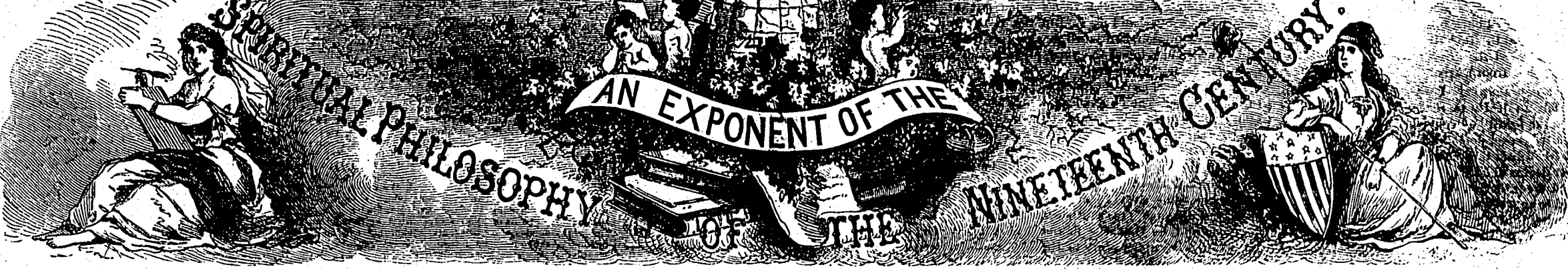


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## Literary Department.

### REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES

#### OF A WORKINGMAN.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

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

#### CHAPTER XI.

More Troubles—A Domestic Affliction—Despondency—Return of Maurice—The Bridge of the Château—A Duty Fulfilled.

We had obtained a judgment which recognized our title and secured a part of our debt on the bail-bond of our employer, but all the formalities required by law had not yet been completed. Genevieve and I made use of every expedient we could devise, living from hand to mouth, and never having to-morrow's bread in the larder. My days were spent in doing transient jobs, in visiting and consulting with those who were interested in the lawsuit, and in going to the courthouse. Although I had often said to myself that the wisest plan would be to bury the past in oblivion and to recommence life with renewed courage, like a new-born babe, yet I was so infatuated with the idea of getting several thousand francs, which were continually held before me in perspective, that I busied myself building castles in the air instead of going to work.

Several months passed in this uncertainty. I had lost the habit of regular occupation; my life was wholly deranged. Instead of returning to my business as a day laborer, I found myself standing still in company with those poor devils, who eat their dry bread under the scent of roast beef which they are always promising themselves, but which they never get. I was wasting the present in vain expectation of what the future might bring.

To crown our misfortunes our child was taken ill. I was forced to go to see after my business affairs, so that the whole care and labor devolved upon Genevieve; but every spare moment was spent at home. The disease did not diminish; on the contrary, the poor sufferer moaned continually, and his breathing was labored. When his mother and myself bent over his bed he extended to us his little hands and looked at us with a supplicating air which seemed to plead for help.

Accustomed to receive everything from us, he thought that we could restore him to health. Our voices and our caresses encouraged him for a moment, then suffering resumed its sway; he pushed us from him; he seemed to be reproaching us; he contorted his little limbs and uttered cries which rent our hearts. At first I combated the fears of his mother, but at length I could say nothing to her. I sat with my arms crossed, dissatisfied with her despair, which augmented my own, and having no heart to inspire her with hope. The physician pronounced no opinion; he went to the cradle where the little sufferer lay, examined him, hastily ordered what was to be done, and then disappeared without one word of sympathy or consolation. He showed as little feeling as an architect surveying bricks and mortar. Sometimes I felt almost like seizing him by his arms and crying out: "Speak! destroy our illusory hopes or our fears!" but he never allowed me time. What was to us agony unspeakable was to him the common occupation of every day.

Oh my God! the hours of anguish passed by that little bed! the long, cold nights! How I sometimes longed for the power to hasten the death, that I might drink at once this cup of bitterness. Since then I have seen that all this projected suffering was a blessing from God. By inflicting so much torture he prepared us for the stroke; the pain of expectation even made us desire it; we turned our thoughts to meeting him in heaven, and, when we attained that faith, we accepted it as a sweet solace to our sorrow.

After an illness of fifteen days our darling little Marcel died. I was prepared for this sad event, but Genevieve did not appear to have realized it. Mothers cannot renounce the hope of retaining those to whom they have given birth. Separation seems an impossibility to them. This was an overwhelming affliction to my beloved wife. Days passed away, and nothing seemed to afford her any consolation. I always found her sitting beside the empty cradle or mending some of the little garments of the deceased, accompanying every stitch with a tear and a kiss. In vain I reasoned, or rebuked her; she listened patiently, without raising her head, like one whose heart-strings are broken. Her utter desolation at length produced a similar state of feeling in me. I became listless, and took an interest in nothing. I would stand whole hours before the window, drumming on the panes of glass and looking out into space. We were both paralyzed by this affliction.

We had not seen Maurice for two years, during his residence in Burgundy. I only heard reports that the old master-mason had launched out into great undertakings. Two or three times I had thought of informing him of my embarrassments, and asking him to give me a lift. I know not why, but a feeling of pride restrained me. Now that I supposed he was in such prosperous circumstances I felt less at my ease with him. I was afraid he might suspect me of wishing to take advantage of our old, long friendship.

This non-intercourse had all the appearance of having forgotten each other. I was thinking of this when, one evening, the new contractor arrived, not in a carriage, as I supposed he would, but on foot, a travelling blouse over his coat of blue cloth. He got out of the diligence, and, after the first salutations were over, said he had come to dine with us.

At the first glance I perceived that a great change had come over him. He talked as freely and as rapidly as ever; he laughed at everything, seemed fidgety, and asked questions without waiting for any reply. But all this animation and hilarity seemed assumed; his gaiety was feverish and unnatural. He scarcely said a word about the death of our dear child. When I began to tell him about my own affairs, he interrupted me to talk of his own. He handed me some notes and memorandums which he explained to me, and requested me to arrange them and put everything to rights. Although his manner somewhat repelled me, I did as he requested. Whilst I was occupied in doing this, Maurice walked the room, his hands in his pockets, whistling in a low key. From time to time he stopped and looked at the sheet of paper which I was covering with figures, as if he wanted to understand them, to know the result. Then he resumed his music and his walk. It took a long time to make the necessary calculations. When I got through I informed Maurice how the accounts stood; the debts were nearly double the amount of the assets. At this statement he could not restrain an exclamation.

"Are you certain you are right?" demanded he in a tone which indicated his distress.

I explained to him the causes which had necessarily produced this result. The first was the multiplicity of loans and the accumulation of interest, which he had never taken into consideration. The absence of written bona fide contracts had evidently deceived him. He listened to my explanations, his elbows leaning on the table and his eyes fixed upon me.

"I understand! I understand!" said he, when I had finished. "I have admitted into my stable all the horses they offered to lend me, without reflecting that it would ruin me to feed them. Good Heavens! Only see where they lead a man when he does not know how to trace your fly tracks and is not acquainted with your conjuring book. Those who have only their headpiece for an account book ought to do all their business from hand to hand, and not bury themselves under a pile of papers. It is like one who does not know how to swim venturing into the river; he always gets drowned."

I inquired, with some anxiety, if he had no other resources but those which I had just examined, and if that was the schedule of all his property.

"Not at all! Not at all!" said he precipitately. "You say there are twenty-three thousand francs lacking. Well, they will be forthcoming; they are elsewhere."

And as I insisted more strenuously, "When people tell you that everything can be arranged," interrupted he impatiently, "it is only to see, as they say, the bottom of the well. Now that is done—twenty-three thousand francs deficit. Well, that's enough. Let the rest go. Let us dine, by way of preparation, my old friend. I am as hungry as thirty wolves."

Notwithstanding this affirmation, Maurice ate scarcely anything, but to make up for this he drank a great deal, and talked incessantly. It was evident that he was trying to escape from his own thoughts. It was twilight when we rose from table. Maurice gathered up his papers, put them in order, looked for some time at the statement I had drawn, as if he could read it. He said nothing, but I thought his hand trembled. Then he laid the papers on the bureau, and began to pace the room, and at length asked us where our son was.

Genevieve answered by a shriek. I stared at him with a bewildered air. When the child died I wrote to him, and since he had been with us he had himself spoken of our affliction. He perceived his aberration, and pressed his hands against his forehead.

"Good Heavens!" he murmured. "I have no brains left! Pardon me, excuse me, my friends. It is all the fault of Pierre Henri; he made me drink too much; but no matter for that, I ought not to have forgotten your sorrow."

He seated himself and remained some time apparently overwhelmed. I asked him again if his affairs made him anxious.

"Why do you ask that?" replied he brusquely; "have I made any complaint? have I solicited anything from you?"

Then suddenly assuming a gentler tone he said, "Let us talk no longer about business; tell me all about Genevieve and yourself. You are always happy, are you not? When people love each other, when they are young, when they owe no man anything—" He stopped a minute, and then resumed, "Ah! if I were as young as you are! But we cannot be, and have been. Every one must have his turn. I have already seen many of my contemporaries depart—thy father Jerome, Madeline, and many others. The devil take melancholy! Let us be merry till we die."

I felt astonished at these unconnected sentences. Maurice had not drunk enough to produce such an effect. His gaiety did not reassure me; he had a wild, bewildered air which distressed me. As we did not join in his mirth he soon stopped. Genevieve inquired about his children, who were living in the country, and whose little business was prospering. At the mention of his children, his countenance softened, and he lavished praises upon them for a long time, then suddenly interrupting himself, he rose, as with a desperate effort, and said in a broken voice,

"Come, my friends, we have chatted long enough. The time has arrived for me to go to my business."

He looked round in search of his hat, which was lying on the table before him, felt about as if he was trying to find his head, took a step toward the door, then stopped and took out his watch, which he laid down upon his papers.

"I would prefer to leave everything here," he said, stammering. "I might lose them; they are safer here."

We tried to detain him. He refused to stay. I then proposed to accompany him home. He rejected my offer rather angrily, and abruptly went

away. But when he got half way down stairs he returned.

"Come! Come!" said he, in a softened tone, "don't let us part in a passion."

He kissed my wife, wrung my hand, and disappeared.

We stood on the landing very anxious, and much distressed. When we no longer heard his footsteps on the staircase, Genevieve turned hastily to me.

"My God! Pierre Henri! There is something the matter with him."

"Yes, I think so too."

"We must not let Maurice go alone."

"But he will be angry if I follow him."

"Well, let us go together," replied she, tying on her bonnet, and adjusting her little woolen shawl.

I ran to get my hat, and we went out. It was nightfall. Maurice was nowhere to be seen. We took our way through the first street which turned off. There, fortunately, we saw our poor friend going along close to the houses. Sometimes he walked with a rapid step, sometimes very slowly, making gestures, and talking loud. But we could not hear what he said. He went through several streets, apparently at hazard, sometimes turning back, like a man who was not thinking about where he was going. At last he reached the market place; and thence, directed his steps toward the quays.

Arrived at the bridge of the Château, he turned suddenly toward one of the slips which lead down to the river. Genevieve grasped my arm with a stifled cry. The same idea had presented itself to both of us. We ran down together. It was already very dark. Maurice glided before us like a shadow, and disappeared under one of the arches of the bridge. When I arrived, he had just taken off his coat and approached the water, which was rushing along violently at the foot of the pile, forming a strong eddy. He heard us coming, he tried to throw himself in. I had barely time to seize him by the waist. He turned upon me with an imprecation. The darkness of the night prevented his seeing me; but he recognized my voice.

"What business have you here? What do you want?" he exclaimed. "Did I not tell you to let me alone? Hands off, Pierre Henri. I tell you, let me go!"

"No, I will not let you go," cried I, struggling to draw him back toward the bridge.

He made an effort to disengage himself.

"You do not comprehend then that I am a ruined man," he exclaimed. "I can no longer honor my signature! Cursed be the day when I learned to put it on paper! So long as I did not know how to write, I kept my reputation unscathed. I did not risk it by signing notes. May God confound them! But now the thing is done; there is no drawing back. I must become bankrupt or die. I have made my choice between these two alternatives. Don't attempt to coerce me, Pierre Henri! I have arrived at that point where nothing shall stop me. I am capable of doing anything. In the name of God or of the devil, let me alone!"

He struggled furiously, and in spite of all my efforts was about to escape, when Genevieve threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming, "Maurice, think of your children!"

These words were like a blow with a club. The unfortunate man uttered a groan; I felt him stagger, and he fell prostrate on the ground. We heard him weeping. Genevieve threw herself on her knees on one side of him, and I on the other. We wept with him, and he became more tranquil. But sympathy was all I had to give. I could not utter a word of consolation, whilst every word that Genevieve spoke went straight to his heart. None but women are acquainted with this science; they alone know how to pour the wine and oil into the broken, wounded heart.

The master-mason, a few minutes since so terrible, was suddenly transformed into a child, who had no power to resist. He told us, in a voice interrupted by sobs, all that he had suffered during the last eight days, since he began to see clearly into the condition of his affairs. I then perceived that his incapacity to keep accounts had been the true cause of his ruin. Carried away by the strong current of unexpected success, nothing warned him of his danger until he was shipwrecked.

I profited by this same ignorance to persuade Maurice that his situation was not desperate; that there were resources of which he was not aware, and that if he would avail himself of them, he might surmount all his difficulties. The master-mason was like all people who affect to despise writing and arithmetic; in his heart he believed that they possessed a secret power, to which everything must yield. We succeeded in persuading him to return home with us, if not consoled, at least strengthened.

In truth the danger was only deferred. I knew that on the morrow the wicked thoughts would return. Above all, I dreaded for him the shame which men feel who are detected in the act of committing suicide and are foiled. For fear of being thought cowards they return to their first idea with stubborn desperation. They regard death as the only means of proving their courage. Their amour propre stimulates them to kill themselves. I warned Genevieve of this, and she promised to watch him. Indeed, she alone could do this without irritating Maurice. Indeed, true hearts have no strength to resist either women or children.

As for me, I had to think what could be done to prevent a total failure. I spent part of the night in going over the balance sheet of the master-mason, making use of his documents and his accounts. But it was in vain that I again and again made the calculations; the deficit came out always nearly the same. By continuing the work he had engaged to do there was at least a chance of retrieving his affairs by making a show, as we express it, in the jargon of the trade.

But to accomplish this he needed money, or credit, and where could either be obtained? In vain I racked my brains; nothing feasible presented itself. I made some attempts, however, the next day, but they were fruitless. I was sent from one to another with rude rebuffs. Seeing that I took such a deep interest in the affairs of Maurice, people thought I must have some selfish end to answer, and I injured my own credit without serving him.

Nevertheless, I persisted in my efforts, resolved to do my duty and to leave no stone unturned. My poor friend had fallen into a state of mute despondency. It was useless to expect from him any investigation into his affairs, or any effort to help himself. When I talked to him of resuming business he would simply say, "My sinews are cut—let me alone. I am what I am, and I can never be anything else."

I had come to the end of all my plans to extricate Maurice from his troubles, when I suddenly remembered the rich contractor, who had formerly encouraged me to educate myself. I had often thought of him whilst struggling under my own difficulties, but without any wish to solicit his assistance. I always remembered that first interview, in which he had proved to me that success was the reward of zeal and talent. To go to him to acknowledge that I had failed, would be to condemn myself as negligent or incompetent. Right or wrong, I had always shrunk from this humiliation. For Maurice I felt less reluctant.

I feared that the millionaire might have forgotten me, but he recognized me at the first glance. That was some relief, but I felt greatly embarrassed when I attempted to tell the occasion of my visit. I had my speech all prepared, but when I came to repeat it I was all confused. The contractor saw at once that I was in some strait, and that I had come to ask him for money. I saw him contract his brow and compress his lips tightly, like a man who begins to mistrust. Strange as it may seem, this suddenly roused my courage.

"Do not suppose that I have come to solicit any favor for myself," I exclaimed. "I came on behalf of a friend, who has been a father to me and with whom you are acquainted—father Maurice. What he asks is neither a loan nor any sacrifice on your part, but that you will save him from the disgrace of an utter failure, without any injury to yourself. It will be a noble action, which may bring you no remuneration, but which, at all events, will cost you nothing."

"Let us see," said the contractor, who continued to fix his eyes upon me.

I then explained to him, as rapidly as possible, the whole affair, without any superfluous phrases, but without losing the thread of my story, and like a capitalist who is conversing with his equal. My strong interest in the matter had lifted me above myself. He listened to all I had to say, asked many questions, requested me to let him see the proofs, and to revisit him the next day.

I went, but I had no hope of a favorable answer. The case appeared to me so perfectly clear and simple, that I saw no reason for this postponement, which seemed only an expedient to give to his refusal the appearance of having considered the subject. I went, however, at the appointed time.

"I have examined all the accounts," said the contractor. "Your calculations are right. I will take charge of the business. You may request Maurice to come and see me. He is a worthy man, and we will find him some employment with which he will be satisfied."

#### CHAPTER XII.

We leave Paris—The New Home—The Master-Mason of Montmorency—The Revenge of a Good Man—What Profit may be Derived from an Infirmary.

After the departure of our friend Maurice I was occupied in winding up my own affairs. The courts had at last spoken, and I was free. When everything was settled I had nothing left but stamped paper. I had met all my engagements, but I found myself for the second time a ruined man.

I was going to resume my trowel, when an architect, under whom I had worked, proposed to me to quit Paris and establish myself at Montmorency. He insured me work for the coming season, and promised to aid me in procuring more.

"The country is fine," he said. "There is only one master-mason in the place. He is a skillful workman, but he is such a brutal fellow that he is only employed for want of a better. With diligence and enterprise most of the work will fall into your hands. Here you can never rise; you are lost in the crowd of large and wealthy contractors. It is better to be a tree among bushes than a bush in the midst of a forest."

I felt the force of his arguments too strongly to hesitate. The matter was soon settled. The architect took me to see the works which he proposed that I should undertake, and explained to me the course I ought to pursue. Then I returned to Paris for Genevieve.

The moment of my departure was deeply trying. It was the first time that I had ever quitted the great city. I was accustomed to the dirt of its streets and to its pavements, as the peasant is accustomed to the verdure of the fields and the odor of the new mown hay. I was in the daily habit of traversing certain streets; my eye was familiar with the people and the houses. All my surroundings had become by long usage, as it were, a part of myself. To leave Paris, round which all my associations clustered, was to make an entire change in my tastes, my memories, my whole life. Our neighbors, who had known us so long, came to their doors to bid us farewell. Some of them began to pity us. This gave me courage to put on a good face, and I returned their salutation smiling. I would not for the world have betrayed my sadness. I felt as if this compulsory departure was a humiliation; it proved

that my evil genius had been too strong for me, and I wanted to protest against my defeat by appearing not to feel it. As for my wife, who had less to regret, she never thought of concealing her tears. Loaded with baskets and bundles, the dear woman answered all their salutations and wishes for a safe journey with thanks, accompanied by sighs. She stopped at every door to kiss the children for the last time. I felt impatient at her delay, and went along whistling that I might keep a cheerful countenance. At last when I turned into another street, when the last house of the faubourg had disappeared, I breathed more freely.

Genevieve had rejoined me. We got into the vehicle which was to convey our poor furniture and ourselves to our new home, and took the road to Montmorency. God knows how many curves I inwardly bestowed on the slow pace of the horse and the frequent stoppages of the driver. My blood boiled in my veins; however, I had self-control sufficient to keep silence. I was afraid if I spoke I should say too much. Genevieve followed my example.

About sunset we arrived. The little place I had hired was at the lower end of the village in a narrow lane, through which the wagon could scarcely pass. I opened the door—my heart sunk within me. I motioned to Genevieve to go in, and returned to help the driver unload our goods. I could not bear to see the disappointment of my beloved wife at the sight of our miserable abode. She quickly comprehended my feelings, for she soon reappeared on the threshold with a smile, declaring that we should have all our hearts could desire. She assisted to carry in the things and to put them in order. By the time we had finished it was quite dark. The stage drove off and we were left alone. Our room was on the ground floor, lower than the lane. It had formerly been payed, but now the broken tiles formed a sort of uneven and damp macadamized floor. A little window, opening on our next neighbor's yard, admitted the fumes of the dung-hill, and a high chimney, which occupied nearly the whole width of the gable end, sent forth thick clouds of smoke. I contemplated this small and dirty lodging with a sort of stupefaction. Whether I had first seen it under more favorable aspects, or whether I was in a different mood of mind, I cannot tell; but now it wore a dilapidated and unwholesome air which had not previously struck me. Our scanty furniture was soon set in order. The presence of Genevieve, far from cheering, only served to make me more gloomy. Furnished with all that we owned there was no longer any room for doubt, and the place appeared in all its desolate unsightliness. Notwithstanding her efforts to appear contented, Genevieve was too ill at ease to conceal her feelings. She was seated on the hearth, her elbows resting on her knees, and looking straight before her. I seated myself at the other end of the room, my arms crossed. A little candle, nearly burnt out, in a flat tin candlestick, gave just sufficient light to show us our miserable habitation. My wife was the first to rouse herself from this despondency. She arose, and leaving a sigh she looked round for the basket of provisions she had brought from Paris and began to set the table, but she lacked a loaf of bread, and I went out to buy one.

The baker's shop was at some distance. When I entered several of the neighbors were standing in the doorway. They appeared to be listening to a large man, who was talking very loud and seemed to be angry. I paid no attention at first to what he was saying. I was waiting for the loaf they had gone for in the back shop, when I heard the big man pronounce my own name.

"His name is Pierre Henri, surnamed *The Jew*," he exclaimed; "but the devil twist my neck if I do not change his name into that of starving. If I am compelled to sell my last shirt, I will play him such tricks and give him such knocks as will bring him to a bed of straw."

"The fact is, if we let these Parisians quarter themselves in this country, they will soon take the bread out of our mouths," observed a neighbor, whom I recognized as a worker in iron by his black hands.

"Without taking into the calculation that they always end by being bankrupt," added the grocer. "Witness the clock-maker who went off without paying me."

"And you'll see the new master-mason will have no better memory," replied the big man. "It's my opinion he's some felon who has come here to escape from the police."

Until now I had listened, not being sure whether I had better let it be known that I overheard the conversation, but at these last words the blood rushed to my face, and I turned toward the door.

"Pierre Henri has no need to hide himself from anybody!" I exclaimed, "and to prove it I will let you know it is he who speaks to you."

There was a general stir among the spectators. The big man approached the threshold.

"Ah ha! Then this is the bird," said he, staring me full in the face with an air of great insolence. "Well, I should not have known him by his plumage. Considering that the master comes from the great city, I think he has rather a simple air."

"You shall soon see," replied I bluntly; "the work I know how to do will tell. Insults only prove jealousy or malice. You can only judge a workman by his work."

"It remains to be seen whether anybody wants your work," said the master-mason rudely. "You have taken one piece of work out of my hands; but if you take another, as sure as my name is John Ferou I will break your back the first chance I get."

I felt that I turned pale, not from fear but passion. That gross countenance, red with anger, and those little gray eyes flaming with defiance, stirred my blood. I looked the man full in the face.

"We shall see about that, Master Ferou," replied I.



pled I, suppressing my anger. "Those whose backs you wish to break may not be willing to submit to the operation. So far I have been able to defend my life against more than one ill-intentioned fellow-laborer, and I hope I shall not lose it at Montmorency."

"Well and good!" cried the mason, who took off his cap. "Let's see how you handle your fists! The devil burn me! I'll have a clear conscience about it. I shall never be said that John Ferou allowed the grass to be cut under his feet by a butcher from Paris."

I did not answer. I was choked by passion, and felt as if I was ready to burst. I hastily seized the loaf I had come for, and was going out, when the baker demanded his pay. I answered that I had laid the money on the counter; but the baker declared he had never seen it. Then followed a contention, which the mason did all he could to aggravate. As my honor was implicated, I persisted in my affirmation. At the height of the contest, a little girl who was present declared, in an under tone, that I was holding the money between my fingers. I instantly opened my hand. She spoke the truth. In my confusion I had taken up the twelve sous and was carrying them off without being aware of it.

The commotion which this excited among the spectators made my head reel. I tried to stammer out an explanation, but, perceiving that I was suspected, I lost my self-possession. I was a stranger, surrounded by ill-disposed persons, and without any means of proving that my mistake had been involuntary. I saw at once that all attempt at self-justification was useless, so, turning round quickly, I paid the baker and advanced toward the door. The master-mason was standing in the doorway, one shoulder braced against the frame and his feet set against the opposite side. He looked at me sneeringly.

"Missed your aim this time!" said he in an ironical tone. "This time you will have to pay for your bread your bread's worth."

"Let me pass!" I exclaimed impatiently.

"What!" replied he in a tone still more provoking. "The Parisian looks angry."

"The Parisian has had enough of your insults," said I, trembling with passion. "Let him pass."

"Indeed! and if I do not choose to!"

"Then I shall make you."

"Ah! truly! let us see!"

I advanced resolutely toward him; he was still braced against the wall with his arms crossed.

"John Ferou, will you let me pass?" cried I with my fists clenched.

"No!" said he with a sneering laugh.

I seized him violently by the arm and pushed him, determined to force a passage for myself. He did not expect such a bold attack, for he nearly lost his balance; but he instantly recovered himself, and, uttering an oath, advanced with his arm uplifted and gave me a blow on the forehead which made me stagger. I tried, however, to set myself on the defensive, and the struggle continued until I stumbled against the threshold, dragging down the master-mason in my fall. He fell upon me, and I soon felt his two knees on my breast, whilst he pommelled my face with his fists. The spectators, who had thus far not interfered, now decided to separate us. They extricated me with some difficulty, put my loaf of bread under my arm and set me on my way. I mechanically took the road to my house.

I staggered like a drunken man. I was aching in every limb, and felt heart-broken. At sight of my home I slackened my pace. I was afraid of the questions of my poor wife when she saw my bruised and bloody face. I could not endure the idea of recounting to her the humiliating scenes through which I had just passed. Fortunately, overcome by the fatigue of the day, she had fallen asleep.

I hastened to extinguish the candle, which was still burning, and to go to bed. But it was in vain I sought to sleep. I was devoured by a secret rage! Hatred of the master-mason had taken possession of me. I wished him all the evil that he had tried to inflict upon me. I determined by some means to injure him, and revenge myself. Everything else was indifferent to me. I prayed in a low voice for the help of the good God against my enemy. Reflection, instead of calming, only excited more and more my wicked thoughts. My rancor was like an abyss, which grows deeper the more you dig it. If I fell asleep for a few minutes, it was only to be tormented by dreams. Sometimes I saw Ferou ruined, with a beggar's wallet on his shoulder. Sometimes I held him under my feet as he had held me, and forced him to cry for mercy. At other times I saw him with his hands tied between four *gens d'armes*, who were conducting him to the felon's jail, and I gave him back his insults and his sneers.

In the midst of one of these nightmares, I was suddenly awakened by Genevieve. I started up in bed; a bright light illuminated our room. We heard without a great tumult of voices, the noise of people who seemed to be running. Then the cry of "Fire! fire!" echoed on every side. I jumped out of bed, dressed myself hastily, and went out. I saw two men crossing the street.

"Where is the fire?" I inquired.

"At the lumber-yard of John Ferou," they replied.

I stopped. I felt shocked. It almost seemed as if God had answered my prayer, and had come down to avenge me. I must acknowledge that the first emotion I experienced was one of satisfaction; but it was only like a flash of lightning. Almost instantly I blushed for myself. As I regained better feelings, it seemed to me that I, above all others, must try to help the master-mason, and redeem by my actions my wishes that some misfortune might overtake him. This idea was like a flame, which shed light on my path. I joined the throng who were hurrying on, and soon arrived at the work-yard of Ferou.

The fire, which had first burst out in a shed, spread rapidly over the whole building. At the moment of my arrival, heaps of timber and scantling formed a girdle of flames around the house, which prevented all approach. Some workmen were rushing into the midst of the smoke, trying to scatter the materials which fed the fire. I joined them, and we succeeded at length in opening a passage. On reaching the house, we found the door closed. Some voices cried out that John Ferou must be at his brother's at Andilly. But several others replied that they had seen him that evening in the village. One of them had seen him go into the house, as he said, with a bottle of wine in his hand, and another under his arm. Being drunk and asleep, without doubt he had heard nothing.

The danger became more and more imminent. The fire, which had extended to the rear of the building, had already reached beyond the roofing of the little summer-house. We knocked in vain at the door, which was locked; we shouted the master-mason's name with all our might. No one answered. At that moment, there was above our heads a frightful crash, and the tiles began to fall like a shower of red hot coals. The roof had fallen in, and every one rushed from the spot. I followed to the other end of the lumber-yard,

when a loud cry issuing from behind, stepped me short. I returned. John Ferou, awakened at last by the uproar, had just appeared at one of the windows of the summer-house.

Suddenly roused from his intoxication, and still quite bewildered, he looked around with exclamations of terror, without seeming to comprehend his situation. A hundred voices cried out at once, "Come down and fly!" But the unhappy man, beside himself, continued to gaze upon the flames which enveloped the yard, repeating in a tone of despair, "Fire! fire!"

Two or three of us determined to return to the summer-house. The flames had already begun to scorch the flooring. We warned the master-mason that the least delay might cost him his life. At length he seemed to understand his perilous situation, for he withdrew quickly, as if he was going toward the door, and we approached to render him some assistance. The sparks which burst out through the shutters of the ground-floor, showed us that the flames had already spread from the upper story to the lower. John Ferou soon reappeared at the window, crying out that the staircase was on fire, and begging for a ladder. Some ran to look for one, but in the midst of this confusion and destruction it was very doubtful whether one could be found in time. The conflagration increased rapidly; instead of crackling, the flames began to roar, as in a furnace. John Ferou, loaded with papers and sacks of money, was astride on the window-sill, entreating in a piteous tone that some one would help him to descend. But those who were there remained motionless. Suddenly I felt myself inspired with superhuman courage. The idea of any danger I might incur vanished; I only saw a human being to be saved.

I ran to one of the windows of the ground floor, and by the assistance of the shutters I reached the first story, so that my shoulders were nearly on a level with the feet of the master-mason. I called to him to use them as a prop. Ferou, who had been sobered by fright, did not need to have it repeated. He got out of the window, and let himself slide down upon me. His weight nearly made me lose my hold. I shook, but, catching at the wall, I drove my fingers between the joints of the stones, and by a great effort kept my footing. The mason used my body as a ladder, and descended in safety.

It was only after I rejoined him that he recognized me. He recoiled a few steps, pressed his hand to his forehead, and after stammering out a few words, which I could not understand, reated himself on a beam which was still smoking. So many events following each other in quick succession had crushed him; he was powerless to speak or to thank me.

Perhaps he had no desire to do this. John Ferou had a heart into which it was as difficult for sentiments of gratitude to find entrance as for a wedge to cleave a stone. It required a great effort not to treat me like an enemy. His wife had quitted him after eighteen years of patient endurance, his children had been compelled to seek a living among strangers, and of all those with whom he had labored and lived, he had not a single friend. Become my debtor since the fire in the lumber-yard, he forbore to try to injure me, but that was all. When we met accidentally he passed me by as if he had never seen me. If my name was mentioned, he observed entire silence, or soon left the room abruptly. The bear had only ceased to bite, he was not tamed.

Happily those who witnessed the service I had rendered him indemnified me fully for his coldness. They recounted how I had saved the master-mason, and their good will was increased, by hearing at the same time what I had suffered at his hands the preceding evening. Simply to have done my duty, appeared to them like an act of great generosity, and every one rewarded me by their esteem for the ingratitude of John Ferou.

An acquaintance, which I made by chance, afforded me a useful lesson, as well as encouragement. On the road leading from the market town of Sarcelles to that of Ecouen, stands a small house with a thatched roof. There was a little garden in front, where fruits, vegetables and flowers were growing profusely, and yet not without taste in their arrangement. It was the residence of a poor day-laborer whose acquaintance I made by chance, and whose example proved a blessing to me.

He was a foundling, brought up and educated at the hospital, and when he was old enough to work he was employed in the most menial labor. Ugly, attenuated and forsaken, he tried to make amends for all that he lacked by his good will and pleasant disposition. At first he was employed on account of his faithfulness; but almost imperceptibly this faithfulness had developed into capacity. His perseverance stood him in the stead of strength, his application of dexterity.

Like the tortoise in the fable, he always arrived before the hares, who had relied upon their swiftness. To all his other misfortunes, God had added an infirmity, which seemed to surpass all the others. Francis had the calamity of stuttering terribly, so that it was almost impossible to hear him speak without laughing. Even in his childhood he had been the laughing-stock of his companions, and when he became a youth, he was the amusement of young men and girls. He forbore to speak, except when it was indispensable, and resigned himself, in parties of pleasure, to play the part of a supernumerary on the stage, a role always so humiliating to our vanity and self-love.

As he wanted a pretext for his silence, he learned from a basket-maker to manufacture coarse baskets. During the winter evenings he pursued his occupation, seated on the hearth. At social gatherings, in summer, he stationed himself before the entrance, still busy with his work. Whilst the other young people smoked, laughed and talked, their idle hands in their laps, he twisted his oars in silence. At first he was ridiculed for what they termed his mania, but he soon became accustomed to that, and took no notice of it.

The infirmity of Francis had thus led him to occupy usefully the hours wasted by his companions. He derived from it also another advantage. His tongue being half chained, he avoided all useless words. He never spoke without having something to say. Consequently he was generally silent, but in this forced introversion his mind slowly matured. He pursued quietly, and without distraction, his own thoughts; he gathered up and meditated upon those which he heard exchanged among others. His baskets, sold in the neighborhood, increased by degrees his little savings. His stuttering kept him apart from the village boys, and thus he was spared the temptation of running into useless expenses. At the end of several years he was rich enough to buy a little piece of land, which he cultivated in his leisure moments, and the harvests of his farm were more profitable than his baskets. He then resolved to build himself a house. The little tenement went on slowly, but always increased in height, until at length it was ready for the roof, and the proprietor could sleep at home.

All this occupied ten years. Francis devoted ten more to perfecting his house and the surroundings of his little domain. He dug a well, he planted fruit trees, swarmed bees, which soon multiplied his hives, bought two other fields, in one of which he planted an orchard, and of the other he made a meadow. When I became acquainted with him he had overleaped the gulf which separates poverty from competence. He could afford to sacrifice some fruit trees, that he might have a lawn, and substitute rose bushes for grain. His cottage, shaded by acacias, stood on the right hand side of the road, and looked like a bee-hive in a parterre of flowers.

He related to me what I have just written, not at one time, but at many intervals, in short and frequently interrupted sentences. Although he no longer found it necessary to work for his living, Francis continued to make his baskets, for the pleasure of using his fingers, and because so he could claim the privilege of being silent. One day as we were walking over his grounds I expressed my admiration at the order which everywhere prevailed, and at the energy and perseverance which had produced such happy results.

"The merit is not to be ascribed to me, but to God, who deprived me of freedom of speech," replied he smiling. "Not being able to spend my time in talking, I have employed it in working. Our happiness depends much more on our own will than upon our advantages, and you see in my case how even a great misfortune may be turned to our profit."

I learned a useful lesson from the example of Francis, and I spent no idle moments. Genevieve undertook to wash for some gentlemen in the neighborhood. Everything prospered under our hands. As the architect had predicted, work crowded upon me. After struggling two years the master-mason suddenly quitted Montmorency, without assigning any reason, and I never heard of him afterwards.

Ere long a son and daughter consoled us for the loss of our first born. Affection, joy, competence and health blessed our household. Genevieve sang the lulling day; the little ones frolicked around us and grew apace; money flowed spontaneously into our treasury, and good fortune shone upon us like the sun in its noonday splendor. Truly, these were the best years of my life, for it was in these years of uninterrupted prosperity that I was most touched with the goodness of God, and that my heart sent up to him the incense of praise and of gratitude. Too often we get accustomed to the enjoyment of happiness, and we claim it as the payment of a back debt, instead of receiving it as a gift. I do not think, however, that I was spoiled by the blessings which clustered round me. I still had upon my lips the bitterness of the bread of poverty, and that gave double zest to the pleasant taste of the bread of prosperity.

[To be continued.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE PHILANTHROPIST AND THE FARMER.

BY E. R. PLACE.

The merchant prince had given with liberal hand.

To feed the starving, and to bless the land.

Ten thousand hearts gush forth in grateful song.

While pen and press the just award prolong.

The merchant prince, one genial day in spring,

Rode out on tour to hear the robin sing.

A farmer spied him in a peach-tree top,

While axe and saw had withered branches top.

"Whoa man!" thought he—the noble millionaire—

"These lifeless branches have no business there."

Still on he rode; the birds so sweetly sang,

His heart of joy with blinding cadence rang.

Ere long another husbandman he found,

Not in the tree, but digging it around.

He saw, surprised, the tree-top fresh and fair.

"Strange man!" thought he—sagacious millionaire!

"Good friend," he spoke, now reining up, "thy toll

Some throw away, here doleving in the soil.

Sound is the tree, and good—trunk, branch and twig—

Then therefore round it, tell me, dost thou dig?"

"To keep it so," he answered, digging still;

"Prevention's better 'n' cure; the wise man's pill.

Some wait till death doth fruit or limb attack;

Wait till they're robbed, then drive the robber back.

I seek the borers in the trunk below,

And kill the evil ere to sight it grow.

But this, I've thought, is not your city way.

Your parson, sir—my thought will have his say.

You feed the poor—that praise is well your due—

But while you feed the poor, you make them too."

"We make the poor? How can it be, my friend?

Do food and clothes to want and misery tend?"

"If I sought I not those borers at the root,

Say, who to blame for blasted tree and fruit?"

"Self-soured, the poor may blame themselves alone;

Judgment and will are conjurers of a throne!"

"If it be true the poor make poor themselves,

Then richest he who most industrious delves!

And is it so? Full sure is he to rise?

Nay! selfish cunning grasps the golden prize.

Vain all your 'homes,' 'saylums' and 'retreats,'

The beggar still the beggar's part repeats;

And will through time—save you grow wisely great,

And labor owns what labor doth create.

A farmer once a collar dug, full deep,

And, well content, nuzzled at night to sleep.

The morning came, and lo! his great vexation—

With water full he found the excavation.

To drain it low, he pumped for many a day;

To keep it so, still pumps and pumps away."

"The tolling fool! why tapped he not the vein,

Beyond the wall, with well-constructed drain?"

"Why tap not yet the vein of social wrong,

Whose waters rise so bitter, black and strong?

Perchance the farmer staid at thy school;

If he do mental, thou the moral fool.

His house he'll rear—as soon as thou shalt stay

The poor man's woes, and break the night's dismay.

Your schemes of good no solid dike devise,

But pump and pump, while still the waters rise."

"'T was ever thus. Heaven's ways are often dim;

Duty is ours—commit results to Him."

"Yet wiser far to dry the springs of woe

Than strive forever to assuage their flow.

Not mine the faith that in the social law

Is maker fixed an everlasting flaw."

The millionaire hung down his head and thought:

"A cure for want—and may this head be sought?"

And on he rode. Still sweetly sang the birds;

His ear heard only the wise farmer's words.

Boston, Mass.

LET US BE CONSISTENT.—It is to be regretted that those Spiritualists who, living where radical lectures can be supported, give liberally to galvanize Orthodoxy into life, were not compelled to hear more frequently the sentiment they so heartily abhor. We think they would soon get enough of the "devil's broth" to sicken them into a complete warning from their fashionable theories. Let us be consistent. Try it, good friends; go to meeting often until well satisfied, and the cure will be thorough. Take a strong allopathic dose.

"There is no ointment for the wolf's sore eyes  
Like clouds of dust which from the sheep arise."

—Wisconsin Spiritualist.

The Church of England holds in fee simple the right to properly worth \$140,000,000, the income on which goes to support the clergy.

## REPORT OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

By the Spiritualists of Philadelphia, under the auspices of the First Association of Spiritualists, at Concert Hall, March 31st, 1869.

Photographically Reported for the Banner of Light by Dr. H. T. Child.

MORNING SESSION—FIRST CONVENIENCE.

Dr. H. T. Child opened the meeting, saying: "Friends—We have assembled this day to celebrate an event which has already marked an era, not only in the history of our nation and the world, but in that vast inner world of life and beauty peopled by the unnumbered hosts of the living past—hosts not of our little globe alone, but of all the vast and innumerable worlds that have rolled through the illimitable spaces of this incomprehensible universe, of which our planet forms but the merest dust atom."

It seems that we may almost hear the echoing notes of the songs of rejoicing, as they reverberate through the vast corridors of the beautiful Summer-Land. Twenty-one years ago to-day the world was groping in darkness. Mankind were either wearing the chains of blind sectarianism, or moving amid the murky shades of a gross materialism, that saw no light beyond no-hope for the future. The cry came up from the night, and the murmuring response was, "All is well. There is no light, no new inspiration to-day. The great All-Father has poured out his loving inspirations on Judean hills and the plains round about, but he has closed the veil of darkness from our eyes, and to-day we are as marionettes upon the sea of life, out upon a starless night; clouds are all over the horizon; we have our chart, the record of the inspirations of a few favored ones of the past ages. Let us at least glean some light from the past, and have faith that the light which once shone so brightly as an inspiration to the children of Israel will be sufficient to guide us through unknown seas to the harbor of eternal rest and peace." But oh! how hard it seemed to the free souls of humanity, in the dark night of materialism, to find a light that would not go forth, "Give us light, more light." Twenty-one years ago to-day a small star arose in the west. At first its faint glimmer attracted but little attention, and many said, "It is a meteor, and will flash for a moment, and then go out, and then go out forever." But it shone on brighter and clearer, and year after year it has grown more distinctly visible, and thousands upon thousands, until the dawn of this new day, have been led by its light through that light have seen that the whole firmament of the past is lit up all over with beautiful stars, that have ever been as lights along the pathway of mortals in the night, and gave him a strong pledge that many more would be parted with him but a moment, when a strong feeling came over me that I must go home, and that I could not go to the theatre; all my desire to go was obliterated. I went back and told my friends, and in learning this I was completely taken a reserved seat for you, and you must go." I replied, "I can't help it; I must go home." I left him, and as I walked toward home I felt an impression to go to the club-house, and when I got there I found a gentleman waiting for me, and he said, "I am waiting for you, and I have a special going on there, but I thought I might meet the friend at whose house I was staying. I went into the room; it was about dusk; it was lighted up. I did not see any one. I knew, but I was astonished at seeing a gentleman enter, and he said, 'I am waiting for you, and I have a special going on there, but I thought I might meet the friend at whose house I was staying. I went into the room; it was about dusk; it was lighted up. I did not see any one. I knew, but I was astonished at seeing a gentleman enter, and he said, 'I am waiting for you, and I have a special going on there, but I thought I might meet the friend at whose house I was staying. I went into the room; it was about dusk; it was lighted up. I did not see any one. 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Mrs. CHARLOTTE T. TARR, trance speaker, New Bedford, Mass., P. O. box 392.

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Mrs. HENRY TUMBLEY, 101 W. 24th street, New York.

Mrs. ESTHER N. TALKMADER, trance speaker, Westville, Ind.

Dr. S. A. THOMAS, lecturer, Anoka, Minn.

E. W. WILSON, lecturer, 101 W. 24th street, New York.

E. W. WILSON, inspirational, 89 Bank street, Cleveland, O.

Mrs. MARY M. WOOD will lecture in Marblehead, Mass., during May. Address, 11 Dewey street, Worcester, Mass.

June 10-12, 1894, 18 West 24th street, near Fifth avenue hotel, New York.

MRS. E. LEWIS, 101 W. South Morgan street, Chicago, Ill.  
 HENRY C. WRIGHT, care *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass.  
 MRS. E. M. WOLCOTT, Canton, Ns. Lawrence Co., N. Y.  
 THOMAS W. WOOD, 101 W. South Morgan street, Chicago, Ill.  
 WILLIAM F. WESTWORTH, trance speaker, Slough, Mass.  
 MRS. MART J. WILCOXSON will lecture in Onarga, Ill., during the month of June. Address, care R. S. Jones, 26 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.  
 LOUIS WAIENBOORER can be addressed care of *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass., during April and May.  
 DR. R. E. WATSON, 101 W. South Morgan street, Chicago, Ill.  
 MRS. MARY K. WATSON, 182 Elm street, Newark, N. J.  
 DR. R. E. WATSON, 101 W. South Morgan street, Chicago, Ill.  
 MRS. N. J. WILLIE, 75 Windsor street, Cambridgeport, Mass.  
 A. B. WHITING will lecture in Portland, Me., during May.  
 PEARSON, 101 W. South Morgan street, Chicago, Ill.  
 MISS ELVIRA WHECKLO, normal speaker, Janesville, Wis.  
 A. A. WHECKLO, Toledo, O., box 643.  
 MRS. R. A. WILLIE, Marquette, Mich.  
 DR. J. C. WILSON, Burlington, Iowa.  
 MRS. JETTIE E. WILSON, 21 Carver street, Boston, Mass.

WARREN WOOLSON, trance speaker, Hastings, N. Y.  
J. H. WORTMAN, Buffalo, N. Y., box 1454.  
S. J. WHITNEY, inspirational speaker, Rock Grove City,  
Floyd Co., Iowa.  
MRS. A. A. WILLIAMS, Hannibal, Oswego Co., N. Y., box 41.  
ELIJAH WOODWORTH, inspirational speaker, Leslie, Mich.  
A. C. and MRS. ELIZA C. WOODBURY, Eagle Harbor, N. Y.  
MRS. JULIETTE YEAW will speak in Leominster, Mass., May  
8 and 23; in No. Pelham, May 30. Address, Northboro', Ms.  
MRS. FANNIE T. YOUNG, trance speaker, Cedar Falls, Iowa,  
care E. H. Gregg.  
MR. & MRS. W. J. YOUNG, Boise City, Idaho Territory.



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## Banner of Light.

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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.

### OUR NEW YORK BRANCH OFFICE.

#### Removal.

Having completed arrangements with the  
AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY for the sale of ALL  
our publications at their establishment, we shall  
remove our Branch Office from 544 Broadway, to  
121 Nassau street, on the first of May.

This change will no doubt prove satisfactory to  
our friends and patrons in New York city and  
vicinity, as well as to us; because, in the first  
place, all books sent by mail can be forwarded to  
any address with greater facility from the Central  
Office in Boston; and second, our New York  
friends will no longer be obliged to travel up  
several flights of stairs whenever they desire our  
books.

In securing the AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY  
as our Agents, we feel that we can assure our  
friends everywhere who may communicate with  
them in regard to our Publications, that all or-  
ders will be attended to with the utmost prompt-  
ness.

Dealers and others will always find the BAN-  
NER OF LIGHT at 121 Nassau street. As this  
sheet is the acknowledged organ of the Spiritual-  
ists of the United States, we trust that every  
friend of the cause will exert himself or herself  
to extend its circulation. In this connection we  
will briefly add that we shall soon inaugurate  
several new and attractive features, which we  
trust our patrons will appreciate.

### The Saturday Review on Spiritualism.

The London Saturday Review is reputed to be  
made up mostly of the contributions of "clever  
young men," some of them university students.  
They are what the gossips of London call spirits.  
The journal is distinguished by a certain air of  
smartness, which often serves to mask from su-  
perficial readers the arrogant pedantry or gross ig-  
norance which inspires many of its criticisms.  
We are surprised to see so respectable a work as  
Appleton's new Journal quoting, without demur,  
"Authority in Opinion," in which we look in vain  
for any sign of brilliancy or ability, but which is  
involuntarily depreciatory of the intellect of Ameri-  
cans. Surely he who undertakes to annihilate  
the want of intellect in others ought to give  
some signal evidence of intellectual acumen in  
himself. But this we do not find in the article re-  
ferred to.

Hear what the clever lads, thus quoted by  
Appleton as if they were grave and reverend  
seigniors, have to say on the subject of Spiritual-  
ism in America:

"We are astonished at the success with which the im-  
positions of Spiritualism thrive on Transatlantic soil. No  
story of eccentric tables and mysterious spirit writings  
seems to be too gross to find favor. Now deluges are found  
out as soon as the old ones disappear, and a little slight-  
of-hand would enable any unscrupulous person to make a  
very comfortable living out of our kindness."

"Everybody has known persons of apparent sanity, and  
even sense, who believed in the whole nonsense of Spiritu-  
alism. And it was easy to see, in the discourses pro-  
duced by the case of Home, that most people, whatever  
their judgment might be, were incapable of forming it on  
scientific grounds. They did not in the least appreciate the  
requirements of sound reasoning, or know what test  
should be satisfied before the advocates of such an amazing  
doctrine would acquire a right to be heard."

What inconsequential prattle is all this! Here  
are certain marvelous facts, to which millions of  
intelligent persons bear witness, including such  
men of science and culture as Dr. Morgan, Hare,  
Varley, Wallace, Wilkinson, Shorter, Mountford,  
Dr. Ray, Dr. Nichols, Professor Dauton, Dr.  
Winslow Lewis, Dr. Gray, and hosts of educated  
men; and these facts must be repudiated by  
science, not because they may not be genuine,  
but because the spiritual hypothesis, by which  
many persons would explain them, is incredible  
and "amazing." They are to be repudiated be-  
cause of what the reviewer calls a "doctrine."  
Cool and careful recipients of certain remarkable  
facts, physical and mental, are to be sneered at as  
"the advocates of an amazing doctrine." And  
yet it is not, mark, the construction that may be  
put on the facts, but the question of the facts  
themselves, that is the essential consideration.

As for the pretence that most people, "what-  
ever their judgment, are incapable of forming it  
on scientific grounds," we deny it wholly. If the  
statement were true, then no man, not a scientific  
professor, would be justified in testifying in a  
court of justice to any occurrence where the ex-  
ercise of his senses had enabled him to form a de-  
cisive opinion. The physical and mental phe-  
nomena of Spiritualism are as fair subjects for  
the judgment of any man of common sense, whose  
faculties are in a healthy state, as any everyday  
occurrence where the testimony of an intelligent  
child would be received as sufficient. If a car-  
penter or a blacksmith sees a table rise from the  
floor, under certain satisfactory conditions, his  
judgment of the fact is as thoroughly scientific  
as could be the judgment of a Faraday or a Tyndall,  
or even a Pierce or an Agassiz. Would any man  
who has thoroughly satisfied himself of the actual  
happening of the so-called spiritual phenom-  
ena, have a feather's weight of confirmation added  
to his convictions by the acquiescence of all the  
scientific nobs in Christendom? We think not.  
We do not need the permission of "science" be-  
fore we can believe that our senses did not deceive  
us when we saw a table rise.

Of "American believers" the Saturday Review  
has further to say, "Thus they fancy that a be-  
lief in discoveries about electricity (the favorite  
name for everything that people don't under-  
stand) ought to make a belief in Spiritualism  
easier." This will be news, we think, to Ameri-  
can believers. What our juvenile friend is here  
driving at we do not exactly see, for his ex-  
pressions are somewhat vague. If he means to  
say that Spiritualists regard every advance in  
genuine science as tending to confirm their views,  
we shall not deny the imputation.

But the conclusion at which this sage arrives  
is worthy the special attention of our readers.  
There is this distinction, he tells us, between  
Englishmen and Americans in respect to contro-  
verted points: Englishmen "have a court of ap-

peal for which they have a good deal more re-  
spect. They have a dim belief that a Spiritualist  
must be a fool, because Faraday or Dr. Tyndall as-  
sures them that Spiritualism is folly. In America,  
where there is a general presumption in favor of  
anything that is new, there is also no one to ex-  
ercise any supervision over the purveyors of nov-  
elty."

How is the very illogy of self-complacent ig-  
norance and unmanly subjection to questionable  
authority. Bless your simple heart, young man,  
we have our colleges and our scientific institutes  
in America, where such men as Agassiz, Pierce,  
Gould, Elliot, Ray, Draper, Ericsson, and hun-  
dreds of able scientists, are quite as competent as  
the Huxleys and Tyndalls of England to super-  
vise our "novelties" and criticize our delusions.  
They have battled (some of them) quite as skill-  
fully against Spiritualism here, as their English  
colleagues have done in England. The result has  
not, in either case, been gratifying to the self-  
esteem of the "supervisors." As De Morgan  
wittily says: "The extinguishers have in many  
instances taken fire."

A Spiritualist must be a "fool" forsooth, be-  
cause Faraday and Tyndall assure us that  
Spiritualism is folly! If the inquiring reader will  
turn to the Index of Mr. Sargent's new and com-  
prehensive work on Spiritualism ("The Despair  
of Science," &c.) he will find, under the names  
Faraday and Tyndall, certain references to their  
recorded correspondence, which will show that  
both these learned gentlemen reached the very  
same of "folly" and presumption in their propo-  
sitions to "condescend" to examine the phenom-  
ena through Mr. Home under certain conditions  
of their own, one of which was that he (Mr.  
Home) should, prior to any experiments, admit  
"the utterly contemptible character" of the re-  
sults! Another question which Faraday wanted  
to have settled was, "Would an insult to the spirits  
be considered as an insult to Home himself?"

Could any man of science descend to lower  
trifling than this? The spirits might have replied  
to Mr. Faraday:

"A modest, sensible, and well-read man  
Would not insult us, and no other can."

But even if Messrs. Faraday and Tyndall did  
not stand on the record as chargeable with ex-  
treme "folly" and preposterous arrogance in  
their dealings with these phenomena, what shall  
we say of the character of this reviewer who, be-  
cause two fallible mortals have pronounced  
against a certain class of facts, provable to the  
senses and the reason, blindly jumps to the con-  
clusion that millions of his fellow-creatures, in-  
cluding men of high scientific attainments, like  
Professor De Morgan and Alfred Wallace, are  
"fools" for admitting the facts thus proved to  
them?

So when Copernicus and Galileo proclaimed  
certain facts in astronomy, there were Faradays  
and Tyndalls who cried out fools; and there were  
a plenty of simpletons who, like this Saturday  
reviewer, became the intellectual serfs of the  
Faradays and Tyndalls, and concluded that the  
great revolutionizing facts were folly and mad-  
ness. Even in our own day scientific men said  
that gas could never be applied to the lighting of  
cities. They shook their heads at ocean steam  
navigation. They have, in hundreds of instances,  
had their prognostications exploded by the bold  
acts and experiments of plain practical men who  
chose some simple hypothesis, and acted on that,  
and proved its sufficiency. We do not doubt that  
Mr. Tyndall will live to see that the "folly" was  
on his side, and not on that of the Spiritualists.  
As for Faraday, he has passed on to the world  
where he has perhaps learnt by this time the hu-  
mility he lacked. We hope the parties who do  
the selecting for Appleton's Journal will give us  
hereafter, instead of crude and feebly written  
criticisms by undergraduates, something that has  
at least some show of fairness, intelligence, and  
mental preparation and vigor. Such paltering as  
that of the Saturday Review on Spiritualism is bad  
enough when original; but it is doubly disgraceful  
to those by whom it is adopted as truth or  
sense.

### Gummed and Sealed Up.

Having wrought a cure on an invalid lady, re-  
siding a few miles from Boston, who had been  
confined to her bed for sixteen years, Dr. J. R.  
Newton learned from her of a neighbor who had  
been afflicted in like manner for many years, and  
was impressed to declare at once that he could  
cure her. He sent word to her to that effect, add-  
ing that he would go out there at a certain time,  
bearing his own expenses and charging her nothing  
for his service. The woman received the mes-  
sage from the doctor, and of course was im-  
pressed by the truthfulness of it, for she lost time  
in declaring her own belief in his ability to  
cure her. Instead of feeling that gratitude, how-  
ever, which was to be expected under any cir-  
cumstances, she suddenly turns upon her pro-  
posed deliverer and berates him in such language  
as she would apply to a cheat and impostor. Her  
reply to his benevolent proposal is so character-  
istic of one not yet developed into sanity of feel-  
ing, and, withal, shows in such striking colors  
the falsifying and withering influence of the old the-  
ological gun on the human heart, that we should  
come short of what we conceive to be our duty to  
others if we did not supply the substance of her  
letter to Dr. Newton to the readers of the Banner  
of Light, simply omitting her name. Here it is,  
leaving its proper reflections to every one who  
peruses so strange a writing:

"Dr. J. R. Newton—Sir: I understand that you have  
been spoken to about me. I do not approve of your way of  
treatment. I would not let you cure me. I read my pre-  
cious Bible. I am fully satisfied that the power you have  
in the devil—the agent, you the instrument. I do not  
doubt your power or ability to do these cures, for Satan had  
the power to make Job sick: he gives you this power to  
make them well. I am a follower of Jesus and conscien-  
tiously, and could not, neither will I, throw my influence  
on the side of the devil. No; I will be and suffer as many  
more years as I have, and die at last, rather than be cured  
by you."

I shall not offer any excuse for this plain letter to a  
stranger, but pray God will open your eyes and let you see  
the awful delusion, test you be smitten, like Herod of old,  
to obey Christ is glory; to obey Satan is hell-torment and  
misery forever.

### A. J. Davis's Latest Work, "Tale of a Physician."

We bespeak for this book an immense sale. It  
is written in the style of the popular literature of  
the day, and yet, underlying this, a deep moral  
sentiment is apparent. It gives the true solution  
of the cause of crime, and points out the only  
method that will lessen it. This volume contains  
three hundred and twenty-five pages, is printed  
on good paper, well bound, and will be sold at a  
very low figure. For full particulars the reader  
is referred to the advertisement of the publishers  
in another column.

### Pennsylvania.

The attention of the friends in Pennsylvania is  
called to Dr. H. T. Child's notice (which may be  
found in another column) of the time of meeting  
of their State Society. We hope our friends in  
the "Keystone State" will assemble in strong  
force, and adopt measures that will enable the  
Society to put into the field double the number  
of missionaries they now have.

### Music Hall Meetings.

A very large audience assembled at Music Hall,  
Boston, on Sunday afternoon, April 18th, to listen  
to an address by Prof. William Denton. The  
subject of his remarks was "The Bible account  
of the Deluge in the light of modern science." The  
speaker stated that the duties of a reformer  
were twofold—to destroy and to rebuild—and the  
one was as necessary as the other. He did not  
object to the Bible as a record of the growth of a  
people in the past, or as an exponent of their  
highest conceptions, but he wished to do away  
with whatever was unreasonable in that book,  
that the true seed might grow. The speaker read  
the account of the deluge as recorded in Genesis,  
stated the dimensions of the ark, according to the  
calculations of commentators on the Bible, and  
said that if the birds of the earth had been col-  
lected according to the account, they would have  
sufficiently loaded the vessel, with room for the  
attendants, without any more passengers; and of  
course the absurdity of the story increased in  
magnitude as the number of animals, insects, &c.,  
to be put on board was detailed and the food  
necessary for their preservation for one year;  
which was simply an impossibility.

Another difficulty in the story was that the  
quantity of water could not be obtained by a rain  
of "forty days and forty nights," even though  
"the fountains of the great deep" were broken  
up. This statement might do for the ancient  
Jews, who believed that the earth was "founded  
upon the seas and established upon the floods,"  
as David expressed it, but modern science had  
taught us that fire, not water, was the inhabitant  
of earth's centre. Another trouble was the im-  
possibility of drying up such a vast sheet of water  
from the face of the earth in the time specified.  
The wildest hurricane that ever blew could not  
have accomplished it; and what would have be-  
come of the trebly crowded ark during its continu-  
ance!

Some, said the speaker, declared it all to be a  
miracle. The Bible did not so declare it, but, on  
the contrary, gave it as a matter-of-fact occur-  
rence. If God had wished to work a miracle he  
could have drowned the world in a tcecup, and  
thus have saved himself and Noah an infinite  
deal of trouble. Others, struck with the utter  
fallacy of the statement, endeavor to defend the  
Bible account by declaring it to have been only a  
partial flood; but the lecturer thought we might  
almost consider the writer of the Biblical account  
to have been a lawyer, from the consciousness with  
which he spoke of the totality of the destruction  
of living creatures from the earth, and therefore  
this means of defence only relied on the veracity  
of the statement in "holy writ."

The utter falsity of this account of a universal  
deluge could be traced from the majestic monu-  
ments of the Nile valley, which dated back to  
the period when the event was supposed to have  
occurred—and which still contained sculptured  
figures of negroes, saved by some "miracle" no  
doubt, as we had no account of any being in the  
ark—down to the existence of an oyster at the  
present day, which could not have lived had the  
ocean become brackish by such an admixture of  
fresh water from the opened "windows of heav-  
en." Modern science has put this story in the  
furnace and it has proved wood, and hay, and  
straw, and scarcely its ashes are left behind.  
Mr. Denton spoke fluently for about one hour,  
and was listened to with rapt attention and great  
satisfaction.

### A Monstrous Absurdity.

Hawthorne says with wonderful point in his  
published Note-Book: "The best of us being un-  
fit to die, what an inexpressible absurdity to put  
the worst to death." We have never seen the  
argument put as a whole in so few words. They  
contain all that is to be said on the subject of  
capital punishment. They are a plaster over the  
mouth of speculation and humdrum talking.  
This is the pit and point of the matter. Man-  
kind is ashamed to be convicted of its inconsis-  
tency, because it demonstrates puerility and folly.  
That is the reason why no answer will ever be  
made to the above cited apothegm; but be sure  
that all sorts of sneers will be shield at the de-  
voted, but divine, head of Hawthorne. Now let  
these everlasting arguers attend: If it is true, as  
they persist in asserting, that the best of us are  
unfit to die, what is the sense or justice in putting  
to death those who are confessedly the worst of us  
all? Oh, punishment—they will answer; a mur-  
derer must be punished for his great crime. Yes,  
but have you, sir, any right to take life, that sa-  
cred gift of heaven alone? Is not this revenge,  
hated, malice, fear, anything rather than pure  
punishment? Well, comes the glow answer, per-  
haps it is so; but there is the matter of example;  
by declaring that the murderer shall forfeit his  
life for his crime, we deter others from incurring  
the same description of guilt. Ah, indeed; are  
you so very sure of that? Has not this experi-  
ment of murdering in return for murder been  
tried as long as it ought to be? How many more  
lives are to be sacrificed, before the question is  
finally settled? Do you not know that hanging  
fails to deter men from committing crimes that  
are just as sure to tighten the rope about their  
own necks? Then where is your argument? If  
gone, why not abandon your ground and become  
wholly human?

### Dr. Froude on Preaching.

The above gentleman, who is the accepted his-  
torian of the times of Henry the Eighth and Eliz-  
abeth, has been elected Rector of the University  
of St. Andrew, in Edinburgh, and recently in-  
stalled in his new place. In his address to the  
students he told some very plain truths about  
University education and Church of England  
preaching. Of the former—speaking of Oxford,  
of which he is himself a graduate—he observed  
that it was almost wholly useless in these active  
and practical times, since it taught a man pre-  
cisely what he was no better for knowing, and  
held out no inducement in the direction of a  
scholarship that could be put to worldly service.  
But concerning the preaching, Dr. Froude as-  
serted that all the University did was to turn out  
sermonizers and sermons ad libitum. He said he  
was familiar with the character and scope of the  
entire work accomplished by Oxford for the past  
twenty years, and the whole of it consisted of a  
wasteful flood of homilies about the Church, her  
ordinances, articles, tenets and practices, but  
never anything about the two Commandments  
on lying and stealing. Now the whole commer-  
cial system of England, he said, was saturated  
with dishonesty and falsehood. It ran through  
every channel of society, so that men could with  
difficulty be found who held fast to integrity of  
conduct and character. One of the two leading  
Universities of England, then, is of no further  
use than to turn out preachers and poor sermons  
on humdrum themes, while it left the urgent  
needs of modern life to go uncared for, and made  
its graduates helpless to themselves or the world  
around them. A stronger indictment against  
these schools of useless learning, as well as against  
aimless preaching, could not be drawn.

### Workingwomen's Convention.

A Convention of workingwomen was held in  
this city, Wednesday, April 21st, day and evening.  
Mr. William B. Green presided. As we have  
before stated, the object of this gathering was to  
consult on the special wants and general welfare  
of workingwomen, and devise means for bet-  
tering their condition. The following petition of Miss  
Phelps and other women, which has been pre-  
sented to the Legislature, embodies the practical  
point arrived at:

"We nevertheless pray your honorable body to cause to  
be purchased, in the neighborhood of Boston, a tract of good  
cultivable land; and to lay out in suitable lots, some  
of half an acre, some of an acre, and so on, to lots of  
three and five acres, with a good (but the cheapest possible)  
house on each lot. It is our desire that these lots should be  
let on lease to poor workingwomen of Boston, to whom the  
State would be willing to furnish rations, tools, seeds, and  
instruction in gardening, until such time as the women  
would be able to raise their own food, or otherwise become  
self-supporting; the payment of rent to commence with the  
third year only; and the rent to be then so graduated, and  
so applied as purchase money, that each woman might, in a  
reasonable time, pay off, in the form of rent, the entire cost  
of the State land on which she lives, with all other  
necessary incidental expenses, and become the sole proprie-  
trix of the lot in fee-simple; or, if it be thought preferable,  
each lot may be held in trust by the State for the sole use  
and benefit of the woman who has paid for it under the form  
of rent, to pass to her female heirs in the event of her  
death. And it is our further desire that these homesteads  
may be exempted from all taxation and from all process for  
debts, and that no person may be non-transferable to  
any male person whatever."

Miss Phelps explained her plan and the need of it, and  
told some of her experience as a workingwoman. She  
called up two or three workingwomen who now get their  
living by the needle, who named the prices which they were  
accustomed to get for work. One had recently worn out  
shirts which she had made for two shillings apiece.

The President asked Dr. Dio Lewis if he knew of any way  
by which they could get at statistics about workingwomen  
in this city.

Dr. Lewis said a society with which his wife was con-  
nected had ascertained by accurate means that there were  
about twenty thousand women who got their living by the  
needle in this city every day. How many worked at these  
starvation prices he did not know.

Another gentleman suggested that the canvassers for the  
Boston Directory, now going around, would probably be  
willing to collect the statistics of prices received for this  
kind of work and the number doing it.

A young woman, who said she formerly worked in Port-  
land, during the war made flannel shirts for army use at  
fifty cents a dozen, and now she makes a dozen for making  
shirts.

A gentleman stated to the meeting that he was formerly  
employed in a wholesale clothing house in New York which  
paid fifty cents a dozen for making checked flannel shirts.

A woman who said she kept an intelligence office in Wor-  
cester, asked what the need was of woman working with  
the needle, when there were plenty of places where she  
could do housework and find a good home.

The Chairman thought the business of keeping an intelli-  
gence office hardly entitled a person to be called a "work-  
ingwoman," and Miss Jennie Collins, in answer to  
the question, said that needle-work, by the very na-  
ture of their work, were not fitted by skill, or health, or by  
recommendation, for housework. She gave somewhat in  
detail the experience among sewing girls and women, who  
the needle live. She thought the remark of Henry Ward  
Beecher that "more women had been slain by the needle  
than men by the sword," was a very true one. From prac-  
tical experience among sewing girls and women, she had  
a knowledge of the work they do, her remarks were of weight  
and interest. The great evil was "slop work," which found  
its sale in ready-made clothing stores, and is manufactured  
in the tenement houses on Devonshire and other  
streets in this city. The custom work of regular tailoring  
establishments pays well, and requires skill and ability to  
do it. She gave some of the starvation prices paid for work,  
by which a girl could not earn more than three dollars a  
week at the utmost, and which were starting. Of course  
these girls cannot live in Boston at such wages; they can-  
not afford to ride in the cars, and they must walk in to the  
shop, often before daylight, and without breakfast to their  
work. They are crowded into the shops, where they are close  
and hot, and filled with the steam from the pressing of the cloth-  
ing. She hardly knew how the evils were to be remedied  
unless "slop work" could be done away with, and the em-  
ployees paid fair prices.

Remarks were made by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Jennie  
Collins, Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. Syme, Stephen Foster, Mrs. War-  
ner, Mrs. E. L. Daniels, Mrs. Curtis, L. D. Grover, George  
Bennett, &c.

The following resolutions were passed after some discus-  
sion:

Resolved, That a Bureau of Intelligence be established  
whose duty it shall be to seek out opportunities for those  
who desire a change of employment.

Resolved, That we hereby form ourselves into an associa-  
tion to be known as the Boston Workingwomen's League,  
and that the Chairman of this meeting appoint a Provisional  
President, Secretary and Board of Directors, of this League,  
with power to perfect the organization, and authority to call  
a meeting at which they may report for approval of their  
proceedings.

The Convention then adjourned.

### Hingham, Mass.

The 11th of March was duly observed in Hing-  
ham by the Children's Lyceum, with new equip-  
ments, consisting of a fine silk flag for Guardian,  
60 by 38, composed of the twelve colors belonging  
to the Lyceum, also silk flags for the leaders, and  
new targets with the proper colors.

The children united in one grand effort to sing  
and speak their best, and did themselves credit,  
as the audience proved by frequent applause.  
The hall was crowded. After the exercises by  
the Lyceum closed, the hall was cleared of seats,  
and dancing commenced and continued until late  
in the evening. All seemed to enjoy the enter-  
tainment, and went home happy.

At the annual meeting of the Lyceum for the  
choice of officers for the ensuing year, the old  
officers were re-elected, with the exception of the  
Guardian, who resigned her position, and Miss  
Ada A. Clark was chosen to fill her place. The  
funds have been subscribed for another year, and  
all looks propitious for the coming time.

### Our Subscribers' List.

Our subscribers continue their laudable efforts  
to increase the circulation of the Banner of Light,  
by each obtaining one or more new subscribers.  
Quite a formidable list of names has thus been  
obtained, which shows conclusively how easy a  
matter it will be to treble the circulation of the  
Banner when all lend a helping hand. The in-  
visible world unite with us in thanking you,  
friends, for your noble work. We continue the  
list of names of such subscribers as have sent us  
one or more new ones since our last issue:

L. B. Ruggles sends five new subscribers, ac-  
companied with the money; F. S. Pope, one; D. P.  
Wilder, one; J. G. King, one; Mrs. M. S. Bright,  
one; Jas. Cooper, one; Mrs. E. Sprague, one; C.  
S. Twombly, one; Samuel Austin, one; J. H.  
Harter, one; Wm. Perley, one; Chas. Thompson,  
one; O. W. Lawry, one; W. C. Ogden, two; E. N.  
Hall, two; N. Lamb, one; G. Kates, one.

### The Davenport Mediums in Boston.

It will be seen by advertisement, that the world-  
renowned physical mediums, the Davenport Bro-  
thers and William Fay, are in this city, and will  
hold séances in Music Hall, Tuesday, Wednesday  
and Thursday evenings, April 27th, 28th and 29th.  
These mediums have recently returned from a  
four years' tour in Europe, where they have met  
with complete success in exhibiting the physical  
phenomena through their mediumship. We hope  
the skeptical will avail themselves of this oppor-  
tunity to witness the manifestations through these  
excellent mediums. They have appeared before  
nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, been sub-  
jected to the severest scrutiny, and always main-  
tained their integrity as truthful mediums.

### "Habits and Temptations."

Rev. George H. Hepworth preached in the  
Boston Theatre, Sunday evening, April 18th, on  
"Habits and Temptations." Those more particu-  
larly considered were intemperance, gambling  
and immorality. He charged parents with the  
responsibility for much of the sin of our youth  
because they do not give their children proper  
home influence, and example, and he quoted the  
remark that "the best way for a man to teach his  
child to walk in the straight and narrow path is  
to walk in it himself occasionally."

### New Publications.

THE TRUE WOMAN is called "a series of discourses, by  
Rev. J. D. Fulton," the culminating discourse bearing the  
title of "Woman vs. Ballot," and is published by Lee &  
Shepard. Its peculiarities are not such as belong to thought,  
but to braggart willfulness and a shallow conceit of ex-  
perience, observation, and knowledge.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for May has a  
frontispiece called "The Rustic Student," the 1st test. Parlia-  
mentary modes, and the usual variety of choice designs, patterns,  
receipts, and readable letter-press. It is a Spring number.

THE GALAXY for May opens with Charles Reade's story,  
chapters VI and VII, and proffers the last article of Rich-  
ard Grant White on the uses of words, a story called "Pairs  
and Repairs," a sketch of "English Toryism and its Lead-  
ers," another of the late James T. Brady, with a medley of  
criticism on a recent flight of poetical birds, and the usual  
brilliant social and literary miscellany. The editorial "Neb-  
ula" comprise some bright starlets, which will not fail to  
attract attention.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY for May presents at the threshold a  
very well summed-up statement of Thomas Carlyle's genius  
and influence, followed by the customary variety of verse  
and prose, superior and indifferent. Political questions,  
foreign and domestic, are discussed in several articles. Lit-  
erary matters are handled with pith, point, and precision.  
There is a healthy mixture of narrative and poetic, and the  
editorial department contains some very pleasant and in-  
structive table-talk. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

John Allen has delivered a lecture in San Francisco on  
"Progression, Illustrated by Scraps of 'creation's History.'"  
He shows up certain delusions by which great numbers of  
worthy people are misled and cheated.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for May has a ludicrous frontispiece  
engraving, perhaps seriously meant, called "The First  
Visit." If any one can look at that "feller" without a  
right-out-loud snicker, he can do what we have tried to do  
in vain. The fashion plates for this month are brilliant,  
and there is a long array of useful and ornamental designs  
and patterns. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton opens with  
an engaging story, and is followed by one from Mrs. Henry  
Wood. For sale by the New England News Company.

Mayne Reid's "Oswann" pushes straight on, no doubt  
to a marked success. It abounds in stories of the Red  
patron, with taking illustrations. But there is too much  
egotism about the editor: Young people want the product,  
not the producer.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS gives more of Aldrich's "Story of a  
Bad Boy," the Eleventh Packet, of the "William Henry Let-  
ters," Lawrence's Journey, Candy Making, Canary Islands  
and Canary Birds, Dr. Trot, Gardening for Girls, Sixty-  
two Little Tadpoles, and other good things for the young  
people. It is a very number of this juvenile favorite.

THE ATLANTIC, MONTHLY has a solid list of contents,  
commencing with Higginson's "Oldport Romance," and  
proceeding with "The Clothes Man," by Parson, "Brah-  
minism," "The Horrible of Long Point," "The Portlan-  
tine," "The Fox in the Household," "Spring in Wash-  
ington," "Autobiography of a Quaker," "Can a Life Hide  
Itself?" "The Pacific Railroad Open," "The Intellectual  
Character of President Grant," "The New Taste in Theatricals."

THE RADICAL for May has articles from Chadwick, Frothing-  
ham, Whipple, Higginson (his address on Immortality),  
Whitman, Nichols, Clifford and others.

LITFENTRICK'S MAGAZINE for May begins with Beyond the  
Breakers, follows up with a pretty poem on May Apples,  
gives a sketch on Salmon Fishing, another of the Hans  
Brechtman ballads, a tale by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Re-  
ollections of Washington Irving and other articles in prose  
and verse of decided attraction. Anthony Trollope's new  
novel is to be commenced in the July number.

ALICE'S







## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was claimed by the Spirit who gave it, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Constant.

These Messages indicate that spirit life is the characteristic of our earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

### The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 153 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.

Max Constant receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

### Boquets 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 Infinite Spirit, oh Perfect Life, in union with the many voices of this newly-born year we would send forth our hymn of praise, and would breathe out upon the life of this hour our prayers, our hopes, our fears, all our best joys, our sorrows, and all that which belongs to the present. We would not forget, oh our Father, the mistakes we have made, but we would remember them all; and, bowing our faces because of our ignorance, we ask thee to change that ignorance to wisdom, to take away the darkness of our being and give us light, to take away all our error and to give us knowledge; give us that truth that cometh from above—that which our souls can never question. We praise thee for life, beautiful life—for the dark shadings of the picture, as for its brighter hues. We thank thee no less for our sorrows than for our joys; for the deep, dark places through which our souls have passed, for by them we appreciate and understand the better way. Lead us, our Father, to a better appreciation of all thy truths. We will not ask thee to forgive us for the mistakes we have made, for thou art constantly forgiving us. Thy loving kindness remembers nothing against us; with fatherly wisdom and motherly love we are forever folded in thine arms and protected by thy power. Oh grant that these thy children who have gathered here may this hour make new resolves. May they be strengthened with faith and hope. May they go out from this place feeling thy blessing to rest upon them. May their prayers result in holy deeds of kindness and love to their fellows. May their songs of rejoicing be such as the angels shall approve, and may all their daily lives speak, in tones of purity and perfection, of their souls. Oh grant that a wreath of fadeless flowers of faith and hope may be laid upon their brows; may the fragrance thereof enrich every soul; and may the light of wisdom enter the dark chambers of their being, making glorious that which is dark, and giving light where darkness had taken up its abode. Oh Spirit, who lovest us well, we lay our prayers and our praises upon the altar of life, and we know thou wilt bless them. We know thou wilt remember our weakness and give us strength. We know that thou wilt remember all our imperfections, and wilt gently lead us out of the dark night of an imperfect life into the bright morning of thine own wisdom and justice, because thou art all of life, and we but a part; thou art all wisdom, and we but the atom; thou art all of justice, and we but the mote in the sunbeam of thine infinite day. We pray for light, and it will come. We pray for strength, and it will come. We pray for all we have need of, and forever our prayers are being answered. And should we, in our ignorance, ask for what we do not need, in mercy withhold it, and chasten us according to our needs. Lay crosses upon our shoulders as we may need them. Fold us in the dark mantle of despair whenever we have need, and give us strength to say, "Thy will be done." Amen.

### Questions and Answers.

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

CHAIRMAN.—A week ago last Wednesday I left here at three o'clock P. M., to visit a child who was very sick in Newark, N. J., and arrived there at one o'clock the next morning. My wife, who was here at home, said that at three o'clock of the same morning she saw me at her bedside so distinctly that she spoke to me, asking, "How is it that you are here?" I thought you were in New Jersey." I was at that time standing by the bedside of the child in Newark. I would like to ask if it was my spirit proper, or whether it was my thought of her that took this visible shape?

ANS.—You seem to forget that your thought is, in fact, your spirit—nothing more, nothing less. And you also seem to forget that the spirit has power to overcome time and space. It occupies no sensible time—not according to human senses—in passing from one point to another. It can travel faster than light. It is here, and instantly it is there. A spirit dwelling in the body of a certain extent, the physical laws pertaining to the body, and, to a very large extent, it is free even then. It goes whithersoever it will. It traverses the universe and other universes. It holds communion with the inhabitants of the most distant star, and as perfectly, as a spirit, as it can hold communion with its fellows here. Now, then, this being true, it would not be at all strange—nothing out of the natural course, to suppose that your spirit did indeed visit your earthly home, and in such a tangible way as to be recognized by the senses of your companion. I say it would not be strange, and, from your statement, I am inclined to think that this is the case. Had I been present I should have known to a positive certainty. As it is, I can only form an opinion from what I have known of other similar cases.

CHAIRMAN.—My wife said that she was, at the time, perfectly wide awake, and recognized me just as clearly as she ever did in her life. I remember of thinking of her several times, but had no idea of reaching her in any tangible way.

A.—I have been informed that you are especially gifted in this respect—that you have the gift of retiring from the body, leaving that in one locality and making yourself spiritually apparent, thoroughly recognized, at another place.

CHAIRMAN.—This is not the only instance of the kind. My spirit has been recognized by others in distant places, but I never knew it to come so near home before.

Q.—Are we to understand that the spirit is absent from the body while at some distant place, or that there is a double consciousness—the same spirit occupying two places at the same time?

A.—All spirits have the power to project themselves into external life, and become recognized

by the external consciousness, to a certain extent. You are indeed possessed, under all circumstances, of a double consciousness—that which is present with the external form, and that which is absent by virtue of the action of the distant law. For instance, you may have a friend in London, while you in physical form are in Boston. You think of the friend in London. He thinks of you at the same time. There is a direct vehicle over which the spirit passes, communicates, but at the same time it is conscious within the physical life in Boston. There is a consciousness which belongs especially to the physical human life, is governed by that life—can express itself in no other way than through that life. Then there is a consciousness that belongs to the spirit body, and it can express itself at any distant point, wherever it chooses, however far distant from the physical body, at any time when the attraction is sufficient to cause it to leave the body. These indwelling spirits elude human senses. The seer cannot detect the spirit. It is beyond it. It can not be weighed and measured by your human senses, and yet it acts upon those human senses as best pleases itself. We have always told you that you were living here in this world, three distinct lives—the life which belongs to the animal world, that which belongs to the spiritual world, and that which belongs to the higher, the soul or divine life—three in one. There is a great truth underlying the doctrine of the trinity which is yet to be revealed.

Q.—Does any change of temperature occur in the spirit-world?

A.—Yes, there is an infinite number of degrees of change—all the various gradations that are necessary to spirit-life.

Q.—Extreme cold and extreme heat, with all the gradations?

A.—Not such cold or heat as you experience here, but that which is equivalent to it.

Q.—Are those living there made uncomfortable by these changes?

A.—No, not necessarily, because the spirit has the power more perfectly than here to adapt itself to conditions. The law of adaptation is better understood there than here. If you understood it here, the fire would not burn you, the water would not drown you; when the air was at a very low temperature it would not freeze you.

Q.—Do you mean to say that if we understood the law we could resist these changes with our physical bodies?

A.—Yes, I do mean that you shall understand me precisely thus.

Q.—Will that knowledge ever be possessed by men on earth?

A.—I think not. At all events, it is so far in the future, if it ever comes, that it would be folly to hope for it.

Q.—Is spirit the offspring of soul, as some assert?

A.—I believe that the two terms, spirit and soul, are synonymous. Some determine the soul to be the inner life, and the spirit to be the body of the inner life. I can draw no line of demarcation between the two.

Q.—Is that a proper distinction to make?

A.—Yes, it is very proper to those who so understand it, but, for my own part, I have never been able to discover any distinction between the two. I hear many spirits talking about the spirit and talking about the soul, but I find by their conversation that they mean one and the same thing. Some call the consciousness of human life the soul—some call it the spirit. Some make a distinction, and call the spirit the clothing of the soul—the external through which the soul manifests.

### Andrew Madison.

Well, Captain-General, the first thing I have to say is, I am here. [We have ample evidence of that.] Yes, without my saying so. Well, the next thing I have to say is, that I am, or was—and I suppose I have the right to claim the name now—Andrew Madison. That's my name. Don't look like it, do I? [Not much.] Well, it doesn't make any difference. I suppose I made my exit from this world by the fashionable rules of war. Went out by cold lead. Very good way of going out. If you don't believe it, try it. Then, of course, you will know all about it. I was private in Company G, First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. Don't forget, will you? because it's an important item. Do not forget to say I was a private; might mistake me for something higher. And if you care to know about my old relics, go behind old Wood's house, near Fort Gregg, and there you will find them—not three rods from the house. Mind to try it? I'll be your pilot. [I am more interested in your spirit than in your body.] So am I—so we agree. Well, here I am in old Massachusetts. I hardly expected to return in any such way. But strange things happen now-a-days, and it's no use saying, when one strange thing happens, that is the most wonderful that ever can happen, because to-morrow's wheel may turn out something still more wonderful. If I had been told when I was here that I should be back communicating in this way, sending messages to the friends I have got here, I should have believed it about as quick as if I had been told that the moon was an onion, and I could have a slice off it. But here I am.

Now won't you say, for me, just this? Since I have found the way back in this weird, mysterious manner, I should be doubly glad to communicate with any one of my folks—any one among 'em that ain't afraid to talk with a ghost. I should like to talk with, and I will do my very best to make myself agreeable, and to prove my identity beyond a doubt. The best can't do any better, you know. Say that I died as a soldier should do—content to cross the road and meet whatever there was beyond. If there was a court-martial for me there, all right. No doubt I'd deserve it. If I was going to be ushered into Paradise, either of the Mahometan or the Christian, that's all right. But as it so happened, I found everything different from what I expected. I didn't travel off to any distant heaven, but I traveled right straight to old Boston, just as fast as the air line could carry me, and I made a circuit round among my friends, and found I was n't recognized. Might have known it before I started. But as it happened, I didn't bring any great pack of baggage to encumber me, so I could be off without any trouble. So I floated round here, and waited for my chance, like any honest chap. Now if you want any further information as to my solid identity, why I suppose the records of Massachusetts will give you some information. If I don't succeed, can I call round again? [Certainly.] All right. [You have n't given your age.] No, sir, I have n't. Twenty-six. Good-by to you. [Have you said all you wish to?] No, sir, not by a long chalk, but it's all I wish to say here. [You address no particular friend. You wish to give only a general invitation.] A general invitation. Any one of them that's a mind to take it up, I shall be glad to meet. It matters not who. Good-day.

### Ellen Sullivan.

Oh I was trying so much—all the time—to come back here, and I have no way, because it is now

a very long time since I went away. I was with Mrs. Lewis, a servant with her, and my name was Ellen Sullivan, and we were lost on the "Central America"—you know, the steamer from California. Well, I was there, and I went down in the steamer. And now, you see, I have something like a hundred pounds in my own right, and I was always wanting my sister to have that, but somehow it wasn't divided right. My two brothers have the most, and they give her just what they please, you know. And I want the priest to make it right, you see, because my sister, she is poor and has two children, and a husband what is not very good, you know, not in good health at all, and is poor. And they have the health and strength and all the means to get themselves money, you know. And you see, sir, what I come for, is not merely to say I can come back, but it is for this: I'd like them to give to my sister what they have taken, and I want the priest, if he has any influence with them, to see that they do so. [Where did you belong?] In this country. I was in New York, sir. This is Boston, I suppose. I was in New York, and my sister and two brothers are there. [Where was the property?] I had it in New York. It was in Mr. Case's hands. He controlled it. He took care of it. And then my brother, he came forward to take charge of all my things, and that was my personal property, and he was considered the heir, you know. And I don't know how it was, but he took the liberty to do all the business himself. Well, I left no will, you know, and there's where the trouble came. [They would all be entitled, by law, to an equal portion.] Oh yes, I know; but I want the priest, if he has influence with my brother, to advise him to give it all to her. They have the use of it. I don't care about that; but let them give the principal, just what the principal was at the time of my death, to her. [What is his name?] James Sullivan. My oldest brother. [Your age?] My age, sir, was thirty-one.

This coming here takes me back to the time I died. Oh that was a fearful time—yes, sir, it was. Good-day, sir.

### Capt. Wm. Flowers.

Say that Captain William Flowers would be glad to communicate with his friends.

Jan. 4.

### Samuel Poor.

I am by name Samuel Poor, by trade a sail-maker. Served my time here in Boston, and worked here quite a long time, I think seven years.

I got very patriotic at the beginning of the rebellion, and was obliged to abandon the palm for the musket. Could n't do any other way. Was n't in a condition to attend to business at home. Felt very warm—very patriotic just then. And I don't know as I've any regrets to offer just here, because I suppose it is all right, notwithstanding I believe the Government to be in a more unsafe and rotten condition than it was before. In my opinion it ought to be swept from the face of the earth and forgotten as a Government. That is my opinion. Every man has a right to his own, you know. I went out to war, as I said, to defend one of the best Governments known under heaven. Well, I so thought it; but I've changed my mind. And I thought there was a possibility of finding an old friend of mine, who said to me, "Poor, I tell you what 'tis: you are going out to fight for the negro; the Constitution and the Union has nothing to do with it." And we had quite a little brush over the matter. I contended that I was going to sustain the rights of the Government; that her head-centre had been infringed upon, and I was going to defend it. Said he, "I tell you what it is: you will find out the negro is the bone of contention; and after all the fighting you will find the Government, as a Government, is no better than it was years ago, or is now. And if you change your mind just a honest enough to say so." I have changed my mind; and I've come back to tell him so. I think the Government is rotten clear through; and if I was back here to-day and was called out to defend it, I would stand up and be shot before I would do it. That is talking just what I believe. It is a very good thing to be invincible and at the same time to be present where you can read people's minds and see just what they think—that their motives are; see all their under-cover acts. I tell you, if you can stand in that position one week and view the case from that standpoint, if you don't come to the same conclusion as I do, it's because you are a fool, that's all.

I have n't any particular friends, any special, near relatives, to make an appeal to from this platform. I was an old back, and lived in single blessedness. So, you see, I've got nothing in the family line to draw me back. Yet I felt such an attraction, an inclination to come and redeem my promise, I kinder concluded it didn't make any difference whether it came from a dead man or a living one. I was just as much responsible for its redemption on the spirit side as here. I so understood it. And now, if my friend Powers is anywhere within the reach of my message, I hope he will come up to the scratch and we will have a good talk together. He was right and I was wrong, but no matter now.

I've sailed on to this new shore, and I find it a pretty comfortable place. Don't think I would return if I had a chance to. [Will you give your age?] Ask a bachelor how old he is! Might as well ask an old maid. If I told you, how would you know but I was giving three or four years under score? [But you are on the other side now.] Oh, yes; it don't make any difference there. I am thirty-seven—that is to say, I was; am a little ahead of that now, of course. [Give your company and regiment?] My company and regiment! [Never mind, if you don't wish to.] Oh yes; that's an honest question. Company I, 16th Massachusetts. Good-day, captain.

### Annie L. Webb.

I had a fever when I came. In Danville, Ohio, Annie L. Webb is my name. My father's name, Josiah Webb; my mother, Eliza. Fourteen years old. I have a brother George. He is on the earth. I have a sister here in the spirit-world, and her name is Annie. She died some seven—nearly eight years before my birth. If you will be kind enough to say that we two would be glad to communicate with our friends here, we shall try in some way to show you that we are grateful for your kindness. Say that the death of the body is not the death of the soul; that we live in our spirit home, and that we are just as tangible and as real people there as we ever were here. We have no bodies that are subject to fevers and that die as bodies do here, but we have bodies, and they are such as will be recognized by our friends when they come to the spirit-world.

My sister had dark blue eyes when here, and auburn hair.—She was fair—a beautiful child. I, like my father, was dark—very dark hair and eyes. Tell my mother I have the same represented in my spirit home, and there need be no

fear that she will not know us. [How old was your sister when she passed away?] She died before I was born, and was five years old—may be a little more or a little less. Farewell, sir.

Jan. 4.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by William Berry.

### Invocation.

Oh, our Father, in the name of the holy past, the blessed present, and the untold future, we are here assembled, and we come that we may learn of thee; that thou mayst inspire us anew; that the sun of thy wisdom may dispel the shadows of our ignorance; that we may take one step further on in the great future of eternity. Our Father, our prayers are surrounded by weakness, and they rise to thee like incense upon the mists and shadows of our human lives. And as thou dost call forth the beauty of the lily from the dark soil of earth, so thou art able to call forth the beauty of wisdom from the dark soil of our ignorance. As thou dost mantle the day with the glory of light, and canst bless the night with its thousands and tens of thousands of stars, so thou canst bless the night of our ignorance with thy star of truth; with thine everlasting love and power, thou canst uphold us. Should we tremble under the crosses which thy wisdom doth lay upon us, give us strength. Should we falter in the way of being, give us power to urge us on. Should we fear the shadow, oh speak unto us, that we may hear thy voice, and know thou art nigh unto us.

We would reason with thee. Through the divine oracle which thou hast placed within the reach of all, we would talk with thee. Though we cannot measure thee, though we cannot analyze thee, though we can only know as much of thee as the capacity of our own being determines, yet forever we turn the leaves of life's great history, and forever and forever read thy law. Our Father, may the dew of thy choicest blessings rest upon these mortals, illumining their spirits, driving out the mists and fogs of doubt, and causing each one to rise up in joy and thanksgiving before this brighter day. Oh grant, our Father, that the veil that hangs between the world of mind and the world of matter may be so transparent that all may see, ay, and realize something of the promised, the better land that the soul is ushered into at the change called death. Our Father, thou son of our being, thou radiant light of all, accept our praises, hear and answer our prayers, in the name of all that has been, that is, and ever shall be. Amen.

Jan. 5.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have queries to present, we are ready to consider them. Any proper question in science, philosophy or religion, which we are able to answer, we shall be very glad to.

QUES.—Has the controlling spirit ever met and made the acquaintance in the spirit-world of Samuel Hopkins, the father of the Hopkinsian doctrine?

ANS.—No, I have not.

Q.—Is there anything in the spirit-world used as we use money?

A.—The law of mine and thine belongs exclusively to earth. There are mediums of exchange in the spirit-world, and those mediums of exchange are equivalent to those which you have here. But they are not used in precisely the same way that they are used here; for which you will be very thankful when you shall enter the spirit-world.

Q.—Do you mean to say there is nothing there that is claimed as private property?

A.—All that which is private property is a legitimate outgrowth of the individual who owns it, and can be by no possibility be made use of by any other individual. Therefore, you see, it would be folly to steal, and absolutely useless to beg.

Q.—Do all spirits enter upon the road of progression as soon as they pass from this earth, or otherwise?

A.—The law of progress has been in action from all past eternity. Spirits are always progressing here in this world, and in the spirit-world proper. Although they may seem to stand still, though they make no perceptible forward movement, yet the wheels of progression are ever revolving, and revolve in the experience of every soul.

Q.—Is there any accountability in the spirit-world?

A.—There certainly is. We are accountable to the judge of our own lives for all our thoughts, for all our deeds, and we arraign ourselves at the bar of our own consciences. There we are tried, and if we have made a mistake, or committed what you here call sin, we are never acquitted, but we are always scourged till we have outlived the sin.

Q.—Do you accede to degrees of progress?

A.—Yes, there are very many degrees to progress. Some are more marked than others. Some souls progress in an even, harmonious manner, others in a rough, uneven manner. Some go down into the valley, that they may progress thereby, and drink large draughts of the waters of bitterness and despair; but they are progressing. Others move along upon the quiet current of an even life, and they, too, are progressing.

Q.—Is that reconcilable with the idea of eternal progress? In other words, can we divide eternity?

A.—We certainly can, because if we could not, it would not well serve the purpose of individual life.

Q.—How can you divide? Is there any point of departure, or terminus, in eternity?

A.—No, we have no terminus, in that eternity implies a condition without beginning and without ending.

Q.—Does the Almighty ever change any of the laws of Nature? For instance, the law of gravitation, to save a bone from breaking by a fall, or to save a ship from sinking?

A.—I do not know that the Almighty ever changes the laws of Nature.

Q.—I mean suspend them for the time being?

A.—In other words, do I believe in special providences?

Q.—Well, that will do.

A.—Yes, I do. But I believe these special providences are brought about through human agents. I know that the law of gravitation can be temporarily suspended. I am sure of that. I know that there are conditions under which a ponderous body may be held in the atmosphere for a given time, entirely overcoming the law of gravitation. I am not sure that the divine life, the greater good, makes any special interference in the case; and yet, viewing all these things from an outside and superior standpoint, I can but come to the conclusion that all things, even the minute conditions of life, are under the superintendence of this same divine power, in which we live, move, and have our being.

Q.—Have you a rule by which I may always distinguish between a general and an individual inspiration?

A.—No; there is no absolute, infallible rule. All inspiration is more or less general, because every thought is connected with every other thought—a gem strung upon eternity, and in such near proximity to all other gems that a certain influence must be exercised over it. When we speak a kind word, or think a kind thought, or the reverse, we cannot always be sure that it belongs exclusively to ourselves. And when we hear such from the lips of our friends, we are not sure that the inspiration comes from that individual source alone. We do not know that it does not come from the great ocean of inspiration in which we all live.

Q.—In cases where wrong is done by one to another, will there be opportunity in the spirit-world to repair that wrong?

A.—There certainly will. No soul can ever trespass upon the rights of any other soul without suffering the consequences thereof; and through that suffering they are brought to a knowledge of the better way, and, by and through that, a reconciliation takes place.

Q.—Does absolute justice always require it of one from another?

A.—Every soul measures justice according to its own capacity. With us, as with you, no two individuals can see justice from the same standpoint. What might be exceedingly just to me, might not be so to you. Each soul is required to obey the instinct of its own law—required to render obedience to its own highest sense of right.

Q.—Is there a particular spirit speaking through you?

A.—I am speaking myself. My name will be announced at the close of this séance.

Q.—In reference to a former question I would ask, do you mean to be understood that the laws of gravitation are actually suspended, or only counteracted by some other law?

A.—Is not that equivalent to suspension?

Q.—I think I see a difference.

A.—I certainly cannot. The counter action is a suspension.

Q.—But you may counteract a law without suspending it, by bringing a stronger force to bear against it.

A.—No; I do not so understand it. The terms are synonymous with me.

Q.—I think not, exactly. If I hold my hand out and stop a weight from falling, the law of gravitation is not suspended; it is only counteracted by my hand.

A.—Well, I do not see, in that case, that the law of gravitation is even counteracted. If a body falling through the air meets with another body equally dense, ponderable, there is a physical force that prevents it from falling to the floor or the ground. You might as well say the law of gravitation was counteracted when the ball had reached the ground.

Q.—Has the spirit-world any means of learning of scientific matters that are not possessed here?

A.—It certainly has. The sciences that are in their infancy with you—many of them—have attained mature age in the spirit-world.

Q.—Do they have any miraculous source or means of learning?

A.—No miraculous source, certainly.

Q.—Have we the privilege, through any spirit, of obtaining such knowledge?

A.—You are constantly in receipt of knowledge that is imparted to you from the spirit-world. Q.—I mean one having a given science which they wish to gain information concerning—can they obtain assistance?

A.—Yes, under favorable conditions; and those conditions are, if you are ready to receive what you ask for, if you put yourself in the right position to receive it—put yourself in harmony with the law of reception; then, in all probability, you can receive, because there are thousands of spirits hovering near the earth constantly, who are intensely anxious to see the knowledge they have received in their second life open to you here, and they will embrace every opportunity that you offer to make the largest and very best use of all the means you place within their reach.

Q.—What do you mean by conscience?

A.—I mean that subtle power or life which determines between the right and wrong of every living soul.

Q.—Is it not a matter of education? A.—So far as the earthly life is concerned, it is. It is an outgrowth of your education. It is warped by it; it bows down to it, and renders almost implicit obedience to it. But there is an inner life; there is that which I might call, and well, too, the oracle, that stands between the higher life and our own souls.

Q.—Cannot conscience then be called reason?

A.—Yes; it is only another term meaning the same.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—I would like to speak a few moments, as I have time granted me, still further concerning this law of gravitation. Suppose I should, at this time, cause this subject through whom I am speaking to suddenly leave this chair and platform and be suspended in the air, and you should use all your efforts to cause her to descend, but not be successful, I should say that the law of gravitation had, in that special case, been suspended.

Q.—That would be determined, would it not, by the means used? If by chains or ropes, the law of gravitation would be in action just the same.

A.—The means used are these: The magnetic connection that holds all ponderable bodies in subservience to the centre of the earth, should be, for the time being, disconnected, cut off. The law of gravitation acts upon all bodies in proportion to their magnetic and electric life. There are magnetic and electric cords passing through every body—every ponderable body, at least—in this earth-life, to the centre of the planet. There is deposited the great source of your magnetic and electric life, such as belongs to the planet, and to you as children of the planet. Now, if, by virtue of superior knowledge, we can sever these electric cords, the attraction to the centre of the earth, so far as you are concerned, will cease. What will be the result? You will rise—take an upward instead of a downward course. The law is not suspended—the general law is in action. It acts upon all other bodies, but upon you it is suspended; upon the object that is disconnected with the centre of the earth, it is suspended. I should be very glad to speak at length upon this subject, for it is in which I am sure many of you would be largely interested. I had time to unfold to you all that I have seen and realized concerning this same law of gravitation; but for the present I am done—not with the subject, but with the time allotted me.

ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.—This last explanation is to me very satisfactory. The former was not.

SPIRIT.—There is very much more to be said, and I am quite as anxious to say it as you are to hear it, but my time has expired.

Jan. 5.

### Daniel Gibson.

I hail from Cleveland, Ohio, and I am one of those kind of people that can never be made to believe anything that they cannot see through. I have contended ever since my death that there







Western Department.

J. M. PEEBLES, 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. Letters and orders when sent should be made payable to WILLIAM WHITE & CO., and not to J. M. PEEBLES. This course will save much time and trouble. Local matters from the West requiring immediate attention, and articles intended for the next issue, should be sent direct to the Boston office. Letters and papers intended for our columns should be directed to J. M. PEEBLES. Persons writing us in May will direct to Boston, Mass., care BANNER OF LIGHT.

Unitarianism and Eternal Torments.

If any one clergyman more than another in the ranks of the Unitarian denomination is authorized to write to preach authoritatively, relative to the doctrines of Unitarianism, that man is the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York. In a recent sermon upon the "unpardonable sin," delivered in All Souls' Church, New York, and published in the *Christian Register*, Mr. Bellows expresses a firm belief in eternal sinning and the consequent eternity of hell-torments. And yet there are many poor weaklings, believing in Spiritualism, supporting such preaching. Why they do it puzzles us. Here follow several extracts:

"In whatever sense we take our Master's utterance, there is a sin against the Holy Ghost, a sin which cannot be forgiven. O if I were but to go to an ingenious critic of these passages, and strive to show how their apparent meaning might be evaded or escaped, I should do just what I condemn in others. The literal and grammatical sense of the passages is plain; that there is a sin unpardonable and unforgivable, and Christ placed no limit to its punishment. O if I were but to see, from our knowledge of human nature, how great is the tendency of sinful habits to continue, and how great is the tendency of indulgence until their domination over the character becomes almost absolute. In other words, we can see that often the difficulty of reformation is so great as to render it almost impossible for the sinner to turn back. The relative malignity of disposition, or willful hatred of goodness, such as the Pharisee manifested, as the kind most desperate and hopeless. We cannot see that it is likely to be repented of in this world, or in the world to come, and, therefore, cannot see how it is to be pardoned now or here. O if I were but to see, with all its possibilities for good and evil, is a vastly deeper, more solemn and mysterious sphere than we are wont to consider. The shadow and the splendor that combine in its immortal life, beginning here and now, are such as to lead us to look upon the future possible results of sin with some solemn misgivings. I do not deny, therefore, the possibility of eternal punishment for eternal evil, and I believe, in the words of the apostle, that 'the wages of sin is death.' O if I have nothing in my religious philosophy which keeps me from believing that men may continue sinners to eternity, if they choose, and consequently, in a state of permanent alienation from God, and thus under eternal punishment."

Whether this Unitarian clergyman would endorse the following descriptions of this "eternal punishment," we are not authorized to express an opinion.

With lurid imagination, Pollok tells us he  
"Saw a lake of burning fire,  
With tempests howling roundly, and still  
The waves of fire darkness, 'gainst the rocks  
Of dark damnation broke, and music made  
Of melancholy sort. O if I were but to see, with all its possibilities for good and evil, is a vastly deeper, more solemn and mysterious sphere than we are wont to consider. The shadow and the splendor that combine in its immortal life, beginning here and now, are such as to lead us to look upon the future possible results of sin with some solemn misgivings. I do not deny, therefore, the possibility of eternal punishment for eternal evil, and I believe, in the words of the apostle, that 'the wages of sin is death.' O if I have nothing in my religious philosophy which keeps me from believing that men may continue sinners to eternity, if they choose, and consequently, in a state of permanent alienation from God, and thus under eternal punishment."

Debate at Farmington, O.

Between A. A. Wheelock and Prof. A. N. Crafts, commenced Monday, March 8th, at 10 A. M., and closed March 14th, at 4 P. M.—Six days.

Controversies conducted in the right spirit are ever interesting and profitable. Bro. Wheelock opened the discussion on the first question by stating what constitutes a Spiritualist—belief in the divine existence; conscious communion with spirits; sovereignty of individual opinion, and the living of a true, well-ordered life. The belief of one was not binding or authoritative over another. It was impossible to get at the opinions and principles of Spiritualists, as a body, only by their *Resolutions at Conventions*, their State and National Organizations, and hence he read published principles from the Massachusetts, New York, Ohio and Michigan State and National Organizations. He cited these as the doctrines of modern Spiritualism.

Prof. Crafts responded by reading garbled extracts from extreme writers who are or who have professed to be Spiritualists, endeavoring to show that these men were the exponents and exponents of the doctrines of Spiritualism. This was morally dishonest in the Professor, and Mr. W. demonstrated it to the audience. Then, as the Philosophy of Spiritualism gave the only true theory of all life, Mr. W. claimed its phenomena were just as broad, and that every manifestation of intelligence in the human mind, whether in the body or in the physical body or out of it, was truly and legitimately a spirit-manifestation; more, he claimed, that—question existence as we might—we could only get an intelligent response from organized spirit. Unorganized spirit we know nothing about—no more than unorganized matter. We cannot have any knowledge of either outside the sphere of organization. Organization, he claimed, is dumb, spirit alone speaks. What more clear, then, that every manifestation of intelligence is a spirit-manifestation? All manifestations of intelligence are ever and always in harmony with law—never outside of natural law. But what the means of the organized, individualized spirit's manifestation? Whether the body or out of it, electricity, magnetism, and clairvoyance and mesmerism are the eternal, God-designed agents constantly employed, by which spirits communicate and intelligence is manifest. These means are only available to the spirit for communication, as the law of both physical and spiritual existence is harmoniously ordered, and thus the degree, class and kind of intelligence manifest is in exact accordance with it. Only by a proper knowledge of these laws can we understand the so-called Spiritual Phenomena. The "manifestations" Mr. W. grouped or arranged thus:

- 1st, Facts of a purely physical character, such as the moving of tables, chairs, &c., movements which sometimes accord with the thoughts and suggestions of the inquirers.
- 2d, Intelligent communications by means of rapping sounds, speaking and writing phenomena, which occur wholly independent of the direct conscious agency of the mediums, or of any other person present.
- 3d, Communications pertaining to subjects of which the mediums are profoundly ignorant, and yet found to be correct.
- 4th, Correct communications pertaining to facts believed to be known only to the inquirer himself and the particular spirit with whom he is professedly communicating.
- 5th, Similar communications containing correct responses to purely mental questions.
- 6th, Speaking and writing, in languages unknown to the mediums, certain communications unprompted to come from spirits unknown, which communications are significant and pertinent to the persons to whom they are addressed.
- 7th, Communications conveying, in some instances, correct information in respect to facts unknown to the inquirer or any other person present.
- 8th, Writing, without the agency of any physical, human instrumentality, words, names, communications, &c., in the proper handwriting of the individual whose spirit purports to be present.
- 9th, Writing, as above, lengthy communica-

tions in the presence of the circle, with tan times the rapidity of any known human agency, which communications are legible, intelligent and pertinent.

10th, Drawing and painting likenesses of spirit friends, through the hand of the medium, in an artistic and masterly manner, and doing it with the most unprecedented rapidity.

11th, Playing upon musical instruments in the most exquisite style, without the medium's coming in physical contact with the keys or strings, and performing the most difficult pieces, with which the medium and others present are altogether unacquainted.

12th, Seeing and describing spirits so accurately as to be easily and at once recognized by their friends, embracing the whole range of the power of clairvoyance.

13th, Handling spirit-forms when conditions will allow.

14th, Under favorable conditions, foretelling the happening of future events, thus fulfilling the claim of prophecy, and also recounting the past history of an individual's life, although entirely unknown to the medium.

15th, Correct diagnoses of disease, whether the patient is present or absent, and successfully treating the same, causing the deaf to hear, the blind to see, and the lame to walk, &c.

Hecited well authenticated cases, covering every one of these phenomena, and then, in the most convincing manner, he showed that the manifestations of the "Western" family, down to the present—Bible testimony, also—to all of which the Professor mainly responded with ridicule. His attempted answer was put thus:

1st, These things do occur, but they could all be accounted for by electricity, magnetism and odic force. He could produce the raps, and would, before this audience, with electricity.

2d, It was all humbug. There was nothing in it.

3d, If there was anything in it, that which could not be accounted for by electricity was from the devil.

Mr. Wheelock, in a masterly manner, proceeded in harmony with the correlation of forces to show what electricity, magnetism, psychology and mesmerism were capable of, and then, in the most convincing manner, he showed that the manifestations of the "Western" family, down to the present—Bible testimony, also—to all of which the Professor mainly responded with ridicule. His attempted answer was put thus:

Prof. Crafts, paralleled, or tried to, the well authenticated fact of John Pierpont hearing music, in broad daylight, without human aid, and touching the piano, by speaking or hearing of a trick, or being caught at a dark circle, in Warren, O., trying to play a trick. According to that, said Mr. W., if a man lies in Ohio, that equals a man telling the truth in Boston. So, according to Prof. O., a lie equals a truth.

Fourth Day.—Question: "Is the Orthodox view of the divinity and deity of Jesus Christ?"

Prof. Crafts in the affirmative. He opened with a half-hour's Methodist exhortation on the glory of the Bible. In response Mr. W. asked him, "Who were Orthodox?" and what were their views?" Not replying, he spent the next half hour in a pathetic exhortation concerning our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the blessed means of grace.

Mr. W. pressed upon him again to define what the Orthodox views were, as he could not well reply to them till they assumed some form and shape. Still urging the point, Mr. W. held up the "old Presbyterian Confession of Faith," asking in stentorian tones if that was Orthodox. The Professor replied no.

Mr. W. further insisted that he define terms—that he tell where Orthodoxy could be found. Finally he said it was in the "Methodist discipline"—a limited place, he soon found, for the Orthodox religion, with its trinity and depravity, its hell and devils. Pressed and worried by these irrational, unreasonable dogmas, hegoten in paganism and cradled in Roman Catholicism, the Professor struggled to "back down," but he was held rigidly to their defense.

On the second day, Bro. Wheelock propounding, pointedly put these questions to his opponent:

1st, Is the God of the Old and New Testament Scriptures the God of the Methodist and Orthodox Christians of to-day?

2d, Was the God of the Old Testament a Trinity—three Gods, or a single God? "A single God?"

3d, Do you recognize the single God of the Old Testament as the God of the New? "Yes."

4th, Do you, and Orthodox Christians of to-day, recognize as Divine authority the Old and New Testament Scriptures, and all recorded acts thereof? "Yes."

After fasting this reverend opponent, he pushed the peevish, changeful, angry, revengeful, bloodthirsty God of the Old Testament right into his face. He read everything that a moist, decent man could read from the Bible, then selected a few choice passages, and challenged him to read them to that audience. He said if it was the Word of God, he, the servant of God, ought not to be asked to read God's Holy Word before men or women. He dare not read the Bible passages selected. And yet the Bible, he contended, was the infallible word of God.

He furthermore claimed that all prophecy was of God—and to be a real prophecy three things must be fulfilled: "The time, place, and what was to happen."

Mr. W. admitted prophecy as cause and effect—"time, place, and what was to happen."

Then he showed that not a single prophecy (accepting the Professor's definition) of the Old Testament could be proven to have been fulfilled in the New; that the power of prophecy belonged to intelligence simply, and when and wherever the law for the communication of such intelligence could be fulfilled, prophecy would be the result. He cited numerous instances of prophecy by spirits, that filled his definition to the letter.

The Professor then passed on to miracles:

1st, "Miracles were probable."

2d, "Miracles were possible."

3d, "Miracles were a necessity."

Friend Wheelock denied the existence of such miracles, and their being an abrogation of the natural laws of the universe. Things, powers, might be superhuman, but not supernatural.

Prof. C. contended that if miracles were not true, Jesus Christ was illegitimate, and a falsifier. Mr. W. pleasantly informed him that he had to fight against fixed and inflexible law, against the sequence of science, philosophy, and logic, in order to show that there ever had been a "miracle," and if he did not, certainly he stood self-condemned of saying very naughty things about his dear Saviour.

Prof. Crafts argued that Lazarus was raised from the dead. Replying, Mr. W. showed that the record told two things: first, that the resurrection from the man who performed the work was good, the other was equally so. Hence, Lazarus was not dead, "only sleeping." The same with the widow's son—in a trance. He cited instances where persons had lain for days supposed to be dead or dying, and in many instances shrouded and put in the coffin, and taken out again, and living and doing as usual. Now that they were raised from the dead. Nor would they then, had they understood Spiritualism and its laws.

Prof. C. frequently wandering off, described the fall of Babylon, the awful condition of the heathen world before the blessed light of the Bible and our holy Christianity, and spent the most of his time in pathetic Methodist exhortations on our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He never once attempted to show what "the Orthodox view of the divine authenticity of the Bible" was!

He furthermore gave pretended readings from spiritual books—seventy-five dollars worth of which he had been searching for months, and then, by reading garbled extracts, tried to create a prejudice against Spiritualism in the minds of people, before the discussion. But he was caught at it, and made to own it before a large audience during the debate. He read a garbled extract from that Marriage Ceremony performed by E. S. Wheeler, in Cleveland, and published in the *Spiritualist*. After he had commented upon it, Major Thomas demanded he read the whole article. He stammered, blushed, said that there was no need of it. The Major very coolly took the same number of the paper out of his pocket, and told him if he was ashamed to read it, he (the Major) would, but that it was *read to that audience*. "Read it!" said the Major, "and then, by reading garbled extracts, tried to create a prejudice against Spiritualism in the minds of people, before the discussion. 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