

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.

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THE LESSON OF THE WINDS. AN ALLEGORICAL POEM IN FOUR PARTS.

(The Prelude and First Part of the following beautiful Poem, said to have been composed in spirit, were spoken by Cora L. V. Hatch, while under spirit-control, at the close of her lecture on Sunday evening Jan. 15th, and Part Second after the close of the lecture on the evening of Jan. 22d. Parts Three and Four were designed for the following Sunday evening, but owing to the length of the address and the fatigue of the speaker the utterance was abandoned, and Mrs. Hatch was induced to write it out the next morning.)

PREFACE.

In a low, old-fashioned chamber,
With the moss-grown roof overhead,
And the elm trees waving branches
Drooping o'er the violet bed,
Boys' and girls' faces, half in sleep,
Half in courage, half in fear,
Listened to the midnight voices,
Eager, wondering what he'd hear.

Hears the winds amid the branches—
World and strange their voices seem—
Hears them sighing, murmuring, shrieking,
Like a vague and fearful dream:
Hears a sound of high endeavor,
"Up and labor, 'tis the way!"
Hears of manhood's solemn duties:
Wonders what the winds can say.

Manhood, near the boundless ocean,
Gazing on the swelling wave,
Deepening tides of life's emotion,
Heaving up to him who gave;
Soon anon, the rolling billows,
With their crests of shining foam,
Leap in angry, flashing surges,
Where the wind's low car has come.

Then he knows the tempest whispers,
Strange, dark secrets on its way,
Causing rage like human passion—
Wonders what the winds can say.
Childhood, mid the blossoms staying,
Calm and clear the summer sky,
Hears the wanton zephyrs playing,
Sees the flowers nod in reply,
Hears the breezes' rippling laughter,
Through the shining poplar grove,
Wonders if the winds are wooing—
Wonders if the flowers love.

Mother dear, I heard strange voices
In the garden while at play!
"Twas the voice of summer breezes,"
"Tell me, mother, what they say!"
Mourner, shedding tears of anguish
On a green and narrow bed,
In the darkness where you languish,
Waiting for a welcome tread,
Something in the willow branches
Whispers a familiar tone,
Something through the cypress gleaming,
Says the mourner's not alone.

In a mournful, tuneful way,
Chanting dirges o'er your loved ones,
But you wonder what they say.
We have listened, we have questioned,
We have followed o'er the plain;
Tracked the cold and piercing north-winds
Far across the snowy main;
We have found them, and we've bound them
With our chain of magic art,
Until all their mystic stories
Have been traced upon our heart;
We have solved the wondrous meaning
Of the roof-trees' magic song—
What the winds say to the waters,
When the waves are high and strong—
What they whisper to the flowers,
In the sunny month of June—
What they murmur through the willows,
When they chant a dirge-like tune.
We will weave the mystic story,
In a quiet and simple lay,
Of the winds and their strange voices:
We will tell you what they say.

PART FIRST.

Song of Boreas, God of the North Wind.
I come from my kingdom wild and free,
From my kingdom beyond the Northern Sea,
My chariot the storm, my steeds are the gale,
My spear is the frost, my shot are the hail,
I ride on the top of the ocean wave,
I shout huz! huz! in each rocky cove,
In my kingdom wild and free.

And how from the regions of Death some down
In silence add to their great renown,
Ondoomed for their crimes so bold,
To sail forever in iceberg cold,
From my kingdom wild and free.

I come from my kingdom wild and free,
From my kingdom beyond the Northern Sea,
And I scatter the white and fleecy snow
From my wings of frost wherever I go,
And I sift over flower and grave, and tree,
The smooth cold sheet of my wintryery,
For naught can stay my solemni flight,
Nor noontide hour nor spell of night,
For I come from beyond the sea.

Death-Song of Flora.
Flora, the Goddess of the Flowers, feeling the approach of the North Wind, thus sings:
I am dying, I am dying!
For I feel the North Wind's breath,
And his glances fraught with death,
While his piercing, frosty dart
Has been buried in my heart—
I am dying, I am dying!

Hasten to me, hasten to me,
Ye sweet flowers, my children dear!
Come and weep above my bier;
The sweet zephyrs all are fled,
And the perfumes all are dead—
Hasten to me, hasten to me!

I am dying, I am dying!
I weave a robe of shining white,
Scatter leaves of flowers bright,
On this mossy bank I'll lie,
Flowers, hold me as I die,
Fare ye well, oh fare ye well!

The Dirge of Flora.
The Flowers gather round their queen and sing.
All mourn:
She is dead, our queen is dead!
Dark and gloomy is her bed—
Alas! alas!
Never, floating o'er the plain,
Shall we see her form again—
Alas! alas!

The Rose mourns:
She is dead, our queen is dead!
Low and silent is her bed—
I weep! I weep!
Let my blushing petals fade,
Let me on her breast be laid—
I weep! I weep!

The Violet mourns:
She is dead, our queen is dead!
Low and silent is her bed—
I weep! I weep!
Let my pale lips pale grow,
And my slender form lie low—
I sigh! I sigh!

The Bluebell mourns:
She is dead, our queen is dead!
Cold and silent is her bed—
I toll! I toll!
Let me ring my purple bell,
Ring my life out in her knell—
I toll! I toll!

The Lily mourns:
She is dead, our queen is dead!
Dark and lonely is her bed—
I sigh! I sigh!
Let my pale lips pale grow,
And my slender form lie low—
I sigh! I sigh!

All mourn:
She is dead, our queen is dead!
Dark and narrow is her bed—
We weep! we weep!
Comp ye flowers, one and all,
Let us be her shroud and pall;
Solemn willows, wave and weep,
Pine trees, silent vigils keep—
We die! we die!

The Amaranth—Emblem of Immortality—sings:
She but sleeps—our Queen but sleeps,
While each flower sighs and weeps—
I wait—I wait!
For I know the summer rain
Will restore her life again,
Watching, waiting, every day
I will bow my head and pray—
She sleeps—I wait!

Song of the Fine Trees.
Alone, alone!
In our own dark grief and pain,
We, of all nature, remain,
Sighing all the long, long day,
Sighing in our mournful way,
Dirges o'er the flowers' grave,
As our solemn branches wave,
And we are all alone.

Flowers sleep beneath our feet,
They have lost their perfume sweet,
And the trees, leafless and high,
Lift their branches against the sky,
Dark and angry clouds overhead,
All beneath is cold and dead,
And we are all alone.

Alone, alone!
Human heart, whose hopes are fled,
Whose choicest flowers are cold and dead,
In the world's dark, dismal chain,
Sentenced still in grief to remain,
From the fine trees' mournful song,
Learn ye to be firm and strong,
Conquer passions, heat and pain,
Till true Faith and trust ye gain—
With God you're not alone.

Triumph of the North Wind.
I reign, I reign,
O'er hill and plain!
I've clothed with snow
The valleys below;
I have crowned the mountain,
I have bound the fountain;
Each babbling brook
And mossy nook
Are cold—so cold.

I ride, I ride,
On the stormy tide;
On the top I spread
The sheet of the dead;
I have slain the flowers,
I have chilled the bowers—
So cold—so cold.

I march, I march
Through each frozen arch;
The forests are bound
With an armor round,
And my sentries stand
O'er all the land;
Each blade of grass
Is a sword to pass—
So cold—so cold.

I go, I go
With the sound of war,
And the orphans' form
I pierce with the storm.
I drive the poor
To the rich man's door;
I laugh at their folk,
And I freeze their tears—
So cold—so cold.

The Desert.
But I cannot come,
To the warm, bright home;
The mother's love
I cannot move;
The virtues bright,
Are strong in their might
To charm—to charm.
I cannot kill,
The kindly will;
I can never bind
The human mind;
Nor charity,
Nor sympathy
So warm—so warm.

Nor the land of the soul,
That blissful goal,
Where the sun of love
Beams from above;
Nor the living Thought,
From Heaven caught;
Nor the fount of Truth,
And of endless youth,
So warm—so warm.

Song of the East Wind.
O'er ancient cities, reared in crime,
Have crept the mould and dust,
Have rolled the chariot wheels of Time,
And leveled them in dust,
O'er China's massive guarding walls,
And Turkey's wide domain,
I watch each kingdom as it falls,
Never to rise again!
For the past is gone, and cannot return,
Its fires will not burn.

The splendid city of the Sun,
With streets of shining gold,
Perished before its light began—
Ere half its wealth was told!
Egypt, with all her power and pride,
Her hundred cities grand,
Corroded in the Nile's dark tide,
And left a lonely strand!
For the past is gone, and cannot return,
Its fires will not burn.

The States of Greece and ancient Rome,
Whose empire was the world,
And over the Hellenic shores
Ensigns of power unfurled—
I sigh above their ruins now,
O'er Caesar's form laid low,
And above Pompey's kingly brow
The deadly night-flowers blow;
For the past is gone, and cannot return,
Its fires will not burn.

Ye silent walls! Ye pillars grand!
What tales to man ye tell!
What homage do ye now command?
What forms within do dwell?
Only the night owl's mournful tone,
Only the serpent's hiss,
Only my breath sighing alone,
Only the lizard's kiss;
For the past is gone, and cannot return,
Its fires will not burn.

O'er Russia, France and sunny Spain,
O'er Britain's kingdom strong,
O'er Alpine heights and desert plain
I sweep and moan along,
Sometimes I weep for Italy,
And tell of her deep woe;
For Poland and for Hungary,
Whose heroes slumber low;
For the past is gone, and cannot return,
Its fires will not burn.

I've seen the nations, in their morn,
Grow strong and great in might,
Of all their pride and power shorn,
And sink in darkness night,
I've seen the kings of every age,
In their great majesty,
Unwritten upon history's bright page—
Their lives a mystery;
For the past is gone, and cannot return,
Its fires will not burn.

I've seen the early morning rose
Blush with a conscious power,
And its rich velvet lips unclose,
To perish in an hour.
I've seen the maiden, fair and bright,
With cheeks like roses bloom,
And eyes like lustrous stars of night,
Sink early in the tomb;
For the past is gone, and cannot return,
Its fires will not burn.

PART THIRD.

Song of the South Wind.
I come from the shining southern seas,
Where waving forests perfume the breeze;
And wondrous birds, with their plumage rare,
Like glittering meteors fill the air—
I come—I come.

From the land where the graceful palm trees rise,
And the citron ripens 'neath summer skies,
Where the "Southern Cross" with its orbs doth
shine,
And the golden moon giveth hues divine—
I come—I come.

From far, far across the desert plain,
Where the simoon's breath sweeps o'er the main,
And across the traveler's tedious way,
I wait the mirage of groves far away—
I come—I come.

Where the orange groves and myrtle flowers,
Fill with their bloom the lifting hours,
Where maidens wander, with eyes of light,
And tresses dark as the wing of night—
I come—I come.

And I come to tell of another time,
Where the gleaming heights arise sublime,
Where the emerald shores stretch far away
To the regions of endless and featureless day—
I come—I come.

To tell of a golden, shining strand
Of the verdant slopes of a "better land,"
Where life's bright flowers shall bloom again,
And joy be given for every pain—
I come—I come.

Song of the Wind-Harp, seeing a type in a maid's window, thus singeth to Flora:
Oh, sweet is the blush
On a maiden's cheek,
And the glances of love
That from her eyes speak.
But ever as they look
On their dear father-land,
I've whispered sadly,
For the past is gone, and cannot return,
Its fires will not burn.

steel-blue skies, the glittering stars, and frosted silver of the moonlight nights of winter. There are inspirations broad and vast that herald humanitarian purposes destined to bless the world, that come to us in the still watches of the midnight. In the fairy traceries of the frostwork we catch glimpses of spiritual designs and significances; the virgin mantle in which the pure snow enfolds the earth, is suggestive of a fund of thought. The dawn of day is beautiful, though no flowery incense and no bird-song usher in the rising glory of the sun. And the short, busy winter day passes swiftly on, and brings the genial night, with its gathering of social and friendly import, with its sallies of mirth and wit, its recollections of the olden time, its uttered hopes and prophecies for the future.

All who are endowed with health can enjoy and should bless the winter time. Alas that even in this land of plenty so many thousands should be homeless, fireless, and without bread! But to the strong of nerve and limb, to the favored of fortune, to the aspiring and hopeful, this is the season of keen and bountiful enjoyment. For the cold air braces as with a mandate of heroism; the power to achieve and to fulfill thrills receptive souls as with a stirring martial melody. Over the obstacles in our path we pass, through storm and darkness, on to the resurrection morn of spring, when the flowers shall greet us; zephyrs shall play in place of howling gales; the ice-bound streams shall leap into enfranchised gladness, and the sun shall vivify as well as illumine. Thus in the spiritual, as in the material realm, the probationary winter time, fraught as it is with pleasures and revelations of beauty and contentment, shall lead to that unending summer which no frost-touch shall blight; but we must make of life a season of true uses, before we can claim its awaiting rewards.

GOVERNMENTS OF FORCE.

In the Banner of Light of Jan. 7th appears an article from the pen of Dr. A. B. Child, "Are we safe without a Government of Force?" The substance of this article seems to be two questions and the answers thereto.

1st. Are we safe with a Government of Force?
2nd. Are we safe without a Government of Force?

To the first, Dr. Child answers emphatically, "no." To prove the truth of his "no" he cites the workings of Governments in general, and our own, during the last four years, in particular. This appears as the summary in speaking of Governments of Force:

"The object of a government of force, it is claimed, is for the protection of man and his rights, in safety. But in the long trial of this Government, the object has not been gained. A Government of force is, to the world, a signal failure. It is entirely unsuccessful in doing what it has aimed to do. It does not lessen evil, but produces it; it makes a thousand murders where there would not be one without it; it makes a thousand robbers where, without it, there would be no need of robbing; it makes revenge, and cursing, and curses; it makes sorrow and suffering everywhere where it rules. Men who do not see curses unmeasured that come from a rule of force, are yet to have better sight."

If we apprehend Dr. Child in this, we cannot quite endorse his position, though what we may say is meant more in the spirit of inquiry than of criticism.

Is not the purpose of earth life, education or development?—the good or happiness of life being the natural fruits of this education or development? In considering Governments, therefore, we have but a single question to ask and answer: Do they aid to this end of life? If so, then are they useful and good?

Are not all Governments representative of the civilization of the community or nation?—sort of earthly bodies for a nation, just as the physical body is to the individual man? Are human bodies hindrances and curses to man's development? We cannot believe it. For through physical bodies we come into relation with all spirits conditioned like us; through this relation comes the large part of life's experience, its joys and pains; the happiness of life from the healthy working of our bodies; the pains from their friction or imperfect action. Shall we look alone at the dangers, pains, and warnings coming to us through the imperfections of our bodies, and pronounce them a failure, fruitful only in curses? Even in our ignorance we pronounce our bodies good because we feel and see the joy and education of life coming through them. The higher consciousness looking even upon the pains and warnings which are the fruits of our physical imperfections, pronounce all these good—in fact the best part of the spirit's life experience—and so thanks God for them all. Does not the same truth hold good for human Governments of force? They are the outward manifestation or body of the State or Kingdom. Through them a people has a united, common life, coming into relation with other States and Kingdoms, thereby receiving common blessings and education. None are perfect.

Through the imperfections come dangers, pains, and wars. Shall we pronounce the Governments failures, curses in toto, because their imperfections will bear pains, dangers and wars? Even in our ignorance we can thank God for the joy and education which comes through a Government of force: Does not the spirit's higher consciousness of "infant truth, the everlasting good, pronounce, also, dangers, pains and wars good, the nation's blessing, not her curse?"

A Government of force is not a finality. It is a barbarous Government, sometime to be outgrown, passed beyond. This comes not at once, but by slow degrees. "Caves for shelter, roots and herbs for food, skins for clothing, are good for barbarous people. The civilized world has come up through that stage; not good for us to-day, however. So a Government of force is useful, good, for a selfish, ignorant people. Such can no more adopt and administer a Christian Government than could a South Sea Islander oversee a steam printing press. It is a question of growth of education, nothing else."

When a people, the ruling power of a nation, has grown to the grand idea of Christianity, then will it cast aside the barbarous rule of force and be safe and strong in another power, mightier than brute force, love. The ruling power of a nation must be a band of Christian lovers; then shall it be safe without a Government of force.

"The plain that the ruling power of this nation is still barbarous, in its working faith, at least. When an enemy threatened, the unbeliever cried, 'To arms! kill the foe.' The professing Christians, in fear and trembling, cried, 'There is no horror of defence save wounds and guns.' The pulpits of the North proclaimed that the night would save the country but fighting and killing. The plain such a North is not prepared for a Christian Government. They have apprehended neither the truth nor the power of Christ, so must work still longer under the old dispensation of selfishness and force. What shall we say of the nightingale, the danger, etc., which come to this nation in its present condition? Good, for through the present horrors, woes and groanings, God's hand

of good may be seen, working for infinite blessing to this North, slowly lifting it from its barbarism up to the truth and power of Christ.

Though governments of force are needful, good for a people not yet having outgrown the selfishness and warrings of barbarism, what shall we say of individual action therein? Shall all succumb to the popular law of command, the worshiped power, brute force? Let him whose highest law and power the Government represents, hold himself amenable to it in full; a working, faithful servant! But if there is one half-a-dozen, or a hundred, in whom consciousness of truth and good has revealed a higher law than the nation's, a power safer than brute force, and they ever hear this voice of consciousness calling them to preach this law, live this power, then let them fearlessly do it; though in so doing they must needs break every statute in the popular code of force. Better for them, better for the nation, that such should be traitors to a government of brute force, that they may be loyal to love and forgiveness, which is the Government of Christ. Such will be the prophets and kings—if only in mockery, in charity for the old, in Christian faith they proclaim the new—leading this nation from its barbarism of force, its hatred and warrings, up to a government of love and forgiveness.

Among such come-outers, there will be ever two classes—the destroyers and the up-builders; John the Baptists clearing the way, the Pauls laying the foundations for the New Church; both equally needed in moving a people from a low government of force to a higher one of Christian love. The one class with the two-edged sword, truth and condemnation; new right and left among institutions and old superstitions so dear to the people, sparing naught. These are prone in their zeal to see naught good or true in the old, but crying, "This is a curse—a failure—the devil's ally!" forgetting the good it has done, under Providence, when it answered man's needs, represented his highest civilization.

With this class, Dr. Child seems to have taken his stand, in his last article. We wonder a little, for we thought him of the other class—those who seeing the good of the old, not condemning, not seeking to drive men from thence, but in patience and faith, luring men up to a higher, more perfect plan; healing the spiritual wounds which the destroyer must needs make in laying waste creeds and governments dear to the people.

The destroyers of outgrown creeds and laws are passing over the land, preparing the way for the new. Who shall follow them, gathering the creedless and lawless people into the spirit and truth of Christ, so founding a new Government of Christian Love and Forgiveness? W. A. C.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DREAMS.

BY REV. E. CASE.

When the night in solemn shadows
Droppeth on the plain and hill,
And the chariot wheels of heaven
Seem to hold their coursers still;
When the gathering gloom in silence
Draws the veil that hides the stars,
And the bright celestial army's
Led by Dian and red Mars;

When the solemn hour of slumber
Seals the soul from outward sight,
And on spirit wings we wander
With a spirit's thought and flight,
Then, though mountain, plain and valley
Stretch between and far away,
In my dreams still, still I see thee,
Fair as in life's morning day.

Time, that makes my footsteps falter,
Flows my cheek, and hair turns grey,
Thy glorious beauty cannot alter,
Stealth not thy bloom away.
Golden locks and sunny features,
Eyes like stars in heaven set,
Graceful form, and step like creatures
That the soul in dreams hath met—

These are thine as when I met thee
In the light of other days,
When the spell of love was on me,
And my soul too full to praise;
Thine, as when at eve we wandered
And thy beauty fell on me,
As the stars, whose light we pondered,
Glitter in the summer sea.

But alone, alone I'm waiting,
Far upon life's onward track,
Weariness nor wear abating,
Gazing, ever gazing back,
Where I lost thee, where I missed thee,
As I turned my steps aside,
For a moment from the pathway
Where life's morning glories died.

Ever watching, ever praying,
Onward bends my weary way,
Where the dimness and the distance
Swallow up the light of day;
Where the valley of the shadow
Closes on the light of life,
Where the muffled footsteps go
From the tumult and the strife.

But beyond the mighty river
Sweeping to the sunny clime,
Bearing onward, on forever,
All the good and fair of time,
In the Morning Land is gleaming,
O'er the silvery misted hill,
One fair star, whose light far streaming,
Tells my soul I see thee still.

See thee with a saintly glow
On thy cheek and peerless brow,
As the glorious hues of morning
On the summer hills below.
And I'm coming, yes, I'm coming
Where long parted love shall meet,
For I feel the rippling waters
Of the river bath my feet.

Dayton, Ind.

THE SECRET.—There were two little sisters at the house, whom nobody could see without loving, for they were always so happy together. They had the same books and the same playthings, but never a quarrel sprang up between them—no cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no running away in a pet. On the green before the door, trundling hoop, playing with Rover, helping mother, they were always the same sweet-tempered little girls. "You never seem to quarrel," I said to them one day; "how is it, you are always so happy together?" They looked up, and the eldest answered, "I suppose it's because Addie lets me alone, and I lets Addie alone."

As it is man's destiny to be ruled by woman, he should, for his own sake, render her as it were, as much as possible.

Spiritual Phenomena.

From the Cincinnati National Union, Jan. 23.

The "Spirits" in an Editor's Sanctum.

INTERESTING MANIFESTATIONS.

The Spirits of Len Woodruff and Col. Martin Commendable with us.

We are not of those who "run after strange gods," and are slow to believe that which is not made perfectly manifest to our sight or understanding. Hence we have taken up with few new theories, after day have taken which we must confess we have not had the inclination to examine into or investigate. We have looked upon Spiritualism and the so-called manifestations of the spirits, as illusions of too vivid imaginations, or the tricks of unconscionable impostors, who deserved little short of the halter, for their deception, practiced upon old women, half-demented men and world-weary families. We have always professed a willingness to be convinced, but studiously avoided the circles in which spirits were said to manifest themselves, and never, until last Thursday night, lent our presence to a gathering of those whose object it was to "call spirits from the vasty deep," or any other unknown locality.

Our paper of last week contained an extract from a letter written by Judge A. G. W. Carter, of this city, to the Banner of Light, a spiritual paper published at Boston, giving an account of a séance held in the city, at which the spirit of Len Woodruff, a well known local editor, made test. This it was we presume, which led the Judge to propose having a séance in our office, to which we willingly assented, although with many doubts and misgivings as to any important results, confidently expecting that the Judge would be disappointed in not securing the manifestations in account of the presence of great skeptics and inveterate disbelievers generally.

We were requested to procure some musical instruments, a cord, and to invite a few friends—the only requisites for a spiritual séance actually necessary. We procured a snare drum, a tambourine, a guitar and a fife, and a very strong new carpet, and on Thursday night, duly provided, awaited the coming of our guests, who were as follows:

Judge A. G. W. Carter and lady, Charles Carter, Col. Wm. Oden, Capt. Smith, Thos. Shinkwin, short-hand reporter; Wm. P. Brannan, the poet, artist, and George J. Gullford, formerly of the press.

Mr. Oden was represented as a most powerful medium, and through him, it was expected the spirits would make themselves manifest on this occasion. He is a gentleman of medium height, and apparently in not very robust health—has no theory in regard to the manifestations—only knows that the spirits do with him pretty much what they please, moving him about at pleasure.

A common office table was placed in the centre of the floor, and we seated ourselves around it, first placing the musical instruments and rope thereon; the lights were turned off, but the medium declared there was entirely too much light coming in at the windows and from the stove, although the shades were closed. At last, however, improved more substantial ones of great coats and shawls, and smothered the fire with slack coal and water. Meanwhile, the spirits had taken advantage of the partial darkness, and completely tied Mr. Oden to the chair, the rope passing around his crossed hands so tightly as to prevent the fingers from being moved, and kept tied most firmly in several places. This was done so quickly that no one was aware of it but the medium himself, who gave us the first intimation thereof, by declaring that he was tied, and that a little too tightly for his comfort.

The lights were put up, and we all satisfied ourselves that Mr. Oden could not possibly have tied himself in the manner in which we beheld him bound.

We find that we are going a little too fast in our narrative of the facts. Previous to putting out the lights, by way of experiment, we gathered around the table, and the medium, Mr. Oden, placed his hands thereon, and had scarcely done so ere several loud raps were heard.

Judge Carter at once propounded questions, after explaining that one rap signified "No," two raps "Do not know," and three raps "Yes."

In order to ascertain what spirit was present, the alphabet was called, the spirit agreeing to reveal itself by spelling out its name, making three raps when the letter thereof was called. The name thus obtained was "Carson."

The question was then asked if it was Henry Carson, who died only a few months ago, and who was in this world a medium. This reply was in the affirmative. The Judge and his lady said they knew Carson when he lived, and used to read to him, and that he had been a frequent visitor at their house, and that they had been in communication with him from the spirit-world, which was published under the signature of "Pneuma."

Another spirit then made itself manifest, and this was ascertained by means of the alphabet to be the spirit of Len Woodruff, a double rap being given at the call of the letter O, but which at first we attributed to the spirit of Judge Carson.

Mr. Oden was then asked if it was Len Woodruff, the raps were decidedly in the affirmative, as if the spirit was glad that it had been recognized.

The question was then asked, "Shall we have good manifestations, to-night?"

Answered by unmistakable raps in the affirmative.

He was asked if he would play upon the fife.

Answer—"Do not know; will try."

Pleased with the assurance that we were to have excellent manifestations, Mr. Shinkwin tied another rope around Mr. Oden's neck to the chair behind him, which, shortly after, the lights were extinguished, and Mr. Oden was again bound.

Mr. Oden was again put up, when almost as quick as thought, the most ravishing sounds emanated from the guitar. Songs were hummed by some of the party, and the guitar accompanied the singing. We were then asked to sing, and the singing to the accompaniment of the guitar, and from almost the entire width of the room, the wind caused by its oscillations being felt by every one present. The sounds ensuing were most charming, and superior to those we ever heard produced by mortal hands from a similar instrument. It rang out a fire alarm, ringing in the ears of the spirits, and the guitar balanced sometimes on his shoulder and head, and at others upon the drum or upon the table. We were then asked to sing, and the guitar balanced sometimes on his shoulder and head, and at others upon the drum or upon the table.

The words were given to the spirits, and the singing to the accompaniment of the guitar, and from almost the entire width of the room, the wind caused by its oscillations being felt by every one present. The sounds ensuing were most charming, and superior to those we ever heard produced by mortal hands from a similar instrument.

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We were then asked to sing, and the guitar balanced sometimes on his shoulder and head, and at others upon the drum or upon the table.

Now as to attempting to explain the cause of these manifestations, or to say from whence they came, we beg to be excused. Not knowing, can't say.

Of one thing, however, we feel pretty certain; and that is that there was no collusion and no trickery in the production of the manifestations Thursday night in our editorial sanctum. An examination of the instruments after the séance showed that they were entirely unharmed, although they had been pretty well banged about against the ceiling and floor. The wrists of the medium were severely indented, showing plainly the marks of the rope—the imprints suggesting pain and the cessation of the vital fluid.

We have thus given a plain, straightforward and truthful statement of the scene at our office, for every word of which as true we pledge our honor as a public journalist. Our readers can draw their own conclusions, and may conclude with us "that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

The Iron Ring Test.

I would like to say a few words, Mr. Editor, with your permission, upon a subject which I think must interest some of your numerous readers, but one which has certainly interested me more than anything I ever before met with. I have heard and read much about the wonders performed by what was said to be spirit agency, and I have been anxiously waiting for an opportunity of investigating some of the strangest of them. That opportunity has just occurred.

A week or two ago, a lady from Toledo—Mrs. Ferris—arrived in Philadelphia, and it was made known that she would give the "ring test" amongst other wonders—that is, an iron ring would be put upon her arm while some other person should hold her hands. This seemed to me inconceivable. However, I at once determined to know, if possible, something more about the matter, and with that purpose I attended her first circle. On that night the rim of a tambourine was put upon the arms of several different persons. The operation was performed in the dark, but I saw no reason to think it was not performed fairly.

At the next circle I was called upon to take the hands of the medium, when the rim of the tambourine was put upon my own arm in the way it had been put upon the arms of the other persons. It may be said, by people who refuse to know anything of the matter, that I was deceived. I think I was not. When I took hold of the lady's hands I am certain there was no rim or ring upon her arm, and I am pretty confident there was none on mine. I am certain it was on the table beside us, for I felt it there; and I think I am quite certain I did not let loose either of the lady's hands till the light was called for, and I found the hoop upon my arm. I feel quite certain I was not deceived in any one of these particulars.

After this I procured an iron ring of my own, with the intention of having the operation performed with it at the next circle. I was again called upon to take the lady's hands, and as on the former occasion, I took her left hand in my right, and her right in my left, having ascertained that there was no ring upon her arm. My right hand, still clasping hers, was repeatedly rubbed against the ring, which was lying beside us upon a table. After the lapse of a few minutes I felt the ring slide from off her arm over our still joined hands on to my arm. The ring of course I found to be my own, still bearing all the marks I had previously put upon it. It is impossible for me to doubt the reality of the operation, and it is equally impossible for me to account for it on any principle we have been accustomed to recognize in science or philosophy.

Some may doubt my statement altogether. To such I have nothing more to say. Others may suppose I was the subject of a trick. I think not. If I was, I must consider my senses and my intellect of little service in protecting me from trickery in the future. But I shall feel most especially obliged to any one who will show me how this trickery is performed. I am aware that believers in spiritual phenomena are looked upon with a sort of pity, and I must confess that my way of thinking has been rather the reverse of the spiritual; still one must follow the lead of truth, though it lead to the belief in Spiritualism, or give up all claim to be considered rational.

There is another point I would just allude to, which in itself I should at one time have considered sufficiently astonishing. The lady, in the abnormal state, speaks some half a dozen languages besides her own; and yet, in her normal state, she speaks only the English, and that not like a student.

Any Philadelphian who wishes to know more of the matter may find Mrs. Ferris at 1029 Market street.

Yours respectfully,
W. HOWARTH.

11th St., Philadelphia, Feb. 1st, 1885.

The Randall and Allen Boy Séances Again.

In the Banner of Light of January 23th, I found an interesting account of a "private séance" in the presence of the "Boy Medium," written, as appears, by one who was present "by invitation," which has prompted me to give you readers a brief account of a séance at 8 Avon Place, on the 6th inst., at which I was present, and which I shall not furnish for the purpose of "continuing the interest which has been aroused in this community," or of discontinuing the same; but will endeavor to present the main facts which transpired at that séance as truthfully and impartially as possible, and add a few thoughts and suggestions, which, I hope, will lead to such an amendment of the "rules" as will make those séances more profitable, not only to the party exhibiting, but to the honest searcher after truth, and also tend, in some slight degree, to a satisfactory and true solution of the question as to what is the producing cause of the phenomena there occurring.

I have been considerably interested in the spiritualistic question for many years, and have rejoiced at anything like proof or evidence of spirit existence and spirit-communion, come in whatever form or way it might; and hoping (after the endorsement the séances had received from high quarters, in your interesting columns), to witness manifestations that would enlighten, convince and not perplex, I paid my dollar for the privilege of being present on the above-named occasion.

The company consisted of an elderly gentleman, who said he was from Vermont, and had been present at two previous sittings; another elderly gentleman and lady, one other lady, who came in late, Mr. Randall, the boy, and myself.

The clothes-horse, and other "fixings," were arranged substantially as has been previously described in the Banner. The Vermont gent and the boy both proposed that I sit by the boy as committee, and I did so. The same gent then tied the boy's right foot to one of mine, to which no objection was made. A proposition was then made to tie the boy's right hand; but that the manager objected to in toto. It was strongly urged by some of the company, but Mr. Randall peremptorily refused to have it done. This point decided, a coat was thrown over the boy's arms and my left arm in such a manner as to shield them from the light, and from view. I sat by the

boy, I think, about fifteen minutes, earnestly desiring that the manifestations would prove a decided success, but with the determination that he should take no active part in the matter without my knowledge. The boy then took hold of my left arm with his left hand near my wrist, and with his right hand above my elbow, apparently with the end of his thumb and fingers, pinching quite smartly for a little time, then slackened and let go his hold entirely. This he did several times, the sensation caused by the pinch continuing slightly, so that it was a little difficult to tell the precise time when he ceased his hold, or whether, in fact, he had done so, except by the use of my right hand, which I employed as a feeler. During this time I feel sure that his hand was not withdrawn from the vicinity of my arm at all; neither did I discover any attempt on his part to remove it, nor were his movements or appearance such as to excite suspicion. But there being no manifestations at all, while I was in the committee chair, the boy proposed that the gentleman who came in with the lady take it, which he did, and soon after the curtain began to move, noises were heard in the cabinet, the dulcimer was drummed on some, and finally thrown on the floor; articles were thrown out of the cabinet; the boy and the man by his side were both touched on the head several times with a fife, or stick; a hand was shown distinctly a number of times just above the top of the chair in which the gentleman sat, and also fingers at the side of the same, at the gentleman's right hand, but not in both places at the same time.

Now these things did take place. Who, or what caused them? The committee man averred, with all apparent sincerity, that the boy's hand was not removed from his arm; there was nothing to be seen in the boy's countenance (which was closely watched,) indicating that he had any hand in the business; and the supposition that he and his manager are so exceedingly wicked and bold as to be playing the part of jugglers in the case, seems quite too monstrous to be willingly received. But the hand which was shown was certainly very much like the boy's, and was shown only in one place at one time; and where, and only where, and as, and only as, the boy could have shown his, had it been at liberty. The dulcimer was placed within his reach, and no movement was made with that, or with anything else about the cabinet at that séance that did not seem quite possible for the boy to have made, if his right hand had not been otherwise employed; but without the use of that, it does not, to me, seem possible that he could have had any active agency whatever in the movements. Could the committee man have been deceived? I think it not impossible. The sense of feeling under such circumstances is a very fallible watchman.

If one was sitting by the side of a professor of legerdemain, instead of that apparently artless boy, and the professor should say to him, "I shall take hold of your arm and hold it the half hour," and he should feel, or think he felt, the professor seize it, and feel the continued grip, and be willing to swear, if need be, that the professor's hand was not removed from his arm at all, would it follow, to a certainty, that that very hand was not in his neighbor's pocket at the same time, if the professor chose to have it there? And if that boy had in his possession a self-closing hand—not the production of disembodied spirits, but such as some ingenious mechanic might easily prepare for the purpose, that would take hold of the arm in the manner the boy took hold of mine, or clasp around it, or otherwise, as a lady's sewing-bird will close upon whatever is placed within its beak—could he not very easily fasten upon the arm of any one who did not use his right hand vigilantly as a feeler, without being detected or suspected at all, and have his own hand free for other use? And even without such self-closing hand (by the use of which any one might surely be deceived,) I am not sure, after my experience as Committee, that one might not be misled; the boy's hand was not closed upon my arm all the time, and I could not have known where it was without the use of the right hand, which my successor did not employ with the same vigilance.

It should be remembered in this connection that while no objection was made by the manager to the tying of the foot, which could not, seemingly, if at liberty, take any part in the performance, the tying of the hand was positively, and, as it seems to me, unnecessarily and unfortunately (if the séance is not a wicked cheat) prohibited. I say unfortunately, because it could not fail to subject the manager to a very unfavorable suspicion, and exceedingly perplex the honest investigator. I think unnecessary, because I can conceive of no plausible reason why the securing of the hand in or near the place where, as we are assured, he constantly keeps it, could in any way interfere with the movements of the unseen agencies, unless the "laws" by which they are governed are different in different localities—as the Dayports and others are tied in the most rigid and extended manner, without the least hindrance to the most surprising manifestations.

It does not seem to me that if the manifestations which occur at these séances are, as is claimed, produced by disembodied spirits, or any other unseen or unknown agency, the matter is of quite too much consequence to be left in any unnecessary doubt or uncertainty. Everything should be done that can be to render that fact plain, and to exclude from the mind any other conclusion. No "rule" not absolutely necessary should be set up that would in the least have any other tendency. Such surely must be the desire of the spirits, unless they are of a very dark and uncertain kind.

The old gentleman from Vermont, who had sat as Committee at two previous séances, expressed himself, at the close of this, as "fully satisfied," and left, apparently in disgust, evidently believing and feeling that the community were being grossly and wickedly imposed upon. And this was his return for the pains he had taken and the three dollars he had paid, with the hope of getting some further assurance with regard to the nature of the change which soon awaits him. I thought, at the time, that he was a little hasty in his conclusion, and faintly hoped, and now earnestly desire, that such manifestations will yet be had at these séances, and under such rules and conditions as will prove satisfactorily to him and all others that he was not only hasty, but entirely mistaken.

Essex, Mass., Jan. 20, 1885.

A. L. B.

Who does not delight in fine manners? Their charm cannot be overstated. Hans Andersen's story of the cobweb cloth, so fine as to be invisible, woven for the garment of a king, most mean manners. Manners are greater than laws; by their delicate nature they fortify themselves with an impassable wall of defense.

Always try to have a worthy competitor. See the hare run with the tortoise, and he will probably fall asleep and lose.

To the usual catalogue of lost arts, we may mournfully add that of listening to two-hour sermons.

Correspondence in Brief.

Illness of Geo. M. Jackson.

Through the columns of the paper devoted to the cause of God and humanity, the Banner, I would make known to the numerous friends of our young and eloquent lecturer, George M. Jackson, that he now lies very low under the prostrating effects of disease, being pulmonary consumption in nearly its last stage. He has been for some time confined to his room, unable to help himself in the least. His parents are poor, aged and infirm; and I have just been informed by a near and dear friend, that he is absolutely suffering for those necessities so requisite for the comfort and well being of the invalid, and feeling that were it known by many who have like the writer, listened to the eloquent and soul-stirring utterances given through his mediumship in days gone by, that they would gladly seek to contribute something to assist in thus smoothing his last passage to the tomb, I have taken this method to bring his pressing wants directly to their notice. For seven years he was earnestly and faithfully engaged in the lecturing-field, and although ranking among the highest and best of our spiritual lecturers, he has many of his friends who are not little pecuniary reward for his eminent services.

In a letter recently received from him, he thus speaks of it: "I know that I have not a great while to stay here, and I do feel that it is to be well with me hereafter. There are many things I look back upon with regret. I regret that the season entrusted me as a spiritual lecturer has not been more useful, although for several years I was ever ready 'instant in season, and perhaps out of season.' I lived these years, how I cannot tell; but it was often in cold, in hunger and nakedness. Yet I do not regret it. If my health were sufficient, I should be there to-day."

These are the utterances of our dying young friend, and reveal loudly to our sympathizers, and more when it is known that he lost his health finally in the service of his country, manfully battling for her righteous cause. The fatigues and deprivations of a soldier's life were too severe for his already declining health. He entered the service previous to the large battles, since given to recruits, and having been discharged on account of his declining health, he was sent to the hospital, nor did any military commissions could be made available in his case. While in the service, before his health failed, he was an officer of much bravery and promise; but his constitution, always rather slender, sank under its arduous duties, and like thousands of others, he became a martyr to the cause.

With a knowledge of his condition I am confident that he has hundreds of friends scattered throughout the country where he has lectured, who would be glad to extend a helping hand in this hour of absolute necessity, and a publication of this notice in the Banner is solicited for this purpose. I would add, however, that this appeal in his behalf is without consulting him in regard to it, knowing his sensitive nature, and desiring aid from any one, however great his emergency.

Should this meet the eye of any person desirous of contributing to his relief (however small the sum may be), I know it would be thankfully received, they can enclose the same to his address, viz., George M. Jackson, Prattsville, Steuben Co., N. Y.

E. W. LEWIS.

Watkins, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1885.

Letter from Dr. Underhill.

Unless I report progress you may think me idle. I have been attending the meetings in Philadelphia, West Chester, Pa., New York City, Poughkeepsie, and visiting Quaker meetings in various places, as my guides have led me. Born a Quaker, I seem to have a mission to them, and they have listened kindly to the warning voice. Many are waking up, and the ancient mysticism was as true Spiritualism as the world would receive at that time. It selected the impressive mediums, leaving them to believe that all their spiritual impressions were from God alone. They are by and under the great law divine, through which ministering spirits communicate.

I want to say to the Conference Meetings in Philadelphia are Quaker meetings, and not Quaker meetings are such the latter it will be for the cause. They have a chairman, and open by singing, and then wait for inspirational speaking, or for trance speaking, each one remembering that no one should engross all the time. The chairman may sing, as an improvement on Quaker practice, and the medium is not to sing like most modern Quaker meetings; but they come to the rule: "Ye may all speak, one by one," &c., &c.

In these meetings in Philadelphia, (of which there are four quite large ones, besides developing circles and irregular ones), which meet once, some twice a week, speakers are plenty of both sexes, and able ones are being developed. I am singing several times in the course of the meeting, and usually close with singing. It is observable that they never choose a subject, but let each find his work; and it seems to me that this will be the only ground on which we shall unfold a true, loving band of workers in this journey from Egypt to the Elysian Fields. May your great work prosper.

SAUL D. UNDERHILL, M. D.

New York City, Feb. 7, 1885.

Circles in Washington, D. C.

At no time or place in my travels for several years have I had as rich treats, or interesting interviews with the invisible friends, as during my stay in Washington for the last month. At the richly supplied home of my ever-to-be-remembered friends, among them a little Indian girl, I found a hearty welcome from the Major, whose capacious head, generous heart and bountiful hand are all engaged in opening the intercourse between the two worlds, and from Mrs. C. also, whose soul is inspired, heart warmed and form used by our spirit friends, to speak and sing, and so with the friends, as Nettie Colburn and Parthenia Hannan, are also at this house, both mediums—Nettie well known as an excellent trance medium.

The rich interviews we held with the spirits through these mediums, in our morning circles, are seldom excelled in any family or other religious or spiritual exercises. Several spirits came at each sitting. Among them a little Indian girl, who calls herself Pink, and all conversed as freely to and with us as if they were of our sphere.

Thursday evening they invited a large number of friends and intelligent inquirers, and added T. G. Forster to the medium list, and through him we had several of the best and most powerful speeches; and adding the others and the social entertainment of the house made the evening highly and exceedingly pleasant and useful.

At no period has Spiritualism taken so high a stand or so firm a hold of citizens and visitors in Washington. There are other séances, tests and communications in the city that it is not proper to mention here, lest they be "contraband of war," or give information to the enemy, but their effect will be felt in due time.

Feb. 1st, 1885. WARREN GRASE.

A Quaint Letter.

Allow me to give public notice that an outrageous robbery and great loss of sedition property has and is now taking place all over our planet, since the development of spiritual science during the past fifteen years. The prejudiced sectarians are stealing our spiritual thunder by whole sale, without giving credit to whom credit is justly due. At the same time they are meeting with immense pecuniary losses by the absorption of their moral liberal and intelligent members into the spiritual army of Truth, Justice, Love, Wisdom and Equity, and seem determined to march under the Banner of Light—which

"Long may it wave
O'er the land of the free
And the land of the brave."

I remain your independent spiritual police detector, with great respect.

DE THOMAS J. LEWIS.

New York, Feb. 7, 1885.

Spiritual Matters in Lynn.

The glorious cause of Spiritualism is every day gaining new converts in Lynn. We are holding meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening. An Army Hall has been secured, and we are having quite a "revival." The part of our friends, through January, and gave us two grand and soul-stirring lectures each Sabbath, besides holding circles during the week. To many "branded" and weary hearts has been the balm of consolation, and many have caught a glimpse of the

light of spiritual truth, and the cry is still for more light. God grant it may find its way into all hearts. We intend holding a social levee here, on the 22d of February, and are anticipating a fine time. Lynn, Feb. 6, 1885.

S. J. Finney, the Lecturer.

Please allow me to present, through the columns of the ever welcome Banner, the grateful acknowledgments of the citizens of this vicinity for the rare, intellectual and spiritual feast we have lately enjoyed through the gifted and eloquent lecturer, S. J. Finney. He has delivered four lectures here, mainly on the philosophy of Natural Religion, which were listened to by interesting, respectable audiences with profound attention and with heartfelt pleasure.

We are unable to give even a synopsis of his lectures, but suffice it to say that the ideas of the new philosophy, so original to many, were presented with that earnestness of style, and in a spirit of candor so generous to the feelings of the prejudiced, as to draw forth from all the highest commendations of praise. His faithful delineations of a truly religious life were clearly and handsomely drawn; also the methods of attaining to such a life, and the imperative necessity of the same, both for our present and future well being, were presented with the value of a haunting halo, a cogency of reasoning so irresistible, together with that peculiar gracefulness of diction and fluency of expression which elicited from his audience a spontaneous glow of enthusiastic admiration. He has infused into the minds of this community an influence potent and salutary, which a thoughtless and time-serving theology cannot efface. We bespeak for him a glorious future; and that he may long live to bless the world with the pure and noble inspirations of his gifted nature is the earnest prayer of his admirers.

SUBSCRIBER.

Castalia, Erie County, Ohio, Jan. 30, 1885.

A Blessing.

"After drifting here and there for a season over the varied sea of experimental life, I am once more enabled to invoke the presence and company of the Banner, the pleasure and blessings of which I have been deprived for the last few months. It appears that the value of a blessing is not fully realized, except by or through a deprivation of the same, or, in other words, a schooling of trial and suffering is essential to the acquisition of wisdom and the enjoyment of happiness. Indeed, this appears to be an immutable law, having a ruling prevalence through all human life. Without this we would have no name, even for righteousness, neither inuit or angel."

A. H. INGLEDEUE.

Marietta, Iowa, Jan. 20, 1885.

J. L. Potter, the Lecturer.

At a recent meeting of the Religio-Philosophic Society of Des Moines, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, Brother J. L. Potter (trance speaker from Vermont) has for a few months past been dispensing to us the wisdom of the spheres, and now proposes leaving us for a time to visit other portions of the West.

Resolved, That for his earnest, philosophic and gentlemanly manner of presenting truths to the society, and his discussion with S. J. Leland, we tender him our grateful acknowledgments.

Resolved, That our best wishes attend him; and we earnestly commend him to the confidence of the friends of progress in his journeyings.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Banner of Light for publication.

W. W. SKINNER, President.

D. HENRY INGRAM, Secretary.

Letter from Dr. Child, of Philadelphia.

RETURN OF MISS HARDINGE.

One of our largest audiences greeted our sister on her first appearance in our midst, on Sunday, the 6th Inst. It was very refreshing to see that, after the toils and privations of a year's labors in the land of gold, our friend appeared stronger and in better health than when she left us. And when the glowing eloquence of her inspiration burst upon our ears, we were all rejoiced to find that our sister was still strong for the work at which she has so nobly labored, and which we hope she may long continue to carry forward.

In the course of her remarks she spoke of the changes which have come to mankind within the last twenty years, and in alluding to our friend Samuel Barry, who had so recently passed over the river, she said: "The old and familiar form has gone from among us. The pure white locks and wrinkled face, with its accustomed smile, will no more be seen with us, and the dim eye will kindle no more with delight as it recognizes the friends, nor the hand be extended to give the warm grasp of friendship, and though we miss these, and shall no more feel the outstretched trembling hand, it is only in the external that we shall miss him. We know that he is here. We know that he is unchanged in all save the outward form. We know that the hand is still extended to us and the eyes look kindly upon us, from whence the scales of mortality have fallen; that soul has broken the prison bars, and now looks out upon the never-setting sun of eternity. Knowing this, it makes us all stronger and better, calls us upward. Twenty years ago how should we have followed in memory that lost one, whose that loved him, and that year after year had the consolations of his love and friendship; though they had been assured that his soul was immortal, though they had seen that patient, tolling sufferer day by day outworking that which his conscience and his duty led him to do, how would they have felt as they stood by the open grave, with despair in their hearts and bursting sobs on their lips? The appeals of the bereavement of death twenty years ago would have been in vain. In vain did we turn to religion and ask, Whither, oh whither has he gone? We know not. One answers, He might have been of the elect; another answers, He sleeps; another, he returns again to God. Whither, oh whither, shall we look for him? In the lonely stars? Shall we search for him in the vast arena of air? Shall we find him in the night wind, whispering of love to us? Where, oh where? Has his soul gone to the dim immensity of space? Into the vast unknown? And oh—yet more fearful—his fate is ours; we, too, must follow him into the Unknown. This was the only view of immortality they could give us, and all their assurances were vague and unsatisfactory to the mourner. But to-day how different is it with us! We know that our friends are with us now; that they walk in the midst of men recognized to be the torch-bearers of the great future. This is what we have gained in twenty years."

Miss Hardinge will be with us during February and March, and not in April, as was announced in your paper. Bro. S. J. Finney is to be with us during that month.

Yours truly,

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

634 Race street, Philadelphia, Feb. 5, 1885.

Death and Life.

In one of Beecher's late sermons occurs the following significant passage: "Two spectators, one on this side of the grave, and the other beyond it—stand and look at death. One, as he looks from this side, sees only that part which relates to the physical condition. The other, looking through angelic eyes, beholds that part which relates to the spiritual being. They both look at one and the same thing, and one sees decay, while the other sees growth. One sees death, while the other sees life. One sees the end of this state, and the other sees the beginning of that state. One sees weakness, and the other sees strength. One sees dishonor, and the other sees honor. One sees mortality consumed, and the other sees immortality begun."

very much like that which our work

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WASHINGTON ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

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For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communication and influx. It is the effort to discover all truth, relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a constant and immediate inspiration in man; it aims through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relation of spirit to matter, and of man to God, and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

Out of Doors.

We have read two articles in the Westminster Review on "Mountaineering," which has given us great pleasure, from the standpoint from which they look at exercise out of doors, and especially at the recreation of walking. Among other paragraphs of the writer, one struck us as peculiarly true in the higher and more spiritual sense, which we will quote in this place:

"But as if, after all, any of the higher forms of bodily exercise were simply so much mere gratification of the senses or simple animal impulses. As if there were such things in this sense as were physical enjoyments. Why, they spring equally from some of the finest and purest parts of our nature. They kindle in us some of the healthiest yearnings of the heart, and the subtlety of our intellectual natures. Nay, a mere autumn walk along a wooded hillside nourishes brain, spirit and body at once, and opens us up from all sources together, new well-springs of life. Half the best thoughts of our modern poets, of our artists, our musicians, our teachers, have been lit up by this simplest, truest source of inspiration."

It is not necessary for us to say that this is a view which we have continually enforced in these columns; and it is not less attractive that all a man needed in the way of exercise was something like walking on a wheel or going at crank-work. There is something in this business besides the body; there is the mind to be unshackled as well as the muscles to be made more tense; there are the spirits to be lightened as the limbs to be brought into play. The individual is tired of old thoughts and wants new ones. A new scene and a fresh atmosphere is to be sought, which shall exhilarate and elevate the whole being. Especially do those whose minds have been put to a long strain of activity require relaxation and refreshing. They need to be plunged in the bath of an entirely new life. As the writer just alluded to express it, the man of thought and intellectual activity needs "to lay aside memory, forethought, contrivance and method—to shake his shoulders free from the yoke of habit—to step down from the treadmill of convention on to the fresh sod of his mother earth."

Regarding us as we may, and boast of it as much as we may, it is an undeniable fact that this very civilized life of ours, which we esteem as so much superior to anything that has gone before it, is anything but a very natural life, or a very happy one. We become old in it prematurely. There is far too little of the genuinely childlike element in it, breeding innocence of heart, lightness of spirits, gayness of temper, and, therefore, true receptivity for the higher and more ennobling impressions. When we are poetic, it is rather because we force ourselves into the mood, than because true poetry flashes itself across the sensorium of our natures unthought. In every truth we know a good deal more than we realize; we have heads examined with the terminologies of all manner of sciences, while it is next to impossible for us to feel an hour's freedom which would put us in that close and dear relation to nature which childhood so heartily enjoys.

This theory of taking exercise out of doors for the sake of exercise, defeats the very purpose for which it was framed. We cannot come too near the mysterious machinery of this matter and still receive the enjoyment it is designed to confer. Something, be it ever so little, must be left to nature. We might at least consent to take something on trust. If we wait exercise, as we all habitually do, let us have it as the children have their play; that is, in the same spirit and temper, not counting our paces while we walk, and calculating that a pull up this hill will help our lungs, and a stretch across that meadow will help our legs. Field sports, as a regular pastime, are not, and cannot be, commanded by many; especially by such as have but a limited time in which to take exercise at all; but strolling on the hillside and over the meadows and into the woods can be compassed by all.

And the secret of this walking and strolling is, that we re-create our spirits by it as well as exercise our bodies. If we do the former, the latter is sure to follow; but if we aim only at the latter, we rarely accomplish neither. So truly does "the spirit" that subtle and indefinable principle in man, control the whole being and carry forward all the various operations of life. What we especially need is to realize as often as we can some snatches of that life of youth, which is never so delightful in prospect and so full of rich memories in the past. We are healthy, the nearer we come to this condition of existence, and the oftener we are able to realize it. Nothing was ever given more so wholly beautiful as childhood, and he is indeed happy who can make it the most enduring of his life.

Foreign Intervention.

If we are to place the slightest reliance on the foreign journals, we shall be thoroughly let alone in this country for the future by the Governments across the water. Such powerful journals as the London Times and Post openly admit that intervention is not a word to be found in their vocabulary. The Times speaks generally for the policy of Europe; the Post is taken for the organ of Palmerston, and, therefore, speaks for the government. The rebel leaders cannot very well take heart from this state of things, but must see that there is no hope left for foreign interference on their behalf. We hope foreign leaders will long remain of their present way of thinking.

Mrs. LARA CURRY, we learn, is meeting with good success in Portland, where she has been lecturing for the last two weeks. At the close of her first evening address, the Chairman (Messrs. Farish, Esq.) arose and publicly thanked her, and the controlling intelligence for her efforts, he had very much to say in praise of her efforts to promote spiritual truth.

Little Dot's Lectures and Tour.

On Sunday, Feb. 8th, Miss Doten commenced a course of lectures in Lyceum Hall, in this city, and judging from the two given on that day, the whole course will be unusually interesting. "The Fundamental Existence of Jesus" was the subject of her first discourse. She commenced by saying that she should not attempt to establish or refute any theological point, but simply give utterance to the truth, from a spiritual standpoint. Every word was listened to with marked attention, mingled with surprise and admiration, at the logical and apparently truthful statements made in unveiling the mystery which envelops the existence and parentage of Jesus.

In the evening, the discourse was a fitting accompaniment to the previous one, as it took up the subject of the creation, redemption, and the spiritual unfolding of the race. The theme was the Living Soul and the Quickening Spirit. After a few introductory remarks in regard to the Old Scriptures, querying why it was that the Christian world accepts them as the highest unfolding of spiritual truth, without striving to learn their secret meaning, she proceeded to unfold and develop thoughts that would have given food and instruction to any one, no matter how well versed he may be in the Spiritual Philosophy.

The choir sang a few verses, during which time there was a change of the controlling influence. As the music ceased, the speaker arose and pronounced the following noble poem, composed in spirit-life, and which is quite appropos with the lecture:

CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

Eternal, Self-existent Soul,
From whom life's issues take their start;
Thou art the undivided Whole,
Of whom each creature forms a part.
Thy boundless being's distant reach,
Our finite vision may not see,
But this we know, that each with each,
We live, and move alone in Thee.

"In the beginning was the Word"
The Word, as present now, as then,
Which, in the heart of Nature, stirred
"The Life which was the light of men."
Through Chaos and Confusion's night
Streamed forth the light of Love divine,
And lit along Creation's height,
Unnumbered fires in glittering line.

Earth's fiery heart with battle shocks,
Beat fiercely in her granite breast,
Leaving on scarred and blackened rocks
The record of her wild unrest.
Rich ores in molten currents swept—
Like fire-wheels her veins they ran—
While in the womb of Nature, slept
The embryo prophecy of man.

Down deep, the elements, like gnomes,
Beside their flaming forges wrought,
To fashion shapes, and future homes
For the embodiment of Thought.
The wild winds roared—the raging floods
Tossed their defiant waves on high,
While from the old, primeval woods,
The chorus thundered to the sky.

The Mylodon and Mastodon,
Startled, with their majestic tramp,
The slumbering Iguanodon,
Born of the foul mephitic damp;
Gigantic ferns, like feathery palms,
Nodded in silence to the trees;
Whose royal crests and stalwart arms,
Tossed like the waves of stormy seas.

The broadest, wondrous Engrinates
Opened their breathing illy bells,
While Ammonites and Trilobites,
Paved pathless spaces with their shells.
The coral Polyp heath the wave,
Wrought in the great progressive plan;
By which the lesser creature's grave
Built up the future home of man.

Thus on, still on, the current rolled—
The light of countless mornings shone,
And radiant sunsets, robed in gold,
Swept down the gulfs of years unknown.
At length, with beasts, and birds, and flowers,
Creation seemed a perfect whole;
Then God and Nature joined their powers,
And man became a living soul.

O Mother Nature! Father God!
How wondrous is the work we trace!
Man, fashioned from the senseless clod, yet
Yet filled with life's divinely grace,
O! is that form of earthly mold,
The limit of life to be?
Or is it only to unfold
Diviner life, O Lord, in thee?

The answer, from the mighty Past,
Came leaping from a tongue of flame;
God's work, the greatest and the last,
Was when the "quickeningspirit" came.
In him, the prestige of the race,
The prophet of your hopes you see!
Not saving through "Redeeming Grace,"
For Truth alone shall make you free.

But even as through countless throes
And travails plans, the mighty plan
Of God in Nature slowly rose,
To consummate its aims in man—
So onward still the current rolled,
The spirit with the flesh at strife,
Until, at length, one living soul
Was quickened from the Inmost Life.

Thus are ye also sons of God,
And unto all alike, is given
To tread the path that Jesus trod,
Which leadeth to the Inmost Heaven.
The desert life, the tempter's snare,
The calm rebuke, the hunger pain,
The lowly spirit bowed in prayer,
Are highways to eternal gain.

Aye! onward still, through countless years,
The weary feet of man shall press,
Till through his griefs and pains and tears,
He learns to love, and lives to bless.
Thus only shall he gain control
Of evil, through heroic strife,
For Love is the indwelling soul,
And Truth alone the quickening life.

God works by no imperfect plan;
Nor hath his Word gone forth in vain;
For it shall reign and rule in man,
Till all his enemies are slain.
Life, with its issues grand and high,
Depends not on a fleeting breath;
The living soul can never die,
But wins the victory over death.

In the beginning was the Word
The Word as present now, as then,
And by its quickening power, is stirred
New life within the souls of men.
Thus on, still on the current rolls,
Through endless blooming on the sod,
Through sleeping things, through living world,
Through "quickeningspirit," up to God.

Proounced T. W. B. O. O.

The Emperor of the French.

The Emperor of the French, we have good reason to believe, has become prudent in regarding Mexican affairs, and thought best to withdraw the troops he lent Maximilian to aid in the project of overthrowing the Republic. Many persons profess to believe that he has certainly satisfied himself that it will not be safe always to maintain the attitude toward this country which he at first chose, by his meddling in the affairs of Mexico, and that he has therefore taken his troops out of the country entirely, leaving the Austrian to work his own way, as best he can. It is a fact that Napoleon has done the very thing asserted; he has to-day no army in Mexico, and is no otherwise related to the foreign movement now taking place there than as a looker-on in an affair which had its initiation at his hands.

Unquestionably the present process of quasi conquest over the Mexicans will result in awakening that unhappy people to a truer sense of what belongs to their rights and character. It requires the rough plowshare to be passed across the field, before the seed which bears grain is thrown over it broadcast. This invasion from abroad will not unlikely arouse a national feeling, such as has not been stirred in the whole history of that country before. Spanish blood will hardly brook the rule of the French. If such should be the result, following our example, of resolving never to surrender the unity of their nation, we do not doubt that a free republic will finally be established as our neighbor, which will forever discourage even a hope of foreign rulers, if they are inclined to look with longing eyes toward a plan for conquest.

Mrs. Cuppy in Haverhill.

The Haverhill Publisher informs us that Mrs. Cuppy's lecture there, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st, was listened to by a large audience, who were evidently much interested. Her subject was "Woman, her present, and possible future." She was no advocate of woman's rights, in the common acceptance of the term, but when woman was true to herself, and acted up to her highest conceptions of right, she would naturally assume her proper position. Woman was the most uncompromising and inflexible opponent of the advancement of her sex. Whenever woman strives to attain to some higher and more dignified end than to live a sort of butterfly life, and use costly dry goods to sweep the streets with, her efforts will be readily appreciated and seconded by man, who will gladly accord to her her true position when qualified to take it. She spoke in strong terms of the unfair treatment received by females who have been so unfortunate as to become tainted by the breath of suspicion, or from an actual departure from the path of rectitude, from others of their own sex, and contrasted it with the almost universal courtesy and civility extended to them by the opposite sex, and declared justice demanded that he who had caused the degradation of woman should be placed upon the same level, at least, and made to share the ignominy he had been chiefly instrumental in producing.

The speaker's remarks were characterized by a force and truthfulness that could scarce fall to carry conviction to every eye present. The subjects embraced within the range of her lecture were fruitful, and capable of covering sufficient ground for a series of lectures.

"Works of Demons."

The World's Chills still sticks to the idea advanced by it several years ago, that the spirit messages, etc., published in the Banner, are the work of demons. These "demons" must be full of compassion for "frail humanity," and hence in our opinion a very good set of "devils," providing they are such—for they admonish us daily to feed the poor, which we do, by supplying the needy ones, who call at this office for the purpose, with bread tickets; and they retire with a "God bless you!" always. One of these "demons" spoke through our medium not long since, requesting us to send a poor widow a sufficient sum to cancel her rent, otherwise the heartless landlord would eject her from the premises. We neither knew the name of the poor woman referred to, nor her place of residence. The "demon" gave us both; and we thereby not only found the long-widow, who occupied a single room in the house, but relieved her pressing necessities by giving her the requisite sum to pay the rent. With tears in her eyes she accepted it, remarking: "The angels must indeed have directed you here; for had I not received aid now, what little furniture I have would have been placed upon the sidewalk to-morrow morning. God will bless you, I know for this act." And he has blessed us, and is blessing us daily, for we are fully conscious His messengers can approach us, and direct us to perform that which Jesus taught.

The Constitutional Amendment.

Congress, having proposed an amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery in all the States in which it exists, the voting now falls upon the States themselves, which are called on to ratify or reject the measure, as they think fit. It requires three-fourths of the whole number of the States to effect this, and they are proceeding as rapidly as possible to perform what is required of them through their legislatures. There are thirty-six States, of which it will take twenty-four to make the proposed amendment a component part of the Constitution. Not much doubt is expressed about the result in the case. Should the amendment thus become a part of the supreme law of the land, we shall find the great question, which has for so long a course of years troubled us, taken out of our politics and out of Congress entirely.

Going to London.

Mr. Foster, the first medium whose glances here are recorded daily, intends, shortly, to revisit London at the earnest request of many warm friends there, notwithstanding the opposition he met with in the British metropolis some time since from a few persons whose exclusiveness sadly influenced their better judgment. We are deeply sorry when he goes so, that all minor differences of opinion in regard to his mediumistic powers, etc., will be cast aside, so enable him to fulfill his mission acceptably to all. The best minds in America appreciate his services in the good cause, and he has a warm heart, as through his instrumentality alone, hundreds of converts to Spiritualism have been made.

Farewell in Dedham.

On the subject of paying women higher wages, a discussion in a Convention at the West, Bath, N. H., was held. A lady named Mrs. J. A. Smith, who is seventy-five years of age, and frequently well known in her native town, was present. She was a Quaker, and had been a member of the Society for many years. She was a very able and eloquent speaker, and her address was highly appreciated. She was a Quaker, and had been a member of the Society for many years. She was a very able and eloquent speaker, and her address was highly appreciated.

BLOSSOMS OF OUR SPRING

BLOSSOMS OF OUR SPRING
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They have received the criticism and commendation of the press in various parts of the country.

The book opens with a National Poem, entitled: "AMERICA," from which we make the following extracts:

"The messenger approached, and in their laps
As if of Indian corn he graciously cast;
Thus Nebuch's golden image he revealed
From the far North, where icebergs guard the pole,
A continued line flung on the antarctic cone,
Inhabited by savage men, to war
And daring chase devoted. They but wait
The hostile Natives' arrows, while his bow
Colossal in her beauty, she awaits
By coming as the lightning, to be hurled
Her sea-like lakrs, wide awaits her long!
Wouldst thou the combined navies of the world;
Couldst thou command millions to obey thee,
A golden river in a nation's lap,
Thou wert vainly, marching to the sea.
Wouldst thou the countless millions of thy realm
Be in all thine; likee to her virgin pearls
The iron could never from restraint
The lady's soul we would not restrain
To plant thy standard where the red man's yell
And cry aloud, 'Gods, and gods, and gods,
And rear a noble State!'"

"America, thou pet child of the world,
Thou brightest of all jewels in the crown
The goddess of the Nations rose, long live
Thy Liberty, thy Honor, and thy Peace!
Thy humble larvel will fleet from earthly scene,
But thy Eternal life will live to thee
Forevermore. Thy starry flag shall float
Above all nations, conquered by the power
Thy intrinsic truth, thy God, thy Liberty
The Tyrant's throne shall vanish from the earth;
But man be master, none a chattered creel.
But all shall share thy love, thy peace, thy life,
And heaven shall hallow in the ether sphere
Our out cast banished, hind it round the world,
And, like thy eagle, shall it soar and glide."

The next poem of any considerable length, is a "VISION OF DEATH!" and is worth the price of the book. The reader can form a faint idea of its plot, by reading the first and last stanzas as follows:

"The Mortal garb fell from me, and I woke
In blinding light, My Guardian Angel spoke:
"Mount this magnetic steeple, and soar away
From earthly slanders and from earthly hate;
Swift as an arrow on its fearful race,
On, on we sped, through countless leagues of space,<
Before we reached our destined goal,
And heard the welcome voice of spirit-bands,
I saw the Spirit-world. Its mighty minds
Hid round my vision to its vast domains
The spheres appeared round me, and I looked far through
To the necirin of Space."
I paused in thought; I must to earth again,
Of distance soon I would break the silver chain
Which bound my mortal form to earth's domain
I sped, and ere in glass a snail could fall
By a galvanic touch the body woke,
I heard the angelic voice, and saw the bands of

A touching heart story is told in the title of "LULL" :—
 "A year has gone by with his widowed and anguished,
 And she again is arranging her hair;
 And clings to her palor, but wears not the languish
 Of a year's lifeless march, and a year's wilderness fast.
 To-day he is coming! With truth, truth, truth,
 She breathes the green life, which lives on death,
 And she hears his sweet rigidity. No longer I linger
 Away from the bride, 'tis he's coming! today!
 The maiden pale
 Took a glory veil,
 And passed from the land, and a pale beam of light,
 Pausing in the land which knows not any night."
 "THE COURSE OF EMPIRE" is another noble poem, be-
 lying thus:
 "Henceforth the most-grown arches of mighty cities dead,
 Will stand and lie low, and be buried, the silent Age led,
 I pass with ling'ring footsteps in ruins gray and lone,
 While on the crumbling columns stand the ghosts of ages gone
 "A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE" has the true poetic
 17

"A Bumbling shell, or sea-weed green,
Some trifling gift from thee, grand sea,
Memento I can ever keep—
A souvenir from thee, grand sea,
Is all that I can ask of thee.
The Ocean's silent answer growled:
As I threw upon thee, I have washed strand
A lock of alginate hair!
And a sea-pen's curious wand,
Reverbelled or 'erwashed."

"The Snow" is the theme for another fine poem, in w
the Winter wind utters a truth which should come home to
hearts, at this severe season:

"I searched among the poots
I here am lonely prey—they feed my jaws!
I bore grim Death upon my cold white wings;
I tried to conquer Death, but he the more:
And yet you welcome what the willows curse!"

"BIVIT-VOICES" is a sweet gem:

"When the sunset clouds, like Vessels,
Coast upon the sky sea,
Beaming with the forms of angels,
Spirit-voices come to me."

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Abstract

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