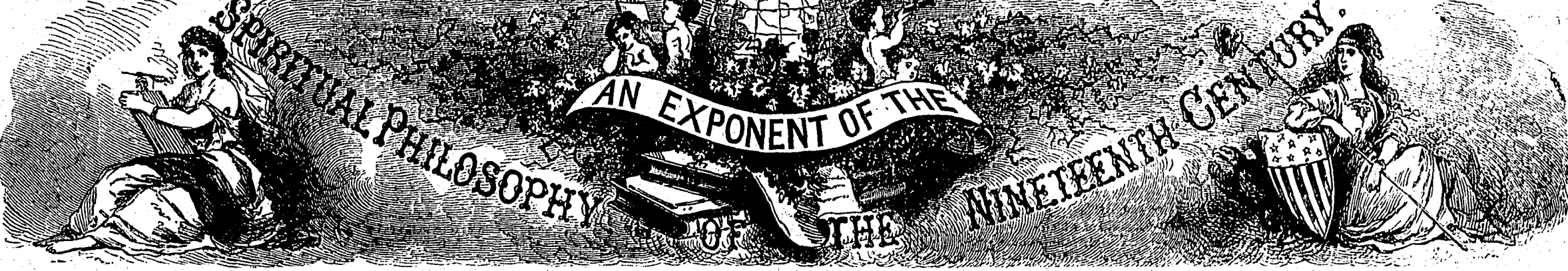


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?

A SKETCH OF THE TIMES.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY REBECCA J. MASON.  
Author of "Starving by Inches," &c.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was a driving storm of rain, in the middle of November. A lady, warmly and comfortably clad, was slowly making her way against the fierce easterly wind, when her attention was arrested by the sight of a delicate-looking child, carrying a large bundle, and wholly unprotected from the storm, stopping to speak to a gentleman who was standing in a doorway. The lady had divined instantly that the child was sent to return some washing, and had lost her way, bewildered by the storm. She waited a moment as she heard the little one ask, "Please, sir, tell me the way to Elder street?" and, placing her umbrella over the child's head, said to her:

"Have you lost your way, darling?"

The child looked up, evidently surprised at being accosted; but in the same moment a glad smile played over her face as she answered:

"I've been asking ever so many people to tell me the way, and some tell me that way, and some tell me down there, and I've got to carry these things to the lady, 'cause mother wants the money, and if I get it mother said I might take three cents out of it to ride home; and I've got to hurry like everything."

"Poor child!" said the lady, "put one little hand under my waterproof, and I will show you the way, and wait for you while you leave your bundle, and then place you in a car, so you will not get quite drowned," for down in this lady's heart came up a fair face, the face of her own sweet child who had never yet been sent forth in a drenching storm; and there came up a silent prayer that God would ever endow her only treasure with loving spirit-friends to shield her from all rough winds.

When the child reached the house whither she had been sent the lady waited in the hall, and the little creature soon came running down stairs.

"Have you anything to put your money in, my dear?" asked the lady, as the little one held it tightly in her chilled hand.

"Oh, I guess I shan't lose it."

"Your little hands are so cold, child, let me wrap it up for you; and I'm going to tie this over your hat, so it won't blow off again," and she took a handkerchief from her pocket and wiped the rain drops off the pale, sweet face, and tied down the poor little hat, and then the two started, with the child clinging to her arm; and she held the umbrella quite over the little one until they came to a horse-car, and giving her three pennies for her fare, she handed her in, and the child turned round and gave her another glad smile, and told her "good-by," and the lady turned to face the storm once more.

And this was a woman whom people called stern, haughty, forbidding; whose acquaintances said they did not know her; a woman who rarely made friends, but when she did, kept the friendship for a lifetime; a woman whom many had talked of, but few really knew; one who had known many and fiery trials, who for a long time had carried an unseen cross, whose heart was bleeding, whose feet were aching to reach the golden city. This woman's face was so filled with deep suffering that it made her stern to look upon. The thorns in her path she would ever have to walk over; the cross she would ever have to carry; and the wounds in her heart, all unhealed and sometimes bleeding, would always be her portion while she remained mortal. One ray of sunshine only was hers—her darling, only child. Would it be hers always? Would not the Father suffer her to keep her only treasure—her one eye-lamb? She had suffered so much because people did not know her, did not understand her, and therefore had ever misjudged her! Will the time ever come when brave, earnest souls shall be judged rightly, by their motives, not by the results of a sincere although unlooked for course?

This woman was a martyr—a living martyr in the nineteenth century—disowned, discarded by those who should have cherished her because she dared mark out a path for herself, and dared to walk in it—a new, an untrodden path in which she kept bravely on, turning not to the right or left, looking not back, clinging more closely to the one treasure left her, to the dear life that was part of her life. How they had misjudged her! the once friends, whom she now had forgiven! But, thank God, there were those who knew and loved her—one, two, certain; perhaps three, four—she sometimes said to herself. Her home, all through childhood and her grown life, had been fair and plentiful. She was well cultured—came of good stock. The blood of colonial governors in the time of the last George ran through her heart. Her whole nature was proud, intense, reserved and exclusive. Never having been taught to rely upon her own resources, she had learned it through bitter experience, and now it was a struggle for life, a struggle to keep herself and child from want; for this woman, so comfortably protected from the storm, was yet poor, although constantly doing good deeds. Her name was Hannah Stockwell.

When Mrs. Stockwell reached her home, her little daughter, instead of flying to meet her, as usual, lay quietly in the lap of the old servant, Flora, who had cared for the lady in her babyhood.

"Mother Flora, what ails my Mabel?"

"Dunno, missus. The blessed lamb's laid jest

so for an hour, missus. I've spoke two or three times and she don't hear. Now, Miss Hannah, don't take on so; do n't, missus."

"Lay her in my arms, Mother Flora, and go at once for Dr. Hall."

"Yes, Miss Hannah; but do n't take on so, do n't. De Lord, that took little chillen in his arms, he'll take care ob her, dat he will."

Mother Flora soon returned, to say that the doctor would not be at home for two hours; and in the meantime the child lay motionless. The mother's agony was great. She feared she was going from her. The child had always been a sensitive plant, and it had been her aim to shield her most tenderly. She seemed not to suffer pain, but to be resting in deep sleep.

"Did she play much while I was out, Mother Flora?"

"No, dear lamb, she jest played with her doll, and then come and sot in my lap, and binyoby she jest eliet her eyes, and she halnt opened 'em not once, honey."

The child lay thus for another hour—no fever, no pain, no restlessness—but her breathing had now become almost imperceptible. At last, her lips moved, and the two women held their very breath to catch the faint whisper. For some moments there was no sound, simply the moving of the lips. Then came a tremulousness all through the little frame, and the dear hands were raised and crossed meekly over the breast. All this time the two women had sat silent in the room, indifferent to the growing darkness by which they were now enshrouded.

Mother Flora thought she would rise and light a lamp, when the child's soft hand was laid upon her garments, detaining her from the movement, which as yet had only been a thought, when a pure, sweet tone came from the child's parted lips, "At eve there shall be light"—and yet the sleeper moved not.

Soon, a soft, dim, white light pervaded the room, gradually growing clearer and brighter, and completely surrounding the three. And it became light indeed—light upon their souls! The peace which passeth all understanding came into that mother's heart. She saw for the first time what had ever been a belief, but vague and shadowy. Now, all was certainty; for did she not see those beautiful ones—her departed ones—did she not see them, their faces all luminous with love and goodness, bending over her? Surely, she was blest indeed! And when a being, dignified, yet tender, placed his hand lovingly upon the little one's forehead, and a deep, manly voice came from the child's lips, thanking her for love and good will shown his dear child, whom she had that day overtaken in the storm, then tears once more flowed over her face—not tears of sorrow lest her darling should leave her, but tears of gratitude and thankfulness to the Father for the knowledge of the heavenly beings that were permitted to come to them—to her, the desolate woman who had toiled so long unaided, for the poor black woman who had ever refused to leave her, and to her blessed child—and not only her child, but the little creature she had encountered in the storm. Truly, light had come to her at last—to her home, to her heart.

She saw these beautiful beings—many of them old friends of hers who had long been gone from sight—gather around her child, touch their lips to her face, and slowly fade away in the distance, while the light in the room grew paler and fainter, and at length died out entirely. And still the two women sat in the darkness, knowing they had just had a glimpse of heaven—knowing that heaven was just around them, and God's angels ever with them, when they should throw off the cares of the world sufficiently to feel and see these divine presences. In a little time the child awoke and reached out her hands to feel her mother's face.

"Oh mother, darling, do you know where I've been? I've dreamed and dreamed, mother; and I've been to such a beautiful place, and seen such lots of people; and I've played, oh mother! I've played with the children, and we found some anemones, mother, what you've been wanting so long, and I've brought 'em to you. I know they're here somewhere, because I picked 'em just before they told me it was time to go home. And, mother, there was a gentleman took me up and kissed me—a good many people took me up and kissed me too—but the man said, mother, that you'd been real good to his little girl, just as old as me, and he told me—he said you found her out in the rain, mother. Did you find any little girl as big as me that lost her way; did you?"

"Yes, darling."

"And he told me to tell you to take care of her, for she aint strong; and he says God aint going to let her stay here much longer, mother, 'cause she's knocked about, he says. Am I ever knocked about, mother?" asked the child, rising from her mother's lap, as Mother Flora brought in lights.

"Oh, here are the flowers, mother!" exclaimed the little one, as she once more stood upon her feet. Anti-fragrant and choice they were, too; real, living, growing flowers, which they placed in water, and which bloomed for many days, bringing joy to their eyes, and peace to their hearts; and Mrs. Stockwell felt that on the morrow she could take up afresh the battle of life; that she would still press on in her own marked-out path; that she would still be a law unto herself, and do what unto her seemed right; that she would not mind walking alone and apparently uncared for, but would go on bravely, even unto the end.

"Don't you feel tired, darling, going so far away from home?"

"I know I have been away, mother, and yet how could I go when I was in your lap?"

"Your dear spirit went, little daughter—the spirit that looks at mother through your eyes, the two windows of the house your spirit lives in here, and it's your spirit that talks to mother through your lips."

"But, mother, how could it go? Did you see it go, mother? I know I did go way off to a beautiful place and play with children, and I had something to eat, too, mother."

"Well, darling, mother knows you went, too, but she can't tell you how, for mother don't hardly know herself; but come, we'll have some supper, now, and to-morrow we'll find the little girl you told me about."

"And you'll bring her here, won't you, mother?"

"Yes, little one, we'll see what we can do about it."

#### CHAPTER II.

The next morning Mrs. Stockwell sought out the child she had met the previous day, and found her mother an invalid, certainly most unfit to labor. Mrs. Hale was no rough person, albeit she washed other people's clothing—to earn money to keep herself and child from dying of starvation, and even then, she herself would die before many days from the effects of her dire want. Her husband, in the prime of years and strength, had gone to fight for his country's flag, and when he returned, leaving one arm and both legs on the battle-field, his only resource was to rest as best he might upon some doorstep, and grind out music enough, perhaps, to earn twenty-five or thirty pennies in a day between one or another of the throng who surged incessantly through the street. And this was Trimountain city, the city which appropriates three millions of dollars a year for benevolence!

Shame upon it! Shame to allow the poor fellows who did the work—who left part of their own bodies lying on Southern soil—shame to allow them thus to toll on public highways until a slender woman from over the prairies, with a great brave heart, makes a mighty effort in their behalf—an effort that is felt, that is heard louder than the roar of their own musketry, throughout New England, even to Washington; until a brave little "mother," in stout shoes, "who rolls up her sleeves ready to pitch in," comes from the far West, and in a few weeks does what Trimountain did not, or could not, or would not do in four years: sends them away into "free air and sunshine."

And yet Trimountain spans her tiny ponds with costly bridges, and rears equestrian statues high in air! Verily, Trimountain hath done what she could!

And yet, all through the time their lives and limbs were being left upon the battle-field, was there not a pale, earnest girl who faced the mighty powers that be, even in the building where the laws were made, and rested not, day after day, week after week, until "her boys" were cared for, although the epithet *strong-minded* met her wherever she turned? Did she shrink from it? Never! Jennie, thou hast our thanks!

Then it was Mrs. Hale had to wash other people's clothing, so that her poor husband with only one limb might not starve outright. And he did not die outright; no; better had it been than to see him linger week after week, and know that the form so dear was sinking from actual need! But at last the hour came, and the shades drew near and rowed their silent boat close to his side, and he stepped into it whole and perfect, with unmaimed limbs, and was quickly ferried over to the abodes of the good, without the piece of silver, and long he would return for his dear wife, and then again for his dear child, and, until then, he had chosen Mrs. Stockwell to be a mother to her. Would she fulfill the trust? Ay, to the end!

When Mrs. Stockwell found Lucy Hale's mother she saw at a glance that her work was done. She decided instantly to remove both mother and child to her own home, and to part not with the child until her father should come for her, and that same afternoon saw them inmates of her family.

The next day as Mrs. Stockwell was passing through the street—for she followed a calling which occasioned her long walks and the climbing of many flights of stairs—on this next day she met a gentleman whose face she well knew, but to whom she had never spoken. She recognized instantly the grand head, the stately physique, the majestic presence of the minister without a pulpit. She had known of him long; she had seen him for years driving through the streets of Trimountain city, with his carriage filled with invalids. She had heard of him as the inventor of pianos, the inventor of floral processions, the inventor of May-day and the Twenty-second of February parties in the hall which holds the finest organ in all Trimountain city. She had even been to the children's parties, and seen their long and beautiful processions—now gone forever. She had ever heard of him as the defender of the oppressed, whether it be black or white, as the open-handed dispenser of charities, of cordials to the sick, being so large-hearted, so open-handed that his parishioners, who had grown up from children under his teaching, began to fear he would injure his own pulpit, and were the first to cry out, "Crucify him! crucify him!" and no longer remembered the hand that had fed them. Yes, this was the minister without a pulpit—the Rev. Calvin A. Maynard, or, as he always wrote it, plain C. A. Maynard, for he hated titles, and all the faculty of Harvard could not have pinned a D.D. upon his sleeve. When Mrs. Stockwell saw this man approaching she went up to him, saying:

"Sir, I believe you are the Rev. Mr. Maynard."

"Plain Mr. Maynard. What can I do for you?"

"I wish you would come with me to my home to see a sick woman who needs cheering and consoling beyond my power to aid. I am Mrs. Stockwell, and live in Tuscan Place, No. 2."

On the way to Tuscan Place the lady recounted to Mr. Maynard the circumstances of Mrs. Hale's illness, and when they reached the house he was ushered at once into her presence. Taking her hand, in kindly clasp, he seated himself by the

bedside, and, after a slight question or two regarding her illness—for this minister never asked how people became poor and needy, sufficient for him that he found them so and could aid them—he gave her words of cheer and consolation. He told her of the Father's other home which she was soon to enter—for Mrs. Hale had no fear of changing worlds, and spoke freely of it—of the blessed relief it would be to her poor, worn-out frame to have done with pain and sickness forever, of the blessed reunion with her beloved husband, and then, finding that the child lay heaviest at the mother's heart, he spoke of her; assuring her the little one should have all the protecting care his heart and hand could give, he bade her good-by until another day.

Day after day this minister at large, this glorious Jupiter, came to the invalid, his heart full of kind thoughts, his hands filled with rare fruits and wines, often laden with books and flowers from the heights of Olympus, from whence he came early every morning, as early and as regular as any day-laborer, bringing with him whole mountains of fresh air into the invalid's room. Yet this man, who was up early and late, who had spent all his days—and he was now in his prime—in doing good, in serving others, men, women, and children who were his especial favorites—yet this man was without a pulpit! Shame again on the great city of Trimountain, thus to requite the long years of philanthropy of one of its noblest sons! And shame, also, upon the church which hurried him from his pulpit, but was helpless to crush or even bend the indomitable will-power which ran through all his nature! But other churches opened their doors and he entered their pulpits, to which he was followed by the faithful few who loved and revered him, who would walk with him even to Gethsemane!

And, years before, had not yet another of its noble ones, the noblest, rarest man that ever stood in the great hall that boasts the finest organ in the land—had not he been mocked at and reviled? Wore not he his crown of thorns? And what saved him from being stretched upon a cross, and holes made through his hands and feet by savage nails? Because the age had passed, for outward barbarism; Trimountain's heart dared do it, but Trimountain's hand dared not. Fitting, too, it is, she should not hold his ashes, for Dante's land can give more quiet rest.

Mrs. Hale lingered not many days, and one morning on the last day of the year, a quiet, restful sleep came over her, from which she awakened no more. Her child grieved not noisily, but with a quiet, patient sadness, that was impressively mournful to behold, bending till the last moment over her mother's cold face, and touching her cold lips with warm kisses which could not be returned.

Mr. Maynard, like the good Samaritan that he was, stood with the little child and her new friends by the side of the dead mother's coffin, and resting one hand upon the little one's head, he told her of the home of peace and rest to which her dear, weary mother had gone, and bade her remember that she would still watch over her, and they would all care for and love her. But when the coffin was lowered into its grave, and she saw the man shovel the damp earth upon the dear form, then the child's grief burst forth in all its wildness. It was piteous to see the little frame writhing in agony, and calling, "Mother, mother! don't leave me alone!" At last Mrs. Stockwell succeeded in raising the little creature in her arms, her own frame quivering with sympathy for the desolate child.

It was days and weeks before Lucy Hale began to recover from that terrible blow. She would remain for hours in the great arm-chair in which her mother had been wont to sit, her small hands folded in her lap, her face full of patient mournfulness, silent and motionless. Her new friends brought her fruits and flowers, books and dolls, but the child only smiled sadly and could take no delight therein. Mrs. Stockwell cared for her as if she had been her own; giving up her position in a school to devote all her time to the sick child. She drooped and faded day by day, and one twilight as the lady was undressing her in her lap, she reached up both little arms, "Oh, mother, I'm so glad!" and breathed no more. Mrs. Stockwell, who held the wasted little figure close to her heart, had not observed that her own child had fallen asleep at that twilight hour, so absorbed was she at the suddenness of Lucy's departure, until the room began to lighten, and the same dim soft light pervaded the whole apartment. The room seemed filled with children dressed in light and lovely colors. They hovered around her own darling and about the little form she still held in her arms. Presently there became visible near her, two full-grown beings; a man, his face beaming with tenderness and satisfaction, a woman, all loveliness through affection. Passing from one to the other and receiving the dearest caresses from each, was the freed, the joyous child for whom they had now returned. The happy little creature flitted from them to the child Mabel, who was still asleep, then to Mabel's mother, passing her fingers lightly and caressingly over her face, then to Mother Flora, who had ever been so tender to her, and at last back to her parents, who, leading her between them, paused a moment at Mabel's side and thanked them all lovingly for their kind attentions to the last, and then slowly faded away in the distance. Then Mrs. Stockwell felt that the child had indeed gone, and she gave the little vacant form tenderly into the arms of Mother Flora to be arranged for its last resting-place. Yes, the little creature had finished her short, toilsome earth-life, never more to carry bundles through the drenching rain, never more to "hurry like everything," to get home. She was now safe home, safe home with her father and mother. Oh, happiness inexpressible! The father, the mother, the child, all safe home together. Slowly the child Mabel came out of her deep trance-sleep. Slowly she awakened, and looked around bewildered.

"What is it, darling?" asked her mother.

"Why, where are all the children, mother? There were ever so many here just now, and Lucy's mother, and the man that said she got knocked about, and Lucy was with her mother and the man—why, I guess that's her father. She was with the children! I saw her just as plain, mother, and she told me good-by—said she was going home. Why, where is she?" asked the child as her mother lifted her up.

"Gone, darling, gone home where she'll never be sick any more, never be 'knocked about.' Her father and mother both came for her. I saw them lead her away. There's nothing left of her here, except the dear, pale form she lived in, and to-morrow we'll cover it with flowers and lay it tenderly away."

"Oh, mother, I wish I could go!" then seeing the look of pain that passed over her mother's face, she added, "If you could go with me, mother, I don't want to go alone, and leave you alone. Should you miss me ever so much, mother?"

"Yes, darling, mother hopes the dear God won't take you away from her!"

Anything but that! Spare me that blow! was the wall of her inmost heart. Ay, God alone could help her if that hour should come, for then her desolation would be complete.

Mrs. Stockwell decided not to resume her school, but to devote herself wholly to the care of her delicate child, and the adding of others as far as lay in her power. Her husband had been a shrewd man of trade, but being selfish and luxurious in his tastes, she found at his death she should not be burdened with the care of a large property; and being a lover of children, and having an instinctive aptitude for teaching, she had made that her profession.

[To be continued.]

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### THE LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

A MYSTERIOUS AND STARTLING STORY.

The following communication has been handed us, says the St. Louis Republic:

An extract from a new work entitled "Henry J. Raymond and the New York Press," is now extensively republished throughout the country. The extract purports to be a narration of certain facts connected with the rivalry between the *Herald* and *Times* newspapers in regard to obtaining the first authentic intelligence concerning the loss of the Collins steamer Arctic, on her homeward voyage from Liverpool in October, 1871. The reading of it has recalled to my mind another story far more startling, and belonging to the same terrible disaster, which, up to the present time, has never found its way into print. The summer after the Arctic was lost, the writer visited New York, and at the Astor House in that city was called upon by an old friend and schoolmate who resided for several years at Alton, Ill., and is pleasantly remembered by many of the older residents of that place. This gentleman now lives in Chicago, and holds a responsible position on one of the leading railways of the northwest. At the time the events occurred which I am about to narrate, Mr. M— was a private secretary or foreign correspondent for E. K. Collins, the manager of the noble but most unfortunate line of steamers bearing his name, and an inmate of his office. M— was then, and is now, unless time and trial have sadly changed him, a jolly, good-hearted, clever fellow, afraid of nothing, believing not much in anything, and certainly the last person likely to be at all tinctorious with superstition. His veracity is unquestionable. After a long conversation about our boyhood days, and the companions whom we had both known and loved in that happy era, I naturally made some inquiries relative to the Arctic, knowing that M— from his situation would be likely to give some interesting incidents that perhaps had never been made public. To my surprise when the subject was broached, his face assumed a serious cast, his voice softened to a subdued, half-whispering tone, and he remarked: "There is a mystery about that affair which has always puzzled me and I do not like to think of. To my knowledge it has never before been spoken of outside Mr. Collins's office, or his immediate family circle. I will, however, tell it to you, but can give only the facts as they fell under my own observation, without attempting any explanation."

M—'s story was substantially as follows, barring the inaccuracies which must necessarily accompany the effort to remember a conversation transpiring fifteen years ago:

"I was," said he, "as you know, a clerk in Mr. Collins's office, and I believe, rather a favorite with him. At any rate he allowed me more liberties than most of the other employes, and frequently conversed about his own personal matters in a semi-confidential manner, which was very gratifying to me of my age."

Mr. Collins's wife and two children, a boy and a girl, went to Europe in the summer of 1871, and while quite an extended tour on the continent. While absent, they kept for his gratification a journal, telling the places through which they passed, the dates of their visit to each locality, and a brief description of the various objects of interest. This journal in detached fragments was regularly transmitted to him, and he naturally perused it with great pleasure. At that time Spiritualism was creating quite an excitement in New York, and some of the clairvoyants, or trance mediums, had gained considerable notoriety. One evening Mr. Collins thought he would give the phenomena a personal investigation, or at least, submit the question to a sharp and satisfactory test. He accordingly disguised himself, and went alone to the house of a celebrated female medium in a remote part of the city. Sending up a fictitious name, he was ushered into the presence of the woman. He stated to her that he desired to know the whereabouts of a middle-aged lady, a young lady and boy, and described as nearly as possible the appearance of his wife and children. The medium, after the usual preliminaries, lapsed into the trance state, said that she saw the party distinctly; that they were in an old town, she did not know the name,



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### Orthodox Free-Loveism.

The tragedy which culminated in the death of Mr. Richardson, an attaché of the New York Times, and for which the perpetrator is now at the bar of public justice, is admittedly the fruit of free-loveism; which recognizes the notion that one man may, if so inclined, seduce away the affections and the loyalty of another man's wife. That is what is known as Free Love, or at least is a good illustration of it; and it is precisely what has been denounced and scorned in the columns of this journal from the first, whether a practice of professed believers in Spiritualism or Orthodoxy. We uphold the marriage laws as they exist, though we have been and trust we always shall be, free to criticize the habit of contracting marriage itself from unworthy and unholy motives, as well as the fact that legislation is allowed to supersede the law of true affinity. Our mode of correcting evils which breed such indescribable misery among human beings is, not to trample on the laws we have, and outrage all law by paying regard to none, but to seek the correction of existing evils by the spread of a knowledge of truer principles, that men and women may be educated in a right understanding of the correspondence of temperaments and spiritual natures, and the greater part of present sufferings so be avoided. In short, the true and wise remedy for the evils sought to be cured is a better education in respect to the marriage relation, that the many grievous mistakes from which men and women suffer through their lives may no longer be repeated, at the cost of such spiritual waste.

It is no such sound doctrine as this that the avowed free-lovers teach, and have repeatedly sought to foster up in Spiritualism. A vocal secular press has been only too prompt to aid them in the endeavor, destitute of fastidious claim on a body of believers who are naturally obnoxious to the Orthodoxy for which it works and receives its pay. But all was not well. Orthodoxy, however, has at last had a more opportune opportunity to show its own views on free love, in this case of Richardson. The testimony goes to prove that he seduced Mrs. McFarland from the home and affections of her husband. Indeed, he announced his intention, over his own name, long ago, to marry her as soon as she could procure a divorce from him. He therefore relied on the law—the same law which Orthodoxy professes to regard as so much more sacred than the affinities of souls—to help him separate a wife from her husband, in order to accomplish his avowed purpose. And that the law did such law is established in Indiana for this express purpose of procuring easy divorces. The wife went to Indiana at the seducer's charge, stayed a sufficient length of time there in the family of a friend, and was divorced as much to Richardson as from her husband, as the intent is now too plainly shown. Or, as another journal has tersely expressed it, she made the Indiana law, called the wild cat law, a bridge from the bed of McFarland to the bed of Richardson. The latter was drawn to her—followed her up—abandoned her from her husband—assisted her in procuring a divorce—and was finally married to her in the extremity of his mortal life. He sacrificed that life to this uncontrollable passion for the wife of another man.

And now to put the lock on the whole statement, and seal the logic of it, who was the minister of the gospel of Orthodoxy that stood by to "sanctify" a marriage thus brought about? Who but Henry Ward Beecher, a shining light of Orthodoxy, who, however erratic in his views and phrases, is nevertheless pressed close to the heart of Orthodoxy, because he can speak loud and thundering words for it, and is regarded as its ablest defender and sponsor before all men? With these ugliest of all facts staring him in the face with their stern array, he signified not the slightest unwillingness to blaspheme his religion and defy the moral sentiment of society, by solemnizing a second marriage between this man and woman. And he is widely and justly held up to public condemnation for this responsible participation in a scene which, if free love means anything as an off-used phrase, is alone capable of describing. How would it have sounded if he had done the same thing by Mrs. Sickles and her guilty lover, had the latter lived and procured a divorce from her husband from an Indiana court? Or if he had done it by the victim of Cole's pistol, had he lived to procure a similar separation for the wife he had corrupted? The Indiana divorce signifies nothing in this case, for it is simply a farce. According to the Bible from which Mr. Beecher draws his inspiration and authority, the man who puts away his wife, save for the cause of fornication, commits adultery; and the man who marries the woman thus put away likewise commits adultery. What is to be said, then, of the clergyman who performs the ceremony which is supposed to make such a marriage complete?

Let Orthodoxy, after this conspicuous and unmistakable illustration of its doctrine of Free Love, hide its head for shame in the presence of Spiritualism, which teaches, not free love, but right love and true love, and then a faithful adherence to it. It has been the pleasure of Orthodoxy these many years to vilify Spiritualism by charging upon it, and falsely, the very practice which is thus proven to be its own. It is time this systematic slander ceased. The accuser's lips now are sealed. Free Love is proven upon itself. To marry a woman to a man who has assisted her to procure a straw divorce from her husband, who still loves her and seeks her companionship and affection, is endorsing and upholding in the most solemn and impressive manner a practice which would very speedily reduce all society to its constituent elements. Mr. Beecher, and the Orthodoxy he represents, may reconcile it to his conscience the best way he can; but let neither he, nor any of his brethren, nor the New York Tribune, any more charge the foul heresy of Free Love upon the pure religion of Spiritualism.

### Medicine in Wisconsin.

Wisconsin has apparently done a severe thing in declaring it to be a misdemeanor, to be punished whenever detected, for any person not of "the faculty," and particularly a "medium," to attempt the cure of disease within the State. So much more highly does its benevolent Legislature think of disease and sickness than of being cured by whatever agencies come to hand and happen to be most effective. It is surprisingly beyond account to note the obstinacy with which this sort of bigotry, never so blind as when shown in a matter of curing diseases, contests the advance of liberal and intelligent views. Some people would positively prefer certain death at the hands of established, but inefficient, allopathy to being brought out of the grave by agencies known to be potential, but not yet able to displace the old ones in popular prejudice. It must of course cost many precious lives to teach such people the lesson they need to know, but after it is learned it will be learned thoroughly. The Wisconsin Legislature wants everybody to die after the method it chooses to prescribe.

We had occasion to touch upon this very same folly and bigotry when the subject was agitated in Rhode Island, and have reason to flatter ourselves that it was very largely through our instrumentality that it was finally kept out of the Legislature. The proposition offered was, that none but such as belonged to the regular medical faculty, and were in good standing, should be allowed to heal the sick within the limits of our sister State. The preposterousness of it was so obvious, when it came to be stated in its length and breadth, that the statement alone was sufficient to knock it in the head. We did look for larger views and a more liberal turn of thinking in a new State like Wisconsin. The West has invariably prided itself, and with reason, upon having cut loose from those old and narrow notions which constitute the essence of bigotry in older communities. Is this the way Wisconsin expects to illustrate her views of a larger and broader life? She has been peculiarly unfortunate in the manner chosen if she has.

### Trouble with the Indians.

All that we have said concerning the Indians in the past, and the flagrant abuse connected with our dealing with them, has been more than verified and fully adopted by the more intelligent press of the country. So soon after the shameful Pigeon Massacre, and now when we learn of the frightful ravages of small pox among the Gros Ventres, a letter appears from John B. Sanborn, late Indian Commissioner, on the whole matter of these troubles. He attributes them without hesitation to lack of faith on the part of the Government in carrying out the provisions of the treaties. He says the question for the Government officials now to determine is whether it is better to fulfill our treaty stipulations with these people, give them ten dollars' worth of supplies each, and an opportunity to dispose, at fair rates, of the products of the chase, or enter upon a war that renders insecure our whole frontier, jeopardizes all our vast railroad interests in the Plains, destroys much life and property, and which will demand the expenditure of \$500,000 at least, from the Treasury. He hopes that every effort will be made to serve peace with the Indians. Those upon the reservation, half civilized and stunted by sloth and suffering, may be slighted and neglected with impunity, but the wild, hunting, warlike Indians resent insult and rush to war whenever satisfied that they have been dealt with treacherously or oppressed without cause. From the best information there are at least twelve thousand of the wild roving Indians of the Dakota tribe, a large number of whom have ceased to roam and are upon reservations. If peace can be maintained all can be brought upon reservations in a few years without expense and without loss of life. The country where they now hunt is not needed by our people and will not be for some time to come, and by the time it is needed the Indians will have abandoned it, for the game will have disappeared.

### Prison Reform.

The National Congress of prison reform, which is to meet in Cincinnati in September next, will go through a comprehensive review of the subject of American prisons, and the system of government and reform that prevails in other countries. Invitations have been sent out to writers and experts on the subjects of prisons and crimes in all the States of the Union, and in England, France, Germany, Canada and other countries. The New York Times finally admits that a conviction has forced itself upon the public mind that the present methods of dealing with criminals are singularly inefficient. It says that the prevention of crime, and the reformation of those committing it, have been too much lost sight of in the effort to inflict punishment for the sake of social vengeance. Too much is left to chance from the moment of arrest to that of regained liberty. Deliberate infractions of the law are not sufficiently discriminated against, and a fall from virtue is little less severely dealt with than a voluntary descent therefrom. This is a broad admission to make, and we are glad to know that these and all other points of discussion in this business are likely to be overhauled at the Cincinnati meeting.

### Cruelty to Animals.

Senator Sumner, now that he is relieved of some of his arduous labors for the good of the human race by the abolition of slavery and the elevation of the colored man to citizenship, has turned his attention to the wrongs inflicted on the brute creation. He has introduced a resolution into the Senate looking toward the enactment of a law regulating the transportation of cattle by railroad companies. There is need enough of such a law, as everybody knows, not only because much unnecessary suffering is caused to animals thus transported, but for the reason that the meat from these animals is thus rendered less fit for food. The States have tried, some of them, to remedy the evil complained of, but without much success. If we can have a national law, applicable to all railroad companies, it may do some good.

### A Back-Handed Compliment.

The Washington correspondent of *The Interior*—a new Presbyterian paper recently started in Chicago—makes the following note of the progress of Spiritualism in Washington. He says: "This city seems to be a little paradise for Spiritualists. The phases of this delusion are so many that there is but one common trait. Every form of it seems to draw one away from Christ. The believers and curious are now wandering after a rival of the Davenportes. He is tied and untied in a more marvelous manner than they. He laughs at all knotted cords. It is thought he cannot be hung except by a disincarnated rope. One ardent believer said lately of him, that darkness is a necessary condition of the development of the spirit's power. It did not occur to him that if there are spirits that determine their character. Besides, what manner of spirits must they be who have no more useful or dignified employment than these? Yet such things are bewildering and misleading multitudes."

### "The Voices."

This book has the warmest friends and bitterest enemies. Wm. H. Burleigh in a letter to the *Chicago Post* called it a "Lie Book."

The *Newark Courier* says, "the author has a rational philosophy of the relation of matter and mind, and his theology is at once natural and charitable."

Prof. Britton says, "from the nature of his views it is quite likely that the poets and Spiritualists will suspect that the mantle of Alexander Pope may have fallen on the manly shoulders of Warren Sumner Barlow."

*The Washington Sunday Morning Gazette* says, "this is a strange work—in a religious sense it outstrips the worst efforts of Paine or Voltaire." Hudson Tuttle, in the *American Spiritualist* says, "the Voice of Superstition versifies biblical history from the Atlantic creation to Christ. It is interspersed with interludes extremely rich in thought. The Voice of Nature and a Pebble are the outspoken thoughts of a mind deeply sympathetic with the world of man, and realm of causation. No idea of the book can be obtained from brief passages. It must be read to be appreciated."

Judge Barker of New York says, "Considered in the light of a controversial or didactic poem, it is without an equal in contemporaneous literature. The birth of an audacious mind, startling in its originality of purpose—provocative as it must be of the bitterest animosity, it is destined to excite greater and more wide encircling waves of sectarian agitation than any anti-creedal work ever published."

*The Spiritualist* says, "We challenge any man or woman of literary taste to take up the book and read a few pages without feeling an irrepressible desire to finish it. In the 'Voice of Nature' occurs some of the most sublime strains of poetry that ever fell from human tongue or graced the pages of any work."

*The Religious-Philosophical Journal* says, "It is a literary jewel, a garland of fresh thoughts woven by the master-hand of a poet. Each leaf is a literary treasure. It is all meat—there is no shell to crack—no circumlocutory verbosity to wade through in order to come to an oasis of real truth. The author's ideas are pointed, clear, and concise; his narrative is beautiful, musical, and fulfilling over with the emotions of a soul that is inspired from the central source of truth."

We might select pages of a similar import, showing the general appreciation of the work, but it must be read to obtain a just conception of its peculiar merits and marked originality. See advertisement in another column.

### Spiritualism in Australia.

In proof of the statement which was made by us in a recent article, surveying the rapid and extended spread of Spiritualism over the civilized globe, we are pleased to note the full report, in the Melbourne, Australia, *Argus*, of a review in that paper of the subject of Spiritualism in this country. It shows, at least, that there is a sufficient interest felt in the subject in that region to repay for the time, space and labor, which a review of this kind compels. The writer shows much industry, and a laudable spirit of investigation; and he has pursued his inquiries among current exhibitions of the Spiritualistic theory which are the very authorities his readers would desire to have set before them. For two months he has devoted himself to the assiduous study of spirit books and periodicals, among which the *Banner of Light* held a prominent place. He admits that, to his surprise, "the religious teachings of the Spiritualists were almost identical with those of his favorite authors, Theodore Parker, and others. Hence he concluded that he would be doing greater service to the cause of truth, 'if he enabled the public to form an idea of the higher developments of Spiritualism, than if he followed in the wake of the run of newspaper writers, and satirized the humbug, quackery and fraud which hang on to the borders and impede the march of the most extraordinary movement of our day.' And his general conclusion is, that 'Spiritualism may claim to be regarded as a system of philosophy worthy of the study and investigation of free and inquisitive minds.' To this Australia pamphlet we add the notice of another one from Dunedin, New Zealand, dated January 11th, of the present year. It is vital with points in favor of our faith, and manifests the true spirit of the devoted defender. Thus does the cause spread and increase the world over, covering even the far-off isles of the ocean with its glory.

### Spiritualism in Worcester.

We are gratified to learn that the friends of the cause in Worcester are sensitively alive to the demands of the hour, and are successfully organizing an Association, with a view to the continuance of lectures permanently. The meetings thus far have been under the supervision of Bro. L. Eaton, an energetic worker. Miss Lottie Fowler, (of this city,) a test medium, we understand, has created an intense interest as to the phenomena of Spiritualism, by some of the most positive and conclusive evidences of individual consciousness beyond the grave, whilst, during the present month, Bro. Thos. Gales Foster has been treating the people to some of the grandest lectures ever delivered in Worcester. Considering the stormy weather, good audiences were in attendance and highly pleased with Mr. Foster's able lectures. We are glad to hear so good an account from Worcester.

### "Purity in Journalism."

The *Boston Daily Advertiser*, of April 21st, in alluding to the impudence of the *Springfield Republican*, says: "Purity in Journalism we make no special boast of; high pretensions to virtue, we have noticed, are not inconsistent with slandering one's neighbor or picking his pocket." Exactly so. In the same issue we find the following: "The office of the 'Banner of Light,' Mt. Vernon, Ohio, was burned yesterday. Loss \$10,000." This statement is either the result of stupidity or design. Design, we think, as the *Advertiser* knows very well that the *Banner of Light* is published in Boston, and that its valuation is something over \$10,000; at any rate, the greedy tax-gatherers think so. The facts in the case, as we learn from the *Boston Post* of the 21st, run thus: "The Democratic *Banner* printing office, in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, was burned yesterday morning. Loss, \$10,000."

### The Cause in Philadelphia.

Carrie A. Grimes, writing us under date of April 19th, says: "Our rostrum was filled last Sunday by Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, a stranger to the congregation, but all expressed much satisfaction from the discourse, which were delivered in a trance condition." Miss G. speaks encouragingly of the *Lyceum*.

### For Europe.

Dr. J. R. Newton, the world-renowned healer, sailed from New York in the steamship "Russia," for London, where he intends to practice for a year.

### Patrick Powers.

A spirit, giving the above name, controlled the medium at our Public Circle, April 14th, who stated that he was lost—or, rather, his physical body was—at sea; that he was a passenger on board the steamer "City of Boston," etc., which message was duly reported and filed for publication in regular course. Since the announcement in our columns that such a message would appear in routine, parties who had friends on the steamer have written us requesting that we print this message in advance. Accordingly we give it in this place, verbatim, as it came from the lips of the medium:

It is a great thing to die; but it is a greater thing to be able to come back in this way. My name, sir, when I was here, was Patrick Powers. I was a trader in Halifax. I was a passenger on board the "City of Boston," and since I cannot give any information concerning my whereabouts and my condition, except in this way, I gladly accept the way, and I have no friends who are left will do the same. It has pleased the All-wise God to allow some one or more kind spirits, who are in sympathy with the changing soul, to meet at its entrance into the spirit-life, to give it information, and to strengthen it for its new course upward. I have met those whom I know and love, and have gone on before me, and many faithful servants of our church, who were ready to aid all those who would naturally seek aid from that source, and it is by their aid, their strength, that I am able to come here this afternoon making the communication that I have left this earth-life, which is the purgatory of the soul, and have ascended to the spirit-life, which is its native element.

There eternal progress meets us. We can go on, forever on; they tell us, and we have not those things to impede our passage that we had here. Those of us who have led the most honest and true lives here, are the best off in the spirit-life; and those who have not led honest and true lives here, are poorly off. They are in sorrow, but they are not without hope for good. There is before them salvation even here, as there was before death. I am well satisfied here, and I send kind greetings to those I have left, and I hope I may be able soon to come near them—as near as I do here, and receive the information of my death? Do at this place, my friends? Yes, you will be able to do so. May I ask, how was the steamer lost? Spirit: She foundered at sea, sir. Having broken her shaft, she became unmanageable, and during a violent storm we foundered on the coast of Ireland.

On the 11th of April the game spirit came again to our circle, and, after announcing his name, gave the following:

Excuse me for troubling you, but I have been expecting that the brief message that I gave here a short time since, would be published without delay; but I am told there is something like a strike in the press. Is it true? [Yes, it will be eight weeks, at least. But your name is already announced.] Is already out, you say? [Yes, and there happened to be one of your townsmen present when you came before, and he will doubtless convey the news to your friends.] Who was he? [He did not give his name.] Are you going to give the information of my death? [He said he would write the next day and ascertain about you from his friends.] So he writes only for his own gratification? [Do you wish your message sent in writing?] No; my only anxiety is from the fact that I do not want my friends to go to any trouble or to make any sacrifice to get my message, as I am sure, because I know that their situation won't admit of it, and I want to get them out of trouble as soon as possible. This waiting a year or two years before they are satisfied that I am dead, may be of great disadvantage to them. The sooner they are satisfied of that fact, the sooner they will go to work to save their accounts, and the sooner it will be easy work for them. And a great relief to you, I dare say? Yes, a great relief to me.

Now they are on a strain of anxiety, expecting every hour in the day to hear favorable news from the steamer. That of course keeps me on the *qui vive* all the time. I cannot do this, that, or the other, I am constantly drawn back to them, and the only way for me to get out of trouble is to get them out. So I fought my way through a pretty good squall when I came before to give my message. There was some opposition. Some were against it, because I could not bring palpable evidence that the "City of Boston" had gone down, and that I was a passenger on board of her. I could only bring such evidence as my words would convey—nothing more. So you see there was a little opposition. But finally it was overruled by the superintendent here, and I was allowed to come in and tell my story. There is such a thing as being too careful.

[Do you remember how many days out you were?] No, I do not. But I know it was said we were on the coast of Ireland. Oh, I know they say we collided with icebergs, and foundered in consequence. It isn't so. There's not a word of truth in it. We experienced a heavy gale, had broken a shaft, consequently were disabled, and unable to outride it. This is the whole story, and I am sure you will believe me. Hope you may come over as easy as I did.

At the close of the séance, a gentleman in the audience stated that at a circle recently held in Worcester, at which he was present, information was given through the medium, Mrs. Fowler, which corroborated the above statement in regard to the "City of Boston." There could certainly, he said, have been no collusion between the two circles.

### Aid for Austin Kent.

If N. F. Lewis—Dear Sir: Permit me to acknowledge, through *The Universe*, the receipt of Twenty-five Dollars from Dr. J. P. Bryant, 325 West 43rd street, New York, as a donation to our fellow laborer, Austin Kent. It gives me peculiar pleasure to record this rare generosity, knowing as I do, that the appeals that have been made in behalf of our brave and faithful brother have not, with some exceptions, been responded to in a way to honor Justice and the spirit of Brotherhood. Respectfully, FRANCIS BARRY.

353 Ninth Avenue, New York.  
It gives us pleasure to copy the above from *The Universe*, which is battling bravely in the field of reform. We thank Dr. Bryant in behalf of our common humanity. We hope other liberal souls will do likewise.

Since the call last week, we add the following to our  
Mrs. Emma Hardinge 5.00  
"A Friend" 5.00  
P. H. Bagley, South Boston 50  
Friend 50  
Total \$21.00

### The Lyceum Banner.

Has entered on its fourth year, and changed its form to an eight page quarto, and makes a bright and healthy appearance. Its publisher modestly says:

"With the present number, the *Lyceum Banner* appears before its many readers in a new dress. Having laid aside its winter clothing, and been newly fitted to a splendid summer suit, made to order by the best workmen in the city, it justly feels a little proud of its good looks, and being modest, and well behaved without, not having been spoiled by too much petting in its childhood, it awaits your verdict, which we are sure will be in its favor.  
In order to give those who have not taken the paper an opportunity to become acquainted with it, we will send it to all new subscribers nine months, or from the beginning of the new volume, until January 1st, 1871, for fifty cents. We do this, hoping that those who become acquainted with the *Lyceum Banner*, and through that with us, will be glad to continue their subscriptions. Let all the children go to work with a will, and see what they can do for their paper. Will every one of our present readers send, at least, one new name with fifty cents for the remainder of the year?"

It is published in Chicago, Ill., by Lou H. Kimball, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, and E. T. Blackmer, editors.

### Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown's address is box 462, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. A. Hull, a trance and inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture and give tests during the summer months, in Canada West. Her address is 1716 Park Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. E. L. Daniels's address is 10 Chapman street, Boston.

Moses Hull rusticates and makes garden at his home in Hobart, Ind., during May. Will answer calls to lecture or debate in the West, during June. In July he speaks at Apollo Hall, New York. Will attend camp and grove meetings during August. Speaks in Cincinnati in September and October. Now is the time to secure his services for the winter months.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge lectures in Cincinnati during May.

Lois Walbrook expects to be at the Territorial Convention, to be held at Golden City, Colorado Territory, May 13th, 14th and 15th.

E. S. Wheeler lectures in Cincinnati during April. The *Enquirer* gave a column report of one of his lectures.

Andrew T. Foss, we are glad to notice, is again in the lecturing field, doing valiant work for our glorious cause. He is to speak in Plymouth, Mass., Sunday, May 8th. Keep him at work. He is a strong man on the rostrum. Permanent address, Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. Marshall, an excellent medium for spirit communion, can be found at No. 10 Chapman street. Give her a call.

PROF. GUNNING is busily engaged in lecturing in the New England States on Geology and kindred topics. He is a free thinker, and his lectures are far more instructive and interesting than those of the same class given by professors who are cramped and dwarfed by theological dogmas and creeds. The Amesbury *Villager* publishes synopses of his lectures in that place, from one of which we take the following extract:

"Once in every twenty-four hours the earth turns on its axis from west to east—twice every twenty-four hours a great tidal wave passes across the ocean from east to west, and it is estimated that twenty-five thousand cubic miles of ocean change place with every ebb and flow of the tide; and this westward sweeping tide hurls against the continent and impels the progress of the earth at the rate of ten seconds in one hundred years. And that action lagging on. Very slowly the earth is losing speed. In thirty-six billion years a day will be one month long. Some thousand millions of years ago the day was twenty-one hours long, and further back in time the day was shorter still, until we get to a place where it was fifteen hours long, that being the speed at which the earth must have moved to have caused it to bulge out some twenty-six miles at the equator, while it was a heated globe."

What will our Second Advent friends say to this? The Professor evidently doesn't believe "the last day is but a little way off," for he keeps the earth rolling on its axis more hundreds of millions of years than Elder Holmes and Grant are willing to concede days. At the Second Advent Convention in this city last week, the chief burden of warning was about the speedy "coming of the Lamb" and the destruction of this little planet on which we temporarily live, raise potatoes and corn, and kill Indians.

### Harry Emerson in Boston.

On Saturday evening, April 16th, this medium for physical manifestations gave a private séance (at which our reporter was present) in the presence of a number of invited guests, at the residence of Mr. Samuel Despeaux, 172 West Newton street, Boston. The usual order of exercises on such occasions was gone through with, to the apparent satisfaction of those in attendance. The spirit voices (male and female) were pronounced excellent, in a musical point of view, by those who professed to be judges. Enlivened with notes from the piano, by several ladies, and cheerful conversation, the séance, and evening also, passed off very agreeably. The handcliff test was, however, not performed.

### New York City.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists of this city have enjoyed an unusual degree of prosperity during the past year, having been favored with the services of a succession of very interesting and able speakers, who have been instrumental in placing the cause in a better position before this community than it has ever before held.

Feeling warranted by these circumstances, the managers of the Society have taken a decided step in advance in securing as a place of meeting for the year following the first of May next the commodious and beautiful room on the corner of Broadway and 28th street, known as "Apollo Hall." This is one of the largest, and decidedly the most elegant hall in the city, and in every respect well adapted to the purposes and requirements of our association and the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Of course the rent is much heavier than we have been accustomed to pay, but we trust to the liberality of the many friends of the cause here to furnish the necessary means. On our part, we promise to secure the most eminent and able speakers that can be engaged, and we have the pleasure of announcing engagements already made with Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Rev. Moses Hull, Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, Prof. Wm. Denton, and conditionally with Miss Lizzie Doten and Mrs. Emma Hardinge. Others of equal merit and prominence will be added to the number as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

Friends of Truth and Humanity! come and help us in spreading the glorious gospel of Angel Communion, and an assured immortality.

In behalf of the Board of Managers,  
P. E. FARNSWORTH, Secretary.  
Box 5679, P. O.

THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT.—There should be an amendment made to our Federal Constitution prohibiting natural fools from going to school. Reason why: Because education always lengthens the tongue just in proportion to the hollow-ness of the skull.

Proof: Look at a majority of the members of the clerical and legal professions in the United States.

TRUTH.—Learned men's conceit of their own knowledge and judgment is generally in inverse ratio to their mental weakness and ignorance.

Reason: Because hollow skulls stuffed with other men's knowledge are like glass covered on the inside with quicksilver. They both reflect the surface, but not the substance of things.

Proof: Let every sensible man look about in his own neighborhood. (A word to the wise is sufficient.) R.

THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER.—A learned fool is almost sure to become a knave, and if gifted with the tongue of a jackass, and the impudence of a monkey, will work greater mischief in a congressional or legislative assembly than a score of the wisest statesmen can counteract. Reason: Because a majority of our rulers are akin either to the long-eared or long-tailed tribe, and through sympathy will side with their relations.

Proof: Look at both Houses of Congress and most of our State Legislatures. R.



**A TRULY GOOD BOOK**

The great work of Emma Hardinge, with above title, more than meets the expectations of the public. A correspondent, writing from Canada, whose letter will be found on our third page, speaks of it in commendatory terms.

LIPPINCOTT attracts with its positive colored cover, its open fair page, and the contents bear out the ext inducements in point of quality. There is art litera

Throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution more serious attack may be warded off.

**MRS. M. C. BOSTWICK, Psychometrist**  
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