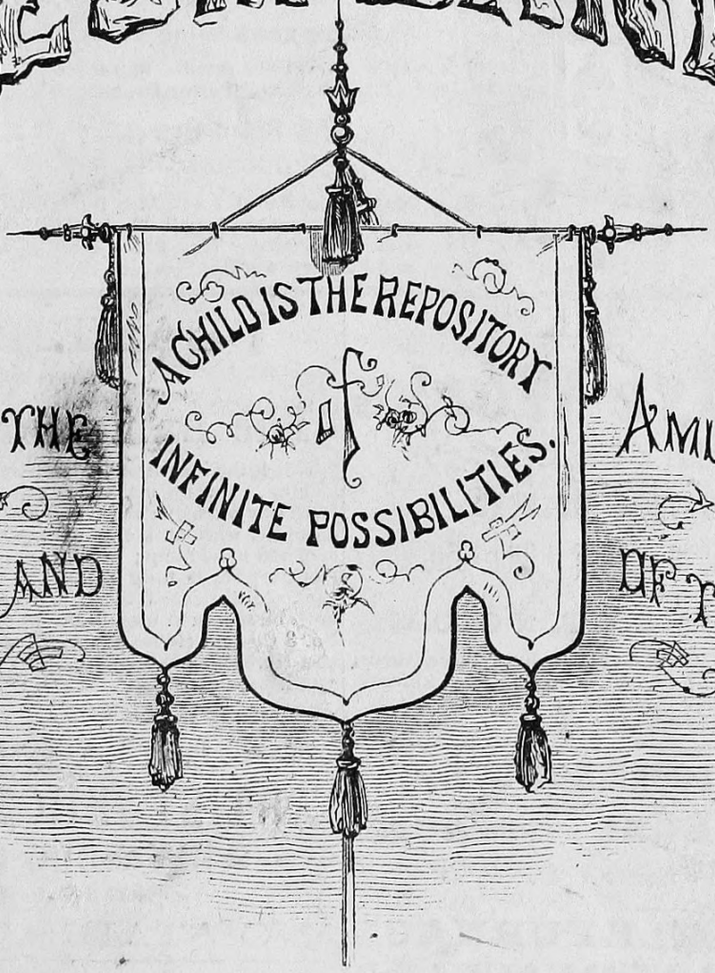
VOLUME 3. NUMBER 6.

THE LYCEUM BANNER



DEVOTED TO THE CULTURE AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG.

EDITED BY

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

CHICAGO, ILL.

NOVEMBER 15, 1869.

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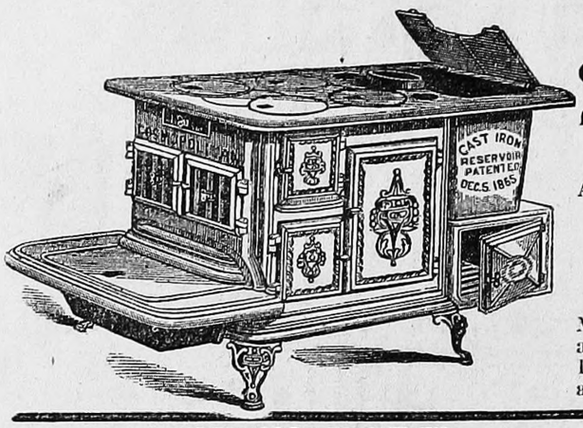
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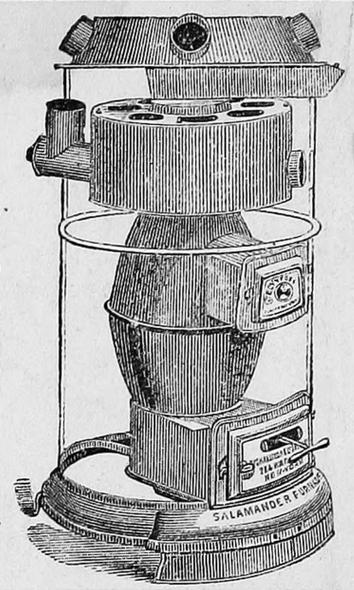
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The Lyceum Banner.

VOL. 3. CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 15, 1869. NO. 6.



Carl Esler, the Vagrant.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

IN good farmer Ingham's house Carl slept long and soundly. The farmers wife would not disturb his slumbers, much to her husbands disatisfaction who said everybody should be up with the sun. Breakfast had been finished and the family gone to their respective labors. Farmer Ingham and his "hired man" were already in the corn field, and had left many a tall shock behind them. Mary his only daughter, of fourteen sumers, a blonde with curly flaxen hair, had gone to the garden for vegetables for dinner, while her mother stood in the cool back porch, her churn in a tub of cold water, churning the yellow cream.

Now, the window of Carl's room opened out directly over this porch. He was roused from his slumbers by the monotonous dash of the churn. He thought he was at the depot, and heard the engine. Then, as he became more awakened, he thought the cannon at the distant fort were firing a salute. He started up, gazed around on the strange scene, totally confused. At first he could not remember in the least how he came in that room, but slowly the events of the past day came to him, and with the kind faces that looked sympathizingly on him the night before. He arose quickly, and dressed as neatly as he could. "They have been kind," thought he, "but they have nothing for me to do, so I think I will thank them and go."

He descended, and guided by the sound of the churn went to the porch. There stood Mrs. Ingham, with a great white apron almost concealing her, with both hands grasping the dash, and her face flushed with the exercise. He hesitated for some time to disturb her, but at length he said: "Well, Mrs. Ingham, I must be going. You have nothing for me to do, and I must seek work; with many thanks, I bid you good-bye."

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Mrs. Ingham, "how you frightened me. Did you sleep well? Are you rested? Are you hungry? Father said call you, but I said let the tired boy rest. I've kept your breakfast warm in the oven. Nothing for you to do? We could keep two such boys busy; that is if *good* boys. I like the looks of you. Didn't you know we lost a boy just as old as you? Our Jamie went away so quickly we had scarce time to say good-bye." Here tears came to the mother's eyes; tears that seemed to well up from a deep fount to moisten her eyes, but not to flow out. "Jamie," she continued, "was such a good and gentle boy. You reminded me of him last night. I went and took down the every-day suit

I hung in the closet a year ago, and there it is. Go up to your room, and put them on — put on those boots, and then come down to your breakfast. After that, go to the garden and assist Mary in bringing her basket."

Carl was bewildered at his good fortune. Was he to take the place of Jamie? What a responsibility suddenly came over him. He rushed to his room, and exchanged his tattered clothes for the best he had ever worn. He went to breakfast, but he had no appetite, he was so anxious to do something. He went to the garden, meeting Mary on the way with her basket, which he bashfully took from her hand. Behind her was a splendid Newfoundland dog of largest size, a perfect giant of a dog; his shaggy coat was glossy as silk, and his breast white as snow. For three years he had been her constant companion, and never had a pet received more attention. He followed no one else, and resented the slightest disrespect to his mistress.

"What a fine dog," exclaimed Carl, "you love him very much, of course?"

"Oh, yes," said Mary, "he is always with me, and understands every word I say. If I should throw one of these potatoes as far as I could into the grass, he would find and bring it to me. I was at the brook one day last autumn, and was walking over the stones on the bank, when he gave a quick bark, which caused me to stop suddenly, while he darted past and seized a rattlesnake just in the act of striking at me. Oh he is a fine fellow, my Duff. Just let me show you."

She selected a potatoe, and saying to the dog "Go," threw it away into the grass. But Duff did not go. He stood motionless, with his eyes fixed mournfully on hers."

"Duff, you naughty fellow!" cried Mary; "Duff acts very strange. He has been restless at times, and then very lazy."

As she spoke he seemed to comprehend her words. His eyes grew blood-shot; and foam gathered on his lips. Every muscle of his great body seemed to tremble, as though held by an uneeen power from leaping forward. His mild expression grew terribly ferocious; he snapped his jaws together, and gave utterance to a frightfully low and mournful growl."

"Great heavens," cried Carl, "He's mad! Run, Mary; run for your life!"

Trembling with fright she turned to fly, but Duff, intently watching her, had no intentions of letting her go. All his love was turned to hate. He took a few short, quick steps, and then one great spring at her. Carl was closely watching him, and sprang between them. He was borne to the ground, but his left hand was tightly clenched in the long hair of Duff's throat. He sprang to his feet, and with his right seized him by the ears. It was an unequal struggle, but the boy was made strong by fear. He knew he could not hope to conquer, but he could hold out long enough to allow Mary to escape and warn her mother of the coming danger. Her father was only a little way off, but he could not hold the ferocious dog until he came. The herculean Duff strove to free himself from the boy's hands that held him; he stood on his hind legs, his great paws against the heart of his antagonist; he couched to the earth; he turned his head from side to side, and strove by opening his enormous mouth to seize the slender wrist. Then he gave a terrible howl, and redoubled his exertions. Carl's strength was rapidly exhausted. He was no match for the game. Terrible death! a death in just such form as that of the infuriated beast before him, stared him in the face. Every time Duff sprang at him, he thought I cannot hold him again. The foam from his red mouth fell on his face; he felt his fingers slipping from their hold; and no help! Yes, father Ingham had heard the call and was coming, only a little way off. "Hold on there, my boy!" he cried encouragingly. But Duff redoubled his exertions. He made a desperate plunge; and then suddenly pulled backward and caught the little left arm in his great jaws, and Carl fell insensible on the grass."

Just then, Mr. Ingham came to the rescue. With one stroke of his cane he laid the once idolized Duff dead in the path. He carefully took the insensible boy in his arms and carried him to the house. A physician was quickly called. He found that a though the powerful jaws had broken the bone of the arm, the thick coatsleeve had prevented the teeth making a wound, so there was no danger of hydrophobia. "That is the best part of this good affair," said Mr. Ingham, "for if he had died after saving Mary's life, and I could now not have had the chance to reward him, I should never have been happy another minute in my life."

Long and weary weeks passed before Carl even partially recovered from the exhaustion of that dreadful struggle. All the care that parental love and kindness could give he received, and Mary was his constant attendant. In the warm days of early winter, they could be seen walking in the sunny paths of the garden, his crippled arm in a sling, and his face very thin and pale.

The years went by. Carl had soon shown the honest farmer that his confidence had not been misplaced. He was faithful and thorough in all the tasks assigned him. He said, "Whatever I do, I will do the best I can, and if possible better than anybody else has ever done." Although the farmer had little of what he styled "book larning," he clearly saw its benefits, and gave Carl every opportunity to acquire an education.

The years went by. Carl became a man, esteemed by all. His character was chastened by early experience; his sympathies had greater breadth, and his charity was deeper and more earnest.

He had chosen the profession of the law, and had entered the ranks with most flattering prospects. Such is the brief history of long years of struggle. Again he leaves the city for the country. A winter's afternoon found him walking up the path leading to farmer Ingham's door. He paused for a time on the broad steps, and then as a sudden thought crossed his mind, he smiled and walked in. Through the hall into the parlor he went, but no one was there. He seated himself in an easy chair where he could look out of the window upon the familiar scene.

"Very, very home-like," he mused. "Twelve years ago a rude, barefooted boy was brought here in an old wagon. Kindness has done much for that boy. Enough kindness would reform the world. I suppose there are a thousand barefoots to-day in the city, who might be made into such men as Father Ingham made me."

"Say such men as Carl has made himself," laughingly said the farmer, as he came in dressed in his frock." "How d'ye do? I am glad, always glad to see you. These twelve years, have furrowed my face, and kind o' whitened my hair; but, my boy, I am good for a day's work yet. I'd like to try you a race," and Mr. Ingham laughed an irrepressible laugh, a laugh that would make you laugh just to hear it.

He called Mrs. Ingham and Mary, and rubbing his hand with delight, drew chairs around the blazing fire, and the little party sat in pleasant converse until the low declining sun cast long shadows over the snow-fields. In the lull of the conversation Carl asked Mr. Ingham to listen to a few words he wished to speak to him.

"I fear you will think I have betrayed the trust you reposed in me. My gratitude to you for all you have done for me is unbounded. By your aid I have begun a career that opens with promise. I need in the journey of life before me a companion. For all these years I have regarded you as my father, Mrs. Ingham as my mother, and Mary as my sister. What I now ask is, plainly, may I have her for my companion?"

The farmer's blunt, but heartfelt answer, was not recorded; but after supper, Carl and Mary sat before the fire, burned low, and only embers left, fairly talking as they were wont of old. On the high mantle was a queer clock, surmounted by a figure of time. When the clock struck the hour the figure slowly arose, and gave as many strokes with its sythe as there were hours. At other times it looked placidly down on the spectator. Well, Time heard with many others the following sentences:

"I want a wife for an equal, neither superior nor inferior. With whom I may consult; who shall bear with me my burdens; who shall honor me for what I am, nor with partial eye fail to despise in me despicable qualities. She shall hold aloft the most ennobling ideal, which mine shall be to realize."

"I want a husband who shall treat me, not as a vine clinging to him; a dependent who must hopelessly fall if torn from his support, but as his equal. That's all."

And Time treasured these wise sayings, fresh from warm and trusting hearts, but he blew the foolish ones away. They fruited with golden fruit. Noble ideals always yield a glorious reward to those who attempt their actualization.

There is a beautiful villa near the city of C——. Not ostentatious and glaring with newly-acquired aristocracy; but quiet, retired and elegant. Can you guess by whom it is occupied?

Carl Esler, the bare-foot, the vagrant, is an eminent jurist, a lawyer of whom it is said: "He never plead on the side of injustice."

OBITUARY.

On the 2nd of November, little Frankie Troxell, aged 8 years and 9 months, was taken in charge by a band of Angels who took her from the joys and sorrows of earth, and transplanted her into the beautiful gardens of the "Summer Land." She was a member of the Chicago Lyceum, had attended regularly for 3 years, and will long be remembered by her playmates and leader.

"The rich," said a Jew "eat vension because it ish deer. I eat mutton because it ish sheep."

Green Apples.

[This beautiful and seasonable poem is taken from Trowbridge's "The Vagabond and Other Poems."]

Pull down the bough, Bob! Isn't this fun?
Now give it a shake, and—there goes one!
Now put your thumb up to the other, and see
If it isn't as mellow as mellow can be!
I know by the stripe
It must be ripe!
That's one a piece for you and me.

Green, are they? Well, no matter for that,
Sit down on the grass and we'll have a chat;
And I'll tell you what old Parson Bute
Said last Sunday of unripe fruit.
"Life," says he,
Is a bountiful tree,
Heavily laden with beautiful fruit.

For the youth there's love, just streaked with red,
And great joys hanging just over his head;
Happiness, honor and great estate,
For those who patiently work and wait;—
Blessings," said he,
"Of every degree,
Ripening early, and ripening late.

Take them in season, pluck and eat,
And the fruit is wholesome, the fruit is sweet;
But, O my friends!"— Here he gave a rap
On his desk, like a regular thunder-clap,
And made such a bang,
Old Deacon Lang
Woke up out of his Sunday nap.

Green fruit, he said, God would not bless;
But half life's sorrow and bitterness,
Half the evil and ache and crime,
Came from their tasting before their time
The fruits heaven sent.
Then on he went
To his *Fourthly* and *Fifthly*—wasn't it prime?

But, I say, Bob! we fellows don't care
So much for a mouthful of apple or pear;
But what we like is the fun of the thing,
When the fresh winds blow, and the hang-birds bring
Home grubs, and sing
To their young ones a-swing
In their basket-nest, tied up by its string.

I like apples in various ways;
They're first-rate roasted before the blaze
Of a winter fire; and, O my eyes!
Aren't they nice, though, made into pies?
I scarce ever saw
One, cooked or raw,
That wasn't good for a boy of my size!

But shake your fruit from the orchard tree,
And the tune of the brook and the hum of the bee,
And the chipmunks chippering every minute,
And the clear, sweet note of the gay little linnet,
And the grass and the flowers,
And the long summer hours,
And the flavor of sun and breeze are in it.

But this is a hard one! Why didn't we
Leave them another week on the tree?
Is yours as bitter? Give us a bite!
And the taste of it puckers
My mouth like a sucker's!
I vow, I believe the old parson was right!

Jack Worthing's Adventures; or, Trials and Triumphs.

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

CHAPTER III.

IT'S a little mite dull, sis, after all, to mix up dough for the chickens and turkeys, lug straw for the pigs', nests and drive Brindle to water every day. I hain't grace enough I 'spose, as old Kneeland would say. If you are willing, Amy, I'll get a holiday of pa Jenks and we'll see something of this part of the world."

Jack spoke in a fatherly way to his little charge, and impulsive Amy threw her arms around his neck and hugged him in great glee. "I'll wear my red and green delaine and my new patched shoes and my calico bonnet. Will we go afoot, Jack, or will we take a stage?"

"Afoot of course,—we have no money to pay for stage rides, and stages don't go where we are going by a long ways." On foot or in a stage, it was all the same to trusting Amy. His superior wisdom was the law of her life, and she never questioned his right and ability to decide for her all matters of importance. With the approval of Mr. and Mrs. Jenks, and their charge not to "go strolling off and loose their way," the two children set out as happy as a king and queen.

"I guess Jim Crow and his brood will come pretty short to-day sissy, don't you? I forgot to stir in the middlings, and Brindle wouldn't drink when I drove her out, but that ain't *my* fault."

"What makes your pocket stick out so Jack, is it apples or sugar cakes?"

"Both, and dough nuts too. I'd took pie and cheese in the little pail, only I didn't want to be bothered."

"Isn't it stealing, Jack? You know old Kneeland used to make us say, "it is a sin to steal a pin, and much the more a bigger thing!"

"Aint sugar cakes a good deal bigger than pins? Then aint we awful wicked?"

The little reasoner looked as solemn and wise as the old minister on communion day. She held Dick's hand very tightly as they trudged along as if she feared to lose him.

"Sis I'm a good deal older than you and I

know some things you don't. It isn't stealing to pick up apples on the ground when Trot and Gallop would get them, nor to take sugar cakes when we are to be gone at dinner time. Don't you see it would be very wicked when the house is chuck full of goodies for us to go hungry when we work so hard?"

Amy was convinced by her brother's profound reasoning. Her face brightened and her little feet kept time to Jack's favorite tune, "Pop goes the weasel," which he whistled briskly as they walked along. More than two miles lay between them and home. They were both tired and hungry. So halting under the shadow of a large maple, they proceeded to arrange dinner. "Take this high chair, Amy," said Jack pointing to a high flat rock. Then seating himself a little below and before her, he spread his apples, cakes and dough nuts on another flat moss covered rock, and the feast began. Food never tastes better than to hungry children in the open air. Though Jack's capacious pockets had been so well filled with tempting food, it soon disappeared, and like Jack Sprat and his wife they would have "licked the platter clean," had there been one. Dinner is a wonderful soother. After they had eaten theirs the country looked more beautiful than before, the ground squirrels were prettier and the white, pink eyed rabbits ran faster than ever.

"O, what a big, high tree that is," cried Amy in ecstacy, as they approached a tall elm destitute of branches many feet from the ground.

"That isn't so very tall sissy. If I only had that old barrel hoop in the barn yard at home, I'd show you how the natives. where cocoa nut trees grow, climb the trees. The nuts grow on the tip top, and the trees are ever so tall, and there are no branches, and they don't have ladders either. It's just fun to see them put the hoops around the tree and around their waists and climb."

"Did you ever see them do it Jack?"

"O, lots of times in the book of travels I found down to the minister's, and they climbed real fast too. And in the East India Islands crabs climb the cocoa nut trees too, and get the nuts. So the book said, and I guess it is true. I didn't see them climb, though."

"Jack then took off his jacket and told Amy to sit down on it and see how easy he could climb the tree without any hoop. Amy was delighted and asked him to throw her down some nuts. Clasping the tree with his legs and arms, be began the perilous feat of ascending. He was not as strong or skillful as he supposed, and soon came to a full stop, unable to go further and undecided how to reach the ground again. A scream from Amy caused him to relax his hold, and he fell to the ground just in time to see his darling borne off on the shoulders of a half witted fellow who spent his time doing mischief. Hank Haines was the pest of the neighborhood, and though never doing anything criminal enough to send him to jail, he was dreaded and shunned by all who knew him. The children knew nothing of Hank, so their terror can scarcely be imagined when Amy found herself on his brawny shoulders and he going at a rapid rate. Although Jack's ankle was badly sprained by his fall he soon got on his feet and seizing his jacket ran limping and crying with pain and fright after the evil looking kidnapper. "What *shall* I do, what shall I do" cried he half in pain and half in terror. Amy looking back at her brother screamed loudly as she extended her arms towards Jack "oh! oh! do take me, do."

When the simple fellow got tired of his burden and had sufficiently enjoyed the dismay he had occasioned, he sat her down on a high rock and trotted across the fields in search of other victims. Jack and Amy watched the retreating form of their tormenter until he passed around a hill and was out of sight, then threw themselves into each others arms and wept. Night was coming on. Jack's ankle was too painful to walk and Amy too tired to take another step.

"I know it aches *awful*, Jack, or the tears wouldn't run down your face so. I wish you hadn't tried to get the nuts."

Jack smiled through his tears at his sister's ignorance, smothered his groans and began to devise the best way of spending the night. Taking off his jacket he put it around Amy, laid her under a shelving rock, then covered her with boughs he had gathered from the low shrubs which grew near by. He kissed her tenderly and told her to go to sleep and he would keep all the bad things away from her.

Poor little fellow! How like a hero he behaved in this hour of trial. The stars came out and winked their bright eyes at the brave lad as he clasped his sister in his arms to protect her from the cold. His sobs grew fainter and fainter, and he fell asleep wondering if anybody would come for them in the morning, and resolving to feed turkeys all his life rather than ever take another holiday.

Col. Jenks and his good wife slept less that night than the two children. In fact, they did not sleep at all. They with the aid of a few friendly neighbors, searched every nook and corner where it was likely the little ones could stay.

"It's clear to me," said farmer Snow, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, "that they've stole the Colonel's money and made off with it. And it's clear to me that they belong to a confidence gang in the city where they belong, and played that they had no home, and no folks and all that, but as soon as they made a good haul had no trouble in finding where their home is. Jenks never will set his blessed eyes on the money or young ones again. Good enough too. He needed this to learn him not to take in all kinds of trash that comes along. I wouldn't have *my* house robbed that way for anything, but if he wants to take the chances, it's clear to me that he must suffer the consequences."

It was evidently clear to his patient little wife also, as she visited the bed of her own sleeping treasures, doubly fastened the windows and closed the inside shutters.

Elder Kneeland groaned very audibly and very piously when the news of the disappearance of the children reached his ears. "O the natural depravity of the human heart! Polly let us lay this lesson to heart aud trust in the Lord more faithfully than before. Their brief sojourn with us may have been the means of their salvation. I am sure if ever I prayed fervently for any sinners' regeneration I did for them." Polly gave the fire a nervous stir. "Do you really think, father, we done the best we could for them charity children? I mean if they are dead do you 'spose they are saved through our prayers?" "We have done our best Polly, we must leave the result with Him who holds the winds in the hollow of his hand."

A chapter was read, prayers said, dressing gown and slippers laid aside, and the ministerial head reposed on a pillow of down.

Polly didn't rest well that night. Sometimes she thought her old rheumatic pains were coming back. Then she heard the moan of motherless babes in the night wind. The window shutter creaked and for an instant she thought it was her own dead Benny trying to get into the warm bed room. The faithful watch dog howled and she woke her husband to inquire if it was a sign of death or a storm.

(To be continued.)



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES—NO. 2.

William Penn.

WILLIAM PENN, the founder of the colony of Pennsylvania, was an English Quaker, born in London, October 13th, 1644. He became a convert to Quakerism while at college, and refused to wear the surplice of a student, considering it a relic of superstition. So obnoxious did the priestly robe become, that, with some others of the same belief, he attacked a party of students in public, and stripped them of their robes. For this he was expelled; and on his return home, his father beat him and drove him from the house.

A reconciliation was brought about, however, by his mother, and young Penn was sent to France, where he spent some time in the study of Theology, but was called home by his father, and in compliance with his wishes, took up the study of law at Lincoln's Inn, in London, where he remained until driven from the city by the great plague in 1665. He next went to Ireland to take the management of two large estates belonging to his father, and while there was arrested at a Quaker meeting, and brought before the mayor on a charge of attending unlawful assemblies; he refused to give bonds for future good behaviour, and was sent to prison. From this time he was an avowed advocate of the doctrines of the Quakers, and was imprisoned twice afteward; once for writing a book in which he attacked the doctrine of the trinity, and once for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the British crown, because he had conscientious scruples about swearing.

Penn became interested in the American Colonies by being called upon to settle a dispute between two Quakers about their landed rights, and the owner afterward becoming embarrassed,

made over his property to Penn and two of his creditors, as trustees. He obtained a patent from the Crown for the territory now forming the State of Pennsylvania, the charter vesting the perpetual ownership in him and his heirs, on condition of his paying annually two beaver skins.

He first thought of naming it New Wales, and afterward Sylvania, because of its forests; but the secretary who made out the patent insisted on putting Penn and Sylvania together. Penn offered 20 guineas if he would leave his name off, but he refused.

On his first visit to his new colonies he was received by the settlers with great enthusiasm; and on the last day of November, 1682, made his great treaty with the Indians, under a large elm tree that stood near where Kensington now is, the only treaty "never sworn to and never broken."

Penn remained in this country until 1684, when he returned to England, and only visited his colony once afterward, which was in 1699. During his second visit to Philadelphia he lived in a house known as the slate-roof house on Second street, between Chestnut and Walnut. The house, although presenting a lowly appearance, when compared with the stately mansions since erected, will be remembered for its associations, long after its successors have crumbled to dust. He remained there until 1701, when he returned to his native land. One of his last acts, before embarking, was to sign a charter making Philadelphia a city, which bears date October 25th, 1701.

He died in 1718, of paralysis, and was buried in a cemetery near the village of Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire.

E. T. B.

Things should not be done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.

Little minds rejoice over the errors of men of genius, as the owl rejoices at an eclipse.

Counterfeiting—Marrying for money.

The necessities that exist are in general created by the superfluities that are enjoyed.

Have no dungeon about your house—no room you never open—no blinds that are always shut.

Jones never knew a more vengeful individual than Brown, who, in the exuberance of his rage at some one who offended him, said, "I'll have revenge!—I'll give his little boy a tin trumpet."

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

TROY, Oct., 1869.

DEAR LYCEUM BANNER:

Sunday, the 10th inst., our Lyceum met, for the first time, in Apollo Hall. Our friends, Andrew J. and Mary F. Davis, were with us to assist in dedicating this hall to its new Sunday use.

It was a Sunday, which would remind us of one of the "forty days" we read of, when the windows were opened, up alo t, to let the rain out. But, notwithstanding the weather, our Groups were *all* represented, and many of them well filled. I never felt more proud of our Lyceum than upon this occasion. And when we take into view the fact, that our children came, some from Lansingburgh, 3 miles distant — from West Troy, Green Island, and from the extreme north and south parts of the city — I think we have reason to be proud of their zeal in attending a Lyceum session upon such a day as the 10th of October.

The exercises of Convention-day were repeated. Mr. and Mrs. Davis talked to us as they alone can talk. The recitations from the different Groups were good, and joy and heart-shine served, instead of sunshine, inside the hall, while the rain came down in torrents on the outside.

Sullivan's Band was well represented and made splendid music for our Wing movements and march, while Mr. Marble led the singing with his usual taste and skill.

Our new Hall is on the corner of Congress and River streets — entrance from Congress street — and is a much better hall for *our* use than the one we have heretofore occupied; and we expect to grow and prosper in our new quarters.

B. STARBUCK, Conductor.

The Lyceum at Cambridge port, Mass., held a social party on the 13th of October. The exercises consisted of declamations, marching, and singing, followed by a supper and dance.

The Lyceum at Andover, Ohio, meets every Sunday morning, and has an average attendance of fifty; Conductor, J. S. Morley; Guardian, Mrs. Knapp.

There are three powers capable of organizing Society, Theology, Literature and science. Europe has tried the first, her condition is deplorable. China, the second, and hers is that of universal stagnation. America is trying the third, see that she does it well!

THE LYCEUM BANNER

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

JUST WHERE I AM.

A little girl writes: "You say you are in California. That is an awful big place. Now, if you please, just where are you?"

If the reader cares to know just where Iam, and where my "winter quarters" will be, let her or him turn to the map of California and find San Francisco. Just across San Francisco Bay, on the Eastern bank, is Oakland, a promising city of six or eight thousand souls. Its name was suggested by the ever green oaks that covered the land for many miles. The Bay, on one side—the Contra Costa hills, on the other—the giant oaks, the fine gardens there, in full view of Golden Gate—the small lakes, scattered about; the ferry, connecting this city with San Francisco — make Oakland a quiet, charming place in which to live. And this is just where I am.

Oakland will never be a city with the "get up and get" to it that San Francisco has. It is a place where the business men have made their houses; a sort of Mecca, where the Home Altar is supposed to stand.

Perhaps the country has no finer schools than are found in Oakland. Beside the "free school," there is a Young Ladies' Seminary, and "The Durant University." The California University, and the State Asylum for Deaf, Dumb and Blind, are located in Oakland.

The Rev. S. G. Bell, in a recent lecture on Oakland, said: "It was a beautiful day in March, 1853, that he approached it on the ferry-boat from San Francisco. The curving lines of the groves of live oaks looked like a vast orchard of gigantic fruit trees. When he saw the whole land covered with the densest growth of tall and waving grass, and every other stock a lovely flower spread out on the beach and the lawn, he looked upward and saw the high and broad backed hills, and when he understood that between them and the shore there stretched — all things considered—the finest valley of the earth —when he turned about and looked upon the bosom of the largest bay of the globe, on whose breast the vessels of all nations and all seas could ride in safety, and where there could be four times as many more; where no hurricane, no typhoon, no white squall, no tornado or destroying storm would ever disturb them as they would safely ride; when he looked through the Golden Gate, before whose unsurpassed beauty the glories of the Hellespont, the Dardanelles must pass away forever—when he saw through such Golden Gates, and beheld within them the waters of the greatest of bays, the greatest of the oceans mingling together—he saw that Nature had ordained that within these gates the Occident and the Orient should at last shake hands." And they have "shaken hands;" but did Mr. Bell then see, as with prophet eyes, that Oakland was destined to be a great city? I doubt his seeing that the Western Pacific Railroad would come to this coast, and come straight through where Col. Jack Hays', the Texas Ranger's house stood, to the waterfront in Oakland.

The road is not yet here, but so near we hear the whistle of the engine. By November we expect to see the arrival of the first train. What a flourishing of trumpets will welcome the first train to Oakland!

WILLIAM H. SEWARD has been here, and out to Alaska to inspect his late purchase. The natives, hearing of the purchase, supposed they, too, had been bought, and that the great white chief was coming out to see his land, water, cattle and children. These rude people did all in their power to render their new father's stay pleasant and profitable. A house was built for him with a big fireplace in the middle—a hole in the roof for a smoke outlet, skins and blankets for a bed, and the best furniture that could be found for his single room palace.

When Mr. Seward reached his new camping-ground, the Indians flocked about to meet him.

They had new ornaments for their ears and necks, and had their faces freshly painted. One young red chief came up to the "white chief" and shoving up a loose sleeve, cried "See! big chief!" On his arm the name "W. H. Seward" had been tattoed in bright colors.

The natives had many fine presents for the "father." Among other things, some fine specimens of the products of the territory, and a lot of white cedar lumber, amounting to ten thousand feet, which he proposes to use in finishing a room in his house at Auburn.

WHAT WE ARE EATING.

California fruit knows nothing of seasons, and it does not seem to care what sorts of seeds are scattered on the soil. The fig, orange, pomegranate the peach, nectarine, apricot, pear, apple, grapes, peaches — all the fruits of the Occident and Orient grow here in great profusion.

One of our neighbors has trees loaded with the finest of figs. We have strawberries in abundance, green peas, corn and figs. That is not all; these fine fruits are much cheaper than they are in the East. And then a worm in apples and peaches is an unheard of thing in California.

H. F. M. B.

Oakland, Cal., Oct.. 1869.

Paragraphs.

—Lilly Kopp, member of River Group, Chicago Lyceum, has returned from Germany, where she has been spending the summer with her mother.

—Addie Ballou has been lecturing in Chicago.

—H. F. M. Brown is lecturing in Eureka, Cal.

—Charles Dickens has confessed himself in favor of giving women all the educational advantages accorded men. Generous!

—Warren Chase, 827 N. 5th Street, St. Louis, keeps constantly on hand all reform publications, photographs, games and stationery.

—E. T. Blackmer lectured before the Chicago Progressive Lyceum Sunday evening, Nov. 7th. Subject—Life.

—The post office address of Geo. Wm. Wilson, Secretary of the Ohio State Association, is Auburn, Ohio, and not Andover, as was reported in THE LYCEUM BANNER of Oct. 15.

—We will send THE LYCEUM BANNER and *Present Age* 1 year for $2.50.

—Send for our Premium List.

—Slander issuing from red and beautiful lips is like a spider crawling from the heart of a rose.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

[From the Banner of Light.]

Excepting special occasions, or when provided for by vote and invitation of the entire Lyceum, nothing can be more tedious and injurious than the reading of long essays or poems. Sometimes officers, or leaders, when the privilege of speaking briefly is extended to all, will *fatigue* the children beyond recuperation by protracted reading or extempore speaking. This is always a hazardous experiment, and should rarely be permitted in a Children's Lyceum. In a Sunday school, such and similar absurdities can be practiced by the superintendent with impunity, and they are; but the Progressive Lyceum is an entirely *new* departure, and all engaged in the beautiful gardens of spirit culture should be wise and careful.

I am exceedingly happy when I read the wise admonitions of Hudson Tuttle, E. T. Blackmer, Mr. Singer, and others, who seem intuitively to comprehend in its rich fullness the primal principles and high purposes of the Lyceum organization. It would be well, it seems to me, if Leaders and Officers frequently associated for the purpose of "studying their parts." If they meet only on Sunday, and then enter without preparation at once upon the discharge of their respective functions, the proceedings are likely to be anything but advantageous to the prosperity of the Lyceum. Spectators never fail to perceive the flaws and dark spots in the conduct of leaders, officers and children. A Leaders' meeting at least once a week after a new Lyceum has been organized, and after a time, not less frequent than once a month, would add much to the unity and effectiveness of the Sunday sessions.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

—Everybody who wishes to use a *perfectly safe* Lamp, which needs no chimney (that is always breaking), no trimming, and which burns with a clear and steady flame, even in a draft, should call on J. E. Ambrose, 3 Custom House Place. See his advertisement.

Crego & Taft, 81 Randolph St., have a complete stock of Trunks, Satchels and Porte-monnaies, which Mr. H. E. Ballard, their pleasant and attentive salesman, will be happy to show to all who wish anything for the coming holidays. Travelers can find Trunks made "upon honor."

People who like so much to talk their minds, should sometimes mind their talk.

OUR LITTLE ONES.



The Squirrel's Complaint.

I NEVER indulge in newspaper quarrels, for I can neither read nor write. I cannot refrain, however, in this instance, from commenting on an article which I over heard a boy reading from the LYCEUM BANNER, as he sat on the ground under the oak tree in which I live. I have a slight acquaintance with Toodles, the writer, and hope never to be more intimate.

He is a poor fault-finding cat, who has grown sour over the fact that my family can climb trees a little faster than his. He wonders why he couldn't have been a squirrel! Presumption! Does he remember I wonder when my cousin chipmunk and family were caught and devoured by his uncle Thomas? Cats are not our only source of trouble either, though pity knows they are bad enough. If we venture to look for a few kernals of corn the farmer has put into the ground, we are almost sure to stumble upon a horrid trap some enemy has carelessly left in our way.

Many of my relatives have lost their lives in laying up food for their families to eat during the cold winter months. Where is the reward of virtue, can Toodles or any other sour philosopher tell? Is it in being caught by some cruel boy, put into a cage and tremble all one's life for fear of something worse?

If I could lie as Toodle's does on the hearth rug from morning till night, have a soft bed in the wood house without the bother of making it, and a dish of warm milk twice a day, I wouldn't growl because I wasn't something beyond my reach.

So it is with the world—with all the world beside the abused squirrels—every one thinks his own lot the hardest. This can never make life pleasant, and I advise all who are addicted to growling and complaining of a hard lot in life to look around and see if others cannot be found who have a harder lot. SKIP.

"Couldn't see the Need."

The worthy gentleman who rules the rising generation of boys, in a certain town in Tennessee, had occasion, recently, to correct a little boy named Johnny. Now, Johnny had what is called "sulks," because he was whipped, and in order to convince him that he was justly and necessarily punished, his teacher had recourse to the following argument:

"Well, Johnny, suppose you were riding a big horse to water and had a keen switch in your hand, and all at once the horse were to stop and refuse to go any further what would you do?"

Johnny stifled up his sobs for a moment—and looked up through his tears, innocently replied: "I'd cluck to him, Sir."

"But Johnny, suppose he wouldn't go for your clucking, what then?"

"I'd get down and lead him Sir."

"And what if he were obstinate and wouldn't let you lead him?"

"Why, I'd take off his bridle and turn him loose, and walk home, Sir."

"You may go and take your seat, Johnny." Johnny could not be made to see the necessity for using the switch.

How a Little Boy got the Lyceum Banner.

Alfred Matson, a little boy in the Ocean Group of the Richmond Lyceum, on being asked what he would give toward getting a large number of Banners for the Lyceum, boldly subscribed a dollar. Alfred being a very small boy, and having no money at the time, his leader was surprised and asked him where he would get so much; upon which, he manfully replied that he would earn it during the week. Before the coming Sunday, Alfred contracted to saw a cord of wood, and, although a small boy, he performed the task and received his pay, a dollar of which he gladly handed to the conductor on Sunday to pay his promised subscription. While this was creditable in this little boy, how many others might easily do something similar, and repay themselves many fold, by the gladsome happiness to be derived from our Lyceum standard, the LYCEUM BANNER. E.

From Quebec to Halifax.

BY UNCLE WILLMER.

CHAPTER I.

"YOU must be on board before 12 o'clock to-morrow; and we shall haul out into the stream early in the morning, and lay there until we get our clearance from the Custom House."

This was an answer to a question I put to the captain of the British brig "Swallow," as to what time he intended leaving for Halifax, N. S., whither I was going from Quebec, in the month of June, 1846.

I suppose I might tell you a deal of nonsense about the "good and sturdy Brig Swallow," how "trim" her figure, how "staunch" and "supple" her build. But I am not enough of a sailor to venture much in that line, and dont wan't to be—

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,"

is all well enough to those who like it, and they may sing its praises till "dooms-day"—if anybody can tell us when that is—or any other day, but give us good solid ground to ride and walk on, and I will leave it for others to sing the praises of

"The sea, the sea, the open sea."

and tell us as many times as they please that they like it. I don't. Give me "the fair green earth" to go about upon as best I can, with an occasional boat ride on some inland stream or lake, not likely to be troubled and vexed with the old wind-god, Boreas; and I am quite content to leave the praises of old Ocean to be sung by others.

Our company on the "Swallow," beside the Captain and crew, consisted of two passengers beside myself, one of whom was to be landed on *Prince Edward's Island*, the other like myself was bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The weather was delightful and the wind fair. Our Captain was anxious to get under weigh, and soon after noon the order was given to "weigh anchor," but I had no eye or ear for anything but to gaze at the "city set on a hill" with its "Citadel," and massive walls for'ified, with holes to let through the missels of death from the black throated canon, now quietly resting behind them. The silent sentry at different posts on the frowning "Citadel" and along the walls, was pacing his ceaseless round far above the noise and bustle of the town below him.

I could plainly see the very spot where the army under the brave Wolf clambered up the rough and almost inaccessable height, to attack the French under Montcalm—not far away and yet in sight stood the monument erected on the spot where the hero of that battle fell mortally wounded, just as the cry was sent forth —"They fly!" "Who fl ?" said the brave Wolf. "The FRENCH" was the reply. "*Then I die contented*" said he, and passed on to another field of *labor*, if not of warfare.

With so much before and around to attract and interest me, it is no wonder I had no thought or care for what was going on upon our little vessel. But I soon found the brisk breeze over our quarter was carrying us rapidly away from the charming view before me, around which clustered so many interesting historical events and incidents of the past.

Now my young friends, before relating any of the incidents of our voyage, I must tell you something about the Captain and crew of the "*Swallow.*"

Captain Chilsom, the "skipper" of our fair little craft was a man of small stature, sandy complexion, reddish hair, blue eyes, large head with a good deal in it worth having, and some things *not* worth having.

Though not a model "Johny Bull" in regard to his physical make up, Captain Chilsom was as thorough a "Johny Bull" by education, habit and culture, as could be found among a thousand.

He was a man of large experience in life with rather more culture than belongs to the average of English merchant Captains. He had a kind heart and active sympathies, but a firm and steady hand to correct disobedience of orders and neglected duties.

Captain Chilsom's faults were rather those growing out of his education, than from his personal qualities. With a better understanding of the true relations between man and man; how to *cure* and not *punish* a man for his misdeed, was all that our Captain needed to make him one of the very best men for a Captain of a merchant vessel.

You will see as we get on with our story why I am so particular in speaking of our Captain.

I do not remember enough about the mate to tell you anything of him.

Our crew consisted of three young men, whom I will designate as Charles, Joseph and James, but the only one requiring a particular notice is the one first named.

Charles was the son of a government official at Halifax; a wild, reckless, dare-devil sort of boy, whom his father had put under the charge of our Captain, hoping some good might result to him from the discipline and steady employment of such a life.

The other two boys, Joseph and James, were like most of the common run of "sailor boys," who never do anything really bad, but a good many very foolish and unwise things.

We sailed rapidly with our fair wind, and soon left the walled city only seeming like a speck in the dim distance, while the scenery along the shores of the St. Lawrence was now and then presenting rare natural pictures of excceding beauty.

Towards night the indications to our experienced Captain denoted a storm not far off, but while we were in the St. Lawrence no fears were entertained of anything in that direction.

This being my *first voyage*, the routine of life on "ship-board" was all new to me, so everything for a while had more or less interest for me.

During the night the weather became more threatening, and it was not many hours before a real, genuine "*no' easter*" was upon us in full force and terrible fury, but our pilot brought us safely to anchor under the lea of "*Brandy Pot Island*," so called because it is covered with large stones which look, from a distance, like jugs and demijons of different size and color.

Here we lay at anchor for *four days*, while one of the most terrible storms ever known in that region hurled and raged in all its terror and grandeur around us.

As we lay under the lea of that island, we were out of danger and only suffered the usual discomforts of rough weather, while we could see the fearful effects of the storm upon others less favored than ourselves.

Vessels went flying past us up the river in all sorts of conditions. Some with sails blown away, some with masts broken, some with masts and sails all blown away and drifting before the wind a complete wreck. Some had signals of distress hoisted and made frantic appeals for assistance, but it would have been the height of folly to make an effort to reach them.

The memory of that "four days' gale" will haunt me while "life and thought and being last."

The storm passed away and beautiful summer weather followed, but with very light winds, so that we made but little headway. I was not sorry to say "good bye" to the "Brandy Pots," leaving a bit of advice to the "clerk of the weather," that he had better keep clear of that locality in future, and probably we should have no more such "unpleasantnesses" as we had experienced during the past four days.

We discharged our pilot at Green Island which is the place where the river St. Lawrence passes into the Gulf of the same name, and here occurred one of the most interesting and exciting events of our voyage, and, in some respects of my whole life.

In sending the Pilot on shore the Captain wished some one to procure some fish and other necessaries for our table, and I was asked to go along and take charge of the expedition. The boat was lowered, and Charlie and Joseph manned the oars.

We lay about half a mile from the shore in a perfect calm, but the tide was on the "ebb," and our vessel was slowly floating away from our point of landing.

The shores at the entrance of the Gulf are low, and the great rise and fall of the tides leave in some places "reefs" from half a mile to a mile and a half long.

At the point of our landing was one of these long "reefs," and as the fisherman's cabin was some distance from the landing, I stayed at the boat to keep it afloat, for the ebbing of the tide was so rapid that in a few minutes our boat would be high and dry on the reefs.

I charged Charles and Joseph to make all possible dispatch and return with the fish and whatever else they could get that was ordered, for we must lose no time in getting off to the vessel, which was drifting with the tide away from us all the while. They promised faithful obedience to my orders and started for the nearest cabin on shore, where, we had been told, a kind of fish store was kept, with such articles in the line of family groceries as are usually found among country people.

As the time came for the boys to return to the boat, I began to watch for their appearance, but no Charles or Joseph was to be seen. The tide constantly drifting away from the boat kept me, every little while, pushing it into the water.

Our vessel had drifted so far off as to look like a good sized boat. I began to be quite alarmed at the condition I found myself in. Night was fast closing in upon us—our vessel would soon be out of sight. I shouted after the boys. "*Charles! Charles!*" but no Charles or Joseph could I see.

At last getting desperate, I started on a run for

the cabin, where I found the boys lounging and story telling, interspersed with a rather free use of rum and tobacco.

With language more forcible than polite and a manner which showed I was terribly in earnest, I got the boys with their traps down to the boat, which now required to be pushed over the reef a long distance into the water.

As we got into the boat I saw that the boys began to realize what they had been doing.

I almost yelled at them—"Now to your oars *with a will.*" The response was a hearty "*Aye aye sir,*" Our vessel looked like a mere speck in the distance and still floating away from us.

The sun had set and the twilight was deepening with the hues of night. Behind and upon one side lay the long, low shore line, soon to be shut out of sight by the darkness and the vapor slowly rising from the glassy surface of the water.

At last our vessel was altogether lost to our sight. Nothing now remained to guide my course but one or two slight elevations of the land, which rose above the fog-bank laying along the shore, which every moment was increasing in size and density. A little later and it not only shut out the shore entirely from vision, but slowly creeping along, it soon enveloped us in its chilling embrace.

(To be continued.)

Twenty-One.

BY MRS. EMMA SCARR LEDSHAM.

I'm twenty-one, I'm twenty-one;
How swift the laughing years go by,
Unburdened by a tear or sigh.

I'm twenty-one; how happy I!
The thornless garland of my youth
Was wreathed by Friendship, love and Truth.

The olden Prophet spake not sooth
When he asserted human life
Was vanity,—vexation,—strife.

For mine has been with pleasure rife;
Aye, full of joy has been my spring,
And still the roses 'round me cling.

The birds of promise near me sing:
"Rejoice! for life has just begun—
To yield its sweets at twenty-one."

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring;
And ever upon old decay,
The greenest mosses cling.

—One half the world do not know how the other half lives—and it is none of their business.

Recreation Department.

Several answers to Harry's enigma have been received, three of which were correct, and the card pictures have been sent. Children should be particular to have all the letters used, as many of the puzzles have to be corrected before they can be put in the paper. We shall be glad to receive puzzles of all kinds, enigmas, arithmetical questions, riddles, or any thing that will help to strengthen the mind, and at the same time amuse the young.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 1, 4, 7, 8, 9, indicates distance.

My 9, 10, 14, 20, is the name of an ancestor.

My 13, 2, 16, 18, are necessary portions of the body.

My 15, 8, 7, 7, 2, is made from fruits.

My 5, 19, 6, 3, 20, is proof of ownership.

My 2, 8, 11, is what a Quaker never says.

My 17, 12, 2, 7, 13, is what a husband injured when he sat on his wife's bonnet.

My whole is the name of a little darling.

MYRTIE.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 10, 15, 5, 9, 12, is a name given to students in some institutions.

My 1, 14, 16, 2, is what two Bible characters quarreled about.

My 3, 7, 2, 4, 8, is what we dislike to have any one do.

My 13, 6, 10, is used in the manufacture of household utensils.

My 8, 4, 3, 11, 16, is a girl's name.

My whole is one of the most magnificent works of nature.

INEZ.

I am composed of fourteen letters.

My 6, 7, 3, is a pronoun.

My 12, 2, 1, 4, every one follows.

My 10, 11, 13; all boys like.

My 14, 2, 11, 8, 9, is far from ancient.

My 5, 2, 3, is a boy's name.

My whole is something funny.

G. H. A.

A man in Boston makes a good living by manufacturing dolls' shoes. He made fifty thousand pairs last years.

Silver Chain Recitation.

There's a beautiful land by the spoiler untrod,
Unpolluted by sorrow or care ;
It is lighted alone by the presence of God,
Whose throne and whose temple are there ;
Its crystaline streams with a murmurous flow,
Meander through valleys of green,
And its mountains of jasper are bright in the glow
Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.

And throngs of glad singers with jubilant breath
Make the air with their melodies rife ;
And one known on earth as the angel of death,
Shines here as an angel of life !
And infinite tenderness beams from his eyes,
On his brow is an infinite calm,
And his voice as it thrills thro' the depths of the skies
Is as sweet as the seraphim's pslam.

Through the amaranth groves of a beautiful land
Walk the souls who were faithful in this,
And their radient foreheads by zephyrs are fanned
That evermore murmur of bliss ;
They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the trees,
And breathe the sweet odor of flowers
More fragrant than ever were kissed by the breeze
In Araby's loveliest bowers.

Old prophets, whose words were a spirit of flame
Blazing out o'er the darkness of time,
And martyrs, whose courage no torture could tame,
Nor turn from their purpose sublime ;
And saints and confessors, a numberless throng,
Who were loyal to truth and to right,
And left as they walked thro' the darkness of wrong
Their foot-prints encircled with light.

And the dear little children who went to their rest
Ere their lives had been sullied by sin,
While the angel of morning still tarried a guest,
Their spirit's pure temple within—
All are there, all are there—in the beautiful land,
The land by the spoiler untrod,
And their foreheads by rich laden breezes are fanned
That blow from the gardens of God.

My soul hath looked in thro' the gateway of dreams
On this landscape of emrald and gold,
And heard the sweet flow of its murmurous streams,
As through the green valleys they rolled :
And though it still waits on this desolate strand
A pilgrim and stranger on earth,
Yet it knew, in that glimpse of the beautiful land,
That it gazed on the home of its birth.

[Selected.]

When thy brother's faults are canvassed, if the hand of charity open not thy mouth, let the finger of silence close thy lips.

The house of life hath many chambers. He
Who deems his mansion built, a dreamer vain,
A tottering shell inhabits, and shall see
The ruthless years hurl down his masonry ;
While they who plan but as they slowly gain,
Where that which was gives that which is to be
Its form and symbols, build the house divine,—
In life a temple, and in death a shrine?

TABLEAU.

SHAKESPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

CHARACTERS.—*Infant and Nurse, Boy, Lover and Lady, Soldier, Justice, Pantaloon, Old Age.*

The characters should be arranged in a semi-circle, the infant on the right and old age on the left. Commencing on the right the nurse stands first, holding the infant in her arms and trying to pacify it. Next to her is the school-boy, with his satchel in hand and his bundle of books over his shoulder. Next is the lover, who is kneeling to the lady holding her right hand with his left and has his right hand on his heart, while she looks down and smiles on him. Next is the soldier, who stands near the centre, holding aloft a sword with his right hand, and with the other pointing to the left, as though urging on his troops. Next the Justice, standing behind a small desk or box, with his hand outstretched, and leaning forward as if making a speech before the court. Next to him the lean and slipperal pantaloon, leaning on his cane with his left hand, and with his right taking a pinch of snuff. Next to him, and on the extreme left, sits old age, in a large arm chair, with his eyes closed and wearing a pair of colored spectacles. His face and hands should have the appearance of being wrinkled, and his mouth drawn in as though he had no teeth. The light should be strong and the music lively. The costumes should be in accordance with the characters.

GUARD AGAINST VULGAR LANGUAGE.—There is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the actions. The latter is only the expression of the former, but they have a power to react upon the soul and leave the stain of corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one vulgar or profane word has not only shown that there is a foul spot upon the mind, but by the appearance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it till, by indulgence, it will pollute and stain the soul. Be careful of your words as of your thoughts.

A California Chinaman having been shown by his mistress how to make a pudding containing three eggs, but having seen her throw one bad egg away, continued for months after, whenever he made the pudding,to use four eggs, regularly breaking, examining and throwing one away, as he had seen her do.

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OPENING OF LYCEUM HALL.

The dedicatory meetings, discourses, exhibitions &c., will occur on the 25th, 26th and 27th of December. These three days meetings will include the yearly meeting of the local Spiritual Society,—Friends of Progress." The dedication discourse on Sunday, 26th, by Wm. Denton, and a grand entertainment by the Lyceum on one of the evenings. Friends from all parts of the country are invited to attend, and it is hoped many will come, for an interesting time is anticipated. For further particulars address.

ELI F. BROWN, Sec'y.

Letter from Mrs. Spence.

MRS. EDITOR—During the twelve years of my labors as a spiritual lecturer, in nearly every State in the Union, I, of course, like every other lecturer, had thousands of hearers, formed numerous acquaintances, and made many friends. With them all I believe I acquired, if no other reputation, at least that of being not only a zealous and faithful worker, but also a sincere and honest advocate of what I conceived to be the truth, regardless of the loss of reputation, and of the favor and friendship even of Spiritualists themselves, and at the risk of my personal liberty, and, perhaps, at times, of my life. There are, therefore, a large number of persons in the various States in which I have lectured, as well as elsewhere, who, having confidence in me individually, would like to hear from me personally in regard to the merits and claims of those Positive and Negative Powders, with which my name has been identified, and about which so much has been said in the spiritual and secular papers. To meet this general wish, and to answer many private letters of inquiry on the subject, I beg leave to make the following public statement:

1st. As has already beeen announced, the formula of the preparation of the Positive and Negative Powders was given through my mediumship, between five and six years ago.

2d. The Positive and Negative Powders have not only surpassed my most sanguine expectations of their practical operations as a medicine, but they have equaled anything I could possibly have desired, or requested of the spirit-world in advance, unless I had requested a perpetual miracle.

3d. There have been published during the past five years in the *Banner of Light* and other spiritual and secular papers, several hundred certificates and reports of cures wrought by the Positive and Negative Powders, many of which may justly be called remarkable, and not a few of them wonderful. More are still on file, and will be published in due time. The authenticity and genuineness of all those certificates and reports, I can vouch for, and furthermore, the originals are on file, and open to the inspection of any one who desires to see them; moreover, the public are at liberty (and are requested) to call upon or address by letter the writers of those reports and certificates, and satisfy themselves of their genuineness and truthfulness.

4th. There are many physicians who use the Positive and Negative Powders largely in their practice; and there are also not a few clergymen who use and recommend them to others, and who have even solicited an agency for the sale and distribution of them among the people.

5th. The Positive and Negative Powders are my reliance in case of either my own sickness or that of other members of my family; and within the last five years I have tested their virtues at home, in serious, as well as mild attacks of disease in myself, and in my children when but three months old, as well as in those further advanced in years, and uniformly with the most happy and successful results.

The Positive and Negative Powders are composed wholly of vegetable and animal substances.

The above facts compel me to be as earnest and as zealous an advocate of the Positive and Negative Powders as I ever have been of any other department or phenomenon of Spiritualism, the truth of which has been demonstrated to my satisfaction: and I therefore say, in conclusion, that I hope that those who are afflicted with disease of any kind, or who feel the great necessity of having a reliable healing power at hand, ready for any emergency, will be as hospitable to new truth in the healing art as in any other department of investigation, and that they will therefore test the Positive and Negative Powders fairly, and without prejudice, knowing, as I do, that such a test will in all cases result in confirming the statements already made respecting them, in establishing their inestimable value as an embodiment of healing power, and in demonstrating the existence and beneficence of the invisible intelligence which projected them into the world, for the good of the world.

37½ St. Mark's Place, New York.

AMANDA M. SPENCE.

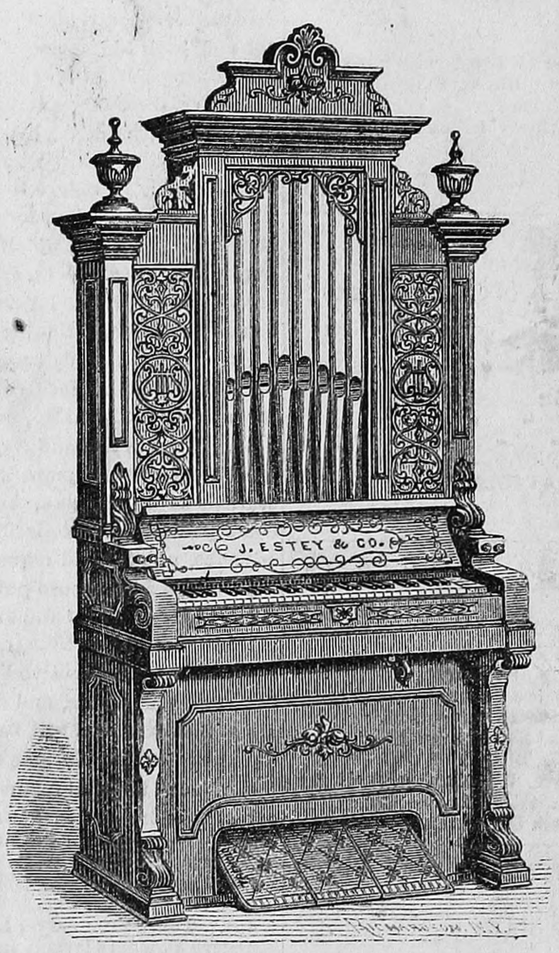
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