

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 5.

FITZ ADAM'S STORY.

The next whose fortune 't was a tale to tell
Was one whom men, before they thought, loved
Well,
And after thinking wondered why they did,
For half he seemed to let them half forbid,
And wrapped him so in humor, that on death,
'T was hard to guess the mellow soul beneath;
But, once divine, you took him to your heart,
While he appeared to beat with soul as part,
Of life's impertinence, and once a year
Betrayed his true self by a smile or tear,
Or rather something sweetly shy and loath,
Withdrawn are fully shown, and mixed of both.
A cynic? Not precisely; one who thrust
Against heart too proud to love and trust,
Who so despised false sentiment he knew
Saw in himself to part the false and true,
And strove to hide, by roughening o'er the skin,
Those cobweb nerves he could not dull within.
Gentle by birth, but of a stern decayed,
He shunned life's rivalries and hated trade;
On a small patrimony and larger pride,
He lived untroubled on the Other Side
(So he called Europe), only coming West
To give his old-world appetite new zest.
A radical in thought, he pulled away
With shrewd contempt the dust of usage gray,
Yet loathed democracy as one who saw
In what he longed to love, some vulgar flaw.
And, shocked through all his delicate reserves,
Remained a Tory by his taste and nerves.
His fancy's thrill, he drew all ergos thence,
And thought himself the type of common sense,
Meeting women, not from cross or whim,
But that his mother shared too much in him,
And he half felt that what in them was grace
Made the unlucky weakness of his race.
What powers he had he hardly cared to know,
But sauntered through the world as through a show.

A critic fine in his haphazard way,
A sort of mild La Bruyere on half-pay,
For comic weaknesses he had an eye
Keen as an ad for an alkali.
Yet you could feel, through his sardonic tone,
He loved them all, unless they were his own.
You might have called him, with his humorous twist,
A kind of human entomologist:
As these bring home, from every walk they take,
Their half-crowns stuck with bugs of curious make,
So he filled all the lining of his head
With characters of men and of the dead,
And had a cabinet behind his eyes
For all they caught of mortal oddities.
He might have been a poet—many were—
But that he had, or feigned, contempt of verse,
Called it tawdry language, and held rhymes
The young world's luxury of vulgar times.
Bitter in word, too indolent for gall,
He satirized himself the first of all.
In men and their affairs could find no law,
And was the ill logic that he thought he saw.

Scratching a match to light his pipe anew,
With eyes half shut some missing whiffs he drew,
And thus began: "I give you all my word,
I think this week-Decameron absurd;
Boccaccio's garden how bring that to pass
In our bleak clime save under double glass?
The moral east-wind of New-England life
Would snip its gay luxuriance like a knife;
These foreign plants are but half-hardy still,
Die on a south, and on a north will chill;
Had we stayed Puritans! They had some heat
(Though whence derived, I have no account),
But you have had us raked up like the fire:
Where they had faith, you've ten sham-Gothic
spires.
Why more exotics? Try your native vines,
And in some thousand years you may have vines;
Your present grapes are harsh, all pulps and skins,
And want traditions of ancestral vines.
That saved for evenings round the polished board
Old lava-fires, the sun-stopped hillside's board;
Without a Past, you lack that southern wall
O'er which the vines of Poesy should crawl;
Still they're your only hope; no midnight oil
Makes up for virtue wanting in the soil.
Manure them well and prune them; 't won't be
France,
Nor Spain, nor Italy, but there's your chance.
You have one story-teller worth a score
Of dead Boccaccio, nay, add twenty more.
A Hawthorne spinning spinnings' most sacred breath,
And him you're treating pretty well to death.
However, since you say so, I will tease
My memory to a story by degrees,
Though you will cry, 'Enough! I'm well-nigh sure,
Ere I have dreamed through half my overture.
Stories were good for men who had no books,
(Fortunate race!) and built their nests like rooks
In lonely towers, to which the Jongleur brought
His pedlar's box of cheap and tawdry thought,
With here and there a fancy fit to see
Wrought to quaint grace in golden filagree;
The morning newspaper has spoilt his trade,
(For better or for worse, I leave unaided),
And stories now, to suit a public nose,
Must be half epigram, half pleasant prose.

"All tourists know Shobog County; there
The summer valleys are
Dress to see Nature in a well-bred way,
As 't were Italian opera, or play.
Encore the sunrise (if they're out of bed),
And pat the Mighty Mother on the head:
These have I seen—'all things are good to see—
And wondered none at their company.
This world's great show, that took in getting up
Millions of years, they finish ere they sup;
Sights that God gleams through with soul-tin-
gling force
They glance approvingly as things of course,
Say, 'That's a grand rock.' 'That's a pretty fall,'
Not thinking, 'Are we not the world?' What if all
The scornful landscape should turn round and
say,
'This is a fool, and that a popinjay?'
I often wonder what the Mountain thinks
Of French boots creaking o'er his breathless brinks,
Or how the Sun would smile the chattering crowd,
If some fine day he chanced to think aloud.

"I, who love Nature much as sinners can,
Love her where she most grandeur shows—in
man
Here find I mountain, forest, cloud, and sun,
River and sea, and glow when day is done;
Nay, where she makes grotesques, and molds in
just
The clown's cheap clay, I find unfading zest.
The natural landscape wears by year's rite,
As deer shrink northward from the settler's fire,
And he who loves the wild game-flavor more
Than city-fests, where every man's a bore
To every other man, must seek it where
The steamer's throb and railway's iron glare
Have not yet startled with their punctual stir
The shy, wood-wandering brood of Character.
There is a village, once the county town,
Through which the weekly mail rolled dustily
down,
Where the courts sat, it may be, twice a year,
And the town tavern reeked with rustic cheer;
O'er the quiet street, now a single light,
Red-man and pale-face bore it equal spite.

"The greater part of this poem was written many years ago,
to form part of a story, and is to be considered as a
made up of tales in verse, some of them grave, some comic.

"When first arrived, I chilled a half-hour there,
Nor dared I move, for such was a single chair;
I caught no cold, yet flying plumes could find
For weeks in me—a rheumatism of mind.
One thing alone surprised there had power

The railway ruined it, the natives say,
That passed unweary fifteen miles away,
And made a drain to which, with steady ooze,
Filtered away law, stage-coach, trade, and news.
The railway saved it, so at least think those
Who love old ways, old houses, old repose.
Of course the Tavern stayed; its genial host,
Though not of fitting more than did the post,
On which high-bred the fading signboard creaks,
Inscribed, 'The Eagle Inn, by Ezra Weeks.'

"In life's journey you should ever find
An inn medicinal for body and mind,
'T is sure to be some drowsy-looking house:
Whose easy landlord has a bustling spouse;
If, like you, you will not long forgo
Some bottle deep in cobwebbed dust laid low,
That, since the War we used to call the 'Last',
Has dozed and held its long-ancestral memories fast,
From him exhales that Indian-summer air
Of lazy, lazy welcome everywhere,
While with her toll the napery is white,
The china dusts, the keen knife-blades bright,
Salt dry as sand, and bread that seems as though
'T were rather sea-foam baked than vulgar dough.

"In our swift country, houses trim and white
Are plucked like tents, the lodging a night;
Each on its bank of baked turf mounted high,
Perches impatient o'er the roadside dry.
While the wronged landscape coldly stands aloof,
Refusing friendship with the upstart roof,
Not so the Eagle; on a grass-green swell
That toward the south-west sweet concessions fell,
It dwelt retired, and half hid grown to be
As aboriginal as rock or tree.
It nestled close to earth, and seemed to brood
O'er homely thoughts in a half-conscious mood;
As by the pent that rather fades than burns
The smouldering grandeur nods and knits by
turns.
Happy, although her newest nests were old
Ere the first hostile drum at Concord rolled;
If paint it e'er had known, it knew no more
Than yellow lichens splattered thickly o'er
That soft, low-lying, less dark beneath the eaves,
Which the slow breeze and weather leaves.
The ample roof sloped backward to the ground,
And vassal lean-tos gathered thickly round,
Patched on, as sire or son had felt the need,
Like chance growths sprouting from the old roof's
seed.
Just as about a yellow-pine-tree spring
Its rough-barked darlings in a filial ring,
But the great chimney was the central thought
Whose gravitation through the cluster wrought,
For 't is not styles far-fetched from Greece or
Rome,
But just the Fireside, that can make a home;
None of your spinning-here? ones, nor I said,
Like pins stuck through to stay the card-board pile,
It rose broad-shouldered, kindly, debonaire,
Its warm breath whitening in the October air,
While on its front a heart in outline showed
The place it filled in that serene abode.

"When first I chanced the Eagle to explore,
Ezra sat listless by the open door;
One chair careened him at an angle meet,
Another nuzzled his head against the seat;
Upon a third reposed a shirt-sleeved arm;
And the whole man diffused tobacco's charm.
'Are you the landlord?' 'Wah! I guess I be,'
Watching the smoke, he answered leisurely.
He was a stoutish man, and through the breast
Of his loose shirt there shone a rambling chest;
Strained really as a wind-forbidding iron;
His tanned cheeks curved to temples closely shorn;
Clean-shaven he was, save where a hedge of gray
Upon his brawny throat leaned every way
About an Adam's apple that beneath
Bulged like a bowlder from a fuzzy heath.
'Can I have lodging here?' once more I said.
He blew a whiff, and, leaning back his head,
'You come a piece through Bailey's woods, I
s'pose.
Across a bridge where a big swamp-oak grows?
It don't grow neither; 't's been dead ten year,
Nor 't's a live tree either; 't's a dead tree.
Can't tell 't will kill it; but I some mischief
't was borer, there's a sech heaps on 'em about;
You did n' chance to run agin' my son;
A long, slab-sided youngster with a gun?
He'd ought to be back here 'n an hour ago
'An' brought a bunch of birds to dress for supper—Shol
Then he comes here, 'S'Ob, 'S'Ob, 'S'Ob, 'S'Ob,
(He'd 'er some upland plover like as not.)
Wal, them 'r real nice uns 'n 't at A I,
Ef I can stop their beln' over-does,
Nothin' rile me, (I pledge my fastin' word),
Eh cookin' out the nature of a bird;
(Ob, you pick 'em out of the 'n' an' sound,
Your man 'an don't love no feathers cluttrin'
round.)
Jes' scare 'em with the coals; that's my idee.'
Then, turning suddenly about on me,
Wal, Square, I guess so. Calibrate to say?
I'll ask Miss Weeks; 'bout that 't's her to say.'

"Well, there I lingered all October through,
In that sweet atmosphere of hazy blue,
So leisurely, so soothing, so forgiving,
That sometimes makes New England fit for liv-
ing;
I watched the landscape, erst so granite plumb,
Bloom like the south side of a ripening plum,
And each rock-maps on the hillside make
His ten days' sunset doubled in the lake;
The very stone walls dragged up the hillside
Seemed touched, and wavered in their roundhead
wills.
Ah! there's a deal of sugar in the sun!
Tap me in Indian-summer, I should run
A juice to make rock-candy of—but then
We get such weather scarce one year in ten.
'There was a parlor in the house, a room
To make you shudder with its prudish gloom.
The furniture stood round with such an air,
There seemed an old maid's shot in every chair;
Each looked as it had scuttled to its place
And pulled extempore a Sunday face,
Too snugly proper for a world of sin,
Like boys on whom the minister comes in.
The table, fronting you with lay state,
Strove to look wildest that its legs were bare,
While the black-cloth with its drowsy hair pall
Gloomed like the bier for Comfort's funeral.
Two portraits graced the wall in grimest truth,
Mister and Mistress W. in their youth—
New England youth, that seems a sort of pill,
Half wish-I-fared, half Edwards on the Will,
Bitter to swallow, and which leaves a trace
Of Calvinistic chills on the face.
Between them, o'er the mantel, hung in state
Solomon's temple, done in copperplate;
Invention pure, but meant, we may presume,
To give some Scripture sanction to the room.
Facing this last, two sunflowers you might see,
Each, with its urn and stately weeping tree,
Devoted to some memory long ago
More faded than their lines of wasted woe;
On paper decked the frames against the flies,
Though none e'er dared an entrance who were
wise.
And bushes ananias in fading green
Added its shiver to the Franklin clean.

"When first arrived, I chilled a half-hour there,
Nor dared I move, for such was a single chair;
I caught no cold, yet flying plumes could find
For weeks in me—a rheumatism of mind.
One thing alone surprised there had power

To hold me in the place that one half-hour—
A scotchman this, a helm-armoured shield,
Three griffins argent on a sable field;
A relic of the shipwrecked past was here,
And Ezra held some old-world lumber dear;
Nay, do not smile, I love this kind of thing,
These chestnut-backed, with a broken wing,
This real estate in Fanny's pipe-blown hall,
This less than nothing that is more than all!
Have I not seen sweet natures kept alive
Amid the humdrum of your business hive,
Undowered splinters sheltered from all harms,
By force imagined of a coat of arms?

"He paused a moment, and his features took
The fitting sweetness of that inward look
I hinted at before; but, scarcely seen,
It passed for a shadow on the pane,
And, rapping his black pipe of ashes clear,
He went on with a self-derived cheer—
'No doubt we make a part of God's design,
And break the forest-path for feet divine;
To furnish foothold for this grand provision
Is good, and yet to be the mere transition—
That you will find it in the fashion here.
I scarce like to feed the oars by-and-by;
My skill has somehow never closed the suture
That seems to bind you firmly with the future,
So you'll excuse me if I in sometimes fail
To be the past's warm nightcap o'er my brain;
I'm no more in fact than in fashion here.
But then your northeast winds are so severe!

"But to my story; though 't is truly naught
But a sort of legend in memory's sketchbook caught,
And which may claim a value on the score
Of calling back some scenery now no more.
Shall I confess? The tavern's only bar
Seemed (be not shocked!) its homely-featured
bar.
Here snatched a fire of beechen logs, that bred
Strange fancies in its embers golden red,
And, pursued the loggerhead whose hissing drip,
Timed by nice instinct, creamed the mug of flip
Which made from mouth to mouth its genial
round.
Nor left one nature wholly winter-bound;
Henceforth the linking and all-piercing pipe
For Uncle Reuben's talk-extinguished pipe,
Henceforth the heat, as from an in-door sun,
That wove forth many a shoot of rustic fun.
Here Ezra faced as king by right divine;
No other rule had such a wholesome shine,
No laugh like his so full of honest cheer;
Above the rest it crowded like a Giant's peer;
No eye like his to value horse or cow,
Or gauge the contents of a stack or bowl.
He could foretell the weather at a word,
He knew the haunt of every beast and bird,
Or where a two-pound trout was sure to lie
Waiting for the hook that made its life;
Nay, once in autumn fire, he had the luck
To drop at fair-play range a ten-tined buck.
Of sportsman true he favored every whim,
But never cockney found a quill in him.
A natural man, with all his instincts fresh,
Not buzzing helplessly in Redoubt's mesh,
Firm on its feet stood his broad-shouldered mind,
As bluffly honest as a northwest wind;
Hard-headed and soft-hearted, you'd scarce meet
A kinder mixture of the shrewd and sweet;
Generous by birth, and all at instincts kind;
From this he looked after ten years' time;
Yet in a bargain he was all men's foe,
Would yield no inch of vantage in a trade,
And give away ere nightfall all he made.

"In this one room his dame you never saw,
Where reigned by right the old adage lay;
Here, as he told me, the old throne of oak,
And every tongue was unfiled if he spoke;
Due mirth he loved, yet was his sway severe;
No clear-eyed driver got his stagger here;
No measure was happiness; who wanted more,
Must buy his ruin at the Deacon's store;
From this he looked after ten years' time;
Yet in a bargain he was all men's foe,
Would yield no inch of vantage in a trade,
And give away ere nightfall all he made.

"As if with him 't were winter all the year,
At his paw-head he sat with decorous pains,
In sermon-tone could foot his weekly gains,
Or, with closed eyes and heaven-abstracted air,
Could plan a new investment in long prayer;
A pious man and thrifty too, he made
The pious and prophetic partners in his trade,
And in his orthodoxy straitened more
As it enlarged the business at his store;
He honored Moses, but, when gain he planned,
Had his own notion of the Promised Land.

"Soon as the winter made the sledding good,
From far around the farmers hauled him wool,
For all the trade had gathered 'neath his thumb;
He paid in groceries and New England rum,
Making two profits with a conscience clear,
Cheap all he bought, and all he paid with dear.
With his own note-and-measure every load,
Each somehow had diminished on the road;
An honest cent in Jethro still would fall
By a good foot upon the Deacon's scale,
And, more to abate the price, his glint eye
Would pierce, to catclucks that none else could
say.
Yet none dared grumble, for no farmer yet
But New Year found him in the Deacon's debt.

"While the first snow was meanly under foot
A team drawled creaking down Quonopagan
street;
Two corals of oak weighed down the grinding sled,
And constable fodder rustled overhead;
The oxen's muzzles, as they shouldered through,
Were silver-frosted; the driver was blue
As the coarse frock that swung below his knee.
Behind his load for shelter huddled he,
His mittened hands now on his chest he beat,
Now stamped the stiffened cowhides of his seat,
Hushed as a ghost; his arm-pits crackled cold,
The wadded blanket slippers bright with cold.
What wonder if, the tavern as he past,
He looked and lounged and stayed his beasts at
last.
Who patient stood and velled themselves in steam
While he explored the bar-room's ruddy gleam?

"Before the fire, in want of thought profound,
There sat a brother-towman weather-bound,
A sturdy churl, crisp-headed, bristly-eared,
Red as a pepper; 'twixt coarse brows and beard,
His eyes lay ambushed on the watch for fools,
Clear, gray, and glittering like two bay-edged
pools.
A shifty creature, with a turn for fun,
Could swap a poor horse for a better one—
He'd a high-stepper always in his stall;
Liked to sit near, and he tended there withal.
To him the in-comer, 'Perez, how'd 'y do?'
'Just as 'I mind to, Obet; how'd you?'
Then, his eyes twinkling such swift gleams as run
Along the levelled barrel of a gun
Bright to his shoulder by a man you know
Will tell you your horse's name, he continued, 'So,
I s'pose you're hauling wood? But you're too
late;
The Deacon's off; Old Spillfoot could n' wait;
He made a bee-line last night in the storm
To where he won't need wood to keep him warm.
Young lumps as missionaries, hopes to gain
That way a contract that he has in view
For sheep-proof pitchforks of a pattern new.
I must have tickled him, all drawbacks weighed,
To think he stuck the Old One in a trade;
His son, to start a new one, was n' worth a cent,
And all he'd left would hardly serve to sweat at.'

"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS."

BY J. M. BECKETT.

To H. S. Chapman—
DEAR SIR—I see in the BANNER OF LIGHT
for March 24 a reply from you to Dr. Child on
the Ten Commandments. There is one idea sug-
gested to my mind by your reply that I wish to
put upon paper, as it refers me back again to
doubts, and the origin of those doubts, which are
now many years old. I quote the following as
constituting the portion relevant to the foregoing
remark:
"The Ten Commandments are, I believe, a
special divine revelation; such a revelation as it
did not please God to give any other people save
the Hebrews; and among other things in proof, I
put in as main evidence of this, that on the score
of good morals and good life they are unexcep-
tionable, and contain within themselves the theory
of a perfect life."
You seem to think it "of no moment to inquire
whether these Commandments were personally
delivered by a personal God, or were delivered
by angels, or were the invention of Moses, since
their divinity must be sought for not in the man-
ner of their coming, but in the substance with
which they come."
I beg your pardon, but I think it is of some mo-
ment to inquire in what manner and by what
means such revelations are derived. If you re-
ceive a vulgar satire, containing in its compo-
sition a single spiritual or poetical gem, of surpass-
ing sweetness, purity, or grandeur, would you
deem a claim to special revelation for the whole
satire well founded because of this single episode?
If the Commandments are a special revelation,
they derive a special evidence from the affirm-
ation of Moses. If what precedes and succeeds the
Commandments is often so objectionable and
devilish as to be at war with the injunctions of
the same medium, is ascribed by him to the same
authority, is supported by the same "Thus saith
the Lord," then what? One is perfect morality,
the other perfectly hellish! One commands itself
to our highest comprehension of absolute right,
the other conflicts with even our lowest com-
mon sense of common justice, common duty, and com-
mon sense.
Let us contrast the two, and then see if it is any
marvel that so strange a jumble of morality and
crime, of virtue and vice, of honor and shame,
of divinity and horrid cruelty, should engender the
confusing mind in doubt, or, worse, it is once into
a stubborn and unyielding skepticism?
"Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not commit
adultery. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's
goods." These constitute the negatives that purify
all the social and civil relations of man. What
a sublime did God set his chosen people up to the
recognition of these high duties? (According to
Moses the medium) Was not chattel slavery
established by the same august authority? "If a
man smite his servant, or his maid, with a rod,
and he die under his hand, he shall surely be
punished. Notwithstanding if he continue a day
or two, he shall not be punished, for he is his money."
"Both thy bondmen and bondmaids, which thou
shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round
about you; of them shall you buy bondmen and
bondmaids. Moreover of the children of the
strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall
you buy, and of their families that are with you,
which they beget in your land; and they shall be
your possession, and ye shall take them as an in-
heritance for your children after you, to inherit
them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen
forever."
"If you covet anything that doeth of itself;
thou shalt give it unto the stranger that is within
thy gates that he may eat it, or thou mayest sell it
unto an alien." [This is loving thy neighbor as thy-
self, probably.] "And Moses said unto them,
'Have ye saved all the women alive?' behold
these children of the children of Israel that have
transgressed, &c. Now therefore kill every male
among the little ones, and every woman that
hath known man by lying with him. But all the
women children that have not known man by lying
with him, keep alive for yourselves." (?) This
was one of the consequences of a war which
Moses declared against Midian, sending against
the nation twelve thousand men, who slew every
male in Midian, including five kings, burnt all
their cities, and carried away all the women and
children, and live stock, and all without losing a
man! This live stock consisted of six hundred
and seventy-five thousand sheep, seventy-two
thousand head of cattle, sixty-one thousand asses,
and thirty-two thousand females of all ages, that
had not known man by lying with him. Brother
Chapman, only God could do so very improbable
a thing; but what kind of "Ten Commandments"
is it that sanctions such practices? And what
was the fate of those thirty-two thousand virgins
among a people who were under a terrible law
against adultery? Can you wonder that some
people will doubt the divine origin of the Bible,
when they find even the Ten Commandments
sanctioned between revolting disclosures of lust,
rapine, and fiendish cruelty? And does it not
become our bounden duty to inquire into the
source of that inspiration that thus enjoins the
highest duties, and not only permits but com-
mands these most revolting violations of all our
conceptions of the rights of humanity?
"I remember what Amalek did," some scores
of years previous, said God to Moses. "Now go and
smite him utterly," for a sin committed in a pre-
vious generation, (probably.) Here was a white-
skin slaughter of a nation for a crime committed
by their ancestors. I beg pardon: There was an
exception in the massacre—all the "females who
had not known man by lying with him." These
do not exhaust the subject.

The Lecture Boom.

THE SOUL AND ITS RELATIONS.

A Lecture delivered in Troy, N. Y., Feb. 11, 1866, by Selden J. Finney.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by John Ritchie.)

My theme this afternoon is "The Soul and Its Relations."

I instanced in my last discourse, the physiological evidence that man has a soul. Second, I instanced phenological evidence, from inductions drawn from the faculty or organs of spirituality. Third, I instanced psychometry, or soul-measuring—the power by which one soul measures the career and instincts of another soul. Fourth, from clairvoyance, which is magnetism in its supreme culmination to its golden fruitage.

Notice the result of an examination of the structure of the nervous system: This nervous system is of a character which indicates that the power which moves it is distinct from it, separate from it.

Dr. Draper, Professor of Chemistry in the University of New York, has instituted a series of arguments—or rather words, not logical arguments—he has instituted a series of efforts to show that, from the very anatomical structure of the cerebrum—the elementary principle of the nervous system—there is an organic, intelligent apparatus, thin and ethereal, which he calls the soul—which the world, too, calls the soul, distinct from that nervous apparatus, not external to the physical body, but living within the physical body. He instanced, first, the elementary structure of the nervous system, for illustration.

I think it was a poor illustration of centripetal and centrifugal force. He tells us in a late work, that the power which moves the nervous system is combined within the nervous system, or the initial or centripetal vapor of the nervous system; and the power which moves the muscles comes from another vapor, or another arm of each elementary nerve, which passes through the muscles, and through your whole physical apparatus.

If the force which moves the nervous system is simple and inorganic electricity or magnetism, manifestly, then, it would be fair to suppose that that power of each nerve which received the original power of the nervous system, would be in direct contact with the external world; but the reverse is the case. The vapor that received the power which moves the nervous system is not in direct contact with the external world. It is inward, wholly inward. The force which moves the nervous system is in the body, and not external to the body.

The whole spiritual philosophy is in direct harmony with every single physiological principle of man's organic structure. This argument is drawn from psychometry, from the power of soul-sympathy. A person writes a letter to some other person. This person places the letter on his forehead, and if he is in complete sympathy with the person who wrote the letter, is able to read, not only the character and career, but all the intellectual, moral, and social qualities of the person who wrote the letter, whether it be a man or a woman, calculate his or her nativity, and become, in fact, for the time being, the very person who wrote the letter.

But you say, "All this can be done by phrenology." I am not much of a bumpologist. I do not believe very intensely in the capacity of any man, with the ends of his fingers feeling the inequalities of your head, to describe the peculiarities of your character: I know too much of anatomy to believe everything on that subject. I defy any phrenologist on the earth to describe the shades of character which phrenology would locate in the organs of the brain. It cannot be done. It is impossible. But how do you account for these developments of phrenology? I answer, "The very best description that O. S. Fowler, the leading craniologist of America, ever gave of character, he gave when he did not move his hands over one quarter of the organs of the brain; and he did this when in psychometric sympathy, not by bumpology. I grant that there is a very correct and a very surprising reading of character from apparent bumpology or craniology by these experimental phrenologists, but I do know that they owe their success to psychometry, or soul-sympathy. It is a fact, and a noted fact, that upon an examination of a skull you will find that where there is an external protuberance on the bony box, there is an internal protuberance in the brain. Every practical physician knows it to be the case.

But I do admit a general truth in phrenology: that the brain is the organ of mind; and I do know that you cannot find the shades of character with the ends of the fingers. I admit the presence of magnetic power in the brain enabling you to read character. I don't believe that Mr. Fowler, blindfolded, can hold his hands on a person's head, and read the character of the individual from the bumps on his cranium. But opposed to this there is a general truth in phrenology. The brain is the organ of mind, unquestionably. But, then, taking the phrenologists at their own words, every phrenologist is bound to be a perfect one. I grant all he states about it. He admits the organs of spirituality in the head of man; and when a phrenologist indicates that there is a spiritual mind in the organ of mind, then he indicates two or three great facts we cannot overcome: First, that there is something for this mind to do. Nature means something by placing it in his head. She means that there is a soul inside of that organ, a spirit and power which cannot be doubted; that there is a spiritual universe outside of that organ; and that this organ is the channel or medium through which the soul in the body can get in contact with the spirit outside of the body; and that organ of spirit could not be developed in the capacities of the human intellect, unless there was spiritual force out of which it could be developed. It is a fact, therefore, which indicates the existence of a soul in the body as well as beyond the body; and of a vital relation between the soul in the body and the spirit outside of the body.

Now, do not understand me as making a too close criticism of general phrenology. I am as certain as that I live that the brain is the organ of mind; and that it has different faculties to express different powers and capacities of the soul; and therefore, that the general indications are conclusive that there is a soul in the body of man; that it is somewhere in the organs and powers of the brain. But clairvoyance comes in just at this place, and illustrates the fact which physiology points out. It says nothing of the shadows which phrenology employs, but comes direct from fundamental truth herself. Clairvoyance comes in as an illustration of the power of the soul, when it is in such a condition that it can transcend all the knowledge of deduction, all the sweep of the mind's eye-sight, all the range of its senses, all the acquired knowledge of its memory. Through clairvoyance the planet afterward made known by Leverrier was discovered. It calculates the distances and densities of stars; and this is only

an indication that clairvoyance is not yet perfect in the world, but illustrates generally the truth that there are moments when the soul can perceive the range of and claim kinship with the forces and the powers that interlie and underlie the external forms of this universe.

That is the general line of argument which indicates that man has a soul, and to a vast extent, therefore, independent of the body.

There have been many efforts made to throw distrust upon the faculty of clairvoyance itself. One, the notorious Grimes, in his lecture upon this subject denies the positions of clairvoyance; but I shall pass him by. Mr. Davis himself said these revelations were nothing but the result of psychometric sympathy. And Mr. Davis came to question the Bible and the divinity of Jesus Christ; and in a discussion with Mr. F. he so overthrew his arguments in regard to the authenticity of the work, that Mr. F. at last became so convinced, that he has abandoned the whole primeval philosophy. And what shall we say of this vast system of clairvoyance? Through it was prophesied the discovery of the new planet, which was afterward made known to the world by Leverrier. Here, then, is a fact which establishes the truth of clairvoyance.

Where, then, are we? We have seen that the soul, when thus its powers are illuminated by the magnetism of another soul, or by the power of spiritual magnetism, no matter under what form of force it can get in rapport with the forces of the universe, it becomes independent of the atmosphere that immediately surrounds it.

It can then hold direct conscious intercourse with the vital forces and laws of the spirit universe. It can then, through the thin ethereal undulations of magnetic ether, discover that a solid segment of the world is as transparent to its vision as that glass to your eyes. And it does this. How does it do it? Some people seem to think there is an inconsistency. In the principles on which it is based there is no inconsistency—the probable existence of such a soul as I have described; of its capacity to transcend the action and range of the body and its powers; of its ability to connect itself with the vitalized forces of the universe. Let such a person explain to you how it is that light reflects an image upon his eye; and when he has explained this phenomenon I will explain every fact of the most transcendent or miraculous character that you can conceive possible of the power of the soul. But it is a very common assertion of scientific men.

You say you see this chair. How do you see it? Its image is impressed upon the retina. The undulations of a current of light fall upon the chair; these undulations fall upon your eye, and how can the image of that chair be impressed upon the retina of your eye, unless the same undulations have been taken from the eye to the chair? You say it is done by ethereal undulations, undulations of some fine, unknown and ethereal essence. What is this essence? Do you know anything about it? Is it material, or is it spiritual force? Can you tell us? Has Nature unlocked its secrets to you? You have got to suppose just what the clairvoyant supposes; that the spiritual philosophy assumes; that the relations of souls are by the medium of a fine, ethereal, spiritual force. This would be quite natural to suppose; and this theory is correct without a question.

You say the image of the chair is painted upon the retina; hence, the chair, so to speak, is but the waves of light, that send the image; and that it stands there by virtue of being carried in undulations, and by virtue of existing in the same undulations and rays of light, and putting them into direct contact with the nerve force which circulates back of your nerves in the eye itself; that the nerve-vital force that runs through the nerves has left a wave of this light, intercepted it as it passed from the chair to the eye. The nerve force of your eye has passed through and mingled with the rays of light, as they have passed from the eye to the chair and from the chair to your vision.

Is it not verging on spiritual consciousness itself? It shakes all the tests of matter—the scalpel, the chemist's scale pan, the electric battery, and all the known modes of operations of what you call physical force. What does this indicate? It indicates that your consciousness is put into sympathetic and vital relations with the objects that are defined through this medium of fine, ethereal, nerve force.

I go further than this. I assert that it means that, when light has painted an image and reflected it upon your eye, it cannot do it until the nervous force that is in your eye has fallen upon that image. The vital force of the soul sees nothing with which it is not directly in contact. Your consciousness cannot know that there is anything unless the nerve force has actually waved out of you, and touched the object you see. This is the secret process of Nature; in other words, that object must be in contact with the nerve forces of your brain—must be in rapport with your consciousness. You may have that object there and the light may fall upon it, but unless there is a current of nerve force between the object and the nerve force of the brain, it cannot be known to your consciousness.

You ask why I have been so critical in this analysis? There is a miserable doctrine extant in society: that the two worlds of spirit and matter are totally diverse; that between them there is a bottomless and impassable chasm; and that not a wave of vital force from the one, can touch the nerve-vital force of the other. But there is no such deficiency in Nature. You cannot find such a break in her chain of forces anywhere. Hence, I say that man has power to extend his power into the external world; has power and capacity to set in motion the atmosphere of the soul, and all the nerve-vital forces until it goes out as a feeler and touches the object it sees.

The eye touches the forms that it has seen. We touch an object with our finger. Do we touch that certainly? How do we touch it? By virtue of being in contact with it; but more also by the fact that the nerve-vital force is the agent of sensation, and meets an obstruction in the external object. It carries the undulations of magnetic, ethereal waves, which have been produced by this touch and this obstruction, back into the brain, the soul, and the soul has actually touched the object, through this medium of force. This force is necessary to the presence of consciousness, or self-cognition.

Take science and see how it illustrates this. A spiritual essence enters man's nerve-vital force and elevates him aloft among the stars; and when he has correlated all the revolutions of suns and systems, and his intellect and moral vision to the vast depths of misty blue, he has only pushed the nerve-vital force of his soul out of his body until it has become in rapport with the revolutions of suns. These suns too, through the medium of this fine ethereal universe, have touched the soul: there is an intercommunication; there is a correlation and equivalence in this relationship.

Just so with us in society. How is it that, when you meet for the first time a stranger, a gentleman or lady, you are at once either repulsed or attracted? That soul comes in contact with your vital

force; has felt your vital force, and attraction takes place. You have found that the rhythm of that soul is the rhythm of your soul; that the vital force of that spiritual nature is in harmony with your spiritual nature. If there is a sensation of repugnance the cause is found in the want of harmony of the two souls. This pain, is—what? nothing but the want of harmony between the two souls. Perhaps it is produced, so to speak, like two converging winds on the deep—a cross-fire of nerve-vital forces. The consequence is pain, agony, suffering. The natural rhythm of the nerve-vital force has been intensified and thrown inward to the soul.

Let us advance and see how this soul sustains its relations. We see that it can, through its own transcendent powers, make you like these suns. You may push it and all its vital powers into the external world, equalize every phenomenon until the internal nature in the senses harmonizes with the inner mediums by which the soul itself acts.

Instead of seeming to be darkness it is only the soul eliminated. It is because the soul has power to withdraw from the ordinary channels, the nervous system, its vital forces, and instead of leading them through these nerve channels—the ordinary channels of its career—it pushes them through the skull directly into the spiritual atmosphere, and, at the same time, throws them toward the spiritual faculties; toward the organs of spirit, the logical and intellectual or spiritual energies; pushes them directly out, instead of allowing them to flow through the ordinary channels of sensation.

Inspiration is sensation, as the prick of a pin, or the harmony of souls. Conscious inspirations of thought transcend the ordinary channels of the nerves, and blend directly with the vital atmosphere—the vital atmosphere of immortals in the other world.

You have seen the illustration of light; now look in the other direction. The soul thus becomes conscious of the presence of this thin, ethereal atmosphere which we say, is psychometry or clairvoyance, and we are through this medium enabled to converse with those who have passed to the summer-land. But how is it done? By virtue of feeling the waves which your soul sets in motion through the atmosphere of their own souls, which is put in motion in corresponding rhythm, with your soul. These waves come and go over their thin magnetic medium, and we would see them, but for the intervening integuments, flesh and bones. They are produced by the internal nature of man set in operation by the thoughts or ideas of one soul projected into the atmosphere of the other soul. So the magnetic ether progresses inward until it is reproduced in the one soul, the same thought that existed in the mind of the original person whose thought it was.

Now, we will apply this same principle and the same law of discovery to the angel world and see where we are. We have seen that clairvoyance proceeds beyond the reach of the material eye, reaching that which the material eye cannot reach, reading the thoughts or essence of one soul by psychometry or clairvoyance.

Now, we have discovered a power to read thought directly, and you have but to stand in a spiritual attitude to transcend the physical body and hold converse with the spirits of the summer-land. You have but to extend the operation of the impression of an object on the retina of the eye, and apply it to the impression made upon one soul by the waves of nerve-vital force of another soul, and you have the secret of clairvoyance, or psychometry.

The same force of sunbeams that clothed the surface of this world with grass and flowers and fruitage, clothes the soul with its own growths, ideas, flowers of imagination, spiritual poetry and affection, and pours his golden stream aloft, until, meeting a corresponding descending stream, it blends with it, and the soul in the body becomes conscious of a spiritual ethereal existence. And this is a true scientific relationship. It is no miracle, it is improved science, so that a man who would explain a single fact will explain it by his inspirations, clairvoyance, or the communications of the waiting spirit.

But I go another step. The soul is in intimate sympathy with the universe. Every sunbeam that falls upon the globe has affected the atmosphere of this globe; in a word, it affects the magnetism, the electricity, the spiritual force and intellectual atmospheres of mankind. Now you may dip your finger in the ocean, and you have stirred all the vast waters of the deep. You may not be able to detect it, but there is the fact. Swing your arm through the air, and you have agitated the whole atmosphere of the globe. When a sunbeam falls upon the surface of this globe it adds to the dynamics of this globe; and the consequence is that the dynamical force of this globe will change correspondingly and correlatively the magnetic force of the soul.

But there is another reason for indicating this relationship. It is now proved by the spectrum analysis that all the elements that enter into the world exist in the sun. And we ourselves are the embodiment of the existence of the solar system and of this earth we tread; and therefore we are not only the sun but also the dynamics, the power of the sun. Its light falls upon and into the soul. It touches it through the top of the brain, and all our nerve force is taken out of it. Nerve force it seems; it becomes the atmosphere of heaven itself. The soul itself is the correlative of the shining God of day.

What then will be the result? By a critical analysis of the concomitants of the forces of the soul it will be found that the sun, with all its hosts of planets and satellites, with all its received sunbeams from other celestial systems, will be revealed, photographed in the existence of every man's and every woman's being. Man stands thus related to every sidereal force—to the furthest star that swings on the remotest verge of infinite space. The telescope has smitten away the veil of blindness and revealed in the universe thousands and hundreds of thousands of systems greater than our own with its 20,000,000 of planets, and not one of these systems is a stranger to the conscious nature of our being. What shall I say, then, but that the great relationship of the spirit is of an intellectual, spiritual, fraternal and universal character? This is one of the first features of the relationship of the soul, that it may push itself out until it meets and makes the acquaintance of the spiritual universe. This is one of its smallest functions. It must progress until it comes into an intimate relationship with the spiritual and divine life.

Horseman, spare that tree!
'Tis not a hitching post;
Though in its infancy,
Yet soon 't will shade a host;
Then spare, oh, spare that tree,
For he who placed it there
Meant not that it should be
By beast of thine gnawed bare.

The census of St. Joseph, Missouri, just completed, shows a population of twenty-four thousand three hundred.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE, M. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39, Station D, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, such that we are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy day."
(LAWSON HUNT.)

(Original.)

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

PLATO, the Philosopher.

"Well, here we are again sitting on the hill-side, looking down the valley and watching the clouds; how good it seems to be out here again."

This Aunt Zera said as she seated herself on the seat that Will had brought along.

"I was determined to have one more story out here before you go away," said Will; "somehow I can remember better out of doors, and I don't feel so much like quarreling with everybody's ideas. I wonder what the reason is."

"Because the fresh air invigorates your brain so that you can remember better, and strengthens your nerves so that you feel in better mood," said Aunt Zera.

"He's more harmonious, I suppose Mr. Jones would say," said Grace.

"I think we had better live out of doors altogether," said Kate.

"We should be like the gipsies then, I suppose," said Will, "and know nothing except how to make fires in the woods, and to look picturesque."

"Living in the open air does not make people wild," said Aunt Zera. "Some of the greatest teachers of the world have taught in groves, and by the seaside, and on the mountains. I will tell you of one as we sit here; it will keep us warm to think of the pleasant groves of Greece; perhaps we shall imagine that its balmy airs are breathing upon us."

Eunice wrapped her shawl closer about her, as if glad that she had something to keep her warm besides her thoughts, and Kate drew out an extra pair of mittens and put them on over her others, as if she expected to be half frozen before the story was done.

"There is one comfort that we have," said Will, "I put on a big back log before I came out, and if we can't keep warm with ideas, I reckon we can with burning hickory."

"Silence one and all," said Grace, "or we shall have no chance to be kept warm out here."

"I am going to tell you about Plato," began Aunt Zera. "He was born over four hundred years before Jesus, so he lived over two thousand years ago. It would seem as if the world should have grown very wise since then, but his writings are very far superior to most of those of this day."

"But if Jesus was not born of course he was not a Christian," said Eunice.

"He was not a follower of Jesus of course, and he was not a Jew, but his ideas were very much like those that Jesus taught four hundred years after; but they were not so practical, and therefore not so well suited for all men."

His father's name was Ariston, and his mother's Potone; and by her he was related to Solon, one of the wise men that we have talked about.

His father wished to give him a good education and sent him to the best teachers in Athens; and we are told that he learned grammar, music and gymnastics."

"I wonder," said Kate, "if they had Smith's grammar, and had to conjugate, 'I love, thou lovest, he loves.' If he did I pity him."

"Why, you silly chick," said Will, "did n't you know that Plato talked in Greek, and so had a Greek grammar? But I do hope it was not as stupid as ours are."

"The most common method of teaching in those days was by conversation," continued Aunt Zera, "and perhaps Plato found it very pleasant to learn grammar. Maybe he had an auntie to talk to him about it, as we have learned about some people's lives without any hard study."

"Oh," said Kate, "do teach school and talk about everything, and tell stories about grammars."

"I'm afraid that a history of grammar would not teach you how to speak properly," said Aunt Zera, "but I am sure I like the old Grecian method of teaching, as far as I know about it. But to return to Plato: When he was twenty years old his father conducted him to Socrates, that he might be instructed by that wise man. As Plato entered the school the teacher was just saying that he dreamed a young swan flew from the altar of Eros and alighted on his lap; from whence he soared into the air, alluring all who heard his sweet voice."

"Who was Eros?" asked Grace.

"Eros was the God of Love; and the philosophers thought that it was he who brought order out of chaos when the universe was without form. You see they recognized the thought that it was attraction or love that governed every particle in space."

Kate gave a sigh and a shiver, at which Aunt Zera smiled, and returned to her narrative.

"Well, Plato entered just as Socrates had finished the account of his dream, and Socrates turned to his pupils and said, 'Behold the swan.'"

"What did that mean?" asked Kate.

"He believed that his dream was a prophecy concerning Plato, who was to draw all men after him by his sweet and heavenly teachings. You see all the great men of those days had faith in dreams."

After Socrates died, Plato went to the followers of Pythagoras and learned of his philosophy, and then he went to Egypt, where all other great scholars had gone to be taught, and there he staid thirteen years, learning all that was possible. When he returned to Athens he was forty years old.

"Forty years getting an education," said Will, "Where! I should expect to be dead and buried before that time."

"He was eighty-one years getting his education, according to his own sayings, for he was always ready to learn. One of his friends asked him how long he intended to be a scholar. 'As long as I am not ashamed to grow wiser and better,' he said. So you see he thought this life was intended for gaining knowledge, and that he could always be a scholar."

On his return to Athens he opened a school in the beautiful grove of Academus. Plato owned some land not far from this celebrated grove. This grove was adorned with statues and works of art, and planted with olive and plane trees. It was a delightful place in which to teach or study, and it was here and in his own garden that Plato began to teach those ideas that have made him so famous. He did not take any pay for his instructions, and taught mostly by conversation.

He demanded that his disciples should be temperate, prudent and just, and be able to control

themselves. It was said of him that once he became angry at a servant and raised his hand to strike him; he stopped and kept his arm in the position in which he had placed it when about to strike. A friend came in and asked him what he was doing. 'I am punishing an angry man,' said he.

Kate burst out laughing.

"I was thinking," said she, "what a figure we should all cut if we kept ourselves in the same positions that we were when we got angry. I kicked the broom to-day because I couldn't make it stand to suit me, so I suppose I should hold my foot up for an hour, and Will—"

"Thank you, ma'am, I can take my own positions," said Will. "I should have elbows sticking out, and feet in all sorts of shape; but come to think of it, it would be a grand good way to punish one's self; let's try it, girls."

"Let's hear how Plato came out first," said Grace.

"His method of teaching became so popular and his ideas were so well suited to men, that the wisest men and women came to him to be taught."

"But what did he teach that was so wonderful?" asked Will.

"Well, you must remember that people had not any very high ideas of God in those times. The Grecians believed in a great many Gods, while the Jews made God to appear like a great king. Plato declared God to be a Father, and that all men were his children; that there were a host of ministering spirits, that do the bidding of God. Some of these he called Gods. There are many very beautiful ideas in all his works, but I do not think they will interest you now. You will become familiar with his name and wish to read his writings when you are older."

"But I shan't study Greek," said Kate.

"His writings have been translated and are read by most scholars. They are written in the form of dialogue, and are exceedingly interesting and full of deep thought. His writings were greatly respected by many of the early Christians, who thought that he was an inspired man, and I do not wonder, there are so many great and noble ideas in them. I will repeat to you one sentence which I can always remember: 'Prayer is the ardent turning of the soul toward God; not to ask any particular good, but good itself—the universal, supreme good.'"

You can understand that such teachings would seem very high to the people of that time. When he became an old man he was still fresh in his thoughts, and when eighty-one years old he fell gently asleep, and his spirit left his body. By some it is said that he was at a marriage feast when he died. Others say that he was writing. A short time before he died he dreamed that he was changed into a swan. Perhaps he thought of the dream of Socrates; but it was believed by his friends that this dream meant his death. His garden was considered a sacred place by his friends, and they used to meet in it to revive his ideas and remember his teachings.

He had very great influence in the world. There is no doubt but his teachings prepared people for the higher teachings of Jesus."

"But was n't Plato a heathen?" said Will.

"He is called so," said Aunt Zera, "but what right people have to call him anything that is not good and noble I am sure I do not see. His teachings were far higher and purer than those of Moses, and he had not so many errors, and came nearer to the teachings of Jesus."

"Well," said Kate, "I think his way of teaching was beautiful—in gardens and groves and by talking."

"Very much like your way, isn't it, auntie?" said Will, "only it's rather shivery and cold in the wind here, beside haystacks and woodpiles, and not quite so beautiful as in gardens and groves. I don't think we can live very pretty lives here. It is work, work all the time to keep from freezing and starving. I wish the Pilgrim Fathers had been more like Plato, and chosen a sunny, warm climate."

"It is the very hardships that we have to endure that make us grow strong. If we do not have the groves of Academus with their statues and works of art for our young people to resort to, we have beauty everywhere waiting for us to develop it, and that is far better than to find it all prepared for us. And just so it is with thoughts of beauty: if we can find them in our own brains it is far better than to go to any one to find them."

"You mean, don't you, that we ought all to be Platos?" said Grace.

"That would be a difficult matter, and not desirable," said Aunt Zera, "but we can all learn to think. The same God is over us that was over Plato and Jesus. The same truths live now that did then, and a great many that people have not begun to find."

"Oh, if I could find some!" said Will; "but I think everybody else knows a great deal better than I can."

"I often think," said Aunt Zera, "that most of us travel our ways in the ruts that some one else has made, when perhaps if we went a little to one side we should travel in flowers or on the fresh grass. The old ruts often do not lead to any beauty."

"I don't think I understand," said Kate, "only I remember how the old wagon went the last time we rode, following on after Mr. Samson's old cart."

"That is just it," said Aunt Zera. "We let our thoughts go plodding on after somebody else, and don't go into the beautiful fields that are open to everybody. If Plato had not thought for himself I suppose he would have said just what other Athenians said; but he started into the beautiful fields of thought, and found flowers that no one else had ever found."

"Well," said Kate, "I have one opinion of my own, and that is that I like my own way."

"I should call that a pretty old rut," said Will.

"It is one that all the world travels in; but, auntie, I don't see how we are likely to get any new ideas, with everybody thinking, and such great men, hundreds of years ago, all trying to get new ideas. I think I'll give up."

"The only way to gain truth is by earnestly dearing truth for its own sake. A great many people seek truth for the sake of their minister or their doctor, or for the sake of some great man that they call master. But we ought to seek truth for the sake of truth, and love it for our own spirit's sake."

"I think this sounds very much like preaching, and I am half frozen," said Kate. "I prefer a few less ideas and a little more warmth."

"I'll study Plato by the fire, too," said Will, "though I would like to sit in the groves of Academus."

"I mean to experiment on Plato's method of curing himself of anger," said Grace.

"So do I," said Kate.

"We'll call it taking attitudes," said Will.

Rhode Island has \$33,000,000 invested in manufacturing enterprises, whose yearly product is \$103,000,000.

Betting is immoral; but how can a man who bets be worse than one who is no better.

RELIGION.

BY J. H. POWELL.

BY J. H. POWELL.

Wherever man is true, his inner thought
Finds fullest utterance; Religion hence
Is more to him than creeds with errors fraught.
The lip obedient to the heart speaks sense,
And God is worshipped free from mere pretence.
In field, in closet, or in costly fane,
Wherever man may pray, he can dispense
With forms or rites his soul may hold as vain,
And feel the blessed power of true Religion's reign.

6 Sidney Terrace, Grove Road, Victoria Park, E.
London, March 16. 1867.

Matters in Hartford, Conn.

their work to perform, and are, in unconsciously, perhaps, aiding to unfold and develop the truth.

A. E. CARPENTER.

Putnam, Conn., March 21, 1897.

Another correspondent says:

Hartford is awaking from her long slumber, and is throwing off the lethargy that has bound her

and these are the indispensable for the success of our cause everywhere. We often wonder at the apathy and peauriousness of some who are pro-fessed believers in Spiritualism. All avow that it is vastly superior to all other religious systems, yet comparatively few do or pay more than half as much for its propagation, or as do church members for the support of their 'cherished' Ideals. Why this indifference? Haven't we principle

"If there is anybody under the canister of the heaven that I have in utter exorcence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer, going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

A CALL FOR THE ANGELS.

BY MRS. MARY D. MERRIAM.

ce me to stay, and took up a collection of
ar and sixty cents. (I had just paid out
ars stage fare.) Went to another place
a two lectures; large hall well filled.
leman—his wife being a Spiritualist—
he hall; a Spiritualist living about two

various members of the party, and one in particular for a lady, at the bottom of which he signed the names of her father, brother and sister, all of whom were in spirit-land. Mr. F. also told the names of guardian spirits to the party present, and it was always brother, father, mother, or some near relative, and always the true name.

Hoping sometime to meet Mr. Foster again, and

Hotels for the Rich and Refuges for the Poor—The "Pride" of St. Louis, and the Shame of St. Louis.

On Monday evening, April 1st, the citizens of St. Louis were called together on the same evening to hold two public meetings, one at the call of a multitude of the citizens, amongst whom were some of the most prominent men of St. Louis, to listen to a second address from Mrs. Emma Hardinge, on the condition of the outcast women of the city; and the other to consider how best the wealth and enterprise of the people could be enlisted in the project of rebuilding the Lindell Hotel, which was destroyed by fire on the Saturday night previous. The following, clipped from the columns of the Democrat, gives an account of the opening of both meetings:

"Mrs. Hardinge's Lecture—A Crowded Hall—An Eloquent Effort."
The upper hall of the Philadelphia was densely crowded last night to hear this lady, who is known, not only as able lecturer on Spiritualism, but has also gained a high reputation as a passionate advocate of those improvements which, by placing woman in a higher position, would rescue many from the dread paths of infamy. The hall was crowded in the sternest sense of the term; nowhere could the sharpest eye detect a vacant seat, or even an inattentive face. The rows of heads were all turned upon a central object—the lady whose eloquence and whose rhetoric were being employed in so noble a cause. Whilst the room was filling, a violin band played a selection of operatic airs, to the great contentment of the critical in music. At length, at eight o'clock precisely, Emma Hardinge rose to speak, and to hold enthralled her audience for two hours.

The Loss of the Lindell Hotel—Public Meeting—The Hotel to be Rebuilt—Great Enthusiasm.

The feeling of poignant and melancholy regret experienced by all classes of citizens in the destruction of that pride of our city, the Lindell Hotel, found ample expression throughout the day yesterday and culminated last evening in a largely attended meeting at the rooms of the board of Public Schools.

As Mrs. Hardinge's speech on this occasion was more than ordinarily abominably misreported, it will be necessary here to reiterate the business part of the statement she made.

Mrs. H. said that many hundreds, it was feared some thousands, of unfortunate outcasts dwell in St. Louis, scores of whom were eager for the opportunity of reform. Many had applied in person to herself for aid in this direction, and it was known to the police that hundreds of these unhappy girls were in the constant practice of committing petty crimes in order to obtain even the temporary shelter of a prison to save them from the streets; that hundreds more were annually perishing of this wretched life, with no human hand outstretched to save them, and that if any place of shelter could be offered them, she (Mrs. H.) would engage in one week to fill it with at least a hundred young helpless creatures, languishing in the dreadful life of sin to which society condemned them for lack of means to reform, whilst hundreds more would be waiting without the gates for their turn to enter.

Mrs. Hardinge, after a long and passionately eloquent appeal in their behalf, concluded by imploring aid for "the Western Female Guardian Society," who were in possession of a house for the refuge of these unhappy girls, but lacked the means to furnish and provide for its maintenance, so that with the exception of one noble Roman Catholic institution, the great city of St. Louis did not afford one single place of refuge for the outcast woman who was willing to reform, and she must either better herself in her own den of infamy, a prison, or a suicide's grave.

Mrs. Hardinge added that she had recently sent five hundred dollars, a bequest left to her for the benefit of poor outcasts, to the Boston Home in Kneeland street, but finding the money had not yet been placed in that institution, she had withdrawn it, and would now bestow it on the St. Louis Western Female Guardian Society, "provided only by the collections of the night and subscriptions from the audience, the sum could be doubled before to-morrow night."

Thus much for one side of the picture of the public meetings held in St. Louis on the night of April 1st. At the second meeting, namely, the one for providing a refuge for the rich in the rebuilding of the Lindell Hotel, there were many speeches made, of which the following is a good specimen:

"Mr. How."—Gentlemen, I hardly need explain to you the object of this meeting. A calamity has come over the city that we love so well, and it is to repair that, as far as lies in our power, that we have met here to-night. I know the citizens of St. Louis so well, that I do not believe they will quietly sit down and allow the Lindell Hotel, which has been the ornament of our city, to be destroyed, without some effort to erect in its place an edifice at least as beautiful as that that has now gone down. I feel sure that the citizens of St. Louis will come as they always have done to the rescue. I have been connected with many movements of this sort, but never before have I seen in a primary movement so large a gathering as is here assembled to-night. You will well reflect the feeling of every citizen in coming; here from one part of the city to the other, the feeling is one of mingled regret and a determination as far as every one can, to put their hands to the wheel, or rather to their pockets, and bring forth what is necessary to restore that which has been the pride and ornament of our city. So general is the feeling that I have been somewhat amused—if I could be amused on occasions of this kind—at the expressions which have been made in reference to this matter. To-night, at a barber shop where I sat to be shaved, the subject was discussed, and one black barber says, "I will give five dollars to have the Lindell Hotel rebuilt; and another says, 'I can't give as much as that—I will give fifty cents,' and so it is all through the city. Nothing remains but for you to restore the Lindell Hotel shall be restored, and it will be done.

Mr. January said: I offer this resolution: Resolved, That the chairman be requested to appoint committees of three in each ward of the city, to solicit subscriptions to rebuild the Lindell Hotel, and that they be requested to report at an adjourned meeting to be held this night week.

Mr. WHITTAKER.—That is too far off. *Mr. JANUARY.*—In offering this resolution, I beg to say that we mourn to-night a greater calamity than has befallen this city since 1849. The destruction of the Lindell Hotel involves no personal loss; it involves a loss to the whole city, to the whole State, and to the whole continent. This day we mourn that loss, and this day in London and in every city on the continent, we have sympathizers just as sincere as we have in this city. They sympathize with us to-day. Suppose to-morrow the news goes over the cable that the Lindell Hotel is to be rebuilt in all its splendor, what an advertisement that will be for the city of St. Louis. I move, sir, that it shall be done. [Great cheering.] I am willing to devote my whole life and soul to it [renewed cheers]—not from any individual interest, sir, but for the interest of the whole city of St. Louis, [loud applause.] for the interest of the State, and the credit of the West, [great cheering.] I hope the resolution will pass.

Now let us look at the results. Mrs. Hardinge pleaded for a shelter for hundreds of miserable victims of that false, hypocritical and cowardly state of society which "suffers the male offender to go free, and though he may be old, rich and educated, with no excuse for his vice, utterly absolves him from all share of penalty, and yet brands with the doom of Cain the young, ignorant and unprotected girl, whose very age and position makes her wholly irresponsible for crime at all." Mrs. Hardinge pleaded for a shelter for those "who must either starve or starve"—implored as never before besought before, for but one poor place of

refuge for those who had no hope, no help, no home "but the prison or the grave."

Messrs. Allen, How, and the Rev. Dr. ELLIOT, minister of the Gospel of Christ and the Magdalen, pleaded for a place of luxury for those whose wealth can find them shelter anywhere; for another immense caravansary in a city already overstocked with splendid hotels, whose size and magnificence already eats them up; the "solid" and the "REVEREND" men of the city, pleaded for yet another great, proud, overwhelming edifice, into which nothing less than overwhelming wealth could enter—only one more, larger than ever, richer than ever, prouder than ever, where the rich man afflicted with a plethora of wealth may have a chance to go and squander in riot and luxury the excess which he can scarcely else get rid of; and in order to set the example of mercy and compassion to the rich, the Rev. Dr. ELLIOT headed the compassionate list with a subscription of five thousand dollars!

Surely that subscription of five thousand dollars by a Christian divine for the rebuilding of a magnificent hotel for very rich people, is an investment in the Bank of Heaven, of which his reverence may hope to reap a large interest when he stands at the tribunal of his works in the land where hotels for the rich and asylums for the poor are built out of "the deeds done in the body." Won't that five thousand dollars shine grandly out in his reverence's "mansion not made with hands"? And the result was that, at the memorable meeting of the citizens of St. Louis, convened for the purpose of rebuilding a hotel for the very rich, a subscription of one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars was raised on the spot; and at the meeting convened by Emma Hardinge for the purpose of opening even the poorest and most humble shelter for the outcast, three hundred dollars were raised on the spot, and the five hundred dollars which Mrs. Hardinge offered to give to the Home, provided only it could be doubled in twenty-four hours, remains still in her hands after four days of patient waiting, and probably will have to go back to the already existing institution in Boston, unless Mrs. Hardinge is contented to wait until the reverend ministers of Christianity in St. Louis find time to spare from building hotels for the rich, to study their Bibles, and especially those parts that refer to "Dives and Lazarus," "the widow's mite," "the good Samaritan," "the woman taken in adultery," and the charge with which Mrs. Hardinge, in her ignorance of what Christianity meant, thought it would secure the success of her plan, by urging to a Christian community, namely, "Feed my sheep," "Feed my lambs."

P. S.—Before mailing this letter, we learn the additional item that the one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars subscription for the rebuilding the Lindell Hotel, the pride of the city, is doubled Mrs. Hardinge's five hundred dollars for opening a refuge for the shame of the city is still waiting—waiting till the rich man's house is built, or the Christian ministers of St. Louis "get religion."

ONE OF THE INFIDELS IN "CHRISTIAN CHARITY."

Matters in Cheltenham.

As Spiritualists of old Wimsismet, we wish to let our light shine before the world and not be regarded as having fallen from our high estate in the investigation of spiritual truths, and therefore we send you a small walf of our progress on the great ocean of life.

The golden bowl is not yet broken in our midst, but on the contrary is being filled to repletion with the nectar which strengthens, and invigorates, and encourages us to pursue our humanitarian course in behalf of the children of earth. Thank God and the living intelligences who have crossed the river, that the day of independence has come, and men and women dare to be, to do and say as the light of heaven and earth shall give them power, and are learning that

"Life is real, life is earnest.
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

For the month of March we sat under inspiration from on high, through the mediumship of Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, who is truly a noble and fearless champion of our philosophy, and held large and intelligent audiences spell-bound by the exhibition of her mediumistic powers in logically demonstrating the facts and phenomena of spiritual communion. Her improvised poems elicited much worthy commendation, and were universally acknowledged to be a great proof of spiritual power, as the subjects were given by the audience and therefore precluded any chance for preparation. May loving angels guard and protect our sister and fit her for a long life of usefulness in making the way from the cradle to the grave smooth, and giving mankind a right idea of true religion. She speaks for us again the last two Sundays in June.

Last Sabbath we had Dr. P. B. Randolph, who infused new life into us by his practical remarks. He is an argumentative, plain, candid lecturer, and by those who love the truth for truth's sake is admired.

Our Lyceum "still lives," and pursues the even tenor of its way, doing its work silently but surely. Love, happiness and pleasure beam from the sparkling eyes of the children, while officers and teachers are ever at their post to cheer and encourage.

Mr. L. P. Greenleaf speaks for us through May, and Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith the last two Sabbaths in this month. JOHN H. CRANDON.

Cheltenham, April 8, 1887.

New Music.

G. D. Russell & Co., 129 Tremont street, have just issued the "Dexter Polka," composed and dedicated to W. Dexter Smith, Jr., by Ed. N. Catlin; "Artemus Ward," a poetical tribute by W. D. Smith, Jr., music by Jean Foster; "The Little Wanderer," by Jean Foster.

Our friends J. A. Butterfield & Co., music publishers, 22 West Washington street, Indianapolis, Ind., have sent us the following musical compositions: "Zulema, or a Dream of the Southland," words by W. H. Venable, music by W. T. Porter; "The Old Boat," song, or duet and chorus, words by Mrs. O. S. Malleon, music by J. V. Saffern; "This world has a thousand mischances," a ballad, music by E. Zueker; "Waiting to-night," words by Orlando, music by G. G. Blackmer; "Minnie Wayne," song and chorus, by J. Hamilton, music by Blackmer; "It is not always May," words by Longfellow, music by Lucy E. Stoddard; "Sweet home where mother dwells," song and chorus by H. C. Tibbitts; "Wearing of the Blue," by H. E. Church. Mr. J. A. Butterfield composed the music for the following pieces, "Nina May," by Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin; "The Queen of the Cottage," song and chorus, by Irene Boynton; "Ever Dreaming," song and chorus, by Irene Boynton; "Lena," song and chorus, by Henry Hitchcock. Wm. A. Pond & Co., 67 Broadway, N. Y., have just published a patriotic song by A. B. Biers, entitled "Ye sons of Columbia, behold the first or, the dew drop from the clouds," music by E. G. Spinning.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1887.
OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.
WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
WILLIAM WHITE. CHARLES H. CROWELL.
LUTHER COLBY. EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON. ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to Luther Colby.

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 man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

Church Discipline.

If people want to know and see for themselves that allegiance to creeds is set up by the ecclesiastical bodies as superior to loyalty to conscience and the statute law, they have but to read the following proofs, among many, of the bigotry and relentless tyranny of a certain Church in Athol, whose doings have of late come under our notice.

It appears that Mr. Leander C. Spooner, of Athol, a member of the Evangelical Church of that place, received a notice from the Church authorities, last October, in which were instituted charges against him, to which he was required to make answer. These charges were, let, that he refused to walk with the Church according to his covenant with the same, by absenting himself from public worship, from stated Church meetings, and from the Communion; 2d, that he neglected family and secret prayer, by his own confession; 3d, that he avowed his disbelief in the great and fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, as embraced in the creed of the Church.

On the 11th of January, of the present year, he put in his answer, according to notice. It was in writing, and this was its substance: He sent the Church a book, containing one hundred and forty-four contradictions found in the Bible, asking for an explanation of the same before he could wholly rely on the Bible as coming from a Being who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever"; that the church edifice has been enlarged, and at the time of its re-dedication the Pastor lectured on the Church articles of faith, in the course of which he told his hearers that the same had been altered within ten years of its organization; that there is no provision for altering these articles of faith, and a person cannot be held to support what he does not subscribe to, and hence that act of alteration relieved him and every other member from all obligations to the Church, and leaves him at liberty to accept or reject it as he may choose, because it makes it a thing to which he has never subscribed; that the Statutes forbid any person's administering an oath, affirmation, or obligation, not required by law, and imposes a penalty on any one who allows it to be done, and makes the act itself null and void. From these considerations, Mr. Spooner argued in his answer to the Church that they are at liberty to leave at any time, and that the Church cannot properly call them to account for their conduct. He insists that a Church is restrained from arraigning a man in public for his religious sentiments, and that the act is a breach of authority on the part of the body.

On the 11th of January, Mr. Spooner received his reply from the Church. It read thus: "Your defence was read to the Church to-day, still the complaint was sustained in full meeting, no one dissenting; and the vote of excommunication was passed. The result is what might be expected, but does not alter the merits of the case, as any one can convince himself by looking at the Laws passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, 1834; and at the pamphlet entitled 'Self-Contradiction of the Bible,' containing one hundred and forty-four propositions, and published by 'A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal street, New York.'"

How much sorrow is herein expressed over what, according to this Church creed, it thinks the everlasting loss of this "one sheep who has gone astray"! If the Church rejoices over gathering one soul in, ought it not to mourn over his final loss? But it is neither joy nor grief; it is proselytism, and partisanship. How can a man, with such tyrannical little restraints upon him as this? Who will not be glad to see these fetters of bigotry all broken, that RELIGION, rather than Creed, may live in the hearts of all the people?

"Fitz Adam's Story."

No reader of the BANNER need have his or her attention directed to the poem with the above name, published on the first page of this number. It is taken from the Atlantic Monthly for January, and no doubt belongs to Professor Lowell. It is quaint, witty, ironical, humorous and natural enough to be a production from the same pen with "Homer Wilbur" and the fulminant sketches of American Authors. The cream of the story is in the character of Deacon Bitters, the keeper of a little Down East grocery and rum-store, who had a way, in his busy lifetime, of measuring cord-wood and always making it come out short; like the other rum-selling deacon who, once on a time, confessed with a boast that his thumb had coined four thousand dollars for him, as he always put it into even his gill measures when drawing spirits. The Deacon dies and goes to "hell," and the point of the narrative is to be found there. He is set to measuring brimstone, but makes it fall short, true to his habit. The tempter who hauls it rebels; a row is raised, and the Devil comes along and looks into it. Finding out what it is all about, he takes the rod and measures the load himself, and tells his men to take the cheating Deacon and put him into "furnace ninety-two" and pile in the brimstone till he confesses that the cord is a full one. The narrative is exquisite, as well as the main points of it. The scenery, incidents, characters and by-play will none of them be overlooked by the appreciative reader. We have not enjoyed a piece of verse so much in a long while. The Congregationalist newspaper of this city, attacks it, and the other Orthodox organs follow suit. That is the only way they know how to "put" so choice a thing, and it is a most effective way, too.

Uncle Sam Expanding.

The Senate has ratified the treaty by which Russia cedes what is known as the Bussian American possessions to the United States, for the sum \$7,200,000. Russian America comprises that portion of the American continent lying North of latitude 54 degrees 40 minutes North, and West of longitude 141 degrees West, with islands adjacent, together with a narrow belt of rocky coast and a number of islands lying between latitude 54 40 and 60 North. The area of the entire is estimated at 371,975 square miles.

The Passion for Giving.

For all we are denounced as being so material in this age of money and sold things, history will be put to her trumps to discover anything like a parallel to the individual and associated giving which has become one of the belongings of the time. We do not refer wholly to what is given in charity, but quite as much to what passes as an outright gift, satisfying the one who bestows it as much as the one who receives it. Mr. Peabody has made our time illustrious in this way; it does not seem possible that any should come after him who could inculcate a nobler or more impressive example on the minds of this or any succeeding generation. The astonishing results secured in so little time by the Sanitary Commission, while the war was in progress, disclosed to our people the possibilities, unheard and undreamed of till that time, of associations for the purpose of doing good by the active agency of giving.

We might all of us by this time be convinced of the superior happiness enjoyed by the free giver, without waiting for further examples. It is as true as any profound truth can be, that the gift blesses him who bestows it as well as him who receives; oftentimes much more so, since beneficence is a superior feeling in every respect to gratitude. Even when a gift is received without apparent thankfulness, we contend that the loss to the giver is supplied abundantly in the purer and more exalted reflection that this is nearer the divine attribute itself, since the All Father gives his sunshine and his showers to the grateful and the ungrateful alike, to the "just and the unjust." Would that making gifts might become a fashion, if it cannot become popular as a principle; its good effects would cover up many an unworthy motive in those who follow it.

Then, too, giving must react by a natural process of association, upon the work of accumulation. When we feel that we are saving, sacrificing and denying ourselves for the sake of compassing some noble end, such as endowing an institution, bestowing a needed charity, and performing a public service, or assisting virtue in its unequal struggle, it cannot be otherwise than that we feel a consciousness of an elevation of motive in our work, and an assurance in secret that nothing we do but operates to our own expansion and improvement permanently. The act of self sacrifice, however steadily repeated, is the one which surely tests character, and strengthens and enlarges it, as any that can be followed by social beings. What we do for ourselves, has its beginning and end with ourselves, and is therefore at best substantially selfish; what we do for others, and make a personal sacrifice in order to do, is wholly outside of all selfish thoughts, and therefore ennobling and elevating, and in this way the soul feeds on better fruits than grow anywhere on the groveling bushes of selfish considerations.

Everybody gives something, either living or dying. It has come to be expected of them now. Wills are made with more margin to them, the family not uniformly expecting that everything should be kept in the close quarters of relationship. Benevolence has fairly grown to be a custom. The age, after all, is a better one than its predecessors. It is the habit to speak of it as the very worst known, because the pursuit of riches is so unceasing and engrossing. But the fact proves, on careful scrutiny, to be far different from what is sought to be made the general impression. Gifts and endowments are as thick on all sides of us as they never were before, and they are to grow thicker still. Our modern charities, too, are intelligent, scientific as well as one-eyedly benevolent. They have a scope and comprehensiveness that should make us glad to live in the age they illustrate.

Lies About the Indians.

For some time past stories have been industriously bruited about the country, saying that a Colonel in command of one of the United States forts in the far West had been surrounded by the Indians in his defences, his command slaughtered, and himself driven to shoot his wife before being made an end of by the savages, to prevent her suffering worse and more than death before that was visited upon her. Any quantity of indignation was stirred over the subject, and it was universally denounced as the most horrid of massacres. It was thought awful beyond description that a man should be driven to the desperate alternative of shooting his own wife, rather than see her delivered over to the Indians.

But it is generally safe to wait until even the most exciting stories are verified. Time enough has elapsed in this case to prove or disprove the tale, and it turns out that no such massacre has occurred, that the fort in question has not been besieged by them, that no intelligence of such a slaughter has come to the knowledge of the Commissioner of Indian affairs, and that this loud cry is only got up by men who have selfish motives underneath. The New York Herald says of the rumor that it is believed among the Western men in Washington to be but another cry of "Wolf" from "a few needy traders with a dusty, worn-out stock of goods to dispose of to the troops." Most of the Indian Wars are got up on the same pretext, and with similar intents. They have from the first disgraced our civilization.

No Mention Made.

It was a very small, and so a very characteristic thing in the publisher of the Vermont Standard, of Woodstock, Vt., to make no syllable of mention of the burning of the Spiritualists' Hall at the time of the recent fire in that beautiful town. Possibly he may think nobody would thus ever know there was a Spiritualist in the place, much less three hundred of them, when reading an account of the fire in the journals of the country. What more thoroughly shows up the *irreligious* religion of such men and presses, that sit on the church steps and bark for ecclesiasticism in return for the bones that are flung to them, is the singular fact in the present case that the publisher of the Standard was himself the landlord who "leased" Union Hall" to the Spiritualists of Woodstock, and had his own office on the floor below. It would be a broad farce, if it were not full of malicious meanness. A landlord, who is shrewd enough to punctually collect his rents for three years, not to know it when his tenement has been burned flat! His subscribers would no doubt be very glad to have him equally forgetful. All the other losses were mentioned in his paper, and of course in others, but that of the Spiritualists. This was simply that the friends of our Religion in other parts of the country might not be apprised of their great loss. But how little they think that in no other way could such men excite to increased sympathy and offers of aid.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

The theme of Miss Doten's discourse, Sunday afternoon, April 17th, was "The Mercantile Hall meetings, devoted to religion," published by Adams & Co., 21 Bromfield street. She closed her remarks with a fine original poem entitled, "Press On." She speaks in the same hall next Sunday afternoon.

Shame! Shame!

A communication appears in a recent issue of the Haverhill, Mass., Publisher, signed by two physicians of that town, describing the awful condition of some little children, belonging to the widow of a soldier, who was unable to care for her little family, and so consented to place them in the charge of the "Little Wanderers' Home," in Boston. After some time she succeeded in procuring her pension money, and came up from Haverhill to Boston to take away two of them, thinking she could now care for them herself. It cost much time and patience for her to see her children after calling for them, and when at last she was brought into the room where they were she fainted away. Their condition shocked her beyond the power of her nervous system to endure. The children were finally taken away with her, and carried to Haverhill, where they are now to be seen at the corner of Winter and Hale streets. The mother's name is Mrs. Hoyt. The "Publisher" says she "appears like an honest and reliable woman," and that the Haverhill physicians, in their public statement of the case, "do not exaggerate the pitiable condition of the little returned wanderers."

The fact, according to the physicians' statement, simply is, these children were being slowly starved to death! The mother gave them a light taste of food on getting them home, and they went into fits the same night! The physicians of Haverhill invite their fellow-citizens to go and see these children for themselves; "and if each and every one"—say they—"is not filled with virtuous indignation at the sight of these emaciated, squallid, filthy little innocents, covered with vermin and all uncleanness, we are greatly mistaken in our fellow-townsmen." Somebody is responsible for this. Who is it? What can be the motive for such nameless inhumanity? Let us say no more of the horrors of Andersoville and Libby, with these cases here at our own door. We have heretofore spoken kind and encouraging words for this "Little Wanderers' Home," confiding in the representations made us by certain persons whose charitable inclinations are not to be questioned; but we take all back, and have nothing but the language of indignant condemnation for any institution, which, under the guise of charity, practices the grossest barbarism. We have no further words for this affair at this moment, but shall watch anxiously to learn the result of a thorough and impartial examination of the management of the "Home."

Mistakes by Mortals Corrected by Spirits.

On March 18th, a spirit-message was given at our Public Circle, purporting to come from "Dr. Edward Brett, of Breckville;" at least our reporter so understood, but she was mistaken, as the sequel will show. But in this instance it is well that the reporter did mistake, although the majority of such mistakes are not so readily rectified, and hence many of the published spirit-messages lose their value as tests.

The message under consideration was put in type the first of last week for this issue of the BANNER; but, previous to putting the forms to press, we sent a proof-sheet to Mrs. Conant, when a spirit seized her hand and erased the name of "Brett," substituting that of Breckville. The word "Breckville" was also changed to Breckersville. Two days after our forms with the message corrected had gone to press, we received the following letter:

MESSES. EDITORS—I see by the BANNER of April 6th, that you have a message from one Dr. Edward Brett, of Breckville, Ohio.
Now that may be all right, but last evening, at a circle, we were informed that there was a mistake by the reporter, and that it was intended to read Dr. Edward Breck, of Brecksville, Ohio, and requested me to so inform you.
I will here say that I know of no such place as Breckville, in our State of Ohio, but I do know of such a place as Breckersville—it is the next town north of Richfield, and I will say further, that I was last Thanksgiving day at the funeral of Dr. Edward Breck.
Yours for truth,
Richfield, Summit Co., O. S. S. CLARK.

The War Aspect in Europe.

The latest cable dispatches give this version of the new trouble which has arisen in European affairs: It is now known that the Emperor Napoleon, deeming the possession of Luxembourg indispensable to the military security of the French frontier, not long since commenced negotiations with the King of the Belgians for the purchase of the Grand Duchy and its incorporation with the French Empire. But as the Fortress of Luxembourg, which is one of the strongest fortifications in Europe, was held by a Prussian garrison, and the Prussian Government, backed by the whole of Germany, firmly objects to the transfer of the Duchy to France, King Leopold has withdrawn from any further negotiations on the subject. The French Emperor insists that his proposition shall be carried out and a treaty completed. The national pride of France has been deeply wounded, and a wild anti-Prussian feeling prevails. Meanwhile, while the dispute is pending, both Prussia and France are making military preparations.

This threatening state of affairs is the cause of the financial panic which now exists in London, Paris and all the principal commercial centres of Europe.

Cable dispatches also state that the Spanish Government refuses to yield to the demands made by England for indemnity and satisfaction in the case of the steamer Tornado; and that the Sultan of Turkey threatens to declare war against Greece on account of insurrectionary troubles on the Turkish frontier.

Certainly things have a squally look on the other side of the Atlantic.

Music for Spiritualists.

Dr. John P. Ordway, a practicing physician in this city, whose musical productions about ten years ago were so very popular, among which were "Mother dear" and "Twinkling Stars," is again employing his leisure moments in giving expression to his musical talents, much to the gratification of the music loving public. Some of his new pieces are particularly adapted to the Spiritualists, for public meetings as well as private circles. Oliver Ditson & Co. have just issued the Doctor's latest composition, entitled "Come, darling, come to the spirit-land!" with song and chorus. It is sufficient to say it is quite equal to any of his previous efforts. This piece is dedicated to Dr. Gardner, and was sung by his choir at Miss Doten's meeting last Sunday. We commend it to the notice of choirs in other spiritual meetings. There is a great need of such music clothing spiritualistic sentiments, and we hope Dr. Ordway may in some measure fill the void.

The Work Goes Bravely On.

We learn that a society of Spiritualists has been formed in East Boston, and that Temperance Hall is secured in which to hold meetings. Speakers engaged will be announced hereafter.

Read Mr. Finney's able address in this issue of the BANNER.

A Visit to the College for Invalids and Students at Greenwood.

At the earnest solicitation of the proprietors, we paid a flying visit to the college for invalids and students, recently established at Greenwood, Mass., in near proximity to the Boston and Maine Railroad, seven miles from this city. We found the building a spacious one, much larger than we had anticipated from the description given by other visitors; indeed it is ample enough for and is a first class healing institute. The house is well furnished, airy, with all the modern improvements, where invalids who are seeking some place suitable to recuperate their health, and students, and mediums desiring to become healers, as well as visitors in search of a spring and summer place of resort, will meet with every attention and comfort. The edifice is three stories high, and contains thirty-five rooms, with a spacious parlor and dining-hall. It is located amid picturesque scenery, though but a short distance from the depot.

The Institute, under the management of Dr. Clark, with competent assistants, is designed to supply a need felt by numerous invalids who have tried various medicines without deriving any benefit therefrom. Pure air, pure water, and genial conditions, often do more toward curing the sick than drugs or medicines, however skillfully applied. Here no drugs of any description in any case are used. No means for the relief of the sick are used except those which are natural, magnetic and dynamic, together with a careful observance of hygienic laws.

The institution has already attracted students and invalids from various sections of the country; and Prof. W. B. Wait, a gentleman of ability and culture, a boarder in the establishment, speaks in commendatory terms of the doctor's successful treatment of patients that have come under his care.

After thorough inspection of the Institute, in company with a party of gentlemen and ladies we paid a brief visit to a large and beautiful grove, which has been put in complete condition for picnic parties. Several buildings are erected on the grounds for the accommodation of visitors. We noticed as the feature, a large lattice-work structure, designed for dancing parties, or to be used as a lecture room, if necessary. It is capable of holding one thousand persons.

A committee of competent friends in cooperation with Dr. Clark, have engaged this grove for Sunday meetings and other gatherings during the summer season. It is by far the finest, largest and most rural place of resort we have seen opened in the vicinity of Boston, and under the management of our indefatigable, hard-working friend, it must become the central rural attraction of our city and suburbs, for picnics and other gatherings. It is probable the next annual Spiritualist Camp Meeting will be held in this grove, as the accommodations are every way superior to those of the grove in which it was held last year, and the distance from Boston only one mile and a half further, and from Greenwood Railroad station less than a quarter of a mile.

Important Tests through J. V. Mansfield.

L. Judd Pardee communicates the following as his experience with Mr. Mansfield in answering sealed letters. It is worthy the attention of the literary savans. Such evidences of spirit intervention are very difficult for any one to gullibly satisfy to one's self, how much soever the desire may be to do so:

"About three weeks ago I was brooded over by an intelligence in the spirit, desiring me to address him through Mr. Mansfield. I let the matter go at first, but finally the influx, and the use of it, became so imperative that I sat down and addressed a series of questions to three ancient thinkers, with the deep feeling in mind, which I said nothing about, that the one who had first impressed me—purporting to be the princely Plato—would respond. In a few days my sealed letter was returned unopened, and with it a specific and categorical answer to my questions. The message was signed Plato, and part of it was in Greek. Mr. Mansfield wrote me to try and find out whether 'those characters' had any significance. I saw at once that they were Greek, but could not translate them. The Philadelphia High School did not endeavor to teach twenty years ago. Well, I submitted the message to two Greek scholars here, who both pronounced the Greek to be as rusty as they confessed themselves to be in that language. Finally, I sent it back to Mr. M., who wrote that he knew of a Jewish Rabbi who could make sense out of the Greek portion of the communication, if there was any sense in it. A few days after I got my message back with a translation which fitted precisely to the English portion of it, and a word from the Rabbi, that the man that pronounced that Greek to be bad Greek was 'weak in the upper story.'

Some days elapsed, and I awoke one morning with the vivid imprint of a vision in which A. J. Davis was strangely mixed up. While I lay pondering upon it, I felt an overshadowing influence, fine, sweet, and strong, and realized the presence of an ancient Hebrew seer; even him of Patmos Isle. This intelligence also desired me to address him through Mr. Mansfield. At first I hesitated, but finally yielding, wrote out and sealed up several questions, which seemed to be given me to initiate. The return mail brought an answer signed John, and, as in the previous instance, embodying a specific response. Part of this message was written in Greek likewise. This time the translation came with the communication and the returned sealed letter of inquiry. As a test to myself, the spirit referred to the operation in my slumber."

The Fable of the Two Rats.

A cunning old rat discovered, in his rounds, a most tempting piece of cheese, which was placed in a trap; but being well aware that if he touched it he should be caught, he treacherously accosted one of his young companions, and, under the mask of friendship, showed him the prize, saying he did not want it himself, as he had just taken a hearty meal. The young rat, who was not wise enough to keep out of mischief, thanked him for the information, and thoughtlessly sprang upon the alluring bait; on which the trap closed and instantly destroyed him.

Application.—There are many people in the world, who, to gain some advantage for themselves, are cruel and selfish enough to lead others into evil, without caring in the least for the troubles they bring upon them by their pernicious counsel; or, a pretended friend is worse than an open foe.

Radical Lectures.

Rev. E. D. Morse, editor of the Radical, gave the ninth of the course of Radical Lectures in Fraternity Hall, Sunday evening, taking "The Democratic Principle in Religion" for his subject. He did not believe we should anywhere discover heaven already prepared for us; and expressed himself as satisfied with this world, which is very beautiful, if we could only see its beauties aright. The kingdom of heaven could be located almost anywhere, by true obedience to the laws of Nature, which are God's laws. Religion, he said, was obedience of one's own ideas of right.

Delegates to the National Convention. The Spiritualists of Boston, N. H., have selected Frank Chase and Charles A. Fowler delegates to the next National Convention of Spiritualists, with power to fill vacancy.

Exhibition of the Children's Lyceum.

The annual exhibition of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia, held March 20th, was a splendid success. The hall, which seats about twelve hundred persons, was filled to overflowing, with an audience composed of judges, lawyers, doctors, ministers, and members of the first families of the city. The exhibition opened with a grand march by two hundred members of the Lyceum, bearing aloft the star spangled banner, and after going through several evolutions were massed upon the platform en tableau. The entertainment was interspersed with songs, duets, quartettes, recitations, also gymnastic exercises, with rings, wands, dumb-bells and clubs, all of which were fine and well executed. The Columbian march, by sixteen young ladies, which concluded the evening's entertainment, was beautiful in design, execution and musical adaptation, and the marching and evolutions were done with a precision that would have been creditable to a company of well drilled U. S. Cadets.

This exhibition will be repeated at Concert Hall, on 22d of April, in compliance with an almost unanimous request, and the proceeds will be applied to the starting of a building fund for a hall to hold their meetings in, as will be seen by the following remarks of M. B. Dyott, the efficient Conductor.

"The Progressive Lyceum, and Association with which it is connected, having no permanent hall, it is deemed necessary to start a building fund, to which annual or monthly contributions shall be solicited, donations, bequests and legacies may be made. As many persons were unable to gain admittance to their exhibition at Musical Fund Hall, upon the 20th of March, and a large proportion of the audience then present request a repetition of the entertainment, the officers, leaders and members have consented to repeat it, and to appropriate the entire proceeds to the starting of a building fund, and to continue their efforts from time to time until their purpose shall be accomplished. The first object to be attained is a building in which the Progressive Lyceum shall hold their meetings, where lectures upon scientific, philosophical, religious and humanitarian subjects, shall be maintained; where a thorough musical education may be acquired; where physical culture and the laws of health shall be prominent in its teachings; where the fact that man has a body as well as a soul to educate, shall be recognized; and that the surest guarantee for a true and holy life is to educate the body, so that the immortal spirit that inhabits it, may have a fitting instrument through which the God-like attributes of a noble life may be evolved; where the reasoning faculties of the young shall be cultivated and drawn out; where a free library and reading room shall be established, stored with the wisdom of the past, and redolent with the inspirations of the present; where our children shall be taught to love God, and not to fear him; where eloquence, rhetoric and oratory shall be taught, and the dormant powers and capacities of the mind be aroused into activity. These are a few of its primary aims and purposes, and are all comprehended within their present abilities, and will be inaugurated as soon as funds can be obtained to procure a suitable building for their use. The Lyceum movement is one which has within it inherent power of self-sustenance; it is a working and progressive institution, and, although it is a child of but four years old, it now numbers one hundred and ten flourishing schools, and has a membership of twelve thousand children. We say to those who are able, assist us, and the monument of usefulness you will help to rear will be a source of greater happiness to you than that which would be yours were you to build and endow a Girard College or a Peabody Institute. Communications may be addressed to the Conductor—M. B. Dyott, box 684, Philadelphia P. O."

New Publications.

THE "DIAMOND OUR MUTUAL FRIEND," is published by Ticknor & Fields, and is worthy of its popular predecessor, "The Diamond Pickwick." That had an immense sale, we are told, at the start, and is still selling. "Our Mutual Friend" will push on the popularity of the timely project of the enterprising and liberal publishers. No edition can go before this one, that has been or may be undertaken of Dickens's works. For elegance, compactness, cheapness, clearness of the page, and fair look generally, it is the very want of these days of reading. "Our Mutual Friend" is one of Dickens's best, and looks as it deserves in the form of this "Diamond," showing like a gem of the very first water. Though the type of this edition is small, no bourgeois could put out the narrative, the descriptions, and the dramatic representations of the illustrious author more distinctly and impressively before the reader's hungry eyes.

Miss Thackeray's "VILLAGE OF THE CLIFF" is likewise published very neatly in pamphlet, by Little & Gay, and is for sale by A. Williams & Co.

Bela Marsh has just published the tenth edition of "THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCES. A Vision." By Andrew Jackson Davis

Belding, Keith & Co., of London, American bankers and merchants, present a timely pamphlet on UNITED STATES BONDS AND SECURITIES.

THE RADICAL for April is out, well filled with fresh thoughts as usual.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE for March has arrived, and we can supply customers.

Personal.

Warren Chase intends visiting Boston this month, and will speak one Sunday, if desired, in this city or vicinity.

E. V. Wilson speaks in New Boston, Ill., during April and May.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is speaking in Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. S. Loveland is engaged to lecture in Cleveland, Ohio, during April.

Dr. James Cooper will deliver a funeral discourse on the departure of the daughter of Mr. David Richardson, at Montezuma, Mercer county, Ohio, on Sunday, May 8th.

Pius IX. is the two hundred and fifty-seventh Pontiff who has sat in St. Peter's chair. He is now seventy-five years old, and has been Pope for twenty-one years.

Robert Fulton, Esq., Assistant Provincial Secretary of New Brunswick, died at Fredericton, N. B., recently. He was over sixty years of age, and was highly esteemed. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism.

Pioneer Work.

Mrs. S. A. Horton started out the first Sunday in this month, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists. She lectured in Dorchester the first Sunday in April. Mr. Wheeler is also engaged in the same work in another part of the State. Mrs. Carrier, a test medium from Providence, accompanies Mrs. Horton.

Woburn.

The Spiritualists of Woburn Centre, we are pleased to learn from Mr. Nath'l Jenkins, have commenced to hold meetings in the Central House Hall, Sundays, at 21 and 7 P. M. On the 7th inst. Dr. J. H. Currier gave them a very satisfactory lecture, and will continue to speak there during this month.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,
544 BROADWAY,
(Opposite the American Museum.)

WARREN CHASE.....LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.

New Books—Popular Medicines.

Reconstruction. By Hon. J. W. Edwards. Everybody who reads, hears or discusses politics should have a copy of this book, unless the last fifty cents has gone for tobacco. Correlation of Forces—by Bray—A work of deep thought and much merit, published in London, is on our counter, and can be had for \$1.75; and postage, 15 cents. Howitt's History of the Supernatural—two volumes, \$2.00; postage 45 cents. It is a work of great value to the student of spiritual literature. We are collecting all the valuable works for those who read our philosophy, and trust we shall continue to have the patronage of the public, through the mail and express lines, and assure our friends they shall be promptly and faithfully served in the book trade.

Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, Dr. H. B. Storrs's Preparation of God's Nerve and the Neurogentic Nalam all continue to bring words of approbation to our office. There is certainly virtue in the Powders and Nerve, for we have tried them, the first by proxy and the second by person.

State Organization.

Once more we call the attention of the readers of our paper in the State of New York to the fact that we have no State Organization to be represented in the National Organization of Spiritualists, and so far as we know, no step has yet been taken practically in the direction of forming one. Certainly the experiences of the past and condition of the present are ample proof that to effect a good work commensurate with our numbers, means and strength, we must have organization.

Is it not a shame, when the Roman Catholics admit that we outnumber both Catholics and Protestants in this country, that we have not a school in which a child can be educated without being put under the religious discipline and sectarian instruction of some of these Christian sects? We all are compelled to patronize sectarian colleges or none, and then our children are required to attend the churches, and if they do not endorse the doctrines taught, are marked as inferior at least in respectability.

Is there any other way for us to concentrate our means and minds, and prove the practical utility of our philosophy and religion, except through organization? If so, we have failed to discover it. Daily we are taunted with the lack of practical utility in Spiritualism—no institutions, no places of instruction. True, we heal the sick and "raise the dead" (or spirits of the dead), rather call them, and they come; we prove a future life, and destroy the "sting of death" (hell and oblivion); we prove the fabulous origin of Christianity, and extract the grain of truth from the mass of rubbish in each creed; we crush the Orthodox quartz, and get out the specks of gold and melt them into coins for future use; but why do we continue to send our children through the Sunday and week-day religious discipline which we not only disregard ourselves but despise, and from which we have escaped and hope our children will also, and yet put them under its instruction?

We believe if the Spiritualists of New England and New York were as well organized and practical as most of the sects are, they could within two years have several colleges of their own, and if we are ever to do any great and good work untidily, it certainly is time to begin by organizing both locally and generally.

Our oldest and ablest speakers are retiring from the field; new ones, and many more, are needed. Education is needed for them and for all, without the waste of time or money on a false theology.

The Children's Progressive Lyceums are building up like the little coral a foundation for the future to stand upon; but like the insect they are slow as well as sure in the work, and now, when a glorious opportunity offers to secure the services of the preachers for a year or more to build them up, we have only the scattered and individual action to rely upon.

When the anti-slavery friends had the offer of competent workers in their cause years ago, their little means were concentrated, their efforts united, and able speakers sent out on the noble missionary work which has culminated in the great triumph of the age. With ten times the strength they had at our age, we are almost powerless for want of union and cooperation; waste most of our time and mentality in combating each other, or in selfish and petty rivalries and jealousies. We move for a State Convention. Who seconds it?

Spiritual Lectures, etc.

Hon. Robert Dale Owen occupied the desk at Dotworth's Hall for the First Society of Spiritualists, Sunday morning, April 7th, and Dr. Larkin, of the Brooklyn Eclectic Institute, in the evening. Mr. Owen read some very interesting facts which he has collected toward his next volume, and added some of the most conclusive intellectual clinchers to the truth of spirit intercourse. A more attentive and interested audience has seldom assembled in this city, and it was made up almost entirely of intellectual and deep thinking men and women, near or past the middle age of life.

Dr. Larkin, we understand, (as our engagements would not allow us to hear him,) gave his early experiences and the persecutions he and others met with when these truths first received their attention.

When such men as Robert Dale Owen—who has held such important offices for the nation, and is even now engaged in its most sacred trust, no less than that of writing the life of its martyred Lincoln, a work with which no sectarian Christian in the nation could be trusted—are found openly advocating Spiritualism, and many others in high places who could be named, is it not time to turn back some of the sneers of the selfish and crafty aristocracy, who, crab-like, go either way in all reforms and discoveries—forward when they must, backward when they can. There are in this city clergymen and laymen who turn up their sacred noses at Spiritualism, and affect to despise it and its believers alike, not one of whom is capable of filling one of the offices so honorably and ably filled by R. D. Owen, J. W. Edwards, B. F. Wade, or even those places of trust filled by John Pierpont, T. G. Forster, Darius Lyman, John Mayhew, Julius H. Mott, and a score of others we could name.

When our social standard of good society is controlled by such bigoted and shallow-pated aristocrats, its thin shell must soon break and expose its rottenness.

Strong and popular men are now boldly expressing their confidence in spirit-intercourse, and approving our philosophy and endorsing our facts, both in this country and in Europe. The day of triumph is at hand for the new gospel, when the ignorant and stupid will see and hear, and the self-righteous and bigoted will call on the rocks and mountains to hide them from the face of angels whom they have despised to despise.

Fire! Fire! Fire!

This is the common cry, and, by Orthodox authority, the common lot of us all. The fires that burn in Broadway so often are slight compared to those presided about in the pulpits. Fire of

wrath on the throne of a God of Love, and fire of the bottomless pit with brimstone in it, (held in solution of course, or it would fall through,) fire above, fire below and fire all about—no wonder the bells ring so often and boys cry "fire!" so loud! Get insured, especially against the brimstone department.

Do not come to New York to visit till after the 10th of May. The families are moving; rents are too high, and they change and move, and pay higher each time. There is no anti-rent society here. People here live round about, as Bro. Peebles "boarded round."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"A man who has purchased our sheet for some time, remarked, in a note, in sending his name as a subscriber, that his means were very limited, but he was determined to have the BANNER; therefore, he says, 'I had to give up using tobacco, to enable me to pay for the paper, although I was an inveterate smoker, for the BANNER is of more use to me than all the tobacco in the world.' A sensible man."

"Mrs. Wilson, a colored lady, and trance speaker, created quite a sensation in Charlestown, where she lectured to crowded audiences, last Sunday, for the ability displayed in her addresses."

In our next issue we shall print a report of the Radical Peace Convention, held in Pawtucket, R. I., March 28th.

BACK NUMBERS.—We are anxious to obtain Nos. 1, 11 and 15 of Vol. Eleven of the BANNER OF LIGHT, to perfect our files. Any one having the above to spare will confer a favor by mailing them to our address; no postage stamp required.

Mrs. A. C. LATIMER, the well known clairvoyant and healing medium, continues to meet with success in her practice in this city. Her office is at 252 Washington street, where the afflicted will do well to call.

THE EDDY MEDIUMS are at present at their home in Chittenden, Vt. They talk of visiting Canada.

Why is the freight of a ship like a locomotive? Because it makes the cargo.

SHODDY-SNOBBERY.—At a dinner party given in New York recently, by a wealthy citizen upon the waters, the waiters were dressed in scarlet coats, knee breeches, silk stockings, and powdered wigs after the old English fashion.

Dr. C. C. Colby, of Albert Lea, Minn., it should have been stated, was not at Dr. U. Clark's Greenwood Institute as a patient, but was there as a student, in order that he might become the better qualified to treat the sick in keeping with the magnetic, dynamic and spiritual system taught and practiced at the Institute. Dr. Colby has already, we are informed, been successfully practicing on hygienic and magnetic principles, and now proposes to abandon a lucrative business, and devote himself to the relief of the suffering, and the advancement of Spiritualism. As he is a man of means, he enters the field with unselfish motives, and wherever his reputation is known, he needs no commendation for integrity of purpose.

Cephias B. Lynn speaks at the City Hall Meeting in Charlestown, Sunday, April 21st, and Miss Lavina Ripley the following Sunday. A Lecture will be held in this hall on Tuesday evening for the benefit of the Children's Lyceum.

Secretary McCulloch thinks it will be possible, without materially disturbing the business of the country, to return to specie payment within two years; and believes that, if he is not interfered with, he can bring gold down to 115 or 120 before December.

Rev. J. J. West, of Winchester, England, has refused to read the burial service over the corpse of a man who was washed up at sea, because "he did not know whether he had been baptized!"

In another column will be found interesting reports of the cure of Dyspepsia, Heart Disease, Disease of the Kidneys, Palsy, Deafness, several cases of Diseases of Females and Fevers of various kinds by Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders.

The winter has been terrible on the Plains. Thousands of cattle, horses, mules and some few families perished with cold and hunger. The stations on the overland mail line have been kept supplied with provisions at great cost and labor. The snow in many places rendered the roads impassable for miles. In the vicinity of Salt Lake City, the thermometer ranged from 33 to 40 degrees below zero for several days during March.

A child, three and a half years old, is at present confined in Richmond Bridewell, Dublin, (the same from which James Stephens escaped,) serving out a sentence of fourteen days' imprisonment and hard labor for the crime of soliciting alms!

DOCTORS GREER & BLACKMON, of Peoria, are now in Bloomington, Ill., at the St. Nicholas Hotel, and are doing a good work in healing and comforting the sick and afflicted. They will remain there till toward the end of the present month, when they will proceed to St. Louis, Mo., calling at Decatur, Springfield, Jacksonville, Quincy and Alton, Ill., reaching St. Louis by the first of July next, and in each of these places will be found at the principal Hotel. See advertisement in another column.

The Syracuse Journal denies the truth of the popular impression that the Indians of New York are, as a race, incapable of civilization. It is said that for twenty years past they have increased the number of their schools and churches, and have also increased in wealth and population.

Count Bismarck may be said to have extinguished the national hopes of Poland by the delivery of one of his most caustic speeches in the German Parliament, in which, addressing the Polish Deputies, he said: "The reestablishment of the Polish republic is a fantastical dream. There are not Poles enough in the world to accomplish it."

A new style of coiffure has appeared in Paris. The head seems covered entirely over with curls, closely packed together, and raised toward the top of the head, with one or two long curls flowing on either side.

Dr. M. B. Benslow, says the Springfield Republican, has made a microscopic examination of several hairs, and has found in one of them encysted trichinae, as numerous as forty-eight thousand six hundred in a cubic inch. In a fragment of muscle from the body of the late Miss Ida Hall, he found them as numerous as one hundred and thirteen thousand four hundred to a cubic inch. The portions examined were one two-hundredths of an inch thick, and the circle shown through the microscope was one-eighth of an inch in diameter. From these data, with the number of trichinae seen, the number in a cubic inch was easily computed.

The Emperor Napoleon is said to be awaiting the fall of the throne of Queen Isabella, of Spain, in order to add the Kingdom of Portugal to assume it, a service for which, it is alleged, he hopes France will be rewarded by the acquisition of Cuba or some other of the remaining colonial possessions of Spain.

IRKING.—After rolling all night in your berth at sea till you are miserably sick, to have a steward open your door in the morning, and ask you if you'll have a fresh roll for breakfast.

The Legislature of Wisconsin has passed an eight hour law.

Rev. Dr. Chaplin, of the Baptist Training School for Colored Preachers, says in a late report:

"The Catholics have imported SIXTY priests into the State of Louisiana to educate the blacks. This looks like work. These sixty act in concert; move together like one man; one man trained and armed for service. The council at Baltimore adopted the programme sent from Rome, and have already embodied their resolution in living men."

Returns have been received from nearly seven hundred and fifty ministers in this State, who were requested to say yes or no to the question, "Are you in favor of a License Law?" All but about fifty answer, no. Of the fifty who say "Yes," quite a number are Roman Catholics and Episcopalians.

An extravagant man having moved into a costly mansion, remarked to a friend, "Now everything will go on like clockwork." "Yes," was the reply, "it will be tick, tick, tick."

If the Union Pacific Railroad, which has its eastern terminus at Omaha, is pushed forward according to the promise of its managers, we shall go to San Francisco by rail in less than three years.

The secrets of health are six: First, keep warm. Second, eat regularly and slowly. Third, maintain regular daily bodily habits. Fourth, take early and very light suppers. Fifth, keep a clean skin. Sixth, get a plenty of sleep at night.

A Western orator, getting warm with his subject, exclaimed, "There is not a man, woman or child in the house who has not arrived at the age of fifty years, but what has felt this truth thundering through their minds for centuries."

Spiritualism being of God and sanctioned by his holy angels, will assuredly triumph over all opposing influences. Let then the devout men of the Church lay these things to heart. Spiritualism is heaven-born, and a study into its angelic wonders is surely a heavenly and divine employment.—Brooklyn Daily Times.

Geo. E. Haskell, Harvard, Mass., is prepared to furnish fishing, chowder, and picnic parties with good boats for sailing on "Bear Hill Pond" during the coming season.

Minors can marry in Louisiana. The legal age for the bridegroom is fourteen, for the bride twelve. Women would make a more sensible law, give them a chance.

THE TEN HOUR SYSTEM.—The Fall River News thus speaks of the operation of the ten hour system, which has been adopted in the mills of that city:

"Fall River already experiences the beneficial effects of the shortened hours. It is pleasant to see the cheerful faces turned homeward from the mills before the sun has set. Fault-finding and bitterness on the part of the operatives in regard to long hours of labor is no longer heard from our mills and streets are not the scene of strikes and angry discussions. The evening schools have made better progress, and business at the Police Court has not increased from the change."

The sidewheel steamer Quaker City has been chosen to carry General Sherman, Henry W. Beecher and the excursion party to the Mediterranean and the Holy Land next summer.

His Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts, with advice of the Council, has appointed Seth Ames, of Boston, Chief Justice of the Superior Court, in place of Charles Allen, resigned.

The graduating class of the Divinity School in Harvard University have invited Rev. Dr. Bartol to deliver before them the annual sermon, on the Sunday evening before next commencement. Considering Dr. Bartol's known preference for a radical and rational theology, this invitation is hardly less noteworthy than those given by former classes to Ralph Waldo Emerson, and to Theodore Parker, to address them on similar occasions.

EXPENSIVE GRATIFICATION.—Miss Parker, an American lady, wore a dress at one of the balls in Paris, trimmed with lace valued at over ten thousand dollars.

Experiments with peat for the production of gas have shown that, as compared with coal, its product is over one-fifth greater.

The New York doctors charge four dollars for each visit by daylight, and from ten to fifteen dollars for those exacted at night.

Wisconsin has, by a vote of sixty-three to twenty-two, adopted a resolution submitting the question of female suffrage to the State. Would n't it be fair to allow the women to vote on this question, and not make a one-sided thing of it?

A New Work on Spiritualism.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge will be glad to receive any well-attested facts, phenomena, mediumistic experiences, or other records connected with the history of American Spiritualism, to complete her projected work on this subject. Any such contributions will be carried by Mrs. Hardinge to Europe, where her work will be written; but those who may be willing to lend her printed matter or MSS. for reference, or extracts, can receive them back within two years from the present date. Mrs. Hardinge starts for Europe in July. Those who are willing, therefore, to aid in this matter, will please send in their contributions as soon as possible. Address, after February, care of Thomas Hannev, Esq., 50 Federal street, Boston; or to then, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]
T. R. J. E.—The party you allude to has completed his arrangements. If any one should require your services we will write.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

D. Farrar, Boston, Mass.	50.00
Friend	2.00
H. H. Moore, Shaker Village, N. H.	1.00
Old Hineley, New Harmony	1.00
Friend	0.50
Bernard Thurn, Rockland, Me.	1.00
Dr. W. F. Padelford, Boston, Mass.	1.00
J. A. Randall, Birmingham, N. Y.	50
Arvilla M. Stevens, Enosburgh Falls, Vt.	1.00
Y. S. Philadelphia, Pa.	1.00
J. A. Wells, Rochester, N. Y.	2.00
Friend, Lancaster	1.00
E. G. Coffin, Milbury, Mass.	1.00
Friend	1.00
Mrs. Martha Crosby, Boston, Mass.	50
George Bora, San Bernardino, Cal.	50
Friend	50

Donations to Aid the Poor.

A. G. Eslerby, Nappa City, Cal.	50.00
Friend, St. Albans, Vt.	50

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT:

J. M. FEEBLES, Editor.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Letters and papers intended for us, or communications for publication in this Department, etc., should be directed to J. M. FEEBLES. Local matters from the West requiring immediate attention, and long articles intended for publication, should be sent directly to the Western office, Boston. Those who particularly desire their contributions inserted in the Western Department, will please to so mark them. Persons writing in this month, will direct to Little Creek, Mich.

Good Old Apollonius.

Inspiration overtook the mythic epochs of the past. It was God with man—an overflowing fountain. It consciously connected the gods with men. It touched and winged with a power divine all the great souls of history. Their voiced truths still live, their holy utterances as with heaven's love, continue to thrill with murmurous music the more receptive of this century.

Among the inspired seers of past ages was the anated Apollonius, of Tyana. He was born in Asia Minor about the time of Jesus of Nazareth, and by prominent ancient writers eminent for erudition, was considered superior to the son of Joseph and Mary. Hierocles, a celebrated author in the time of Diocletian, penned a treatise expressly to draw a parallel between the two, and show a superiority to the miracles of Apollonius. Draper, in his "Intellectual Development of Europe," says, "Under the auspices of the Empress Julia, Philostratus instituted a parallel between this man and Jesus Christ." Draper, with other historians, admits him a miracle-worker, given to prophesying, soothing and holy living.

From the more scholarly of the Church fathers and several ancient writers, we gather that he was born of excellent parents, and very early betrayed a passion for philosophy. His father, discovering this, placed him, at the age of fourteen, under Euthydemos, a Tarsus rhetorician. The youth, dissatisfied with the intolerance and luxury of the citizens, repaired to Ephesus, where was a splendid temple of Esculapius, in which this god was sometimes said to appear in person. Here he became a disciple of the sect of Pythagoras, and also into full fellowship with the spirit-world. He refrained from animal food, and subsisted entirely upon fruits, grains and herbs. He went barefoot, and wore no article of clothing made from the skins of animals. At one time he remained silent five years, listening, and treasuring spiritual truths. He traveled in Babylon, Susa, and among the Brahminical seers of India, in pursuit of knowledge, and devoted himself intently to the study of magic, alchemy, the laws and methods of spirit-manifestations.

Philostratus tells us he had a beautiful countenance, a tall, commanding figure, a graceful, dignified carriage, which, combined with his great knowledge, wisdom and natural eloquence, made him not only a favorite with the reputed great, but even the common people. Through his mediocrity he was enabled to understand all languages without learning them. And furthermore, says Godwin, "He could read the thoughts of men, and a wonderful power of working miracles attended him in all places."

We think his so-called miracles are equally as well substantiated as those of the Nazarene. Both were mediums, and neither transcended Nature's laws. On one occasion he announced to the people of Ephesus the approach of a terrible pestilence. The citizens did not heed his prophecy. The calamity, however, overtook them precisely as he foretold; then they sent a messenger to Smyrna, imploring the assistance of the good Apollonius. Full of that sympathy which characterized Jesus, he hastened to their relief. Wherever the sick and suffering were there were his feet swift to go.

Another wonder was wrought by Apollonius in favor of a young man whom he greatly loved, named Menippus, of Corinth. A handsome woman made advances to this youth. This prophet saw her motives were not holy, and when upon the point of making the marriage contract, Apollonius warned his young friend enigmatically, telling him he nursed a serpent in his bosom. This, however, did not deter Menippus. All things were arranged—the table spread. By spirit-direction Apollonius came into their midst and prevented the consummation. He told the youth the dishes before them, and even the guests themselves were illusory, and, to prove it, caused them to immediately vanish. In this was exhibited his wonderful psychological power. The bride was refractory. She begged the philosopher not to torment her, nor compel a confession. He was inexorable. Finally she admitted herself an empuise, a sort of vampire that would have absorbed and magnetically appropriated the spiritual life-forces of Menippus.

Among other miracles he raised the dead. (See Philostratus, book IV, ch. 45.) A young woman of beauty and promise was laid upon a bier, being carried to the tomb. A multitude of friends followed the form, weeping, and among them a splendid Syrian youth, to whom she was to have been married. Apollonius meeting the procession, commanded them to set down the bier. Then exhorting them to dry their tears, and inquiring the name of the deceased, took her hand, saluted her and uttered certain mystical words. He then said, "Maiden, arise." She immediately raised herself up on the seat, and presently returned whole and well to her father. Of course this woman, as in the case of Lazarus in the New Testament, was not physically dead, but in a deep unconscious trance. Many in this condition have no doubt been "buried alive."

When Domitian required this highly inspired man not to leave Rome, he pointedly reproved him for his injustice and base governmental administration, closing in these words: "It is not for myself I speak, my soul is invulnerable to your enmity, and it is not given to you by the gods to become master of my body." Having uttered these words in the anguish of his spirit, he suddenly became invisible in the midst of a full assembly, and was immediately seen at Puteoli, not far from Mount Vesuvius.

The tyrant Domitian followed this ancient Spiritualist no further. Resting for a season, he went to Greece, then to Ionia, and finally to Ephesus, from which place the Apostle John passed to spirit-life. Apollonius delivered lectures everywhere he went, and was followed by crowds of the most learned and distinguished of the times. At Ephesus, in the midst of a vast assembly, delivering an oration, he suddenly stopped and gazed into space as if beholding a vision. His countenance changed, and he exhibited the most determined purpose. At length he exclaimed, "Strike the tyrant; strike him!" He then turned to the assembly and said, "Domitian is no more; the world is delivered of its uttermost oppressor!" The next post brought the news that the Emperor had been slain the very day and the very hour when Apollonius announced the event in Ephesus.

Nerva, the successor of Domitian, admired this

Asian teacher. Between them there existed the sincerest friendship. The Emperor was charmed with his wisdom and spiritual gifts; but he was already about one hundred years old. What is most extraordinary, none could tell precisely when or where he passed to spirit-life. No honored tomb bore the record of his memory, precious as it was. Lampridius, Philostratus and other of his biographers inclined to the opinion that he was taken up as an ancient prophet into heaven. The highest honors were paid to this spiritualistic philosopher while living, and after his death he was considered a god. The inhabitants of Tyana built a magnificent temple to him, and his statue was found in many other temples. The Emperor Adrian collected his letters, and held them as among the most valuable relics of the age. Alexander Severus placed his image in his oratorical gymnasium, together with those of Jesus Christ, Abraham and Orpheus, to whom he was accustomed to perform the daily ceremonies of religion.

Vopiscus, in his life of Aurelian, informs us that this Emperor had determined to destroy the city of Tyana, but that Apollonius, whom he knew from his statues, appeared to him as a specter and said, "Aurelian, Aurelian, if thou wouldst conquer, do not think of the destruction of my citizens; Aurelian, if thou wouldst reign, abstain from the blood of the innocent; Aurelian, if thou wouldst subdue, distinguish thyself by acts of kindness and clemency." It was at the earnest desire of Julia, the mother of Severus, that Philostratus wrote the life of the good Apollonius. Through him, with other historians, his fame, with some record of his wonderful works, has traveled in splendor down the centuries. The purity of his life was unquestioned, his benevolence almost unparalleled, and his sympathies so tender and touching that multitudes hung upon his lips as if charmed and chained by a power all divine. Owing to his affiliation with gods, angels and the spirit-world, rendering him wonderfully mediocrity, his miraculous works (spirit manifestations) in the eyes of many oriental scholars and historians eclipsed those of Jesus of Nazareth. It is certain that comparisons were frequently instituted between them, and equally certain that Apollonius was a great and good man; calm, pure, highly inspired, and a seer whose name on earth will be immortal.

Conjugal Relations.

On the 22d of February, at Columbus, Warren Co., Pa., by the Rev. S. Hollen, Wm. H. Johnson, Esq., of Corry, Erie Co., Pa., and Miss Hester McLaughlin, of Mendville, Crawford Co., Pa.

Our good brother not having attained, in common with humanity, unto that celestial resurrection-condition referred to by Jesus, where "they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven," has taken unto himself a "helpmeet." It is well. We wish him, with all the parties, whether intimately or more remotely connected, much joy and happiness—happiness both temporal and spiritual. True marriage, blending upon the various planes of life, especially the intellectual and spiritual, for purposes of divine use, is to us beautiful and holy. Such marriages we believe to be eternal, heart responding to heart, soul answering to soul, and spirit inspiring spirit, all along the everlasting ages. Bro. Johnson assures us that he has not "married out of the lecture-field"—accept thanks for the assurance. May it not be that while we retain this true and faithful brother-speaker, we gain a sister lecturer—a co-worker with us in this great moral and spiritual reform movement? Blessings rest upon the parties.

A New Speaker in the Field.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that Miss Elvira Wheelock, whose occasional articles have graced the BANNER OF LIGHT and other Spiritualist papers, has entered the lecture-field in earnest. We have known her personally for years. She is an excellent scholar, good writer and clear reasoner, with soul as sincere as her voice is musical. Though impressionist and highly inspirational, she speaks in a normal state.

We extend to her the brotherly hand of fellowship, and welcome her into the dependent order of speakers! Woman, pure, true and noble, never looks to us more divine, more the teacher and Saviour of the ages, than when standing upon the public rostrum and advocating the principles of the Harmonical Philosophy, with the reforms legitimately connected therewith. God and his good angels bless her and all our sister speakers. During May she speaks in Rock Island, Ill.; will lecture week-day evenings in adjoining towns and villages. Address Miss Elvira Wheelock, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Moses Hull.

The other morning this zealous co-worker, recently from a wide field of labor in Minnesota, called upon us quite unexpectedly. For several months he has been lecturing, healing, holding discussions, and doing the work of an Evangelist generally in the Northwest. The last of his discussions was held in Mankato, with the Rev. J. M. Pryse, a Presbyterian clergyman—the same clerical Welshman that Bro. S. J. Finney debated with several years since in Cincinnati. Previous to seeing Bro. Hull, we had received an account of the debate and victory; just such a victory as truth ever achieves over error when in skillful hands.

The first Saturday and Sunday of June, this brother attends the annual "Basket Meeting" in Lotus, Ind., and the second Saturday and Sunday of June the Indiana State Convention, to be held in Muncie, Ind.

"H. Melville Fay."

For some months the writer's attention has been called to the representations of H. Melville Fay, stating that he had been traveling and giving sances with Mrs. Lizzie Davenport Cole, in different parts of Ohio, &c., &c. Such statements being made to the friends of Mrs. Cole, were received by them with much surprise, several of whom wrote to her to find out if they were true. She felt indignant and mortified to think that Fay would return with ingratitude and false representations of the kindness which he received from her and her friends in Southern Ohio. The writer knows that Mrs. Cole has not given any sances with "Fay," and desires her friends throughout the country not to believe any such statements made by or coming from the above source. If Fay desires to build up his reputation by detracting from one who has stood the test of years before the public, as a reliable and well-tried medium, he is much mistaken if he thinks the friends of Mrs. Cole will permit such slander on her and those who control the manifestations given through her, to go unrebuked and contradicted.

J. O'NEIL.

Presbyterian and Methodist ministers in Mississippi are taking steps to suppress dancing. These long-faced gentry dislike to see young folks enjoy themselves even in harmless recreation.

SPRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—Miss Elsie Dwyer will lecture each Sunday afternoon in April in Mercantile Hall, 16 Summer street, commencing at 2 o'clock. Admittance 10 cents.

THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM will hold its regular meetings every Sunday in No. 2 Tremont Hall, 111. Free discussion on the Christian Atonement at 10 A. M. Lecture followed by conference at 1 P. M. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer. The public are invited.

Spiritualist meetings are held every Sunday at 844 Washington Circle at 7 P. M. C. H. Hines.

CHAMBERLAIN—The Children's Lyceum connected with the First Baptist Church, 100 Washington street, will hold its regular meetings every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at Washington Hall, every Sunday afternoon, A. M. H. Hines, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian.

NEWTON CORNER, MASS.—The Spiritualists and friends of progressive meetings in Middlesex Hall, 24 and 26, will hold their regular meetings every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at Newton Corner, Mass. The Children's Lyceum will hold its regular meetings every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at Newton Corner, Mass. The Children's Lyceum will hold its regular meetings every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at Newton Corner, Mass.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, 75, Broadway, every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. The Children's Lyceum will hold its regular meetings every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at Pratt's Hall, 75, Broadway.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings are held in the new hall in Pratt's Hall, 75, Broadway, every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. The Children's Lyceum will hold its regular meetings every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at Pratt's Hall, 75, Broadway.

BALTIMORE, MD.—The First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore will hold its regular meetings every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at Baltimore, Md. The First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore will hold its regular meetings every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at Baltimore, Md.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Meetings are held and addresses delivered in Union League Hall, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. The Union League Hall, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Greenwood Hall, 100 Washington street, where they hold their regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Greenwood Hall, 100 Washington street, where they hold their regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Regular morning and evening meetings are held by the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday morning, at 10 A. M., and 7 P. M. The First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, every Sunday morning, at 10 A. M., and 7 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Regular Spiritualist meetings every Sunday in the hall, Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mr. Wm. H. Plank, Conductor. The Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mr. Wm. H. Plank, Conductor.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—The Spiritualists of Louisville commence their regular meetings on Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. The Spiritualists of Louisville commence their regular meetings on Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold their regular meetings every Sunday in No. 300 Broadway, at 2 o'clock. The First Society of Spiritualists hold their regular meetings every Sunday in No. 300 Broadway, at 2 o'clock.

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Business Matters.

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