

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 23.

From "The Radical." SOUTH AMERICA IN THE CONGRESS OF PEACE, GENEVA.

Hector Florence, Varela, son of the patriot Varela, the first victim by assassination of the tyrant Rosas, who was more afraid of free and fearless speech than of armies, and therefore sent an assassin to cut off the life of this noble man who edited a Journal in Montevideo, in which he opposed the tyrant, has been traveling of late in Europe, and made a speech at the Peace Congress in Geneva which contained a passage about the late war of the United States, for which General Dix addressed him the following official note of thanks.

United States Legation, Paris, Sept. 21st, 1863.

Mr. HECTOR FLORENCE VARELA:

My Dear Sir, I learn from the President of the Peace Congress that on the 11th, inst. you repelled most eloquently and effectively an unjust attack upon the people of the United States.

For this act of friendship I beg you to accept from me, as their representative, my sincere thanks, with the assurance that I am with great regard,

Very truly yours, JOHN A. DIX.

Mr. HECTOR F. VARELA:

As this accomplished gentleman purposes visiting the United States, we give his noble speech in full. Our citizens know too little of the eminent men of our Sister Republic of South America.

(When Senor Varela rose to speak he was welcomed with loud applause.) I thank you with all my Republican soul for the demonstrations of true sympathy with which you welcome me to this great tribune of liberty and democracy, but I confess that when I stand here where still resounds the harmonious echo of Edgard Quinet's inspired words, I tremble with emotion and diffidence. (No! no! Speak on without fear.) And do you know why? Because perhaps I am the only man of the many thousands who meet in this assembly, whom no one knows since the departure of my friend General Garibaldi. This circumstance, which puts me at such a disadvantage, would naturally inspire me with diffidence, and if I can conquer this in speaking in a Congress upon which are now bent the eyes of all Europe, it is not only because a just indignation overcomes it, but because at this moment I seem to stand in the bosom of my own family, looking upon each one of you as a brother in God, in liberty and in democracy. (Tremendous and prolonged applause.) And still more, citizens! Born on the shores of the La Plata, I am obliged to speak in a language that is not my own, hence the embarrassment I feel which has been shared by many German and Italian speakers, who have preceded me. (Speak Spanish if you wish to.)

Thanks, fellow citizens! But I will speak French, and I will not ask indulgence, for I know that one who goes into a democratic assembly, gives the right of applause or censure to those who listen to him, and I content myself with feeling that you will know how to excuse the faults I may commit in another language than my own, and in which I am forced to improvise, in order to combat the blasphemies we have just heard. (Long live the American! Great applause.)

Fellow citizens! The cry of angry indignation which burst forth in this hall, and the reprobation which has been manifested, while listening to the words of him who, calling himself a Republican, is a renegade to the immortal principles of Republicanism (applause), stimulated me to ascend this tribune. A powerful motive induces me to break the silence which otherwise I could not have had the courage to interrupt. I am an American, gentlemen, and as the son of that continent in which we are all confounded as Republicans, and under the shadow of that banner to which a kind of instinctive solidarity binds us as with the sacred tie of family, and which imposes upon us the duty of aiding each other in good or evil fortune, I think it my duty to protest not only against the insults offered to the United States and the South American Republics, but against the gross ignorance of their history, their life, their institutions, and their manner of being, evinced by the gentleman I am now going to reply to, although I have not the honor of knowing him. (Prolonged applause. Long live the Republic of the New World.)

A VOICE.—His name is Dupasquier. He is a well-known aristocrat.

SENOR VARELA.—If my memory does not fail me, Senor Dupasquier (Applause) said 1st, that the United States had carried on the most colossal war of modern times with the object of committing a crime, the abolition of slavery!

2d.—That it was necessary that the Congress of Peace, in imitation of the United States, whose antecedents had so often been invoked in this assembly, should be consistent; it must refuse to vote any declaration of principles as the programme indicated, since the United States had never made a declaration of principles!

3d.—The Republicans of Spanish origin, who so much blazon liberty, live in a full state of barbarism, and the people who dwell upon the Pampas, as in the deserts of Africa, eat each other.

4th.—That the expedition to Mexico was made because of the scandals of that nation.

5th.—That it is a farce to pretend that the democrats and republicans are the only parties in Europe who ask for the abolition of standing armies; for all the governments, as well as their Parliaments, have the same desire.

Finally, Senor Dupasquier, in the worst speech that was ever read—whether in its form, or its matter, has protested against the declaration of the orators who had the floor before he had, allowing himself to add that no one had yet occupied himself with the real subject-matter of the programme.

I think, fellow citizens, that such is the essence, the substance, the résumé of the discourse which this justly indignant assembly has just listened to. (Yes, yes, it is so.)

Then, gentlemen, in the name of true democ-

racy, in the name of my outraged native country, of offended liberty, and of history unworthily falsified, I combat him who, perhaps without intending it, has made an apology for despotism. (Prolonged applause.) Yes, the orator was right, the United States have astonished the world by that gigantic war in which through half the struggle and combat they were obliged to improvise everything, army, generals, squadrons, marines. The orator is right. There blood ran in torrents, thousands of men fell covered with the dust of battle, whole cities disappeared, devoured by flames; but these sacrifices of blood, men, money, all grand, sublime, worthy the country of Washington and Lincoln; had for their object the noblest conquest of modern times: the emancipation of the slaves! (Applause interrupts the speaker for several minutes.) Slavery, which in modern times was never an institution in any part of the world, and least of all on the free territory of the United States, appeared like a stain of reproach on the starry banner of the great Republic. (Applause.) To wipe out this stain was the generous dream and the constant aspiration of those who, as citizens of a free people, felt humbled in the presence of that repulsive traffic in human flesh which converted some of our fellow mortals into beings without life, aspirations, liberty, consciousness of manhood—into submissive slaves often subjected to brutal treatment. (Long and prolonged applause.)

The work was not easy. To undertake it, that powerful, firm, decided and persistent resolution was needed, which is inspired by the duty of fulfilling a sacred mission; it needed also especial skill which might not provoke a separation in the great family brought on by the selfishness of those who, like Senor Dupasquier, maintained slavery to be an attribute of divinity. (Stormy and enthusiastic applause.)

M. DUPASQUIER.—I did not say that slavery was an attribute of divinity.

MANY VOICES.—Silence. Do not interrupt. Leave the floor to the American orator.

SENOR VARELA.—Do not be troubled, fellow citizens. The interruptions will not stop me, nor make me lose sight of the object which has brought me to this tribune. I also am accustomed to the tempestuous struggles of great assemblies, for I, fellow citizens, am also the son of a Republic, where the light of liberty shines in all its purity upon the brow of its people. (Applause interrupts the orator for several minutes. A young Italian ascends the tribune and embraces him. Bravo! bravo!) Besides, I did not say that he declared slavery an attribute of divinity, and consequently his interruption is as untimely as uncivil, to one who having American blood in his veins, has borne in silence one by one all the impertinences that he chose to utter upon the people who live and act on the other side of the ocean. (Applause.)

M. DUPASQUIER.—I maintain what I have said. I am a republican, and as such, I have a right to speak freely in this country, which is my own. In my opinion, the abolition of slavery was a crime!

HERR SCHMIDT.—Such infamy cannot be tolerated.

MANY VOICES.—Out with the trafficker in human flesh.

SENOR VARELA.—Now permit me, Senor Dupasquier, to ask you what matter it is if you do say that the abolition of slavery was a crime?

THE PRESIDENT.—I repeat that this forum is free, completely free, that therefore every one can say precisely what he pleases. (Bravo.) Senor Varela may go on.

SENOR VARELA.—I do not know a greater outrage to the Republic, nor a greater offense against immortal principles, than what we have just listened to. What? Is he a republican who has the boldness to call by the name of crime, one of the greatest victories of modern times, one of the most splendid triumphs of regenerated humanity? Cursed be the Republic which now prelates like some of the ancient philosophers, the inequality of castes! (Stormy applause.) Cursed be the Republic, if instead of joyfully welcoming the emancipation of four millions of men restored by a noble effort of democracy, it disowns its sacred work! (Applause.) Be logical then, and say that God is a highway robber, that virtue is vice, that evil is good, that honor is infamy. (Stormy and prolonged applause. Great agitation in the hall.)

And do not say that I am too severe, or that I am carried away by the heat of unpremeditated speaking. No, fellow citizens! He who calls the humane deed of restoring a fellow being to his lost liberty, a crime, why can he not believe God is evil? (Good!) Why does not he, who calls emancipating slaves a crime, maintain that evil is good, and virtue a fury, under whose sacrilegious wings no one ought to take refuge? (Bravo! bravo!) To this logical and fatal conclusion, this repulsive reasoning, pardon me for the term, we are led by the manner in which this orator has vilified the emancipation of the slaves in North America. (Applause.) Fortunately this is not the expression of democratic sentiment known to the world. (Good!) There as here, in America as in Europe, in my country as in yours, fellow citizens of the great Universal Republic, we have received as a common inheritance, the great, the eternal principles proclaimed in the face of the Universe by the French revolutionists in the midst of the thunders of the Convention, by those inspired friends of liberty, who, in 1789, made the famous declaration of the rights of man; and those principles teach us that slavery is a crime, that all men are equal before God and the law, and that no man has the right to treat another man as a slave, a poor and senseless beast. (Long and loud applause. Agitation in the hall.) Now, then, if there is a republican existing, who looks upon the breaking of the chains of the slaves who were oppressed upon the plantations of the South as a crime, that republican is a deserter from the Republic! (Bravo! bravo! He is so, and if he is a deserter, he is not a republican!)

M. DUPASQUIER.—This is a personal offence which cannot be tolerated from a man I do not know.

M. NAQUET.—This is an indignity; no one asks a republican's passport or his baptismal faith on entering a Congress like this. He who is speaking has just made himself known to all, and tomorrow he will be known to all Europe. (Stormy applause.)

A VOICE AT THE LEFT.—The American orator has spoken the truth; Dupasquier is a deserter from the Republic. (Bravo! For several minutes great agitation in the hall.)

THE PRESIDENT.—I demand order, fellow citizens, order; and I respect the opinions of every speaker. If Senor Varela has concluded, I request him to say so.

SENOR VARELA.—If Mr. President desires that I should descend from the forum, I will do so, although I should regret leaving unanswered many other points of M. Dupasquier's discourse, and above all that part which refers to Mexico and other American Republics.

MANY VOICES.—No, sir; do not descend from the tribune. Say all you wish to say. We wish to hear the young American.

THE PRESIDENT.—I simply asked a question of the speaker. In no way did I ask him to yield the floor; on the contrary, sharing the general feeling, I listen to him with the greatest interest. (Applause.)

SENOR VARELA.—Thanks, sir. I said in the beginning, that I believed myself in the midst of my family, and this splendid manifestation of sympathy indicates to me clearly that I was not mistaken. I will go on, then, since I am assured of the indulgence of the Congress. The thinking men of the American Union were quietly preparing the way for the day when they could lead the people to break the chains of slavery, when the Southern States raised the standard of rebellion, attacked the forts garrisoned by federal troops, and sacrilegiously breaking the bond of the Union repudiated the authority of the government at Washington. What was the duty of President Lincoln, that just man, type of republican honor and virtue, whom martyrdom has immortalized in the eyes of posterity, as his works have immortalized him in the eyes of the present generation? (Bravo.) He could not, he ought not to hesitate. The Southern States broke the bond of the Union. The Southern States declared themselves in open rebellion. The Southern States repudiated his authority and declared war. The duty of President Lincoln was marked out by the Constitution, by the glory of his nation, and by the interest of preserving the prestige of the Republican Union, which so many interested European powers discredited. (Applause.)

M. EDGARD QUINET.—That is true.

SENOR VARELA.—In presence of these circumstances, he accepted the war which he had not provoked, but which the Slaveocrats had provoked. Where then is the object of oppression with which M. Dupasquier says the Northern States made war? Since the North did not kindle, but on the contrary accepted it, it was not the North that initiated the end for which it was about to fight. The struggle once begun, then the Northern States flung to the wind the banner of emancipation, and after the assault upon Fort Sumter and the battle of Bull Run, if my memory does not fail me, and if I do not confound names, the character of the contest was perfectly defined. On the one side were those who shed their blood to rivet more and more firmly the chains of slavery. On the other were those who generously marched to the sacrifice of battle, for the emancipation of the slaves. (Prolonged and enthusiastic applause. For a few minutes the orator could not go on.)

Such is the résumé, in two words, of the history of this colossal war, in whose behalf President Lincoln, before descending to the tomb, showed himself to the eyes of the world holding in one hand the broken chains of four million slaves, and in the other the act of emancipation! (Prolonged applause.) In the eyes of M. Dupasquier this was a crime. Blessed be the crimes, fellow citizens, which have for their basis the emancipation of slaves, and the liberty of our fellow-men. (Prolonged applause. Edgard Quinet mounts the tribune and embraces the orator.) We now come to what M. Dupasquier said upon the United States in regard to the declaration of principles. M. Dupasquier, revealing a complete ignorance of history, and of the affairs of the United States, said to this assembly that if it wishes to follow the example of that great nation, it must not vote the propositions of the programme under discussion, for these propositions imply a declaration of principles, and the United States have never declared their principles. Is it not so, fellow citizens?

MANY VOICES.—Yes, yes; precisely so.

SENOR VARELA.—Very well, gentlemen, I do not understand how a man who presents himself in this assembly, with a head bleached with years—it is important to observe this, for he must have had time enough to study all these great questions so interesting to Europe, and particularly those that relate to the theme and foundation of his discourse tranquilly prepared in the silence of the closet, for he brought it here written—I do not understand, I say, how he could have the hardihood to say here in presence of many of the first men of Europe, that the United States have never made a declaration of principles. And to what do the United States owe the security of their liberty? Precisely to the noble frankness, the ultimate conviction, the overwhelming faith with which they have made at every step the declaration of certain principles which form the basis of their system of government at home, and the general rule of their policy abroad. (Prolonged applause.) What was that but a solemn declaration of principles, which the Republic made when it emancipated itself from old England, in the morning of its independence? What was it but a categorical declaration of principles to carry aloft the celebrated Monroe doctrine, a

kind of barrier between the old monarchies of the old world, and the young Republics of South America! (Great applause.) What else but a conclusive declaration of the principles which had guided American policy are those which the Washington Congress made when treason and conquest set up a foreign throne in the Mexican Republic? What else but a frank and generous declaration of principles is that which the United States have just made in the very presence of Maximilian's yet warm corpse? (Enthusiastic and prolonged applause. Noise and agitation in the hall.) To preserve the Republican form of government, to live to the ideal of liberty, as Toqueville said, the United States have not needed, do not need those great standing armies which are a cancer that devours the heart of Europe. They do not need the needle gun, nor the Chassepot rifle; it has been sufficient, and it is still sufficient, to make declarations of principles which are supported by something stronger than bayonets—which are supported by public opinion. (Tremendous applause. Long live the United States.)

M. EDGARD QUINET.—Glorious young tribune of American democracy!

SENOR VARELA.—But I think, gentlemen, that I understand the object which M. Dupasquier proposes to himself in insisting so strenuously that the Congress make no declaration of principles, and also good luck has enabled me to enter upon the very point of the question which has brought together so many eminent men, I ask to be permitted to speak with entire frankness. (Yes, yes, speak!) All have been aware since last night that there have been certain active, intelligent, and persistent endeavors—a deliberate intention to interfere with the purpose of this Congress.

M. DE FAZY.—It is not so. (Agitation.)

SENOR VARELA.—Yes, sir. The language of certain speakers is, that the Republicans who come from other countries are abusing the hospitality of Switzerland, taking advantage of this forum to condemn various European governments. The protest of the Catholics against the speech of Garibaldi, which appeared this morning posted up at all the corners in Geneva; the language of the clerical organ of this city, and the new propositions presented to the Committee in place of those of the programme, show clearly and plainly to the senses, the existence of a premeditated plan, conceived, doubtless, on the other side of the frontier, which has for its object to make impossible the mission of this Congress. (Prolonged applause.) In what manner? By impeding the vote upon the declarations of principles contained in the programme. This is the true point at which M. Dupasquier's arrows are pointed. This is the reason why you are asked to make no declaration of principles.

MANY VOICES.—He is right. The American has discovered the truth.

M. DE FAZY.—Certainly, we Swiss, who enjoy perfect liberty, and are on good terms with our neighbors, do not wish for any declarations which may give provocations to any government. (No! no! The Swiss do not think so. Great agitation.)

PRESIDENT.—I again invite the assembly to preserve the order of this debate. Senor Varela, go on with your speech.

M. DUPASQUIER.—I protest against the preference which is given to this speaker, who is permitted to speak much longer than the time fixed by the programme.

SENOR VARELA.—It is very singular, but of all the things this gentleman has said, the last one is the only one upon which I agree with him. M. Dupasquier is right. I am abusing the kindness of this assembly. Two words more, and I shall have done.

M. NAQUET.—No sir. Take as much time as you wish for. Go on. (Applause.)

A VOICE.—Even if you speak half the night.

M. ACOLAS.—We will listen to you till midnight, till tomorrow, if necessary, and the apostles of truth will take great pleasure in doing so.

M. BORKEN, or LONDON.—We protest also against the premeditated interruptions of two persons, whose aim it is to cut off the speech of the American speaker. In the name of the English Committee, which I represent, I ask that the President may make the liberty of the gentleman in the forum respected. (Prolonged applause.)

PRESIDENT.—If this great agitation continues, I shall have to suspend the session.

SENOR VARELA.—By no means, Mr. President. That is the wish of those who have just revealed their sentiments. If the Congress does not wish to be frustrated, it must not consent to end its labors till the vote has been taken upon the propositions of the programme. (Prolonged and enthusiastic applause.) It is not enough that more or less enthusiastic discourses have been pronounced, that those who do not enjoy liberty in their own country, have taken advantage of the hospitality of this, to give expression to their sentiments long suppressed; it is not enough to have protested against certain iniquities and against the existence of standing armies in Europe. (Good! good!) It is necessary to give to these discourses, to these manifestations of democratic opinion, a practical form. Do you know how to do it, fellow citizens? By voting the programme. (Great acclamations in the hall, vivas and prolonged applause.) Without this, these sessions would close, covered with the greatest ridicule, and those who are laboring to perpetuate the reign of oppression by stifling in the cradle the fruitful germ of all liberty, will hail as the triumph of their ideas, their opinions and their desires, the rout of those of the democracy which has convoked the great Congress of Peace. From the democrats of various parts of Europe, no complicity in such an attempt can be expected. It would be equivalent to confirming their own sentence of death. (That is certain.) Shall it be expected of you, Swiss, sons of the Republic, soldiers of democracy, apostles of law and liberty? (Enthusiastic applause.) Ah! not Permit me, the humblest member of this Congress, the greatest

stranger here to all, who have the least authority to direct you, permit me, to invite you to put your intelligence and your hearts at the service of those other brethren, who, proscribed, without country or fire-side, and with no other arms but their breath and their hopes, purpose to initiate a crusade, whose first victory shall be the voting of the programme under discussion. (Prolonged applause.)

M. DE FAZY.—I ask for the floor.

PRESIDENT.—You shall have it after the speakers whose names are on the list.

SENOR VARELA.—What surprises me most is the plan of campaign, skillfully concerted by those who are laboring to break up the Congress, gaining thereby a victory over the generous aspirations of the European democracy, and the want of logic with which they proceed, and, above all, the false consequences which they reap out of their reasonings. They say that the desire to abolish standing armies is the desire of all minds, as well in despotic governments as in democratic ones. If this is the case, what inconvenience is there in voting the declarations proposed by the Committee? (Applause.) What harm is there in repeating what, according to the opponents, all desire with equal ardor? (Bravos.) If the Emperor Napoleon, for example, and we go to the foundation, using no cloaked words—if he desired, like his people, the abolition of that colossal army, which snatches so many arms from industry, which tears so many an honored father from the tranquil family hearth, how could he take as direct hostility to himself the declaration of the Congress of Peace? (Prolonged applause.) Would it fret him because they should approve of it just as he does himself? But these are things which are not to be said, which cannot be said, in presence of an assembly like this. (Applause.) No! certainly not. If the democracy is actually laboring for the abolition of standing armies, which implies such great, such painful, such bloody sacrifices upon European nations, the dynastic governments, not counting upon the potent support of public opinion, need the material force of bayonets for their maintenance, and think very differently from the democracy. They do not wish for the abolition of the armies. If this were not so, how can we account for the existence of standing armies? If they desired their abolition, as men like Fazy and Dupasquier say they do, why, instead of diminishing their armies, do they add to them hour by hour, day by day? (Prolonged applause.) It is because they do not wish for their abolition, fellow citizens. It is because they are conscious of their own impotence. It is because that on the day when they shall not have these great armies for their support, their thrones, their monarchies, their governments will fall to the ground, scattered by the wild breath of their oppressed peoples. (Enthusiastic and stormy applause.) Do you doubt it? Disarm the Emperor of Russia, and the next day you would see rising from the sepulchre in which it lies, ground down by every martyrdom, unhappy Poland, demanding an account from its eternal hangman. (Applause.)

MR. BARRUKINE, (a Russian political exile).—Hail to the American orator, hail!

SENOR VARELA.—Disarm the army which the king of Italy holds, and the next day you would see the hero of the Italian epic, the valiant soldier, who sat at the foot of this forum yesterday, raised triumphantly in the arms of a redeemed people, to plant the banner of the Republic upon the Capitol of Rome! (Prolonged applause.) Snatch their arms from the army that now supports Isabel the II, and with the dawn of the next day you would see thousands of patriots who groan in the fortresses of Ceuta, of Fernando Po and the Philippines, returning to the bosom of their country. (Bravo.) Disarm it, and you would see the Bourbons disappear from that chaste ground of liberty, and also the scaffold decreed by Narvaez as a new institution of his political system; you would see disappear the councils of permanent war, the bit that holds the press dumb, the tyranny which condemns to death distinguished writers and advocates—the tyranny, in short, which, reducing the party of Spanish liberty to powerlessness, humbles that great people in the eyes of the world. (Frantic applause.) I repeat it, those governments do not desire, nor can they desire the disappearance of standing armies, and the wretched democracy which thus comprehends it prevents its apostles from voting for a programme, which, if it cannot immediately remedy the evil, will at least serve as an eloquent protest against those colossal armaments which are made with the blood and the sweat of the nations. And do not think I delude myself about the event of this Congress. Let me be frank—indeed you load me with many proofs of your kindness, although I am unknown to you, and find myself here as one of the soldiers of the democracy who are lost in the world of the Republic. (Applause.) The idea of peace is great, fruitful, sublime, but this peace which you seek, fellow citizens, you will not find until liberty triumphs in all Europe; until there cease to be oppressors or oppressed, until the despots fall from their thrones of blood; despots who now smother on the lips of their people the prayer for justice, torn from them from time to time by the martyrdoms under which they live; until Poland shakes off the bloody shroud that has enveloped it for ages; until Russia loses her preponderance in the East; until Rome, the ancient and proud mistress of the world, is the capital of beautiful Italy; until Spain raises herself from the abasement imposed by a fanatic priesthood and a military aristocracy, which are suffocating every right, every justice, every liberty; until Prussia is deducitively constructed; till France, in short, preaches anew the great, the immortal principles of its glorious revolution. (Prolonged and stormy applause.) When this comes to pass, the day of peace will dawn for which you now sigh. I am weary, sir; I desire to conclude as much for my own sake as for yours, whose kindness I have abused too long; but I yet have to make a de-

fence of the continent on which I was born, so violently attacked by M. Dupasquier.

MANY VOICES.—Yes, yes, speak; we listen to you with pleasure.

PRESIDENT.—I ask Senor Varela to be as short as he can.

SENOR VARELA.—I will do so, sir, although Mr. President must understand that what most interests me at this moment, indeed, what has concerned me the floor in presence of so great an assembly of free men, is the defence of American Republics, and particularly those of the river La Plata, against the iniquities which ignorance or bad faith have charged them with. But I will be brief. Embracing all the people of Spanish race, the least that M. Dupasquier has said of them is, 1st, that the Republics live in full barbarism. 2d, that in some of them the inhabitants eat each other. By dint of being ridiculous, these two charges lose the character of veritable infamy, or they would otherwise have—

M. DUPASQUIER.—Do not insult me, because you will have to give me an explanation for your insults.

SENOR VARELA.—How? do you think you have the right to call me a barbarian, degrading me to the category of an anthropophagus, and are indignant that I characterize such conceptions as infamous? Let me go on. Do not interrupt me again. In regard to explanations, believe me, sir, I will give you all you wish for, and wherever you may choose. (Prolonged applause.) I go on. However great may be the ignorance of Europe with regard to the situation of the American Republics, their geography, their customs, their civilization, their forms of government, and their political and economical legislation, I believe that never in a Congress like this, whence the echo of the words I speak will resound over the whole earth, can there exist a man who will have the audacity to say that the Republics of Spanish origin live in open barbarism; and I am such a friend to interruptions, M. Dupasquier, that I challenge you to say to me, in presence of this great tribunal which listened to us, what fact, what data have you, from which to say *see live in open barbarism*? I listen. (The speaker waits a moment in the midst of stormy applause.) Ah! you are silent! You are right, for calumnies can never be supported, and, because in insulting our young and beloved America, that great tabernacle reared by the hand of God, in the midst of space, for the shelter of free men, you never thought that an American, brought here by the hand of chance, could rise to confound you, not only picking up the gauntlet which you impudently threw at his country, but showing your complete ignorance of American questions. (Prolonged applause.) I will speak cursorily of the Republics of the La Plata alone, in order not to abuse for a longer time the indulgence of this great assembly; justifying the great Jurez, in parting from the imputations which have been cast upon him. (Applause.) If there is any free country in the world, fellow citizens, that country is in Spanish America, that country is the Rio de la Plata. Do you know what we barbarians have done in those two Republics? Listen. We have humbled the pretension of despotic power, and there educate all men in the sentiment of true democracy; we have neither privileged classes, nor insolent aristocracies, nor bloody dictatorships, nor omnipotent autocrats, who dispose of the wealth of the people to provide for half a dozen servile courtiers who live prostrate at the feet of their masters. (Applause.) Do you know what is the mode of life of those barbarians who eat each other? Peace being re-established after the civil struggles which divided us, we made a constitution which serves as common law to the inhabitants. And do you know what that constitution establishes?

1. Religious Toleration.
2. Liberty of Conscience, the most precious of all Liberties.
3. The Liberty of Industry.
4. The Liberty of the Press.
5. The Liberty of Assembling.
6. Universal Suffrage.
7. Liberty of Commerce.

Are these constitutions the last expressions of barbarism? (Long live the American Republics!) There, in the midst of those barbarians, who eat each other, we have a liberal and free commercial legislation, whose parallel is not possessed by a single European nation. There we do not have those enormous government taxes, those tremendous imposts which weigh here upon the shoulders of the people, always ground down under the load of contributions which make the extinction of pauperism impossible. There, in those savage countries, we have an enormous foreign population, increasing every day, every hour, and which, on bringing us the beautiful contingent of their labor, receive in exchange the pleasant hospitality which opens to them a soft and grateful climate, where the foreigner enjoys all the advantages afforded by the nature of the country, without having to bear any of its burdens. Must these people be very barbarous who act thus? (Prolonged applause.) There, where, according to Dupasquier, we eat one another, our carnivorous appetite has not been so great that we have not left a few men living who have endowed the Republics of the La Plata with railroads, electric-telegraphs, custom houses, markets, great edifices, worthy of the best European capitals, with theatres, of which there are no better at this day for size and beauty in Paris itself, theatres upon whose proscenium, in Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, the barbarians of those cities have had the bad taste of listening to Tambores, la Gira, la Grange, and Thalberg. (Vivid and prolonged applause. Murmurs in various parts of the hall.) Thus live those savages of Spanish America. There we do not see at every step, as here, those moving contrasts which the opulence of some, and the fearful misery of others, continually offer; and the stranger who arrives unexpectedly at our shores, without friends and without resources, finds, as soon as he steps upon the soil of Spanish America an *asylum* for immigrants, which entertains him at the expense of the government; he sees faces which smile upon him, and what is more valuable still to him, work; work which is never failing, which cannot fall among a people who feel in their whole being the vitality of a new civilization, and who work on in a vertigo of progress, which, in a few years, has made them realize conquests and advances in their moral and material life, which astonish those who are acquainted with these countries. (Applause.)

M. DUPASQUIER.—If you are going to give us the history of Spanish America since its discovery, it would be well to let us go and bring our beds. (Interruptions.)

SENOR VARELA.—No one could need the instruction more than yourself, sir, for I believe that you are the only man in Europe, of medium education, who has had the audacity to say that "the abolition of slavery in North America was a crime," and that "the Republics of South America live in open barbarism and eat each other" (Good! good!) If it had not been for these words I should not have ascended the tribune, nor have mortified you as much as I seem to have done.

M. ACOLAS.—Ah no! he does not deserve to have heard the discourse we have listened to; but yet we must thank him for it. If you are not very much fatigued, we should like to hear some data about the Spanish American Republics.

SENOR VARELA.—I will be brief, for I repeat that I am very weary. The commerce which the Republics of Spanish America carry on with Europe amounts to one thousand million francs per year. The value of the merchandise introduced into the market of the La Plata alone, amounted in 1865, to one hundred and eighty million francs, which shows an increase of twenty per cent. over the same values of the year preceding. On both margins of the La Plata, there are of the Italians, French, and Spanish alone, not less than one hundred and forty thousand.

Would all these men go there, who have the liberty of worshipping the God who made them in the way they wish, who make rapid fortunes, sheltered by the great riches of the country, who have thousands of schools paid for by the State, where they give education to tender childhood, who can, as they cannot in the United States, acquire land and make themselves proprietors—I ask, would they all go there if these were nations of barbarians who eat each other, as M. Dupasquier has said?

SENOR CENERI, (an Italian).—Do not judge Europeans by what that Jesuit has said. We all know that America is the second country of free men. (Good!)

SENOR VARELA.—Oh yes, I am aware of that, and if I have entered into these details, it is because that, as an American, I could not consent to hear my country outraged, my country, which is all America, without defending it against the infamies which they tried to heap upon its lofty brow. (Prolonged applause.) One word upon Mexico, and I have done. The gentleman whom I answer, said that the expedition to Mexico was provoked by the scandals of that nation. If there is any question now known in all its details, by the light of truth, it is precisely the Mexican question, and if it could have been a mystery to any one yesterday, to-day all the world knows that the expedition in Mexico had inquiry for its basis; an inquiry, which, like all great inquiries, has punished its authors. Mexico was a sovereign and independent Republic. By what right did any one go to impose a new form of government upon it, and what is more, a form of government which was condemned by it forever, when it emancipated itself from the Metropolis?

That expedition, which has been the death blow to the empire of Napoleon, which violated all the principles proclaimed by himself as a basis of his policy of non-intervention, which was initiated and carried through against the will of the great French people, who would not make itself the accomplice of such a giant wrong; that expedition had for its true object: 1st. To found a monarchy right before the face of the United States, with the hope of weakening the ever-increasing power of that great people. 2d. To protect the collection of an iniquitous and imaginary debt, incurred by the Jew, Gecker—by a man who was not even a Frenchman. (Prolonged applause.)

To realize this undertaking, Napoleon sent to Mexico an army of fifty thousand men, and a foreign monarch destined to occupy the old throne of Iturbide. In four years, after a great colossal, heroic struggle, in which Jurez has immortalized himself in the eyes of history, taking his place by the side of the great captains of the world, the French soldiers, who were often victorious with their flags reversed, not to sing the legend of their victory, but to pay the funeral honors to Maximilian, whose head had been thrown at the Palace of the Tuilleries by the powerful hand of the Republic, at the same time that his distracted wife inspires compassion in those who brought about the catastrophe of this terrible drama. (Frantic applause. The agitation lasted some moments.)

I conclude, fellow citizens! In a few moments I shall part from you, perhaps never to meet again, but wherever the wave of destiny shall waft me, I shall always carry in my heart a pulsation of enthusiasm for this free and hospitable land, a pulsation of gratitude to all of you who have welcomed as a brother the pilgrim of American democracy, and an ardent prayer for all the oppressed of the earth who await the hour of redemption and liberty. (Prolonged and enthusiastic applause. A multitude of persons ascend the tribune, and carry the orator in their arms into the street, in the midst of great acclamations.)

We take the following from a recent number of the *Danger Whip*. The author is a daughter of Hon. Lewis Barker, of Stetson, and niece of David Barker, Esq., of Exeter, Maine's favorite poet:

ANGEL WHISPERS.

BY EVIE BARKER.

From the home beyond the river,
Where the happy angels dwell,
Where the heart-strings never quiver
Nor our souls in anguish swell;

Where our loved ones went before us,
First to try the heavenly strain,
First to try the heavenly strain,
In the land that's free from pain;

I have friends who come to tell me,
In sweet whisperings soft and low,
Of the love-lands whence round me,
And of life's faintly known;

Like the rustling of the pine-tree
Where the zephyrs softly sigh,
They come, these angel-voices,
When the twilight hour draws nigh;

Come to cheer me on life's journey,
As of sorrow's thorns I tread,
Breathing blessings wafted downward
From the treasure overheard;

Point with beckoning fingers over
To the path which they have trod—
To the road that, winding upward,
Leads the spirit home to God.

Friends of earth and friends of Heaven,
Bound together by a band
Circling all the soulless river,
We are walking hand in hand.

Though the mist that broods between us
Hides the outer form from sight,
Yet the soul behind is rising,
To dispel the clouds of night.

Then I'll faint not, though the burden
Bows my soul beneath its load;
'Tis the chastening of the spirit
That denotes the hand of God.

He will guide me through the future,
Through the years which are to come;
He will lead me through the shadows,
To the angelic happy home.

TOADS FOR GARDENS.—A correspondent of the *Lamotte News Dealer* says he successfully defends his vine patch by laying boards between the rows, in such a manner as to afford shelter to toads in the daytime, and leave it undisturbed, so that they will make their home under it, which they will do in great numbers. At night they sail out and devour every bug, and grow fat as aldermen. He says he has a dozen or more of these little philanthropists making their home under a single board not more than six feet long.

Calumny is like the brands flying from a large fire, which quickly go out if you do not blow them.

Original Essays.

THE PROBLEM OF AGES.

The Mystery of Life—The Logic of Death.

NO. I.

BY DYER D. LUM.

At the remotest epoch of the historic period we find numerous religious systems already established and maintained in the hearts of the millions of adorners then existing. The central idea that animated those systems of worship, hoary with the age of untold centuries, was the problem of man's future.

The mystery of birth and death has ever attracted the attention of thoughtful minds in all ages of the world and formed the essential groundwork of all forms of worship. A reflective mind is filled with reverence and awe on watching the gambols of the innocent child,

"A silver stream
Breaking with laughter from the lake Divine
Whence all things flow."

But on the death of a near and loved one, whose life seems a portion of our own, and whose departure into the unknown realms of the fathomless future, strikes at the very fountain of our life, it causes that deep veiling up of our soul's aspirations and anxieties as to their condition and mode of existence—those out-reachings of our inner natures that seek to penetrate the veil—and the agonizing wrestlings of the yearning spirit for the faintest gleam of light or hope in the otherwise unreflective mind. The death and resurrection of Osiris in Egypt, Mithras in Persia, Adonis in Syria, Atys in Phrygia, Bacchus in Greece, and Baldr in Scandinavia, brought peace and comfort to many an anxious heart long before the same tale—in the natural evolution of religious ideas—was recast for the benefit of later generations.

Mankind have ever revered the dead, not as lost, but as passed on, removed to another scene of life and action; and this unknown sphere Amenites, Garotman, Valhalla, Blessed Isles, Elysian Fields, Paradise, or heaven, has ever attracted the souls of anxious mortals. "Among almost every people from the Chinese to the Americans, from the Ethiopians to the Dacotahs, rites of honor have been paid to the dead, various offerings have been placed at their graves." [W. R. Alger, D. D.]

For centuries we have had immortality—eternal life, proclaimed to the world as revealed by Divine authority—as the great result of the gospel, and yet how many of these same doctors will assure us that immortality is not natural to man—but a boon to be bestowed or withheld at the Creator's option, and how frequent, ay, how universal is the feeling of horrible doubt that will throw its dark shadow over the mind of the sincere believer who relies only upon authority, the substance of whose convictions is only that of "things hoped for." Charles Lamb has written: "If men would honestly confess their misgivings, (which few men will), there are times when the strongest Christian of us has reeled under questionings of such staggering obscurity." Many an honest, sincere Christian, who would indignantly suppress the expression of a doubt, yet on the death of some dearly loved one, filled with the unanswered yearnings of a sorrow-stricken soul, might piteously exclaim

"I run the gauntlet of a life of doubt
Each one of which down hurled me to the ground."

The voice of authority fails to bring that perfect calm when its need is personally felt and most sorely desired. Each one feels that however consoling and adapted to the wants of others, yet he or she wants more. Fancy a bereaved parent or child seeking consolation in the Pentateuch, Job, or Ecclesiastes! Such doubt, though no sin, is a great misfortune, benumbing the spiritual faculties and often entailing untold agony of mind. Doubt, says Schaller, is a cleft in the soul through which thought steals away what the heart desires.

Authority—the convictions of others—being insufficient to bring that perfect peace that casteth out fear in the hour of trial, it becomes our duty to investigate the pages of Nature and interrogate our own consciousness, to form convictions of our own, that in the soul's direst need will prove an unflinching reliance and blessed assurance.

Has the world for an untold period been laboring under a gross delusion, an illusory hope? Feuerbach has said, "The realm of memory is the land of souls." Has it then no other abiding place? No! Immortality is not a mere subjective existence. Matter is not, according to Priestly, both the marriage-bed and grave of soul. A thinking man is more than the sum of his senses:

"For there is no sleep, no grave so deep,
That can hold the human soul."

In the spring of 1864, while serving in the army, I lost a friend in action to whom I was greatly attached. His sabre drawn, his eyes sparkling with intense excitement, eagerness, expressed on every feature, with voice animating and inspiring his comrades, he received a mortal wound just as the charge was concluding. I immediately had him dismounted and laid on the grass. Knowing that he had but a few brief minutes remaining he hastily communicated to me his mother's address and a last message. He pressed my hand and a corpse lay before me. Not more than five minutes had elapsed since he was bravely heading the charge, full of hope and vigor, and now he was dead. Was he indeed dead? Had that which animated him to such glorious deeds and stirred the hearts of all who beheld him, been poured out with his heart's blood? But a minute or two before he had spoken of his mother, his mind clear and undaunted, and above all undimmed, and now had that mind, so clear even in his last breath, suddenly finished as a thing that was not? Or was it true that

"Life is the jailer, death the angel sent
To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free?"

What if I could not understand the mystery; what if I could not realize his spiritual existence; what if I were ignorant of his future; did it therefore give me the right to dogmatize and declare as emphatically beyond all cavil that he was not? Does our ignorance suffice to build on in such momentous questions!

Let us reason together for a season to see if Nature or Reason can substantiate this intense inner desire of all mankind for a life beyond the portals of the tomb. For if it be true, then it is given us to prove it, for Nature and mind must attest it. We shall arrange our arguments under the following heads:

- I. The Physiological.
- II. The Psychological.
- III. The Analogical.
- IV. The Theological.
- V. The Moral.
- VI. The General Scientific.

The first of which will be the subject of the next article.

SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM.

BY JOHN WETTERBERG.

The question is often asked, and from various sources and in multimodal ways, Why does not Science take hold of the subject of modern spiritual phenomena and explain them? It has come in the most notable form of late in the *Atlantic Monthly*, where a reliable man—not one of those deluded Spiritualists, but a reliable man—yes, more than that, a religious man has been in the front and seen the phenomena. Now they are a fact, sure; I have seen them; that settles it; now they should be examined; come scientific professors, explain it. Of course we do not think it spirits. Oh! no; but it is something. What is it? Now what says Science through its exponents? this: "We cannot attend to such trifles. You are only deceived. You must watch closer." Then says this new observer, "It is a pity, when there was such an opportunity." Do not feel bad, brother, the light has not gone out of the world, with your last chance; there have been before, are now, and will be more and better of the same, and just as true; and if the Spiritualists would only stop increasing to accommodate the clergy, so as to give the spirits a chance it will appear again, outside of us deluded ones, and be once more a fact. For it has come to stay—that you mark down in ink; you will never have to rub it out and spoil the leaf.

In some degree to reply to what the foregoing suggests, and to all others asking the same question, "Why does not Science explain this matter?" I write the following. The Spiritualists who ask this question instinctively feel and know it will stand analysis; others see the attention it commands from the multitude and wait for authority to say it is good to eat before they pluck. They say, "Why do not Science attend to this thing, to see if it be true; that we may all know? And if not, as most likely, settle the matter, so that the ignorant or the confiding shall not be fed on delusions." To the *Atlantic Monthly* and all the rest let me say: Oh! poor souls! you are knocking at a door where nobody lives. Never! Oh! never, look for analysis or investigation from the quarter to which you are looking; it will not come; it never did. Insure them of its genesis and you will have a cataract of analyses, but so long as that is doubtful, no matter if we are spilling for light it is not there; so long as it may have descended from heaven, or sprouted from hell, or be the concoction of deceivers; so long as it may be a thing, or may not be a thing—mark me—they will never seriously try it. If one does, and believes, and it makes him a theist instead of an atheist like Professor Hare, he is at once driven out of Olympus by the gods of science, as old and demented. Do you suppose the weaker brethren are going to follow him? Oh! no. Olympus is too good a place to quit; for don't you know that any scientific man who would endorse this matter as truth, almost at once, loses his intellectual status?—and that does not pay. When it is as clear as gravitation, Science, or its exponents, will claim it as their pet child, and always "thought there was truth in it."

Again, a man who can astronomically step from star to star, as we can from street to street, and has never found a spirit, (and generally such have said the spirit was a myth), is he going to admit that the low born have found him, or it, in the mud, when his place was in the galaxy? A carpenter's son said once, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." He forgets that, and is looking for it where he finds his asteroids; and the spirit, in the street of a New-York village, and not in a star or nebula!

No man living has more respect for Science than I have. I love to look back and trace as I may its progress, watch its small and timid beginnings, see how it occasionally shot out a spark into the surrounding dusk, and so quickly squelched when Faith (a garment or false decoration of religion) had the road and said to young Science, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," and how compliant it then was. Now and then a great soul man spoke a little boldly, and he was also squelched. And thus it lingered in the dark; did not die in its ocean of error, because like true religion, it was God's child. Institutions shall pass away; men and races shall pass away; errors shall pass away and new ones be born; Harvard College shall pass away; and the places that knew them shall know them no more forever; but Religion and Science shall endure and grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. They spring from the depths of the human soul, and they shall be grafted together yet, and shall bear harmonious fruit partaking of both.

Oh! how I would like to personate in a story the travels of these twin brothers, Science and Religion, their estrangement, and the union that is now forming as Faith pales, which was only the disguise of religion; how Science grew by degrees bold, and now Faith has departed, or is departing; "Grown over us as we may," says Saint-Bonre, "Science has killed faith."—Religion is the better for it, more rational and more liberal. Now Science has the road that Faith once monopolized, and Religion as it was (or Faith, as I like to call it) takes the back seat, true religion, scientific religion, or a religion that does not deny the self evident truth that God's word, wherever spoken, in the stars, in the rocks, in the ocean bed, in the human soul, in the Scriptures, ancient or modern, must all be in harmony, is the Religion of to-day, and will grow—the rest will slough off and be forgotten.

Do I not respect Science? God forbid if I do not! I would enshrine it as I would liberty and progress and Spiritualism, speaking in the raps, in the moving of ponderable bodies, in dreams, premonitions and visions, in eloquent teachings, from lips led through a royal road, in the many mysteries of the "night side of nature."

"And ever if you hearken well,
"You still shall hear that vesper bell,
"And tread of high souled men go by,
"Their thoughts conversing with the sky."

All this, which is modern Spiritualism, is to be demonstrated and found to be scientific, not, as by men already said by Science, as Science, but by men, scientific or otherwise—as likely unscientific as cultured.

The priests of Science, like the priests of Religion, are necessarily fossils, new or old. Owen says, "When was titled Science ever a pioneer?" These exponents of a glorious department of human genius are valuable as cabinets are, or libraries are, and as careful recorders of what genius does. They follow the grooves they started in, or that are in the text books; drop them into a radically different one, or a new road, and they are habiles; their very knowledge is a hindrance. They will solve profound problems; they will resolve the rock into its elements and put it back again—almost; they take a star, that fell of a warm evening, and find it earthy in character; they will decompose the light of a distant star and tell you that star, sun and earth are homogenous or fundamentally alike; they will roam from the Milky Way to the bowels of this earth; and having seen no spirit, say there is or are none. On the solid ground of matter they have worked out truths, told truths, and the world is grandly their debtor;

all hall then to Science? But spirit is new ground for them; it refused to be weighed and measured and analyzed; they are not the experts or the detectives suitable for the subject. The new thing brings the new prophets, and this will not be an exception. Whenever a great question is asked profoundly by a people, the answer will come and the man be born to answer it, or in a tinker's workshop, as in Harvard College, or in the study-room of a priest. Most likely the coming man will be a medium, who shall, by virtue of his organism and the want of the time, gather the fact in its wholeness and make it shine with a clear and a steady light; make a reality by his generalizing gifts—clear and indisputable—of what we feel it to be, (or many of us) or wish it to be, a demonstration that life and immortality has been brought to light. And thus, though Faith has gone—not suitable for this age with its practical tenderness—a comforter has come as a substitute, that is suitable because it addresses itself to the senses, and where once we hoped then we shall know that "if a man die he shall live again."

In closing, let me say again, do not look to the living exponents of Science for the light some want. Science never made a new truth. Ignorance, accident and necessity have discovered as much or more than Science has; she glories splendidly when the truth comes; she will gobble this one yet, and make it fondly her own. Still I say, with all devotion, "Star eyed Science" we owe thee much.

REPORT OF THE CONVENTION OF FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.

Held in Plum-street Hall, Vineland, N. J., July 18th and 19th.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Agreeably to published notice, "Spiritualists and other friends of progress" met in Plum-street Hall at 2 p. m. (Saturday, July 18th, 1868), and commenced exercises by appointing John Gage, Chairman, and P. T. Griffith, Secretary.

On taking the chair, Mr. Gage read the call for the Convention, and stated the objects of meeting to be the free discussion of prominent topics now engrossing the public mind.

On motion of C. B. Campbell, a committee was appointed, consisting of Mrs. Kate Brigham, C. B. Campbell, Mrs. D. L. Butler, M. C. Stevens, and John Gage, to arrange the order of exercises, nominate permanent officers, &c.

During the absence of said committee the already large meeting was pointedly addressed by that long tried and faithful reformer, A. T. Foss, of Manchester, N. H.

The committee rendered the following Report: President—John Gage, of Vineland.

Vice Presidents—Mrs. Joy, of Massachusetts; Dr. Haskell, of Andover, N. J.; Mrs. C. F. Stevens, of Vineland.

Secretaries—Miss P. A. Neale, of New York; P. T. Griffith, of Vineland.

Business Committee—C. B. Campbell, L. E. Conoley, H. H. Ladd, Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury, and Mrs. Alexander, of Vineland; Mrs. Lyman, of Ohio; A. T. Foss, W. H. and Moses Hull, of Michigan.

On motion, said Report was unanimously adopted. The Business Committee retired, during which a Mr. Lamb (Adventist), gave his rendering of certain portions of the Bible.

The committee reported: Times of meeting.—Evening, at 7 p. m.; morning at 12 m., 2 to 5 p. m., and 7 to 10 p. m. The first hour of each session to be devoted to ten minute speeches, on resolutions.

The committee also reported the following: Resolved, That all religious creeds are man-made, and however sacred in the eyes of the people, are of human invention; and "That saith the Lord" is an assumption, without proof.

Resolved, That skepticism and doubt are the natural parents of knowledge and progress.

Resolved, That Spiritualism, and all others who have seen the falsity of "Old Theology," whether they be Deists, Atheists, Infidels, or other so-called skeptics, should unite in their efforts for the promotion of truth.

The report was accepted, order of exercises time, &c., adopted, and it was agreed that resolutions should be discussed and acted on singly.

The first resolve was warmly discussed by Messrs. Conoley, Campbell and Foss, in the affirmative, and J. H. Fowler, Dr. Dinton, (and others, whose names we did not record), in the negative, until the hour of adjournment.

Evening Session.—At 7 p. m. the President called the meeting to order.

Minutes read and accepted.

Moses Hull and Mrs. Hull sang "The Evergreen Hills of Life" very acceptably.

Mrs. Joy asked to be excused from serving as one of the Vice Presidents, as she did not wish to be identified with the Convention.

The first resolve was then discussed under the ten minute rule; many amendments were offered, but rejected, and the resolution, as originally offered, was adopted by a large majority.

Moses Hull was then introduced as the regular speaker for the evening. His lecture, occupying about one hour, his remarks bearing on the Bible evidences of Spiritualism. The speaker closed with a song by himself and wife.

It was then announced that A. T. Foss would give the Sunday morning lecture, on the affirmative, and J. H. Fowler, Dr. Dinton, (and others, whose names we did not record), in the negative, until the hour of adjournment.

Sunday Morning Session.—Met at half past nine o'clock A. M. President in the chair. Meeting opened by reading, by Mr. Gage, from Barker's "Three Voices."

Minutes of evening session read and approved.

The second and third resolutions of the Business Committee were fully discussed and adopted.

Mrs. O. P. Stevens then introduced the following: Whereas, We recognize the fact that the tendency of all spiritual growth is to loosen our dependence on creeds, rituals, forms and ceremonies, and seeing that Spiritualism is a world-wide in its influence, and that it is comforting all who receive it of whatever rank or station, enlarging our sympathies and extending our charities, therefore,

Resolved, That we view with alarm any attempt to clothe this healthy growth in the robes of the present, in the swaddling-clothes of the past. That we disapprove of the organization of secret societies among Spiritualists, as contrary to the spirit of our faith, and will use all laudable efforts, by discussion and other means, to oppose such cramping, narrowing tendencies of that and similar movements.

Whereas, Our Government is under process of reconstruction, and in transition from slavery to liberty; therefore,

Resolved, That we have no faith in the success of any plans of reconstruction, other than those that will give every citizen a full representation by ballot, irrespective of sex, race or color.

Resolved, That we hail with joy every indication of the growth of public sentiment toward the recognition of the fact that the greatest wrong of the whole is a noble womanhood; and that we extend our warmest sympathies and heartfelt God-speed to every woman who is struggling to live a full, free and truthful life against the fearful odds of conventionalism, false fashions and false social relations.

On motion the resolutions were accepted; and separately considered.

Dr. L. K. Conoley offered the following amendment to the first resolution:

Resolved, That we disapprove of the organization of sects among Spiritualists, and other friends of progress; believing sectarianism to be contrary to the spirit of our philosophy. The principles involved were warmly discussed, and the amendment adopted by a nearly unanimous vote.

At the close of the conference session, the song entitled "Marching On," was sung by the choir.

Mr. Foss was again introduced, and lectured about an hour, occasionally calling forth audible applause.

Mr. and Mrs. Hull closed the services with a song.

Afternoon Session.—2 p. m.—President Gage in the Chair. Minutes of previous sessions read and approved.

The second resolution, offered by Mrs. Stevens, was read and adopted unanimously.

On the third resolve being read, Dr. L. K. Conoley offered the following as a substitute:

Resolved, That we hail with joy every indication of the growth of public sentiment in favor of what we believe to be the great need of the age; the political and social equality of the sexes.

The discussion upon this amendment and resolution was active, and continued during the hour; after which Moses Hull, as per announcement, took the stand, and gave another of his unique lectures on the teachings of the Bible, which called forth such warm and hearty applause, and from the Lamb, (Mr. Lamb) of "Adventist" notoriety, in Vineland, much

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address, No. 16 West 24th street, New York City.

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

MINNIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR AUNTIE—I think one grows old very fast in a city. It is splendid to see so much, but sometimes my eyes ache, and then my ears buzz with the things I hear. I sometimes wish I had staid at home and then I should never have dreamed of so many things. Last evening I went to the opera. Oh, such sounds, such sweet, heavenly music! I felt myself taken up by it till I could see nothing and only feel that I was in heaven. When the orchestra played it seemed like the most beautiful part of our lives; all the nobler work and activity and usefulness and gladness and sorrow, all together making such harmony, even out of the discords.

But when the song came into all that, after the orchestra had hushed, then it seemed like the angel visitations we have when our life is not so loud and boisterous, and we calm ourselves for a little peace. I thought all this when I shut my eyes, for I could not half hear when I was looking to see men and women run to each other and throw themselves into such strange attitudes.

They did not act a bit as if they felt it, but seemed all the time to be trying to do something wonderful. It seemed as if they were wishing to make themselves seen. So I shut up my eyes and then I had such a heavenly time. I thought of you and flowers and everything I love, even Tabby the cat. Is it not strange that one beautiful thing always seems related to others. I thought some of those sounds might be cousins to my sweet peas, and there was one passage that took me right on to the hill where those violets grow in great blue beds, as if a piece of the sky had dropped down.

I thought I would like to be an opera singer, and so I told Mr. Ames, and then he told me something about the poor girls that sing in the choruses and dance in the waltzes. They do it just for the pay. They have to be up till late, and then, weary and sleepy, they hurry home, perhaps to some poor lodging in an attic, and perhaps to be up in the morning early to toil at some kind of labor.

Oh, auntie, my beautiful castle all tumbled down while he talked, for it all seemed like a great machine made up of human hearts, to please a crowd of people who did not care a bit how many hearts suffered.

Then I thought how much sweeter was the singing of the birds in Thornton's Woods, for their comes because they love it, and not for pay. Then Mr. Ames said that everything beautiful ought to be made a delight, but now there was no other way than to buy pleasures and delights, such as music and beautiful pictures give. But sometimes it would not be so; and then it seemed to be looking after off and I went to reading a story he lent me. I will copy it for you. It is called

LITTLE LINNETTE.

"And did they not like your singing, little one? I thought over and over how it would sound. Once I thought I heard your voice."

"Yes, grandma, I think they liked it."

"And did you like the singing?"

"Ah, yes, only it hurt me so, right here," and Linnette put her hand on her side.

"That was because they made you sing when you were ill. Are you sure you love to sing, Linnette, my little bird?"

"Oh, yes, grandma, for they give me money, and then we live together so happily in our little home. Isn't this a dear little room? See, there is the old church tower, and way off there there is the great theatre. They say I may sing there some time."

"Are they good to you, Linnette, when you sing for them? Do they love you?"

"They can't love me for they push me about, and scowl great ugly scowls, and then I get frightened. But I always think of you, grandma, then, and if you was a great strong man how you would come and push back."

"Ah, Linnie, if I was strong you should not be singing to get me a room close under the eaves and a loaf of bread and a bit of cheese. It will be better by-and-bye, for they'll let you sing a new song, and those who listen will love you, darling."

"And will you then be well, grandma, and not shiver so when I tell you how the men talk to me, and not look so pale when I act out their funny ways?"

"Oh, Linnette, God takes care of us, and he will make me strong some day, and let you sing a new, more heavenly song; but we must wait, yes, Linnie, we must wait."

A few nights after this, in a second-rate theatre, a great crowd assembled to listen to a new actor. There was to be a great sensation scene, and every one who was to take part was full of expectation. Little Linnette jostled her way through the crowd, back of the scenes, and found her place, for she was to come in as a sweet-singer, and her old grandmother had taught her the new song, so full of her sweetness, and, repeated in the clear, ringing tones of the girl's voice it was indeed heavenly.

"Linnie, it is your turn now. Come, be quick! there, there's the bell! Stand so, and don't forget," and the little figure was pushed forward by unloving hands, and in a moment she stood with others before the great crowd. She turned her timid eyes once toward it, and then, with a beating heart, waited her turn. But what ailed her? She became confused; she did not know when she was to commence. There was a little pause and she struck a note. A tread upon her bare foot, hard enough to bring the tears to her eyes, stopped her. But she was more confused than ever. She turned her eyes with intense desire upon one of the actors, begging for some friendly nod. But no one cared for little Linnie or her part; they were thinking of their own.

"Now must be the time," said Linnie to herself, and she struck up the sweet, flowing measure, and her voice was like that of a bird; yet there was a low, plaintive note now and then which was like the sigh of a human heart. Linnette finished, the curtain dropped and all were together again behind the scenes. A rude hand seized Linnette by the shoulder and shook her with terrible force, so she could hardly catch her breath.

"You upstart! you do! you miserable wretch!" were the words that greeted her. "You spoiled everything! It wasn't your turn; nobody had a chance to get through; the whole is wrong, and all for you!"

And again the rude hands were on her shoulders with a gripe like that of a tiger.

"This ends your singing here. Begone where you belong, and don't let us see you again!"

But thunder after thunder of applause came

from the theatre, and the others in listening to it, left Linnette alone, and she curled herself down on a low seat, and buried her face in her hands.

"Oh grandma, dear grandma, what will she do, and our pretty room, and the little bed, and the bread all gone—gone, because I was such a dolt. Oh, I could bite my tongue off; but I'm glad they shook me. I was such a silly one not to know—but not to sing any more! that means to see grandma die. Ah, ah! and nobody cares."

Such thoughts passed through Linnette's mind, while the applause sounded out louder and louder.

But for whom were they calling? no one seemed to know, and if one tried to come before the curtain he was hissed.

"Who is it? What do they mean?" was asked from all voices.

"It is Linnette; they will have Linnette—they call 'the little singer.' Where is she?"

Linnette was dragged from her seat and pushed upon the stage in front of the curtain, before she knew what it meant. She lifted her eyes and saw the rows of faces, and the eyes all resting on her. A great pain struck her heart, and she put her hand upon it. She thought they must want to see again, and she lifted her eyes far up above the crowd, and remembered only her grandmother, and her voice poured out again the warbling notes, till the theatre was still as her own little chamber.

Linnette knew nothing more, and did not hear the repeated applause that made every actor frown on her, as she was led back to her little seat.

She did not know how she reached the little room where her grandmother waited for her. She only knew when those dear arms were about her, and her head lay on the pillow. Far into the night she sang, and told over and over, again and again of her dreadful blunder. Her grandmother could not silence her. "Only once more, just once more, and then I'll do it right, and they will not shake me and scold me," and she would sing forth again. "It was the new song, grandmother—yes, I sang the new song, and they all listened, and they liked it, grandmother. Only—only I forgot."

In one of the highest bursts she fell back, her hand was on her side and the blood flowed from her lips, whence came forth the heavenly melody.

Linnette had indeed sung the new song, the song of death and of eternal life. She finished it for the angels. The rest of the night till late morning her grandmother held her little hands, thinking they would move again, and when they grew cold she put them on her heart, and she went too to listen to the song little Linnette sung to the angels—the new song, the song of her redemption!

She did not need the praise that was waiting for her, as they came to search for the little singer that everybody talked about, and she did not dread lest the little room up among the chimneys should be taken from her, and the bread be wanting. She was singing her song in heaven where loving eyes looked tenderly on her, and her grandmother had found a home.

Now, auntie dear, that is a sad picture, I know, but Mr. Ames says, it gives only one little glimpse at a picture that is full of strange sorrow. He wants good and wise men to take the theatres into their hands, and then the actors will labor for a reward, and receive what is due to them. I am sure I don't know about it, but I hope there are not many Linnettes in the world.

As I told you, sometimes I am very sorry that I know so much about people's troubles. I hear every day about something dreadful, just as if there was no real happiness anywhere, and it seems as if God could not take care of the city half as well as the country.

Mrs. Van Nyke wants me to go to the great reception with her, given by the couple who had that great wedding I wrote to you about, and she has looked my dresses all over and says that none of them will do, and she is going to have one of her's made over for me. It is a rose colored silk, just the color of those late sweet briars that bloom after the sun is hot. You know one comes out now and then that seems to have put the color of a great many flowers into one.

What would you say to see me with a dress as delicate as the rose leaves? for the silk feels so soft to my touch that I love to feel it. I hope you would say as you did once, that if beautiful things were natural to me, it was as right to wear them as for the rose to wear its petals. I should want you to say that, because I can't make it seem just right to be all dressed up in fine silks when there are so many that have not any dresses that are comfortable.

I am going to have some delicate soft lace just like the mist, puffed over the rose colored silk. Won't it be lovely? What would Mr. Prussy say if he could see it? I know, he'd turn away and sigh "Vanity and vexation of spirit!" Just as if that could change the beauty of the silk or the rose.

From your own MINNIE.

DEAR AUNTIE—I have been to the reception. It was last evening, and I did not get home till midnight, and could not get to sleep till long after, for thinking of all the beautiful things I saw. Oh, such dresses and such flowers; one could almost imagine that there were only flowers, the ladies were so lovely. I do not think you would have known me in the rose dress. I could not help laughing at myself in the mirror, just as I have laughed when I came upon a wild honeysuckle unexpectedly in the woods.

Do not be afraid that I felt vain, or if I did, it only lasted a minute, for you see I thought of what you told me, that dress did not change a person in the least, and I remembered that I was just the same Minnie that used to put on the old gingham and go out strawberrying, and that the dress was really something that belonged to the party and not to me. So I looked at it as I did at the other pretty things.

Mrs. Van Nyke said, when we got home, "My dear, you have done me great credit. I feel quite proud of you." I was glad she was pleased, but I was happier when Mr. Ames said, the other day, "Minnie, I believe you will be a useful woman, for you have a heart to feel for everybody."

Isn't it a great deal better to have a heart that can feel than a great many dresses? But then dresses do not make you cry, and hearts do.

I hope, dear auntie, that I shall never do anything that will make you love me less. Please do not mention the rose dress to Mr. Prussy, for he might think I told of it because I was vain.

It is a lovely night, and I am so glad that the same stars look down upon me that shine into your little sitting-room. It is such a comfort to think that all those grand gifts, of sunshine, moonlight and starlight, are just as freely given to the poor as the rich. I wish homes were as cheap as sunlight, and clothes as the moonlight, then what a good time those poor little children would have.

I keep thinking how strange it must seem to those little ones to be told that God is a kind father to them all.

Oh, I must not forget to tell you that Mr. Ames

has a plan that he intends to carry out, of establishing a beautiful home for any little children that need one. He means to have it a real home.

He wanted to know if I would be one of his assistants, and I said "Yes." Then I thought of you and the dear quiet home, and I said "I don't know."

Whatever I do I shall be your own MINNIE.

JOHN CARTER.

There has been on exhibition at Schaus's Gallery, in New York, a picture called the "Rat-Catcher and his Dogs." It is a picture remarkable for its correctness in drawing and its faithful representation of the subject portrayed. It represents a man seated on a bank, with his dogs about him scenting rats, and at his side a rat-trap.

But the work is more remarkable as a proof of untiring perseverance, heroic endurance and triumph over difficulties that would seem insurmountable.

The artist is the late John Carter, of Essex, England. He was the son of a laborer, and learned the trade of silk weaving. When quite a young man he met with a fearful accident in the forest, falling from the top of a tree, the distance of forty feet. The fall seemed to have destroyed his life, for he was carried home insensible. But death, that would have been a blessed release, did not come. He lived, but was a hopeless cripple. His spine was so injured that he could not move in the least his limbs or his body, except his neck and head.

He had lain in a perfectly helpless condition a year, watched over and cared for by a loving and tender wife, when a lady brought a book to him containing an account of a young woman who, having lost the use of her arms, amused herself in drawing by the aid of her mouth.

This account opened new thoughts and hopes to the helpless man. He knew nothing of painting or drawing, but he commenced his efforts at once. He first used a pencil and then shaded with a brush dipped in India ink. For four years and a half his loving wife served him his hands and feet. She would dip his brush in the ink, he would then twirl it about with his mouth until it was in a suitable state for shading, when he would use it as skillfully as if he had hands.

At the end of this time his wife died, but he was not left uncared for. His sister took her place and served him with untiring love during the rest of his life, fourteen years.

He first made a sketch of himself, as he lay at work on a couch with his brush between his lips. Then he drew the desk on which he worked, and afterward, in water colors, he painted a butterfly.

But the great work of his life is the Rat-Catcher and his Dogs, which is valued at twenty thousand dollars. As he was never able to go out after his accident, he must have drawn this scene from imagination or from memory, or the inspiring genius of some sympathetic spirit.

Let us think a moment of the difficulties to be surmounted, of the hours of patient effort, of the persevering energy and unyielding will, and then let us be thankful for that spirit in man which triumphs over everything except indolence and indifference.

The Lecture Room.

Spiritualism in England.

J. H. Powell, for some time one of the pioneer workers in the field of English spiritualism, delivered a general discourse upon the above subject at Mercantile Hall, Boston, Sunday evening, August 22. The intense heat prevented the assembling of a large audience, but, judging from the frequent applause, the remarks of the lecturer were very satisfactory. We give below a few of his principal points:

The speaker commenced by reading a poem—composed by him just previous to leaving England—which presented the claims of Spiritualism on the consideration and investigation of the present age. At the conclusion of the poem he said that all who were at all acquainted with English history must perceive the fact that everything in its social system tended to conservatism. Englishmen were not fast walkers in scientific or spiritual matters; all reforms in that country must fight their battles with great odds against them, and even at certain times, be obliged to retrograde, and do their work over again.

Of all the modern reform movements, Spiritualism had been obliged to contend with the greatest opposition from all classes of society in England. In America, the public sentiment on religious matters was such that each one could tolerate the differing views of his neighbor; the question of politics was the disturbing element of American society, but not so in England. There it was thought a terrible offence to declare in the face of church authority that

"Millions of spirits walk the earth unseen!"

At a time when he (the lecturer) was engaged in defending mesmerism from the attacks of the conservative element, he first heard of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and like thousands of others, under similar circumstances he scouted the idea. He ridiculed the pretensions of its believers because he was totally ignorant of the subject; and could now be charitable toward those who were skeptical by reason of want of knowledge. But a visit to London and a little attention to the subject in the company of mediums soon staggered his previously entertained belief, and after some time, he became convinced of the truth of the phenomena.

The lecturer here related several experiments made in company with Mr. Cooper, a prominent Spiritualist, who had since his conversion spent large amounts of money and given a great deal of time to the promulgation of the theory of spirit manifestations. One of these was to determine whether the table moved, (as was asserted by some) by the will-power of those surrounding it, or no. The table had been moving in various directions, and a boy who was placed on the top of it, as a lighter weight, and to incline in a firm direction—to wit—that the table should move in a circular direction—but to their astonishment it rocked like a cradle, thus proving conclusively that their will-power did not influence it.

The various phenomena of table-lifting, spirit writing, &c., having aroused the attention of the English people the question arose on all hands, "What do Professors Brewster, Faraday and Pepper say on this subject?" A partial arrangement was made between Professor Faraday and Mr. Home, for the purpose of allowing the former an opportunity to investigate the new theory, but he (Faraday) declined attending a circle unless Home would furnish him with a programme of what was to take place beforehand! This Home refused to do, stating that he was only a medium for the manifestations, and could not predict what would take place at any of his sittings. Faraday then refused any further light on the subject, and started his theory that all table-moving was the result of either voluntary or involuntary muscular movement—that is, was caused either by the unconscious action or the willful desire to humbug, of those who produced it. In justice to Prof. Faraday the speaker stated that the test he invented to prove the truth or falsity of these matters applied rather to table-tipping as it was first known in England, than to Spiritualism proper.

The speaker declared the Planchette—which now was exciting so much wonder in America—to be an English article which was so well known in that country as to be found in the house of almost every well-informed Spiritualist. He considered it an admirable means of introducing Spiritualism into circles where the creeds would deter any other method of investigation.

Mr. David Brewster, being invited to attend and examine manifestations at a séance, was heard to say while present: "This thing, if proved, will overthrow the philosophy of fifty years!" But when he had passed out of the circle and was questioned, he artfully declared "the table appeared to move." A strict

following out of this theory of Sir David would lead him to acknowledge that all created things only appeared to exist, as the senses by which we know their existence were as strongly appealed to by the despatch phenomena. The cowardice of the learned and scientific, as regarded popular opinion, was more disgusting than the ignorant opposition of the uneducated. Thus we had Prof. Faraday with his "voluntary or involuntary" theory, and Sir David Brewster with his "appearing" theory. Prof. Pepper, hoping to finally settle the matter, introduced by means of an arrangement of lenses, a scientific "ghost," and went up and down the lecture, declaiming, by his own vocal powers and those of hired lecturers, against the foolishness and simplicity of the believers in spirit-power. Every one who had money could see the ghost, but after it was paid for it was not much of a ghost after all! Prof. Pepper, when urged to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, as they occurred in the presence of Mrs. Marshall—a lady who had been the means of making two-thirds of the spiritual converts in England, said: "No, I do not wish to be converted!"

No more ridiculous statement could be made than that Prof. Faraday and Pepper, and Sir David Brewster had settled the subject by their theories and speculations, for the light was still shining, and scientific men would never reach the land of promise till they boldly pushed out from the shores of prejudice, filtering not before the popular clamor.

One of the first mediums who came to England was Mrs. Maydon; her arrival created great excitement, and was the occasion of the writing of the book "From Matter to Spirit." Then came Charles Foster, and after him the Davenport Boys. All the manifestations were mostly looked upon, however, by the learned and wealthy classes, as feats of clever jugglery—to behold which they cheerfully paid their guineas rather than as any evidence of the soul's conscious existence after death. But the opposition of Church and press only led people to think, when society held up its hands in holy horror at anything, and declared it to be a humbug or the work of the devil, there would always be found a few who would declare that such was not the case, and endeavor to fully understand the laws governing the vexed subject; and finally the efforts of these few would broaden and deepen till every one would wonder that they ever doubted a thing which was so manifestly true. This was to be seen in all the ages of the past.

The English Spiritualists had a literature which was not much inferior to that of the American, when all things were considered, but their papers, books and magazines had to withstand the attacks of the press on all hands.

The press invariably would take up that which would pay. The greatest miracle which Spiritualism could perform was to purify the press—such a purification was the only hope for the salvation of mankind. The pulpit might be rotten, but a free, impartial press could save the nation. As it was, the pulpit, press and men of science in England, were banded together to crush the phenomena, whose Alpha and Omega they declared to be the devil and humbug. Some completely renounced the latter days had arrived, and that the works foretold were now being performed. This idea that the devil did it all was prevalent in all grades of society. A pamphlet professing to exhibit the cause of spirit-manifestations, which sold largely among the clergy, stated that a gentleman being present at a séance asked the controlling influence, "Is it Elia?" (the devil) and being answered in the affirmative immediately abandoned the companionship of one who so readily recognized his name in a foreign tongue. But this answer of the spirit was not different from those often given to investigators who go to séances having their minds made up as to their demonic origin. One who wished truly to investigate Spiritualism should lay his prejudices at the feet of the subject, and examine like a little child. The lecturer here referred to the excellent effect of Wm. Howitt's "History of the Supernatural," in a country where the scientific men had shut their eyes and followed blindly in the footsteps of the church. What was needed most was the spirit of Christ in a purified church universal, and less of the domination of priests in a temple of cult.

The scientific man refused to see—the materialist could not see the truth because of the plane on which he stood—it was necessary that each be raised up till they could carry out the doctrine of individual reason, and perceive that things were now as they always would be—that there was no break in the chain of conscious existence—that it was eternally now—that we were in heaven or hell now according as we obeyed or disobeyed the highest promptings of our nature. The English materialists had declared that when man died he fell like a tree, and that was all, but he (the speaker) never found any who did not on sober questioning admit that he hoped for a future existence—a life beyond. The strongest incentive to materialism was the corruption and want of spirituality in the church, which led men to deny all things; but Spiritualism came to declare that not in the church nor in its opposite materialism, was to be found an answer to the demand for morality. In Spiritualism was found the true meaning of the injunction "seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." We needed a mind revolution, a soul revolution, to lead back the church, the materialist, the scientific man, to the true Christianity from which they had long wandered. Spiritualism declared that no Pope either of church or press should fetter the minds of its followers.

The speaker alluded briefly to several spiritual papers which had been published in England, among which was one called the *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*, which was set up by a working man and supported by his class, and which, after fighting alone for a long while, as Garrison fought the anti-slavery battle in its earliest days, was finally merged in the *Spiritual Magazine*. Also the *Spiritual Times*, of which he was the editor during its existence. He stated that an English magazine, entitled *Human Nature*, had recently declared that a Spiritualist had been discovered in China; in such a case it was certain that there would soon be more, for the heaven would work wherever depositaries were found.

He also referred briefly to the late trial in England, resulting unfavorably to the case of the medium Home. He defended that gentleman, and stated that it was a truth which could not be denied that the law courts of the realm were prejudiced and unwilling to do justice to Spiritualists. This spirit to inflict and endure martyrdom was to be found however in the history of every great cause. He advised the kind and sympathetic treatment of mediums, and while he would not counsel the upholding of impostors, he proclaimed the necessity on the part of Spiritualists, of defending these means of communication with the world unseen.

No medium who had ever turned traitor had been able to injure our glorious cause. Not one of them had ever been able to tell how the remarkable feats were performed— which of course they were bound to do if they would expose them. Those who by a little money had been tempted from the right path, always found less advantage in the end than if they had remained true.

Some of the greatest troubles which were encountered by the speaker in his experience, were found in the efforts of some of the believers in Spiritualism to square his teachings with some pet dogmas of the church; but Spiritualism was too strong a link to be hampered with any cage of creed.

Spiritualism had taught man the great fact, that he could never escape the consequences of his sin. There was no vicarious atonement whereby the Christian could load Christ with his sins—in fact were it true, that individual would have been long ago overladen and crushed down by the fast accumulating weight of guilt. For the Christian did not stop sinning because he was a Christian; it was so easy to shift the burden to another that he had no incentive to cease his evil deeds. Spiritualism taught that the time would come in the experience of every soul when the rage would drop from Lazarus and the roles from Dives and the spirit—the man—be held for what he was intrinsically worth, and not for what he seemed to be; when punishment for all sin would be seen hanging over the evil doer, like the sword of Damocles, placed there by Nature's inevitable law—from which there was no escape—for the final good of all.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

Fairest of summer's sweet flowers are ever
Doomed to fall first beneath the withering blast,
Friends from whose fond love, our hearts are ever
Sons in moulds of death's image are cast.

Weep not, oh weep not, the early departed,
Mourn not the loved as you gaze on her tomb;
Lo! to her spirit bright angels have wafted
Beauty celestial unshaded by gloom.

Mourn not the dear one, although you may see her
Never again in the family band,
Happiness reigns where her soul loves to linger,
Waiting for those who still remain on life's strand.

Sweet is the rest that her soul is enjoying,
Fair is the land where her spirit may roam,
Free from the world which is so oft annoying,
Blest as the seraphs who welcome her home.

Correspondence.

The Up-Grade and the Down-Grade.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I have attended many hundreds of Conventions, but never one so full of earnest and true thoughts and eloquent utterances, as the five days' Camp Meeting just closed in this town. A deep and unusual interest was manifested from the beginning to the end. Many earnest and eloquent speeches were made. Men and women were present from ten States, all eager and able to bear their testimony against the old dispensation of Ritualism that is passing away, and in favor of the new dispensation of Naturalism, that is coming in and sweeping over Christendom like a flood.

The President opened the meeting by stating a few rules by which the Convention should govern itself. First, the President was to govern himself and set us an example of self-control and of fair and kindly dealing, which all would be happy in feeling obliged to follow. Second, that the speakers, whether in discussion or set speeches, should each do the best they could, and be glad if another speaker could do better. Third, that no one in the audience should seek to make himself or herself comfortable and happy, by making others uncomfortable and unhappy. By observing these rules, so simple, yet so grand and potential in their results, when observed in any and in all relations, the utmost order and harmony prevailed during all the sessions, day and evening, leaving the President nothing at all to do but to govern himself, keep himself in loving and just accord with himself and the audience, and justly and sternly to carry out "My Policy," (the policy of the President), i.e., rule himself by the law of Love and Impartial Justice, and thus induce all around him to govern themselves by the same rules.

The hearty and earnest response of the meeting was seen and felt in the kindly feeling, the self-respect, the self-forgetfulness and strict regard of each and every one to the feelings, the improvement and happiness of each and every other. Those who came for amusement, did not seek to enjoy themselves at the expense of the multitude, who came for the purpose of mental, moral and spiritual growth.

The Bible, as an authoritative rule of faith and practice; the ceremonial God-worship of the world; and the God-worship that consists in doing good to men; miraculous conception; the blood of atonement; total depravity and the wrath of God and the pains of hell forever; received due attention, and the fictions of the popular theology were duly labelled and placed beside the melodies of Mother Goose and the marvels of Grecian mythology. Love as the only Saviour of mankind—was earnestly and eloquently enforced by all the speakers. Love, born in the heart of Christ, saved him and no one else. But love, to save us, must be born in our hearts. Equality before God and the law, impartial suffrage, irrespective of sex or color, and the meanness, dishonesty and injustice of claiming rights from God for ourselves which we are not willing to allow to others because of their color or sex, were all eloquently set forth. The negro and the Saxon, the east and the west, the north and south, Cape Ann and Cape May, men and women in the body, and men and women out of it, all met and stood face to face with Cape Cod on the broad and elevated platform of Spiritualism and Humanity—to hear and to utter living thoughts and sympathies respecting man as a child of God and an heir of eternity.

The President in his valedictory to the Convention, summed up the teachings of Spiritualism and the popular theology in the following picture: This theology insists that God has built two Grand Trunk Railways of life; an Up-Grade and a Down-Grade—with SWITCHES all along from the Down to the Up-Grade—during life in the body. Theology says we are all born on the Down-Grade. That our souls are all boxed up and labelled "Hell Fire and Damnation" before we are born. That as soon as we are born, we are tossed on board the devil's express, and started off to our horrible and infernal doom—sixty miles an hour—the devil himself being chief engineer and conductor. That the ministers and priests of all grades and parties, are mere SWITCH-TENDERS, placed at the switches to switch off souls from the Down to the Up-Grade, and by their prayers, preachings and ministrations of the blood of atonement, snatch some as brands from the burning. But, despite all their efforts as SWITCH-TENDERS, in nine cases out of ten, the devil lands his freight safely in hell. That after the death of the body, there is no more switching off. That instead of being switch-tenders there, the priests, are generally placed aboard as passengers, and go with the multitude to eternal burnings. Such are the teachings of theology respecting the character and destiny of man; that, because Adam ate an apple, the whole human race are, by nature "exposed to the wrath of God and the pains of hell forever!"

Spiritualism says that we are all born on the Up-Grade, and that all are destined to go onward and upward forever. That each soul is the only mangle in which its Saviour can be born. That a Recupercator and Redeemer is born in each soul. That each person's only infallible, authoritative rule of faith and practice, is born with and in him. That as are our feelings and actions to toward our fellow-beings, so is our heaven or our hell. Such is theology, such Spiritualism. Which is most in accordance with the facts of our Nature? Is man, by birth, a child of God or a child of the devil? An heir of heaven, or hell? God is God; which is his true prophet, or interpreter—SPIRITUALISM or the Old Theology?

As an educator of the people this Camp or Grove Meeting has been a great success. All honor to the Spiritualists and friends of progress on Cape Cod. The Children's Lyceum, the Banner of Light, the spiritual literature, and the State Association, were all frequently and earnestly urged upon the attention of the meeting. Temperance, Radical Peace, Liberty, Equality and Maternity were advocated with fervor. The one feeling that pervaded and governed the great concourse through all its sessions, was, that we only need a deeper, more devoted and abiding love in our own hearts toward others, to put heaven into us and take hell out of us. By this feeling pervading our hearts, heaven was kept in and hell out of the meeting. By this—and only by this love, so imperative and potential as a governing power, can heaven be kept in and hell out of individuals, families, States and nations. The one great utterance of Spiritualism, to all in and out of the body, is—LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

HENRY C. WHITITT.
Harwich, Cape Cod, Aug. 6th, 1868.

The Salem Gazette has just entered upon its one hundredth year.

A colossal equestrian statue of Washington is to be erected in the Boston Public Garden.

Immigration from Europe to the United States never was so large as now.

From Ole Bull's Home.

As almost everyone is interested in whatever pertains to the life of this highly gifted and inspired musical genius, we give place to the following sketch from the pen of Mr. Watson, of New York, now on a visit with Ole Bull at his home in Norway.

OLE BULL'S "VILLA," VALESTRAND, NEAR BERGEN, Norway, July 11th, 1888.

Editors of the *Banner of Light*—Knowing that many of your readers are admirers of the great master with whom I am now sojourning for the summer, the thought occurred to me that a line from this delightful spot might prove interesting to them.

We left New York on the 11th of June, and after some thirteen days' moderate travel, arrived at "Valestrand," where Ole Bull was received with great demonstrations of joy, for he is dearly loved by his countrymen, who take an honest pride in him. Valestrand is situated in a lovely valley, about two hours' ride by steamboat from Bergen. Ole Bull's Villa is built in a peculiar manner, but most admirably arranged for comfort. The building is something in the Swiss style, and is surrounded by the most picturesque scenery, and ranges of mountains covered with perpetual snow, but strange as it may seem, relieved here and there by a charming variety of beautiful wild flowers and foliage. Norway is indeed a country of contrasts.

The traveler, on approaching its iron-bound shores, is awed by bold, grotesque mountains, covered with trees almost to their summits, and would imagine that some of the most splendid scenes on earth are to be found in the valleys below. No wonder such a spot should possess charms for the world-god, whose nature so truly assimilates with this majestic country.

Since Ole Bull's arrival at Valestrand honors are continually being heaped upon him, the papers seem to vie with each other in his praise; already two beautiful original poems have appeared in the two principal papers in Bergen, inscribed to Ole Bull. Guns were fired and flags hoisted upon his arrival. (A serenade by the City Band, as I am privately informed, is now in preparation.) The most distinguished men of intellect, wealth and education are continually calling upon him, for Ole Bull is not only celebrated for his great musical acquirements, but his philanthropy and generosity have made him essentially the "people's favorite." Even the boys, as we were passing through the streets of Bergen a few days since, took off their hats and cried at the top of their voices, "Long live Ole Bull!"

Ole Bull has six brothers and two sisters residing in Norway. His brothers are all men of mark, and occupy prominent positions in the country. Besides his brothers, I have met many of his relatives in Bergen. In fact, the name of Bull seems the most popular in the city.

The father of Ole Bull was one of the founders of the splendid and instructive *Museum* here; the artist himself, a short time since, donated \$1000 to this institution, which is by far the finest of the kind in Norway. The "Bergen Theatre" was formerly owned by Ole Bull, but has been also presented by him to the city.

Bergen contains thirty thousand souls, and is most romantically situated. It abounds in beautiful walks and promenades. One of these walks, called the "Nygaards Alleen," is supposed to be the most beautiful of the kind in the world; the tall and graceful Linden trees form a complete arch for a long distance, and were planted by a private citizen one hundred and fifty years ago. Here the people, old and young, citizens and peasants, enjoy the delightful shade and cool breezes that sweep through the mountains. The *Bunnsgraven*, or Art Gallery, is also a most prize-worthy institution. Like the Museum, it is free to the people three days in the week, and daily to the stranger. It contains some of the choicest groups, by such artists as *Dahl*, *Tedemann*, *Gude*, *Erlingberg*, *Isen*, and *Morten Muller*. "Sunday Evening," painted by *Gude*, "Bad News," by *Tedemann*, and "The Wedding Journey to Church," by *Erlingberg*, are considered as among the choicest works of art in Europe.

The people of Norway are very industrious, and are noted for their hospitality. The stranger is received as a welcome guest, at liberty to remain as long as he may choose, and at his departure a hearty shake of the hand will be all the payment required. The dress of the peasantry in the Bergen district is extremely picturesque. The men wear long, woolen caps, white jackets, short red waistcoats, knee breeches, gay colored linen stockings and shoe buckles. The women, a black jacket, scarlet calico, red bodice, white apron, embroidered with red worsted, earrings, silver brooches, &c. They all have a happy, contented look, and their rosy cheeks do not need the artificial coloring of a modern "Broadway Belle."

Bergen depends principally for its trade, on the fisheries of the North Sea, and on market days (Wednesdays and Saturdays) fish of almost every kind are offered for sale. Although it was born and reared many years in Gloucester, Mass., the greatest fishing town in America, I never before saw such an extensive variety of fish there as in Bergen, all fresh and fabulously cheap—large mackerel selling for a cent apiece, and salmon, cod, halibut, &c., in the same ratio. But we will return to "Valestrand." Our evenings are spent here in listening to sweet music, and although not food for the body, like the flimsy trifles above described, yet the soul needs nourishment, and music (such music as we have here) certainly furnishes an abundant supply.

I will close this hasty written letter, by relating an incident that occurred in New York, at the last "Matinee," given by Ole Bull at "Steinway Hall," and which has never been made public until now. On the occasion above referred to, the hall was filled with one of the largest and most intelligent audiences ever collected in the city; of course it being an afternoon concert, the majority present consisted of ladies; probably not less than one thousand mothers were in that hall. Very appropriately (and the last time in New York) Ole Bull performed his famous "Mother's Prayer;" the effect was magical, and hundreds were moved to tears. At the close of the performance, Dr. O. R. Gross, the accomplished scholar (a warm personal friend of Ole Bull) accompanied by your correspondent, stepped into the ante-room and extending his hand to the great violinist, remarked with much feeling, "Ole Bull, there were many silent listeners in the hall this afternoon, that you could not see;" the remark so truthful and well-timed, greatly affected the artist, and he exclaimed with much enthusiasm, "I know it! I know it!" and running around the room, which was fast filling with admiring friends, he enthusiastically and with childlike simplicity, told the incident to every one with whom he came in contact. Probably Ole Bull (as he himself says) never before played this divine composition with more true inspiration than upon that occasion.

The Mother's Prayer was composed in 1854, when he was but twenty-four years of age, and as he said to me a few days since, "I composed it because I was obliged to," meaning that it was the result of his inspirations while thinking of his own dear mother, whom he most fervently adores. Ole Bull will again visit America in October, in order to perfect a great improvement he has made in the piano, one of which is now being manufactured in New York.

J. JAY WATSON.

Notice to Delegates to the National Convention.

Delegates attending the Fifth National Convention, to be held in the city of Rochester, will find the Committee of Reception in the Session room, on Tuesday the 25th inst., from 8 till 10 A. M., and from 12 M. till 1 P. M., also at the close of the afternoon session, to assign homes to the delegates and speakers who may be in attendance.

Fare at hotels and boarding houses can be had from \$1.25 to \$3 per day.

N. B.—Corinthian Hall is in Exchange place, in rear of the Arcade Building, near the Central Depot.

S. A. BURTIS, Secretary.
J. J. MARSH, Acting Committee.

Notice to Delegates to the National Convention.

I have arranged with the Great Western Railway as follows: Delegates and all others wishing to attend the National Convention, can procure tickets on the ferry-boat, while crossing Detroit River, paying full fare (seven dollars) from Detroit to Suspension Bridge. At the Convention you will procure the signature of the Secretary to your ticket, which will entitle you to return free. This arrangement will commence on Saturday, 22d inst., and extends to September 1st, including both days.

DORUS M. FOX.

Thaddeus Stevens, member of Congress from Pennsylvania, died in Washington, Tuesday night, Aug. 11.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENG.
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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LUTHER COLBY, Editor.
ISAAC B. RICH, Assistant Editor.

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

How the Churches Decay.

The very striking statistics relative to the state of the churches in our country which we give below, are taken from authentic reports gathered by the American Christian Commission, and are styled by that organization evidences of "the alarming religious destitution existing in our land." Of course, with such an array of facts looking them in the face, they insist, with all the might of their speech, that extreme efforts must be put forth to carry the gospel to the masses of the people. Here are the statistics:

Leavenworth, Kansas, has a population of about 24,000. The members of Protestant churches are 2,200. At most, not over 3,000 persons of Leavenworth attend Protestant places of worship regularly, leaving 20,000 souls, or seven-eighths of the population, not regularly reached by the Gospel.

St. Joseph, Mo., has a population of 10,000. It has ten Protestant churches, with a total membership of 1,000 and church sittings for 3,000, leaving 10,000 persons who could not be accommodated in the Protestant churches.

St. Louis, Mo., has a population of 200,000. Of these 171,000 are over five years of age. The sittings in the evangelical churches number 23,300, leaving 146,700 persons over five years of age who could not be accommodated in the evangelical churches; and yet these churches are seldom fully occupied. The number present, by actual count, in all these churches, on a pleasant Sabbath in October, 1884, was: morning service, 12,000; second service, 8,370; leaving, morning service, 11,257 vacant seats; second service, 14,063. Waukegan, Ill., with a population of 12,000, has but 4,000 church-goers; leaving 8,000, or two-thirds of the population, unreached by the Gospel.

Knox Co., Ill., has a population of 34,401, of whom 27,601 are over five years of age. Total membership of churches in the County, 2,004; leaving 27,601, or at least three-fifths of the population over five years of age, not connected with any evangelical church.

One hundred and fifty thousand persons in Chicago are without the influence of the Gospel as preached from the pulpit. Forty thousand of these spend the Sabbath in saloons and German gardens.

Boston, Mass., has a population of 192,000. It has 100 places of worship, averaging 600 sittings, providing accommodations for 60,000, and leaving 132,000 for whom there is no place in the house of God.

Trenton, with a population of 20,000, has 633 Protestant families who never attend church.

New Brunswick, with a population of 17,000, has 200 families who utterly neglect the sanctuary.

In New York City, in a recent canvass of 22 wards containing 4,700 families, 1,025 families were found professing attending Evangelical churches, 2,112 attending unevangelical churches, while 680 families, by their own confession, attended no church whatever.

New York City has a population of about 1,000,000. It has 375 Protestant churches, with sittings for 200,000, and a total membership of 64,000. It has 350 churches, chapels, and missions of all kinds, with vacant seats for 345,000, leaving about 700,000 in New York City on the Sabbath who could not attend religious services in the churches if they desired, and yet these churches are seldom all fully occupied.

The population of Cleveland, Ohio, is 40,275. The number of sittings in all the churches, Protestant, Romanist, and Jewish is 27,200, leaving 42,075 persons in the city on the Sabbath for whom there is no room in the house of God, and yet these churches show many vacant seats. There are in that city 10,000 persons over five years of age who are never found in any place of public worship—1,231 families, no member of which attends any church.

It would hardly seem as if comment on such a statement was necessary. There is but one inference to be drawn from it, that the churches are clearly in a state of decline. Those that are built and equipped are not filled; and if they were, there are nowhere near enough to take in all the people. It is plain that the ecclesiastical provisions of the time are both needless and insufficient. It is, as it stands, a waste of money, and the benefit to the community is inappreciable. Suppose that all the money spent and all the exertion made in order to keep up these churches, whose notorious inefficiency is so bewailed by their managers, had been concentrated in some single and united effort to liberalize and elevate the human mind, enlighten the public conscience on the practical duties of life, and spiritualize the common thinking after the manner of the advocates of Spiritualism; what a vast difference would be seen in the results to-day, and how much more satisfactory would have been the progress of all men in the path of truth, of justice, and of purity.

But this singular confession stands forth for our impartial judgment. There are the stern and undeniable facts, just as they are collected by the party most interested in suppressing them. It is beyond dispute that the churches in this country are in a state of rapid decline. The salt of the gospel they preach is not the salt to save them from the catastrophe which is inevitable. If the spirit that once animated and inspired them is that of genuine religion, it abides with them no longer. They have little left to them now but the letter. And that ceases to produce that cohesion which is the first condition of their holding long even to that. And while so lamentable a condition of things as this makes itself manifest, we find that Spiritualism comes in at just the right time to supplant an effete and useless system, whose part has long ago been performed, and for whose existence there is no further necessity.

When such facts are recorded by the churches themselves, we think Spiritualists have little cause to be discouraged. The field is theirs for the future. Unless they occupy it at once what is to be done for the religious sentiment of the people? The grand, the comforting, the animating truths of Spiritualism are precisely such as the unfed multitudes of our country crave. This is the religion for which their hearts yearn and they are waiting. Let us press on in faith with the work that is given us to do, that none may hunger for the truth which imparts such fullness to the soul.

Cruelty to Animals.

Genuine philanthropy includes kindness to dumb creatures, as well as love and charity for our own race. The society organized in New York to prevent cruelty to animals has recently sent out its second annual report, which states that two hundred and fifty persons have been brought to law by reason of their inhumanity within the year, that fountains and drinking troughs have been set up in different parts of the city for dogs, horses and men, that dog and cock fights have been almost wholly suppressed, and that a large number of car horses have been relieved from the effects of overwork by timely interference by the society's officers. Now this is good morals put into practice. It is religion carried into the street. This is to be the outward stamp of the modern religion, instead of the empty profession which merely classifies one man differently from his neighbor.

Explanatory.

Our cotemporary, "The Present Age," has our warmest thanks for its very generous allusion to the *Banner of Light*. In so doing it says we have "had a less troubled life" than the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*; during our long years of toil in behalf of SPIRITUALISM. This is a mistake. We have not only been opposed by the clergy, by statesmen, the presidents of colleges, (sectarian ones), so-called scientists, and many other willfully ignorant skeptics, but by some people who call themselves Spiritualists, acting from selfish motives; yet we have worked on, both early and late, through sunshine and shade; and to-day, thanks to the whole-souled hosts of Spiritualists in all sections of the country, who have stood by us during the past twenty years, and who stand by us still, we are (to use the words of the *Age*) "now the firmly established organ of the Spiritualists of the United States."

In regard to the points upon which *The Present Age* differs in opinion with us, we have only to say that we had not the remotest idea of calling in question the usefulness of any spiritualistic Journal, or even intimating that the *Age* could not or did not publish "beautiful utterances from the life beyond." What we simply intended to convey—but perhaps we were not explicit enough in our language—was this: that the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* and the *Banner of Light* were the only two papers that had established special departments for spirits of all grades of mind, whether intelligent or otherwise, through which to communicate with their earth-friends. In other words, that spirits could use the avenues in question to reach their loved ones, when they could avail themselves of no other source to do so.

The "beautiful utterances from the life beyond" and they are indeed beautiful—given by the friends named by *The Age*, we do not question, were inspirations. We have often published communications from the same parties, but claim no exclusiveness in this particular.

We deem this sufficient explanation, and hope it will be satisfactory to our worthy cotemporary, just launched upon the boldest sea of literature, engaged, too, in a cause paramount to any other in existence. Hence we bid it God-speed; and, as we have done in previous issues of the *Banner of Light*, we again call upon the multitudes of Spiritualists all over the land to sustain not only *The Age*, but all the spiritual papers. They should bear in mind that the harvest is ready for the sickle and the laborers few.

The work entrusted to our keeping is immense; but without harmonious action everywhere, we shall not be a power for good—the enlightenment and disenchantment of humanity—to the extent we all desire, for many years to come. In the language of Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, we would say, "Spiritualism, like the sun in the outward world, shines upon everything, and though there may be times when clouds obstruct our vision so that we may not see the sun, still we know that it shines on forever." Let HARMONY, then, be our rallying-cry, and all will be well.

The Insane Asylums.

A case in New Jersey, that for a time looked like another of the Illinois Asylum cases, has been made to wear a somewhat different aspect by the aid of a coil of explanations; but there is still an ugly body of suggestions about it that require more attention than the suspected parties have chosen to give to them. The lady was newly married, and without her husband's knowledge or consent was suddenly taken to the Asylum by her own brother, armed with an affidavit from another brother, who is an ex-Governor of the State, and their mother. It was, on the face of it, a pretty strong show. But for all that, it seems that shortly after a writ of habeas corpus was sued out, she was carefully observed by the Superintendent of the Asylum in her conduct, and her unconditional discharge was forthwith ordered on his reporting that she betrayed no symptoms of insanity whatever. But for this outside interference, it is probable that nothing would have been done to effect her release. Her husband was unaware of her whereabouts, and most likely would have been suffered to remain so. These cases of constraint are much more common than the public begin to be aware of. They need looking up as often as they occur, and special commissions should be appointed by the Legislature of every State to investigate the cases which are brought to these asylums for treatment.

Marrying Poor.

There is a fresh revival of this old theme in the London papers at the present time, and the *gays* and *nays* are laying down their arguments upon it with as much zeal and vigor as if the question was an entirely new one, whether it is best to wait till one gets "fore-hand" before marrying. As the world runs, the present selfish social system making slaves of us all alike, people would be inclined to say that it is prudent to defer matrimony until it can comfortably defray its own expenses. But if the world was made better than it is by the reformation of society, there would be no question on the subject at all. Every one would have an opportunity, not merely to earn an honest and fair living, but to develop his spiritual and intellectual nature to the utmost. There would be none of this crushing and cheating, crowding and grabbing. Meanwhile, what is to be done? Nothing more than the best that can be done. If people would consent to be provident, they may confidently hope in some respectable way to get along; and by faithfully working out their opportunities, they can likewise count on advancement. The question of early marriages, however, or what go by the name of improvident marriages, is as far from settled as ever. Every one's experience differs so widely from that of everybody else. Yet there is such a thing as over-prudence, and missing happiness altogether.

China in Boston.

We shall have the Chinese Ambassadors in town during the week, accompanied by Mr. Burlingame. It is a triumph for our young nation that she has thus been selected by the oldest to become the instrument of opening the world to her. We know but little of the Chinese people as yet, but enough to comprehend that our ignorance of them has begotten a brood of prejudices which time will certainly eradicate. Our guests are to receive the most marked honors from the city and State authorities.

We cordially thank Bro. L. S. Noble for his timely remarks in the last number of *The Age*, in regard to sustaining all the papers devoted to Spiritualism. Too many in the past have "passed away" in consequence of lack of adequate support. Our friends, should not, through lukewarmness, compel us to record any more disasters of this kind.

FRANK CHASE has been appointed a delegate to the National Convention, at Rochester, by the Spiritualists of South Sutton, N. H.

Mrs. C. N. Brown.

It is exceedingly gratifying to learn that the processes of mediumistic development are going on with increased proportion every year, and that all over the land, susceptible organizations are being manipulated by dwellers in the upper spheres, for more extended usefulness to mortals here below; and that such are multiplying by the score—some for purposes of physical demonstrations, others for seeing, hearing, healing, speaking and, in fact, all the peculiar phases known to our distinctive school.

Many of these are sensitive natures who dread any public mention of their gifts, as children do the public gaze. Yet, impelled by a power beyond and above their own, they are oftentimes forced to stand before this very tribunal, and subject themselves as servants to a hungry public.

Let none lay the flattering unction to their souls that any of these special gifts, which not unfrequently manifest themselves by laborious unfolding through slowly passing years, are earnestly to be desired. Ye wist not what ye do! The pains and penalties of mediumship are not and cannot be written by the pen. The anguish of brain and body, of head and heart are so peculiar and unique as not to find comparison with the ordinary afflictions of men and women. Ever does our liveliest sympathy go out to these our brothers and sisters, who have been thus called to labor in their respective channels for the amelioration of suffering humanity.

Mrs. Brown, the subject of this notice, has recently been made, by those who stand back of and use her organism, to sit for the public, for the general purposes of healing and personal examinations. In these particulars she is wonderfully successful, and bids fair to soon rank with the very best. Worthy, reliable and true, yet modest and retiring, she is eminently calculated to give great satisfaction, and exacts nothing when this is not given. Whoever is disposed can judge of these facts by calling at No. 6 Concord street, Charlestown, Mass.

Children in Factories.

The shifting legislation in this State on the subject of children in factories can best be guided by practical experiments such as special schools for this class of pupils. The school which has recently been established in Fall River has proved a marked success. The ages of the scholars vary between ten and fifteen years. All the children of this age who are employed in the mills are entitled by law to three months' schooling in the year. Consequently one-third of the whole number of children are in school all the time. It is impossible to classify and grade them, as they are continually going and coming. But thus far the school has been successful, and does great credit to those concerned in its management. The practical suggestions of General Oliver on the education of factory children did not receive from the last Legislature the attention they deserved. It is a difficult subject to deal with, but what we need is plain enough, and a way must be found to secure it.

Dr. Dix and Trinity Church.

The rector of Old Trinity Church, New York, Dr. Dix, has met with a rebuff. He made application a short time ago to the Vestry for an appropriation of \$25,000 for a "free chapel." Heretofore it has been customary to grant the rector whatever he wished; but to his surprise, the Vestry refused to vote the sum unless he would pledge his honor that the chapel should not be used to promote ritualism. The rector indignantly refused to make the pledge. As the surplus and other clerical millinery is worn by the laity in high churches to distinguish the clergy, variegated garments are required and the chasuble, dalmatic, tunicle are demanded. This is the first entering wedge into Old Trinity that promises a split. Old Trinity has been the leader in what is called the "Romanistic movement." She may yet wheel about and head the columns of the "evangelical movement." This is an age of agitation.

The "Infidel."

The correspondent of the *New York Standard*, writing from Northampton, Mass., says: "Charles C. Burleigh's discourse delivered from the platform of the Free Congregational Society of Florence, Mass., on the 12th and 19th ult., was suggested by the following words, uttered in Amherst, on the 7th ult., by J. M. Manning, pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, namely: 'Who, then, is an infidel? Any one who does not recognize the authority of Christ as final in all matters of faith.' Mr. Burleigh showed very clearly from Scripture, from reason, from the experience of the past, as well as that of the present, that man could attain to all required truth and goodness without any knowledge of Christ as a historical personage, and without any knowledge of the Bible. Dr. Manning's doctrine would put all the Old Testament saints into the category of infidels, to say nothing of the multitude of the holy men in all ages who had no belief in Christ, nor acquaintance with the Bible. Mr. Burleigh's discourse was an able defence of man as a being made in the image of God, capable of unlimited progress, and an incarnation of the Divine. The discourse also vindicated God against the aspersions of the theologians, which make him guilty of the glaring injustice of consigning millions of his creatures to eternal misery, for not believing in a Christ of whom they had never heard. He also showed that the so-called 'orthodox' were indeed as to many important truths clearly set forth in Scripture and revealed by the moral intuitions."

The Lyceum Banner.

The next issue will close the first volume of this charming little paper for young folks. We hope every subscriber will remit a dollar for the next volume, and each one make it a point to induce some one else to do likewise. That will surely encourage Mrs. Brown and her sister, who have been laboring so zealously the past year for the benefit of their patrons. Address your letters to Mrs. Lou H. Kimball, post-office drawer 5365, Chicago, Ill.

The Spiritual Harp.

We are happy to announce that this long looked for and much needed Music Book will be issued on Saturday, August 22d. It is a large volume of over three hundred pages. Price \$2; postage 20 cents. We shall supply all orders as fast as possible. "First come, first served." Societies wishing supplies in season for the Fall meetings should order at once. Address *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass.

An Eloquent Speech.

The speech of Hector Florence Varela, the eloquent South American patriot, delivered in the Peace Congress at Geneva, which we transfer to our columns this week, from the *Radical*, will infuse something of the spirit of the author into the reader as he peruses it.

Bazaar.

Friends in that city and vicinity should remember that Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels closes her lecturing engagement there the last Sunday in August.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. J. J. Clark, a well known medium of this city, and formerly of New Haven, Connecticut, a lady of accomplishments, great and versatile mediumistic powers and fine sensibilities, has placed herself before the public as a lecturer, and will fill engagements for Sundays, her time being occupied on other days; she will also attend funerals. She lectured in Killingly, Conn., some three weeks since, to a full and appreciative audience. Last Sunday, 9th inst., she lectured at Spiritualist Hall, Quincy, on the subject, "What is God?" which she handled in a masterly manner; her points were bold, terse and logical.

Mrs. Clara A. Field has again resumed her work as a lecturer on Spiritualism. A correspondent writing from West Garfield, Me., says, "She has been giving us several of her excellent and instructive lectures, which have established her reputation with us as an able and efficient laborer in the lecturing field. Her style is easy and of the emotional kind, while her argument is sound and logical; uses good language and originality of thought." Her address is Newport, Me.

Isaac P. Greenleaf will lecture in Stafford Springs, Conn., Aug. 23d and 30th. Our friends in Connecticut will find a rich feast in this eloquent lecturer's discourses.

Lyman C. Howe, the eloquent trance-speaker, addresses the Spiritualists of Rochester, N. Y., the first two Sundays of September.

Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer, the lecturer, formerly of Baldwinville, has taken up her residence at Fitchburg, Mass.

Cephas B. Lynn will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., Aug. 23.

Mrs. Charlotte F. Taber will lecture in Quincy on Sunday, Aug. 30.

O. P. Kellogg is engaged to speak the third Sunday of each month, at Chardon, Ohio.

The Brothers Davenport and Mr. Wm. Fay.

A late number of the *London Spiritual Magazine* has the following remarks: "These gentlemen are now returning to America after several years' sojourn in Europe, and after having performed some thousands of times in the principal countries of Europe, and having submitted to the strictest investigation by all classes of persons, from Emperors down to convicts, and roughs of the lowest kind. But all this goes for nothing, whenever some person chooses to awake from his lethargy and to ask for a 'scientific investigation.' A scientific investigation means generally the insisting upon peculiar conditions which would render it impossible to do anything. This was made pretty clear by the Faraday-Tyndall manifestoes. The last instance of the kind is furnished by a Mr. Hopley, who has published a pamphlet of his correspondence with Mr. Cooper requesting such an investigation, and which, when it would be so much more useful in the dark nights. It is a pity Mr. Hopley went to the expense of printing his futile correspondence."

To Our Subscribers.

As the present volume of the *Banner of Light* is near its close, we earnestly request all to renew their subscriptions before the time expires for which they have subscribed. This will save much trouble in rearranging names in our mailing machine, and prevent the loss of any numbers of the paper, which might be the case should a break occur.

Mr. Jonathan Butterfield, on relinquishing the position of Superintendent of the typographical department of the office of Messrs. Wright & Potter, State Printers, after a service of sixteen years, was presented with a superb water pitcher, salver and tankard, and a splendid copy of Webster's Dictionary appropriately inscribed as "From his Friends in the State Printing Office." This testimonial of the esteem and respect of his fellow-workmen, will ever be a bright spot in the earthly career of the recipient.

Our friend, Col. W. D. Crockett, a master printer, who for five years has been foreman of the composition room, succeeds Mr. Butterfield as Superintendent. The Colonel is a progressive man, and has every requisite to meet the requirements of the position. Success ever attend him.

Executive Meeting of the M. S. A.

A special meeting of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association was duly convened, as per call, in the Circle Room of the *Banner of Light*, Thursday, July 30th.

In the absence of the President, Mr. Lyander S. Richards called the meeting to order, and the Secretary stated the object of the meeting, which was mainly to choose delegates to the National Convention of Spiritualists at Rochester, N. Y., August 25th.

After due canvassing, the following parties were elected: Wm. White, Philena E. Gay, J. C. Bowker, (Lawrence), A. E. Carpenter, State Agent, L. D. Wilson, Miss Abby Rousseau, (Middlebury), Geo. A. Bacon, Dr. H. B. Biorer, Isiah C. Ray, (New Bedford), Cephas B. Lynn, (Charlestown), A. E. Giles, (Roxbury), and Geo. W. Smith, (Dorchester).

The Secretary would here state, parenthetically, that as it is not certain all the designated delegates will attend, he would suggest that if there are any others who intend to be present, and who would prefer to go in a representative capacity, to notify him at their earliest convenience.

Resolved, that the President and Secretary be authorized to give all necessary credentials to delegates.

Resolved, that the delegates at the National Convention have power to fill all vacancies.

It having been suggested by the President, in view of the need of having more Missionary Agents in the field, which in the present state of our finances cannot be done, that special efforts be made between now and the approach of cold weather to increase the funds of our treasury, and that some proper person be empowered to collect such aid for that particular purpose, it was, on motion—

Resolved, that Mrs. Agnes M. Davis, of Cambridgeport, be specially authorized to solicit and receive contributions in aid of the State Association, receiving in compensation a certain percentage on the amount by her collected.

The subject of holding Convention of the Association, in the central or western portion of the State, during October, was discussed and postponed for further consideration.

Since making his last report, the Secretary has received the following sums:—

Mrs. A. Bacon, Bedford	1.00
Mrs. Sarah Bacon	1.00
Mrs. J. A. Bacon	1.00
John Clifton	1.00
P. M. Richards	1.00
Lucinda Homer	1.00
Mrs. H. A. Corey	1.00

[illegible]

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Spirits that can look into the system and are clairvoyantly able to detect the location of the disease, and cause the mirror reflects your forms, ought to be trusted by those accepting the philosophy before physicians in the form that have been by the Divine Spirit; acts on the glands in a particular manner and purging over medical works. Progression IS ALL THINGS.

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N^O. 34.—If any desire to consult D^r. Clark's spirit, they can do so by calling on or addressing his medium, JEANNE WILKINS DANFORTH, Aug. 1.—5w 312 East 33d Street, New York

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Aug. 1.—6w

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