

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE PROGRESS OF AN ADVENTURER.

Translated from the French for the Banner of Light, by J. Kellin M. Squire.

CHAPTER I.

At the end of a beautiful day in the month of June, 1849, four young men, whose dress announced them of the working class, were assembled in a public house situated outside of the town, on the national route, as it is called, from Nîmes to Vigan. They drank joyously, for the fourth time, of a small wine from the Garrigues; the sun descended slowly to the horizon, drowning in floods of gold the corroded flanks of the *Tour Mayre* and the domed form of the *Puech-du-Tel*. The three pillars of the ancient *Montfaucon* of Nîmes, projected their black silhouettes on the chalky dust of the grand route, and resembled, in the twilight which began to cover the country, a trio of phantoms waiting the witches at the rendezvous of the cross-road.

A moment since the following conversation commenced between the four young men:

"So, therefore, you are fully decided to leave?"

"Assuredly, and nothing in the world could make me retract the resolution which I have taken."

"What are your resources, because you do not ignore the fact that money is requisite to travel?"

The one addressed drew out from his pocket a piece of silver, and threw it on the table. It was a piece of twenty sous.

His three friends burst into a loud laugh.

"How! is that all your fortune?"

"I shall work in the nearest village."

"And what will you do?"

"Whatever they are willing to give me to do."

"I see you already greatly embarrassed, my poor Frank. Believe me, return to the town with us. Where will you go at first? Here is the night. Come, drink a last glass, and let us back each one of us to our homes."

The young man designated under the Christian name of Frank, took a bottle, and, pouring to each one of his companions a bumper:

"I drink to your friendship," said he. "You have loved me like a brother, and to this day you have given me the half of your joys and your hopes. No matter where I shall be, I shall remember you; but it is necessary that I leave. Do not ask me why; I should not know what to tell you. As long as I remain in the country, I shall do nothing; I shall vegetate. I cannot translate to you all the tumultuous voices which chant in my soul. I have not enough instruction for that; but that which is sure, is, that without understanding them, I obey them, and I set out. Embrace me, let us separate, and when I shall be no more near you the evenings after work, think a little of friend Frank."

After having said that with a voice which betrayed much interior emotion, Frank put down his glass, and went to get a soldier's knapsack which he had hung up, in entering, on the fastening of a window.

"You are going to make your father and mother very sad," said one of the three friends.

"Your mother will weep your absence," said another.

"Yes, you are right," replied Frank, troubled: "they will call me an ungrateful and wicked son, and yet, my friends, you know all the holy affection I have for them."

"Why go away, then?"

"Have I not said it to you? In spite of myself I obey an interior voice, which cries to me, 'Onward! onward!' What is the fate that the future reserves for me? I am ignorant of it; but I swear to you I shall always remember to guard in the midst of trials which awaits me, the principles of honesty which I have received from my father, and my belief in God. Let us go. Your hand, Frederick; yours, my friends, and away."

He threw his knapsack on his shoulders, his friends paying the charges, and they went out. In the middle of the road they embraced Frank once more, who then left them at a rapid pace. Their repeated adieux crossed each other in the silence of the evening, and the young men already saw no more of Frank, although they still heard him singing the refrain of a song learned at the workshop:

"Bon courage! bonne espérance!
Le bon Dieu garde ses enfants!"

While he goes away alone in the night, let us see a little who was Frank. He was a child of the people, the son of honest country folk. If he had been born in another sphere, they had not failed to say at his cradle that this child was predestined. Extraordinary signs, such as the credulity of good people desire, were not wanting at his birth. He came into the world in the middle of flames and the discharge of guns; he made his entrance into life through a window of a first floor. They threw him to a young girl, who received him in her apron.

To give explanations on the dramatic events of the birth of Frank, it would require us to enter into details whose measure is too large for the frame of our history; we will say only that he came into the world in the year of grace 1830, at a time when the town of Nîmes, divided for three centuries into two distinct camps, put under the cover of politics the bloody retaliation of old hates. We shall keep ourselves from touching this hot question which commences to be forgotten, and for which, heaven be praised, the recollection offends itself more and more every day.

Frank entered life, therefore, in coming out of a window. Some time after his birth his parents went to live in a village a little distant from the

city, to manage the farm of a rich proprietor. This farm was at the extremity of the village, at the commencement of the vineyard.

This is why the first recollections of Frank dated from a flower, and the song of a lark. He was so happy in the fields deluged with sunshine! In this atmosphere full of the perfume of vines! A cricket stopped his course, a butterfly won him away far from the prairie; he contemplated a flower, he listened to the murmur of springs, and the flowers and springs seemed to say to him, "Child, we are the voice of the good God; come, and we will talk together."

Frank went often to visit them; he fled children of his age. We do not wish to say that he did not love them, on the contrary; but he preferred solitude. Time after time his mother found him alone in the country listening to the angels in the breezes of the evening, and weeping hot tears. They believed him ill—it was life which overflowed in him.

He was seven years old when his parents returned to inhabit the town. At the novelty of leaving, Frank was very happy. Alas! he saw Nîmes, and disenchantment entered into his young heart! Frank began to regret the village. He knew all the world there, and he met in the town only faces strange and indifferent. The straight and dirty streets were far from resembling his beautiful prairies. Poor child! he had lived in the sun and in the flowers, and now it was scarcely if he saw a corner of the sky athwart the opening of a moist and dirty tower.

The transition was too great, and too brusque especially, and Frank fell dangerously ill. During the whole of a long month his mother watched him with praying and weeping. God heard favorably the prayers of the poor woman; Frank returned to health. He had a brother, older than himself by two years, and under the protection of this guide in embryo, he dared to venture himself in this town which made him afraid, and mix with the children who joked with him.

One day, in the court of the school where he went since his recovery, he saw a child, a new comer, who, sheltered by an angle of the wall of which he made a point of support, distributed kicks right and left, the most of which measured just a circle of young scholars, who almost surrounded and unmercifully beset him.

What had he done to them? Nothing. He wore wooden shoes, and it was to their highland form that the poor child owed the puns which rained around him seasoned with blows.

How was it that Frank, this nature so sweet and so peaceable, clothed the circle of little demons? We cannot tell; but with the rapidity of lightning he found himself by the side of the victim and joined kicks with the poor child, who, reanimated by this unlooked for aid contrived to put his enemies to flight.

Victory rested with the wooden shoes. Frank shared it also.

Nothing more was necessary to tighten the first bond of a durable friendship. He, whom our hero had come so generously to assist, called himself Karl. He had been in Nîmes only eight days. His was a young heart similar to that of Frank. He spoke of his mountains to Frank, and to him Frank spoke of his prairies. Since that time they were always seen together, the family of the one became that of the other. If we relate this childish circumstance, at the first view, it is that it influenced in the greatest degree the history and the future of Frank.

In finding a friend, a confidant of thoughts which he had not dared to express to the other children whose characters were diametrically opposed to his own, Frank no longer was ashamed to tell him who understood so well his impressions and his reveries; he was a world of ideas, confused at first, but which, with the aid of Karl's impressions, designed themselves more freshly and took a form. The mother of Karl possessed a little library, some books of travel, the history of mythology in two volumes in folio, with wood engravings; and the complete works of Berquin, the children's friend. Berquin, above all, was the delight of the two friends, and they recreated deliciously with the "Return of the Cruise," or the "Gnoll Son," with the emotions felt for Cook, killed by the savages, the Sandwich Islands, or Laparouse foundered with his crew on the reefs of Vanikoro.

This library was the golden land for Frank, and he had cried as willingly as Archimedes, *Eureka*, if he had known as much of the Greek.

The song of the lark, the flower of the prairie had made Frank a poet. Cook and Laparouse made him a traveler, or rather he felt the wings of his poetry growing to reach the unknown. Frank and Karl searched the little library together, and their reading formed their only food for the hours of recreation in the court of the school, and during the holiday Thursday.

If he had not known Karl, it is very possible that Frank had never deserted the paternal hearth, where his imaginations and his young enthusiasms had been compressed by a tranquil ignorance of the things without. The house of his father had no library. Save his relatives did not know how to read. But he had caught a glimpse of a new horizon, and secret aspirations filled his heart with unknown desires.

"We have said that he was sweet and peaceable; he became contemplative. They put the spirit of meditative contemplation to the account of laziness, and the school-master declared solemnly that 'this child would never know anything.' They took him from school and put him as an apprentice with a joiner, where his working companions, in recompense for a poor song which he had written in honor of their patron Saint St. Anne, gave him unanimously the name of *Ninots*, the *Key of Hearts*. A fall which he had in a house, which was being built, prevented him continuing his apprenticeship. It was now six months since he had worked, at the time we find him with his friends, the knapsack on his back, and going, like Jerome Paturot, in search of a social position.

CHAPTER II.

The sun spread his ruby robe on the flanks of the hills, the birds sang in emulation of each other in the green groves, full of perfumes and nests.

A carriage, answering to a diligence and an omnibus traveled the route which Frank had taken the evening before and whirled away great clouds of dust, to the great despair, no doubt, of some beautiful voyagers; for from time to time feminine voices addressed, through the half-open movable windows, suppliant recommendations to the quatuor roosted on the top of the vehicle.

"My hand-boxes! M. Sosthène, keep an eye on my hand-boxes!"

"Fear nothing, Miss Agathe, I have them under a trunk, on which I am astride."

"Bless me! my poor flowers!"

"We have each of us a bunch in the button-hole, and the remainder decorates the throat of the postillon," and M. Sosthène began to sing,

"Oh! oh! oh! qu'il est beau!
Le postillon de Lormont!"

The quatuor of the diligence took up this refrain in the middle of bursts of loud laughter. The horses surprised and frightened by this human detonation, made a step aside, which nearly reversed the vehicle. Orles escaped from the interior, they believed the danger imminent, and gave themselves up to fear. Miss Agathe, of a sensitive and nervous nature, nevertheless, fainted. The postillon stopped his horses, the men descended from the imperial, and the ladies from the interior. They made the tender Agathe inhale several flacons, but she did not open her eyes.

"If we had some water," observed the facetious Sosthène, "she would recover her senses immediately."

"Water?" replied the postillon, "you will find some, yonder," and he indicated with his finger a brook over which was thrown a small bridge.

M. Sosthène ran there, but before he could return Miss Agathe opened her eyes. He returned leading with him a boy of seventeen or eighteen years.

"Ladies," said he, "the brook is completely dry; not the least drop of water. But, in revenge, here is what I bring you: a big fellow whose sleep I have interrupted."

"How?" cried several voices.

"Without doubt, since he slept tranquilly under the bridge. The bed of the brook being free, he made it his own."

"He is some vagabond!" observed Miss Agathe, in speaking for the first time since her stupor.

"A vagabond!"

"Probably, one does not sleep in that way, on the public way."

"You would say under, Miss. However, I will interrogate him." And addressing the new comer M. Sosthène commenced:

"Young unknown!"

"What is there for your service, M. Sosthène?"

"Holloa, he knows me! You know me?"

"Yes."

And designating each one of the travelers the pretended vagabond saluted them one after another in naming them.

"Good-day, M. Dubreuil."

"He knows me also," said this last astonished.

"I know you all, gentlemen, and you also, ladies."

"You have a great advantage over us, then, my boy, for no one can say as much of you. Who are you?"

"Who am I? a workman who has commenced his tour of France. I have seen you all at Nîmes, the last winter. You are artists."

"It is true."

"How beautiful it is, the comedy. If I had learning and was not so clumsy, I should take to that calling."

"Truly?"

"I have thought of it very often, believe me. At first I wished to engage myself in a circus, where they dance on the cord and on horseback."

"But we do not dance on the cord."

"I know it well; but you are artists all the same."

"He is charming!"

"He is adorable, with his simplicity!"

"Can you read?"

"Yes, well enough."

"My friends, an idea," cried M. Sosthène; "our prompter has not wished to follow us, and we will take this boy. He appears intelligent. We shall, perhaps, make something of him."

"Bravo! adopted!"

"Do you wish to come with us?"

"Why not?"

"Postillon."

"Sir."

"Where are we, here?"

"Half a mile from Vie-le-Fescq, where the travelers breakfast."

"Wonderfully well!"

And addressing himself to Frank, who the reader has already, without doubt, recognized, M. Sosthène added:

"Climb on the imperial; there, you are ours. You will know soon where we go."

Each one took again his place, and the carriage continued to roll toward Vie-le-Fescq, of which they soon perceived the gates and the great wings of the two mills which mirrored themselves in the limpid Vialour.

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"To the health of the new prompter."

"To his health."

"I drink to yours, from the bottom of my heart, ladies and gentlemen," replied Frank in lifting his glass. "Something tells me that meeting you will bring me happiness."

"God grant it, my boy, for all is not bright in the artistic life, and if you wish to follow the theatrical career you must expect many deceptions."

"Yes, yes," sighed the duenna, the Jonguill ribbons of whose straight straw hat, which orna-

mented her head, rivaled advantageously with the dry and yellow color of her face. "Oh yes! Merit has much trouble to become known; it is subject to jealousies, to cabal, so much the more as the taste for the good and the beautiful has completely disappeared to-day. That which is requisite to succeed at the theatre is no longer talent: the public dispenses with it willingly, provided it is replaced by a nose more or less turned up, and two eyes more or less provoking. Ah, in my time, when I played *My Aunt Aurora* and *Gulistan*—and the duenna began to hum, by way of remembrance, and with a trembling voice, the aria—

"An point du jour
On voit aux champs courir la jeune Nivette;
Elle n'est point par l'amour,
Elle n'est point qu'un retour
Du jeune Lucas qu'elle guette,
Au point du jour."

"When you played *Gulistan* and *My Aunt Aurora*, you had some twenty-five years or less than to-day, my dear Mrs. Desrosiers; you have had your time of success—let us have ours, without mixing with your regrets the least little grain of unjust jealousy," replied M. Sosthène at the moment where Madame Desrosiers, in a reminiscence of the past, was about to attack the second couplet of the aria.

"I, Madame," interrupted Frank, "have seen you play in the *Grâce de Dieu*, and I found you superb. You made me cry."

Madame Desrosiers attempted a gracious smile at the speech of the new prompter, whom she found charming.

"Truly," simpered she, "I made you cry?"

"Yes, Madame, and I cried with good heart, moreover. It was as much Miss Elise, who played the rôle of your daughter in the same piece."

"I made you cry, also?" replied a young and beautiful blonde, with whom we have not yet made acquaintance, and who held in the company the position of young beginner, and sang the light songs.

"Ah! so you pass your life, therefore, in crying?"

"And in laughing, also, M. Sosthène, above all when I see you."

"How?"

"When I see you on the stage, of course."

"Well and good."

"You are so droll!"

"You find me so?"

"Yes, and I am not the only one."

"Talk a little reason: where were you going when we came across you?"

"I can say nothing; I was going at hazard before me."

"Without purpose?"

"Oh yes indeed."

"And what was your purpose?"

"That of creating myself a position."

"But you have a calling?"

"Nearly."

"How? nearly?"

"Without doubt, since I have not terminated my apprenticeship."

"Have you resources?"

"I have youth and will; that is worth something, they tell me."

"That is worth all, my boy; but tell me, have you still your father and mother?"

"Thank God, yes."

"Why have they consented to let you go away without money?"

"I did not tell them when I left," replied Frank, dropping his head; "they would have prevented me."

"You do not love them, then?"

"I cherish them, on the contrary."

And the tears of love, of regret, perhaps, mounted to the eyes of Frank, who recounted in a few words to the lyric and dramatic company, that which we already know, or, in other words, his secret aspirations.

When he had finished, Madame Desrosiers, the respectable duenna, cried:

"It is inclination which prompts him! I know that. I was like him in my youth."

"Since it is so, you are ours altogether," concluded M. Sosthène. "We will make you work; we will help you on, and your intelligence will do the rest. Have you memory?"

"Like a parrot."

"Very well; but with all that you have not as yet told us your name. How do you call yourself?"

"They call me Frank at home, and Key of Hearts at the workshop."

"It is a name of happy augury."

The postillon entered the dining room and announced that the horses were attached. They drank a last glass to the future of Frank, whom M. Sosthène, the comic tenor, called *The Voyager of the Hotel de l'Arch*, in remembrance of the bridge under which he found him.

A moment after, the carriage rolled anew in the direction of Vigan, where the little company of comedians were going to make their appearance, and their new recruit, our friend Frank, the prompter.

CHAPTER III.

Two months had already passed, during which the company had given representations in the theatre of Vigan, to the great satisfaction of the subscribers and inhabitants of the town. Frank had made wonderful progress in his new employment, therefore the artists proclaimed him, with common accord, the first prompter of the province. He had hired a little chamber near the theatre. To say how happy he was with his position is to thing altogether impossible, although he earned only sixty francs a week. His chamber cost him fifteen francs a month; as for his expenses for food, he instituted himself his own cook, which signifies that with such feeble appointments he was still able to make economies, with which he purchased his first books—a treatise of grammar, and the poems of Alfred de Musset. The time

not passed at the theatre he employed in study; his education was next to incomplete, therefore he brought a perseverance indefatigable to his studies, which he did all alone, without guide, without professors.

But as he had himself said to M. Sosthène, he had the memory of a parrot, strengthened with the obstinacy of a mule; he wished to learn; he put all to profit in his studies, moral and physical; he found information in everything, nothing escaped him; that which he heard, and that which he saw, stereotyped itself in his memory; he listened attentively to the actors at the rehearsals; he observed minutely the manner in which they spoke, in which they walked, and it was in imitating that he corrected every day still more his common air and his gross accent. As we have said, two months after his stay among them, he was no longer recognizable; he was not yet a dandy, but he was already more than a workman.

Let us make a parenthesis, to say that Miss Elise, the light singer, contributed some little to this metamorphosis.

Chance, since it is agreed to put to the account of this eternally blind god, the extraordinary and unforeseen actions of life, chance had lodged Frank on the same floor with the blonde actress.

She had a voice so sweet, and then she was so good! She had no pride for her humble neighbor, the prompter. She called him in the morning to go to rehearsal.

Frank wished to offer her his arm, but he dared not.

One evening—it was after the representation of the "Black Domino"—Miss Elise had obtained a brilliant success in the rôle of Angela, which she interpreted in an enchanting manner, some young men, the lions of the place, were waiting at the theatre to compliment her and invite her to a supper.

She refused; they insisted.

"I thank you, gentlemen," she replied to them with an underlining smile, "I never sup."

Frank, who heard it, felt an interior radiance.

"At least, Miss, permit me to conduct you to your door," added a compatriot of the Knight of Assas.

"Sir, pardon me if I do not accept your amiable proposition; but M. Frank accompanies me, I thank you."

Frank felt himself taller by twenty cubits, and Miss Elise continued:

"Will you come, M. Frank?"

She took his arm, and after having made reverence, the most graciously mocking, to these gentlemen, she descended the stairs with her improvised guide, whose heart was beating violently.

As we have said, the lodgings of Frank and those of Miss Elise were little removed from the theatre; they were soon reached. Our prompter had not opened his mouth during the whole way. He would have wished to speak, but words came not to him. When the door of the street was closed upon them, Frank entered his chamber and the actress hers. He took a book, but it was in vain that he sought to study, as he always did, a part of the night; the image of his blonde neighbor came placing itself between him and his book.

"How beautiful she is!" said he; "what grace! How melodious is her voice! how fine and delicate! She gave me her arm a little while ago—to me, the prompter!"

Frank regarded art as a worship, and the artists as the priests of this worship; therefore, to his eyes, one of the priestesses had come out from the sanctuary to come to him, the most humble neophyte of the art. He was plunged in an ecstatic reverie, when he heard himself called. The two neighbors had left their lateral doors ajar.

"M. Frank?"

"Do you call me, Miss Elise?" said he, quickly.

"Yes; what are you doing?"

"I—I am going to work."

"Still? you will kill yourself, my friend; you must rest yourself."

"Oh, no, Miss, I have so many things to acquire, that I must work without losing a minute."

"M. Frank?"

"Miss."

"You are a good young man, and you will succeed."

"Oh!" said he, with an inflexion of the voice, free of doubt, "I shall never be a great artist."

"Perhaps. Shakespeare commented like you, by prompting."

"Who is Shakespeare?"

"An English poet."

"Ah!"

"I will lend you his works."

"But, Miss, I do not understand English."

"Therefore it is a translation I wish to lend you."

"Did M. Shakespeare play comedy?"

"Yes, before being an author."

"And is he dead?"

"Long ago."

"You see, Miss, I am an ignoramus; and, as I said to you, I must work still much more."

"You wish to play comedy, M. Frank?"

"Oh, I am so clumsy!"

"Not too much."

"Truly?"

"Truly."

"How good you are. Miss Elise—"

"M. Frank!"

"There are those who by their conduct, almost more than light, expose themselves to scandal; and the world believes they are all alike."

"But you are not of those; and, in my turn, I tell you, Miss Elise, you are a good and honest girl."

"Thanks, M. Frank."

"I told you my feelings without ceremony—with too little ceremony, perhaps; but you will pardon me, because it is the heart which speaks. Oh, yes, it is the heart which speaks, indeed, for I am devoted to you, Miss; and if ever any one of those coxcombs says to you the least word which is not honest, tell it me; and then, 'look out below!' as we said formerly at the workshop."

"You will fight for me?"

"I should think so. You are so sweet, so indulgent to me; you show me so much kindness; you encourage me; in short, I am not ungrateful, Miss, and yet I—dared not, or rather, I cannot say to you that which I feel for you; it is something sweet and good which makes me—"

"It is gratitude, M. Frank."

"Yes, yes, it must be gratitude; you know better than I the names to give things. Yes, it is gratitude."

Frank's voice trembled in his throat; he heard his heart beat.

Miss Elise divined his trouble, without doubt, for she closed the door, in saying to the poor prompter:

"Midnight is sounding from the Hotel de Ville; Good night, M. Frank."

He replied in an agitated voice:

"Good night, Miss Elise."

When he no longer heard his neighbor, he sat down before his little table and began to work with ardor.

"She has said that I shall succeed; should I succumb to trouble? I will not make her lie," he murmured.

CHAPTER IV.

They were going to give a representation as a benefit to M. Sosthène, the comic terror. He stirred himself to compose a blazing post-bill, full of charms to attract the curiosity of the public, and bring them to fill the theatre. Something new was requisite. In the province this was not over easy. The plays are acted successively with an extraordinary rapidity; it is always the same public who hears, and it is necessary, therefore, to vary its pleasures and emotion in the interest of the receipts. It is not rare to see prepared and played three or four new pieces in a single week.

The comedians of the province, slugs apart, are forgers of memory. They must have true talent to make anything of a role learned so quickly—to find and render its effect. The artists were assembled in the green-room.

"Let me see, my friends," said the beneficeaire, and me in finding a good title for my post-bill."

"The Ray Picker of Paris," said one; "this drama is new and makes much money."

"You must have a personal of the devil; another thing."

"Faith, Hope, and Charity; they have just been given to copy; is it not so, Frank?" said another.

For a month, as he could write legibly enough, Frank had been the copyist of the company. The copy brought some little benefit, which increased his apoplexy.

"You fall from Charybdis into Scylla," objected M. Sosthène; "St. Leon, our young lover, is ill; who will play the role of Paul?"

"Very well, and I, therefore."

He who claimed it, had a voice of a rattle, a face of a marlin, and the legs of an ostrich. He played that which they call in the provinces "the great utility."

"You? and your figure—where will you put it?"

"My figure? it is as good as another."

"It is as good as two others—in its way."

A general laugh received the response of the comic terror. Frank made a violent effort to speak; there was a question in his look. Suddenly taking a resolution.

"M. Sosthène?" said he.

"What do you wish?"

"I wish to say to you that—"

"That what?"

"I wish to say to you, that if it is your wish to bring out Faith, Hope, and Charity, I know the rôle of Paul."

"You?"

"Yes; I learned it in copying; and, however—that you please, I—"

And—but—it is an ideal! I asked something new, something extraordinary; here it is: the debut of a prompter; it is magnificent!"

And who will prompt the piece?" grumbled the beneficeaire to the artist's legs.

"Who? You? Zounds!"

"The foremost?"

"Have you not engaged to play the useful. And as there is nothing more useful in a company than a prompter, you should prompt. But you, Frank, will you not be afraid?"

"Afraid! oh, no; let me play, and you will see."

"Ah, has he not chance, this Sosthène?" murmured M. Dubreuil, the comic father of the company.

"He will have a fabulous receipt."

"Without counting the plate," added our ancient acquaintance, the sensitive Miss Agathe.

It is the usage in the province for the artist who has a benefit, to have at the door a plate, presented by a lady, and in which the subscribers and frequenters put generally a five franc piece.

The larger the offering, the greater the proof in favor of the consideration of the artist, be it for his talent or for his creditability. Sometimes this voluntary offering constitutes the only benefit of the artist; because the direction deducts, on the total receipt, from five to six hundred francs of expense, and keeps half of the remainder for its share. Without the plate, the benefit of the actor would be a greater part of the time, illusory.

M. Sosthène was much liked by the public, therefore his plate must be good; and Miss Agathe, who, very different from Miss Elise, supposed often, in anticipation, the honest comic terror or the sum which her host of fancies did not fail to put into his plate.

They began to study the piece at once, and the next day they commenced the rehearsal. The following Thursday one saw on the walls of the town, great yellow bills, worded as follows:

THEATRE OF VIGAN.

BY PERMISSION OF THE MAYOR.

To-day, Thursday, August 14, 1869.

Extraordinary bill for the benefit of M. Sosthène, artist of the company.

First representation of

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

Drama in five acts, by M. Rober; and in greater characters, M. FRANK, for his debut, will play the rôle of PAUL.

The rest was in the style of all theatre bills. The foremost of the beneficeaire was not false; that evening he had a crowded room.

To say that Frank was irremediable in his debut, no, on the contrary; yet the public showed themselves more indulgent for him, and Miss Elise who played in the piece, came to say to him at the fall of the curtain:

"Well, very well, M. Frank, courage; you have made a good debut."

He listened deliciously to the young girl, whose approbation was for him a real triumph, and it was necessary that the comic terror, whose casta-rendered him mute, to say to him:

"Listen, M. Frank. The public calls you; appear quickly."

They raised the curtain, and as Frank, holding one hand of the actress, drew her with him on the stage, the public received them both with a triple shout of applause. This was the baptism of the artist Frank. It was agreed that the new debutant should prompt no more, and that he should play the lover's rôle. But, although they had very fair receipts, the company were soon obliged to separate; they were in the month of September, at a time when the great cities re-opened their theatres. Each artist then sought an engagement in his way, and Frank had the happiness to find one which Miss Elise procured him in a village where she was going to make the winter campaign. M. Sosthène went there also.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Children's Department.

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"We think not that we daily see
About our hearths, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lionel Hunt.)

FAIRY FAVORITA;

OR THE

KINGDOM OF THE MAYBES AND PERHAPSES.

"There is one thing I want to ask," said Favorita, "before we go. Are there no good Maybes or Perhapses, or are they all bent on doing harm?"

"Oh, I ought to have told you," said Chinsu, "about a settlement up on the hillside there, in the strawberry pasture, where you see those beautiful maples scattered about like green tents. On this side of the pasture where the soft moss grows, and the ground-pine, there are some relations of mine—very excellent people. They are all Maybes; but they try to do good rather than harm; and if you will not tell any one, I'll tell you something; I think of leaving these disagreeable people and going to live with them."

"Oh, do," said Favorita; "though I had been thinking of asking you to come and live with me. My mother is one of the kindest of mothers, and I am sure she would be glad to have you."

"Now don't be sure of that," said Chinsu. "She knows all about the Maybes, and she would not have me in the Fern country. It's pretty lucky for you that you happened to fall into my hands, or those old women would have had you half wound up in their silken threads by this time, and like enough would have made a real Maybe of you."

"Oh, but they could not, for you see I am not one," said Favorita.

"The worst of it is," said Chinsu, "that these silken threads so confuse one that they do not know exactly what they are; they think first one thing and then another. I've seen little girls with a silken thread of the Perhapses about them, that first thought one thing and then another; and never seemed to have any mind of their own."

"But do tell me about the good Maybes," said Favorita.

"Oh, yes; as I said, they live up on the hillside. I peeped over into their country once, and found out the way to reach them. The way I happened to know about them was this: one day I found a little boy that thought of stealing a slate pencil, and as soon as he'd really thought it, you know, there was a chance for me. So I stepped close up to his ear, and whispered, 'Maybe no one will ever know'; and then I heard some one whisper close by his other ear, 'Maybe the little girl that lost it has no other, and has no money to get any.' Then I whispered, 'Maybe she has a half-dozen in her satchel and never will miss this'; then I heard, 'Maybe she's looking for it now, poor child, and will cry if she can't find it.'

I can tell you I was vexed enough to find any one trying to prevent the harm I was doing; but I found the boy more willing to listen to me than to the other one, and why, I cannot tell, for she was the sweetest little thing you ever did see, and all the threads she carried were like pure gold; but I got the better of her for all that; and the boy listened to the Maybe that told him to do wrong rather than the one that told him to do right."

"Oh, Chinsu," said Favorita, "how could you be so wicked. I shan't love you at all if you tell me such things about yourself."

"Why, you little simple," said Chinsu, "did not you know that I should not tell if I was not determined that I would not be so mean again. Well, when I got home that day, I asked the old woman about the Maybes that carried the golden threads, and tried to make people do right instead of wrong, and they told me that they were people of no influence whatever; that they kept very busy trying to prevent the harm that we were doing; but that as people seemed more willing to listen to that which would lead them to evil than to that which would keep them from it, the good Maybes did not amount to much. But they look so very happy when I see them, that I really believe I shall go and live with them."

Just over there where you see the beautiful beech-trees, among the blue-eyed grass, live the good Perhapses. They like the Maybes, keep trying to make people do right; but I guess what the old woman said is true—that they are folks of very little influence. But come, or the old woman with the green turban will be after me to know what I am doing. If she should know that I've been telling you all this, would n't I catch it?"

"Catch what?" said Favorita.

"Why, a good sound beating with a grasshopper's claw. Oh, it hurts dreadfully, and I tell you it do n't make me a bit better. I hate all the old women that ever punished me, and I am determined to get the better of them."

"The best way to do that," said Favorita, "is to leave them entirely, and not do their bad work any more."

"That's so, I really believe," said Chinsu. "But come, for already I see that old one turning her head this way; and see, she's sent a spy around by the borders of the cane, just on the edge of that altar leaf, to find out what we are doing. Slip out this way, quick."

Chinsu led the way through a little crack in the alder burr, and they slid down the bark of the stem and were soon out of reach among the tangled meadow grasses. Chinsu led the way very quietly until they came to the little school-house, just at the border of the village.

"I've a good mind to step in here," said Chinsu, "and let you see how much mischief I can do in a minute."

Before Favorita had time to say a word, she saw Chinsu buzzing about among the scholars. She noticed that she always went to those who had a dark atmosphere about them, and Favorita could see that such were not wishing to do right or to be good. Chinsu went to a boy who was saying to himself:

"If I could only cheat on this sum, and write it all down and pretend I worked it out."

"Maybe the master will never find it out," she whispered; and then the boy began to copy the sum out of the book.

Chinsu then went to a little girl that was thinking:

"I'll print these hard words on my thumb-nails, and then I shall not miss." Chinsu whispered:

"Maybe the teacher will not see; maybe you'll get to the head," and the little girl began to print the letters.

Chinsu then went to some little girls that were thinking they'd whisper, when the teacher had forbidden their doing it. She buzzed from one to the other, whispering maybes of all sorts, and the little ones began to whisper.

"Oh, dear!" said Favorita to herself, "what a pity! If only those little girls and boys were acquainted with the mischievous Maybes and Perhapses, I am sure they would not listen to them for a single moment; but I am glad to see some of those good Maybes at work here with their golden threads. How I wish I could tell all the little girls and boys about them, and warn them against listening to evil. I see a beautiful light about the good children, and it is near them that I see the good Maybes at work; but what is Chinsu doing with that great boy? Oh, she's trying to make him tense that little one by putting pins down the back of his jacket. How I wish she'd come away. I believe I will blow my trumpet again; and Favorita blew a loud blast, and all the children thought they heard a mosquito buzzing, and even the teacher brushed his ears.

Chinsu came immediately, thinking some harm had happened to Favorita. "What did you call me away for?" said she.

"Because," said Favorita, "I would not see you do any more mischief; for if you do not stop I shall never believe you will leave those wicked Maybes and go to live up on the beautiful hillside."

"Oh, but I will," said Chinsu; "I only wanted to try my hand once more at my old work, and let you see what I could do. For I thought perhaps you would find out some way of telling little girls and boys about the wicked Maybes and Perhapses."

"That I will," said Favorita. "I'll find some way of warning them."

"And now let us go and find the boy I told you about," said Chinsu. "Did I tell you how I happened to get him into my power? He was not a very good boy, but then he would not tell a lie, or steal. The old woman that I told you about—that wicked, old Maybe—said if I'd take him and wind him all about with tangled threads that she'd make me a new dress out of a buttercup blossom, and trim it with the green threads that she could spin from the clematis hair. I might have known that she would not, but I was simple enough to believe her, and I set to work, and when I once began I would not give up. There he is. Isn't he a miserable fellow? You see, first, I made him deceive his mother, and then, after a long time, I got him to tell a lie, and after that it was easy to make him do anything wrong. Why, last week he really thought of stealing some money from a poor woman! But I began to be ashamed of what I had done, and I would not whisper a single maybe to him. Just see how dark the atmosphere is about him, and see those threads that I have wound about him."

"Poor fellow!" said Favorita, "I wish I could make him listen to me."

"But you see you can't, for do n't you notice how I've tangled up his ears so he will not listen to good, but only to evil. If something is not done he'll make a dreadful man. How easy it is to make bad men from bad boys."

"But, oh Chinsu, I feel as if I must do something for him to help him to be better," said Favorita.

"Well, there's only one way: that is, to keep wishing till you get so bright a light about you that it will shine on him, and then perhaps the good Maybes will have some power over him, or he will listen to some voice of good. If he does, he'll break all the silken threads that I have wound about him, in a moment."

"Oh, I'll wish and wish," said Favorita, "and you shall wish, too, till the poor fellow sees how miserable it is to listen to wrong; but was his face always so homely?"

"Oh, no," said Chinsu, "he was quite a decent looking boy, for you never noticed that his mouth was ugly until he began to pinch it up with his selfishness, and then to push out his lips with anger and hate. And then look at his eyes; how he snaps them and rolls them and looks evil with them! That all comes from thinking bad thoughts. Isn't he a homely fellow, though? But if he'd only have a smile of love on his lips, and love-light in his eyes, he'd be really a fine-looking boy. Why! if people would only try to do right and have love enough, it would be better than all the May-dew they could gather to make them beautiful. I once saw a little girl that had a homely nose, and oh, such a mouth! and dull gray eyes, and everybody said, 'What an ugly woman she'll be!' But she had a dear, good mother who told her that if she had a beautiful spirit that it would be sure to show itself. She grew very good and very loving, and you ought to see her now; nobody would think of calling her homely. The bright light comes into her gray eyes, and the sweet lines seem to curl about her mouth, and even her nose seems as if trying to show love for something."

"That makes me think," said Favorita, "of my dear mother, who is so good and loving, and who will return and miss me. I must go to her; but first promise me that you will do all you can to undo your bad work. Oh, Chinsu, do become a good Maybe and help people to become better! Is there no way you can undo your wicked work?"

"Oh, yes," said Chinsu, "after a time. If I really tried to do right instead of wrong, I begin to bring a beautiful light about me, and that light shining on others, keeps evil away from them. And somehow I am bound to all the evil I have done; I feel it in myself sometimes, and though it is very miserable to think of and feel, yet now I am glad of it, for I can send my goodness back where I left my evil influence, and thus undo what I have done that is so very wicked."

"Oh, how glad I am to hear that, Chinsu!" said Favorita; "and you are very sure you will keep trying until you have made everybody better?"

"Oh, that is not so easy to promise. I find it is not half so easy to influence old people as children. I always worked to best advantage when I whispered to children. I heard an old lady say once, 'As the twig is bent the tree's inclined,' and I believe it's true."

"But what did she mean? I'm sure I don't see," said Favorita.

"Why, you go out into the woods and bend a little tree, and I make it crooked, and you keep at it every day; and as it grows to be a large tree, it will make a crooked tree; and just so it is with children: you make them bad, and most likely you'll have bad men and women."

"I guess that's true," said Favorita; "for I've had a growing fern-leaf that I have been climbing on all summer, to peep over into your country where I was so anxious to go; and I've swung on it, and bent it until it is all out of shape. Oh, I do believe I will begin when I am young to do exactly right, and then I shall be as good a woman as my mother; and that makes me think again that I must return to my home, or my mother will have the whole country out searching for me. I am sure I thank you very much for all you have told me, but I shall so want to hear from you, and know how you succeed living with the good Maybes."

"Well, I'll let you know in this way," said Chinsu; "wherever I go on my missions of good I will drop a little golden seed, and then you will know where I have been. Your mother will never let me come into your country, for little folks hate all the Maybes, good and bad."

"I am sure," said Favorita, "that she would not hate you."

"Well, she would be afraid that her dear daughter would, in some way, become entangled in mis-

chief; and if I was to give you my advice, I would know my own mind, and not be thinking, perhaps this and perhaps that, and maybe it is, and maybe it isn't. There is a plenty of truth, and beauty, and love to be found that you can be certain about without any perhapses."

"I am sure I thank you for your good advice. I don't want you to forget me, and so I wish you to take this chain; it is made from the yellow pollen of the flowers that bloom in May, mixed with the sweet gum that oozes out of the fern leaves, and then made into beads that are molded inside of a poppy seed. If you will wear it, and look at it often, you will see by its brightness whether you are growing better."

"Oh, how beautiful!" said Chinsu. "I will toss over into your home just back of the twinberry blossom, or midsummer's night, the handsomest girdle that I can weave from the soft threads that the spiders spread over the grass, colored in the juice of the buttercups and the heart of the daisies, so that it will look like pure gold. And now farewell, my dear friend. I will lead you back close to the shadow of the quivering aspen, and then you can easily find your own way."

"Good-by, my dear Chinsu. I shall never forget you, and shall keep wishing and wishing about the good you may do, until my light shines like a star."

"And I shall see it on dark nights when I am returning from whispering sweet dreams to little children," said Chinsu. "It glows beside many a fern-leaf, and people are simple enough to call it the light from the damp logs, and the phosphorescent light; but I know better: it is the bright wish of the little folks shining out like a light in the dark places. But look! there is your dear mother, already anxious for you. Good-by," and thus separated Chinsu and Favorita.

Favorita's mother readily forgave her for leaving her pleasant home, as soon as she heard all that Favorita had learned, and how much good perhaps she had done in helping Chinsu believe that she ought to leave her wicked life.

"But, my child," said she, "do n't go near the Maybes and Perhapses any more; they are dangerous people. You must know your own mind, and not be blown about by every thought that comes to you, like a dandelion seed in the June wind. But come, child, let me kiss you, and give you a bit of this sweet honey, and tell you what I saw up among the Columbinas."

Chinsu never went back to the wicked Maybes, but found her way directly to the good ones, who welcomed her most warmly, and she began immediately to undo the harm she had done. It was her mission to whisper to little girls and boys the sweet maybes of love, so that they would say, when they met a poor beggar, "Maybe he has no one to love him; let me do some good to him," and, to the poor, neglected ones, "Maybe their mother never took care of them, watching them tenderly; let me help them to be better and to do right."

So Chinsu became very useful, and grew in beauty day by day, till her light shone like the light of the evening star.

(Original.)

THE HOLIDAY.

"Ah, school to-day!" Thus sighed the children twain,
As their eyes roamed down the shady lane,
Then over their long tasks, and back again.

Ah, school to-day!
Can I say nay to their sweet pleading looks,
And bind them down to their dull lesson-books
This summer day?

"Mother, dear, grant us this one holiday!
Let us spend it all in a free, wild way!
Oh, will you? Will you? Say to us, we pray,
'No school to-day!'"

They find an echo in my yielding eye.
"Mother, a kiss! You are so good!" they cry,
Then speed away.

My rosy girl, with curling locks a-stream;
My sturdy boy, his ruddy face a-beam,
As joyous both, as laughing waters seom,
Are free to-day

To wander where their childish fancy wills,
Through the green lane, or o'er the neighbor's
hills,
How happy they!

The tiniest bloom is hallooed with burst of joy;
A smooth, white shell delights, as finest toy
Would fail to please some pampered girl or boy.
Hark! a bird's lay!

They stop, and list to the wild song, breathless,
As if their thrill of life it could express
Better than they.

They pick the clover's scented globe, and sup
From each pink-tinted, horn-like drinking-cup,
The sweetness its short life had gathered up
For honey-bee.

Then, tufted garlands for their hats she weaves;
She sits upon a stone—he brings the leaves.
'Tis fair to see.

They lift the bedded stone with stealthy care,
Lest for their coming they'd the bugs prepare
To see them quick descend their winding stair
In sad alarm.

They want to dig the thimble creatures out,
To find their homes, and see what they're about;
But fear to harm.

A tiny bird is found dead on the hill.
Their merry looks grow sad, their prattle still.
"Who could the dear, soft, pretty songster kill?"
Pondered the pair.

"Where is its nest? and does its lonely mate,
In watchful, fluttering fear, its coming wait,
Longingly there?"

"Dear brother, we must have a funeral!
We'll drap the tiny dead for burial,
And lay it 'neath its forest ancestral,
In lonely state.

Oh! don't you wish that all the birds would come
To follow it to its low, mossy tomb,
Led by its mate?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! and I should think they could,
If true, that birds once brought a prophet food,
And buried the poor babies in the wood,
'Neath sheltering leaves;

They of sad note, chanting in dirge-like tone,
The sorrows of the sad mate left alone,
Whom death bereaves."

They lay out 'neath a tree a burial-ground,
With drooping weeds and branches ranged
around,
And in the centre form a tiny mound
With moss made green;

And, thinking they'll not fail to come each day
To re-arrange and freshen, stray away
To some new scene.

The rill they seek with ever new delight;
They love to watch its never-ceasing flight,
And wonder if it still sings through the night,
As through the day;

And if the little frogs that, startled, leap,
Are those that through the quiet evenings peep
So tunelessly?

Closely to childhood is the rill allied;
One moment peacefully its waters glide,
Ling'ring to paint the flowers by its side,
With unerring skill,

As each fair scene of summer beauty is
Pictured on pure, reflective memories,
When all is still.

Next, from the summit of the rocky steep,
Seeing its glowing path before it keep,
Until 'tis hidden in the ravine deep,
It leaps with hope;

Begins its downward journey joyfully,
Dancing to its own music gleefully,
From slope to slope.

Thus merrily do children's lightsome feet,
The rill's harmonious song and dance repeat

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

SIXTEENTH PAPER.

TEMPORAL OBSTRUCTIONS TO ITS EVOLUTION, AND HOW TO REMOVE THEM.

THE MISSION OF REFORMERS.

SECOND ACTION CONCLUDED.

The Perpetrations of Depravity.

2. Christianity supplants human fellowship, and creates sectarian animosities.

Know believers make much account of Christian communion; but it is only because they misconceive its essence. In reality it is as superficial, precarious, as often perfidious, and therefore quite as inestimable when understood, as "honor among thieves." For the fellowship of Christians as such is not human in any good sense; neither is it religious in the sense that Jesus defined Religion. It is merely partisan fellowship, whatever Charity, and with no moral principle whatever. It is a fellowship of faith, which may, and often does, partake of morality and benevolence, but only by accident. If one Christian loves another's morality more than that of an unbeliever, it is only for sake of harmony in belief. It is the want of this which makes the gulph of dissension between Christians and non-Christians, and only the partial disagreement of creeds which makes the minor but no less invidious distinctions of Orthodox and Heretic, and all the enmities of Christian sects.

I do not say there is no human fellowship among Christians, but that its savor of charity is extraneous to their religion—springs not at all from their faith in Christ, but from their personal love of humanity, which accords with their individual degrees of human development. Mankind naturally love each other; but individuals often have a greater love for some misconception of self-interest, whose earnest predilections at times to the suffocation of sympathy, as in money-getting and pleasure-seeking by criminal means. It is so among religionists, whose ardor of devotion and zeal for making converts beget a questionable "love of souls" which flouts all love of persons, even to intolerance of discussion and persecution for idolatry's sake. This is all because Reverence in the brains of idolaters (the true designation of all ritual worshippers) overbears and crushes out Benevolence. How else can we account for the history of ecclesiastical abominations, such as the Crusades, the Inquisition, and the Confessionary?—institutions whose only aim has been to proscribe, punish, torture, martyrize and exterminate "infidels," "heretics" and "witches."

I know it is said that Priestcraft was the perpetrator of all these outrages, which the Church in its "primitive purity" had never sanctioned; but I would rather say that the propagandists of faith would never have resorted to coercive measures, had they always retained their primitive impotency. The abuses of priestly power belong essentially to the Church, which is never to be excused from the reputation and dolings of Priestcraft; because the priesthood is the vital part of the Church, inasmuch that the clergy and laity coexist and constitute the body of Christianity. To annul the one would annul the other also.

In fact, Priestcraft came to power at the birth of ecclesiastical authority, which followed the union of Church and State. There never was any corruption of Christianity; but what is misconceived as such, was merely its umbra by unprincipled men, who converted their religion to selfish ends instead of being converted by it. This shows how ineffective is the Church's doctrinal and devotional method of regenerating the hearts of mankind. But prior to this event there was no worldly inducement for men of bad temper to join the Church, or for hypocrites to profess a faith in Christ; and if the Church was always pure until her political marriage, by what worthy motive was she induced to give her hand to the corrupt and lawless power of Constantine? There is no other conclusion from these premises than that Priestcraft was of age before it came to the regal throne, and that the Church of better fame was affianced to the State by lust of dominion, being as ambitious of worldly emolument as any infidel King, long before her nuptials were consummated at Nice.

There is no mystery in these proceedings, when we read the history of the Church as the natural unfolding of Christianity. Paul was the first Christian as well as the first clergyman, and Antioch was the head of the first episcopate. Observe the effect of the faith in his mind, and you will not wonder at its like effect on later minds, nor at their more disastrous ultimations when coupled with less urbanity and learning, and seconded by monarchical powers. Paul as a Jew was a violent persecutor. As a Christian with equal authority he would have been the same in another direction, as we may safely conclude from his subordination of Woman's rights, as well as from his epistle to the Galatians, wherein he says: "If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed." Calvin did no worse than this when he first procured the martyrdom of Servetus, and then, relenting a little, petitioned for his burning with dry fagots instead of green.

The same spirit of ecclesiastical domination pervades and leaves the Church to-day as in all past time. See the present attitude of Episcopacy toward the authors of certain liberalizing "Essays and Reviews," and its hasty action on the writings of bishop Coleue, whom it spitefully deposes for advising that Revelation be read a little more in the light of Reason. See also the prompt withdrawal of "the Right Hand of Fellowship" from Charles Beecher for manifesting his good will to diminish the seeming chances of human perdition, by attempting to enlarge and improve the Orthodox conception of "saving grace." And finally, what is more ridiculous but not less significant, behold the angry pushing of the very "little horn" of Adventism against its enlarged Elder Hull, who is accused of infidelity to Solomon's creed, (that "the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward,") and of seeking the more welcome evidence that the hope of mankind for life after death is to be realized. These events plainly indicate that Priestcraft here and there is as alive as ever, only devoid of power; that the animus of sectarianism is the same in essence from first to last—the same in Paul the first as in Leo the Tenth stoutest vicar of God, and only stronger in him than in the obscurest deacon of Orthodoxy. In fact, Papacy was born before the Pope, whose function is merely the complement of Episcopacy. It is about as old as the Christian era, and will survive the ancient Chair of St. Peter. As Pio Nino sways his subtle sceptre beyond the sea of Rome, so the spirit of Priestcraft, whose first apostle was a persecutor of Jesus, will die out of mind only with the last grasp of faith in Paul's mystery of God and godliness.

3. Christianity is at variance with the Gospel of Jesus, and so the greatest earthly hindrance to human salvation.

Jesus was an advocate of the only True Religion. I do not suppose he either uttered or conceived the whole of religious truth; but it is evident from the imperfect account which we have of his teachings, that his thought was only too great and his speech too significant for the comprehension of his would-be disciples. What he taught the evangelists therefore reported in the guise of mystery, and their writings have been subsequently garbled and distorted to a sort of chime with Paul's. Yet the device has failed. The simultaneous gospels "according to" the originals, by oversight of Priestcraft and in spite of pious fraud, contain in faithful translation some of "the gracious words" of Jesus himself; and from these fragments of his doctrine it is easy to deduce its sum and substance. It is by this research that I am authorized to say that what is commonly called "the Gospel of Jesus," is more expressively designated as his *announcement* of the Gospel of Nature and Reason. There are two points in his teachings by which his character as a Rationalist is fully established, though the adherents of his name have only failed to Christianize it for eighteen hundred years.

First. Jesus announced the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. "Call no man your father upon the earth," said he; "for One is your Father, who is in Heaven. Neither be ye called masters; for One is your Master, and all ye are brethren." "Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend to my Father, and your Father; to my God, and your God." "Love your enemies—that ye may be the children of your Father who is in Heaven. For he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father who is in Heaven is perfect." "What man is there of you who, if his son ask for bread, will give him a stone? or if he ask for a fish will give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is in Heaven give good things to them that ask Him." "How think ye? If a man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine and go into the mountains, and seek that which is gone astray? And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep than of the ninety and nine which went not astray. Even so it is not the will of your Father who is in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

This assertion of the Divine and human relationship, and the consequent Paternal Love of God, is a perfect abnegation of the Christian tenet concerning his estrangement from and disinclination toward mankind; and its logical implication is very much broader. It implies as forcibly as the *ergo* of any syllogism, that Man, instead of having lost the favor of God through his own moral fallibility, has rather the fullest assurance of immortality and ultimate happiness through the unyielding compassion of his Heavenly Father. Therefore said Jesus, "he that keepeth my saying shall never see death." In the vulgar acceptance of the word, but only such changeable forms of *Life* as are necessary to the attainment of immortal blessedness. "But they" whom he addressed "understood not that he spake," or rather *what he said* "to them of the Father"—that God himself must die of grief to see his children die; and that this predicament of Divine Love, to such as heed, refutes the creed of any soul's perdition—that Reason saith there is no death, but only Life's transiency. Yet this was his very thought, if not his frequent utterance.

But how is this conclusion to be reconciled with the tremendous fact of human wretchedness? If God lets his children suffer to-day, who knows but he always will? What though

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast?"
Experience yet in Hope's authentic test:
"Man never is, but always to be, blest."

This is the reasoning of partial intelligence, which neither dispels nor sanctions doubt. He that has learned to question principles, instead of mortal facts, knows more to his heart's content. Wisdom's answer was given to the rocks of Olivet, which echo still to the ears of the nineteenth century. For, in response to this query—

Second. Jesus announced the sovereignty of TRUTH, and the need of intelligence as the guide to happiness. He taught that all evil springs from ignorance and depravity, and that knowledge, reformation and righteousness are the only means of deliverance therefrom. "To this end was I born," said he, "and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the Truth. Every one that is of the truth, heareth my voice." And to such as heard with marvel's ears and simple faith in his teachings, he presented the importance of a better understanding. "If ye continue in my word," by earnest inquiry and patient investigation, "then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free"—free from all the consequences of misconception and error whose aggregate is Evil. Therefore, "seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness," whose revelation is Nature and whose revealer is Reason. "Seek"—not blindly, as by wishing, but with all your powers of intelligence. "Seek, and ye shall find" no evil but of human making; that Nature is the method of Divine Benevolence, yet "Order is Heaven's first law;" and therefore howsoever ye pray to God, "Thy kingdom come!" It can come and will come only in and through the development of Human Nature—only in and through the education of each and consequent righteousness of all. "Seek; but take heed how; for every one that seeketh, findeth" only what is sought, and sought in truth. Then take life's lesson—learn as ye live, and "strive to enter in at the straight gate;" of happiness; since the only way to Heaven is the art of living well.

This is the Gospel of Jesus in a nutshell—the glad tidings from the inner life of Man—the good news in the ears of mooping mortals, that *nobody* is lost forever, but only for the present in a maze of error, from which the angel WISDOM, yet to be born of human Progress, shall lead forth every soul to see its large possessions and know itself immortal—to find that *Life*, when all have learned to live, is something more than the heart has ever wished or Hope has seemed to fable. It is therefore the Gospel of ALL—the Gospel of Life to every seeking soul.

And why are mankind so long in learning this Gospel—these outlines of Truth, or simple rudiments of Wisdom? It is not because, like some of Paul's writings, they are "hard to be understood." They are as apprehensible as anything in the name of science, as easy to learn as the four rules of arithmetic. It cannot be for want of teaching, either; for though the living disciples of Jesus seem to have died almost with the cadence of his mortal voice, his similitudes in religious aspiration have been, through all the later ages, as numerous as the heretics of the Church and martyrs of her bigotry. And latterly his equals in religious intelligence have multiplied in proportion to the waning powers of priestcraft, until to-day there are thousands who seem born and dedicated

to his very mission; that of bearing witness to the truth. Yet Christians, even in this nineteenth century of their mistaken adoration, are as ignorant of the Gospel of Life and real love of Jesus as any Heathen under the sun. Why is this? I ask again; for the question is all-important, till every child of faith is made to answer.

It is one of the dolings of Superstition—it is all because of Christianity. Christians can learn nothing of Rationalists in these days, for the same reason that the Jews could learn nothing of Jesus in his day. He often noted the fact, and stated the cause of it in the words of Isaiah, whose earlier attempt to inculcate the same Lore of Life was rewarded with a like popular failure. "For the heart of this people is waxed gross," said he, "their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed." "Why do ye not understand my speech? even because ye cannot hear my word." That is, *Faith in fancy* has no ears for Truth, whether it concerns one falsehood or another—whether it be the Jewish or the Christian faith. Paul found no ears in Jewry even for his anti-typical Judaism. Being repulsed in every quarter, he turned to the Gentiles for reader converts, and left the Jews looking at the face of Moses still, veiled as it was, with no notion that the youthful glory of his aged countenance had departed. "But their minds were blinded," said Paul; for Moses put a veil upon his face, and "until this day remaineth the same veil untaken away in the reading of the Old Testament." "Even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart." That veil was Superstition; and a like veil is on the mind of every Christian in reading the Bible. Therefore the Book is never read intelligently, but only with devotion—never with inquiry, but with all the reverence of implicit faith—faith, not in what it teaches, but invariably in what it is presupposed, and by ecclesiastical authority, pre-ordained to teach. This is why Christians generally know less of the Bible than their so-called infidel opponents. For the same reason you cannot tell a believer any truth which ought to shake his faith. He seems as one that will not hear, but verily he can not, neither can he understand. The root of all his seeming obstinacy is, that *Superstition* is a paralysis of Reason, inasmuch as the former obtains. Christianity and Rationalism are also totally incompatible, and cannot coexist. A Rationalist therefore cannot be a Christian, neither can a Christian be a Rationalist. The one must be infidel to the other. A Christian may reason well of everything except his religion; of that he does not and cannot reason at all. That is a thing of blind reverence, concerning which he exercises no rational faculty and enjoys no intelligence.

From this view of the subject it is plain that Christianity hinders the salvation of believers, and through them that of the world, in two ways: first, by preventing a knowledge of the Truth; and secondly, by substituting a false for the only true method of salvation. The Truth alone will show us what we must do to be saved, as well as the root of universal Evil from which we seek deliverance. To know the truth is therefore the beginning, and to live it is the consummation of Heaven on Earth, as well as above the skies. But this is what Christians are slow to learn. Then they mistake the end, almost as much as the means, of salvation. They give themselves much needless alarm and anxiety about the fabled wrath of God, from which they seek escape in the world to come through faith in an equal fallacy; that of "imputed righteousness," in zeal for which all real righteousness becomes as "filthy rags." Thus the only means of human salvation is completely set at naught; since the root and branch of earthly Evil are ignorance and depravity, and deliverance from these by everybody's knowing and living the pertinent Truth, is the only desideratum for Heaven's sake.

My picture of Depravity and the perpetrations thereof, is now nearly complete. From a comprehensive glance at what I have written, it appears that all the various evils of human endurance are chargeable to the dolings of Avarice, Intemperance, Conceit and Superstition, respectively; except certain monstrous ones, such as War, Piracy, Despotism, Slavery and the Great Rebellion—the hundred-fold "Reign of Terror" of the nineteenth century; of which I will intend the reader to say only that they are the combined dolings of that whole quaternity of evil-workers. Every ruffian ruler, like Nero; every warrior like William the Conqueror; every plunderer of nations from Nimrod to Napoleon, has been prompted by all these evil spirits. Without an imp of Avarice, Intemperance, Conceit and Superstition, all as one—that is, of integral Depravity, there had never been a slaveholder, nor a rebel to good government. What shall be done to expel from Earth, from this nursery of young immortals, these infernal foes to human peace and the happiness of yearning angels?

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER FOUR.

BY WARREN CHASE.

A philosophical religion is not only a novelty, but an innovation, since religion has ever claimed a superiority over philosophy, and always ignored it when a conflict arose between them. Spiritualism, being both a philosophy and a religion, must make the latter conform to the former, and all its ceremonies must be rational and consistent, or they are not of Spiritualism; hence the prayer of the Spiritualist cannot consistently be read from a book of older date, nor uttered in the meaningless sentences of common pulpits, but must be *done*, in deeds, not words—pray for the poor by carrying them the needed food and raiment—pray for the slave by liberating him—pray for the ignorant by enlightening him—pray for the wicked by forgiving and saving them—pray for the outcast from church or society by taking them in and restoring them—pray, as Fred Douglass did, by running—use the head, hands and heels.

Sacrifices, too, should be of a useful character, not of goats or lambs, of mint or annis, nor of Jesus or any other atonement, but of narcotics and stimulants, rum, tobacco, coffee, pork, condiments, gossip, profanity, vulgarisms, and silly fables. All of these belong to Christianity, with its rivals and revivals, conversions, confessions and backslidings; but our philosophy must develop us out of them, and many more evils; then there will be no work for Christianity, and no use for its prayers or atonement.

Our popular religion develops us up to the law as written in the statute of the State, seldom above it, for where slavery is legal, it is in and of the religion; and so of drunkenness, of cheating, lying, (as in our system of trade,) of swearing, (as in courts,) of adultery, (as in marriage, where it is sanctioned by law and religion, and is one of the most common and wicked practices of the age.) But step outside the law, and our popular religion has no "higher law" standard, because it has no philosophy of life, but rests on fables and falsehoods for much of its authority; as for instance—"It is not that which entereth in at the mouth

which defileth the man," etc. Tobacco making sad and mad, rum making drunk, pork entailing serfdom on offspring, etc., do not defile by that religion; but by ours, whatever science, reason, philosophy, prove to be injurious to us and the race, our religion rejects; and with us, adultery, or any other abuse of one sex by the other, is equally a crime, in marriage as out of it, and the same wicked deed, when sold as an indulgence by priest or magistrate, as if done without such license.

A Christian may purchase a license and sell liquor by law, when he believes it wrong to do it without a license; but philosophy would teach that, if wrong, no law or license could make it right; and, if right, no sum of money paid, or license granted, could make it more so, or make it wrong to do it without, save as a revenue tariff, justified only by expediency. So of adultery, or sexual license; as no law or gospel can make it right or wrong, if it is sold as an indulgence, the Government should have the price, and it should be regulated by the value of the victims, and counted the price of blood or life, as it often proves to be. Well, there is hope for the race, but it lies only in the direction of the philosophy and new religion of Spiritualism. There is a "good time coming," but we must work, as well as wait, and our philosophy and religion must go into practice and mold our lives to them.

Chardon, O., Nov., 1864.

REMEMBRANCE OF JUNE ROSES.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Blooming in ruby clusters—maiden blush;
Golden with 'prisoned sunbeams; white with love
And purity's own lustre; 'mid the hush
Of dreamy noon, curtained with blue above,
And circled by dense, emerald shadows, wove
Of fairy tracery. O'er the summer-life,
Evoked of fullness, heart-deaths, happy dreams,
Lingers no footprint of the war-world's strife;
Only the music-flow of Eden-streams,
'Mid the illumined, smiling landscape gleams.

The roses tell the sun-bright tale of hope,
Fruitful, peace, unto the listening soul;
Slowly the portals of the dream-land open;
We list the golden tides of Eden roll:
Fulfillment nears its own divinest goal.

Days of enchantment! not for me the glow
Of the perennial beauty-charm that hides
In the sweet flower-life; for the human woe
That burdens, and the discipline that chides,
With me along the valley-path abide.

Yet, of the fragrant, varied rose-domain,
Bright, transient glimpses of deep, inner truth,
That is balsamic to earth's mightiest pain,
I glean from that calm summer-realm of youth,
With crown of penance and with heart of ruth.

Bright, ruby clusters, royal diadems
For the fair, placid brow of maiden June,
Imprisoned sunbeams, vestal-guarded gems
For me the soul-hymns of their love attune,
'Neath mid-day stillness, and the crescent moon.

And all-sufficing for the day and night
Of inner warfare, oft of sleepless pain,
Is the assurance of the conquering light;
The earth less balanced by the heavenly gain,
The sceptered glory of your heart-domain!

June Roses! blessed be your memory, speech,
You potent ministry of love and grace!
Commissioned of celestial Love to teach;
Ordained of Beauty in the lowliest place,
To open Joy's gateway to our sorrowing race—
To lead them upward, past the heart-dreams rife
With bitter disenchantment's ferrency,
Unto the contemplative heights of life,
Unto the soul-mounts of victory—
Rose-circled fanes of Immortality!
Lansdale, Illinois, 1864.

Chimes and Chats.

Worshipping Mammon is the besetting sin of this age. If we were as anxious to see this war come to a favorable termination as we are to deck ourselves in rich and fashionable habiliments, we would throw some of our surplus money, that we expend needlessly, into the United States Treasury, as installments on the 10-40 or 7-30 Bonds, if we were not willing to make a gift of it outright.

There are some noble men and women yet, thank heaven! who are willing to sacrifice a portion of what might be lavished in dress and ornaments, for the good of our noble Union, the safety of our glorious flag, and the well-being of our gallant soldier boys. We have our "Florence Nightingales," for which, God be thanked! How much higher in the scale of moral worth stand those loving, brave-hearted females who devote their smiles and tears, their strength and years, to the well-being of our suffering soldiers, than our gaudily decked women who see trailing their satins and laces through the streets, bent on being the admired of all admirers? What a sad mistake the poor things make, for who would covet the admiration of those who alone would admire such criminal extravagance? None but those as senseless and brainless as themselves, will turn from a plain, but neatly dressed, figure, to gaze with anything like admiration on such a walking showcase of fashionable goods. Men and women of the nineteenth century ought to be intelligent enough to distinguish between the outside glitter and the inner worth.

This war has stolen our treasures from us—those treasures which we prize above gold and jewels—our home and heart treasures. Our firesides are desolated, and our home-circles broken up. The Death Angel has crossed the river and borne thousands and thousands of our dear ones beyond the turbid waters. Our country's fairest blossoms and fruitage of priceless worth have been swept with a ruthless hand from its surface, leaving darkness and desolation in its mighty fingerprints. We are passing through an ordeal that is trying men's souls; and there is no prospect of a brighter time until our quality is proven, and we all can see wherein we are found wanting. It is a dear school through which we are passing; but we trust and hope we may graduate with well-earned honors.

The whole North is taking lessons that will reflect to her credit in more ways than one. If we had been allowed to sit idly by, as we have done, and allowed other countries to furnish us our necessary staples, we should still have been ignorant of the strength and resources of which we are master. Now look at the North. What product is there but for which she can supply a substitute?

Supposing goods should run up to unheard of prices, our farmers—who are the heart and sinews of the Republic—can supply the home demand, so that they can at least live, and be warmly clothed, although they may not be decked out so brilliantly as the Government and railroad Shoddyites one meets with at every turn. Our farmers, at least, are independent. With home-made linen for summer wear, and woolen for winter, they are supplied with clothing, independent of imported merchandise. Then with their poultry, eggs, bees and swine, grain of all sorts, nice, fresh butter and delicious sorghum syrup, they are supplied with provisions of all sorts. And yet brainless city-bred sneer and scoff at them, because, forsooth, they are not foppish and complacent to their broad-cloths and mousches.

Mus. MATTESSON.

Hundley, Ill., 1864.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Answer to a Sealed Letter.

I wish you would publish the following correspondence, Mr. Editor, as I think it will be interesting and instructive to many of your readers. No mortal, except myself, knew anything about the questions. They were sealed securely, and I feel positively sure the seals had not been disturbed when the letter was returned to me.

The following is the copy of the sealed letter addressed to the spirit of J. P. Trask, for him to answer, through the mediumship of J. M. Friend: "FRIEND TRASK: As you kindly answered some questions which I asked for publication, I wish you would answer, through the same medium, the following:

Is it not heaven worship, as we call it, to build extravagant meeting-houses, and erect monuments where the earthly remains of our friends are deposited, as it is for them to worship the gods they do?

Should we not show our regard for the Christian religion much more by obeying the precepts and following the examples of Jesus Christ, and teaching and practicing all that was high and holy in the lives of our friends?

Has the Creator given one man or any body of men a right to compel me to do what my own conscience tells me is wrong?

Have not all governments usurped the throne of the Creator that compel their subjects to do what they feel convinced is wrong?

If we commit a wrong act against any of our fellow citizens while here in the body, will it not be the kindest thing our friends can do for us after we pass to the spirit-land for them to right that wrong?

THOMAS HASKELL.

THE ANSWER.

THOMAS HASKELL—My Esteemed Friend—Through the love and kindness of God the Father, I am permitted this hour to draw near enough to earth to communicate a few thoughts through the land of this medium. And while I contemplate the wondrous mercy and love and tender care of the all-wise Creator, my soul is filled with thankfulness and praise. How different are my present ideas of God from those I entertained while an inhabitant of earth. Then I loved and obeyed Him only through fear; now I worship Him because of His goodness, mercy and tender love, and for all His works.

In relation to your first question, I would say, that had I my earthly life to live over, and could see things as I now do, I would never aid, by money or otherwise, in erecting costly dwellings wherein to worship the living God, but would be in favor of changing such buildings already erected into dwelling-houses for the homeless; and the means we have hitherto used for such buildings, I would have appropriated to feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. As I now understand God-worship, it does not consist in spending several hours of a certain day in a large, costly, elegant church; nor in wearing long faces and making long prayers to be heard of men, but in loving our enemies, doing good to all, and dealing justly with our fellow-men.

My ideas and feelings are much changed from what they were when I said I wanted to see God excited and man debased! The only true and acceptable worship of God is in exalting him in all good and noble things, in teaching him to respect himself. Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

We take no pride nor pleasure in any costly monument that our friends may erect to our memories. Much happier should we be in seeing those we have hitherto used for such buildings, as was noble and good in us, and shunning those things which we now see were wrong, than in any such demonstration of their regard for us.

If our friends wish to show their affectionate remembrance of us, the truest way would be for them to make right, so far as in their power lies, every act of wrong or injustice, great or small, that we committed while on earth, whether from ignorance or any other cause.

I approve of no organization, either of Church or State, that infringes in any degree on the personal rights and liberties of its members. No man nor party of men have a right to control, by force, the actions of any human being against his or her better judgment. It is for each one to judge for himself, in all things, what is right, and act according to his highest convictions. But while I strongly urge this point, I do not mean to tell you to shut your eyes and ears against a light that your neighbor may have received. Be ready and willing to hear the ideas and opinions of others, and receive them just so far as you can conscientiously make them your own.

Hoping to converse with you on these things more at some future time,

I remain your friend,

J. P. TRASK.

Remarkable Spirit Manifestation.

There is living in this place an accomplished engraver, who has latterly been somewhat a subject for the control of unseen powers, and has for some little time past been made to write characters like the Chinese, etc. His hand mechanically writes legibly, in the style usual to most writing mediums of that class. He is also made to draw pencil pictures of likenesses and landscapes, which are very fine. Last Saturday, Sept. 24th, the artist was made to produce a landscape drawing of about fourteen inches in length, in a little less than twenty minutes. On Sunday morning last, he desired to find a suitable frame in which to preserve the picture, and noticing the one containing the picture of President Lincoln, concluded it would answer, and he would give "Father Abraham" a better enclosure. So the representation of the President was removed, and the new landscape was taken up to be placed in the frame, when there were discovered, on the white part of the sheet, just above the drawing, two large drops of blood, (so it appeared,) and a small spatter of the same. The artist tried to remove the stains, but is said to find that he has been unable to do so. They still remained there when I saw the picture. Soon after the occurrence of the blood, the medium's hand was controlled and wrote as follows:

"FRIEND OF PROGRESS—We have this morning given you a good test of spirit power, by showing you in your spirit drawing a symbol of the times—a removal of Lincoln from his present office is represented by symbol. The stains of blood you witness on your drawing signify that you may look for times of blood in case another party takes the place of your present executive."

I have been as brief in the above narration as I well could.

L. K. COONLEY.

Elyria, Ill., Oct. 2, 1864.

Spirit Portraits.

A short time ago I wrote to Mr. Anderson, Spirit Artist, of New York, in reply to an advertisement in the Banner of Light, requesting him to paint me a picture of a little boy I buried about four years ago. I enclosed a lock of hair and gave his age, stating also, that he died of scarlet fever, which I believe was all the information I gave. About three weeks after, I received by express, the likeness I sent for, and also one of a boy I buried eleven years ago—good likenesses. It is proper to state that I never heard of Mr. Anderson till I saw his name in the Banner of Light, and in writing I did not mention having buried more than one child. It is true I had a feeling—a sort of foreknowledge that I should receive the two pictures. Does anybody want better evidence of the truth of Spiritualism? of the immortality of the soul? I look at those pictures and thank God that I know my children still live! What a glorious reality!

Mr. Anderson will please accept my thanks for the extra picture until better paid, as I intend he shall be.

HENRY TURNER.

Louisville, Ky.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE
JUDGE TALLMADGE.

BY PROF. S. D. BRITTAN.

NATHANIEL POTTER TALLMADGE was born in the town of Chatham, Columbia county, New York, Feb. 8th, 1783. His father, Joel Tallmadge, was a man of sterling integrity and incorruptible patriotism. In the war of the Revolution he served his country with fidelity, and was present to witness the surrender of General Burgoyne, in 1777. The family is of Saxon descent as the name (originally Tollenmache) plainly indicates. According to Burke, "It is flourished with the greatest honors, in an uninterrupted male succession in the county of Suffolk since the first arrival of the Saxons in England, a period of more than thirteen centuries. Tollenmache, Lord of Bentley, and Stoke Tollenmache, in the county of Oxford, lived in the sixth century, and upon the old manor house of Bentley is still the following inscription:

"Before the Normans into England came,
Bentley was my residence and Tollenmache was my name."

At a very early age the subject of this sketch displayed an earnest desire for knowledge, and the perseverance in its pursuit that stops at no trifling obstacle. While yet at the district school where the family resided, he chanced to get hold of an old Latin grammar, and immediately determined to master the language. He subsequently pursued his classical studies under the tuition of William H. Maynard, who at length became distinguished as a lawyer and statesman. Young Tallmadge commenced his collegiate course at Williams College, in Massachusetts, where he remained nearly two years, when he removed to Schenectady, and finally graduated with honor in July, 1815.

Mr. Tallmadge commenced the study of law at Poughkeepsie, in the office of his kinsman, General James Tallmadge, who then stood in the front rank of his profession. He was a close student, and when other young men, professedly engaged in similar pursuits, were returning home late at night from convivial assemblies, he might be seen alone, by the dim light of his lamp, absorbed in his studies. At the age of twenty-three, Mr. Tallmadge was admitted to the bar; in 1824 he began to take an interest in political affairs; and in 1828 he was member of Assembly from Dutchess county. In the same body were such men as Eliza Williams, Erastus Root, Francis Granger, Benj. F. Butler, Luther Bradish, Ogden Hoffman, Robert Emmett, and others scarcely less distinguished. Mr. Tallmadge soon ranked with the most prominent members of the Legislative Assembly, and during the revision of the Statutes he took an active part, discussing with acknowledged ability the most profound questions of political economy and jurisprudence.

In 1829 Mr. Tallmadge, at the earnest solicitation of his democratic fellow-citizens, reluctantly consented to be a candidate for the place made vacant by Peter R. Livingston, who had gone over to the opposite political party. He was accordingly nominated and elected to the Senate without formal opposition. HON. JOHN V. EDMONDS was an influential member at the same time. Mr. Tallmadge took his seat in January, 1830, and soon became distinguished as one of the ablest debaters in that body. He had always sustained the Canal policy of De Witt Clinton, and when a chairman of the committee on Canals was wanted, the choice fell on Mr. Tallmadge. At the same time the subject of Railroads began to attract public attention in this country. No man in the State was better informed in respect to the experiments in Europe than Mr. T., and his information was embodied in an elaborate Report to the Senate, in which he discussed the feasibility of a Railroad along the bank of the Hudson, and intimated that travelers, in haste to reach their destination, would soon leave the stream for the shore, and the spectator be "amazed at a velocity which only lags behind the celerity of thought." Twenty years elapsed and the Hudson River Road was completed! The extreme limit of navigation is now within five hours of New York; the flow of busy life, and the currents of our inland commerce, are all unchecked by winds and tides; and we are no more exposed to arbitrary arrests under the despotism of Winter.

Before the expiration of his term in the Senate of New York, Mr. Tallmadge was elected United States Senator for the term of six years, and entered upon the duties of that office in December, 1833. He was the youngest member of that body; but his talents, both as a lawyer and a legislator, made him conspicuous even among the eminent orators and statesmen of the generation that has just passed away. He exerted a powerful influence during the slavery agitation in Congress. Mr. Calhoun maintained that the Senate should not receive petitions for its abolition; either in the District of Columbia or elsewhere. Mr. Tallmadge took a firm stand against him, insisting that the people had an undoubted right to offer any petition to Congress, and that, so long as such petitions were couched in respectful terms, the Senate was bound to receive them. The Senator from South Carolina could not let the matter rest, and at length Mr. Tallmadge took occasion, in a masterly speech, to present the subject in its essential principles, its historical relations and its practical bearings. Mr. Van Buren was in the chair and the Senate chamber was crowded with anxious listeners. Mr. Calhoun was not prepared to reply; many Southern Senators admitted the great force of the argument for the right of petition, and the President of the Senate personally complimented Mr. Tallmadge for the sound discretion and distinguished ability which characterized his speech. When Mr. Calhoun subsequently returned to the subject, he was promptly met and silenced by the Senator from New York.

It was near the close of his first term in the Senate that Mr. Tallmadge felt constrained to oppose certain measures recommended by Mr. Van Buren, which excited the displeasure and hostility of the latter. Mr. Tallmadge was not the man to be either intimidated by denunciation or diverted from the purpose inspired by his sense of duty. The controversy was pointed and vehement. The press, in the interest of Mr. Van Buren's administration, charged Mr. Tallmadge with political apostasy. The last personal interview between those gentlemen was characterized by great freedom and not a little asperity of speech. The President insisted that the Senator from New York did not comprehend the spirit and wishes of the people. "I will show you," said Mr. Tallmadge, "that I do understand the people. I am one of them—born in the same county with yourself. But I am much more recently from amongst them than you are. You have been abroad, luxuriating on aristocratic couches, and mingling in lordly associations, until you have forgotten what constitutes a Republican People." "Well," rejoined Mr. Van Buren, "we shall see." "Be it so," said the Senator from New York, "Thou shalt see me at Philippi."

Mr. Tallmadge did not misjudge in presuming that the public sentiment would sustain him. The sympathies of the people were with him; and on his return to New York from the Congress-

sional Session, he was honored with a grand ovation. An immense cavalcade met him at the steamboat-landing and escorted him through Broadway to the Astor House. The streets were thronged and his presence excited the greatest enthusiasm. In the evening he was honored with a public reception at National Hall.

Mr. Tallmadge proceeded to organize the democracy of the State with a view of preventing the reelection of Mr. Van Buren. This purpose was fully accomplished, and in the succeeding national canvass the latter was defeated. General Harrison was the presidential candidate of the Whigs, and Mr. Tallmadge would have been the choice of the nominating Convention for Vice President, but he declined the nomination. Had his personal ambition been equal to his ability, he would doubtless have been numbered among the Presidents of the United States. In January, 1840, he was returned to the Senate, and his reelection was regarded as a triumph of principle over partisan restraints and the unscrupulous exercise of executive power. The following announcement of the event, by the *Eastern Argus*, will suffice to indicate the light in which his success was regarded:

"We hail the return of Mr. Tallmadge—the great CONSERVATIVE CHIEFTAIN, who refused to quail beneath executive denunciation and party ostracism—to the Senate of the United States, with the most profound and heart-felt joy. It bespeaks the vitality of principle, and the triumph of a righteous cause in the land."

Our distinguished friend was offered a seat in General Harrison's Cabinet, and subsequently a foreign mission, both of which he declined. At the close of the session of 1844, Mr. Tyler nominated him for the office of Governor of Wisconsin. Mr. Tallmadge had just purchased lands near the city of Fond-du-Lac, with a view of making it a permanent home. After mature deliberation, he resolved to resign his seat in the Senate and accept the place offered him by the President. His nomination was at once unanimously confirmed by the Senate. During his Senatorial career he served on the Committees charged with the management of the "Public Lands," "Naval Affairs" and "Foreign Relations," of all of which he displayed the same industry and ability. At the commencement of Mr. Polk's administration Governor Tallmadge was superseded by the appointment of Governor Dodge. He subsequently took an active part in organizing the State Government, and was offered the nomination of Judge of the Supreme Court, which he declined, preferring to retire to private life.

We extract the following from a small volume of "Sketches of United States Senators," published at Washington in 1839:

"Mr. Tallmadge deserves an eminent place in the distinguished body to which he belongs. His style is lucid and classical—he reasons with force and nervous energy. His language is copious, and his powers of illustration always apparent. His speeches are frequently interspersed with poetic allusions, which appear—not like awkward strangers—but fitting with ease the context, and the subject matter to which they are applied. This is a legitimate exercise of the credit system in letters. Scholarship and literary attainments are evident in everything that escapes him."

The period that has elapsed since Mr. Tallmadge withdrew from the political arena may have somewhat obscured his record in the common mind; but we are reminded that he rendered the State essential service by his earnest advocacy of some of the most important reforms. He was one of the first to urge a reduction in the rates of postage; and every beneficent public measure—whether designed to check executive usurpation, to enfranchise labor, or otherwise to guard the liberties of the people and the sanctity of law—received his cordial support. We cannot forget his indignant condemnation of every form of injustice, and his supreme devotion to principle; nor can we be unimpressed of the intelligent and liberal influence he once exerted in our State and National affairs, and the large place he occupied in the public confidence and esteem.

In May, 1852, the attention of Governor Tallmadge was first directed to the claims of Spiritualism, by his seeing a communication from Judge Edmonds in a leading New York journal. Until then he had regarded the whole matter as a delusion. But he had long been familiar with the Judge, and associated with him in the relations of private and public life; he had the utmost confidence in his integrity and capacity, and on learning that his distinguished friend had become a convert, he could no longer presume that the subject was unworthy of respectful consideration. In speaking of the Manifestations and of Mr. Edmonds, he observed that he should do great injustice to him, and to those with whom his own opinions might have weight, should he longer hesitate to pursue his inquiries in that direction. "I felt," he continued, "that I should despise myself, and that I ought to be despised by others, if, without investigation, I should presume to express opinions against the Manifestations, regardless of such authority for their truth." His investigation, conducted in a candid and serious spirit, but with a caution and independence inspired by a rational skepticism, resulted, at length, in his accrediting the Spiritual origin of the Phenomena. Once satisfied, his freedom of mind and his moral courage prompted him to follow the noble example of the Judge in an open declaration of his faith. He attempted no concealment in any quarter, but disclosed the results of his investigations and experiences in several well written communications, addressed to the *National Intelligencer*, the *Spiritual Telegraph*, *Spiritual Age*, *Banner of Light*, and other public journals.

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Value of Some Things.

Prof. Liebig, the great chemist, says that England has, within the last fifty years, purchased phosphates enough from other countries for one hundred and thirty million people, while she has permitted her own phosphates to run into the sea. If this folly continues, he asserts that the depopulation of Europe must finally take place. The London Spectator answers in reply to this charge: "We have, it seems, even ransacked the fields of Liepsie, Waterloo and the Crimea for bones. May not our Government get a hint as to national defences from these wallings? If we can weaken all other nations and therefore strengthen ourselves by buying phosphates, may it not turn out a cheaper method than building iron-clads? At least to the ardent patriot and agriculturist the groans of Liebig may be taken as some set-off against the pollution of our rivers and vastness of our sewage."

EXEMPT CLERGYMEN.—Two Catholic clergymen of Kentucky having been drafted last September, application was made to the Secretary of War, who at once gave direction that the "reverend gentlemen drafted in Kentucky be not called upon to report for service until specially ordered by the Secretary of War. The Provost Marshal of their district will so inform them." A like favor has been extended to several clergymen in Missouri, who are ostensibly "released on parole." This practically exempts these gentlemen, who, it is understood, will never enter the service until the Secretary of War makes a call on them.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMDENWELL, LONDON, E.S.U.
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

Health and no Health.

Much, if not everything, depends on a firm and fixed state of health. It is the foundation of all the good things for which we make exertion. We can begin to realize what it is worth to us, when we find how miserable and helpless we are without it. It should impress us frequently with the marvelous wisdom and power of Providence, to study the laws, so many of them mysterious and reconcile, by which health is maintained. Physiologists say that the laws of disease are just as beautiful as the laws of health; which only shows that nature has established her divine rule over all things, and that she works as beautifully in her efforts to heal and cure, as she does to defend and preserve. In both aspects, the evidences are divine.

Of late years it has been too much the custom to pay all attention to the mind, as if by looking closely after that, the whole work of life was most effectually accomplished. The very close relation of the body to the mind has been, in too many instances, altogether ignored and forgotten. "Sana mens in sano corpore"—is an old motto, and an excellent one; besides, it is a necessary matter that body and mind should be looked after at the same time. Once let the body become impaired in respect of its strength, and the mind becomes sick, likewise. Or, on the other hand, when the mind is disordered and ailing, there can be very little physical health really worth enjoying. Many a feeble mind do we see, which is feeble because the body cannot sustain and invigorate it; and many a feeble body is to be found, which appears to lack nothing but a vigorous and healthy and active mind to supply it with living resources.

We have somewhere met the statement that no human mind is at all times sound and in a state of health. This assertion may be much too sweeping to be altogether true; and still so much of it is undeniable as that no human mind can be wholly healthy which is yet in alliance with a healthy physical system—the one acting upon the other continually, and being in turn reacted upon. If it be true that there can be no healthy state of the mind unless the physical conditions are wholly favorable, it must of course follow that the mental action is directly and perpetually affected by the state of the physical health. No deduction in logic can be clearer.

We must, therefore, each one of us look out for our health; while we labor to improve and enlarge our minds, we must take especial and equally tender care of our bodies. Half the false opinions, or notions, rather—which are current in society, about religion, about politics, about social advancement, about the eagerness for riches, and about literature, proceed from a lack of physical health with which to recruit the energies of the mind in forming its views and making up its opinions. Intellectual men break down in life just when they should be vigorous and strong. They are diseased bodily, and therefore mentally, too. What is wanted is a simple care for the health. The nervous system needs to be strengthened, so that it shall not seem to control every other part of the life. Proper exercise shall be taken; sufficient sleep should, above all things, be allowed; and an equal play of animal spirits shall be regarded as the first condition of usefulness and happiness.

Spiritualism Here and Elsewhere.

Never was there a time since the advent of our beautiful Philosophy, that the people took so great an interest in it as to-day. Lyceum Hall is crowded every Sunday afternoon and evening, even to repletion, with the most respectable and orderly people, to listen to the eloquent lectures delivered by Mrs. Hatch. The Banner of Light Free Circle Room is well filled on the afternoons of Monday, Tuesday and Thursday of each week, with people anxious to obtain a full knowledge of the New Dispensation, to listen to the voices of spirits from the land of the Hereafter—the educated and the uneducated—each manifesting the characteristics of their earth-life; and many visitors are often gratified by receiving messages from their relatives and friends who have passed on. Mr. Foster's sances are also well attended, and numerous marvelous tests given through his instrumentality. Many other mediums permanently located here, hold circles, at which the most convincing proofs are given of the truth of the spiritual phenomena. These great facts cannot be winked out of sight by the skeptical world, however much they may attempt to bring ridicule upon Spiritualists or Spiritualism. We have reports, too, from abroad—particularly the West—favorable to the progress of our cause. Thank God, the scales are fast falling from the eyes of many who have been long groping in the darkness of old theology, and they are now finding their way out into the broad sunlight of Spiritualism. We welcome them all the bond and the free, the infidel and the Christian. With Truth, Justice and Freedom for our watchword, all the hosts of evil combined cannot impede the advance of the mighty car of Spiritualism, in which the best minds of the world have already embarked.

Giving It Up.

It is become so plain that denial will no longer answer. Slavery, at least in Kentucky, is dead by the operations of the war. When a Journal like the Louisville Journal confesses to the fact itself the leading press of the whole southwest, it may be set down as something which it is perfectly safe to believe. The Journal, since election, styles slavery there "a worn-out and decayed institution." It does not now appear to be so much a question of how the institution shall be preserved, or if it can be preserved at all, as in what way it can be got rid of with the least damage to the other interests of the State. Progress is verily making. The new condition of things will soon be admitted in all the States of the Union.

A Touch of Political Economy.

It is not always in the professedly "political" papers that we are to look for the most intelligent discussions of political questions—any more than we should necessarily hunt up and down those sheets which are professedly "religious" to find the profoundest or fairest discussions of religious questions. Whoever has ideas on any subject, whether religious or political, is at liberty in these times to advance and advocate them. It is a pretty well established fact that real aggressive action in any direction, such as indicates enlargement of the old boundaries and progress generally, does not come from parties and sects already established, nor yet from the recognized organs of those parties and sects. Those who spend their lives in conserving are not the ones who desire to alter and improve.

Now to rid ourselves, as a people, of the effects of political corruption, is a question often asked, but not as often met with a satisfactory answer. So long as temptation exists, so long we may expect to find large numbers of men to succumb to its power. It has again and again been urged in reply to this protest against political corruption, that the people, in the first place, require to be educated above the reach of it, and in the next place, that none but good and moral men ought to be elected to public office. When the skies fall, we shall certainly catch larks; when human nature is something which it is not now, it will not require so much discipline and restraint; when temptations cease to exist, we shall have a class of public men of whose liability to be tempted we need fear nothing.

What, then, is to be argued from this condition of things, all the while growing worse instead of better? Some would hastily say that people were of course growing worse very fast, and that very soon there would be little or no hope of them. They would grasp at the despondent view, because it happened to be the one nearest them. But that would be hasty, as we have already characterized it, and would be extremely superficial. There is a sounder and better view; let us attend and see, in few words what it is:

What is wanted, in order to work the desired improvement in present affairs, is to remove the temptation. So simple a cure as this is sure to be effective. Decentralize the power which has been in the habit of bestowing its gifts. Take away the offices from the central power which has been made strong by this very endowment. Give up offices for the people at large to distribute them. They will be bestowed more equitably, because by those who know for themselves what sort of service is required, and who is best capable of rendering it.

Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together. It is as plain in these as it was in the old times. All that the State should be asked for is to preserve order between its citizens, leaving them to the free growth of their individuality without curb or restraint. Other interference than this, whether by the exercise of power or the bestowal of official gifts, which is made to be nothing more nor less than partizan bribery, is so much actual oppression of the individual, since it to that extent cramps, distorts, and interferes with his freedom and free conduct.

Our publicists will be called upon to look into this thing in due time. Unless something of the sort shall be done, what we have all along thought to be our freedom will prove to be no more than our curse. We may as well come under one kind of tyranny as another. It is all equally destructive of the individual life and growth. With less patronage, we can have a simpler and purer government.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch.

Our friends will be pleased to learn that this excellent lecturer has been reëngaged and will remain here another month. She will speak in Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening during the month of December.

Two full audiences again greeted her on Sunday, Nov. 20th. She gave a broad and liberal exposition of the aims and duties of Spiritualists, in the afternoon, from this text: "What is your creed?"

In the evening, the audience were allowed to select the subject for a lecture, when they chose the following:

"What is our best evidence of immortality outside of the Bible? And shall we have personal identity and live with all our faculties, affections and memories?"

The manner in which the lecturer treated this subject appeared to give unusual satisfaction to the audience, and especially so were the answers given to the many questions which were propounded at the close of the address.

Those who desire to hear this eloquent lecturer should avail themselves of this, for the present, last opportunity.

Miscellaneous.

We some time since stated the fact that the silly pamphlet bearing the above title, which was put forth during the recent canvass, was got up expressly for electioneering purposes, and to attempt to force upon the Administration party its paternity; but it utterly failed of its end. It now comes out, by a confession duly made by a New York correspondent of the London Herald, that the pamphlet was concocted by a couple of writers for a certain opposition sheet in New York—the same paper which invariably devotes whole columns to ribald and blasphemous misrepresentations of Spiritual Conventions. We have known the fact all the time. And although the correspondent of the London Herald must have a fling at Spiritualism, he took good care not to lug the Banner of Light into his list of papers "sold" by the humbug pamphlet in question. We informed the Boston Traveller of the hoax on the start, hence the "shrewdness" of the "political press," which the letter-writer sagely alludes to.

Gen. Grant.

Our Lieutenant General has recently made a flying trip to New York, incoy. Very few persons know he was there, until he was gone. He missed a train going from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and while walking the streets of the former city was recognized by a soldier, who at once made known his great discovery. Of course an immediate reception was the result. Gen. Grant had an interview with Gen. Scott, when in New York, who gave him his autograph on the fly leaf of his autobiography, inscribed, "From the oldest to the ablest General in the world."

Sanitary Salaries.

As much talk has been made about a large share of the Sanitary Commission Fund going into the hands of those who were employed to run the machinery of the society, Dr. Bellows, its President, has stated once for all, in a speech, recently made by him in New York, that the board of officers receive no remuneration, and that the only considerable salary is that paid Mr. Olmsted, five thousand dollars a year—who could earn more than that in other ways. The men generally employed have been engaged for moderate salaries.

New Books.

THE BOSTON BUSINESS DIRECTORY, Vol. III. Published by D. Dudley. 1865.

This is a volume of over three hundred pages, containing the names of all business and professional men in this city, their business and location, with an alphabetical index referring to every name; Maps, Municipal Register, etc., etc. The map of the city is a fine affair, so also the one giving the harbor and the cities and towns in the vicinity of this city. The work is very useful for all business men.

ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS for 1865. By J. J. Thomas.

This favorite annual contains a fund of useful information. It is profusely illustrated with one hundred and thirty engravings, and is full of excellent suggestions for the farmer and horticulturist. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE, THAT IS THE QUESTION," is the title of a little book of forty odd pages, being a well written letter by "The Major," in which he endeavors to maintain the exploded idea of non-immortality. For sale by James McAdams, 74 State street.

THE HISTORICAL MAGAZINE for November has been received. A good historical record.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Dora Darling; or the Daughter of the Regiment, from J. E. Tilton; Life in the Woods, from Crosby & Ainsworth; the Adventures of Rob Roy; and Romantic Belinda, a book for girls, both from the same firm.

A Free Platform.

The Spiritualists of New York last year established a society for the dissemination of the highest truths of religion and philosophy, independent of creed, party or sect, believing in the power of truth over the human mind, when free from the limitations of human authority, and selected Rev. Fred. L. H. Willis as the regular speaker. This society still hold meetings at Ebbitt Hall, No. 53 West 33d street, every Sunday morning and evening.

We call especial attention to these free meetings, for the purpose of asking our friends in the great metropolis to see to it that they are not allowed to languish for lack of material aid. Any donations may be forwarded to Rev. F. L. H. Willis, No. 102 West 27th street, or to Mr. J. P. Snow, the treasurer, 130 Grand street.

David Gray.

This youthful Scottish poet, whose collected poems are just now exciting popular attention, died, as one writer remarks, "with his foot upon the threshold of manhood, and the first taste of life upon his lips." He was but twenty-three years of age at his decease. The son of an honest Scottish weaver, whose chief aspiration was that his boy might be educated and become a minister of the Scottish Church, he found his way, alone, and unknown, to London, and there took a cold in consequence of wandering about without a place to lay his head, all night, in Hyde Park, and died of consumption. His poems are all tender and truest productions of the inner man. They possess a large share of that subtle, but indescribable spirit, which we call inspiration.

Upward Prices.

We see that the Lyceum Lecturers, with others, have been putting up their prices this season. Beecher and Gough, who are reputed to be able to draw as well as those who draw best, now ask a hundred and fifty dollars, instead of their former hundred, "cool" as that was; while the lower strata have "thanked God and taken courage"—to borrow the language of Paul—and have so far imitated the example set them as to charge one hundred dollars, where they charged but fifty dollars before. We actually think a good live lecturer, who is intelligent and cultivated as well as enterprising, earns all his money. Very few men of ability would consent to put themselves to such inconvenience as he does, for what little he earns during the very worst season of the year.

The National Sailor's Fair.

We have had nothing equal to it in Boston, this many a year, for delightfulness of every kind. What heightens the pleasure so many thousands have already received from it, too, is the fact that it has netted quite sufficient to make "Poor Jack" a welcome and attractive home, after his active cruises shall all be done. The collection of curiosities has been indeed wonderful; gifts for raffles have superabounded, and many a lucky person has been tickled with what he never expected to get; beauty has been crowded densely into the different halls; and all has gone merrily as a marriage bell. We think New York, now, might afford to take up the matter where Boston has left it, and see if by some means the fund cannot be carried to half a million of dollars.

Through the Country.

That portion of country through which Gen. Sherman is at present passing, is reported to be abundantly stocked with the productions which he will particularly need for the subsistence of his forces. There are sweet potatoes, yams, corn, fodder, and hogs in plenty. The farmers have just got their harvests into their barns and granaries and cribs, and Sherman will find the same all ready gathered to his hand. There are no serious obstacles to his march through the country, and the rivers and streams he will have to cross are slight, and can readily be got over. Savannah is not well defended on the land side, but Charleston will give him more trouble. Savannah, too, is the nearest point on the coast that Sherman could make from Atlanta.

D. D. Hume's Readings.

Mr. Hume reads in Hartford, on Monday, Nov. 28th. Thence he goes to Philadelphia and Washington. Of his readings in this city the Transcript says:

"The readings from the poets by Mr. D. D. Hume, the celebrated medium for the so-called spiritual phenomena, took place at the Melionian on Thursday evening, and were very cordially applauded by the audience. Mr. Hume has rare imitative powers, and shows a fine appreciation of all the effective points in his readings. We can readily believe that both Thackeray and Ruskin were sincere in their praises of his elocutionary powers. His rendering of the poem, entitled 'The Young Gray Head' was excellent, full of pathos and expression. We hope Mr. Hume will repeat his readings."

In the Field Again.

It will be seen by our list of lecturers, that Samuel Underhill, M. D., has resumed his labors in the lecturing field. He intends to devote some time in the States of Pennsylvania and New York, filling some engagements he made in the spring, but, on account of sickness in his family, was unable to fill at that time.
