



VOL. XVI.

(\$3.00 PER YEAR.)
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

{SINGLE COPIES}
Eight Cents.

NO. 5.

Literary Department.

MADemoisELLE MARIANI.

Translated from the French of A. Housaye,
for the Banner of Light, by
Laura L. Hastings.

CHAPTER XXXI. The Door of Hell.

For an hour the two young girls remained together in conversation.

"But you, Luciani, are not happy?" said Helene, suddenly regarding her.

Luciani assuming her happiest smile, said:

"Happy? I am very happy! Have I not gardens filled with roses like yours? Have I not, like you, a mother who loves me and watches over me? Have I not, like you, a rose-wood toilette which tells me I am beautiful each time I gaze in it? Have I not, like you, and she gazed on Helene's chaste, white bed, which seemed clothed in virgin purity—then added, 'Oh! I am very happy, my dear Helene!' and she turned aside to conceal her tears.

"Adieu!" said she, quickly, as if her grief could not remain longer in that atmosphere of virtue and happiness.

"Why do you leave me so soon? When will you come again to see me?"

"Never!" thought Luciani; but she hastened to say aloud:

"It is your turn to come and see me. I will meet you Tuesday noon, at the church of the Madeleine."

"Tuesday? What are you going to do Tuesday noon at the Madeleine? Are you going to be married also?"

Helene's words pierced Mariani to the heart, but she replied:

"Yes, I shall be married; you will receive a card requesting your company on Tuesday. Adieu!"

"Always a little sarcastic," said Helene, embracing Luciani.

After Mariani had gone Helene thought to herself:

"Poor Luciani! she conceals her heart from me; she who has always told me everything. Ah! I am very sure she loves Horace, to her sorrow! How much she has loved him! Hush!" continued she, "I was even afraid myself of falling in love with him this winter."

Mariani returned to the Madeleine. For an instant she forgot her vengeance, and thought of returning to her mother's house.

"No," said she, "I am resolved!"

She was on the corner of the Rue de Seze and the Rue Ferme-des-Mathurins. She waved her hand as an adieu to her mother's windows. She had not the courage to go further; but recollecting Horace's deception, she walked on with a rapid step. Where was she going?

"Madame de la Roche?" asked she of the porter of the Lansquet house. She had armed herself with all her courage.

"Madame the Countess has just arrived from the one o'clock mass. You will find her in her saloon."

There was not a woman in Paris who was more respected by her porter, than Madame de la Roche.

Luciani ascended the two flights, and rang with a firm hand, driving back her bashfulness. Her Venetian blood coursed rapidly through her veins and carried with it her anger.

A grandly decorated valet conducted her to the saloon.

"Madame," said she, without bowing (wishing to retain her pride even in her fall), "I am from Venice. It has been told me that strangers find hospitality here?"

The Roche-Tarpeienne arose, out of respect to the grandeur and dazzling beauty of the one who addressed her, as she replied:

"Madame, I do not exactly understand what you intend to say; this is not a lodging-house; in the evening I receive some ladies and some young men, as in the best houses."

"Ah, well, Madame, I come to solicit the honor of being received at your house."

The Roche-Tarpeienne had already decided that the new comer had, by her beauty, the right of appearing at her house; but she did not wish to bend to the imperious pride of Luciani.

"But, Madame," said she, "one is not received here without having been presented."

"As at the court! And who are the Ladies of Honor who presented the others?"

The Roche-Tarpeienne understood that she could not deceive her.

"Most frequently they are men who present woman here; but, as an offset to that, before a face like yours, all doors would fly open."

"You are very flattering, Madame."

Luciani let fall these words from the height of her dignity, for she had not yet resolved what role she intended to play.

"But, to conclude, Madame," replied the Roche-Tarpeienne, after having drawn up a chair to Mademoiselle Mariani, "tell me, who has given you the idea of being received here?"

"Some young people who have spoken much to me of the fine company over which you preside. I wish to surprise them: this evening they will find me here, and will not believe their eyes. Only my toilet is not quite suitable; but I will send to my dressmaker, who has orders to make me a ball-dress."

"Beauty, Madame, is always well dressed; but you are right; a ball-dress is more genteel."

At that instant the mistress of the house, seeing Luciani grow pale, sprang to her with her smelling-bottle in her hands.

"It is nothing," said the young girl, inhaling the salts; "it seems to me there is not much air here."

The Roche-Tarpeienne run to open the window. "That is better, I thank you."

"Come to the window, Madame, the air is very sweet."

"Oh, no!" said Luciani. She had consented to show herself in the Lansquet saloons, but not to exhibit herself at the window.

"Would you do me the favor, Madame, to let me remain here till evening, and give me a chamber when my dress comes?"

"Certainly, Madame; do as you would in your own house," and she rang the bell.

"Leontine, make a fire in my boudoir, and take all the orders that Madame gives you. What is your name, Madame?"

Luciani seemed to think before replying; finally she said:

"Mademoiselle Lucrèce."

"A beautiful name; but M. Ponsard could not make a tragedy from you."

"Who knows?" said the young girl.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Mademoiselle Mariani passed into the boudoir of the Roche-Tarpeienne, and wrote three letters: one to Horace, another to her mother, and the last to her dressmaker for a ball-dress.

She sent her letters to Horace and the dressmaker at the same time, but kept the one for her mother. Scarcely had she finished writing, when the mistress of the house asked permission to present to her a young lady who desired a friend.

"No," replied Luciani, "it is not worth the while."

But the young lady had followed in the steps of the Roche-Tarpeienne.

She was so pretty, and bowed with such modest grace, and she seemed so sweet, and even so candid, that Luciani bowed to her in spite of herself.

"Will you permit it?" said the young lady taking a seat.

"You both understand each other, I see, at the first glance!" said the Roche-Tarpeienne. "As for me, I am going to make a call, and will return to you in an hour. It is understood that you will dine with me. I will give you as much truffle pudding as you can eat, and some quails and some sweetmeats from Bar'a."

"I will not dine," Luciani hastened to say. "Neither will I," said the young lady.

"Just as well; you can sit at the table and see me eat."

"At length we are alone!" said the new comer. "Let me say, if you please, Madame, that I left my husband this morning, and I have not a sou; and am very guilty, for I have a lover. My husband has beaten me, because it was his right; and, to crown all, my lover has closed his door on me, saying to me that if they should find me at his house, he should be condemned to prison for six months. Behold the last poetical words of my romance—six months in prison!"

"But, Madame," said Luciani, seeing that she wept while she was making her confession, "why do you not return to your husband?"

"Because he no longer loves me."

"If he ever has loved you, he will love you again!"

"No, Madame; he has taken a mistress. Misfortune has ruined our house forever. I have but to die, or live in forgetfulness." A silence followed these words.

"I believed one did nothing but laugh here," said Luciani. "But I see plainly it is the door of hell, which one enters only to weep."

"I came here, conducted by my seamstress, to whom I owe considerable. This morning I thought I would enter a convent; but this woman told me she wished to save me from despair. It appears that Madame de la Roche lends money. They also play the games here. At 8 p.m. last year, I gained three thousand francs; I wish to tempt fortune, again. And then, shall I tell you?"

At this point of the conversation a new comer entered without being announced. Luciani rose with a feeling of outraged dignity. But she suppressed her feelings. "No," thought she, "I came here as an atonement—I will suffer all the humiliations."

"I do not wish to describe all the sparkling or lovely faces that one beholds in this stifled and sombre place, where it was impossible to breathe a puff of fresh air, or behold one solitary sunbeam. The ceiling was low, the hangings concealed the windows; everything was hung with tapestry, wadding, and coarse silk. The fire never burned brightly, it was so smothered. If the foolish company, which were always renewing themselves, had not brought their peals of laughter and their youthful prodigality along with them, one could not have lived there an hour without feeling miserable."

Although Mariani's heart was falling her each moment, her heroic resolution made her wish to see the end of the sacrifice.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Feast of the Roche-Tarpeienne.

When the dinner hour came, the Roche-Tarpeienne said to Mademoiselle Mariani that she wished her to sit at the table.

"Since you desire it, I obey," said Luciani. She did not eat. But at dessert, without thinking, perhaps, she took a mandarin in a serviette, broke the corners with her pretty fingers and eat it slowly.

While they were yet at the table, a whirlwind of gay ladies, who had just returned from a promenade at the Champs Elysees, entered without even being announced.

"Ah, well!" said the Roche-Tarpeienne, "how long have you been in the habit of entering my house as you would a café! Was there no one to announce you, ladies?"

"You have not learned, then, my dear Madame de la Roche, that it is out of date to announce

one in society? It is only done among the commoners."

The most trivial conversation ran round the table, which had been besieged by the ladies, who helped themselves to tarts, mandarins, frosted crackers and red apples. It was a curious sight to see them all eating the crumbs of this chance feast.

Displeased as Luciani was by this unexpected invasion, she could not help smiling. She half concealed herself behind her fan, not being able to crush under foot all modesty. She asked herself, as she looked upon all this gayety unmasked, if it was possible that they could so easily forget their dignity, as women, and laugh and appear so gay while descending the winding ways of a Parisian hall.

Ten minutes afterwards, all were gone. Some to dine at the café Anglais, some to the Fieres-Provenaux, some with their lovers, and others elsewhere. They all promised to return early, as they cast a glance at Luciani.

The knight of Quatre-Emperors, who always dined out Sundays, returned just then with a violent headache. Luciani left the table and retired to the boudoir, saying that she would go and dress for the soiree, her wardrobe having arrived. The Roche-Tarpeienne rolled towards her one of those Pompadour toilets which were so pretty before becoming common.

Luciani, who had always experienced a lively feeling of coquetry while combing her hair and dressing herself, had not strength enough to raise her hands.

"Is this Luciani?" said she, looking at her pale and sombre face in the mirror.

When she was partly disrobed she took from her pocket the Circassian stiletto and placed the point on her breast.

"It is there!" said she, as she felt the beatings of her heart. "I feel I shall not strike amiss."

At that moment, the waiting-maid half opened the door. Luciani concealed the stiletto.

"Madame wishes to know if Mademoiselle would like a bouquet."

"A bouquet?" said Luciani with a bitter rally. "Why not? Yes, I wish for a bouquet."

And she said to herself, with the saddest smile: "It shall be my betrothal bouquet; death loves roses."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Unfortunate Mistake.

Horace had refused to dine at the Rue de Seze, in company with Hector, for Madame Mariani could not raise her head, so he dined alone, but did not remain ten minutes at the table. After dinner, he went once more to Madame Mariani's. He found the poor woman in bed, mute, immovable, and half dead.

Hector could give her no more good reasons for his sister's absence. He had visited the houses of all their friends, hoping to find her.

Madame Mariani raised herself on her arm to look at the clock.

"Half past eleven!" said she, with a stifled voice; "I fear my daughter will return no more!"

Hector threw himself into his mother's arms, and was answered only by her tears. Horace withdrew from this touching scene, overcome by a sad presentiment. He ran to his house and found his valet standing in the door.

"Has no one come?"

"No, Monsieur le Count."

"Have you received any letters?"

"No, Monsieur le Count."

"Horace did not go up stairs; he walked back and forth before the house."

"Monsieur le Count?" said one.

It was his valet who had forgotten a letter received at four o'clock and which he had just found in his pocket.

Horace hastened to read the letter by the light of a carriage which had just stopped at his door. He recognized Luciani's writing from its original and decided style.

"Horace, you will find Luciani this evening where you visit every evening. Yesterday, there was a Persian there; to-day, there will be a Venetian!"

Horace was struck to the heart as by a blow of a poisoned dagger. He re-read the letter many times; but still found those terrible lines. He rushed towards the Lansquet house; but all at once a thought crossed his mind.

"Oh! my God!" said he with fright; "if Hector should go this evening to the Roche-Tarpeienne!"

He ascended to his room and wrote these words hastily:

"My dear Hector, you will not go, I presume, to the Lansquet this evening. Await me in your mother's chamber, for it will not do to leave her for a moment. I am going to Mademoiselle Helene de Vermonceys, hoping still to find Mademoiselle Mariani there. Yours, HORACE."

In his precipitation, he placed Luciani's note in the envelope he intended for Horace, instead of the one he had just written, and calling his servant, said:

"Pierrot carry this letter at once to Mr. Hector Mariani."

"Is Monsieur le Count going out?"

"Yes, but I shall return soon. Make haste!"

"I really believe," said Pierrot, descending the stairs, that Monsieur le Count has become crazy; but I am getting accustomed to it."

Horace passed his servant in the lower hall, he said:

"You must go quicker!"

"But, Monsieur le Count, it is midnight!" And the valet added, between his teeth: "He ought to double my wages, for I am like kackney-conch horses, often traveling in the night than in the day-time."

As he said these words a valet of his acquaintance struck him on his shoulder, saying:

"Ah, well, shall we let the holy Sabbath pass without wetting our palates?"

"Ah! my dear fellow, I am, indeed, thirsty,

enough! But I have too much business to do. You see I am like a telegraphic despatch: I run without stopping a second."

"Ah, well, this will strengthen you."

"An idea comes to me: it is midnight, and Monday has commenced, so we will celebrate our Monday before any one else."

And these two jolly wits, roaring with laughter, approached a tavern that was unworthy to shelter such honest men.

"Let us go to a café?"

"No; I certainly have not the time to go so far as the Boulevards."

"In truth you are a victim of slavery."

"You are right." And Horace's servant tasted his wine slowly. Half an hour afterwards, all out of breath, he arrived at Madame Mariani's. Scarcely had he rang, before the door opened, and, stepping in he saw Hector and Mademoiselle Elanore, and, at the end of the ante-chamber, Madame Mariani, who had thrown herself out of bed.

"Here is a letter," said he.

"A letter?" cried Madame Mariani, running to him. "Is it a letter from my daughter? Give it to me!"

Hector seized the letter, but his mother tore it from his hands.

"It is not what you think it is," said Horace's servant, "for it is a note that Monsieur le Count has just written to M. Hector."

"Mamma," said Hector, endeavoring to repossess the letter, "it contains nothing that you should see."

Madame Mariani broke the seal.

"I beg you to give it to me, mamma; we have some secrets which belong only to us. If Horace speaks to me of my sister, I swear to you that I will read the passage to you. He was to write to me about a debt at play; for I must confess that all the anxieties of the day have not hindered me from paying what I borrowed yesterday on promise."

"Ah, well! hasten and read this letter to me."

Hector breathed again.

"Immediately," said he, conducting his mother to the bed she had just left; "but you are pale and cold; hasten to bed at once."

"Hector, you will kill me! I tell you that letter contains my destiny."

Madame Mariani, who was seated on the bed, let her head fall on the pillow.

"Well, then, listen," said Hector resolutely. He retraced his steps to close the door, and approached the candelabra on the mantel. When he had torn the envelope and opened the letter, his eyesight grew dim as he beheld his sister's writing.

He did not possess to the same degree as Horace, the art of concealing his emotions. His mother did not notice his agitation.

"Well, what is it?" said Madame Mariani.

"It is in regard to my debt at play. Horace writes to me that he has just paid it."

Although Hector kept his eye fixed on his mother, he read and re-read these four terrible lines; "Horace, you will find Luciani this evening where you visit every evening. Yesterday there was a Persian there; to-day there will be a Venetian."

"It is impossible!" said he.

"Impossible!" said Madame Mariani, "what is it, then? You frighten me! I know well that that letter speaks of Luciani."

"Ah, well," said Hector, inventing a falsehood to conceal a still greater one, "hear what Horace writes to me." He then pretended to read as follows:

"If my information does not deceive me, your sister—shall I say it—set out to-day for London, with the Baron d'Humerolles. It is not improbable that they will be married on the way, at the little chapel."

Hector glanced at his mother. He had read so well what he had just invented that she did not doubt for an instant but what these words were in the letter.

"Fortunately for me, I possess a sword!" said he, striking his hand on the chimney-piece.

Every one in the chamber trembled, except Madame Mariani, who breathed freer for the first time since breakfast.

"If he weds her at London," said she, "he certainly must wed her at Paris, also. We will both set out to-morrow. Read that part of the letter to me once more."

"What! read to you again that which dishonors me?" said Hector in spite of himself. "Never! I shall hardly consent to pardon Horace for writing this."

Thus saying, he tore the letter and threw it in the fire where it was consumed.

"I will run to M. d'Humerolles," said he with a decided air.

"Embrace me," murmured Madame Mariani, holding out her hand to him.

"Adieu! adieu! There is not a moment to lose."

"Hector, my dear child, do not make the evil any greater than it is by a sword thrust!"

"I will do my duty," said Hector gravely.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Chastisement of Horace.

In the mean time, Horace, in a few moments, had arrived before the house of the Roche-Tarpeienne.

"Ah, Luciani! Luciani! Luciani!" he murmured, "I would not have believed such a chastisement could have fallen on me!" He entered the house. The lady of the house came toward him from the ante-chamber.

"My dear Count," said she, for he had not told her his name, only his title, "we have some new comers."

"Not a word!" cried he with fury.

Two danseuses who had just entered, were frightened at his paleness. The lady of the house recoiled a few steps.

"Are you mad?" said she to him.

"Where is she? where is she?" cried Horace.

"You know her, then? She sings like Alboni. The gentlemen admire her."

"The gentlemen!" he echoed. One could never express by word or look the infernal jealousy which tore his heart.

"Where is she, I say?"

"She is in my boudoir, conversing with a Captain of the Zouaves."

"Give me a knife!" said he, half beside himself, for his sorrow was at its highest pitch. He then proceeded to where Luciani was.

"Sir," said he to the Captain of the Zouaves, "this woman is my wife. To avenge herself she came here. But I will be revenged on you!"

Luciani slowly arranged her coiffure before the mirror. She smiled enough to show her pretty teeth, and turned her head with the tranquillity of a swan, and, like Cellmenes, played with her fan.

"Ah, Horace, is this you? Do you not think I am beautiful this evening?"

Horace made a step toward her, beating his breast.

"Sir," said the Captain, "I fight when I am in battle, but I play lansquenet when I come here."

"Horace gave him a blow with the back of his hand."

"You are a coward, sir," said the captain, "and not worthy to be a lackey to the woman who stands before you."

"I would give you a blow with the back of my sword if I had it with me," replied Horace.

"Sir," rejoined the Captain, "I reside near here, 5 Rue d'Isly. I have arms there; let us not delay till to-morrow."

"Yes, sir, I will chastise you at once!"

"And I," said Luciani, throwing herself between the young men, "do not wish two brave men should cross swords for a lansquenet player."

"Sir," replied the Captain with dignity, "I will await you in the saloon."

He saw from Luciani's face that there would be a frightful drama.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Interview between Horace and Luciani.

The lovers found themselves alone in the little saloon.

"Ah, Luciani!" said Horace beating his hands, "what have you done?"

"What have I done?" echoed Luciani, assuming the careless demeanor with which she had concealed the workings of her heart since she crossed the threshold of this gaming house. "To your question 'what have I done?'—I answer simply thus: you love this house; so I have come here!"

"This is horrible! Do you not know, Luciani, that I love you, and that you make me suffer a thousand deaths?"

"Ah, you love me! That is doubtful, for I have been made most unhappy by you."

"Luciani, I will kill you!"

"I deny your right to do so. One may kill his wife, or his mistress—I am neither the one or the other."

"Luciani! Luciani! you will drive me mad! Have pity on me!"

"Ah! you think that I have come here to witness your love scenes? Not so, Monsieur. I know neither Luciani or Horace any more. I have already become like these ladies; I am baptized by a poetical name: they call me now Mademoiselle Lucrèce. That name will sound well to-morrow, when they see me pass on the Champs-Elysees, for they have already offered me a coach-and-four!" responded Luciani, with as much irony and sarcasm as her poor aching heart could command.

"Luciani, will you follow me? Oh, I love you, Luciani—I will wed you," vehemently exclaimed Horace.

"Hold!" said Luciani. "Review your cruel conduct toward me! Now you wish to wed me! It is too late! When I would have linked my destiny with yours—given you the strong and earnest love of a pure heart, with all the confiding innocence of girlhood—then you thought me unworthy to share your love and receive your protection. I am yet too proud to marry a man who would condescend to take me after his conduct had brought me to this humiliating condition!"

how I suffer—and yet I am happy to suffer! Tell me that you suffer more than I. Soon I wish you to carry me to your house, that mother may come and take me away. You must burn this dress, which is already the robe of Nessus for me. I stifle, Horace! Open the window, that I may breathe—for I have not breathed for eight mortal hours!"

A danseuse entered who had listened at the door with affright.

"Ah, my God!" said she, "an assassination!" "Silence!" murmured Luciani; "it was I who struck the blow."

Horace placed Luciani before the window.

"Horace, I stifle!" she lisped.

Horace opened the window, and Luciani felt a momentary relief. She then threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming:

"Ah, Horace, how I love you!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Death of Luciani.

While this drama was being enacted in the boudoir, the gaming table, ornamented as usual, in the large saloon, was noisily usurped.

"I," said a comedian who had no engagement, "wish to stake, this evening, all that I have."

"Then," said a player who had studied the chances, "I will not play against you."

Madame de la Roche-Tarpénne was engaged in putting some liquor into her teapot, in order to give a little gaiety and boldness to her guests. The Knight of the Quatre-Emperors walked round the table, that he might seize the opportunity to take a hand at cards—for he never engaged in play except to play his game. He had great art in handling cards. Two kings, two aces, and two sevens would make their appearance at will, and wonderfully assist him in winning the game.

That evening—Sunday—the playing took a lively turn. The ladies were braver, the men courageous. In the eagerness of play, all had forgotten the tragic entrance of Horace, or thought of the fair Venetian, till, all at once, they heard the cry that the young man uttered on seeing the blood flow from Luciani's heart, reminding them that there were other emotions than those felt at play.

The danseuse, who had already half opened the door of the boudoir, entered hastily, followed by the Roche-Tarpénne. But none of the players wished to be interrupted in their game. But Horace, on seeing two women enter, cried out in agony, "Do not enter!" as though he feared the presence of these two women would distress Luciani in her dying moments.

"Bring a doctor!" he added quickly.

The Roche-Tarpénne threw herself on her knees before Luciani, and seized her hand.

"Do not touch her!" said Horace with anger, pushing away her hand.

At that instant the door opened, and all entered.

"A doctor! a doctor!" said Horace, frightened.

"I am a physician," said one of the players, pushing back the curtains.

"Save her!" murmured Horace.

"It is impossible!" gravely said the doctor, after a few moments, and then made a sign for all to withdraw. Soon he was alone with Horace and the dying girl.

"Was it you who struck her?" said he.

"I?" cried Horace with surprise, and then continued sadly:

"No, I did not do it; but I am the cause of it. Do you understand? She is an honest girl, a lady of good society. She loved me. When she learned that I left her every evening to come here, she came here also—but, alas, to die!"

"Poor woman!" responded the man.

"She was born in Venice, that country where they avenge their disappointment."

A Christian sentiment suddenly seized the soul of Horace.

"A priest!" said he to the waiting-maid. "Let some one go immediately to Rue de la Madeleine, and seek the Abbe X—"

"The Abbe X—?" asked the waiting-maid.

"He comes here every Sunday to make up the whist party of the old Marquis, who resides just above here."

"Ah well; let us see him at once."

I do not know as Monsieur the Abbe X— was angry at being taken from his last game, as in the comedy of Alfred de Musset, but he did not make them wait long.

In a few minutes, grave and dignified, he entered the boudoir, and bowing, regarded in turn Luciani, the doctor and Horace.

"Monsieur Abbe," said Horace, who had met him oftener in society than at the church, "pray for this young girl, who, you see, is drawing her last breath."

The priest made the sign of the cross, and recited a prayer.

"Monsieur Abbe," said Horace, "I am the cause of her death, because I have refused to wed her. Is there not time to repair my crime?"

The priest looked at Horace as if he did not comprehend him.

"Have you never married at the last hour, a man to a woman, that death had called for too soon? I wish this poor girl should bear my name into eternity," said Horace.

The priest turned to the doctor, saying:

"Doctor, does this young girl retain her reason?"

"No," replied the doctor. "Her heart beats, but she is unconscious."

Horace, who had re-taken the hand of Luciani, said to her:

"Do you not hear me, Luciani, and do you not wish I should give you my name?"

The hand was icy; Luciani did not answer by any sign.

"It is too late!" said the priest, shaking his head sadly.

"Alas!" murmured Horace, "I have done nothing to soften this terrible death," and he fell on his knees, choking with sobs.

The priest made the sign of the cross on the forehead of the dying, recited a psalm, and then left the room silently.

Luciani spoke no more, though life was not yet extinct. Her large eyes seemed to regard the despair of Horace. A sigh passed her pallid lips.

"Horace," she murmured, in a stifled voice, raising her arms, "I go but I shall return!"

Horace did not understand what the dying girl wished to say. As her arms fell around his neck, he murmured:

"Luciani! Luciani! if you die, I wish to die! But tell me that you will not die!"

"It is her last sigh," said the doctor.

Horace arose pale and sad.

"Her mother!" said he, after a silence.

"Her mother!" repeated the doctor, "is it possible to call her?"

"It will first be necessary to carry Luciani to my house," replied Horace.

"I understand," said the doctor. "Go, and I will bring her to your house; I will take charge of everything; I will say that she is not dead."

"Bless you!" said Horace, with a feeling of gratitude. "No one knows her here under her true name. I have confided to you our secret; I beg you never to reveal it."

Not wishing to pass through the saloon, Horace opened the door of the little stairway and went out. As to the rest of the people in the house, the spectacle of Luciani's death had terrified them. Some of the players had gone, while others stood talking before the closed table, each asking the other about the tragedy.

"She was a beautiful and charming creature," said the Captain of the Zouaves; she surprised me by her fits of gaiety and sadness. At the piano she played with the most profound expression Weber's 'Last Thought.'"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Horace and Hector.

A great noise was heard at the street-door. Hector, in his eagerness to gain admission, had thrown to the sidewalk, a stranger who was fleeing, in fear, from that house of sorrow. But Hector's rudeness had restored his courage, and he exclaimed:

"Sir! since you are determined to pass so quick, you shall not pass at all!" and immediately placed himself before the door.

At the first noise, the Roche-Tarpénne and the Knight of the Quatre-Emperors, who were always in fear of the police, were already in the ante-chamber.

"Who is there?" said the lady, with a frightened air.

"Why is there so much racket?" demanded the gentleman, knitting his eyebrows like Jupiter.

"I have not time to answer!" cried Hector, who endeavored to pass up.

But the Roche-Tarpénne, who judged, by Hector's paleness, that it might be his sister, or his mistress, who had just been killed, took hold of him to hinder him from advancing.

"I beg of you, do not go there!"

"Is Horace here?" asked Hector.

"No," replied the Roche-Tarpénne, "he has not been here this evening. I supposed he was with you."

"And why should I not go there?" replied Hector, succeeding at last in opening the door of the saloon.

"I beg of you, listen to me!"

The Roche-Tarpénne whispered in Hector's ear:

"There have been some arrests here this evening. They have seized some cards. Everything is topsy-turvy."

"Is that all?" said Hector, breathing freer.

"Is that all! Mon Dieu! It is my ruin!"

Hector had entered the saloon, but before any one spoke to him, the Roche-Tarpénne had time to tell every one that she who had just died in the boudoir belonged to the family of this young man.

"Let me see!" pondered Hector, striking his forehead, "who is it that is mad?—myself? Horace? or my sister?"

He began to think that if Luciani had, in a moment of jealousy, written the four lines that were continually before his eyes, it had been simply a menace.

"No," thought he, "my sister never seriously had an idea of coming here. Still, everything is mysterious!" and he concluded to go to Horace's house. He went out of the saloon without speaking to any one. It did not take him two minutes to arrive at his friend's door, in Rue d'Isly.

"It is him!" said Horace, who stood at the top of the stairs waiting with anguish the arrival of Luciani.

"My sister!" cried Hector; "Where is my sister?"

"Your sister! repeated Horace, as he came down four steps and took his friend's hands. "My dear Hector, there remains but one thing for you to do—kill me!"

"Speak!" said Hector, disengaging his hands.

"Where is she?"

"What shall I say to you? I was mad, and she was foolish. Your sister has killed herself with a blow of a poisoned knife!"

"Luciani!" murmured Hector, sustaining himself by the balustrade.

"Yes; and still I loved her fondly. Poor Luciani!" continued Horace.

"What have you done?" asked Hector.

"You drew me with you, yesterday, to the house of the Roche-Tarpénne; some one told her of it, and to-day she has wished to punish me by her death. Truly, she is terribly revengeful."

Hector cast a terrible look on Horace, and with vehemence replied:

"Sir! I believed you a man of honor; I introduced you to my sister as I would a brother; you have deceived my friendship as you deceived her love."

Horace did not wish to reply in the same tone.

"My dear Hector, accuse me, if you do not believe me unhappy enough, still further wound me with your hatred. I have but one refuge—death!"

"Death!" replied Hector with anger; "it shall be death, for I will not leave you time for consolation."

A noise was heard on the stairway.

"Silence!" said Horace to Hector; "It is your sister!"

Hector saw, in the shade, two men who carried his sister's body enveloped in a cloth already stained with blood.

"She need not enter here!" said he, descending the stairs.

He ordered the two men to follow him.

"Hector! I entreat you!" said Horace, who had descended also. "You will kill your mother!"

"Sir, my mother's house is the place for my sister."

Horace acquiesced. He saw them depart with Luciani with a sullen despair. It seemed to him as if he had lost her for the second time. On the contrary, if they had brought her to his house, it would have seemed to him as if he had refound her; at least he would have tasted the voluptuous sorrow of weeping all his tears, on his knees, beside her dead form.

"Poor Luciani!" said he, as they closed the coach door; "I shall never see her more!"

I shall not give all the details of that horrible night; how they concealed the spots of blood, or how mysteriously they carried the dead body from the insouciant house. Nor shall I describe the interview between Horace and Madame Mariani, when she came, the next day, to demand of him an account of this misfortune. They were terrible and touching scenes.

Horace had wished a thousand times to die, but he did not wish to die before having his quarter of an hour's vengeance also. He did not wish to die before his duel with the Captain of the Zouaves.

"But, Monsieur," said one of the seconds of his adversary to him, "the duel is useless; the Captain pardons you, and you have nothing to reproach him with."

"Have I nothing to reproach him with?" cried Horace, with indignation. "Did he not converse half an hour with Mademoiselle Mariani without perception enough to know that she was an honest girl?"

CONCLUSION OF OUR STORY.

Written for the Banner of Light.

CREED.

BY WILLIAM F. DIAMANN.

I will not bow with patient knees
To worn-out laws or bigot Creeds;
My nature knows its wants and needs,
And scorns all cant hypocrites
Of hollow words and empty deeds.

I am unto myself a law;
No mortal man, reaching from the grave,
Shall drag me down where demons rave,
Or bow my soul with servile awe
To that which has no power to save.

I worship what is truth to me;
Have faith in what is just and right;
No cloak shall hide from my clear sight
Those bigots of Idolatry
That blot the blessedness of light.

A larger breadth of heart and mind—
A genial grasp, a loving law,
Would melt each stubborn soul, and draw
In bonds of peace all humankind
Not stifled by slavish awe.

A larger love for those who fall—
A faith that reaches from the sod
Of Adam-nature up to God—
And finds the germ of good in all,
From Angels to an outcast clod.

The law of love the Saviour taught;
The law that Creeds have pushed aside
In godless greed of place and pride—
That love divine, with blessings fraught,
Of Him the Creeds have crucified.

Where Truth and Error, hand in hand,
Have sped along the shores of Time,
And scattered seeds of peace and crime,
I, too, have overwalked the land,
And planted thorns and buds sublime.

The footprints of a world gone by,
The records of a golden age,
The deeds of savage, saint and sage,
The pyramids that pierce the sky,
Are landmarks of my pilgrimage.

For, when I search man's history through,
I find myself in all the past;
In good and bad—in grand and vast—
Yet keep a wider reach in view,
From Time's high summit where I'm cast.

I will not bow with patient knees
To mouldering laws or bigot Creeds—
My nature knows its wants and needs,
And scorns all cant hypocrites
Of hollow words and empty deeds.

The holy law of Love is right,
Or else man's pilgrimage were vain;
If, through the dreary wastes of pain,
He reach no moral Pisgah high,
Where new light breaks on heart and brain.
Cincinnati, O., Oct. 3, 1864.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lionel Hunt.)

WHAT THE SUNFLOWER SAID

TO THE
GARDEN VIOLET.

A STORY FOR KITTY CUTTER.

"Dear, dear me! there's no use in doing anything. I do believe that autumn has come, and the cruel winter will soon be here, and what will become of me? I shiver to think of it," said a little Sunflower that had been blooming for many weeks, and turning its bright, golden flowers to the sunlight; that they might be blessed by its warmth.

"To die so will be dreadful," continued she; "and then what's the use of all I have been doing? Oh, miserable world and most miserable me! Poor little Violet, why don't you echo my sighs? I'm quite out of patience with you for being so tame and quiet. You just bend your blossoms to the cold wind, and then look up again, as if you thought it only pleasant fun!"

"Oh, I'm so happy!" said the Violet, "that I can't think of sighing. Why! look at those beautiful maples over in the field there; I should think that the spirits of all the dead flowers of the summer had taken refuge there, and made it their Elysian field. I feel so glad at everything beautiful that I can't think of sighing or complaining."

"That all sounds very well, and I dare say is quite amiable," replied the Sunflower; "but all the red and yellow leaves on the hillside will not help you when the biting frost comes, and the dreadful snow. You'd much better be thinking what you'll do to-morrow, if it should chance to be a nippling night after the sun goes down, as I believe it will. Only look at that clear sky, and feel that keen wind! I tell you there'll be a frost; I feel it."

"I've been doing all summer just the best I could," replied the Violet. "I've sent my roots down deep, and made the little fibres strike out into the rich soil; and I've sent up blossom after blossom that should bear fair seed, so that I could feel sure that some beauty that belonged to me should bless the coming time."

"But I tell you it's no use!" screamed the Sunflower. "Have n't I sent out blossoms, too, and turned them, and turned them from early morning till sundown, and here's the end. I tell you if I had to live my life over again I'd just please myself, and not try to do any good or beautiful thing."

"But your beautiful shining seeds!" said the Violet, "are you not glad that you have sent them down to the good earth, that the coming summer may not miss the golden clock that so faithfully tells the hours?"

"Why I didn't know that the chickens ate half of those I scattered yesterday? Oh! how vexed I was as I saw them gobble them down! I tell you there's no use in doing anything; that's so. I'm just determined not to make another effort, and what I want is to give my advice to you, and to every other plant to stop trying. Let come what comes, I'm going to stop trying to make other people better or wiser. I say again there's no use. Oh dear! how cold it is; I'm half frozen!"

"But that beautiful shining seed!" pleaded the Violet, "that fell under one of my leaves, lies there all snug and warm, and bids fair to make a fine plant another year. Not a chick shall see it, if I can help it. I determined to keep as many safe as I could, after what I heard those gentlemen say that walked through the garden the other day."

"And what was that?" asked the Sunflower.

"Why, they were talking about the uses of things; and one said that for himself he liked those things that benefited the world. 'There,' said he, 'is that homely Sunflower!'"

"Did he say that?" asked the petulant plant.

"I wish I'd heard him—I'd have brushed his clothes with a fine coat of polish, for his impudence!"

"But do let me finish!" said the Violet. "There's that homely Sunflower," said he; "if I had a garden I'd plant many of them. It is said to ward off disease. Those dreadful fevers that prevail so, are kept off by its healthy life, and then its seeds make the best sort of feed for fowls. You don't know how proud of you I felt as he said this. It seemed so grand and excellent to be able to keep off sickness. Why, I'd have given all my blossoms if I could have helped poor Johnny when he moaned so with the fever last year. I thought, oh! if he would only tell me of something as good that I can do, I will work. I'll send up blossom after blossom, and never mind the heat or the cold."

"Well, I'm sure he's very much of a gentleman to speak so well of me?" said the Sunflower, turning herself a little more proudly toward the west.

"So I thought," said the Violet; "and, as I said, I felt very proud of you as a neighbor, and was wishing I could do something as good as it was your privilege to do, when he said, 'But those pests, the garden Violets, I never could treat except as a weed. Of what earthly use are they only to root deep and spread wide, and scatter innumerable seeds that spring up and have to be weeded out?' I do n't think you can tell how I felt when I heard this."

"Well, I think he was an impudent fellow!" said the Sunflower; "at least, he might have waited till he was beyond your hearing. I must say, however, that I have wondered what you were good for, as well as myself."

"Well, I was trembling all over, and was just ready to wither every blossom, from sorrow, when the gentleman who was with the one who spoke first, said, 'My dear sir, I am sorry indeed to hear you speak thus of that beloved flower that has blessed so many hearts in so many thousands of homes. Its sweet beauty comes every Spring, like a fresh proof of God's love. Why, I never see one, that my heart does not grow better and purer,' and he stooped and plucked one of my fairest blossoms. 'Once I was away in a distant land, and felt very lonely and discouraged, for I was doubtful if I could do my duty faithfully, and this doubt made me distrustful of God's love. When I came upon one of these sweet flowers, blooming as fair as in my father's garden, as I looked upon its beauty the trust came back to my heart; I felt sure that the good God that cared for violets, and brought forth their loveliness in all lands and climes, would care for me, and I went resolutely about my duty without further repining, and owe some of the best work I ever did to that tender flower. When I see children hunting for 'Johnny-jump-ups' in the spring-time, I feel so glad, in their beauty, that I never destroy a single root. Why, they are to the hearts of children like the hand-writing of angels: they tell of a pure, unselfish life. I knew once of a boy who had learned to love them well, for he was taught by loving hearts to cherish beauty and purity. He went out into the world, and walked in the paths of wrong. He became so bad a man that all who knew him dreaded his influence, and wondered what would ever make him good or wise. He was walking the streets of the city, when a little girl came along selling little bunches of pink and garden-violets. 'Only three-pence—who'll buy?' said she. He paused. The sight of that pure flower was like standing again in his mother's garden. He bought all she had, and carried them to his room. He wept over them and kissed them, and there came up beautiful memories like pictures before him. He saw the dear old home and those he had loved so well in it. He remembered his mother's love, who had become an angel, and he prayed for her dear presence to shed its blessings on him. He thought of his sister, who used to gather whole bunches of them and carry to him, and who had sought and striven in every way to bring him back to goodness. It seemed as if the dear little violet were an angel, indeed, speaking to him, saying, 'Be good and pure!' and he did not hear in vain, but became a truer and better man from that time. He told me that he had them planted all about his dwelling, that he might ever see their pure eyes looking at him. Oh, do not say that the Violet is only a weed. It is God's written word of love. I would not part with it for many a gay flower. This was the last I heard; but you can hardly think how happy I have felt ever since!"

"Well, I declare," said the Sunflower, "I never dreamed you were of so much use in the world. I always liked you, but now I am quite proud of you. Did I ever tell you what the lady that lived in the cottage said about you when Johnny was so sick? She was walking in the garden and talking about him. 'Well, I felt,' she said, 'as if it would help him. I just thought if he'd notice anything, it would be a flower. It was late autumn, and the flowers had withered; but I ran out here hardly hoping to find a single blossom, but there was one, a sweet Violet, that seemed to have hidden its head under some withered leaves on purpose. I carried it to him, and the first time he opened his eyes I put it before him. Then came over his face such a sweet, heavenly smile that I knew from that moment that he would get well. Not that the Violet cured him, but it helped us and made us more hopeful, and that helped him. Dear little blossom,' she added, 'what a comfort you are. It rests me all over, when I am tired, to see you.' That's as near as I remember what the good woman said; but I didn't tell you of it because she gave me such a brush as she passed that I was quite vexed with her, and never forgave her until she brought the water for my roots last summer."

"It makes me very happy," said the Violet, "to hear these things. The world seems beautiful and good to me, as I feel I am able to bless it. I am convinced that it makes us the most miserable of anything to feel that we're of no use."

"That's so," said the Sunflower; "I am quite warmed up since you have been talking, and don't dread the frost half as badly as I did; but what are we to do if we must die when the winter comes. Suppose that these are my last days of pleasure, alas, alas! shall I not then think that my life is of no use?"

"You forget, dear friend," said the Violet, "that we can never destroy the good we have done, and that it will live even when we are no more. Sometimes I've thought these warm summer days, when I was so heated and exhausted that I would not make another effort to be beautiful; but when I remembered that possibly one of my blossoms might be needed by somebody, then I felt new energy; and when I saw the pretty petals fade, and no one seemed to care for them, then I remembered that the good seed-time was to come, and that I was all the time doing something good and beautiful for the coming time. What if I do

die, this cold winter, I can yet hope that the warm earth will keep my scattered seeds so that they shall live!"

"But, then," murmured the Sunflower, "you know that so many seeds perish. I told you how angry I got at the hungry chickens because they came hunting about—sipping every nook and corner for every shining seed that falls from my ripened crest. I am sure I should take some satisfaction in caring for my own children, but to care for the children of those cackling hens does not please me."

"I know," said the Violet, "that the hen does not seem to be friendly to us; but after all, it must be a pleasure to us to show our love even to those who do not love us, and they will bless us, spite of themselves, if we only do the best we can. Only yesterday I saw a little chick cover up, nicely, one of your finest seeds, as it was scratching away about your roots, and very likely that will become a fine flower next spring. Oh, how beautiful it is to think we can bless the coming time. I often spend hours thinking of the beautiful summer that is to be, and then I wish continually to leave a little beauty for it. Will not this be a happier world because a little Violet has tried to do its very best. Do you not think that people will know more about love and goodness if we try to do loving deeds?"

"Well, I do declare!" said the Sunflower, "your sweet words make me almost willing to die. The thought that perhaps my deeds may live after me and bless others, quite reconciles me to the thought of giving my life hour by hour to the cold, biting wind. You make me think of what that dear old lady said the other day, as she walked through the garden alone: 'I'm growing old; I even think this is my last autumn. Never again shall I see with these eyes the beautiful forests in their gorgeous dress, or the dear, little violets, or the thrifty sunflower; but I do not lament. My life has gone by and I cannot recall it; but how thankful I am for every deed of kindness that I have done. I wish the world was full of the blessing I have shed upon it. I am so glad I gave that poor, hungry beggar my last loaf of bread, years ago, for only last week he came back to thank me, for since then he has become a thrifty farmer. I am so glad that I did not strike little Anna when we were girls, but forgave her when she struck me. I am so glad that I never repeated naughty words that others could learn them. I am so glad that I went to take care of poor, sick Mr. Jones, though he had treated me so unkindly. Oh, I am so

Original Essay.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER TWENTY.

BY C. H. P.

The remarkable manner of ancients in personifying every department of Nature, may be seen in their way of providing for the five days which lay outside of the elect three hundred and sixty days or degrees of the circle. How to intercalate the year and make three hundred and sixty-five days, puzzled the astronomers. "Herodotus also says that they were indebted to the stars for their mode of adjusting the year and its seasons." The five days were known as the five sons of Seb, "Seb, Chronos, or Saturni," says Wilkinson, "was called father of the Gods." Being the same as Abraham, "we have Abraham to our father"—and though "good as dead, there sprang from him as stars of the sky in multitude," with Isaac, Jacob and the Zodiac inclusive.

Our theologies take the Biblical names as of real persons, and in the general begetting, take every change, unfolding, upheaval, or modification, as a genuine Topsy, or the veritable old Dr. Jacob, as when "Canaan begat Shon his first-born," &c.—Sion he a city of Canaan or Phoenicia, on the same wise of the five sons of Seb, and other begettings of the sons and daughters of God. Of Seb, Wilkinson informs us that the "Goose was his emblem"—thus proving that Mother Goose was a venerable mother in Israel from earliest antiquity, and when old Zeph Coon, as worthy a patriarch as Seb, or Abraham, inclined his ear to a parable, and opened his dark saying upon the Banjo, he sang praises to the "wild goose sailing on the ocean"—and should not the children of Israel have the Goose to their Mother, as well as Abraham to their Father?

In the Egyptian wisdom of Mosalcal learning, Amun, or the Amen, was king of the Gods, as Maui was the Mother of all, or the maternal principle, probably the Mot, or Word from which sprang light, the Blazing Star of Freemasonry, Jupiter, bearing the "backsliding heifer," who was not in condition to lead out of Egypt, also adopted the symbolical Ram to go before, with the name of the angel in him to be the Bell-whether of the heavenly flock; hence Jupiter was known as the Ram-headed God. It was with the symbols of this Lord, the Amen, or Ammon, with twisted horns, "contortis cornibus Ammon," that the Jewish clergy blew down the walls of Jericho. Jupiter himself was the "Breath," "Wind," or "Spirit," the Sonnet Nef, the Coptic Nef, and the Greek Pneuma, "Spirit," which Diodorus says was the name of the Egyptian Jupiter. "He was the soul of the world." The Ram, his emblem, stands for *Zai*, (*Bah*) "soul," hence the Asp also received the name of *Zai*. The very general introduction of the Ram's head on the prow of the sacred boats orarks of other Gods, seems to point to the early and universal worship of this God, and to connect him, as his mysterious boat does, with the Spirit that moves upon the waters. He is said to be Agathodemon (good demon), and the Asp being his emblem, confirms this statement of Eusebius—the same Wind, or Spirit, that spoke through the mulberry trees to David, that spoke out of the whirlwind to Job, and who took Elijah and his horsemen into heaven—the same emblematical Lamb of God who was called out of Egypt from the universal Ram that taketh away the sins of the world, while the Asp was as wise as the Serpent, and as harmless as the Dove, the significant damsel of the mysteries—the *Ehe*, or *E-ve* in the various degrees of the laughing Isaac and sporting Rebecca.

The Sun *Re*, or Lord, had "a different name at his rising, at his meridian, and at night." The Egyptians, as they advanced in religious speculation, adopted a Pantheism, according to which, while the belief of one Supreme Being was taught to the initiated, the attributes of the Deity were separated under various heads, as the "Creator," the Divine Wisdom, the Generative, and other principles. The name *Re* is remarkable for its resemblance to *Urim*, or "Light." "Pharah," or Pharaoh, was also a name of the Sun, and under many names the Lord or Sun "shone unto the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."

Sometimes different members of the heavenly hosts were transformed into angels of light by change of position in the heavens, with change of name according to the position, and also with change of sex, and what was masculine with one people, was often feminine with another in the *RE-RE* of the Lord. The Biblical Morning Star, Lucifer, who fell from heaven, was transformed into the Signet Star and Saviour from the Root of David, by the Horoscope John in his vision of the Lord's day; and this, too, after he had rebelled—"For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven—I will exalt my throne above the stars of God—I will also sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the North;" and thus in the whirle of the Word, does really become "a Root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people." So, too, "Venus was often substituted for Isis, called Daughter of the Sun," answering to the West, or the place where the setting sun was received into her arms." When she rose gloriously from the foam of the Eastern Sea in baptismal linen, clean and white, it was rather ungallant in John to label her "the whore of Babylon." It would hence appear that John's mystical glasses, through which he viewed her, had been somewhat smoked.

Horus, "Season," "Hour," and Virgin of Egypt appear pictured with a child in her arms, the ground-plot for the story of Jesus, making the "Season" and the "Hour" when the "wise men from the East" saw his star, and Joseph was warned to flee into Egypt, and to remain there till the "Season" and the "Hour" when he should "arise and go into the land of Israel." "The Lord of Egypt," "the East" and "the West," says Wilkinson, "were local Divinities." So, too, the river Nile. The city, Thebes, was a personated Divinity, as well as other cities. But under all these varieties, like the Cherubim and other mountain patterns in Jewry, the Egyptians "had the Unity worshipped under a particular character." They also had their Trinity, the begetter of the Christian Triad; for "out of Egypt have I called my son;" and the "Sign" and its Father were one, dwelling in the holy Spiritus, Ventus, or breath. The young child, or Horus, was "the defender of his father." In his infancy, a star stood over where the young child was. Akin also to the Egyptian was the Indian Creator, Preserver and Destroyer in its transformations. So, too, "the same original belief in one God," embracing all personated influences, "may be observed in Greek mythology. For in Greece, Zeus was also universal and omnipotent, the one God, containing all within himself; and he was the Monarch, the beginning and end of all"—whose equivalent in the Hebrew mysteries was the "Iam," and in the Egyptian, "I am all that has been, or will be." But the corrupt practices introduced at Alexandria, and more especially at

Canopus, and thence carried to Europe, were no part of the Egyptian religion; they proceeded from the gross views, taken through ignorance, of certain allegorical representations, and were quite opposed, in their sensual and material character, to the simple expression of the hieroglyphical mind of Egypt.

"It is easy to perceive in all the religions of antiquity why so many Divinities resemble each other, why they differ in some points, and how they may be traced to one original, while others, being merely local, have a totally different character. Though they began by subdividing the one Deity, they subsequently labored to show that all the Gods were one; and this last, which was one of the great mysteries of Egypt, was much insisted upon by the philosophers of Greece."

"Again, the Olympian, or heavenly, and the infernal Gods were essentially the same; Pluto was only a character of Jupiter," as Lucifer or the Devil became the Saviour Star of the Rev. elator John. "The same notion led to the belief in a Sol inferus," as when the San Christ descended into the hell of the winter solstice.

"Free-worship, and the respect for holy mountains, were African as well as Egyptian superstitions; and they extended also to Asia," as in the holy land of Jewry, when the "Lord heard all the blasphemies which thou hast spoken against the mountains of Israel." "Whereas the Lord was there, . . . therefore, as I live, saith the Lord God, I will make myself known among them." So, too, in the Mystical Astronomy of the psalmist, the God-city of Mount Zion is wrought as a mountain of vision with the heavenly Jerusalem, whose twelve gates, or signs, open to receive the Lord of day in his chariot of the sun. "His foundation in the holy mountains. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God. Selah! I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me; behold Philistia and Tyre, with Ethiopia; this was born there."

Be careful, O Slinger of Judean mysteries, or, like your brother psalmist, the Greek Eschylus, you may run some risk in being supposed to sing too close to things. "hidden from the foundation of the world." When you "make mention of Rahab and Babylon," you make the Rahab of Joshua with her "scarlet thread" rather close of kin to the scarlet lady of Babylon, and of the physiological mystery that "was born there," including the "wedge of gold and the goodly Babylonian garment" which Achan hid among the stuff. The Lord took Achan by casting lots, and had him stoned for coveting the scarlet cloak of Babylon. Joshua speaks to the sun as Lord when he invokes it to stand "still upon Gibeon, and thou Moon in the Valley Aijalon." And you, O psalmist of Israel, are rather sun-ward when you say, "Make thy face to shine upon thy servant;" and so, too, was Moses, when his "Lord came from Sinai, and rose up from Seir and shined forth from Mount Paran with ten thousands of saints," and in the Key of David these saints or stars are "thousands of angels," and "the chariots of God twenty thousand;" the Lord among them, Sinai in the holy. Sing unto God, sing praises to his name; extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH." Very many of the psalms are a beautiful setting forth of the Chaldean, Philistian, and Egyptian mysteries, as we shall show more at large hereafter. Says Wilkinson, "Besides the evidence of a common origin, from the analogies in the Egyptian, Judean, Greek, and other systems, we perceive that mythology had advanced to a certain point before the early migrations took place from Central Asia. And if, in after times, each introduced local changes, they often borrowed so largely from their neighbors that a strong resemblance was maintained, and hence the religions resembled each other, partly from having a common origin, partly from a direct imitation, and partly from adaptation, which last continued to a late period."

The clergy and Church of Christendom set forth the Hebrew mythology, whose common origin is proved to be with all others, as the "Word of God." We shall see before we get through, that God's word in a mystery should be ballasted by God's word in common sense, to see with equal eye. As it is, we cannot even say in an Orthodox manner, unless we confine ourselves to the time of the children of Israel; the expression "desolate," being *tohu-vo-hu*, as rung out by the Hebrew children when they remembered Egypt, and would to God that they had died by the hand of the Lord in that land, rather than be deprived of its leeks, garlics, and onions of old time, with the sign from heaven in the calf, the "back-sliding heifer" which had lost its first estate in the olden Israel or Zodiac, though Aaron, to please the children, seized the bull by the tail and sought to stay him in the heavens as Joshua did the sun, while "the cow jumped over the moon."

The Egyptian mysteries known to Moses who was learned in their wisdom, or "initiated," were "symbols, which were either directly expressed by imitation or written by tropes, or altogether allegorically by certain enigmas directly expressed by the first initial of the name of the hieroglyphic object—a circle to represent the sun, and a crescent for the moon; in the tropical method they substitute one thing for another which has a certain resemblance to it. It therefore suited to express the praises of their kings in theological myths." Of the third or enigmatic one, example may be given in their representing the planets from their motion by serpents, and the sun by a beetle. Thus it was that the "serpent" scaled the Garden of Eden or the Hesperides, and the beetle, or tumble-bug of our fields, was an emblem of the Lord creating the world by his Word.

"Here, as already shown, is the germ of alphabetic writing, and that a similar picture writing was the origin of the Phoenician and the Hebrew, is proved by the latter having retained the names of the objects after their form could no longer be traced; *aleph*, *beth*, and *gimel*, signifying the "bull," "chief or head," "the horse" and the "camel." The names of these are also traced in the *alpha*, *beta*, *gamma* of the Greeks, who borrowed their letters from the Phoenicians."

Thus, too, we can trace "God's Word" as written in the heavens of the earliest astronomical fancies when Taurus, the Bull, was the Sign of the Lord and one with God, as leader up of the heavenly hosts—the "chief" or "head" in the Zodiacal Jerusalem, before he was transmuted into the "back-sliding heifer," to give place to *Arctis* or the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world, for "now the Lord will feed them as a lamb in a large place," no less than the circuit of the heavens.

Cadmus, who was said to have carried letters into Greece, was a personification of "the East." The division of time into seasons was planetary or astronomical, and to remember the seventh day and keep it holy, was "for the precious fruits by the Sun, and for the precious things put forth by the Moon," the queen of heaven. In the Hebrew Zodiac, Joseph was Taurus; hence "his glory, the firstling of his bullock, and his horns to push the people together to the ends of the earth." Now turn to your celestial map and see old Jo Taurus

pitching in to push the stary people together to the ends of the earth, as per Zodiac in 33d of Deuteronomy.

God's Word by Biblical time is somewhat uncertain. Says Wilkinson, "Any endeavor to make the chronology of Egypt conform to the date of the Exodus, or any other very early event mentioned in the Bible, would also lead to unsatisfactory results, since the Bible chronology is itself uncertain—the different versions of it assigning different dates to the same events. If, therefore, we wish to examine any portion of Egyptian chronology with a desire to ascertain the truth, we must look for facts, rather than depend on what are merely accepted as established opinions; and be satisfied to wait for further information from such monumental records as may furnish us with astronomical data."

The Bible is the more uncertain in its chronology, because we fail to read it in reference to its "astronomical data." From it was drawn, in its various patterns on the Mount, the astronomical for the scientific—the moral and spiritual for the people. Thus the Bible is the record of the spiritual and astronomical mysteries interwoven in mutual correspondence through tropes, parables and allegories, whose words were to be fitted only by the "key of David," or a like key under another name. The high priest spoke in the name of the Lord, and was Lord by position, answering to Jupiter, Jehovah, or the Sun—the blessed and only Potentate, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whether in the sign of the Bull, the Lamb, or the Lion—"whom no man hath seen nor can see until the appearing which in his times he will shew to whom honor and power everlasting. Amen." Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel the Saviour, . . . that fleeth into Egypt, . . . and dwelleth in the thick darkness." Thus the God of night, as well as the Lord of day, "dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto." So, too, the Amen, a title of the Egyptian Jupiter, signifying "the firm," "the stable," "the everlasting," and is the same as Amun, Ammon, or Hammon; hence Jupiter, Anup or Amen, the beginning and everlasting. "This word, with slight differences of orthography, is in all the dialects of the Semitic stock." Hence when the Revelator John takes the horoscope of the young Horus, in the "Season" of the Lamb, he says, "These things, saith the Amen, the faithful and true, witness the beginning of the creation of God."

How incessant has been the claim that only the Bible and the Christian Church have wrought the higher civilizations. How few are the years since the bugbear Trinity of the pulpit was Tom Paine, Voltaire, and the French Revolution—yet so potent and onward has been the Truth in the order of progression, that the Bible and its engineers of a half century since are utterly scouted as to their claims of infallibility. Physical and spiritual philosophers alike behold deep seams upon the earth, and in the heavens, and much that was once "unfathomable" is now cast out upon the dunghill, to be trodden under foot of men, as salt that has lost its savor. Of all the works in this direction, we have seen none to equal "Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe." We have seen nothing to equal it as a digest of all history, from a physical point of view. More almighty than Buckle in the sweep of the heavens, the earth below, and the waters under the earth, Dr. Draper shows what the civilization of the Church has been, as he grinds it to powder between the upper and the nether millstones—the Church as the repressor of light and stereotyper of darkness. Very little is left of the Right Reverend Fathers in God when all their dirt is washed away. Never, since the fabulous flood of Noah, has there been so great a rush of many waters, showing the Church to have been built upon sand, as all its foundations are washed away. 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Private Seance with Chas. H. Foster.

The writer, in company with the Editor of this paper, and one of its publishers, Mr. Crowell, visited the rooms of Mr. Foster, the Test Medium, at 6 Suffolk Place, and was gratified with an exhibition of his peculiar and remarkable mediumship.

Upon being seated at the table, Mr. Foster requested the writer to write upon a slip of paper the names of any spirits with whom he might desire an interview. The names of five persons were, accordingly, written, part in full and part designated by their relationship; the list, concealed from the view of Mr. Foster, was folded into a compact form—the names inside—and handed to him. Immediately upon closing his hand upon the paper, Mr. F. remarked, "I have a vision—of an open field—what does it mean?" "Ah! Littlefield," said he, answering his own question, and perceiving this to be the name of some one who would communicate. Replying, to his look of inquiry, that the name was all right—it was the first one on the list—he proceeded to speak for the person named. When asked the given name, he said, "The middle name is Ann—this is the name she has in the Spirit-Land, and she is known among her companions as Sister Ann." Upon inquiry for her first name, the medium pointed to the alphabet lying upon the table, and from this it was correctly obtained by means of very distinct raps. Being asked if this spirit still continued to be the guardian of the writer, the medium was made to answer, "Ever in the earth-life while you remain, she will be your guardian; she will be the first one to meet you in the Spirit-Land, and will welcome you there."

"Another spirit," resumed Mr. F., "desires to communicate with you—your grandmother S."—just as written in the list before named. And immediately Mr. F., in proper voice and manner, personated a feeble old lady, and addressed some cheerful words to her grandson.

At this point the medium seemed confused; he had heard his own name called, and appeared not to know what to make of it. But presently, extending his hand, he said, "Your friend Foster desires to greet you"—or words to this effect. Some remarks were made as coming from this spirit, to show his recognition of his former friend, when, upon being asked for his full name, the middle one belonging to him was given, and the medium at once said, "I will show you the initials on my arm." He drew up his sleeve, and upon the fore-arm appeared the initials B. F. in blood-red lines. Perceiving that one of the initials was wanting, we moved up the wristband higher on the medium's arm, and underneath where it had rested appeared the other and first initial of the spirit's name. The medium then repeated the whole name, but giving only the initial for the first part.

Upon our explaining that the spirit, when living upon the earth, and in Boston, adopted this address for his correspondents, because there was another person here of the same name—same initials and first given name—and in consequence his letters were sometimes received and opened by the wrong G. B. F.—the medium at once responded, "Yes, the carrel lamp manufacturer"—which was quite correct. After some very encouraging words from the spirit, and a promise to give us much truth from the spirit-world, and to be otherwise of special service to us hereafter, the medium proceeded, as follows:

"You have two sisters in the spirit-land"—to which we replied, "No, only one." "Yes," he said, emphatically, "two—little sister"—giving, at the same time, the familiar name of our little child (as written on our list), who had a short time since passed to the Summer-Land. "Little sister" was the most frequent designation of the child in speaking of her at home. Thus Mr. F. went through the list that had been written, and assured us that the spirits named were present, and gratified to meet their earthly friend.

Mr. Foster observed that he felt a very strong influence upon him during the whole seance—which was most effectually confirmed by the automatic movements of the table at which we sat, which manifested the liveliest activity, tilting about and rising up with irresistible force under the united pressure of our hands, in efforts to restrain it.

After the writer's part of the seance was finished, Mr. Crowell put some interrogatories of a private nature, but in obscure terms, to the medium, and the answers he received appeared to him so significant and satisfactory, he felt entirely assured that the answering intelligence had divined his secret intention, and was quite familiar with the matter of his inquiry.

The Editor then asked if a particular spirit had anything to communicate to him, when the medium at once responded, "You do not need any further communication on the subject than has already been given you to-day through another source." This was very true, as he acknowledged, and there really was no need of simply repeating—except possibly for confirmation through a different channel—what he had reason to believe was all the information or advice he, in a certain particular, had previously received.

We hereupon concluded our visit, to give place to numerous others, waiting in turn for Mr. Foster's services. Our visit was necessarily brief, but from the rapidity of Mr. Foster's mode of dispatching the remarkable business to which he devotes himself, we felt fully persuaded that he cannot be excelled as a test medium, and that the most indurated skeptic would be sure to meet at his hands the most overwhelming demonstrations of spirit-intercourse with men.

Boston, Oct. 12, 1864.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Across the stubble glooms the wind,
High sails the late-crow,
The West with pallid green is lined,
Fog tracks the river's flow.

My heart is cold and sad. I moan,
Yet care not for my woe,
The summer fervors all are gone;
The roses! Let them go!

Old age is coming, frosty, hoar,
The snows of time will fall;
My jubilation, dream-like, no more
Returns for any call.

O lapsing heart! thy feeble strain
Sends up the blood so spare,
That my poor withered autumn brain
Sees autumn everywhere.

—Victoria Magazine.

Appointments.

[See seventh page for list of Lecturers' Appointments and Mediums' Addresses.]

In Charlestown, Chelsea, Taunton, and Lynn, they have the same speakers as on last Sunday. N. Frank White speaks in Malden the next two Sundays; Mrs. N. J. Willis in Lynn, Nov. 6th and 13th.

There is a church in Bridgeport, Ct., whose four deacons are bank presidents. Wealthy church or pious banks.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
ROOM NO. 3, 1ST STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx: it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

Outgrowing One's Clothes.

Much of what is called sickness, in matters of religious opinion and subscription, is really nothing more than the very natural outgrowing of the garments of thought in which the soul has so long been content to clothe itself. We may concede that there is a great deal of mere sickness, proceeding from a restless temper and a dissatisfied heart; but after due allowance is made for that, enough is left of the habit mentioned to establish the fact as a spiritual and undeniable one, that there is indeed a growth to the human soul which forever refuses to be hampered by temporary rules, or restricted within the set limits of merely intellectual formulas. We all need change for our souls. It is as natural a desire as that of cattle for greener and sweeter pastures. The very thought of being forbidden to step over the fence which men of more will than genuine spirituality have set up around us, in a great many cases creates the desire which is especially designed to repress. And the theologians cite this tendency of the soul to rebel against intellectual and willful formularies as proof of its utter and thorough depravity—whereas it is the main proof of the welcome truth that the soul is greater, far greater, than all things else.

Why is it that we find, in the course of our observation among men, that there are, in the Churches, many persons who go to try and get some sort of spiritual profit there for themselves, yet secretly acknowledge, after all, that it is impossible? Why can we put our hands on so many who may be said to have actually become "worn out" in the path they are now walking in? It is plain enough that they require a change; they have fed on the same sort of food so long that it has ceased to furnish any further nourishing power for them. If they continue to go to their old Church after the old way, they seem to get no individual advantage from it. The fountain for them is become dry. The sustenance is scanty and coarse. The discourses—the same which used to thrill and quicken them—no longer yield even a pleasure of the negative sort. They are not satisfied with the same old views which the minister takes of the same old texts. They would not have so much of what is doctrinal in the discourses, but it should be all practical and personal; and when the turn comes round for the latter, they confess to themselves their profound surprise that, after all, it does not seem to "touch their case." The trouble is, of course, they do not realize, as they would like to do some day, that they have fairly outgrown the spiritual clothes that were made for them in other days, when there had been but little growth and expansion, but the soul was merely impenetrable and receptive.

Dr. George Putnam once declared in a very impressive discourse, that he should carry about with him a tyrannical spirit if he expected other men to subscribe to the creed he subscribed to, or if he demanded that a man should always subscribe to the same creed, at any rate. "If your creed is too small for your spiritual being," said he, "then stretch it, and make it larger; if it is too long, so that your spiritual nature does not fill it, then cut it off, and adapt it to your own size and needs." It was well said. To cramp or stretch the human soul, merely that a creed, supporting a Church, may become established, is to pay a fearful price for but a temporary and questionable good. Just here is where people make the fatal mistake of their lives; and they make it, too, without being made aware of it at the time, in consequence of the habits in which it has been their lot to be trained. After long years of dwarfing and half-feeding, they look back at the history of their loss with hearts full of lamentations and wallings.

Robert Collyer, a Chicago preacher, who stands high in the esteem of the late Theodore Parker's congregation, and indeed of liberal-minded men and women everywhere, has remarked in one of his sermons, that those persons who are become tired of going to the Church where they find no spiritual sustenance or refreshment, are considered by the Church itself to be infidel; and yet, infidel as they are called, they seek for nothing in the wide world with so much eagerness as for the fellowship of true souls. They do not themselves exactly know what is the matter; they cannot even confess to their own hearts that their trouble is with the doctrines which are habitually presented to them; and still they sensibly feel the impulse of that wise instinct which warns them of sure spiritual starvation and death if they keep on in that old and worn-out way. Well says he of such souls, that they require varied food to make them stout and strong; that the human soul can no more bear a monotonous uniformity than the body can; and that "as nature varies, presenting us now with this food and now with that, through the variant seasons, so the tree of life bears twelve manner of fruits and yields her fruit every month."

Rebel Loan Abroad.

As soon as Sheridan's first victory over Early was heard of in England, the rebel loan fell six and a half per cent. in the market. When his second and third victories, and his complete clearing out of the Valley are heard of abroad, we should not like to risk a guess how much lower the loan will go. And when the doleful and wholly discouraging speech of Jefferson Davis is received there, what particular figure will the foreign holders of this loan make for its real value? It looks rather squally for all such enterprises as this, certainly.

Gold.

The gold market is by no manner of means a settled institution, although it will not probably go up much above two hundred again. Yet even that probably depends on the military situation. Dealers have been busy marking down their goods, and will do well not to be in too big a hurry about marking them up again. Stocks of all kinds are handled very gingerly, now-a-days, people being afraid of getting their fingers burnt.

Mrs. S. E. Warner's Lectures.

Mrs. Warner closed her engagement in this city on Sunday, Oct. 9th, to good audiences, which were highly pleased with her fine and truly spiritual discourses. Her afternoon lecture was on the fruitful theme of *Life and its Changes*, in the course of which she elaborated on the following topics: Life as we find it in its various manifestations; education and the rights of individuals; of the desires welling up in the human soul to know more of the principles of Nature, or of God and his works; maintaining most eloquently that life was an eternal principle—not cut off at the grave; that the spirit of the Almighty was visible everywhere, in the storm as well as in the sunshine, in the flower as well as in the majestic trees of the forest—in every living thing and human soul. She consoled the hearts of the mourning ones by drawing aside the veil which obscures the dear departed ones from view, and gave a cheering description of their condition in the spirit-world, and of their anxious endeavors to communicate to their friends in mortal, assuring us that they often succeeded in doing so successfully. She spoke of the necessity of spiritual unfoldment in order to enjoy all the blessings God has designed for our use, and how to accomplish this great end. All the manifestations of Nature result from the workings of natural laws; of the aspirations and workings of our interior natures; of the beneficial influence our spirit-friends have the power to exert over us through daily intercourse and communication, she said; and then with touching fervor she pictured our final passage across the river with "the boatman pale," and our welcome reception by waiting friends on the other shore.

Light was her evening theme. Light, that will shine into the soul of every human being, and enable man to solve every problem in the universe; that will give him such freedom of thought that he will dare espouse any religious belief he may choose. It was light that Eve sought when she gave the apple to Adam; it was the same light which was afterwards given forth by the Nazarene; the Bible taught it, as she interpreted it, although there was much darkness there; she then reviewed the dark sayings which are attributed to God in its pages, showing their absurdity, and claimed that God was the spirit of truth and immutable justice, and that everything coming from him must correspond with that principle. Light makes the soul pure and good. To-day she loved the Bible better than any clergyman in the land, for she read it by the light of reason, and therefore could find light and truth in it. We should keep pace with the advance of the age and the demands of the soul. She briefly alluded to the times when all reformers were treated with scoffs and derision, and how heroically they passed through the ordeal, and then urged upon those who possessed the light of the present era the duty of spreading it among the children of this world, of all grades and conditions, North and South, East and West, in the palace and in the gutter. Its onward march must not—indeed it could not—be stayed, any more than the progress of the soul. The light of the new dispensation, claims the right to talk with angels and with God; it has killed and buried the devil, but he has turned up again as a healer of the sick and a friend of suffering humanity, and he whispers words of cheer from the angel-world to sorrowing hearts. She then made an earnest appeal to the believers in the light of our glorious gospel to sustain the lecturers and papers, which are doing all they can to promulgate the great truths from the spirit-world. And may the Father of us all aid you in obtaining this light.

Mrs. Warner is a conscious trance speaker, but is entirely subject to the control of spirit influence while delivering her discourses. She speaks in Willimantic next Sunday.

The Peace Rumors.

Very little came of the story of an interview between Gov. Brown, of Georgia, and Gen. Sherman. It all turns out to be this: that permission was given a certain individual to go and see Gov. B., and talk with him of peace. He went, but nothing came of it. Gov. Brown has evidently been more or less harassed, by the circulation of the story through the South, and has finally come out in a letter, giving all there is to the matter. It appears that Gen. Sherman did signify his willingness to meet with him and talk upon the return of Georgia to the Union and peace, but the latter answered that he had no authority to treat on the matter. He took occasion, however, to repeat what he has said before, that he would prefer that each Southern State should decide the question of peace by its own separate vote.

Grant's Movements.

Although Gen. Grant has really advanced his lines somewhat below Petersburg at Richmond, it cannot yet be claimed that he has achieved what he purposed to do, or that he has not yet before him some of the hardest sort of work. He has nearly reached the Southside railroad, but does not command it. And he has pushed up his line to very nearly the inner defenses of Richmond, but has not yet felt strong enough in his new position to make any general attack in his front. On the contrary, his cavalry under Kautz has been overwhelmed by the rebel force which suddenly sallied out against them, and only recovered their ground, though not their lost guns, by a determined attack of Gen. Birney with powerful reinforcements.

In Missouri.

Gen. Price is again invading the hitherto quiet State of Missouri. He has had hard luck enough at it before, and we would suppose he had fully "satisfied the sentiment" in that particular line. But it seems that he craves just one more good drubbing, which we trust Gen. Rosecrans will give him without a great deal of waiting. The accounts of the guerrilla proceedings in Missouri are enough to make one's flesh creep. They are nothing but lawless bandits and murderers. The rebel commander aims to capture Jefferson City, knowing that if he succeeds in that he will have under his hand at least one-half of the State. There is clearly a fierce struggle to come off there before long, and may God send victory to the side of the right.

Cotton in France.

The Paris *Moniteur* says that the cotton crisis in France, which has been so severely felt by the operative class, has well nigh passed away. The consumption of cotton in France during the first three months of the present year is one-third more than during the same period of 1863, and one-third less than in the same period of 1860; so that the mischief caused by our war is in a fair way of being remedied. Before 1861 no less than sixty per cent. of the whole supply of cotton came from America; the exports from this country are now scarcely two per cent. of the whole; and there seems every probability that ere long the French colonies of Algeria, Guiana, and the West Indies, will probably produce as much cotton as France requires.

Southwestern Matters.

It does not appear to be the purpose of the Government to capture Mobile at present. So that we do not count on receiving any very early news of the fall of the city. We blockade the harbor with our vessels of war, which prevents the going out and coming in of rebel vessels with supplies and cotton for trade.—In Louisiana, the rebels have been driven from the Atchafalaya and Morganza.—The cotton crop of Louisiana is coming out much better than was at one time expected, yet will not amount to half a crop.—It does not please the rebels at all to think that the Mississippi is so strictly guarded by our patrolling gunboats, for they are prevented from crossing at almost every point.—Yellow fever is reported prevalent at Charleston and Savannah, as well as other rebel cities along the coast.

The Fall Elections.

Elections took place last week in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, for State officers and members of Congress. The returns which have come in thus far indicate that the Republicans have carried Ohio by forty or fifty thousand majority, gaining eight or ten Congressmen; and Indiana by about twenty thousand, gaining several members of Congress. In Pennsylvania the vote is pretty close; it is conceded that the Republicans have carried it by a few thousand majority, and gained several members of Congress.

These elections were looked upon by all parties as very important, owing to the influence they would have on the Presidential election which takes place next month.

The Weather.

We have been, for several weeks past enjoying the very finest kind of weather. Nature has fairly got her face washed, and comes out neat and clean again. Now the woods and fields are attraction strong enough for any man. Such delights as lurk everywhere in the atmosphere for the spirit, are not to be found again in many a month. These halcyon weeks just before the coming on of stern winter are all the more attractive from compelling a contrast between their indescribable joys and the bleakness of icy winter. Whoever fails to improve at least one of these sweetest of days out of doors, commits an error for which he will sometime be sorry.

Corroboration of a Spirit Message.

Mrs. Betsey Cade, a highly respectable lady residing in Somerville, writes us that the spirit of Mrs. York, the medium through whom spirits formerly answered sealed letters sent to this office, came to her through Mrs. Rockwood, of this city, and corroborated the statement which she had just before made to us privately through Mrs. Conant, to the effect that she was endeavoring to find a medium to fill her place in answering sealed letters. The spirit came to Mrs. Cade before Mrs. O. knew it had been to us, or could have had an opportunity of knowing, except from the spirit.

Joshua Bates.

This gentleman, a distinguished son of Massachusetts, died at London on the 24th of last month, at the age of seventy-six. He was a member of the eminent banking house of Baring Brothers, of London. It was chiefly by his unsolicited munificence that the City Library of Boston was established, he having presented its projectors with the sum of fifty thousand dollars to start with. He subsequently increased this princely donation by a gift of nearly thirty thousand books. He had resided abroad almost since his boyhood; but his name will be remembered so long as there are minds to call for reading at the Boston Library.

A Beautiful Compliment.

A very novel and beautiful compliment to the venerable American poet, Bryant, has been determined on by the Century Club of New York. On the 3d of November Mr. Bryant will complete his seventieth year, and it is proposed to celebrate the event by a reunion of his brother poets at the rooms of the Century. The Club held its own regular meeting on the 5th, when the poets were invited to meet Mr. Bryant. Invitations to attend this gathering have been sent to Longfellow, Lowell, Dana, Whittier, Holmes, and others, and acceptances have been received from the three first named. Dr. Holmes writes that he will be present if his health permits.

Dr. J. R. Newton.

Dr. Newton informs us that his late passages across the Atlantic and back have had a most singular effect upon his healing powers. He says his power seems to have increased tenfold since he was directed by spirit agency to take up his abode at Rochester, N. Y., where the "glad tidings" first came, for the establishment of the great principle of love and harmony on earth. He feels that that place is the spot from whence he shall be enabled to impart to others the power he himself possesses to heal the sick; and he will gladly do so to all those who are willing to receive it.

"Peculiar."

Epes Sargent's great novel—concerning which there has been more talk and speculation than about any other book issued for years, perhaps—may be had at this office, wholesale and retail. A cotemporary says: "The thrilling and extraordinary facts with which the author has become acquainted have been thrown into a plot and story so startlingly bold, and yet so truthful, so tender, and so gentle, that every reader who begins it must be fascinated with its unflagging interest." Retail price \$1.75.

Electro-Hydric Medical College.

The Annual Winter Session of Medical Lectures in this institution will commence at the College, in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the first Monday in November, and continue with daily lectures, and practical demonstrations, throughout the winter, until all the students are thoroughly instructed, made competent physicians, graduate, and obtain diplomas. J. B. Campbell, M. D., is President of the College, and will give any desired information in regard to it.

The Arcana of Nature.

The volumes bearing the above title are having an extensive sale. The first relates to the history and laws of creation; the second to the philosophy of spiritual existence, and of the spirit-world. For sale at this office.

J. S. Loveland.

This gentleman is to speak in Lyceum Hall in this city on Sunday next. Mr. Loveland is well-known in these parts as one of the ablest thinkers and writers of the day. He is a very pleasant speaker, and his discourses will be full of instruction.

The "Questions and Answers" which we print in this number of the Banner, are upon subjects of much importance, and will be read with interest.

New Publications.

Broken Lights: An Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith; by Frances Power Cobbe, Boston; J. E. Tilton & Co.

We have had Miss Cobbe before, with her calm way of looking at matters of morals and religion, her broad yet searching review of the spiritual world, and her many proofs of a clear intuition, in her anonymous work on *Intuitive Morals*, published anonymously several years since. It was this book that drew to her the notice, and then the warm and steady regard, of Theodore Parker, whose friend and correspondent she afterwards became, and whose works she is now engaged in editing in an uniform English edition. The main purpose of *Broken Lights*, after its statements are all reached and comprehended, is to show in a clear light the exact relation of the two schools of English theology to one another. And so dispassionately and truthfully has she performed her task, few will be likely to refuse her a careful, if not sympathetic hearing. She seeks, furthermore, to bring upon a common ground the disciples of the school of Tradition and of the school of Consciousness, and aims to show wherein each may, and perhaps must, aid the other, and neither can be complete without having the other for its complement. In her opinion, the characteristic of the present day is a double notion which is going on in men's minds, "with a disintegration of all which seemed most solid in the beliefs of antiquity, (scientific and historic no less than theological,) and at the same time a crystallization of certain other ideas, which have hitherto floated undefined in the atmosphere of human thought. It is these very same 'other ideas' to which the world is today giving a candid hearing; and it will thank Miss Cobbe for having done what it has lain in her power thus far to do, in clearing away the field of all that has hindered spiritual sight and hearing so long.

Her volume is very handsomely published by Messrs. Tilton & Co., and should be read by every one whose studies lead him into the investigation of spiritual subjects as connected directly with human affairs. We can commend it in the heartiest terms. It may be had at this office, whither orders may be addressed.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST. Wash. A. Danekin, Baltimore. 1864.

This popular work has already reached its third edition, and the demand has not diminished. Mr. Danekin is a gentleman of prominent position, and a member of the legal profession in Baltimore. Some three or four years since he was induced to commence the investigation of the spiritual phenomena, and it was not long before his comprehensive and intelligent mind discovered, after careful scrutiny, that the phenomena were produced by invisible, intelligent agents—that the spirits of men and women who once dwelt on the earth, could and did commune with mortals. He says this fact appeared to him to be the most important one which had ever been given to man, and he very wisely concluded that if immortality is man's destiny, surely the knowledge of that life which is eternal far transcends in value any mere earthly and, consequently, transitory acquirement; therefore, with his mind fully imbued with these ideas, unpopular as they are with the theological world, he has fearlessly expressed his convictions, and given some of the facts which induced them, in a neat volume of over one hundred and fifty pages. It is unnecessary for us to say that this is a work which can safely be placed in the hands of skeptics, as well as believers, as both parties will no doubt gain some light by a perusal of its contents.

THE SUPPRESSED BOOK ABOUT SLAVERY. Carlton, New York. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

This is a collection made seven years ago but never published until now, of the many alleged barbaric practices that have been tolerated among slaveholders, slave-breeders, and slave-traders, and seem inseparable from the institution itself. We would not allow that it is fair to judge of even the worst system by thus drawing all its sores to a single head, carbuncle-like; but surely that system, if all that is related be true, must be a fearful one which can hide within itself such enormities against human nature as are recorded by the diligent author in this book.

NEARER AND CLEARER: A Novelle; By Cuthbert Bede, B. A. New York: Carlton. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

This humorous novel, which is at best but a group of farcical sketches, with very decided illustrations, will be enjoyed by all who like a good laugh and rather interesting situations. The author of "Verdant Green" could hardly write a dull book if he tried. That rollicking volume sold to the extent of a hundred thousand copies. This one will no doubt be a great success, for it will make people jovial, and therefore happy and healthy.

THE WINTHROPS—A Novel. New York: Carlton. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

A well-written and neatly-planned story is this, with a good deal of variety to the story, and considerable traveling about. The book opens with the birth of the seventh child to the family name—a son—the other six all being girls. We should say this was a pretty good beginning. Our space precludes us from giving an idea of the plot, but we can say that it is neatly arranged, and the characters are developed into something as near reality as possible.

THE TIGER PRINCE; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA. By William Dalton. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers, Publishers.

Thrilling adventures, hazardous enterprises, narrow escapes, dangerous voyages, terrors of the wilderness, wonders of Nature, extraordinary incidents, all the way along, from decorous civilization to the barbarous wilds of the forest, make up the story of "The Tiger Prince." It is a new book, beautifully written and handsomely got up, with illustrations, by its enterprising publishers.

TIT-BITS; OR, HOW TO PREPARE A NICE DISH AT A MODERATE EXPENSE. By Mrs. S. G. Knight. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth. New York: O. S. Felt. 1864.

This is a valuable cook-book, containing many useful recipes not found in cook-books of older date. It combines economy with excellence, which, in the long run, is a great saving to the housekeeper. One lady remarked that a single recipe found in this book had already saved her five dollars. Both for its usefulness and economy every family should have it.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for October is particularly interesting to the members of the Order, as it contains the very able Report of Grand Sir James B. Nicholson, before the U. S. Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, at their late session in this city, together with the Grand Secretary's Report. Its other literary contents are of a high order. Published by John W. Orr, 75 Nassau street, New York.

The Davenport Brothers in England.

By the London Spiritual Magazine for October we learn that the Brothers arrived safely in London, and had made arrangements for private sittings for the present. In it Mr. Coleman gives an account of the first sittings. We quote:

"A sittings was arranged by me, at the request of several friends, and was held in the small drawing-room of the Hanover Square Concert Rooms, in the presence of about twenty City gentlemen. After a full examination was made of the cabinet—a light wooden structure, about six feet wide, and two or three feet deep, supported upon four legs—two of the company, Mr. W. and Mr. J., were chosen to tie the brothers, and all who were present satisfied themselves that this was done in the most complete and satisfactory manner. Their hands were bound behind their backs, and the cords were passed through holes in the seat, and coiled round their ankles, which fastened their legs and feet firmly to the floor. Several musical instruments, with two large bells, and a heavy brass trumpet were placed in the unoccupied space between the youths, who sat opposite to each other, and the three doors of the cabinet were then closed by Mr. W., but before he could shut the centre door, the heavy trumpet was thrown forcibly into the middle of the room."

The doors being securely shut and complete isolation and darkness obtained within the cabinet, the bolt of the centre door being shot, as we could plainly hear, by some power inside—a great commotion appeared to be going on; the instruments, five in number, were being tuned, as if the performers in an orchestra were preparing, and forthwith a merry Scotch air was played in perfect tone and harmony, and this was succeeded by a variety of popular airs, equally well played. As soon as the music ceased, in an instant of time the doors were thrown open from within, and the young men were found quietly seated and fast bound as they had been left. The doors being again closed by Mr. W., a hand was seen by all present to strike him a smart blow on the back, which he acknowledged was sufficiently painful. After this, through a square aperture, covered with a curtain to exclude the light from without, hands of various sizes were protruded—three at one time—and several of the audience were permitted to feel them. They were visible to all eyes, and had the appearance of naturally formed human hands, the fingers playing about in the most active and vigorous manner. Added to this, an active and perfectly formed hand and arm up to the shoulder were seen thrust through the aperture. The doors being again closed, we could hear the invisible busily engaged in untying the youths, and in about three minutes, they both walked out of the cabinet, the ropes being neatly coiled up, and lying on the floor.

The two young men then took their seats again within the cabinet, the doors were closed as before, and on their being thrown open, in a few minutes, the youths were found bound hand and foot, even in a more intricate and secure manner than at first, as admitted by the two gentlemen who tied them. Whilst so bound, one of the company was invited to step into the cabinet, and Mr. B., a well-known member of the Stock Exchange, took his seat between the Davenport, and was shut up with them. In a very short time the doors were pushed open from within, and Mr. B. was seen passively bearing the burden of all the musical instruments, which had been fastened to his person, the violins and bows across and the two bells upon his knees, the guitar between his legs, and the tambourine, like a turban, on his head, whilst the two young men still remained fast bound, with their hands, as previously stated, tied behind their backs. Mr. B. informed us that he distinctly felt the spirit-hands busily employed about him, and in compliance with a mental request, he was gently patted by a hand upon his forehead.

At the close of the séance, the audience formally and unanimously admitted that the manifestations were most extraordinary, and that however effected, they were, in their opinion, free from all suspicion of trickery."

A New Original Story.

We shall shortly publish a beautiful Story, from the facile pen of our talented correspondent, Miss CORA WILBURN. It is entitled, *LELIA TREMAINE; OR, A SOUL'S EXPERIENCE*.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The paper on the "Age of Virtue," by George Stearns, Esq., which we promised this week, is unavoidably crowded out, but we shall give it in our next issue. We shall also give another of the "Whittemore Messages"—one from Henry Whittemore—which have been so well received by our readers.

Thomas Calloun, a near relative of John C. Calloun, has manifested at our circle. His message will be found on our sixth page. He died at the age of seventy, in Montgomery, Ala. He gives a very interesting message.

The story under the head "Children's Department," should be read by adults as well. Mr. W.'s writings possess the power of reaching the heart more thoroughly than the productions of writers more widely known.

For the twentieth Essay on "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism," by our learned correspondent, "C. B. P.," see third page. Also, an article from Judge Carter, of Cincinnati, on "Lying Spirits."

Since August 1st, 1863, fifty blockade runners have either been captured or destroyed off Wilmington. When will the "Bulls" become satisfied that blockade running is a losing game?

A large meteor was seen to fall in Hubbardville, Mass., on the night of the 9th ult. The next morning a mass was found of a gelatinous, light-colored, semi-transparent substance, described to be as large as a hoghead.

Digby is down on Shoddyite tailors. He says they are nothing but common sewers.

Dr. P. B. Randolph and J. S. Rock, Esq., addressed the colored convention at Syracuse, N. Y., last week.

Why are greenbacks more valuable than gold, even at its present price? Because, when you put a greenback in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out again you find it in creases.

The terror of the desert of Sahara is being removed by the application of science. In 1860 five wells had been opened, bringing fishes to the surface from a depth of five hundred feet. Vegetation is springing up around the wells, and the "desert will blossom like the rose."

A boy was once asked by his teacher, what economy meant. He promptly answered, "Paring potatoes thin." The answer was received with a smile, but the definition was right as far as it went. The lad had got a just idea of the matter; his rule only wanted carrying out, and applying to things generally, to be perfect. And some of our boarding-house keepers are carrying it out to perfection just now.

The Army Committee of the Young Men's Christian Commission, of this city, say that warm blankets, shirts, drawers, quilts, vests, brandy, wine, condensed milk, and food, dried apples, etc., are urgently needed. Money may be sent to Joseph Story, Treasurer, 112 Tremont street. The Commission is accomplishing much good. It has sent delegates to the army, to battle-fields, and to hospitals, who seek in every way to aid the suffering soldier who has risked his life to preserve intact the American Union.

Boys, if you would be honored men, take care of your conduct now.

The Banner of Light falls to get the World's Crisis to give the names of those twenty or twenty-five persons who renounced Spiritualism as the result of our discussion with Eld. Grant, at Lynn, Mass., last spring. The Banner must exercise patience. The fact is, it is not half so great a task upon the patience of the Banner as it is upon that of the Crisis. We should call it an exciting trial to our patience, if we had reported twenty converts, and know the report was false, to have the Crisis continually asking for their names. —*Progressive Age*.

The Crisis editor professes to be a truthful follower of "the Lord Jesus Christ," yet he fails to substantiate the truth of the assertion above referred to, made by him last spring. If he is an honest follower of "the meek and lowly Jesus," he will retract his wholesale assertion, or prove it true by giving us the names of "some twenty Spiritualists" that "renounced." The latter he is probably aware he cannot do, however, hence his studied silence upon the subject.

"Pa, has Mr. Jones's eyes got feet?" "Why, my boy?" "Because I heard mother say that at a party the other evening Mr. Jones's eyes followed her all over the room."

In all this world there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed, or getting a sun-ray into a gloomy heart.

The swells of the ocean soon subside. There are a great many "swells" upon the land that subside about as soon.

Bootblack urchins on our streets are rapidly becoming candidates for the State Prison.

SEA-SICKNESS.—It won't do to go to sea, unless one gets on his sea-legs pretty soon after hoisting anchor. The Austrian seamen on one of their vessels of war, in coming round through Biscay and the English Channel to get into the Baltic Sea, were entirely prostrated by sea-sickness out in the bay, and out of a large crew, three-fourths were so sick as to leave the fragment entirely unable to work the ship. In consequence, the vessel, which was propelled by steam, became almost unmanageable, and the damage accruing was so great as to compel the ship to put into Lisbon for repairs. And this was a line-of-battle-ship, belonging to Austria. A frigate fared the same way. This must be jolly news to John Bull who has a stomach lined so powerfully as to make a horse laugh, if he could see what is being done.

"The Boston Leader" is the title of a new Sunday paper just started in Boston; J. Henry Symonds & Co., publishers. It is devoted to news, literature, and general instruction.

Overwarm friendships, like hot potatoes, are quickly dropped.

Professor Brownson, the "learned Catholic," has been giving the Church some pretty hard hits in his Review of late, which has provoked the keenest censure from the Catholic press. It is a family quarrel.

The Ohio, says a newspaper correspondent, is a sickly stream. Yes, replies the Louisville Democrat, it is confined to its bed. Pretty good.

LOST LOVE.

The sun that rises o'er the main,
Shall rise another morn;
The moon's pale light shall e'er again
The evening's brow adorn;
E'en stars though lost in day, shall yet
Illumine the heavenly plain;
But love, when once its light is set,
Shall never rise again.

Old Cranky says, if any man thinks rebellion a nice thing, let him get married.

SAYINGS OF JASPER CLAYTON. [For the Banner.]—Musiel! What is music? God is music. And He sounded the bugle notes of immortality upon the Isles of the spirit-land, centuries upon centuries before the first angel ever floated on the unsounded ocean of ether.

Teach man that the highest and the noblest occupation in which he can be engaged is that which supplies the necessities of some fellow-being, and teaching the beauty of his own structure and of the universe. Then he can turn and look God square in the face.

To serve God we must serve the highest wants of man, and marry him to Miss Good-deed at the sacred altar of Truth.

A sweet little infant was found one night last week in a vacant lot in New York. It was dressed in finely embroidered clothes, and had several golden ornaments on its person. On its breast was pinned a piece of paper, on which was written, in a delicate female hand, "Farewell, innocent cause of all my sorrows!" On the ornaments the initials G. de V. were engraved.

Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, an eloquent orator of Kentucky, died in Woodford County, Ky., Sept. 22d, aged 64.

The dress-coat, with vest and neck-tie, is an innovation successfully accomplished by fashionables of the crinoline persuasion.

Give us the morning that flows out of heaven; Give us the waves when their channel is given; Give us the free air and sunshine are given; Lavishly, utterly, joyfully given.

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
Give us He gave thee who gave thee to live.

Good manners are a part of good morals, and it is as much your duty as your interest to practice both.

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.—A pupil of the Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"—"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."
"What is hope?"—"Hope is the blossom of happiness."

"What is the difference between hope and desire?"—"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree with fruit."

"What is eternity?"—"A day without yesterday or to-morrow, a line that has no end."

"What is time?"—"A line that has two ends—a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb."

"What is God?"—"The necessary being, the sum of eternity, the mechanist of nature, the eye of justice, the watchmaker of the universe, the soul of the world."

An Indian skeleton of immense size was recently discovered three feet under ground, near Fall River, in Hadley, Massachusetts. The bones were so far decomposed that most of them crumbled upon being exposed to the air. Some of the doctors think that the Indian was not less than seven feet high and one hundred years old when he died.

Nobody giving any attention to old Diogenes while discoursing of virtue and philosophy, he fell to singing a funny song, and multitudes crowded to hear him. "Ye gods!" he said, "how much more is folly admired than wisdom!" Poor human nature!

I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I clasped her beautiful form; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm. She set her beautiful eyes on me—the tears began to flow; and with her little lips she said, "Confound you, let me go."

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

M. R. B. ST. CLOUD, Miss.—We return thanks, friend, for your active exertions in securing patronage to the Banner of Light in your section.

L. K. C. ST. CHARLES, Ill.—\$10.00 received.

T. P. N. PONTIAC, Mich.—The Lecture on Death and the Spirit-World we have placed on file for publication.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont st., (opposite head of School street,) every Sunday, (commencing Oct. 22) at 7 1/2 P. M. All interested, *in cunctis*. Lectures engaged—J. S. Loveland, Oct. 23 and 30; Cora L. V. Hatch during November.

Providence.—Meetings will meet every Thursday evening, at the corner of Broad and Providence streets. Admission free. The Spiritualist's Freedom will hereafter hold their meetings at Grand Temple, 654 Washington street. There will be a Sabbath School every Sunday, at 10 A. M. All interested are invited to attend. C. L. Venable, Superintendent.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at the usual hours. The public are invited. Speaker engaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend during October.

CHELSEA.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Cranston, Chelsea, Mass. The following speakers have been engaged—Mrs. E. A. Riles during October; Miss Lizzie Moten, Nov. 20 and 27; N. Frank White, Dec. 18 and 25.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Services in the forenoon at 10 A. M. and in the afternoon at 2 1/2 P. M. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. Macomber Wood, Nov. 6 and 13; N. Frank White, Nov. 20 and 27; J. S. Loveland, Dec. 18 and 25.

MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in City Hall regularly at 7 1/2 P. M. Speakers engaged—Charles A. Hayden during October; N. Frank White, Nov. 6 and 13; J. S. Loveland, Nov. 20 and 27; N. Frank White, Dec. 18 and 25.

LYNN.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leeson Street Church, every Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Speakers engaged—N. S. Greenleaf, Oct. 23; Miss Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 6 and 13; J. S. Loveland, Dec. 18 and 25; W. K. Ripley, Jan. 15 and 22; Chas. A. Hayden, April 2 and 9; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, May 6 and 13.

NEW YORK.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church, every Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Speakers engaged—N. S. Greenleaf, Oct. 23; Miss Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 6 and 13; J. S. Loveland, Dec. 18 and 25; W. K. Ripley, Jan. 15 and 22; Chas. A. Hayden, April 2 and 9; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, May 6 and 13.

Worcester, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. Macomber Wood, Nov. 6 and 13; N. Frank White, Nov. 20 and 27; J. S. Loveland, Dec. 18 and 25.

Providence, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Webster street, Sunday, afternoon at 3 and evening at 7 1/2 P. M. Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon, at 10 A. M.

Old Town, Me.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Milford and Upper Stillwater hold regular meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in the Universal Church.

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IMPORTANT TO REFORMERS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

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Being a Compilation, Original and Selected, of Hymns, Songs, and Spiritual Ballads, designed to meet the progressive wants of the age in Church, Grove, Hall, Lyceum and School.

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In the "Reasons for publishing this Hymn Book," the author says: "In traveling

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit who gave it, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

The Circle Room.

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Friday, Sept. 21.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Patrick Herron, to his brother, John, to his sister, Elizabeth Dumas, of Princeton, N. J., to her brother, Stephen, at the South; Tom Harris, of Louisville, Ky., to his friends, in that place.

Thursday, Sept. 22.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Mary Donaldson, of Weldon, Tenn., to her husband; William Rodney Aulley, of Baltimore, Md., to his wife; Ben White, to Mr. Crowell; Patrick McGinnis, to his brother James, or cousin Philip Murray.

Wednesday, Sept. 23.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Theo. Gregory, to friends; Charles Hayes, of South Carolina, to his father; Robert Somers, (Scottishman) to Thomas Pennington, (Quaker) of Pennsylvania; John Howarth, of Great Britain, to friends, near Boston, Mass.

Tuesday, Oct. 4.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Albert Collins, to his grandmother; Samuel Ashby, to his wife, Ross, of Fairfax, Va., to his friends; Jack Bowditch, to a gentleman in this city; Dora Lee, of Castleton, Penn., to her mother.

Invocation.

God of the seasons, the days, and the hours; Mighty Spirit, who movest upon the dry land and the great waters, whose voice we hear on the mountains, whose presence we feel in the solemn stillness of the valleys, who liveth even in Death and moveth even where no motion is visible—to thee we pray with deepest reverence, with that adoration that the soul is capable only of expressing. We kneel in the midst of thy universal power—asking to lose our weakness in thy strength; asking to lose our darkness in thy light; asking to lose our ignorance in thy wisdom. Even as thy things here, glory and beauty over the retreating form of night, so would we bear thy mantle of greatness and brightness. And as all Nature communes with thee in its own proper language, so do we, Great Spirit of soul, hold communion with thee—not alone this hour, but on all hours, on all occasions we would talk with thee and walk with thee and know thee forever. We have searched the universe for the key of this Wisdom. A realm of Wisdom. We have not found it, nor have our feet e'en pressed the vestibule of Wisdom's grand temple. Yet we are not faint, we are not weary; we do not despond, for we remember that thou art Infinite, while we are finite; thou art the mighty whole, of which we are but parts and portions; thou art the great body of all life, while we are but members of that body. So, Oh, Great Spirit of the Universe, in the midst of the tempest, in the midst of peace, in the midst of all conditions of life the soul will ever rise triumphant toward thee, assuming its divine right to worship thee under all conditions, under all circumstances, whether in the flesh, or enfranchised from the flesh, it matters not. The soul has a right to talk with thee, to praise thee. The soul has a right to know thee forever. Oh, Spirit of the waters, and the dry land, the solitude and the noisy life, we do not ask thee to receive our thanks, for like great rushing waves they are flowing up the steep of Time. They reach thee. They flow round thee, and enter thy being, and make us one with thee. Sept. 22.

Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—We are now ready to give our opinion concerning any subject you may offer.

Q.—W. M. Richmond, of Port Hope, C. W., writes: "I have to-day (Sept. 20th), read a communication from the Spirit of Lucy E. Rayner, found in your paper, dated December 16th, 1863. She says her father is in the spirit-world, in New Hampshire, but claims not to know which shop he works in. Now do you maintain that the spirits inhabiting the other world are ignorant of the whereabouts, actions and proceedings of those who were their friends or relatives in this world?"

A.—They certainly do not claim to be possessed of all wisdom concerning matters pertaining to the material world, any more than they claim to be possessed of the wisdom of the spheres. It should be remembered that the spirit in passing out of the body and becoming exempt from the conditions of time, loses to a very great extent its knowledge concerning the things of time; and it is only by great exertion that it is able to take cognizance of the things of your mundane world. Oh, how little you know concerning the law governing disembodied spirits, and concerning those who are disembodied spirits.

Q.—A lady present said, "Will any question I ask be answered?"

S.—We shall certainly make you some kind of an answer.

Q.—Can you tell me where my child is?

A.—Yes, with you; according to human measurement, not two feet from you as a disembodied spirit.

Q.—A gentleman remarked, "I know a person who is a conscious medium, who knows everything that he does. Yet he is not satisfied with himself. Is there any way by which I can get an explanation of this fact, or learn why it is so?"

A.—Conscious mediumship is the highest form of mediumship we know of; and yet those who are blessed with this gift are rarely ever satisfied with it, inasmuch as there is a constant conflict between consciousness, their own ideas, their own wisdom and the ideas, wisdom and consciousness of the spirit who may wish to control them. Those who are controlled unconsciously have little to do with the warfare between the spirit disembodied and themselves, so far as the external is concerned. They are rarely ever conscious of the conflict raging between their own spirit and the spirit who may wish to take possession of their body. They love peace, and therefore are better satisfied with the condition of unconscious mediumship, than they would be with that higher, the conscious.

Q.—I read in the last "Banner," the message of a little girl nine years old, in which she complained of being tired and sick. The idea was new to me that spirits ever get tired and sick. Will you explain how it is?

A.—There are, doubtless, many ideas that might be given to mortality, that would astonish you and many others. Now with regard to the case you speak of, we would say, the feeling is simply attributable to law governing at the time of the death of the child and reaching out into the present. For example: the child on coming here and taking on again mortality, immediately reverts to the past; thinks what it suffered, lives again in that past, fully realizing all the sorrows of the past. This is done by virtue of law; but we cannot read that law, for it is eternal—it encompasses all the past, the present, and that which is to come. We see the manifestations of this law. We know what they are. We realize it fully, but we cannot trace it to its source any more than we could trace life to its source.

Q.—The lady who had before interrogated the spirit, said, "that child I spoke of is not dead, but was stolen from me."

A.—Are you sure you have none in the spirit-land? Have you no child? We are not so sure of that as you are.

Q.—She was living last summer. I have a mother dead.

A.—Are you sure the child is living in the body?

Q.—No, I'm not.

A.—It is our opinion it is not. Sept. 22.

George Pearce.

Well, strange things have turned up with me since a week ago. I was one living, one week ago? Ha! I expect I was, less than a week ago, too.

I don't know what to say to the folks. I'm kind of puzzled. They don't know I'm dead. Well, I don't seem to be myself, but still, according to the record, I am.

This is new business to me. I don't understand it, but I was bound to come. Did you know anything about Spiritualism before you died? Not a thing—heard of it; did not know anything. Well,

it can't be helped, can it? I can't go back again. [Not very well.] No, I can't go back.

I'm from Springfield, Massachusetts. I last hailed from the Shenandoah Valley, Gen. Grover's Corps, 41st Massachusetts.

Well, George Pearce is dead, anyway. I've been trying to make myself believe it was not so; but it is no use, I'm dead, sure. I lived here twenty-nine years, and went out in double-quick time.

Well, tell the folks I must come back and talk to them; can't keep still, no how; can't rest there on the other side. I must say something—do something. If I can't shoulder a musket, I must work in some way, for I can't be inactive.

Well, how goes the fight? Who's got Winchester? [We don't know.] I know; our boys have got it, if anybody has. [We guess they have.] Ah, I feel sure of it. Wish I was back again, for about ten days, then I'd be ready to die. [What would you do in ten days?] Oh, I'd see little more of it. [Then you liked it?] First rate, first rate! Oh, yes. [Going to war? Was not much of a hardship, then?] No, not after you got used to it. Oh, I know there's a good deal of grumbling. But I didn't mind it. I was well enough.

Well, I'm green, now, Major; can't talk much. I'm green at the business. [You'd better find a medium and go home and talk.] That's what I'm going to do. I'd like to borrow a good one, and go down there and fight it out. [You wouldn't like to get killed over again, would you?] I wouldn't mind it. I was shot. Oh, I didn't suffer anything. Oh, no; it's a pretty good way to go; better than all your fits of sickness. Sept. 22.

Prince. (A Slave.)

I would like to send a few thoughts to Mrs. General Bragg, and to the General himself. I was a slave of General Bragg; been owned by him about seven years; was on his plantation at Chalmette, Louisiana. After the General went West he gave me charge of his plantation, with rigid instructions to care for his negroes and look out for his interests. After he was gone I went to Mrs. Bragg; I told her the General had left me in charge, but I had a higher General's commands, and his name was General Liberty; and I thought I should oblige him.

She says, "Prince, what do you mean?" "Why, marm, I think of going away from here—of taking my liberty." "You don't mean to plunder and set fire to things here, do you?" "Oh, no, marm, I don't intend to do any such thing," I said. "I am going away." "Where are you going?" "To the Union Army." "What are you going to do there?" "Fight for the freedom of my race."

She told me a long story about the ill-treatment imposed upon colored people by Northerners, and what I should expect; but I could have told her more than she ever dreamed of. I had not lived thirty-eight years and learned nothing, although books and such like were kept from me as much as could be.

I would like very much a chance to talk to the General and his wife. I would like, also, to find and talk with my wife and my children, who are somewhere in Georgia. They are owned by a man calling himself John S. Simpson, one of the hardest masters that a slave ever knew.

I told Mrs. Bragg I should enter the Union Army, and fight for the freedom of my people; and if I was killed, maybe, if the talk of some folks was true, I'd come back after death and talk to her. She asked where I got all my learning. I said I picked it up; I picked it up from white folks, though. I am here to-day, sir, chiefly for the purpose of informing General Bragg that I took the course I did because I thought it was my duty, just the same as he took the course he did because he thought it was his duty. He's in the West fighting for slavery. He left me, a slave, to look after slaves, and I saw fit to fight for liberty. It was my right. He didn't give it to me; God did.

If there's any way that Gen. Bragg can come and talk with me before he gets sent on the other side, I should be very glad to talk with him, for I may be able to give him some light. He needs it bad enough. Be kind enough, sir, to say that your letter is from Prince, to General and Mrs. Bragg. Send, if you can, to Thibodaux. General Bragg's plantation, Louisiana. Sept. 22.

Joe Frazier.

Tell my folks I died four days ago in Macon. I've been there ever since March. I was wounded, sick, and got better; got sick again, and died. I'm from the 72d New York Company; Joe Frazier; and I'd like to have my letter go to George W. Frazier. [Would you like to have us send it?] I should like to have you. He's a teamster, sir, in New York. Send to the General Post Office and he'll get it. Tell George I should like to have him take good care of mother, and give me a chance to talk this way—I'd like it. No pay, sir; ain't got it. [We don't ask anything.] Sept. 22.

George L. Allen.

George L. Allen, sir, of the Andrew Sharpshooters, 15th Massachusetts. [Well, George, how long have you been on the other side?] Since about the 19th of June. [Is this your first appearance, sir, and it's a novel one to me.] I'd like to see the folks got me a good medium—a gentleman I'd prefer—so I can talk and tell them about this beautiful country, and something about affairs I left here. Our lieutenant showed me the way. [What was his name?] Gilbreth. [He's been here.] He says he has. When I found how hard it was to come here, I thought I wouldn't come. "Oh, go through," he says; "there's no backing out of the thing now." Then I met quite a number of the boys in the spirit-world, who said they'd been here. [You don't quite like the uniform, do you?] It's very good, only you know some of us are a little bashful, and don't like to appear in public in ladies' clothes. Sam said he didn't care—didn't trouble him any. And there's our first lieutenant, who seems to know more about this thing than all the rest; he says he likes it. [Who is he?] His name is Beecher. Is he here, too? Yes, and Ex-captain Saunders, too. He don't object to it. But then we are all different, you know. I'm little more bashful than the rest. Good-day. [Where did you belong?] South Boston, sir. I was a machinist by trade. [Do you remember who employed you?] Yes; the last place was—wait, I'll catch it in a minute. I know what it is, sir, but I can't get it. Adams. Good-bye to you. Sept. 22.

Alice Lucas.

Say that Alice Lucas, of Janesville, Kentucky, comes here as her mother wished her to, and wants her to give her a pass to go home. Was eight years old, never here two months lacking two days. I had a fever and throat; had two brothers and a sister. [Don't talk so fast, my dear; you'll get tired.] I was afraid I should forget what my mother said I was to tell when I come here.

I don't—don't want to stay any more. My father is coming soon as he can. [You were from Janesville, Kentucky?] Yes; that is not here? [No; this is Boston.] Sept. 22.

Bessie Anderson.

Say that Bessie Anderson, in company with her father, William L. Anderson, sends words of good cheer to her mother, who is residing temporarily in New York City. Four years ago—between four and five—we left Great Britain; that was my home. My father being here and sick, we were summoned to attend him. He died and we were left alone in this country. There were reasons why we should not return to Great Britain, so my mother and myself lived in New York. Sickness came, and I was taken. My mother is left alone on the earth. But soon she too, crosses the waters of Death, and then we shall be united and happy.

