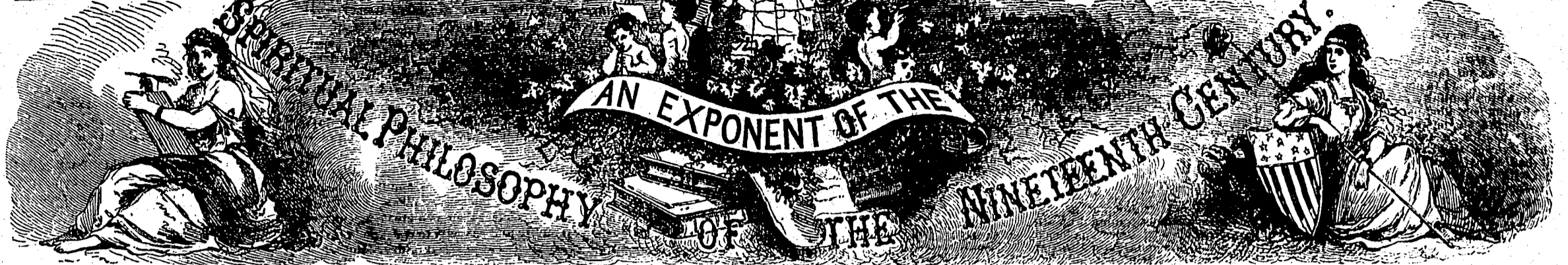


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Literary Department.

REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES

WORKINGMAN.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

Translated from the French, for the Banner of Light,
BY SARAH M. GRIMKE.

CHAPTER XV.

Last Chapter of the Confessions—Studies of the Son
James—Temptations—A Man of Letters.

A long time has elapsed since I have written in my journal of Reminiscences. The lines on the last page have had time to bleach, and so have I, without being aware of it. The strong walls are still solid, but the building no longer wears its youthful appearance. Even my Genevieve is not what she has been; wrinkles show themselves in the corners of her eyes. Happily, she still retains what constitutes the blessing of a home, good health and a tender heart. Around us our children are growing up, and will soon take our places. This is their season of sunshine. Every object sparkles with its glory. Life is to them a splendid entertainment. Now that we are too old to dance, we look at them, and their happiness redoubles ours.

This is what Genevieve says. Every pleasure that is lost to her, she lives over with keener zest in her son and her daughter; their ivory teeth replace the teeth which she has lost, their luxuriant hair conceals her gray locks. People who live by themselves, never taste this joy. The whole world seems to decline, as they grow old, and everything terminates in their graves. But for those who have a family to encircle them, to keep their affections in full flow, their minds lively, by contact with the vigorous intellect of youth, nothing has an end, for around them everything is growing, everything is flourishing, and gay with young life. Sometimes, in my seasons of despondency, I ask myself what profit there is in having led a virtuous life. Well, there is one, at least, which I experience, viz: the privilege of growing old in the enjoyment of peace and plenty. When one is young, there is a constant struggle in a conscientious mind to do one's whole duty, and sometimes the task is hard, and the day is long. But late in life, when age has chilled the blood, whatever we have sowed, that do we reap. Our industry, temperance, perseverance and energy, are overpaid by a good reputation, by competence and freedom from care, and our happiness becomes a certificate of honor.

Our family enjoys the blessings procured by our past labors; it is receiving the income arising from our former sufferings, and if we never had any other reward, that is all sufficient, and although some of our trials have been severe, we see the hand of God in them, and cannot hold him our debtor. My children have grown up without meeting with any misfortune; they love us, and give us hopes of future happiness. What more can I ask? James is already the best workman in the country; he has just proved that he would not make a bad master-builder. Yesterday they set up the May-pole on the little viaduct, the building of which had been entrusted to him, and the engineer, who never bestows praise if he can help it, acknowledged that it was well done. As to Marianne, she has for several months taken her mother's place, as superintendent of the laundry. Genevieve declares that it is better managed than when she was at the head of affairs. The women sing more merrily, and work as industriously. Only youth knows how to season labor with gaiety.

God be praised, that both the children are thus prosperous and happy. For a little while I trembled for them, for they have not been exempt from temptation—James especially, who was nearly led away from the right path, and strongly tempted to desert us.

His studies had given him a taste for reading, and when he was quite young, all the money he could collect was spent for books. Every year he added a shelf to his library. His mother often complained of the expense, and I of the time stolen from the lumber-yard to read; but she scolded very gently, and I not very loudly, the consequence of which was, that the boy kept on in his literary pursuits.

The fact was, I had not the heart to blame him. How could I, when I felt a sort of veneration for printed paper? Those mute pages which render words almost imperishable, and which send them from one end of the world to the other, which transmit ideas from one intelligence to another, seem to me to have something sacred about them. I cannot see an old almanac torn to pieces without a thrill, and I even touch with respect the newspapers used by grocers. James has, I suppose, inherited some of this superstitious feeling, for he is never seen without a book in his pocket or in his hand. The work did not go on quite so well. While he was studying Racine, our workmen got into bad habits. However, I tried to be patient. After all, this was one of the minor follies of youth. I let him spend his days among the bushes, lying on the grass like the ancient shepherds, intoxicating himself with poetry and prose. I hoped that after a while the fever would subside; but so far from that being the case, he began to write himself, and before long there were as many manuscripts in the house as printed volumes. Still, I turned a blind eye to all this. Experience had taught me that coercion produced the same effect upon a strong propensity as the wind upon a sail, it propels it onward, instead of arresting the speed of the vessel. James perceived my complicity, and profited by it. At first, he was satisfied with stealing a few hours from his work, or to spend an occasional holiday in his library, but by degrees he abandoned the workshop altogether, put his trowel on the hook, and bustled himself among his papers.

My wife had often blamed my patience, declaring that the boy was going to ruin; she soon passed from fear to despair. I tried, at sundry times, to warn and advise James in a friendly way, and, at first, he gave some heed to my words, but by degrees he came utterly to disregard them. He no longer blushed at leaving the whole burden of the business on my shoulders, and did not even appear to feel the slightest self-reproach; his conscience began to be blunted. I felt the necessity of coming to some explanation with him, and only awaited the propitious moment.

For some weeks, James had appeared more abstracted than usual. He had written some long letters, and seemed to be anxiously expecting the answer. At last it came; it had the Paris postmark. On receiving it, he could not restrain an exclamation; he opened it hastily, looked at the signature, and hurried away to read it. I entered at the same moment. Genevieve was standing at the door, paying the letter-carrier. She took me aside to tell me what had occurred. My poor wife did not understand this mysterious conduct, and trembled for her son, she knew not why. She pointed to James at the end of the garden, reading his letter in a low voice, and making gesticulations of joy, laughing aloud, and running about like a madman across the borders of sorrow. I felt no less curiosity than Genevieve to know the solution of this enigma, but I had brought with me the new man who had been appointed the evening before by the chief engineer to oversee some of the work, and therefore all explanation with James must be deferred.

My assistant was a young man, whose manners were superior to those of the working class generally, but whose melancholy air, and threadbare clothes, revealed his poverty. Evidently he was the son of a gentleman, educated for some higher pursuit, and reduced by dire necessity to seek his present employment. Touched by his sadness and his gentleness, I invited him to stay to supper, and we entered the sitting-room together.

James had placed his book-case of painted wood there, and ornamented it with his hand-somest books. At sight of this, Mr. Ducor looked astonished, and soon began to examine the volumes with the air of a connoisseur. Our son entered a few minutes afterwards; he looked six inches taller, and his face was radiant with pleasure. Mr. Ducor complimented him on his well selected library, and they began to converse. Our visitor seemed to be quite at home among books. He had lived in Paris, and was acquainted with several authors. This, of course, immediately secured for him the friendship of James. During supper, he talked of nothing but romance and poetry. Mr. Ducor was contented to answer him, for James talked incessantly; I never saw him in such high spirits. His mother looked at me with an air of anxiety and wonder, as much as to say, "Has he the fever?" I did not know what to think myself, and waited with impatience the moment of an *éclaircissement*. Just as we finished supper some one called to get an account. I went into the light cabinet which joined the sitting-room. Genevieve and Marianne retired to attend to their household affairs, and the young men were left alone.

I was engaged at first in looking over my account books without attending to their conversation, but by degrees the low tones of their voices attracted my attention. I raised one corner of the curtain to see what they were about. James and Mr. Ducor were sitting opposite to each other, their elbows resting on the table, in such close conversation that their faces almost touched; the former was flushed, and his eyes sparkled like stars.

"My resolution is taken," said he. "I have for a long time been disgusted with my trade. I am going to follow my vocation, and I shall go to Paris."

"To write?" demanded Mr. Ducor.

"And to make my way in the world as so many others have. We no longer live in an age when the workman's hand is welded to his tools; the door of preferment is now open to everybody."

"Which does not prevent a great many from standing outside," said the young man with a melancholy smile.

"I know it! I know it!" replied James somewhat impatiently; "but one knows one's self, and then I have a friend who urges me on. Yesterday I was hesitating. This evening I am resolved."

Mr. Ducor did not answer immediately; he crumbled a bit of bread on the table, and looked thoughtful. Suddenly he raised his head.

"Then you will renounce your present situation, you will quit your family, you will begin all alone a career of which you are totally ignorant, and for which you are totally unprepared; you will go and join the herd of starvelings who are seeking fortune and renown, and finding neither."

"What is there to hinder me?" demanded James in a resolute tone.

"My experience," replied Mr. Ducor, with great earnestness. "I too—yes! I fancied I had a vocation, and I tried the experiment. It has made me such as you now see me. I wrote one drama, which was performed, and published one volume. I have also written several articles for periodicals which were highly eulogized, and called a great success. During three years I promenade the saloons of Paris, a poor wretch in white gloves. I ate my dry bread seasoned with promises. I waited until time had worn out my last hope, with my last coat."

"And you were compelled to abandon your literary life?" said James.

"Yes, to become just what you now behold me," replied his companion. "Ah! that astonishes you, does it not? You can scarcely credit what I say, but I have my vouchers. See! here is the announcement of my being made a member of the Society of Men of Letters, with the auto-

graphs appended of the great men of the present day—without counting those which I was obliged to sell to get bread—a note from the minister of public instruction informing me of a bounty of fifty francs 'accorded to my literary merit!' Those were the very words; it is at once a proof of my indigence, and a certificate of my glory. Ah! Here also is the letter which was the cause of all my misfortunes. It is a reply to my letter about my first manuscript."

James read aloud the signature, which was that of—. At this celebrated name he started.

"You can read the letter," said Mr. Ducor, "then you will better understand how, after having received it, I was tempted to quit the little business I was engaged in and fancy that Paris was my right place. I did not then know that the encouraging words of some of our illustrious men resemble those glittering baubles at the theatre which only ninny take for gold."

Whilst the young man was speaking James was looking over the letter which he had handed him, and I saw him change color. At last he stopped, uttered an exclamation, and searched in his pocket, whence he drew the letter he had received before supper and began to compare it, in a low voice, with the one he had been reading. They contained precisely the same encomiums and the same offers of service. The great poet to whom James had sent one of his manuscripts, as Mr. Ducor had formerly done, replied to both in the same terms. His letters patent of immortality had but one formula, like the certificates of good lives and morals. James could not conceal his indignation, but Mr. Ducor began to smile.

"We have received the same passport," said he, ironically. "I know where mine has led me, we shall see where yours will lead you. At a distance these gentlemen declare that we are stars, but when we approach them they treat us like illumination-lamps. The eulogies which we take for predictions are, in their view, mere words of politeness. They pay us in our own coin; we are a mutual admiration society, and each flatters to be flattered in return. They are simply lawyers, who promise to gain a cause that they may make sure of a client. I have had my experience, now it is your turn."

James remained silent. The two letters lay open before him, and he glanced wistfully from the one to the other. His air of triumph had vanished, and he looked disquieted and half angry. After a pause he recommenced interrogating Mr. Ducor, but with less confidence, and the latter related in detail his three years of *Bohemian Literature*, as he styled them. It was a long history of bankrupt hopes and of bitter sufferings—sufferings which he had to conceal. The unfortunate man had lived on disappointments and humiliations, buttoning his coat tight over his poverty; going from the third story to the attic, from the attic to the cockloft; fleeing first from hunger, and then from hunger and creditors also. His story was so lamentable, and related in such a frank and ingenuous manner, that James was visibly much disconcerted. However, he still struggled against his convictions. If Mr. Ducor had not succeeded in convincing him, he would only have himself to blame. Did his visitor really merit, in as high a degree as himself, the praises bestowed upon him? was the query his vanity suggested. Until he could judge of the work, he need not be dismayed at the non-success of the workman. His friend, without doubt, saw what was passing in his mind, and offered to bring the volume he had published the next time he visited us; but on hearing the title, James recognized it as one of his favorite books, the very one which he had concluded to adopt as his model, and whose author had long been the object of his envy.

This unforeseen discovery was a death-blow to his hopes. After astonishment and felicitations came disappointment. Did the author of the so much admired volume really stand before him? Could the talents which he hardly hoped to equal, fall so completely to win a portion of public patronage? All his illusions were destroyed, all his plans defeated. He continued to converse a long time with the young poet, interrogating him closely about his literary life, which, at a distance, had appeared so luminous. Where he had dreamed that he should realize fame, independence, and even wealth, with leisure to enjoy it, the poor disconsolate author had held up before him persecution, slavery, indigence and unwearied labor. Animated by the recollection of what he had suffered, he spoke with an eloquence which moved me almost to tears. His eyes glistened and his voice trembled. On leaving, he took both James's hands and clasped them in his.

"Reflect well," said he, with affectionate warmth, "on all the certain blessings you will leave behind you here in exchange for the uncertain honors you expect to reap in Paris. You are surrounded by a family who love you tenderly; you have been educated in habits which have become a second nature; you have a good trade, with which you have been familiar from childhood. Are you willing to sacrifice all these blessings? to throw yourself among strangers, who will make you their dupe? to adopt customs which will be a perpetual restraint? to follow a profession for which your education does not qualify you? What are you going to seek in Paris? Happiness? You already have it. The pleasures of ambition? Pray God that he may never permit you to enjoy them! That is the mania of our age; every one is seeking a name which will be remembered and reechoed by posterity. Manual labor is regarded as a degradation; you see everywhere refugees from work, trying to get into the ranks of artists, as the low-born people formerly tried to foist themselves into court. But do you know what I would do if, like you, I had had the good fortune to have strengthened my arms by labor? I would remain where God had placed me; first, because this is the dictate of prudence, and second, by thorough pride in my profession and devotion to it. I would expend all I had to give in the service of my companions in labor. I

would show them how knowledge may go hand in hand with industry; I would teach them to find in mental enjoyment a recompense for physical fatigue; I would assist them as much as lay in my power; I would try to elevate them and to inspire them with a love for the ideal; I would consecrate my life to rendering them my equals, that I might not have the painful sense of isolation. That is your true calling. Do not let intellectual acquirements become a back-door, through which you may escape from duty and desert your brethren, but rather use them as a ladder by which you may help them to ascend to the height you have reached. Think well of this, James. In Paris you will only be a conscript in an army, already completely officered. Here you may be at the head of a battalion, which sadly needs a captain. Believe me, your duty and your happiness lie, not in unclassing yourself, but in trying to elevate your class. We cannot with impunity unhorse, as it were, our very existence, as a boy moves about his playthings. There where our habits have been formed, where our affections are centred, we will find our safety and our peace. We must not lightly quit the place where we have been happy, and where we are encircled by loving hearts. Love should render it sacred."

After speaking thus, in a troubled voice, the young man saluted James and went away. I was strongly tempted to run after him and embrace him; for his words had impressed me as deeply as they had James.

I passed the night without closing my eyes. My room was separated from James's only by a slight partition. I heard him turning about in bed and sighing. My own heart was greatly oppressed. I felt that his destiny was about to be decided, and, consequently, ours in some measure, for what should we do without our son? If Marianne was the life of our home, he was our strength and our future dependence. What I felt daily falling in myself he supplied the place of. Now the family had two heads; when the old one was enfeebled the young one was there to take the lead. But if he deserted us, what would become of all the business I had in train? And, more than all, what would become of him in the midst of the dangers described by Mr. Ducor? Then I thought of my broken-hearted Genevieve, for James was her favorite, as Marianne was mine; each had his special enjoyment, while all united in the general felicity; our son missing from the circle of home, the equilibrium would be broken.

I reflected on all these things, my heart swelling with anguish; but I felt that if I attempted to influence the decision of James it would give him a chance to regret his choice, and he might again revert to his old ideas. He must be left entirely free, so that there might be no appeal from his resolve. I waited, then, with all the torturing anxiety of a man who is about to be sentenced. At daylight James arose. He whistled softly, as was his custom in a thoughtful mood. I listened in breathless silence to every movement. He descended the staircase noiselessly and opened the front door. I raised my curtain to see which way he went. Ah! I thought my heart would burst with joy when I saw him in his working dress, with his mallet and his trowel upon his shoulder. I ran to my wife, exclaiming:

"Be of good cheer! our son is saved!"

Since that never-to-be-forgotten day everything goes with the tide. James has renounced his vain-glorious notions. He has not abandoned his books, but they are his recreation, not his business. His heart is in his trade, and he has become the first workman in the country. No one can equal him in the erection of the finest buildings. He is unsurpassed as an architect, and no arithmetician can calculate with more rapidity than he can. Added to these accomplishments, he is a pleasant companion, having a good word for everybody, but a firm hand when it is necessary; a true leader of men, because he knows how to control himself.

Marianne is ever the same blessed child, singing, dancing, laughing, kissing and caressing. She does everything without ever appearing in a hurry; indeed, she is the *fac simile* of my precious Genevieve when I first knew her. Wherever she is there is sunshine. The great Nicholas, our foreman, has given her his heart. He is an excellent man, for whom it will not be difficult to find a place in our hearts and home; so I say nothing, but let matters take their course. He has just gone, with all our family, to an entertainment in the village. I am left alone, and I concluded I would write these pages.

They will be the last, as the rest of the book is filled with accounts. I have come to the end of my blank leaves, so I must bid farewell to my old adventures of the past, but not to the memories which cluster around them. These memories are all around me, living and transformed, but ever present. First is my Genevieve, then our children, every comfort within and without, and an unsullied reputation. Had I never written anything, my history might be read in my present condition. The confessions of the workingman are most frequently written in his household, either in smiles or in tears, in sorrow or in joy, in competence or in poverty. We all gather in old age the fruit of what we have planted in boyhood and in mature life.

CHAPTER XVI.

This Chapter is added by the Translator, written by James, son of Pierre Henri.

My father having brought his reminiscences to a close, and the occurrences herein related having transpired since he laid down his pen, I feel impelled to add the following record, both on account of the interest and instruction it contains, and also to complete the history of the family.

One day as my father was passing the cottage of his friend Francis, whom he had not seen for a long time, he saw, to his infinite surprise, a young woman standing at the door. She held in her arms a child, apparently a few months old, a model of infant beauty. The girl seemed almost

too young to be his mother, and the total dissimilarity between them rendered this still more improbable. Her countenance combined great sweetness and intelligence; her speaking, gray eyes, though bright, wore an air of sadness; her cheeks were pale, but beautifully rounded, and around her mouth, as she spoke some caressing words to the child, a smile of inexpressible tenderness was playing. The babe laughed a joyous laugh, and his black eyes sparkled like diamonds; his jet curls were flung back, and revealed a noble forehead. My father gazed at them a moment, and then, impelled by curiosity, advanced toward her and inquired if Francis was at home. A slight blush mantled her face as she replied in a low, melodious voice, "No, sir." She then courteously invited him to walk in and await the return of Father Francis, as she called him; he would be at home shortly, as he did not expect to be long absent. The tender heart of Pierre Henri (my father) went out to the young girl, and he accepted her invitation. They conversed on common topics, health, weather, &c., and her language and deportment impressed him with the conviction that she had been educated among cultivated and refined people.

After a little while Francis made his appearance. A marked change was noticeable in the whole man. His dress, about which he was sometimes too careless, was scrupulously neat, and he wore a cheerful smile, which had not been wont to illumine his benignant countenance, usually pensive almost to sadness. As soon as the greeting was over and they seated themselves, the little boy held out his arms, and Lucille, placing him in Francis's lap, left the room. Father Francis noticed my father's inquiring looks, and, in his hesitating, labored speech, began to give him the following narrative, which he afterwards completed at various intervals. I have put it into my own language, adhering scrupulously to the facts.

NARRATIVE OF FATHER FRANCIS.
About two months ago I was sitting in this little room, ruminating on my past life, my parentless infancy, my barren, miserable childhood, the butt of my companions, cursed with a misfortune which isolated me from society and made me a scorn and a derision. After these bitter reflections, better thoughts succeeded. I remembered that it was this very misfortune which led me to adopt the habits of silence and industry to which I owed my present comfort, my pleasant home, my peaceful mind. Still it must be confessed there was a dreariness in my lonely life, an unsatisfied longing for human sympathy and human love and human companionship; but notwithstanding this, my heart swelled with gratitude and praise for all my blessings.

My reverie was suddenly interrupted by a knock at the door. It was a wild night. The wind blew furiously in howling blasts, and a steady rain was falling. I concluded, however, that no one could come here in such a storm, and that what I had heard was only the rattling of the doors and windows; so I settled myself in my easy chair. But in a moment the same knocking was repeated, accompanied by the sound of a human voice. I hastily opened the door, and saw, to my amazement, the young creature who has just left the room, with this baby in her arms. She leaned for support against the frame of the door, and faintly ejaculated: "For God's sake give us shelter!"

I carried her rather than led her into the house, and placing her in my own seat, motioned her to be still. My first thought was what I should do about supplying her with dry clothes, as hers were completely drenched and I had no female apparel to offer her. I made her comprehend my difficulty. She smiled faintly, and said hers would soon dry, as there was a good fire blazing on the hearth, but for her babe she begged something to wrap him in, and she would dry his clothes while he slept. Fortunately, I had that morning purchased a few yards of flannel to make some shirts, and in this she wrapped the little Ferdinand and laid him on the sofa, where he soon became oblivious of all his troubles. Meanwhile I went into my chamber and placed on the bed the best I had, and then insisted on her taking off her dripping garments and supplying her temporary need out of my wardrobe. At first she resisted, but when I pointed to her boy tears rushed to her eyes, and she retired to my room. In a few minutes she reappeared, cutting a most grotesque figure, clad in one of my warm shirts, &c., and over all my morning gown, dragging some inches on the floor, her tiny feet in my stockings and slippers looking like a ten-pony in a bowl. I could not restrain a pleasant laugh, and she almost reciprocated it. She ran to me, and, throwing herself on her knees, clasped mine; then looking up in my face with a countenance, beaming with gratitude, while the tears fell fast on my hand which rested on hers, while with the other I gently stroked her silken hair, she exclaimed, "Angel of Mercy! God sent me here!"

Our tears flowed silently together, her bowed head resting on my lap. After a short season, demanded by nature for emotions too strong to be repressed and too sacred to be uttered, I raised her, and seating her in the easy chair, set about my preparations for the evening meal. She rose and said, "Father, let me help you," but I motioned her back to her seat, and when all was ready I invited her to join me at table, proposing to her, by signs rather than words, to perform the office of mistress of ceremonies. Tears again flowed, but she pressed them back, and with a faint smile took her place.

Our repast being finished, she began to clear the table, but I shook my head, and with less than usual effort said, "Not to-night, my child." She obeyed, and busied herself in turning and drying the wet garments, and as soon as I found that they were all dried and smoothly folded I furnished her with a lamp, and she took up her boy and retired. As I bade her good-night, she remonstrated strongly against taking possession of my room, but finding that there was no alter-

native, she consented. I heard her praying in a low, broken voice, and presently a hymn of thanksgiving was sweetly murmured. Then all was hushed, and I hoped that she and her babe were sleeping.

As for me, I did not think of sleep. I threw myself on the sofa without undressing, and even in my mind the strange occurred of the evening. The whole seemed like a dream, and again and again I said to myself, "Can it be true?" After awhile I settled down under the conviction that there was no fancy about it, and began to think what part I had to act toward the helpless beings thus providentially cast on my bounty. A strange feeling pervaded my bosom. I felt as if so far from being strangers, the mother and the child were nestled in my heart as no human beings had ever nestled there before, as naturally as if it had always been their home; the idea of parting with them was painful; but it was impossible to come to any decision until I heard her story and knew her destination, her circumstances and her wishes. Having said to myself, "I will do all I can," I turned down and slept. The brightness of the sun which shone full in my face, I rubbed my eyes; I could not imagine how I came to be dressed and lying on the sofa, but in a few moments the scenes of the preceding evening came vividly to my remembrance. I rose hastily, and after washing and combing my hair to look a little tidy, I proceeded to kindle the fire. Lucille—for so my guest was called—soon appeared, with her baby in her arms. After the morning salutations she laid him on the carpet, and began to lay the cloth and set the table, just as though it had been her accustomed business. I looked at her and smiled, and seated myself by the little fellow; he looked up in my face with such a joyous laugh and sparkling eyes that I caught him up and kissed him. I saw Lucille casting a frowning glance at us, while the tears trickled over her pale cheeks, and her bosom heaved with emotion. My own eyes were moistened; the scene before me was so novel, sensations so new were tugging at my heart-strings, that at length, entirely overcome, I wept like a little child. Why this powerful drawing to the young stranger? Why this unaccountable feeling of intimacy and interest? Unable to fathom the mystery, I dried my eyes and turned again to play with the little Ferdinand. A sweet serenity overspread my mind, and I felt rather disturbed when Lucille said gently, "Breakfast is ready," and lifted her little one from my arms. I took my seat, and motionless my companion to the evening. As neither of us had much appetite, our repast was soon finished, and I again took possession of this bewitching babe, whose radiant face seemed to carry with it light and love. He took to me wonderfully, but by the time Lucille had arranged her cupboard he began to be restless, and to follow his mother with his eyes, and so she took him and retired to her chamber.

The stormy evening was succeeded by a brilliant day, and everything shone in the splendor of this bright morning. The flower cups were running over with glittering dewdrops, and every stem and every pointed leaf were studded with diamonds, while the spider's network seemed wrought in gold and silver threads. All creation was smiling with life, and one almost heard the voiceless trees and flowers join the glad jubilee of the birds, as they warbled their anthem of praise to him who gave them being.

While Lucille was engaged with her babe I went to the village, about a mile off, to get her trunk, and on my return found her sitting at the table with the Bible open before her, her head resting on her hand. She looked up as I entered, and smiling faintly pointed to these words: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." I read the passage without comment, and seated myself beside her. She laid her hand on mine, and said, while sobs almost choked her utterance, "Father, thou hast been to me a ministering angel. The peace of God radiates from thee. Thou hast a right to know who I am and whence I came; you know not whether I am worthy of your kindness, but spare me now. May I ask you to permit me to put my sad, strange history on paper? It would be impossible for me to tell it in words." I clasped the hand she had laid upon mine, and drawing her nearer to me rested her head on my shoulder. "You shall do whatever you please, my child," said I. "God has filled my heart with a yearning toward you and your babe, which is incomprehensible to me, but which I am sure is his approval of approval. Much as I wish to know the story of your life, I cannot put it until you are prepared to hand it to my writing. Do not inflict upon yourself any additional suffering by anxiety or haste. Let us be calm. I trust God, who brought you here, and you must try to do so too; the mourners are his peculiar care." So saying I opened my secretary and silently left the room.

I took another walk to the village, where I purchased a bedstead, mattress, &c., &c., and furniture for a vacant room, which I had always intended to furnish, the thought sometimes presenting itself, "Who knows but God may pity my loneliness, and send some one to inhabit the nest I prepare it." Having lived so long alone, and having learned where I was brought up to make my bed and bend my knees, I arranged the few articles of furniture and made the bed, to my notion, equal to any woman; and so thought Lucille when I introduced her into her new apartment.

Days glided by without the subject of her history being adverted to. I had made up my mind to wait her time, and indeed such new and delightful sources of happiness were opened to me, that my life seemed all sunshine and flowers. Lucille helped me in doors and out. The garden seemed more flourishing and beautiful under her fostering care, the birds more joyous, and the squirrels and rabbits more tame and social. In a few weeks they ran round the house, as if they recognized the tender hand that loved them, and even fed out of her hand. The poor Ferdinand, seated or lying on a mat outside the door, laughed and crowed as the birds twittered or made the air vocal with their melodious strains. Impelled by a feeling of affection and confidence I could not resist, and indeed which I did not try to control, since it made my hitherto isolated and somewhat desolate life all radiant, I said to Lucille, "Do you not need some things for yourself and Ferdinand? Go to the village with me and buy whatever you require," placing at the same time a small sum of money on the table, at which she sat by with her needle.

"Father!" she said, in a faltering voice, gently pushing the silver back to me, "until you know who I am and whence I came, and the sad history of my life, I cannot go anywhere, or accept what you so generously offer me. Already your debt beyond what I can ever repay, I must not trespass too far on your kindness. My manuscript is ready. I finished it this morning, and will hand it to you."

After a little while she gathered up her work and went to her chamber, but quickly returned, bringing me the promised sheets. I took them from her trembling hand, and kissing a tear from her cheek said in a low tone, "God bless and help thee, poor wounded dove!"

The reader may marvel at the intimate relations subsisting between Lucille and myself. I shall attempt no explanation, for no one understands less than myself the hidden ties which bound us together. I only know that from the moment Lucille crossed my threshold, she seemed to me a gift from God, an angel sent to cheer my lonely dwelling. A feeling of peace came with her, a melody in my soul, which was as new as it was precious. I laid down the manuscript, and a train of reminiscences came throbbing to my memory—my own hapless, desolating infancy, my preservation not merely from death, but from vice, and ignorance, and poverty, and the still, small voice said, "Do unto her as others have done unto you, and great will be your reward." I was obedient to that heavenly messenger, and then and there made a solemn covenant with myself that I would protect and cherish Lucille and her babe, come what might, in spite of any relations which might make respecting her past life. She came from God, and I accepted her as his gift. The manuscript lay untouched before me, but I could not sleep until I had perused its contents. So, although past my bedtime, I took it up and read what follows:

LUCILLE'S NARRATIVE.

"I am the daughter of Mr. C—, a farmer residing about fifty miles from Paris. My father was a kind but haughty man, not wealthy, but living in abundance. He loved his children passionately; they were at once his pleasure and his pride, and he gave us all the advantages of education which his means and his circumstances permitted.

My mother was an industrious, thrifty housewife, and taught her daughters all the useful arts necessary to domestic comfort. It was her delight to think that her children excelled all her neighbors in turning everything to the best advantage, and being the most accomplished cooks and seamstresses, &c., in the vicinity. Nevertheless, having received a good English education herself, and having a desire for improvement, she encouraged all of us to read what she deemed proper books, strictly, however, prohibiting works of fiction, which she said ruined girls, filling their heads with all sorts of vagaries, and rendering them unfit to be good wives and mothers. I was her third child, and at this time had seen seven summer summers. My two elder sisters, who were more robust than myself, and who loved housework, were fully competent to give mother all the assistance she required in every department. As I did not like housework as well as they did, I was often excused, and permitted to do my education, reading and fancy work, for which I found a ready sale in a neighboring village. This little success stimulated an already growing desire for independence. The idea of self-support took possession of me, and although I said nothing, because I saw no way of accomplishing my wishes, still I was restless, and always on the *qui vive* for something which might enable me to carry my settled purpose into execution. I was in this state of mind when a cousin, whom I had never seen and who lived in Paris, came to make us a visit. She was a thoughtful, pleasant girl, and as this was her first excursion to the country she seemed like a bird just escaped from its prison, and almost as if it were a new world to her. She lived out of doors, in a little grove near our cottage was one of her favorite haunts, and as I had more leisure than my sisters, we were much together, often taking our sewing and books to luxuriate in Nature's drawing-room, so full at this delicious season of fragrance, and beauty, and melody. A close intimacy soon sprung up, and I confided to her my longings after independence. She said little at first, but from time to time I revived the subject, and at length she said:

"Lucille, I have been thinking of all you have told me, and I have a proposal to make you. The great, if not the insuperable difficulty in the way of carrying out my plan, will be, I fear, the absolute refusal of my uncle and aunt to sanction it. 'Make haste,' said I, somewhat impatiently; 'tell me your plan; my heart leaps at the bare suggestion.'"

"You know," she continued, "that necessity, not choice, drove me to self-support; but I am daily thankful that I was forced to earn my own living. I have reaped an abundant reward in the consciousness of being independent, of acting in harmony with the laws of my being, in having some object in life, some useful business which I must do. This, I am persuaded, is essential to happiness, and therefore I am anxious to see you enjoying these privileges. I had neither inclination nor aptitude for my needle, and so when my parents told me that I must provide for myself, being then only fourteen, I chose type-setting, because it was remunerative, and because I fancied it would be pleasant to me. But I hoped that being in a printing office I must find an opportunity of gratifying my passion for reading. In this I was not disappointed. I found a kind friend in the establishment, who was always ready to lend me books, and I have profited not only by his loans, but by his judicious selection of the books I should read, both for instruction and recreation. You have a decided taste for millinery; it is a very lucrative occupation; and if you can get leave to go to Paris I can procure you a situation. In the winter you could attend a night school, as I do, to qualify myself to be a teacher. If you are industrious, you will get good wages and considerable treatment, and be able to pay low board; you will not need much of the first year, and your wages would be higher the second."

I was overjoyed at this proposition, and that evening found an opportunity to tell my mother my longings, and what my cousin had said. At first she laughed at the idea, called me a foolish child, and advised me to think no more of anything so preposterous, urging that I had everything at home to make me happy, but when I entreated her with tears to talk to father about it, and use her influence to gain his consent, she promised that she would say nothing to prejudice him against my plans, but would converse with him on the subject, compare views, and look at it in all its aspects.

The next morning my cousin was summoned to a conference with my parents. After a (to me) very prolonged interview, she came to me. I saw at once my doom written in her face, and unable to restrain my feelings I burst into tears, and exclaimed, "How can they be so cruel?" My parents being in the adjoining room, doubtless heard my unflinching remark. My dear cousin laid her finger on her lips, and motioned me to follow her to her chamber. We sat down on the side of the bed. I threw my arms around her, and continued weeping. All the castles I had been building in the air were suddenly demolished, and to my heated imagination life wore a dreary aspect. She succeeded, however, after a few minutes in quieting my exuberant grief, and then said, "Do not despair, Lucille; the idea of parting with you is new to my aunt and uncle; you know they love you tenderly, and it will cost them a good deal to give you up, as they see no necessity for it. In time, when they get accustomed to the idea, they may decide differently, and another year they may give their consent. Meanwhile submit cheerfully to their wishes, and show them by your affection, your attention to their comfort and your faithfulness in the performance of home duties, that you are worthy of their confidence. I am sure this is not only the surest way to gain your point, but the only course that can make you happy. I shall look out for a suitable place for you; next summer, hope I may again visit you, and perhaps then they will let you return with me to Paris; but, dear Lucille, remember my injunctions. Live out as you have done heretofore your joyous, loving nature, and come what may, you will have the sweet reward of our Father's approval."

My heart sunk within me. A year seemed interminable; however, I promised to do my best, and when we were summoned to dinner I had attained sufficient composure to bear some part in the conversation.

A few days after this my cousin left us, promising to write to me, and returned to my usual avocations with apparent if not hearty cheerfulness. I had, however, made up my mind to ask permission to set up the millinery business, for which I knew I had some genius. A little persuasion induced my parents to consent, and I obtained some employment in this line, which enabled me to collect a little money for future purposes. All things went on as usual, except that a Spaniard purchased the farm adjoining ours and settled his son upon it to learn the science of agriculture, and prepare a home for the family, who intended removing to France. As the young foreigner was quite inexperienced, he frequently called on father to solicit advice, which was always given with a ready cheerfulness. He had been made out of doors, but the cold weather put an end to these meetings, and as the winter came on, our neighbor would not unfrequently step in to spend the evening, and request my father to look at some new book on farming, or listen to some new method of cultivation, or some late invention to save labor, &c., &c. Ferdinand never slugged me out at home as the object of any special attention, but whenever he met me he joined me, often presenting me with fruit and flowers. He was rather below middle size, but remarkably symmetrical, and his features very regular. I have never seen such eyes in any other human head—they sparkled like stars, they flashed like lightning, but in his stare they had a lambent, melting quality, soft as moonlight. I always took my presents home; I had never thought of myself as a woman, and I was delighted with his gifts. My parents, however, began to feel some solicitude about me, and when Marie wrote to them saying that she could obtain a place for me, desirable in all respects, they made no opposition to my going, hoping that my departure would put an end to an intimacy which they dreaded without knowing why. My preparations were soon made, and the first of September fixed for my leaving. When Ferdinand came in an evening or two before I left, I mentioned my prospect of going to Paris, adding that I was greatly delighted with the idea of being independent, and having some definite object in life. I noticed a momentary scowl pass across his brow; but he soon resumed his usual gaiety, and when he rose to go he bade me farewell as usual, and wished me a pleasant journey.

[To be concluded in our next.]

TO ONE BELOVED.

BY MRS. JULIA M. FRIEND.

What little time this weary heart shall beat,
Could it but walk, my dearest love, with thee;
Within the shelter of thy tender arms,
Each day thy voice to hear, thy form to see,
I'd brave the darkness of this mortal life,
And calmly smile at fate, what'er befalls,
So I might feel thy presence ever near,
And know that thou wert always by my side.

What few more days this earthly life shall last,
With all its varied changes hour by hour,
One precious boon I ask, one blessing crave:
It is that I may have the priceless power
To soothe and bless thee with my constant love,
To cheer thy spirit when by care oppressed,
To comfort thee in dark affliction's hour,
And from life's every ill to give thee rest.

Be mine the power to guard thee from all harm,
And from temptation shield thee onward way,
Leading thee ever in the path of right,
Safely and surely to the brighter day,
Oh, blessed indeed would be my lot in life,
And smooth my pathway brightened by thy love!
So, hand in hand, if we might journey on
Together to our glorious home above.

But though our paths in life lie far apart,
And mountains rise and oceans roll between,
Thy home, sweet love, is over in my heart—
There shalt thou dwell through every changing scene;
And when we lay our earthly burdens down,
And calmly enter into rest divine,
Together, bound by ties death cannot break,
Will blend in that bliss realm thy life and mine.
Gloucester, Mass.

Original Essays.

SARCOGNOMY AS A GUIDE TO MANUAL HEALING.

BY DR. J. R. BUCHANAN.

In the *Banner of Light* of April 10th some extracts were published from a private letter to my distinguished friend, and former pupil in Anthropology, Dr. G. Swan, in which I had recommended him to economize his vital force in healing operations, and to operate upon the sick with reference to the organology of the brain and the body. In these extracts I was made, by misprint, to say, "Study my *Sarcognomy*, and concentrate the vital forces to the region of health on the shoulder-blades," &c.

As there is no such word as *Sarcognomy*, the sentence has an almost ludicrous appearance, and to rectify this mistake, as well as to set forth important principles for the benefit of physicians, healing mediums, mesmeric operators, &c., I propose to illustrate very briefly the science of *Sarcognomy* and its importance in the treatment of disease.

SARCOGNOMY AND *PSYCHOMETRY* are two new words, which I was compelled to coin over twenty-five years since to describe the new departments of science which arose from my experimental investigations. Psychometry has been made a familiar term by the numerous practitioners of the psychometric art, but *Sarcognomy* is scarcely known except to the readers of my system of Anthropology.

The word signifies, by its etymology, the science of our corporeal or fleshly development—or, as an art, the art of recognizing the indications of character in the form of the entire person; an art which might be called a corporeal physiognomy. The basic fact of this science and art is the proposition that the brain and body sympathize with each other, somewhat as the mind and brain sympathize, work in unison, and indicate each other by their marked correspondence of development.

The sympathies of the mind and body with each other are affected through the brain, which connects both with both, and which, while it influences both, is in turn influenced by them. The reciprocal influences of the mind, the brain and the body upon each other are vague general influences in the aggregate, but definite, special and exact. There are no loose, indefinite connections of function and operation in physiological science. All the operations of Nature are governed by inflexible laws, and effected through definite channels and lines of causation, the knowledge of which constitutes science.

The sympathies and correspondence of the mind, the brain and the body constitute extensive and important sciences, which from their very nature require us to ascend to a higher plane of thought for their comprehension than has been occupied by the average scientific mind of the present age, which manifests little capacity for anything above rigidly material science.

The functional connection of the mind and brain constitutes the science of *PHRENOLOGY*—the importance and extent of which are appreciated by few, and are very imperfectly illustrated in the rudimentary system of Gall and Spurzheim.

The sympathetic connection of the brain, and consequently the mind, with the body, constitutes another science of great interest and utility, valuable not only as an index to character, but as a guide to the philosophical comprehension of the development of the human body, and its management in health and disease. Having discovered the principles of this science, by experimental investigation, I was compelled to give it an appropriate name—hence the word *SARCOGNOMY*.

Sarcognomy, in its psychological aspect, is to the body what *Phrenology* is to the brain—a science of correspondence and correlation with the mind; but as the body is a physiological rather than a psychological apparatus, and its mental are less important than its physical relations, *Sarcognomy* is chiefly valuable for establishing the true relation of the physiological to the mental functions, and thereby giving a masterly comprehension of the entire plan and working of the human constitution, with new views of the correlation of the functions with each other.

The map or chart of the human body, according to *Sarcognomy*, is not only an interesting study psychologically, but is of the highest importance as a physiological and sanitary study. It shows in what direction the nervous forces should move for any given result, and how the character, health and constitution are modified by concentrating the vital action or nervous force toward the different regions of the body.

Upon this subject I wish to give some practical hints to physicians and healing operators. Without developing or demonstrating the principles of the science, (which would be impossible in a brief newspaper essay,) I would mention some of its practical indications for the benefit of those who wish to profit by my discoveries, and who have some idea of their value.

The most important principles to be understood by physicians and healing operators are those which relate to the morbid and the healthful tendencies of the constitution. The space of this essay does not allow me to explain the cause or nature of the opposite polarities of the human constitution, and the system of opposite or antagonistic functions appertaining to the brain and correspondingly to the body. Suffice it to say for

the present that every functional capacity or tendency in the constitution of man is antagonized by an exactly opposite capacity, function or tendency.

Certain vital or nervous forces give power, endurance, activity and resistance to external powers or injuries. Those nervous forces are antagonized by others which make us more sensitive, yielding and capable of being injured or overcome by external causes. Ambition and courage, for example, render a man positive to his fellow-beings, and capable of acquiring an ascendancy over them—while modesty and fear render him submissive, and liable to be overcome or injured.

In the physiological, as well as in the moral constitution of man, we find this balance of positive energetic resisting faculties, and negative susceptible yielding tendencies. When the former are largely developed there is a great amount of energy, activity and capacity to resist and recover from every species of physical injury. But when the latter predominate the constitution is extremely sensitive, and has very little energy or capacity of resistance against the thousand morbid influences which continually surround us. The predominance of the former produces a powerful and healthy constitution—the predominance of the latter results in a feeble, sickly existence, which soon succumbs to the ordinary exposures and injuries of human life.

The group of healthful energetic faculties which are the source of physical and mental energy, endurance and health, occupies the upper posterior portion of the brain—its centre being found near the posterior exterior angle of the organ of Firmness, as laid down generally upon phrenological busts. At this spot is found the maximum vigor of health and healthful energy and endurance.

The corresponding location upon the body occupies the shoulders—the centre of the healthful region being near the centre of the shoulder-blades. When we place the hand so as to extend from the lower angle of the shoulder-blades upward to the margin of the upper surface of the shoulders we cover the region of health, and the location as thus described is sufficiently correct for practical purposes.

The antipodal or antagonistic region to that of health is located near the centre of the body, and may be indicated externally along the lower margin of the ribs, on each side of, but not far from, the median line of the body. This region has been called the *hypochondria*, a term which merely signifies the spot below the ribs. This is its merely physical, anatomical meaning, yet in all past time, since the word has been used, it has been associated with ideas of disease, morbid sensibility and melancholy. These ideas correspond to the true tendencies of that part of the body. In this, as in many other instances, the principles of *Sarcognomy* have been anticipated by the intuitions and the general consciousness of mankind. The morbid and melancholic individual has been called a *hypochondriac*, from the general consciousness that he was under the depressing influences that belong to the *hypochondriac* region of the body.

The physiological explanation of the morbid character of the *hypochondriac* region is found in the fact that the blood, (which in its course through the body takes on a different character from each particular local influence, as it passes through different organs,) attains in the upper portion of the lungs its maximum degree of healthful vitality and purity, and on the other hand, in the interior *hypochondriac* region, especially in the portal veins, attains its greatest degree of degradation, impurity and devitalization in the neighborhood of the liver and spleen. If the entire blood of the body were, for a short time, reduced to the degraded, morbid condition, which is not uncommon in the portal veins, the consequences would be prostrating to all the powers of life, and speedily fatal if it should continue.

With this very brief and meagre explanation, the reader will better understand that the maximum force of health is found on the shoulders, at the upper posterior portion of the chest, and the maximum tendency to disease or morbid capacity is found at the *hypochondria*, where we have, in a limited space, the greatest amount of nervous sensibility, and the most degenerate condition of the blood.

The practical deduction to be borne in mind is, that we should aim to secure the highest relative development of the chest and shoulders, especially the latter, and to prevent that concentration or congestion in the *hypochondriac* region, which is a prominent fact in the general progress of diseases.

In the manual treatment of disease, the hand of the operator is not merely a channel for sympathy with his patient, through which his vital force is imparted; it has a particular attractive and controlling power over the vital forces of the patient, the proper knowledge and use of which distinguishes the scientific operator, who is guided by Anthropology, and who knows how to produce exactly the effect that he desires, with the least injury to himself, and the least waste of his labor.

The hand of the good operator has the power of attracting toward itself the nervous forces of the subject, and changing the balance of the vital powers. Hence, by placing the hands upon the shoulders, on the region of health, as above described, he will produce a general improvement in the feelings and condition of his subject. A similar application on the *hypochondriac* region, produces the opposite effects of sickness and prostration. Very injurious and even dangerous effects have sometimes been produced by inexperienced operators, who did not suspect that the *hypochondriac* region had this morbid tendency.

Impressible persons find it very refreshing and bracing when the operator makes rapid dispersive passes over the *hypochondriac* region, brushing upward and downward so as to disperse most efficiently from the morbid region. By alternating this process with the application of the hands upon the shoulders, the happiest effects are produced. A rapid patting or slapping upon the shoulders also appears to be a very efficient mode of accelerating the good effects.

A good operator should have not only a healthy and sympathetic constitution of mind and body, but a soft warm hand, and an attractive disposition. It may sometimes happen from the personal inferiority of the operator, and the lack of healthy nervous force in his hands, that his operations will be ineffective or it may be even injurious to his subject, but such cases are unusual.

This method of operation is the least injurious to the operator. His hands being used rapidly and dispersively over the *hypochondria* or any morbid part, do not receive much of the morbid influence, and whatever such influence is imparted, he can remove from his hands by dispersive passes. The influences of the shoulder are often beneficial to the operator as well as the subject.

Finally, I would suggest to healing operators that they should be more vigilantly attentive to their own health than they generally are, and that they can find a restorative fountain of health according to the directions above given.

The shoulders of any vigorous, healthy individ-

ual, are an unfailing source of vital energy and health for any impressible person. When you have exhausted yourself by contact with the sick, and feel in your own person their morbid symptoms, you may be relieved by making rapid dispersive passes over the palms of the hands, which have been in contact with the sick, and immediate washing will also be serviceable; but the most complete and thorough restoration and improvement will be attained by placing the hands on the shoulders of a healthy person on the region of health, for five, ten or twenty minutes. Many a delicate wife may thus find a healing and restorative power in the shoulders of her husband.

By understanding and faithfully acting on these suggestions, many impressible persons may restore themselves to health, and physicians, healing operators, clairvoyants, mediums and psychometers will be enabled to prosecute their benevolent labors more efficiently without being broken down by their arduous tasks.

If those who may realize the benefit of these principles would communicate the facts briefly to the public through the *Banner of Light*, a great deal of benefit would be conferred on many who now suffer without knowing how easy it is to obtain relief.

New York, May 1st, 1869.

ELECTRICITY AND SPIRITUALISM.

DEAR BANNER—Long has the cry of "It is all Electricity," been sounding through the skeptical world as an explanation of the phenomenon of Spiritualism, and many are willing to allow themselves to be satisfied with this cry, who profess to be scientific people? Now it seems to me that this folly has been countenanced long enough, and it is time that we should redeem (if ever we have lost it) our name as a scientific class of the community, and turn the scales to the legitimate side of the question. To commence with, I believe that much of this phenomenon depends upon electrical laws, but not as the world to-day understands them.

It is clearly proven to the minds of medical electricians, that most of the functions of the human body are carried on by and through this same refined electrical law, for it is an acknowledged fact among all classes of physiologists that in every act of assimilation and elimination there is a chemical change in every department where these laws are at work, and wherever there are chemical laws at work, or chemical compounds brought together, there do we find electrical laws, so then we prove that there is ever present this agent of power within us, and we prove also that it exists beyond all doubt in the animal kingdom below us, by experiments of Volta, Galvani, Aldini, Dubois, Raymond, Humboldt, and scores and scores of others. We also prove that it exists in the mineral kingdom, for it is there we go to get the material for our batteries, etc., and we see no reason to doubt its existence in the vegetable world, though by actual experiment it may not have been eliminated by the usual methods. Now put all these facts down as truth, and nothing but truth, and what then? We have not produced one rap, tipped one table, moved one piano, or seen and described clairvoyantly one of our spirit-friends, for as earth's children, we have never, the most studious and scientific of us, discovered how to use these laws by which we do, act, live and breathe. We may bring a battery—powerful enough to strike a man dead—to work upon a table, chair, or any article of furniture, and we cannot move it one hair's breadth; and the combined force of all the batteries in existence could not play one tune upon the piano, or carry a man from one window to another out of the third story, or give an intelligent answer through the raps or tipplings. Neither could all the electrical, magnetical, or nervous force of one man, or woman, lift a piano clear from the floor, and carry it from the wall. Yet all these things are done through the mediumship of "poor, weak women," and they can give no reason why, or how, and all through the laws of electricity and its modifications. Men of science go to work, and give us the how, and why, for it is meet that we know if this be true, that you can do it. Do not give us an explanation that you cannot explain, but stand up like brave, true-hearted beings, and let us know the truth.

We know that our most interior being, from the chemical union of spermatozoa and ovum, governs and controls our physical being through these magnetical laws then and there evolved, that it gathers through them its sustenance from its mother's life as well as the physical—but how is this done? Is it any more strange that it should control these laws after what we call death, to tell us of its continued life and love? And why should we spurn the thought?

Think you that it is mere folly, this table tipping, &c.? Wrapped within is a law, grand, beautiful, and of use to us mortals whenever we are ready for its outgrowth, and I for one say let us think as well as pray.

SARAH J. CARPENTER.

Whately, Mass. Medical Electrician.

The Milwaukee Resolutions.

[Having published the resolutions adopted at a meeting of "Spiritualists, Free Thinkers and Reformers," held at Milwaukee, April 12, we give place to the following rejoinder, and this is all we have place to publish in regard to this particular case.—E. B. or L.]

The *Banner of Light* of May 1st contains resolutions from Milwaukee, Wis., which we are obliged to be imposed, practicing "shallow tricks and jugglery under the claim of spiritual physical manifestations." When this number of the *Banner* arrived, Wm. Ferries was holding sances in this place, and of course he was closely watched by those who read these resolutions, and he was obliged to be imposed on themselves, but in his hands the honest inquirers prejudiced against Spiritualism by a wicked, dishonest trickster, Wm. Ferries, has held four sances here, and has been tested in every way possible, and he has not been found to be other than what he represents himself to be. So that we were quite sure he could not move. With the medium was in this position, the instruments were played and were put in different positions on our persons. One lady had her hair taken down and put up again in a ludicrous style. Ladies patted us on our heads, on our backs, our watchchains, pulled at our hair, that we thought or were taken from us. The patting of the hands on our heads was so hard that each person in the circle heard it distinctly.

All four of his limbs were securely tied and bound to the four posts of the chair, with as much whetstone as he could hold. While in this position the musical instruments moved round the room, playing, touching each one of us, sometimes striking us quite hard, and then gliding softly from one to the other. The guitar rolled over the floor, and a balancing movement, sometimes striking us quite hard, then rising up to our heads, then on to our heads, and on to the floor again, rising to the ceiling, striking the ceiling and floor alternately, playing all the time. The bells rang round our heads, and the trumpet came almost to our faces, a voice asking some questions, as how we liked it?

The medium was untied and relied with the wheat still in his hands, and his coat taken off and landed in the lap of one of the circle. Four or five of us held the medium at different times, putting our hands on his head, holding him by his hair, and his hands tightly clasped round our necks, so that we were quite sure he could not move. With the medium was in this position, the instruments were played and were put in different positions on our persons. One lady had her hair taken down and put up again in a ludicrous style. Ladies patted us on our heads, on our backs, our watchchains, pulled at our hair, that we thought or were taken from us. The patting of the hands on our heads was so hard that each person in the circle heard it distinctly.

Mr. Ferries was an entire stranger to all of us, except one who had been present at a sance held by him at Columbus, Mo., and was a member of the Milwaukee Fair. We carried Mr. Croby, Mrs. Brannon, Mr. Tripp, Dr. Buchanan and others, having tested the said Ferries to their satisfaction, are desirous to hear testimony to his honesty as a medium for spiritual physical manifestations.

E. J. UNDERWOOD, M. D.

P. S.—Papers which published the resolutions are requested to copy the above.

Portage, Wis., May 5, 1869.

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OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All business connected with the editorial department
of this paper is under the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY,
to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

To Our Patrons.

It gives us pleasure to announce that we shall
week after next publish the *Banner of Light* on
heavier and finer paper. We shall at this time
commence the publication of interesting matter
bearing upon the Spiritual Phenomena, with
graphic pictorial illustrations.

Those who would secure the papers containing
the forthcoming illustrated stories, should remit
the amount of subscription by mail at once. Send
post-office orders instead of greenbacks.

Newsdealers everywhere are recommended to
forward orders to our wholesale agents for extra
copies of the *Banner of Light* in future, as they
will undoubtedly readily dispose of all they may
order.

Co-operation of Both Worlds.

Mankind has reached that stage of its growth,
where the most intimate connection between the
forces and influences of the seen and unseen
worlds is of prime necessity. The spiritual and
the material spheres should be brought into the
most perfect rapport possible. First, because of
the manifest advantage to humanity, and second,
because of the help it is known to render to the
undeveloped class of disembodied spirits. If
those who believe in progress, believe intelligently
as well as sincerely, they know that there must
be an advance for man, while on the earth,
spiritually, as well as materially and intellectu-
ally; and hence, if the earth has been subjected
to refining influences on the one hand, and its in-
habitants insensibly raised to a standard of spiri-
tual elevation never attained before—so, on the
other hand, there must have been making all the
while a positive approach of one world toward
the other; and it is to be reasonably inferred that
the two spheres are now nearer together with
their influences than ever, and that their relations
are becoming more and more interdependent, and
their interests more in common.

We have something more than a mere theory
for such a belief, though that be evolved from the
natural experience of humanity and the progress
of the race. We know it to be solidly founded,
from proofs that multiply more rapidly than they
can be recorded. The law that draws the two
worlds together is as strong and immutable as
that of gravitation. It is simply their operation
which is to be noted in observing the growing
contiguity of the spheres. Even those who deny
the law, are unconsciously driven to recognize, in
this way and that way, the actual fact. Nor
would this be so unless from the necessity of the
case. There was no guess-work in creation, and
progress does not proceed at hap-hazard. Whether
some men prefer to flout all evidence of such deep
significance or not, it does not damage the evi-
dence. That stands untouched through it all.
Those who protest, or jeer, or refuse to see, are
borne on with the rest, and the race is progressing
all the time, with its creeds and dogmas, its as-
serts and contradictions, its disputes and denials.
The Law whirled us all on together, leaving a
riper and larger experience to rid us of bigotry,
half-beliefs, infidelity and obnoxious whenever it
suits our individual convenience. We cannot, as
before remarked, hinder the operation of the law
of progression. That is steadily taking us nearer
to the spiritual world, and bringing that still
nearer to us.

Now since it is undeniable, with any real
knowledge of the subject, that those things are so,
it is important that all who seek to connect them-
selves with the spirit-world should continually
bear in mind that, for the greatest possible effi-
ciency, they should steadily regard self as a wholly
secondary consideration, otherwise they can-
not expect to carry out the plans of the spirit-
world in reference to the affairs of earth. The
laws which govern spirit manifestations are of
great nicety, and as they are the connecting
links of the one world with the other, they de-
serve to be thoroughly considered and carefully
obeyed. These laws are both magnetic and elec-
tric in their character, taking cognizance of all
forms and grades of intelligence.

There are great tidal waves of influence set-
ting over us from the spirit-world, now sweeping
this way, and again that. Those who are ready
to receive these influences, whether elevated or
low, are inspired with fresh purposes such as
these waves communicate. And if we would ad-
vance the cause of humanity and help on to the
utmost the plans of purified spirits in connection
with mortals, it behooves us to maintain that
frame of mind and receptive condition of soul
which invites none but the better influences to
enter in. The debased and unhappy spirits are
not to be allowed to work their will on mortals,
if the latter are determined to elevate their spiri-
tual condition here. We must give them to un-
derstand that they are always welcome when
they come sincerely for that aid which we no-
tiously can give them—but that for selfish, wrong,
and obstructive purposes, they are not to be per-
mitted to have their way. Thus we shall always
draw the pure and the good toward us, and help
along the cause of humanity in all directions,
while we are able to give off to the unfortunate
and undeveloped spirits the very assistance
which they most require. We shall, in fact, settle
all conflicts by the simple act of our resolution,
while we raise up low spirits to a higher level by
bringing them in contact with those to whom
they should at the earliest moment become sub-
ordinated.

Mediums.

We cordially endorse every word our asso-
ciate, Bro. Peables, utters in his department in
reply to a test medium. We have passed through
similar experiences that Bro. P. has, and yet we
are charitably inclined toward all the, at times,
angular ones with whom our position brings us
in contact. Hudson Tuttle, too, has raised his
voice in behalf of the poor, negative mediums.
God bless both him and Bro. Peables for their
noble utterances.

A Prevalent Notion.

The *Boston Courier* presents the following as its
reason for refusing credence to the class of mani-
festations recognized by modern Spiritualism:

"All our notions, instinctive, religious, and deduced from
reason, concur in the idea that a spiritual state of being is
superior to our mortal condition: in purity and higher in-
telligence, among spirits in bliss and in knowledge; cer-
tainly surpassing mortal apprehension, whatever the destiny
of the disembodied existence may be. Thus the evil spirits
cast off by the Saviour knew and confessed him, amid the
dissolving human multitude."

If a spiritual state of being is "superior to our
mortal condition," and if the authority of the
New Testament is to be accepted (which the *Courier*
admits), how did it happen, we would like to
know, that there were spirits so bestial and de-
graded as to find their pleasure in obsessing
swine? (See Mark, chap. V.) Did they show
their "superiority to our mortal condition" in an
act so monstrous?

This notion that a vile and demoralized human
being attains to "superiority" by simply slipping
off his overcoat of flesh, is as irrational as it would
be to contend that a thief becomes an honest man
the moment he escapes from jail.

So far is it from true that the mere disembod-
ment of the spirit necessarily involves a rise, in
character and intelligence, upon the state of the
same individual while incarnated on this earth,
we have every reason to believe, judging from
analogy and the facts of intercommunication with
the spirit-world, that there may seemingly be re-
gression in the next life as well as in this. The
spirit who is bent on evil will have an op-
portunity to play his game out; and if he did not
finish it in this life, he may take it up in the next.
There is time enough before him; and if he has
not explored the mysteries of iniquity sufficiently
to satisfy himself that it does not pay, he may
push on his researches and experiences further
in the same direction.

This objection that it is a very undignified and
incredible thing for spirits to turn hats inside out,
lift tables, and play pranks, comes with a
strange inconsistency from persons who accept
the awful story from Mark, referred to above, as
literally true.

The facts of geology show that Nature has
sometimes occupied millions of centuries in bring-
ing some low form of life to an improved state.
What if the analogy holds good in regard to spiri-
tual organisms? What if the man who soils and
perverts and degrades his nature, resisting, of his
free will, the benign influences that would help
to mold him aright, should be thrown back ages
in the path of progress by his choice of evil rather
than of good? It would seem that God and Na-
ture are very patient.

The Davenport.

We hear that these gentlemen are again
in prison in America for showing their mani-
festations without a conjurer's license, and this in the
land under the shadow of the eagle, which is al-
ways screaming out for liberty. It seems strange
that such a thing could happen, if there were
really so many millions of believers there as we
frequently hear asserted.

The above paragraph, which we find in the
April number of the *London Spiritual Magazine*—
a periodical for which we have the greatest re-
gard—it seems to us is a little premature. That
the Davenport Brothers were arrested for exhibi-
ting without a license, is true. But that they
were incarcerated in prison, is a mistake. Mr.
Davenport, Sen., informs us that a banker, Col.
Pinckney, was present at the arrest, and offered
himself as bail; but the commissioner declined
the offer, as he was willing that the Brothers
should go on their own recognizance. We are
aware, as well as our cotemporary, that the *Eagle*
"screaches out for liberty" pretty extensively,
and generally gets it; notwithstanding the fre-
quent howlings of the tory *Bulls* of England to
the contrary. False teachings are dying out,
liberal principles are coming in. The Anglo-Saxon
race is bound to "go ahead," and the *Eagle* and
the *Bull* may screech and howl as much as
they please all over the world, for a unit they
are to be, and liberty, equality, fraternity, are to be
the watch-words, and *Spiritualism* the flag under
which they are to rally.

The Truth Everywhere Recognized.

At a meeting of the bar of New Haven, Conn.,
called to give suitable expression to the sense of
grief occasioned by the recent death of a vena-
ble member, at the ripe age of fourscore, Hon.
Ralph I. Ingersoll—long distinguished as the
leading advocate at that bar, and himself within
a few months of the age of the respected member
just deceased—introduced appropriate resolutions
with some remarks, which gave voice to his be-
lief on the subject of spirit presence. Coming
from a man whose long life has been devoted to the
sifting of testimony, the analysis of causes, and
the comprehension and combination of princi-
ples, they are worthy of notice outside of the re-
stricted limits for which alone they were intend-
ed. He had looked thoughtfully, he said, on the
portraits of deceased members in an adjoining
room, to which that of the one last taken from
them would soon be added; and he remarked that
"our departed friend had gone where they are."
But—he added—"those good men who were as-
sociated with me, in my firm belief—some may
call it superstition—call it what you will—are
spiritually associated with us, and look with inter-
est upon the proceedings of this hour." The re-
mark, coming from the lips of the venerable law-
yer alluded to, created a profound and lasting
impression.

Women's Labor.

Immense lots of clothing are being contracted
for in Maine, which give to the poor women who
make it up recompense like the following: A
common woolen coat, sack fashion, 25 cents;
pants, 12 1/2 to 18 cents; ordinary overcoats, 40
cents, and the heaviest and best made ones, 60
to 75 cents. The material thus cheaply made up
comes from a great clothing house in New York,
cut and furnished with the trimmings. Is it a
wonder, with these facts before us, that employ-
ers amass princely fortunes in a few years, while
their poor operatives languish and die prema-
turely from over labor and a lack of the common
necessaries of life? How long shall this state of
things exist?

The *Springfield (Mass.) Republican* says:
"Charles E. Perry, appointed Consul at Aspinwall, is a
native of Worcester, the late Luke M. Perry, and
connected with the Rhode Island family, who have dis-
tinguished themselves in our naval history. Mr. Perry was
recently appointed general superintendent of the Atlantic
and Pacific telegraph company."

Mr. Perry has for many years been a firm be-
liever in Spiritualism. During his residence at
Aspinwall in 1861, he wrote an article, "The Mys-
terious Bullet," in which the author related many
wonderful manifestations of spirit power.
The Consulate at Aspinwall is a post of great
responsibility, and is growing more important
from year to year. The President and Secretary
of State have paid Mr. Perry a great compliment
in appointing him, and he will undoubtedly per-
form the duties of the office faithfully and with
ability. We wish him success.

A Noble Speech.

The following telling speech was recently de-
livered in the Spanish Cortes, which, as the cor-
respondent of the *London Standard* justly remarks,
has raised its author, Señor CASTELLAR, to a pin-
nacle of popularity seldom attained by any pub-
lic man in so short a space of time. We quote
verbatim:

It was the more extraordinary as it was unpremeditated,
being in the midst of a rapid and successful delivery im-
mediately before it by one of the dignitaries of the clerical
party, Señor Montero, the Canon of Vitoria. Castellar's
masterly reply has taken the whole country by storm. In
the streets, in the clubs, in the Committee-rooms of the Con-
gress, the railway trains and in the press, scarcely any-
thing else is talked about. Its peroration was certainly one
of the finest and most effective oratorical efforts to which I
have ever listened, and produced the most extraordinary ef-
fect upon the entire Cortes. When he sat down he was in-
stantly surrounded by the members of the Republican Left,
who shook his hands and embraced him in the usual Span-
ish manner, amid the most deafening applause from all sides
of the House and the galleries above. But this was not all.
Several of the Ministers rose from the 'banco azul,' and
crossing the floor, went to him, followed by almost the whole
of the 'Left,' and warmly demonstrated their sympathy.
They grasped and shook his hands till he was
wondering how the arms would drop out of their sockets—
they embraced and hugged him, and many in their ex-
citement kissed him! It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene.
To crown all this, the oldest Member, the President of the Assem-
bly, rang his bell, hastily pronounced the words, 'The Republi-
cans,' and then, with a noble gesture, he pointed to the
speaker, and the entire Cortes rose in their demonstration.
The next moment I saw him not only clasp the gifted
orator in his arms, but actually kiss him on each cheek! Nor
was the excitement confined to the deputies below. It
spread to the galleries above, which, especially, the
diplomatic and the press tribunes, were crammed. They,
too, joined in the applause."

Castellar is one of the Republican minority of
the Cortes, and his speech was against one ex-
clusive State religion. The following was his
peroration:

"Canon Montero has said that he would renounce all
his ideas and all his beliefs if the Jews returned again to
the land of their fathers. I do not believe in the Manterola
beliefs in the terrible dogma that the children are
responsible for the sins of the fathers? Does Señor Man-
terola believe that the Jews of to-day are the Jews who
crucified Christ? I do not believe it. I am more of a Chris-
tian than he. I believe that God is in Sinai; the thunder pre-
ceded him, the lightning accompanied him; the light en-
veloped him, the earth trembled, the mountains fell in pieces!
But there is a God greater and greater than that. Not the
majestic God of Sinai, but the humble God of Calvary, nailed
to a cross, wounded, thirsty, crowned with thorns, gall on
his limbs, and agony in his soul. Rather forgive them, forgive
my executioners, forgive my persecutors; pardon them, forgive
they know not what they do! Great is the religion of
Power, but greater is the religion of Love. Great is the re-
ligion of Implexible Justice, but greater is the religion of
pardon. Mercy, And I, in the name of that religion—I,
in the name of that religion that asks us to ask no wages
in the front of your fundamental code—Liberty, Equality,
and Fraternity among all mankind."

Our Old Subscribers Still at Work.

We continue the list of names of our patrons
who have obtained one or more new subscribers
to the *Banner of Light*:

W. Persons, M. D., five; Dr. A. H. Allen, one;
Edwin Cheney, one; Miss S. N. Eldridge, one; R.
B. Smith, four; Mrs. E. A. Twing, one; Peter
Ditts, one; T. S. Wellington, two; H. Angir, one;
J. W. Bliss, two; B. Woods, one; J. Wright, one;
J. Steinacker, one; S. Greenleaf, one; C. Miller,
one; J. E. Haywood, one; Watson Holmes, one;
J. M. Chism, one; George W. Ames, one; Wm.
Mitchell, one; F. O. Chenoweth, one; B. R. Mc-
Cord, one; Eliza M. Jones, one; L. T. Edson, one;
E. B. Danforth, one; W. B. Gardner, one; M. R.
Grute, one; A. H. Cummings, one; A. H. Cow-
dery, two; H. Bond, one; Mrs. B. D. Falyan, one;
C. Sargent, one; J. G. Walt, one; G. W. Wal-
bridge, two; W. M. Brown, one; Mrs. L. Moore,
one; Joseph Beave, one; S. H. Chamberlain, one;
L. Dewey, one; H. Houghton, one; H. N. Graves,
one; R. J. Galpine, one; M. Alexander, one; Dr.
Z. L. Brown, one; Pamela Preswick, one; G. W.
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Houghton, one; Joseph Pickett, one; Caleb White,
one; Cephas B. Lynn, one; Mrs. M. Gilbert, one;
H. A. Bickford, one; Dr. H. Scott, one; E. C.
Welsh, one; J. R. McCulloch, one; J. Parsons,
one; L. Foster, one; C. T. Beals, one; D. Hay-
wood, one; Mrs. R. Fales, one; S. R. King, one;
L. Philbrick, one.

We cannot too warmly express our gratitude
to our friends for this united and successful effort
on their part to spread the Spiritual Philosophy
among the people, by circulating the *Banner of
Light* more generally than ever before. An in-
calculable amount of good to humanity will be the
result.

Modern Spiritual Manifestations.

It is really refreshing to be able to occasion-
ally record acts of justice at the hands of the secu-
lar press. Criticism is wholesome, as it leads to
investigation, and when conducted with impar-
tiality, the truth is arrived at. The late Munier
trial in New York and the manifestations of the
Davenport in this city have brought out the
opinions of the daily press in regard to the spiri-
tual phenomena, quite satisfactory to the believers
in Spiritualism. While some have ignored the
phenomena altogether, others have treated the
subject as its importance deserves. Among those
who have done us justice we are pleased to name
the *Boston Herald*, a paper having an extensive
circulation and well known for its fearless, in-
dependent tone. We commend the *Herald's* remarks
to the close attention of our readers. The editor
says:

"Whatever we may think of the so-called spiritual mani-
festations which are now common, we let us not sympathize
with the contemptuous indifference which characterizes the
attitude of so many scientific men toward them. Long ago
there was evidence enough brought before every thinking
man, whether he took the trouble to investigate the spiri-
tual phenomena or not, to show that they deserved to be
looked into with the best light that science can furnish;
and the fact that a great many people sincerely believe in
the spiritual agency governing these manifestations, out-
raged them to a patient and candid hearing. The regular
schools of science have always stood aloof from any new
truth, they tormented Galileo and persecuted and persecuted
Columbus, discouraged Fulton, and ridiculed Morse. How
dare they deny that there is some mysterious agent in
nature, as little understood now as electricity was a hun-
dred years ago; or that there are powers which we know to
exist, as little developed as steam was before Watt invented
the steam-engine; or that the light is a new science, as little
known as was this continent before Columbus discovered it;
or that the world moves, as Galileo demonstrated? Let the
subject be treated fairly. Let it be cautiously, soberly
scrutinized in all its phases, without hesitation in exposing
charlatans and mountebanks, but not let us see the old
dogma of scientific infallibility standing aloof, wrapped
in their own conceit, and refusing to receive any light unless
it shines through their own windows first."

South End Lyceum Entertainment.

This Lyceum gave an entertainment in the Minot
Building, Springfield street, Boston, on Thursday
evening, May 6th. A good audience was in attend-
ance, and the performers evidently did their best
to merit approbation. The programme carried out
consisted of a song of greeting by the Lyceum; de-
clamations, in which Misses Chase, Richardson,
Lyon, Holden and Master Webber participated;
songs by Mr. Woodcock (a volunteer), Master
Simpson (in costume), and Miss Adams (of the
Charlestown Lyceum); dialogues by Misses
Chase, Lyon, Adams, Collier, Stimler and Ehrett;
and the exhibition of feats of legerdemain by J.
W. Porter. Music from the pianoforte was fur-
nished by Mrs. St. John and Master Orcutt. The
exercises of the evening closed with dancing.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the friends of
our cause in the vicinity of this Lyceum will put
forth renewed efforts to strengthen the hands of
its officers, who are now working under great dis-
advantages, but with untiring zeal, for its per-
petuity and advancement.

We have on file for publication in our next issue a
copy of the very clever reply of Judge Edmonds to the
editor of an Albany paper, upon the latter asking the Judge
the following question: "What is the use of Spiritualism?"

Our Conventions and Conferences.

The common sense remarks under the above
heading, which we heartily endorse, are copied
from the *American Spiritualist*. It is too true that
people are not so much attracted to our conven-
tions as formerly, and for reasons which the ed-
itor of the *Spiritualist* so cogently indicates be-
low:

"Our conventions and conferences are fast becoming
sources of serious trouble, engendering jealousies and aliena-
tions, and beclouding the inspiration of forces of mind.
The people are not so much attracted to them as formerly.
Many of our speakers dread them and often only attend from
a sense of duty. 'Who shall be greater in the kingdom of
heaven?' is the cardinal question before such bodies. The
thought is a jealous and blasphemous as a circus. If some
one has a practical suggestion, however worthy, it is as-
sailed and demolished by another, all from sheer jealousy.
So do people return sick in spirit, and discouraged rather
than strengthened for the work at home. Now, we cannot
afford this needless loss to our souls and the cause we love.
It is light and only light, leaving no room to reflect on
our deserts. We confess we have a strong distaste for such
gatherings, and prefer to be cultivating some humble field,
untrammeled by egotistic aspirants. 'Wherefore do ye
spend money for that which is not bread, and your soul for
that which will satisfy not?' Our conventions are by no
means tests of our strength. If anything they lessen it.
We know of many who absolutely do nothing at home for
Spiritualism, but are very ready to go a hundred or more
miles to a convention, to hear a great gun go off, and when
there, are wonderfully zealous in 'our glorious cause!' Such
are 'pleasure seekers.' Spiritualists, who care actually for
the work, will not attend such conventions. They will not
practical work—not for display of eloquence—not to 'create
a sensation'—but consider and project enterprises to pro-
pagate truth, and do something by combined earnest co-
operation. We deserve to be a 'laughing stock' to the world
unless we make a sacrifice that shall tell the world we are
united, constructive men in our aims."

Suppose, then, that we 'right about face,' or adopt a dif-
ferent policy—in honor preferring one another—that we
develop home circles, home mediumship, home talent; that
when in convocation we wait for the moving of the spirit to
direct our efforts, to direct our will, to give us the pat-
terns of the work that we are to deliberate on, our duties, on
means of culture, and fraternity; that modestly be also re-
cognized as a virtue and spiritual gift; that we be willing
to hear unsophisticated speech and tender words of charity.
I think you, then, would not come closer to truth
than have more heart to work ardent better at home in the
unity of the spirit? We throw out these plain hints in feel-
ing interest, hoping we all may learn the first lesson of
spirituality—as little children in spirit."

Cambridgeport Lyceum.

This Lyceum gave an entertainment, consisting
of tableaux, songs, instrumental music, &c., at
Buckley's Hall, in that city, on the evenings of
Wednesday and Thursday, May 5th and 6th.
The exercises were carried out under direction of
a committee consisting of Messrs. Barri, Went-
worth, Leavitt, Newman, Dolbear, and Dr.
Whelock, and Mrs. Dolbear, Newman, Has-
tings, and Stevens. Tableaux entitled "May Day
Sports," "You can't put an old head on young
shoulders," "The Goddess of Liberty," "Queen
of the Flowers," "Country Cousins," and "Our
Lyceum," were finely represented; songs from
Messrs. J. Wentworth, J. Bartlett, M. Grant, and
Misses Fauny Dolbear, Cora Hastings, Alice
Roberts, Kittie Pierson; two quartettes by H.
Newman, J. Whitehouse, Mrs. A. Munroe, and
Miss D. Danforth; one trio by M. Grant, Mrs.
Munroe and Miss Danforth; declamations by
Misses Jennie LeMoine, Mary Elliot, George
Martin, and exhibitions of ventriloquism by Mr.
H. Turner, most acceptably filled up the
programme. It is needless to state that this Lyceum
on the present occasion sustained its previous
reputation, and reflected great credit upon its
officers and management.

Workingwomen.

At a public meeting of the New England Work-
ingwoman's League at Evans's Hall, Boston,
Thursday evening, the platform of the League
was read substantially as follows:

To enable woman to rise superior to the accidents of her
condition, by the development of her individual talent toward its
proper sphere of usefulness.
To emancipate her from her present bondage, and make
her the equal and companion of man.
To educate her, so as to command equal wages with man.
To open the same opportunity for her that is opened to
man for obtaining a practical education suitable to her spe-
cial talent.

Nothing is said in the platform regarding fe-
male suffrage, and in the remarks made by Dr.
Foster, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Curtis, and others, it
was distinctly enunciated that not suffrage but
suffering was the question to be considered by
the League.

The House of Industry.

On the evening of May 6th, the benevolent
institution known as the "Five Points House of In-
dustry," held an anniversary celebration at Stein-
way Hall, New York. The large room was well
filled, and about two hundred boys and girls were
on the platform. S. B. Halliday, Superintendent,
gave an interesting and encouraging account
of the status of the institution; the children acquit-
ted themselves extraordinarily well in singing,
recitations and calligraphic exercises, and enter-
taining speeches were made by Rev. J. Hyatt
Smith, Henry Ward Beecher and others.

Mrs. L. M. Child's Great Work.

"PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS," has been out
of print for a number of years, but we are happy
to announce that a new edition has just been
issued, and we can now supply those who have
been anxious to obtain this valuable standard
work. Orders should be forwarded at once, as
the edition is very small, and cannot last long.
There are few writers capable of undertaking the
task which Mrs. Child has accomplished so well
in these volumes, and the vast amount of valu-
able information they contain make them almost
indispensable.

Completion of the Pacific Railroad.

There was general rejoicing all over the coun-
try, May 10th, on the occasion of the completion
of the railroad from St. Louis, Mo., to San Fran-
cisco, Cal. A telegraphic dispatch from the junc-
tion of the two roads reads as follows:

PROGRESSIVE SUMMIT, UTAH, May 10, 1869.
The last rail is laid! The last spike driven! The Pacific
Railroad is completed! The point of junction is 1086 miles
west of the Missouri river, and 690 miles east of Sacramento
City.
(Signed)—Leland Stanford, Central Pacific Railroad; F.
C. Durant, Sidney Dillon, John Duff, Union Pacific Railroad.

Discussion.

We learn that Elder Miles Grant and M. H.
Houghton are to hold a discussion in Norwalk,
O., commencing Tuesday, May 25th, and contin-
uing five evenings. The question to be discussed
is embraced in the following:

Resolved, That the phenomena of modern Spiritualism
proceed from demons, and not from departed human spirits.
Elder Grant takes the affirmative, and Mr.
Houghton the negative.

Death of M. Allan Kardec.

This gentleman, whose sudden removal oc-
curred on the 31st of March, was one of the most
talented Spiritualists in France, and editor of the
Revue Spirite, with which we exchange. The im-
mediate cause of death was the rupture of an
aneurism, with which he had been long threatened.
We shall publish details of his life, death, and
funeral in our next.

We publish elsewhere in our columns several calls
for Conventions to be held in various parts of the country,
to which the reader is referred for further information.

Wendell Phillips among the Spirits.

The Davenport Brothers, who have lately been
holding séances in Music Hall, in this city, have
created some sensation, particularly among those
who are not Spiritualists; the most notable fea-
ture of which is a willingness among the notables
to serve as committee men. Am I wrong in sup-
posing a little of this is snobbery? That is, the
Davenports have been over Europe, got rich, the
nobility have attended their séances, and aristo-
cratic blood has approved of their manifestations
as not being the result of jugglery or deception.
With such trans-Atlantic record, some people of
repute, who would ordinarily decline being con-
spicuous, have added to the interest of these ex-
hibitions; and while it by no means endorses the
"spirit" theory, it adds a little to their fashion.
It may be a little courage has been given by the
reticence of the Davenports on the point of spiri-
tual mediumship, by their not assuming them to
be spiritual productions, simply inviting the pub-
lic to witness the phenomena that take place in
their presence. I have seen many pleased ones
say "they do not say it is spirits," emphasizing it
so as to mean they do not believe it to be spirits.

A "Looker-On," writing in the *Transcript*, says:
"The performances of these men are certainly wonderful.
The way they do it, however, is the prey of spirits or not,
is not quite certain. If they claim the agency of spirits or not,
it is a fair question. I would ask them to say if they are
conscious of interfering personally in the play that goes
on? Will they state openly to the audience that the hands
which appear in windows of the cabinet are not their own
hands?"

If they deliberately affirm that they have no part in the
performance other than that of being tied as mediums;
that they remain so tied while the doors are closed; and that
it is their own belief that spirit agencies are then and there
at work—the way will be open for a more earnest consid-
eration of their cabinet manifestations."

It is not my place, and I do not propose to an-
swer the queries in the quotation. I only refer to
it as expressing the minds of many persons, at
the séances and outside of them. Permit me to
say in this connection that the Davenports have
been consistent these ten years or more of public
mediumship, in always saying these phenomena
are done in their presence, and by no act of theirs,
and all they know about it is, spirits of departed
human beings claim to be the acting party. The,
or my, reason for attributing these and the thou-
sand and one in their variety known as spiritual
manifestations to spirits, is, first, because in every
case, without an exception, from the raps heard
by Miss Fox in 1838, and for the twenty-one years
since down to the present time, they claim that
they are the act of a man or woman whose body
is in the grave and whose spirit is alive; and sec-
ond, the endorsement by the fact that any other
cause or source or supposition fails to meet all
the facts in the case; and third, is expressed by
the editor of the *Investigator* so well that I will
use his words: "What is the objection for any
Christian who believes a man has a soul that sur-
vives his body, to doubt their word, so persist-
ently given? Prove to me that a man has a soul
that exists when his body is in the grave, and I
would be irrational on the evidence to doubt the
fact."

New Publications.

THE SERMONS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER, in Plymouth Church, from verbatim reports—First Series—is the title of a large and handsome publication by J. B. Ford & Co., New York. Other volumes of the series are to be given. It is unnecessary to speak of the character of Mr. Beecher's sermons in his own pulpits. Those who hear them never forget them. They have a personality, a pungency and a native power; they are so original, so, rather, so homely and direct; there is such a fund of healthy, manly, but profoundly tender sympathy in them; their themes run through so wide a range; they are, to such an extreme degree, practical and sensible; dogmatism is so thoroughly concealed by illustration; the man expresses his thought with such pictorial effect; the mother-wit that is in him so conspicuously shines through what he says; with all his beauty of phrase he is so carefully simple; all classes of society and all specimens of the individual so come within the range of his observation; and he has such a courageous way of tramping with a ruthless gleam on whatever definitions and distinctions stand in his way; for these and a score more of equally pertinent reasons Mr. Beecher's pulpit discourses are so generally attractive that a volume of reprints like this, if faithfully taken down, will naturally find thousands of readers in every part of the country. Mr. Beecher has long been recognized as a power in the modern pulpit, which he is molding into a much more liberal form than what it was as he found it. These sermons have all been delivered within the past six months. For sale by H. A. Brown & Co.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW. New York: John W. Orr, 96 Nassau street.

We are in receipt of the May number of the above-named Magazine. It is the only authorized official organ of the Order, and is in high repute as a literary monthly, both among the fraternity everywhere and the reading public at large. This popular family magazine has a corps of able contributors on both sides of the Atlantic, as well as live correspondents in nearly every part of the world. No Odd Fellow can be well posted without it. The May number gives accounts of the commemoration of the great Semi-centennial Anniversary Jubilee throughout the country, together with a large amount of other valuable and entertaining matter. A costly and elegant steel engraved portrait of Grand Sir George Washington is presented to each subscriber of the *American Odd Fellow* for 1869. This is an opportunity to obtain a splendid likeness of the present distinguished Grand Sir (a beautiful souvenir of the Grand National Celebration at Philadelphia) which no member of the fraternity should neglect.

THE ANN OF ELM ISLAND is another of the pretty and attractive "Elm Island Series," by Rev. Elijah Kellogg, published by Lee & Shepard. The story is exciting and engrossing to the young folks, and illustrated with taste and beauty. Those who have devoured its predecessors with such an eager relish will find in this number of the series all that they could well ask for in continuation of former entertainments of the juvenile imagination.

THE GATES WIDE OPEN is the title of a little volume by George Wood, bearing the sub-title of "Scenes in Another World." The author wrote "Peter Schlemm in America," and originally published the present work, in 1858, under the name of "Futuro Life." He now reprints it for the first time since then, acting on a suggestion from the popularity of Miss Stuart Phelps's little book "The Gates Ajar." There is a great deal of substantial food for intellect and spirit in this book, and it will richly repay perusal. For sale by Lee & Shepard.

NO SEATS IN HEAVEN, and other Poems, by Mrs. E. H. J. Cleveland, is the title of a unique little volume, whose leading poem is well known to readers in all parts of the country. All who know that pungent and pathetic little poem will rejoice to have it presented in this most convenient and pretty form for preservation and reference. Published in New York by Clark & Maynard, and for sale in Boston by Woodworth & Co.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM, in a series of Tracts, and INTERESTING FACTS IN RELATION TO SPIRIT-LIFE AND MANIFESTATIONS, in a series of Letters, are the titles of a couple of compact and very neat pamphlets, distinctly printed, and most convenient for constant use, from the pen of Judge Edmonds. Published by Henry Witt, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

J. M. Peabody lectured in East Boston, Sunday, May 9th, and Sunday, the 10th, in Watertown, Conn. She will accept engagements for June. Address her care of this office.

Mrs. A. P. Brown lectures in Stoneham the last two Sundays in May.

Leo Miller is at Montpelier, Vermont.

Thomas Gales Forster is lecturing in Philadelphia, Pa.

C. Fannie Allen made her debut in Grey's Hall, Houston, Texas, before a large audience, on Monday evening, May 3d. The *Telegraph* devotes half a column to this "New Sensation in Texas," all which is highly complimentary.

A. B. French, American Association Missionary, will lecture during the month of June in Omaha, Nebraska. Parties in Denver City, or other points west of Omaha, on the line of the Pacific Railway, can obtain his services by addressing him, during June, care of D. C. Sutphen, Omaha, Neb.

A. E. Carpenter speaks in Lowell, Sunday, May 23d. He is liked wherever he goes.

A. S. Hayward, who possesses the gift of healing by the laying on of hands, is located at the City Hotel, Lowell, for a short time. Those of our friends in that locality who feel so inclined will now have an opportunity of testing Mr. H.'s healing powers.

Dramatic Entertainment.

The Lyceum Dramatic Association, of this city, will give their last entertainment this season at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, Wednesday evening, May 20th. Two fine plays have been selected for the occasion, namely, "Still Waters Run Deep," and "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady." We hope to see a full house on this occasion.

A Rare Work.

We have on our shelves a few copies of Bohn's London edition of "Personal Narratives of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of America during the years 1799-1804," by Alexander von Humboldt, in three volumes. These books are scarce, and those who apply first can be supplied.

Musical and Literary Entertainment.

The Children's Spiritualist Progressive Lyceum at the South End, will give a musical and literary entertainment, in their hall on Springfield street, next Thursday evening, May 20th, commencing at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents; children 10 cents. J. R. Scales, Chairman of Committee.

The Davenport Brothers are in Maine. Doubting Belfast Spiritualists and skeptics will have a chance to see whether the Brothers are "humbugs" or not. The Ellis Girl was "tabooed" by the Belfast skeptics. Now test the Davenports, who have stood the scrutiny of Europeans and Americans for the past thirteen years. They have recently left this city, after having been visited by thousands of persons, and given better satisfaction than ever before.

Thanks to our young friends, Bertie J. and George S. Wiggin, of Orléans, for beautiful bouquets of flowers. We also thank a "Reader of the Banner" for a box of flowers, from Fessenden Mills, N. H.

Read the able article in this issue of the *Banner* from the pen of Dr. J. R. Buchanan, on "Gynecology as a Guide to Manual Healing." It contains valuable information.

The *Investigator* looks charmingly since its enlargement, and reads well. Success to common sense, from whatever source it emanates.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Mrs. Mary F. Davis's contributions were not received in season for this week's paper. They will appear in our next.

Vermont is wheeling into line. Read the call for a Mass Quarterly Convention, to be held at Cady's Falls, in Morrisville, June 25th, 26th and 27th.

Bro. Loomis keeps A. J. Davis's new volume, "Tale of a Physician," for sale at No. 25 East Fourth street, New York. It is also for sale at our agency, 121 Nassau street.

JOINED IN WEDLOCK.—We learn by telegraph from Washington that our friends Col. S. E. Tappan, one of the late Indian Peace Commissioners, and Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels, the able trance speaker, were joined in the holy bonds of wedlock on the 10th inst. No more excellent husband could Cora choose. We wish them all the happiness in their new relations that it is possible for a bachelor to imagine!

Overweening vanity has ruled many an otherwise well-disposed person.

A polite man doubles an obligation by the graceful manner of conferring it.

Lame conclusion—a sore foot.

A man who prays to God to give him a desire and will to do his duty, and opens his bedroom window before going to bed, prays to some purpose.

Bashfulness—Ignorance afraid.

Robert Dale Owen is at work on a book to be called "The Debatable Land between this World and the Next."

Mrs. Priestly, wife of a clergyman in Allegheny, Penn., has obtained a divorce on the ground of adultery, and a blind preacher has eloped with a German servant girl from the same place.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE for May is a capital number. So is HUMAN NATURE. The former contains an article entitled "Rules to be observed for the Spirit Circle," which we shall transfer to our columns week after next. It sets forth the requisite conditions to be observed in forming circles, which many people desire to know, and hence is of importance just now, as there seems to be an almost universal desire all over the country to form such circles.

George Francis Train has dissolved his connection with *The Revolution*.

Defonso, a Brazilian sacant, is exploring the caves of Brazil, and he is already said to have made discoveries which indicate that men were on the banks of the Amazon 50,000 years ago.

A ferryman, while plying over a water which was only slightly agitated, was asked by a timid lady in his boat whether any persons were ever lost in that river. "Oh, no," said he, "we always find 'em again the next day."

Moving for a new trial—courting a second wife.

Cool off in a place greatly warmer than the one in which you have been exercising. This simple rule will prevent incalculable sickness, and save millions of lives every year.

Avoid hackneyed expressions.

What is that which, by dismissing the cause, increases the effect? A pair of snuffers.

Horne Greeley says that the darkest day in any man's earthly career is that wherein he fancies that there is some way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it.

Cultivate an equable temper. Many a man has fallen dead in a fit of passion.

A smart thing—a mustard plaster.

Madame Paropa has been engaged for the three days of the National Peace Jubilee.

The butchers have stopped bleeding calves, and "red veal is triumphant."

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

(Verse four.)

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are ready and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder.
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

A palindrome is a line that reads alike backward and forward. One of the best is Adam's first observation to Eve: "Madam, I'm Adam." Another is the story that Napoleon, when at St. Helena, being asked by an Englishman if he could have sacked London, replied: "Able was I ere I saw Elba."

What can you not name without breaking it? Silence.

Beecher says "Men lose wisdom just in proportion as they are concealed."

"I take no note of time," as the cash dealer said to his customer.

MODERN DICTIONARY.—Editor—A poor wretch, who every day employs his brain in order to fill his stomach.

Jail—The penalty of misfortune, and often the reward of virtue.

The oldest woman's club—the broomstick.

One thousand years before the birth of Christopher Columbus, the Chinese Yew Books say that a company of Buddhist priests entered America by way of Alaska, and examined the whole western coast of North America.

Go to bed at regular hours. Get up as soon as you wake of yourself, and do not sleep in the daytime, at least not longer than ten minutes before noon.

Women charm, as a general thing, in proportion as they are good. A plain face with a heart behind it is worth a world of heartless beauty. Men who have tried both uniformly agree to this.

The Princess of Wales, during her visit to Constantinople, overturned one of the most rigid barriers of Oriental life and asserted the right of her sex to the very highest social recognition that Mahometan manners can give to it, by obtaining a place for herself and three other ladies at the table of the Sultan.

TEXAS.—Quite an interest has been awakened in Texas by the cures performed there during the past winter by Dr. W. Persons, who, by the laying on of hands. Nearly a dozen M. D.s of the old school applied to him to learn them the science and philosophy of healing disease in the manner practiced by Dr. P., offering him large sums if he would impart to them the gift.

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beau, and are all in a quiver till they get one.

CONCERT BY THE BLIND.—The pupils of the Institution for Blind will give a concert for young folks, at Tremont Temple, in this city, on the afternoon of Saturday, May 22. There will be both vocal and instrumental music by the full band of over thirty performers, including a number of popular solos and pieces for the piano. The blind musicians will be assisted by distinguished elocutionary readers and singers, who have kindly volunteered their services.

By the resumption of navigation on the lakes vast quantities of wheat in the West are released from the elevators and begin to come to the coast cities. Much capital is also set free, and business in the West is expected to improve very rapidly.

Whatever you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

"This is glory, this is renown, this is the noblest good fortune, for a man to exert such an influence that his spirit always gives fresh inspiration; that two persons shall sit in after years, and derive mutual edification from recalling what one who is dead and gone has been the means of establishing."—Auerbach's "Country House on the Rhine."

A Frenchman brought two mugs to the milkman in place of one, as usual, and on being asked the meaning of it, replied: "Dis vor to milch, and dis vor to water; an' I will mix them so as to sootie myself."

Why is hope like a decayed cheese? Because thousands live on it.

The community of Mishawaka, Ind., are excited over the condition of a young German girl named Martin, living near that village, who has been ten weeks in a trance, with occasional lucid intervals, during which, it is said, she makes startling revelations.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY.....WARREN CHASE.

THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

The *Catholic World* says in a long and labored article against woman's suffrage:

"We deny that women have a natural right to suffrage and eligibility; for neither is a natural right at all, for either men or women. Either is a right from civil society, not a natural and indefeasible right; and civil society confers it upon whom it judges trustworthy, and on such conditions as it deems it expedient to annex. As the trust has never been conferred by civil society with us on women, they are deprived of no right by not being enfranchised."

This is sound and correct reasoning, however much it is perverted by the *World* to bolster up its erroneous, inconsistent and impolitic theory. Suffrage is not a natural right to woman, nor to man either. It is a part of the policy and machinery of some, not all, governments, and by what right a few or many men set themselves up to say they have the right to vote, to elect, to select and to make laws that all must obey, while excluding and refusing to other persons and parties equally qualified, equally interested and every way equally competent to vote, to make and to administer laws, is what we cannot ascertain, except as assumed by a Church which, with its authority, administers a false religion and builds on it a false social and political system.

To us the error seems not in restricting or extending suffrage so much as in the standards adopted to regulate it. Sex or color are certainly both unnatural and unreasonable standards, and the silly argument of women being unfitted for military duty is most shabby of all, as this service has no necessary connection with voting or legislating, and it is not probable that it will be required at all when nations become civilized sufficiently to bring the national standard up to that already adopted for private life, for certainly there is no more reason or propriety in two nations settling their difficulties by a fight than there is of two individuals doing it in the same way, whether it be a question of honor or of money.

We cannot yet believe that universal suffrage, qualified only by age and exemption from convicted criminality, is the best policy for any country or government where very large numbers are extremely ignorant; and very many, constituting a majority in some large cities and districts, as in this country, are also dissipated, dissolute and morally depraved. We know the argument of elevating them, but when they are a majority, the ballot does not seem to effect this, but rather the reverse. They deprave the ballot and prostitute it to the basest of purposes, as is often done and proven in some of our large cities, of which New York is a conspicuous example.

If all men must vote, we say let all women vote also. The words white and male have no business in the qualifying restrictions of suffrage. It is high time that we abandoned a few more of the relics of that ancient barbarism by and in which the physically strong assumed and exercised control over the physically weak, however superior morally or intellectually, and by which woman was placed in her present degraded position in social, political and religious rights, and where she has been kept until the light of the nineteenth century is slowly lifting the veil and removing her chains.

We are ashamed of our Catholic contemporaries who try with false reasoning to bolster up the past and fit it to the present, to keep up the dead forms of its once living church; but it is what we might expect from such organs of such a church, which, fortunately for us all, is not interwoven in our system of government, and cannot, however much it tries, control the politics of this country. May as well hang up your harp, brother, on a weeping willow, for the women will vote and the priests will marry and the children will read the Bible as a story-book, and all men and women form their own opinions about Christ and the Holy Virgin, the cross, the wafer and rosary, and at last find correct standards for the regulation of suffrage, of prayers, of marriage and of all governments, both human and divine.

DISCUSSION.

"There's a germ of good in every ill,
Like the burr of the nut with the meat in its ill."

The prosecutions of Mumler, of the Edgys, the Davenports and others, have carried the seeds of discussion into papers, families, parties and circles that otherwise would have remained ignorant many years longer of the real and true merits of our philosophy and phenomena. The persecution of Garrison and other abolitionists started the question of slavery on its road to success and final triumph, and such has been the fate of every great question in which was involved a principle of right, of justice, or of truth, and those who expect different results in Spiritualism will surely be disappointed. Whatever of real or apparent evil may surround in its early stages this vital germ, it surely contains most valuable moral, social and religious truths, that must be accepted when understood by the intelligent part of the race. Superstition, and especially Catholicism, may build and rely upon, as it ever has, the ignorance and credulity of the people, but we build entirely on the opposite, or the intelligent understanding of the people, hence we court discussion and investigation of every kind that tends to discover or expose the facts and the truth; and this is often furnished us by our enemies, who, designing our destruction, only advance the cause, as the frosts of winter open by freezing the burr or shell, and give the germ a chance to expand and develop its powers.

We know that there are guardian angels over all this work, and moving all parts of the machinery to complete the revolution, and that they allot the work to each according to his or her fitness, and we certainly do not envy those who have the fitness for and are adapted to such work, or the scavengers, sewer-searchers, fire-pickers, and even vampires, in the great world-wide revolution which is now going on. They all have their reward according to their merit.

Marshal Tooker had a demoniacal looking face on the plate with his own taken at Mumler's rooms, while he was trying to make a fraud to base a prosecution upon. This became a public laughing-stock, as the pictures were procured and distributed from the negative, and the explanation accompanying it that the claim and pretence of the artist was only to get an expression and features of the spirit most in sympathy with the sitter.

So it goes. Those who will throw mud get soiled, and those who would torment get tormented; those who would judge are judged, and the cause gains all the time and by every turn.

First Grand Picnic.

The first grand Spiritualist Picnic of the season will meet at South Framingham, Mass., Wednesday, June 23d. Persons living on the line of the different railroads that pass through South Framingham, and desire to have the fare reduced from the places where they reside, will please correspond with the committee, stating the number of persons in their town that would be likely to attend.

A. E. CARPENTER, Committee.

Music Hall Meetings.

The next course of lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy, in this city, will be given at Music Hall, commencing in October. The ablest lecturers will be secured. To avoid any unpleasantness in regard to the season ticket seats, those who desire to secure the same numbers held last season can do so by applying at once at the *Banner of Light* Office, 124 Washington street. Others desiring to secure reserved seats should apply now, as by no doing they will have a better choice. Tickets will be ready for delivery Sept. 18th, to be paid for when taken. Don't forget this matter till it is too late to secure the seat held last year, as there must be a limit to the time set for that purpose.

L. B. WILSON, Manager.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE RELIGIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. B. Jones, Esq. Price 6 cents.

THE ROSTRUM: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Published by Hull & Jamieson, Chicago, Ill. Single copies 20 cents.

THE FUTURE AGE: Devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy. Published by the Michigan Spiritual Publication Company. Price 6 cents.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 6 cents.

Picnics at Walden Pond.

The Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, in connection with the "Boys of Joshua," will hold three Grand Union Picnics. The first will take place Tuesday, June 20th; the second, July 28th. Full particulars will be given in due season.

Dr. A. H. RICHMOND, E. R. YORK, J. S. DODGE.

A Card.

To the Vermont Spiritualists: Quite contrary to my own designs, after a brief absence of a few weeks, an unseen Divinity has turned my feet back to the Green Mountains of Vermont, where my labors the past winter have been so pleasant and successful. I shall doubtless spend the summer here, and friends desiring my services will please address me at Montpelier, Vt. LEO MILLER.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1102 Broadway, New York. 4w:M1.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

MISS M. K. CASSIEN answers Sealed Letters at 73 Howard street, Newark, N. J. Terms \$2.00 and four red stamps. 6w:M8.

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. PLINT, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. M15:3w

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. M15.

NOT FAITHLESS BUT BELIEVING, that *Doctor Seth Arnold's Balsam* will cure all Bowel Complaints. It is a perfectly safe and most efficacious medicine, and is warranted superior to any other remedy of the kind offered to the public. Take it and be cured.

A GALA DAY.

Hurrah! hurrah! it's Saturday!
The Boys are having a "gala day."
Such a time they never had before,
For FENNO'S opening his elegant store.
Of such a new place may the Boys feel proud,
And the store we hope they may daily crowd,
Where they can purchase a *Suit complete*,
From a hat for the head to shoes for the feet.
There is no place in town for the sale of Boys' Clothes.
Who complete with this elegant store of FENNO'S,
Where he'll clothe Boys so low no one can compete.
At the corner of Beach and of Washington street.

Special Notice.

Herman Snow, at 410 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal., keeps for sale a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books at Eastern prices. Also *Flashes*, *Spences' Positive* and *Negative* *Forwards*, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. May 1-17

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in *Agent type*, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment in all cases in advance.

For all Advertisements printed on the 6th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Tuesdays.

To Christians of all Denominations: To Families desiring an interesting Family Paper!

To All who want to know what is going on in the Whole Christian World! And desire the Concentration of Christian Forces.

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AN

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UNDER THE NEW MANAGEMENT

THE PURPOSES OF THIS JOURNAL ARE

To promote Fellowship and Cooperation among Christians of Every Name.

To advocate, not rivalistic uniformity, but Union in Christian Love and in Christian Work, thus laying for the better conservation of the Christian Church.

To record the passing history of the Church in all its branches; To recognize the Rights and the Necessity of Differences in Opinion.

To provide an Arena of Courteous Debate, free from Denominational Trammels;

To expose and denounce Corruption of every sort; and to furnish interesting material of all kinds for Family Reading.

THE PRINCIPAL FEATURES OF THIS JOURNAL ARE EDITORIAL, free from sectarian bias, and treating fearlessly on every subject of living interest to the Church, and to Society at large.

A PAIR every week of REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S sermons, from the advance sheets of the only revised and authorized edition, by permission of the publishers of *Plymouth Pulpit*.

FINANCIAL RECORDS, such as will be welcome in every Christian household.

THE CHURCH'S CORNER, in which an interesting and instructive serial will shortly be commenced, entitled *WALKS WITH THE CHILDREN*, by Gold Spectacles.

AN AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, occupying an entire page, edited by an experienced and popular Agriculturist.

REMARKS FROM LONDON, and other European cities; and A FINANCIAL ARTICLE by a Broker.

As there is happily a growing desire for closer fellowship, and more general cooperation among Christians of every name, and also for the free discussion of religious questions, we appeal with the most confidence to the Christian public for support in this great undertaking; and we promise that *The Church Union* will endeavor to speak the truth in charity to all, and make to none.

ORAMOND KENNEDY, Proprietor.

ENDORSEMENT OF REPRESENTATIVE MEN IN DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS.

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Venomous Tongues.

POPULAR GROVE, ILL., April 16, 1869.
MR. PEEBLES:—No doubt you are burdened with letters and tired of correspondents. Fearing it is so, I will be brief. I am a test medium; have lectured some, and visiting here a few days; am alone in the world. Men can get along and weather the storms of life, but I sink under the envious, insinuations and falsehoods that seem thrust upon me—every public medium and nearly all the lecturers. My reputation is everything to me. I would sooner die than lose my good name, and yet the pleasant words or social smiles that I bestow upon my neighbors, or brothers, serve to what the slanderer's tongue. How much does depravity lack of being "total"! I have about come to the conclusion to leave the mediums' fields forever. Can you or can the angels blame me for so doing? Though a stranger, I want you to write me a letter of advice and encouragement. Most respectfully yours,
REMARKS.

We publish the above *verbatim*, as a sample of the letters frequently sent us by sensitive media—the martyrs of this century. The reading excited our sympathy, and called forth the fervent prayer that sufficient strength might be given to enable the mediumistic to hold out faithful unto the end, that in the fading hour of mortality they may hear the approving voice, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

Current tattlings, gossipings, suspicions, insinuations, exaggerations and vile falsifications, are most deplorable practices, whether obtaining in the ranks of Spiritualists or Spiritualists. Neither the great nor good indulge in them for a moment. Only phobians feed on such pabulum. It is as natural, however, for some of the baser specimens of our race to look after scars, disfigured limbs, moles and moral defects in others, as for cawing crows to search for decaying carcasses in the early spring. The assimilation easy, such persons fatten on filth. To their perverted natures it is the elixir of life. Their mirror of reflection within, they see disjointed images in and around others; first, ill-shaped, then dingy-hued, then dark, then black, then black as a crow, and then, as the fable runs, "three black crows." Delicate dish of birds to bear to a neighbor! Occupation worthy only demon hands and hissing tongues!

Your "reputation"—why, my sister, did you not say *character*? That is what an individual intrinsically is. Jesus had a bad "reputation" in Judea. Paul was never freed from that "thorn in the flesh" till the mortal was laid in the grave. Roman Catholics insisted that Martin Luther was drunken and licentious: "Reputation" is the merest football. It rises and falls like gold in the stock market. Henry C. Wright once said "it took some putty-headed people of the conservative school all the time to look after their reputation." The wealthy and the wicked at heart often have fame, honor, reputation, while prophets and reformers go hatless and homeless, persecuted, vilified, "weeping, bearing precious seed."

That gifted, high-minded, saintly woman, Eliza W. Farnham, was at one time maliciously traduced for being instrumental with several gentlemen in aiding quite a number of poor girls to get to California, where their services as seamstresses and servants were in such demand as to secure high wages. Though misinterpreted, by the low and depraved, her motives were pure as an angel's. And yet, for the good purpose, and the good deed, too, her earthly reward was slander and a crown of thorns. We listened to the history of the whole affair from her own lips while she was presiding as matron over the Lunatic Asylum in Stockton, Cal. Thank God, there's a measureless future where

"Every wrong thing shall be righted."
"Reputation." Mercy! We've had none worth speaking of since a lad of sixteen. Leaving the Baptist Sunday-school, prayer-meeting and Church dogmas at this time and embracing Universalism, we lost our "reputation." Becoming a Spiritualist, we again lost our "reputation." True, we had, and still keep filed letters of commendation and approval from every church to which we ministered as pastor. But these are nothing in changing dispensations. Since fully identifying myself with Spiritualism our "reputation" has been so continually lost that we begin to half enjoy it, as does William Lloyd Garrison being called an "infidel." Earnestly do we pray to lose it in the coming as we have during the past ten years. The apostle says that Jesus "made himself of no reputation."

Observation and experience demonstrate that there's much ingratitude, vice, wickedness in the world; that there are none absolutely perfect. Accordingly, we must take this restive, rickety world as it is, and make the best of it. Some, whom we have fed, clothed and warmed in our own house, and to whom we have been aids and benefactors, have, because we did not increase our benefactions, chewing their food and bearing them continually upon our shoulders, turned sufficiently serpentine to sting and devour. But "none of these things," to use apostolic language, "move us, neither count we our life dear." Heaven smiling and angels guiding as in the past, we shall continue to work, teach, write; continue to forgive and, so far as we can, forget; continue to exercise that charity which is of more importance than faith or hope; continue to bless those who curse us—to encourage the desponding, redeem the erring, and help everybody so far as we possibly can, till the death-angel beckons us to those shining shores that fringe the fathomless future.

There, good sister, (though stranger, we call you good, adopting it as a rule of life to believe each and all good, till the most incontrovertible evidence proves the contrary,) these sentiments are penned by way of reproof and encouragement. They are applicable to many kindred cases and conditions. Finally, we beg you not to leave the "lecture-field"; do not "sink" under the envious of the limber-tongued and libelous. Every javelin tipped in falsehood will rebound and fasten upon the one that hurls it. This is God's method of compensation. Trust to a building, fruiting future. Kiss the ruthless hand that smites. Live for your enemies; it is far nobler than to die for them. Be right and do right. Be morally brave, consecrating your life to the mediatorial work assigned you by ministering spirits. Cheer the disconsolate, console the sad, comfort the sick, and by your mediumship and beautiful messages brush away mourners' tears. Be this your life-work. Blessed the immortality that awaits such faithful souls.

What a glory of life does psychometry unveil! What a prelude to the truth that angels are ever with us! and under this pure light how much credit is due our faithful media!—Hudson Tuttle.

Political Press and Spiritualism.

For unadulterated vanity, unalloyed pretentiousness, impotent statement and ludicrous, illogical incoherence, touching psychological subjects, especially Spiritualism as a phenomenon and a philosophy, commend us to the political press, and numerous penny-a-liners' paragraphs floating like driftwood along the current of American journalism.

Spiritualism is a power in this country. Millions have flocked to its standard. Its local organizations are rapidly increasing. Its journals are becoming numerous and potent. If this and much more may be affirmed of its youth—what of its manhood, illumined by the noonday glow of prosperity? Not sympathy, not charity even, do Spiritualists demand, but justice—strict, candid, impartial justice. This, they will have.

The *Chicago Tribune* said some time since: "Spiritualism is no universal—numbers so many hundreds of thousands of persons of all grades of intellect and truthfulness as to believe that to believe that they would be equivalent to ignoring all human testimony. There are plenty of men and women of the very highest mind and culture who believe in it—who have tested its claims themselves, with persons, and under circumstances, that make collusion an impossibility."

Contrast the above with the comments of the *Chicago Tribune* upon our National Association, held in Rochester, N. Y.:

"Various Spiritualist churches were represented in it, under a rigid rule of official delegation, and a narrow body marked out as scrupulously and severely as if Spiritualism were the latest type of Orthodoxy in religion—which, indeed, it professes to be. And not content with the steps already taken in this direction, the Convention elaborated a new and a narrower basis for future organic action, and adopted a creed."

How the writer managed to push so much misstatement and untruthfulness into so little space, is difficult to conceive. Spiritualism has no affiliation with "Orthodoxy," but is absolutely eclectic, gleaming truths from Christa and Jesus, Paul and Plotinus—the good of the past and the good of the present.

"The fact that a creed was adopted, setting forth the articles of faith, nineteen in number, of Spiritualism, is conclusive evidence that the confessions of this faith are no more fully embraced than the spirit of sect and dogma than Methodists or Calvinists."

There was no "creed" adopted at the Convention in Rochester. Only an ex-clergyman could thus falsely interpret. What constitutes a creed? The word is from *credo*—"I believe," and is defined by Webster as "a brief summary of the articles of Christian faith." Those who can discover no distinction between a "creed" (form of Christian faith) by which men arraign, try, excommunicate or otherwise punish heretics, and a general declaration of principles, broad and universal, holding those only responsible thereto who voted in the affirmative, must be either stupidly bigoted or quite hopelessly demented.

"The truth is, as our readers may infer, there is not to be found a more decided sect than that which the more active Spiritualists form."

What is a sect? Sect, from *seco*, implies to cut off, to separate. Have Spiritualists cut themselves off from liberals, from the thinkers of the age? Do they seek to separate themselves even from evangelical Christians? Have they out any off for heresy? The reverse is true. Spiritualists are noted for their dislike—their absolute loathing of creeds. Our halls and houses of worship are open to all denominations; our platforms are free to men and women; to Anglo-Saxons and Indians; to all, in fact, irrespective of race, climate, position or nationality. Our watchword everywhere, *investigation, free thought, free speech*, our aim is universal education and spiritual emancipation.

"Their anxiety to build up a sect, while their local organizations are so generally feeble, unorganized and often disorderly, and their ministry accidental and vagrant, is simply due to an earnest propagandism."

"Their ministry accidental and vagrant?" Yes, "accidental" as Jesus, with sandals feet, wandering over Judean mountains—"accidental" as the early apostles, half clothed in sheep-skins and goat-skins, whipped, scourged, stoned—"vagrant" as Wesley in the graveyards of England, as Murray along the sands of New Jersey, stoned in Boston, the boasted Athens of America. Please rank us with such *accidentals* and *vagrants* rather than with the polished, pious, hypocritical priesthood, whose chief aim is to make others think them "holy" and "respectable."

Saying nothing of our modern clergymen, permit us to treat the *Chicago Tribune* on an ecclesiastical dish, gathered from that standard Christian author, Mosheim. Speaking of the clergy of the fifth century, p. 182, he says: "Of the vices of the whole clerical order, their luxury, their arrogance, their avarice, their voluptuous lives, we have as many witnesses as we have writers of integrity and weight in this age, whose works have come down to us."

Speaking of another class of clergy of the eleventh century, p. 368, he mentions, "Their frauds, dissoluteness, quarrels, and flagrant crimes."

Of the clergy of the twelfth century, p. 400, he says:

"Wherever we turn our eyes we discover traces of the dishonesty, ignorance, luxury and other vices, with which both the Church and the State were contaminated."

Coming to the thirteenth century, p. 443, he declares that:

"Both the Greek and Latin writers censure and condemn without reserve the iniquities and vices of their bishops and religious teachers."

He thus refers to the clergy of the sixteenth century, p. 501:

"Most of the bishops, the canons, their associates, led luxurious and jovial lives, in the daily commission of sins, and squandered in the gratification of their lusts those funds which the preceding generation had consecrated to God and the relief of the poor. . . . The greater part of the priests, on account of their indolence, their uncharity, their avarice, their love of pleasure, their ignorance and their levity, were regarded with utter contempt, not only by the wise and good, but likewise by the common people."

The Orthodox Reverend Dr. Middleton "declares the (church) fathers one and all to have been credulous, crafty, or designing men—men of such character that nothing could be expected from them that was candid and impartial, especially when religion happened to be the subject." Doubtless in the estimation of the Orthodox *Chicago Tribune*, the bishops and priests above-mentioned, as well as the clergy of the present day, have among them neither "accidentals," nor "vagrants." Such epithets are applicable only to Spiritualists, thousands of whom patronize this very *Tribune*. Though newspaper corporations have neither "bodies to be kicked, nor souls to be saved," they have pockets. These are vulnerable. Finally, as an anti-slavery man for a full score of years, we have this to say to the millions of Spiritualists through the West, who read weekly the *Banner of Light*, *American Spiritualist*, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Present Age*, *Spiritual Rostrum* and other Spiritualist papers, springing up in different localities—there are secular papers, which, putting principle before partisanship, deal fairly and honorably with Spiritualists and Spiritualism. Subscribe for such only as will do you and your cause justice.

Lycium in East Boston.

In common with other speakers we make it a matter of principle to attend the Lycium wherever lecturing. The East Boston Lycium, young has in it all the germs of a genuine prosperity. There were about fifty children in attendance, all pleasant, bright-eyed, interesting. Mr. John Prince is Conductor, and Mrs. H. G. Jackson the Guardian. Some of the leaders were absent. The children declaimed and sang finely.

What aroused our sarcasm, and excited our sorrow too, was this—there was not a father, brother, man, present, except those leading groups.

We write this to the shame of all shiftless, indifferent parents, in East Boston and elsewhere. Put the coat on, gentlemen.

Hints to Speakers.

Traversing the country from Kansas in the West to Portland, Me., our weary head is often made to ache and heart to throb in sorrow with complaints of media against media, and expressions of envious and jealousies among and concerning speakers engaged in the same noble calling. These we seldom—might say never repeat, because calculated to make no one wiser, better, happier.

Do not peddle the ill as readily as the good you hear of others.

Do not make positive engagements and then for the most trifling causes fail to fill them.

Do not, in specifying prices for your lectures, name sums so exorbitant as to give the impression you care more for the fleece than the flock.

Do not, upon any occasion, sound your own praises; nor cackle over any premature hatching. Do not forever make the ninth letter of the alphabet your text.

Do not seek to build yourself up by pulling your peers down.

When not engaged, listen to the lecturer, whether trance or normal, male or female, who may be employed in the city or your vicinity. If you have criticisms to offer, make them personally to the speaker, and make them, too, in a kind, loving and fraternal spirit.

If you cherish a becoming self-respect, and do in the least as you would be done by, you will listen to the lectures of other speakers whenever possible.

If you expect to claim the respect of such substantial Spiritualists as have formerly given you support and encouragement, you will, at every reasonable opportunity, attend the meetings of other speakers, thus throwing your influence in the right direction.

If you have any real sincerity of soul, or the least appreciation of the beautiful principles of Spiritualism, nothing of ordinary importance will keep you from the Lycium session or Sunday service. None of your "upstartism," now—none of your "putting on airs" and saying, "I can't learn anything new."—This assertion, devoid even the show of modesty, is seriously questioned. And then, if you are the Solon you assume to be, how indispensable that you shed the sunshine of your wisdom-presence upon all Spiritualistic assemblages. Not by words, not by professions; but by deeds, by fruits, do men and angels judge and record their decisions.

Willie F. Westworth.

This young brother, whose lectures have been received so favorably by Spiritualists, has become a resident of Schenectady, N. Y. He will continue to lecture in the vicinity during the spring and summer. Those wishing to make engagements with him for the fall and winter months, should address him very soon. Mr. Westworth, earnest and sincere, ranks high among our young speakers. May the blessings and baptisms of angels ever attend him.

Vermont State Spiritualist Association.

The Association will hold a Mass Quarterly Convention at Cady's Falls, N. Y., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 25th, 26th and 27th. A general invitation is extended to friends, speakers and mediums, to come up and help make the Convention a profitable occasion. The subject of raising funds to put a missionary in the field will probably be brought before the Convention, therefore it is desirable to have a large attendance. Let us come together with a determination to work, and make our State Association a practical, living institution. You will find the friends in the vicinity of Cady's Falls and the nearest railroad communication in the vicinity of the Vermont Central Railroad, from whence there will be 19 miles of staging. Arrangements will be made with railroad conductors to permit free all those attending the Convention who pay full fare one way. The Convention will meet at the church, to organize, at 10 A. M., Friday, June 25th. By order of the Committee, E. W. Holden, Sec'y.

Pennsylvania Annual Meeting.

The Bucks County Association of Spiritualists will hold their first annual meeting in the Public Hall at Hummelville, on Saturday and Sunday, the 29th and 30th of May. Meeting at 10 o'clock, P. M. Mrs. H. B. Stearns, Secretary of the Pennsylvania State Association of Spiritualists, Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, President of the Pennsylvania Association of Spiritualists, and the Rev. Mr. Colman are expected to speak on the occasion. The friends of truth and progress are cordially invited to attend giving encouragement by their presence, trust and effort to help on the good work. By order of the Board, Watson Kenderdine, Pres., Hummelville, Bucks Co., Pa. May 10, 1869.

Anniversary Meeting.

The tenth anniversary of the building of the Free Church in Sturgis, Mich., will be celebrated at the village of Sturgis, on the 18th, 19th and 20th days of June. Eminent speakers from abroad, and from the vicinity, will be invited to deliver addresses. It is expected that this will be one of the largest meetings of this kind ever held at this place, and it is to be hoped that the friends of the Spirit will be present in thought, will gather here on this occasion, and help to move on the Car of Progress. A general invitation is extended to all to be present, and to those who are unable to do so, to send contributions to the fund for the building of the church. By order of the Executive Committee, Sturgis, Mich., May 24, 1869.

Obituary.

Passed on to the higher life, May 10th, 1869, Hattie S. Farnsworth, wife of Dr. L. L. Farnsworth, of Philadelphia, in the 30th year of her age.

Slowly have we watched the changes of this sister as the wasting flame of life was gradually flowing out. But it was joyous to know that she realized that the river of death was the connecting stream between this life and the beautiful ocean of eternity. Farewell, sister, and we know thou hast found a rest to thy weary spirit. H. T. C.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Alphabetically Arranged.

ADRIAN, MICH.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in City Hall, Main street. Children's Progressive Lycium meets at same place at 12 M. Mrs. Martha Hunt, Conductor.

ASTORIA, CLATSOP CO., OR.—The Society of Friends of Progress have just completed a new hall, and invite speakers traveling their way to give them a call. They will be kindly received. By order of the Executive Committee, Astoria, May 24, 1869.

APPLETON, WIS.—Children's Progressive Lycium meets at Morley's Hall every Sunday at 11 A. M. J. S. Morley, Conductor; Mrs. T. A. Mapp, Guardian; Mrs. E. T. Coleman, Assistant Guardian; Harriet Dayton, Secretary.

BOSTON, MASS.—Mercantile Hall.—The First Spiritualist Association meet in this hall, 32 Summer street, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. D. N. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian. All letters should be addressed for the present to 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. D. N. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Saratoga Hall.—The Spiritualists hold meetings in Saratoga Hall, corner Fulton Avenue and Jay street, every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lycium meets at 12 M. Mrs. J. Kipp, Conductor; Mrs. R. A. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.

CUMBERLAND STREET LECTURE ROOM.—The First Spiritualist Society hold meetings in this room, near De Kalb avenue, Circle and conference at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. lectures at 3 and 7 P. M.

BALTIMORE, MD.—Saratoga Hall.—The First Spiritualist Association meet in Saratoga Hall, southeast corner Calver and Saratoga streets. Mrs. F. O. Hoyer speaks till further notice. Children's Progressive Lycium meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. J. Kipp, Conductor; Mrs. R. A. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Saratoga Hall.—The Spiritualists hold meetings in Saratoga Hall, corner Fulton Avenue and Jay street, every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lycium meets at 12 M. Mrs. J. Kipp, Conductor; Mrs. R. A. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—The First Spiritualist Society hold meetings in the City Hall, corner of Court and Pearl streets, every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lycium meets at 12 M. H. D. Fitzgerald, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Lane, Guardian.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Children's Progressive Lycium meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the City Hall, Main street.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—The Spiritual Society hold meetings in the City Hall, Main street, every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lycium meets at 12 M. H. D. Fitzgerald, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Lane, Guardian.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—Central Hall.—The First Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings at Central Hall, No. 25 Broadway, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Dr. J. H. Richardson, Corresponding Secretary.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Children's Progressive Lycium No. 10, 10 Main street, near City Square. W. W. Bragdon, Conductor; Lizzie Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Director.

MASS.—Fremont Hall.—The Children's Progressive Lycium meets every Sunday at Fremont Hall, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Dr. J. H. Richardson, Conductor; F. C. Davis, Guardian of Groups; Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Asst. Guardian; Mrs. J. C. Davis, Asst. Guardian.

FREE CHURCH.—The Bible Christian Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in their Free Church on Park street, near Court Avenue, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Dr. J. H. Richardson, regular speaker. The public are invited. D. J. Hickey, Sup't.

CAMPBELLPORT, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lycium meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the City Hall, Main street, near City Square. W. W. Bragdon, Conductor; Lizzie Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Director.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Liberty Hall.—The First Society of Spiritualists meet in Liberty Hall, every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lycium meets in the same hall immediately after the morning lecture.

CLEVELAND, O.—The First Society of Spiritualists and Lib. hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the City Hall, Main street, near City Square. W. W. Bragdon, Conductor; Lizzie Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Director.

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