

BANNER OF LIGHT.

AN EXONENT OF THE

PHILOSOPHY

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

VOL. XXV.

{WM. WHITE & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.}

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1869.

[\$3.00 PER ANNUM.]
In Advance.

NO. 10.

Literary Department.

REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES OF A WORKINGMAN.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

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

CHAPTER XV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James perceived my complicity, and profited by it. At first, he was satisfied with stealing a few hours from his work, or to spend an occasional holiday in his library, but by degrees he aban-

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

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

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

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

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

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

"To write?" demanded Mr. Ducor.

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

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

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

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

"Then you will renounce your present situation, you will quit your family, you will begin all alone a career of which you are totally ignorant, and for which you are totally unprepared; you will go and join the herd of starvelings who have become a second nature; you have a good trade, with which you have been familiar from childhood. Are you willing to sacrifice all these blessings?

To throw yourself among strangers, who will make you their dupe? to adopt customs which will be a perpetual restraint? to follow a profession for which your education does not qualify you? What are you going to seek in Paris?

Happiness? You already have it. The pleasures of ambition? Pray God that he may never permit you to enjoy them! That is the mania of our age; every one is seeking a name which will be remembered and reechoed by posterity. Manual labor is regarded as a degradation; you see everywhere refugees from work, trying to get into the ranks of artists, as the low-born people formerly tried to foist themselves into court. But do you know what I would do if, like you, I had had the good fortune to have strengthened my arms by labor? I would remain where God had placed me; first, because this is the dictate of prudence, and secondly, through pride in my profession and devotion to it. I would expend all I had to give in the service of my companions in labor. I

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

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

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

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

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

James remained silent. The two letters lay open before him, and he glanced wistfully from the one to the other. His air of triumph had vanished, and he looked disquieted and half angry.

After a pause he recommended interrogating Mr. Ducor, but with less confidence, and the latter related in detail his three years of *Bohemian Literature*, as he styled them. It was a long history of bankrupt hopes and of bitter sufferings—sufferings which he had to conceal. The unfortunate man had lived on disappointments and humiliations, buttoning his coat tight over his poverty; going from the third story to the attic, from the attic to the cockpit; fleeing first from hunger, and then from hunger and creditors also. His story was so lamentable, and related in such a frank and ingenuous manner, that James was visibly much disconcerted. However, he still struggled against his convictions. If Mr. Ducor had not succeeded in convincing him, he would only have himself to blame. Did his visitor really merit, in as high a degree as himself, the praises bestowed upon him? was the query his vanity suggested.

James remained silent. The two letters lay open before him, and he glanced wistfully from the one to the other. His air of triumph had vanished, and he looked disquieted and half angry. After a pause he recommended interrogating Mr. Ducor, but with less confidence, and the latter related in detail his three years of *Bohemian Literature*, as he styled them. It was a long history of bankrupt hopes and of bitter sufferings—sufferings which he had to conceal. The unfortunate man had lived on disappointments and humiliations, buttoning his coat tight over his poverty; going from the third story to the attic, from the attic to the cockpit; fleeing first from hunger, and then from hunger and creditors also. His story was so lamentable, and related in such a frank and ingenuous manner, that James was visibly much disconcerted. However, he still struggled against his convictions. If Mr. Ducor had not succeeded in convincing him, he would only have himself to blame. Did his visitor really merit, in as high a degree as himself, the praises bestowed upon him? was the query his vanity suggested.

Until he could judge of the work, he need not be dismayed, at the non-success of the workman.

His friend, without doubt, saw what was passing in his mind, and offered to bring the volume he had published the next time he visited us; but on hearing the title, James recognized it as one of his favorite books, the very one which he had concluded to adopt as his model, and whose author had long been the object of his envy.

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

"Reflect well," said he, with affectionate warmth, "on all the certain blessings you will leave behind you here in exchange for the uncertain honors you expect to reap in Paris. You are surrounded by a family who love you tenderly; you have been educated in habits which have become a second nature; you have a good trade, with which you have been familiar from childhood. Are you willing to sacrifice all these blessings?

To throw yourself among strangers, who will make you their dupe? to adopt customs which will be a perpetual restraint? to follow a profession for which your education does not qualify you? What are you going to seek in Paris?

Happiness? You already have it. The pleasures of ambition? Pray God that he may never permit you to enjoy them!

That is the mania of our age; every one is seeking a name which will be remembered and reechoed by posterity. Manual labor is regarded as a degradation; you see everywhere refugees from work, trying to get into the ranks of artists, as the low-born people formerly tried to foist themselves into court. But do you know what I would do if, like you, I had had the good fortune to have strengthened my arms by labor? I would remain where God had placed me; first, because this is the dictate of prudence, and secondly, through pride in my profession and devotion to it. I would expend all I had to give in the service of my companions in labor. I

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XVI.

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

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

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

too young to be his mother, and the total dissimilarity between them rendered this still more improbable. Her countenance combined great sweetness and intelligence; her speaking, gray eyes, though bright, wore an air of sadness; her cheeks were pale, but beautifully rounded, and around her mouth, as she spoke some caressing words to the child, a smile of inexplicable tend

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

As for me, I did not think of sleep. I threw myself on the sofa without undressing, and evolved in my mind the strange occurrences of the evening. The whole seemed like a dream, and again and again I said to myself, "Can it be true?" After awhile I settled down under the conviction that there was no fancy about it, and began to think what part I had to act toward the helpless beings thus providentially cast on my bounty. A strange feeling pervaded my bosom. I felt as if so far from being strangers, the mother and the child were nestled in my heart as no human beings had ever nestled there before, as naturally as it had always been their home; the idea of parting with them was painful; but it was impossible to come to any decision until I heard her story and knew her destination, her circumstances, and her wishes. Having settled thus much, I laid me down and slept till roused by the brightness of the sun, which shone full in my face. I rubbed my eyes; I could not imagine how I came to be dressed and lying on the sofa, but in a few moments the scenes of the preceding evening came vividly to my remembrance. I rose hastily, and after washing and combing my hair to look a little tidy, I proceeded to kindle the fire. Lucille—for so my guest was called—soon appeared, with her baby in her arms. After the morning salutations she laid him on the carpet, and began to lay the cloth and set the table, just as though it had been her accustomed business. I looked at her and smiled, and seated myself by the little fellow; he looked up in my face with such a joyous laugh and sparkling eye that I caught him up and kissed him. I saw Lucille casting sidelong glances at us, while the tears trickled over her pale cheeks, and her bosom heaved with emotion. My own eyes were moistened; the scene before me was so novel, sensations so new were tugging at my heartstrings, that at length entirely overcome, I wept like a little child. Why this powerful drawing to the young stranger? Why this unaccountable feeling of intimacy and interest? Unable to fathom the mystery, I dried my eyes and turned again to play with the little Ferdinand. A sweet serenity overspread my mind, and I felt rather disturbed when Lucille said gently, "Breakfast is ready," and lifted her little one from my arms. I took my seat, and motioned my companion to the same she had occupied the preceding evening. As neither of us had much appetite, our repast was soon finished, and I again took possession of this bewitching babe, whose radiant face seemed in harmony with the laws of my being in having some object in life, some useful business which I must do. This I am persuaded, is essential to happiness, and therefore I am anxious to see you enjoying these privileges. I had neither inclination nor aptitude for my needle, and so when my parents told me that I must provide for myself, being then only fourteen, I chose type-setting, because it was remunerative, and because I fancied it would be a pleasant business. Besides, I hoped that being in a printing office I might find an opportunity of gratifying my passion for reading. In this I was not disappointed. I found a kind friend in the establishment, who was always ready to lend me books, and I have profited not only by his loans, but by his judicious selection of the books I should read, both for instruction and recreation. You have a decided taste for millinery; it is a very lucrative occupation; and if you can get leave to go to Paris I can procure you a situation. In the winter you could attend night school, and I do, to qualify myself to be a teacher. If you are industrious, you will get good wages and considerate treatment, and able to pay low board; you will not need much clothing the first year, and your wages would be higher the second."

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

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

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

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

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

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

LUCILLE'S NARRATIVE.

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

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO ONE BELOVED.

BY MRS. JULIA M. FRIEND.

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

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

Be mine the power to guard thee from all harm,
And from temptation shield thine onward way,
Leading thee ever in the path of right,
Safely and surely to the brighter day.
Oh, blest indeed would be my lot in life,

And smooth my pathway brightened by thy love!
So, hand in hand, if we might journey on
Together to our glorious home above.

But though our path in life lie far apart,
And mountains rise and oceans roll between,
Thy home, sweet love, is ever in my heart—
There shalt thou dwell through every changing scene;

And when we lay our earthly burdens down,
And calmly enter into rest divine,
Together, bound by ties death cannot break,
Will blend in that blest realm thy life and mine.

Gloucester, Mass.

Original Essays.

SARCOGNOMY AS A GUIDE TO MANUAL HEALING.

BY DR. J. R. BUCHANAN.

In the *Banner of Light* of April 10th some extracts were published from a private letter to my distinguished friend, and former pupil in Anthropology, Dr. G. Swan, in which I had recommended him to economize his vital force in healing operations, and to operate upon the sick with reference to the organology of the brain and the body.

In these extracts I was made, by misprint, to say, "Study my Sarcoignomy, and concentrate the vital forces to the region of health on the shoulder-blades." &c.

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

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

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

The sympathies of the mind and body with each other are effected through the brain, which connects with both, and which, while it influences both, is in turn influenced by them. The reciprocal influences of the mind, the brain and the body upon each are not vague general influences in the aggregate, but definite, special and exact. There are no loose, indefinite connections of function and operation in physiological science. All the operations of Nature are governed by inflexible laws, and effected through definite channels and lines of causation, the knowledge of which constitutes science.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the physiological, as well as in the moral

constitution of man, we find this balance of positive energetic resisting faculties, and negative suscep-

tive yielding tendencies. When the former are largely developed there is a great amount of energy, activity and capacity to resist and recover from every species of physical injury. But when the latter predominate the constitution is extremely

sensitive, and has very little energy or capacity of resistance against the thousand morbid influ-

ences which continually surround us. The predominance of the former produces a powerful and healthy constitution—the predominance of the latter results in a feeble, sickly existence, which soon succumbs to the ordinary exposures and injur

ies of human life.

The group of healthful energetic faculties which

are the source of physical and mental energy, en-

durance and health for any impenetrable person.

When you have exhausted yourself by contact with the sick, and feel in your own person their morbid symp-

toms, you may be relieved by making rapid disper-

sive passes over the palms of the hands, which

have been in contact with the sick, and immediate

washing will also be serviceable; but the

most complete and thorough restoration and im-

provement will be attained by placing the hands

on the shoulders of a healthy person on the re-

gion of health, for five, ten or twenty minutes.

Many a delicate wife may thus find a healing

and restorative power in the shoulders of her hus-

band.

By understanding and faithfully acting on these suggestions, many impenetrable persons may re-store themselves to health, and physicians, healing operators, clairvoyants, mediums and psychometers will be enabled to prosecute their be-evil-lent labors more efficiently without being bro-ken down by their arduous tasks.

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

New York, May 1st, 1869.

ELECTRICITY AND SPIRITUALISM.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The hand of the good operator has the power of attracting toward itself the nervous forces of the subject, and changing the balance of the vital powers. Hence, by placing the hands upon the shoulders, on the region of health, as above described, he will produce a general improvement in the feelings and condition of his subject. A similar application on the *hypochondri*

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Good Test.

MESSRS. EDITORS—It is no part of my business to puff mountebanks, yet in justice to a good and true medium, as well as the community at large, who need for themselves just such manifestations as I have received as well as the benefit of the test I am about to record, I want to say I have had several years' acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Waterman, and I do know Mrs. Waterman and her little four-years-old child to be good mediums. It would require two or three columns of the *Banner of Light* to record all the tests I have received through Mrs. W. A few days since I decided, as I had tested her mediumship in several directions, to test her on answering sealed letters.

I was introduced to Rev. Orrin Abbott on his dying bed, and certain words then passed between us which caused me to address the following note to him. You will observe the paper is torn; also a part of the envelope sticks to it. The reason is, I was determined not to be fooled. So when I wrote my letter I folded and pasted it up, then I pasted it fast to the envelope, then sealed the envelope with paste. It was returned to me unopened, as more than a dozen said who saw it. The following is the letter and answer:

SPRINGFIELD, April 8th, 1869.

REV. ORRIN ABBOTT—You told me, when dying, you thought you would report yourself. I have not heard from you. Can you report through this medium? How do you like your new home and country? Are you interested in the book I am now bringing before the world? How do you like it? Do not flatter; speak plain. Lead me in the way I can do the most good. What about your manuscripts?

Your brother,
MOSES HULL.

SPIRIT-WORLD, April 8th, 1869.

DEAR FRIEND MOSES—Your letter I have followed. This true, noble woman I can control. I have thought of you often, and have tried to come to you.

Our faith is true and noble, and when you get here you will feel it to be so. Go on, brother, in your good cause, and be sure that success will be yours.

I am very much interested in your book. I do not think it could be better.

As to that manuscript you speak of, it does not amount to much. You can have it, if you like, to do what you please with it. I have so much to say to you, Bro. Hull, I do not know what to say first. This is such a happy, peaceful world! To meet our dear ones here and watch over them when on earth is such bliss. But you understand all this.

I would like to have a talk with you, but as others wait, perhaps I had better close.

Your loving friend and brother, ORRIN.

Accompanying this was a private note stating that I would receive another communication from the same source in a few days. Promptly on the 12th of April I received another letter from Bro. Abbott, commenting on the seventh chapter of my book, which I had finished writing on the 11th, and not a person in this world had seen. With such facts before me, am I justified in saying I do not believe in spirit-communion?

"Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise."

Truly, MOSES HULL.

Miss Mary E. Currier's Mediumship.

When I lectured in Haverhill, a short time since, I had the pleasure of witnessing again the remarkable manifestations of spirit power produced through the mediumship of Miss Mary Currier. As a musical medium, do not think she is surpassed, if she is equaled, by any known to the public. I shall ever remember with the deepest feelings of gratitude the enchanting and soul-ravishing music called forth from the piano, harmonica, and other instruments, by the unseen manipulations of the good spirits, who so richly entertained us. The grand old tune, "Sweet Home," was performed on the harmonica, with piano accompaniment, with such thrilling and unutterable sweetness, that I was borne away by the gently breathed harmonies, until it seemed to me that I could detect the choirings voices of the angels, mingling in low-breathed cadence their songs of gladness greeting to the weary ones of earth. While Miss Currier sat at the piano playing, the room being sufficiently light to make all objects visible, the instrument arose bodily, clear from the floor, before our eyes. This was done several times. The piano will weigh over six hundred pounds. I will not attempt to describe the manifestations in detail, as this has been done before, both by myself and others, imperfectly, however, as mere words can convey no idea of their interest and beauty; they must be witnessed to be appreciated.

A. E. CARPENTER.

Correspondence in Brief.

A first-class test medium is wanted at Lancaster, O. Such would find it to their advantage to come and see us, in connection with other good neighboring cities. Address, H. Scott.

ONZOON.—Samuel Johns, writing from Washington county, says for three years he and his wife—who are a trance medium—have been sowing the seed of the Spiritual Philosophy in that county, and now have the satisfaction of seeing the fruits of their labor cropping out on all sides.

LONDON, N. Y.—W. B. Blase says, "We want lecturers in this place very much. We have several good mediums in the vicinity, and our angel friends are trying to aid us all they can by furnishing us with spiritual food. Our beautiful philosophy is making rapid progress here, considering all the circumstances."

RICHMOND, VA.—A correspondent mentions the good work that is being done there by Daniel Collins, a healing medium. He cures the afflicted in all grades of life. "This poor uneducated man, whom the Church condemns to eternal torment, is doing the same work that was done by the beautiful Christ in his day."

LYONS, N. Y.—"By their fruits ye shall know them." Our friend C. Peal, an old subscriber, and eighteen years a Spiritualist, sends us a list of new subscribers as a practical demonstration that he is not indifferent to the promulgation of the Spiritual Philosophy among the people. He says, "Upon all proper occasions, in public and in private, I endeavor to exhibit our Spiritual Philosophy the best I can, and have done some good work in that way, but this is the most tangible return I have experienced."

HANNIBAL, MO.—Chancery A. Smith sends several new subscribers for the *Banner of Light*, with words of cheer. He thinks it "the best paper in the United States, for it brings him a fresh and valuable feast for the mind every month." At thirty years of age, he is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and his set was ever thirsting for the bread of knowledge. The first light he obtained on the subject gleamed from the columns of the *Banner of Light*, a copy of which was placed in his hands two years since by one of his neighbors.

OTTAWA, ILL.—Ernest E. Whinemore writes that "Ottawa is famishing for spiritual food. We have no organization, yet there is abundant material for a great psychical army." We are anxious for our friends to come to our philosophy to come along with us. The people are waiting for an opportunity to investigate the truths of Spiritualism, and will gladly accept them. They are not satisfied with theology, as taught in the churches. A Society could be formed here, and in less than three months we would have a Lyceum with two hundred children in it. Send us some good lecturer who can stir us up to the work. It is an excellent vineyard to secure a fruitful harvest in."

WINCHESTER, IND.—Joseph Pickatt writes, April 20th, as follows: "Spiritualism in this place is not 'dead,' as has been reported by many of its opponents, but still lives, and to-day has a firm hold upon the minds of the people than over before. We have just had a course of lectures by Henry C. Wright, of a very radical character, which were listened to by large audiences with profound interest. Old Theology was thoroughly dissected, and its hideous deformity exposed to public view. Many of our people had the pleasure of listening to the lecturer nearly twenty years ago, while traveling through the West advocating the cause of the slave. We have some prospect of obtaining his services again this coming fall."

Why are ladies' gowns around the waist like a camp meeting? Because there is a great gathering there.

The Reviewer.

Tale of a Physician.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. BOSTON: WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 1860.

J. Davis in his "Magic Staff," briefly alludes to an extraordinary illustration of missionary mediumship, which came suddenly upon him in November, 1845, when he was about nineteen years of age. He details it more fully in his "Present Age and Inner Life," and there vividly portrays his involuntary movements while under the influence of a mysterious invisible presence which soiled him one evening as he was passing homeward through the streets, permeated his body with its mystic spell, compelled him to reverse his course, and led him through various streets toward the East River. Then his head growing heavy, darkness came upon him, and he became unconscious. When he came to himself, he found that he was entering a small, dense wood, perhaps on old Long Island's sea-girt shore, and apart from human dwellings. His invisible attendant guided him to a certain spot in the midst of the wood, and there young Davis, impelled by interior impression, set to work, cleared away a great quantity of decaying stumps, dead leaves, brambles and stones, until he discovered and opened the entrance to a subterranean apartment, from which issued a noxious vapor. Down slim steps he descended, and in that cold and dreary cavern obtained an experience, which after the lapse of nearly twenty-five years he now discloses to the world in his new work, entitled the "Tale of a Physician."

William Denton, in his "Soul of Things," presents many illustrations of the susceptibility of certain mediumistic persons of perceiving, as in a panorama, events and transactions which transpired in former ages and in distant countries. Every pebble, every shred of a garment, even the smallest fragment of a broken vase, has in some mysterious mode absorbed in itself pictures of all the scenes which have ever passed before it, and in a manner equally mysterious reveals them to the spiritual vision of medium sufficiently sensitive to receive them. In the light of such facts it is not to be wondered at that a medium of A. J. Davis's delicacy of temperament came into psychometrical relations with the scenes and incidents which had once transpired in that gloomy cavern, and became acquainted with the life records of their actors. And when we learn that that cavern had been the hiding place of a band of desperadoes, who had largely operated in New York city, we shall not naturally expect that either the deed therein performed or the characters of their actors will be bright with excess of light. On the contrary, they were of the earth, earthly; and as delineated in the "Tale of a Physician," they are of the pit and are infernal; and yet, as we believe, they are the legitimate and necessary sequences of certain phases of human nature, as developed in our large cities under the influence of modern civilization and fashionable life.

The story opens in New Orleans, in 1820. A wedding is in preparation. The bride, a lovely French creole, in her seventeenth year, the sole heiress of immensely rich estates, is the heroine of the tale. Hardly has she become a wedded wife, when calamities come thick and fast upon her. She loses parents, husband and property. She becomes sorely sick. Her physician, a most worthy man, of an investigating mind, a disciple of Mesmer, partially magnetizes her, and perceives the excellency of her inner life. After her recovery she takes refuge with her uncle, a rich planter in Cuba. There her boy is born, a strange and wonderful baby, "whose full-orbed black eyes seemed to be swimming in an ocean of tears." While the mother, with her uncle's family, is traveling in Europe, the boy is kidnapped, and we lose all sight of him till years afterwards, he appears in New York, a member of the gang of criminals who frequent the mysterious cave. The mother again becomes the wife of a fashionable and wealthy man. But misfortunes still pursue her. Her husband is murdered, and she is again left penniless. She goes to New York, and attempts to make her musical accomplishments contribute to her support. She fails. One of the New York detective officers, much esteemed by the public for his skill and great success in catching rogues, and recovering stolen property, becomes acquainted with her. He involves her in a fictitious marriage. Of all the villains of the cave, this detective, this Captain Nelson, is the blackest dyed. He is their chief.

In sketching the character and operations of Nelson, Mr. Davis has done a good work, one especially needed at the present time, when great robberies and crimes are so rife in our large cities. The police system which expects that an officer will lie to cheat and deceive a rogue, demoralizes the officer who performs its functions, and when he thinks his interest needs it, he will lie to cheat and deceive his employers, and of course will prey upon honest men at large. The detective are skilful, and have facilities for divesting suspicion from themselves, but however often they cover double tracks, let them know that clairvoyant eyes are upon them, and can more easily read all their deeds of hypocrisy and villainy than they themselves can remember them.

The outraged and sorrow-stricken woman, Mrs. Nelson, for she now bears the name of her deciever, becomes desolate. She has been sorely wronged at the hands of men, and she resolves to avenge in future herself upon men; but she loves her own sex. She becomes the mistress of a sprawling mansion, where sensual pleasure holds its revels. She seeks to inspire the many beautiful girls that compose her household with hatred to the opposite sex, and yet to win that hatred under loving smiles and winsome words. In the meantime her long lost boy, who as yet is as ignorant of his parentage as she is of his existence, has been through varied experiences among the "dragons," for so the inhabitants of the cave appropriately designate themselves, and has partially reformed. He rescues a fair, blue-eyed maid who had been decoyed by Captain Nelson, that guardian of the city's morals, from her country home in Western New York, to the great metropolis, and strange as it may appear, boards her in the house of the gay slattern.

When I lectured in Haverhill, a short time since, I had the pleasure of witnessing again the remarkable manifestations of spirit power produced through the mediumship of Miss Mary Currier. As a musical medium, do not think she is surpassed, if she is equaled, by any known to the public. I shall ever remember with the deepest feelings of gratitude the enchanting and soul-ravishing music called forth from the piano, harmonica, and other instruments, by the unseen manipulations of the good spirits, who so richly entertained us. The grand old tune, "Sweet Home," was performed on the harmonica, with piano accompaniment, with such thrilling and unutterable sweetness, that I was borne away by the gently breathed harmonies, until it seemed to me that I could detect the choirings voices of the angels, mingling in low-breathed cadence their songs of gladness greeting to the weary ones of earth. While Miss Currier sat at the piano playing, the room being sufficiently light to make all objects visible, the instrument arose bodily, clear from the floor, before our eyes. This was done several times. The piano will weigh over six hundred pounds. I will not attempt to describe the manifestations in detail, as this has been done before, both by myself and others, imperfectly, however, as mere words can convey no idea of their interest and beauty; they must be witnessed to be appreciated.

A. E. CARPENTER.

A first-class test medium is wanted at Lancaster, O. Such would find it to their advantage to come and see us, in connection with other good neighboring cities. Address, H. Scott.

ONZOON.—Samuel Johns, writing from Washington county, says for three years he and his wife—who are a trance medium—have been sowing the seed of the Spiritual Philosophy in that county, and now have the satisfaction of seeing the fruits of their labor cropping out on all sides.

LONDON, N. Y.—W. B. Blase says, "We want lecturers in this place very much. We have several good mediums in the vicinity, and our angel friends are trying to aid us all they can by furnishing us with spiritual food. Our beautiful philosophy is making rapid progress here, considering all the circumstances."

RICHMOND, VA.—A correspondent mentions the good work that is being done there by Daniel Collins, a healing medium. He cures the afflicted in all grades of life. "This poor uneducated man, whom the Church condemns to eternal torment, is doing the same work that was done by the beautiful Christ in his day."

LYONS, N. Y.—"By their fruits ye shall know them." Our friend C. Peal, an old subscriber, and eighteen years a Spiritualist, sends us a list of new subscribers as a practical demonstration that he is not indifferent to the promulgation of the Spiritual Philosophy among the people. He says, "Upon all proper occasions, in public and in private, I endeavor to exhibit our Spiritual Philosophy the best I can, and have done some good work in that way, but this is the most tangible return I have experienced."

HANNIBAL, MO.—Chancery A. Smith sends several new subscribers for the *Banner of Light*, with words of cheer. He thinks it "the best paper in the United States, for it brings him a fresh and valuable feast for the mind every month." At thirty years of age, he is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and his set was ever thirsting for the bread of knowledge. The first light he obtained on the subject gleamed from the columns of the *Banner of Light*, a copy of which was placed in his hands two years since by one of his neighbors.

OTTAWA, ILL.—Ernest E. Whinemore writes that "Ottawa is famishing for spiritual food. We have no organization, yet there is abundant material for a great psychical army." We are anxious for our friends to come to our philosophy to come along with us. The people are waiting for an opportunity to investigate the truths of Spiritualism, and will gladly accept them. They are not satisfied with theology, as taught in the churches. A Society could be formed here, and in less than three months we would have a Lyceum with two hundred children in it. Send us some good lecturer who can stir us up to the work. It is an excellent vineyard to secure a fruitful harvest in."

WINCHESTER, IND.—Joseph Pickatt writes, April 20th, as follows: "Spiritualism in this place is not 'dead,' as has been reported by many of its opponents, but still lives, and to-day has a firm hold upon the minds of the people than over before. We have just had a course of lectures by Henry C. Wright, of a very radical character, which were listened to by large audiences with profound interest. Old Theology was thoroughly dissected, and its hideous deformity exposed to public view. Many of our people had the pleasure of listening to the lecturer nearly twenty years ago, while traveling through the West advocating the cause of the slave. We have some prospect of obtaining his services again this coming fall."

Why are ladies' gowns around the waist like a camp meeting? Because there is a great gathering there.

A. E. CARPENTER.

A first-class test medium is wanted at Lancaster, O. Such would find it to their advantage to come and see us, in connection with other good neighboring cities. Address, H. Scott.

ONZOON.—Samuel Johns, writing from Washington county, says for three years he and his wife—who are a trance medium—have been sowing the seed of the Spiritual Philosophy in that county, and now have the satisfaction of seeing the fruits of their labor cropping out on all sides.

LONDON, N. Y.—W. B. Blase says, "We want lecturers in this place very much. We have several good mediums in the vicinity, and our angel friends are trying to aid us all they can by furnishing us with spiritual food. Our beautiful philosophy is making rapid progress here, considering all the circumstances."

RICHMOND, VA.—A correspondent mentions the good work that is being done there by Daniel Collins, a healing medium. He cures the afflicted in all grades of life. "This poor uneducated man, whom the Church condemns to eternal torment, is doing the same work that was done by the beautiful Christ in his day."

LYONS, N. Y.—"By their fruits ye shall know them." Our friend C. Peal, an old subscriber, and eighteen years a Spiritualist, sends us a list of new subscribers as a practical demonstration that he is not indifferent to the promulgation of the Spiritual Philosophy among the people. He says, "Upon all proper occasions, in public and in private, I endeavor to exhibit our Spiritual Philosophy the best I can, and have done some good work in that way, but this is the most tangible return I have experienced."

HANNIBAL, MO.—Chancery A. Smith sends several new subscribers for the *Banner of Light*, with words of cheer. He thinks it "the best paper in the United States, for it brings him a fresh and valuable feast for the mind every month." At thirty years of age, he is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and his set was ever thirsting for the bread of knowledge. The first light he obtained on the subject gleamed from the columns of the *Banner of Light*, a copy of which was placed in his hands two years since by one of his neighbors.

OTTAWA, ILL.—Ernest E. Whinemore writes that "Ottawa is famishing for spiritual food. We have no organization, yet there is abundant material for a great psychical army." We are anxious for our friends to come to our philosophy to come along with us. The people are waiting for an opportunity to investigate the truths of Spiritualism, and will gladly accept them. They are not satisfied with theology, as taught in the churches. A Society could be formed here, and in less than three months we would have a Lyceum with two hundred children in it. Send us some good lecturer who can stir us up to the work. It is an excellent vineyard to secure a fruitful harvest in."

WINCHESTER, IND.—Joseph Pickatt writes, April 20th, as follows: "Spiritualism in this place is not 'dead,' as has been reported by many of its opponents, but still lives, and to-day has a firm hold upon the minds of the people than over before. We have just had a course of lectures by Henry C. Wright, of a very radical character, which were listened to by large audiences with profound interest. Old Theology was thoroughly dissected, and its hideous deformity exposed to public view. Many of our people had the pleasure of listening to the lecturer nearly twenty years ago, while traveling through the West advocating the cause of the slave. We have some prospect of obtaining his services again this coming fall."

Why are ladies' gowns around the waist like a camp meeting? Because there is a great gathering there.

A. E. CARPENTER.

A first-class test medium is wanted at Lancaster, O. Such would find it to their advantage to come and see us, in connection with other good neighboring cities. Address, H. Scott.

ONZOON.—Samuel Johns, writing from Washington county, says for three years he and his wife—who are a trance medium—have been sowing the seed of the Spiritual Philosophy in that county, and now have the satisfaction of seeing the fruits of their labor cropping out on all sides.

LONDON, N. Y.—W. B. Blase says, "We want lecturers in this place very much. We have several good mediums in the vicinity, and our angel friends are trying to aid us all they can by furnishing us with spiritual food. Our beautiful philosophy is making rapid progress here, considering all the circumstances."

RICHMOND, VA.—A correspondent mentions the good work that is being done there by Daniel Collins, a healing medium. He cures the afflicted in all grades of life. "This poor uneducated man, whom the Church condemns to eternal torment, is doing the same work that was done by the beautiful Christ in his day."

LYONS, N. Y.—"By their fruits ye shall know them." Our friend C. Peal, an old subscriber, and eighteen years a Spiritualist, sends us a list of new subscribers as a practical demonstration that he is not indifferent to the promulgation of the Spiritual Philosophy among the people. He says, "Upon all proper occasions, in public and in private, I endeavor to exhibit our Spiritual Philosophy the best I can, and have done some good work in that way, but this is the most tangible return I have experienced."

HANNIBAL, MO.—Chancery A. Smith sends several new subscribers for the *Banner of Light*, with words of cheer. He thinks it "the best paper in the United States, for it brings him a fresh and valuable feast for the mind every month." At thirty years of age, he is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and his set was ever thirsting for the bread of knowledge. The first light he obtained on the subject gleamed from the columns of the *Banner of Light*, a copy of which was placed in his hands two years since by one of his neighbors.

OTTAWA, ILL.—Ernest E. Whinemore writes that "Ottawa is famishing for spiritual food. We have no organization, yet there is abundant material for a great psychical army." We are anxious for our friends to

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY,
1 Wellington Road, Camberwell, London, Eng.,
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND
OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Banner of Light is issued and on sale
every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1869.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 3, U.S. STARS.
AGENCY IN NEW YORK,
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 121 NASSAU STREET.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, ISAAC B. RICH.
For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail
matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

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

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

To Our Patrons.

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

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

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

Co-operation of Both Worlds.

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

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

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

There are great tidal waves of influence set-
ting over us from the spirit-world, now sweeping
this way, and again that. Those who are ready
to receive these influences, whether elevated or
low, are inspired with fresh purposes such as
these waves communicate. And if we would ad-
vance the cause of humanity and help on to the
utmost the plans of purified spirits in connection
with mortals, it behoves us to maintain that
frame of mind and receptive condition of soul
which invites none but the better influences to
enter in. The debased and unhappy spirits are
not to be allowed to work their will on mortals,
if the latter are determined to elevate their spiritual
condition here. We must give them to under-
stand that they are always welcome when
they come sincerely for that all which we note-
riously can give them—but that for selfish, wrong,
and obstructive purposes, they are not to be per-
mitted to have their way. Thus we shall always
draw the pure and the good toward us, and help
along the cause of humanity in all directions,
while we are able to give off to the unfortunate
and undeveloped spirits the very assistance
which they most require. We shall, in fact, settle
all conflicts by the simple act of our resolution,
while we raise up low spirits to a higher level by
bringing them in contact with those to whom
they should at the earliest moment become sub-
ordinated.

Mediums.

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

A Prevalent Notion.

The *Boston Courier* presents the following as its
reason for refusing credence to the class of mani-
festations recognized by modern Spiritualism:
"All our notions, instinctive, religious, and deduced from
sense, concur in the idea that a spiritual state of being
is superior to our mortal condition: In purity and higher
intelligence, and spiritual apprehension, whatever the degree
of the disembodied existence may be. Thus the evil spirits
cast out by the Saviour knew and confessed him, amid
the debasing human multitude."

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

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

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

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

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

The Davenports.

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

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

The Truth Everywhere Recognized.

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

Women's Labor.

Immense lots of clothing are being contracted
for in Maine, which give to the poor women who
make it up recompense like the following: A
common woolen coat, dark fashion, 25 cents;
pants, 12½ to 18 cents; ordinary overcoats, 40
cents, and the heaviest and best made ones, 60 to
75 cents. The material thus cheaply made up
comes from a great clothing house in New York,
cut and furnished with the trimmings. It is a
wonder, with these facts before us, that employers
amass princely fortunes in a few years, while
their poor operatives languish and die prema-
turely from over labor and a lack of the common
necessaries of life? How long shall this state of
things exist?

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican says:

"Charles E. Perry, appointed Consul at Aspinwall, is a native of Worcester, the son of the late Luke N. Perry, and connected with the Rhode Island Perrys, who have so distinguished themselves in our naval history. Mr. Perry was recently appointed general superintendent of the Atlantic and Pacific telegraph company."

Mr. Perry has for many years been a firm believer in Spiritualism. During his residence at Aspinwall in 1861, he wrote an article, "The Mysterious Bullet," in which the author related many wonderful manifestations of spirit power.

The Consulate at Aspinwall is a post of great responsibility, and is growing more important from year to year. The President and Secretary of State have paid Mr. Perry a great compliment in appointing him, and he will undoubtedly perform the duties of the office faithfully and with ability. We wish him success.

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

A Noble Speech.

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

"It was the more extraordinary as it was unpremeditated,
being in the shape of a reply to a long speech delivered im-
mediately before it by one of the dignitaries of the clerical
party, Señor Manteola, the Canon of Vitoria. Castelar's
masterly reply has taken the whole country by storm. In
the streets, in the clubs, in the Committee-rooms of the Con-
gress, in the train, in the galleries, in the salons, in every-
thing else is talked about. Its interpretation was conti-
nually changing, and was the result of the most extraordinary
effort upon the entire Cortes. When he sat down he was in-
stantly surrounded by the members of the Republican Left,
who shook his hands and embraced him in the usual Span-
ish manner, amid the most deafening applause from all sides
of the House and the galleries above. But this was not all.
Several of the Ministers rose from the "bandos azules," and
crossing the floor, went to him, followed by almost the whole
of the majority, and were equally demonstrative as the Re-
publicans. They grasped and shook his hands till one
would have thought the arms would drop out of their
sockets, and embraced and hugged him, and many in their ex-
citement kissed him. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene.
To crown all, the stolen Liver of the *Asamblea*, rang his bell, and
instantly left his chair to join the rest, in their demonstration.
The next moment I saw him not only clasp the gifted
orator in his arms, but actually kiss him on each cheek! Nor
was the excitement confined to the deputies below. It
extended itself to the galleries above, which, especially the
diplomatic and the press tribunes, were crammed. They,
too, joined in the applause."

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

"Canon Manteola has said that he would renounce all
his ideas and all his beliefs if the Jews returned again to
rebuild the temple of Jerusalem. What does Señor Man-
teola believe in the terrible dogma that the children are
responsible for the sins of the fathers? Does Señor Man-
teola believe that the Jews of to-day are the sons who
crucified Christ? I do not believe it; I am more of a Chris-
tian than that. Great is God in Sinai; the thunder pro-
cedes him, the lightning accompanies him; the light envelops
him, the earth trembles, the mountains fall in pieces! But
there is a God grander and greater than that. Not the
majestic God of Sinai, but the humble God of Calvary, nailed
to a cross, wounded thirty, crowned with thorns, gall on his
lips, and yet saying—Father, forgive them, forgive my
executioners, forgive my persecutors; pardon them, for
they know not what they do! Great is the religion of
God, but greater still is the religion of Love. Great is the
religion of Impartial Justice, but greater is the religion of
pardon. And I in the name of that religion—I in the name
of that Gospel, come here to ask you to write to
the front of your fundamental code—Liberty, Equality,
and Fraternity among all mankind."

Our Old Subscribers Still at Work.

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

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

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

Modern Spiritual Manifestations.

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

"Whatever we may think of the so-called spiritual mani-
festations which are now so common, we have no sympathy
with the contemptuous indifference which characterizes the
attitude of so many scientific men toward them. Long ago
there was evidence enough brought before every thinking man,
whether he took the trouble to investigate the spiritual
phenomena or not, to show that they deserved to be
looked into with the best light that science can furnish; and
the fact that a great many of the most learned, brilliant, and
spiritual agents governing these manifestations, entitle
them to a patient and candid hearing. The regular
schools of science have always stood aloof from any new
truth. They tortured Galileo, denounced and persecuted
Columbus, discouraged Fulton, and ridiculed Morse. How
dare they deny that there is some other mysterious agent in
nature, as little understood now as electricity was a hundred
years ago; or that there are powers which we know to
exist, as little developed as steam was before Watt invented
the steam-engine; or that there is a new world as little
known as this continent before Columbus discovered it;
or that the world moves, as Galileo demonstrated? Let
the subject be treated fairly. Let it be cautiously, severely
scrutinized in all its phases, without hastening in exposing
charlatans and mountebanks, but do not let us see the old
error repeated of scientific men standing aloof, wrapt in
their own conceit, and refusing to receive any light unless
it shines through their own windows first."

South End Lyceum Entertainment.

This Lyceum gave an entertainment in the Minot
Building, Springfield street, Boston, on Thursday
evening, May 6th. A good audience was in attend-
ance, and the performers evidently did their best
to merit approbation. The programme carried out
consisted of a song of greeting by the Lyceum; decla-
mations, in which Misses Chase, Richardson,
Lyon, Holden and Master Webber participated;
song by Mr. Woodcock (a volunteer); Master
Simpson (in costume), and Miss Adams (of the

New Publications.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

J. M. Peebles lectured in East Boston, Sunday, May 9th, to audiences as large as the capacity of the hall would admit. His discourses were fully appreciated.

Mrs. Lois Walsbrooker lectured in Salem, Mass., Sunday, May 9th; and Sunday, the 16th, in Waterbury, Conn. She will accept engagements for June. Address her care of this office.

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

Leo Miller is at Montpelier, Vermont.

Thomas Gales Forster is lecturing in Philadelphia, Pa.

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

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

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

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

Dramatic Entertainment.

The Lyceum Dramatic Association, of this city, will give their last entertainment this season at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, Wednesday evening, May 26th. Two fine plays have been selected for the occasion, namely, "Still Waters Run Deep," and "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady." We hope to see a full house on this occasion.

A Bare Work.

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

Musical and Literary Entertainment.

The Children's Spiritualist Progressive Lyceum at the South End, will give a musical and literary entertainment, in their hall on Springfield street, next Thursday evening, May 29th, commencing at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents; children 10 cents.

J. R. SCALLES, Chairman of Committee.

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

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

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

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

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

EDWARD MRS. MARY E. DAVIS's contributions were not received in season for this week's paper. They will appear in our next.

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

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

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

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

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

Lame conclusion—a sore foot.

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

Bashfulness—Ignorance afraid.

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

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

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

George Francis Train has dissolved his connection with The Revolution.

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

A ferryman, while plowing over a water which was only slightly agitated, was naked by a timid lady in his boat when any persons who over lost in that river. "Oh no," said he, "we always finds 'em again the next day."

Moving for a new trial—courting a second wife.

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

Avoid hackneyed expressions.

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

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

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

A smart thing—a mustard plaster.

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

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

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

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

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

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

What can you not name without breaking it? Silence.

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

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

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

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

The oldest woman's club—the broomstick.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY WARREN CHASE.

THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

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

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

This is sound and correct reasoning, however much it is perverted by the *World* to bolster up its erroneous, inconsistent and impolitic theory.

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

To us the error seems not in restricting or extending suffrage so much as in the standards adopted to regulate it. Sex or color are certainly both unnatural and unreasonable standards,

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

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

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

We are ashamed of our Catholic contemporaries who try with false reasoning to bolster up the past and fit it to the present, to keep up the dead forms of its once living church; but it is what we might expect from such organs of such a church, which, fortunately for us all, is not interwoven in our system of government, and cannot, however much it tries, control the politics of this country.

May as well hang up your harp, brother, on a weeping willow, for the woman will vote and the priest will marry and the children will read the Bible as a story-book, and all men and women form their own opinions about Christ and the Holy Virgin, the cross, the wafer and rosary, and at last find correct standards for the regulation of suffrage, of prayers, of marriage and of all governments, both human and divine.

DISCUSSION.

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

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

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant,

while in an abnorma condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to the beyond—whether for good or evil. But, those who leave the earth-sphere for an undeviated state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirit in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All exposit as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock p.m. She gives no private sittings.

Bouquets of Flowers.

Persons so inclined, who attend our Free Circles, are requested to donate natural bouquets of flowers, to be placed on the table. It is the earnest wish of our angel friends that this be done, for they, as well as mortals, are fond of beautiful flowers, emblems of the divinity of creation.

Invocation.

Oh thou whose wisdom flames in the stars over our heads and flowers in the earth under our feet; thou who art from all past eternity, and whose presence filleth the present hour; thou who art all of life, and who doth condescend to dwell in temples made with hands, and occupeth even the heart of a child; thou who art with us in our hours of joy and contentment, and doth not leave us when we are cast down and are fainting in the way of life; thou who art nigh unto the parting soul to whisper thy love and thy power; thou who doth tenderly care for each one of us—our Father and our Mother God, we lift our souls in thanksgiving to thee. We praise thee that here upon the altar of human life we are privileged to lay our offerings of prayer and praise, and through mortal lips to bear them; simple and humble though our utterances may be, they are full of love, for we recognize them as our Father, our Mother, the source of all wisdom and love. And in thy keeping we are and ever must be, whatever may be our course in life; wherever the lines of our lot may be cast, there thou wilt be with us, blessing over our despair, and making glorious even our crosses. Oh we praise thee for the sunlight of thine own truth, for thy beautiful, simple truth, which can make itself known to the heart of the child, which can shed its radiance upon every soul, each in accordance with its own inner law. Oh our life, our strength, thou art the wisdom of our ignorance, thou central sun around which our souls revolve, paying ever allegiance to thee, thou master of life, receive our praises, and may the benediction of thy holy spirit enter the conscious lives of each one present, calling them to make new resolves, to pay their old vows at the sacred temple of honor and truth. Oh grant that the new ones formed may be such as the angels can approve. May thy loving kindness be felt by every soul, and may prayers and praises be mingled together from thy sons and thy daughters everywhere, because of the descent of truth, because the wisdom of the father is shed upon the child, because truth and light, wisdom and power are calling unto each one to come forth from the darkness of ignorance, to join hands with the world of wisdom; our Father, the buds and blossoms of our prayers and praises we lay upon the altar of life, and we know thou wilt bless them. Amen.

Jan. 18.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have queries, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider them.

Ques.—What is the condition in spirit-life of the misanthrope, the outcast, and the friendless?

Ans.—There are no friendless spirits in the spirit-world; there are no outcasts.

Society there is not organized after the fashion of society here. It does not pay allegiance to caste and place, and every soul receives its proper share of love and protection in the spirit-world. There are misanthropes there, to be sure, as here, but in the clear light of that spirit world they speedily change their condition, and instead of being clothed in the mists and foggs that very often arise from physical ill, they are clothed with something entirely different, something that is an outgrowth of the inner life, and has not attached itself in consequence of outer experience. It is a well-known fact that very many of the ill's of this life come in consequence of the ignorance that is floating through society everywhere—ignorance of that law which even points the way to heaven. All souls are destined to be happy—have the germs of happiness within. And if proper conditions are only brought to bear upon the external, these germs will be developed, fully unfolded thus, and the individual begins to dwell in heaven. No soul is without the germ of happiness, not even those who are most miserably situated in this earth-life, who it would seem had descended into the lowest depths of human degradation—even these souls possess the same germ of happiness, and it will be unfolded in accordance with the conditions that are formed from the external life in which each happened to be born by the tide of experience.

Q.—In the surface of the moon a dreary solitude, devoid of water and animal and vegetable life?

A.—By no means. The eastern hemisphere of the moon is quite densely populated. There are large cities there, and intelligence is of no mean rank. The western hemisphere is very mountaneous and volcanic, and is almost wholly uninhabited; at least it is only inhabited by a few wandering tribes, that prefer that kind of unsettled life to any other. Quite recently three of the volcanoes in the moon were in violent action, the result of which was quite apparent on certain portions of the earth. One of the largest burning mountains was known to throw from its crater a very large body of condensed lava, which passed beyond the atmosphere of the moon, and consequently came in contact with that of the earth, was attracted by the earth's gravity to the earth's surface. One of these aerolites found a resting-place upon the soil of Tennessee, another in South Carolina. The old notion that the moon has no atmosphere that is adapted to sustain human life, is quite false. This error is fast giving place to truth; for there are certain scientists at the present time on the earth, who are beginning to receive certain intelligence, by their persistent efforts in that direction, that has entirely changed their minds with regard to the moon. The western hemisphere receives about fourteen days' light from the earth, which is fully equivalent to the light of thirteen moons, and again it receives fourteen days' light from the sun, prohibiting thus all darkness, and rendering that portion of the moon exceedingly susceptible to storms and volcanic action—thus making it an unpleasant abode for civilized life. And the other side of the moon, from which the earth is not seen, receives fourteen days' sunlight and fourteen darkness. The climate is very uniform, resembling in character what you have at the last of May, and from the first to the middle of June.

Q.—If spirit-life be a continuation of earth-life, do the failures, disappointments, &c., consequent to our inharmonious relations in earth-life continue to annoy and worry us after death?

A.—If a spirit is in rapport with conditions that are inharmonious, it will be, to a certain extent, inharmonious. Spirits being cognizant of what is transpiring on the earth, under proper conditions, if they behold scenes there that annoy them, with which they have no sympathy, it produces inharmony with them. They are unhappy. That old notion of a fixed state, either all happiness or the contrary after death, is well-nigh exploded under the light of this new era.

Q.—Spirits injure each other by striking and wounding?

A.—Oh yes, but not with physical force, for the physical body it parts with at death. But there is a force far more potent than that which belongs exclusively to this earth.

Q.—Are spirits subject to bodily accidents?

A.—Yes, they are, but not in the same degree that they are when here inhabiting these physical forms. There are no physical accidents, no physical pain, but whatever tends to render the spirit

unhappy mars its spirit-body, and produces a stain upon its external garments.

Q.—Some spirits, it is said, after the lapse of years in spirit-life, still insist that they are in earth-life. What can be the cause?

A.—They insist that they are, simply because they are here. Your friend having passed through death, he does not of necessity pass out of the earth's atmosphere, or away from the earthly dwelling, the congenial ties that bound him to friends here. It is unwise to determine that your spirit friends are absent from you because your external senses cannot take cognizance of them.

Q.—Is it true that the superior races of humanity have developed from the gorilla tribe?

A.—It is true, an absolute fact, well attested in Nature. We are very apt to turn a cold shoulder on our inferior relatives as we rise in the scale of human life. It is not at all unnatural thus to assume a superiority which does not belong to us.

Q.—Will individuals of the gorilla tribe now on the earth develop in the spirit-world?

A.—They will develop, through natural and spiritual processes. Spirit and matter are inseparable. Spirit always rises through matter, or develops, as you understand it, through matter, and at the same time develops matter. Spirit is always dependent upon matter for expression, and the kind of expression depends upon the kind of organic matter through which the spirit expresses. The gorilla, as such, cannot be the finely developed Anglo-Saxon, yet the same spirit runs through both.

Q.—How far down through animal life does this relationship of ours extend?

A.—Further than you or I could by any possibility reach. We are not only allied, related, and intimately, too, to the animal creation, but we are to the vegetable and the mineral. And the best and most absolute proof of this we find in the blood circulating in the veins and arteries of the human system. There we find represented all the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, each positive and distinct. That the human species have come up through all these lower strata of life there is no denying, for it is absolute.

Q.—You mean to say there are no discreet degrees, no well-marked lines of distinction?

A.—Contrary to the Swedenborgian idea, there is to me no discreet degree between the human life and the life of the rose, save that which we see in the external. We are just as much related to the rose as to each other. As I before remarked, the blood circulating in our veins and arteries determines that shows us there what will make the rose. How came we to have it if we were not related to the rose? If there were these discreet degrees in physical life, how is it that we are microcosms of all that is beneath us, standing at the crowning point of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms? This is a question that science will answer for us, and most emphatically, too.

Q.—Is individuality preserved in the vegetable world, or in the so-called lower forms of the animal world?

A.—Nothing is preserved for any far-reaching length of time in form. That you are constantly changing in form, is a well-known fact. The gardener can change the color and form of the rose. He can make it in the external something entirely different from what it was originally. As all that individuality that appeals to the eye of man, you must expect it will be mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here. I merely made my presence known as best I could, and departed, disgusted with the effort. But I very soon learned that I could come here and clear myself and the cause from the charge of humbug, imposture. So I waited—I cannot say how patiently—but I waited, at all events, for the wheel to stop at just the right point for me. It so happened that it stopped at the right point to-day. So I am here. And now I would say to this friend, if he do n't mind being mixed up with this new philosophy, this Spiritualism, I should like to come here again, or come upon to make communication, to answer as I have here

Western Department.

J. M. PEERLESS.....EDITOR.

Individuals subscribing for the BANNER OF LIGHT by mail or ordering books, should send their letters containing remittances direct to WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Post-Office Orders, when sent, should be made payable to WILLIAM WHITE & CO., and not to J. M. PEERLESS. This course will save much time and trouble. Local matters from the West requiring immediate attention, and long articles intended for publication, should also be sent direct to the Boston office. Letters and papers intended for us should be directed to J. M. PEERLESS. Persons writing us in May will direct to Boston, Mass., care of BANNER OF LIGHT.

Venomous Tongues.

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

REMARKS.

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

Current tattlings, gossippings, suspicions, insinuations, exagerations and vile falsifications, are most deplorable practices, whether obtaining in the ranks of Sectarians or Spiritualists. Neither the great nor good indulge in them for a moment.

Only plebeians feel such pabulum. It is as natural, however, for some of the baser specimens of our race to look after scars, disfigured limbs, moles and moral defects in others, as for cawing crows to search for decaying carcasses in the early spring. The assimilation easy, such persons satiate on filth. To their perverted natures it is the elixir of life. Their mirror of reflection within, they see disjointed images in and around others; first, ill-shaped, then dingy-hued, then dark, then black, then black as a crow, and then, as the fable runs, "three black crows." Delicate dish of birds to bear to a neighbor! Occupation worthy only demon hands and hissing tongues!

Your "reputation"—why, my sister, did you not say character? That is what an individual intrinsically is. Jesus had a bad "reputation" in Judea. Paul was never freed from that "thorn in the flesh" till the mortal was laid in the grave.

Roman Catholics insisted that Martin Luther was drunken and licentious; "Reputation" is the merest football. It rises and falls like gold in the stock market. Henry C. Wright once said

"it took some putty-headed people of the conservative school all the time to look after their reputation." The wealthy and the wicked at heart often have fame, honor, reputation, while prophets and reformers go hatless and homeless, persecuted, vilified, "weeping, bearing precious seed."

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

"Every wrong thing shall be righted."

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

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

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

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

Political Press and Spiritualism.

For unadulterated vanity, unalloyed pretentiousness, impotent statement and ludicrous, illogical incoherence, touching psychological subjects, especially Spiritualism as a phenomenon and a philosophy, command us to the political press, brother, man, present, except those leading groups. We write this to the shame of all shiftless, indifferent parents, in East Boston and elsewhere Put the coat on, gentlemen.

Hints to Speakers.

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

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

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

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

Do not, upon any occasion, sound your own praises; nor cackle over any premature hatching.

Do not forever make the ninth letter of the alphabet your text.

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

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

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

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

If you have any real sincerity of soul, or the least appreciation of the beautiful principles of Spiritualism, nothing of ordinary importance will keep you from the Lyceum session or Sunday service.

None of your "upstartism," now—none of your "putting on airs" and saying, "I can't learn anything new!" This assertion, devoid even of the show of modesty, is seriously questioned. And when, if you are the Solon you assume to be, how indispensable that you shed the sunshine of your wisdom-presence upon all Spiritualistic assemblies. Not by words, not by professions, but by deeds, by fruits, do men and angels judge and record their decisions.

Willie F. Wentworth.

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

Vermont State Spiritualist Association.

This Association will hold a Mass Quarterly Convention at Montpelier, Vt., on the 25th, 26th and 27th of June.

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

Saying nothing of our modern clergymen, permit us to treat the Chicago Tribune to an ecclesiastical dish, gathered from that standard Christian author, Mosheim. Speaking of the clergy of the fifth century, p. 182, he says:

"Of the vices of the whole clerical order, their luxury, their arrogance, their avarice, their voluptuous lives, we have as many witnesses as we have writers of integrity and weight in this age, whose works have come down to us."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Most of the bishops, the canons, their associates, led luxurious and jovial lives, in the daily commission of sins, and squandered in the gratification of their lusts those funds which the preceding generation had consecrated to God and the relief of the poor."

"The greater part of the priests, on account of their indolence, their unchristianity, their avarice, their love of pleasure, their ignorance and their levity, were regard with utter contempt, not only by the wise and good, but likewise by the common people."

The Orthodox Reverend Dr. Middleton "declares the (church) fathers one and all to have been credulous, crafty, or designing men—men of such character that nothing could be expected from them that was candid and impartial, especially when religion happened to be the subject."

Doubtless in the estimation of the Orthodox Chicago Tribune, the bishops and priests above-mentioned, as well as the clergy of the present day, have among them neither "accidentals," nor "vagrants!" Such epithets are applicable only to Spiritualists, thousands of whom patronize this very Tribune. Though newspaper corporations have neither "bodies to be kicked, nor souls to be saved," they have pockets. These are vulnerable. Finally, as an anti-slavery man for a full score of years, we have this to say to the millions of Spiritualists throughout the West, who read weekly the Banner of Light, American Spiritualist, Religio-Philosophical Journal, Present Age, Spiritual Rostrum and other Spiritualist papers, springing up in different localities—there are secular papers, which, putting principle before policy, charity before currency, patriotism before partisanship, deal fairly and honorably with Spiritualists and Spiritualism. Subscribe for such only as will do you and your cause justice.

Lyceum in East Boston.

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

son the Guardian. Some of the leaders were absent. The children declaimed and sung finely.

What aroused our sarcasm, and excited our sorrow too, was this—there was not a father, brother, man, present, except those leading groups. We write this to the shame of all shiftless, indifferent parents, in East Boston and elsewhere Put the coat on, gentlemen.

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

BALTIMORE, MD.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. at Lafayette Hall. Travis Swan, Conductor; Mrs. J. Wilson, Guardian.

BELVIDERE, ILL.—The Spiritual Society hold meetings in Green's Hall two Sundays a month, forenoon and evening, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Dr. C. J. Johnson, Conductor; S. C. H. H. Woodward, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. Hiriam Bidwell, Guardian.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—Central Hall, The First Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings at Central Hall, Elm street, every Sunday, at 2 P. M. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Corresponding Secretary.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, No. 16 Main street, near City Square, G. W. Bradlow, Conductor; Little Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Conductor.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Friends of Progress Lyceum in same place every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. A. A. Wheelock, Conductor; Mrs. N. A. Wheelock, Guardian.

VINELAND, N. J.—Friends of Progress meetings are held in Plum-street Hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. and evening. President, H. C. Campbell; Vice President, H. L. Ladd; Treasurer, S. G. Sylvester; Corresponding Secretary, L. K. Cooney; Children's Lyceum, Mrs. S. C. Dodge; Librarian, C. C. Jackson; Julia Johnson, Guardian; Miss Ella Much, Musical Director; D. E. Tanner, Librarian. Speakers desiring to address said Society should write to the Corresponding Secretary.

WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.—The First Spiritualists Association hold meetings and provide first-class speakers every Thursday evening, at Masonic Temple, corner of Court and Grand street, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Dr. F. J. Davis, President; Mrs. E. A. Dodge, Vice President; F. G. Davis, Guardian; Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Asst. Guardian; Mrs. J. A. Salisbury, Secretary; Mrs. S. E. Davis.

FRESH CHAPEL.—The Bible Christian Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in their Fresh Chapel on Park street, next to the First Congregational Church. John Mayhew, President.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Dr. D. J. Hickman, Conductor.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. William Williams, Conductor; Mrs. Mary C. Williams, Asst. Conductor; Mrs. Maria C. Williams, Guardian.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The Friends of Progress hold their regular meetings every Sunday afternoon at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Dr. W. Pickering, Secretary.

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

DETROIT, MICH.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Bryant Hall, 16 Main street, near City Square, G. W. Bradlow, Conductor; Little Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Conductor.

CLEVELAND, O.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Bryant Hall, 16 Main street, near City Square, G. W. Bradlow, Conductor; Little Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Conductor.

DETROIT, O.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Bryant Hall, 16 Main street, near City Square, G. W. Bradlow, Conductor; Little Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Conductor.

DETROIT, O.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Bryant Hall, 16 Main street, near City Square, G. W. Bradlow, Conductor; Little Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Conductor.

DETROIT, O.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Bryant Hall, 16 Main street, near City Square, G. W. Bradlow, Conductor; Little Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Conductor.

DETROIT, O.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Bryant Hall, 16 Main street, near City Square, G. W. Bradlow, Conductor; Little Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Conductor.

DETROIT, O.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Bryant Hall, 16 Main street, near City Square, G. W. Bradlow, Conductor; Little Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Conductor.

DETROIT, O.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Bryant Hall, 16 Main street, near City Square, G. W. Bradlow, Conductor; Little Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Conductor.

DETROIT, O.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Bryant Hall, 16 Main street, near City Square, G. W. Bradlow, Conductor; Little Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Conductor.

DETROIT, O.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Bryant Hall, 16 Main street, near City Square, G. W. Bradlow, Conductor; Little Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Conductor.

DETROIT, O.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Bryant Hall, 16 Main street, near City Square, G. W. Bradlow, Conductor; Little Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Conductor.

DETROIT, O.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Bryant Hall, 16 Main street, near City Square, G. W. Bradlow, Conductor; Little Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Conductor.

DETROIT, O.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Bryant Hall, 16 Main street, near City Square, G. W. Bradlow, Conductor; Little Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Conductor.

DETROIT, O.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Bryant Hall, 16 Main street, near City Square, G. W. Bradlow, Conductor; Little Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Conductor.