



VOL. X.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1862.

NO. 19.

## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE  
LADY AND LOVER.

A REAL ROMANCE.

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## CHAPTER I.

"O me! What fray was here?  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard  
Here's much to do with late, but more with love!"

The silver moonlight poured its beautifying rays over the noble city of Venice and the adjacent waters. Domes and balconies, turrets and spires, were gilded anew in its glorious sheen. The Grand Canal and the three hundred watery streets that veined the proud city in all directions, threw back with all gentleness the bright beams that fell like the soft kisses of heaven's breath upon them. It seemed to the beholder as if the entire city were laced and interlaced with beautiful threads of silver, and each thread a sheet of sparkling, flashing water. It lay like a old argosy just returned from a voyage, full, freighted, and moored in silence at the head of the broad Adriatic. Before it stretched the Laguna—that mysterious and darkly deep sheet of water into which so many a feeble, unresisting victim had from time to time been cast at the dread hour of midnight, and given up his soul to Heaven beneath the stars, without an ear to catch the agony of his dying cries.

On this most lovely of all nights, the prominent features of this Queen of the Seas stood out in bold relief and beauty. Here were to be seen the famous Giants' Stairs. Here stood lofty palaces and dark, low-browed, dungeons, together. There was the memorable Bridge of Sighs, suggesting the saddest thoughts in the mind of the beholder. There were the old palaces of dukes, with their domes and towers, their balconies and turrets, and minarets and splendid facades, all flashing like erected halberds in the steady wane of moonlight that enveloped the noble city.

On that very same night, full many a weary prisoner strode to his dungeon bars to catch a breath of fresh air, with his emaciated and almost bloodless hand grasping the dull iron that held him in, and throwing longing looks over the waters beneath whose surface they wearily wished they might be buried forever. On that same night, too, full many a lady of high and noble birth, the scion of truly noble stock, leaned in languishing attitude over her balcony, and with jeweled head resting in seeming carelessness on her hand of snow, listened to the sound of the light guitar thrummed by some secret lover seated in his silver-beaked gondola below.

There was a wave of music, as well as of moonlight, resting everywhere over the water. Moved by stalwart arms and guided by graceful motions, gondolas in every direction shot across the glistening waters like light and airy birds; and costly jewels, countless and rare, vivid with brighter and yet more sparkling eyes to throw back even a share of their own beauty upon the water. Lights gleamed and shot forth from stately palaces and houses of splendor across the liquid streets. There were many shouts of laughter, and the echoes of silvery voices, everywhere, and they fell on the ears of enchanted gondoliers like the low and dreamy music that peals at the hour of vespers from the distant convent bell. Joy, and light, and beauty shed their radiance everywhere. And as the Queen of the Night ascended so regally and majestically into the deep blue ocean of the sky, it looked down upon the mass of wealth and grandeur, and happiness, and revelry of Venice, as if it felt a genuine pride in the gay scene on which it shone.

Within the brilliantly illuminated palace of the Count Cesario the sounds of revelry were frequent and prolonged. Songs and laughter chimed gaily and merrily together. A hundred flames, from as many lamps, flung their glare over proud maidens and bejeweled matrons. Their jewels, without number and beyond estimation, threw back the light till the eyes could not rest on them any longer with pleasure.

This particular day chanced to be the birthday anniversary of the beautiful young Viola, the only daughter of the haughty Count Cesario. His lofty mansion was thronged with noble and worthy friends, come to pay respect to her rank, and to assure her of the seventeenth anniversary of her birth, of her surpassing beauty and worth. This same ceremony had been gone through every year since her birth, and this year it was observed more imposingly than ever.

The high-born Viola never looked before so surpassingly lovely as now. Her dark and exceedingly lustrous hair was drawn back in wavy lines from her low, broad forehead, and fell in profuse ringlets over shoulders that seemed of alabaster. Her eyes were eyes that were full of dreams—dreams of love and innocent delight that were yet to come. They were large and very dark, and clearly expressed every deep feeling begotten of her soul. Her cheeks, fair and well-filled, were not guileless of two sweet and regular dimples, that looked like little whirlpools in swiftly running streams. Full and ruby were

her lips; and when a soft smile chased over their portals across the marble floor of her countenance, it seemed as if a gleam of heaven's purest and most golden sunshine had stolen to her heart, and softly nestling there, had lighted it up with love.

Her head was cast wholly in a classic mold, and set off to the greatest advantage the striking beauties of her features. It was set upon her shoulders like some fair and well-proportioned temple upon a marble cliff—the pure white cliff itself having been chiseled by Nature's hand until it was admirably fitted to support so truly royal a superstructure. Whenever she averted her head only partially, her throat swelled like the beautiful throat of some sweet warbler whose songs ascend to Heaven.

On that night of brilliancy, yet of mystery too, there were crowds of admirers at her hand, and every lip vied with every other one in speaking its praises of her queenly beauty.

But she soon grew tired of these tamely spoken flatteries. Her heart yearned for something purer, that had more soul in it. She turned away from them all with undisguised weariness, and from not a few even with disgust.

As she moved away, unattended entirely, she chanced to come upon her father, who was walking rather thoughtfully in an opposite direction.

"Ah!" was the count's impulsive exclamation, "and how is my darling daughter Viola enjoying herself this evening? Is there any one thing wanting to make the happiness of her young heart complete?"

"My dear father," she replied, in a low voice, "I am as happy as you could expect me to be. It rejoices me that I have reached this my seventeenth birthday, and that thou art still living to share its pleasures with me."

"God bless thee, my devoted child!" exclaimed he, taking her hand and holding it affectionately in both his own. "God bless thee, my Viola! But have you seen the youthful Count Ruberto this evening?"

"I have, my father."

"And where is he at this moment, Viola?"

"I know not, my father," answered she.

"I would wish you to bestow on him all the favor you properly owe, my daughter. He is a worthy young man, and a scion of a truly noble stock."

Viola cast down her beautiful eyes upon the teal-colored pavement of marble, but returned no reply. "Forgive me, if I have wounded you by my over-earnest speech," he instantly added, perceiving the confusion into which she was thrown. "Hereafter I will not so plainly express myself," and, raising her delicate hand to his lips as he simultaneously half-bowed his head, he pressed it a moment there, and, with a proud smile upon his features, passed silently on.

Viola continued her solitary stroll till she had, almost unconsciously, reached the garden walk, and down that she leisurely found her way.

It was with a feeling of surprise when she discovered, on suddenly turning around, how far she had come, and especially unattended. She started to return to her friends again, when a low and musical voice fell on her ears with a sweet and welcome salutation, calling:

"Viola! Viola!"

She bent forward in an instant to catch a glimpse of the person calling, when a figure emerged from the dark shadow of an adjacent column, clad in a light and silken half-robe, and stood erect before her.

"Bandolo!" she exclaimed. "Ah, dear Bandolo!"

"It is I, indeed, lovely Viola," replied he, in a suppressed and softened tone.

"But why here on this night, Bandolo, of all others?" asked the more than half-bewildered maiden.

"Do you chide me, then, for coming, Viola? for putting my poor, unhappy, worthless life in jeopardy, that I might once more behold my heart's own idol?"

"Bandolo! Do not thus suspect me, my love! I only sought to know by what fatality you are brought into the midst of so much danger to night. Forgive me for what I carelessly said!"

"You are forgiven already, my love," replied he; "I ask for myself to-night no more than the same privilege that all others are enjoying."

"What mean you, dear Bandolo?"

"That I have come, like the rest, to lay the hearty expressions of my delight at thy feet—to offer thee my congratulations that another happy anniversary has come around to thee. That is all."

"You are thoughtful of me, Bandolo."

"Why should I ever cease to be, my love? Does the green earth forget, even in darkest obscurity, the blessed sun that warms her breast? Does the dark and wave-troubled ocean ever cease to remember the silver moon, whose slender crescent sails monthly, like a fairy boat, up into the ocean of blue overhead?"

"But you have not yet counted the danger you incur, Bandolo!"

"Nor would I seek to do that. What care I for danger, when here I behold all my life and happiness at stake? Teach Love to know a thought of danger, if thou canst, Viola!"

"But, dear Bandolo, how I wish that you could gain admittance to yonder proud mansion, and tread its gay halls as freely as those whose hearts are there only for the selfish hour that is passing!"

"My sweet Lady Viola, thou knowest too well that cannot be. For me, so true a bliss as that is proscribed, and without doubt forever. But still, my love, that thought cannot make me wretched, I

have the treasures that secret meetings with thee so generously yield me, and I heard them up in my heart for other days, to dream upon when otherwise I might be unhappy. I love thee, Viola! and it is bliss for me to know that I am loved by thee in return. Why should I not be happy? Why should I not be contented? My heart no one can tear from me save with my life itself; and with that, of course, go all its priceless treasures, too!"

As he finished speaking, he raised her hand to his lips, and pressed it with a kiss of the most fervent affection.

"I must be gone, Bandolo," said Viola soon after, starting as with a sudden thought. "They will surely miss me from the hall, and then they will search for me, and find me here in the garden, and you here with me, too! Oh, would that you could but go back with me, Bandolo!"

"Hush, Viola! Say no more! Thy proud father has forbidden it forever! But he may not prevent my loving thee, and here do I, most earnestly avow it. Farewell, Viola! farewell! I shall watch patiently for thee, and shall be at thy side when thou wouldst fain pour out thy troubled thoughts upon the night-breeze, or the faintest zephyr that skims these waters. Farewell!"

"Good-night, Bandolo! I shall but sorrow for thee the more, until thou art by my side again!"

A second time he pressed her white hand to his lips, while, on bended knee, he bowed before her. He rose at last to find that she was gone.

"An angel went that way!" said he, in a low tone, as he became lost to his view in the shadows of the long rows of columns that beset her path.

Immediately he started to return again by the way he had entered the place, and had proceeded but a few steps, when a voice fell upon his ear:

"Be at you, sir! Defend yourself!"

Bandolo turned about, in surprise, to ascertain from whose lips such threatening syllables could proceed, when he discovered a man standing close at his back, rapier in hand, and glittering wickedly in the moonlight, who seemed to defy him.

"What would you have with me, sir?" demanded Bandolo, placing his hand on the hilt of his own sword as he spoke.

"Villain!" shouted the other, "defend yourself! Knave robber!" he continued, in a voice husky with the depth of his passion, but in which a stern and impetuous determination was perceptible.

In an instant the glittering blade of Bandolo leaped from its scabbard, and he made a sudden and vigorous thrust at the other's heart.

He saw, at a glance, that his opponent was no mean master of the art of using the blade, and instantly he changed his own manner to one of greater prudence. He made several feints at the person, and, at last, when provoked beyond his endurance by a stinging remark of the other, inflicted on him an admonitory flesh-wound, only disarmed him altogether with the same blow, and then as quickly turned his heel contemptuously upon him.

The steel of his opponent rang on the still night air, and fell among the rare exotics that were clustered in an adjoining parterre.

In another instant Bandolo was out of sight of his disgraced opponent, and was skimming lightly over the gleaming water in his fairy-shaped gondola, rowed by the hands of a trusty oarsman.

There was also in his barge, reclining obediently at his feet, a young and beautiful page, named Fedore.

Swiftly the gondola shot away, like the flight of a feathery arrow; and Bandolo gazed back on the mansion of his lady-love, with its glittering turrets and spacious balconies, with a deep-drawn sigh.

## CHAPTER II.

"But when the planets  
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,  
What plagues, and what portents!"

On receiving his wound and losing his weapon, Ruberto forthwith betook himself to the company he had left in the halls.

The affright and confusion was indescribable, as he entered in such a sad and woful plight—his dress greatly deranged, his countenance flushed with anger and mortified pride, and the stains of blood still on his forehead and cheeks.

"How is this, Ruberto?" exclaimed Count Cesario, in great surprise, advancing toward him and placing his hand on his arm.

"Only a scratch—a mere flesh-wound," answered Ruberto, affecting unconcern.

"Yes, but how did it happen? Where did you get it?"

"In the garden, Sir Count. In your own garden, but a few moments ago."

"In my garden? And at whose hands, pray?"

"By the sword of a bandit and a robber—a villain, Sir Count, whom I dared to drive away from your own domain!"

"But, Ruberto, you overwhelm me! Why did you not cry out for assistance? You should never have risked your own valuable life by an uneven encounter with a robber, and merely to protect my mansion, too!"

"Ah, Sir Count!" exclaimed the other, half averting his face, and shooting a sort of triumphant leer out of his eye, "ah, Sir Count, it was no common robber, believe me!"

"Who, then, was it? Speak, Ruberto."

"Nor was it only to protect your noble residence that I thus freely put in jeopardy my life and my name," added the young man, heeding nothing which the count said.

"I demand that you shall break this surprise,

Ruberto!" a second time repeated Count Cesario. "I would know who it was! Speak, Ruberto!"

The young nobleman, who had by this time wiped from his forehead and face all traces of his recent encounter with his foe, leaned forward toward his interrogator, and hastily whispered something in his ear.

Count Cesario started back with unbounded surprise, lifting up both hands.

Ruberto still kept nodding affirmation of what he had just imparted.

The count was profoundly troubled, and turned away. Slowly and abstractedly he paced the brilliant halls of his noble mansion, nor stopped to exchange a syllable with any soul present.

All observed the marked change that had so suddenly come over him, but were unable to fathom either its cause or meaning.

Presently, Ruberto sought the side of Viola, and fell in conversation with her. His thoughts were greatly disturbed, but hers were almost as light and free as those of a singing bird. She had just returned from an interview with her accepted lover. Why should she not be full of joy?

"Viola," began the youthful Count Ruberto, "I have just been wounded."

Viola started with affright, not being able to comprehend him.

"I have been wounded," he repeated. "It was in your own garden!"

The suspicion at once flashed across her mind that possibly he might have fallen in with Bandolo, and been wounded in a hasty encounter with him.

"You read my meaning, I see," said he, with a look that imported much. "Yes, Viola, you know by whose blade it was this villainous act was done!"

The countenance of Viola was in an instant suffused with the deepest crimson, and she threw at him a glance full of the angriest pride, mingled with a merited rebuke.

"What do you mean, sir?" she haughtily demanded.

"May I not be excused from telling you, fair lady," said he, "what you already know?"

"I am altogether ignorant of what you would say," she rejoined, imperiously now, and rising, as if summarily to avoid herself of her unsolicited companion.

"Stay, lady, for a single moment, I beseech you! I will tell you all. It was by none other than Bandolo's blade that I received this wound."

"Bandolo's?" she involuntarily exclaimed.

"You have truly spoken," said he. "It was myself who met him in the garden but just now."

"Bandolo in the garden?" she again exclaimed, in a tone of much affected surprise.

"Was it all such a secret to thee, fair lady?" asked he, half tauntingly. "Was there no one with him in the garden?"

"Count Ruberto! Why do you thus address me respecting Bandolo? Am I as yet responsible to you for my conduct, or companions? Am I not my own mistress still?"

"True, Viola," he answered, in a half whisper; "but yet—but yet—other eyes than thine alone were there to witness the passionate and devoted attitudes exhibited by this same Bandolo, before thee! Other eyes than thine alone saw him take thatilly hand of thine, and press it again and yet again to his lips! There were other ears, too, than thine alone, that eagerly drank in those expressions of passionate affection, he poured forth so lavishly! Thou must not think thou wast alone with him, fair lady!"

"And did you, Sir Count, see me with Bandolo this evening?" she demanded, marvelously excited with her lightning thoughts.

"I did, Viola, in the shadow of a column that concealed me."

He spoke it with all deliberation.

"And heard what passed between us?"

"Pardon me, Viola; I could not well avoid hearing it all!"

"Siv that thou art!" she indignantly exclaimed, looking him full in the face.

"Say not that, Viola. I was not there for the purpose of overhearing your conversation. I went not there as a spy—as a mean and detestable eavesdropper."

"Then wherefore were you there, pray? Explain yourself, if you can."

"Because I saw thee pass out unattended into the garden. I resolved to follow thee. This is thy seventeenth birthday, and I thought to offer thee such congratulations as become the time, and such expressions of sentiment as rule my heart."

"And could not that have been done as well here?"

"No, lovely Viola, it could not."

"And, pray, why not? You have the power, as well as other men, to speak in very low whispers, when you will. What did you say but just now, in such a mysterious whisper to my father?"

A heightened color flitted momentarily over the fine countenance of Ruberto, and he replied at once: "I followed thee into the garden, because I knew I should there find thee alone. I would have talked to thee of the measureless wealth of my love; of my passion for thee, and all thy loveliness; of the temptation with which my heart is torn at times; of what I did so long hope and pray. I would have fallen on my very knees before thee, Viola, and, unworthy as I am, have dared to ask the rich boon of thy love in return!"

Viola sat as calm, and composed, and colorless as a marble statue.

"But what a sight was it not my cruel fate to behold!" he continued. "How sorely, how cruelly was not my heart made to bleed, at seeing what I did, and what, of all other things in the world, I would

not have sought to see! What could I do but remain silent in my chosen hiding place, and there suffer? But call me not a villainous, low spy! Oh, Viola! wrong me not also in that way!"

She made no reply to him, although he paused for a moment, as if she might voluntarily retract the charge she had before made.

"When I saw thee at length return to the house," he went on, "I stepped boldly out upon the wall and challenged him whom I deemed my most formidable rival, to single combat. We took our swords and fell to, and, save this mere scratch he gave me, I am not ashamed to tell even thee that he wrested from me my rapier; for, be it known to thee, fair lady, as it is well known to every gentleman of rank, that this same Bandolo is reckoned the most skillful swordsman in all Venice; and it is no disgrace to have been disarmed by a professed master of his art."

While he was speaking in this strain, Viola was searching him with looks that betrayed the keenest excitement, and there was even a smile of triumph hovering about her curling lips, as he told how he had been deprived by her betrothed of his sword.

"Thy father knows of the occurrence, already," said he, dropping his voice to a confidential and half-mysterious tone, "and—"

"Yourself told him of it!" she accused him, with vehemence.

"I did—I did, fair lady. He saw the plight I was in, and at once demanded of me an explanation. I told him that Bandolo had fought me in the garden."

"Tide-bearer, as well as spy!" said Viola, contemptuously.

"Not so. I was forced to tell him all. But he knows nothing as yet, Viola, of your meeting him in the garden. I have not told him of that. I have faithfully kept your secret from him. I knew too well what a dark shadow such intelligence would cast over his path, this evening."

Viola offered no reply, not so much as by way of thanking him for keeping the secret of whose possession he was thus openly boasting; but immediately rising from her seat, left him without another word, and was soon mingling again with the gayest of the gay.

Young Ruberto turned away to conceal his chagrin. He had been so lately relaxed and mortified. More than this, no miserable culprit could feel more wretchedly unhappy.

As soon as Bandolo had left the garden, immediately after the passage-at-arms with Count Ruberto, he gave orders to his gondolier to row him to a particular point, where he and his page Fedore intended to disembark.

The light and agile craft sped on and on, and in its luxuriously furnished depths reclined the elegant form of Bandolo, his head thoughtfully supported by his hand. He now and then gazed over the glistening prow, as it cut its swift way through the silver sheet of water, and essayed to count the ripples that swelled and rose with their mimic crests on either side. He cast his eyes over the water as far as he could see, and beheld reflected in its limpid bosom the rays from a thousand lights, and listened tranquilly to the melodious strains from the light-hearted gondoliers. He thought of her he had left behind, to be preyed on by the same tormenting reflections that were awakened within his own heart. He even dared to dream of the balmy days and the soft, starlit nights of tender love. His heart was even then dancing with the inspiration of his restless thoughts.

Now and then he shook his plumed cap within his hand, as if he were impatient to bring around him the pleasant hours of which he dreamed. Or he slowly placed it on his head again, and, with a half-disappointed air, fell once more to dreaming.

He was at length aroused from this intermittent series of reveries by his gondolier's beak's grazing against the marble steps on which he wished to set foot, and by his active page, Fedore, calling his attention to the fact that this was the place where he was to disembark.

Suddenly his brave heart began to palpitate, and he sprang out upon the wave-washed stair with a resolute and agility that betokened an inward strength not yet fully developed.

"This way, boy!" he spoke to his page, pointing the way he would go.

"Ah, master Bandolo!" replied the youthful page, "I had quite forgotten it. But for you, I might have lost my way."

"I am familiar with all the mazes of Venetian streets," said Bandolo, "and well may I be. I have had occasion too frequently to know the most direct ways to points I would soonest reach."

There was an emphasis about this remark of the young bravo, that shut out the most distant thought of deception. He meant even all he said.

For some distance thereafter they went on together, always selecting streets last frequented, and concealing themselves within the shadows formed by doorways, arches, recesses, pillars, and columns.

At length they arrived before a particular house, and, with no further word, Bandolo placed his hand to the door and opened it.

They ascended two or three flights noiselessly, and finally reached a large apartment that might almost be termed a balcony, so much did it overhang the street; and at the door of this room Bandolo softly knocked, so as to be overheard by none but whoever might be within.

"Enter!" a husky voice sounded from the other side of the door.

Bandolo obeyed the summons, and, bidding his page follow him, opened the door and passed through. It was a narrow, though a rather high apartment,



out of which a couple of windows looked off upon the water. In the further corner of the room sat an old crone, who turned her face from the silent contemplation of the stars to the person about entering. "And what do you find writ in the heavens, tonight, good mistress Nancie?" asked Bando, as he sat down quietly by her side.

"The stars refuse to give up their mysteries," she responded. "Why, what would you, master Bando?" "What do you this night seek to know?"

"Look once more into the face of the heavens, good Nancie, and tell if there be nothing portentous there, that I should know at once."

"The old woman bent her gaze on the starlit sky for a few minutes, all the while seeming to slowly count and recount her fingers; and then turned on Bando again, and said:

"Not a syllable. The night and the morrow—yes, and full many a week beside shall go well with thee. Thy sky is clear and unclouded; or what clouds there are, are but idle puffs of powerless smoke. Fear not for yourself, Bando."

"But my enemies, good Nancie? I have enemies!" "So be it, then," responded the astrologer. "Every one has enemies, and they the most whose merit is the largest. Think of that. Fear not, I tell thee, master Bando!"

Hastily sliding a coin into her hand, and beckoning Felore to follow him out again, he was soon in the street, and in his gondola. Once more he was ploughing the sleeping waters. Once more he rested thoughtfully on his hand. And still once more he gave rein to his wildest and fondest dreams.

He had now dismissed both his page and his oarsman, and was gliding through the darkest and least frequented streets back to the noble mansion where dwelt Viola. Love gave a new vigor to the sinews of his arms, and he bent to the oars most manfully. The parted waters dashed against the sides of his boat with a sound of lulling music. Bando could not but think it danced in a perfect sympathy with his own excited heart.

At last he floated beneath the shadow of the lofty mansion of Count Cesario; and, while his gondola glided noiselessly now underneath the window of Viola, the eyes of the lover batten were upturned to the name, to discover the figure of his beautiful mistress. But nowhere was she to be seen. The flashing and dancing lights had long ago been extinguished within the noble halls. The strains of music, and the echoes of joyous laughter had ceased, and all was dark and silent.

Bando was sad beyond expression. He never felt so truly before that he was all—alone.

#### CHAPTER III.

"You think, I'll weep; I have a cause of weeping; but this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws. Or e'er I'll weep. O, fool! I shall go mad."

On the following day a large crowd was collected in the famous square of San Marco, engaged in earnest and heated discussions.

It was about a public placard that had been posted that same morning, offering a large reward for the capture and safe delivery of the well-known brigand, Bando. This placard, that caused so much excitement, had been posted on every wall in every square and other public parts of the city. Men stood gathered about them in eager groups, trying to strike on some secret clue that should lead to the bold robber's discovery. Gondoliers, too, as their light boats glided by, stopped a moment, and, while thus resting on their oars, discussed at length the probabilities of his capture, and the chances of his being at that very moment out of the city.

Count Cesario, being one of the Venetian nobles, who, by their own imperious voice, had decreed that their rank should be secure to themselves and their descendants forever, had been chosen out of that number as one of the terrible Council of Ten, whose deeds were such a mystery to all, and to whom was virtually confided the government of the Venetian Republic. He had heard the tale that the young Count Ruberto dropped in his ear the night before, and instantly determined to employ the whole of his terrible power, as a member of that mystic Council, to bring Bando to summary punishment, and thus remove his influence from the path of his beloved daughter. It was through his exertions, chiefly, that the Council decreed, in their secret night session, that a liberal reward should be offered for the notorious bandit, whether he should be taken alive or dead.

Count Cesario was deeply stung by the bold intrusion of Bando, on the evening before, and now he resolved to be rid of him forever.

Two men stood talking in confidential tones, not far from the steps of the ducal palace. They were clad in the costume of working men, and betrayed the usual signs of ignorance and poverty. Even by their manner of regarding the nobles, and others of rank who swept by them, could their inferiority be discerned.

"Never will they take him alive," remarked one of the two, whose name was Marco.

"No, nor dead, either!" returned the other, who was called Pietro.

"I am sworn!" said the former.

"And so am I!" responded the latter.

"Only this morning," continued Marco, "I have been implored by a gondolier, to give up what I knew of his whereabouts."

"You?"

"Yes; and a large share of the reward was offered me, too, if I would help drag out the noble-hearted Bando from his place of concealment."

"You spurned the offer?"

"Spurned it! Yes, and I cursed the wretch for a lump of avarice, who made me the offer! I called him meanness itself, and bade him go tell his plans to the statues about the palace; they might hear him—I never could! I told him to call on the dread dungeons of the Piombi and the Piazzi, to open wide their jaws and unearth the pale prisoners, who need but ceremonies about their limbs to be buried already! As for my heart making any disclosures of what secrets were buried there—never! never!"

"And what said he, then?"

"The dastardly villain!" he declared that he knew me well, and he would have me brought before the Council, and then if I would not disclose my secret, I should be bound hand and foot, and stretched on the cord! But what do you think I cared for his threats? They had no effect on me. I am not a man to be frightened in that way."

"No, nor I."

"But hold! Who comes here?"

"By my life they are the secret spies of the Council! What shall we do?"

"The spies!"

"They have fastened their keen eyes already upon you. Fly, Marco! fly!"

"I would be nothing but folly, now. No; I have no fears. I will not fly. I will stand right where I am. Leave me to myself, Pietro."

The men rapidly came up.

"Is not this Marco?" inquired one of the three, laying his hand at the same time on Marco's shoulder.

"Marco, forever," he proudly and unflinchingly returned.

"Hold forth your hands, then!"

"For what, sir?"

"To be bound."

"To be bound? What have I done, that I should be deprived of my liberty? Are not your dungeons full enough already, and overflowing, too? Are not their heavy walls piled up high enough, even now, upon the bleeding hearts of their poor prisoners?"

"No more words, Marco! Hold forth!"

"Is resistance, then, in vain?"

"Either alive or dead, you must go before the Council! It is their order."

"Then I obey. I disobey no laws of my native city. Venice! I always loved thee from my youth!"

With perfect submission he held forth his hands, and suffered them to be bound. His arms were large and muscular, and looked as if he might burst his fetters like green withes. Yet he offered no sort of resistance, scarce a protest.

A few minutes afterwards he beheld him ushered with great solemnity and ceremony into the presence of the mysterious Council of Ten. There sat the Doge himself, dignified, proud, and implacably stern, occupying his superb chair of State. Around him, in a mystic semi-circle, were ranged in separate seats, the ten most powerful persons that all Venice contained. It lay with them to decree what should be the value of human life, to overthrow or build up human happiness within the State, to make and unmake, to erect and destroy, to grant license and set boundaries, to protect ages and innocence, or send devastation and woe across every man's threshold.

Marco stood uncovered, and, in spite of his stout inward resolution, trembled with awe, in the presence of the Doge, scarcely venturing to lift his eyes to the place where the latter sat. In appearance, he was humility itself.

Presently the Doge addressed him.

"Your name is Marco?"

"The prisoner bowed his silent yes.

"Tell the Council what you know, then, respecting the villain Bando—where he is, the bandit for whose arrest, Venice, to-day, offers a liberal reward. What know you respecting him?"

"Sir," he modestly, but firmly, answered, "I cannot say."

For the first time since entering, his eyes were lifted to the countenance of the Doge.

"Know you nothing of him?" demanded the Doge.

"I cannot tell," again answered Marco.

"Bring in the other!" ordered the Doge to his secret attendant at hand.

Immediately the door of an adjoining room was swung back, and a person was conducted into the apartment by the attendant who obeyed the order.

It was the very gondolier whom Marco had, that same morning, cursed for a knave and a coward, and with whom he refused to share his knowledge of Bando's whereabouts.

On beholding him, Marco started in spite of himself. Yet his lips uttered no whisper of exclamation.

"Diga me isto, named Marco," demanded the Doge of the man last brought in, "tell thee that he knew the hiding-place of Bando?"

"He did, sir," answered the gondolier.

"And did he not also refuse to disclose it to thee, so that the arch enemy of Venice might be brought to punishment?"

"He did, sir."

"What sayest thou to that?" next demanded the Doge, in a more imperious tone, of Marco.

"I say nothing to it, sir," he answered.

"And why nothing? Because it is true?"

"Because it is false—every syllable!"

"Do not be hasty," urged the Doge. "You have a secret."

"But, sir, I told no secret to him."

"You told him you knew of the hiding place of Bando?"

"Not I, sir!"

"What?"

"I say, not so. I answered him that the dungeons might just as well be expected to open their insatiable jaws, and disgorge their pale and hear-crushed prisoners, as for him to hope that I would disclose what I knew!" That was all.

"Then you truly know nothing of Bando?" urged the Doge, surveying him with intense scrutiny.

"Nothing that I can reveal, sir," was the respectful but resolute answer of Marco.

"Bear him away to torture!" commanded the Doge. "The rack shall wring out his secrets! Bear him away at once!"

Instantly a couple of men, attired appropriately for their peculiar office, sprang into the council-chamber, and, after first securely binding the unwilling prisoner hand and foot, led him out into the darkened room where torture was wont to be inflicted.

In utter silence the council continued to sit, awaiting their victim's anticipated disclosures.

The cord was twice, and even thrice, stretched with its merciless power across his sinewy limbs, before the wretched man suffered the first groan of agony to escape his lips. And when Nature did momentarily yield at last, his cruel tormentors simultaneously relaxed their malignant work, and looked inquisitively into his face, to learn if he was prepared to make his disclosure.

"Go on with your torture!" cried out the hero, suffering, seeing what they would be at. "I have no secret to give up. On with your fiendish work!"

Still once more, therefore, they drew the cords tighter upon him. His limbs were stretched apart, and his extremities drawn from their very joints, until it seemed as if the limbs had been parted in their sockets. The big blue veins crossed and recrossed one another, knotting themselves in hard lumps upon his temples, as if they were full to bursting. His eyes rolled upward in an agony of pain. A death-like sweat stood in beaded drops on his nose pale forehead, and his lips, which were half parted, were of an ashy whiteness.

"Confess, then!" broke forth the chief tormentor. "Still not a syllable from the sufferer's lips. Not so much as another groan."

"Die, then, with thy secret!" shouted the ruffian. In an instant the wretched victim had swooned away. He was gone.

They hastened to unbind the cords, and were engaged a long time in applying their restoratives.

"They have fastened their keen eyes already upon you. Fly, Marco! fly!"

"I would be nothing but folly, now. No; I have no fears. I will not fly. I will stand right where I am. Leave me to myself, Pietro."

The men rapidly came up.

"Is not this Marco?" inquired one of the three, laying his hand at the same time on Marco's shoulder.

"Marco, forever," he proudly and unflinchingly returned.

"Hold forth your hands, then!"

"For what, sir?"

"To be bound."

"To be bound? What have I done, that I should be deprived of my liberty? Are not your dungeons full enough already, and overflowing, too? Are not their heavy walls piled up high enough, even now, upon the bleeding hearts of their poor prisoners?"

"No more words, Marco! Hold forth!"

"Is resistance, then, in vain?"

"Either alive or dead, you must go before the Council! It is their order."

"Then I obey. I disobey no laws of my native city. Venice! I always loved thee from my youth!"

With perfect submission he held forth his hands, and suffered them to be bound. His arms were large and muscular, and looked as if he might burst his fetters like green withes. Yet he offered no sort of resistance, scarce a protest.

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They hastened to unbind the cords, and were engaged a long time in applying their restoratives.

For some time they had no efficacy whatever. He seemed as one entirely dead.

Once more the door of the council chamber opened, and the mysterious attendant entered.

"He makes no syllable of confession, yet," reported he, to the Doge and Council.

"Then let the torture go on!" ordered the Doge.

"It has been repeated again and again," replied the attendant; "but he says not a word; hardly a groan can be extorted from him."

"Obdurate villain!" exclaimed the Doge.

"He has swooned away, and we know not if he be dead already," announced the attendant.

"Then away with him!"

"And whither, sir?"

"If he be truly dead, to the pier; let his body be thrown into the Laguna, that his companions may believe he was drowned!"

"But if we can again restore him?"

"Then to the dungeon with him. He shall there keep his secrets all to himself."

Bowing low, the attendant left the chamber.

When, at length, Marco did return to a state of consciousness, he was in a state bordering close upon frenzy. His brain was in the dizzy whirl of a delirium soon after, and in this forlorn condition he was violently borne away to a dark, damp dungeon.

Once more was the haughty Count Cesario at home. He immediately summoned Viola, his daughter, into his presence. She entered the room at his command, looking much more like an angel, than a being of flesh-and-blood.

"Be seated, Viola," said he, as his eye fell on her. Her maid, Juliet, she had dismissed just at the door, in the hall.

Viola obeyed her proud father's request, and, as she appeared to comprehend at a glance that his present mood was unpropitious for kindly and gentle words, she preserved a mute and rigorous silence.

"I would speak with you, Viola," coldly began her parent, "of Bando; he who at this day is held in fear by all Venice; whose life is scarce worth a rush at this moment, and for whom, either dead or alive, a large reward has just been publicly offered."

Viola dropped her gaze despondently upon the floor, as her father began. Her color left her cheeks altogether, and her eyes grew large and staring. She seemed to be trying to make some meaning out of an incomprehensibility she had found upon the floor.

"Bando," continued her father, "is a robber—a pirate—a brigand—a villain! His life is already a thousand times forfeit to the State, for the bold crimes he has committed with such impunity; and it is of him that I wished to speak with you, Viola."

The girl, ventured, at this point, to raise her eyes inquiringly to the countenance of her father, but on meeting the stern and forbidding expression that concentrated itself there, dropped them instantly to the carpet again, her whole frame trembling with fear.

"Only yesternight," continued he, in a voice growing more and more passionate, "only yesternight was he in the garden! He—the robber! the brigand! the bandit! How he got there—whence he came—or where he went—no one knows. It is just that which Venice seeks this day to know, Viola, and is willing to pay a large reward for finding out!"

Again she raised her eyes to his face, and as quickly again let them fall to the floor.

"You love him," said, my daughter, and tell me if I have said truly."

"Father," softly pleaded the beautiful girl with her stern parent, "to know him is to love him."

"I knew it! I knew as much! I then have not conjectured wrongly, after all! But this love, Viola, must be broken off! You hear me? Must!"

"Father!" was all the daughter could protest, or reply.

"Could I think, for a moment, of permitting a daughter of mine to marry one like him? What father would? No! Viola! this bond between you, whatever you may choose to call it, must be broken at once—at once! Already the youthful Count Ruberto has besought of me your hand. He comes of noble ancestry, and his own kin are anxious that the union shall be consummated. It is my wish, too, that it be consummated. Otherwise, if he does not succeed in obtaining your hand, he will at once proceed to Spain, and there seek an alliance with some lovely senorita."

"It would be far better for him to do so," she answered, calmly.

"He shall not!" imperiously returned the haughty parent; "he shall marry you, and only you! And the terms of this union shall be determined on, too, between the families, within three days! Mark what I say, Viola—within three days! I give you time, therefore, to make up your feelings finally, and communicate them to me. If, at the expiration of that time, you are ready to marry Ruberto, then the nuptials may be celebrated forthwith; but if not—then to the convent! I have already arranged it with Father Petroni."

"But, my father!" protested Viola.

"Words are of no use now, Viola," answered he. "It will be just as I have said. So make all due preparation."

Count Cesario turned away from his child with a step that expressed both haughtiness and passion, and Viola was once more alone.

She lost no time in throwing herself upon a couch that was at hand, and fell into a most violent paroxysm of weeping, in which her faithful maid, Juliet, finally discovered her.

#### [TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### OLD CELIARS.

Coming upon a decayed old cellar hold in the stillness of the country, and pausing to give free rein to the imaginations and reflections that will spring unbidden to the surface of the soul at such a moment, we are always saddened by the current of feeling that sets in and takes possession of our thoughts.

Here lived and died a generation, if not more than one. Here old men passed away, and babes were born into a world where their souls were to commence the system of development. Here maidens were married to those they loved, and gave away the dearest wealth of their lives to young men whose natures they as yet knew little of. Chubby faces once crowded at these windows; there were joyful greetings and sad partings at the threshold; there was the sound of glad voices all about the place; the well-sweep used to go down with a creak; and the house-dog barked at the belated passenger. But all this is gone now; desolation has overtaken the spot where once dwelt a happy family; and fond Nature gently seeks to make the scene beautiful and impressive, even in its loneliness, by draping it with a growth of long grass, and tall weeds, and burdocks, and sour sorrel.

#### Written for the Banner of Light. STRIKE AT THE CAUSE.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

Strike now at the cause,  
Neither falter nor pause,  
Arise in your strength and put Error to flight;  
Slavery, the tyrant,  
Looking defiant,  
Dares you to do what you know to be right.

Long hath this slavery  
With its foul knavery,  
Ruled o'er a nation that claims to be free.  
Shackled its people,  
Court, camp, and steeple—



## Spiritual Phenomena.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by A. H. Davis, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.]

COMPENDIUM OF FACTS  
ON SUPER-MUNDANE PHENOMENA.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER III.  
THE AGE OF WITCHCRAFT.

PREVALENCE OF THE BELIEF IN WIZARDS AND WITCHES—  
EDICT OF SAUL—THE MANIA IN NEW ENGLAND—THE  
MANIA IN EUROPE—CHARACTER OF THOSE INFLUENCED—  
ANOMALOUS SACHIN OF HUMAN LIFE—NATURE OF  
THE PHENOMENA WITNESSED—ANN COLE, HARTFORD,  
CONN.—ELIZABETH KNAPP, GROTON, MASS.—WILLIAM  
MORSE, NEWBURY, MASS.—GEORGE WALTON, N. H.—  
DISTURBANCE IN WILTS COUNTY, ENGL., 1661—DISTUR-  
BANCE IN THE WESLEY FAMILY.

"Aghast his eyes  
The upland ridge and every mountain round  
But not one trace of living weight discerns  
Nor knows, o'erawed and trembling as he stands  
To what or whom he owes his idle fear—  
To ghost, or witch or fairy, or to fiend.  
But wonders and no end of wondering finds."

[ANONYMOUS.]

Under this head I shall treat upon the super-  
mundane phenomena of the sixteenth, seventeenth,  
and eighteenth centuries. Living as we do in an  
age of advanced light and wisdom, we look back into  
the past and censure our fathers for what seems  
to us to be their blind zeal, bigotry, superstition  
and religious intolerance. Educated as they were,  
they doubtless acted in good faith, and thought they  
were doing God service even while they were sacrific-  
ing the lives of some of their best citizens in order  
to crush out what to them seemed to be a dangerous  
innovation upon the church, which they held as sac-  
red as the apple of the eye.

The belief in wizards and witches dates back as  
far as we can trace history; but in no age do we  
find it so prevalent as in the sixteenth, seventeenth  
and eighteenth centuries; and in no age has the  
belief jeopardized the lives of so many of the human  
family. Saul, it is true, sent forth an edict that  
every wizard and witch should be put to death;  
but we learn of no very serious fatality resulting  
from this edict—and soon after we find him consult-  
ing the Witch of Endor.

The pages which record the history of the six-  
teenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, are  
stained with blood—blood spilled at the altar of the  
sanctuary. Nor was it a bloody crusade to crush  
out infidelity, but a blind warfare waged against an  
invisible foe. This period is noted in our history  
for the Salem witchcraft; but the phenomena  
witnessed, were not confined to New England, but  
spread with alarming and fatal rapidity all over  
Europe.

In this country, the mania commenced in Salem  
and Danvers, in the year 1692. The first case oc-  
curred in Danvers, in the family of Rev. Mr. Paris,  
a minister of the gospel; and of nineteen executed at  
one time in Salem, it is said that more than one-  
third were members of the Christian Church; and be-  
sides these, there were many others, men and women  
of distinction and rank. According to Dr. Increase  
Mather's testimony, many of those who were strangely  
influenced during this period, and who were thought  
to be bewitched, or possessed with a demon, were men  
and women of sterling integrity and piety. Al-  
though history seems to point to New England, yet  
we find cases occurred in Europe, as far back as the  
year 1616, which led to the belief in witches; but it  
was not until between the years 1645 and 1692, that  
it began to spread in England and America. The  
sacrifice of human life on account of this fearful ma-  
nia, was enormous.

Dr. Zachary Gray tells us that he saw a list of  
between three and four thousand who suffered death  
on account of witchcraft; and a large class of these  
were poor decrepit women, and as strange as it may  
appear, the phenomenon witnessed in its more  
extreme phase, was no more remarkable than what  
has been witnessed in the nineteenth century, in al-  
most every town and village throughout the civilized  
world. Speaking of the fatal result of this mania  
in Europe, one writer says:

"One can hardly form an idea of the extent of the  
horrors which followed for two centuries. One half  
of the population was either bewitched or bewitched.  
In the year 1616, five hundred supposed witches  
were executed in Geneva in three months; and one  
thousand were executed in one year in the Diocese  
of Com. Remigius boasts of having burned nine  
hundred in Lorraine between the years 1680 and  
1695. The multitudes executed in France about the  
year 1620, is incredible. One writer states the  
number to be thirty thousand. A twentieth part of  
the whole population of Wurtzburg were burned for  
this alleged crime. One hundred thousand are sup-  
posed to have perished in Germany by this fatal  
madness."

Speaking of England, he farther adds:  
"The popular belief in witches still exists there.  
In 1828 a poor woman narrowly escaped with her  
life from a resort to the trial by water, the well-  
known ordeal long in use in Europe, in deciding who  
were witches. If the unhappy persons were drowned,  
they were accounted innocent; but if not drowned,  
they were put to death without further proof."

The phenomena witnessed, as I shall now proceed  
to show, were strikingly similar to what are witnessed  
in our own day, and known as spirit-manifestations;  
and no one thinks of attributing them to witchcraft;  
nor, unless wedded with blind zeal to the church, to de-  
mons or devils. In fact, the phenomena were not so  
prevalent or varied then as now. The first case to  
which I shall allude, was that of Ann Cole, Hart-  
ford, Conn. Concerning this remarkable woman, Dr.  
Mather says:

"She was a woman of sterling integrity and pi-  
ety. She was taken with strange fits, wherein  
her tongue was improved by a demon to utter things  
she knew nothing of. This having continued some  
hours, the demon said: 'Let us confound her lan-  
guage, and then her discourse passed into Dutch.  
The Rev. Mr. Stone being by at the time, declared  
that he thought it impossible for one not familiarly  
acquainted with the Dutch, (which Ann Cole had not  
in the least been) should so accurately imitate the  
Dutch tone in pronouncing the English.'"

Such were some of the peculiar phases of the phe-  
nomena witnessed in the case of Ann Cole, who was  
executed on the charge of witchcraft in 1692. The  
next case to which I will now refer, was that of  
Elizabeth Knapp, Groton, Mass. This case occurred  
in October 1671. Speaking of her, the same author  
says:

"She was taken in a strange manner. Sometimes  
weeping, sometimes laughing, with violent emotions  
and agitations of the body. The November follow-  
ing—"

- 1 Samuel, Chap. 28.
- Goodrich's History of the United States.
- Mather on Special Providences.
- American Mag. of Useful Knowledge, March, 1855.
- Dr. Mather on Special Providences.

ing, the tongue for many hours was drawn like a  
semicircle to the roof of her mouth, which could not  
be removed from that position. In December she  
began to speak. Many words were uttered, wherein  
she the labial letters, without any motion of the lips,  
which was a clear demonstration that the voice was  
NOT HER OWN."

The next case to which I shall allude, is that which  
occurred at the house of William Morse, Newbury,  
Mass., in the years 1769 and 1770. This case occurred  
under the immediate observation of Dr. Mather, and  
was reported by him at the time. Of this case I  
shall not enter into detail, but simply give the read-  
er a synopsis of the phenomena witnessed, taken  
from the report of Dr. Mather. The disturbance  
commenced on the night of December 3, 1769, and  
continued to December 26, 1770. At one time noises  
were heard on the roof of the house, as though struck  
with heavy sticks. At another, five great stones  
were thrown into a window, at the west end of the  
house. At another time, while Mrs. Morse was mak-  
ing the bed, the bedstead was lifted from the floor,  
and a long staff was thrown out of the window. A  
heavy chest was removed from place to place, when  
no visible hands touched it, and people were some-  
times barred out of doors, when there was no  
visible agent present to do it. Two keys being tied  
together, the one was taken and the other left, and  
flung about, making a great noise. Ashes were strewn  
about the hearth and floor, and flung into their vi-  
cuals while eating. An iron pin was twice thrown at  
Mr. Morse, and his inkstand was taken from him while  
writing; and with all his searching he could not find it;  
but finally it dropped down the chimney upon the  
hearth. A ladder which had been lost was thrown  
against the door with great violence. In closing  
the narrative of these strange disturbances, Dr.  
Mather says:

"December 9th, 1770, the boy (Mr. Morse's son)  
was violently thrown upon the floor, and they carried  
him into the house of a doctor, and then he was free  
from disturbance. The next morning he came  
home quiet, but soon he cried out, 'I am pinched  
on the back.' Dec. 26, he barked like a dog, and  
said, 'There's Powell! I'm pinched!' All this while  
the devil did not appear in any visible  
shape, neither were there many words spoken  
by Satan; only once, they having put out their light,  
they heard a scraping upon the boards, and then a  
piping and a drumming, which was followed by a  
voice, saying, 'Revenge! Revenge! Sweet is re-  
venge!'"

The next and last case which I shall allude to, as  
having occurred in New England during this period,  
is that which occurred in the family of George Wal-  
ton, in the province of New Hampshire, A. D. 1698.  
This case, which was published a few years since in  
the Boston Courier, and taken from a London quarto  
volume, under the title of "Lithobolia, or Stone-  
Throwing Devils," was witnessed and attested at the  
time the disturbances occurred, by Samuel Jencks,  
Esq., Deputy Governor of West Jersey; Walter Clark,  
Esq., Governor of Rhode Island; Mr. Arthur Cook,  
Matthew Boyden, Rhode Island; T. Maul, Salem, New  
England; John Hussey and wife, and others. The  
phenomena witnessed in this case were as follows:

On Sunday evening, two grandchildren of Mr.  
Walton affirmed that they saw a hand thrust out of  
the hall window throwing stones at the porch. On  
Monday night stones were thrown into the kitchen  
and down the chimney. On Tuesday night five  
or six stones were thrown into the maid's cham-  
ber, near the kitchen, breaking out several panes  
of glass. Two young men, who were in the  
house at the time, not only saw the stones thrown,  
but heard a dismal sort of whistling, whereupon  
they ran out with the intent of taking the stone-  
throwing devil, but he was too sharp for them.  
They saw nothing, but heard, as it were, the tramp-  
ing of a young colt. Stones were thrown while  
they were at work in the field, and one of their num-  
ber (Mrs. Clark) would not be persuaded but that  
the boys at work might throw them; and straight  
her boy was struck with a stone on the back. Not  
only were stones thrown, but the pewter was thrown  
down from the shelves, and sometimes they heard a  
humming noise in the air, like a bullet discharged  
from a gun; and a noise like that of snoring and  
whistling was generally heard by the men at work  
in the field.

The case which occurred at the house of a Mr.  
Mompesson, Tedworth, Wiltshire county, England, A.  
D. 1661, is another striking illustration that the  
phenomena of that age were similar to what are be-  
ing witnessed now. For some time the people of the  
town had been troubled with an idle drummer, who  
pretended to have a pass from an officer in the  
army. Mr. M., an officer in the place, on reading  
the pass, and knowing the handwriting of the gen-  
tleman, discovered a cheat, and ordered the  
drummer to put off his drum, and a constable to se-  
cure him; but not long after he got clear. In April  
following, Mr. M. was much disturbed by knock-  
ing and drumming. For hours together there would  
be beat upon the drum "round heads," "cuckolds"  
and the "tattoo," as well executed as could be by  
the most skillful drummer. On the fifth of Novem-  
ber there was a great noise in the house, when the  
whole room was filled with people. The next night  
chairs walked up and down the room, and children's  
shoes were hurled over their heads. In December,  
1662, they heard a noise like the jingling of money;  
and the January following, lights were seen in the  
house, which seemed blue and glimmering. Finally,  
the drummer was condemned as a witch, and to  
transportation, and during his absence the house  
was quiet.

The manifestations of this age were not confined  
to low and vulgar, but were witnessed by some of  
the most intelligent and pious families, not only in  
this country, but also in Europe. If these mani-  
festations proceeded from his Satanic Majesty alto-  
gether, as was generally supposed at that period, he  
evinced a strange fancy in his selection of localities  
and individuals on whom to play his freaks. Even  
the pious Wesley family were not free from his mo-  
lestation, although they were not condemned as  
witches.

The account of the disturbance in the Wesley fam-  
ily, is related by Rev. John Wesley, and attested to  
my nine others of the family, and is published in the  
Memoirs of the Wesley family, second edition, by  
Adam Clarke.

As the facts connected with this case are so well  
before the public, I shall barely allude to some of the  
prominent features of the phenomena witnessed.

The disturbance commenced in December, 1716,

Dr. Mather on Special Providences.

This is Dr. Mather's exposition of the case. He  
attributes the whole phenomena to Satanic influence,  
but the manifestations of the present day led me to  
believe the boy to be a medium, controlled by the  
spirit of Powell, an Indian, wronged and outraged by  
the pious fathers of the eighteenth century.

Dr. Mather's Special Providences.

See also Capron's Modern Spiritualism, page 18.

and continued, at intervals, for a series of years.  
The first that was noticed was on the night of De-  
cember second, a little before ten o'clock. Robert  
Brown, a servant in Mr. Wesley's family, was sitting  
with other members of the family in the dining  
room, when they heard knocking at the door, which  
was repeated several times, after he had been to the  
door and discovered nothing. On going to the top  
of the garret stairs, he saw a hand mill whirled  
about with great swiftness. The next evening, a  
daughter of Mr. Wesley heard the door of the hall  
open, and a person walk in, and the rustling of a silk  
gown. It seemed to walk round her—then to the  
door—then round her again; but she could see nothing.  
A night or two after, another daughter heard  
footsteps coming down the stairs, walking by her  
side, and then up another flight of stairs in another  
part of the house, which seemed to shake the house  
from top to bottom. Mrs. Wesley did not credit the  
stories related to her, and said: "If I hear anything,  
I shall know how to judge," and soon after she heard  
the violent rocking of a cradle in the nursery, where  
no cradle had been for years. Mr. Wesley was of-  
fended at what was related to him by his wife, and  
said, "Let me hear no more of it," but that night,  
at prayers, when he began a prayer for the king, a  
knocking began all around the room, which was con-  
tinued every morning and evening while the prayer  
for the king was repeated. The next evening, as he  
attempted to go into his study, the door was swung  
violently back into his face. On another occasion, as  
Mr. and Mrs. Wesley were going into the kitchen,  
they heard as if a vessel full of silver was poured  
upon her breast, and ran jingling down to her feet.  
Several gentlemen and clergymen advised Mr. Wes-  
ley to quit the house, but he constantly answered,  
"No! let the devil flee from me; I will never flee from  
the devil."

Such are some of the facts which I gather in rela-  
tion to the nature and condition of the super-mun-  
dane phenomena of the sixteenth, seventeenth and  
eighteenth centuries, or the age of witchcraft. Many  
more instances might be cited; but these I deem suf-  
ficient for my present purpose. That age has passed.  
It was a fearful age to those who were unfortunate  
in being subject to the influences which crushed  
them beneath the iron heel of despotism, superstition  
and religious intolerance. But it foreboded a  
brighter period—when men would look more cal-  
mly upon deep, hidden mysteries, which they could  
neither fathom nor solve—an age of light, an age of  
wisdom, an age of science, when men would reason  
rather than sway the sceptre of despotism, and con-  
demn to death the unfortunate mediums of an in-  
visible world.

## 49 and 25.

Last Sunday (January 5) these two numbers com-  
pleted each its full round of years in my history—  
the first marking the period of my earthly pilgrim-  
age. To me, on the whole, a sad and eventful life as  
any one will find in my "Life-Line of the Lone One."  
Drifted into being by powers over which I had no  
control, and without consultation, a waif in a cold  
season of year, and colder social surroundings, and  
soon deprived by death of both parents, penniless  
and friendless, a town pauper at four years of age,  
and sold by the laws of New Hampshire for sixteen  
years to a cruel man; a fugitive at fourteen; and a  
free man at twenty-one; a student at twenty-two;  
an emigrant at twenty-three; a husband at twenty-  
four; a father at twenty-five; a day-laborer at  
twenty-six; a State senator at thirty-five; a lecturer  
on Spiritualism at forty; a grandfather at forty-  
nine; and a spirit at the appointed time.

The first forty years seemed of little value to me  
or the race, and brought me far more suffering and  
misery than joy, for I had no religion, and am thank-  
ful I had not any with hell in it, as such would have  
been a curse and evil, and I had all I could bear  
without it.

The last ten years, since the spirit-world has  
opened its windows, and let its congenial light and  
soul-sympathy on my head and into my heart, life  
has been joyous and happy, and I feel the blessing  
of existence, and the goodness of God, or whatever  
power brought me here to fit for the life beyond.  
Every year and every month, life grows more pleas-  
ant and happy, as I near the spirit-shore, and every  
day I bless God for it, and am not sorry that I had  
my lot cast at the bottom of society, that I might  
feel and know the trials and sufferings of the thou-  
sands who come out of great tribulation.

I have taken the lesson, and my heart cannot be  
separated in its sympathies from the poor, the op-  
pressed, the outcast, and the down-trodden of my  
race; even if cast into hell in another life, my sym-  
pathies and my soul will follow them, and if it can-  
not aid them out, will share with them the misery  
in sympathy, which a merciless God or world has  
inflicted. I am happy in being free from misery,  
and yet reaching ever a willing hand and heart to  
those who endure it. Poverty, which so long held  
me in its grasp, having slackened its hold and al-  
lowed me the comforts of life, is still far more at-  
tractive to me than wealth, and as I see the misery  
in both, I can cheer and encourage the poor with  
better prospects than I can the rich—and so did Jesus.

A calm serenity was settled over my soul, dis-  
pel the clouds and rendering it impervious to the  
poison shafts so often hurled at it by mistaken and  
erring mortals, and the spirits aid, assist, and en-  
able me to walk in places of moral, social, or political  
darkness or sin, and often to aid a fellow mortal.

Oh, the blessings of Spiritualism! How little are  
they appreciated—nay, even hated almost as Jesus  
and his blessings for the poor were by the popular  
churches of his day. But such is human life. I  
look calmly and hopefully to its sunset for me, yet  
shall try to improve each day as best I can, and be  
ready when the messenger comes, and the boatman  
calls my name; but I hope and trust, when I am a  
spirit, and only a spirit, I may be able to reach and  
sympathize with the suffering and poor of this life,  
for in that I find my greatest happiness, and seem  
to do them good.

The same day that completed the forty-nine, also  
completed the twenty-five years of married life, and  
in this, too, the blessings of Spiritualism have been  
felt, shedding a glorious halo of harmony over my  
little home, and blessing us all as we were never be-  
fore blessed, and rendering more firm every family  
tie. Blessed as we have been with angel visitors and  
messages, and with three as good and worthy chil-  
dren as any family in our State can present, (the  
eldest an M. D. in hospital service in the army,) we  
are moving smoothly and happily toward the eve-  
ning shades of a hard and thorny life, yet blessed in  
its evening with joys beyond our hoping, and pros-  
pects for the next life which no Christian sect could  
offer. We have passed the silver wedding, though

wide apart in forms, not far apart in souls or feel-  
ings, and not likely to be wider, even to accommo-  
date the foes of our religion. When the spiritual  
philosophy crept over our household, first taking  
possession of my heart, then of the beloved daughter  
and her mother, it soon drove the clouds and fogs  
and doubts and skepticism from our cottage, and  
brought joy and sunshine, instead. Now we know we  
have not lived in vain, nor lost the experience of our  
earthly troubles. Many families, to my knowledge,  
have been blessed as we have by the messengers,  
and more no doubt will be, as it spreads over the  
land and melts away both superstition and skep-  
ticism.

WARREN CHASE.

Boston, Jan. 8, 1862.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## FORWARD, BRAVE HEARTS!

BY DE VERN VINING.

When the storms of sorrow roll  
Darkly o'er the struggling soul;  
When the body writhes in pain,  
When our wealth and earthly gain  
Passes from us, why complain?  
'T will not give us peace again.  
Forward, brave hearts to the van!  
Forward, hope befits the man;  
Bid the soul assert her power,  
To triumph in depression's hour.

When the fiend of evil birth  
Doth assail your neighbor's hearth;  
When the demon, laughing sly,  
Glances from your brother's eye,  
Will you stand and see him die?  
You can save him if you try.  
Forward! snatch the yielding soul  
From the tempter's base control,  
And with love and reason's force,  
Stop him in his downward course.

When Progression's path is barred,  
By old Superstition's guard,  
Who, with weapons ready drawn,  
Waits young Reason's coming on?  
Will you stand and see the fight,  
Raging in your very sight,  
Without giving all your might  
In defence of Truth and Right?  
Forward! brave hearts, every man,  
Forward, boldly to the van,  
And with Reason's mighty sway,  
Clear the way!—clear the way!

When the monster, Slavery,  
Blinds the arm that should be free,  
And with giant steps and slow  
Seeks your country's overthrow;  
When your struggling brother man—  
Free as you in God's great plan—  
Writhes beneath the oppressor's ban,  
Will you stand his woes to scan?  
Forward, brave hearts to the van!  
Forward! in the cause of man!  
And in Truth and Justice strong,  
Right the wrong!—right the wrong!

Thus with brave hearts in the van,

And the future good of man,

For the prize,

We will battle 'till our eyes

Close in endless victories.

Woodstock, 1862.

## Newburyport Matters.

We have not had any lectures here for some  
months past, but still the work goes on. For a few  
weeks past Annie Lord Chamberlain has tarried here,  
holding circles for musical manifestations, which  
have been truly wonderful. I consider them to be  
the most convincing of any of the numerous forms  
which spirits use to convince mortals of the immor-  
tality of the soul. I have heard a large drum beaten  
by spirits as loud and quick as ever I have heard in  
a band on the public streets. A guitar is carried  
around the room, being played upon, also a tambo-  
rine and bells, all giving fine music. A large dinner  
bell is rung furiously, and carried to each person in  
the circle. A flat-iron weighing seven pounds is car-  
ried through the air as though it were a feather.  
But one of the strangest feats I have witnessed, is  
the sawing of wood on a small saw horse. The dust  
is found on the floor, after sawing. I have seen a  
piece of wood which was partly sawed off, and then  
broken, requiring considerable power. I have heard  
the feet of spirits dancing upon the floor, as plain as  
though it was done by a person living in the flesh.

These manifestations are in the dark, but such is  
the management of the circles, that all are convinced  
of the reality. I understand Mrs. Chamberlain is  
ready to answer calls addressed to her, at Boston.  
She intends returning to this city the first of Febru-  
ary. I would advise friends desirous of witnessing  
wonderful phenomena, which as nearly as possible  
brings us to the reality of spirit-life, to secure Mrs.  
C's services, as her terms are very moderate.

You have recently recorded the demise of Miss  
Carrie E. Richardson, of this city. Miss E. was a  
firm believer in Spiritualism. To her it was a glo-  
rious reality, by which she could anticipate the ap-  
proach of the King of Terrors, without a fear; in  
fact, with joy unspeakable. Since her decease, she  
has answered a sealed letter through the medium-  
ship of Mr. Mansfield, which fully identifies her and  
gives most wonderful tests.

I may say, without trespassing on the privacy of  
the family, that Miss Richardson, long before her  
death, left letters in which she bore testimony to the  
faith that was in her. Among other matters, she  
requested her sister to continue to perform on the  
piano the tunes they always played together, and  
she would be present. And she has fulfilled her  
promise. A few days ago, her sister was perform-  
ing a favorite air, when suddenly Carrie's voice was  
heard as natural as when present in the flesh. She  
had a fine alto voice, and the spirit voice was as  
clear as when she was in health.

I cannot close without saying that I understand  
that Mrs. Chamberlain has had musical instruments  
played upon while here in daylight, but I have not  
witnessed it and cannot give my personal testimony,  
but I have it from responsible witnesses, and have  
no doubt of its truth.

While here, she made her home with Bro. R. Sher-  
man, who, with his lady, have been untiring in their  
efforts for years, in the cause. They have made  
great pecuniary sacrifices, and their house has al-  
ways been offered freely for the accommodation of  
test mediums, where the public can meet to investi-  
gate. This has been done without any fee, their  
reward being the satisfaction of having endeavored  
to give to others the glorious news they have received  
in the future they will have their reward.

Newburyport, Jan. 14, 1862.

A. HORTON.

In governing others, you must do what you can,  
not what you would.

## HASHISH.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

It is a singular freak of the human mind, one  
which would never have been predicted, this idea  
that it can create spiritual development and cul-  
ture by a draught of drugs, and, by one simple move-  
ment of the emphagus, enter the highest spiritual  
condition; still more startling that such a theory  
should originate in the ranks of Spiritualists—those  
who, above all others, place the greatest importance  
on individual culture, and value above price spiritual  
improvement, or the ennoblement of the internal  
man. Yet such is the fact—such the erratic freaks  
of misguided understanding.

I do not doubt, that clairvoyance can be produced  
by drugs; that Hashish will do it; but I dispute  
the idea that the state so produced is reliable. It  
bears the same relation to true clairvoyance, that  
the visions of nightmare do to the sweet dreams of  
angels. True, under their influence, faculties, assum-  
ing substance, flash and glitter before the mind;  
but they are unreal, flickering, deceiving; mirage  
visions, alluring the traveler across the burning  
waste to his doom; the illusions of the phantasmagoria.  
I have seen a man under the influence of  
Hashish, fancy he was an Indian prince, and, when  
disputed, fall into such a rage that if he had not  
been confined, he would have seriously injured his  
dearest friends. I call the attention of its advocates  
to the well known fact that it is not always the spir-  
itual in our natures which it arouses, but rather  
the predominant faculties. If the spiritual is in the  
ascendant, spiritual visions will result; if the gross  
and animal, they will be dangerously intensified.  
The Hashish eater becomes a fiend, a brute, anything,  
everything low, debased, abhorred. This I know  
from actual experiment, and as very few have the  
spiritual in entire ascendant, experiments always  
bring out the animal faculties, gleaming with red  
hot intensity.

Experiments are always dangerous, and the re-  
sults are such as show, in a most conclusive manner,  
their entire worthlessness as far as they throw light  
on the domain of spirit. There is nothing healthy  
or certain about such results; vagaries of the dis-  
ordered stomach are more reliable. So far from de-  
veloping man's spiritual nature, Hashish, like al-  
cohol, tobacco, opium, cannot otherwise than exert  
the most baleful consequences. Whatever is gained  
by its exalting qualities, is lost, tenfold, in the result-  
ing depression.

No. We have not, cannot, should not have a royal  
road to the superior state, where we know all things  
by intuition. Long and happy cultivation of the  
godlike qualities we possess, alone can bring us to  
that condition where we can drink of the waters of  
Spirit life. We must harmonize our lives; must  
think right, live right, do right; must become organ-  
ized right; to feel that divine radiance which flows  
downward from the celestial spheres.

The ancients used drugs, and inhaled gases, in  
order to bring on the "Divine afflatus;" but we  
have yet to learn what they acquired by so doing  
but self-deception. The true oracles give no proof  
of having been thus produced. The ancients are ex-  
cusable for resorting to all practicable means, so  
rare was the gift of clairvoyance, but the moderns  
are not, among whom it is so bountifully bestowed.  
If they gained nothing, we cannot. The forced ut-  
terance of the prophets always was, and is, vague  
and incoherent. The tendency of the use of drugs  
is always bad, especially of Hashish, the most power-  
ful of all narcotics, and its habitual use brings  
utter prostration and death, to which the horrors of  
delirium tremens is a sweet dream of Eden. [Herald  
of Progress.]

Instead of encouraging the artificial means of ac-  
quiring the higher spiritual condition, let us learn  
and teach others the manner of so doing by the en-  
dowments of our organization. The fact that one  
individual can enter the superior state, not only  
proves the possession of spiritual perceptions, but  
that all men can do likewise, by developing to the  
same plane. Much better then, even if the artificial  
state be as desirable as the natural, to *grow* into, than  
stimulate up, to its perfection.

Mistakes enough are committed, even in the clear-  
est clairvoyance. The best conditions, with our im-  
perfect knowledge, yield errors, far too many. What  
then shall we say of the Maundlin confusions of the  
drug eater, who mistakes the horrid visions of a  
congested brain, the faculties of which work not in  
harmony, for the voice of angels, and glimpses of  
the Great Beyond?

Never believe for a moment that you can by stim-  
ulants enter a desirable state to receive the whisp-  
erings of good angels. It is a delusion, leading straight  
and swift to ruin.

## IT IS COMING.

BY WM. ORLAND BOURNE.

In the age of mythic vision,  
Years ago, as years do fly,  
Poets dreamed of fields Elysian,  
Where the glories never die.

Painted they the bright delusion,  
Often called the golden age,  
And they lent the gay illusion  
Borrowed light from fancy's page.

But their strains rehearsed the story  
Of the ancient days of dream,  
When the world's primeval glory  
Made the past enchanted scene.

It is coming! sure and onward!  
Coming from the realms of day!  
While the spirit looks upward,  
Like an eagle, seeks the ray.

Earnest souls around us labor,  
Yearning for the coming time,  
When the scimitar and sabre,  
Sheathed, shall cease their deeds of crime.

When the words of love shall waken  
World-wide fires in hearts of men,  
When the spirit shall be shaken  
Till it finds its God again.

Night's high priest, 'th Egyptian Pharaoh;  
Like the hastening time delay,  
Planting in the pathway narrow  
Stubble creeds that fear the day.

Telling Faith's bright, earnest children,  
That they bear the oppressor's chain—  
Get ye to your tasks and burden,  
Get ye to your bonds again!

Yet a day shall end your sorrow,  
Ye shall serve the gods ye know,  
On the morning of the morrow  
Out of Egypt ye shall go."

Long the world has heard the fable,  
Bought the sin-procrastinated day,  
But the towering walls of Babel  
Soon shall shed their native clay.

Earth's old temple, dome and pillar,  
Like a charnel, filled with death,  
Built by the brother-killer,  
Methinks what the spirit saith.

In its shadow, pure and olden,  
Lies Freedom's glorious cornerstone,  
Which we seek, while some emb







## New Publications.

**THE SUTHERLANDS.** By the author of "Rutledge." New York: Rudd & Carleton. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

The first thing that strikes the one who takes this book in hand, is the peculiarity of its binding. It is a new shade of muslin, and we think it very neat and taking. Those who read "Rutledge," though ignorant till this day of its authorship, will be sure to read "The Sutherlands." And yet they are totally dissimilar books. Both are eminently American, and will receive the hearty praise of American readers. Whoever the author is, she has great powers folded away, which will some day reach a wonderful result in the world of literature. Though these are dreadful war times, the community of readers will not fail to peruse a handsome volume which has so rich and profound a source of enjoyment for them.

**ATLANTIC MONTHLY** FOR FEBRUARY, 1862.—One of the good things in this number where all are good, is the continuation of Professor Lowell's Biglow Papers. This series of papers, which commenced in the January number, is continued in the present number by a humorous discussion of the Trent affair, under the title of "Mason and Slidell: a Yankee Idyll." The "Biglow Papers," the publishers inform us, will be continued in each number of the Atlantic, during the present volume. From the reception which those of the series already published have met, there can be no doubt that their popularity will be as great as that of the original series, which was published during the Mexican war, and whose appearance marked an era in American humorous literature.

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

A. P. BOWMAN, RICHMOND, IOWA.—Your splay letter has been duly considered. Your remarks are just. We have long held the opinion you entertain; but when correspondents insist on knowing why their compositions fail to appear—no matter how illegibly written, or how ungrammatically constructed their sentences may be—we are obliged to give our reasons, otherwise we are rudely censured. It is absolutely impossible to publish all the matter we receive, however much we may desire to do so. Please receive our thanks for past favors, and rest assured, dear brother, that it is our earnest endeavor to perform our arduous duties in a manner acceptable to all our patrons.

H. BETTS, BURN OAK, MICH.—Rest-assured our paper is conducted on liberal principles—Truth for its basis. We treated the subject you allude to *pro and con*, more than our space would properly allow, for a long time, to the exclusion of other interesting matter. There is a time and place for all things; hence we brought the discussion to a close when in our judgment we deemed it best to do so.

SUSAN RIVERS.—Your articles have been received and filed for publication. We have made a note of your request.

## Gammon.

Gammon is as bad as Mammon—perhaps a sight worse. What were the ladies, who now knit mittens and stockings for our soldiers, doing when some of those same soldiers were out of work, and would have given almost anything for a little timely help for their families? How much would some persons do toward suppressing their passions, who are now making such notorious sacrifices on behalf of the passions that are raised to fever heat? How many men will go secretly and send a ton of coal to a poor washerwoman, letting neither herself nor anybody else know about it, who do take great pains to let people see what sized coin they drop into the contribution box on Sunday? How many persons have the courage to hold their tongues simply, when they declare they have the courage to carry out what they say? How many are willing to make personal and private sacrifices, while they are all the time telling of the great amount of sacrifice which they are ready to make for the public good? Who can tell what is the length and breadth of Gammon?—of its properties, its shapes, its shamelessness, and its entire fatality?

## Notice to the Public.

Mr. Mansfield has now ceased answering letters directed to us and enclosing two dollars for the Banner; and if our readers desire his services hereafter, they must enclose him the letter to be answered, with his usual fee—one dollar. The reason for this change is, that Mr. M. has too much business of his own to attend to, and as the offer was in the first place voluntary on his part, we cannot find any fault at its withdrawal.

**MEETINGS IN INDIANA.**—Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will deliver a funeral discourse on the departure of M. P. P. at Windsor, Randolph Co., Indiana, on Sunday, Feb. 24; will speak at Muncie, on the evenings of the 4th and 5th; at Anderson, the 6th and 7th, and at Chesterfield the 8th and 9th. Subscriptions taken for the BANNER OF LIGHT, and he will have Spiritualistic and Reform Books for sale.

"A ten years' Investigator" says he will have nothing more to do with the Spirits, unless they will present themselves *visibly* to him, that he may know positively who he is talking with. Perhaps our brother's spiritual vision will in time be opened, and the light beam in upon his soul.

"A TRUTH EXPOSITION OF SPIRITUALISM," a lecture delivered at Dodworth's Hall, New York, by Cora L. V. Hatch, was received too late for publication in this issue.

DAVID'S "HARBINGER OF HEALTH" sells rapidly—a sure criterion of its intrinsic merits. We have "a few more left of the same sort." See advertisement.

For abstract report of a lecture by Warren Chase, at Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday evening, Jan. 25th, see second page.

H. B. STORER will speak at Willimantic, the two first Sundays of February; at Stafford, the two first, and Somerville, the two last Sundays of March.

Mrs. Emma Harding has just finished a course of very able and interesting scientific lectures at Clinton Hall, New York city.

Do not fail to read the interesting story commenced on our first page. It is from the pen of one of the first scholars in the country.

There are many graceless preachers on grace, many uncharitable ones on charity.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO.—The editor of the Boston Herald has been shown a copy of the Christian Freeman, dated May 28, 1841, which contains the Report of a Lecture on Shakerism, delivered by one William H. Carter, a seceder from the Shaker Society at Enfield, Conn., containing the narration of several "visions" among the Shakers. One of the visions narrated—that of a little girl—is so singular a nature, when taken in connection with the present unholy rebellion, says the Herald, that we copy it for the perusal of our readers. It is as follows:

"A girl, fourteen years of age, went into a trance and remained three days, and to all appearance was insensible of feeling, for the lance and electricity had no effect upon her. On coming to, she related what she had seen in the world of spirits. Among other things which she saw, there was a person who took her by the hand and told her many things. She saw all the Presidents who have died, and also Bonaparte—thousands of spiritual things, and birds of paradise. Her guide informed her that there long five Nations would unite for the destruction of North America, and that God was angry with the people, especially the Southern portion of them, and that the South would be entirely destroyed, and that the shore of the ocean will be a little south of Pleasant Hill, Ky., and of North Carolina.

There has been another great flood in California. Sacramento was submerged, the water rising eleven feet in some parts of the city, destroying a vast amount of property.

AMUSEMENTS.—The "Cataract of the Ganges," and the astonishing feats of Mr. William Hanlon, the Zambian acrobat, attract crowds to the Academy of Music.

Matilda Heron is playing with great success at the Museum.

ECLECTIC DRUGGIST.—We take pleasure in calling the attention of the public, especially the citizens of the South End, to the wholesale and retail druggist establishment of OCTAVIUS KING, No. 604 Washington street. Mr. King has long been noted for keeping the best selected stock of roots and herbs to be found in our city, of which he has every variety. They are selected, pressed, and put up by himself, with great care, and warranted fresh and pure. Mr. K. gives advice gratis, and has for many years been favorably known as a gentleman in whom the public have the utmost confidence, and who has won a reputation for liberality and kindness of heart which has made him hosts of friends.

JOHAN POND'S TRIP TO PARIS.—This is an amusing game for the little ones, published by A. Williams & Co., No. 100 Washington street. It is an interesting account of the adventures that befell our traveling friend—adventures eccentric in the extreme; but the point of it is, that every time the narrative is read, the game can be so transposed, as to make an entirely new narrative. It admits of twenty-five thousand transformations, and can be played by any number of persons from two to fifty. Price 50 cents.

MANUSCRIPT STORY LOST.—We are requested to notice the fact that some time last Spring, Mr. Randolph lent, lost, or mislaid a manuscript story called "Retribution," or something to that effect. It was written on, he thinks, over one hundred pages of foolscap paper, and the author has no idea what became of it. Any person having said MS., will confer a favor by sending it to this office, where it will be taken care of till the author's return from the Orient.

Calm and strong soul, much may be done by a human being with a pure will and a quiet life. But with certain deeper changes in that inner life, and for many a stormy soul, an outward change is almost a necessary means of an inward renovation.

We are no radicals, but we dearly love a revolution—like that of the stars. No two nights are the heavens the same: all the luminaries are revolving to the music of their own spheres. Look on that new risen star. He is elected by universal suffrage a glorious representative of a million lesser lights; and on dissolution of that congress—how silent, but how eloquent!—he is sure of his return.

If a man can not do his duty in the situation he is in, he can not do it anywhere.

Railroad trains are protected from accident as houses are from lightning—by good conductors.

The pride of emptiness is an abomination; and to talk much is the foolishness of folly; nevertheless it is the part of wisdom to bear the impertinence of fools, to hear their absurdities with patience, and pity their weakness.

A GREAT TRUTH.—I believe that many who have never written a line for the press, have suggested volumes for others to write. If all could look the well of truth to the bottom, the credit of authorship would be wonderfully paroled.—GEORGE STEARNS.

## NEVER PUT OFF.

When'er a duty waits for thee,  
With sober judgment to do it,  
And never idly wish it done;  
Begin at once, and do it.

We are under obligations to Hon. Charles Sumner, for valuable public documents.

Nothing so wins upon strangers as true politeness. A little attention shown in a stage, or in the care, or at a public table, costs us very little. But what an effect it has upon the person to whom the attention is shown! The pleased look, the gratified smile, show us we have gained a friend.

F. L. WADSWORTH is one of our most efficient lecturers in the field. We are pleased to learn that his health is completely restored. He writes from Battle Creek, Mich., that he is getting along finely, lecturing in the country round about, averaging four lectures per week.

A man who has no bills against him, belongs to the order of no billity in more than one sense.

The United States agricultural society has adopted a series of resolutions, advertising to agricultural education, and prepared a premium list for a series of experiments on the cultivation of cotton in the Middle and Northern States; and also of hemp and flax.

AN HONEST LIFE.—The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter is it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence! Look behind you through the track of time! A vast desert lies open in retrospect; wearied with years and sorrow, they sink from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fall; and you are to go a little further and you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with events, which come not in succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolting and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.

Do you wish to be miserable? Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what

respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either.

An old Yorkshireman being informed by a betting acquaintance that "his friend the captain" would obligingly hold the stakes, the canny Northerner replied, "Ay, ay, that's all very well, but who's 't'hauld 't'captain?"

Berryer, the distinguished French lawyer, has been honored by a banquet given him by the members of the Paris Bar, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the profession. Jules Favre presided. M. Berryer had been overpowered during the whole time of dinner. He rose and attempted to address the company, but tears prevented him from being audible. At length he remarked that some one had recommended him to write out his speech; but, said he, "of what use would that have been, for I could not see to read it?" Having expressed his gratitude in broken sentences, he sat down, overpowered by the applause which followed his last words.

"There is no sex in souls," somebody says. Wrong, superficial, and absurd—the radical mistake which causes a great deal of blundering and bewilderment. Woman is woman in every fibre and tendril of her spiritual nature. Man is man in intellect, affection, imagination and will. They are as much two halves of a whole humanity, as the two lobes of the heart are the halves of one complete vital organ; and if so, marriage in its higher and spiritual relationships cannot be abolished by the stroke of death.

Rev. H. W. Beecher in a late sermon, speaking of material ways, says:

"It is right to seek enough; but who knows what enough means. That is a word that no dictionary could ever define, and that no hydrographer, no mariner, though he had the line and plummet, could ever sound. You can find the bottom of the ocean, but you cannot find the bottom of that word. It takes the wings of the morning, and dwells in the uttermost parts of the sea. It ascends into heaven, and descends into hell. There are no metres and bounds that the human mind can put to it. It varies in dimensions in different men's thoughts, as much as stars do in size. And in the same man its meaning is ever shifting. For that which is enough when he sets out in life, is but a beginning when he becomes advanced in age, and is but the foundation on which he means to build an ample enough. And he never reaches enough. And yet, out of this very strife for infinite aggrandizement in secular things, come most of the troubles that men bring to God in prayer, and ask him to overrule. They receive no answer to their prayers, because they do not pray anything fit to be answered. And that is the reason why many doubt whether God answers prayer."

## Communion of Souls in Physical Bodies.

Dr. CHILD: Dear Sir—Can an interchange of thought between distant individuals be effected otherwise than by angel ministrations? Please give us a chapter upon this subject through the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and oblige a friend to the cause of truth.

Jay, Maine, Jan. 17, 1862

In answer to the above interesting question, I can only give the impressions that make my own conviction. Others may have different impressions and different convictions. There is no outside standard in external things for interior things; so what each one thinks is right to each, so far as each has had experience. I cannot question the claim, that angels may be messengers for the interchange of thought between mortals, and I cannot do less than claim that every human soul *now* in the physical body has the capacity developed, or undeveloped, to commune with absent friends, and exchange thoughts without respect to distance or place, and without any external means of conveyance. To the soul there is no such thing as distance. Distance with the soul is one eternal here, and time with the soul is the same as distance, one eternal now. Distance and time, the same as high and low, are attributes of matter, not of soul.

The soul—world is much better than the physical world, for we need not to go up and down, for there is no up and down; we have no need to go away and travel to see friends, for they are ever with us. The world of thought and internal feeling is the spiritual world—we think of a friend, and our soul is with the soul of the friend we think of, no matter how far asunder the physical bodies are. The soul wanders at the pleasure of thought, or rather the soul makes our thoughts by its own wanderings. When I think of my departed mother, my soul actually communes with her. When we think of dear friends, away from our own home, our souls actually hold intercourse with them. This communion, from the yet undeveloped condition and exercise of the soul's faculties, renders us unable to form this communion into tangible expressions of thought externally. Exercise and development of the soul will in time enable us to ultimate this communion in the tangible, external interchange of thought in words and sentences, no matter how far our friends may be removed from us by earthly measurement. It is for the want of an exercise, of a schooling, or rather of a development which is ever spontaneous, of the soul's faculties, that at present prevents us from the recognition of this real soul communion, which is mostly indicated now by only the thoughts and vivid remembrances of departed ones.

Many times have I seen the spirits of friends who still inhabit the physical body, come into my presence, when at the same time their bodies were miles away. As soul meets soul, we met and held communion; communion that cannot tell in words, for words are too faint and feeble. Sentences cannot express the unutterable realities of actual soul communion.

Dead folks, so called, I have held communion with, which communion is the same as communion with living folks. The manner of this communion I cannot describe; it is not in words and sentences; it seems a great deal more real. The thoughts and feelings of those spirits, in silence, were tangible to my soul's senses. A new world and a new life were opened, and my soul's perception, with the quickness of thought, swept the whole limits of its own unfoldings, at its own pleasure. I feel and know that this power and capacity of soul communion is inherent in me; and if it is in me, I know that it is in every other mortal that lives on earth. And as the little child that has only just learned a part of the alphabet that will reveal a world of literature and intelligence to his maturer development, so this foretaste of soul communion is to me but the a b c of an infinite world of spiritual beauties, that a maturer soul development will unfold to the wondering, longing gaze of a God-blessed humanity.

A. B. C.

## The Spiritual Press.

It seems strange, that, with all our liberal growth, and the wide spread interest in Spiritual development, the progressive Press should be so meagrely supported. Is it from mercenary selfishness, or indifference to the needs of the age, that men look their pockets and starve their own natures of the aliment they most require! The pitying angels look down upon such narrowness, and wonder that men are so blind. Progression is sure to redeem the world, but the gospel alone of soul-communion and moral psychology through the Press and the lecture room, are quite essential to hasten the desideratum. Hence, whoever feels for humanity, and would hasten the hour of its redemption, ought to labor for the means employed. The Spiritual Press have done much to inaugurate the reign of freedom and enlarge the scope of the human mind; but, shame to their gratitude! men have neglected the hand that fed them, and refused fuel to the light that guided them out of slavery! What follows? They have flickered, faded and disappeared, while the cloud-lamps of superstition brightened to lead men astray! But the day brightens, and the blaze of immortality wraps the earth in burning. While the many lights are swallowed up in the few, the colors that float from eternity may all dazzle upon the Banner, and spread from pole to pole. The Herald breathes Philosophy and Progress, the Banner multiplies Light and spreads the gospel of the spheres. We need them both, and there is ample means to sustain them. The cause they advocate is growing fast and sure, and coming ages will bless their efforts.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Fraternally yours,

New Albion, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1862.

[You perhaps are not aware that the "Rising Tide," a "Spiritual Reformer," and several other papers devoted to Spiritualism, are live institutions; although you speak "with the tongue of a prophet" when you say that the Spiritual press is not so fully supported by the advocates of Spiritualism as it should be.]—Ed.

## The Banner of Light.

Bound Volumes of the BANNER for the year 1860—Vols. 5 and 6—can be procured at this office. Price \$3 each.

## The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the best scientific books of the present age. Did the reading public understand this fact fully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reader will find an enumeration of its contents. This work has found its way into Germany, been translated into the German language by a gentleman well known to the scientific world, and has been extensively sold in that country. We will send the book by mail to any part of the United States, on the receipt of \$1.00.

## American Steel Pens.

We have been using these pens for some time, and find they are not only better, but cheaper than foreign manufacture. We also, learn that *Steele's Pens* have been adopted by the Board of Education of the City of New York. All persons who want good pens at low prices, will consult their own interest by addressing a line to J. P. Saxon, Hartford, Conn., or 355 Broadway, New York, and getting terms, prices, &c. By enclosing \$1, you will get one hundred and forty-four samples, by return of mail.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

EVERY one knows the importance of procuring fresh, genuine and unadulterated medicines for the sick. After studying medicine for nearly twenty years, and diagnosing and prescribing it for ten years, the subscriber may say, without egotism, that his medicines, of which he has a very varied stock in the *Home and Eclectic systems of practice*, may be relied on as the very best to be procured in the country. His extensive experience and practice have enabled him to compound remedies for Scrofula, Humor, Lung, Liver, Kidney, Urinary, and other diseases incident to the climate, which are unsurpassed.

Feb. 1. OCTAVIUS KING

## MR. COLCHESTER,

OF NEW YORK, Test, Business and Prophetic Medium, can be consulted for a short time longer at his Rooms 75 Beach street, opposite Eldridge street. His marvelous Phenomena of Spirits Writing on the body. Also, in connection, Dr. C. Conklin, the well known Healing Medium, of New York.

Jan. 18.

## W. L. JOHNSON AND H. W. PRAY,

DENTISTS.

HAVE taken rooms at 175 Court Street, Boston, where they are prepared to perform all operations in SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTISTRY.

Dr. J. makes the Surgical branch of Dentistry a specialty, in which he has had an experience of eighteen years. Being endowed with strong magnetic and healing powers, he is enabled to extract teeth, in many cases without pain. He also makes use of his healing powers in the treatment of Nervous Disease in all its forms.

WANTED.—BY MRS. J. H. CONANT—one or a suit of Rooms, near this office. The charges must be moderate, and the suit will be promptly paid for. Particulars inquire at this office, or of Mr. J. H. Conant, at White Brothers, 86 Tremont street.

Jan. 5.

## THE FUGITIVE WIFE.

A NEW AND INTERESTING BOOK, by WARREN CHASE. Medium, can be consulted for a short time longer at his Rooms 75 Beach street, opposite Eldridge street. His marvelous Phenomena of Spirits Writing on the body. Also, in connection, Dr. C. Conklin, the well known Healing Medium, of New York.

Price, in paper binding, 25 cents; in cloth, 40 cents—sent by mail. Published and for sale by BELLA MAIRIE, 14 Broadfield st., Boston, and by the author.

Jan. 18.

## HAMMONTON SETTLEMENT.

LANDS FOR SALE IN THIS BEAUTIFUL AND THRIVING SETTLEMENT.

THE soil is a fine, sandy loam, adapted to the growth of Wheat, Clover, Corn, Peaches, Grapes, &c. It is the best fruit soil in the Union. The climate is mild, healthy and agreeable; the markets are the best, and all facilities are now at hand. This Settlement was started three years ago, and the land sold to none but actual settlers, and the result has been, five hundred houses, two mills, five stores, and four public schools have been erected, and a population of three thousand industrious, liberal, enterprising and moral settlers, from New England and the western States, making a very desirable and thrifty community.

A large number of acres have been planted with Grapes and fine fruit. This settlement offers a rare opportunity for those wanting homes and protection against hard times. The farm lands are offered at the low price of from \$15 to \$20 per acre. Those who cannot pay all cash can pay one quarter cash and the balance in one, two, and three years, with interest. Also, town lots and cottage lots, of from one acre to five acres, from \$80 to \$300 each.

Also, Improved Places—Two beautiful, improved places, for sale, on a fine lake of pure spring water, with vineyard, fruit, &c.—desirable for a Water Cure. Grounds well laid out.

To visit Hammonton—leave Vine street wharf, Philadelphia at 7 1/2 A. M. and 3 1/2 P. M., direct for Hammonton. Inquire of R. J. BYRNES, Hammonton Land office, near the station. Letters, enclosing a stamp, will be answered.

R. J. BYRNES.

Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J., Jan. 1862. 5th Jan. 4.

## PRINTING

NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED

AT THIS OFFICE.

A. B. CHILD M.D., DENTIST

NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

## AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.

**BOSTON MUSEUM.**—Tremont, between Court & School streets. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved seats, 50 cents. Performances commence in the evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

**BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—Washington street. Goodwin & Winter, Lessees. Orchestra of the Ganges. Performances every evening, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Prices—20, 25, and 50 cents.

**AQUARIUM AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.**—Central Court, 125½ Washington, Animals, Reptiles, &c. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission 25 cents; Children under 10 years, 10 cents.

**MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL AND TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE.**—Nearly opposite the Old South Church. Tickets, 25 cents.

## New Books.

**A B C OF LIFE.**

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

AUTHOR OF "WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT," &c.

IS NOW READY, and will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the country for 25 cents.

This book, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds.

For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 125½ Washington street, Boston.

Dec. 31.

## NOW READY:

**THE GREAT CONFLICT!**

OR,

**Cause and Cure of Secession.**

BY LEO MILLER, ESQ., delivered at Pratt's Hall, Providence, R. I., on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 8, 1861, and repeated by universal request, at the same place, on Tuesday evening of the following week.

Single copies 12 cents; ten copies \$1, mailed free; one hundred copies \$8.

All orders addressed to BELLA MAIRIE, 14 Broadfield st., Boston, BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, or ROSS & TOUCHET, 121 Nassau street, New York, will be promptly supplied.

Dec. 28.

## English Works on Spiritualism.

**THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; OR,**

**UNSEEN AND GHOST-SEERS.** By Catherine Crowe.

For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price 80 cents.

Dec. 21.

## LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

MY EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM. By Mrs. Newton Crowland. Illustrated with about twenty plain and colored engravings. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price \$1.00.

Dec. 21.

## EVERY ONE'S BOOK.

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED IN THESE TIMES:

A New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis:

**THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH!**

CONTAINING MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE

Human Body and Mind.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

How to repel disease, regain health, live as one ought, treat disease of every conceivable kind, recuperate the energies, recruit the worn and exhausted system, go through the world with the least wear and tear and in the truest conditions of harmony—this is what is distinctly taught in this volume, both by prescriptions and principles.

There are to be found more than

300 Prescriptions for more than 100 forms of

Disease.

Such a mass of information, coming through such a source makes this book one of *Indispensable Value for Family Reference*, and it ought to be found in every household in the land.

There are no cases of disease which its directions and rules do not reach. All climates, and all states of the climate come equally within its range.

Those who have known the former volumes of the author, will be rejoiced to know that in this latest one Mr. Davis gives us his *own* name, and is freely lending himself to a work of the largest value to the human family.

It should be in the hands of every Man and Woman, for all are as much interested in its success as they are in their own Health and Happiness. Here is the PLAIN ROAD to Health!







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## Pearls.

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

## FAITH.

There is a flower, a holy one,  
That blossoms on my path,  
No need of dew or daily sun,  
Or falling showers it hath;  
It blooms as brightly in the storm  
As on the cloudless day,  
And rears unharmed its ample form,  
When others fade away.

That plant is Faith; its holy leaves  
Revolving odors shed,  
Upon the lowly place of grief,  
Or mansions of the dead.  
God is the sun; his living light  
In happy hours he lends,  
And silently, in sorrow's night,  
Religion's dew descends.

Plant of my soul, be fading things  
By other hands caressed,  
But through life's weary wanderings,  
I'll bear thee in my breast;  
And when the icy power shall chill  
The fountain of my breath,  
Thy loveliness shall cheer me still,  
Even in the hour of death.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the  
pattern which was weaving when the sun went down,  
is weaving when the sun comes up to-morrow.

## A CHILD'S SONG.

Keep it rolling—that's the way;  
Keep it rolling, rolling;  
Roll for work, or roll for play,  
Keep it rolling, rolling;  
Gathering, growing, let it go  
Over the soft and feathery snow.

Keep it rolling; only see  
How it grows by moving!  
That's the way with you and me—  
Advancing is improving;  
'Tis not by the much we know,  
'Tis by doing that we grow.

Keep it rolling; if at rest  
'Twill be hard to move it then;  
Then not growing it will waste,  
Melting into naught again.  
So with us, our chance abusing  
If not gaining we are losing.

Keep it rolling; by-and-by  
'Twill be more than you can do;  
While you can go forward—try,  
More is not required of you;  
Whether work or play be in it,  
Do it well when you begin it.

[Merry's Museum.]

The higher you rise, the wider is your horizon; so  
the more you learn, the more you will see to be learned.

## THE SECRET OF TRUE LOVE.

He that loves a rosy cheek,  
Or a coral lip adumbers,  
Or from starlike eyes doth seek  
Fuel to maintain his fires;  
As old time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
Hearts with equal love combined,  
Kindle never-dying fires.  
Where these are not, I deprecate  
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.—[Cureo.]

## Colchester, the Medium.

Mr. Morton—I am frequently asked by my friends,  
if I can tell them where they can find a good test me-  
dium. I take this opportunity to inform them  
through the columns of the BANNER, that they can  
find the best one I have ever been my good fortune to  
meet with, at 75 Beach street, in this city.

For the last fourteen years I have been an earnest  
investigator of Modern Spiritualism. I have wit-  
nessed the varied phenomena as given by the im-  
mortals through some of our best and most reliable  
mediums in the past, and the evidence of the truth  
of Spiritualism was so overwhelming, that for the  
last ten years I have been a confirmed believer in its  
beautiful and soul-exalting teachings.

There are thousands in our midst to-day, who  
would rejoice to know that their dear loved ones,  
who are lost to them here, have survived the dis-  
solution of their earthly bodies; that they can come  
back to them and rob death of its sting, and deprive  
the grave of its long boasted victory, by assuring  
them that death is but the door to life eternal, and  
that the grave holds naught but the poor casket of  
the precious jewel; while the spirit, the real man or  
woman, is reveling in the light and glory of the  
spirit-world.

All who want an evidence of this glorious truth,  
an evidence that is overwhelming and convincing,  
let them call at once and see Mr. Colchester at his  
rooms in Beach street, and give their spirit friends  
a chance to greet them.

I speak the more earnestly on this subject, because  
"I write that I do know, and testify that I have  
seen," and if the skeptic will not receive my witness,  
I am sure, if he will take the trouble to examine for  
himself, he will be compelled to yield to the amount of  
evidence which his spirit friends will present to him.

Dorchester, Mass. SILAS TYRELL.

## Uriah Clark.

Mr. Morton—I wish through the medium of your  
paper to call the attention of the public to our  
worthy brother, Uriah Clark. I have been acquainted  
with him for the last few years, and have witnessed  
the unfolding of his interior powers. Those most  
intimately acquainted with him, best appreciate  
his attainments in the moral, spiritual and intel-  
lectual departments of being. He has a keen ap-  
preciation of the wants and needs of humanity, and  
in his lectures probes to the very heart's core the  
organized and heterogeneous mass of inharmonies  
legalized, socialized, and sanctioned by the world at  
large. His heart is evidently in the work, and from  
its abundance "the mouth speaketh" with telling  
effect. No reasoning mind can listen to him without  
feeling the need of reform, in church and state. He  
has the rare gift of combining argument with elo-  
quence, which renders him both pleasing and in-  
structive. He gives the finest readings of character  
I ever witnessed, tracing also diseases through  
years of progress, and relates past incidents in the  
life of the individual. Bro. C. has now given himself  
up fully to lecturing, and no progressive mind should  
fail to hear his lectures, and witness his tests.

Watertown, N. Y. E. A. HICKMAN.

## LIZZIE DOTEN AT LYCEUM HALL,

BOSTON.

Sunday Afternoon, January 19, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

## THE TRINITY.

The subject of Miss Doten's discourse, at Lyceum  
Hall, last Sabbath afternoon, was "The Trinity,"  
her text, the famous "Athenian Creed."

The world groans under a bondage imposed upon  
it by the efforts of well-meaning men to reduce Deity  
to his lowest terms, that men may take Him in  
small doses; to make the incomprehensible compre-  
hensible, to bring the Infinite within the capacity of  
the finite. But all the philosophers of the past, all  
the vast aspirations of human nature toward the  
Supreme, have failed to reach him; and still the  
heart keeps its lowly position, and looks up, feeling  
that there is something above it to which it cannot  
attain, but must continually make approximations.  
The Greeks gave many gods to mankind; they felt  
a divinity in all things; they seized upon the best  
conception then possessed by mortals, that the "most  
of Deity is manifested through man; and they re-  
cognized, as do we to-day, this informing presence  
throughout all nature. Thus their heroes were de-  
ified, as the manifestation of divinity in the flesh;  
and when they passed away, leaving only an indi-  
vidualized memory, then the apotheosis began, and  
man became God—glorified and worshiped as a  
spiritual being.

In the present day, man is subjected to the self-  
same old Pagan idea; besides struggling under a  
mountain of the Jewish superstitions. As the an-  
cient Jews sacrificed of their flocks and herds as an  
atonement for sin, so, following the same prejudice,  
or principle, the Christian doctrine must needs pro-  
vide a sacrifice, and therewith has deified the victim,  
Jesus, and made him equal unto God, presenting  
him to the world for supreme adoration and worship.

The truth has ever appeared, that when mankind  
have stood aloof from creeds and dogmas, and lived  
in native and pure religion, they were most sincere,  
enjoyed their highest aspirations, and their lives  
were holiest and truest; and in proportion as they  
left this pure, unadulterated religion, for the "do-  
ctrines and commandments of men," they dwelt in  
them, sufficed therewith, satisfied that they needed  
no further righteousness. The first church in Amer-  
ica dedicated to the true God, in Salem, 1629, of  
which Rev. Francis Higginson was the first minister,  
had in its profession of faith not a single article of  
creed; it was a simple confession of believing in  
God, and of resigning themselves unto Jesus Christ  
as the highest manifestation of the Deity, not ascrib-  
ing to him the powers of the Godhead, only so far  
as revealed in his pure life and his godly conversa-  
tion. This profession of faith, so long as men abode  
in its precepts, led them in the "ways of pleasant-  
ness and paths of peace."

But men have clung to creeds, through all the  
past; and this one article of the Trinity has been  
laid down as essential to salvation—that is, belief in  
it. That most intricate mystery, as read in your  
hearing this day, who could understand, or who  
could distinctly and clearly define it? It seemed  
but a mere agitation of words, a pretentious inge-  
nuity of language, obscuring the light of religion's  
simple truth.

Religion is a pure principle, a native instinct in  
the hearts of men; it existed before Jesus of Naza-  
reth was known, as the first principles of mathemat-  
ics, or philosophy, or of any science, always existed.  
Let alone, mankind will worship truly, consistently,  
rationally; but endeavor to bend their faith, to  
oblige them to conform to a creed, and they will es-  
cape from it if possible, or will come under mere  
form, and worship the letter, ignoring the spirit, of  
the word. The weakness of poor human nature, its  
short-sighted necessity for the concentration of ideas,  
explains the acceptance of this doctrine and worship  
of the incarnation of the divine life, so perfect in it-  
self, but so imperfect in its expressions through the  
flesh.

But there must be a truth underlying all this  
technical rubbish of the ages. No superstition ever  
sprang up and flourished amongst the race, but pro-  
ceeded from a truth, and had a root striking deep  
into the eternal first principles of all things. So  
there is a truth in this "Trinity," which the en-  
larged and enlightened faith of humanity now ear-  
nestly strives to discover.

There is a trinity throughout all Nature. Man,  
when he thinks of Deity, gives it three attributes:  
Wisdom, Power, and Love. He finds a trinity in  
himself—a soul, a spirit, and a body. The soul, the  
most interior nature, the living principle, pure and  
indestructible and incorruptible, and from God Him-  
self; the spirit, his own individual power; and the  
flesh, sustaining all, and acting as a medium of com-  
munication between the two interior powers and the  
world without. He sees this trinity throughout crea-  
tion; a law of the universe, infinite in range and  
application. It is a conclusion from which he can-  
not escape; therefore he says: "Is there not, then,  
this Trinity—a Father, a Son, and a Holy Ghost?"  
the three principles respectively personified by Cat-  
holicity and Calvinism alike, creative power, the  
necessity of salvation, the gift of regeneration.

Man is ever according to the Deity which he  
creates, and, conversely, that conception is always ac-  
cording to his capacity and development. In the far  
past, man created, or thought of, God in his own  
image, as an angry and jealous Being, according to  
his own perverse nature; he believed that dread  
Sovereign of the universe must necessarily be dis-  
turbed by his departures from right; and he de-  
sired to conciliate and propitiate the offended Deity.  
Therefore, when Jesus appeared, these old Jewish  
ideas clung to the skirts of his garments; and even  
when he was crucified upon Calvary, man made  
haste to accept him as the Saviour of the world, sent  
of God, and himself God incarnate.

Somewhat of a parallel with this were the pre-  
sumptions of the Ancients concerning their own poor  
little habitable globe. At first, this world was the  
centre of the universe; it was a flat surface, but the  
sun, moon and stars were all made for its service;  
everything around and above was for man—for the  
perfection of the earth. But by-and-by, when soli-  
tude men came to understand more clearly the  
mysteries of nature and science, then it was revealed  
to man that this world is but one of the paving-  
stones in the great floor of the celestial temple, one  
of the astral lamps lit up in the glorious arch of  
eternity, one of the dust atoms scattered out from  
the hand of Almighty power. Such have been man's  
conceptions of a Saviour. Because one good man has  
lived, more true, noble, and godlike than all others,  
he is the God, and God the Eternal One must leave  
his throne of power, the throne of the universe, and  
come here to die for humanity.

But the incarnation of Deity is so real and so  
great, that it comes with every true and good man.  
God is eternally living and dying for the race. He  
is manifest in sons and daughters at all times; but  
it is not the Infinite comprehending Himself within  
the finite. Therefore, this mystery may be dismissed  
at once from the mind. Human reason will not ac-  
cept it; and it has only been received in the past  
because men could not or would not reason with in-  
dependent energy, and thrust down these walls of  
creeds which were risen up between them and the  
clear and shining light of God the Father's relation-  
ship.

Now, why did Jesus, torn of our spiritual Father,  
in the sense that all his children are, receive a  
greater degree of the Divine wisdom, power, and  
love than other men? The true explanation will  
not be willingly accepted at first; but future revela-  
tions shall prove its verity. It was foreordained, a  
necessity, in the spirit-world, that there should be  
born among men an example, a life and immortality  
such as they had not yet received, to teach man that  
if he lived spiritually, naturally, truly, harmonious-  
ly, he should "lay his hand on the lion's mane," and  
should tame the powers of Nature, should rise super-  
ior to the laws of his own being; that he should  
hold communion with the angels and spiritual ex-  
istences in the world beyond, and live in the pres-  
ence and power and wisdom of God the Father;  
that he should conquer the world, and that he could  
even overcome death itself, and so lay down his life  
and take it up again at will. This was the  
needed revelation; and God sent forth his spiritual  
ministers to act psychologically upon the simple,  
pure mind of her that should be "blessed among  
women" forevermore as the mother of such a  
child; and under the hour Jesus was born, the  
high angelic influences wrought upon her spiritual  
nature. And at the nativity, "Glory to God in the  
highest; on earth peace, good-will to men!" was  
their joyful acclaim. And here is a lesson to all  
mothers, that as they live in true harmony and com-  
munion with the source of all wisdom and holiness,  
so will their offspring wear, in soul and body, the  
impress of the sons and daughters of God.

The first principle, or first Person, of the Trinity,  
so gradually blends and mingles himself with hu-  
manity, that it is difficult to divide him from the  
second person, the son. All are his sons, all are his  
daughters; and God is manifest in all. The error  
of the Christian church is in taking the letter of the  
word and letting the spirit go. Jesus said, "I and  
the Father are one." The church says, is it not,  
then, evident, has he not taught us from his own  
lips, that he is God? So the husband and wife are  
pronounced "one," who live in the same thought and  
feeling, in perfect relation to each other; but how  
absurd would it be to understand that phrase liter-  
ally, and declare them identical, one and the same, no  
longer male and female, without distinction of fea-  
tures, attributes, characteristics, or powers! But it  
is a like inconsistency.

God is infinite wisdom and power, and all the  
manifestations of his being are only different ideas  
of Deity. As man has diversities of ideas, and em-  
bodies those diversities of forms, so God, in His  
great diversity of thought, of wisdom, and of power,  
embodies and expresses himself in all differences  
of forms. Therefore, he was incarnated in Daniel,  
David, Adam, Moses, and in Moses, Rhadamanthus,  
Zoroaster, Confucius, Jesus, Paul—all embodiments  
of ideas, different in kind and degree, but all incar-  
nations of the Divine Mind. Now why should man  
kneel at the feet of Jesus, and worship him as God,  
equal in power and glory to the Father, any more  
than he should worship Mahomet or Confucius? All  
men have had their different forms of religion in  
the past, and each man has his own peculiar idea of  
Deity, religion, and worship, according to his own  
conceptions of truth and right.

The sincere and true in the Christian church have  
long been endeavoring to clear away this mystery.  
God has called to the children of his love, while  
they were in the midst of this Christian darkness, and  
said unto them, "Look not to the right hand nor the  
left. Look up hither, to my clear and shining glory.  
I am your Father, your Father still." It is not dif-  
ficult to recognize the first person in the Trinity—  
for a child to recognize its own father and mother,  
when it has dwelt with them for years, and shared  
their love and kindness and care. The world is com-  
ing nearer and nearer to a conception of the Father.  
Man feels his divinity stirring within him, the throes  
of an incipient omniscience.

Teach man what he is worth; teach him all his  
divine capabilities, and he will stretch himself like  
an awakened giant, and use his spiritual power; he  
will no longer be hindered by the flesh, or the devil,  
or the fear of hell; but, by one grand and mighty  
impulse within him, will work out his own salvation,  
without any fear or trembling. When he has grown  
strong enough to cast off the servility of his spiritual  
nature, and do away with the "Idol—the mere exter-  
nal individualization he has so long worshipped as  
God, in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, then he will  
rapturously perceive the living principle, the spiri-  
tual truth, the glorious incarnation contained therein  
—the highest and best revelation of the Deity ever  
yet presented to mankind. Humanity can take  
courage when it can understand that God could thus  
incarnate himself, and yet not use up all his spiri-  
tual substance in one poor mortal; and it can believe  
in the promise of other revelations of the holy and  
divine life yet to come.

The third person in this Trinity, also, blends so  
gradually, yet intimately, with the Father and Son,  
as hardly to be recognized as a distinct principle.  
Jesus said to his disciples, "If I go not away, the  
Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I  
will send him unto you." Here is the philosophy of  
Spiritualism in the present day. Unless external  
forms and signs are taken from you, to which you  
cling, you will never live in the spirit, in the prin-  
ciple which takes hold of your hearts, and is the  
breath of your lives.

The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The  
creative, the sustaining, the nourishing, the love of  
the universe, is the Father. The Son is the man-  
ifestation of that Father. All things that are born of  
God, the highest angel before the throne, the feeblest  
insect that creeps upon the earth, all are his sons  
and daughters. And the Holy Spirit, which is the  
breath, the inspiration pervading creation, the spirit  
of all truth, is inundating the world like a mighty  
flood, bearing us all upward on its bosom; it is  
changing the ideas of humanity, changing the old  
conceptions, creeds, doctrines and dogmas, clearing  
away the dust and all the confusion in the minds of  
men, and letting the glorious light of the eternal  
world shine in.

The last revelation comes now to man. He knew  
the Father, when he became a living soul; he felt

that he was a son of God, when the quickening spirit  
made itself manifest in Jesus of Nazareth. Now, he  
has come into a clear perception of the Holy Ghost,  
the all-pervading spirit of this age. This is the era  
when all are to be mediums of its power. In the  
present days, all the miraculous manifestations of  
Divine love and power have seemed lost to humanity,  
as if shut up into the sepulchre where Jesus was  
laid. But they were taken away in order that the  
holy comforter, the spirit of all grace and consolation,  
might come unto you; that it might grow in your  
hearts, and make you all noble and true men and  
women, all sons and daughters of God. How have  
you been imploring heaven, with tears and moanings,  
for a new resurrection in your midst, that you may  
come up from these graves of hope in your hearts,  
and stand in the glorious light of your immortality,  
here in the flesh. Your prayer is to be answered;  
the promise is near at hand, and your souls already  
feel the vivifying influence of the regenerator. Fear  
not, then, brothers and sisters. Your salvation does  
not depend upon any article of human faith. Your  
salvation from ignorance, from superstition and  
sin, from the hells of temptation in your own being,  
depends upon your perception of this truth. In the  
words of one of our own noble philosophers: "Quit  
too much association; go home and commune with  
yourselves, and in your own hearts." And when  
you have broken your God of tradition, and set aside  
your God of revelation, then shall the presence of the  
true God inspire and fire you wholly and forevermore.  
Amen.

## The A B C of Life.

This is the age of condensation. We no longer  
live, act, move, or do anything as did our fathers be-  
fore us; but we crowd everything—no matter what,  
into the briefest possible space and time, just as if  
we were pushed for minutes, and could not on any  
account wait for the slower moving hours. Men no  
longer walk along life's pathways, but they run,  
leap, fly; here to-day, gone from sight to-morrow,  
and on the next are rapping out full descriptions of  
the seven celestial spheres through somebody's ma-  
hogany. Shakespeare says that

"There's a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;"

and we have heard, and I believe,

"There's a tide in the affairs of women,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads God knows where."

And so with authors, so with books. "The man won-  
dered in these rapid times, who in his inno-  
cence of the spirit of the age, presumes to give us  
a long-winded book on any subject whatever." "Con-  
densation! condensation!" is the cry, and the au-  
thor who fails to heed it literally, if not literally,  
damned; for he cannot find readers. The day of  
three volume novels and voluminous essays has gone;  
their sun has set forever. But while we have a right  
to look for condensed works, and cannot be persuaded  
to read any others, yet we are not quite prepared to  
look for works that are all cream—all fat, as is a  
little book of two score pages just put into my hands  
by a friend to help while away the tedium of the  
voyage to Europe, which I shall have commenced be-  
fore this writing is in print. Dr. Child, and only he,  
could have success in the attempt to compress so  
much pregnant meaning in so small a space. The  
book is better than his larger work, because many  
of its statements are clearer, and more easily com-  
prehended by those who are impatient of the trouble  
of thinking, and the labor of studying out an au-  
thor's meaning.

The first thing that struck me on taking up the  
book was its beautiful dress, the clear and finely cut  
type with which it is printed, the clean work of the  
printer, the fine arrangement of the various sections,  
and the excellent color of the paper. I think I never  
saw a pamphlet got up in so good a style, and on  
my return from abroad, I shall most assuredly pat-  
ronize that printer, whoever he may be.

As to the contents of the book, the highest praise  
I can give it is to say that its three hundred and  
seven sections would furnish me three hundred and  
seven capital texts wherefrom to preach as many  
sermons, and those, too, quite as good as any I ever  
yet delivered; for the book is full of great, and  
sometimes very significant suggestions, such as are  
calculated to provoke thought in thinking minds, and  
induce those to think deeply who are not in the hab-  
it of so doing. In these days of illness I am not in  
the habit of picking fables either in men or their  
works; but if I were so, there are but very few  
chances to do it in the case of this little gem that  
has just been rubbed off the soul of Dr. Child. It  
is a gem, and to those who know diamonds from paste,  
a very beautiful one, too. I hope the author will  
write no more, for I deem it hard for him to excel  
the present effort, for the work is really a condensa-  
tion of his best thoughts, which it is doubtful if he  
can ever surpass. There are assertions made in it  
that it is not easy at the first blush to accept; yet  
when the reader digests them well, I have no doubt  
that, although bitter in the mouth, yet they will be  
found sweet to the inner understanding.

This is a good world, after all. God is good, and  
so are men and women, and the very instant we  
bathe our souls in the river of Charity, that instant  
we are very apt to fall in love with Child's large-  
hearted Optimism. It is a good thing to rely on God  
as this man does, for he, like our well-beloved Eliza-  
beth Barrett Browning, hears

"The little birds sing east,  
And the little birds sing west,  
Toll slowly,  
And he smiles to think God's greatness  
Flows around our incompleteness,  
Round our restlessness His rest."

Reader, get the little book, for I believe it will  
carry a sweet balm to your weary soul, if it is wea-  
ry, and troubled, and very sore, as mine is, and I  
think it will be a balm to it, as it certainly in some  
sort was to that of

P. B. RANDOLPH.

Meetings.

The Spiritualists of Kenduskeag, Me., and vicinity,  
will hold a series of Meetings in Kenduskeag Village,  
on the 14th, 15th and 16th of February, commencing  
Friday, at 2 o'clock P. M., and closing Sunday with  
prayer services. Some of the best speakers will  
be present on the occasion. A particular invitation is  
herby given to all speakers, and also to the friends in  
general, who can make it convenient to meet with us.  
Arrangements will be made to accommodate all that  
will come.

CHRISTY WELD,  
J. O. TILTON,  
V. S. PALMER, Cor. Com.

Kenduskeag, Jan. 20, 1862.

A Child's Book.

Scripture Illustrated by Moral and Religious Stories  
for Little Children. By Mrs. L. M. Willis. Mrs. Wil-  
lis's pen has frequently added attractions to our  
columns, and she is well known to the little ones.  
This volume of 64 pages, contains twelve stories and  
poems, alternately, and is a beautiful little gift book  
for the young. It is especially adapted for the use of  
Spiritual and Liberal Sunday Schools. For sale at the  
Banner of Light office. Price 10 cents.

## The Spiritual Messenger.

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 1851, 1852,  
and 1853, 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, Orestes, 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.  
When sent by mail, 10 cents additional for postage.

## clairvoyant Physicians.

Dr. E. W. Howard and Lady, the distinguished  
clairvoyant Physicians, have permanently located  
in the city of Indianapolis, Ind., and respectfully  
tender their services to the afflicted. They examine  
and prescribe for patients at all hours of the day,  
at their office, No. 13 South Mississippi street. Post  
office address, box 873, Indianapolis, Ind.

## Obituary Notices.

Another wife and mother among the angels! Mrs.  
NANCY E. WIFE of Andrew CAMPBELL, of Stafford,  
Conn., aged 42 years, left the worn out tenement of  
clay, which consumption had so emaciated, on the 15th  
of January, 1862, leaving her sorrowing husband with  
the care of five children.

The father held his little boy  
Close to his aching breast,  
And stepped to take a last fond look  
Of the cold, dead form at rest.

And as I saw the tear-drops fall,  
Like summer's gentle rain,  
Adown the father's sorrowing cheek,  
And heard his sigh of pain,

I looked upon the little boy  
A contrast strange was there—  
A joyous smile lit up his face,  
In grief he had no share.

Oh! childhood innocence, I said,  
Perhaps his little eyes  
Behold his Spirit-mother there,  
And she can soothe his cries.

God grant no evil e'er may hide  
That angel form from him—  
No darkened cloud of bigotry  
His soul-light ever dim.

M. S. TOWNSEND.

Born to Spirit-life Jan. 4, 1862, JENNIE, youngest  
daughter of Samuel and Catherine MAGAN, of Cuba,  
N. Y., aged 7 years 6 months and 28 days.

N. B. MILLER.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM HALL, TOWNMONT STREET, (opposite head of School  
street).—The regular course of lectures will continue  
through the winter, and services will commence at 2:45 and 7:15  
o'clock, P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—  
Henry S. Chapman, February 2; Prof. Clarence Butler, Feb.  
9; Mrs. Corn L. V. Hatch, Feb. 16, 23, and March 2; Prof.  
Clarence Butler, March 9; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, March  
23 and 30; Miss Emma Hardinge, in May.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BOWDOIN STREET, BOSTON.—  
Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10:30 A. M.  
Conference meetings at 3 and 7:15 P. M. P. Clark, Chairman.  
The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday  
evening, at 7:15 o'clock. The subject for the next evening  
is:—"Mediumism."

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall,  
at 3 and 7 o'clock, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:  
Clarence Butler, Feb. 2, Miss Emma Hardinge, 16 and 23.

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Banquet's new Hall,  
Speakers engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, last three Sundays in  
June.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meet-  
ings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall,  
Speakers engaged:—E. J. Minny, Esq., during February;  
Belle Scougal, during March.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spirit-  
ualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and  
speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening.

FOUR LANE, MS.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular  
meetings every Sunday in House of Temperance Hall, on Con-  
gress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the  
forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3:45 and 7  
o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Belle Scougal, during Feb.  
W. K. Hapley for the three first Sundays in March; Miss  
Emma Hardinge, two last Sabbaths in April; Mrs. Fannie  
Davis Smith for May; Mrs. M. M. Macomber for June.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. M. Macomber  
in Feb.; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, in April; Frank L.  
Wadsworth in May; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in June.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue  
and 59th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10:30 A.  
M., 3 P. M., 7:15 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the As-  
sociation.

At Dodworth's Hall, 800 Broadway, Mrs. Corn L. V. Hatch  
will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Lectures every Sunday at Bowman's  
Hall, Milwaukee street, commencing at 2:15 and 7:15 P. M.  
Lecturers desiring engagements please address Albert Morton  
CLEVELAND, Ohio.—Speakers who wish to make appoint-  
ments at Cleveland, are requested to address Mrs. H. F. M.  
Brown, who is authorized to confer with them.

St. Louis, Mo.—Meetings are held in Mercantile Library  
Hall every Sunday at 10:30 o'clock A. M. and 7:15 P. M.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT,

The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal

in the World.

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BOSTON, MASS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.