

ONE TAKEN, THE OTHER LEFT.

BY JOSEPH GRANT.

The leaves of the milk-white lilies lay scattered like
fragrant snow.
And the many cups of the red lilies like altar fires did
glow.

While the fair immaculate lilies waved sweet incense
to and fro
The trees bowed down their regal heads like Araby's
myrtle palms.

As the sighing breezes over them swept laden with
odors and balms:
And the winged, exulting singers chanted their laud-
ing psalms.

Crystal shafts from a fountain leapt, that no earthly
eye might peer,
Then fell again, in jeweled rain, on the flowerets bluish-
ing near;
And the song of the fay, in the rhining spray, like a
fairly lute rang clear.

The lovers met in the sacred bowers 'neath the jubilant
summer sky,
While the sun shed royal largess down from his sap-
phire throne on high,
And the breath of the undulant, balmy air, was rap-
ture, and music, and joy.

Rare speech, like fused and fluent gold, from the gifted
lips did flow,
In that loveliest garden 'neath the sun in the hours
of the long ago;
And the theme was the Love of the one Divine, whom
the angels seek to know.

Far down in a sombre valley stood a city old and lone;
Another, with portals golden, on the distant hill-tops
shone;
Between was the garden rich with bloom, engirt with
an ivory zone.

From the glorious mountain city there came a mes-
senger bright,
Whom kindly love was disarmed with scintillant clas-
pers of light;
But his deep voice smote the heart with a pang-like
dirges chanted at night.

He clasped the folding hand of one, and "Thy work is
done," he said;
Then laid his touch of blessing and calm on the other's
beated head.
Saying, "O'erlive not child to return alone to the valley
of shadow and dread.

Let the white light of thy beauty, thy life tone, loving
and pure,
Inspire with hope and lofty aims, the hearts of the sor-
rowful poor;
And deep in thy bosom keep the Trust that makes
God's promise sure.

Fear not the garden beautiful, it shall know neither
light nor pain;
Not one of its Eden blossoms from their tremulous
sprays shall fall;
For day and night the angels keep watch on the ivory
wall.

And when thy sojourn is ended in the valley veiled and
dim,
From the golden-gated city thou shalt hear the sum-
mering hymn;
Then the loved, beauteous one thou'lt meet, the Father-
er's home within.

Providence, R. I., August, 1880.

GLIMPSES IN ENGLAND.

By Our Junior.

NUMBER TEN.

YORKSHIRE-YORK MINSTER.

Yorkshire is by very much the largest and most
interesting County in England. Although its com-
mercial importance, were we about to give a long-
ended history of it, is worthy of great consideration,
still, as a tourist, it is secondary, to us, to its his-
torical importance, and the many landmarks it pos-
sesses of a former age and its glories. Its original in-
habitants, the Brigantes, were unknown to Caesar,
who planted his standard in Britain fifty years be-
fore the Christian Era. Claudius left them uncon-
quered in A. D. 44. But in A. D. 71 Vespasian sub-
dued them to the Roman yoke. But year after year
this fearless tribe rebelled—until we find the Em-
peror Severus, leading his legions in person. The
Romans finally, in order to defend their continental
possessions, abandoned Britain A. D. 427. Shortly
after, by a slow progress of conquest, the Anglo-
Saxons conquered the island, divided as it was by
the civil discords which arose after its abandonment
by the Romans, which from them has acquired the
name of England. We now see England a scene of
constant war. York seemed the centre, from which
poured every overwhelming torrent. The Danes suc-
ceeded the Saxons, and they too branching out from
York, converted England into a scene of desolation. A
succession of barbarians, who sat on the throne of
York, is known to history only by equal infirmities—
and even the Danish kings, important as was their
connection and final blending with the Saxons, who
filled the throne for 80 years, appear in history like
a distant form at the last refraction of the depart-
ing sun—we behold only a dark gloom in which we
can trace no shapes and can scarcely distinguish
individuals.

In 1066 we find Edward the Confessor, sending an
army against the usurper Harold. Harold, a man
of gigantic stature, of an athletic form and strength,
and extraordinary courage, was appointed his leader.
One decisive conflict terminated the war—thousands
and thousands of both armies perished, the usurper
was defeated, and Malcolm placed on the throne of
his ancestors. Harold returns to York with great
booty, but on his arrival fell sick with a disease which
terminated his days. The glory of a warrior was in
his eyes the greatest felicity, and when he saw his
dissolution approaching, he sighed for the funeral
trappings of a field of battle. "I feel disgraced," said
he, "to have survived so many battles, to perish
thus; clothe me in my mail, fasten on my sword,
and give me my shield and battle axe, that I may
die like a soldier." He was obeyed, and died in his
warlike habitments, he expired.

About 1066 we find Harold seated on the throne,
and the Norwegians, led on by his brother Tostig
and the Norwegian King, Harold Godwinson. Tostig
had represented to Harold that Harold was ex-
tremely odious to the English, and would be mostly
deserted by his subjects on the appearance of a
foreign army. The King, already devouring in his
imagination such a glorious prize as Britain, was
easily persuaded by the brother to lend him aid.

The preparation for this grand expedition being
completed, a fleet of five hundred ships set sail from
Norway, accompanied by Harold and Tostig. They
entered the Tyne, and ravaged the country on both
sides of the river. Again re-entering their ships,
they doubled Point Spurn, entered Humber, and ad-
vanced up the Ouse, ten miles below York; here
they were stopped by the earls of Northumberland
and Chester, who were both slain with the greater
part of their troops. Flushed with success, they
marched upon York, the inhabitants of which, in
order to avoid impending ruin, surrendered. Har-
old, on receiving this intelligence, began his march
toward the north with a powerful army, which he

had already assembled, expecting an attack from
Normandy, whither Tostig had first gone to solicit
aid. On his approach, the Norwegian army with-
drew from York, and encamped at Stamford Bridge,
some eight miles east of the city. This strong po-
sition, having the river Derwent in front, presented a
formidable barrier against the attack of the enemy
from York, and was favorable to a communication
with their fleet, which lay in the Ouse. Harold
fearing, while he opposed this storm in the north, a
descent on the south from the Duke of Normandy,
was sensible of the importance of coming to a
speedy decision. As it was impossible to approach
the enemy except by the bridge, he immediately
ordered it to be attacked. The Norwegians main-
tained their post with great obstinacy, but could not
withstand the efforts of their assailants, though
animated by the astonishing prowess of one of their
men, who, for a considerable time, defended the
bridge alone, against the whole English army, and,
as said by Dromont, to have killed fifty of his
opponents with his own hand. The brave Norwegian
at length was slain, and Harold became master of
the bridge. The English, then rushing forward with
relentless impetuosity, attacked their outposts, and
commenced an obstinate and indiscriminate
slaughter, in which no quarter was either asked or
given. Each of the contending armies consisted of
sixty thousand men, and the dreadful contest con-
tinued from seven in the morning until three in the
afternoon. Victory was at length declared for the
English. The king of Norway, and Tostig, Harold's
brother, perished, and the greater part of their army
were destroyed. Five hundred ships were employed
in bringing the Norwegians to Yorkshire, yet twenty
were sufficient to carry back the miserable remains
of their force, which Harold suffered to depart with
Olaf, son of the Norwegian monarch. Three weeks
after his victory at Stamford Bridge, Harold lost his
crown and his life in an engagement with the Duke
of Normandy at Sussex, at the famous battle of
Hastings; and here terminated the monarchy of the
Anglo-Saxons, and began the Norman rule.

This little historical sketch has exhibited York-
shire successfully as the focus of Roman power—as
a British, and as a Saxon kingdom.

Asking pardon of the reader who has grown
drowsy over our prelude, we invite him or her to
take a seat in the comfortable rail carriage, and ac-
company us to York. We need not speak of the
different views seen from our window, because they
are pretty much alike, whichever route you take, all
run together, nothing individually discernible—so
let us imagine ourselves in York at once. As it
may be readily perceived from our little historical
indulgence, this fine old city is one of the landmarks
of time which point to a period very far back in the
history of England. Its associations with war, with
royalty, with feudal struggles, etc., must give it a
venerable claim to all who delight in familiarizing
themselves with the past.

Railways have made it an important centre of
commercial operations, but this has been rather the
result of other circumstances, than design. Certain
engineering difficulties arose, each Leeds would from
the beginning have filled the office of York. Leeds,
from its manufacturing importance, would have been
certainly a more fitting centre—for it represents the
present with the feverish activity of commerce and
railways; York represents the silent past.

York stands on the river Ouse and Pass, just at
the point where they join, and is one of the few
English cities which yet retain their boundary walls.
These afford an opportunity of getting some of the
finest views of York Minster on all sides, which may
be had by traversing the city wall, as far as it is
open for this purpose, and turning the eye toward
the venerable structure whenever opportunity occurs.

And well will the visitor be repaid if he catch the
reflection of the morning sun from the east window,
or the setting sun from the glorious west front.

York is entered by four gates in the wall from four
different directions; and, on going outside of the
city and re-entering it again, you can fancy your-
self walking into a city of the ancients.

We shall not keep the reader in York any longer
than it may be requisite to give a just description of
its celebrated minster. Let us look at its exterior.
It is an uniform structure, having nave, choir,
and transept, and is by far the most complete text for
a history of Gothic architecture in England; since the
portions successively erected exemplify the various
changes which this style underwent in the space of
two or three centuries, from the earliest adoption of
simple pointed windows, to the rich adornment of
the decorative style.

The west front is, perhaps, the finest west front
of any English cathedral, partly on account of its
great magnificence, being upwards of one hundred and
also feet in breadth.

Its window is inferior only to the west window of
Canterbury Cathedral; but in other respects it is per-
haps unrivalled. It consists of a central portion
between two lofty towers, the lower part of which is
occupied by the deeply recessed and richly adorned
entrance; exhibiting a series of side columns sup-
porting arches which become smaller and smaller as
we advance further. Exteriorly this doorway is
bounded by a triangular canopy; and on either side of
it are rich niches filled with statues. Above the
entrance stands the great west window, with its
eight lofty lights, its rich tracery, and its surmount-
ing canopy. On either side of the window is a panel
front, partially occupied with statues in niches, and
above it is a battlemented pediment.

Next we approached the towers—those most ma-
jestic productions, standing at the north-west and
south-west corners of the building, forming the most
conspicuous objects on three sides. Each tower
consists of a central compartment, flanked by two
series of magnificent buttresses. Lowermost there
is a recessed porch, above this a canopy, beauti-
fully tracery window; then follows a flat space of
old panning, and another window, without a can-
opy; then a short battlement, and above this a double
window, much loftier than either of those below;
and, lastly, shooting up to a height nearly two
hundred feet from the base, a series of towers and
crocketed pinnacles. Ingenuity and skill could
scarcely have produced anything more complete in
the style of architecture. On either side of this
central compartment, as we have said, are the but-
tresses, rising tier after tier, and most richly adorned
with panning, niches, statues, canopies, tracery,
etc. Among the statues near the great doorway are
those of William de Melton, Robert de Vavasour and
William de Percy, early benefactors of the cathedral.
In the arch over the door, in full tracery-work, is
represented the temptation and expulsion of Adam
and Eve.

The east front is very little less beautiful than the
west, excepting that its beauty loses much from its
comparatively lower elevation. The great window
has been considered the finest in the world of its
peculiar style. It is evidently much newer than the
west front, and displays a more florid style of archi-
tecture, crowded with elegant and airy pinnacles.
It is unquestionably a grand work, whatever it may
lose by newness or comparison. The window occu-
pies the entire width between the buttresses, and
comprises no less than two hundred compartments of

stained glass. At its base is a row of fifteen stat-
ues, supposed to have been intended for some of the
characters of Scripture.

The buttresses at the corner of the east front are
adorned with niches, statues and pedestals, which
strongly vie with the richness of the west end.
Over the window is seen the statue of the venerable
founder of the choir, Archbishop Thurgot, mitred
and robed, sitting in his archiepiscopal chair, having
in his left hand the representation of a church, and
with his right arm pointing to the window.

York Minster is so unfortunately hemmed in by
houses and buildings, that the south side can be but
imperfectly seen. The south transept is by far the
most ancient part of the building, and is distin-
guished by a number of narrow, acutely pointed
arches, with slender pillars, crowned with either
plain or slightly ornamented capitals. The windows
are comparatively small, and there are no buttresses,
and the whole arrangement distinctly mark an
earlier and simpler style of art than either of the
other fronts. Between the south transept and the
south-western tower rise six small pinnacles, origi-
nally intended, most likely, for buttresses to the nave.
In the niches are many very old statues, supposed to
represent Christ and the four evangelists. The south
side of the choir is strikingly beautiful. The massive
columns, finely decorated with a variety of figures,
and terminating in richly ornamented pinnacles;
the windows, large, and displaying a beautiful
tracery; the small transept of the choir, with its
superb light, and the peculiar screen-work before the
three distant windows of the highest tier, all unite
to render this external part of the building strikingly
beautiful and magnificent. The north side is not
so crowded with buildings as the south, and conse-
quently displays its beauties more unintercepted,
and which, with few remarkable differences, greatly
resembles the ordinary Gothic.

The central tower is heavy and dumpy, and from
its exceedingly low situation, is the least attractive
part of the building. Tradition says it was the in-
tention of the architect to surmount this tower with
a lofty spire of wood, covered with lead, but the
design was abandoned on the apprehension that the
base might be overweighed by such a superstruc-
ture. It is, however, to be regretted that the inten-
tion was not carried out. Let us enter the building.
Here presents itself a scene which is almost unani-
mously admitted to be unequalled by any cathedral
in the united kingdom. The cross aisle displays a
most superb specimen of the style of architecture
which prevailed in the latter part of the reign of
Henry III. The circular, which at that time was
not entirely laid aside, still appears in the upper
part, enclosing others of a later style, and polygo-
nals. The pillars that support the larger arches
are of an angular shape, encompassed by slender
columns a little detached; and the rich leafy capi-
tals of all the columns unite to form a foliated
wreath round the head of the pillar. The windows
are long, narrow, and pointed, consisting of one
light, or divided into several by tracery, and deco-
rated on the sides by slender fretwork or marble
carvings. Between the upper arches appear the quatre-
foils and cinque foille ornaments, afterwards
transferred to the windows, and there forming the
first steps toward the beautiful tracery which is dis-
played in the nave and choir. The windows in the
south end are arranged in three tiers; the upper-
most, composed of two concentric circles of small
arches, is a wonderfully fine piece of masonry, and
exhibits a noble appearance. The first window in
the second tier affords a representation of St. Wil-
liam; the second consists of two lights, one of which
is decorated with the portrait of St. Peter, the other
with that of St. Paul, each with his proper insignia.
The four figures of Abraham, Solomon, Moses and
Peter, occupy the windows of the lower tier; they
are of modern workmanship, and reflect no little
credit on the talents of an English artist. The
north and south transepts display the same style
of architecture. The windows are disposed in two
tiers, the lower of which consists of one window
of exquisite beauty, containing five lights each, upwards
of fifty feet high and five in breadth. These are
separated by plain stone mullions, which are con-
cealed from the eye, placed at a distance by a cluster
of elegant shafts attached to them only at intervals,
and rising to support arches richly ornamented with
a kind of ochreous work, a relic of the Saxon style.
Architecture perhaps has never produced, nor can
imagination easily conceive, a vista of greater mag-
nificence and beauty than that which is seen from
the western entrance of the cathedral. This en-
trance, like the western entrances of St. Paul's and
Westminster Abbey, is reserved for state occasions.
Whether this species of exclusion in such a place is
altogether judicious, we leave the reader to judge;
but it certainly takes away much from the impres-
sive effect which would be wrought on the mind of
an observer by making this entrance a general one.

The screen which separates the nave from the
choir, rising only first high enough to support the
organ, does not intercept the view of the eastern
end of the church, with its columns, its arches, and
its most superb window. In proceeding from the
west to the eastern end of the cathedral, the pro-
gressive improvements in the architecture are visi-
ble—quite in contradiction to the idea (national
we must confess,) that progression, like Ulysses, fol-
lows the setting sun, and the contrast between the
old and new is easily made.

The pillars and shafts of the nave are not detach-
ed as in the transepts, but form a part of the col-
umns that support the arches of the side aisle; the
vaulting of the roof, unlike the circular arch of
Henry Third's time, does not rest on slender pillars
rising from flowery corbels placed above the capitals
of the clustered columns, but upon tall and elegant
pillars rising from the ground and attached to the
columns. Tracery of the richest kind appears in
the windows, especially in that which occupies a
large portion of the Western front. When we saw
it, the last rays of the declining sun were illumina-
ting it, and shedding over it a hue of gold, which
mingling and changing with the various colors of
the stained glass, formed a scene of quiet grandeur
far exceeding our powers of description. The fig-
ures of the first eight archbishops decorate the lower
compartment, and above are represented eight saints.
Under the window on each side of the great door
is an escutcheon, one bearing the arms of King Ed-
ward Third in the beginning of whose reign this
part of the structure was finished; the other is said
to bear the arms of the Saxon Prince Uthgar, one
of the chief benefactors of the church. The upper
windows, though not so richly decorated as those
below, are elegantly decorated with imagery and es-
cutcheons. Under these runs an open gallery, in
which, exactly over the points of the arches, were
told formerly stood images of the tutelary saints or
patrons of the several nations of Christendom.
These, however, have been displaced; but that of St.
George remains, and the resemblance of a dragon
protrudes itself from a neighboring point and ever
grins defiance to the sword of the holy champion.
The organ screen now meets our view. In the rich-
est form of the perpendicular shape, it closes in the
choir from the rest of the building. The lower part
is divided in fifteen niches in which are placed stat-

ues of the English kings from William the Conquer-
or to Henry Sixth, in ancient regal costume. Above,
the three rows of smaller figures represent the an-
gels choir, so that the whole screen presents an ex-
traordinary display of medieval sculpture. In the
middle of the screen is the entrance to the choir, a
beautiful canopyed recess with mullings and sculp-
tures around the arch and elaborate iron gates. The
old organ was destroyed by fire in 1829, but an or-
gan now rests on the screen deemed the finest in
England, and in every way worthy of the building
which contains it. The expense of its creation was
borne by the magnificent Earl of Scarborough. There
are three sets of keys of six octaves, and two oc-
taves of pedal keys. There are ninety stops, and
over six thousand pipes. If ever the sublimity of
sound can be brought home to the feelings of all, it
must be when such an organ is pouring its vast
body of harmony through the vaulted arches of this
ancient and impressive cathedral.

In the architecture a variation from that of the
nave is perceptible. The roofing displays more trac-
ery; an elegant kind of festoon work which form
the capital of the pillars from which the vaulting
springs; through every part is seen a greater pro-
fusion of ornament, and the whole exhibits a near-
er approach to the highly florid style which prevail-
ed sometime before the fifteenth century. The
windows of the choir shed their richly varied light
through numerous figures of kings, prelates, saints,
escutcheons, and representations of sacred story.
The richly carved stalls, the archbishops' throne,
the pulpit, are all of the ancient style. Beneath a
portion of the choir is an ancient crypt in fine imi-
tation of Saxon architecture—one of those solemn,
impressive, subterranean vaults, peculiar to but few
English cathedrals. But all the sanctity of these
crypts is gone in this latter day it is to be regretted.

But the eastern window—here we find representa-
tions which belonged to the building and to the age
when it was built. It may be said to be unrivalled
in the world for magnificence, beauty and magnificence.
This great production, as we before said, is divided
into two hundred compartments; each occupying
about a square yard, and each filled in stained glass,
with figures about two feet high. The scriptural
characters and incidents recorded in this way are
extraordinary for their number—the Saviour, angels,
patriarchs, prophets, apostles, confessors, and mar-
tyrs; the creation, the temptation, the expulsion,
the deluge; the stories of Jacob and Joseph, the find-
ing of Moses, the scenes of Mount Sinai, the exploits
of David and Abraham and Samson; the seals and
vials and trumpets of the apocalyptic vision, inter-
preted according to the notions of the time—in fact
all forms of transference of the Bible to the stained
glass of a window. Some idea of the size of this
stupendous window may be had when we consider
that John Thornton of Coventry, glazier, took the
contract of glazing it, and was to finish it in three
years. He began it in 1405 and finished it in 1408—
some few days before the expiration of the time. He
received for his work four shillings per week and also
one hundred shillings per annum besides, and £10
more if he did his work well. Who can imagine the
mighty structure lit up by the ruddy blaze of the morn-
ing sun, and not exclaim "How wonderful is it?"

The Chapter House is the only building exteriorly
of which we shall make mention. It is a magnifi-
cent structure and elegant of its kind, and consid-
ered to be the finest in England. Its form is an oc-
tagon, sixty-three feet in diameter, and sixty-eight
feet high. This vast space is not interrupted by a
single pillar, the roof being entirely supported by
its ingenious workmanship, which depends on a
single pin geometrically placed in the centre. The
stalls for the canons, ranged along the sides, are
highly finished in stone, and the curiously wrought
canopies are supported by small elegant columns of
the finest marble. The entrance from the north
transept is in the form of a man's square. Every
other side of the octagon is adorned with a window
rich in tracery and figured glass, rising from the
part just above the stalls and reaching to the roof.
Æneas Sylvius, afterward Pope Pius the Second, in
speaking of the Cathedral of York and the Chapter
House in particular said, "It is famous all the world
over for its magnificence and workmanship, but
especially for a fine lightest chapel, with shining
walls and small thin waisted pillars quite round."
An old monkish verse bestows on it this eulogium—

"Ut raris hoc formosum
Sic est domus ista domorum."

With this we quit the fine old Minster. We are
aware that its description will not be found among
the most interesting "Glimpses" which we might
have given. If it have no other value than that it
hereafter will serve to facilitate retrospective, it is
not worthless. And we are sure if interest or curi-
osity lead any of our readers to visit the scenes which
we have endeavored faithfully to describe, they will
find the time spent in the perusal of our labors, not
entirely lost.

* Camden's Britannia, fol. 721.
† The chief of houses—as the rarest flowers.

The Lowest Army.

We know of no greater scourge, in this country,
than the grasshopper. Were our grain-crops liable
to be destroyed by the locust, as in the southern
provinces of Russia, we might lament with exceed-
ing bitterness of spirit. Foreign accounts tell us
that, very recently, in Bessarabia the population has
been called out against the advancing swarms of this
insect as against an invading army. A cordon of
twenty thousand men, under military orders, was
drawn round the district in which the locusts had
appeared, and the measures taken for the extermina-
tion of the pest had to some extent succeeded,
when another band appeared in the same district.

This insect army spread over the country till it
covered an area of sixty square leagues by twenty
broad. It crossed the Dniester, and settled down in
the forests and fields, devouring every blade of corn
and every leaf. The cordons of defense extended
along fifteen wersts, and an active war was carried
on against the insects; but by the last accounts the
result was doubtful, as the locusts had broken
through the line and advanced into the interior of
Bessarabia. They have also appeared in the vicinity
of Odessa.

Fanny Fern, once stopping at the office of a Phila-
delphia hotel to pay her bill, on the eve of departure,
found a charge for breaking of her toilet set. She ad-
mitted the breaking of one piece, and desired to pay
for that only. The price of the whole was demanded
because the "set" was broken. The carriage was at
the door; there was no time for discussion, but enough
for action. Hastily paying the demand, and directing
the carriage to wait a moment, she went directly back
to her room, and, taking up the poker, inconspicuously
broke every remaining piece in the set.

Some philosophers were disputing very earnestly
and dully on the antiquity of the world. A man of
wit, tired of their long discussion, said, "Gentlemen,
I believe the world acts like some old ladies, and does
not choose to have her age discovered."

We understand that a certain Mr. MacAdams is about
to read a Miss Street. If this happens, she will then
be "macadamized."

Original Essays.

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF IRELAND.

Spiritualism has opened to the inquisitive mind a
large field for speculation in regard to what have
heretofore been looked upon as the superstitions of
different peoples and countries. All of these have
had, if not their professedly ornate superstructures, at
least their foundations, in truth; so that one might
accept, in reference to these, the maxim of the
Church, that "what is true is not new." We begin
to see very clearly that these facts are not to be held
amenable to the dicta of the modern savans, whether
in literature or philosophy; and that in spite of the
discoveries of physical science, there is something
behind the natural phenomena of visible sights and
sounds, which, though it defy the test of the crucible
and the blow-pipe, is none the less real, none the
less substantial, than those phenomena themselves.
Spiritualism teaches that the means must be sought
to the ends. The application of the fumes of mer-
cury for the discovery of arsenic poison in food,
would not detect the presence of a vegetable product
under the same circumstances. Nor has any one
liquid a like power of dissolving all solids. So in
Spiritualism, visions are revealed only to the spirit-
ual seer; and the conditions of mediumship have no
relation to intellectual qualification or professional
standing. Perhaps the advantages are on the side
of unsophisticated ignorance and childish credulity.
And this is—or may be—the reason why the testi-
mony of these is so often impeached; while in fact
they are the most proper instruments for the dis-
covery and revelation of the supernatural.

I make these observations in reference to some of
the superstitions—so called—of Ireland, to which
"Our Junior" does not appear to have given any at-
tention—particularly to *Fairies*. These sprites have
been tenants of the Emerald Isle time out of mind,
and are still held in religious awe by the tur-
figgers and potato eaters—though probably fast dis-
appearing in presence of the schoolmaster and ecclesi-
astic. Numberless are the stories I have listened to,
that flowed from the lips of farm servants
gathered about the kitchen fire; and though long
since surrounded to unbelief and partial forgetful-
ness, they still come back to amuse the fancy with
their dim and grotesque outlines. And now, after
passing over a blank of many years, Spiritualism
summons them again before me for fresh inquiry.
I ask myself, is it any reason that these seem being
united men and women, they should not be en-
titled to more confidence than the world is disposed
to give them? To be sure, those *Fairies* are quite
unlike our American apparitions. But though di-
luminative in form, they are endowed with human
ideas and passions; and their size may be assumed
with reference to climatic conditions or some pecu-
liarity of circumstance unknown to us. That is,
granting that such beings do appear. What has
been written by such literary caterers to popular
taste as Craker and Hall, ought not to influence
our judgment; nor indeed the success of what are
entitled the "better classes" in Ireland itself.
Where I doubt not "Our Junior" has felt the point
of their elegant diadems of all such low notions.
Notwithstanding all this, is not the mass of testi-
mony, as to numbers and length of time, greatly in
favor of the fact of their existence? Could a whole
nation, for so many years, hold fast to such a super-
stition without any ground to sustain it? Is it not
to the point to say that other nations have held
equally absurd views; for, we do not know what
amount of truth may have leavened the error, or to
what extent the drapery of language has distorted
the native form. The fables of the ante-historical
periods of a nation's life, cannot be all fables. Nor
should we be eager to allow that priest-craft in-
vented where it only embellished.

Let me now relate one or two circumstances which
have suggested these reflections.

Several years ago I became acquainted with an
Irish woman, much superior to her countrywomen in
character and judgment, as we meet with them here.
She showed, by her conversation and manner, that
she had been well educated and carefully brought
up. I therefore thought it a good opportunity to get
some reliable information upon this subject of the
Fairies. So I questioned her. She said that her pa-
rents had always ridiculed the belief in the exist-
ence of *Fairies* as an idle and vulgar superstition,
and that hence she herself had become early settled
in the same opinion. But one day, she continued,
when between eighteen and nineteen years of age,
she had gone about a mile from home to visit some
friends in the country. When within a short dis-
tance of their house, her attention was suddenly ar-
rested by an assemblage of some dozen or more men
and women, apparently not over fifteen inches in
height, clad in a neat, though rather ancient costume.
They were grouped under a large oak tree, and
earnestly engaged in conversation—so earnestly as
not to notice her presence. She stood a long time
considering them in utter amazement, hearing very
distinctly the sound of their voices, without being
able to distinguish the words. After having sat-
isfied her curiosity, she continued on her walk; and
arriving at her friends' house, related what she had
seen. Her friends did not appear at all surprised,
but, on the contrary, assured her that those "good
people" were frequently seen, and sometimes even
conversed with, by the whole family. But, they ad-
ded, they had not spoken of it, because it would ex-
pose them to the ridicule of their acquaintances.
Such things were not believed in respectable society.
The narrator further said, that, having remained
about an hour, on her return toward home she again
saw the same interesting spectacle, but that now
only four or five remained. As before, they did not
appear to notice her presence, although she lingered
for some time within a few feet of them. She had
no opportunity to see them again, for she soon after-
ward married and came to this country.

Another superstition—that of the *Banshee*—has in-
terested me. The *Banshee* is the apparition of a fe-
male, with dark, disheveled hair, wan features,
streaming eyes, and lamentable voice, who appears
to a person shortly before that person's death. I
knew a handsome, spirited Irish woman, the wife of
a well known public man in the city of New York, to
whom the *Banshee* appeared. So she said at the
time, and her death, which occurred a few weeks af-
terward, seemed to confirm the truth of what she
said. This will appear more probable when I add
that she, although a member of the Catholic
Church, was in reality an atheist, believing neither
in God nor in a future state. This showed, if not-
withstanding, that she was a woman who thought for
herself, and was in no sense superstitious. The ap-
parition occurred in this way: She was sitting
alone in the basement room of her house, just after
breakfast, when she saw a female approach, seat her-
self upon the sill of the window which looked into
a paved yard surrounded by a high wall, and, fixing
her eyes upon the astonished spectator, begin her
melancholy wail. The lady was fascinated for a mo-
ment, but a sense of extreme terror succeeding, she
ran up stairs, and with every expression of horror
in her face, related to the wife of the writer what
she had seen. After becoming calm, and reflecting

upon the circumstance, she could find no subterfuge
and her general skepticism to encourage her, she
declared, was too real to admit of doubt. It was an
objective fact, for which she could not account. She
was far from being weak-minded, nervous or credu-
lous; nor would she believe that it was a warning.
As for dying, she was not afraid of that, for she be-
lieved that death was the end of all sensation, and
thought it was an eternal slumber; and she did dis-
cuss it in this opinion. Doubtless she has found out
her error.

Now here are two ones which rest upon testimony
as good as any we are in the habit of receiving
in support of apparitions generally. I do not know
why they should not be entitled to our credence. I
would like very much to see them elicit remarks
from some able correspondent of the *DANES*.
Nothing could be more interesting than the dissem-
bling and bringing to light of these apparently ob-
solete phenomena, that they may have the benefit of
a critical and fair examination.

MORAL EVIL.

BY REV. ROBERT HARRIS.

In commencing to discuss our subject, we will
make a few introductory remarks. And, in the first
place, we assert the self existence, and, consequently,
the eternity of all matter. In the second place, we
affirm that Deity, viewed as his spiritual nature,
is the universal mind of all organized and unorgan-
ized existence. If the first assertion be not true,
then from what has all matter been made? Has it
been made, as some think, from

is used only in relation to the present and transient effect, and is evoked by the feelings of indignation and condemnation produced in the minds of those who have seen or heard of the action denominated evil. It should, however, be noticed here, that good is but a comparative term, and that evil, as we understand it, indicates a less degree of good, being in fact good in a lower stage of development than that which is at once pronounced as by men. The appeal of evil is given to an action from its present and palpable effect, without reference to the general consequences, and to the fact that it is but the carrying out of the divine plan by which a lower degree of good is exchanged for a higher. The deity we believe to be eternally good, and all animate and inanimate existence to be but deity, the actions of men being the evidence of the portion of him dwelling in them; therefore we conceive that no evil can proceed from him. If the whole be absolutely and eternally good, how can a part of that whole be evil, or how can anything proceeding from the indwelling deity be evil? All the actions, events and occurrences of human life, conduce to the production of universal happiness, and therefore, on the principle that we judge of the quality of the tree by its fruit, we cannot see how these can of themselves be essentially evil. What is called evil is, as we think, but the developing of good. The outside appears repulsive, but when the dross is removed the genuine metal will appear. When the rude and rough coat is cast off by man, a finer and better garment will be found beneath. If you wish to get the kernel you must break the shell. If you wish to see a beautiful interior human nature, you must not say that the process which produces and leads to its exhibition is evil. All good is positive; all evil negative. The former, therefore, is real—the latter unreal. If you wish to enter the temple of purity, object not to first cast off your impure garments, and call not the latter process evil; for it is only preparing for greater good; it is but becoming better. If some men are so rude as to knock loudly at the door of this temple, do not be frightened; the door will be opened, and they will receive a hearty welcome. If all cannot walk as elegantly and decorously as yourself up to the entrance, do not be alarmed for their state; they will reach before the door is shut.

Two or three men may lead an ox to the water, but cannot make him drink; so a few paid officials may make a thief or a murderer, and a number of divines denounce him as a brute, and his crime as diabolical; but they cannot make either enter this temple after their fashion; but they do so after their own. Attempt to force nature with a pitchfork, and she will bid you defiance; push her from you, and she will endeavor to return. Love her, and she will love you; be gentle to her, and she will not rebel. Observe her operations, and if you cannot approve, before condemning, wait awhile. The water rushes down the precipitous with noise and tumult, but in the valley below it is calm and tranquil. The road is rough here, but at a distance it is smoother, so don't complain. All cannot hit the mark the first shot; but let all practice, and then see the result. Many stumble and fall; but the bruises they receive will after a little make them surer-footed. When things appear wrong, have patience, and they will right themselves. When men say that is evil, ask them, will the wound heal? If they say it should never have been, then ask, how did it come to pass? If electricity kills a man, it is perceived to be a fatal accident, and is not considered evil; if a bullet from a well-aimed rifle kills another, the effect is fatal; but in this case it is pronounced an evil. A spark drops and sets the premises on fire; an incendiary elsewhere applies an ignited match; the result in both cases is similar: the former is pronounced accidental, but not evil—the latter intentional and evil. The motive determines the character of the action and the agent; but without a motive no man becomes better. It may not accord with our views of right; but he is made better for it. The slough from the moral nature is cast off by it, and underneath is beautiful; the house is swept and neatly garnished. When the leaf is blotted and defaced, turn it over and see the other side. Man is a book of many leaves; but all are not blotted. For every blot he makes he pays the penalty, and soon learns to use his pen with the skill of a master. After a time his blots are forgotten, and only the finished penman is remembered. He has paid for his lessons and benefited by them. He would not now blot his book over again if you paid him handsomely for it. The penalties were evil he thought at the time of payment; he now believes that were blessings which his tutor vision could not then behold. His sight has now become strong; he is thankful for it. His view of the penalties he sees was false. His heart rejoices over the benefit the apparent evil produced, and his memory faithfully cherishes the recollection of them for good.

Take an illustration from the material world. We might as well say, for instance, as to the colors of all objects, that "whatever is, is white." Why? Because the rays of light from different objects are seen only from the reflection of the specific colors. The green color is because the form of the particles and the qualities of the substances so colored are such as to give forth the green rays only, and to absorb all the rest. Red gives forth red, and absorbs all the rest. Yellow gives forth yellow only, and so on. Black absorbs all, and gives forth none. Hence the darkness. White, on the contrary, gives forth all the rays, and absorbs none. Now suppose some philosopher who wished to be wondrously comprehensive, should set up the theory that everything was white, because this is the color of pure, uncomposed light. Black?—why, there is no such thing. Green, yellow, blue—why, there are no such colors. "Whatever is, is white." To be sure it is, in the whole, in the abstract, (not applying this, however, wholly to the deity, as it relates to evil); but there is not a specific reflection of green, blue, yellow, red? And is it not very proper and well that there should be? Are they not beautifully related, in combination? Who could paint a picture without them? Who would want to live in a thoroughly white universe, or a blue, or green one? And suppose, to come to the practical of this matter, one should go into a painter's studio, where a most beautiful work of art was in process, and take the black brush, and, where the white color was wanted, dabbed it with a most villainous smudge. Would that be good—right? Oh, yes; "whatever is, is white"; of course, then, this is just the thing for that picture! No, the whole theory is of the blackness of darkness. It comes from perverse and vain speculations on the nature of the infinite—the abstract infinite—and it has no practical truth in it whatever. On the contrary, it is only calculated to unsettle men's notions of good and evil, and to confound all distinction between them. Black heads (and who is not more or less vulnerable?) may be turned by it, and encouragements to sin, and excuses in it, will be the tendency wherever it prevails. In all this I have, of course, no intention to impeach the author's motives or purity. I know nothing of him; but I only write to prevent, in some small measure, if possible, the prevalence of so gross and mischievous an error. Whatever is, is not right, practically, nor in any true theory; but, providentially speaking, all things are tending to the best possible good. So much for plain, common, practical sense. Such a man, at least, is in the most useful knowledge. "He knows what's what, and that's as high as metaphysics will get by."

W. M. F.

Letter from Dr. Paige to Dr. Child.

In connection with the above criticism we present the following letter written to Dr. Child by A. Paige, M. D., whose able pen and tongue have contributed as much (if not more—valuable, original thought, to medical science—we might well say, to religion too, as any living author).

Dr. A. B. Child—My Dear Friend: Permit me to congratulate you on your triumphal researches after truth, and the happy manner in which it is presented in your recent work, "Whatever is, is Right,"—also, through you, the public, in their possession of so rich a treasure, filled with treasures so valuable, and all in line with the spirit of truth.

The doctrine, *Whatever is, is Right*, though not new, has received at your hands new and practical interpretations, which cannot fail to adapt themselves to the approbation of the more spiritually in-

"WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT."

[The first of the two following letters, is from the pen of a well-known author, who has contributed largely to the literature of the New Church, and is also, we believe, a member of that religious sect—whichever sect, though, strange to say, is probably as strongly opposed to Spiritualism as any religious denomination. It will be strange if Dr. Child's new book, like Spiritualism, out of which it has grown, does not meet the severity of "Christina Avingtonism!"—Eus.]

I see that the book with the above title is meeting with a good deal of commendation from a kind of persons who are immersed in certain naturalistic principles, and I therefore have a word to say of it. In this, as in every other contemplation of an intellectual character, there is certainly some truth, and it is the truth partially expressed, and plainly recognized, that blunts the mind frequently to the enormous falsity which such truth is made use of to cover.

First, there is certainly a truth in the connection of all things—in a chain of causes and effects which extends from eternity to eternity, including all things in its infinite embrace. I say a certain truth, I say not how much, nor precisely what, as it relates to moral evil. And here let it be observed, once for all, that whatever view we adopt concerning the character of God, the infinite—whether we include him with nature in one eternal, all-comprehending necessity, or whether we take a more Arminian view of the will of man, it matters not, so far as this question of human right and wrong is concerned. I would have this point especially understood, for it is important, and vital to the question at issue. What ever view, then, we take of God and infinity, necessities or non-necessities, (and much might be said very pertinently here,) it matters not concerning this question of right and wrong, good and evil, in man.

And here is the grand source of fallacy—in many mortals assuming to look on things as God looks upon them! Now this cannot be done. God is infinite; man is finite. We have no right nor ability to presume to stand in God's place, and from the point of view of the infinite, look upon events as he looks upon them. He sees all things, and all their connections and tendencies. We are perilled, and must not take the responsibility of doing murder, theft, adultery, etc., as good and right things, or even to think of them as good after they are performed. If God can overlook these things for a good that could not otherwise be so highly promoted, that is his work, and his prerogative. Man must not do evil that good may come. I say not that God may—I only propose this for the sake of the argument. I say admit that he does these things—admit that this distinction between designing and permitting is all a fallacy; (still I do not believe that it is,) but whether it is or not, these things are wrong and evil with men, simply on the ground of finite relation. Surely it does not require to be argued here, and to Christian men, that murder and robbery are good in the same sense and tendency that charity and honesty are, or that they are even desirable in good society. And it is simply because we are so related, one with another, without any regard at all to the necessity or the infinity of the contemplation, that it becomes wrong and evil to transgress the commandments.

Oh, the stupendous fallacy of Dr. Child's book! Truth mixed with it—truth connected with it—truth appearing in a partial view intellectually in it—but morally and practically, without which the intellect is false, rotten to the core. No new thing, but old as the fall of man.

Take an illustration from the material world. We might as well say, for instance, as to the colors of all objects, that "whatever is, is white." Why? Because the rays of light from different objects are seen only from the reflection of the specific colors. The green color is because the form of the particles and the qualities of the substances so colored are such as to give forth the green rays only, and to absorb all the rest. Red gives forth red, and absorbs all the rest. Yellow gives forth yellow only, and so on. Black absorbs all, and gives forth none. Hence the darkness. White, on the contrary, gives forth all the rays, and absorbs none.

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aligned, and understanding free. Faith in this doctrine, is but belief that physically and spiritually we are, in all respects, under the control of laws emanating from a God of Infinite Perfection. The source perfect—the laws good—the effect good,—not in part but altogether good.

The practical effect of this doctrine is reconciliation—confidence in God and charity towards all, under whatever circumstances. We have none of us made ourselves, nor have we power to determine our condition for an hour. Who can exist an hour, or moment, without the protection of infinite laws? Who of us can change these laws for our own special accommodation? If not, what are the circumstances of our existence but the results of laws over which we have no control? If then, these laws, in their various workings, are the causes of differences among us, why should some of us reproach or spurn others, not in all respects like ourselves? Shall the foot complain that it is not the head? Or shall the eye condemn the ear because it is not an eye? All are but parts of one stupendous whole. All are working out the endless varieties and necessities of an existence God has bestowed, and none can exist of himself, or unto himself. All are dependent on the laws of eternal truth, and whatever their condition or their doings, those laws protect and preserve them. The laws of "Truth and God are one, and beauty dwells in them and they are her with like participation. Wherefore then oh! sons of earth! would you dissolve the tie?"

A. PAIGE.

OVERLOOKING THE WORLD.

BY JOHN LATHAM.

To come out from the world, to set one's self apart to the new, means much more, perhaps, than people are aware when they think or speak about it. It does not consist, as many have thought, in going away from the face of man, and hiding in caves and dens of the earth, living on roots, going unobserved, and in all things doing unlike the rest of mankind. To crucify, and be unlike all that is, does not accomplish the desired end. It is not to be unlike the present false ways, but it is to be and live the true, for which we are to labor.

It is vastly easier for us to crucify, to impute some function that we have not courage to regulate, than it is to purify, perfect, and make healthy its action. We may live the life of ascetics—denying, restraining, inflicting hardships, even fasting our own backs, and still not remove or overcome the cause of disease. The very thoughts and desires for which we imitate and torment our bodies, still suggest themselves to the mind; they still continue to arise unbidden; involuntarily they come, to the exclusion of loftier, holier thoughts, holding the mind in despotism to their presence and the unwholesome associations they bring. And why is this? Because the cause lies deeper than we have looked for its removal. It is among the essence that give form to our thoughts and desires. We may sit clothed in sackcloth and ashes, but it will not affect the fountain of bitterness. It can, at most, be but a sign of humility, the actual of which must be possessed. Being really and truly possessed, it would not then be inappropriate to give it an outward expression; for the feeling and action would suitably accord with the dress which otherwise would be a hollow mockery. Then let it over be borne in mind that the first essential is to purify and elevate the source of our thoughts and affections. We shall then cease to feel an unhappiness and impurity, from which to hide ourselves away, or inflict our bodies with pain or debasement.

The only way to overcome the world, is by putting out of our thoughts and affections all that is not pure and true. This we are to do, not by artificial desire and fervent prayer, but by a pure of our diet, by seeing that we eat no unwholesome thing, or, in other words, no low and unexpressed substance. Such things, as our experience and that of the race teach, give rise to low thoughts and desires. We must be cleanly in body, regular in our habits, cultivate charity, exercise kindness, deal justly, and perform many offices of love which would come as the spontaneous result of a truly regular life. So let our food principally from the vegetable kingdom; eat of fruits and vegetables which, from growing in the sunlight, have become filled with a higher and more celestial magnetism. Such the mind at most spontaneously points out as being pure and elevating.

There is much in the associations of the mind. I almost unerringly associate purity with those substances which are pure. The poetic mind loves to contemplate the "golden grain," and "mellow fruit," and such go to build up the very fancy that feeds upon them. Strive to think pure thoughts, and you will soon find a taste growing for pure foods. Your desires will be ample because of those things which elevate and exalt. Let your soul enter and partake of the spirit of beauty that drapes the floral world; lose yourself in its fragrance, appropriate the loveliness the father has provided for his children, for therein you will find a positive substance that answers to your soul's greeting. Let no beauty be lost to your senses; seek to find it everywhere; make a regular business of it; extract it from all your surroundings—for you may be sure it abounds throughout the wide domain of God, and we only know of life, of happiness, in accordance with the degree that our soul is linked to nature—is one with the Father, as we learn his life from the live and pure delights which thrill through creation.

As we penetrate the interior depths of this our own mysterious life, we have after wave of sweet enchantment moves us on, still on. The boundaries of the outer once pass, who would return? To fall from such were impossible, for thus we comprehend the outer by the light of an illumined spirit. It is seen in its true relation and to make other use of it, there ceases to be desire. It is all empty, unless used rightly.

Would you overcome the world? Would you be happy? Then seek happiness in the good which God has shed abroad. Let your thoughts turn towards it, and the dark shadows which haunt and torment you will soon be dispelled. Seek the light, and you will soon find how mighty is thought when occupied by the pure and good, in molding you into a new being. Truly will you be born again. The light will play around you, holy thoughts will calm and soothe you; pure and lofty affections will bless and make happy your existence. Then will you appreciate the great boon of life as the most precious gift of a Father's love, for serene and radiant will your life become; the sun of gladness will beam upon the happy faces that surround you—made happy by your example and love.

The light shall have chased away the darkness which encompassed you; and chaos can no more reign within, because of the fountain whose streams of love melt all clouds which approach.

Thus one who overcame the world, and not only be able to resist temptation, but the waters of bitterness shall all be washed away. They will no more have power to color or darken your thoughts. Their crystal flow shall ever increase, becoming purer, clearer, grander, with each new effort to bless and elevate humanity.

OUR CAUSE.

Since the first gleam of light which went forth from the rising sun of Spiritual truth to illumine a world buried in the night and gloom of Orthodox bigotry and superstition, when Davis first uttered his oracle of truth and wisdom as the Poughkeepsie Beer, and the first "rap" was given at Hildesville by the Fox family, there has never been a time so replete of hope and cheer to the cause of Spiritualism as now. I have been a careful reader of all the literature bearing upon Spiritualism since its advent, but never do I remember to have met with anything so glowing and soul-cheering, among all the Spiritualist Journals, as the first September numbers of both the *Banner of Light* and the *Herald of Progress*. Verily, there is being a Pentecostal outpouring from the Spiritual spheres upon the advocates of the cause, that looks as though they were fully determined not to merit the charge any longer of being stupid or penurious.

The numerous and largely attended Spiritual Conventions which are now everywhere being held, the multiplicity of able trances and other lectures which are sweeping this country from Maine to California, and the rapidly increasing extension of Spiritualistic Journals and pamphlets, are the powerful leverages that are inaugurating the fast-approaching new era. Our lecturers, who now essay to speak—trance speakers, in particular—are generally of a much higher order than formerly; and the promulgations of the new religion are so grateful, and replete with joyful ecstasy—when compared with the silence of orthodox teachings—that it has "leaked out" among the "faithful" that "there is something so unearthly beautiful, refining, inspiring and elevating" in what Spiritualists say and preach of their belief, that infidelity and sectarianism are vanishing before like the mists of morning before the genial and resplendent rays of the rising sun.

I was greatly edified, as well as delighted, at reading, in the *Herald of Sept. 1st*, an account of Spiritualism in Kew-Forest, Maine, given by a most faithful advocate of the cause, D. H. Hamilton.

If every lecturer would as fearlessly (with a spirit of fraternal love) beard the lion in his den, as Brother H. did his gnomish spiritual guide (the minister of the place; and if friends generally would see to it, that every spiritual paper and pamphlet which they have perused, found its way into the hands of those longing for spiritual light—in the Orthodox "fold"—even the present glowing aspect of our cause would soon be transcended by results more mighty than seem to us at present possible. If there is a being beneath the sun who is deserving of the charge of supreme selfishness, it is he who has had his being renovated by experiencing the ineffable joys of a tangible, demonstrable, undeniable of the sublime realities of the life beyond the "veil," and who complacently, cowardly, niggardly sits down among the thousands around him who are pining and starving for the bread of life—afforded only by the spiritual dispensation—and covers his light under a bushel. If such there are, who call themselves Spiritualists, it is fortunate for them that human society is not like a hive of bees, for then would a sudden ejectionment from its midst remind them that "drones" and workers do not keep the same company. ORGANIZATION is the greatest present need of Spiritualism; not *creed*, but such associative bodies, as can command more extensive means of disseminating spiritual truth. We have said before—and know of what we speak—if Spiritists will undertake to build edifices for meetings, and see that able lecturers are obtained to dispense the truths of our cause, two-thirds of the requisite means for doing it, can be obtained from the so-called Orthodox and secular world. It may be that privacy will be enjoyed in making donations, yet they will be conferred cheerfully and gladly, if sought for in the right manner.

BROTHER TAYLOR, giving a brief summary of spiritual truths, that can be thrown broadcast over the land, is another desideratum with us. Let us have the main features of Spiritualism in a nut shell, so that a dollar will pay for a hundred copies, that we may send them out upon the wings of the wind throughout the land. In short—let Spiritualists be "WAKE UP!" in the most thorough sense; for though the present is teeming with promise, the future of our cause, even to the most sanguine expectant of its ultimate universal triumph, has scarcely as yet thrown its first day-beam upon the horizon of its dawn.

New York, Sept. 2, 1860.

THE FIRST MAN IS OF THE EARTH, BARTHY.

If the gentlemen of the Boston Conference could see as angels see, on the question of evil, their discussion would have ended by a conclusion, instead of its present undecided finality. However, I think they did well, considering their development, not having the angels' ken to scan the dark field of rudimentality. Well, now, says the reader, I'd like to know what the angels see, in the premises. Friend, they see over a vast field; they see the laws of being, of organization, etc.; they behold Nature as a grand refining laboratory of the elementary systems of the universe; they discover man to be the grand object involved in all Nature's efforts; they behold matter progressing from grossness and darkness to the most refined of all refinement of light and intelligence; they see man standing, in principle, in the darkness of material elements, from all eternity, waiting a suitable condition of these chaotic materials, that Nature may effect his organization. Previous to man's organization, they see one of the conditions of matter to have been a conglutinated state; then, after incomprehensible ages of unfolding, they perceive it to have attained a glaucous condition; then it became partitioned—refining all this time—being fitted for organization; and just as soon as that time arrived, a planet was organized; then they behold matter progress more rapidly than ever, and just as fast as the elements could be fitted, by the three great powers of unfolding and development, Light, Life and Motion. Organized forms of life appeared on said planet, in their order—first, insects of a very minute size, and low form of life; second, the ferocious animals, simultaneous with vegetation. The order that appeared after the ferocious, as a milder order, was domestic, simultaneous with higher developments of vegetable life. The ferocious animals include every species of animal that devour their own species, whether fish, reptile, bird, mammal or mammalian; the domestic includes all the herbivorous tribes.

All the above orders of life were *man*, in his incipient stages of development. Then appeared man, in his rudimentality; (I can only give you, kind reader, the roughest sketch of the matter); yet in his present noble form, but comparatively a manstrosity which has by refining and reorganizing, been improving, both in the spheres and on earth—for our planet has never yet developed an organism out of the rudimental condition; however strange my assertion may be, yet I speak definitely of all contrary intelligences.

Now, then, the angels see man, in his rudimental condition, struggling with grossness, light, life, and motion, all the while at work unfolding, developing, and refining his elements of mind for a higher and still more refined condition; the second man is the angelic condition, born out of the rudimental into a more harmonious element of existence, still not yet pure and perfect. The third man is the cherubic, born out of the angelic. The fourth man is the acherub, or degree of celestial beauty, when the pure light and life pervade his whole being. Understanding and knowing all the laws of his being, he comprehends the universe, and is then just fit for use, which is to inspire and instruct the minds on the future planets. As man passes through seven orders of refinement, or degrees of unfolding, it might perhaps be more consistent to say, that the insect was the first man, the ferocious animal the second, the domestic the third, the rudimental or present form of man the fourth, the angelic the fifth, the cherub the sixth, the acherub the seventh.

Now, gentle reader, the end of rudimentality is at hand, and is about to pass away, and mankind are about to have instruction in the laws of their being. They are about to be able to stand above physicality and learn the causes of sin and error. They are about to know who the Lord their God is, and stand before him and be judged. The day has come that was to turn an era, and burn up all the proud, and all that do wickedly, and leave them neither root nor branch.

JOHN ROBINSON.

Dundee, Illinois.

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JOHN ROBINSON.

Dundee, Illinois.

WRITTEN FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT. AN IMPROMPTU.

BY LITA H. BARNES.

When to those sturdy, rock-bound siles,
That battle back old Ocean's tides,
My mind in retrospection glides,
I think of thee, thou only;
Gaze o'er the wide extended sweep
That spreads before us, broad and deep,
And true, though changing—so shall keep
My love for thee, thou only.

Again beside thy form I stray,
O'er the uneven, turf way.
Like changes of life's onward way,
And think of thee, thou only;
Or sitting by thy side I view
High heaven and ocean's blended blue—
Thus shall thy blend, thy love so true,
And mine for thee, thou only.

Thy life, as mine, is obsequed o'er,
Like the moaning morn-floor.
And thou hast thought love nevermore
Should bloom for thee, so lonely.
A spirit wrapt in saddened gloom,
Around thy path will shed perfume,
And bloom for thee, thou only.

A day may bring things new and strange,
And changes that Time cannot change,
But never may his art estrange
Thy love from me, me only.
For I have dreamed a pleasant dream,
Disturb it not by mockery's gleam,
My soul is brightened by thy beam,
And ever more shall dwell serene,
My trust in thee, thou only!

1860.

SUNDAY LECTURES IN NEW YORK.

L. JUDD PARDEE AT DODWORTH HALL,
Sunday, Sept. 9, 1860.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The theme of the morning's discourse was, "What is the Saviour of the Nineteenth and the following Centuries?" That of the evening was, "The New Dispensation," in continuation of the morning's lecture. A condensed and revised abstract of both in one is reported.

Asking the question, What is the saviour of the nineteenth century? implies that there have been one or more saviours hitherto. Ever since man had a being, as an immaterially on the earth, divine wisdom—pieces, the instruments of God, have been raised up, in accordance with natural and spiritual laws, great teachers, who, in the measure that they taught elements and principles of divinity, and practically lived them out in their daily lives, became to others exemplum vivum.

In the first place, it is proper to inquire, what is salvation? Salvation is harmonization. But what is harmonization? It is that resultant action of the body, mind or soul in accordance with the harmonic and legitimate ways of the divine existence, manifested outwardly, inwardly and immoally. All misdirection is not that the only hell? Bodily misdirection is physical hell; mental misdirection is mental hell; any stagnation of the essence of the individual soul is lowest hell. It may be said that the very immaterial cannot stagnate, cannot be damned. In *one sense* that is true. But the essence of life, as they go forth from the sanctuaries of the immortal, taking what nomination they may, either of self, conjugal, paternal, fraternal, filial, universal, or other loves, these do not find, because of malorganization or mis-education, a fit channel of exhibit—if they are depurified or warped—become either stagnant or misdirected. Call that, if you will, as appropriate to the sphere of mind, the grand medium and medium of the soul in connection with the body. We have then, at least, premeditated mind, damnation and body-damnation—temporary of course, though it may endure for centuries in the land of spirit, and not be eternal. Damnation is misdirection, and inharmonious hell. All inharmonious and misdirected action of divine forces, in the sphere of body, mind, or least, if not of the very immaterial, is to me the only damnation; and salvation must be the reverse. Is there need of salvation? Consider how we have inherited the stamp, faint or strong, of our material, of misdirection from the past. And we, therefore, stand in need of such development and identification of the Christ or divine and saving elements within, as shall save us bodily and mentally—and so our soul and its expression.

In the next place, what is it that saves? Certainly, as indicated, it must be divine elements, must it not? It is said that man is his own saviour. That is only partly true. While he must work out his own salvation, he needs aids and helps, and gets them. The Holy One sends them by his special teachers, or imparts them in a general way to every epoch, or any other age. Man, being a negative microcosm, must have the manipulative touch and magnetic impregnation of the positive macrocosm. We stand not alone; the wide universe of divinity, objective to us, extends around us. Influences descend to man from the spiritual sphere, and from the celestial, higher and diviner than it—the one to his mind, the other to his soul. Impregnations ensue; substance marries with substance; a new state is begotten—a child of different condition is born. Do not all births and new states result from configurations? And if a man is to be saved, while he is saved within himself, he must be impregnated with divine inspirations, magnetizations, and Holy Ghost, or Holy Emanation, descends, without and objective to him, touching his body, heart and brain, each in their spheres, so that saved states and salvations may ensue. Now, must not the saving elements be divine? It may be said all elements are divine in their sphere of use. True; but there are relative divinities. The celestial is it not the higher, and therefore divine? And we, to get the highest harmony, or adjustment of divine forces or life with in us to diverse spheres and states of the immaterial, we need the adaptation, the application, the inspiration and the impregnation, of the highest or divinity—the celestial. What, now, are these divinities referred to? But we may be met here with the objection that bodily salvations, or saved and healthful states of the physical being, do not require the inspiration and impregnation of spirit or angel thought? True; but we are to receive for this and the inspiration of the divine on the outer, from earth, and air, and sun; and we must know-

ingly adjust the body's ways to the requirements of divine law applicable to the outer. Besides, even here, knowledge of methods may be taught us from above—even such an inspirationally, as well as by reflection. We can get no knowledge to regulate ourselves physically, or mentally, save that which is imparted by divine elements in external nature, or in the spirit—all divine. Man does not walk into the various kingdoms of heaven, on earth or in the spheres, by force of his own latent divine germ-life; he is helped on the way by the very impregnation of these germs. And spirits and angels guard him through—not because they donatorially assume such office, if that were possible, but because they are obedient to the divine law of their being. Now a man may be bodily saved who is not so spiritually. He may enjoy harmonious physical health, and glide serenely into a ripe old age, ready then to relate to the arms of spirit, as a mature apple falls—but yet be spiritually deformed and afterthoughtly damned. Lacking the crystallization into character of divine elements within him, because the possibilities of his soul have not been touched and called forth by the positive impregnation of divine elements without him, for a time is damned, is spiritually inharmonized, is small, and less, and weak, in a harmonious or saved individuality. It is not sufficient to be bodily saved alone, nor yet to have a fair mind-harmony. The very essence, must be to be, in the most, the celestial substance, must be to be, so that what is there, richly there, may flow forth and through all the mind character. It is the highest divinity, the highest divine principles, life and inspiration and impregnation, which largely, wholly, truly, save or harmonize man.

What are, distinctively, the divine elements or principles? If God were Love alone, then love alone might save man. But I find deity to be a trinity—Love as to his being; Wisdom as to the form that life takes; and Truth as to the methods and use of life and form. And man, to be completely harmonious, truly saved, must be addressed by the complete divinities. Not with one only, but with all. Hence the falsity of the teaching, that because God is love, and because the man, Christ, was sent or raised up as the embodiment and teacher and exemplifier of divine or celestial love, that, therefore, love alone saves, and that Jesus is the only Saviour of man. I most devoutly believe that Christ was specially—that is, adaptively—raised up or sent, as a representative reformer and specialist; they came to do a specific work; they fill a special niche. The very peculiarity is in harmony with, not in antagonism to, the general divine methods. Because the advancing ages needed such a demonstrator as Christ, such an one came; and I see in him the first practical embodiment and exemplification of the harmonious truths of universal or celestial love. This Christ of love did not come so much to exhibit natural or spiritual love—natural love, that which individuals exhibit for family, relations, and church, party or nation, and which may have nothing to do with the divine affinities of the immaterial; spiritual love, that which is exhibited by estimation of the spiritual worth and spiritual state in any one, but which may lack that unalloyed charity, all-embracing and universal, and estimating and feeling all the race, of whatever race or nation, in whatever condition, to be as one family of the Heavenly Father, and perceiving the most degraded to be candidates, through the progressive years, to be saved, as much now darkened and eclipsed by the mists of materiality, which is sin, for high places in the kingdom of heaven, Christ, I say, came not especially as an exemplifier of such natural or spiritual love as of the highest and divinest—the celestial. I know the laws of affinity must ever move or less, but we can look beyond its bounds, and feel all to be brethren, even while we cannot associate with their states, or with their

Not as Jesus was raised up as the first and fullest and most practical embodiment of divine or celestial or universal love—in this sense, receiving and teaching and living out the highest, he became an embodiment of one divine element of the trinity, and so the God of celestial love incarnate. Here is the sense of the belief of eighteen centuries. So while Christ taught nothing new, where in history do we find such embodiment and teaching of God-like or universal love as this man showed? Christ, then, exemplified celestial love; did he, likewise, embody celestial love, celestial, universal truth? I think not. The celestial, universal consciousness, he sought to strike a shaft to the like depths in the souls of others; so that harmonious elements might come forth, flow out and over man, and still, like oil, like most holy oil, the waters of human passion, and of human life; or, as through himself they flowed, to cause course through the channels of men's mental being the silver streams of divine, celestial love. But I do not see that he embodied universal love, and celestial, universal truth? The absolute infinite never can be embodied. I cannot see nor accept the man Jesus as embodying celestial wisdom and truth. Undoubtedly he taught wisdom, and he taught the truths of universal love; but no love can be without some wisdom and truth; but in him was not, I think, nor his teachings show it to be so, a blinding of the composite trinity. He was the Christ of the heart, not the Christ of the head, nor yet the Christ of heart and head conjoined in perfect celestial unity. The world is yet to have and see the

as an available light. A man on a dark night on a desert of what a thrill to him is mere oil without a lantern? Of a lantern without oil? The two combined in the fact and use of truth of an operation may light or save him. Neither alone would do it. The three, oil, lamp and light, carried by that man, may save his soul.

Now all the man Jesus, I ask again, exemplify these three? We must judge of a man by his thoughts and words. We cannot predicate his actions, but he, in some way, shows; as the Nazarene, notwithstanding his holy and divine foreknowledge and much wisdom light, did not embody the complete, harmonious union of universal love and universal wisdom, producing universal truth. The evidence of this is plain. He addressed more the feelings than the understanding, and unfolding no grand science, no great constructive teaching, in the sphere of souls and of governments. We must look further, and while indisputably necessary of him, be open to the grand unfoldings of the spirit and angels who have since his given, and more than all, yet will give. Had Jesus been this complete embodiment indicated, he would not at all have been subject to great uses in his time, nor to those uses which have followed from his teachings. I know men like Fourier and Swedenborg have given forth thoughts and inspirations which were many years before they were Christ's great and undying gospel ahead of all the ages yet, all understood and practiced. But a certain education must be obtained, even while the teacher speaks to the years to come.

While, then, there are three great saving divine elements, or Christ: Love, Wisdom, Truth—the true and perfect Saviour of the opening era—asking even if as yet but feebly, for it as may be present—the blended Trinity. A more heart address will be sufficient, no matter how divine, nor yet, chiefly a head address, looking at glowing, burning and inspiring inspiration which comes from the presence of a rich celestial love; but heart and head, the feelings and the understanding, science and religion united and become executive and constructive first to the individual, and then to collective masses of them—this is what I think we are rapidly unfolding to seek, and what we shall get a gospel of.

As we are in transition states, not only the human life is being touched here and there and intensified, but all forms of its past exhibit of its present organic methods are to be, are now being tried. Churches, states and societies cannot escape this day of judgment—for man requires to be saved here on earth eternally as well as internally. Christ declared the kingdom of heaven to be within a man. Primarily and essentially it is; but it is outside of him, also. The true saved state or kingdom is without and within. What would a radiant and glorified angel do, who thought the time organized within him, had set up the kingdom within the dominions of his own individuality, should be surrounded by flaming moral hills, should be wrapped in his external by the atmospheres of all discord and suffering? By lack of correspondence of the without to the within, he, too, would suffer, and so be in his hell. If the kingdom of heaven is to come on earth, it is not simply to come to man's internal, but to his external. The outer, too, must be harmonized as well as the within. Hence the necessity of a great new dispensation, executive and constructive, as well as legislative and judicial. These three, as represented in our government, are not executives; they are spontaneous unfoldings—and the great harmonious philosophy is legislative, judicial and executive. We are now getting its two first phases and addresses—the presentation, the clarification, and the applicative formula of truths past and present, future. Unfoldments and applications, save to individuals who are being reached, tried, and fitted for future use. So spiritualism comes in the wisdom era of this philosophy, and is trying men and things. Like a great sublimity, it is turning up mental soils; like a judicial power, it is trying and testing Church and State, and from out the batteries of its own arsenal is thundering with hot shot of truth against the wrongs and errors and tyrannies of the times. This, at least, is the tendency, and the exhibit will be more and more. Love is legislative, wisdom is judicial, and truth is executive—and we are upon the threshold; the dawn even now is of the Christ-promised universal truth dispensation inspired by celestial love and directed by celestial wisdom.

Such a dispensation as this comes as the Christ of the nineteenth century and its successors. That it must find embodiment, I doubt not, and women and men are rising up to receive it, to exemplify its spirit, and aim, and use. It comes to re-affirm the good and truth of all the past—the real divine use of whatever system of government, religion, philosophy, science and art, and teaching over promulgated, or applied. In no else could it make good its claim to be a universal, eclectic, composite and celestial, as well as natural and spiritual. It will do more than this. It must look through all religion and science of the present—and then transcend them, and rising toward the future, anticipate its grand, orderly march outward, and presentation of a divider to be in actuality. Bearing its own signs, as quietly coming as the dawn, it will be known by its own beauty, breadth, universality and divinity. Men and women wait for it now, and men and women must become the living embodiment of its various principles. Life, taking all, like John Adams, and as a revolutionary struggle, anticipated and ushered in the peace and franchise of a new constitutional, governmental and social state, so must there first be disintegrations before there can any great and general new combinations.

God works from the circumference of his own existence first to centers, and then from centers to circumference again. So, following the divine plan, the centers are first to be centralized in a composite religious and scientific, a natural, spiritual and celestial unfoldment, but combinations of individuals, as they may be divinely attracted, like the constellated groups in the skies, shall seek a common center—and so center after center, and group after group, may be formed, till, step by step, grand external, constructive kingdoms of heaven may be reached on earth. First, individuals are to be purified and unfolded, else nothing can be done. Next, combinations are to be as formed by an attractive affinity; and the damned or inharmonized addressed from without, as well as to the within from the unseparated, will gradually seek like estates. We shall grow, step by step, year after year, generation after generation, to an exemplification on earth of the kingdoms of heaven reigning in the realms of the higher spirit and angel life.

THE SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

Question.—What evidence is there that disembodied spirits have ever communicated with mortals, and the uses of such communication?

Mr. COLES was chosen chairman.

Mr. LAINO suggested that an opportunity should be allowed in these Conferences for spirits to communicate through mediums.

Mr. TAYLOR seconded the suggestion. He said that objection had been made by some that the relation of facts and the utterance of mediums were not useful. The circle that met at his house every week was almost as large as that which met here, and nothing attracted them but the utterance of mediums, and the manifestation of facts.

The CHAIRMAN stated that by the rules of the meeting, spirits were always in order.

Dr. GUNN stated that all the speakers had been directing their attention to the first part of the question—the fact of spirit communication—and neglecting the uses. He would like to see a practical exemplification of the uses of Spiritualism by their doing something.

Dr. YONKO hardly knew how to answer the question in regard to any new discovery. What is the use of it? It was necessary for truth to work out its use. Two-thirds of the thinking portion of the community, prior to the advent of Spiritualism, had utterly given up the idea of the immortality of the soul, and treated it as a myth. The entire belief of Christianity was going to decay, so that in another generation Christianity would have been practically obliterated. In that crisis came the spirit manifestations, bringing the proof of immortality. Perhaps the highest use of Spiritualism was to lift man up from the plane of sensuality. Inquiring minds, having demonstrated the fact of immortality through spirit manifestations, would stamp upon succeeding

generations this truth, and thus bring it home in a practical sense.

Mr. ORRIS thought the great use of Spiritualism was to enlighten our minds as to our true nature and relations to God and to one another. Some wished to have a plan devised by which to go to work. He could not understand precisely what was meant by going to work. Spiritualism had cannot patrol thousands without any definite organization. There were many in the churches who secretly cherished a belief in it, and it was modifying their life.

Dr. HALLOCK.—The use of spiritual manifestation, like that of anything else, depends upon how we use it. The estimate of the value of anything differs in the judgment of different individuals. Speaking from my own experience, I would say that the particular use of Spiritualism in my case was, to solve the problem of immortality, which was pressing upon me, as years rolled by, with continually increasing force, and was inducing a state of mind not at all calculated to develop what little good there was in me. Not being able to reconcile things from the investigation of natural phenomena, I became convinced that man had a grander life than a grand beast—a cruel force; that the animal was to be carried, who had his physical wants supplied, who remained in entire composure, and who had no fearful forebodings in reference to final dissolution. With a perpetual aspiration to know, I found no satisfactory response to my inquiries. And so for several years there was a constant conflict between my instincts and my intellect, until Spiritualism came and made peace between them. From that time forward there has been no rupture.

The general uses of Spiritualism consist in its demonstration. The grand mistake heretofore has been that men have perceived and dogmatized, without demonstrating. It is a terrible mistake, and those who have anything to do with instructing the young will be able to perceive it. The relation of pupil and teacher will always stand—that of priest and people will come to an end. The priest is the teacher, or the teacher is the priest. The first word almost that the young child utters up in the form of questions. It naturally looks up to you, when you answer its questions, and instinctively feels that you ought to know. And it trusts you until you break that sympathetic chain which binds the experience to your greater experience. The child never will break it; it will trust forever so long as you are trustworthy. The child asks a question and you answer him, and he trusts you. You yourself do not know or feel to be true—which you cannot exemplify or demonstrate. It has an instinctive consciousness that you do not know any more about it than it does, and thereupon the eternal relation between you is severed. How careful should we be therefore in answering the thousand questions of childhood—either to say we do not know, or to give such an answer as we can demonstrate to the mind of the child, so that in relation to children to teachers. They look up to those who are supposed, from superior advantages or greater experience, to know such occult matters as the will and purpose of God to man, what constitutes right and wrong, what constitutes worship or the service of God, and they expect an answer. But how have those questions been met? Not a single precept that has been laid down by the thousands of self-constituted teachers, has been verified or demonstrated. Do you think that the pupil lost faith? Very naturally he says, "Well, I guess the doctrine doesn't know any more about the secret will of God or what constitutes divine worship than I do. When I ask the way of salvation he refers me to a book, and who is to teach for that book?"

Now Spiritualism comes to restore the normal method of teaching by demonstration—of attempting to go no further than you can demonstrate. For the teacher, the teacher of divinity and a body of students can stand on the same platform and shake hands in fraternal accord. Every previous system of divinity has been at war with science.

Mr. DEAN considered one of the great uses of Spiritualism to be to inoculate and induce charity. He honestly conceived that it had taught him charity. And upon this subject he begged leave to repeat a beautiful communication given at a circle, through John F. Coles, as taken down at the time by A. T. Davis.

CHARITY.

How beautiful are thy ways, O charity! How comely are thy paths! Thy breath is like the perfume from the hills of Araby. Thy words are sweeter than honey, and thy speech as charming as the music of birds. Blessed is he who listens to thy teachings. Blessed is he who taketh thy mantle and covereth up the sins of others. Thou seest all in everything; and where the good may not be, there thou dost create good. Charity looketh upon the stormy ocean of life, and when the billows of passion surge, and roll, and break upon each other, she is the point of rest, the point of peace upon the bosom, and leaveth it down to the still quiet of the summer's lake. Charity seeth no treachery in the leper—no poverty in the beggar—no sin in the criminal; but seeth one of his own kind needing help, and support, and consolation, and brotherly assistance. Charity striketh toward the gates of heaven, and with giant force knocks for admittance; and when the gate is opened, stepeth not in himself, but leaveth it to his brother, whom he hath engaged from the gates below, and stepeth back for another. Charity reacheth no crown to herself, but beareth the crown to others. Charity loveth all things, and therefore possesseth all things for itself. Charity is like the dove, which, though long confined, being sent forth from the ark, stepeth not to eat the olive, but bringeth the branch back to gladden the hearts of those who sent it forth. Charity is a body of divinity, and she weeps over and pities the condemned. Charity is like the sun, for it is all brightness; it is like the moon, for it is all purity; it is like the stars, for it is all beauty; it is like the earth, for it is continually giving forth increase; it is like the great ocean of waters, for it is always bearing burdens for others. Charity is like itself, Charity.

"Excuse me, Madam!"

These long trails that a body can't step over in the street, and is not allowed, of course, to step on, are nuisances that deserve abatement by a public statute. The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal has stepped on one of this sort, and got his pay for it, too. This is the way he writes the matter up for his paper:—

"The English language is quite expressive. A single word grasps great things and unexpresses them. I call on this language, not to be other day. The New York ladies have a way of spreading their robes over the whole sidewalk when they promenade Broadway. A gentleman to go by them, must tread on their garments or go into the street, unless he watches his chance when the ladies take in their skirts to pass each other, and then rushes by. A lady in full dress was walking down Broadway at a fast gait. Her dress was long and full, and swept from curbstone to curbstone. Behind her, at a respectable distance, but at the same pace, walked a gentleman, quietly whistling for want of thought. Without giving any warning, the belle suddenly halted up and spread out her dress wider than ever, if possible. The gentleman did not halt at the same time, but kept on at a good pace, till he planted his feet firmly on the skirts of the lady. Almost immediately the lady moved ahead—the gentleman did not. Still could not stand the pressure of one hundred and twenty-five pounds of dress, she turned round and looked back over her right shoulder, and with a flashing eye, a curled lip and an indignant tone, exclaimed, 'Wretch!' and moved on, while the poor-stricken wrong-doer stood aghast at the utterance of that one word. All that bit of public indignation could utter, was comprehended in that single expression."

The Malaria of Thought.

We never happened to think, before, that there was such a thing as a disease in activity of mind, but Dr. Holmes, in his recent address before the Massachusetts Medical Society, alludes to the freedom with which each speaks his thought in the Medical Society as belonging "in part to the assured position of the profession in our Commonwealth, to the attitude of science, which is always fearless, and to the genius of the soil on which we stand, from which Nature withheld the fatal gift of malaria only to fill it with exhalations that breed the fever of inquiry in our blood and in our veins."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1860.

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HOMELY PLEASURES.

Since Homespun made way for Broadcloth, the sturdy old virtues have been crowded by modern accommodations morals quite out the back door. Our fathers treasure the coarse jacket and trousers that were so serviceable in compacting their early character, and show them proudly to us as they would a talisman; the new men of to-day brag of their fast horses and long wine lists, ingenious devices by which they lose their feet and lead together. In the days of Homespun, they defied the Devil and fought him high and low, hand-to-hand; in these days of glossy nap, he is politely asked in at the front door, and the trick is to see how soon we can kill him with kindness. It is a favorite notion that artificial smiles, bows, and scrapes have somehow made the world *politer* than it used to be; if politeness is hypocrisy, then they certainly have; it is no advancement to confess, not that we are better, but that we know better how to *disguise* ourselves. So we sometimes speak of the days of the Inquisition, and solace ourselves with the thought that they have gone forever;—but nothing but the *form* of the thing has changed; instead of the thumb screw and the rack, we employ social scandal, we run down a man's business so that he cannot get an honest living, we drive him out of the church, out of town, and, it is not always our fault if he is not crowded out of the world.

Much as we like new things, we like *old* things, too. It is certain that except they were good, they could never have acquired age; time proves virtues, just as it does vices. Young America, kicking and crowing in its warm blankets with its hands extended to the West, was never taught to value age; hence, for generations, its growth must be rapid and rank, and its fruits coarse and watery. When we come to own a Past, we shall have a ripeness to correspond, and catch new inspiration from the lights it throws down, like auroral streamers, upon our modern world.

What living says is true, that "Society has no, quired a more enlightened and elegant tone; but it has lost many of its strong local peculiarities—its homelike feelings—its honest freewill delights." And with these changes, the general character changes, too. Perhaps railroads and telegraphs are very good things; we incline to think they are; but the old stage-coach shall not go by without a word in its memory, and the cheery old tavern fireplaces still flicker with the blaze of associations that are rooted in the very life. A dry and dusty thing, like Glendon's mummy, is the human heart that loves the world better than home; show better than reality; politeness better than truth; others better than its own. He in whom the domestic feeling has never been developed, has not yet discovered the other hemisphere of his nature at all. Homelike and homelike are English; they take hold of the soil itself, and like roses and ivy, climb to the very roof-tree. Until a man is fairly domesticated, he has not got a footing; he is not his own man, but another's.

It does not signify that we should go back to the dress and living of our ancestors—what we require is, more of their essential quality. The stuff they wore was made of wool *and* wash; it was homespun, but what service it performed! About these former times there is both a strong sentiment and a profound philosophy; the sentiment is more or less apparent to all—the philosophy is rarely inquired after. But are ours, to extract from them hints as well as happiness.

For the matter of the sentiment, suppose we go back again to the Old Homestead under the trees, or in the valley slope, or with the orchard just behind. We enter the low door, and walk straight to the chimney-corner. There sit the Old Folks, dreaming away the winter afternoon; the fire getting sleepy, too, like the cat in the middle of the door, or the buzz of aunt's wheel in the kitchen. These honest fires—how social they were! The Fire God has playful and tender sympathies, though its tongue be fierce and its maw ravenous. We sit down before the hearth in the evening, and look into its face for our long-sought revelations. Our fancy trips on the mimic waves of flame, and becomes too excited to bear them company. Our imagination boldly plunges into the abyss of the white and red flames, wallowing in their swelling and retreating eddies, and dragging out in triumph drowned images freshly cast, newly dressed, dripping with the molten sheen of a brighter beauty. The little sprites that are "pegged in the knotty entrails" of the smoken logs, walk forth their tales of a departed season, making the broad hearth alive with company. In these long and halcyon evenings, father and mother sit in their accustomed places, with the row of children around them. Each one pursues his own avocation, knitting, sewing, paring apples, sewing carpet-rags, or reading the last newspaper. None wear masks there. Faces answer openly to faces, and heart beats itself to heart. No Dutch titles are enough so well set off with their Scriptural illustrations as are these homestead fire-place scenes that belong to the simple winter evening stories. The girls feed the coals with wispes of paper, and watch, as the sparkles travel up and down the burnt heap, to see the folks go home from meeting. A genuine ghost story makes the logs populous; the shadowy faces of the spirits peer forth from caverns among the sticks; their forms flit across water-lily seas of flame; they climb into towers and steeples, and beckon at windows through which pour the flood of yellow sunsets. All this out of the singing logs that were chopped on the big wood lot!

The chimney-corner has been the district-school-house for the living virtues of the present generation. It is at the home-hearth, on which honest fire blazes, that the heart binds up its shivers for harvest. Here all its joys are garnered in. Here the most sombre woe of life is gaily shot with bright figures and patterns. The self communion at this altar is searching and thorough; a man sits down face to face with himself, and thinks no more of guile. What memories are so mellow as these, with such surpassingly sweet flavors? All that is true and tender in popular sentiment, all that is

direct and simple and well grounded in popular preaching and talk, all that is strong and homely in popular phrase, has its locality here. Tear up every broad and bright hearth stone in the land today, and these ballad stories would start like grass around them at once, to make beautiful the places whence they sprang, and keep them green forever!

Who that clothes at least his spiritual part with homespun, but delights in the recollection of long, rainy days, whether in the Spring, the Autumn, or the Winter? When the Spring buds, for example, are bursting in millions of little green parachutes, and brooks are rising fast, and trout leap for their stray tributes as they come swimming down—to be out in the rain is a bliss that "dry-thread" men never know how to estimate. The drizzle then is delightful. It takes the starch out of the character till a man becomes limp enough to feel thoroughly human. The sound of the running brook is in perfect tune with the rest. In the low, alluvial tracts sprout great sheafs of marsh plants of gigantic promise, monarchs and esquires among the weeds that people swampy regions. The rain drops fringe the black birch and alderboughs like lines of little bells, that break with their own airy music. The torpid old fisherman, living in his lonely bovel, may be seen, like a sun-loving turtle, glued to the rock at the pond-side, waiting for bites and a precarious dinner; and if you go and sit down beside him in the same spirit, he will let you further into the still secrets of nature—concerning fish, new moons, mist-traps, high water, wood craft, and river lore—than you will get out of the poets from a three months' reading. Or, if you stay at home in these rains, to listen to the water rilling into the hoghead at the house corner, is better than *Casta Diva*, and the melodies stick faster in the heart. The dog goes from the shed to the barn, and from the barn back to the shed again, throwing up a weather-wise eye at the clouds as he goes. The cows are all under the barn, stamming and ruminating. The horse looks out through his stall window, grows disgusted with the prospect, and draws his long face in again. About the sheds buddle the poultry, with soaked feet and soggy tails; and there they group in silence, watching the rain, listening to its sounds, and fairly falling asleep on foot from the narcotism of their monotony.

Or who has not the keenest recollection of an old-fashioned country Sunday? That day is unlike all others, especially in summer. Who has forgotten the "metin' clothes" pulled out of the drawers, and taken down from the nails in the closet—the dried orange-peel, folded away in the handkerchief—the boys' hair parted down for the last time over the forehead—the gay spikes of lilac blossoms in the hand, and the frisky two-year old colt running backward and forward at the door? Who, the bell solemnly, and even sadly, sending its sounds over the still lake of the holy morning air—the open farmers' wagons creeping on over the quiet roads—the dark knot of men gathered on the grass beside the church door? Who remembers not the preliminary twing-bawling of the fiddle up in the singer's gallery, before service—the shy looks cast by frisky hearted young folks over the door—the blowing of the sweet summer wind through the open windows, flitting ribbons and leaves of hymn-books—the flitting, severally, lastly, and *finally* of the preacher, with the good deacons asleep under his eye—and the last scarping strain of the choir, singing a hymn as one never hears hymns sung elsewhere, though he went all the way from New England to Rome? Who needs refreshing as to the transactions of the farmers at the noon intermission, swapping calves and colts or talking of the highway taxes? Who, as a child, has not counted all the long, dull, dead hours after tea, sitting in a hard-bottomed chair with "a bible in his hand," like Captain Kyd in the song, and wishing that Sunday was gone and Monday had come? or does not remember the taking off of the Sunday clothes, not to be worn again for a week of natural days—the preparation of the wash tub for Monday morning—and the seasonable retreating to bed for all but the oldest sister, who received her "spark" every other Sunday evening, "regular?"

These are pleasures; and pleasures are preachers, refreshing, replenishing, and renewing the world. They touch the chord of sentiment, and it is the veriest dullard who fails to respond. But out of these homelike scenes and associations springs a light and airy philosophy, imparting to them all a meaning, making them insatiable with life, holding them fast and close for ever present purposes. Homespun thus may come to mean more than the bright haremstone, the happy family circle, the solitary Old Folks, the cozy rainy days, the long and silent Sabbath. It is a *quality*, more than a scene; the scenes only illustrate it, and set it off attractively. We talk and think much about chimney corners, rainy days, Thanksgiving, harvest moons, hard winters, barn fire, mill ponds, the old postmaster, the district school, the first boy-love, and huckleberrying in the old homestead, but except there was a *soul* in the talk, we should make vain utterances; except we meant, by these things, to hint of simplicity, and virtue, and honesty, and purity, and devotion, and love—of content, and singleness, and thrift—and of all good and lasting qualities, that, like Homespun, will outwear pretension and deceit, and put vanity and affectation to shame—we babble like children whose "little feet" stray unguided in pleasant places, and confess to the ownership of looked-up wealth which we do not know how to get at and use. And this leads us direct to philosophizing—perhaps it would better be termed *moralizing*; for if they are moralists who aim to find out the hidden meaning and relationship of things, then so let us be called without more words.

What each one of us really is, is so much or little, is homelike and individual; all else is foreign, fictitious, and conventional. That which we copy from another is not our own—we cannot assimilate; but that which has its root in our nature, and grows out of it, is all we are and all that is waiting to be developed. We ought all to be exporters from within, and not importers from without. As Carlyle says—"Let each one become all that he was created capable of being; expand, if possible, to his full growth; resist all foreign, especially all noxious subjections, and show himself at length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may."

HAYTI and John Brown.

The story was, we believe, that the free black population of Hayti had subscribed the amount of \$25,000 for the family of John Brown, which fact was very gladly learned by many who heartily sympathized with them in their poverty and suffering; but it appears to have been an error of statement, after all. The entire subscription amounted to \$184.60, Haytian currency, which owing to depreciation would realize in this country only \$11.07. The negroes of Hayti, says the Boston Journal, were quite demonstrative in their sympathy for John Brown, but when an appeal was made to their pockets they were sorry only a dozen dollars' worth.

Woman's Employment.

An observant and thoughtful writer remarks that within the course of the last few years, two immense events have changed the lot of European women. Woman had only two grand trades to follow—spinning and weaving. The others (embroidery, flower-making, &c.) are hardly worth reckoning. Woman is a spinster, woman is a seamstress. That is her work in all ages; that is her universal history. Well, such is no longer the case; a change has lately taken place. Firstly, fax spinning by machinery has superseded the spinner. It is not her wages only that she has hereby lost, but a whole world of habits. The peasant woman used to spin, as she attended to her children and her cookery. She spun at winter evening meetings. She spun as she walked, grazing her cow or her sheep. The seamstress was the workwoman of towns. She worked at home, either continually, or alternating her work with domestic duties. For any important undertaking, this state of things has ceased to exist. In the first place, prisons and convents offered a terrible competition with the isolated workwoman; and now the sewing machine annihilates her. The increasing employment of these two machines, the cheapness and perfection of their work, will force their products into every market, in spite of every obstacle. There is nothing to be said against the machines; nothing to be done. These grand inventions are, in the end, and in the totality of their effects, a benefit to the human race. But these effects are cruel during the moments of transition.

Woman lost paradise to make a man wiser; he deserves purgatory if he makes her wretched.

TO OUR READERS.—READ ATTENTIVELY!

Much has been said and written of the insufficient interest taken by Spiritualists in the success of their papers. Of all those which have been started to spread before the people the light of the new dispensation, but few remain; about forty, first and last, have been obliged to suspend from want of support. The *Banner of Light* has met with a more decided success than any of these publications. It has presented claims, also, that no other paper has done. We have spared neither time nor money to make it worthy of the cause, and of the support of those who believed in the fact of spirit communication, and in the natural religion it has given to man. At the time when we commenced the publication of the sermons of Messrs. Beecher and Chapin, we had attained a circulation of ten thousand copies weekly. Upon the publication of these sermons it rose rapidly in point of circulation, and while it held the monopoly of this branch of matter, held to a healthy state. Attracted by the novelty of our enterprises, and its success, other journals entered into competition with us, some of which copied our reports, for a time without even an acknowledgment, and never offering any remuneration. This detracted from their usefulness to us. Circumstances, which we do not care at this time to make public, rendered it necessary for us to discontinue this feature of our paper, and with its discontinuance, the *Banner* has again settled down into the maximum circulation afforded by Spiritualists—about twelve thousand copies weekly. This circulation, owing to the size of our paper, and the immense amount of reading matter given in its columns, and the expense attending a considerable portion of it, is not a remunerating one, at its present price; and two alternatives are before us.

The first is to reduce the size of the *Banner*, which we do not wish to do. We believe there would be no necessity for this if Spiritualists would come forward and exert themselves to increase the circulation. It is possible that they can not give the *Banner* or *Light* a circulation which will ensure its success in a material point of view? The second alternative, before us is to add one cent to the retail price of the paper, which would then be cheap for so large a sheet, and to receive no subscriptions for less than two dollars per year. If the class known as Spiritualists cannot give more than twelve thousand subscribers to an enterprise of this character, and it is to be sustained, one of the two changes must be made at the commencement of our next volume, and we shall probably adopt the latter course of increased price.

There are probably many borrowers of the *Banner*, as there are subscribers; to such we must say, if the paper is worth reading, it certainly is worth the price of a subscription. Will you withhold your aid from its support? We must plainly tell our readers that upon their generosity, and such a conclusion of the necessity of the continuance of the *Banner*, as shall prompt them to strenuous efforts to increase our sheet, will depend the fate of our enterprise. We have spared no pains to please our patrons, and have thought there was sufficient demand for such a sheet, to ensure its material success. If we have been mistaken, and Spiritualists do not want the *Banner*, sufficiently to support it in its present character, we shall be willing to bow to such a state of things, without repining.

With this number closes our seventh volume. Volume eight will commence next week, and will be continued to its close. Whatever change we make will be announced in that number. Meanwhile we call upon our friends for such an expression of their opinion in dollars, as shall enable us to go on in our course.

How it Would Work.

The editor of the National Reformer, of England, says, in relation to the power and influence of the press, "It is nothing except as it is worked. It is simply an engine, and does good, or evil, or nothing at all, according to the hands into which it falls. In the hands of the superstitious it works mischief; in the hands of the philosophic philanthropists it does good; in the hands of those who do not use it, it does nothing. To trust in the press for reforms, is foolish, unless we take care to place it in the hands of reformers. To trust in the press for reform while the press is in the hands of those who are against reform, is as wise as it would be for an army to trust in Armstrong guns and Minie rifles for victory, while they allowed their enemies to get possession of them all. Armstrong guns, Minie rifles, and Colt's revolvers, are fine things when the right men have them; but they are things that can be worked by Frenchmen as well as by Englishmen. So it is with the press. It is a fine thing in the hands of right men, but in the hands of wrong men it is a terrible curse. If we want the press to be a blessing, we must get hold of it and make it so. We must not content ourselves with talking about its powers, while others use them for our destruction. The press is doing good, no doubt, on the whole, but how much more good it would do if it were worked as generally, and as vigorously, by friends of science and human progress, as it is by the friends of superstition and despotism! What a vast and happy change would be speedily effected in the community, if really useful works and tracts were printed as freely, and circulated as widely, as the mischievous publications of the religious Tract Societies! What good would be done if as many copies of Buckle's *History*, and popular versions of our best works on science, were published as of the Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*!"

An Israelite lady, sitting in the same box at an opera with a French physician, was much troubled with ennui, and happened to gaze. "Excuse me, madam," said the doctor, "I am glad you did not swallow me." "Give yourself no uneasiness," replied the lady—"I am a Jewess, and never eat pork!" This is what Henry Ward Beecher says about those who praise and fold their hands, and say they have found all that is worth finding in the world: "I tell you if a man is come to that point where he is content, he ought to be put in his coffin, for a contented man is a dead man! If a man has come to that state in which he says, 'I do not want to know any more, or do any more, or be any more,' he is in a state in which he ought to be changed into a mummy. Of all hideous things, mummies are the most hideous; and of mummies, those are the most hideous that are running about the streets and talking!"

In New Orleans, a few days ago, a fanatic mounted to the top of a two-story grocery, and amused himself by pulling bricks from the chimney, breaking them with a baton, and hurling them at passers by. When he had continued the sport for some hours, one of the fire companies brought its engine to the spot, and directed a powerful stream upon him. So surprised was he at this novel mode of attack, that he lost his foothold, slid down the roof, came safely to the ground, and was taken into custody.

A correspondent asks why it is that, when husbands and wives are divorced, the children are generally assigned to the husband. We don't know. In our opinion a woman is, as a general rule, entitled to the proceeds of her own labor.—*Lancet* and *Journal*.

It was a clever remark of Lord Touchet to a child remarkably small of his age that "his parents didn't make much of him."

Hon. John B. Wells, for many years identified with New Hampshire politics, and once a United States Senator, died at his home in Exeter, N. H., August 21st.

An Ex-Governor of Maryland has retired to a hermit's life in the woods, determined to pass the remainder of his days in obscurity and poverty.

Spurgeon, the English pulpit sensation, has given much offence to the Baptists by preaching, at Geneva, in canonical robes.

A Calabrian, recently detected at Paris, confessed to having been hired by Count d'Agullia to assassinate Garibaldi. For is an infamous plan for knives to turn up, even kings and queens being often found there in company with them.

A singular event occurred in Essex, recently. A valuable horse belonging to Capt. Isaac Farnum, was fastened near a number of beehives, and becoming restless, kicked over one of them, when he was soon attacked by the whole swarm of bees, and so badly stung, that he died within three hours. The bees clustered upon him in great numbers, almost covering his body, and penetrating his nostrils and ears, caused the horse to suffer the most intense torture.

Mrs. Partridge, hearing that a young man had set up for himself, said: "Poor fellow! he has no friend that will set up for him part of the time?"

The Picnic.

The Spiritualist Picnic, announced to be held at Abington Grove, on Wednesday, the 12th inst., was, on account of the rain, postponed to Friday, the 14th. On that day not a large number—compared with former occasions—went out from Boston; but a happy company was never seen—excepting, we might not, at similar spiritual gatherings.

At the stand, F. W. Robbins, Esq., of Plymouth, was chosen President of the day, and addresses were made by Dr. H. F. Gardner, Rev. Robert Thayer and Dr. P. D. Randolph, of Boston; Mrs. Chandler and F. L. Curney, of Duxbury; Mrs. U. Clark, of Auburn, N. Y.; Lizzie Doten, of Plymouth; Mrs. Pratt, of East Bridgewater, and Mrs. Fuller, of Hanson.

Nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the day. The weather was delightful. The sun smiled not too warmly, nor did Boreas breathe too coldly. New friendships were made, and old ones strengthened. Happy spirits—embodied ones at least—swung in the merry dance, floated on the smooth bosomed lake, or wandered among the music playing trees. And, we venture to say, none were there without feeling that they had fallen out pleasant times, nor came away without feeling that this was a day well spent.

Renew your Subscription.

Many of our patrons will see the word "out" written upon their papers this week. If they desire a continuance of the *Banner*, they will please remit at once.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

THE ATTEMPT.—One can spend time no more profitably when he has to spend than by visiting the Boston Athenaeum, on Beacon Street. In its gallery are to be found the works of the best masters, both in painting and sculpture. Nearly a score of Althoff's paintings are in the collection—among them the world renowned Feast of Balaazar, West's King Lear; Ary Blafloers' Dante and Beatrice, Stuart's Washington, and the whole of Thomas Dowse's collection of water-colors—famous as they are—comprise but a small part of the attractions of the picture gallery; while in the statuary room, are the best works of the best sculptors, beside numerous casts from ancient Roman and Greek figures. Single tickets to the whole exhibition may be procured for a quarter of a dollar, while half-dollar procures a ticket for the season.

MORAL INQUIRY.—A young lady by the name of Miss Ross committed suicide in Putnam, Conn., recently. We are not informed of the circumstances, but the Boston Herald says she was a church member,

JOB PRINTING,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Warren Chase to Chicago.

The friends in this city have secured an elegant hall for next spring, and are prepared to sustain meetings whenever speakers competent to draw an audience sufficient to pay themselves and moderate expenses, come here to speak. The desk is to be occupied during September by Warren Chase, who commenced his course, before a good audience, yesterday. The morning lecture was upon "Revelation," and the subject treated somewhat peculiarly. The speaker, taking Webster's leading definition, contended that revelation extended so far, and only so far, as knowledge extends, and that all subjects of belief, speculation and controversy were as yet unrevealed; that science was the instrument of Divine revelation, which had revealed to us the causes of eclipses, rainbows, thunder, day and night, the form and diameter of the earth, etc.; that only by science had we become acquainted with the human body, and only by science we become acquainted with the human soul; that God had revealed nothing by word to us of our bodies or souls, but had placed both before us and within us, with intellectual powers to examine and know them; that our whole system of theology was theoretical, speculative and ideal, without demonstration, science or revelation, and consequently unreliable and ever changing, as were the theories of sun, moon and earth before the revelations of science brought knowledge to man. The speaker contended that words, written or spoken, could not convey knowledge from one mind to another, and instance, as proof, our system of jurisprudence, in which the witness is required, as a qualification for a witness, to know, but is not expected to convey his knowledge to the court, and hence the judge only renders the opinion of the court; that belief does not qualify a person for a witness, and that, by this rule, most of our preachers are incompetent to teach or testify about another life, and their testimony not sufficient evidence for us to found an opinion or belief upon; that words, at best, are only representatives of things, or notions, of facts or fables, and by the words we cannot tell which they represent; that we cannot live in house, nor ride on horse, and that words may be presented to us where no house or horse is behind them; that the words of the Bible were like other words, and could at best be no more than the words and figures on a guide-board, and the man who should read them and pray, and pray and read, all his life, would know as much and make as much progress in it as one who should sit at the street corner and read and pray over the words on the board, as long and earnestly. If the Bible pointed to another life, and told the distance and direction, we must search it out by experiment and trial, to know and obtain the revelation which the words never could bring to us. He also took the position that feelings were entirely unreliable, and conscientiousness as ready to support falsehood as truth, and cited the case of the mother on the gallows drowning her child, conscientiously, feeling it to be required by God as a sacrifice of the Motherman who could murder a Christian, but dare not neglect an abortion or a prayer—and of the Christian who could kick his wife out of doors, or whip his slave, but dare not retire without prayer, or eat without a blessing on the food. Several other novel positions were taken, which we have not time to review at present.

The evening discourse was upon Inspiration, and not less radical than that of the morning. The speaker contending that Divine Inspiration was universal, and never partial; that God as readily inspired a person to speak or write a falsehood as a truth, and that no person could speak or write at all without the Inspiration of God, as all "live, move, and have their being in God." That Divine Inspiration produced motion in the mineral kingdom; life in the vegetable, sensation in the animal, and intelligence in the human, but did not produce uniformity in the forms or actions of either—that by our standard worthless minerals, vegetables, animals and humans can be found to abound in the respective kingdom of each, and yet all are dependent on the Inspiration of God, and for ought we know, may be good to him and filling the uses for which he designed them. The speaker contended that the laws of nature by which all things were ultimated, were perfect and immutable, and never had been nor never could be broken nor violated by any brute being—that God had no forgiveness, and no penalties for sin or crime, plant or rock, body or soul—that we had ever yet been able to discover. That we are all accountable and responsible to the laws of nature which execute themselves and bend or break us physically or spiritually as we run against them, or contend with them. That the Bible and all other books were written by inspiration and all forms of doctrine are preached by and in it, and that only by scientific knowledge and intellectual power can we know the truth from the false, right from wrong, or good from evil, either physically or spiritually. Therefore we must try the Bible as we do the Hind or Arabian Nights, or the doctrines of Catholic and Protestant, as we do those of India and Persia, and let only those endure that may, because they are true in nature. The speaker labored much to show that God was impartial in all the kingdoms of this world, and consequently might be expected to be in the next. That deity treated, so far as we can discover, the man who prays and the man who curses alike, and does not favor the one who blesses him more than the one who curses. But if we do not treat ourselves and others well, we must surely take the consequence, for God will not forgive us. The discourses were listened to with deep interest.

Chicago, Sept. 3, 1860.

The Truth well spoken.

This village and vicinity has been for many years bound down by sectarian creeds, but like other places there has been a general loosening up on the masses. The ground has been broken up and for a long time has been ready for the seed. Finding that Miss De Force was at Onondaga, a few enterprising citizens of Clockville prevailed upon her to speak at that place, on Tuesday evening last. Rev. A. G. Fargo, the Pastor of the M. E. Church, feeling confident that she was an impostor and deceiver, consented to be present and give her a subject on which she was to speak, and to interrogate her after the discourse. The evening came, and Laura came (she never disappoints an audience), and the congregation came—the meeting house was packed full and running over—the Rev. Mr. Fargo came.

After Laura arose, she requested a subject. He gave her, St. John 3: 16, saying that it was an easy text—"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Light Advancing Amongst the People.

"As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news to a far country." Your numerous readers in the East may be pleased to learn that the great work of mental and spiritual emancipation is most gracefully embracing the "sons and daughters of Adam" in the West. The writer has for several months been engaged in a pursuit which has brought him in contact with all classes of the people, both in and out of the folds of religion, and has enjoyed peculiar advantages for becoming familiar with the views and feelings of the masses. Amongst the "Orthodox" denominations, generally, there is a manifest alarm for the safety of their Dinars. This is evinced, in the first place, by an almost uniform system of exclusion from their public houses of assembly, of every speaker, on any question or theme of reform, who is not "well vouched for," or who cannot pronounce the accustomed "Shibboleth" of varnished Orthodoxy.

Not long since, in a city of some size, the writer had an appointment to speak on Temperance, in one of the churches. The notice had been given in the Baptist and Presbyterian Congregations, and was to have been noticed in the Methodist house, where the lecture was to have been delivered. But, after the refusal of the house had been secured by the consent of the minister and "proper authorities," the following composition of your humble correspondent fell into the hands of the "Watchman on Zion's Walls," having been mislaid by the writer. Upon its discovery, the preacher and three or four members got together and resolved that the speaker could not have their house, as had been promised. Being at their meeting in the morning, and not hearing the notice of his lecture read as had been agreed to, he inquired the cause of its failure, and was gravely informed that the "auspicious communication" justified them in refusing the house and notice of lecture. However, after a few words, it was concluded to let the arrangement go on, and one lecture be given under the personal surveillance of the Reverend dictator. The dangerous production was the following:

"MY SPIRIT BRIDE"

I oft refuse
To hear thy voice,
At hours when thou comest to me,
And when I wake, and see
Thy noble face,
My heart from every pain to free.

I do not more,
Of love, than thou art near,
That angel spirit that is near,
Our ways to guide
Upon life's road,
And make each path of duty clear.

From liberty,
I would be free,
That, to the love of higher spheres,
I may be known,
That they may own
My name, as it is to thee appear.

It is my pride,
When men deride,
That I the source have to say,
"I've found the way,
The leads to God."

And joyfully pursue my way,
It is a joy,
To think that I shall soon be where,
Celestial gleams
Of light, and love,
Will fill my spirit's vision fair.

Well, the lecture was given, after a short and affecting prayer by the preacher, in which he told God to protect the speaker from doing any harm to the Sabbath. And the people dispersed without any severe injuries, save the jostling of the sacred gait of the divine, who grained some, in consequence of an agreeable emotion now and then manifested by a smile upon the features of the audience, at the hearing of anecdotes from the lecturer.

Notwithstanding these things, it is manifest that the more intelligent members of most of the churches are every day becoming more and more inquisitive and less susceptible of priestly control. The writer heard a clergyman remark to a "brother of the cloth," a few days since:

MOVEMENTS OF LEUTHERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscribers to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free. Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their engagements, in order that the BANNER may be sent to them accordingly.

Mrs. ANNA M. STACE will lecture in Quincy, a Sunday in Oct. (Cambridgeport, 5 Sundays in Dec. Philadelphia, 4 Sundays in Jan., Providence, 4 Sundays in Feb. Portland, 4 Sundays in March, Boston, 4 Sundays in April. Address, the above places, or New York City.

Mrs. A. W. BAKER will speak at Lowell, Mass. two last Sundays in Sept., and first Sunday in Oct. at Plymouth; at Quincy, Oct. 2nd and 3rd; at New Bedford, Oct. 10th and 11th; at Boston, Oct. 17th and 18th; at Lowell, Oct. 24th and 25th; at Quincy, Oct. 31st and Nov. 1st; at Providence, Nov. 8th and 9th; at Boston, Nov. 15th and 16th; at Lowell, Nov. 22nd and 23rd; at Quincy, Nov. 29th and 30th; at Providence, Dec. 6th and 7th; at Boston, Dec. 13th and 14th; at Lowell, Dec. 20th and 21st; at Quincy, Dec. 27th and 28th; at Providence, Jan. 3rd and 4th; at Boston, Jan. 10th and 11th; at Lowell, Jan. 17th and 18th; at Quincy, Jan. 24th and 25th; at Providence, Jan. 31st and Feb. 1st; at Boston, Feb. 7th and 8th; at Lowell, Feb. 14th and 15th; at Quincy, Feb. 21st and 22nd; at Providence, Feb. 28th and 29th; at Boston, Mar. 6th and 7th; at Lowell, Mar. 13th and 14th; at Quincy, Mar. 20th and 21st; at Providence, Mar. 27th and 28th; at Boston, Apr. 3rd and 4th; at Lowell, Apr. 10th and 11th; at Quincy, Apr. 17th and 18th; 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at Providence, May 21st and 22nd; at Boston, May 28th and 29th; at Lowell, June 4th and 5th; at Quincy, June 11th and 12th; at Providence, June 18th and 19th; at Boston, June 25th and 26th; at Lowell, July 2nd and 3rd; at Quincy, July 9th and 10th; at Providence, July 16th and 17th; at Boston, July 23rd and 24th; at Lowell, July 30th and 31st; at Quincy, Aug. 6th and 7th; at Providence, Aug. 13th and 14th; at Boston, Aug. 20th and 21st; at Lowell, Aug. 27th and 28th; at Quincy, Sept. 3rd and 4th; at Providence, Sept. 10th and 11th; at Boston, Sept. 17th and 18th; at Lowell, Sept. 24th and 25th; at Quincy, Oct. 1st and 2nd; at Providence, Oct. 8th and 9th; at Boston, Oct. 15th and 16th; at Lowell, Oct. 22nd and 23rd; at Quincy, Oct. 29th and 30th; at Providence, Nov. 5th and 6th; at Boston, Nov. 12th and 13th; at Lowell, Nov. 19th and 20th; at Quincy, Nov. 26th and 27th; at Providence, Dec. 3rd and 4th; at Boston, Dec. 10th and 11th; at Lowell, Dec. 17th and 18th; at Quincy, Dec. 24th and 25th; at Providence, Jan. 1st and 2nd; at Boston, Jan. 8th and 9th; at Lowell, Jan. 15th and 16th; at Quincy, Jan. 22nd and 23rd; at Providence, Jan. 29th and 30th; at Boston, Feb. 5th and 6th; at Lowell, Feb. 12th and 13th; at Quincy, Feb. 19th and 20th; at Providence, Feb. 26th and 27th; at Boston, Mar. 5th and 6th

