMES.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. H. N. GREENE BUTTS,

Author of "The Young Authoress; or, Crumbs of Truth and Fiction;" "Edna Darling; or, The Little Flower-Girl;" "Vine Cottage Stories," etc., etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was a cheerless night in the month of December. The rain and sleet had fallen all day, and everything out of doors looked dreary and uncomfortable. There were many loungers about the streets in the village of Cedarville, for owing to the "hard times" the mill owners, Hardy & Son, had "shut down" their gates, and hundreds of men, women and children were thrown out of employment. The prospect was a dreary one to many of the operatives, for some of them, while employed, had received for their labor scarcely enough to make them comfortable. The outlook for the winter, to the operatives, was dismal enough.

Very different were the expressions of countenance upon these enforced idlers. Some had a sort of "I don't care" look upon their faces; others were anxious and restless, while others were making the air hideous with their loud jests and drunken ribaldry. But apart from these, with arms folded, a young man about thirty years of age walked leisurely along one of the less frequented streets with a painfully abstracted air. As he approached a pretty cottage, just on the outskirts of the village, he said, half aloud:

"I don't know what I am to do. I can't tell Annie just how we are situated, for her health is so delicate, and I fear it will kill her if she knows that there is a prospect of our leaving our pleasant home. I had hoped to have paid something upon the mortgage this year, but Annie's sickness and the loss of work render it impossible for me to pay even the interest upon the mortgage. And the children, too, need many things to make them comfortable."

As he soliloquized he found himself just opposite the palatial residence of the senior member of "Hardy & Son." The curtains were up in the sitting-room, and in the full gaslight he discovered the almost dazzling richness and splendor of the apartment. He saw also that Hardy and son were earnestly engaged in conversation, and that a heavy frown was upon the brow of the elder Mr. Hardy, while the young man's countenance glowed with the consciousness of being in the right.

Edgar Lovell did not pause long in the gaslight, but hastened to his invalid wife. As he entered the cosy back parlor, and beheld his dear Annie, and his two little girls sitting at her feet, and as the hectic flush deepened upon the cheek of the former as she heard his familiar footsteps, he said in a whisper, "She must not know of our straightened circumstances."

"Dear Edgar, I am so glad you have come," Annie said, feebly. "I have been worrying about you to-day, and feared that you would get discouraged, being out of work so long. Do you think there is any prospect of the mill's starting soon?"

"There does not seem to be much prospect now; the owners talk a good deal about 'hard times,' and say that it is better for them to have the mills stand idle than to run them. But my little wife must not worry about anything, but try and get well as fast as she can," the fond husband said as he kissed the thin hand which lay confidently upon his arm.

"If it is better for the owners to have the mills idle I am sure it is not for the poor people. If I was only well I could do something to help you; but I seem to be more of a burden than a help-mate just now," Annie said with quivering lip.

"Do not speak in that way, Annie, you hurt me," Edgar said, with a heavy sigh.

"Well, then, I won't talk any more about my health. Have you succeeded in finding anything to do until the mill starts again?" Annie asked, without realizing that this question was almost as painful as the preceding one.

"Not yet, Annie, but I may to-morrow. It is said, you know, that it is always the darkest just before day."

"Father, what makes Mr. Granite come here so much? I wish he would not, I don't like him," said little Bessie, looking up from her picture-books.

"Yes, Edgar," said Annie, "I have wondered why Mr. Granite should so often inquire for you. I hope there will be no difficulty in obtaining the interest money that is due on the mortgage."

"Oh, Annie, do not trouble yourself about the matter. You know that Mr. Granite is always afraid of losing a dollar. I shall make it all right with him in a few days," said Edgar, with forced unconcern in his manner and speech.

#### CHAPTER II.

Perhaps the reader is curious to know what the particular conversation was, in the spacious drawing-room of James Hardy, Esq., as referred to in the preceding chapter.

"This is a dreary, monotonous storm," young Robert Hardy said, by way of eliciting his father's attention.

"Well, what of the storm out of doors? It is very comfortable here, I think," said Mr. Hardy, glancing round the handsomely-furnished room.

"Yes, father, but I am thinking of those who are not comfortable, and who to-night are harassed with the unwelcome thought that to-morrow they may find themselves penniless."

"Pshaw! Robert, don't go off into one of your sentimental moods, and do not make a fool of yourself because somebody is poor."

"But I must confess to you, father, that I am a little uneasy about the state of things in Cedarville. We can scarcely afford to have so many idlers about the streets, and I am thinking whether we have a moral right to turn so many people out of employment who have served us so faithfully in the past."

"Now, Robert, I don't want to hear any more of your preaching. The stopping of the mills was a necessity; and instead of your whining about the 'help,' you ought to rejoice that we have made a pretty good thing of the business for the last few months, in spite of the 'panic.' Our cloth, as you know, was put into the market just in time to get a handsome profit on every yard sold."

"Yes, father, and this good luck emboldened me to say that we ought to have kept the hands at work, for the same pay, and made less profit ourselves, as we have cleared fifty thousand dollars in the last six months."

"Confound your weak brains, Robert! Your fine-spun theories are not accepted by me; and as I have the most money, and some common sense, I shall probably decide the matter about the length of time the Cedarville Mills remain idle."

"I know, father, that you have the power to do as you please about running the mills; I was only speaking of the moral right of stopping the wheels when we were running without much loss, and when so many persons were dependent upon their daily labor for bread."

"I suppose they can get work elsewhere," Mr. Hardy said unconcernedly, as he resumed looking over the price of gold in the evening paper.

"Not so easy a matter, I think, to find work, when thousands all over the country are vainly asking for something to do," Robert said, as he arose and left the room.

"Confound that boy!" said James Hardy, after his son left him; "he causes me more trouble than a little, with his wild notions of right and justice. Well, he is just like his mother, and between them both I get about as much preaching as I can bear."

After Robert left his father he went to his mother's room, for he knew that she would sympathize with him in his views and feelings. Her pleasant smile and cheerful welcome reassured him, and taking a seat by her side, he said:

"Mother, I wish you would go over and see Mrs. Lovell to-morrow. Edgar tells me that she is very poorly, and he is much alarmed at her symptoms. He came into the counting-room this afternoon, and looked as though he had not a friend in this world. I am afraid that he is in pretty poor circumstances. It is too bad, for he is a splendid fellow."

"Why don't you try to ascertain if he is in want of any pecuniary assistance?" said Mrs. Hardy, as she looked with maternal pride upon the young man at her side.

"Edgar is so proud and sensitive that I cannot easily approach him. I wanted to say something to him about his pecuniary matters when he was in the office this afternoon, but I did not know how to begin the subject, for I was afraid I might wound his feelings."

"Well, Robert, I will call on Mrs. Lovell to-morrow. I think her a very lovable woman, and one capable of great enjoyment and keen suffering. I wish the mills were running, for if Mr. Lovell could have steady employment he would not need help from any source."

"That is just what I have been talking about to father. I said to him that we ought to run the mills on 'short time' at least, so that the poor people here could have enough to live on."

"And what did he say?" asked Mrs. Hardy, in a tremulous voice.

"What he always says when I talk with him about the matter; i. e., he is capable of managing his own business. But I fear he does not understand how restless our working people are becoming. I can almost see a dark cloud rising, and hear the thunder of discontent rolling in the distance. Of all things, I should dread a 'bread riot,'" said Robert, as he commenced walking the room in a nervous manner.

"Dear Robert, I fear you take matters too seriously," said his mother, in her gentle way. "Don't magnify the evil. We will call round upon some of the poor people, and ascertain, if possible, what are their real wants."

"That is just what I might expect from my

good mother," said Robert, as he re-seated himself by her side. "I am glad you think with me, that wealth is but an accident. I am sure that splendid talents are buried and high aspirations chilled in the hard, monotonous toil of a factory life. I often meet some of our operatives, and read in the intelligent countenance what great possibilities would be theirs under more favorable circumstances."

"Spoken just like my noble boy," said Mrs. Hardy, as she caressingly passed her hand over his excited brow. "But perhaps we have talked enough to-night. To-morrow we will see what we can do for our friends."

Robert kissed his mother as he bade her "good-night," and went to his pleasant chamber with high resolves for the future.

#### CHAPTER III.

Abel Granite, the broker, was not a bad man; on the contrary, he was considered by many as very benevolent. He had several times given liberally to the Missionary Society, had helped, by his money, to erect a handsome church, and the "Young Men's Christian Association" had made him President, in consideration of his liberality to that body. But Abel was unfortunately situated in his business relations; for it so happened that he often felt obliged to take advantage of the poor man's, or, it might be, a poor widow's necessities. He had held a mortgage for several years upon "Rose Cottage," the home of Edgar and Annie Lovell. The twelve per cent. interest which he exacted did not seem very much to him, and besides, he said, "business is business," and he was ready to foreclose the mortgage, whenever young Lovell was ready to give up the cottage.

It was the week before Christmas. Mrs. Hardy and her son Robert had called upon many of the people in the village, and some of whom they found very needy. How to relieve the wants of worthy and sensitive persons, without seeming to bestow charity, was a study to both Robert and his mother. At last a happy idea suggested itself to Mrs. Hardy. Christmas was near at hand, and everybody who could was glad to make and receive Christmas presents. Her son was delighted with the idea, and proposed a festival and a "gift tree," and that all of the people of Cedarville should be invited.

"I believe," said Robert, "that father is usually quite generous with you during the holidays. And I think he should be, since you brought him quite a little fortune to start with."

Mrs. Hardy smiled and said: "Your father gave me two hundred dollars last Christmas, and if he gives me that amount this year, I think I can make a good use of it."

"I want to speak to you, mother, about a project I have in my head. I have learned that Mr. Granite has a heavy mortgage on Mr. Lovell's cottage, and that he intends to foreclose it by the first of January, unless the debt is cancelled before that time. Now I desire to pay up the mortgage, and take Mr. Lovell's note, and set his mind at ease in regard to the cottage."

"That is a capital idea, Robert, and I am glad that you are able and have the disposition to do it. I found the day I called upon Mrs. Lovell that some unspoken trouble was weighing heavily upon Mr. L.'s mind. Perhaps it was his inability to meet the payment of which you speak."

"Yes, I am quite sure of it," said Robert. "I know Mr. Granite to be a Shylock, and he will have his 'pound of flesh' at any cost. I think he will be surprised and disappointed when he finds that 'Rose Cottage' is not to come into his possession. It is a valuable property, and will probably in a few years bring twice what Mr. Lovell paid for it; and I intend that he shall have the benefit of the rise in real estate. I shall call at the cottage, this evening, and have the matter settled at once."

"I think," said Mrs. H., "that I shall enjoy this Christmas better than any preceding one. We have, as you know, made many expensive presents, but they have been given mostly to our special friends and relatives who could, in return, make us as valuable gifts, while the poor and needy have been almost forgotten by us. Our Christmas holiday has, I fear, been a day of self-gratification and vain show, and not acceptable to him whose birth we have met to commemorate. Jesus wants us to do something that will amount to self-sacrifice, a casting away of the old, and a new growth in the heart. It is easy to say, Lord! Lord! but more difficult to follow him in the path of duty and self-denial."

"Dear mother," replied Robert, as he looked with fond affection upon her inspired face, "I am glad that you are unlike the superficial women I meet with in social circles. Wealth seems to spoll a great many persons in this age, and the spirit of caste is far more prevalent than the spirit of true Christianity."

"Yes, Robert, what you say is true; and it is a fact that an abundance of wealth does not often bring true happiness. There is ever a reaching after more wealth, and chasing after shadows, while the real enjoyment that the soul finds in acquiring knowledge and performing deeds of kindness and benevolence, is scarcely known or comprehended."

The next evening while Mr. and Mrs. Hardy were sitting in the library, the former looked up from the paper he was reading, and said:

"Well, Caroline, I suppose you don't intend to do much in the way of making Christmas presents this year?"

"Yes, James, I had thought of doing quite as much as I have done in years past, and I was just upon the point of asking you for my usual allowance to expend, as my money is all in your hands," replied Mrs. Hardy in an assured tone.

"You seem to forget, wife, that the times are hard, the mills all stopped, and that we are not making a cent."

"I am conscious that the times are harder for a great many people than they are for us, and I know, also, that your income is enough every day to furnish me with a generous sum," replied Mrs. Hardy, in a decided tone.

Now Mr. Hardy was very proud of his accomplished wife, and had really a good deal of affection for her. He admired her spirit, and, although his will and hers often clashed, and she stood firm in what she considered her rights, he was glad that she had ideas of her own, and was not merely his echo. He knew very well that the large fortune his wife brought him had given him "a good start in the world," and so, instead of getting angry on this occasion, he said in a good-natured way:

"Well, Caroline, you are a good mathematician. You seem to calculate the amount of my income pretty accurately. It is true, wife, that when a man is worth a million of dollars his interest money counts up somewhat. Yes, the interest on those bonds—thirty thousand dollars—is quite a little income, and no taxes to pay on them! Confound Ben Butler! I don't see why it's any of his business whether we pay taxes on our bonds or no! But this has not anything to do with your question about money for Christmas. How much do you want? Be moderate now."

"I want three hundred dollars, and I know you will give it to me; for you are aware, I suppose, that the interest on my money for the last three months would amount to more than that sum," said Mrs. Hardy, smiling archly as she spoke.

"I have a great mind to let you have five hundred dollars, to punish you for your 'zealously,'" replied Mr. Hardy in an ironical tone.

"I knew all the time you would not be stingy with your money. Come, say five hundred, and see how amiable I will be all through the holidays!"

"You mean, wife, that I would not be stingy with your money. I understand your satirical way of speaking. But we won't quarrel about the sum. I will place at your disposal five hundred dollars, and shall expect that you will be good-natured for a whole week. I think, wife, that you had better not make a great display with your fine presents this year, for the 'help' are growing a good deal because they are out of work, and Robert would think that the money had better be given to some of the poor folks."

"I shall certainly heed your suggestion, and profit by it," said Mrs. Hardy, with a smile.

That same evening Robert Hardy called upon his old friend and schoolmate, Edgar Lovell. The result of that meeting will be seen when, early the next morning, Mr. Lovell with a light heart and smiling face hurried to the broker's office, and inquired of the clerk for Abel Granite. Soon that gentleman made his appearance, and seeing Mr. Lovell, said:

"You are looking better than usual this morning, Mr. Lovell. I think you must have heard good news from some quarter."

"Yes, Mr. Granite, I have; what may be good news to you also. I have called to pay up the mortgage on Rose Cottage."

"The interest on the mortgage, you mean, Mr. Lovell?"

"Mr. Granite, I mean both principal and interest; and as I am in something of a hurry this morning, you will oblige me by proceeding at once to business."

The broker was a good deal disconcerted, for he intended to have owned Rose Cottage. He did not know what to do with his fifteen hundred dollars when he had that amount in hand. The banks he thought rather shaky, and all sorts of manufacturing business was in such an unsettled state that he did not care to risk even a small amount in any new enterprise. Had he known that Mr. Lovell could have paid the interest on the mortgage he would not have pressed him for it. So he ventured to say that "he could pay the interest, if he chose, but that the mortgage might as well remain, for he did not intend to press him for so large an amount, as the 'times were hard.'"

"Mr. Granite," said Edgar, rising, "you will oblige me by signing and presenting me with the papers at once."

Reluctantly the documents were brought forward and signed, the money counted out and placed in the hard hand of the broker. This one Edgar Lovell hastened home, with a lighter heart than he had known for months; for he could still retain his pleasant cottage, and he rejoiced that he was out of the hands of Abel Granite, the "sharper."

#### CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Granite remained silent for several moments after Edgar Lovell left the office, and then turning to his clerk, said:

"I should like to know how Lovell obtained this money. Honestly, I hope, Fred, do you know anything about it?"

"I do not, sir. He came and inquired for you just before you came in. I think you need have no fears in regard to the money, or how it was obtained; for Edgar Lovell is considered scrupulously honest by all his acquaintances."

"I should not wonder at all if Robert Hardy knows something about this matter. He and Lovell are on good terms, and rumor says that young Hardy is quite enamored with Lovell's pretty-sister."

The young clerk colored slightly, for he had thought in vain to find favor in Alice Lovell's eyes.

"I think," Mr. Granite continued, "that young

Hardy will get into trouble if he hands out his money freely to his poor acquaintances. His father will surely call him to account, for he looks pretty sharply after the dollars and cents."

"You forget, perhaps, Mr. Granite," answered the clerk, "that Robert Hardy has money at his own disposal; for besides the profits accruing from their large business, he has recently come in possession of several thousand dollars from his uncle, on his mother's side, recently deceased."

"Yes, I remember now of hearing about it. Well, Robert always has been a lucky fellow, and if he takes it into his head to marry Alice Lovell he will do it, if his father disowns him."

Fred Somers made no reply. He thought what he should do if he was in young Hardy's place.

The rumors afloat concerning Robert Hardy and Alice Lovell were not without foundation. His intimacy with Edgar had often brought him into companionship with Alice, and before he was conscious of it he found himself deeply interested in her. She had been well educated, and her mind was stored with much practical knowledge. She was a lady, in the best sense of the word. By industry and economy she had educated herself, had become quite an artist, was a fine singer, and had for several years been an efficient teacher of music. Mrs. Hardy had loved Alice from childhood. She had been an intimate friend of the young girl's mother in the "long ago," and was well pleased with the growing attachment between Alice and Robert. She was quite confident that her husband would bitterly oppose an alliance of this sort, for he had a wealthy heiress in view, "just suited," as he said, "for his son Robert." He had introduced the subject once to the young man, and was given to understand that, in a matter which particularly concerned himself, he must exercise his own inclination and judgment. Even if the image of the beautiful and accomplished Alice Lovell had not been engraven upon his soul, he could not, for a moment, have thought of linking his life destiny with that of Lois Whitney. Her great wealth was not sufficient to conceal from Robert the glaring defects of her character. She was proud and arrogant, and had many times in company treated Alice with contempt, and reminded her of her plebeian origin. Robert was aware of this treatment, and had determined upon his future course, even at the risk of being disinherited.

The preparations for the coming Christmas festival had often brought the two friends together, and the gossips of Cedarville had had a busy week retailing the "latest news" from house to house. Christmas Eve came at last, and a delighted audience assembled in the decorated hall with smiling faces. Mr. Hardy forgot, for a time, to be cold and austere, and amiably cooperated with his family in arranging articles for the tree. Mrs. Hardy had, with Robert and Alice's aid, prepared presents for every employed in the village. The supper-table was bountifully spread, and the large company who partook of the good things forgot, for a time, that they were "out of work," and that to-morrow the dark cloud of want and discontent might again close down upon them.

After the feast was ended, music and singing were introduced, and Alice played and sang with an inspiring voice, "Better Days are Coming." The large audience seemed to catch the inspiration which the poetry and the singer imparted, and though they may in after years forget the singer, they "will not forget the song." The tree, with its choice offerings, was now uncovered, and such clapping of hands, and shouting from the children, and crowing from the wee babies, were never heard in Cedarville before.

The gifts for the adult people were numerous and well adapted to their wants and circumstances. At last this evening, like all others, came to an end, but the memory of it remained for months after, like a glow of sunshine illuminating a darkened day.

#### CHAPTER V.

Two more weary winter months have passed away, and a number of the most intelligent workmen have left Cedarville to find work elsewhere. Notwithstanding Mrs. Hardy had done much to supply the wants of the poor people in the village, there was some actual suffering among those too proud and sensitive to live upon charity, or even to let their wants be known. The generous supplies which they had received at Christmas were gone, and a feeling of discouragement weighed down their restless spirits. None are more conscious of the state of affairs in the community than Robert Hardy, and he resolved to effect a change, as we shall see by the following colloquy with his father. He did not on this particular morning use many preliminaries in opening the question, but said, in his abrupt way:

"Father, do you intend to start the mills this spring? It is now March, and I have decided to do something if you do not."

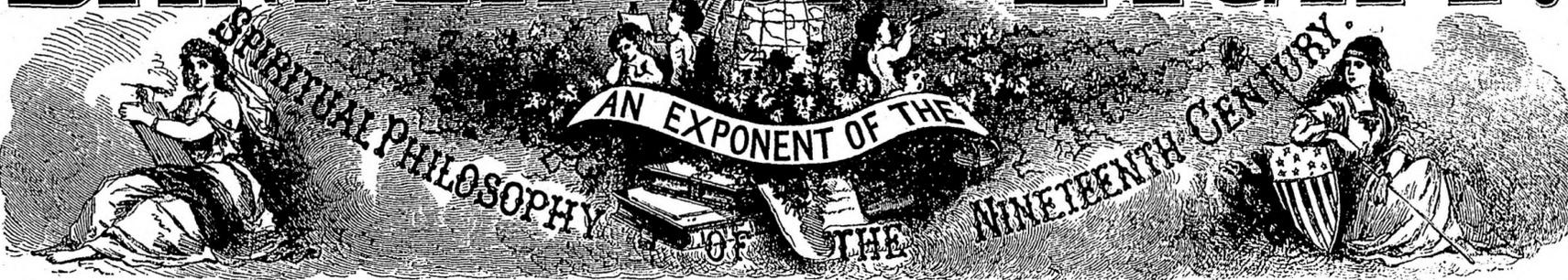
"Yes; but what can you do without my cooperation?" said Mr. Hardy, in an irascible tone.

"I would like to inquire whether you will lease the mills to me, in case you do not wish to run them? If you will not do this, will you buy out my share of the business, so that I can do something elsewhere?"

"You are getting to be quite independent, Robert, since you came into possession of your uncle's legacy; but what is twenty thousand dollars, compared to a million?"

"I can do something with twenty thousand dollars, and if you will buy out my share in the Cedarville Mills I shall have twenty thousand dollars more, and with forty thousand dollars I

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"I knew all the time you would not be stingy with your money. Come, say five hundred, and see how amiable I will be all through the holidays!"

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The gifts for the adult people were numerous and well adapted to their wants and circumstances. At last this evening, like all others, came to an end, but the memory of it remained for months after, like a glow of sunshine illuminating a darkened day.

#### CHAPTER V.

Two more weary winter months have passed away, and a number of the most intelligent workmen have left Cedarville to find work elsewhere. Notwithstanding Mrs. Hardy had done much to supply the wants of the poor people in the village, there was some actual suffering among those too proud and sensitive to live upon charity, or even to let their wants be known. The generous supplies which they had received at Christmas were gone, and a feeling of discouragement weighed down their restless spirits. None were more conscious of the state of affairs in the community than Robert Hardy, and he resolved to effect a change, as we shall see by the following colloquy with his father. He did not on this particular morning use many preliminaries in opening the question, but said, in his abrupt way:

"Father, do you intend to start the mills this spring? It is now March, and I have decided to do something if you do not."

"Yes; but what can you do without my cooperation?" said Mr. Hardy, in an irascible tone.

"I would like to inquire whether you will lease the mills to me, in case you do not wish to run them? If you will not do this, will you buy out my share of the business, so that I can do something elsewhere?"

"You are getting to be quite independent, Robert, since you came into possession of your uncle's legacy; but what is twenty thousand dollars, compared to a million?"

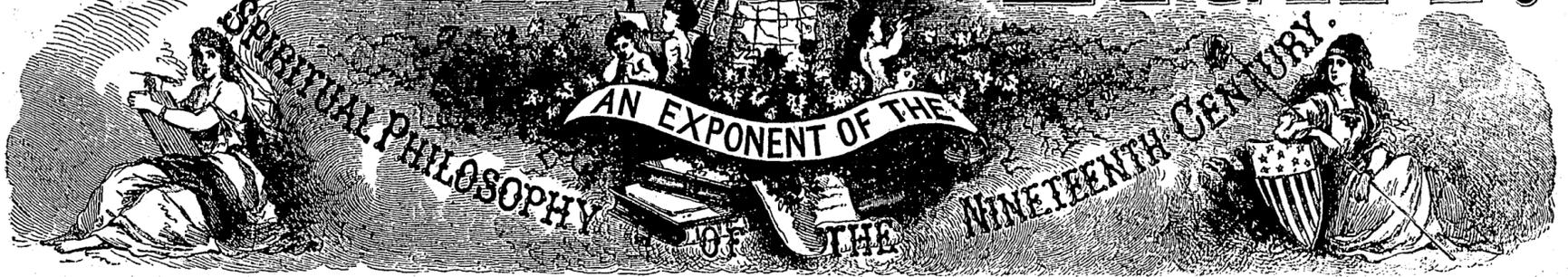
"I can do something with twenty thousand dollars, and if you will buy out my share in the Cedarville Mills I shall have twenty thousand dollars more, and with forty thousand dollars I

# ETAKE

ALPHA SYSTEMS

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# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXVII.

COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1875.

{ \$3.00 Per Annum,  
In Advance. }

NO. 1.

## Literary Department.

### OUT OF WORK: A STORY FOR THE TIMES.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. H. N. GREENE BUTTS,

Author of "The Young Authoress; or, Crumbs of Truth and Fiction," "Eda Darling; or, The Little Flower-Girl," "Vine Cottage Stories," etc., etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was a cheerless night in the month of December. The rain and sleet had fallen all day, and everything out of doors looked dreary and uncomfortable. There were many loungers about the streets in the village of Cedarville, for owing to the "hard times" the mill owners, Hardy & Son, had "shut down" their gates, and hundreds of men, women and children were thrown out of employment. The prospect was a dreary one to many of the operatives, for some of them, while employed, had received for their labor scarcely enough to make them comfortable. The outlook for the winter, to the operatives, was dismal enough.

Very different were the expressions of countenance upon these enforced idlers. Some had a sort of "I don't care" look upon their faces; others were anxious and restless, while others were making the air hideous with their loud jests and drunken ribaldry. But apart from these, with arms folded, a young man about thirty years of age walked leisurely along one of the less frequented streets with a painfully abstracted air. As he approached a pretty cottage, just on the outskirts of the village, he said, half aloud:

"I don't know what I am to do. I can't tell Annie just how we are situated, for her health is so delicate, and I fear it will kill her if she knows that there is a prospect of our leaving our pleasant home. I had hoped to have paid something upon the mortgage this year, but Annie's sickness and the loss of work render it impossible for me to pay even the interest upon the mortgage. And the children, too, need many things to make them comfortable."

As he soliloquized he found himself just opposite the palatial residence of the senior member of "Hardy & Son." The curtains were up in the sitting-room, and in the full gaslight he discovered the almost dazzling richness and splendor of the apartment. He saw also that Hardy and son were earnestly engaged in conversation, and that a heavy frown was upon the brow of the elder Mr. Hardy, while the young man's countenance glowed with the consciousness of being in the right.

Edgar Lovell did not pause long in the gaslight, but hastened to his invalid wife. As he entered the cosy little parlor, and beheld his dear Annie, and his two little girls sitting at her feet, and as the hectic flush deepened upon the cheek of the former as she heard his familiar footsteps, he said in a whisper, "She must not know of our straightened circumstances."

"Dear Edgar, I am so glad you have come," Annie said, feebly. "I have been worrying about you to-day, and feared that you would get discouraged, being out of work so long. Do you think there is any prospect of the mill's starting soon?"

"There does not seem to be much prospect now; the owners talk a good deal about 'hard times,' and say that it is better for them to have the mills stand idle than to run them. But my little wife must not worry about anything, but try and get well as fast as she can," the fond husband said as he kissed the thin hand which lay confidingly upon his arm.

"If it is better for the owners to have the mills idle I am sure it is not for the poor people. If I was only well I could do something to help you; but I seem to be more of a burden than a help-mate just now," Annie said with quivering lip.

"Do n't speak in that way, Annie, you hurt me," Edgar said, with a heavy sigh.

"Well, then, I won't talk any more about my health. Have you succeeded in finding anything to do until the mill starts again?" Annie asked, without realizing that this question was almost as painful as the preceding one.

"Not yet, Annie, but I may to-morrow. It is said, you know, that it is always the darkest just before day."

"Father, what makes Mr. Granite come here so much? I wish he would n't, I don't like him," said little Bessie, looking up from her picture-books.

"Yes, Edgar," said Annie. "I have wondered why Mr. Granite should so often inquire for you. I hope there will be no difficulty in obtaining the interest money that is due on the mortgage."

"Oh, Annie, do n't trouble yourself about the matter. You know that Mr. Granite is always afraid of losing a dollar. I shall make it all right with him in a few days," said Edgar, with forced unconcern in his manner and speech.

#### CHAPTER II.

Perhaps the reader is curious to know what the particular conversation was, in the spacious drawing-room of James Hardy, Esq., as referred to in the preceding chapter.

"This is a dreary, monotonous storm," young Robert Hardy said, by way of eliciting his father's attention.

"Well, what of the storm out of doors? It is very comfortable here, I think," said Mr. Hardy, glancing round the handsomely-furnished room.

"Yes, father, but I am thinking of those who are not comfortable, and who to-night are harassed with the unwelcome thought that to-morrow they may find themselves penniless."

"Pshaw! Robert, don't go off into one of your sentimental moods, and don't make a fool of yourself because somebody is poor."

"But I must confess to you, father, that I am a little uneasy about the state of things in Cedarville. We can scarcely afford to have so many idlers about the streets, and I am thinking whether we have a moral right to turn so many people out of employment who have served us so faithfully in the past."

"Now, Robert, I don't want to hear any more of your preaching. The stopping of the mills was a necessity; and instead of your whining about the 'help,' you ought to rejoice that we have made a pretty good thing of the business for the last few months, in spite of the 'panic.' Our cloth, as you know, was put into the market just in time to get a handsome profit on every yard sold."

"Yes, father, and this good luck emboldened me to say that we ought to have kept the hands at work, for the same pay, and made less profit ourselves, as we have cleared fifty thousand dollars in the last six months."

"Confound your weak-brains, Robert! Your fine-spun theories are not accepted by me; and as I have the most money, and some common sense, I shall probably decide the matter about the length of time the Cedarville Mills remain idle."

"I know, father, that you have the power to do as you please about running the mills; I was only speaking of the moral right of stopping the wheels when we were running without much loss, and when so many persons were dependent upon their daily labor for bread."

"I suppose they can get work elsewhere," Mr. Hardy said unconcernedly, as he resumed looking over the price of gold in the evening paper.

"Not so easy a matter, I think, to find work, when thousands all over the country are vainly asking for something to do," Robert said, as he arose and left the room.

"Confound that boy!" said James Hardy, after his son left him; "he causes me more trouble than a little, with his wild notions of right and justice. Well, he is just like his mother, and between them both I get about as much preaching as I can bear."

After Robert left his father he went to his mother's room, for he knew that she would sympathize with him in his views and feelings. Her pleasant smile and cheerful welcome reassured him, and taking a seat by her side, he said:

"Mother, I wish you would go over and see Mrs. Lovell to-morrow. Edgar tells me that she is very poorly, and he is much alarmed at her symptoms. He came into the counting-room this afternoon, and looked as though he had not a friend in this world. I am afraid that he is in pretty poor circumstances. It is too bad, for he is a splendid fellow."

"Why don't you try to ascertain if he is in want of any pecuniary assistance?" said Mrs. Hardy, as she looked with maternal pride upon the young man at her side.

"Edgar is so proud and sensitive that I cannot easily approach him. I wanted to say something to him about his pecuniary matters when he was in the office this afternoon, but I did not know how to begin the subject, for I was afraid I might wound his feelings."

"Well, Robert, I will call on Mrs. Lovell to-morrow. I think her a very lovable woman, and one capable of great enjoyment and keen suffering. I wish the mills were running, for if Mr. Lovell could have steady employment he would not need help from any source."

"That is just what I have been talking about to father. I said to him that we ought to run the mills on 'short time' at least, so that the poor people here could have enough to live on."

"And what did he say?" asked Mrs. Hardy, in a tremulous voice.

"What he always says when I talk with him about the matter; i. e., he is capable of managing his own business. But I fear he does not understand how restless our working people are becoming. I can almost see a dark cloud rising, and hear the thunder of discontent rolling in the distance. Of all things, I should dread a 'bread riot,'" said Robert, as he commenced walking the room in a nervous manner.

"Dear Robert, I fear you take matters too seriously," said his mother, in her gentle way. "Don't n't magnify the evil. We will call round upon some of the poor people, and ascertain, if possible, what are their real wants."

"That is just what I might expect from my

good mother," said Robert, as he re-seated himself by her side. "I am glad you think with me, that wealth is but an accident. I am sure that splendid talents are buried and high aspirations chilled in the hard, monotonous toil of a factory life. I often meet some of our operatives, and read in the intelligent countenance what great possibilities would be theirs under more favorable circumstances."

"Spoken just like my noble boy," said Mrs. Hardy, as she caressingly passed her hand over his excited brow. "But perhaps we have talked enough to-night. To-morrow we will see what we can do for our friends."

Robert kissed his mother as he bade her "good-night," and went to his pleasant chamber with high resolves for the future.

#### CHAPTER III.

Abel Granite, the broker, was not a bad man; on the contrary, he was considered by many as very benevolent. He had several times given liberally to the Missionary Society, had helped, by his money, to erect a handsome church, and the "Young Men's Christian Association" had made him President, in consideration of his liberality to that body. But Abel was unfortunately situated in his business relations; for it so happened that he often felt obliged to take advantage of the poor man's, or, it might be, a poor widow's necessities. He had held a mortgage for several years upon "Rose Cottage," the home of Edgar and Annie Lovell. The twelve per cent. interest which he exacted did not seem very much to him, and besides, he said, "business is business," and he was ready to foreclose the mortgage, whenever young Lovell was ready to give up the cottage.

It was the week before Christmas. Mrs. Hardy and her son Robert had called upon many of the people in the village, and some of whom they found very needy. How to relieve the wants of worthy and sensitive persons, without seeming to bestow charity, was a study to both Robert and his mother. At last a happy idea suggested itself to Mrs. Hardy. Christmas was near at hand, and everybody who could was glad to make and receive Christmas presents. Her son was delighted with the idea, and proposed a festival and a "gift tree," and that all of the people of Cedarville should be invited.

"I believe," said Robert, "that father is usually quite generous with you during the holidays. And I think he should be, since you brought him quite a little fortune to start with."

Mrs. Hardy smiled and said: "Your father gave me two hundred dollars last Christmas, and if he gives me that amount this year, I think I can make a good use of it."

"I want to speak to you, mother, about a project I have in my head. I have learned that Mr. Granite has a heavy mortgage on Mr. Lovell's cottage, and that he intends to foreclose it by the first of January, unless the debt is cancelled before that time. Now I desire to pay up the mortgage, and take Mr. Lovell's note, and set his mind at ease in regard to the cottage."

"That is a capital idea, Robert, and I am glad that you are able and have the disposition to do it. I found the day I called upon Mrs. Lovell that some unspoken trouble was weighing heavily upon Mr. L.'s mind. Perhaps it was his inability to meet the payment of which you speak."

"Yes, I am quite sure of it," said Robert. "I know Mr. Granite to be a Shylock, and he will have his 'pound of flesh' at any cost. I think he will be surprised and disappointed when he finds that 'Rose Cottage' is not to come into his possession. It is a valuable property, and will probably in a few years bring twice what Mr. Lovell paid for it; and I intend that he shall have the benefit of the rise in real estate. I shall call at the cottage, this evening, and have the matter settled at once."

"I think," said Mrs. H., "that I shall enjoy this Christmas better than any preceding one. We have, as you know, made many expensive presents, but they have been given mostly to our special friends and relatives who could, in return, make us as valuable gifts, while the poor and needy have been almost forgotten by us. Our Christmas holiday has, I fear, been a day of self-gratification and vain show, and not acceptable to him whose birth we have met to commemorate. Jesus wants us to do something that will amount to self-sacrifice, a casting away of the old, and a new growth in the heart. It is easy to say, Lord! Lord! but more difficult to follow him in the path of duty and self-denial."

"Dear mother," replied Robert, as he looked with fond affection upon her inspired face, "I am glad that you are unlike the superficial women I meet with in social circles. Wealth seems to spoil a great many persons in this age, and the spirit of caste is far more prevalent than the spirit of true Christianity."

"Yes, Robert, what you say is true; and it is a fact that an abundance of wealth does not often bring true happiness. There is ever a reaching after more wealth, and chasing after shadows, while the real enjoyment that the soul finds in acquiring knowledge and performing deeds of kindness and benevolence, is scarcely known or comprehended."

The next evening while Mr. and Mrs. Hardy were sitting in the library, the former looked up from the paper he was reading, and said:

"Well, Caroline, I suppose you don't intend to do much in the way of making Christmas presents this year?"

"Yes, James, I had thought of doing quite as much as I have done in years past, and I was just upon the point of asking you for my usual allowance to expend, as my money is all in your hands," replied Mrs. Hardy in an assured tone.

"You seem to forget, wife, that the times are hard, the mills all stopped, and that we are not making a cent."

"I am conscious that the times are harder for a great many people than they are for us, and I know, also, that your income is enough every day to furnish me with a generous sum," replied Mrs. Hardy, in a decided tone.

Now Mr. Hardy was very proud of his accomplished wife, and had really a good deal of affection for her. He admired her spirit, and, although his will and hers often clashed, and she stood firm in what she considered her rights, he was glad that she had ideas of her own, and was not merely his echo. He knew very well that the large fortune his wife brought him had given him "a good start in the world," and so, instead of getting angry on this occasion, he said in a good-natured way:

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The preparations for the coming Christmas festival had often brought the two friends together, and the gossip of Cedarville had had a busy week retelling the "latest news" from house to house. Christmas Eve came at last, and a delighted audience assembled in the decorated hall with smiling faces. Mr. Hardy forgot, for a time, to be cold and austere, and amiably cooperated with his family in arranging articles for the tree. Mrs. Hardy had, with Robert and Alice's aid, prepared presents for every employe in the village. The supper-table was bountifully spread, and the large company who partook of the good things forgot, for a time, that they were "out of work," and that to-morrow the dark cloud of want and discontent might again close down upon them.

After the feast was ended, music and singing were introduced, and Alice played and sang with an inspiring voice, "Better Days are Coming." The large audience seemed to catch the inspiration which the poetry and the singer imparted, and though they may in after years forget the singer, they will not forget the song. The tree, with its choice offerings, was now uncovered, and such clapping of hands, and shouting from the children, and crowing from the wee babies, were never heard in Cedarville before.

The gifts for the adult people were numerous and well adapted to their wants and circumstances. At last this evening, like all others, came to an end, but the memory of it remained for months after, like a glow of sunshine illuminating a darkened day.

#### CHAPTER V.

Two more weary winter months have passed away, and a number of the most intelligent workmen have left Cedarville to find work elsewhere. Notwithstanding Mrs. Hardy had done much to supply the wants of the poor people in the village, there was some actual suffering among those too proud and sensitive to live upon charity, or even to let their wants be known. The generous supplies which they had received at Christmas were gone, and a feeling of discouragement weighed down their restless spirits. None were more conscious of the state of affairs in the community than Robert Hardy, and he resolved to effect a change, as we shall see by the following colloquy with his father. He did not on this particular morning use many preliminaries in opening the question, but said, in his abrupt way:

"Father, do you intend to start the mills this spring? It is now March, and I have decided to do something if you do not."

"Yes; but what can you do without my cooperation?" said Mr. Hardy, in an irascible tone.

"I would like to inquire whether you will lease the mills to me, in case you do not wish to run them? If you will not do this, will you buy out my share of the business, so that I can do something elsewhere?"

"You are getting to be quite independent, Robert, since you came into possession of your uncle's legacy; but what is twenty thousand dollars, compared to a million?"

"I can do something with twenty thousand dollars, and if you will buy out my share in the Cedarville Mills I shall have twenty thousand dollars more, and with forty thousand dollars I

think I can make a fair beginning," answered Robert coolly.

"But if I do not feel inclined to buy out your share, or lease you the mills, what then?"

"I shall do the best I can with the capital in hand. There is a small mill to be sold in Maple-town, and the machinery is in good running order. It will go very cheaply, as the company is bankrupt and the property must be sold. I intend to purchase it if I can't do anything here. I believe I am of age, and capable of doing business for myself."

Mr. Hardy knit his brows, but saw that opposition was vain, and discretion, on his part, polite. After a few moments' silence, painful to both father and son, the former said:

"Well, Robert, I see how you could make a mark in the world. You have got a pretty good start, and if you should marry Lois Whitney you would in a short time become a millionaire."

"And a consummate fool besides," answered Robert quickly. "Now, father, let me be frank with you and tell you, once for all, that I shall never marry Lois Whitney. If she could bring me five millions of dollars I could not marry her, for it would be a soulless union and a living death to both of us. Besides, I am pledged to Alice Lovell, and our marriage will probably be consummated next May."

"You take this rash step," said Mr. Hardy in a white heat, "at the risk of being disinherited!"

"At the risk of even being disinherited, father. You have a right to do what you please with your own property, and I only ask that you accede to my proposition in regard to buying out my share of the business."

"I will talk with you again on this matter," said Mr. Hardy in an excited tone, as he arose abruptly and left the room.

"It might as well come now as any time," said Robert, when he was left alone. "There must be a storm, with some lightning and thunder, and some hail perhaps, before the moral atmosphere is cleared. We have had dark, portentous clouds hanging over us for the last six months, and I welcome most anything that will produce a change. It is best, I think, all things considered, that father and I should dissolve partnership. He is at times so cynical that I am often chilled beyond endurance. I have heard so much about his money, and about being disinherited if I did not accede to his wishes in regard to the 'rich heiress,' that I am tired and sick of the sound of both. I have never been able to do business according to my ideas of equity, because of my father's interference. It will be very hard for me to leave mother, but we must be separated sooner or later; yet if I make a home of my own I shall hope to have her with me a part of the time. It is a matter of rejoicing with me that my beloved mother and my dear Alice are so fond of each other. I think that with two such angels by my side I ought to become a wiser and a better man."

That same evening Mrs. Hardy said to her son:

"Robert, what is the matter with your father? He has seemed strangely reticent since your interview with him in the library this morning."

Robert related to his mother the conversation with which the reader is already acquainted, and at the conclusion said: "Mother, have I done right?"

"Yes, Robert; and I am glad that you have come to the decision of doing something independent of your father. Your business relations had better terminate. You will both do better apart, though I have some doubts whether your father would think he could do much business without your aid. Notwithstanding his capriciousness he has a great appreciation of your executive and financial ability. I think, Robert, from what I have heard your father say, that you are capable of taking the business here out of his hands, and I heartily wish that he would give it all up to you, and would cultivate another set of faculties beside those of acquisitiveness and the love of power."

"Well, mother," answered Robert, "it will all come out right in the end. I feel more hopeful to-night than I have for months. The crisis, I think, is past. It cost me something of a struggle to say what I did to father this morning. I am glad that it is over. We shall probably better understand each other in the future."

Mrs. Hardy smiled as she said:

"Robert, I often think of a little story that T. S. Arthur once wrote for his magazine, entitled, 'Like Father Like Son.' Your father has probably found that you have something of the same metal which he possesses—the same iron will, and it is like striking steel against steel. Passing through the heated furnace tempers the steel and makes it pliable, so that it can be molded into higher forms of utility. Thus may it be with you, my son. The fire and the tempest may strengthen and purify your soul, and enable you to meet more heroically the stern battles of life."

The next day Mr. Hardy requested another interview with his son. He had evidently, from his tone and manner, been interviewing himself, for he met Robert in a more fatherly way than he had done for many months. He treated him more as an equal, was less dictatorial in speech, and more affable in manner. He commenced the conversation by saying that he had seriously considered his proposition to take the entire responsibility of running the mills, and, as he wished to travel that year, he had concluded to lease him the property. He wished it to be distinctly understood that he should not be responsible for any loss that might accrue from doing business in such hazardous times. And so the matter was settled. In a week's time a notice was issued that, on the first day of April, the machinery in the mills would be put in motion. The "help" rejoiced, and began to realize that "after the night cometh the morning."

CHAPTER VI.

It was a matter of rejoicing with most of the people in Cedarville, when it was known that Robert Hardy and Alice Lovell were soon to be united in marriage. Yet there were a few marriageable ladies who tossed their heads and said, "Robert Hardy might have done better." But perhaps no one was more interested in the affair, aside from the parties themselves, than Lois Whitney. She had long known Mr. Hardy, and was as much attached to him as she could possibly be to any one, considering her selfish nature. She had not had a doubt, until within a few months, but that, if she chose, she could be Mrs. Hardy; for she thought her wealth and her accomplishments would surely decide Robert in her favor. She had little fear of Alice Lovell, the poor music teacher, as her rival, and great was her surprise and mortification when she heard of their engagement. She found, when too late, that she loved Robert Hardy better than any

of the fawning admirers who followed in her train. She would have given them all, and all of her flashing diamonds and wealth besides, if she could have been to Robert what Alice Lovell had become to him. She realized for the first time in her life, that true love was more to be prized than wealth, and that in soul-companionship was to be found the highest earthly happiness. But she had learned the lesson too late, so far as Mr. Hardy was concerned, and she realized that she must now gather up the broken threads in the web of life, and smile and seem gay, though her heart was heavy and sad in its loneliness.

With the reader's permission, we will pass over a space of five years, and then look in again upon Cedarville. The home of Robert and Alice Hardy is one of beauty and attractiveness, but not of show or extravagance. Robert has not invested a million dollars in a brown stone mansion. His Gothic cottage, nestling among shrubs and flowers, with playing fountains and singing birds, is dearer to the happy inmates than a palatial residence could possibly have been.

When Robert took the mills and the entire responsibility of running them, he thought how he could make Cedarville a "model village." A year later, his father died, leaving to him a large property, for he had become reconciled to his son's marriage, and loved Alice as much as he could an own daughter. Her gentle ways and tender care of him when he became an invalid, had won the love and respect of her father-in-law, and no presence aside from his patient wife's was more welcome than hers. So when the rich man died he gave his large property to his wife and son (not forgetting Alice), to use as they thought best. A few weeks after the funeral, when Robert, Alice, and Mrs. Hardy were sitting in the cosy library at eventide, looking out from the bay-window upon Cedar River winding its way in musical cadence over the grassy meadows, and through the mossy ravines, and the round full moon emerged from behind a fleecy cloud, Alice exclaimed:

"How wonderfully grand and beautiful the world is! How full of glory and happiness!"

"Our little world that extends within the limits of our home, you mean, Alice," said Robert, looking with fond pride into her inspired face.

"No, Robert, more than this; I was thinking what a grand old world it is, in spite of the sorrows and woes that cling to it."

"Well, Alice, as you and mother seem to be at leisure, enjoying this beautiful twilight, I want to tell you what I have been thinking about for the last few days, and whether you approve of my half-formed plans."

"When we have heard what your plans are, Robert, Alice and I will certainly express our opinion," said Mrs. Hardy, smiling.

"Well, to be brief as possible," replied Robert, "I will begin by saying that I desire to have more comfortable homes for our working people, and I would like, as far as it is possible, to have them own their homes. I would like to see a flower garden attached to every house, and the banks of Cedar River blossom as the rose. Then I want to put up a good boarding house, with a piazza extending around the whole building, with all the modern conveniences, and superintended by some wise and intelligent person. I wish also to erect a large and handsome building that will afford a reading-room, with a good library, a lecture-room, and a hall for amusements; the library to be under the direction of some intelligent woman who shall be well paid for her services. There shall be no liquor saloons or nuisances of any kind in the village, and if any of our workmen show a disposition to visit such localities elsewhere, it shall be distinctly understood that they forfeit their places."

Mrs. Hardy looked with fond, maternal pride into her son's face, lighted up at this moment with a noble purpose, and said:

"You may be assured, Robert, of my hearty cooperation in this matter, and I would like to invest twenty-five thousand in so laudable an enterprise."

"Thank you, mother; I felt well assured that you would sanction the experiment. I think if I succeed in carrying out my idea, I shall have the confidence of the help, and that so far as our mills are concerned, there will be an end of 'strikes.' I shall not wait for the law to decide upon the 'Ten Hour Bill,' but shall shorten the hours of toil before the reading-room is finished, so that the adult portion of the help may have some leisure to read."

When Robert finished speaking, Alice exclaimed:

"Oh, Robert! this is a splendid idea! Why can't it be done?"

"It can be done, and shall be done if my life is spared. We have money enough, and as we do not believe in giving large parties, that cost over two thousand dollars a night, just for a show, we can soon save enough to furnish homes to quite a number of our people."

"How do you purpose to begin? I suppose you would not give the people their homes outright?" said Mrs. Hardy.

"My plan would be to take mortgages on the houses, at low interest, and those who could might pay a certain sum yearly, until the debt was cancelled."

"Oh! I am so glad, Robert, that you intend to run the mills only ten hours a day. It has always seemed a cruel thing to get the little children up so early in the morning, and keep them confined so many hours in a noisy factory. Why, when I taught school I thought six hours was enough to stay inside of a schoolhouse. It don't seem to me that I could have staid eleven and twelve hours, as the factory help do."

"I have another idea which I think will please you, Alice. I notice that the pleasant villa adjacent to our home is for sale. I have thought of suggesting to your brother Edgar that he sell Rose Cottage and take this place. The owners say that the property must be sold, and it will doubtless go at low figures. It would be very pleasant to have Edgar and Annie so near us, and I think the location far more healthy and desirable than Rose Cottage. Annie seems to be growing stronger every year, and the grounds at the villa are most delightful for invalids."

"How kind you are, Robert. You seem to think of everybody's comfort and enjoyment. I think it would be a very desirable change for Edgar and Annie. Rose Cottage is not so pleasant as when they first purchased it. The foreign population have almost surrounded them; and although there may be some very good people among them, their ways of living are so very different from ours that to assimilate is quite impossible."

So at the time when the reader is invited to look again at Cedarville, five years after the

property came into Robert Hardy's possession, he finds it what the owner sought to make it—a "model village." Nearly all of the persons employed in the mills had been provided with pleasant homes. The houses were all handsomely painted, and varied in size and elegance according to the business responsibility of the occupant. The reading-room and circulating library had proved a success. Groups of men and women could be seen entering the reading-room in the evening, to look over the files of papers and consult such books and journals as could not be taken home. The working hours had been reduced from eleven to ten without a reduction of wages, and both the employed and the employer were satisfied. Robert Hardy was almost worshipped by his working people, and both labored for the interest of each other. Very different were the feelings of the employed at the close of our story from what they were at the commencement, for none had cause to complain of uncomfortable homes, or because they were "Out of Work."

From The Oregon Statesman. SHASTA JOHN.

A Shadow from Mount Shasta—Northward.

BY SAMUEL L. SIMPSON.

The twilight deep in the cañons lay Like waiting columns of the night, And still and slow the declining day Withdrew on eazy ridge and height, And o'er his clustering shafts of gold A bannered sunset yet unrolled.

And down and down, like the winding trace Of some dead stream the sun had slain, And wrathed its spirit in misty grace In sailing cloud and summer rain— Our trail, with many a fret and fall, Went clambering down the mountain wall.

"Old Shasta John was the grandest chief The red tribes had in Oregon; I owe him this," and the pale relief Of one deep scar was traced upon The guide's brown cheek, and his lifted hand Touched, as in pride, the savage brand.

"You see the fret on the ridge, out there— The fire-stripped pine, with long white arm Stretched like a ghost in the silent air? Good Lord! a curse or pledge of harm Seems somehow meant in the gesture! Well, 'T was just below our colonel fell.

"And every cañon and tumbled peak In all this vast and lonesome land Could tell a tale, if the dead could speak, And point you still, with ruddy hand, When hapless lives, by the bullet sped, Like shadows crossed the path we tread."

And, deftly turning a cigarette, He roled in silent self-commune, His tinkling spurs in a reverent set To memories of some border-tune; And from the embattled heights the day In gold and scarlet passed away.

Through paths half hid in the tangled grass, We reined beneath a mighty fir That stood alone, and the solemn mass Of restless spirits seemed to stir, Like restless seas, in its tower of shade, And deep and mournful music made.

The volunteer from his saddle leapt, And walked beside a mound of stones, And something that startled as he stepped Seemed to have fled the whitening bones That lay incumbered in grass and weed, As if to shun a stealthy deed.

"'T was strange," he said, "that a man might die— Die and be buried and forgot, And yet live on, like a memory Of one whose truer life was not, But thus and here, on another day, Bold Shasta's heart was laid away."

"The mountain eagle that shrieks and soars In pathless skies, was like the soul That loved this wild of the western shores Where blue seas flash and shine and roll, And on whose broad and dishevelled breast The brave and stout find homes the best."

"And thus at last, when his conquered band Were gathering down beside the sea, To dig and die, on a patch of land, And learn to spell and bend the knee, Old Shasta sighed that his heart was dead, And would not be in bondage led."

"So went the moon like a silver bow Bent from the sunward peaks and threw Its grieving beams in the gorges low, Beneath the fir that spreads o'er you, They brought his gun and his battle gear, Enwrapped as on a funeral bier,

"And laid them here in a mystic grave, And slew his spotted steeds beside, While to and fro, like a moaning wade, That swings and sings in troubled tide, His maidens danced in the brodered shade, And sang his soul's last serenade."

"They say the withering hand of age Seemed to have touched the chief that night, And, old and strange, in his narrow cage, Down by the sea he passed from sight, A broken heart and an empty frame— The shadow of a mighty name!

"And who shall say that his spirit wild Comes not again, in sun or cloud, To roam at will as a favored child, When Shasta from his vaporous shroud Mutters in anger and lifts a hand In glittering mail o'er Freedom's land?"

He ceased; and deep in the cañon's gloom A tolling river sobbed and sung, And like a wraith of the bridal bloom The young moon's smile on earth was hung, And dreamy Hesper, in heaven afar, Leaned, watching, on his golden spear.

How Don Platt Became a Spiritualist.

Don Platt, says the Pittsburg Leader, is a believer in Spiritualism, but hardly in the usually understood sense. He is not an admirer of table-tipping, materialization, and all that sort of things; but he is a believer in spirits returning to this earth and communicating with their friends. This is the way he accounts for his becoming a believer: Some time after he lost his first wife he was sitting alone in his library, when he thought he would try the experiment of seeing if he could not himself obtain a communication from the spirit-world of which he had heard so much. So he wrote out a question to which he wished to receive an answer. Then he rested his pen upon the paper and waited patiently for the "spirit influences" to direct his hand in the writing of an answer.

He waited a long time, but no answer came. Then he wrote other questions, repeating the experiment until he had written some dozen or so of them. His attempts to get answers only resulted in a failure. After a time he became weary and put the questions away in a drawer, thinking that he might repeat the experiment some other time. But as time went on, he quite forgot all about the subject. One day, several weeks after, he received a mysterious letter from London, England, from a medium there. The letter purported to come from the dead wife, and was signed by her. The letter contained nothing but a series of answers. They puzzled Platt for a moment, until he thought of the questions locked up in his drawer. He ran to them, and found that the answers in the letter corresponded exactly, and were most satisfactory replies to his questions asked. Don Platt said that such evidence as that was too overwhelming for him, and he has been a believer ever since.

Why is a room full of married people empty? Because there is not a single person in it.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Slowly the deep snow banks of Iowa began to contract and melt under the breath of the chilling March winds, but with weak and slackened promise for the early work on the farms. The railroads were dug out and the trains run on irregular and late time when we emerged from our winter quarters at Independence, and moving westward reached Iowa Falls, which, like the former place, had last year nearly all the business portion laid in ashes by a more destructive fire, in proportion to its size and property, than the great fire of Chicago; but, under the elastic energy and remarkable enterprise of its citizens, it has already risen out of its ashes, phoenix-like, with a newer and better form than the old. A new hall has already been built, and in it we had two of the best audiences we ever addressed in that place, the result, largely, of an influence left by the camp meeting held there last fall, which was a complete success, and has opened the way for more in Iowa. Just as we were leaving the Falls, March 9th, our careworn pilgrim brother, Kersey Graves, arrived on his return trip and down grade from the deeper snows of Minnesota, where he has been to help out the missionary labors of Bro. Potter, who so successfully runs that State on a missionary scale. Sorry we had no time to consult and compare notes with Bro. Graves, as we are both getting old, and are the worse for wear in the service; but we left him in charge of the friends and departed for Fort Dodge, and next day, by slow and jerky motion, reached the city, which is on the border of the grasshopper territory, and it was here we saw the pest last season in his ravages. He tapered out on this line, doing little damage east and much west of this section. We learned one grasshopper fact here that was interesting and peculiar, if not encouraging and good for an example: The Rev. Methodist preacher here went out on a collecting tour for the sufferers by the plague, and in the east, by his earnest and glowing appeals, gathered a good sum for the poor destitute sufferers, and on returning to some committee that claimed to have the distributing power over his good luck, he was equally successful there, and got one thousand dollars of the sum collected appropriated toward the building of his new church here in Fort Dodge, while yet the old one was not eaten nor even damaged by grasshoppers. I hope the friends will not lay this to heart and refuse to feed the poor sufferers, lest the contributions be put into Methodist churches. Of course he did not take any pay; it was not a Fort Dodge committee that voted it, for Fort Dodge is a city of some pretensions, and despises grasshoppers and all mean actions, even if they bring money into the place. One of the papers here openly and boldly charged this preacher with lying recently, and he remains under the imputation without lifting it, no doubt consoling himself with the history of the early church founders who so often lied for the cause of the church. However he has claimed the saving of some souls, and this may offset the sins, if he is a sinner. He blew a heavy blast of blasphemy after us last year when we spoke here, and no doubt will again, as we have given him ample opportunity. We gave five lectures in Lyceum Hall, which were well attended, as were those of Mrs. Colby, who preceded us not long before. Our cause is gaining finely here, and Mrs. J. Swain, the Secretary of the State Association, whose ample and pleasant home, well lined with pictures, the work of her own hands, and with flowers wintered and watered by herself, and the best private library we have seen in Iowa, which has often been our quiet resting place, has reorganized the Children's Progressive Lyceum, which is prospering under her guidance. They rent a hall, which is used for exercises, festivals, lectures, &c., and they have a good beginning for a library, and flattering prospects for success. Mrs. Swain is a native of New Hampshire, and daughter of Moses Morrell, M. D., formerly of Bath, in that State; whose name formerly often appeared as a contributor to the Boston Investigator. Her brother, who lives in Barnard, Kansas, has a round house built for the spirit John King, where he often communicates. The old doctor, had he lived, no doubt would ere this have been as firm a Spiritualist as any of us.

A new snow storm is falling on us as we write, and threatens to blockade us again and break our engagement at Mineogata; but we hope to run the blockade, notwithstanding our failures in the past.

There has been good progress in our cause during the past year, far more than in any former year, but there is not more of harmony or cooperation, nor can we learn that the spirits desire it. There seems to be a fear with them, as with many of us, that organization and cooperation would lead to creeds, classism, sectarianism and ostracism, and there is certainly strong signs of it in the efforts to control Spiritualism and use it against social agitation, but thus far it has been a signal and complete failure.

All our western platforms are yet free and open to speakers whose views are honestly, fairly and chastely expressed, and no speaker is restricted on any subject. But those who have taken it upon themselves to abuse others who differ with them on the social question, have not been opposed, but have failed to get audiences or pay after they were known to be thus contracted in their views of free speech. Nothing but the broadest and most liberal course can succeed with our spirit friends, or lay the foundation for the incoming age and religion.

We shall soon take up our anchorage in Iowa, and bid adieu to our many dear friends in the State to spend the remainder of our days in a wider range and broader circuit of labors and lectures, trusting that the work we have done in this grand State will not be lost nor soon forgotten. We have not been able to visit half the places to which we have been invited, nor to speak to half the people who wanted to hear us, but our remaining years or months are but few, and we must visit our dear old New England home and the Hub once more, and then make a visit in the fall to the California slope of the continent's spinal column of rocks. We have many friends there, who have long been calling us toward the sunset, and if we ever go, it must be soon. We are fully satisfied with our labors of life, and have no regrets, even at failures, which could not be avoided, and seem to have been in the fates. The dear friends in both worlds who have contributed to our comfort are not to be forgotten, for they are fully appreciated, and all our enemies forgiven, for they have blessed and cured us by turns, and these balanced each other, leaving with us no account for damages, while the credit remains. The spirits have never deserted us, and never failed to bless when they could, and as best they could our feeble efforts to work with them in their cause.

POPE AND EMPEROR.

BY HON. CHARLES C. HAZEWELL.

It is impossible to read the Allocution delivered by Pius IX. to the College of Cardinals, without understanding that a crisis is rapidly coming in that contest which has been going on for some time past between the government of the Church of Rome and the government of the German Empire. His Holiness was as vigorous in his language as if he had been talking in the Fourth of July, and had cast fifty ponderous years from his shoulders that were broad and strong in the days of the First Napoleon. He gave the German Emperor and the Italian King, and their immediate supporters, such a wiggling as powerful sovereigns seldom receive, and which only will make the German more determined in his purpose than ever, while it may put the Italian into a sweat, for it is understood that he is terribly afraid of the infernal regions, the keys to which he holds that the Pope holds, and doesn't allow to get rusty. Standing by itself, the Pope's Allocution would be nothing to excite anything in that large and powerful part of Christendom which cares no more for Pontifex Maximus Pius in the days of Kaiser William, than Roman patri-cians cared for Pontifex Maximus Lepidus in the days of Caesar Augustus. But it does not stand alone; it is but one incident in a bitter quarrel that has been going on for years, and which becomes more and more fierce with each succeeding month of its course; and which latterly has assumed the broadest proportions and the bitterest purpose. The very intensity of the Pope's language shows that such is the case, and proves that His Holiness is aware that somebody is about to go "over Niagara," and that, too, very soon. His warmth is born of wrath, and his wrath proceeds from his knowledge of German work (done or doing) for the bridling of the Old Church, and the entronization of perfect Erastianism Europe over.

Latterly, hardly a day passes without bringing us intelligence of something begun, or completed, or talked of, either in the Prussian Kingdom or in the German Empire, intended to place the Pope's neck under the Emperor's foot, William I. being the avenger of Frederick Barbarossa, upon whose neck Pope Alexander III. was put at Viterbo, and said (but the accuracy of that statement has been much questioned of late years, though Daru speaks of it as if it were an accepted fact) to have put his foot, with a cession, as he declared that the Emperor was subject to him as well as to St. Peter. Time has changed all that, and German Emperors now tread upon necks, instead of having their necks trodden upon. Hohenzollern is avenging Hohenzollern, the turn of the wheel of Fortune having brought the tiara to the ground, the greatest instance of an overturn that history mentions, 1875 being the grand practical antithesis to 1177. The imperial foot has complete power over the ecclesiastical hand, and the sword has cut the crozier through; and instead of taking law from Popes, Emperors are so powerful that they can, be they so minded, coerce Popes to destruction, without allowing them any "law," thus treating them worse than beasts of chase are treated. The Pope is a very powerful personage. Perhaps there never was a more powerful Pope than Pius IX. is at this moment. But his power is of a kind very different from that which many of his predecessors wielded in "the ages of faith," and which is as obsolete as that of the Julian and Flavian and Antonine Caesars. Within the Catholic Church he is absolute, and they owe obedience to that church, respect him because it is that church's head. Yet he cannot command the services of a single battalion of soldiers of his own, and were he to call upon a modern monarch to make use of his army against another monarch, even though the former should be orthodox and the latter heretical, he would be told to go to—Bedlam, or to blazes. The moral power of the Pope is vast, yet his material power is on a par with that of the abdicating Chief of the Pejees, and it is not near so great as that of King Kalakaua.

The last time the Pope tried to get up a military force was in 1859, before he had been deprived of most of his temporalities, and that force was pitched out of existence by Piedmontese bayonets at Castelfidardo. He is much weaker materially now than he was then, and he could not offer effective resistance to half a platoon of German jagers or Italian Bersaglieri. How, then, is he going to make a fight, to wage war against that Caesar who is the lord of three forty legions? He cannot fight, physically, with any power, and even San Marino would be much more than his match on a fair field. The state of Europe is not favorable to the execution of any of those movements that were possible in times of a more nearly dead, but beyond any responsibility of resurrection, Gregory VII. (Hildebrand) was reduced to a lower state, apparently, than that which Pius IX. knows, but the eleventh century was all unlike to the nineteenth, and then it was not difficult for the Papacy to rise again, and to domineer over nations and sovereigns. Now, we might as rationally expect to see the Sultan of Turkey besieging Vienna as to look for the Vatican triumphing over Berlin. There is no Catholic power in Europe that is capable of contending against Germany, and with the exception of France, there is no power there that wishes to contend against the new Empire; and France lately gave bonds in a thousand million dollars to keep the peace, and she will keep it until a new world shall have risen there, which will not be in Pius's time. The aged Pope may not be interfered with, but his death will be the signal for trouble, and he will have great funeral games. The church will not be allowed to order the election of a successor to the venerable Pontiff who will continue the policy of his immediate predecessor. The forces that will be brought to bear upon her will be too great to be resisted; and while no government will interfere with the belief of any ecclesiastical body, every government will insist upon being governed within its own lawful jurisdiction. Continental peoples and sovereigns will have a common interest, and they will uphold it with all the force they can make—and there will be no army to contend for the contrary, for the nations have outgrown even the ghost of the memory of mediævalism. The two countries in which the Papacy is treated with the most respect and civility are the two great Protestant powers, Great Britain and the United States, and they are able to be mild and tolerant because the Erastian principle is in them accepted by all men of sense, whatever may be their religious principles. They govern within their own laws, and they will not submit to any ecclesiastical demands, and so they can afford to treat all men with liberality, without having resort to harsh measures. They protect all, but they will be governed by none, such being their fixed policy, from which they will not depart; and they will not interfere with the choice of a new Pope when Pius IX. shall go to his rest.—Traveller.

The Future.

Fast thickening events seem to indicate that there may be more significance in the following communication given through the mediumship of Mrs. J. Staats, of Brooklyn, New York, on the 19th of March, 1875, than might have been apprehended at the time it was written.

T. R. II.

"My friend, let me say to you that he or she who thinks that the day of restitution and the revolution which came has done its work and is over, is laboring under a most fatal mistake. This is the beginning of a day of judgment, and the strong hand of God is abroad. We will be the hand of God with you and will add a strength and nerve to our councils which will bring justice and equity into the foundation of government, for it is at the very head of the nation that we would commence."

T. PARKER.

State Missionary of Iowa.

The Executive Board of the Iowa State Spiritualist Association have duly appointed Dr. J. W. Kenyon, of Des Moines, State Missionary for the ensuing year. EDWIN GATE, President. Mrs. J. SWAIN, Secretary.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MUSIC.

BY MRS. E. M. HICKOK.

Music, soft, divinely sweet, All with harmony replete! Music, low and sweetly thrilling, All the soul with rapture filling, Soothing fall thy strains below, On the sad hearts crushed with woe.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE PLURALITY OF EXISTENCES.

Chapter from an Unpublished Translation of Allan Kardec's "Book on Spirits," by Emma A. Wood.

The dogma of re-incarnation, say some persons, is not new; it is resuscitated from Pythagoras. We have never said that the spirit doctrine is a modern invention. Spiritism, being a law of Nature, must have existed from the origin of time, and we are constantly given proof that its traces are found in the most remote antiquity.

The antiquity of this doctrine, then, is a proof rather than an objection. Still, as every one knows, there is, between the metempsychosis of the ancients and the modern doctrine of re-incarnation, this grand difference—that spirits reject in the most absolute manner the transmigration of man into animals, and vice versa.

Thus spirits, in teaching the dogma of the plurality of corporeal existences, renew a doctrine that was born in the first ages of the world, and which is retained to our day in the inmost thoughts of many persons; only they represent it from a more rational point of view, one more conformable to the progressive laws of Nature and more in harmony with the wisdom of the Creator, by stripping it of all the accessories of superstition.

One circumstance worthy of remark is, that it is not in this book alone that the doctrine has been taught in these latter days. Even before its publication numerous communications of the same nature were obtained in various countries, and have since been considerably increased.

Some persons reject the idea of re-incarnation from the sole motive that it does not suit them, saying that they have had enough of one existence, and that they do not desire to begin another; we are acquainted with those who become furiously angry at the very thought of reappearing on earth.

We suppose ourselves to be speaking to persons who believe in a future of some kind after death, and not to those who have nihilism in prospective, or who would drown their soul in a universal whole, without individuality, like drops of rain in the ocean, which amounts to nearly the same thing.

No. You admit, then, that there are better men than you—those who have the right to a better place, without, for all that, thinking you should be among the condemned.

Well, for an instant, imagine yourself in this medium position that will be yours, since you agree to it, and suppose some one to come to you and say: "You suffer; you are not as happy as you might be, while you have before you beings who enjoy unalloyed happiness; will you change your position for theirs?" Undoubtedly you will say: "What must I do?" Less than nothing; begin again what you have done badly, and try to do better.

We have heard this kind of reasoning; God, who is sovereignly good, cannot enjoin upon man the beginning anew of a series of miseries and tribulations. Might there chance to be found goodness in condemning man to perpetual suffering for a few moments of error, rather than to give him the means of repairing his faults?

Two merchants had each a workman who might aspire to become a partner to his chief. Now it happened that these two workmen once employed a day badly, and deserved to be turned away. One of the two merchants discharged his workman in spite of his supplications, and he, not being able to find work, perished in misery.

The thought that our fate is forever fixed by a few years of trial, when even it has not always depended on ourselves to attain perfection on the earth, is heart-rending; while the contrary idea is eminently consoling; it leaves us hope. So, without deciding for or against plurality of existences, without admitting one hypothesis more than the other, we say that, if we had the choice, there is not one who would prefer a judgment without appeal.

A philosopher has said that if God did not exist, he would have to be invented for the happiness of mankind; the same might be said for plurality of existences. But as we have said, God does not ask our permission, does not consult our taste; it is or it is not; let us see on which side lie the probabilities, and take another standpoint, still setting aside the teachings of spirits, and only as a philosophical study.

If there is no re-incarnation there is but one corporeal existence; that is evident. If our actual corporeal existence is the only one, the soul of each man was created at his birth, at least if the anteriority of the soul is not admitted, in which case it might be asked what the soul was before birth, and if that state did not constitute an existence of some kind. There is no medium. Either the soul existed or it did not exist before the body. If it existed what was its situation? Had it or had it not consciousness of itself? If it had not consciousness it is about the same as if it had not existed; if it had its individuality it was progressive or stationary. In either case, in what condition did it reach the body? Admitting, according to the common belief, that the soul took its birth with the body, or what amounts to the same thing, that before its incarnation it had only negative faculties, we offer the following questions:

- 1. Why does the soul show such different aptitudes, independent, too, of the ideas acquired by education?
2. Whence comes the extra-normal aptitude of some young children for a special art or science, while others remain inferior or mediocre all their lives?
3. Whence come, with some, innate or intuitive ideas which do not exist with others?
4. Whence come in some children those precocious instincts of vice or virtue? those innate sentiments of dignity or baseness which contrast with the sphere in which they are born?
5. Setting aside education, why are some men more advanced than others?
6. Why are there savages and civilized men?

We ask what philosophy or theosophy can solve these problems? Either souls at their birth are equal or they are unequal. That is not doubtful. If they are equal why these different aptitudes? Shall we say it depends on the organism? But then, that is the most monstrous, the most immoral doctrine. Man, in that case, is only a machine; the sport of matter; he has no responsibility for his actions; he can throw everything on his physical imperfections. If they are unequal God must have created them so; but then, why this innate superiority given to some? Does this partiality agree with his justice and the equal love he bears toward all his creatures?

On the contrary, admit a succession of existences, anterior, progressive, and all is explained. Men, in being born, retain the intuition of what they have acquired; they are more or less advanced according to the number of existences through which they have passed, or to their being more or less distant from the starting point; absolutely the same as in an assembly of individuals of all ages, each will have a development in proportion to the number of years he may have lived; successive existences are for the life of the soul what years are for the life of the body. Bring together a thousand individuals, from one year up to eighty; suppose a veil thrown over all the preceding days, and that you, in your ignorance, believed them all born the same day; you would naturally ask yourself how it was that some were large and some small? some old and others young? some educated and others ignorant? but if the cloud hiding the past were raised, if you should learn that all have lived a longer or shorter time, all would be explained to you.

the inequality we see is no longer contrary to the most rigorous equity. The fact is, you see the present and not the past. Does this reasoning rest on a system? a gratuitous supposition?

As to the sixth question, it will doubtless be said that the Hottentot is of an inferior race. Then we will ask: if the Hottentot is a man or not? If he is a man, why has God disinherited him and his race from the privileges given to the Caucasian race? If he is not a man, why seek to make him a Christian? The spirit doctrine is larger than all that; for it there are not many species of men; there are only men whose spirit is more or less retarded, but susceptible of progress. Is not that more conformable to the justice of God? We have seen the soul in its past and in its present; if we consider it in its future we find the same difficulties.

1. If our actual existence must alone decide our fate to come, what is, in the future life, the respective position of the savage and the civilized man? Are they on the same level, or are they widely different in the sum of eternal happiness?

2. Is the man who has worked all his life to become better, in the same rank as he who has remained inferior, not by his fault but because he has had neither the time for improving nor the possibility?

3. Is the man who does evil because he has not been enlightened, liable for a state of things independent of his will?

4. People work to enlighten men, to teach them morality, to civilize them; but for one who is enlightened there are millions who die every day before the light has reached them; what is the fate of these? Are they treated as condemned ones? In the contrary case, what have they done to deserve to be in the same rank with the others?

5. What is the fate of children who die young, before having done good or evil? If they are among the elect, why this favor, having done nothing to deserve it? By what privilege are they freed from the tribulations of life?

Is there one doctrine that can solve these questions? Admit consecutive existences, and all is explained conformably to the justice of God. What could not be done in one existence can be done in another. Thus no person escapes the law of progress; each will be recompensed according to his real merit, and no one is excluded from supreme felicity, to which he may aspire, whatever be the obstacles he may encounter on his way.

These questions could be multiplied indefinitely, for the psychological and moral problems that find their solution only in a plurality of existences are innumerable; we give ourselves the largest limitations.

It will, perhaps, be said that, however this may be, the doctrine is not admitted by the church; it would tend to overthrow religion. Our object is not to treat this question just at this moment, it suffices us to have demonstrated that it is eminently moral and rational. Now what is moral and rational cannot be contrary to a religion that proclaims God goodness and wisdom par excellence. What would have become of religion if, against universal opinion and the testimony of science, it had resisted the evidence and rejected from its bosom every one who did not believe in the movement of the sun or the six days of creation?

A religion founded on manifest errors given as articles of faith, what credence would it have deserved and what authority would it have had? When the evidence has been demonstrated, the church has wisely sided with the evidence. If it is proved that things that exist are impossible without re-incarnation, if certain points of the dogma can be explained only by this means, decidedly it must be admitted and acknowledged that the antagonism of this doctrine and these dogmas is only apparent. Later we shall show that religion is, perhaps, not so distant from it as is supposed, and that it will suffer no more from it than it suffered from the discovery of the movement of the earth and the geological periods which, at first sight, have appeared to give the lie to the sacred texts. Besides, the principle of re-incarnation springs from many passages of the Scriptures, and is found especially formulated in an explicit manner in the Evangelists:

"And as they came down from the mountains, (after the transfiguration), Jesus charged them, saying, 'Tell the vision to no man, until the son of man be risen again from the dead.' And his disciples asked him, saying, 'Why, then, sayest thou that Elias must first come?' But Jesus answered and said unto them, 'Elias truly shall first come and restore all things. But I say unto you that Elias has come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the son of man suffer of them.' Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist." (St. Matthew, Chap. XVII.)

Since John the Baptist was Elias, there was then a re-incarnation of the spirit or soul of Elias in the body of John the Baptist.

This as it may be, whatever be the opinion entertained of re-incarnation; accept it or not accept it, we must none the less undergo it, if it exist, notwithstanding a belief to the contrary; that the teaching of spirits is eminently Christian; it rests on the immortality of the soul, future rewards and punishments, the justice of God, the free will of man, the morality of the Christ; therefore it is not anti-religious.

We have reasoned, as we have said, setting aside all spirit-teaching, which, for some persons, is not authority. If we and so many others have adopted the opinion of the plurality of existence, it is not simply because it has come to us from spirits, it is because it has appeared to us most logical, and that it alone could solve questions hitherto insoluble.

that it is eminently consoling and conformable to the most rigorous justice, and that it is for man an anchor of salvation which God in his mercy has given him.

The very words of Jesus in this relation can leave us no doubt. This is what may be read in the Evangelist according to St. John, Chap. III.:

- 3. Jesus answered Nicodemus, and said, Verily, verily I say unto thee, Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God.
4. Nicodemus said unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb and be born?
5. Jesus answered, Verily, verily I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.

THE SCOPE OF PSYCHOMETRY.

Further Observations by Prof. J. B. Buchanan upon the Science of Mind-Reading - A Remarkable Instance in his own Experience.

The art and science of psychometry have so vast a range of power and utility that one who narrates their most brilliant results to persons unprepared by proper scientific instruction to understand them would probably be regarded by them as visionary or credulous. In the progress of the next century, however, psychometry will assume its rank among scientific agencies; far higher than the telescope and microscope combined, for it will be the leading instrumentality in the development of philosophy, as well as in the completion of paleontological, historical and psychological sciences.

The exhibition of mind-reading by Mr. J. B. Buchanan, of this sort of mechanical display of his power, quite startling to the majority, but of no interest whatever to one who understands the science and its capabilities. The performance of Mr. Brown on the evening of October 23d may be mentioned as a display of psychometric capacity, chiefly because it was a matter of so authentic and public a character, having occurred in the presence of professors, physicians, and a public audience, while vigilantly supervised and directed by a committee of skeptics. With Mr. H. Harrison as his subject of medium or thought, Mr. Brown selected from the audience Mr. J. B. Carrington as the person of whom Mr. Harrison thought.

Second—With Dr. Hubbard as his medium, Mr. Brown found a penny which had been placed on a cushion for a test. Third—With Mr. Baldwin as his medium, Mr. Brown performed the required test of finding a hidden newspaper, and placing his finger on the letter P in the paper. Fourth—With Dr. F. Gallagher as his medium, he located correctly a pain which Dr. Gallagher had imagined in his own body.

Fifth—Hon. B. G. Northrop (a distinguished author) being the medium, imagined a pain in his own body, and Mr. Brown correctly located it.

Sixth—With Prof. Johnson as the medium, Mr. Brown performed the test of finding a lady's fan. Seventh—With Mr. Beckwith as a medium, a difficult test was devised by thinking of a particular vial among twenty or twenty-five which had been placed on five chairs. Mr. Brown correctly selected the second vial on the second chair.

In these experiments Mr. Brown was blindfolded, and knew nothing of the tests proposed (by other parties) but what he could discover by touching the forehead of the medium selected, and discovering his ideas.

Vastly more wonderful things have been done by persons in this somewhat limited conditions produced by Mr. Brown, but Mr. Brown was not mesmerized and merely exercised faculties which belong in various degrees of endowment to the entire human race. There are thousands in this country whose powers greatly transcend those of Mr. Brown. Many of my pupils have witnessed the powers of Dr. Trollos Brown, now of St. Louis, and Dr. G. Swan, an eminent physician of Hartford, Conn., in taking impressions either from living persons, or from the manuscripts of the absent.

Charles L. Heman, brother of the famous artist, would have furnished material for a volume of romantic interest. Last winter I was called to see a young man at Taunton, Mass., lying from concussion, in a partially unconscious state, with eyes closed, unconscious of everything around him, but fancying himself in his dream to be in a wilderness on a lonely mountain. He heard nothing said to him, but was extremely sensitive and would not allow himself to be touched. A few days previous to his condition was highly developed, and we found it impossible to communicate with him but in one way. By writing a note and placing it in his ears we could convey a message which could reach him in no other way. He would handle the note, and after a while announce its contents, which he perfectly understood, though still laboring under the delusion that he was in the wilderness, and wondering how such a note could have reached him. I did not see him after his recovery, and his memory of each of this power remained in his normal state.

The greatest psychometric powers may be displayed in perfect health and in the normal condition; and men who have been distinguished by their tact and success in life often owe it to the possession of psychometric powers from which they derive mysterious intuitions in matters beyond the average range of reason and judgment.

A.—"It rises up before me." Q.—"To what pursuits is he adapted? What kind of a lawyer would he make?" A.—"I do not think that is his field."

Q.—"What do you think of him as a statesman?" A.—"Very well; he is almost too conscientious for a real politician."

Q.—"What would you think of him as a military man?" A.—"First rate! Calm, dignified, self-possessed—with great promptness and decision. He would meet it boldly. There is a great deal of philosophy in his tone of thought and observation."

Q.—"What do you think of his principles?" A.—"They are Liberal Republican—he has confidence in the doctrines of self-government by the people—he has no doubt about the problem."

Q.—"What reputation does he bear?" A.—"Very exalted—there is no difference of opinion—posteriorly are grateful—they hold his memory dear. They think him a patriotic, noble-hearted, courageous man, one who had the interests of the world at heart—who wished to dispense light and liberty to all the world. He would not be contented with any small matter, nor on a small theatre."

Q.—"What is his ambition?" A.—"He has so many good qualities I hardly know; he would be governed more by high moral qualities than by ambition. He has been in battle! He was in the battle of Germantown that rises up before me! He has been wounded—has shed his blood! He was wounded in that battle."

In reply to further questions, Judge S. said that he was deeply engaged in the American war, and, if not in Congress, took a deep interest in that body; that he had been imprisoned and escaped; had enjoyed a vigorous constitution, and had died a natural death at seventy-eight or eighty years of age.

Soon after this experiment Judge S. informed me that he had made about a hundred and fifty of similar character, and had not made any important mistake.

The power to determine whether the writer is living or dead, and to ascertain his exact status and reputation or remarkable incidents of his life, is not to be regarded as very common, yet there is not a city anywhere which has not persons capable of as remarkable psychometric performances as Judge Scott.

The philosophy of these things is too extensive and profound a theme for a newspaper essay. It was briefly sketched in my "Journal of Man," and will be fully developed in future volumes on anthropology, now being prepared. It is a barren philosophy, such as has heretofore flourished in the universities; on the contrary, it will prove the most potent agency the world has yet known in intellectual progress, as well understood by the advanced thinkers who have an esoteric familiarity with the mysteries of anthropology.

Moreover, it will show how utterly unworthy of the name of philosophy are those scientific speculations and generalizations of physical science which constitute the highest and distinguishing honor of thinkers like Huxley and Tyndal, Spencer, Mill and Comte, whose noblest conceptions are "of the earth earthy," and have not in their loftiest moments embraced aught that is spiritual or divine, except as something in the outer darkness of the "unknowable." That which they deem an unthinkable conception or an insoluble mystery (the powers and nature of the human soul and its divine relations) I hold to be the highest department of science and the most prolific of all in blessings to mankind.

J. R. BUCHANAN. Louisville, Ky.

From the London Spiritualist of March Ath.

IN THE CABINET WITH A MEDIUM.

SIR: In addition to Mr. W. H. Harrison's account of the remarkable science at the private residence of Mrs. Maudsland Gregory, on Saturday evening 27th inst., I wish to give the public my personal experiences at this my second visit to Miss M. Shower's materialization manifestations.

The spirit Florence called me up to her, and allowed me to catch hold of her hand; she patted me on the head and let me feel her dress; it felt like a very soft American cashmere material; it was a very fine piece of goods. After a while, before all our eyes, she seemed to grow smaller and very short. The second spirit, Lenore, came outside the curtains, and allowed us all to do the same, and showed us her bare feet. We all asked her if she would let some one of the company go in to see if the medium was in a trance on the sofa. She was backward at first, but she took Mr. Harrison into the dark room, and he said he felt something on the sofa which was tingling, but very soft. A few minutes later, I could go in. She said she would try. After a while she allowed me to catch hold of her hand, and led me to the sofa in the inner room. I asked the spirit Lenore to let me keep hold of her while I felt for Miss Showers. I kept hold of the spirit all the time, and put my hand where the medium ought to have been lying in a trance.

To be sure that I was not deceived, I felt Miss Showers on the sofa in a dead catleptic trance, and I felt the spirit at the same time. I said I could see my influence was good for the medium. When I was feeling all over the face, hair, wrists and arms of Miss Showers, they were smaller than they were when she came to herself, for I looked at her hand when she came to the conscious state. This is demonstrative of the reality of apparitions. I know my word will carry weight amongst many friends, as I have no object in deceiving the public, and I am thankful to have witnessed the power of God and the spiritual world on this occasion.

LOTTIE FOWLER. 2 Vernon place, Bloomsbury Square, W. C., Feb. 28th.

New Publications for Sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

AROUND THE WORLD; or, Travels in Polynesia, China, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, Syria and other Eastern Countries. By J. M. Peckles, Esq. Boston: Colby & Rich, Publishers, 9 Montgomery Place.

This is an exceedingly interesting book of 414 pages. The reader is not only informed in regard to the most interesting facts of the world, but also of the most interesting facts of the world. The book is more or less of a new work, and is more or less of a new work, and is more or less of a new work.

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First Page: Story—"Out of Work: A Story for the Times." by Mrs. H. N. Greene Butts. Second: Same concluded: Poem—"Shasta John," by Samuel L. Slingson. "How Don Platt Became a Spiritualist," by Notes of Travel, by Warren Chase. "Pop and Emperor," by Hon. Charles C. Hazelwood. "The Future," Third: Poem—"Mists," by Mrs. E. M. Hawks. "Considerations on the Plurality of Electors," by The Society of Psychics, etc., by Prof. J. R. Buchanan. "In the Cabinet with a Medium," by New Publications for Sale by Colby & Rich. Fourth: Leading Editorials on "Volume Thirty-Seven," etc. De-materializations at Havana, N. Y. Fifth: Brief Paragraphs, Advertisements, etc. Sixth: Spirit Messages: "Spirit Communication," Banner Correspondence, etc. Seventh: Book and other advertisements. Eighth: "Pranks," "Spirits Powers of Spirits of Sleeping Models," "The Hardy Told," by T. H. Taylor, M. D. New Publications, etc.

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Letters and communications appertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to L. B. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

Volume Thirty-Seven.

A new volume of the BANNER is opened with the present issue; a rather mature numerical figure to prefix to a journal devoted to the spread of Spiritualism, showing what has already been done for the advocacy and furtherance of a cause dear to the hearts of millions. Since the founding of this journal under the direction of invisible powers, its experience has of course been that of all similar enterprises in our time; yet it has from the first been more than, or certainly different from, a mere business enterprise, from the impressive fact that it was undertaken by spirit direction, that it has been upheld by spirit power, and that it has been guided by spirit presence and sympathy. With these irresistible forces arrayed on its side, it was assured that it could not be shaken. It is not essential, however, that we should at this time proceed with a review of its past. That we shall do, in full detail, at a future day. Suffice it to say that this journal's experience has imparted to it the strength needed to sustain it both now and in the future. Its wrestlings with fortune have not been lighter than those of other similar periodicals, but they have tested its faith as well as developed its strength, and better qualified it for what lies before it in the future. We could not consent to let it be called a favorite among its friends and with those who had made it their companion for years, unless something higher than human vanity were the propelling motive to our ungrudging labor. It has striven, and that strenuously, to make itself, first, acceptable, and then efficient, in its chosen walk, courted not the applause of men so much as their love and confidence, seeking by a firm and steady gentleness to conciliate prejudices and awaken conviction, and discarding from week to week on things which pertain to human welfare, far more than business or wealth or any conception of power.

In the truest and best sense has the BANNER sought to go along in the company of its readers, exchanging confidences freely with them, offering them communications which none could gain say or turn away from, continually reporting the spirit's views on mundane matters, and exerting itself to become a lever in their own hands with which to pry the errors of superstition and blindness from the places they have held so long. It has continually acknowledged itself but an agent in invisible but potential hands, to do the work and execute according to its measure the will of the powers above. By sustaining it according to the measure of their ability, the believers in the glorious doctrine taught by Spiritualism—the emancipation of the soul from the bonds of superstition and unbelief—will effectually cooperate with those who have marked out its field of usefulness from the beginning.

There is everything to encourage us in a review of the prospect which is permitted us. The first stages of this great revelation to man are passed, and the successive ones are unfolding themselves as fast as their predecessors are mastered. The motive of curiosity which led multitudes at the first to consider it has developed into belief. The mind and heart are now eagerly looking forward and pressing on for what is yet to be seen and known. The alphabet of this blessed revelation to man has been learned. It is to-day familiar to all. Here is a triumph of the new influx of celestial power that is of far larger import than most people may suppose.

Science, through her proudest professors and most devoted students, has been compelled by the general spread of this faith to pause and consider the meaning of it, if indeed it is equal to finding it out. The church is being permeated with its vital influences, and it cannot be long before it will receive a new baptism through this belief.

The world is filled to-day with revolution. War and violence have become too destructive to be played even as a game between rulers; there is a public opinion rapidly forming that is soon to sweep away the old spirit of tyranny from its foundations and supplant it with a broader and better one. The nations are yet to hold one another to an appearance in the court of conscience. What has caused the spread of this better faith? What has brought up the people out of their former darkness and depression to this higher level of spiritual sight? What could it be, if not the same invisible influences that have set so many of their agents in motion? It is the era of a new visitation of power from out the heavens, and these are the signal proofs of it on every side. Should it not, then, reassure and encourage us all to engage with a fresh earnestness in the glorious work of emancipation that lies directly before us?

To that work, it is needless to add, will the BANNER be devoted so long as it has an existence. It works with and for the cause of humanity everywhere in conjunction with those guardian spirits who are perpetually watchful for its advancement.

In the pursuance of its task it contemplates for itself improvements which will but extend its

power as an exponent of SPIRITUALISM, all of which will in their own good time appear. In starting upon another volume it exchanges sincere congratulations with its readers everywhere in this country and every other into which it goes, on the rapid growth of the Cause of Spiritualism, and the multiplying proofs of its silent but irresistible power in the affairs of men. Let us brace ourselves for new tasks that are yet to be imposed.

Rev. Edward F. Strickland.

Who was for nineteen years a member in regular standing in the Baptist denomination, but who some six months since felt to obey the call of a higher dispensation, and therefore abandoned the pulpit of theology for the platform advocacy of the Spiritual Philosophy, has been of late filling highly successful engagements in Salem and Plymouth, Mass. We are in receipt of letters from correspondents in those places, which speak of him in high terms as a man and an orator. In Salem he filled an engagement of four weeks, which closed on Easter night. On that evening, notwithstanding the displays in the churches, which tended to attract the public there, the hall of the Spiritualist Society was crowded, and the remarks of Mr. S. on "Saints and Modern Sainthood" were closely followed and frequently applauded. His son Edward and daughter Katie, by their recitations, also added much to the interest of this occasion, as they also did on the preceding three Sundays. "Bro. S. and his talented son and daughter," so says our Salem correspondent, "have maintained their reputation to the last, and have won the friendship of many and the good wishes of all. There is an unanimous desire on the part of the people who have attended on his ministrations that a more extended engagement may be arranged with Mr. Strickland and his gifted children."

A similar tribute comes up from Plymouth, where Mr. Strickland (assisted by his daughter Katie) lectured recently for four Sabbaths before the First Spiritualist Society; the writer saying, in conclusion: "We cordially commend him to the notice of Societies elsewhere as one calculated to awaken an interest in every heart to whom truth is precious and spiritual light a blessing."

Mr. Strickland should be kept actively employed. Societies or individuals desiring to correspond with him as to terms, etc., can address him 16 Milford street, Chelsea, Mass.

Charles H. Foster's Powers.

"The Troy (N. Y.) Daily Press for Wednesday evening, March 24th, gives the paragraph below bearing witness to the remarkable gifts of this celebrated instrument of communion with the unseen world. A young man who had made assertions "that Foster could not tell of what disease his uncle died," called upon the medium with the following result: "The conditions were favorable, and the young man, with a friend, took a seat at the table. Soon Foster announced that a spirit was present, and described it to his visitor. It answered the description of the visitor's uncle, but he was not yet satisfied, and asked Foster for the spirit's name, which was also given. The visitor then asked of what disease his uncle died, and imagine his surprise when he was told that he was murdered. This fact was known to him before, but he supposed that no other person in Troy was aware of the fact, and least of all Foster. The gentleman who went to the house to catch Foster at his trick, gave up in disgust. He did not feel wholly convinced that no earthly power had to do with the writing of names of deceased persons. Foster took a piece of paper, and laying a lead pencil on it, placed both on his open hand and passed them under the table. 'Now,' said he to his visitor, 'you can get under the table and watch the pencil and my hand.' No sooner said than done. The gentleman watched closely, and saw the pencil, unaided by physical power, he says, write his name on the paper. After the name had been traced, the pencil dropped in the medium's hand, and he removed paper, pencil and all, and the investigating went out of the house satisfied that he 'could not catch Foster at any of his tricks.'"

Discussion at Investigator Hall.

On the evening of Sunday, March 28th, Dr. T. B. Taylor lectured at this hall, Paine Memorial Building, Boston, having for a subject, "The Bible and Science—Is there a conflict between them?" At the conclusion of his discourse, Horace Seaver, Esq., editor of the Boston Investigator, who was present, availed himself of the opportunity to criticize, in a gentlemanly way, some of the views on Spiritualism expressed by the speaker. Dr. Taylor at once extended to him a polite invitation to discuss the points at issue on Sunday evening next, April 4th, which invitation was readily accepted by Mr. S. The debate will be continued for two hours, the speakers alternating each thirty minutes; Dr. Taylor making the opening remarks, and Mr. Seaver following. The hall cannot fail of being crowded on the occasion.

The "Musie Hall Society of Spiritualists."

Closed its course of lectures for the season of 1874-5 at Beethoven Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of Sunday, March 28th, at which time Dr. T. B. Taylor delivered a stirring discourse on the topic, "How may I become an Intelligent Spiritualist?" We shall speak more fully concerning this lecture in a future number. Mr. Wilson, the Chairman, stated that the receipts of money from all sources, together with the pledges, amounted to \$3109.00; and that the expenses of the meetings had reached a total of \$316.00; leaving a deficit of \$297.00. The audience then contributed \$21.32 toward reducing the debt.

Col. H. S. Olcott's New Book.

Since our notice of the forthcoming volume by this popular author entitled "People from the Other World," we have received numerous calls for the book from various quarters. In order that our correspondents may not consider us remiss, either in duty or business dispatch, we desire to explain that the Publishing Company issuing it have adopted the plan of circulating the volume only by canvassers, consequently we have not the book for sale. Should the gentlemen having the matter in charge decide at a future day to allow us the privilege of selling the volume, we will notify the public of the fact, and do our best to fill the orders of our customers.

The Little Bouquet—S. S. Jones, Esq., editor—which is issued monthly by the Religious Philosophical Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill., is received for April, and can be found at the counters of Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. The illustrations of the present number are "Rebekah at the Well," "The Bees" and "The Cat." Much entertaining reading matter is also presented.

DE-MATERIALIZATIONS AT HAVANA, NEW YORK.

"If the alleged facts were true, no words can adequately express our sense of their importance."—Scientific American. To the Editor of the Banner of Light: DEAR SIR—Spiritualism, in its physical aspect, rests upon external facts. Facts, like figures, do not lie, though they are often distorted from their proper relation, and made to assume a false position. Facts, however, are always in order. Their multiplication makes assurance doubly sure. Cumulative evidence, consistent with itself, becomes overwhelming.

The subject of materialization and de-materialization occupies just now a forefront position. Whoever or whatever helps in any way toward an intelligent comprehension of its underlying laws, proportionately contributes to that extent toward the solution of one of the most important and profound questions of the age. Having recently enjoyed favorable opportunity of witnessing certain spiritual manifestations which come under this general head, applied under test conditions, we propose to submit the result of our observation and experiments to the great jury composing the readers of the Banner of Light, leaving the matter with them for their consideration and investigation—we ourselves meanwhile waiting for yet greater and still more satisfactory developments in the same general direction.

Briefly consulting with but two other parties, in obedience to our promptings, the undersigned left Boston on the evening of March 13th, and arrived at Havana, N. Y., on the evening of the 15th, for the purpose of having a private interview with Mrs. Compton, the lady in whose presence very unusual manifestations have recently taken place. We arrived too late to hold any circle the first evening, but on the two following evenings we attended with perhaps a dozen others—ladies and gentlemen. A report of what occurred on these occasions may hereafter appear. Our special purpose now is, to make mention, briefly and summarily, about what transpired on the occasion when we personally had the management of affairs. Agreeably with our request, no séance was held on the third evening, as we greatly desired the medium to rest from her labors for one day at least, and try to regain, if possible, some of her vital energy—a very necessary step from purely humane considerations, as she was exceedingly nervous, and well nigh exhausted. This suggestion met with the approval of her controlling guides, who appointed the afternoon of the following day, when they would allow us to subject Mrs. Compton to any reasonable trial of her peculiar phase of mediumship. Inviting the presence of a selected number of intelligent and harmonious friends—several of whom were investigators, not believers, while others had never attended before—we assembled at the specified time, with the necessary means to test her mediumistic powers. In the presence of Mrs. Compton one instinctively feels that she is a woman genuinely sincere, reliable and honest. No trace of deception marks her character. She is forty-six years old, of good medium size, with dark hair and eyes. The nervous temperament predominates. She has always been in very straitened circumstances; has six children living, the eldest being married. The circle-room is on the second floor, of medium size, is uncarpeted, and the windows have closely fitting, inside wooden shutters, which effectually shut out the light. The cabinet, triangular in shape, is formed by a partition five feet long, built across one of the angles of the room. Its sides and overhead are blank wall, lathed and plastered. In the centre of the walled partition is a wooden door, which reaches nearly to the ceiling, leaving an open space, say fourteen by twenty-eight inches, over which hangs a dark-colored muslin curtain.

Within the cabinet is a single chair, with just additional room enough left for the door to swing open on the inside. One of our party had previously had a portion of the floor within the cabinet taken up and carefully examined. The walls also were thoroughly inspected. The cabinet is not connected with any other room. Previous to the materializations, we held a circle for purposes of harmonization, the company being arranged in a curved line in front of the cabinet, the nearest about three, and the furthest not over ten feet distant from the door. All joined hands, the light was lowered, songs were sung, and several were pleasantly controlled to speak words of inspirational counsel and wisdom. Verily, the pervading influence was of a tranquilizing and uplifting character, all present testifying to and experiencing a delightful sense of peace and harmony. This continued for upwards of an hour, when the lamp was lit, and we immediately proceeded to complete the arrangements for the test circle. Having previously procured a lot of black cotton lace and had it made into a sack, we further provided ourselves with sealing wax, white cotton twine of small size, and a large platform scale, on which Mrs. Compton weighed one hundred and twenty-one pounds. These scales were placed close to the left side of the door. We then entered the cabinet and completely enveloped Mrs. Compton—excepting her head—with the sack, closely fastening it around her neck, tying it securely in hard knots to the back of the chair, sealing them with wax and leaving a piece of silver embedded in it. The lower portion of the sack, which enclosed her feet, was likewise fastened, tied and sealed. It was therefore impossible for her to move the distance of two inches without detection, breaking the twine, etc. Leaving her sitting in the chair, within the cabinet, the door was closed and latched. We then took our designated places, as before, the writer beside the scales, to the left of the door; Dr. Storer, while directly in front, perhaps five feet from the door, sat Judge Freer. All the others formed a semi-circle and joined hands, save us two, who were purposely left free to watch and more fully test the proceedings. The light was lowered, singing ensued, and, in about fifteen minutes after, delicate and ghostly hands of various sizes appeared at the aperture over the door. More singing followed, and, after another interval of several minutes, a masculine voice—which purported to be that of Mr. Webster—from within the cabinet, announced that "Katie" (not King) would come out, and that, when she was out, Mr. Bacon was requested to enter the cabinet and report the result. The latch raised, the door slowly opened, and in the dim light of the room a white figure stood partially revealed before us. Retreating within the cabinet for a moment, as if to accustom herself to the light, she again stepped out, this time in full view of all present. Instead of the Mrs. Compton with a much worn black alpaca dress, on enclosed in a black sack, fastened, &c., as

we had left her but a few minutes before, this form was clothed in radiant white, with dress en train, with flowing dark hair, a white, gauze-like veil over her head, dropping over her face, a mantle of delicate fabric, also white, resting on her shoulders, and a dark silk girdle around her waist. Standing before the open door, the form presented the appearance of a veritable, beautiful female. She first approached those nearest to the door, then turned and stood upon the scales, leisurely remaining there till she was weighed—balancing at ninety-two pounds, twenty-nine less than the weight of Mrs. Compton. Stepping off, she walked round a few steps and then entered the cabinet, evidently to regain power.

As she emerged a second time and approached one of the committee, Mr. Bacon entered the cabinet, and found nothing but the empty chair. Sufficient time was taken to make thorough search. The floor, the sides, overhead, under and within the chair, were all examined, and there was nothing but as here described. Mrs. Compton, whom he had taken such care to help bind but half an hour before, was missing! Resuming his seat, "Katie" again stepped upon the scales, and weighed just fifty-five pounds, which is thirty-seven pounds less than her previous weight, and sixty-six pounds less than the weight of Mrs. C. Again returning to the cabinet and emerging, a third time she stepped upon the platform and turned the scales at forty-seven pounds, which is forty-five pounds less than her first weight, and seventy-four less than Mrs. Compton's weight. While being weighed, both of her hands at the same time patted the head of him who was testing her weight; then stepping down, she walked round, sat in his lap and gently kissed him on his forehead. Then it was for the first time he noticed she carried a delicate lace handkerchief in her hand. The texture of her dress was of the softest cashmere. During each of these visits from the cabinet, she approached several members of the circle, gently resting in the lap of some and kissing others. Four different times she made her appearance, remaining out of the cabinet longer each successive time.

Shortly after her final disappearance, "Seneca's" voice, speaking in broken English, was heard kindly addressing several present whom he claimed to know. In a few minutes the door again opened, and a much taller form stood before us, dressed in Indian costume, feathers, blanket, belt, leggings and moccasins. Keeping up a friendly conversation with several of the party, he stepped upon the scales, and while being weighed Dr. Storer entered the cabinet, and found it minus everything but the chair: "Seneca's" weight was 125, 137 and 147 pounds respectively, the extreme difference between his weight and that of "Katie's" being just one hundred pounds, as well as a difference of over six inches in height. During "Seneca's" visits, by request, he exposed his right arm, bare to the shoulder, and stamped upon the floor, giving the peculiar thud sound of muffled feet. He also gave with startling effect the peace-whoop and war-whoop cry. The presence of the first was thrillingly beautiful, while the latter was replete with power.

After "Seneca's" final exit, some eight or ten other personages announced their presence within the cabinet, maintaining a conversation with relatives and friends in the circle, giving multitudinous tests of their identity, some by singing their old songs, by whistling, etc. Our circle lasted over three hours. Immediately at its close we opened the cabinet door, and there sat the medium, rigid in form and deeply entranced, with all the fastenings, the sack, knots, twine, wax, etc., intact, precisely as we had left her! She confessed to no knowledge of what had taken place, having been unconscious throughout the entire séance.

The following ladies and gentlemen authorize us to append their names to the foregoing statement, as containing in substance the facts witnessed by them on the occasion above referred to, occurring through the mediumship of Mrs. Compton, all of which they are ready to testify to in any Court of Justice: E. W. Lewis, M. D.; Hon. George G. Freer, Surrogate Judge of Schuylor County; Mrs. Judge Freer, Mrs. Dr. Lewis, Mrs. L. J. Carpenter, Mr. Zeno Carpenter, Mrs. S. M. Marriott, M. M. Cass, Esq., and Mrs. George H. Ellas, Mr. E. M. Markee, Mrs. Florence Beardsley, and G. C. Hibbard, Esq. To those who know these parties, it is needless to say that they are among the most distinguished, wealthy and respectable citizens in that section of the State.

In answer to any criticism that might be made as to why we did not subject the medium to yet further and still more rigorous tests, we reply that on a previous occasion one of us had submitted her to certain crucial tests, while several other friends of ours, in whom we have every confidence, had also critically tested her under favorable circumstances, and each meeting with the most satisfying result, we did not care to repeat these experiments, but rather sought to vary their character.

We conclude this statement by recapitulating the various trials Mrs. Compton has willingly undergone toward demonstrating the reliability of her mediumship: First, Dr. Fred L. H. Willis, a gentleman known not only in America, but in England, as preeminently worthy of the fullest confidence, whose statement no one who knows him will question for an instant; a gifted lecturer, successful physician, and medium himself, applied the following tests: While he examined the cabinet his wife and another lady took the medium into an adjoining room and carefully searched her person, finding nothing suspicious. On entering the cabinet and seating herself in the chair, he securely nailed the bottom of the medium's dress to the floor, first having by close observation familiarized himself with every detail of her hair, ribbon, hands, dress, &c., so that if she came out of the cabinet he would know if she had changed her clothing—as she was accused of doing—and substituted the costume of the pretended spirit. He says: "When all was in readiness, and the light was made dim, we were requested to sing. We did so, and in a few minutes the cabinet door seemed to open a few inches, and we saw the outline of a woman's head and shoulders in a flowing costume of white, girdled out. Over her head was thrown a veil of delicate texture, and in one hand she carried a handkerchief that looked like a bit of decee cloth. Her dress was exceedingly white and lustrous, without a wrinkle or fold in it. The drapery fell gracefully from the figure, and trailed upon the floor behind. She advanced toward me, and put the hand that held the handkerchief upon my head, and the folds of it fell upon my face. It felt like the fabric with which I am familiar. I specially scrutinized the hands, and found them totally unlike the medium's. Three times the phantom returned to the cabinet, apparently to gain more strength. The second time it came out it seemed to come directly through the substance of the door, which I am positive did not open for its egress. The first and third time the door opened about six inches, not wide enough for a mortal body to pass through. Of the séance we rushed to the cabinet, and there the medium sat, just as we had left her, with her skirts tucked so securely to the floor that we were

obliged to use a claw-hammer to get the tacks out. On comparing notes after the séance with those present, we were all satisfied that, whatever the apparition was, it was not the medium.

Subsequently Dr. Willis, with other friends, held another test circle, on which occasion he took strips of adhesive plaster, warmed them well, and thoroughly secured her mouth, a narrow strip being placed diagonally over it, each way, in the form of a cross, then a broad strip across, straightway, over the whole, fastening it securely beneath each ear; so that by no possibility could she speak a single word!

The medium was then bound with rope in such a manner that she could by no possibility move her arms in the least. Her hands she could move from the wrist only. We formed peculiar knots, and the ends of the rope were carried behind her and fastened with an intricate knot between her shoulders. Through this knot, unknown to any one, I thrust a pin. In such a manner that the knot could not be tampered with without disfiguring her. We then led her into the cabinet, seated her in the chair, and again nailed her skirts securely to the floor, and this time with a black lead pencil we marked the floor where each tack went. We then closed the door of the cabinet, the light was made dim, and in three seconds two beautiful hands made their appearance at the aperture. The arms, also, were materialized nearly to the elbow, and draped in the same glowing material, and many fairies I can think of. The hands of the medium, as I have said, are long, bony and banded with toll. These hands were plump, short and roundly shaped and evenly shaped and each of three times slowly to and fro, and then the door of the cabinet opened, and to our surprise, the phantom Katie glided out, and stepped upon the scales, and weighed thirty-seven pounds less than her previous weight, and sixty-six pounds less than the weight of Mrs. C. Again returning to the cabinet and emerging, a third time she stepped upon the platform and turned the scales at forty-seven pounds, which is forty-five pounds less than her first weight, and seventy-four less than Mrs. Compton's weight. While being weighed, both of her hands at the same time patted the head of him who was testing her weight; then stepping down, she walked round, sat in his lap and gently kissed him on his forehead. Then it was for the first time he noticed she carried a delicate lace handkerchief in her hand. The texture of her dress was of the softest cashmere. During each of these visits from the cabinet, she approached several members of the circle, gently resting in the lap of some and kissing others. Four different times she made her appearance, remaining out of the cabinet longer each successive time.

As soon as she entered the cabinet the last time, the voices commenced, and continued most wonderfully for nearly two hours, some half-dozen spirits within the cabinet speaking to those in the circle. While some delivered addresses, others gave proofs of personal identity. Immediately at the close of the séance, they found the medium numb, cold, and in a dead trance, but otherwise exactly as they had left her. The knots were the same, and the pin undisturbed, while the plasters over her mouth adhered so closely that their removal was painful, the flesh being almost blistered. The nails, too, which fastened her dress to the floor, together with their pencil-marked position, were also found intact.

Too briefly related, Dr. Storer's tests at his first visit to Mrs. Compton were as follows:

"Two lady friends entering her bed-room saw her completely divested of clothing with the exception of two undergarments, and then they drew on a pair of blue flannel pants. The basque of her alpaca dress, without the skirt, was then put on, after careful search to render it complete, that no extra clothing could be seen. The basque was sewed up by its points on each side to the pantaloons, and a ribbon, tied with two knots closely around her waist, was sewed through the neck and each end of the ribbon sewed to the collar of the basque. So that she had on a closely fitting coat and pantaloons, sewed together, and attached by a ribbon around her neck, and the knotting could not be drawn up or down. A pair of black gloves were then drawn upon the hands, and sewed tightly around the wrists. A piece of cotton, folded in four, was placed over her waist, tied in two hard knots behind, and the same piece of twine was tied by double knots to the back of the chair in which she sat.

After singing for perhaps twenty-five minutes, with occasional interruptions to hear remarks by the visitors, it was announced that Katie would appear. The door opened, and soon her entire form was seen, dressed in trailing skirts, veil and mantle, and a belt which she gathered in her hands and rubbed together that we might hear its silken rustle. On Katie's entrance toward the centre of the room, Dr. S. sprang into and examined the cabinet, felt in the chair, swept the floor and the walls with his hands, but not a vestige of medium or anything remained. Resuming his seat, Katie came, bent over and kissed him twice. They also conversed together. Seneca also put in an appearance, briefly spoke to the friends present, but the power being gone, he had to withdraw. Dr. Storer closes his account in these significant words: "The light was turned up, the closet door opened, and in the chair, tied as we had left her, without the breaking of a thread, or the apparent movement of her person, or in any respect differing from her appearance when last seen, sat the medium in that fearfully lifeless trance, from which nearly a half-hour was required to arouse her."

Col. H. S. Olcott, the famous and persistent experimenter with the Eddy family, at their home in Chittenden, Vt., has also held a circle with Mrs. Compton, under test conditions, with the most gratifying results, the full particulars of which will appear in his forthcoming book, "People from the Other World." From its advance sheets we learn that he pinioned Mrs. C.'s arms to her sides, her feet to the floor, took out her ear-rings, passed a pack-thread through the holes in the lobe of each ear, passed it back to the back of the chair, tied it, sealed the knot with sealing-wax, and stamped it with his own private seal. She could only move by breaking the thread. Thus fastened, the cabinet was closed upon her, and in a few minutes "Katie" walked out, arrayed in white, sat upon his knee and kissed him on the cheek. He having provided platform scales by request, the materialized spirit was weighed three different times, the figures showing seventy-seven, fifty-nine and fifty-two pounds respectively. Immediately at the close of the séance Col. Olcott found the medium asleep, with the thread and its sealed knot undisturbed.

Once more and finally: Since this our friend, Capt. D. P. Dey, Superintendent of the Seneca Lake Steam Navigation Company, has tested Mrs. Compton still more peculiarly as well as rigidly, an account of which he verbally communicated to us. Previously procuring fifty feet of common annealed wire, he fastened it around her body with a clove hitch, twisting the ends with nippers around the back of the chair, also twice around each arm, passing the wire finally through a portion of her garment, and securing the ends so firmly that unassisted fingers could not undo them. The bottom of her dress was also nailed to the floor. Thus left alone, the door of the cabinet was closed, and in a few minutes "Katie" appeared in white, came out repeatedly, approached, patted and kissed several persons present. The Indian, Seneca, in his accustomed dress, also came out, talked, walked round and vigorously patted the heads of those nearest to the door. After all was over, an examination revealed nothing changed—the medium being bound precisely as they had left her. In fact, to release her from her fastenings, it was necessary to cut the wire and to pull her dress by main strength from the nails which held it to the floor. The various tests, applied under such conditions, by persons of an investigating character, every way trustworthy, and each meeting with like satisfactory results, taken in connection with our own tests, confirm us in the belief that Mrs. Compton is one of our very best mediums for materializing purposes, and, in fact, that she is one of the few who claim to be able to undergo de-materialization. That she does so, we have seen, and we are sure that she does so, because de-materialized, however startling the proposition seemed to be the only solution to the mystery. This is the explanation given by the spirits. That this is but the beginning of a new unfoldment in spiritual manifestations, to become generally recognized as no distant day—that we are on the eve of greater spiritual light and truth and knowledge than was ever before vouchsafed to mankind, is our firm belief and deep conviction.

GEORGE A. BACON, DR. H. B. STORER.







Pearls.

And quieted, and Jewels dwindle long, That, on the stretched fore-finger of all time, Sparkle forever.

Abow walked; but vlew only Walked spirits by her side.

The accounts of honor, however steep, never appear inaccessible.

NEARNESS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD. Oh! Heaven is nearer than mortals think, When they look with a trembling dread At the misty future, that stretches on From the silent home of the dead.

He who receives a good turn should never forget; he who does one should never remember it.

THE FIGHT OF THE BIRDS. Oh, wise bird, how do you know The way to go, Southward and northward, to and fro?

A great proportion of the activity of the most civilized races is spent upon producing wealth of no greater intrinsic value than the beads of shells which please a savage.

When eyes are beaming that never tongue may tell, And tears are streaming from their crystal well, When hands are linked, that dread to part, And heart is met by throbbing heart.

In all good things give the eye and ear full scope, for they let into the mind; restrain the tongue, for it is a spender; few men have repented of silence.

When love is children, that faint of bliss would tell, And love forbidden, that frail to dwell, When, fettered by a golden chain, We love and gaze, and turn again.

When the spirit of the sleeping person is manifested to him while her body was in a trance; how the spirit of a mesmeric sensitive left her body and produced physical effects in a house at a distance, as authenticated by Mr. Fitz-Gerald, the electrician; how one sleeping person influenced another, and how the spirits of several sleeping persons were photographed.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE SPIRIT OF A MEDIUM IN PARIS, WHILE HIS BODY WAS ASLEEP IN LONDON.

To the Editor of The Spiritualist:

STRANGE POWERS OF SPIRITS OF SLEEPING MORTALS.

In the London Spiritualist of Feb. 26th it was pointed out how the spirit of the sister of Prince Wittgenstein manifested to him while her body was in a trance; how the spirit of a mesmeric sensitive left her body and produced physical effects in a house at a distance, as authenticated by Mr. Fitz-Gerald, the electrician; how one sleeping person influenced another, and how the spirits of several sleeping persons were photographed.

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I awoke I received at once a communication explaining what had been done, and telling me that at the last exposure a representation of myself appeared on one-half of the plate, and on the other one of the spirits who had arranged and carried out the matter. He has communicated with me regularly for more than two years. He was on earth a sage, who is historically known for his deep spiritual knowledge. Other points were noticed, with which I need not trouble your readers. Suffice it to say that I elicited full particulars at 7 A. M. on Monday morning, and that each point was exactly corroborated by a letter which I received from Mr. Gladstones, from Paris, nine hours later, i.e., about 5 P. M.

The whole affair, so admirably astonishing in its details and in the speculations to which it leads, I have recorded with literal exactness. There is no doubt whatever as to the fact that the spirit of a person whose body was lying asleep in London was photographed by M. Bugnet in Paris. And there is no doubt that this is not a solitary instance. Nor do the communications which I have received respecting it from those who have never deceived me yet, leave any room for doubt that the spirit was actually present in the studio, and that the picture is not one of some image made up by the invisibles, as is sometimes the case.

I have only to add that a friend who frequently joins our sances, was so impressed with a sense of my presence about 11.25 A. M., on the Sunday, last sitting in his rooms near Bond street, that he noted the fact, being impressed with it as curious because he was thinking of other matters. The communication which I received on Monday morning detailed the attempts that had been made to impress a sense of my spiritual presence upon two friends, one of whom was the gentleman in question.

I have heard many cases of the trans-corporal wanderings of spirit; and I have some in my own records. I hope one day to collect these, and by that time I hope that other photographic experiments may be successfully carried out. Meaning any of your readers who wish to see the photograph, or can favor me with records of experiences bearing upon it, are invited to communicate with me at Mr. Allen's, your publisher, February, 1875.

Miss Kishlingbury sends the following information:

AN AUSTRIAN OFFICER GIVES WAR NEWS TO THE BARONESS VAY DURING THE SLEEP OF HER BODY - A DREAM PICTURE.

To the Editor of "The Spiritualist": SIR - One of the most remarkable instances known to me of the power of the spirit to quit the body during sleep is one recorded by the Baroness von Vay in her "Studies from the Spirit-World." Although it has been already quoted in the review of that work published in your journal, your readers will perhaps forgive my repeating it in connection with the facts now under consideration.

During the Austro-German war, in 1866, a cousin of the Baroness, called W., who was in the campaign, pressed continually to give accounts of his progress through the battle of Adum while his body was asleep, which accounts always agreed with subsequent letters received from him by the Baroness. On the 4th of July W.'s spirit wrote: "We have had a great battle. I am well, but so tired." On the 6th a letter came by post from W., dated July 2d, "We expect a decisive battle to-morrow. I have a feeling that I shall not escape, but do not fret about it; my trouble will soon be over." A day or two afterwards W.'s name appeared on the official list of those slain in the battle of Koniggratz, which took place on the 3d of July. On the 9th, however, W.'s spirit again wrote: "I assure you I am not dead. I came safely through the fearful battle of Koniggratz; do not doubt my words; I will write you a letter in the flesh shortly." Three days later the Baroness received a letter from her cousin dated July 11th: "God and the good spirits protected me in that frightful carnage; thousands fell; four hundred and fifty privates in our battalion, and two officers."

The following is a personal experience of my own: Shortly before Christmas last year, a friend who had been some time abroad wrote to me to say he should be in London on a certain date, and I might expect to see him within a few days of his arrival. Ten days elapsed, and my friend neither came nor wrote. I sent him two letters without effect. Then came the fearful railway accident at Shipton Bridge, and I began to be contented with fears for my friend's safety. My mind had been much troubled, and on a night relief came to me in a dream, which, while asleep I saw myself in a room at work, and on raising my head perceived my friend standing in the doorway in his hat and overcoat. He did not speak, and the picture soon vanished; but I rose in the morning with a feeling that all was well, as was proved by a letter received in the evening of that day.

I call this a dream-picture, as distinct from an ordinary dream, in which action and conversation are confused, and in which the scene is a vague impression. The dream-picture is a tableau clear and vivid, appears but for a moment, but remains indelibly impressed upon the mind. I have seen three such in my life - one symbolical, one possibly prophetic, and one, this last, apparently real. I can never forget them, whereas of dreams, ordinarily so called, I have not one distinct recollection. It seems to me more probable that these were scenes presented to the mind by some direct spiritual agency, rather than the action of a distant mind, or of one which has a sleeping body. Certainly the two first cases to which I have alluded came under this head; the third cannot be tested, because it was impossible for me to know at what hour in the night I saw my friend, though it is most probable that he was also asleep at the time. He did not, however, suspect my anxiety, having written to me of his change of plan at an address which I had left during the week. It would be consoling to me to know that, though not a seeing medium in my waking state, it may yet be possible to receive mental impressions in a waking state, and which could only rely upon their truthfulness. But here's the rub!

EMILY KISHLINGBURY, 46 Beach street, Boston.

From the Chicago Evening Journal of March 27th.

"Rubber Ghosts." A Committee of Six Ladies and Gentlemen investigate the Mediumship of Mrs. Parrey, Under Test Conditions, and Pronounce Her Not a Fraud.

The Chicago Times of the 15th Inst. contained an article headed "Rubber Ghosts," which assumed to be an explanation of the phenomena occurring nightly at 237 West Madison street, said phenomena purporting to be produced by spirits. The article created considerable stir in Spiritualistic circles, and resulted in the appointment of a committee to investigate the charges of dishonesty against the medium, Mrs. Parrey. The committee consisted of six persons - three ladies and three gentlemen - who were without an exception "skeptical." If not avowed disbelievers in what are known as "physical manifestations."

The investigations began on Wednesday night, March 17th, and continued for six nights. First, the cabinet was moved out some distance from the wall, and subjected to a thorough examination; then the ladies accompanied Mrs. Parrey to a private room, removed all her clothing, examined her person, critically, turned and examined every garment (shoes and stockings included), combed her hair, and escorted her to the cabinet, which had meantime been sedulously guarded by the gentlemen. These precautions were repeated every night during the investigation.

It is not the purpose of the committee to mention in detail all the strange and startling things that occurred under conditions which made it a physical impossibility for the medium to produce them. But the committee believe that there is no law laid down by scientists that will explain them.

It is due to Mr. and Mrs. Williams, as also to the medium, to say that they cheerfully submitted to every condition imposed by the committee.

THOMAS ANDREWS, Chicago, E. L. EATON, St. Denis Hotel, R. E. HOYT, 225 South Green street, Mrs. M. A. FORBES, 245 West Madison street, Mrs. C. DAVIS, Park Ridge, Mrs. G. W. DEAL, 1623 Wilcox Avenue. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1875. ED. T. GARDNER, Notary Public, Cook County.

Mexican outlaws have of late invaded the territory of the United States, and laid the country within fifty miles of the Rio Grande under contribution. Texas militia and United States troops are after them, and rumor asserts that a border war is imminent.

"The Hardy Trick." (?)

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I was shown an article in the Boston Globe of Saturday, March 27th, with the above heading, and I wish to say, through your columns - for I shall probably be refused a hearing through the Globe - that I, personally, regard that and all such articles, be they in secular or spiritual papers, as outrages, while at the same time they evince an amount and a species of cowardice that no true and brave man, who knows his cause is just, ever resorts to.

Here is the point: the law deals with all such characters as the Globe makes Mr. and Mrs. Hardy to be. If the Globe and other bond-slaves to a bigoted, superstitious and priest-ridden public, are sincere, and know that John and Mary Hardy are what the enemies of spirit-communication say they are, why do they not enter a complaint, sue out a writ, or bring the matter before the Grand Jury of the county in which they live, and have the parties indicted, arrested, tried, and found guilty - if guilty they are - and sent to the State Prison for their "trick," so called, is a State Prison offence. If these parties are sincere, let them go to Mr. Hardy's, No. 4 Concord Square, pay in their dollar and attend the sance, then proceed against them under the Act for "obtaining money on false pretences." That will settle the question very summarily and effectually. But will they do that? No! Why? because they have such a sweet and tender regard for Mr. and Mrs. Hardy? No. Because they love Spiritualism so dearly? No; they curse spiritual mediums and the cause they propagate, with "the curse of Meroes." Why, then, do they not come forth and try their hands on John Hardy, as the experiment was tried in New York on Mrs. Woodhull and William Muller? I answer: Because they know in their hearts that spiritual phenomena are real, and that Mrs. Hardy is a genuine medium. Hence they can do nothing but sneak behind the press and cry, "Mad Dog!"

I was at No. 4 Concord Square, Boston, on last Friday night, and met there, in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, the following ladies and gentlemen, all of whom will bear me out in the statements I shall make presently, to wit: Mr. Morse, No. 46 Beach street, physician; Dr. Mack, No. 7 Montgomery Place; Mrs. Susie A. Willis-Fletcher, lecturer and clairvoyant, No. 9 Montgomery Place; Mr. Zenas Haines, one of the editors of the Boston Herald; Mr. Richardson, Philadelphia; Mrs. A. E. Carpenter, clairvoyant and business test medium, 668 Washington street; Mr. Hinkley, of the "Old Gentleman's Home," and one other, a stranger to me. These parties are all intelligent, clear-minded and truthful people, and will affirm, with me, that the table used was examined, and no machinery of any kind whatever was found. Mrs. Hardy by a committee of ladies had her feet encased in a long pillow-slip, which was securely fastened above the knee, leaving the mark or impress of the fastening well defined, and the manifestations went on as usual.

When the Globe says that the room is darkened at Mr. Hardy's necessarily before any manifestations occur or can occur, it simply states an untruth, wittingly or unwittingly. I have attended two sances there recently, and at neither of them was the room so dark at any time but what I could see to read coarse print readily enough except for a few moments during the middle of the sance, when the materialized hands were making an effort to exchange a ring from one hand to another; and at that time, remember, Mrs. Hardy's hands were held by Mrs. Carpenter. The ring was transferred from a lady's hand to that of "Big Dick" and slown upon his finger, then transferred to the lady's finger again; and ultimately I took the ring from the same finger on which it was placed and returned it to the owner.

More than this, the intelligence back of those hands gave me and others more than fifty facts, and not a single failure; facts of which Mrs. Hardy had no possible chance of knowing.

Now, Mr. Editor, I propose this to the Boston Globe editor and to his confreres, "Mr. J. Frank Martin" and "Mrs. Annie Mason": If the said "Mrs. Annie Mason" will allow me to furnish a duplicate of Mrs. Hardy's conditions, and those hands appear backed by the intelligence that characterized them on last Friday night and the previous evening, and will then show it to be done by trickery or collusion, I will give her my bond and approved security for one thousand dollars, payable six months after date, with interest at six per cent. per annum.

T. B. TAYLOR, M. D., 46 Beach street, Boston.

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New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC, for April - H. O. Houghton & Co., (No. 5, corner Beacon and Somerset streets, Boston, publishers - gives articles and sketches of a high order of interest from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mark Twain, George E. Waring, Jr., Henry James, Jr., Alan B. Magruder, Frank B. Sanborn, T. S. Perry and other favorite authors. John Greenleaf Whittier, Mrs. S. M. D. Platt and others furnish the poetry, and an upward of twenty pages of book reviews, notes on art and education, etc., are presented. There is not a single article within the number which is not well worth the price of the magazine.

THE GALAXY, for April - Sheldon & Co., 67 Broadway, New York City, publishers - furnishes the following table of contents, in addition to its regular departments: "Dear Lady Blodan" by Justin McCarthy; "Just Before Sunrise" by Alfred B. Street; "A New Country" by Titus Munson Coan; "Two Sonnets" by Edgar Fawcett; "My Farm at the Five-Mile Stone" by An Old New Yorker; "A Norseman's Pilgrimage" by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen; "The Evergreen Tree" by W. L. Flagg; "Michel Angelo Buonarroti" by George Lowell Austin; "Greeting from Far Away" by L. C.; "Leaves from a Woman of Fashion" by Mrs. Annie Edwards; "Sons of H. of Banathar" or "Romanticism on the Throne" by E. Reclus; "The Ring with Two Lions" by M. E. W. S.; "The Tale of the Forest of Arden" by Richard Grant White.

A. WILLIAMS & Co., 135 Washington street, Boston, Mass., (corner School) forward us specimen copies for April of those entertaining and valuable magazines SCHNEIDER'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY, and ST. NICOLAS. Both these publications are marvels of excellence in the departments which they have selected. The present number of the ILLUSTRATED contains two fine articles entitled "A Chat about German Parliaments," and "The Liverpool of America" (Baltimore), which deserve extended reading. "The Mysterious Island," and other attractions are sustained. B. F. Taylor's poem, "The Psalm Book in the Garret," will bring sweet memories to many hearts. ST. NICOLAS, among its many rich offerings for the boys and girls, gives a valuable article on "The Great American Sabbath School's Great Human Menagerie," is destined to create shouts of laughter wherever read.

THE ISLAND MAGAZINE - Charlotte Smith, editor and publisher, 145 Clark street, Chicago, Ill. - continues to make strong appeals to the public patronage, and as an enterprise set on foot by women eminently deserves the kind attention of the liberal public.

STORIES FOR OUR CHILDREN is the title of a neat little pamphlet of some 60 pages, which is issued by Bateson & Tuttle, Toledo, O. Its contents (which comprise prose and poetry in their scope) are the united product of the pens of Hudson and Emma Tuttle. If this book had been put forth by an evangelist of the kind and had been heralded to the Sabbath school of the writer by Orthodox pastors, its choice, clear cut sentences, its moving pathos and its absorbing interest for the young would cause it to receive the widest reading. Shall the friends of liberal thought do less? let them take this little venture, loaded deep as it is with truth and good lessons for their children, and circulate it among the Progressive Lyeceums all over the country.

THE SCHOOLDAY MAGAZINE - J. W. Daughaday & Co., publishers, 434 and 438 Walnut street, Philadelphia - is the only weekly of much enjoyment to the young. "The Brother," a story of the Greek war, by George Gary Eggleston, now running through its pages, is full of startling interest.

S. R. WELLS, 77 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, is constantly putting forth valuable works on phrenology, hygienic reform, etc., which are admirably gotten up typographically, and have also the charm of being couched in that open, intelligent language which "he who runs may read," the same being a great desideratum in this rapidly moving age. The regular writers of THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH, are seasons of pleasure to the patrons of these lively monthly magazines. THE HEALTH ALMANAC is "an institution." All the varied books and pamphlets put forth by this publisher will be found for sale at the counters of Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH - Wood & Holbrook, publishers, 13 and 15 Light street, New York City - continues to offer its readers, each month, choice instalments of different parts of an interesting literary miscellany, and contains a great deal of value.

THE HEALTH STAGE (120 pp.), by G. Whitfield Kates, is published at Cincinnati, by Bateson & Kates, and is for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. In this book the author has collected much matter which will be found useful by those who are preparing for the amateur exhibitions which form so interesting a part of Lyeceum experiences. Music, poetry, short dialogues, etc., etc., are offered from which to choose, and we hope the volume, once seen, will be always retained in the favor of the reader.

We have received from T. H. PETERSON & BROTHERS, 300 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., four additional numbers in their popular "cheap edition for the million" - the same being THE PIRATE, and GUY MANNEVING, by Sir Walter Scott, and THE FOGGY NIGHT AT OFFORD, and A LIFE'S SECRET, by Mrs. Henry Wood. The Waverley Novels, of which series the first two form a part, are being republished by the above-named firm at twenty-five cents a copy, or five dollars for the twenty-six volumes, and, post-paid, to any one, to any place, on receipt of its amount.

RECEIVED: A NATIONAL CONSTITUTION: The only Road to National Peace. A Letter to the President of the United States by William Gillis Dix.

THE ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN. - Published by Dr. William Britton, at 155 West Brookline street, Boston, Mass. In this volume of some sixty pages, the uses of electricity as a remedial agent in the treatment of diseases are practically and tersely set forth. The book should receive general attention, in that it speaks to the point.

COLLIER'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH, AND ENGLISH AND FRENCH DICTIONARY. - We have received from its publishers, SCHAFER & KORDA, Philadelphia, Pa., a specimen copy of this book of reference, which they are now issuing in parts - 24 in all - at 15 cents each.

THE WOMAN OF FIRM, by Adelaide Bolot. Boston: William F. Gill & Co., 151 Washington street.

MY MUSINGS; or, A Few Fancies in Verse, by Mrs. A. J. Dunlavy, Portland, Oregon.

YICK'S FLORAL GUIDE - No. 2 - FOR 1875, James Yick, Rochester, N. Y.

SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE Bureau of Statistics of Labor, State of Massachusetts.

"When the labor classes of this country reach the level of those of Europe, the Republic will have been demonstrated a failure. For the theory of our system was that it would give the concentration of the gains into the hands of a few hands; that it would do away with caste, which means intelligence and wealth to the few, and ignorance and poverty to the many. In the theory of the wage system of Massachusetts - 'This it does by paying no more for labor than the bare cost of existence of the body' - the theory announces the doom of the Republic." - Chicago Inter-Ocean.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE North-street Union Mission to the Poor - Hall 102 Commercial, near Richmond street, Boston. This organization is a useful one, and should be sustained by the charitable.

SONGS OF JOY, by J. H. Tenney: Leo & Shepard, Boston.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Edward S. Wheeler is engaged to speak in Lincoln Hall, Philadelphia, the first two Sundays in April.

Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham is engaged to lecture in Glenn's Falls, N. Y., during April and May; and Springfield, Mass., in June.

Mr. J. J. Wilcoxon is lecturing at present in Greeley, Col., with a correspondent. "Valuing her efforts, we do, we hope to retain her with us for some time. She has labored for about a year in Boulder, where a flourishing society was built up by her presence. Numerous are those here who are 'seeking a sign,' and desire to have tests and see materializations." She is a fine speaker and an able writer.

Mr. J. J. Morse speaks in Lynn, Mass., during April. Address, care Aaa Bushby, 7 Tudor street.

Mrs. Julia M. Carpenter, medical clairvoyant, has removed from 2 Indiana street, to 683 Washington street, Boston.

J. William Fletcher lectured in Lawrence, Mass., the last two Sundays of March. He will speak in Putnam, Ct., during April.

Mrs. A. Dwinells is now permanently located at 1009 Washington street, room 13. She has the reputation of being an excellent medical and business clairvoyant, also a trance, test and prophetic medium.

N. Frank White will lecture in Plymouth, Mass., Sunday, April 4th.

When the manifestations of any one of their order (Spiritualist mediums) are attested genuine, it enhances the mediumship of all. There is nothing more cruel than rash opinion as regards to the probity of a medium. The general public drink it down like gospel, and foolishly reject the correct truth. It is a pleasure to us at all times to speak a word on behalf of useful workers, who are continually exposed to misunderstandings. - The London Medium and Day-break.

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyeceums.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

The Boston Spiritualist Union hold regular weekly meetings at Rochester Hall, 551 Washington street, every Sunday evening. Lectures, H. S. Williams, President. John A. Andrew Hall - Free Meetings - Lecture by Mrs. S. A. Wood, at 212 and 75 N. The audience are invited to ask any questions on spirituality. Excellent quartet singing, public invited.

Spirited Meetings at Loring Hall, 3 Winter street, at 10 1/2, 11, 12 and 7 1/2 P. M. Good mediums and speakers will be present at each meeting. Mediating Meetings at Putnam's Hall, 230 Washington street, at 10 1/2 A. M., each Sunday. All mediums cordially invited.

Normal Hall, 184 Boylston street. - Public Free Circles are held in this hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock by good test mediums. All are invited to attend. Lectures every Sunday at 7 1/2 P. M. The People's Spiritual Meetings every Sunday at 2 1/2 P. M., at Investigator Hall, Maine Memorial Building, 100 State street, on Tuesday afternoon and evening, each week. Mrs. G. O. Haswary, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

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