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### FELICIA ALMAY;

OR,

### CRIME AND RETRIBUTION!

A STORY OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

BY CORA WILSON.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### BEHAVEMENT.

The summons had gone forth, and unto the decree of Heaven the now willing and submissive heart had bent. As her remaining strength declined, as the world faded from the eyes on which the glories of the far beyond were opening in celestial gleams, Rose, dwelling in the peace that envelops the dying Christian, grew wonderfully calm and still. With the prophetic sight of the spirit, often vouchsafed to the closing hours of life, she felt that all-overruling Goodness would fashion all things right. But ere she attained this perfect serenity of soul, she had had a long interview with her husband, in which she pleaded with all the earnestness of a loving heart for the child she was about to leave on earth.

Whether it was the solemn impressiveness of her speech, or that better thoughts were gaining the ascendancy, Philip appeared moved and softened. Perhaps some lingering reminiscence of the love he had won to cast so cruelly aside, of the blooming and innocent girl he had lured from her father's arms, came over him then, and, despite of his strong will, moistened his eyes, and clouded his brow with the shadows of remorse and pity. The "one pure spot" in his world-enrusted heart was love for his child; though even that was obscured by the phantoms of his pride and unholy ambition. On her dying day, the long neglected wife did not appeal to him in vain.

"She shall never know how bitterly she has been deceived. I will not embitter her last moments with the knowledge of my danger; of the promised sacrifice of the child she has loved as her own. And if human effort can avail, so help me God!"—It was the first time for long years that he invoked that sacred name—"I will save her from the clutches of Elvino; he is too doubly-dyed a villain to match with such purity as hers. Once, I would not have surprised even for this, for we should live in wealth; I should be surrounded by the luxuries that have become the necessities of life to me. But a change that I cannot define is upon me. My child shall not become the victim of that hardened wretch. Desperate as the chance is, I will venture all—ruin or die—as fate ordains it."

All this passed through his mind, but to Rose he said: "Fear not; I give you my promise, Felicia shall not be forced into this repellent union. And Rose," he added stammeringly—"though I am not apt to play the weakling, yet I would—wife—I would ask your forgiveness."

"It is freely, fully bestowed!" said Rose, speaking rapidly, yet with an intense feeling. "In this hour, all the past of sorrow and trouble is forgotten; it is to me as if it never were; you are again the husband of my youth, to whom I pledged the holy, life-long vows. All is forgotten—neglect and indifference—only the beautiful memories of love remain. Be faithful to your promise, Philip; save your child from the doom she shrinks from. If she ever again meets Percy Macdonald, give your blessing to their union. I know he loved her, and there was something strange in his abrupt departure. I will not blame you, Philip, for the time for reproaches is past; but my prayer is still, and forever, be kind, be true to Felicia—be to her a father—replace me in her sorrowful, bereaved, young heart."

She spoke much more; warned him against the pursuance of his mysterious and evil course of life; implored him by all that was most sacred to the heart of man and acceptable to the eyes of God, to walk henceforth in the straight paths of honesty and rectitude.

At any other time he would have met such words with taunting sarcasms and stinging irony; but an unseen and mighty power was at work, stirring his long quiescent soul into a sense of wrong and sinfulness; awakening the long slumbering remorse, and shouting in thunder tones of accusation at his ear:

"Repent! Repent! ere it be too late!"

What Rose during her life could never bring to pass she achieved when death came nigh. She touched the hard heart, and aroused the soul of one who had scoffed at all holiness, and trampled under foot the laws of God and man. Blessed was the mission of the broken-hearted Rose! At her request, when she had recovered from the exhausting exertion consequent upon the long-protracted interview, Philip called in his daughter, and with a thoughtful mien and a careful step, he passed from the sick room.

It was a week from the day of Percy's departure, and the monster Arcabano, convinced that it would be impossible to hold a wedding in the house where death was waiting, had growled forth an ill-natured respite, "until the old woman was dead and buried;" but he still insisted on the fulfillment of the contract, and threatened Philip with the utmost vengeance, if he swerved from it in the least.

During that week the young Felicia had tasted of

the bitterness of life. He whom she held so loftily enshrined in the innermost sanctuary of her affections, had left her, as it seemed, so coldly, without a parting word of love or hope; without a promise of return. It was her first disappointment, and heavily it weighed upon her erstwhile spirits. In those few days her cheeks had lost their rosy freshness; her diamond-bright eyes were dimmed with many tears; the curtain of a sad thoughtfulness was thrown around the candid brow, and now the mother she idolized was about to leave her! She thought of living alone with her stern father, and she shuddered with fear; she thought of Arcabano, who had called at the gate, but had not entered the house; and as his image rose before her, she dreamt of the long sleep beneath the ocean waves. In her brave, love-consecrated heart, she registered the vow to choose death rather than a hateful life with him. She entered the chamber of Rose with a bursting heart and tear-filled, swollen eyes. She could not command her voice to address the beloved one who was passing rapidly away.

"Come here, my child; give me your hand; let me feel your kiss once more. Dear Felicia, do not grieve too much for me! This worn-out frame will be exchanged for the glory and youth of the spirit; this aching breast that the love of earth has never satisfied, will rest in the everlasting peace of God! From the heavens, I will watch over my beloved child!"

"Oh, mother! mother! take me with you, for I, too, would be at rest! Do not leave me here alone—forsaken—desolate! God of the bereaved, have pity! take me in my mother's arms—up—up, beyond the reach of sorrow and despair!"

The young girl clasped her hands as she uttered the impassioned prayer of her grief, and her face was pallid as that of the departing.

There is a beautiful as well as a solemn aspect in death. He is not a king of terrors to the "pure in heart;" neither is he an appalling spectre to the penitent and the reconciled with God. As a calm-browed, ministering angel, he comes to these, a messenger of the Father's will, leading them from the accomplished mission of earth, upwards, to the celestial plains.

The face of Rose was glorified and serene; the dark valley for her was passed, and the heavenly shores were nigh. Her pale and wasted cheeks flushed with the enthusiasm of love that was even then angelic in its bestowal; her blue eyes were illumined with the brilliancy of her soul; the smooth, brown hair, that sorrow far more than time had silvered, strayed over the pillow, curling playfully still, as in her happy, youthful days. Though her breathing was labored, she seemed to undergo no pain, and she spoke, in a clear and silvery voice that seemed imbued with some strange, unearthly significance, it fell so thrillingly impressive upon the ear:

"Come nearer, my beloved child," she said; and, as Felicia bent over her, and she caught the quick falling rain of her tears upon her face and bosom, the mother said, sweetly reproving:

"This is not right, my darling! Oh, this is not the spirit with which our Father wills that we should offer unto him. Felicia, daughter! you have been the angel of my weary pilgrimage! Think you that our Father keeps not the record of your dutiful life? Think you there is no compensation for the sufferings of those who love Him, and keep his commandments?"

"There will be no happiness for me when you are gone. Who then will teach and guide me? Who will save me from wretchedness and woe? Oh, let me die! let me not live to be alone on earth!"

And she threw herself upon her knees, and the fervent petition of her soul that hour was for the boon of death.

"My child, you will live to recall this hour with regret; you will learn that the chastening hand is overextended in love; that sorrow and discipline are the teaching angels from on high. In the future, Felicia, you will be blest and happy, and then will you recognize the salutary uses of all trial." There was a prophetic tone in what she said.

The young girl, weeping bitterly, exclaimed between her sobs:

"There is no happiness on earth for me! I am to be sacrificed to my father's sordid ambition. But, mother," and she threw back the tangled masses of golden hair that veiled her eyes, "I will seek eternal repose in the waters of the sea, and my spirit shall follow you, above."

"Hush, hush! my dearest; such thoughts are sinful," said the mother, taking her small, white, trembling hand. "Not so, my child. That dread alternative will never be. I have your father's binding promise that you shall never wed with Arcabano. Fear not—that danger is past. And, my beloved child, listen to what I tell you, and receive the last good I can ever bestow. My blessed, my obedient child! you have heard that the vision of the dying often lifts the veil from the hidden future? I see your life before me, now. Felicia! give not way to unreasoning and blinded grief, for my sake. Some day—not far distant—you will meet again—with Percy—and the mystery of the past will be explained. You will be happy—united—and other joys, undreamt of, which I dare not reveal to you—will be your portion. Trust in the Saviour's love. Resign yourself unto the will—or Him—"

She was much exhausted by the continued effort of speaking.

Felicia, bending over her, silently arranged the pillows, and kissed the white brow over which the mystic, grey shadows were stealing. She pondered deeply on her mother's words, and a ray of blessed

consolation, even amid the overwhelming terror, stole to her tortured heart.

"Felicia," Rose whispered softly. She bent down her head.

"Call in the servants," she said. She called them all, and they came from their several avocations, and grouped themselves around the room, weeping and sighing, and praying loudly to the saints.

Felicia imposed silence upon them by her gestures; but the gentle mistress, smiling faintly, said in somewhat strengthened tones:

"Leave them to the demonstrations of their honest hearts, dear child, and come hither, and support me while I say farewell to them."

Supported on the bosom of her daughter, she bade them approach her one by one. She addressed a few kind words to each, bade them fulfill their duties and be happy. To two swarthy maidens and an old man, she said:

"I have won a boon from your master. Anita and Barbara, and you, Anselmo; you are free! When you leave me, go and thank him."

They cast themselves on their knees before her and implored the choicest blessings of the Eternal upon her. They prayed for her restoration to health—for a long and fortunate life.

Rose heard them with a heavenly smile, with the dew drops of compassion in her eyes. When they arose to go, she said:

"Pray that the good Father may receive me in his Paradise, and your good wishes I accept for her, my child. Love her as you have done me. God bless you, one and all!"

They retired, sobbing, yet restraining all violent outbreaks of their grief; but, when they reached their own quarters, such a loud, wild wail arose; it would have moved the hardest heart to pity. Candles were illumined in order to propitiate the Virgin and the Saints, and from those humble hearts ascended the anguished entreaty that the highest seraph in the realms of immortality inclined to hear, and bear toward the thrones of God.

"If they are so bereaved, oh, Father in Heaven! what am I?" cried Felicia, as she again knelt by the bedside, and held her mother's hand, and saw the mysterious shadows flit athwart the fading countenance.

"All will be well," she murmured reverently, and her blue eyes were upraised in communion with the unseen.

Felicia gazed upon her with the agonized look that we give to those who pass from our mortal sight forever.

"My darling," she said, turning her yet clear gaze upon her, "I have been a disobedient child, and my years of punishment were many, and my trials were severe. I feel that I am pardoned now; my Heavenly Parent and the earthly father whose strength I bent, whose head I whitened by my sin—both have forgiven me. Felicia, you have been good—oh, more than good to me. Your reward awaits you! Have faith, trust, patience—all will be well. And now, my beloved, call your father."

Felicia hastened to call an attendant to remain with her until she returned.

"It is not necessary, dearest," said Rose; "each of the women have offered to remain and watch with me, but I need them not. I want only you. Now call your father. Hasten, my child!"

With winged footsteps she sped through hall and corridor, till she found him, plunged in deep thought beside a picture representing the devoted wife in her first youthful charms. He started as Felicia touched him lightly on the shoulder.

She was pallid as any arisen ghost. The terrible shadow of a great sorrow had obscured the lustre of her eye, and stolen all the freshness of first youth. The golden hair floated over neck and shoulders in disorder; the blue veins' tracery shone forth on brow and hand; her white garments hung loosely around her, and the kerchief about her neck was saturated with the briny flood of her tears. For a moment, the father looked upon her silently—then with a tone of tenderness, unheard for years, he cried:

"Felicia!" and opened wide his arms.

She sunk upon his bosom, wound her loving clasp around him, and sobbed and wept in the abandonment of her soul. "She calls you—she bade me hasten," Felicia whispered.

"Felicia, my daughter!" he said, and kissed the tear-stained cheeks, "fear me no longer. I will be a father—I will atone for all, my child!"

She seized his hand and pressed it to her throbbing heart; half-supporting her, they reached the chamber of Rose. Philip started back in alarm; the unmistakable seal of death was upon her face! She stretched forth one feeble hand, and he took it speechlessly, and carried it to his lips.

"You will remember all you promised?" Again he started at the sound of her voice, so musically, yet so thrillingly imbued with change.

"I will, so help me God!" he cried.

"And you will not cast away my warning? You will beware of Joaquin? He is your enemy—he will betray you—injure you, if he can."

"I will dismiss him from my service, Rose; be at ease upon that point. The rascal is now away."

"Will you pray with me, my husband? This once. Grant me my last request. You refused yesterday, when the minister was here; do not refuse me, now!"

He yielded not ungracefully. With her cold hand clasped in his, his daughter by his side, he prayed with her, as he had never prayed since he had knelt by his mother's knee in sinless boyhood. Tears of deep feeling, of a penitential upwelling, moistened

his lashes; the bold and wicked adventurer was taking the first initiatory steps in good.

"Farewell, my beloved Philip—husband of my heart, farewell! Remember—repent—beware! Felicia, I bless you! Father, into thy hands—forgive. Yes, yes, sweet angels, fare—"

The sentence was never finished here. The spirit of the wronged and loving woman had sped to its immortal home. And at the foot of her bed the faithful hound lay stretched in death! Only ye who have felt the pangs of bereavement, who have dwelt in the desert realm of heart-loneliness, ye alone can sympathize with the mourner by the desolate hearthstone. Ye who have sinned and suffered and atoned, ye can judge of the depth of remorse and horror by which the guilty husband was visited.

"There are two to torment me, now!" he cried, when, breaking from his daughter's arms, he turned the solitude of his own room. "She and Teresa! Oh, I have wronged her—both, most vilely! But it is now too late—too late!"

Rose never knew that the holy name of wife had been to her a mockery. She was spared the final pang of shame, and fearing still further to cloud Felicia's life-path with a revelation of her parentage, she died and kept the secret of her birth.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE TARDY PENITENCE.

She was laid to rest in the Protestant cemetery of Santa Cruz, and the pomp and luxury that had marked her life, followed her ashes to the grave. A beautiful mausoleum was erected, and her funeral was numerously attended. The splendid mirrors were covered with thick folds of white crape, and the gorgeous furniture encoined in white coverings of linen. Such is the custom of that Tropical land. Only the pall upon the coffin was of black velvet; the house was decorated as if for her bridal translation to the skies. Beneath the overhanging willow the body of the neglected wife was laid. In the home, hallowed by her gentle presence, Felicia mourned for her true friend.

It was on the third evening from the funeral that Philip entered his daughter's room, and drawing her fondly toward him, said:

"Felicia, I know you to be strong of will, and brave in purpose. I am obliged to intrude upon the sacredness of your grief for your own welfare's sake. Listen to me, and if you can, strengthen me with your cooperation and aid, for all that I do, nearly concerns you, my child!"

"I am willing to do all I can, father; but she is in my every thought!"

"I am unhappy, harassed, tormented, threatened, even to my very life, Felicia!"

She started up in alarm.

"Your life, father?"

"Yes, even my very existence, child. I am in the power of that man. I cannot dare tell you how, or wherefore. I have ceased even to think of the sacrifice of your affections; enough wrong has been committed. I will keep my word to you—to Rose. But in order to elude Arcabano's vengeance, we must flee, we must abandon home and its luxuries; we must fly to parts unknown; change our names; escape from here in disguise!"

"I will go to the ends of the globe, father, to escape that monster! And home has no charms for me since my mother left. But why all this mystery? May I not know all, dear father?"

"Impossible—impossible, my girl! No, you can never know. But let this suffice you; it is for your sake only I would fly from here. Felicia, there is no time to lose! That man, Arcabano's spies, may be upon me at any time. I even mistrust Joaquin and yet I dare not avow my suspicions. We must escape in silence and by night. I have gold and valuable enough, and this house must be left to his rapacious minions. But we will find a home elsewhere."

"Then his words to me were not mere empty threats! Oh, father, dear, let us lose no time. I will afford you all the assistance in my power. But dearest father, in order to carry out your plan, you must be yourself, always. You must not—"

She hesitated, and looked up deprecatingly.

"Must not what? Speak freely, speak fearlessly, my child."

"You must beware of the wine cup, father. I can trust your clear head and steady arm, but for that fend that so often possesses you."

"And who will never possess me again!" he declared. "Oh, child, child! you know nothing of the temptations, the snares of the world. To Arcabano's influence I owe much of what I am. It is a long story and unfit for your ears; but I will retrieve much. Mind daughter, and do not let Joaquin see that we are planning a departure, or he may ruin our prospects. Keep your room as much as possible. I will arrange all."

So saying, he kissed her forehead, and hastened from the house. With the captain of a schooner he bargained for a passage to a distant part of the coast, and pleading danger of a private character, he planned an embarkation by night. A boat was to be in waiting close by the grounds of "Eden Rest," and for a magnificent reward, they were to be conveyed away in secret. Not a suspicion seemed to have been raised; the household in deep heart-mourning for the loss of their mistress, followed mechanically their several employments. Felicia, by her father's orders, packed away her mother's jewels, and Philip, collecting a large sum of money and many valuables, prepared to secrete them about his person, while he sent a few boxes and caskets on board. As the *Senor Delano* often sent specie and gems to the coast and to Europe, this circumstance

could attract no attention. Truly abstaining from all intoxicating drink, he followed out his plan with accuracy and despatch.

In her trembling eagerness to escape the machinations of the evil Elvino, Felicia had no time for regretting the giving up of her home, though in it her childhood hours and her youth's sunniest days had passed. A feverish haste and unrest impelled her on; her sleep was broken as much by the incessant terror that brooded over her, as by the recollection of her recent trial. She watched for the return of her father at morning, noon, and night, with an apprehension amounting to agony. When he appeared, and she saw by his upright bearing and clear eyes that he was free from the besetting sin, she clasped her hands in thankfulness, and praised the Lord for his mercy.

If Philip sorrowed for the loss of his wife, he did not manifest it by the outward signs of grief; and many thought him, what he had been to her through life, harsh, cold, and unloving. But to Felicia, it was evident that he grieved deeply, and that remorse was tugging at his heart-strings. She felt it in his altered manner toward her; in his softened mood; his precautions for her safety and happiness. Had he not sworn to give her to Arcabano?—and had he not recalled that fearful vow? Even the usual sneering tone had been laid aside. He was thoughtful, often, but he was profane and harsh no more.

"A blessed change has come over him," said Felicia, to herself. "My angel mother's prayers have had effect; he will be restored to usefulness, to his daughter's love, to God!" and the filial sentiment that had been almost extinguished by his cruelty, awoke to renewed life and power.

"Felicia, dearest, all is ready, to-morrow night at twelve," he said, one morning three weeks from the day of Rose's death. And the young girl's heart leaped exultantly with the blessed sense of release from the overhanging doom. That very day her father had had an exciting interview with Arcabano, who was growing more and more restive and impatient of delay.

"What the devil do I care!" said the wretch, "for the say-so of the world. The girl is mine. I have your promise, and I claim her. I wait not for any such nonsense as the year of mourning. What is your dead old woman to me? I shall call at your house next Sunday, and grief or no grief, I shall expect the senorita to receive me."

"As you will!" said Philip, heaving a sigh. "I must submit. Be it as you say." And he thought within himself, "Before the rising of next Sunday's sun, we shall be far beyond your reach and malice!" The Friday of their departure dawned, storm-threatening and gloomy. The sun was obscured by flying clouds of a dull leaden hue, and the mountains were unwrapped in mist. As the afternoon waned to a close, the winds blew furiously, and torrents of rain descended; the lightning flashed, and the thunder boomed from afar. Felicia thought of the storm that had cast Percy Macdonald on those shores, but she felt no fear for herself. She was inspired with an almost superhuman courage—with the impatience of mingled hope and dread.

The night passed on. Not a star shone from the storm-decked heavens. Madame Triny had that evening visited her young friend, as she named the daughter of her former mistress, and had condoled with her on the great loss they had all sustained. As the weather was so unfavorable, she could not return home, and she would have shared the sleeping-room of Felicia, had not the young girl declared that she was restless at night and walked the floor. Madame Triny insisted no longer, for she was as fond of sound, undisturbed sleep as she was of good living and confectationeries.

"Ah, *ma chère amie*," she said, sadly shaking her head, "I am veres sorry you 'ave de bad habito of walking up and down de cham-bro. It is one pity; one grande blame; you must take some med'cine, and nevare do so any more. If I should sleep in your cham-bro, I should die wid de fright—for if I see you in your white robes, I shall zink it is one ghost, and I faint away entirelee, and scream as you nevare heard. I am so fright of de ghosts!"

It required all the regnant self-control of her nature to enable Felicia to keep up the conversation; and she was much relieved when Madame Triny pleaded fatigue and was shown to her apartment.

"I shall call you precisely at twelve, my child," said Philip, as he kissed her good-night. "You are troubled by the storm?"

"Nothing troubles me but the fear that we may be detected. I do not dread the wrath of the elements; I tremble only at the thoughts of that dreadful foe."

"Then you can be calm; for rest assured he has not the slightest suspicion of our movements. Arrange your disguise carefully, and, until the clock strikes, remain in your room; and—if you will—Felicia, pray for me."

"That I will, my father, and with my whole soul!" she responded, as she sought her chamber.

The two hours of waiting were terrible in the manifold thoughts they brought. Still the storm-wind howled fiercely, and the rain-showers beat against the windows. Still the distant booming of the sea, the illuminating flash, the distant and near roar of the thunder. Felicia prayed, until the responding angels shed over her heart the balsamic, healing of their wings; until the peace of heaven descended to her breast amid the warfare of the elemental strife without.

She had donned her disguise—that of a native fisherman's wife or daughter; a skirt of a coarse blue stuff reaching but a little beneath the knee; a close



sitting crimson spencer, and a black silk mantilla thrown over her head and shoulders; her white-stockinged feet were encased in black strong gaiter boots, and over her golden and abundant curls she wore a skillfully fashioned wig of black long hair, that, entirely changing the character and contour of her face, descended in two massive plaits below her waist.

This costume, that might seem heavy and unfitting for a tropical climate, was made of coarse and yet light materials. To shield herself from the rain, she threw around her a rough balise mantle, such as is worn by the fishermen at large.

As the time-piece in her room pointed to the stroke of twelve, her father tapped gently at the door. He, too, was unrecognizable in his rough boatman's garb, and with the whitened hair. He took Felicia's hand, and said gently, "Come."

She took his arm, and they stepped softly through the hall and passages, the fierce wind threatening to blow out their lantern at every step they took. They reached the garden gate in safety, and Philip, raising his daughter in his arms, hurried swiftly on.

"Farewell to Eden Rest! Farewell, farewell, forever!" she answered; and she thought of her mother's willow-shaded grave, and sighed.

They reached the beach, saw from amid the waves a glimmering light, and knew it was the saving boat. Two men approached, their figures almost indistinguishable in the darkness; they held up the carefully screened lanterns they carried; they were the honest sailors from on board the schooner.

"This is a terrible night, sir," said one, saluting the passengers.

"But I guess we can weather it," said the other in good English.

"Yes, yes, my men; only hasten. Help this lady and I will follow."

There were two more American seamen in the boat, and it required all their exertions to keep the frail thing from swamping. The Yankee who had spoken last, and the Spanish sailor Fermine, wading deep into the stormy water, bore Felicia safely to the boat.

Amid the roar of the waves, the shrieking of the blast, and the rushing fury of the rain, she heard not the first sounds of the skirmish on the shore. But in a momentary lull of the tempest, she distinguished the loud cries of human voices; she heard her father's piercing call for help!

"Save him! oh, save my father!" she shrieked, wringing her hands, and attempting to leap forward into the surging waves.

"For heaven's sake, young lady, sit still. Here, James, hold on to her tightly, and you, men, come along quick!" cried one of the sailors; and while James held back the terrified girl, who but for his strong grasp would have thrown herself overboard, the three men swam ashore and hastened to the rescue.

The boat had drifted off, and it took them a few seconds to reach the beach. By the vivid glare of the lightning—for by this time all the lights save one in the skiff were out—they saw half a dozen ruffians circling around their passenger, who was defending himself bravely.

"Die, you accursed dog!" thundered a loud, harsh voice, and the report of a pistol mingled with the weird sounds of the gale.

"Die yourself!" shouted Philip, and another pistol shot was fired.

The thrilling screams of Felicia reached her father's ear; he fought with the energy of desperation, for his own life and for his daughter's honor. Two of the miscreants lay cold in death at his feet. The sturdy tars grappled with the others, while one villain kept to a hand-and-hand encounter with Philip, who dexterously sought to evade his gleaming point. A flash revealed the swarthy and bearded face of Joaquin.

"Traitor! infamous scoundrel!" cried his master.

"Oh, my poor Rose was right."

And he struggled for the freedom of his right arm, and dealt the wretch a blow that sent him headlong, but not, alas! until he had been several times severely wounded by him. The sailors, coming to his aid, bore him from the scene of conflict, having kept off the other robbers by the main force of their vigorous arms.

"Halloo! the boat!" they shouted simultaneously.

"Ay, ay!" responded cheerily, and the light was held aloft.

There seemed to be a lull in the storm. Still the rain food poured down, but the wind blew not so fiercely, and the thunder peals died away in the distance.

They reached the boat without accident, and Felicia throwing herself upon her father, cried in heart-rending tones:

"He is hurt! he is killed! Oh, God! his face is white and his eyes are closed. Oh, father, father! am I left to mourn you, too?"

They laid him softly down, and his daughter supported his head. A groan escaped his lips; he looked wildly around. James held the lantern, and Felicia, trembling and overcome with horror, implored him to speak, and assure her that he was not wounded mortally.

"I cannot tell—my darling child," he whispered. "God only knows. Row, men, row for your lives, that we may reach the vessel."

They pulled with a will through the waters, then no longer raging as before; they reached the schooner's side, and with some difficulty the almost insensible Philip and the frantic Felicia were brought to the deck. The pitying captain, shocked at the danger they had all incurred, and full of sympathy for the unhappy lady, aided them in descending to the cabin, in placing the wounded man in a snug berth.

"Yes, yes," said he, shaking his head mournfully, "in Yankee-land we have no such doings—such stabbings and trainings as this! I'll go and give my orders now; and then, miss, I'll assist you all I can."

Beneath the favoring and now lessening gale, the little craft stood gallantly out to sea.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE FATHER'S CONFESSION.

"Do not weep, do not look so despairingly to heaven, my beloved child! Oh, now I feel all that she—that you have been to me. Felicia, child of my love, I am the vilest, lowest sinner on this earth! You will spurn me, my daughter; you will turn from my dying bed with horror and aversion; you will spurn and curse the stricken wretch before you! My pure, good child, you will turn from me with loathing, for I am burdened with a weight of crime! And he writhed in the bodily torture that was the accompaniment of his mental pains.

"Do not talk so, dear father—ever my father, what-

ever you be. God, who is all righteous, does forgive. Dare I, his frail human creature, harshly judge or condemn? Oh, father, no matter how deeply stained—you are now repentant; you will henceforth live to bless the Lord! Only tell me that you feel the hope of life; that you will not die and leave me desolate!"

She looked imploringly into his face, and wiped the clammy perspiration from his brow. Overhead the lamp shed its flickering gleams, and the little vessel rolled and pitched as she ploughed the waves. The anxious daughter had not left his side one moment, though her garments were wet and her own golden hair strayed in disheveled masses from beneath the disguising braids.

"I feel that I shall not live long, my beautiful!" he fondly replied; "but do not yet give way to grief. I have much, much to confess. Go and put on dry robes, my child. Nay, I beseech you, leave me, and do as I desire; put on some of your own clothes; arrange your own bright hair. I would see my Felicia as she is. It is my earnest wish."

She arose with a deep sigh, kissed his hand, and withdrew. The captain gave her the keys of the trunks that had been sent on board, and she took from one a dark and close-fitting dress and arrayed herself as usual; she combed and smoothed her glossy hair, and arranged it in the floating ringlets her father loved so well. Meanwhile he held a whispered conference with the good-natured little Yankee captain.

Felicia returned to her post, and with a feeble smile he greeted her. His strength was fast declining; he had received three pointed thrusts from the hand of his treacherous servant, and no human skill could avail to save him. Although suffering excruciating pain, he controlled himself by that iron will-power that had characterized him through life. He suppressed the groans that arose to his lips; only when the resistless torrent of remorse swept over him, did it force from him the expressions of physical suffering also. Often compelled to pause from excess of pain, from sheer exhaustion, he continued:

"Felicia, gather together all the noble courage with which I know you are endowed; take your religious principles, the memory of your—of Rose; think of God's mercy—that mercy that long I have disbelieved in, that I have never acknowledged, never called upon until too late—and when you have done this—and you must do it quickly, love—prepare to hear the frightful statement that brands me—your father—with present and eternal infamy!"

The daughter gazed fervently upward, and implored the strength of the Eternal's arm.

"I am ready to hear all you have to say, my father?"

"You will not curse me?—not despise me while the life yet lingers? Felicia, you are the only being I have ever truly loved! Wayward, stern as I have been, even to those that one pure unperverted affection ever rested in my soul, the one, the only redemption point. Felicia, in the name of the great God who has visited me with punishment, I ask your forgiveness! I would kneel to you, could I compel this wretched body to that posture of humility! Pardon, pardon, my child, for the sins I have committed against you!"

"Father, you have not wronged me. You have been generous, kind, indulgent! You were never harsh to me, except—and then you were not yourself," she said, with a burst of emotion.

"Do not weep for me; I am not worthy; be grateful to the Lord for taking me from your life-path. The path of evil is so flowery, so inviting; it seems so smooth and lovely; daughter of my soul, it leads to untold depths of darkness! Once trodden, it may not be retraced. I might live to bring more shame upon you; to drive every vestige of affection from your heart by drunkenness and sin: I am taken ere I can do more harm."

"Dear father, there is joy in heaven over every sinner that repenteth."

"Oh, that I were not too late! Oh, that I could expiate every crime, and banish the haunting spectres that pursue me! Felicia, I have wronged you from your birth!"

"Tell me all; tell me all that burdens your conscience. I will apply to it the sacred promises of God."

"Rose was not your mother, my child!"

The young girl's eyes dilated with a wondering stare—her very lips blanched; she pressed her hands together, but only a feeble moan gave evidence that she had heard and understood.

"But you are my daughter, my own beloved one!" he said quickly.

"Am I the child of shame?" she asked tremblingly.

"You are my daughter by my own lawful wife Teresa de Alcaida," he replied.

"And she—my mother?—where—oh, mother Rose!" she cried with a convulsive flood of tears.

"Your mother, your own mother? Listen, my child—there lies my greatest sin. She was my wedded wife; and I, foul wretch, deserted her for no cause save love of novelty and change! I married Rose Palmer; but the ceremony was null and void, for your mother was living, and could have claimed her rights!"

"Is she living still? Oh, father!"

"How could I have been so incarnate a fiend, your looks would ask! A false ambition, an unholy, insatiable desire for gain possessed me. I stole from your mother the money sent from her native place. I left her in misery and in privation. I stole you from her arms! Felicia, curse me! Trample out the wretched remnant of my life! I am unworthy of your pity! I am too far beneath the mercy of just Providence! See, child! this right hand struck my mother! This dark heart planned the hellish scheme, that sent Teresa forth a beggaried maniac on the world! I deceived poor Rose! I tore her from the safe shelter of her virtuous home, from the love of her father! I poisoned and embittered her life, and made her the slave of my caprices. I intercepted her letters, and she never heard a word from home. It was not consumption, but I, that killed her! And morning, noon and night, have I been haunted by the spectral face, the outstretched arms, the wild, accusing voice of her who bids me return her child!"

"God forgive you—be merciful unto you!" gasped Felicia.

"But is she living, father?"

"I know not—but the Lord watched over her! She came to my mother's house—she was received, adopted as a daughter, by that mother. I heard from my secret emissaries. I fled with Rose, who never knew the deceit that made a wife of her only in name! She deemed your mother had been my mistress; yet she loved you, and adopted you as her own!"

"Blessed mother! Dear saint in Heaven! never shall I cease to call her by that sacred name!"

"Felicia, I have not heard directly from my mother

for many years. Since I fled from home she has not known of my whereabouts, and I could obtain no information since the time I heard of Teresa's establishment with her. She had wealth; her family were influential; yet I blighted her life for a mere caprice. I could not brook her noble, self-dependent, fiery spirit. Through her affection for you I made a willing instrument of Rose."

He paused awhile to recover breath. With a piteous look of entreaty he gazed into his daughter's face.

"Have I told you enough already to inspire you with lasting abhorrence? Will you now turn from me, and flying from my sight, leave me to the accusing phantoms of my sins? Felicia! am I condemned by thee?"

There was such a fearful agony in his voice, that she seized his hand and covered it with kisses.

"May the Almighty God forgive, fully as my own heart," she replied.

"Bless you—bless you forever, angel! interceding, loving angel!" he cried, and the large tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Oh, father! tell me of my mother; where is she? Can I not find her, if she is still on earth?"

"You can, and you must! My mother lives in— Take this portfolio by my side, open it, take out the small box of sandal wood; it contains my most precious documents. Give it to me. Here, child, is my mother's address."

She took it in her trembling hands, and read:

"Mrs. Mercy Almay, Linden Cottage, three miles from C—shire, England."

"You ponder over the name!" said her father. "That is my real one. The name of Delano, like many others I have borne, was assumed. But, dear, my strength is waning fast; hearken to my last instructions, as well as to my dying confession! The good captain will see you safely on board a vessel for England. He will, also, procure for you a faithful attendant of your own sex. Go to the Metropole, and wait upon the firm of Wells & Grattan—they were correspondents of mine. Some one of the firm will be in existence. Without discovering the purpose of your journey, ask them to send you to—shire, if you can previously gain any tidings concerning my mother or your own. And if they are both gone, you will inherit all. My poor mother was in comparatively humble circumstances, for my extravagance kept her so; but Teresa is wealthy; and the few trinkets and the money I have about me, will prove sufficient for your subsistence until your claims are established. I can trust you, love! You are energetic, high-principled; God and his angels will surround you. In London, you may meet with Percy Macdonald. Felicia, pardon! I brought that last sorrow to your heart!"

"Percy!—how—what do you mean, my father?" said Felicia, her color rising to her eyes, full of consoling inquiry bent upon his face.

"He loved you!" groaned the miserable man, as the remembrance of his double treachery flashed vividly athwart his mind. "He told me that day, and I—urged on by fear, cowardly, dastardly dread of Arabano—I told him a falsehood—said you were engaged—and that your affection had gone with the promise of your hand!"

Again for a moment he struggled and writhed in pain, until the great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead.

"Oh, too, too cruel!" murmured Felicia; but he heard her not.

"Will you still say pardon, my daughter?" The sorrowful, changed and failing voice aroused her from the tumult of her thoughts.

"I will say it now and forever!" she cried earnestly, again taking his cold, moist hand.

"And Percy loved me, father?"

"As fondly and as purely as you deserve to be loved. If you ever meet—and I doubt not that you will—be happy, and ask him, also, to forgive me!"

He now spoke with difficulty; there was a wheezing sound in his throat, and his eyes rolled fearfully. Felicia, in alarm, asked him if he felt worse.

"Somewhat," he gasped. "I will take some drink, my child."

She prepared a glass of wine and water, and held it to his lips. He drank eagerly, and seemed much restored.

"Let me finish while I have time," he said, "for you must know all. I have been connected with Arabano for many years. First in smuggling expeditions—then in marauding—in varied and extensive robberies in the mountains! You start—you turn pale, my child! Yes; such is your wretched father!—thus is he fallen! He, that villain to whom I would have sold you, he is the chief of a horde of desperadoes such as this country only can produce. Much of my ill-gotten wealth was thus acquired. Fear not, my child, to use the small portion left you. Remember that I stole of your mother's patrimony—all I could lay my hands upon. In an evil hour I staked at the gaming table all—and lost. Flushed with wine—delirious—unconscious of what I was doing, I risked my house, and lost. Then, oh, bitter, blighting shame! oh, curse! oh, infamy! I accepted what I deemed a brutal jest—I staked my child's hand, and Arabano won! He insisted upon the fulfillment of the unholy compact! I remonstrated—entreated—promised—all in vain! My life was in his hands. Though innocent of blood-guiltiness, I was implicated in the murders committed by his horrid crew. I was known as a gentleman of honor and fortune, in Santa Cruz. He held me in his hands—my life—the gallow—death—dishonor. I was an unnatural father! Now the hand of retribution has laid me low!"

These terrible revelations almost overcame the listening girl, there was so much almost incredible wickedness. She shuddered, and almost shrank from him who had committed so many outrages on divine and human laws. Then she remembered that he was stricken by the hand of death; that he was helpless and bereft of all save his daughter's sympathy, and her heart was again softened, and she looked upon him with the compassionate sorrow of forgiven trespasses.

"A few words more," he said, moving about uneasily, for the pain of his wounds had become intolerable. "I have freed all who were slaves at Eden Rest. Three were freed at Rose's express desire—who others—know not yet—but they will soon—all the servants have been paid—but the house will be—taken possession of—by Arabano—I know not whether he was on the beach last night—but I thought—I recognized his voice. The villain—Joaquin—he was present at my marriage with Teresa. I think I killed him. Now—daughter—call the captain—and leave me awhile with him. Yet stay—before you go—once more say you forgive me!"

"I do, my father! I do, with all my soul!"

"Thanks, thanks! my blessed angel! Give me one kiss if you do not—despise me—all too much."

She bent over him and kissed him on the death-damp brow. She pressed her pure lips to his mouth and cheeks, and baptized him fresh for heaven in the falling tear-dew of her tender grief. When she had left the cabin, he gave way to the expression of the torments that consumed him; he groaned aloud, and entreated God for speedy relief and mercy. He knew that his final struggle would be hard, and did not wish his gentle child to witness his last conflict. Held in the arms of the good captain, he breathed his last; and it was not until the stillness and serenity of death had settled on the face of Philip Almay, that his daughter was permitted to look upon him.

The first glow of morn spread over the horizon, when his spirit winged its flight. At sunset that day there was an ocean burial, and the body of the penitent transgressor was committed to the deep.

Weeping afresh for the mother-love of Rose; clinging with a fond tenacity to the hope of meeting face to face the one who had given her birth; thrilled with the blessed knowledge of Percy's love and fidelity; with a deep pity for the father she had lost, Felicia lifted up her streaming eyes and said:

"Thy will be done!"

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

LOVE! AY, LOVE!

Reply to "Love Not," by Mrs. Norton, in the Banner, June 16, 1861.

BY E. M. W.

Love! ay, love! 'Tis the hope of the world, The gordian knot binding each fond heart to heart, In the chains of more beauty than rubies or gold— 'Tis the challenge of glory kind angels impart. Each breath of the morn is a love-beating throb Of the infinite heart overshadowing all; How thrilling its presence, as mount, glen and wood, Echoing, echoes the wild warbler's call.

Love! ay, love! 'Tis the lamplight of life, Still guiding our feet o'er the dark, rugged way: Though sharp, piercing thorns with red imprints rife, Leave heart-stains of blood as onward we stray. Ask the mother, the husband, the sister, the wife, Shall we blot from existence and 'love not' again? Hush! hear the quick answer, "Ye'll crush out my life!"

If this be, oh God! all existence is vain!" Elm Cottage, Rochester, N. Y., 1861.

## Original Essays.

### NOTES

CRITICAL AND HERMENEUTICAL.

BY HORACE DRESSER, M. D., LL. D.

NUMBER FIVE.

GREEK TEXT.

Basileion B. Keph 16, Sept. 7, 85.

Ἰ. Ἰδοὺ ἐγὼ δίδωμι ἐν αὐτῷ πνεύματι καὶ ἀκουσέτω ἀγγέλιον καὶ ἀποστήθισεν αὐτὸς τὸν γενεῶν αὐτῶν—καὶ καταβὰν αὐτὸν ἐν ῥομφαίᾳ ἐν τῷ γε αὐτοῦ.

35. Καὶ ἐγενετο νύκτος. Καὶ ἐξεληθὲν ἀγγέλιος Κυρίου καὶ ἐπάταξεν ἐπὶ τὸ παρεμβολὴν τὸν Ἀσσυρίων ἐκτοκὸν ἀποκτείναντες ὅλην τὴν οὐρανίαν τοπὸν. Καὶ ἰδοὺ παῖς σομὰς νεκρὰ.

No nation, ancient or modern, having a literature, has ever failed to furnish evidence of a belief in the agencies and influence of spiritual beings. The records of the past teem with the utterances of prophets and the visions of seers. Kings, princes, priests and people have ever consulted Oracles, and given heed to their mysterious language. Their revelations have been received as the voice of Deity, and been considered as divine counsels founded on a knowledge of the ordinations of destiny. The Hebrew prophet and seer, whether a wanderer in wildernesses, solitudes, or dweller in populous town or city, unveiled the affairs of the Future, and exposed the concealments of coming events. The visitor of the oracles of Delphi, at Dodona, at Epirus, and other places in beautiful Greece, could learn the will of the gods and shape his conduct accordingly. Temples dedicated to Jupiter, to Apollo, and other deities, were the resorts of all those interested in the ascertainment of things pertaining to the future. Poets portrayed in immortal verse the manifestations of spirit power, and illustrated in their descriptions of the manners and motions of entranced mediums, the verisimilitude of their inspirations with those of like persons in our day. How exact is the resemblance of their appearance, in the action and exhibition of the Cumæan Sibyl, while subject to the affluence of a spirit, which the poet fables or conceives to be a god:

Vatum erat ad limen, quam virgo, posceret fata Tempus, ait; deus, ecce, deus. Cui talia sunt Ante fores, subito non vultus, non color unus. Non compta manere comas; sed pectus anhelum Et rubea fera corda tument, majorque videri. Nec mortale sonans, afflata est numine quando Jam propiora deo.

As a treasury of spirit communications, and of the productions of minds largely influenced by spiritual forces, no volume can be found more serviceable, and so useful as that known as the Bible, and accounted by all Christendom as sacred—as holy. This compilation from Jewish and Greek writing, is worthy of reference and consultation in all matters of human and earthly interest, as well as in those things relating to the life of the Hereafter. It is amazingly misunderstood, however—the masses of men have no idea that its expressions, "the word of the Lord"—"thus saith the Lord"—"the burden which the prophet did see"—"God spake unto Moses," &c., indicate just what is meant, in modern phrase, by such language as this: "The spirit [of a person once an inhabitant of this earth] said to me"—"the communication to me was as follows," &c. The multitude might forever remain thus ignorant, if left to be truly taught by their clerical teachers of the Pulpit. How many of these instructors of the people are aware, and, if aware, dare tell them that the Hebrew prophets were writing, speaking, and personating mediums, and, at times, were also seers or clairvoyants? How many of them have ever informed their hearers that John, whose book of the Apocalypse contains not only what, as seer, he saw and heard in a state of entrancement or intronisation, but what was penned by his hand for the Seven Churches of Asia, was both a writing medium and a clairvoyant? The books of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, &c., are collections of spirit communications, concerning things either seen or heard in visions by those prophets, and coming through them in some way—sometimes in words spoken—sometimes in words written. They and the Sibylline Oracles of Pagan Antiquity, have close resemblance, and, no doubt, have the same spirit-origin and modes of presentation to mortals.

Having prefaced our present notes with these observations, we will now devote attention to the wish-

es of a correspondent, from whose communication we extract the following: "As you have the advantage of me, in the knowledge of the Hebrew and Greek languages and their idioms, will you oblige me by examining chapter 19 of Second Kings, verses 7 and 35, and see if you can make other than the present version?" In accordance with this demand upon us, we have placed the passages referred to at the head of this article, in Greek text, as the subjects of inquiry for this paper.

The history in which the aforesaid texts are found, shows that Sennacherib, king of Assyria, in the fourteenth year of the reign of Hezekiah, king of Judah, waged war against him. In his calamity and troubles, clothed in sackcloth, Hezekiah sent his chief ministers of State, and the elders of the priesthood, also clad in sackcloth, to Isaiah, the prophet or medium, to consult him concerning the welfare of the kingdom, and the respect of the invasion by the haughty Assyrian. We observe here, in passing, what a lesson is this piece of history, to those of today, who fear the priests and their fellows of the churches, and dare not visit a medium or prophet, to inquire after beloved friends in spirit-life. These ministerial and sacerdotal messengers of the invaded king, find the prophet who sends greeting to their Master. His oracular words read in the record as follows: "Thus saith the Lord—be not afraid of the words which thou hast heard, with which the servants of the king of Assyria have blasphemed me; behold, I will send a blast upon him, and he shall hear a rumor, and shall return to his own land"—the latter portion of which words of the prophet, the reader will discover, is the common version of the first section of the Greek which we have transcribed above. Passing over the prayer of the King, offered by him in the temple, and other utterances of the prophet concerning the Assyrian invader, we find the historian concludes his narrative of the invasion, and the deliverance of the king of Judah, in these words, showing a literal fulfillment of the predictions of the prophet: "And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians, an hundred four-score and five thousand—and when they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses." So Sennacherib, king of Assyria, departed, and went and returned and dwelt at Nineveh. And it came to pass, as he was worshipping in the household of Nisroch, his god, that Adrammelech and Sharezer, his sons, smote him with the sword." The former part of which words of the historian, comprises the second section of the Greek at the head of this Essay, as those words come to us translated in the common English Bible.

The inquiry of our friend, is, Whether the passages of history, which he has designated, Anglicized as above, convey the real idea of the Jewish historian. We take the Greek here introduced from the LXX, or Septuagint Translation from the Hebrew, which, we think, is a correct version into Hellenistic. We will try the English rendering by the test of an examination.

1. Ἰδοὺ εἶδον ἐν αὐτῷ πνεύματι: We take exception to the common version of these words, which is, "behold, I will send a blast upon him," that is, upon the king of Assyria. It would seem that the English translators conceived the idea that this threatening oracle given through the prophet, no matter by whatsoever phenomena its predictions might be fulfilled, related not to the person himself of Sennacherib, but to his army, of which 186,000 subsequently perished in one night. In such conception they were evidently in error. It is a denunciation personal to the king, the meaning of which we will soon make apparent. It would seem also that these learned Commissioners of the English king, believed that the words of Isaiah represented as spoken by the Lord, contained a specification of the kind of visitation or instrumentality by which the Lord would destroy the invader. But they do not indicate or specify anything in that behalf, and besides, the historian himself in his account of the appalling slaughter of the Assyrian hosts, is silent as to the means which were employed by the angel to smite them. They fancy a method of destruction, and then distort or strain the language of the prophet, for a meaning which they think shall furnish a sufficient cause for so great mortality. Believing it to be caused by some phenomenon in nature, they search for a statement of it, in the words given by the medium to the servants of the troubled king, and suppose its kind is described by the word which they accordingly translate blast, which means, among other significations, any pernicious or destructive influence upon animals or plants. But it is not shown, nor is it intimated, what phenomena attended the loss of the lives of these myriads of men. Nothing is said of disease in the camp. It is asserted to be the act of an angel of the Lord. What elements or powers in nature were exercised by him to accomplish such an awful catastrophe, does not appear, if exercised at all. That spirit forces were employed directly or indirectly, is fully declared. That spirits are able to control matter, and to operate on the physical elements, we have no doubt. It is quite probable that the Assyrians fell on the fatal night mentioned through their engineering of the forces of Nature to bring to pass such a calamity. Be it so—and yet there is nothing in the text to evince that a blast, or puff of wind, which is one of its meanings, was marshaled by the Angel for the nocturnal descent upon the Assyrian camp.

We accept the meaning given to the word, *didomi*, but prefer to vary the language, and to give the tense as used in the Greek—the present instead of the future—to read thus: *I dispatch*. The proposition *en* is erroneously translated upon. It should read, *unto*. The word *blast*, has been used for *pneuma*, in the Greek—its proper meaning is *spirit*, and such is its version, usually, in the writings of the Bible, or so-called Sacred Scriptures. In this place it should read *spirit*, a personal entity, or inhabitant of spirit-land; and not *blast*, an elemental phenomenon, or result of forces physical or psychical. Such usage, it will be seen, harmonizes the words of the prophet, and makes common sense of his utterances. The clause will then appear thus: "Behold, I dispatch a spirit unto him." It should be remembered, as we have said, that this language is expressly applied to the Assyrian king, and not to his army. In all the words of the communication by the mysterious medium, nothing of evil is predicted to befall or happen to him personally, till after he shall return home, and then it shall come, not by a blast, but by the sword. Nor is anything of evil occurrence recorded of him till after his return to Nineveh. No where does it appear that while he was abroad, prosecuting the war in the campaign against the king of Judah, that he was sick for a moment, or in any way affected, in his health, by disease. Such exception could hardly happen to one *blasted*, using



the term in a bad sense and as significant of some sort of suffering. We are satisfied that the word does not convey the idea of the prophet, and that no word was uttered by him requiring its use as a proper translation thereof.

2. KAI AKOUESTAI AGGELIAN: The English of these words, and he shall hear a rumor, entirely misleads the reader, as they do not give the idea or thing in the mind of the prophet. We have shown above that a spirit was to be despatched to the Assyrian aggressor. This fragment of the prophecy explains the errand of the invisible visitor. It was to carry a message of some sort, as the word *aggellan* imports: in this place and in this connection, it signifies, not simply a message, but a forewarning message, denunciatory, oracular, and foreshadowing the future. "Coming events cast their shadows before," is a maxim founded on the experience and observation of the ages. The king is to receive a spirit-message in some way. He shall hear it, *akouetai*, but probably not with the external ear. If it be asked how the spirit-messenger shall communicate with the king, we answer that, among the methods frequently adopted, are dreams and visions of the night. So it might have been in this case. Our version of these words, is, and he shall hear its forewarning message. There is no foundation for the rendering of the word *aggellan*, a rumor. It would seem to the reader of the common version, that by reason of some rumor which should go abroad in the land, and which others might hear as well as Sennacherib, that he would become frightened and voluntarily return to his own land; but the words of the prophecy, in the original, warrant no such inference. His return or departure is declared in the oracle uttered by Isaiah, as one forced upon him from some cause, as will appear in the next place.

3. KAI AKOUESTAI AGGELIAN: These words are given to the reader of the English Bible thus: "and he shall return to his own land." The verb here used, is in the passive voice, showing action upon or against, by some force or power; and besides, it cannot be used to signify return, its meaning here being, "shall be beaten back—shall be driven away." The event which followed the forewarning of the spirit, viz: the fall of one hundred and eighty-five thousand men, in one night, shows the motives for departure from Judah, and how it came to pass. The word *apostrophetai*, calls for the change we make in the reading: "and he shall be driven away into his own country."

4. KAI KATADALO AUTON, &c.: These words, in the margin, are properly translated. *Katadalo* should read, "I will strike down," instead of "I will cause to fall." Though the king's death is reported by the historian to have come to pass by the hands of his sons, the prophet declared the Lord as saying, in the first person, and without intermediate causes or agents, "I will strike him down." Either version is philosophically correct—that which we have given is literally and grammatically correct.

5. KAI BOMBEZO NUKROS, &c.: These words contain the historical statement of the destruction of the greater part of the army of the Assyrian prince. Our criticism upon them will be brief, because our version of them is not much variant from the common reading. We except, however, to the rendering of *nukezo*, by the words, "that night." There is no word of limitation or of particularization in the original; authorizing the use of the word that, in connection with night—the time is left indefinitely. It should rather read, "by night—at night," that is, on some night. We accept the cause assigned for the fall of so great a multitude of warriors in the camp of the Assyrians. The angel-world was then, as it is now, a mighty agency to influence the affairs of this world. Its legions have ever been actively engaged for the weal or the woe of the inhabitants of earth. "History is full of instances of spirit-intervention." The most remarkable phenomena witnessed in the physical world, and commonly considered as miraculous, have a spiritual origin or cause. The scenes so often recorded in the Hebrew annals and chronicles, were set in array and carried to completion by the vitalizing energy of spirit-power. Observe what happened for the deliverance of the fugitives from Egypt at the Red Sea; the occurrences at Mount Sinai, upon the giving of the law; the manifestations attendant upon the crucifixion of the Nazarene, &c.

6. We shall not fail in our version, to vary *kai orthos* *topros*, *kai idou pantas somata nekra*, from that given by the profound Commissioners under his Majesty, James, King, &c. They make the words read: "And when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses!" This looks like a Hibernicism: [Quere—were any of the learned Commissioners natives of Ireland?] We render the words, thus: "And when day first dawned, behold, indeed, all were dead bodies." In order to a proper judgment in the premises, when doctors disagree, let the reader please examine what we have noted above, and compare with the English text of his Bible, the translation which we derive from the Greek text at the head of this paper, as follows:

7. Behold, I despatch unto him a spirit, and he shall hear its forewarning message, and he shall be driven away into his own country, and I will strike him down with the sword in his own land. And it occurred at night that the Angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred and eighty-five thousand, and when day first dawned, behold, indeed, all were dead bodies."—ver. 35.

### ALMS-GIVING.

Rich men, with one hand put  
A penny in the urn of poverty,  
And with the other take a shilling out.  
Self-gain is the object of alms giving with the rich,  
But with the poor it is self-sacrifice.  
The poor man's breast is brawny,  
But its currents flow  
Generously for human woe.  
His hand is hard and stiff with honest labor,  
But it drops the far penny in the urn of poverty,  
And goes to work to earn another."

Who gives alms? The man or woman who by hard and honest toil has more than earned enough, but has scarcely received enough to satisfy their own hunger. The hungry man, who has but two crackers to eat, will give one to another hungry man; the woman who is but half clad and almost freezing, will divide her own scanty clothing with a child, when it is freezing with the winter's cold. Telling, down trodden, crushed young women, who work hard all day, for rich men and corporations, and get twenty-five or fifty cents, will divide their hard earned cents with other young women who can get no work to do, or with those who from over-doing toil are fast falling to the grave with the gnawing pains of some fatal disease. The faithful Patriotic and the dutiful Bridget, whom the rich call their "servants" will give all their little earnings to mitigate the sufferings

and mend the misfortunes of other Patriotic and other Bridgets.

Many young women in large towns and in Boston, who are taunted by being called "shop girls," and earn only a little more than enough to pay for the meanness board, and suffer for want of necessary clothes, will give all the surplus of their earnings to feed an aged, dying parent. All the poor, tolling and oppressed, are alms-givers—like the woman of old, who gave her all into the treasury of alms-giving. So do these generous souls do in this age and generation. And whenever the Gospel of Christ is preached, received and practiced, these alms-giving from suffering souls shall be felt and loved and admired, and "shall be told of" in a language more powerful than words. These alms-givers desire no living trumpet; they ask none; they never thought of such a thing as having the reputation go forth for giddy world to hear, "I am an alms-giver."

It is people poor in earthly things that give alms after the manner of Christ's approval; not people who are rich in earthly things. A rich man never gives "his all" into the box of poverty; he never gives half; he never gives a quarter, an eighth, or a sixteenth. Should be by the pressing force of circumstances give a tithe of all his riches for the relief of the diseased, the hungry and the naked, he would wish to have all the newspapers in the land herald his mighty alms-giving; while the real alms-giver, such as Christ approves, that gives all, never had a thought or desire that her deeds of alms-giving would be published.

A man of uncounted riches thinks that he has done a deed that will lift his soul to the highest heaven, when he has given a barrel of flour to the poor man that has done ten times as much work in his store as he has done himself, for which he has paid him only a dollar a day; while this same poor man will give half of this barrel of flour away to another man, on whose family the ruthless hand of penury, want, starvation and suffering, is heavily laid, without a single thought that he has done a noble deed; without a thought that he has any more than obeyed an ordinary demand of duty. A man worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars will put fifty dollars into the contribution box, rolled up in a piece of paper, on which his name is written, while his washer-woman will put in two cents, all that she has "over," without her name accompanying it. One puts in less than a thousandth part of what he has, and the other puts in her all; one wants to have his great deed of alms-giving published in the missionary reports; the other does not think of it. To reduce the parallel to a plain and common-sense truthful sentence—the rich man gives no alms, while his poor hard-working washer-woman gives alms like a Christian.

Such is life as it is in the direction of alms-giving. The poor have evidently the harder side for earthly glory; but for the spiritual side, they have a brighter, clearer, better show, I know. It is hard, sometimes, to say that all is well; but there is a wisdom in the ruling of these things, and as they are, they are right.

A. B. CHILD.

### IN MEMORIAM.

EDITOR OF BANNER—I send you a beautiful poem, occasioned by the early death of Miss CAROLINE E. RICHARDSON, of Newburyport, noticed in a recent number of your paper. It was written at my special request, by the accomplished lady whose name is attached to it, and to me is a delightful tribute to an amiable and affectionate relative and friend. In a letter inclosing the poem, the writer says: "The morning subsequent to the reception of your letter, while passing by my little flower-garden, I spied a beautiful pansy, or violet, in full bloom, despite the bearded frost-work that lay, like a covering of rare gems, over the entire bed; and thoughts of you and your grief being dominant at the time, the flower somehow mingled in the company of passing ideas, and left its impress on my fanciful memory, to be caught up by my pen at a later period and usefully embellished. If the little memento pleases and interests you, my reward will be two-fold, for it is a pleasure to know that I have not quite lost my power to gather the fancies of my brain into song."

G. K. R.

Dear little violet, lifting your head  
Up to the azure, less bright than your eye,  
Why have you bloomed when the summer is dead,  
And the white breath of the winter so high?  
Did you not know that the summer flowers sleep?  
Did you not learn that the year is grown old?  
Did some lone ray sit beside you and weep,  
Until your heart in its pity grew bold,  
Venturing out from its early retreat,  
Clad in the beautiful colors of spring,  
Wrapping in velvet the lonely ray's feet,  
Glimmering with fragrance her gossamer wing?

Nay, little violet—well do I know  
Why you have opened your beautiful eye,  
When the winds murmur so mournfully low,  
Telling that white-bearded winter is high:  
Out on the frost-beaded breath of the morn  
Floated the soul of a beautiful maid;  
And you have blossomed to tell there is born  
An angel in Heaven, from the fair form we laid  
Sadly away in the damp, shady tomb,  
Laving with tears the cold pillow we gave,  
Murmuring in our bereavement and gloom,  
That our great love could not cherish and save.

Beautiful bud of November's chill morn,  
Brief is your life, but your mission how kind!  
Unto our hearts from your fragrance is born  
Sweet consolation by Heaven designed:  
Frail your existence, oh, beautiful flower!  
Frail was your own, darling CARRIE, but fair!  
Better to die thus in beauty's full power,  
Than live to forget all but sorrow and care:  
Better to wing the pure spirit's lone flight  
When all your beauty and grace will be sung,  
Than linger till love and hope, lost in the night,  
Of helpless old age, finds in sorrow no tongue.

So while we mourn for you, darling and fair,  
Chanting the rhymes that your death-knell has rung,  
Hope gently softens the wall of despair—  
"Alas, that the beautiful perish so young!"  
And as the autumn's sweet flower will bloom  
Fragrant and fair when the winter is o'er,  
So will the flower we laid in the tomb,  
Bloom in the garden of God evermore.  
Thus from our grief cometh holier love;  
Thus from our loss cometh heavenly gain:  
Having a treasure so precious above,  
There will our fond hearts aspire to attain.

ANNIE M. DUGANNE.

Dover, N. H., Nov. 21, 1861.

Some people's sensibility is a mere bundle of aversions, and their memory a row of hooks to hang grudges on.

Wonderful is the advent of the spring—the great yearly miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads of branches.

### New York.

#### "THE DESTRUCTION OF EGYPT BY THE OBSTINACY OF PHARAOH."

Reported for the Banner of Light.

On Sunday evening, December 8th, Rev. Dr. Cheever preached to an overflowing congregation, from Exodus x: 7-8: "Pharaoh's servants said unto him, How long shall these men be a snare unto us? Let the men go, that they may serve the Lord their God. Knowest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed? And Moses and Aaron were brought again unto Pharaoh, and he said unto them, Go, serve the Lord your God—but who are they that shall go?"

This passage shows a remarkable degree of freedom in the servants of an absolute monarch. They could thus remonstrate with their government and tell it of its mistake and duty; and yet it does not appear that they were called rebels or friends of rebels, because they told their master he was ruining the country by persistency in slaveholding. They were not merely-mouthed—they spoke out boldly, as it was their right and duty to do; and they proved their good sense by not obeying the voice of party. The matter was beyond endurance; they would speak out; and they might well be taken for an example in this age and country. These old monarchal idolaters might teach our Christian nation a lesson as to the style of petition proper to be adopted at this crisis. They saw their ruler persisting in crime, and drawing down the vengeance of heaven, and they spoke out, demanding an edict of emancipation, so that Pharaoh dared not any longer hesitate. He let the men go and serve their God.

The most absolutely governed people may speak out, so that the most absolute despot must obey. Let our people call for a decree of emancipation, and it must pass. The government is theirs—committed to them by God, and He will not suffer them to let the responsibility pass out from their hands. The claims of God and Humanity are to be heard at all times; and if that divine voice is silenced everywhere else, from the pulpit it should be sounded louder. But especially if the question concerns the continuance of a vast national crime, then churches and ministers cannot innocently remain speechless. A Gospel that men are afraid to bring out at a time when the earth trembles beneath the tread of armed men, will have lost its influence in a season of returning prosperity and peace. This must be my apology (if any be needed) for the persistent application of these truths from this pulpit—which may God keep free for the proclamation of all truth, every word and every syllable of it!

The proposition to yield up everything into the hands of politicians is a suicidal proposition for the morals of the country. You would have us abjure the truth because there is war! We must watch our opportunity, like the sailors and followers of the camp, and take our texts from the orders of the day, as the army takes its marching orders!

This is not the position we can consent to take. The word of God is not to be deprived of its prerogative and power. It is our duty more than ever to demand Immediate Emancipation; as our right, as God's right. Submission to sin is not submission to God's will now, any more than in the days of Moses and of Pilate. The tribe of Egyptian priests as cabinet ministers have not gone out of existence; but, now, also, as James and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these idolaters of slavery resist the truth and threaten the destruction of the country—"men of corrupt mind, reprobrates concerning the faith," but we trust, with Paul, they shall proceed no further, but their fall shall be manifest as that of James and Jambres also was.

In Egypt there were two parties. That of the anti-emancipationists prevailed, even to the death of the first-born and the ruin of the country; opposing the direct command of God to let the people go; and just so, now, we are called on to "break every yoke and let the oppressed go free." But the question in Egypt was, should the measure be carried by consent of the Government and people, or over them and their desolated households, and the Red Sea roll over their chariots. The results are known; and these things were written for our admonition.

There had been a Harper's Ferry affair, too, in Egypt; an insurrection somewhat out of time; and Moses would have been hanged for it, if Pharaoh had got possession of him. Sometimes the hour comes before the man, and God calls for him in vain. The rule for nations, as well as individuals, is, "Work out your own salvation;" but now, when a leader determines to crush rebellion by crushing slavery, our Government deliberately proceeds to crush this Providential agent, and thus ruin the cause of freedom, even where it had begun its triumphant march—bring on us fearful, renewed calamities. May God have mercy on the defenders of freedom in those regions! The Government is pledged to the aid of slaveholders. Their property is the most sacred of all property! "Your ill-timed abolitionism has put back the sacred cause half a century! If it had not been for your demands and agitation, all would have been well and quiet!" Such were the men, and such was the policy, that confirmed Pharaoh in his course. Again and again he thought to let the people go; but he was led to modify and cut down Moses' plan, by the advice of Jambres and his tribe.

So it went on till God's forbearance was exhausted, and the last plague made concession too late for Egypt, though not too late for the Jews. And let us go on for six months longer in this hesitating manner, and let our army be employed as now, and we shall see the fulfillment of God's prediction in the inflictions of famine and pestilence, as well as of the sword, upon a nation that refuses to extend the blessing of freedom to all the inhabitants of the land. The business of fighting God is a costly one, and with every delay the cost and danger are greater.

A few months ago, a permanent peace might have been effected without another battle. To day, our insane protection of Slavery renders the continuance of War, or a shameful compromise, inevitable. What shall be done? There are four millions of men laying across the great track of the country's destiny. We cannot set the train going without determining whether we shall admit these men to a share in our privileges, or attempt to ride over them—an attempt which will result in throwing us off the track. The question is being asked by the whole world—"Will this professedly free, Christian nation do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God, or is their boasted freedom only freedom to make slaves of others?"

Republicanism and religion are on their trial; all our principles are in the furnace; and it is be-

ing seen and known how much gold is in them. Some say our Government has no power to prevent slavery, if the States wish to establish it. If so, the Government of the United States could not prevent any of us from being made slaves, if the Government of the State chose to decree it. For the sake of avoiding the necessity of giving freedom to the black man, there are those who deny that Government can rightfully give freedom to the white man.

We may not only bless and save the negro now, but the results of emancipation in the West Indies show that not twenty years would pass before the whole world would be wondering at our prosperous condition in consequence. The opportunity is granted now under the most favorable circumstances possible—with respect to churches, free schools, &c. The whole Southern society might be transformed, intellectually and morally. But, so far, we have been more tender of rebels' property, than of our own soldiers' lives. Why was not the Hatteras expedition followed up by the conquest of North Carolina? John Brown would have carried his men and his principles to the very heart of the Southern confederacy. Why is not the whole State of South Carolina, that nest of rebellion, conquered, and Charleston captured? Why is the blow delayed until the Rebels have had time to concentrate their forces for defence; and the attempt must be attended with the massacre of thousands? Why are not the commanders of these expeditions brought to account? Would not that be as just as it was to dispossess that General who dared nobly to proclaim freedom to the oppressed?

It is because such a course would have destroyed Slavery, which Government is resolved to protect and maintain. Our army and navy have become a mere insurance company for the benefit of slave-property; slaveholders are addressed as "proud and generous citizens of a hospitable, sovereign State," and instead of protecting their miserable victims, our commanders give them up. The darkness of Egypt never beheld, Pharaoh himself never committed such a compilation of folly and wickedness. The conduct of the Government is treason in not providing the slaves with the means of defence against their savage masters; and leaving them without direction to rebel in a perfect chaos of plunder and conflagration—compelled to insurrection, if they would not be flung back into the hell of Slavery. Instead of striking rebellion to the heart, we are contriving how we may please the loyal slaveholders, by putting them forward as a shield against every blow. Better that they were among our avowed enemies, than thus remain to paralyze our Government and bind us hand and foot! Their loyalty is only anxiety that their human property may be protected.

But, thank God! the people are beginning to thunder at the gates of this Bastille. The danger is that they may have the ruins snatched from their hands by some compromise—some modification of the plan of freedom—involving a sacrifice of its very principle. Therefore, it is no time to cease our efforts. "We must not stop short of entire, complete and unreserved abolition. Without this, the war itself will be our perdition. Our hope is, that God will permit no half way settlement. The right of man to the proprietorship of himself must be established. For 6000 years this has been denied, and every kind of oppression has sprung from the denial. Every glorious motive—humanity, piety, the hope of salvation, here and hereafter—constrains us to persist to the last moment in the abolition of slavery, as a thing we must and will have, and the only conclusion of this war that we will suffer.

Our Government, thus far, stands pledged to protect the heart of Rebellion. We still execute the Fugitive Slave Law. We have captured Mason and Sillid—arrogant types of the barbarism of slavery, authors of that law—and at the same time the jail at Washington is crowded with poor victims of that same law, thrown into prison to pay their jail fees, some of them by Mason himself. Gordon, the slave-captain, is sentenced to death for the crime of stealing negroes with intent to make slaves of them; and, at the same time, the commanders of our army are seizing and making slaves of negroes. The noble, venerated, philanthropic and learned Dr. Gordon, President of Haver College, a free man, in a free state, is thrown into prison and heavily fined, under authority of the President, for the crime of interfering to protect a poor negro from the Fugitive Slave Law. What is going to become of us? All this monstrous mixture of oppression and hypocrisy our Government is guilty of, and our people do not even remonstrate against it! All this must certainly make you feel a greater responsibility than ever.

I call attention, also, to the impudently arrogant tone of our journals, civil and religious. If it be proved that either slavery or the Government must perish, slavery, they say, is doomed. Note the intestine impetuosity of such a deliberate view and determination on the part of a Christian nation. A purely benevolent measure, safe for all periods, and yet so thoroughly ingrained and devilish is the love of slavery, that, before abolition is thought of, they must be driven by necessity. They prefer the slaughter of their countrymen, the prostration of industry, the bringing of the whole country to the verge of perdition, rather than give four millions of negroes the blessings of freedom.

Under the delirium of the worship of Slavery our leading priests of religion and politics have taken a vow to abjure the common sentiments of mercy to which all other nations have been aroused. They have been careful, for the sake of their reputation, to rid themselves of any complicity with a movement which has arrayed in its ranks such men as Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, the foremost men of their nation, honored in Church and State. They apologize for having been found in the movement at all. It was only self-interest. They abhor fanaticism. It was the compulsion of the angel, sword in hand, who made even the best that carried them into office speak out. They avow they would perpetuate slavery, if they could with safety to the country and themselves. But if the measure of emancipation must pass, it is only as a last resort; and the object is, how to do it with the least possible mixture of justice, mercy, regard to God and man.

There is no salvation for the nation save in abolition. God grant that Congress may be brought to see this! There is our hope against the danger of despotism and standing armies. Let the people take care. If we let this opportunity pass, in a little time the possibility of crushing rebellion and reconstructing the Union will go forever. The country is lost unless we abolish this wickedness—and this is the one question: Shall slavery be destroyed or our country? God give us grace to answer it aright; with noble energy, with fervent

prayer, with holy determination. So far as it depends on us, let us, by mass meetings, petitions and personal efforts, exercise our rights and fulfill our duties; and then we may safely trust the result to God, submit to His will, and wait for His salvation—when we have done all that lies in our power.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIBERTY.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Sweet Liberty! since the first conscious glow  
Of inspiration quickening into life,  
Thought, feeling, action, I have knelt before  
The splendors of thy sempiternal shrine,  
In lowliest worship of the heart and eye.  
And o'er my brow, thought-laden as it was  
With earthly cares, with dim, foreboding fears  
Of earth-life and its tolls—there played the airs,  
Rapt and Eolian, of that blissful clime:  
Where thou, oh, angel! star-crowned with the light  
Of Immortality, dost dwell for aye.  
Oh, ministering spirit of the True,  
The Good and Beautiful! thy realm of hearts  
Is vast, is boundless as the unfathomed sea;  
Thy worship world-wide; whoso'er the name  
Of God is hallowed, thine is the acclaim  
Of hearts imbued with love of the Divine!

Oh, seraph linked unto the Infinite One!  
Soul-star of nations! lo, the Southland leads  
Her rebel hordes against thy sacred form  
And laws immutable; the thunder-cloud  
Of battle, fierce, unsparring, overlooms  
The mountain heights, the valleys of our land.  
Can feeble man's failing oppression cope  
With Principles eternal? Vain your leagues,  
And marshaled hosts, ye traitors! doomed to sink  
Into the pitfalls that yourselves have formed!  
The holy emblem of a Nation's love,  
A world's deep reverence, our own Starry Flag,  
Shall wave from every corner of the land,  
Proclaiming Freedom unto all that live!  
Its rays of morn undimmed in pristine glow,  
Its stars of light shall herald to the world  
The dear fulfillment of the Patriotic's hope,  
The Poet's dream, the Nazarene's desire—  
Compliance with our Father's Law of Love.

Kneeling before the shrine, the viewless throne,  
Of Liberty, my idol! this poor heart  
Is strengthened by the promises that thrill  
With songs prophetic of the coming time:  
Its ofttime wavering faith and failing trust,  
God! 'neath thy Father care and Mother love,  
I, with the millions rest secure in peace,  
Through round us rage the battle's tempest shocks;  
Thou over all. And clad in mailed suit,  
Of righteousness and truth, thine Angel leads  
Through gory fields, onward to Victory!

### A Social Gathering.

DEAR BANNER.—Knowing all condensed reports of free meetings and social gatherings to be acceptable to your numerous readers, I have made out the following brief report of a social re-union of Spiritualists recently held at the house of Saniel Howard and his good wife, in Worcester, N. H.

Mr. Howard lives in the south-west corner of the town of Winchester, two and a half miles from Northfield, Mass. He has long been a benevolent friend—so has Mrs. Howard—to the cause of Spiritualism. Last winter, feeling that he had occupied the old house long enough, he decided to "tear it down and build a more convenient and comfortable mansion. In due season, the house—which was built in revolutionary days—was torn down, and a "stately mansion erected, and almost finished, but finished enough for a band of liberal friends to have what is called among country people a "house-warming."

Therefore, on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 4th, the Spiritualists from Winchester, N. H., and Warwick, Mass., began to flock to the house of our worthy friends. It being extra good sleighing, and a beautiful day, there were many more present than it was anticipated there would be, on account of several being advanced in years, and having quite a distance to ride. However, all were happy and glad, and felt like saying, "I feel that it is good to be here." The time until evening was passed in social intercourse. Then we partook of a good supper, provided by our worthy friends, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, for the occasion; after which we were entertained with music, instrumental and vocal. Our friends were then called to order by the writer of this, when Mr. Harvey Barber, of Warwick, Mass., made a few dedicatory remarks, and then delivered a short discourse. His subject was, "Woman; her influence in effecting reform." It was handled in a masterly manner. We then had some singing, and the writer followed with a few remarks pertinent to the occasion. Dr. Ira Russell being called on, responded in a jovial way, making the friends feel quite merry. The remainder of the evening was passed in dancing, in which old and young alike participated.

Thus ended as harmonious a time as I venture to say; a party of Spiritualists ever had. Hoping for many more such, and that the benevolent friends in their new home may live to take an active part in them, I close, with fraternal feelings toward all mankind. Most cordially yours, J. H. RANDALL.

Northfield, Mass., Dec. 6, 1861.

### The Wife.

What man understands the soul of his partner as he can? Has he rested secure, for such a long course of years, in the stability of her affection? How does he know that newer and constantly fresher manifestations of love from himself would not even increase the volume of her own, and he be thus made the possessor of a wealth whose largeness he now knows nothing of? Love begets love, just as hate does hate, or indifference begets its like. If a man thinks he does not receive at the hands of his wife that ever fresh joy of heart which a different heart than her own might perchance afford, can he not see that it is the part of the highest nobleness to insist on giving up so much the more of his own heart to her?—and can he not understand, too, that this is the very way, and the only, by which to surprise a naturally limited nature into a sudden expansion that will both astonish itself and bless him? Dickens saw where he was weak, if not wrong; and no doubt he is a thousand times happier now than if he had persisted in his foolish resolution to leave his wife altogether.

DUTY TO THE ERRING.—When society assumes the prerogative of punishing crime, they should not lose sight of the just and benevolent principles of retribution as exemplified in the laws of Nature. They should see in the erring culprit a member of our social compact—one who has some rights still left to him. When we punish, we should do it solely as an imperative act of self-defence—to protect our association against the aggressions of misguided men. So much restraint as is necessary to prevent repetition of the offence, we may inflict; and what exceeds this is tyranny—a usurpation of power beyond our rights.—Boston Investigator.



## A BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.

## The Phosphorescent Explanation.

The following paragraph is from the New York Correspondence of the Philadelphia Inquirer:

Mr. Robert Dale Owen, who is now in this city, and staying with a celebrated "rapping medium," and one of the original "Hochester knockers," is an enthusiastic believer, and explores the secrets of the other world with ardor. One of the latest "manifestations" in the dark circles has been the appearance of a starry light quivering in the air, and echoed or followed by the raps. The other evening, while the diplomatist was gazing, transported, on this phenomenon, the sudden descent of a heavy body to the floor startled him from his celestial observation. When the light was turned down, he was still more surprised to find on the floor the fragments of a very early looking bottle, containing phosphorus! Mr. Owen mused deeply on the incident, but his faith in the medium is too strong to admit the idea that there was any cheating on the occasion.

The uninformed reader might naturally infer that this correspondent had made himself familiar with Mr. Owen, and that he was an eye-witness of what he describes. But our own knowledge of that gentleman does not justify such a conclusion. Mr. Owen is certainly no enthusiast. On the contrary, he is a cool and critical observer of Spiritual Phenomena, as he is of everything else. He was always distinguished for a rational skepticism; and we have no evidence that his knowledge of the Spiritual mysteries has either rendered him more credulous, or less severe and searching in his investigations. The native force of his rational faculties, and the reliability of his judgment, have neither been impaired by age, the bewildering influence of popular delusions, nor the incorrigible self-conceit that so generally distinguishes the newspaper correspondents who attempt to subvert the public faith in all spiritual realities. Precisely what the American Examiner did discover, we are not prepared to announce; but we are quite certain that the Inquirer's correspondent is not the first one who has been called to contemplate the light of Spiritual Phenomena through a bottle.

## Spiritualism and the Spanish Spirit.

It appears that the Roman Catholics of Spain have undertaken to exorcise the spirits by a very ordeal. We extract the following from Frank Leslie's Newspaper:

Spain has set her face against spirit-rappings and all things therewith connected. This occult science has been inscribed among the *Cosas de Espana* which are not permitted. On the 9th of October four hundred volumes of Spiritualist literature were burnt by order of the ecclesiastical authorities, and under the direction of the Bishop of Barcelona, on the public square of that city, and in the place set apart for the execution of criminals. This penal bonfire was superintended by priests in full canonicals, with a cross in one hand and a torch in the other.

If the process of combustion was the only one whereby the "Spiritual literature" could be made to enlighten those benighted priests, their act may be justified, as we would exorcise the rats in the Library, should they make a nest of the classics. We only expect people to put everything to the best use they can; and we are particularly thankful that the superior intelligence and humanity of the age did not permit the Church of her Catholic Majesty to burn the authors with their books.

**CLERICAL CAVALRY.**—According to the New Orleans Delta, the Reverend President of the Methodist University of Texas, and two of his clerical brethren, have seceded alike from Christ and the National Government, and are now engaged in raising a regiment of mounted ministers. These cavaliers of the white cravat are to constitute a part of the Jefferson Davis Cavalry. When the saintly cavalcade is ready to move, Satan may give thanks, seeing that each minister has turned his back on the MAN of Calvary, and his face toward the perdition of the first Iscariot.

**A NEW CURE FOR NEURALGIA.**—Dr. Little, of Edinburgh, Scotland, in his treatment of neuralgia, is accustomed to use lint saturated with chloroform, which he places on the part affected, and over which he places a watch crystal, holding it down for ten minutes, so that the periphery may press against the surface in such a manner as to prevent the circulation of air. It is said that this produces a sensation of intense heat, and with rare exceptions results in completely removing the pain.

**THE PRESIDENT ON A STRING.**—One of our milliners has made an expensive bonnet for Mrs. Lincoln, which has already found its way to the White House. On the strings the fair donor has woven a likeness of our esteemed Chief Magistrate, encircled by a wreath and surmounted by the national shield, the Olive branch, and other expressive emblems.

**A SINNER IN THE CHURCH.**—Not long since an unregenerate individual, by the name of Seelye, carried off the alms-box from St. John's Church, in New Haven. In addition to the sixty cents, which he realized by the operation, the public gave him a short lease of a part of the state mansion, and will provide him with such rations as may be needful to sustain life and spiritualize his nature.

**BEAUTIFUL SUPERSTITION.**—Some of the Ancients in their soft interpretation of death, conceived that Aurora so loved the young that she often called them to her embrace. Hence it was a beautiful custom with them to bury the remains of the early dead at the hour of morning twilight. S. B. B.

## Bold Prophecies.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 11th, Mr. Colchester gave manifestations at the private house of a gentleman in this city, in the presence of about a dozen invited friends. Twenty-five or thirty pellets, on which were privately written names and questions, were promiscuously deposited in a plate in the center of a large table.

Mr. Colchester's hand was moved, and wrote answers to and names corresponding with the contents of these pellets. First writing the answer, then selecting the pellet to which the answer belonged; then pushing it to the person at the table who wrote it. Among the pellets were the following:

1. "Daniel Webster, can you tell me how soon there will be a big battle, and at what place?"  
Ans.—"There will be a battle on the Potomac within two weeks—the greatest on record here."

2. "Daniel Webster, can you tell how soon this war will be over, and how it will result?"  
Ans.—"Our country will soon be safe. In eight months this war will be over. The South will be subjugated, and return to the Union."

Mr. Hassaurek, the new minister to Ecuador, thanked the President, "for having appointed him to the highest place in his gift," that is, 9,500 feet above the level of the sea—the altitude of Quito, the capital.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

OFFICE, 153 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, Room No. 5, Up Stairs.

LUTHER COLBY, . . . . . EDITOR.

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ALL BUSINESS LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED

"Banner of Light, Boston, Mass."

ISAAC B. RICH,

Publisher for the Proprietors.

## To the Public.

In consequence of the large number of letters received by Mr. J. V. Mansfield of late, he has been obliged to withdraw his proposal to answer sealed letters for our subscribers three months, gratuitously, and the offer expires on the 12th instant. Parties interested will therefore govern themselves accordingly. We take this occasion to say that we are truly grateful to him for the aid he so generously tendered us, at a time when we most needed it.

## GREAT THINGS AND SMALL.

The difficulty is, to say which is the great, and which the small; for what we call trifles and nothings of life are very likely to turn out the truly important matters, and the only important ones. There are hundreds of faithless persons, who believe sincerely and at bottom in nothing at all, but incline, at the very threshold, to cast ridicule upon the grand theme of Spiritualism, because, forsooth, its early manifestations to the material senses came through the instrumentality of nothing more than a *table*. They care little for the substance of things, but they do care for the *shows*. If Spiritualism is real, then let it come to them by a mysterious process, proving itself by grand symbols, like the looks of Samson's hair, the handwriting on the wall, the burning bush, or the speaking ass of Balaam. But as for these foolish tables and chairs, these rappings and tippings—unless they can have the soul's immortality demonstrated to them in some better and more dignified way than that, let the subject pass altogether.

A man comes to a place in his life at which he does not know how to turn, or which way to go; nor does he understand what instruments are at his hands to use, nor how he is going to extricate himself from his present difficulties. Suddenly, however, without any previous notice, a string—ever so light and delicate—is placed in his hand, and he seizes hold of it without knowing why or wherefore, and keeps hold until he is led to a point, or turn, at which his whole fortune turns and the light beams on him from an entirely new quarter. This was the very last quarter, too, from which he expected aid, and just the last mode in which he expected it to be given. So dependent are we upon circumstances, and to such an extent are we mere flies, enmeshed in a fine and complicated web from which there is no possible escape.

What looks small, is not small merely because it looks so. All things are relative, in the network of circumstance. We do nothing strictly of ourselves and absolutely; but all is of occasion, the product conjointly of time, necessity, and fate. So that when we pass over the little things, and say of them that they are of no particular account, or even when we do not deign to notice them at all—little things like a sudden turn in the weather, the failure of a friend to be punctual to his engagement, the missing of a boat or train of cars, or the casual coming upon some one in the streets—we are unaware that it is these that give shape to our destiny and lead us forward, silently and without any of our will, to positions and conditions for which we did not labor and of which we certainly had no thought. Can it be said that these incidentals of life, so important and real, after all, are not prepared for us by unseen powers, that surround us continually and prepare the way for us where we are to go? Most certainly; and he who could not so say, only testifies to his total unacquaintance with the ministry of the very angels in whom he professes to believe.

The little things; ah, if we heeded them and their significance more! Take care of the minutes, says the adage, and the hours will take care of themselves. It is the same with the small circumstances of human life: if we look carefully after the little things, the great ones fall into place of their own accord. In fact, in one sense there are none great, but all are little; and the attention which these latter require, is just the attention which life itself takes and demands at our hands. Let us but regard with particular pains the very circumstances and objects which we are wont to look upon as of no account; and then we shall find that we need give ourselves no trouble about those which have heretofore engrossed our anxious thought. There are no such obstacles to overcome, if we are constantly ready for them; it is when we sit with folded hands that the difficulties erect their heads and the dangers yawn at our feet. Preparation generally renders any after-action needless.

If men were as anxious to discharge the duties of unknown positions with care and fidelity as they seek to be installed in positions where duties will be piled and loaded upon them without stint, the result would show itself in character at all points. We are all so apt to think that the place we hold is beneath us, and therefore go off exploring for something which we never were born for and never can master. Herein is the essential difference between great and small—in our imaginations alone. An idle notion possesses us that we were born for what we never yet attained; something, of course, a good deal larger than what has yet fallen to our fortune. And so we go on in our mistakes, till we arrive at the end of our destination only to find that we have accomplished nothing, for the very reason that we have seemed to find nothing actually worth accomplishing.

## The Backbiter.

Who does not loathe, hate, despise the backbiter?—the creature who lives by making mischief, and feeds off the green pasture lands of other men's honor? What society can endure him? What company will not spit him out? Whom has he for his friends? Friends? What knows or cares he for friendship at all? What sacredness is there in it for him? What meaning, even, save as it may furnish him with opportunities for gratifying his malignancy? The English language has not the terms in which to characterize the practices of a wretch so justly and so thoroughly despised. It cannot furnish words and phrases adapted to the portrayal, or even to the condemnation, of so unworthy a creature.

Slander, and vituperation, and secret scandal, dealt out unsparringly, and without any heart at all; poured out upon one's betters, and even one's friends—upon those of the same faith and household; slime, spread in the path of unsuspecting persons; foul words, as hard, too, as foul; deliberate perversions of private talk, and out-and-out falsehoods upon those who give not even a guilty occasion for them—these are the practices and habits that make the backbiter such a pest in society, and compel every one who cares at all for his own feelings to shun him as he would a pestilence.

And, for all this, loathsome as the character is admitted universally to be, the entire community is infected with the practices it secretly engenders, and may be said to be poisoned with its virus. No class of people but are sufferers. Tatling is practised almost without qualification; and even by those who would scorn to be thought guilty of it. It is so easy, and withal so tempting, to drop an envenomed word in the ear of a friend about another friend; hoping it will go no farther, perhaps; not thinking whether it will leave a lasting impression or not; but experiencing a sense of relief that the boom has been "cleansed of such perilous stuff." What wonder that backbiters are as thick as they are, and that they swim, like the locusts of Egypt, in every community under the sun? An exchange has eloquently treated this topic, and out of it deduces the following sensible and pointed reflections:

"It is a besetting sin for us to censure the faults of others; but alas! how seldom we notice our own. It is an old and true saying—All have their failings." Some, it is true, are worse than others, and if one should chance to err, we should use kind words, and endeavor to get him into the right track again. Such a course will exert a far better influence than all the harsh words that can be used. Human nature revolts at the sneers and taunts of men, and however firmly resolution may have been set for the better, the victim gives way to angry passions, and abandons his resolutions in despair. It is often the case when one is thus smearing under persecution, he flies to the wine-oven, with the hope of drowning his sorrows by intoxication. Soon he cares neither for himself nor any one else. Goaded by sneers and hisses, and maddened by wine, from thence he plunges into houses of crime and debauchery, and there, perhaps, loses his life in some drunken row. Reader, could you bear to have a hand in making such a picture? Surely not. Then avoid speaking ill of your neighbors in their absence. Should they chance to trespass against you, "return good for evil." All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

## Such Weather!

Indian Summer, as sure as we're alive! We have just got through with a brief series of real bays, golden, dreamy days, such as beguile the hearts of all who have ever learned to prize the gentle lessons of the outer world. Some small flock of bland October days must surely have strayed away from their sunny companions, and just fluttered in among these wintry days to surprise and delight us all. We often hear persons speak of "Winter lingering in the lap of May," but it is far more beautiful thus to behold the pensive Autumn coming back to take yet one more, and one more leave of the year. Memory is, on the whole, pleasanter than Hope, for it is laid with dead associations, which Hope does not yet know, and indeed never will.

Walking in the woods and along the hill-sides, now, in such halcyon days as the little handful which came like bright gifts to us in the first week of December, we should have looked to see the rabbit springing forward from his quiet burrow in the little glades and along through the shaded wood-paths; and for the chattering squirrel—saucy rascal—who must have come out and sat bolt upright on the rail-fences and the stone walls that abound in rustic scenery; and for the sable-winged crow, with his hoarse cry among the naked tree-tops. Every animal that went into winter quarters, late in November, must have come out to enjoy this fine weather, instinctively knowing that such occasions offer but seldom, and it is best to make the most of them. It is quite as interesting, and a far more innocent pleasure, to watch these dumb creatures at their work and their play, than it is to study the peculiarities of the human family, with its various cross-motives and purposes, its selfishness and cold calculation.

## Alley in Everything.

Considered from the material, not from the spiritual, plane, all things earthly are made base by reason of the alloy that is in them. "Our extremest pleasure," says one who thought he knew, "has some air of glooming and complaining in it; would you not say that it is dying of pain?" The most profound joy has more of gravity than gaiety in it; the most extreme and most full contentment, more of the temperate than the wanton. Even felicity, according to Seneca, unless it moderates itself, oppresses. Ease chews and grinds us, according to the old Greek verse, which says, The gods sell us all the goods they give us; that is to say, that they give us nothing pure and perfect, and that we do but purchase them at the price of some evil." Very well, but we know that this which we call evil is not evil, for it leads us to courses which we should not otherwise take. Even if we feel the lash and the goad, it is that we may receive just the stimulus which we need; if we could get on without it, then there would no longer be whip or spur for any of us.

## Speakers.

LEO MILLER will lecture in Providence, R. I., the two last Sundays in Dec.

Mrs. FANNIE B. FELTON will lecture in Williams' Hall, Cambridgeport, on Sunday afternoon and evening, 22d inst.

"THE GAME OF REBELLION."—We don't mean the Southern rebellion—that's nearly "played out"; but Messrs. A. Williams and Co., the enterprising publishers at No. 100 Washington street, have issued a new game for the children, with this title. It is a good thing for the youngsters, and worthy of their attention.

## Literary Notices.

THE NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE; or, Ghosts and Ghost Seers. By Catherine Crowe. London: Routledge, Warne and Routledge. For sale at the Banner of Light office.

Every reader of the Banner has, of course, heard of Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," even if every one of them has not read it. It is a little book, but a wonderful one. The phenomena connected with ghost seeing have, for generations, excited the superstitious wonder of the world; and there are few men, women, or children in existence to-day, upon whose natures the story of ghost sights has not already made a lasting impression.

The authoress enjoys a wide and high reputation in letters, and her style of treating this most interesting topic is of itself a strong attraction. In speaking of the ridiculous unbelievers, who are invariably the ones that have never looked into the subject they so flippantly condemn, she is sarcastic beyond their own range, and deals them out blows that lose none of their force because they are given with the best intentions. Of our general conception of and belief in God, she remarks that "all the information we have on these and kindred subjects is comprised in such hints as the Scriptures here and there give us; whatever other conclusions we draw must be the result either of our intuitions, or of observation and experience. Unless founded upon these, the opinion of the most learned theologian, or the most profound student of science that ever lived, is worth no more than that of any other person. They know nothing whatever about the mysteries, and all *a priori* reasoning on them is utterly valueless. The only way, therefore, of attaining any glimpses of the truth in an inquiry of this nature, where our intellect can serve us so little, is to enter on it with the conviction, that, knowing nothing, we are not entitled to reject any evidence that may be offered to us, till it has been thoroughly sifted, and proved to be fallacious."

This is the basis of her reasoning; and who can deny its soundness? Speaking of this contemptible fear of ridicule for investigating or espousing a new belief, or theory, Mrs. Crowe declares that the Germans "do think independently and courageously, and they never shrink from promulgating the opinions they have been led to form;" the natural consequence of which, in their country is, that "what is true lives and is established, and what is false dies and is forgotten."

The matters treated of in this little volume are the various kinds of prophetic dreams, presentiments, second sight, and apparitions; and, in short, all that class of phenomena, which appears to throw some light on our spiritual nature, and on the probable state of the soul after death. German authorities are quoted with great freedom. The whole scope and purpose of the gifted authoress has been to present a clear and candid exposition of a subject to which she has given long and close attention, and to induce others to reflect upon it.

We need add nothing more. All our readers will desire to place this high authority on their shelves, where they may have it for ready reference, even after they have perused it many times. The instances by which the subject is illustrated are so startling, yet so well supported, that they will pass for authority as long as her famous little book shall be remembered.

**LIGHT IN THE VALLEY:** My Experiences of Spiritualism. By Mrs. Newton Crossland, author of "Partners for Life," "Memorable Women," &c. London: G. Routledge & Co. For sale in Boston at the Banner of Light office.

Here we have a second beautiful little volume—a fit companion volume for the other—from the English spiritist. It does not happen to enjoy the reputation of "Night Side," yet it is in the same vein and works to the same end—which is furnishing evidence to support the theory of spirit-communion. The examples adduced by the writer are remarkably striking for their originality and beauty. She treats in her attractive pages of the ancient character of the "raps," of Bible evidence, Bible illustrations of Spiritual manifestations, the mystery of hair, spirit-writing, of Christ, of the Trinity, of spirit emblems and symbols, personal atmospheres, prayer, and the birth of harmony.

They who love to read the inner experiences—so weird and wonderful—of a human soul when in the state of direct mediumship, will be fastened to these pages as by the secret power of a spell. In treating of spiritual manifestations, she does not presume to question that they do truly take place—she takes all that for granted—still, she proceeds to carefully consider some of the circumstances which have disinclined one large section of the community from paying any attention to well authenticated reports of spiritual manifestations, and to examine the influences which have prevailed over many persons who profess to have investigated the subject, but have nevertheless resisted a mass of evidence, which, if brought to bear on any mundane topic, must irresistibly have swept away all incredulity.

The most casual reader cannot but be deeply interested in this little volume, and we conscientiously commend it as one that will be likely to supply a want long felt. In the section of the field it has selected for treatment, it has at present no rival.

Both the above valuable English works on Spiritual topics may be had at the BANNER or LIGHT office, Boston.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW, for December is at hand. We have this fresh Review from its first number, and would not pass a single issue. The contents of the present number are—The Men and Women of Homer, Fallacies of Buckle, Burial Customs, Modern Italian Literature, Necessity for a General Bankrupt Law, Russia on the way to India, Berkeley's Life and Writings, Count de Cavour, the Morals of Trade, and the usual excellent table of book notices and Reviews. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

"THE A B C OF LIFE." A notice of this new, little volume from Dr. Child's soul and pen is deferred, for necessity, till the next issue of the BANNER. Our readers are in the meantime directed to the advertisement of the work in another column.

J. R. Gilmore, No. 110 Tremont street, Boston, has issued the prospectus of a new magazine, to be called the "CONTINENTAL MONTHLY." It will be under the editorial charge of Charles G. Leland, and promises to keep up with the times. The services of Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, Hon. George Bancroft, Hon. Horace Greeley, Richard B. Kimball, Esq., John G. Whittier, Bayard Taylor, Rev. Henry W. Bellows, Charles F. Browne, Henry T. Tuckerman, and others, have been engaged on its pages. The January number will be issued in a few days.

"JOHN, THE WHITE SLAVE," is a good morsel for the voracious readers of sensation literature. Pub-

lished by Wm. D. Relchner, No. 104 No. Tenth street, Philadelphia.

"THE GRAND SECRET; OR, PHYSICAL LOVE IN HEALTH AND DISEASE."—This is the title of Dr. P. B. Randolph's last publication, bearing a San Francisco imprint. It is a work full of trite suggestions concerning topics the world cannot know too much about, since love is the foundation-stone of human existence. It is an eclectic classification of great truths, arranged on a string of the author's own peculiar phraseology. Dr. R. is now stopping in San Francisco, and copies of the work can be procured of him.

We refer our Agricultural readers to an advertisement in another column of a new book just issued from the press in New York for their especial benefit, entitled "THE FARMER'S MANUAL AND READY RECKONER," by W. S. Courtney, Esq. The name of the author alone will be a sufficient recommendation of his work to many. They may not be aware, however, that he whose clear spiritual perceptions have helped many a doubting and wandering soul to the paths illumined by the sun of truth, is equally at home in the scientific of the natural world—yet such is the fact. A work of more manifold use than this has seldom been published; it must become the Farmer's *vade mecum*. To show its scope we extract from its preface the following:

"There are few persons, no matter what their calling or their education, who do not occasionally find themselves at a loss for information of the commonest kind, on any of the subjects pertaining to the practical miller to them in their school boy days, but which has been forgotten or become obscured through the lapse of years. For example, how few persons can tell, without consulting books, the cubic inches contained in a bushel, the square yards in an acre, or how to measure the contents of a corn crib, or gauge a cistern? Nor native capacity or their education. It is simply impossible to carry all these things in the memory so as to apply them when occasion requires. Hence the necessity for 'Hand Books,' 'Mechanics' Assistants,' 'Pocket Companions,' &c."

Besides the labor involved in the almost daily necessity of calculating arithmetical, mensural and other results, and the constant liability to error to which even the competent scholar is exposed through the lapse in the process, in this age when time has emphatically acquired a money value, is no inconsiderable desideratum. Hence the necessity for 'Ready Reckoners,' 'Pocket Accountants,' 'Calculators' Assistants,' &c. In presenting this volume, a chief aim of the author was to combine the Manual with the Reckoner, as to furnish the Inquirer, in brief, with all the necessary rules and data, and the elementary facts and axioms relating to almost every branch of industrial science, and particularly that of agriculture, and at the same time, whenever it was possible, to compute and tabulate the results for him in the same connection. Hence he will find, in the ensuing pages, the axiomatic or elementary propositions, the data, the standards, the units, &c., of almost every useful fact and numerical relation which the farmer may have to deal, clearly stated, together with their simplest rules, illustrated by examples and solutions and, wherever it was practicable, the arithmetical results calculated and tabularized."

To any person who needs a work of this character—and what farmer does not?—we recommend it, believing it to be indeed a labor-saving book. The publisher is B. Urner, 248 Canal street, New York, who sends the work post-paid on receipt of the price.

## The Art of "Presidingtineering."

It is funny enough, what a contagious gift is the gift of genius. No sooner is a bright book, poem, or what not, published to the world, than— presto!—all creation tries either to copy it or parody it. No sooner had Mr. Herrmann, the "world-renowned Presidingtineer," come to Boston, exhibiting his presents, jewels and things, from King this and Queen that in one of our best known gold and silver establishments, than up starts an unlooked-for rival near his throne, and straightaway beats the Presti-whats-ye-call-him? at his own game. Herrmann lost six hundred dollars worth of his jewels that were on exhibition, in broad day, in one of our largest stores of Boston, by a bold and skillful operator, who could make precious stones come out of a secured cabinet, as easily as he could himself make living rabbits and doves skip and fly out of an empty hat! The town condemns the thief, of course; but we fear a great many persons would like to have him caught more to admire him for his genius than to be satisfied that he was going to Charlestown.

## A good Opinion, or None.

Conceit is unendurable; but to have no confidence whatever in one's self is just about as bad, and, for the individual, it is undeniably worse in practice. How to hit that happy line that is stretched across between too much of an opinion of one's self and too little, is just the problem. How shall it be solved? Well, then, the first thing is to begin with the maxim of the old Greek philosopher, and *find yourself out*; having made a thorough and accurate estimate of one's own capacities and worth, the next step is easy. For almost all our mistakes proceed from not taking an "account of stock" often enough; that ought to be done at regular intervals. High and low, rich and poor, whoever has the slightest desire for actual progress and improvement, we must all begin there at the bottom of the question, and work slowly up, according to the laws of nature herself. Then, conceit soon manages to work its own cure, and a too humble opinion soon corrects its too obvious deficiencies.

## Contradictory Communications.

In our messenger department of November 16, a spirit declares the EARTH to be the only inhabited planet, and the MOON to be more developed than any of the planetary bodies. We would not have our readers consider these communications infallible. They are presented as received, without alteration or comment, and we believe them to be just what they purport.

The spirits who communicate may be ignorant or deceived. They are subject to the same sources of error as we, and of course disagree, for agreement among individuals can exist only when they are perfectly developed.

We ask this spirit a question, which he answers to the best of his ability; but he is ignorant, and mistaken. We are not to consider a message from a spirit of any more value than from a mortal, except in things of which the spirit may best know. Even then we should receive their words with caution, and receive only such ideas as bear the test of searching criticism.

On this question there is one process of inquiry: Is it true that the earth is the only inhabited planet? The only rational theory of creation teaches that all the planets were evolved from a common gaseous ocean; hence they are formed of similar matter (not precisely the same quality of matter). Hence creation and development must go on in all alike. The development of the earth must be repeated by all the planets, with only the variations caused by dissimilarity of conditions.

The more external planets were formed first, hence







## The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was written by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Gossard, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may receive them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than spirits, beings, who, like the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should know that there is evil as well as good in it.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives to more.

**Our Offices.**—The clerks at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER or LIGHT OFFICE, No. 155 Washington Street, Room No. 3, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

**Monday, Nov. 4.**—Invocation: George Williams, Williamburg, N. G.; Philip Higgins, New Bedford, Mass.; Charlotte H. Haskins, New York City, to her uncle; Henry Wetherell, New York City; William Wheeler; Susie Lane; James Arnold.

**Tuesday, Nov. 5.**—Invocation: "The Constitution and the War"; Major Christian, Alabama; Clara F. Evans, Manchester, N. H.; Jimmy Hobart, Canton, Mo.; Sarah Norton, Bridgewater.

**Monday, Nov. 7.**—Invocation: "Is there any difference between a Material and a Spiritual Truth?" Peter Riley, Lawrence, Mass.; Thomas Paine Stephens, Montgomery, Ala.; Mary Adelaide Wallace, Kingston, N. J.

**Monday, Nov. 11.**—Invocation: "Forgiveness, Dorsal, and Fear." Bill Bower, Brownsville, Tex.; Marjorie Lester, Philadelphia, Pa.; Horace Cameron, Queenstown, Pa.

**Tuesday, Nov. 12.**—Invocation: "Violation of Law." "Death and Immortality." George Vail, Charlestown, Mass.; Horace Plattard, Walker street, New York; Alice Kennington, Fall River, Mass.; Mary Murphy, Crote street, Boston.

**Thursday, Nov. 14.**—Invocation: "Moral Disease." Frank German, son of Dr. John Thayer, Dedham, Mass.; Anolla Davis, St. Charles, Texas; William Dudley, New York City; Andrew C. Lincoln.

**Monday, Nov. 18.**—Invocation: "Why are Spirits unable to manifest before the Professors of Harvard College and their friends?" Andrew S. Murray, Halifax, N. S.; Edmund Jennings, Portsmouth, N. H.; Frances Cecilia Dabbitt, New Haven, Conn.

**Tuesday, Nov. 19.**—Invocation: "The Development of Souls from the desire for Stimulants." William M. Costes, C. R. A., Gaston, Gloucester Co., Alice John Lee, Taunton Insane Asylum, George Barnard; Era S. Walker, Salem, Mass.; "Frene."

**Tuesday, Nov. 20.**—Invocation: "Development of Animals and of Men." Thomas P. Hopewell, Benningville, Ohio; William T. Sande, New York City; Mary Jane Loveloy, Concord, N. H.; Jonathan Ladd.

**Thursday, Nov. 23.**—Invocation: Joy H. Fairchild, to a friend in Dedham; Matilda Mason, Lunenburg, N. J.; Flynn, New York; Geo. M. Bidwell; Archibald De Witt, to his son.

**Monday, Dec. 2.**—Invocation: "First Manifestation of God to Man's Physical Senses." Geo. W. McFarland, Trenton, Mo.; Henry Wright; Charlotte K. Tapley, Brookfield, N. Y.; Lily Knox.

**Tuesday, Dec. 3.**—Invocation: "Is the Progress of the Spirit immediate or is it by distinct degrees?" Will Electricity ever be used in the movement of large Material Substances? Reuben Price, Johnson, Vt.; Patrick Smith, New York; Charles Pettes Anderson, Georgetown, D. C.; Maria, to Louise Moore.

**Thursday, Dec. 5.**—Invocation: "What is a Miracle?" Henry Schradtall, New Orleans; Elizabeth B. Mason, to her father; Herbert Langdon, Chesapeake City, N. J.; Lizzy Porter.

**Monday, Dec. 9.**—Invocation: "Was there ever a Universal Deluge?" James Hafferty, Moon street, Boston; Jenny Bigelow, to her mother, Frances Ryder; John M. Whittemore, Cambridge; Isaac T. Hopper (published in No. 13).

### Isaac T. Hopper.

Friend, thou wilt please say Friend Hopper meets thee this day. He comes to give proof to an old friend in this city, where he once made his home, that there is an hereafter, and to tell him that the old man comes to the spirit world within twenty days. He desires to know if Friend Hopper visited him at the hour of midnight three days ago. He did make such a visit, and wishes now to say to him that he is coming to the land of souls at such a time. Fare thee well. Dec. 9.

### Invocation.

Oh, ye countless multitude of angels, who are scattered through all the planes around us, and whose mission is to assist the weak and soothe the suffering, come near unto us at this hour; and come not only near us, but come nearer and still nearer to all humanity. Oh, kneel at the portal of each human soul; enter there and unfold the flowers of love, purity and faith, which are the all in all of God. Oh, ye spirits of the mighty past and glorious present, come, oh come to earth and shower down bright thoughts of wisdom, for the earth pants for the benison; and the Great Eternal will reward you in the celestial spheres to which ye hasten. Oct. 22.

### "The Saviour of the World."

"Was not Jesus Christ the Saviour of the World—the mediator through whom humanity must receive pardon for all sin, and enter the life or condition of perfect peace?"

This is the subject that has been presented for consideration. The truths, bright, glorious, never-fading truths, that were taught through Jesus, or that he gave to the people, were indeed a means of salvation. But our good brother and questioner believes, and honestly, too, that our good brother Jesus Christ was offered up voluntarily as a sacrifice for human sin, and that, without the sacrifice, none could be saved, none enter heaven. Oh, materialists, how long will ye find a dwelling place in the souls of men? Materialism, how long will thou stand up against the world spiritual? The past ages have lived in a world of materiality, and bowed before material gods and idols—gods they could handle and create; and these they have worshiped instead of the God of the spirit; they have desired something more; but have long failed to find any other than the God builded upon their depraved humanity—a picture angels do not love to look upon. Again we say, in one sense, Jesus Christ was a Saviour of humanity, but in only one. So far as he was instrumental in unfolding man's immortality to him, so far he was your Saviour, and no further.

The past hath not only given you a Christ, but the present has presented you a Jesus also. Truth never passes away—never decays. It is always with you, and will always prove your Saviour, though you may crush it for a time and ten thousand times be near the feet of materiality. It is never slain by power of man, but is endowed with a never-ending existence, throughout eternity. The glorious truths you receive to-day are so many blows to unloosen the fetters of materialism, and bid the soul go free. There are great unfoldings continually around you, and pointing you to the eternal future. These bright and glorious truths you receive are only so many Saviours; and there are as many Saviours as there are truths; and each and all may become a Saviour to a certain extent. If capable of ascending in the scale of being yourself, you are of necessity a Saviour to some one weaker than yourself. There is no soul, however clouded around by material darkness, but may be a Saviour to some one. Who can see the divine spark within, save those who have learned to know their God?

Oh, there are a vast number of blessed Saviours scattered among mankind. Each age is hallowed with them. All—all are Saviours; and when you shall unfold upon a high plane of mind, you will perceive you are no less glorious yourselves than was the glorious teacher of Nazareth. He was a Saviour according to his capacity, and so is each one of you. Oh, measure your own soul's capacities, not those of any other. Set up the eternal light within your own bark, and go forward, fearing not the scoffs of the materialist or the Christian; for what are they compared to the persecution and opposition Jesus met with long ago, and which have rested upon those like him in every day and generation? Oct. 22.

### Bill Saunders.

"Taint any use to wish to live your life over again, 'cause that's impossible, I take it, stranger. I never was bitched up to an engine like this, before. My name was Bill Saunders. I used to drive stage from

Burlington to Norwich, in Vermont. I have been dead as long ago as 1831. I haist changed much—not but precious little. For a good spell of time I was trying to make the best of my way back to live over again what I have lived, but I've found out that it's no use. I aint hardly satisfied, but it's no use talking; there's no chance to get back, if I want to. You may stand still as long as you want to, but you can't go back an inch.

I don't know as I had any particular vido when I was here; I do n't know but I did as well as I could. I'd sometimes drink a little too much, and that's the way I lost my body. One day when it had been raining pretty bad, I got wet, and felt bad, and drank too much. I was driving pretty hard, when something happened to the team, and I managed to break one man's leg and my own neck.

Now I find myself in the same condition with those who cut their throats, and poison or hang themselves; only they say I killed myself in a different way, that's all.

I lived a pretty hard life, but a pretty jolly one; and one learns to drink before he knows it. I suppose by my lot had been cast in a different spot, that I'd come out a different individual, would n't it? My father used to own two older mills—two different makes. One turned out excellent cider; the other did no such thing, but a miserable kind of stuff—full of motes and chips. Now you see people are like these two older mills; one turns out well, the other bad, anyway. Now, some of my companions I used to know, turned out first-rate—never drank a glass of liquor in their lives, and didn't get their necks broke.

We started together, and you wouldn't have known there's any difference between us, but there was. Everybody has got to turn out just according to what there is in him, and how he is put together.

I've been told, since I've been in spirit, I could do something for somebody—I don't know who I've got three nephews who have just heard something about this coming back, and they want to know something more about it. I have been in a sort of poor way, and could n't seem to do much. I thought I'd come here and try to tell one of them what I tried, to some time ago. He's pretty well along in life, but it's never too late to do what you want to do.

I'll tell you what it is; there is something you call a medium, and I want him to go where he can find one, and there he'll meet somebody who'll show him all about these things, better than I can. And about his son I want to tell him. He died in a poor kind of way, and he's in hell; but there aint no real flames in hell, like you used to hear of; but all who did n't live right have to go there. Now, he's shot in a gambling place, in Louisiana, somewhere; that's the way he came to his end—but it's only another way of getting better unfolded. He is in a bad sort of a place. If his father wants to help him out, he can easily do it.

I've tried hard to come back before—but the way I took was a slow coach. Then I tried to get into this coach, which suits me better.

Well, I'm much obliged to you, stranger, and when you get where I am, I'll show you all around.

Now I want to tell him where to go, and if he goes, I'll tell him what comes next, but it won't do to tell too much at once.

I did somewhere on the road between Burlington and Norwich.

Well, good by to you. I sha'n't hurry out, for I do n't want to get confused, as I was when I left before, and not know what to do. It don't pay to go too quick.

Well, he's looking for my message, and will get it. You need n't worry about it. How soon will it come out? Well, two or three months is a little while compared with thirty years. It took me little while to get out, but thirty years to get back. Oct. 22.

### Mary Henrietta Laurehnes.

Monsieur will pardon me. I no Protestant. I wish to speak to my friends. I promise to come. I die in June, 1861. I die of pulmonary hemorrhage. I live in St. Mary's Institute, Mobile. My name, Mary Henrietta Laurehnes. I still believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; he descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; thence he shall come to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church; the communion of Saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and life everlasting.

Monsieur, I no Protestant. Many of our order believe in the communion of departed spirits. I promised them I would come. I do come and use your Protestant means, your medium, because I have none to use where I come from.

Monsieur will please say Mary Henrietta Laurehnes comes to day. Say she is at peace, and desires to help the friends that they may come as she does, when they are here. She wishes to give them knowledge of the present hour, that each and all can come—the high, low, rich, poor, bond, free, all—all can come. Adieu. Oct. 22.

### William H. Cook.

I find it very difficult to take charge of and speak through a body so unlike my own. I have little or no experience in these things, having been myself a resident of the spirit-world a little more than one week. I regret not having informed myself more extensively of these things before leaving, and would earnestly enjoin it upon all my friends to seek to know something of the world of spirit. I have been informed here that information regarding the spirit-world is within the reach of all, and all who come here without knowledge, do so because they have not tried to receive it.

It is very hard for me to keep possession here. I cannot say one half I desired to; but I offer my thanks to my brother Odd Fellows, and to each and all of the dear friends who were so kind to me and to the body I have left. I hope to be able to pay them with interest—some of them, at least, before they be called to the spirit-world.

I am William H. Cook, of Boston, Mass.

Oct. 22.

### Charles Sherburne.

Written: Dear Maria—I would like to speak with you in private. Go where I can. Yours truly, CHAS. SHERBURNE. Oct. 22.

### Harvey Burdell.

Written: Helen, go to see Mrs. French. Go soon. Oct. 22. HARVEY BURDELL.

### Invocation.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, everywhere do we perceive thy law; everywhere do we perceive and acknowledge thy presence, and power, throughout humanity. Notwithstanding seeming discord rules, oh Lord our God, we would not only offer thanks unto thee this hour, but through all the vast eternal future we would be found praising thee. Though even that praise be silent, like the offerings of the bright blossoms, oh, our Father, we know it is acceptable unto thee. We know thou wilt receive it unto thy bosom, and call it good. Oh, our God, need we ask thee to bestow consolation upon thy suffering children? Need we ask thee to wipe away the tear of sorrow from the cheek of the broken-hearted, and to heal the wounds made by despondency, and what seemeth misfortune? Nay, our Father, for we perceive thy love is wiser than our wisdom, and thou carest for all thy children in thy own way. Oh, God, once more we would ask thee to accept our song of feeble praise; though it comes from the darker side of mortality, yet it is radiant with love, and we know thou wilt accept it. And unto thee, forever and forever be endless praises spoken. Oct. 24.

### There is no Death.

A friend in mortal sends us the following question. We receive it in this wise:

"The spirit tell us there is no death. Is not the body dead after the spirit has left it?"

The hour is fast drawing nigh when all intelligent men and women, whether in or out of the body, will agree with us, when we say there is no death—death is become obsolete. Mortals are hungering to know more of life, and thus they are preparing to see the mysteries of life unfolded.

While the spirit holds control of or dwells in a mortal form, the law of attraction is in the ascendancy, or is predominant—is the ruling power. Hence the particles that go to make up the human structure, are held together—held by a positive and unyielding law of attraction; but when the spirit leaves the form, then the law of repulsion is in the ascendancy, or is the predominating power. Then every atom is becoming an individualized atom—is being refined for another sphere of action, and thus the structure falls to decay; the particles separate into individual particles, and become as numerous and countless as the sands upon the seashore. Now if there were such a thing as death, all nature would be palsied and all her functions deranged. If there were such a thing as death, there could be no motion—for all motion is life. There is no period in the life of the human being when its powers and functions cease to act; the body knows no death, but lives in countless forms through endless ages—through life eternal.

The body is declining. What causes it to decline? Not death, but the spiritual life. We have sought for the mystery of death, but found nothing within you which is not good in every particular—not only in the human body in its present condition, but in all times and in all conditions.

The time is coming when man shall no longer fear the idle dream of death. God is life, and life is eternal. Surely, then, if he is everywhere, then death is nowhere. Oct. 24.

### Alice L. Brewster.

I feel thankful to be able so soon to return and fulfill a promise I made when in possession of my own body.

My name is Alice L. Brewster. I was born in Lexington, Mass. I was twenty-five years of age, six weeks before I left earth. When I was three years of age I lost my mother. My father was then agent for a firm in New York. At my mother's departure my father removed to New York. Some three years afterward he married and was blessed with the gift of a son, on whose birth the mother yielded up her spirit, and again my father was left, as it were, alone in the world. When I attained the age of sixteen years, my father was called to the spirit-world, and I with my half-brother was left in the care and guardianship of an Episcopal clergyman—a friend of my father's. I remained most of the time, thereafter, an inmate of that clergyman's family, till I left to join my father and mother in the spirit-sphere.

Some three years ago I ascertained by accident that I was a medium—or a person through whom spirits could manifest with sounds and other demonstrations. They sometimes would attempt to use my hand to write; but if memory serves me right, I believe they were unsuccessful. This sudden action of the invisibles through myself, in the family of my dear friend and guardian, enabled him and his to become somewhat interested in the phenomena of Spiritualism, so-called. Sometimes I believe my dear guardian was impelled to believe that it was indeed the spirits of our departed friends who so often demonstrated through me and others. He at one time said to me: "Alice, I would give the world, if I had it to give, to know whether Spiritualism be true or false."

Many times during my last illness—which was consumption, following after a fever, he has talked with me on this subject, and seemed very earnest and anxious to know if there were indeed truth in these modern demonstrations; and when they were satisfied I could not get well, but must pass away, he exalted from me a promise that I would return and give a brief sketch of my life through a stranger, and send the sketch to him privately, and also to give him some ideas, if I could, of the spirit-world. He desired to know what was meant by the spheres spoken of by controlling spirits and by Spiritualists. As far as I have been able to learn, those spheres are not locations, but different states of mind—different degrees of happiness or unhappiness. He wished me to tell, if I could, why those spirits purporting to come from the seventh sphere, are generally quite happy, as far as he was able to judge. I believe all spirits who dwell in the seventh sphere or degree of unfoldment, are in perfect harmony with all their surroundings, which are happy, and seen is a number indicative of a divine harmony in mind and soul—it indicates harmony and peace to the spirit. I suppose the spheres are conditions of mind; one sphere superior to and above the other, in regular gradation. I confess I am not able to comprehend all these mysteries; but from what I have been able to learn, I think this is so.

He wished to know if there were schools or institutions of learning in the spirit-world, and if so, what kind of institutions they were. The spirit-spheres are a glorious institution of learning, in which all may learn anything and whatever they choose. Each and all are teachers according to their capacity, and all are learners. Whoever has a truth to impart that I do not possess, that person is my teacher. I believe there is no one, however low and illiterate an individual he may be, but is capable of teaching no further to a certain degree, but whatever power they have, is called for and required to be used.

He desired me to mention the names of some of his family, who were dear to him, who had passed from earth, but to keep his own name silent. I regret this, and many, many of his spirit-friends regret that he has a fear to own a partial belief in one of God's greatest gifts to mortals.

I have seen Louisa, his daughter, who passed to the spirit-world before I became a member of his family; Stephen, his brother, who left earth a long time ago, and Betsey, his mother, who passed from earth, reclining in his arms. They all send messages full of love—too full for me to bear to him properly. I have met many others, also; but I do not deem it necessary to give their names. I need not ask that my dear friend and guardian will believe that I have indeed returned—that I have not passed away forever.

Spiritualism is a great, glorious and everlasting truth, and I am sure that he will believe it. I am sure I have overturned the last obstacle that was in the chamber of unbelief in his soul, and for this I can only thank the Great God of love for his infinite mercy. Farewell, sir. Oct. 21.

### Richard Parker.

Well, I've been looking around to see if I could find God, and then to find a chance to come back. That I have got, but I haven't seen God yet, so I can't give much of an idea who, where and what he is. I don't understand him, unless he is a principle, or something that sets the whole machinery of creation in motion, and keeps it so. If that's all the God there is, then I suppose I know him; but as yet I can't comprehend him. When I got a little further along, and see things differently, I'll work the harder to find out the truth of it.

I was no Christian. Take that to start with. My name was Richard Parker. I've been dead—well, I've been dead a little above two years. I died of disease of the stomach and bowels; they called it chronic dysentery, I believe—something of that sort. I first encountered the trouble at Chagres, and it made me occasional visits, and I suffered more and more, till it took me off.

I have got a wife and two children, and if they have no objections, I would like to send a message to them—a letter, or what you call it. I am as hap-

py and contented as I desire to be. I suppose I'd been a little better off if I'd just attended to some things before I went; but I'll provide for them now, if I can do it. I have a few business affairs to regulate.

Well, then, to come right down to matters that interest me, and that I want to have settled. I'll say, first of all, I'd like to have Stephen Kenard, who is now, I believe, in San Juan, California, give my wife and children the sum of three thousand dollars, that I believe belonged to me; and if it did, it belongs to them now. I suppose they are in St. Louis, with my wife's sister. He knows where the money is, and will know where to send it.

I am a straightforward individual—do n't make two bites of a cherry; and if I want a man to do a certain thing, I do n't go all around the barn to ask him to do it. Now the friend whom I come to know I aint easily to be put off. He knows I want the three thousand dollars sent, just as soon as he gets my letter.

I'd like to have a talk with my wife, if I could. There are a good many things I'd like to say—a good many things that trouble me some I'd like to get rid of. I suppose she'll be all the happier, too, for getting a word from me. Now if she'll avail herself of the opportunity—that is, go to a medium, so that I can speak to her, if there is anything wrong I'll make it right.

Until I hear from my friend or my wife, I'll stand just behind the curtain, waiting to pull the next string. Good day. Oct. 24.

### Julia O'Brien.

If ye'll please, sir, to tell me mother me father is in New York, I'll be much obliged. My mother is Mrs. O'Brien—Margaret is her name. My name was Julia. I live in Boston—last, on Lucas street. I am most eleven years old. My father has gone away, and me mother do n't know where he is at all. He's been gone since before I lost myself. He's been gone most three years. He's to work there, and he didn't send no money to us at all.

Me uncle Patrick helps me to come here, but he wants me mother to, know where me father is, and he'll soon hear from him, and she'll not go to the parson to ask to ask about me coming here. I do n't want her to go, for he'll tell her to mind nothing at all about it. I do n't want her to go at all, but write to me father.

I likes very much where I am now. Everybody is very kind, and you feels very happy here. I do n't have much to trouble me, only when I come back and see me mother when she works very hard. She do n't know where at all me father is, and I's told I must come here and tell all I know about it. The gentleman what lets me come here, tells me if I'll be good I may come back where I lives. Good by, sir. Oct. 24.

### Charley Todd.

The following communication is from Charley Todd, "the Stutterer," and has reference to Dr. David R. Brown, who is now serving out a sentence in Charlestown State Prison, for manslaughter:

Well, you've got a new place since I's here; but who are you? You take down what's said the same as the other man did, I suppose? Yes, I understand.

Well, they told me after I took a little time to think it over, I'd think a little differently about some folks. I do n't wish to do anybody injustice, as some folks thought, and I do n't feel that I have done injustice to anybody. I do n't think I feel a bit harder against Brown than I am justified in feeling. Besides, you say one is made happy through suffering, so the more I torment my friend Brown the happier he'll be. If he did take my property to his own use, I do n't believe he'd ever get the best of me. If he goes to hell all over he'll come out the sooner, and go up all the straighter. That's all there is about it.

I was told by a gentleman at one of these seances that before three months I'd come back and regret my actions and feelings toward Brown. It's more than six months now, and I do n't feel yet that I did wrong, or did anything more than just what I ought to. I would gladly be an instrument of doing him good; and if I do come in this way, it's for his own good, to let him know I take an interest in him.

Well, give my compliments to friend Brown, and tell him I'm alive, will you? If he do n't believe it, I'll give him better proof. Do you know where he is? Very well; you are mistaken if you think your paper don't go there. I understand the paper does go there, and he'll be as sure to get this as that I came here to-day. He'll be pretty careful to read that part first I intended for him. I hope he is well satisfied with his condition; I told him he'd be there a good while ago. Now give my love to all humanity, and to Brown in particular. Well, good day. Excuse me—my name is Charley Todd. Oct. 24.

### Josephine Adams.

Written: My dearly loved parents, I do not wish to see you luke-warm in the great cause of progression. Seek for all the gems; and, though you find much that is worthless, you will also find many diamonds. Your loving daughter, JOSEPHINE ADAMS.

### LITTLE WILLIE WAKING UP.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

Some have thought that in the dawning, in our being's freshest glow, God is near little children than their parents ever know.

And that if you listen sharply, better things than you can teach. And a sort of mystic wisdom, trickle through their careless speech.

How it is I cannot answer; but I knew a little child, Who, among the thyme and clover, and the bees, was running wild— And he came one summer evening, with his ringlets o'er his eyes, And his hat was torn to pieces, chasing bees and butterflies.

"Now, I'll go to bed, dear mother, for I'm very tired of play!" And he said his "Now I lay me," in a kind of careless way;

And he drank the cooling water from his little silver cup. And said gaily, "When it's morning, will the angels take me up?"

There he lies, how sweet and placid! and his breathing comes and goes, Like a zephyr moving softly, and his cheek is like a rose;

But his mother loved to listen if his breathing could be heard— "O!" she murmured, "if the angels took my darling at his word!"

Night within its folding mantle bath the sleepers both beguiled. And within its soft embraces rest the mother and the child;

Up she starteth from her dreaming, for a sound hath struck her ear— And it comes from little Willie, lying on his trundle near.

Up she springeth, for it strikes upon her troubled ear again. And his breath, in louder fetches, travels from his lungs in pain.

And his eyes are fixing upward on some face beyond the room, And the blackness of the spoiler from his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Nevermore his "Now I lay me" will be said from mother's knee. Nevermore among the clover will he chase the humble-

Through the night she watched her darling, now despoiling, now in hope, And about the break of morning did the angels take him up.

### THE MYSTERIOUS WILL.

Mr. Edson.—In a communication from me, published in the BANNER or LIGHT some weeks since, respecting a spiritual communication purporting to come from my uncle, Mr. Ebenezer T. Andrews, who died in 1851, received through Mr. Mansfield, respecting a will made by him at the time of his death, I stated that I had "in my possession other evidence besides these spiritual communications, which tend to make it very probable, but not certain, that he made a will at the time of his death." This other evidence consists of the Journal of Mr. Charles Ewer, now deceased, and in the hands of Mr. Osmyn Brewster, one of his executors; which was produced by him before the Judge of Probate, and is on file at the Probate office; the deposition of Mr. William Thomas, President of the Webster Bank; and the answers of Mr. William T. Andrews, a son of Mr. Ebenezer T. Andrews, and also the answers of Mr. William Thomas, before the Judge of Probate, and which are also on file there. As these latter documents are very voluminous, I will at this time give only the Journal of Mr. Charles Ewer, and a small portion of the answers of Mr. William T. Andrews, in relation to a part of this Journal. These, however, are of themselves sufficient to confirm my statement, and do, in fact, constitute the main ground upon which it was made, though the other documents afford supplemental and corroborative evidence of it.

The following is a copy of Mr. Charles Ewer's Journal, relating to the Will of Mr. Ebenezer T. Andrews. "Boston, June, 1851.—Mr. William Thomas (President of the Webster Bank) speaks to me upon the subject of Mr. E. T. Andrews making a Will, which to this time he had omitted to do, desiring me to speak to him respecting it, stating that he was now disposed to make one, and to leave a considerable portion of his property, which was large, amounting to \$500,000 or more, to his own and his wife's relations, and some to the public, and that his son, (Mr. William T. Andrews) did not expect all of it, but was willing and wished his father to make a will, and do liberally for him, or give such part of his property as he might be disposed to, to them and to various public charities.

I agreed, in compliance with Mr. Thomas' wishes, as above stated, should a favorable opportunity occur, to speak to Mr. Andrews upon the subject of making his Will. Considering as I was distantly related to him, it was a delicate and difficult undertaking. I was backward to engage in it, I therefore, only engaged to do so, conditionally; that is: Should Mr. Andrews open the way for me to speak to him upon the subject. This he did one morning, shortly after, by remarking, in relation to his claim against Mr. John Bumstead, that I had the charge of; that he wished it settled before he made his will. Previous to this, however, and subsequent to Mr. Thomas' request that I would speak to him upon the subject, I found in an old English magazine an article on the duty of persons of property making their Wills. This book I put into the hands of Mr. Thomas, that he might, if he approved of it, read to his Uncle (Uncle-in-law) when he should next converse with him in relation to his making his Will, which, after having read it, he agreed to do. This book remained in his possession some time, without being used for the purpose proposed, Mr. Thomas not finding a convenient opportunity to read this article to his Uncle (Uncle-in-law). A day or two after the remark made to Mr. Andrews as to making his will, I took the book from Mr. Thomas, and carried it to Mr. Andrews' house, and said to him that I had found an article in it upon making a Will, which I thought very good, and wished him to read it. He signified that he would. I put a piece of paper in it where the article commenced, and left it with him. I understood afterwards that he had read it. I left the book at his house, where it now is.

I spoke to Mr. Andrews again about his making his will, and giving, as I understood he intended to, a portion of his estate to his own and his wife's relations. He repeated or affirmed his intention to do so, and said he was willing to make such a disposition of his property as four impartial men should say was just and proper, reserving to himself the privilege of altering what he might deem wrong.

I spoke to him inquiringly as to his wife's relations having claims upon him in point of justice or equity. He did not seem aware or admit that they had any such claim.

I said to him subsequently that neither his own or his wife's relations made any claim to share his property; that he was free to give or







## Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,  
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time  
Sparkle forever.

## PLEASURE AND GRIEF.

When Astrea to the heavens, her birthplace bright,  
With earth disgusted, took once more her flight,  
Pleasure, that with her here had made abode,  
With her the azure vault again retired.

The Virtues to detain her gathered round;  
And Faith and Love wept kneeling on the ground.  
But all in vain, since she on flight was bent—  
Yet dropt on earth her mantle ere she went.

Grief found it on her way, and round her form,  
Shivering and cold, to guard her from the storm  
And hide her shriveled shape, haggard and old,  
Wrapt the rich garb in many a glistening fold.

Thence in her wanderings many an error rose—  
Pleasure's gonn'd mantle covering Grief's deep woes;  
And the deception every one betrays  
Who follows heedlessly in Pleasure's maze;  
Thence off in seeking bliss we find but pain,  
Since her lost form on earth is sought in vain.

[Mrs. Allston.]

Hath He endowed thee with wisdom? hath He en-  
lightened thy mind with the knowledge of truth?  
communicate it to the ignorant for their instruction;  
communicate it to the wise for their own improve-  
ment.

## THE DRAVE AT HOME.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,  
With smile that well her pain dissembles,  
The while beneath her drooping lash  
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,  
Though heaven alone records the tear,  
And Fame shall never know her story,  
Her heart has shed a drop as dear  
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,  
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,  
And bravely speaks the cheering word,  
What though her heart be rent asunder—  
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear  
The bolts of war around him rattle,  
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er  
Was poured upon the plain of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,  
While to her breast her son she presses,  
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,  
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,  
With no one but her secret God,  
To know the pain that weighs upon her,  
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod  
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

[T. Buchanan Read.]

True wisdom is less presuming than folly; the wise  
man doubteth often, and changeth his mind; the fool  
is obstinate, and doubteth not; he knoweth all things  
but his own ignorance.

## PASSING AWAY.

Passing away are the loved and the trusted,  
Passing away to the spirit-land;  
Earnest and faithful, with courage unflinching,  
How can they be spared from the noble band?

God says to the fruit-tree, blossom and bear; and  
to the human heart, bear and blossom—the soul's great  
blossoming is the flower of suffering.

LIZZIE DOTEN AT LYCEUM HALL,  
BOSTON.

Sunday Evening, December 8, 1861.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

## SPIRITS IN PRISON.

The lectures commenced with a unique invocation,  
of which the following are the chief points:  
"Oh Lucifer, thou son of the morning, who fell  
from thy high estate, and whom mortals are prone to  
call the embodiment of evil, we lift up our voices unto  
thee. We know thou canst not harm us unless by  
the will of the Almighty, of whom thou art a part  
and portion, and in whose economy thou playest thy  
part; and we cannot presume to sit in judgment over  
Dely. From the depths of thine infernal streams  
forth divine truths. Why should we turn from thee?  
Does not the same inspiration rule us all? Is one  
in God's sight better than another? We know thou  
art yet to come up in his expanded creation, purified  
by the influence of God's love—for his love is not  
perfect while one of his children writhes in misery.  
So, oh Lucifer, do we come up and stand before the  
throne of the Ancient of Days, hand in hand with  
thee. As thou hast been the star of the morning  
thou wilt again become an angel of light. Oh, Satan,  
we will subdue thee with our love, and thou wilt  
yet kneel humbly with us at the throne of God."

The medium's remarks were built upon the fol-  
lowing text:  
"Being slain in the flesh he was quickened in the  
spirit, and he went and preached to the spirits in  
prison."

She said: Humanity is apt to go to extremes.  
Once, mankind clung to the cross, and adored the  
form of Him who was crucified on Calvary, as a God.  
But reason asserted its supremacy, and the world  
declared it would not have this man to reign over  
it any longer; and then, like a pendulum, hu-  
manity seemed to swing to the other extreme, and  
the world, or the greater portion of it, relapsed into  
a profound skepticism. Men have cherished wrong  
ideas of Jesus in the past. They have repeated the  
Lord's prayer for generations, as the words of  
inspiration; but Jesus only compiled the short  
sentences from the traveling maxims of the day—  
from the words of the philosophers and scholars of  
the time; and even the great Golden Rule of Christ  
was but a maxim borrowed from Confucius, the old  
Chinese philosopher.

Thus Jesus has become only a man, stripped of all  
false pretensions, and we have even aspired to stand  
by his side on the Mount of Calvary. He was the  
son of man, as he claimed to be. His disciples loved  
him, and their children idolized him. Jesus knew  
not the great tendencies of his being, but wrought as  
the spirit was upon him; and if men are true to  
themselves, they will sometime feel the purposes of  
their life, and the expressions of divine life through  
all their members, even as did Jesus. He obeyed the  
promptings of his life, and he came to preach to the  
spirits in prison.

Every age has seen its prison. Men have gone  
through the world like the turtle, with their prisons  
on their backs. You can all remember the time  
when the greatest boasts of freedom came from the  
vantage ground of slavery. So liberty is the boast  
of men who have it not. He who knows

not the virtue and glory of freedom, is unworthy to  
be free, and you must be first a slave in order to feel  
true freedom. Whenever a man resolves to live  
nobly, he has made a crovice in his dungeon, and he  
sees some of the light of heaven streaming in upon  
him.

Jesus preached to the souls in prison; and so  
many came out to meet him, that they were too  
prone to rush into strange and mad extremes, like  
children, just let loose from the irksome confinement  
of the school-room. Jesus preached to the souls in  
prison, teaching them the worship of the Great Spirit  
in spirit and truth, instead of the slaughtering of  
bullocks and lambs. Many souls are unworthy of  
their freedom; and they turn back to feed on the  
vapors of their dungeons again, even as the ancient  
Israelites to the onions, garlic and flesh-pots of  
Egypt. The free wings of their spirits are bound to  
their sides, and the light of God's truth who has not  
warmed them out of their chrysalis life of the body.

Oh, woman! you who do not understand the might  
and glory of your divine nature, we see you are yet in  
prison. Men created with excessive tendencies either  
for good or evil, which either wing them to sublime  
heights or plunge them into the filthy pools of sin—  
you are in prison, too. Who put you there? Your  
fathers and mothers, with their depraved tendencies,  
have built up the walls around their children, and  
hedged them in! They reach out through the win-  
dows, to grasp the Great Eternal, but are unable to  
feel aught but his sunshine. All the world may  
condemn you, but God and his angels are looking  
down with hope and pity.

Go to the State Prison in yonder town, and look  
into the faces of the criminals gathered together  
there. Their faces are a living tablet of sorrow and  
despair, they know not why. They have beaten their  
spiritual foreheads against their prison walls, but  
still the walls of stone close around them, and  
seem almost to absorb their spiritual vitality. To  
such came Jesus. The whole had no need of a phy-  
sician, only they that were sick. He walked among  
the suffering and needy; and every ray of his  
strength and purity was absorbed into some weak  
nature that needed his love.

Heaven, hell and earth are three indissoluble de-  
grees contiguous to each other. We must go through  
hell to reach heaven. We cannot leave earth with-  
out going to hell first, for that is the ante-chamber  
to heaven. All must walk to heaven over this one  
road; else, when heaven were attained, we would  
know it not. Many of you are sufficiently acquaint-  
ed with hell in this world. To such, the sojourn in a  
future hell will be brief. You know its experiences,  
and have profited by its revelations. Now if you  
can call anything in this world a sin, that thing is  
in harmony in your nature; and if you allow inhar-  
mony to come into your hearts, or your households,  
remember you leave the door open for the devil  
and hell to come in also. You will understand  
this thing in all its bearings, when your spirit will  
have passed out of your body. It is in these experi-  
ences you undergo here, on your way up to a no-  
bler manhood, that you learn your highest wisdom.  
You go into the spirit-world; and if your nature is  
corrupt and vile, you go to hell. The one who has  
entered upon his future life, purified and ennobled,  
goes the same way, but does not feel it. As the  
good, bad and indifferent are mated together here, so  
in the spirit-life they meet and mingle in the jostling  
pathway which runs through the lowest hell to the  
celestial spheres, and over which all must pass, and  
whose goal all must one time gain. You go forward  
with all your teachings, all your wisdom and experi-  
ence; but ye who go unwhipped of justice, here  
get the full meed of desert on the spirit side. The  
rule is immaculate—eternal. You cannot carry  
any pack of deception there on your back, for the  
road is too narrow for you to do it. All your sinful  
garments are stripped away, and on you as you are,  
will fall the blessing or the curse.

We will say there is no lower hell than you ex-  
perience in this world. You never will see any  
seething Eternal fiery hell of misery. No devil that  
you see there is placed there to torment you forever;  
for God has created no being without a spark of his  
own eternal love, and no creature can be beyond his  
purpose. No devil that you ever meet will torment  
you like the consciousness of an ability to do good  
without its exercise. To be able to do good and do  
it not, is its own punishment—is the worse devil that  
will torment you.

A strange theory is being advanced in your midst,  
that little children cannot be heirs of immortality.  
To-day, some philosophers state that there were na-  
tions born in the past, with but the capacity of little  
children—with souls as small in capacity. To go on  
still further, while man in the present day is fitted  
to enter the celestial world, when the future will so  
far transcend him as he now does the infatigable past  
of the universe, what will be the standard? Who shall  
be saved? The angels cannot be happy while there  
is a single cry coming up from the spirits in prison.  
True, there are degrees of enjoyment as there are of  
unfolding, but immortality is the life of God, and  
universal. It has been said this world is a proba-  
tionary state, and from it you go with your evils  
upon you, either to bliss or perdition. But, thank  
God, we can bear witness to the contrary. Man can-  
not save himself, but God and his angels can. Love  
will yet turn all evil into good. There are great  
revelations from the spirit-world—the ante-room  
to heaven; and they teach us that all are to be re-  
quired of according to their capacities. According  
to the laws of a moral momentum and gravitation,  
each will go to the place where he belongs. If one  
is out of place, he is in a hell of uncomform, anyway.  
Hell is a paradise for some of those not yet fitted for  
heaven. As the Esquimaux would be in torment  
beneath the luxurious palms of the tropics, and long  
for the ice-clad hills of his native home, so would  
the one unfitted for the bliss of heaven, be in torment  
if misplaced there. They are prisoners, when the  
walls of paradise round them in. It is a dull, weary  
life, and the spirit will grow sick and find heaven  
is the lowest hell.

Oh, blessed mission, to stand by the side of the  
angels in this holy cause of redeeming the souls of  
men from their prison houses. Have you ever felt  
yourself so free that you could go and come among  
the vile and sinful, and feel no stain? Go down in  
the haunts of shame, and the purlieus of vice in  
your large cities, and test your strength and purity.  
Too often, alas, a breath will destroy your strength,  
and a glance blast your purity, when you meet the  
cold blooded pharisaical world!

Let us go forth, then, and release the spirits in  
prison. The stained, suffering souls shut in and  
finding no way of delivery we will go to, and bid  
them to be of good cheer. The angels will strike  
hands with mortals; the walls shall fall down, and  
the redeemed sing praises to God. Amen.

The medium then, under another influence, recited  
the following

## PATRIOTIC HYMN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by  
H. W. Gardner, M. D., in the Clerk's Office of the District  
Court of Massachusetts.]

Oh, Land of our glory, our boast and our pride,  
Where the brave and the fearless for Freedom have died,  
How clear is the lustre that beams from thy name—  
How bright on thy brow are the laurels of fame!  
The stars of thy Union still burn in the sky,  
And the scream of thine Eagle is heard from on high!  
His cry is built where no foe can invade,  
Nor traitors prevail, with the brand and the blade!

Chorus—  
The Eagle of Freedom, in danger and night,  
Keeps watch o'er our flag from his star-circled height.  
From mountain and valley, from hill-top and sea,  
Three cheers for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free!  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
Hurrah for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free!

Mount up, oh, thou Eagle, and rend in thy flight  
The war-cloud that hides our broad banner from sight!  
Guard, guard it from danger, though war-rent and worn,  
And see that no star from its azure is torn!  
Keep thy breast to the storm, and thine eye on the sun,  
Till true to our motto, THE MANY ARE ONE!  
Till the red rag of war with its tumult shall cease,  
And the Dove shall return with the olive of Peace!

Chorus—  
The Eagle of Freedom, in danger and night,  
Keeps watch o'er our flag from his star-circled height.  
From mountain and valley, from hill-top and sea,  
Three cheers for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free!  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
Hurrah for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free!

Oh, sons of the mighty, the true and the brave!  
The souls of your heroes rest not in the grave!  
The holy Liberator Liberty poured,  
Hath streamed not in vain from the blood-crime-mo-  
nied sword!

Henceforth, with your Star Spangled Banner unfurled,  
Your might shall be felt to the ends of the world,  
And rising Republics, like nebulae, gleam,  
Wherever the Stars of your Nation shall beam!

Chorus—  
The Eagle of Freedom, sublime in his flight,  
Shall rest on your banner, enfolded with light,  
And then shall the chorus in unison be—  
Three cheers for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free!  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
Hurrah for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free!

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,  
WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 11, 1861.

## QUESTION—Astrology.

MR. WETHERS—Astrology and Alchemy, weird  
sisters of an olden civilization! I freely own the  
subject now before the meeting has, to me, a pecu-  
liar fascination. There is a magic spell suggested,  
in the very name, of pleasing mystery—like some  
haunted or sacred spot whose legends connect the  
past with the present—like some classic stream, now  
turbid, dark and desolate, whose earlier associations  
or ancient story once peopled it with nymphs and  
nymphs—made sacred by the songs of poets in the  
days when earth was young, when heroes and dem-  
gods and winged horses, centaurs and satyrs en-  
livened its borders, or gambled on its surface or  
on its banks.

As with some such a stream, so with this subject;  
'tis not all a fable or a dream. The unseen world  
is very near us. The veil is very thin in some places  
—almost transparent. The light behind illumines  
the picture of passing, and sometimes of coming  
events—we may not see the torch, but the subdued  
light through the canvas is very apparent. The  
Promethean fire of human thought, ever groping  
into the hidden and unknown, brightens as time  
rolls on, and now many an ancient myth, living only  
as we thought, in the poet's fancy, proves to have  
been a real presence—whose influences, coming  
through the murky atmosphere or mentality of long  
ago, took uncouth shapes, and generation after gen-  
eration admired the poetry that could people those  
ancient streams with beauty, and it may not be a  
poet's dream, after all. The seer was but making  
foolishness very near the boundary of the spirit-world.  
So with Astrology, which, in the world's infancy,  
mapped out the heavens, christened the Pleiades and  
hung up Orion in his place, and circumscribed the  
journeys of Jove Major long before Abram dwelt in  
the plain of Mamre—or Sator, by the poet's pen,  
was a member of God's cabinet, and experimented  
on the patience of U. By the same law, the con-  
tingency of spirit or higher life, there may be, and I  
know there is, a deep hidden truth in the teachings  
of Astrology that future investigations may make  
clear, and the ages of old, who could take such fire  
from heaven as they did and give it to man, the  
genetic truth running through the ages, tinting  
modern Astronomy through and through with the  
fragrance of that early illumination, suggests that  
then, as now, bright streams of heavenly light shone  
through the thick darkness of that early age, and  
they were the mediumistic sources.

I am not prepared to say that Astrology is a sci-  
ence, or whether it ever will be. I know that it is  
not counted one. But it is as old or older than hu-  
man history—it is the mother of Astronomy—the  
soil out of which that sublime tree has grown, now  
radiant with the fruit of Copernicus, and La Place,  
and Kepler, and Newton, and other lights who con-  
stitute some of the red-letter names of human his-  
tory; and on that account, if for no other, the sub-  
ject deserves our attention and tender handling, not-  
withstanding its association, in later times and to-  
day, with gipsies and fortune-tellers, neeromancers  
and magicians—beneath the notice of the scholar,  
and left in neglect by the high names of the day, to  
grativate to the low and dirty outskirts of human  
thought, to be caught up by the poor and ignorant,  
the material for incantations, superstition, the un-  
educated and neglected, who are ever fascinated by  
the mysterious; and as for that, the same of all the  
world. There is no shaking it out of the human mind,  
no scholarly attainments—no scientific or philo-  
sophical soul, ennobled by the knowledge of the laws  
and principles of the Universe, ever providing it  
with food for thought, but what is also hemmed in  
and attracted by the mysterious, which surrounds  
us on every hand.

I am not going into the details of my own experi-  
ence. I have had some few evidences of experimental  
Astrology—not enough to endorse it, but enough to  
satisfy me that the subject is worthy of some consid-  
eration. I had always looked upon the story of the  
Empress Josephine, where, on an interview with a  
fortune teller, when a young girl, it was predicted  
she would be a queen, as not entitled to credit—  
invented after the fact. We all know how common  
for the great, those filling the niches of worldly re-  
nown, to have their early lives worked over for spec-  
imens of incipient genius or royalty, to prove the  
child to be the father of the man. But an interview  
I had once, when the events proved astonishingly  
true, will forever prevent me from crying imposture  
or delusion at such things. Never again when a  
gipsy reads on my palm the steep and craggy paths  
of the gods, or the primrose path of dalliance—never,  
when the old lady sees jewels and sweethearts at the  
bottom of the cup—never, when Andrew Jackson  
Davis reads the events of a life of his future, unseen  
wife, in a glass knob, will I say "impostors!" Rather,  
like Coleridge, will I say:

"Ah, never let me raptidly chide his faith.  
In the sight of Stars and Angels,  
This visible nature and this common world  
Are all too narrow!"

The universe is all interlarded and interpenetrated;  
everything is mysteriously connected with every

other thing—even individual entity. Any man who  
has not discovered that fact in his own being, has  
not looked very deeply into himself. That alone  
would suggest the possibility of planetary influence.  
But when we see the fact demonstrated in the influ-  
ence of sun, moon and stars, on tides, vegetation, and  
soil, and material life, and even on mind, as in some  
of the phenomena of lunacy, the possible grows into  
the probable. This may not prove fortune telling.  
It opens a possibility. Investigation and experi-  
ment must prove it true or false—like spirit inter-  
course with man. Any one who believes in immor-  
tality, admits the possibility—experiment alone will  
demonstrate it. As with angels, so with stars.

Mrs. WILLIAMS.—In the times of old, when the  
minds of men were much more in rapport with the  
influences which emanate from material surround-  
ings, and, therefore, more susceptible of being af-  
fected by them, they were in a better state to judge of  
the relations which these surroundings held to them  
and also of the effects they were likely to produce, on  
social, governmental, and individual destinies. The  
influences emanating from the stars, from the earth,  
from the minerals, and from all natural substances  
and their affinities, was more perceptible to the an-  
cient seers, magicians and astrologers, because they  
lived more in the love of them—more in the affec-  
tional, childlike sphere of intuition, than in the cold, in-  
tellectual realm; so that, by a peculiarly fine sensi-  
tiveness, they were enabled to seize upon some of  
those subtle threads which connect all spheres, all  
universes, all existences in the close and intimate re-  
lations of cause and effect. They were more loving  
children of great mother Nature, so they pressed  
closer to her bosom, and would listen to the beats of  
the heart of the great soul and cause of all things,  
in its even and harmonious pulsations; for Nature  
was to them not a dry, dead corpse, to be dissected,  
as some of our scientific men of the present day  
seem to think, but a being, instinct with life, and  
hope, and vitality, along whose pulses bounded the  
stream of ever fresh, ever renewed life. The situa-  
tion and aspect of the planets formed but the indices,  
so to speak, on which results were predicted, and as  
these aspects were changing, as even the heavenly  
bodies suffer change, so is it necessary that the  
science should, in its turn, accommodate itself to all  
these mutations.

The eternal mathematics of the sky are very  
careless of the fate of individuals. The eternal laws  
move on in silent and majestic harmony, whether  
the result is to create or to destroy. And how much  
of these vast cycles can we comprehend? Alas, Rea-  
son may say, I believe; Intuition boldly says, I  
know the eternal laws as yet have only been com-  
prehended by snatches. The grand anthem of the  
whole mortal ears have never heard, neither hath it  
entered into the heart of man to conceive; and  
though our learned men may smile at the preten-  
sions of the Astrologer, yet there have been some at  
least, who have vindicated their claim to have read  
at least a verse out of the heavens lucidly reflected  
in the calm, still mirror of their own consciousness,  
and have there seen portrayed the shadows of the  
future—that future about which we are all so anx-  
ious, and which ever veils itself in mystery and hope.

For the intellectual and scientific man of the pre-  
sent day to seek to reconstruct Astrology, on his own  
premises, would be simply impossible, because he  
could not vivify it with its pristine life; and as well  
might he take the bones of the prepared animals in  
his cabinet of Natural History, and by putting them  
scientifically together, think to obtain life and mo-  
tion. The occult, the hidden, that which seems law-  
less, because bound by no law that we know of—the  
forces in and about, and around, and beneath us,  
can be weighed by neither troy weight nor avoird-  
upois weight; our human instincts are too coarse to  
penetrate the finest part of their relation to ourselves,  
and nature. The eyes of the intuitive soul alone  
can form a dim foreshadowing of their vastness,  
their relations to us and to each other, and use hu-  
man mathematics as the old Astrologers did, simply  
to note the results. The old Astrology was not only  
the relation of stars to the concerns of men, but also  
to the temperatures and effects they produce on the  
earth, and their relation to the products which are  
being constantly evolved from its bosom which are  
always changing, for there is a constant growth, and  
throwing off in the earth as in the human body.  
The earth secretes from all her pores. Everything  
grows and decays. Stones grow, gold grows, as  
plants grow, only more slowly. Products change,  
rise, pass off. Nature, hardly ever appears long  
with the same face. She is a true Proteus, ever  
changing, ever young, and ever new, so that the As-  
trology of the Chaldeans would not be the Astrology  
of our day.

Also the old Astrology implied a knowledge of  
previously existing conditions, of which the stars  
were merely the symbols or signs, and this last, was  
the soul of the science, deprived of which it is indeed  
dead. All that the man of learning of to-day who  
curiously turns over this among the other fossils of  
antiquity, and knowingly examines them with his  
scientific eye-glass, can say is, that it is dead—an un-  
deniable truth. The Astrology of to-day is dead  
as a science. Whether or no it will ever be aroused  
from its long slumber with requirements suited to  
the age, is another question.

MR. BAKER.—Some people believe everything comes  
round once in so many years. My study of history  
has not taught me that, as a truth, I must go back  
to believe what they did. If I believed it, I might  
so regulate my conduct. Astrology would then have  
an effect upon me, like a creed; and what a man  
believes, influences him. I cannot believe any man  
can foretell what will happen—those who do  
believe so, I find, are very easily satisfied with what  
they get.

DR. GARDNER.—It was very evident that the speak-  
ers thus far had not much practical knowledge of  
this subject. I know there is something in it, for I  
have the evidence. I went to see Mr. Lister, found him  
a modest and rather serious-minded person. I gave  
him the day and hour I was born, and he gave me a  
history of my past life; and the facts, to say the  
least, were very astonishing for their detailed truth-  
fulness. He told me a death would occur when I  
was about ten years old—it must be a father. My  
father died when I was eleven. At about fifteen I  
was in danger by sea. At that age I was cast away,  
and came very near losing my life. He also stated  
some things in the future, and they have now become  
a part of my history. I noticed a discrepancy of  
about a year in the events, the events being very ac-  
curate, but the time varying about a year, all the  
way through. When informed, he said I must have  
given him my nativity half an hour wrong, and  
upon inquiring of an old aunt, such proved to be the  
fact. I was told not to travel, or do so very care-  
fully, for about two years, as I would be in danger of  
falling bodies. A large can of ice fell off and  
smashed a horse, and came within an ace of smash-  
ing me. I had the curiosity to look at my nativity,  
and found it occurred at the time referred to. I  
have no doubt that there is a truth in the effect of  
planetary influences, and that events can be foretold  
by the process of Astrology, because I have had and  
heard of experiments to prove it.

MR. BURKE.—I, like the others, will begin by stat-  
ing that I know nothing of the subject, because there  
is nothing to be known. How can any one know  
anything that does not exist? Referring to Dr. G's  
experience, a man may very safely foretell that ice  
will fall off of a house, and in the course of life it  
will be pretty sure to prove true. A man is very  
much inclined to favor what he believes, in Astrology,  
or Spiritualism, or anything else; and by a little  
straining the facts will be wonderful, and in keeping  
with their wishes.

## Obituary Notices.

Another noble soul and early pioneer of the Spirit-  
ual Gospel has gone to dwell with our teachers in a  
superior life. Permanently traced up from this world  
of pain and suffering, to a haven of rest from weary  
years of physical suffering, Mrs. SOPHIA N. MORRILL,  
of Lawrence, Mass., left her body at her earthly home  
in care of her husband, J. S. Morrill, who for many  
years has shared with her all he could of earth's trials  
and conflicts, and side by side, hand in hand, and

heart to heart, they have battled with error and de-  
fended the influence and intercourse of spirits. Our  
sister was one of the earliest mediums in the country,  
and had her health allowed, would have been one of  
the most able and energetic speakers in the field. She  
was one of the clearest and strongest minds in our  
ranks, but her soul had been confined fifty-two years in  
its body, the last eighteen of which the body was  
hardly tenable, often almost deserted. She had suf-  
fered terribly from nervous and organic derangement of  
the system, and often longed to go to the other life,  
and no doubt would have gone sooner, but for the  
strong and natural attachment and sympathy of the  
family. But on the 13th of November, the last thread  
that bound the soul to the body was clipped, and she  
joined her guardian spirits, greatly rejoicing in her es-  
cape from the untenable body. Some of the sharpest  
and best messages I have heard from the other life,  
have come through her, purporting to come from Thom-  
as Paine, and certainly worthy the author of the Age  
of Reason. Her companion walks sorrowful and lonely  
and waits the hour that shall bring him the glad tid-  
ings of a reunion in heaven. WARREN CHASE.

Lawrence, Mass., Dec. 12, 1861.

Died, in Salem, Mass., CHARLES HERBERT, only son  
of Robert and Elizabeth C. Colby, of Franklin, N.  
H., aged 10 years 6 months.

Brother, in thy life's fair morning  
Thou wert called from us away,  
Called from these, the scenes of mortal,  
To the land of endless day.

Heads and hearts are bowed in sadness,  
Everything a sorrow scene,  
And we strain our ears to listen,  
To thy footsteps on the stairs.

Nevermore, oh, angel brother,  
Shall we see thy pleasant face;  
Nevermore thy form so lovely,  
Shall we clasp in our embrace!

All is silent, all is lonely—  
Empty places meet our sight,  
While our fondest expectations  
Are enshrouded now in night.

Yet, dear Charlie, we'll not wish thee  
Back to our cold world again,  
For we feel thy clay-freud spirit  
Is relieved of every pain.

We will try our griefs to smother,  
And will dry our falling tears,  
For we know that thou art happy  
In the glorious spirit spheres.

Oh! be near us, darling brother,  
Round us thy sweet influence shed,  
Till we join thee in that other  
Brighter country overhead. J. D. S.

Departed this life, on Sunday, June 30, 1861, MAR-  
TIN E. PENNY, son of Martin Perry, of Dover, Vt.,  
aged 8 years and 6 months.

The funeral was largely attended by friends and  
neighbors, who listened attentively to sweet words of  
Spiritual truth from our sister Nellie J. Temple.

Died, in East Greenwich, R. I., Nov. 13, 1861, MR.  
GEORGE J. JACKSON, aged 42 years and 9 months.

## The Kingdom of Heaven.

The Kingdom of Heaven, or the Golden Age, by E.  
W. Loveland, is, in many respects, a remarkable  
book. The author illustrates several chapters of the  
teachings and miracles of Jesus Christ, in an original  
manner, giving them a spiritual or philosophical  
bearing. Subjoined to these are several essays: the  
Ages of Iron, Silver and Gold, one Family in Heaven  
and Earth, Spirit Impression, Guardian Spirits, Con-  
sulting God, Progression, Selfish Loves and Appetites,  
Prophecy, etc. The whole work is neatly printed in  
large type, on stout, durable paper, and for sale at  
the BANNER OF LIGHT office. Price thirty-seven cents.

## The Spiritual Remonger.

This work by E. W. Lewis, M. D., of Watkins, N.  
Y., is a record or journal of spirit-teachings, com-  
munications, and conversations, in the years 1861, 1862,  
and 1863, through N. S. Gardner, medium. These  
conversations are held between a band of intel-  
lectual investigators, and the spirit of John Locke, Lo-  
renzo Dow, Osceola, etc. Many interesting queries were  
put to the higher intelligences by this little band  
of inquirers, and the answers are pregnant with  
thought. The volume is for sale at the Banner of  
Light office, Boston, at thirty-seven cents a copy.

## Meeting at Greenboro', Indiana.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will speak  
at the New Hall of the Progressive Spiritualists, at  
Greenboro', Henry county, Ind., on Saturday and  
Sunday, January 4th and 5th, 1862. He will take  
subscriptions for the "Banner of Light," and have  
the late works on Spiritualism, Reform, &c., for sale.

## Notice.

WARREN CHASE will spend next Summer in the West.  
Those who wish his services for one or more Sundays,  
may secure them by applying soon. For direction see  
notices of lecturers in another column, or direct to  
Boston, care of Bela Marsh, till January 1st. His en-  
gagements for the Winter are not yet complete, nor the  
route West determined on.

## THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal  
in the World,  
IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BOSTON, MASS.

LUTHER COLLY, EDITOR.

Though the pressure of the times, which has proved so  
disastrous to many Newspaper Establishments in our coun-<