

# BANNER LIGHT.



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## HORTENSE, THE CLAIRVOYANT;

### OR, THE COUNTESS AND THE ARTIST.

BY ZSCHOKKE.

#### XIV. THE AMULET.

The Count and Carlo were anxiously awaiting that moment, that they might get rid of me, and also that the marriage might take place. Hortense was likewise impatiently awaiting it, that she might have the pleasure of enjoying perfect health, and at the same time to quiet the suspicions of her father. I was not less anxious than any of them, for, only at a distance from Hortense, among strangers, and by change of scene and occupation, could I hope ever to regain my peace of mind. I felt very unhappy.

The Countess one day, during her clairvoyance, announced, not unexpectedly, the near approach of her perfect recovery.

"In the warm baths of Battaglia," said she, "she will entirely lose the gift of clairvoyance. Take her there. She will be restored to health. Let her bath every morning, as soon as she awakes. After the tenth bath, Emanuel, she will part with thee; and never see thee again, if such be thy wish. But leave her a remembrance; without it she cannot recover. Thou hast for a long time worn next thy heart a dried rose, between glass, in a gold frame; cover it with silk, and as long as she wears it, as thou hast done, her convulsions will not return. Give it her in the seventh hour after her thirteenth bath, neither earlier nor later. Wear it thyself until then. Her recovery will then be complete."

She repeated this request frequently, and with singular anxiety, particularly that I should remark the time at which I should present to her my only treasure, of which she never could have heard.

"Do you really wear anything of the kind?" inquired the Count, delighted at the prospect of his daughter's speedy recovery.

Upon my answering in the affirmative, he asked further, whether it was of much value to me.

I told him it was dearer to me than anything I possessed on earth, and that I would rather die than permit it to be wrested from me. Still, to complete the recovery of the Countess, I would sacrifice that also.

"Probably a keepsake from some loved one?" said he, smiling and inquiringly, apparently wishing to find out whether I had ever been in love.

"It comes from one, who is all the world to me."

The Count, affected by my magnanimity, and pleased that I had made up my mind to make the sacrifice which was necessary to the continuation of his daughter's health, forgot for the moment his previous resentment, and embraced me, which had not happened for a long time.

"You make me your debtor for life!" he cried.

As soon as Hortense awoke, he hastened to inform her what she had required of me, at the same time relating his conversation with me concerning the amulet, how much I valued it as a keepsake from one, whom I loved above all others. He laid peculiar emphasis on the last few words, in case Hortense—for he still had his suspicions—really entertained an affection for me; he thought to annihilate it, by the discovery that I loved another.

Hortense heard it all with such unconcern, and was so truly delighted at the prospect of her recovery, that the Count saw he had wronged his daughter by his unjust suspicions. In the joy of his heart he came to me at once, to tell me of his conversation with Hortense, and then hurried to the Prince to inform him of all that had passed.

From that time the Count and the Prince treated me with greater cordiality and kindness. They were no longer so fearful of leaving Hortense alone, and treated me with attention and indulgence, as a benefactor to whom each was indebted for the happiness of his life.

Preparations for the journey to Battaglia were immediately made, and on a fine summer morning we left Venice. The Prince went on before to have everything in order for the reception of his adored bride.

We traveled across the pleasant plains of Padua to the Euganean Mountains, at the foot of which lies the small city of Battaglia, with its healing waters. On the road, the Countess often preferred walking, and I was her companion at such times. Her cordiality was not less pleasing to me than her delicate sense and just appreciation of the beautiful in nature; and of everything that is noble in mankind.

She often said: "I could be very happy, if I could pass my days in some pleasant part of Italy, in the simple occupations of domestic life. The amusements of city life leave the heart void—it is more a banishment of the senses than true pleasure which we experience. How blessed I should feel, could I but live a simple life, away from all the follies of the palace—were I but rich enough to add to the

happiness of those around me, and could find my source of happiness in my own actions. But one must not wish to have everything one's own way."

More than once in the presence of her father, she spoke of the obligation she was under to me, for saving her life.

"If I only knew what I could do for you in return!" she exclaimed. "I have been puzzling my brains for a long time, to find out in what way I could contribute to your happiness. One thing you must allow, that my father places you in independent circumstances. But that is the least. I must do something myself for my own satisfaction."

Several times when we were walking together, she spoke of my decision to leave her father and herself as soon as she recovered.

"We shall be sorry to lose you," she said; "we shall feel your loss as that of a faithful friend and benefactor. But I will not persuade you to remain with us. Your heart calls you elsewhere!" she added with a rueful smile, at being initiated into my secrets. "Well, if you are but happy, we can desire nothing further, and I doubt not that love will make you happy; but do not quite forget us, and let us hear from you sometimes."

What I felt upon such occasions I am unable to express, whether should I like to repeat my usual answers. They were full of cold politeness, for honor forbade me betraying the secret of my heart. Still there were moments in which my feelings overpowered me, and I said more than I intended to say; at such times Hortense would look at me, with an innocent surprise, as though quite at a loss to comprehend my meaning. I was convinced that Hortense esteemed me highly, and wished to see me happy and contented, without entertaining the slightest secret preference for me. Only out of pure kindness, and to give me pleasure, had she chosen me as her partner at the ball. She confessed to me that she had expected me to ask her. Oh, what foolish hopes had I not indulged in since that evening! hopes to a certain extent; for had Hortense really felt more than kindness for me, of what benefit would it be to me? Her unhappiness would but have increased my own. A secret flame was consuming me, while with her all was peace and serenity. While I could scarcely refrain from sinking at her feet, and confessing my adoration, she calmly sauntered by my side, without the slightest presentiment of my feelings, and endeavored to rally me out of my gravity.

#### XV.

##### THE DISCONTENTMENT.

The Prince managed to have apartments prepared for our reception in the castle of the Marchioness von Este. This castle was situated upon a hill, not far from the town, and commanded a fine and extensive view of the surrounding country. Its immediate neighborhood was well supplied with agreeable shady walks. The baths, however, were in the city, therefore a house had been secured there, expressly for the use of the Countess, where she could pass her mornings after bathing. After she had commenced bathing in the Battaglia, she was seldom entranced, and only for a short time, during which she spoke little, did not always answer the questions addressed to her, and frequently appeared to be enjoying a perfectly natural sleep. After the seventh bath, she was entranced and spoke; she desired that she should not occupy that house, after the tenth bath. After having taken her tenth bath, she was entranced once again, but said nothing more than—"Emanuel, I see thee for the last time!" These were the last words she ever spoke in the trance state. Afterwards, she slept a few times somewhat unnaturally sound, but spoke not a word.

The day upon which she was to take her thirteenth bath at length arrived. Hitherto, everything that she had ordered in her clairvoyant state, had been punctually attended to; her last request only remained to be fulfilled. Count von Hornegg and the Prince came to me early in the morning to remind me that I should soon have to part with my amulet. I had to show it to them. They did not leave me for a moment the whole morning, as though, now that the so long looked for goal was nearly reached, they suddenly became distrustful, and feared that I might change my mind, and refuse to part with my little treasure, or that it might accidentally get lost. No sooner were we informed that the Countess was taking her bath, than we began to count the minutes. After bathing, she rested a few hours, and we then accompanied her to the castle. She was unusually cheerful, almost mischievous. She knew that in the seventh hour after bathing, she had to receive my little gift, and to wear it as long as she lived; she was as pleased as a child at the idea of it, and

joked me playfully about my faithlessness towards my chosen one, by parting with her gift to another. It struck two o'clock. The seventh hour had arrived. We were in a cheerful arbor in the garden; the Count, the Prince, the Countess and her lady's maids were present.

"Now," said the Count, "let us delay no longer; the moment has arrived which is to be the last of Hortense's suffering, and the first of my happiness."

I drew the treasured medallion from my breast, where I had worn it so long, loosened the gold chain from my neck, pressed the glass to my lips, and not without a feeling of sadness, handed it to the Countess.

Hortense took it, when, her glance falling upon the dried rose, her countenance became diffused with a deep blush. She bowed gently, as if to thank me, but a confusion was visible in her countenance, which she strove to conceal; she stammered out a few words, then suddenly retired with her women.

The Count and Prince were all gratitude towards me. They had made arrangements for a small entertainment at the castle in the evening, to which a few families from among the nobility of Este and Novigo had been invited. Meanwhile we waited long and in vain for the reappearance of Hortense. Upon inquiring, we heard that she had no sooner put on the amulet, than a drowsiness overcame her, and she was now sleeping soundly and sweetly. Two, three, and four hours passed. The invited guests began to arrive, but Hortense did not awake. The Count, in great uneasiness, went to her himself, but found her sleeping so soundly and peacefully that he would not disturb her.

The entertainment passed without the presence of Hortense. She still slept, when they separated after midnight.

The next morning she was still in the same sound sleep. The Count became extremely anxious, and I not less so. Physicians were called in; they however all agreed that the Countess's sleep was a healthy and refreshing one; her complexion, as well as her pulse, showed perfect health. Noon, and evening arrived; Hortense did not awake. The repeated assurances of the physicians were necessary to calm our anxiety. Night came and passed. The next morning, at a late hour, shouts of rejoicing were heard throughout the castle, as Hortense's women announced her to be awake and well. Every one hastened to congratulate her upon her recovery.

#### XVI.

##### FRESH ENCHANTMENT.

Why should I not confess it? During this general rejoicing, I alone was sad—ah! more than sad. The engagement which I had formerly entered into with Count von Hornegg was now fulfilled. I could depart when I wished. I had often enough expressed my desire and determination to do so; therefore no one expected me to do otherwise. But—even to breathe the same atmosphere with Hortense appeared to me a most enviable lot, and one glance of her eye sufficient to nourish the vital spark.

To live apart from her, was to me a condemnation to death. When I thought of her approaching nuptials with the Prince, the fickleness of the weak-minded Count, or of my own honor, then came pride to my assistance, and bidding defiance to fate, I resolved to keep to my resolution, and fly home as quickly as possible. I plainly saw how endless would be my unhappiness, but preferred bidding adieu to joy for my whole life, to losing all respect for myself.

I found Hortense in the garden of the castle; a slight tremor seized my frame on approaching to congratulate her. She was standing thoughtfully at a flower-bed.

"Ah! how you startled me," she said, smiling and confusedly, while the color became heightened.

"I wish, also, dear Countess, to express my joy and to offer my congratulations."

More I could not say, for my voice trembled, my thoughts became confused, I could not endure her look, which seemed to wish to penetrate into the very depths of my heart. Her eyes were fixed upon me in silence. After a long pause, she said:—

"You speak of joy, Faust; are you really glad?"

"Most heartily, to know that you are released from the sickness with which you have so long been troubled. Now I shall be able in a few days to depart from here, and in other scenes live for myself, if it be possible; since, henceforth I have no one else to live for. My promise is fulfilled."

"Is it then really your intention to leave us, Faust? I hope not. How can you say that you have no one to live for? Are we not bound to you by all the ties of gratitude? Why will you not remain with us?"

I laid my hand on my heart, and looked on the ground—speak I could not.

"You will remain with us, Faust, will you not?"

"I dare not."

"Not if I beg of you to do so, Faust?"

"For heaven's sake, dear Countess, do not beg of me, do not ask me. I can only be content when I—no, I must hence."

"You cannot be content with us? Still have no business, no other duties to call you from us?"

"Duty to myself."

"Then go, Faust; I was mistaken in you; I did think that we were not quite indifferent to you."

"My dear Countess, if you but knew the pain your words cause me, you would in mercy spare me."

"Then I will be silent, Faust. Go, but you will be doing very wrong."

She turned and walked away from me. I ventured to follow her, and beg of her not to be angry with

me. Tears were falling from her eyes. I earnestly entreated her not to be angry with me.

"Command me," said I; "I will obey; if you order me to remain, my peace of mind, my happiness, my life itself, shall gladly be sacrificed to your command."

"Go, Faust; I will not persuade you against your own inclination."

"Oh! Countess, do not drive me to despair."

"When do you intend to depart, Faust?"

"To-morrow—to-day."

"No, no!" said she, in a low tone, and coming nearer to me. "I do not value my health, which is your gift, if you—Faust! remain; if only for a few days."

She said this in such a tender, supplicating tone, and looked up into my face with her tearful eyes, so that I lost all control over my own will.

"I will remain."

"And willingly?"

"With delight."

"Good! Now I wish to be alone for a moment. You have really grieved me. Do not leave the garden; I only wish to recover myself."

With these words she left me, and was soon lost to sight among the blooming orange trees. I remained for a long time on the same spot, like one in a dream. The Countess had never before addressed such language to me. It was not a language of mere politeness. Could it be possible that she entertained any affection for me? Her request that I should remain, her tears—and, that certain something, which cannot be described, in her manner, in every movement, in her voice—was a language without words, but which told much more than words could express. I understood nothing, yet knew everything. I doubted, and was yet fully convinced. I wandered about in the garden, when perceiving the Countess's attendants, I joined them, and scarcely had I done so, when Hortense cheerfully and happily came to meet us. Her delicate figure, her flowing white drapery, and the dazzling sun shining full upon her, made her appear like one of the angels in Raphael's dream. She had a bouquet in her hand, of roses, carnations, and violet colored vanilla blossoms.

"I have been gathering a few flowers for you," she said to me; "do not disdain them. I give them to you with very different feelings to what I did the rose during my sickness. I ought not to remind you, my dear doctor, of having so tormented you with my childish whims; but I remind myself of it very dutifully, so that I may make up for it in every way in my power; and oh, dear! how much, how very much, I have to make up for! Give me your arm, and Miss Cecelia the other." That was the name of one of her companions.

As we were walking around, talking and joking, her father, the Count, and the Prince, joined us. Never was Hortense more amiable than on this first day of her return to health. She spoke to her father with respectful tenderness, to her companions with cordiality, to the Prince with politeness and kindness, and to me never otherwise than with gratitude. Not that she thanked me in words, but in the manner in which she spoke to me. Whenever she addressed me, there was something indescribably heartfelt in her very word and tone; and in her glance and expression of countenance something sisterly, kind and solicitous for my happiness. This was the same in the presence of the Count and Prince, as in their absence; and carried out with a firmness which as much as said, it should not, and dare not, be otherwise.

A few delightful days passed. Hortense's behavior towards me did not alter; and I, by this intimacy with her, regained a peace of mind to which I had been a stranger ever since I had been acquainted with her. She was so natural, so true, which made me also more natural, more true; she was sisterly, I brotherly. She did not attempt to conceal that she felt the greatest friendship for me—nor did I conceal my regard for her, although I was careful not to betray the depth of my feelings. Still, oh, who could resist so much fascination!—it was betrayed. The guests of Battaglia usually assembled of a fine morning before a large coffee house, where they partake of refreshments in the open air. They draw up their chairs, forming half circles, and the conversation becomes general, every one does as he pleases; one will be playing the mandolin, another the guitar, and others singing, as is the custom in Italy. Others amuse themselves by playing and singing inside of the house, which is brilliantly illuminated. One evening, the Prince having left us earlier than usual, the Countess took it in her head to join this assembly. I had already retired to my room, and sat in deep thought, holding my bouquet firmly with both hands. The light was burning dimly, and the door was but half closed. Hortense and Cecelia, in passing, saw me thus; they contemplated me for some time, then entered silently—but I did not hear them until they stood before me, and declared that I must accompany them to town. They were amused at my confusion. Hortense knew the flowers; she took the bouquet from the table, where I had thrown it, and faded as it was, fastened it in front of her dress.

We went down to Battaglia and mingled with the company. Cecelia happening to meet with some acquaintances, got separated from us, which neither Hortense nor I regretted. Leaning on my arm, she wandered up and down amid the cheerful throng, until she was fatigued, when we seated ourselves upon a bench under an elm tree, at a short distance from the house. The moon shone between the branches upon Hortense's beautiful face, and upon the faded flowers at her bosom.

"Do you intend again to rob me of what you have given me?" said I, pointing to the flowers. She looked at me long, and very earnestly, then said:—

"It always seems to me as if I could neither give you anything, nor take anything away from you. Does it not sometimes appear so to you?"

This answer, and succeeding question, so quietly and innocently uttered, confused me—I was silent. I dared not to understand her true meaning. She repeated the question.

"Most assuredly," said I. "I am sorry to say it does, when I think of the gulf between you and me; of the difference in station, which separates us; then indeed it does appear so. Besides, who can give to the gods what has always belonged to them."

She looked at me in astonishment.

"What are you saying about gods, Faust? One can give nothing and take nothing from one's self."

"To one's self?" repeated I, tremulously. "Then you are aware that you have converted me into your own property?"

"I do not know myself, how it is!" she answered, casting down her eyes.

"But I, dearest Countess, I do know. The spell which has so long influenced us both has not departed, but merely taken another direction. I formerly, when you were clairvoyant, controlled your will; now, you control mine. I live only for you. I can do nothing, and am nothing, without you. Forgive me for making this confession, which is wrong in the eyes of the world, but not in those of God. Can I conceal my feelings from you? If it be a crime that my whole soul is fettered to your own, the crime is not mine."

She turned away her face and raised her hand, as a sign that I should be silent. I had, at the same moment, raised my own to conceal my eyes, in which tears were gathering. The raised hands fell into each other. We were silent. I had confessed my passion; but Hortense had pardoned—my boldness.

Cecelia now disturbed us, and we started for home; not a word was exchanged on the way, but, before we parted, the Countess said, sadly and in a low tone:—

"I have recovered through you, that I might become more sick than ever."

#### XVII.

##### PETRARCH'S RESIDENCE.

We met on the following day with timidity. I scarcely ventured to address her, or she to answer me. Our eyes met frequently, and earnestly. She seemed anxious to read my heart, and I tried to read in her eyes, whether upon reflection she condemned my yesterday's audacity. Several days passed without us ever being alone. Hortense's manner was more thoughtful, as though her heart were not engaged in what was passing around her. Meanwhile I attributed too much of her altered manner to the critical moment under the elm tree; for I afterwards learned that Prince Carlo had formally solicited her hand, which had caused a coolness and unpleasantness between the Countess, and the Prince and her father. In order not to offend them, and to gain time, she had requested time for consideration, and to so uncertain a period and upon such hard terms, that Carlo almost despaired of his wish ever being gratified. "Not that I dislike the Prince," she said, "but I wish for a while to enjoy my freedom. I will, of my own accord, once give my answer, yes or no,—but if the proposition be made me again, I shall certainly and decisively refuse it; and should do so, even if I really loved the Prince."

The Count knew by experience the unyielding disposition of his daughter; still he hoped for the best, as she had not given a direct refusal to the Prince's solicitations. Carlo, however, was rather discouraged. This declaration, he thought would condemn him to become an eternal lover, and that without any decided hope to encourage him. Still he had sufficient self-love to believe that by faithful perseverance he should at length gain Hortense's heart. Her intimacy with me sometimes appeared unpleasant to him—still he did not seem to fear it; being free and unconstrained, he thought there was little danger in it. He had accustomed himself to think of me as the intimate friend and adviser of both the Count and his daughter; and as the Count had discovered to him the secret of my plebeian birth, he had the least suspicion that I could become a rival. He even made a confidant of me, told me the story of his proposal to Hortense, and the answer he had received. He entreated me, out of friendship for him, to find whether Hortense entertained any affection for him, if it were ever so slight. I had to promise to do so.

I asked me every day whether I had made any discovery, and I had always the same excuse—that I had not seen the Countess alone. Probably to afford me an opportunity of doing so, he proposed a little excursion to Arquata, three miles from Battaglia, where visitors often repaired to see the tomb and residence of Petrarch. Hortense particularly admired this most spiritual of all Italian poets, and had long desired to visit the scenes where he had courted the muses.

When the moment arrived that we should start, the Prince not only sent a trifling excuse for his own absence, but also contrived to prevent the Count from accompanying us. They however promised to join us at Arquata without fail. Beatrice and Cecelia, the Countess's two companions, rode in the carriage with her, and I accompanied them on horseback.

I conducted the ladies to the village church-yard, where a simple gravestone covers the ashes of the immortal poet. The inscription is in Latin, which I translated to them. Hortense stood long in deep thought before the stone. She sighed:



"Still all is not dead," said she; "the spirit still lives!" and I felt that she instinctively sang close to my arm.

"Were everything to become extinct," said I, "would it not be cruel in God to endow us with life? and would not love be the greatest curse of life?"

We left the churchyard, in melancholy mood. A friendly old man led us to an eminence not far distant, on which Petrarch's house stood, in a small garden. It commanded a cheerful view of the surrounding plains. In the house we were shown Petrarch's household furniture, which had been carefully and reverentially preserved—the table at which he sat and wrote, the arm-chair in which he had rested, and even his kitchen utensils, were there.

Such remnants of those who have long been called away, always make a melancholy impression upon the mind—the interim of centuries is as nothing; the long past appears present. It seemed to me as if the poet had only just stepped out, and would soon open the little brown door of his room and greet us.

Hortense found a neat volume of Petrarch's sonnets on a side-table. She sat down, and, resting her beautiful head upon her hand, read attentively.

Beatrice and Cecilia went to prepare some refreshments for the Countess. I stood silently at the window. Petrarch's love and hopelessness was my own fate; a second Laura sat there, not made heavenly by the reflected light of the muses, but by her own.

Hortense raised her handkerchief to her eyes; perceiving that she wept, I approached gently. She rose suddenly, smiled at me through her tears, and said:

"Poor Petrarch—poor loving heart! But every thing passes away—everything. Centuries have gone by since he ceased to complain. It is said that in the latter part of his life he succeeded in mastering his feelings. Is it right to master one's feelings? Is it not a self-destruction?"

"If necessity requires it," said I.

"Can necessity control the human heart?"

"But," I answered, "Laura was the wife of Hugo von Sade. Her heart dared not beat for Petrarch. His fate was to love alone—alone to die. But he had the gift of poetry; the muses consoled him. He was unhappy—like myself."

"Like you, Faust?" she said, in a scarcely audible tone.

"I have not the heavenly gift of poetry, therefore my heart, which seeks in vain for consolation, must break. Countess, dear Countess, dare I, ought I, to say more than I have done? I will remain worthy of your esteem, and only by manly courage can I do so. Grant me but one request—one single, modest request."

Hortense cast down her eyes, and did not answer. "One request, dear Countess, for my own peace."

"What do you wish me to do?" she said, without looking up.

"Can I rely upon your granting it?"

She looked at me very earnestly, and said, with great dignity, "Faust, I know not what you desire of me; but be it what it may—yes. Faust, I owe my life to you—I will grant your request. Speak."

"I seized her hand, and pressed it to my burning lips. I lost all power of speech. Hortense stood with downcast eyes, apparently lost in her own reflections."

At length, when able to speak, I said, "I must leave you; let me go. I dare not remain longer. Let me pass my days in some lonely spot, far away from you. I must leave you. I must leave you."

House. Carlo has asked your hand."

"It will never be his," she replied, firmly.

"Let me fly—even your kindness but augments my misery."

Hortense had a hard conflict with her own feelings.

"You will be committing a great wrong, but I dare no longer hinder you," she cried, and burst into tears.

She staggered, and sank into my arms; for a few moments she sobbed violently on my breast, then, recovering herself, endeavored to withdraw from my embrace; but I, forgetting the cold laws of respect, pressed her to my heart and sighed, "But this moment of bliss, and then farewell!"

She resisted no longer, but looked up into my face with as sweet an expression and irradiated a countenance as I was wont to see during her clairvoyance.

"Will you not forget me in my absence?" I asked.

"Can I?" she murmured, caressing down her eyes.

"Farewell, Hortense!" I murmured.

"Emanuel! Emanuel!"

My lips touched hers. My kiss was tenderly returned. Long and passionately was our embrace.

I left Petrarch's dwelling, and wandered down the hill, by her side, like one in a dream. At the foot of the hill were two men-servants, waiting to conduct us to a small arbor of wild laurels, where a table was spread with refreshments. At the same moment the Prince's carriage drove up, and the Count and Prince alighted from it.

Hortense was very serious, and her answers short. I saw that it caused her an effort to converse with the Prince. Towards myself her kind and cordial manner remained unaltered.

We entered Petrarch's dwelling once more, as the Count wished to see it. When we went into the room which the confession of our hearts had consecrated, Hortense again sat down, in the same chair, at the table, and took the book in her hand, in the same position as before, until we were about leaving, when she rose, and placing her hand on her heart, she gave me a penetrating glance, and hastened from the room.

The Prince had remarked it. The color of his morose countenance deepened into a dark red, and he walked out with folded arms and bent head. All pleasure had disappeared from our party. Every one seemed anxious to reach home as quickly as possible. I did not doubt that Carlo's jealousy had guessed our secret, but I feared his vengeance less on my own account than that of the Countess. Therefore, as soon as we arrived at home, I commenced making preparations for my departure on the following morning.

I informed Count von Hornegg of my unalterable determination, handed him all the papers, and entreated him not to say a word to the Countess until after my departure.

## XVIII.

### SAD REPARATION.

I had arranged with the Count long before, that whenever I left them, the faithful old Sebald, who was anxious to see his fatherland once more, should accompany me. Sebald jumped and danced around the room for joy, when he heard from me that the time for our departure had arrived. Our whole equipment consisted of a horse and carpet-bag each. It was my intention to leave the castle silently be-

hind the break of day. No one knew it but the Count and Sebald. I intended leaving a few lines to Hortense, expressive of my unalterable love, and bidding her farewell forever.

The Count seemed surprised, but not exactly displeased at my sudden determination. He embraced me most affectionately, thanked me for my services, and promised to come to my room in the course of an hour, to hand me a few useful papers, which would secure to me a future free from care, and which, as he expressed it, was but a payment on account of his great debt of gratitude to me, the whole of which could never be liquidated. I did not intend to refuse a moderate sum, to pay my traveling expenses, and enable me to reach Germany, for I was in fact almost without money; but I was too proud to accept of anything more than that.

As soon as I returned to my room, I packed up, and Sebald repaired to the stable, to have the horses in readiness, so that we could start at any moment. I wrote meanwhile to Hortense; what I suffered while doing so, I will not attempt to describe. My very life seemed torn asunder, my future a hopeless blank. Death is far sweeter than to outlive all hope.

I had several times torn up what I had written, and was at last interrupted in a way which I had least expected. Trembling, and out of breath, Sebald rushed into my room, hastily seized my carpet-bag, and cried out, "Mr. Faust, a misfortune has happened; they are going to drag you to prison; they are going to murder you; let us fly before it is too late."

I inquired in vain the cause of his fright. I could only learn from him that the Count was enraged, the Prince frantic, and every one in the house up in arms against me. I answered coolly, that I had no cause to fear, much less to make my escape, like a culprit.

"Sir," said Sebald, "we never shall get away from this unlucky family without some misfortune. I said so long ago. Do let us fly. My door was opened, and two of the Count's servants entered, and requested me to come to his lordship immediately."

Sebald winked, and signed to me with his eyes to try to escape. I could not help smiling at his fear, and followed the men, but ordered Sebald to saddle the horses, for I no longer doubted that something extraordinary had happened, particularly as the Prince was engaged in it, and had probably, out of jealousy, got up some disturbance to annoy me.

Matters stood thus. I had scarcely left the Count's room, when Carlo entered impetuously, and declared to the Count that I had dishonored his house, by a secret intrigue with the Countess. Hortense's companion, Beatrice, whom the Prince had won, either by his presents, or flattery, after leaving Petrarch's dwelling with Cecilia, and waiting for some time for Hortense and myself to appear, had become impatient, and returning to seek us, had arrived at the moment of our mutual embrace. She was of course modest enough not to disturb us, but, at the same time, mischief-making enough to inform the Prince of the circumstance, as soon as we returned to the castle. The Count, who could have believed anything, rather than that a common plebeian, an artist, could have won the love of a Countess von Hornegg, treated the matter as a phantom of jealousy. The Prince, however, in his own justification, was obliged to betray the traitress, and Beatrice, although very unwillingly, had to acknowledge to the Count what she had seen.

The Count of the old Count knew no bounds, but the accusation was so prodigious, that he could not credit it, without first examining his daughter. Hortense appeared. The sight of the pale face, disfigured by anger, and fear, excited her terror.

"What is the matter here?" she cried, in amazement.

With great earnestness the Count replied:—

"We wish to hear that from you."

He then took her hand, and with a forced calmness and kindness, said: "Hortense, you are accused of having stained the honor of our name, by—well, it must be spoken, —by a love affair with the artist, with Faust. Deny it, Hortense; say it is not so. Give back to thy father his honor and peace; thou canst do so. Silence the tongue of malice,—refute this outrageous charge which is made against thee, of having been seen in Faust's arms to-day. Here stands the Prince, thy future husband; give him thy hand, and convince him that what has been said of thee and Faust is altogether false; Faust's presence shall no longer disturb our peace; this night he leaves us forever."

The Count continued talking; for from Hortense blushing and becoming pale alternately, he could no longer doubt the truth of the story, and he now seemed to be trying to place the matter in a more advantageous light, in order to reconcile the Prince. He was prepared for anything, rather than the declaration which Hortense made, when he ceased speaking.

Her feelings were irritated in the highest degree by Beatrice's perfidy, her father's reproaches, and the news of my sudden departure; she turned first to Beatrice, and with the dignity and firmness peculiar to herself: "Unhappy girl!" she said, "I am not going to justify my conduct before you. My servant must not be my accuser. Leave this room and this castle. Never enter my presence again."

Beatrice threw herself weeping at her feet; in vain. She had to obey, and retire. Thereupon the Countess turned to her father, and requested that he would send for me. The Count hastened from the room, and sent for me; the Countess had also retired for a moment, and re-entered the room, almost at the same instant as myself.

"My dear Faust," she said, her cheeks burning with an unnatural color, "you and I stand here accused, or condemned."

She then related what had already passed, and continued: "I am expected to exculpate myself. It is not necessary that I should do so to any one but to God, the judge of hearts. I have therefore here only to declare the truth, because my father requires it, and also to declare my unalterable determination, because circumstances require that I should do so, and because I am born to be unhappy. Faust, I should be unworthy of your esteem, were I not able to rise above every misfortune."

She then advanced to the Prince, and said: "I respect, but can never love you. My hand will never become yours; do not entertain the slightest hope, or expect that my father will ever be able to alter my determination. After what has passed, I must request you in future to avoid us. Life is valueless to me, and should my father attempt to force me into a marriage with you against my will, the only consequence would be, that he would have to see the lifeless form of his daughter laid in the earth. I have nothing further to say to you. But to you, my dear father, I must confess that I love — Faust, who stands before you. I cannot help doing so."

You would be opposed to our union, because he is beneath us in station. He shall leave us. My earthly connection with him is ended, but my heart will remain all his own. You, my dear father, cannot alter it; any attempt to do so will be at the cost of my life. I tell you this beforehand, for I am prepared to meet death, which will put an end to my misfortunes."

She was silent. The Count and Prince both attempted to speak, but she signed to them to be silent. Then coming to me, she drew a ring from her finger, and presenting it to me, said: "My friend, I part with you, perhaps forever. Keep this ring in remembrance of me; this gold; and these diamonds will become dust sooner than my love and fidelity will cease. Forget me not."

She threw her arms around my neck, imprinted a kiss on my lips, became deathly pale, and cold, and, with closed eyes, sank lifeless on the floor. The Count uttered a shrill cry, the Prince called for help, and I bore her loving form to a couch. Women came to her assistance; physicians were sent for. I, in a state of unconsciousness, was on my knees before the couch, and holding the cold hand of Hortense to my lips. The Count forced me from my position. He was like a madman.

"You are her murderer," he exclaimed, "hence, wretch! and never let me see you again!"

He thrust me from the room, and at a sign from him, the two servants who had fetched me from my own apartment, seized me, and dragged me down the castle steps.

Sebald was standing outside the stables; no sooner did he perceive me, than hastening to me, he assisted me to the stable, where the saddled horses stood in readiness. Here my strength was exhausted, I fell senseless to the earth, and as Sebald afterwards informed me, lay in that state about a quarter of an hour. I had scarcely recovered my senses, when he lifted me upon one of the horses, and we started off at a trot: I rode like one in sleep, and was several times in danger of falling off. My senses and strength however gradually returned, and with them the recollection of all that had passed. I was in despair. I wanted to return to the castle, to know the fate of Hortense. We had scarcely ridden a mile and a half. Sebald entreated me by all the saints to relinquish my mad project; but in vain. I turned my horse, and immediately perceived several horsemen in full gallop, coming towards us.

"Accursed murderer!" cried one of the party; it was Carlo's voice. At the same time several shots were fired at me; and while I was seizing my pistols, my horse fell dead under me. I jumped off it. Carlo rode up to me, sword in hand, and at the moment he was about to pierce me, I shot him through the body. As he sank, his companions caught him, and made a hasty retreat. Sebald followed, sending a few more balls after them; then returned, took the carpet-bag off the dead horse, and placed it on his own, which we both mounted, and started off on a quick trot. This murderous affair had happened in the neighborhood of a small forest, which we soon reached; the sun had already gone down; we rode on all through the night, without knowing whither. On arriving at break of day at a village inn, we alighted, that our horse might rest, but found that its back was so sore from the saddle, that we had to give up all hope of making further use of it. We sold it for a trifling sum, and proceeded on foot, through a narrow path, carrying his own carpet-bag.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

## THE RED PETTICOAT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Oh, the red, the flaunting petticoat,  
That recalls the eye of day,  
That loves to flare and be admired,  
And blinks from far away;  
It may delight the roving sight,  
And charm the fancy free;  
But if its wearer's half as bold,  
With her red, her flaunting petticoat,  
She's not the girl for me!

But the white, the modest petticoat,  
As pure as drifted snow,  
That shuns the gaze in crowded ways,  
Where follies come and go—  
It stays the prurient on its path,  
Or darts on the sea;  
And if the wearer's like the garb,  
How beautiful is she!

With her white, her modest petticoat,  
Oh, she's the girl for me!

But red or white, it matters not,  
If she be good and fair,  
Herself shall sanctify the garb,  
It pleases her to wear.

The red shall show her warmth of heart,  
And spirit frank and free—  
The blue her truth, the pink her love,  
The white her purity.

If these her colors—these her charms—  
Oh, she's the girl for me!

## THE SOUL.

What makes the soul so valuable? It is immortality. When endless years have run on, the soul will exist; amazing thought! Will it never tire? Will the ethereal pulsation of sublimated existence never grow heavy? Will the wheel never be broken at the cistern? Never! The soul will endure as long as the throne of God! As Heaven's walls shall gather no mosses from age, neither will the soul become decrepit; and in all the multitudes of Heaven not one shall be seen standing on his staff for very old age! What! like angels, never grow old! To be always the same through countless centuries, as when first created! But cannot she annihilate herself! Oh, no, the soul's literal suicide cannot be performed! No Judas Iscariot can find a tree; or jutting wall, which, in Gehenna's savor or burning fields may offer him suspension between life and death. The soul must live on.—Reverend Dr. Andrews.

There is no more perilous ordeal through which man can pass—no greater curse which can be imposed on him as he is at present constituted—than that of being condemned to walk his life long in the sunlight of unshaded prosperity. His eyes ache with that too untempered brilliance—he is apt to be smitten with a mortal coup de soleil. But it is little follows that no sunshine is good for us. He who made us, and who tutors us, alone knows what is the exact measure of light and shade, sun and cloud, storm and calm, frost and heat, which will best tend to mature those flowers which are the object of his celestial husbandry; and which, when transplanted into the paradise of God, are to bloom there forever in amaranthine loveliness. Nor can it be with out presumption that we can essay to interfere with these processes; our highest wisdom is to fall in with them.—Edinburgh Review.

## ISIDORA.

BY CORA WILSON.

The voices of wind and wave spoke intelligibly to the heart of the young Isidora, and from the brilliant fate and gay assembly, they lured her footsteps to the rocky coast or wildwood shade; drawing from her responsive heart the fervent prayer, and the rapt thanksgiving, in answer to the angel's call.

Speak as they may of destiny, of the unalterable decrees of fate enchainings the resisting soul, and triumphing over the indignant struggles of virtue's self—there is the inner God-given consciousness of right; the still, small, approving, or rebuking voice; that resonant judgment in the silent recesses of the soul, though circumstances combine to crush, and foes from without and within strive to stifle the as-spiring effort for the good and true that beams afar. Though the voices of the world be false summoners, and falsehood often borrows the sunlit robes of truth, there are other messengers, divinely inspired and heaven commissioned, to lead the souls of earth aloft. The myriad intonations of the universal melody issuing from the great central heart of truth and love; the voices of sea and air, the molian breathings of flowery messages, the overwhelming tide of inspiration laving the beauty-islands that slumbered 'neath a haze of dreams; the strange, far-off tones of strangely mingling music; the echoes of celestial harps with the song of bending flower and rustling leaf; to the solitude of the young Isidora, they spoke of the worlds afar and near; they came to the crowded banquet and the festal hall, and she felt their coming, and hailed them with a fervent joy.

Around the fair child thronged the unseen shapes of ideal and exalted beauty. Brows enriched with the starry diadem of worth and goodness, flashed athwart her partially unsealed vision; the breezes that dallied with her loosened tresses swept the garments of many a guardian angel; and on her cherished flowers and favorite bird, rested the loveliest glimpses of the dwellers of the angel worlds. There was one spirit robed with exceeding glory, and beautiful with affection's power, that sang the sweetest, loftiest, tenderest strains unto that maiden's ear. It was her angel mother, who, with a mother's lavish bounty, scattered around the earth wanderer's path the holy gems of thought, the flowers of feeling, the sunrises of celestial truth. To the daughter's dreaming, wondering heart, she brought the lingering echoes of her heavenly lute's refrains, and attuned the listening soul to the consecrated song of joy, the adoring praises of the seraph's choir, until from festal hall and courtly throng the happy dreamer turned to the sylvan solitude, filled with a deep home-yearning, for "the bright, the far, the un-attained."

From the ever rolling waves, from wind-stirred tree and waving grass and flower, from the streamlet's whisper and the wild bird's song, she learnt the beauty and the use of prayer. From her communings with Nature, she returned with richly freighted soul, with lyre attuned to angel harmonies, with unsealed vision, and bounding, exultant step. The balmy morning greeted her with love-messages from on high; the still, fervid noon, with glimpses of transcendent glory, with opening vistas into the far beyond. Through a rosy veil her illumined eyes beheld the bowers and crystal streams, the jeweled song-birds and ideal forms of the land of the soul's desire. The sunset with its lingering gold and fast encircling shadows brought a tender melancholy, and the charm of poetic reverie, to her silent mood; and the tears that rained upon the upturned flowers were the tributary offerings of affection to memory and filial gratitude. The midnight stars often beheld the watching, prayerful maiden, at her case-ment; they saw the angel hopes and aspirations that nestled to her heart; the heavenly resolves, the womanly determination, the sacred vows of purity and truth fanned by those youthful lips, inspired by the saving presence of the unseen spirit hosts.

But while Heaven encircled with its guardians, and holy Nature instructed her seeking child, the world spread its many snares for those unwary feet; and in conspicuous places displayed its pleasure signals, unrolled its magical banners, and built its fairy palaces within her sight. And worldly ambition, painted with glittering wand, and loudly promised the laurel wreath of fame, the diadem of power, the sceptered might of intellect and beauty. And Isidora listened awhile, spell-bound by the siren's utterance, bewildered by her glowing promises; and she followed the dazzling path, that everywhere was studded with the offerings of popular homage; she trod upon the glittering wreaths and festal garments that the disenchanted had cast aside, upon broken harps and unstrung lutes; upon unfinished paintings and mutilated forms of marble, on which the light of inspiration lingered not. And Isidora paused and pondered, and the inner consciousness responded to the spirit voices at the gates: "They have bartered health, and peace and happiness, not for lofty art, for the beckonings of a mighty thought; but for the vain, mean, petty ambition, that seeks man's applause; the ever changing moods of that fiftful phantom—popular opinion." The lofty soul of the child of Nature recoiled from the fruitless task, and fixing her unveiled gaze upon the siren's form, she beheld the artificial trappings disappear, that had robed her gaunt and wasted figure as with regal insignia, placing a hollow crown upon her head, a powerless, gilded sceptre, innervated with false gems into her trembling hand. Divested of the mocking pomp, the skeleton shape and wildly wandering eyes excited her distrust and pity; she retraced her steps to the sea-bound coast and the wild-wood shade, and never again sought the falsely alluring paths that lead o'er broken hopes and fruitless effort, to the realization of worldly fame.

Next came a spirit, fair and young, and eloquent of speech, with suppliant eye and humble posture, bearing a golden cup filled to the brim with sweet and aromatic wine. The guardian angels sang a warning strain; but the stranger's aspect was so beautiful—the cup he held glittered in the sun, as if a mass of rubies lay there dissolving—that Isidora stretched forth her hand and took the proffered cup of Flattery.

The small, still voices of her soul uttered their rebuking protest, but the temptation was immediate and strong. She drank of the intoxicating draught, and a smile of malicious triumph played around the mocking lips—"gleamed from the tempter's eyes."

But the quickly unrolled gaze of the maiden caught the gleaming expression of triumphant joy—the very sweetness of that subtle liquid became repulsive. Responding to the voices of her rebuking conscience, with a prayer for strength, with a supreme and

holy effort she cast aside the glittering cup, and fled from the tempter's sight. The angels sang a hymn of victory to the heart of Isidora, that night.

One day there came with sudden and bewildering glory, a stranger to her sea-bound home, and in enraptured strain, with many vows of eternal constancy, bound her pure soul unto his own. And Isidora deemed the earth transformed into a celestial realm of ever budding hope and joy; and though spirit voices murmured distrust of the stranger's darkly-gleaming brow, and swiftly changing face, she silenced the unbidden monitors, and fled not from the mocking dream. As months passed on, the shadows of disappointment and weariness settled upon the stranger's brow, and a vexed, perturbed expression dwelt upon the beautiful face, and discordant tones of anger and reproach fell from the lips once attuned to song and poetry. When Isidora found that in a neighboring city he had transferred the glowing love once so enthusiastically proffered to her only, to a wealthier though not fairer bride she bade the false visitor farewell forever; and with a heavy, weary heart returned to her aged father, to her innocent flowers, to her pet lamb and favorite bird.

As years sped on, and the old man grew bent and feeble, Isidora realized the beauty of dependence upon affection; the glory of age with all its feebleness and drawbacks, as the youthful spirit nigh unto the eternal gates basks in the sun-rays of the promised land; utters prophecies of love, revelations of truth and grandeur to the listening, yet lingering spirits of the young. The young, the gay, the beautiful, the gifted and the happy, should envy you, venerable watchers! as ye stand before us, stepping over the rosy and golden threshold of eternity! The untired, confiding maiden, changed to the experienced, sorrow-guided woman; and spirits whispered peace and promise, and strengthened that inner consciousness that ever battled for the right, and loudly uttered its protest when wrong and worldliness strove for mastery within the soul. Isidora knew in after years that her soul had harbored a false guest, who had betrayed the sacred trust of maiden confidence; as far in the deep azure she beheld the gleaming wings of purest white, that were the emblematic signals of true love's heavenward course; and occasional soul-fraught glimpses from his eyes of holiest blue, inspired her heart with the blissful assurance of ultimate and eternal meeting. From the false, earthly image, she turned to the heavenly guide, and her heart found peace and rest. Henceforth, the fawning voice of adulation fell unheeded upon her ear, the mere beauty of form and feature attracted not her eye. Wedded in spirit to the true Ideal, earth could not give its counterpart; its temptations lost their power, its pleasures could no more allure.

When the old man died, and Isidora shed no tear, misjudging mortals deemed her cold and unfeeling; they knew not that the good old father had clasped her hand, and bade her a solemn, tender farewell, promising to watch over her earth-life, to meet her in the beautiful worlds above. When, possessed of wealth and lands, as she was, she walked abroad in humble garb, scorning the adulations of the great, visiting the suffering and the poor; stroking with soft white hand the wrinkled brow of crime, or the furrowed cheek of care; leading tenderly the fallen and the outcast; pressing ragged children to her bosom, the world's haughty ones turned aside in dismay. But the "still small voice" whispered approval, and angel guardians said well done!

Wealth came and tempted her, a wealth far beyond her own, but she scorned its offerings, to be purchased at the widow and orphan's loss. False friendships smiled; masked villains extended the hand of brotherhood; and scheming artifice folded her in sisterly embrace. But though she awoke from the short-lived dream, and wept for bitterness, her spirit's rectitude passed unscathed the fiery ordeal of life and suffering, and experience brought strength and victory.

Time came, when the lowering shadows around her path disappeared, never to return; the sun-rays of celestial truth, the illuminations of exalted interior consciousness dispelled the misty shapes of error, the forms of doubt. The reason sat enthroned, a mighty monarch within that victorious soul, and temptation shrank abashed before that unveiled gaze; hypocrisy turned away; and falsehood and worldliness, uncharitableness and envy, retired disconsolately to their darkened haunts, finding it in vain to assail that spirit, that, through suffering, temptation and bitter experience, had been brought from darkness to the light!

The visible forms of angels surround the sorrow-tried and purified one; the maternal guardian folds o'er the daughter's breast her immortal robes of exceeding glory; the soul-gems of thought and feeling sparkle on Isidora's brow, and fall in persuasive speech from her gentle lips. She feels the consecrating touch of spirit hands; she hears the music of celestial harps; she echoes strains of the seraph's hymn of praise. The odors of the Eden bowers, wafted on the breeze's wings, uplift the now silvered tresses from the unwrinkled brow, and murmur sweetly of home, and peace, and reunion. And amid the deep azure a sudden starlit pathway marks the progress of her angel thoughts, and a pair of blue eyes beam intense, and pure, and holy, with promising love upon her solitude.

Readers of the Banner! are we not all Isidoras? Has not the phantom Fame allured us; and flattery presented its cup of earthly vanity to our thirsting lips? Has not the seeming of Love led us upon enchanted ground, until, from the false and seeming, we turned to the Ideal and the True—from earth to Heaven?

PHILADELPHIA, March 5th, 1858.

## HOOP-DE-DOODLE-DOO.

A gentleman conversing with a lady friend, a short time since, claimed that he could paralyze on the hoop question any verse that she might choose to repeat. She accordingly rehearsed the following verse from the Old Boston:

Nigh to a grave that was newly made,  
Lentened a sexton old on his head to pad:  
His work was done, and he pined to wait  
The funeral train through the open gate;  
A relic of by-gone days was he,  
And his locks were as white as the foamy sea—  
And these words came from his lips so thin,  
"I gather them in! I gather them in!"

Whereupon, the graceless fellow took his pencil, and thus wrote on a scrap of paper lying by:

Nigh to a church that was newly made,  
Blood a lady fair, and thus she said:  
"Too bad, too bad—! I here must wait  
While they measure the breadth of this open gate!  
Ah! 'tis only mine-by-its, 'tis for me!"  
Too narrow, too narrow, alas! I for me!"  
And she sighed from her guttering lips to this—  
"I cannot get in—I cannot get in!"

Exclamation.—The eyes of the mind are like the eyes of the body—they can see only to such a distance; but, because they cannot see beyond this, they think there is nothing beyond it.—Johnson.



## Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## SILVER BELL.

BY CORONA.

I sing you a song of the Indian girl—  
The pride of the forest—the Red Man's pearl,  
Who, dancing so blithely through forest and dell,  
Was called by the warriors, Silver Bell.  
The laughing waves kissed her little brown feet,  
That pattered so gaily their waters to meet,  
While the froth, coy breeze so daintily played  
With the ringlets that over her shoulders laid.  
The amorous Sun, from his throne on high,  
Glanced lovingly down, with his glowing eye;  
As his ray kissed her cheek she drew from his sight,  
And finished her sports by the forest's dim light.  
Her clear, silver voice through the green wood rang,  
As, mocking the birds, she sweetly sang;  
The nightingale echoed his sweetest notes  
As the maiden's song through the soft air floats.  
In Wyoming's vales, where sweet flowers wave,  
Dwelt Miamocoma, the gentle and brave;  
The Chief of his tribe, the pride of his race—  
The foremost in battle, the first in the chase.  
The light of his home and joy of his life,  
Gleited Wanoona, his dearly-loved wife,  
Had passed from his wigwam to Manitou's home,  
And left him alone in sadness to roam.  
She passed from his gaze, yet left him a pearl—  
A blossom just sent, its leaves to unfurl—  
A gem from the skies, a wand from above—  
A part of herself, the Indian to love.  
Many a Sun had rolled o'er the warrior's head,  
And his thoughts were oft with the sleeping dead;  
Yet the hands of time with the moments fly,  
And his child grew fair, as the years swept by;  
Thus charming his path with her gladsome smiles,  
And banishing care with innocent wiles,  
She dreamily wanders by forests and lakes—  
New visions appear, as fancy awakes.  
The summer hours, with their flowers were past,  
And autumn leaves, with their golden cast,  
Were floating around in the hazy air  
That hung o'er Wyoming's valleys fair.  
Miamocoma went forth in his joyous mood,  
To pluck the last flower in the lone wild wood;  
As the rocky cliff so fearfully scaled,  
Its treacherous slopes their promises failed;  
A dark shadow fell o'er the Chief's heart;  
Silver Bell was no more—his life is a death!  
Silver Bell is no more! his beautiful child  
Lies cold in his sight, in the tangled wild!  
He raised her so tenderly close to his breast,  
And a lingering kiss on the pale lips pressed.  
The warriors were called, from their wigwams all,  
With their blankets forming her funeral pall—  
They bore her in silence, the Chief by her side,  
From the lone wild wood, with the shadows wide—  
While the plaintive notes of the whippoorwill fell  
On the stricken band, like a funeral knell.  
They made her a grave where the child-mother slept,  
And the sad autumn winds their lone vigils kept;  
No more on the oars of the Indians fell  
The gentle voice of sweet Silver Bell!  
The sorrowing Chief, in his manhood's prime,  
Watched patiently now the fingers of time—  
He longed for the hour that would call him away,  
To the bright spirit-home, which the red men love.  
When the hour drew nigh, and the shadow fell  
Again on the band that loved him so well,  
He called them around, and his blessing gave;  
Then walked the call, like an Indian brave,  
But now his lips move, as a vision appears,  
And the warriors gaze, at their falling tears.  
He sees his fair child, encircled with light,  
Surrounded by spirits, all gloriously bright.  
"Miamocoma!" he cries; the spirit responds:  
"Come forth from the earth, with its groveling bond—  
Come, join our bright circle in glory above,  
To dwell eternally with those whom you love!"  
As the white-robed spirit over him soared,  
His eyes are unsealed, as the truth-vision pours;  
And glowing with rapture, he sees the fair sight—  
Wanoona, his wife, in that glorious light!  
And then the glad heart, with throbbing delight,  
Went forth to the vision so dazzlingly bright;  
As the last faint breath came slowly along,  
The Indians heard the glad spirit song:  
"Sleep on, tried heart, forever sleep on!  
A place in the heavens your patience has won—  
A home everlasting, celestial and pure—  
A spiritual home—that will ever endure!"  
The Indians have gone from their council fires—  
From Wyoming's vales, the home of their sires;  
But often now, in some far distant dell,  
They list for the voice of sweet Silver Bell!

## Ada Leicester's Husband.

BY MARY W. STANLEY.

My father had kissed me, my brothers had shaken hands with me, my step-mother had congratulated, and my married sister, Emily, had rejoiced over me. And when all these ceremonies had been gone through with, she accompanied me to my chamber, which she was to share, and bolted the door with a triumphant air, as if she was shutting out all care and sorrow, and constituting herself the guardian of my happiness forever.

Do you ask the reason of all this kissing and hand-shaking, dear reader? I was engaged to be married! and had just received a handsome present from my intended.

I was the only unmarried daughter of the house, and was expected to form a brilliant alliance. My step-mother had carried me to town three seasons, but, though I had plenty of dashing and flirtations on my hands, my careless and dashing manner, and my father's poverty, kept every one from proposing, and my step-mother was in despair. True, I was only seventeen, and I did wonder, now and then, why they need be in such haste to get rid of me at home; but it was "the fashion" to marry off girls while yet in their teens; and I began to look upon myself almost as a criminal, when I arrived at my eighteenth birthday without having ever received an offer.

On the week after my eighteenth birthday, however, fortune dawned upon me, in the shape of Mr. Aylmer Arlington, an old friend of my father's, who came out to spend a day or two with him at his country seat. I did not see him, on the day of his arrival, till I came down to dinner. Then my father presented me to him with an air of pride that flattered my vanity vastly. I merely bowed then in answer to his courteous greeting; but I found leisure to scrutinize him more closely during dinner. He was a tall and slender man, apparently some thirty-five years of age, dignified, and perhaps a little overbearing in his manner. His eyes and hair were of an intense black; and the small side whiskers with which he embellished his dark face, were of the same color. My sister and my step-mother raved about his beauty, when we ladies went up to the parlor. I suppose he would have been called very handsome by most people, but I did not call him looks—or him!

Mr. Arlington and my father had been old college friends, so I saw nothing strange in his coming to our house, or in his staying so long after he got there. He treated me very much as one might treat a troublesome child—calling me nicknames, pulling my hair, and sometimes condescending to join me in my sports. When I found that he could understand—and that he was not afraid of compromising his

dignity by a game of ball, or a swing under the shady elm tree, I began to like him very much. My father very wisely let me alone, and allowed Mr. Arlington to make his own way into my good graces. So when, on one pleasant summer evening, after he had been unusually kind all day, he asked me to marry him, I was only a very little startled and shocked, and after a few moments' reflection, came to the conclusion that it would be a most desirable thing. Mr. Arlington was rich, and of a good family; and I knew if my father had not wished me to marry him, he never would have allowed us to be so much together. Then again, I could learn, in time, to forgive him for the crime of having hair and eyes of the same obnoxious color as my own; and if he would always play ball and swing with me, I might as well take him, as to marry somebody who would be as cross as two sticks every time I proposed such a thing. I went up to him and told him so. He smiled good-naturedly and kissed me.

"You are a frank little thing," he said. "And I may tell your father everything is settled."

I said "Yes," and ran up to my room. And this was the reason why every one was so pleased with me.

I went and sat down in my easy chair by the window, after Emily had closed my door upon them that night. Everything seemed so new and strange to me.

"Well, Ada," said my sister, as she prepared for bed, "I suppose by this time three weeks you will be in your new home?"

"Three weeks? What do you mean, Emily?" I asked, turning round upon her.

"Oh, father thinks you may as well marry at once, as to have a long engagement," she answered, carelessly brushing her hair before the glass. "You know how fidgety he is. It was just so when I got married."

"Emily," said I, suddenly, "have you been happy?"

She was a gay, fashionable, worldly woman, but she winced a little at that home question. Recovering herself with a laugh, she answered, "Of course I have, you goose. Only look at my diamonds, and my carriage, and my box at the opera."

"But you did not marry them, Emily," I persisted.

"What about your husband? Are you happy with him?"

"My dear Ada," she said, with her face turned away, "I forgot my catechism long ago. Mr. Morton does very well, I suppose. I am sure I don't trouble my head about him; and sometimes I don't see him for two or three days at a time."

"Oh, Emily!"

"Well, what could you expect?" she asked tartly.

"I married him for his money; and if I have all I married for, what right have I, or you, or any of us, to complain? Now don't put on that doleful face. Neither Tom Morton nor myself is worthy of it. If you want to get up a romance, take 'my brother, the Colonel,' as Mr. Arlington says, for its hero."

"Who is he, Emily?"

"Bless us and save us, child, has n't he told you yet? The name is forever on his tongue's end. It is his only brother—five years older than he is, and half an angel, if one would credit his stories. It is 'Edwin' here and 'Edwin' there. I'm sick of the name, for my part."

"But where does he live?"

"Somewhere south, I believe. You'll see him soon enough, for your friend thinks he can't get married without him. I suppose he will be here in a few days. But I advise you to take care of the miserable remains of your heart; for he is a perfect lady-killer. He has them doing around him by scores, while he looks on, as cool as a cucumber."

"Is he married?" I asked, feeling a deep curiosity to know more of this man.

"No; and I believe he pretends he has never been in love," said Emily, yawning. "As if any one was going to believe such a silly story of a man forty years old. Come, Ada, let's go to bed."

I waited till we were snugly ensconced upon our pillows, before I resumed the conversation. Then I asked, "When will he be here?"

"Who? Oh, the Colonel? I don't know—some time this week, I presume," said Emily, in a drowsy tone.

"And how does he look?"

"Ask your devoted Arlington, and do let me go to sleep," she answered, pettishly.

I said no more. Ere long her profound breathing showed that she was far away in the land of nod. The moonlight shone in upon her face; and I could not help noticing a restless, anxious, unhappy expression there, that was hidden by her animated smile when she was awake. I looked at her, and wondered if my own heart would find as little rest as hers had done, and if Mr. Arlington and myself were doomed to make another fashionable couple, who only saw each other once or twice a week.

Would diamonds, as magnificent as Emily's, and a carriage, and a box at the opera, atone for the loss of my husband's love, or hide from the eyes of the world my lonely heart-ache, and my aching heart? I knew I was never made for a fashionable woman, and I thought not. So, with scarcely a thought of Aylmer Arlington, but with many a one of his brother intruding upon me, I fell asleep.

I awoke, early on the next day, to ask Mr. Arlington about "my brother, the Colonel." He looked surprised and pleased, and darted out of the room, with more agility than I had ever given him credit for, saying, as he went, "I will show him to you, Ada."

Returning, he placed a small, oval miniature in my hand, as richly chased as if it had been a gift designed for a lady. I said as much, as I looked at the exquisitely wrought setting.

"It was taken for our mother, five years ago," he said, sadly.

I knew that she had been a beautiful and brilliant woman, idolized by both sons, and that she was dead. I opened the picture in silence.

It was a handsome—perhaps, I may say, a beautiful face, but as cold as marble. The regular features looked as if they had never softened from their intense repose; and the blue eyes looked straight forward, with a calm, keen scrutiny that was painful to bear. The mouth was small, full and firm; and the brown moustache that grew above it, was trimmed close, in a soldierly fashion. The hair was of a warm chestnut color, and did not curl, but lay in massive waves upon a forehead white as marble.

He wore an undress uniform, and on one bronzed cheek was a scar like a sabre cut. A cap and sword-belt were thrown carelessly on a table beside him; and in one hand he held a sword whose temper he seemed to have been trying.

"Do you like it?" asked Mr. Arlington, as I laid it down, after taking a long look at it.

"I hardly know. It does not look as I had fancied he would. He has blue eyes, hasn't he?"

"Yes—your favorite color, I believe," said Mr. Arlington, innocently. "Edwin has very beautiful eyes."

"And when will he be here?"

"To-day, by noon, Ada."

I stole away to my room when I heard that. Certainly no pair of lovers were ever less demonstrative than Mr. Arlington and I. He went about his business, and I attended to mine, as usual. We walked together, we played ball, and swung, as usual; but there was little or no reference to the subject, and none of the endearments I had feared, at his hands. I began to think a lover was quite a pleasant thing, after all.

When I had to go down into the parlor before dinner, that day, I trembled like a leaf, for I knew Colonel Arlington was there. Never had I taken such pains with my dress before. I wore white, over pink, a cluster of apple blossoms in my hair, and one upon my breast. When I entered the room, I knew, by the pleased glance my father cast at me, that I was looking my best; but when he led me up to our guest, who was listening courteously to Emily's languid conversation, my embarrassment increased with every step.

"My daughter Ada, Colonel Arlington."

"I am delighted to make her acquaintance," said the deepest and most musical voice I ever heard. "Your youngest daughter, I suppose, sir?"

"Yes."

"And when am I to have the pleasure of greeting my future sister-in-law, Aylmer?" said the Colonel to his brother.

There was a little horrible pause, during which I wanted to laugh.

"Hem!" said Mr. Arlington, coloring deeply.

"This is the lady, Edwin."

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said the Colonel, extricating himself from his awkward position most gracefully. "Allow me."

His moustached lip was pressed to my hand. I turned away and joined my lover, but only that I might watch the new arrival, unseen by all. He was much handsomer than his portrait, and his tall, portly, commanding figure was admirably set off by the plain undress uniform he wore. His air was grave and serious, but gallant and courteous to the last degree; and if five years had added a few threads of silver to his chestnut hair, they had also removed that impassive coldness which had so offended me, and left a kindly sadness in its place, which was infinitely more charming.

Beside this man, my accepted lover sank into a mere pigmy. I was uneasy and restless—I blushed when I heard the tones of his voice, or met the serious glance of his deep blue eye, and caught myself, twenty times before the day wore away, stifling a half-formed wish that I had known him before I had met his brother.

It was an idle wish, I know; but my heart warmed to him more and more every hour. I made my escape with Emily from the drawing-room at an early hour that evening. He held my hand in his for a moment as we parted; and I felt that those serious blue eyes were studying my blushing face. Stopping a moment in the hall to bid my father good night, I heard him say to his brother, "She is a frank, free, affectionate child. But, oh, you must be very gentle—very gentle and loving with her, Aylmer."

Could Aylmer be all this, as well as he.

My dreams, I am sorry to say, were not of my betrothed husband that night.

It is a very awkward confession I have to make now; but I suppose it must be done. As the day went on, the knowledge came to me slowly, but very surely, that I loved Colonel Arlington, instead of his brother. I was ashamed of myself, and went moping around the house, wishing I was dead, and that I had never seen him, and a thousand other silly things, which I almost blush now to write.

The Colonel, too, seemed changed. At times I fancied he suspected my secret, he was so reserved and cold towards me. Then, again, if he devoted himself to my sister Emily, I was torturing myself with the idea that he loved her, married woman as she was. But I never guessed, or dreamed, or imagined what reasons he had for avoiding me, till one day in July, about two weeks after he had joined his brother at our house.

It was a pleasant afternoon, very still and hot. We had planned a horseback ride to a little waterfall in the neighborhood, but the heat gave Aylmer a headache, and he decided not to go. Seeing, however, how restless and uneasy I was, for with my miserable secret weighing on my mind, I craved constant motion, he requested his brother to accompany me in his stead. I started, when this was proposed, and at first I thought the Colonel did so, too; but my next glance at his grave face convinced me I must be mistaken, and I went up to my room to get ready. Emily was there. I said nothing to her of my trouble—she would only have called me a silly fool—and she went down stairs to see me off. We waved our hands to them, as we dashed out of the yard, and I saw Arlington say something to my father that made him smile as they turned away. I felt reckless, guilty, angry, and heated. I looked at the Colonel. His black horse was galloping easily by mine; but he held the reins loosely, and his eyes were bent moodily upon the ground. He seemed unhappy and in trouble. I dared not look at him, lest my secret should discover itself in my eyes; and touching my grey with the whip, called out, "Colonel Arlington, shall we race?"

"Pardon me," he said, looking at me a moment, and then turning his eyes away. "I am afraid I shall make but a bad companion. You will wish you had staid at home with Aylmer."

"Not at all. But shall we race?"

"If you please, Miss Ada."

A touch and a word, and our spirited horses were away. We rode like the wind, and the swift motion soothed and calmed me. I loosed the strings of my plumed riding-cap, that I might feel the air upon my forehead. Suddenly the wind carried it directly in front of me, and in the very path of my horse.

He was but a half-tamed thing, at best, and the fluttering of the long black plumes frightened him nearly to death. He gave a leap and a bound, and was off like an arrow, before the Colonel could grasp the bridle. I kept my seat, as long while, but I was weak and giddy, when, at last, he turned a sharp corner of the road, my head reeled—I felt a sudden crash, and knew no more!

I awoke slowly, as if from a long and painful sleep, and heard a voice; I knew only too well, exclaiming, "Oh, Ada! Darling! Darling!"

It's impossible for me to convey a just idea of the

grief and tenderness that found utterance in those few words. I was stunned and bewildered—I only knew that I was lying in his arms, and that he loved me! I did not open my eyes—I weakly dared breathe, lest I should dispel the delicious dream.

"Darling! Look up! Speak to me!" he cried, passionately, and pressed his lips to mine.

That fervent kiss broke the spell. I opened my eyes and looked up at him.

"Edwin!"

My voice and face told him all. With an uncontrollable impulse he strained me to his heart, and kissed me madly. But a thought of Aylmer came over me, and I tried to free myself. He understood me at once, and raised me to my feet. He looked almost as pale as I.

"Forgive me—God help us both!"

"Let us go back," I whispered, leaning against a tree, and covering my face with my hands, that I might not meet his eyes.

He said no more, but placed me in the saddle, my horse had stopped when I fell, and remained beside me quietly. It neighed gently as I settled myself firmly in the seat, and started off upon a quiet trot, as if to assure me of his good intentions in the future.

Colonel Arlington mounted and followed me in silence. At last we reached the spot where my horse had started, and where my cap was still lying. He dismounted, and brushing the dust from the plumes, gave it to me.

"It tells no tales," I said, with a trembling voice, as I put it on again. "I think we had best be equally discreet, and say nothing of our unlucky fall."

"One word I must say, Ada, in justification of myself," he said, coming up beside me. "Nay, do not shrink away. I hope I am an honorable man; and God knows I would rather lose you, Ada, which will be a thousand times worse than death, than to give my brother a moment's pain. Forgive me for what I have done, Ada—I never meant to wound you, my poor lamb."

He took my hand and bowed his face upon it. I felt his warm tears upon it, and knew my own resolution was falling fast. But honor kept us both silent.

"You must leave us," I faltered, at last.

"I will go, Ada. I will go to-morrow."

He knelt heavily, sprang into his saddle, and we said no more till we reached home.

Aylmer was at the door to see us dismount. He began some jest about our long stay; but I did not stop to hear him. I ran up the stairs and locked myself in my room. I hardly knew how I passed the time till the tea-bell rang. I did not weep. My hand felt stunned and crushed; and I could only walk up and down the room, half-mad with despair and misery, and knowing no way towards light and happiness.

When Emily came for me to go down to tea, she exclaimed at my pale cheeks and heavy eyes. But I think she guessed the cause. She made me let her apply some rouge; and I entered the supper-room seemingly as blooming as ever.

To my great relief, Colonel Arlington was not there. Aylmer said he had given up his head-ache to him for the evening, and he believed he had gone somewhere out of doors with it. I smiled when he said it, and bore his jests about our ride with composure, so that pale, noble face was not before me.

After tea we went out upon the portico. I looked anxiously out over the fields and the high road, for the absent one. At last I saw him coming up the avenue, with his hands clasped behind him, and his head bent upon his breast. Emily gave me a warning glance, when she saw how my face changed at the sight of him.

"I think Edwin must be in love," said Aylmer, archly, as he watched his slow approach. "But I am sure I cannot guess the divinity, unless, indeed, it be the fair Mrs. Morton."

"If such was the case, I am afraid my unfortunate husband would have to take Emily out of the way as speedily as possible," said Emily, in the same tone. "A temptation like that would be perfectly irresistible to an admirer of beauty like me."

"Edwin is handsome," said Arlington, looking thoughtfully at me.

My cheeks burned like fire. But Emily came again to my aid.

"When we have all done admiring his beauty, let us adjourn to the parlor and have some music," she said, quietly.

There was a general nod, in which she secured my arm and whispered, "It is just as I feared. Oh, why need you be so silly, Ada? But it is too late for nonsense now: you must control your feelings, or papa will find out all about it, and then we shall have a terrible scene."

I knew that, as well as she. And for his sake I struggled to be composed, and even sat down, and played and sang at Aylmer's request.

I saw, as well as any of them, the tall, dark figure that entered soon after us, and stood listening to the music; but I did not look towards him once. While we sat there in the gathering twilight, singing and talking, my father entered, from his ride to town, in his usual bustling way.

"Good evening, young folks," he exclaimed.

"What in the world are you turning yourselves into owls for, and sitting here in the dark? Emily, my dear, will you ring for lights? Ah, Colonel—how are you, Mr. Arlington? I have some papers here you may like to sign. There's no one here but friends, and no necessity for formality. Only a dash of the pen and all is settled—eh, Aylmer? Emily, have you rung for lights?"

I knew they were the marriage settlements, of which he spoke, and I laid my head down upon my hands and longed to die. Emily passed me, on her way to the bell.

"Don't be a fool," she whispered. "I don't know what father would say, if he knew all this."

I sat up, calm and pale, and the lights were brought. My father, full of good-nature and business, called us all around the table while he read the papers. I did not hear one word—I only knew that Colonel Arlington was standing opposite me, and that Emily was between me and my father, to hide my agitation from him.

"Very fair—very liberal, indeed," commented my step-mother, when my father finished reading. "My dear Aylmer, I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart, and I only hope you may be as happy as you deserve."

"Of course he will—he must be," exclaimed my father, rubbing his hands joyously together. "Now we want the signatures, and all will go well. Here, Mr. Arlington, step forward, write his name, and look around for me."

Mr. Arlington stepped forward, wrote his name, and looked around for me.

"Come, Ada—don't blush and hang back," exclaimed my father. "Good heavens! one would think a marriage settlement was something to be ashamed of by the way she hesitates, my dear Colonel," he added, testily.

The Colonel did not answer. Emily put her arms around me, led me forward to the table, and placed the pen in my hand.

"Write! write!" she whispered.

I looked up at Colonel Arlington. He stood just opposite me, with folded arms, and half-averted face, cold and pale as marble. But as I gazed, although he would not look at me, I saw the great drops of perspiration standing on his forehead, and the strained force of the arms that seemed to hold his heart in iron chains. The pen fell from my hand, making a great blot upon the paper.

"What ails you, Ada?" said my father, impatiently.

"I cannot sign it," I answered, boldly. "Mr. Arlington, you must forgive me, but I cannot be your wife. I do not love you."

There was a dead silence in the room, and Colonel Arlington came round the table and stood nearer to me.

"Ada, what does this mean?" said my father, sternly. "Whom do you love, if not Mr. Arlington?"

I looked up. Colonel Arlington opened his arms, and with a passionate cry I sprang forward, and was clasped to his breast.

"My brother!"

Mr. Arlington stepped back with paling lips. But the Colonel's voice stopped him.

"Aylmer, from the first moment I met her I loved her. I have concealed it from you all. To-day I saw her thrown from her horse, and when she lay like one dead in my arms, I forgot all, and she learned my secret. But I was going—nay, I am going to-morrow. Forgive us both. We will never meet again."

I left his arms then, and went up to Aylmer.

"Yes, forgive us; and though I cannot marry you, I will never marry him."

I had not misjudged him. He was calm and cold, but he was also just and noble. He gave one hand to me and the other to his brother, as I finished speaking.

"Do you think I will accept such a sacrifice?" he said, kindly. "I have nothing to forgive. You love him, and he loves you—go to him, and God grant that he may make you happy, as I would have tried to do."

I wept then. He kissed my forehead, placed my hand in that of Edwin's, and left the room, followed by my father, mother, and Emily.

Ten years have passed since that day. Emily, left alone by the sudden death of her husband, is now the wife of Aylmer Arlington. She is far better suited to him than I ever should have been; and in their pleasant country home, close beside ours, she seems to have forgotten the empty vanities and follies of her city life. She loves her husband, and is the pride and delight of his eyes. And I—words cannot tell what deep and quiet happiness I have tasted in my beautiful home, since "Edwin Arlington" became "Ada Leicester's husband."

THE BENT OF THE INCLINATION.

We very often hear people speak of the "bent" of a child, especially of a boy, by which they intend to describe that talent in his nature which seems to direct him to his after course in life. A taste, we think, is like a guide-board by the roadside: it points the way. If a youth has a taste for mechanics, it is pretty certain he has a talent in the same direction. There is a certain fine instinct in such matters, which entirely evade description or analysis, but which nevertheless rule the whole life and character with a power from which there is no escape. It is always well for parents to consult and defer to these instincts. They assist in shaping the future. If they are overlooked, as they too frequently are, the sad results are sure to betray themselves in the after life.

Many a child is put to a training for which he has the most thorough aversion by nature, simply that the ambition of his parents may be gratified. It is lamentable to think how many are forced into wrong places, merely on account of the groundless pride of their parents and friends. There is no safer way, nor yet a more humane, because natural, way, than first of all to watch the unfolding instincts of the youthful character, and see to what they are inclined to direct one. It cannot lead the guardian very far astray, if he follows them along wherever they may happen to lead him.

It is not possible, as we before remarked, to offer any sufficient reason for the existence or the shape of those early tastes; we cannot account for them as they are to be found, nor explain the silent and mysterious manner in which they are formed in the character; there they are, and all we have to do is to consult them, receiving them as the framework over which we are to train the growing tendrils of the fast developing nature. Very often, the slightest incident furnishes the hint for which the young mind had up to that time been waiting; seeming to be the little pivot on which turns the whole future.

The following pleasant anecdote is quite applicable to the point in hand, and happily illustrates the mysterious principle of which we have been speaking:—

"In a retired village in Vermont, two hundred miles from any sea-port, a traveler, some years since, turned his horse up to the door of a farmhouse to ask entertainment and shelter for the night. He was hospitably received. In the evening, in conversation with his host and hostess, he learned that their three sons, their only children, were absent from them upon the sea. He was told that each of them, from early boyhood, had manifested a desire to become a sailor, so strong and ardent, that all the earnest entreaties of their parents could not quench it. To these parents it was a mystery how their sons, so far from the sea, and surrounded by all the attractions of rural life, should each of them, in turn, exhibit such an unconquerable desire to be wanderers on the ocean. The traveler thought he could solve the mystery. He had noticed, in a recess in the wall, over the mantel-piece, a beautiful glass model of a ship, completely rigged, and in full sail. He believed that that glass ship, a bridal gift to the mother, as he was told, and constantly before the eyes of those boys from infancy, had inspired in their breasts that love for a sailor's life upon the ocean-wave. Who will say it was a groundless belief?"

If a man empty his purse into his hand, nobody can take it from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.



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OFFICE REMOVED.  
On and after March 16th, our office will be at No. 3 1/2 Brattle street, up stairs.

THE PRAYER MEETINGS.  
The excitement that is reported to pervade this community on the subject of Religion, and to exist also over the entire country, we should not be inclined to comment upon at all, except to wish it God Speed wherever it proceeds from healthy and proper causes. But by the operation of the well known machinery which is made to move at such times, the whole movement is thrown open to a style of remark, from which it ought to desire to shrink altogether.

The "Committees" having this new revival work in their charge, have been holding anxious and protracted conferences for some time past, to devise the most effective—not exactly the most appropriate and consistent—methods of bringing the subject before the minds of our business men. To this end, they have cast about to find a room somewhere on State street, into which they could invite the men of money at the very height and crisis of business hours. This looked, in fact, like storming Satan's kingdom. They were for pushing the attack against the dealers in money and stocks, believing that money still continues to be the "root of all evil."

But, fortunately or unfortunately, such a room was not to be had. The committee did the next best thing they could, under the circumstances, which was to call a daily prayer-meeting for business men, which is styled The "Business Men's Prayer Meeting," at 12 o'clock, at the Old South Chapel. We learn that these meetings are well attended, and the interest in religious matters shows no signs of abatement.

So far as this movement is spontaneous, the outgrowth of the heart and conscience, and reacts with decided and permanent influences upon the inner life and character again, it is all well, and to be rejoiced over. But so far as it is the result of the persistent moving of a piece of ecclesiastical and parizan machinery, or of the advantage skillfully taken by the operators of such machinery of a previous awakening of the truly religious sentiment,—it is lamentable, spurious, and will not fail to result in permanent injury.

Religion is something positive in itself. If it takes hold upon the nature, it does it in no such manner as is advertised, after the style of patent medicines, in the newspapers and the streets. No body of men can force another body of men into a corner, hold the Bible over their heads, and compel them to become Christians. The account given by a New York city clergyman of the "conversion" of the notorious prize fighter, "Awful Garlender," combines ludicrousness and other qualities to a most melancholy degree. It appears that this notorious individual absolutely held out against the approaches of the Spirit, nor would he "come into the arrangement" until the proper dramatic effect could be fully produced. To this end, he was riding along a country road, when the supernatural visitation came to him, and, jumping out of the vehicle, he began to shout at the top of his voice,—"Hallelujah!" This single act seemed to decide the important question. From that hour he was a Christian. He had "got religion." His whole nature was suddenly changed. Thereafterward he was fit to be an apostle,—a prophet,—and a leader in Israel.

The Committee in this city have had large posters paraded, during the past week, on each side of the doors of the churches where these exercises are gone through, inviting in all sorts and sizes of persons, with an urgency of expression that is purely characteristic of the motives that govern their entire operation. At one church door, in the middle of the afternoon, may be seen a flaming and blazing request for old and young, "friend and stranger," to come in! Come in! Implying them to stay even for five—ten—fifteen—or twenty minutes, just as they choose. It thus appears that the "steam" is up at last. This movement, if, as is claimed for it, it was originally spontaneous, can no longer arrogate to itself any such character. It has ceased to be that, but has now become a mere piece of crowding and stuffing, of steaming and heating, of forcing and jamming. It is afflicted with the spasms, which is by no means a favorable symptom. It goes with a hitch, a jump, and a haste that is decidedly indecorous, even if it will not be admitted to be irreligious.

The poster at the Old South Chapel door, which thus flamingly urges all outsiders to come in and save their souls by so doing, also gives notice that whenever a person prays over the allotted period, "time will be called." This is decidedly an expression of the "fancy." It belongs to the "ring." Can it be that the influence of "Awful Gardner" has made itself felt in this business, in a pugilistic style like the foregoing? If, now, Gardner had been a convert through the instrumentality of "Spiritualism," we should have had at least a dozen numbers of the Boston Courier full of ridicule over so senseless a performance,—for such we know it would have characterized it. As it stands, however, it is quite a different affair.

Many think that the present unparalleled interest about the soul's value and its destiny, is owing in a great degree to the spiritual influences that are admitted to have been so long at work in the heart of our country. And in proof of this, among other things, it is remarked that the excitement is accompanied with little of the usual hell-fire, blue-blazes, and eternal horrors, which have hitherto been so industriously employed to set these movements going. Where the old appeals are made, it is claimed that they are made generally in the way of operating the machinery, which is getting to be somewhat dilapidated and worn out. If it shall be found in truth to be so, will not rejoice more sincerely than ourselves. We shall have any new movement, interest,

excitement, or whatever else it may be called, which bears upon the real conversion of the human soul from error to truth, with all the joy of which our own natures are susceptible. We only pray God that the present general rising may be predicated upon a firmer basis than that of unduly excited emotion, or the wretched and insane fears of an inflamed and unhealthy imagination. Whatever of true Christianity it produces, will most assuredly tend to make the world better, and hasten the coming of the kingdom of God. If it tends to add to the church a parcel of slaves to creeds and ecclesiasticism, who cry, Lord, Lord, at the corners of the streets, and in the churches, while they continue to serve the devil and mammon in the counting-house, as has too often been the case in these matters, no good will have been accomplished.

THE EARLY FAITH.  
People are very ready to suppose, and without taking the trouble to look into the subject, too, that all those who style themselves Evangelists hold to the same faith which was held by the early Christian church, in the days of the Apostles and immediately afterwards. So presumptuous have been the claims of certain men on this behalf, that as a general thing the popular mind has suffered the case to go against itself by mere default.

The claim, however, is, as we have characterized it, a false and vain one, and it is conclusively proved to be such by a simple recurrence to the history of the Church itself. A discourse recently preached before the Synod of New York and New Jersey, by Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, is exactly to the point in hand; and inasmuch as it may assist to clear up the mistiness that floats about in many minds on this matter, we think it will well repay perusal.

"Till the middle of the second century," says Dr. Hitchcock, "there was no theology to speak of, because there was no speculation. Science was asleep. But after that there was an activity of mind in collision with the grand doctrines of revelation, which perhaps has had nothing to match, certainly nothing to overmatch it, in all the history of human opinions and debates. It was then the Church began the construction of her theology; putting divine truths into human forms. First came the doctrine of God and Christ and the Holy Trinity. Then, after a century, the doctrine of man apostate. Not till the Middle Ages when Anselm uttered it, came the true doctrine of satisfaction to the divine justice in the sufferings of Christ. In the Reformation came out in bold historic relief the true idea of justification. To say that all these doctrines were just as these doctrines, and just as precious, before as after these debates, is to say what has no right to be said. Thus the higher doctrines, touching God, man and their relations, were measurably complete. Athanasius represents the first achievement; Augustine the second; Calvin the third. And the man, in our day, who goes over the ground which these giants trod, and says any thing of much moment, which shall be at once new and true, must be a very great man indeed—such a man as I hear no footfall of on any continent to-day."

MISSIONARYING.  
Archdeacon Jeffries, a missionary in the East Indies, states that, "for one really converted Christian, as the fruit of the missionary labor, the drinking practices of the English have made fully one thousand drunkards in India."—Exchange.

No doubt of it in the world. The greatest satire uttered against the whole wild missionary system, is uttered by the shrewd natives themselves. They say that they never knew how to get drunk till the missionaries taught them how to be Christians. Not that the missionaries enticed them into habits of dissipation and brutality, by any means, but that close upon their heels came those tempters of the same name and profession who did. And in their native simplicity, they naturally enough put the two classes together.

There is no question that the missionary work has got to be done upon a very different basis, if it goes forward at all. It is a self-evident fact that very little has thus far been accomplished by sending out so many men and women to foreign lands, and spending such vast sums as have been spent, which might better have been employed in a similar work at home. Statistics figure up for us a melancholy tale in respect to these matters, which cannot be overlooked or winked out of sight. They show most conclusively that the heathen have not as yet experienced any benefit at all commensurate with the lavish waste of time, life, and money, and that this enterprise has only come to that critical stage known as a standstill. If it is sought to go further in the business, it must be done in an altogether different way—or, as we remarked before, on an entirely distinct basis. We have hitherto operated on the strength of our own theories and speculative knowledge of what they want. We have carried our ideas of religion to them, but have not offered them the best side and the body of our civilization. And there is where the mistake lies, which must first of all be corrected.

The following passage from a German writer, on the contest at present going on in Bosnia—a part of Turkey in Europe—between the Christians and the Moslems, expresses our idea so fully and fitly, that we give it room:—

The Ottoman empire is overpowered and penetrated in all directions by the Christian system. We do not mean by that expression the Christian religion; nor would the words culture, civilization, fully convey our idea; but it is being enlightened by the genius of the west; by that spirit which transforms nations into disciplined armies, that traces roads, cuts canals, covers all the seas with fleets, and converts them into its own property, which fills remote continents with colonies, that has taken possession of the domains of knowledge and cultivates them with unflagging industry; which maintains order and law among men, in spite of the diversities of their passions. We see this spirit making prodigious progress. It has won America from the crude forces of nature and of intractable tribes, and has thoroughly transformed it; by various paths it is penetrating the remotest parts of Asia, and only China still remains closed against it; it surrounds Africa on all her coasts; unceasing, uniform, unapproachable, irresistibly supplied with arms and science, it vanquishes the world. Within the last ten years it has made prodigious advances in the Ottoman empire; it has created sources of diffusion for itself in Greece and Servia, Egypt and Constantinople.

O. H. CROWELL AT NEWBURYPORT.  
This fine trance-speaking medium lectured in Newburyport to a large audience, twice on Sunday last. The subject for the evening lecture was, "What shall I do to be saved?" and all who heard the speaker, pronounced the discourse one of the best ever listened to.

Brother Greenleaf deserves the thanks of all liberal-minded people for his active exertions in the cause of Spiritualism. God said, "Let there be light!" and it will shine, in spite of bigotry, even in Newburyport.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The intelligence by the steamer Canada, from Europe, which was seven days' later, is of much more than ordinary interest. The English Cabinet, headed by Lord Palmerston, have resigned, owing to their defeat in the House of Commons, on the vote to pass the Refugee Bill; a measure notoriously dictated to the government of England by the Emperor Napoleon, and looking to the punishment for the future of all conspirators against his throne and life, that could be found on English soil. Such a demand, so clearly contrary as it was to the spirit and letter of the constitutional law of England, the House of Commons lost no time in repudiating to in their own independent and emphatic way. The ministry were defeated, and no resource was left them except to resign. Earl Derby has been called to the Premiership just vacated by Lord Palmerston, and the steamer brings even the list of men who compose his cabinet. It does not embrace any names from which the nation has reason to expect much valuable service, and the likelihood is that it will very soon fall apart of itself. D'Israeli, the novelist and son, is a member of it, and so is Lord Malmesbury.

It is thought that these two names would prove rather flattering, in that connection, to the Emperor of the French, than otherwise; but still, it is a serious question. The Emperor cannot be expected to look with much pleasure upon the defeat of the old ministry on the question which brought about that disaster; and if he disguises his dissatisfaction, it will probably be only a disguise, and will last but a brief time. Napoleon knows how to do one thing well, and that is, to keep his own counsel. He never acts until the right time comes round.

The conspirators against the life of Napoleon, that were captured in Paris, have been tried and found guilty, and three of them sentenced to death. One has been ordered into penal servitude for life. Of the three condemned men about to die, Count Orsini is said to be the handsomest man in Europe.

France has proposed to the Austrian Emperor to put a curb on the freedom of the Vienna press. The condition of the request is reported to be, that the Emperor of the French will see Austria clear in any attempt she may choose to make to occupy certain of the Danubian principalities.

Canton has at last fallen before the combined arms of England and France, and a joint commission has been appointed to govern the city until further developments. That ugly old Chinese, who has given the foreigners so much trouble already,—Yeh,—has been captured along with others. He is a queer fellow, and it is just possible that the conquerors of Canton may have considerable out of him yet.

There is no further news of any interest from China. It is contemplated, however, to make a thorough invasion of the rebel kingdom of Oude, which will soon supply the world with intelligence of the usual warlike character.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
A LESSON.

Away—away I and merrily  
Adown the mountain side  
The foaming waters cheerily  
Dash madly as they glide—  
Now through valleys in the ridges,  
Calmly, smoothly flowing I  
Now o'er jagged, rocky bridges,  
Wildly—wildly going I  
Now falling down the ballistics,  
Where changing rainbows play—  
Now forming sparkling, white cascades,  
Beneath the moon's soft ray  
Now gently winds its dimpled sheet  
On through the wheat-grown lea,  
And, rushing at the tall oak's feet,  
Speeds onward to the sea;  
Now through the crowded city, roams,  
By wall and turret gray—  
By lowly huts, beneath purple domes,  
It keeps its seaward way.  
Far up the height the vapor's hand  
From Ocean's wave had bore,  
And left the stream, across the land,  
Alone to seek the shore.  
The bounteous earth the stream discerned,  
And kindly gave it way  
Wherever to glide, lest, lonely, wrong  
Its gentle feet should stray.  
So man, as dew, is dropped to earth,  
And Christ the oilman given,  
Through which the joining drops may flow,  
And reach the sea of Heaven. SQUIRE.

EATEN OF HIS ENEMIES.

Every one has read in the public journals of the almost miraculous feats of strength and endurance performed, under the name of hunting, by Gerard, the famous lion hunter. It was wonderful to read the narratives of his bold and exceedingly manly exploits, as his own ready pen wrote them down. He was the hero of South Africa. Likeness of him were given in all our illustrated papers, with graphic accounts of his superhuman exploits with the gun and his own nerve in the desert. Everybody read and read, and regretted when the end of so exciting, and yet charming, a series of adventures was reached. They were deeds among the wild beasts such as had never before been interwoven with the stories with which we have become familiar. Romance paled its ineffectual fires before the records of so various and exciting a personal history.

But according to a late Paris correspondent of the New York Courier des Etats Unis, it appears that the bold Nimrod has at last come to the sad end which so many people feared he would finally reach. The lions he has hunted, have turned upon him and eaten him up. The correspondent alluded to says in his letter, written on the 14th ult.:—"A frightful piece of news has been received to-day by several officers of the garrison. It was brought from Mar-seilles by the last Algerian steamer. Gerard, the bold chasseur, known by his heroic battles with the king of the African desert, has been devoured by a lion. Devoured is not perhaps the exact word, for we have not received particulars of the catastrophe. The steamer left Algiers when this horrible event was first made known in the capital, and the letters from the mountains were as vague as the first rumors that announce a calamity usually are. We do not yet know, for certain, whether M. Jules Gerard's gun mislaid fire, whether the lion conquered his intrepid foe in spite of wounds received, or whether the Arabs, seeing the struggle between the man and the brute, and terrified at the latter's fury, could not take a correct aim, and would not fire at the risk of destroying our model of French dash and courage. This uncertainty as to the details of the accident, leaves us ground to hope that, perhaps, a pail had been caused by the traditional terror in the Arabs, the stand of the lion. A combat, and a bloody one, may have taken place. Gerard may have been wounded, and this may have created such a profound sensation among the Arab people.

Political Items.

The Lecompton Constitution has been under consideration in the Senate of the United States during the entire week past. Speeches have been made upon it—for and against—by several senators, and it is said that at least twenty-five more are anxious to express their opinions.

Hon. John Cochrane, of New York, has introduced a petition into the House of Representatives, for a Bankrupt Law, signed by merchants of New York. Also three petitions for a Homestead Law, signed by three hundred and fifty merchants and brokers.

Mr. Stevens, of Lowell, introduced an inquiry into the Massachusetts House, the other day, whether the session of Jurisdiction over the Masonic Temple estate to the United States, for Court House purposes, will necessarily bring slavery into the limits of the Commonwealth. The inquiry is for answer at some future time. It is thought it will thus reopen the whole discussion upon the Dred Scott decision, which has already occupied much of the time of the present Legislature.

Dr. Bernisshel, the delegate in Congress from Utah, has received a letter recently from Brigham Young, in which the latter states that unless the United States troops are forthwith removed, they will be totally annihilated by the Mormon forces. Brigham has lately preached, in his own inimitable way, to some nine thousand of his followers, who composed a single assembly; and at the end of his exhortation he called out,—"All those in favor of giving the troops hell,—rise!" Whereupon the assembly rose to a man. Brigham probably understands what "hell" means, if anybody does.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives have passed the Address to the Governor, requesting him to remove Judge Loring for reasons heretofore given. The Address was strongly opposed by some of the leading members of the Governor's own party. It has been thrown out that His Excellency will refuse to obey the requirements contained in the Address. The majority for the movement in the House was less than thirty.

Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, has presented to Congress a memorial from citizens of that State, in favor of a line of mail steamers between Philadelphia and Rio Janeiro. He likewise offered a resolution, calling on the President for such instructions as he had sent out to the United States marshal for Utah.

Senator Hunter, of Virginia, has made a reply to the recent speech of Senator Seward on "Lecompton," which displayed great ability. He predicts great things for the future of this Republic, and believes that the questions of to-day are exceedingly trivial, and of little importance by the side of those which shall be. Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, likewise spoke in reply to Senators Seward and Fessenden, and repelled the charge that had been brought against Chief Justice Taney, that he was a second Jeffries. His speech is reported to have been very able and telling.

In the national House of Representatives, Mr. Harris, chairman of the Lecompton Investigating Committee, proposed to state to that body the reasons at length why the Committee had not executed its express orders in pursuing the investigation demanded. The speaker decided it was not, as claimed, a question of privilege. Mr. Harris appealed, and Mr. Stephens, (of Georgia) on the other side, moved to lay the appeal on the table,—which was lost by 15 votes. A motion to adjourn to the next day then prevailed.

The appeal was accordingly taken upon the day after, and debated at some length. This was on Friday, the 12th inst. Another motion was made finally, by Mr. Jones of Tennessee, to lay the appeal on the table; which was again voted down, 109 to 111.

Mr. Harris still adhered to his proposition, claiming that it embraced the whole case, fairly and fully. He asked if any member of the Committee would object to the minority's presenting their report, and was told that they must "take their chance." He said that the minority claimed no favors at the hands of the majority of the Committee, but as a desire to show fairness had been expressed all round, he would withdraw his appeal altogether; and, inasmuch as objection had been offered to the introduction of the minority report, he would let the majority "take their chances" to introduce theirs,—whereupon the House adjourned till Monday, at which time we go to press.

Mexico is in a terribly disordered condition. Propositions have been seriously made in certain quarters in this country, to erect a protectorate over that distracted nation, just as a guardian would be appointed to a minor. This proposal has been seriously supported by some of the leading papers of New York.

The news from all over the world is vastly interesting. Mexico, Utah, Kansas, England, France, China, India,—all furnish their share of exciting news. The minds of men are agitated, upon some of the profoundest questions that ever enlisted the thoughts or the sympathies of the race.

The report current, that Judge Douglas intended to resign his seat in the United States Senate after the delivery of his Kansas speech, he pronounces "totally without foundation."

L. K. COONLEY AT THE WEST.

We have a letter from this esteemed friend and bold laborer in the good cause, which the crowded state of our columns alone prevents our printing entire. We are pleased to know that he is so well received by our Western friends. He left for Cleveland, where he also lectured twice to large audiences. The cause, he says, is rapidly on the increase in these places; in the former they have circles and parties nearly every evening in the week. He next expected to speak in Grafton, Wellington, Xenia, (near Dayton, O.), and other places, engagements having been made to this effect. This does not look much like the "dying out" of the "delusion," as our opponents are trying to make their readers believe. Mr. Coonley, by way of parenthesis, that the BANNER is considered "the paper," (as he terms it) in the section of country he has passed through. We are of course gratified to be assured that our arduous labors have been appreciated by our friends, and trust that they will continue to lend us—and through us the great and good cause we advocate—a helping hand. Our expenditures are large, and it is consequently necessary that remittances should be made at as early a day as possible, that we may begin the second year of the BANNER's existence with increased confidence and power.

HELL.

A few days since, while sitting with a medium, her hand was moved by a spirit who had murdered her child and herself, and was born into the spirit world with the unwavering belief taught in church creeds, that her soul was doomed and sealed to eternal misery. The spirit wrote, "I am cold; I am freezing; tell me where I am. Oh, have I a Father in heaven? Surely He would not leave me in such misery. Who is that? That dark being that approaches? He has come for me; he says I shall not stay here,—that I must go back with him. Oh, God, pity me! pity me! They tell me there is no God, no heaven for me. It is hell, oh, it is hell where I am."

I said to this spirit, "there is a God, and He is good. He is love. He is your Father, and my Father. He loves all His children, and Christ has told us if we ask, we shall receive what we ask for, and our kind Father will grant every desire. Do you desire to be happy and go to heaven? If you do, your prayer will be answered; the arms of love are open to receive you; follow not the spirit who calls you back to suffering and misery; come with me, be my companion; I know that God will pity you, and love you, for he pities me. Christ has gone to prepare a place for all who will follow him. I try to believe in him. I trust in his words. Come with me, and ask the dark being to come with you. My nature is kindred to yours; darkness has enveloped my soul, and sin has made me unhappy. Some kind spirit invited me, as I invite you now, to listen to the words, of Christ, and follow him,—to listen to his teachings, not to the teachings of man."

The spirit, apparently in great doubt as to the truth of what I had said, continued: "Where is Christ? I do not know him; he would not prepare a place for such as me; vile creature as I am; there is no redemption beyond the cold, dark grave. Oh, I am wretched, I am miserable! Oh, the agonies of my life! All the past appears a fearful mystery. It is too late now; there was a time when I might have been saved, had I heeded my mother's warning words. I must go, I must go."

A few evenings subsequent to this interview, this spirit again manifested her presence, and wrote as follows:—

"Oh, for words to express my gratitude! My soul seems like an overflowing fountain, whose gushing waters may not be restrained. Words are the cold language too tame to convey to you any adequate idea of the workings of my soul. In vain I thought, when I came to earth, that I could ever seek aid and happiness. I saw a little star in the distance; you pointed me it, and bid me hope, hope on. Oh, such wild, angry passions raged within my bosom. I felt then that I could almost curse you for daring to hold out brighter prospects. I told you I had been taught to believe in eternal woe. I felt that you were attempting to be my guide, when you knew not the way yourself. You could not see me in the state of utter wretchedness, in which I was, and then say, that I should yet be happy. To me it seemed an impossibility."

I here inquired her name,—she answered: "My name was Ellen Fisher. My history was a sad one. I was born in a town near Boston. At two years of age my parents removed to Boston. At six, my father died, at ten, my mother, all the remaining friend left me on earth. Child as I was, I felt that God had dealt harshly and cruelly with me, leaving me thus an orphan in heart, as well as life. I was poor, and compelled to seek a home, and earn my daily bread. I obtained a place in a family, as nursery maid. I had, from that time, a great many homes, but none which I could call "home sweet home." None around which clustered sweet affections. I was an isolated being, dwelling apart from all real friends. At sixteen, came a great change in my existence; a change which brought, alas, a withering blight upon my soul, darkening forever on earth the little remaining sunlight which cheered my pathway. I changed my place for one in a lordly mansion, whose owner bowed daily at Mammon's gilded shrine. Here I met a stranger of lofty mien, and noble bearing. Though standing far above me in the social scale, yet he stooped to love poor, simple Ellen Fisher. He wooed, and would have won me for his lawful wife, had not his friends interfered, and held me up as an evil being, whose only aim and object was to raise myself by him to a higher round on fortune's ladder."

I believed that he truly loved me, and in a moment of thoughtlessness I became his victim. Foolish girl! from that hour I had sealed my fate. He left me, perhaps never to return. I went forth a homeless, forsaken being. All that I craved was death! utter annihilation! oblivion! anything but life. My cup of bitterness was fast filling to overflowing.

I felt that I had sinned past forgiveness, and oh the hours of eternity!—the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone! The worm whose ceaseless gnawings should never more be stilled! all these fearful scenes rose like dim specters across my pathway. Yet I could not curse God and die. The present, with its unutterable agony of spirit, was enough, but hell might be worse.

Time passed on, and then I clasped to my bosom a frail being, whose existence was part of my own. Poor, feeble, waiting infant! it was but the embodiment of my mother's woe. It lived to be six months old, and again I met the one I loved, the father of my infant, but he spurned me; I kindly told him of our child, hoping to meet his reciprocated joy, but he repulsed my appeals to his sympathy and love; he turned from me with cold indifference; he left me trodden upon and crushed into the earth. Oh, God! what anguish then filled my heart; despair and madness seized my brain, and in a moment of frenzy I murdered my child and myself.

And then waking up in the spirit land—oh, who shall depict the horrors of that scene before me! Demons and devils unnumbered! who they looked around me—they tormented and tortured my spirit! They told me I was damned forever! Then, indeed, I was ready to curse God and die. Agony of agonies! Nineteen years have I passed in this awful state—it has seemed an eternity; time without end. But thank God! thank God! light has come at last. My mother's gentle unseen influence hath led me to you. Since I came to you, my mother has drawn you near me, and I shall soon embrace her. She will welcome the wanderer with open arms, and I shall be folded to rest upon her dear bosom. And my child! my murdered infant shall be given back to me again! Oh, God, this is bliss too great! This may bless you with blessings untold, and His most holy spirit guide you into the haven of eternal rest, is the prayer of  
ELLEN FISHER.  
The above, Mr. Editor, is one of many, many similar instances of manifestations I have witnessed from spirits who believed themselves in hell, and



were literally in hell. The apparent cause of the nineteen years of agony which this poor woman suffered, was the doctrine of damnation taught her on earth. The religion of damnation does send men and women to hell, and keep them there for a longer or shorter period of time. If the communications I have received from the victims of such religion be true, this fact cannot be doubted; and I do not—I cannot—doubt the truth of the general purport of these communications. They have come through various mediums at different times, mediums often who have no knowledge whatever of this peculiar phase of manifestation. I have seen tears flow almost in streams from the grief of the spirit. I have seen pictured in the medium's face unmistakable feelings that existed within, of agony and remorse. The greatest actor in the world could not portray scenes so real. Then I am forced from internal evidence to believe what I already know from interior conviction, this one beautiful truth, that souls in darkness and misery after death, may come into light and find happiness.

The question may be asked, Is it right for man to send people to hell by preaching the religion of damnation. This question I should fail to answer; for who can tell but that the soul arrives sooner to heaven's gates by being first purified by the refining fire of hell? In Festus we read of angels who were sent from heaven to have little spots of pride burnt out of their garments, and they were cast into hell flames until these spots disappeared; then they were borne back to heaven. How do we know but we must all pass that ordeal, that refining process that separates the impure from the pure? "Affliction brightens the spirit; every tear shed on earth is a glittering gem in the spirit's coronal above." Every pain of hell may be the same, and we are led to believe blessings come in disguise, and whatever is, is for the right. Your servant, A. B. CHILDS.

#### AN INCIDENT OF THE PRAYER MEETINGS.

We understand that considerable excitement was created at the usual afternoon prayer-meeting, at the Park street chapel, on Tuesday, the 9th inst. Among the speakers and exhorters who were gathered there, was a clergyman of the Congregational persuasion, who, in the course of his remarks, branched off suddenly into an advocacy of the right of women to be heard in these public assemblies, as well as the other sex. He had got on but a little way, when he was interrupted by the pastor of the church, who kindly, but most earnestly implored him—using a subdued tone of voice—to refrain from such a line of remark. But it was not long before he fell into the same strain again, upon which one of the brethren started off with these beautiful old words—"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove"—in which the entire congregation heartily joined.

The clergyman stood ready to resume his remarks as soon as opportunity might offer again. But hardly had one stanza of the old hymn been sung, when another brother commenced a prayer; and the moment he said the "Amen," an elderly gentleman struck in with an exhortation. This was altogether too much for our clerical friend. Unwilling to be deprived of his chance to speak, he called the attention of the person then speaking, to the fact that he "had the floor," himself. The pastor feelingly observed, however, that that was not the place to discuss the propriety, or the contrary, of ladies speaking. Rev. Mr. F.—likewise ventured an expostulation which, it seems, was not so gently received as it was probably intended. The gentleman alluded to is one of the best and kindest of men at heart, but was manifestly unable to bear the strong excitement of the present hour. Hence his brain has become in some degree affected, and it has been considered best by his friends to remove him finally to the privacy and quiet of an asylum.

We suppress his name in this place, but it was universally admitted that his mental aberration was too palpable to be disguised or denied. We give the incident as a part of the records of the present religious enthusiasm. It is not at all necessary for us to repeat that "Orthodoxy" is quite as capable of creating insanity, as Spiritualism.

#### EFFECTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

A correspondent of the Saturday Evening Mirror, gives the following:

"In the lower part of our city lives a benevolent physician who is a firm believer in the 'Spiritualism' of the present day. He has for a long time investigated it, and having become firmly convinced of the reality of the manifestations, regulates his life by the 'impressions' to which he is subject.

One bitter cold morning a few weeks since, after the doctor had finished his preparations for breakfast, he was called to visit a patient in a distant part of the city. He immediately prepared to respond to the call, and when upon his doorstep he received one of those mysterious 'impressions,' and started off in a totally different direction, not knowing where his steps directed, but assured that the spirits had some mission for him to perform.

He had not gone far when he saw a man standing on the sidewalk, and looking very despondingly. He immediately accosted him with,

"Well, my friend, what can I do for you?" The man lifted his head and gazed at him with a look expressive of doubt and mistrust. He repeated his question, adding, "I perceive that you are in trouble, and I can relieve you if you will confide in me."

The man immediately grasped his hand, saying: "Oh, heavens! I am starving! but that is not the worst. My wife is sick, and I have five sweet children at home without a spark of fire or a mouthful of food. Come with me, and you can see. My place is not far from here."

The doctor was so strongly convinced of the truth of his story that he first supplied himself with a basket of provisions, and then followed the stranger to his tenement, where the children swarmed around him, and eagerly grasped the bread to satisfy their hunger.

The story of the man was true. Thrown out of employment by the hard times, he had parted with various articles of furniture and clothing to supply the necessities of life, and on this morning nothing remained, and he was reduced almost to desperation at the thought of the impending misery to his wife and little ones. The doctor went away with a heart light and happy at the consciousness of having relieved a worthy family from starvation."

T. G. FORSTER IN NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans Spiritualists (French) contains the following:

"Mr. T. G. Forster, a speaking medium of the highest order, is now giving at Amory Hall a course of lectures, which he will doubtless continue for one or two weeks. Admittance free; persons who understand English will do well to attend. Whatever may be the religious ideas of the audience, no one will be shocked by what the invisible say, through the mouth of this remarkable medium."

New counterfeit \$2 bills on the Northampton Bank, of Northampton, Mass., are in circulation.

### Grace Speaking.

#### THE MELODEON LECTURES.

Mrs. Sawyer again occupied the desk on Sunday afternoon last. Her subject was "The Bible, as a book, and its teaching;" and "The explanation of what Christ meant when he said: 'Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

We give a few of her leading thoughts. She said: The Bible contains many things which seem to us strange. If we take it as it is, we must believe that we have a fallible and a changeable God, one day making mankind the objects of His love, again, of His vengeance. Our reason would tell us that He is an unchangeable God; and that the same people and things He loved yesterday, He loves to-day. When viewing God, and taking into consideration His divine majesty, we say truly we have a most beautiful idea of a Father-God.

We believe the Bible, but we believe it in this way: what accords with our reason, we accept as true; what does not, we reject as erroneous. It is because of too firm a reliance upon the purity of the Bible, as the word of God, that has brought so many shadowy doubts to the mind. Men have been taught to believe that God was fallible—that He had the attributes and passions of mortal men—and that if they did not do so-and-so, His wrath would descend them to Hell forever.

The resurrection is a most beautiful thought, when rightly contemplated; there is a change from the material to the spiritual life, which is beautiful in its gradual unfoldings, but under false and erroneous views, it has been covered with fear.

A passage reads in substance thus—"When the trumpet shall sound, the dead shall rise from their graves." The word "grave," as used in this connection, does not signify a hole in the ground; it should be understood rather as a prison-house of the spirit. The idea of a literal resurrection is simply absurd.

In reading the Bible, you must receive that which you can understand, and which agree with your reason, at its own value to your mind; that which is beyond your comprehension, you must lay aside till you are prepared to receive it. Give reason rein, and let judgment have control.

When Christ said—"Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven," a young man had come to him, and said, "What good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" He addressed Christ as he would a doctor of the Pharisees, and did not anticipate the answer Christ should make.

Christ said to the young man, in reply, "Go sell all thou hast and give to the poor." He then replied in this manner, not to his hatred of the inquiring man, but to show the influence of wealth and luxury in destroying a taste for the things of heaven. The young ruler knew his own heart, and it told him that he had not been so liberal with his bounty as he should have been, and he went away sorrowful. Then Christ said, "Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven." The kingdom of heaven, of which Christ spoke, was at that time understood as the new dispensation which Christ labored to bring about.

In order for a man to enter into the dispensation of to-day, he must practice charity. Your souls are too much taken up with the things of this world.

Why not, in your investigations, like your souls to others, so that you may know your progress. Religion, nature, and science—not one of which, of itself, is sufficient, must be linked together to aid your efforts.

How beautiful to consider God in spirit infinitely merciful, and forgiving! Adapt yourselves to circumstances. You are far from perfection, and you can only arrive at perfection by constant progression. You can be perfect in your own spirit, even as God is perfect in His; so let your life and labor be for God and for humanity.

In the evening, Messrs. Nathaniel Warren, Dexter S. King and Robert Cowdin were appointed to nominate a committee to set with the medium on the platform. They reported the following names—Messrs. George W. Cunn and Robert Wharton of Boston, and James Mahoney of Charlestown. The Committee then prepared ballots, and the spirits were requested to designate one. Each paper was then separately handled, but no manifestations were made. The committee then prepared others, and soon one was selected.

[A member of the Committee rose, and said that no names had been written in the first ballots, and that they had left them blank in order to entrap the spirits—which they had not succeeded in doing.]

The medium's hand then wrote the name of "William," and the paper was then opened, and the name of "William B. Wharton" was found. From a list of places pointed out, the raps designated "New Orleans" as the place of his demise, his avocation as a "sea captain," that he was "between 33 and 34" years of age at the time of his death, which occurred in "1847." These answers were pronounced correct.

The medium's hand wrote "George," and a ballot was picked out containing that name. The raps designated his death as happening in "South America," and his age "between 22 and 23 years." Pronounced correct.

The name "Wharton" was then written, and the paper selected contained that name. His age was asked, and two raps given at both the figures 55 and 60. His friend on the Committee then stated his age to have been 55 years and 8 months. The spirit affirmed that he died in Bangor. Correct.

The name "Richard" was written out, and a corresponding ballot selected.

Papers were then collected from the audience, and from a large pile one was selected. The name "Roxanna" was written. The paper was opened, and contained that name. The individual who wrote the name then asked her age, and two raps were given at "47." [She was 46 and 6 months.] She died in "Taunton" of "general debility." Right.

The medium then wrote the name of "L. Richards," and its corresponding paper was found. He said he died in "Havana," of "consumption," and that his first name was "Lyander." The first and last answers were right, but the disease was scrofula.

"John" was then written. He said he died in "Sheffield," which was wrong. On the second trial "Tyngsboro" was given, which was also wrong. The place of his birth was asked, but no answer received.

Then "Isaac" was written, and "Isaac Means" found, in the ballot selected. The spirit refused to answer any questions, and so the séance was concluded.

THE PRESS OF ST. LOUIS, AND A. J. DAVIS.

The Missouri Democrat, speaking of Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis's lectures in St. Louis, says:—"The doctrines set forth by Mr. Davis are unobjectionable, and must be fully endorsed by enlightened, well-disposed men and women."

Dates from Havana are to the 10th inst. Sugar advanced 1 1/2 a 1-2 real, the market closing firm.

The Committee—which, the audience were aware, had exercised the utmost vigilance in their investigations—then reported, each in substance, that they believed the medium had been perfectly fair and honorable in conducting these manifestations—that as a general thing the questions had been answered correctly—that the tests had been very satisfactory but they were not satisfied as to the cause of the phenomena.

### Correspondence.

#### LETTER FROM NEWBURYPORT.

MR. EDITOR—Presuming a communication from here might not be wholly unacceptable to you, I have concluded to send you a few thoughts and reflections connected with my experience; this is, as is well known, a very conservative place. Probably but few, if any, places have exhibited so much determination to resist the truths of Spiritualism. We are now, however, increasing in numbers very fast. There are a great many who are well convinced of the truth of this new principle, but have not independence enough to avow it; they fear the laugh of the professed unbeliever. We find our most bitter opponents among the most rigid Orthodox, and yet the science (if it may so be called) has been the means of convincing professed atheists of the existence of God, while the utmost persuasions of the different sects have been wholly futile. I, for too long a time, held out professing my unbelief, wholly because it conflicted with my pre-conceived, or rather pre-instructed notions, while, at the same time, I could not give any reason, until at last I could no longer reconcile my position with my conscience. I was, tacitly at least, consenting to the righteousness of the acts of opposition which I saw on my right hand and on my left. I determined no longer to persist in so unreasonable a course, but to give the subject the same candid examination given to other matters, and I was fully convinced.

We have had the gratification of witnessing for the past few weeks the demonstrations through Mr. Charles H. Foster of Salem; he is one of the finest developed mediums I have witnessed. He has been visited by some of the first people here, and many have been convinced. Some of them are persons of the finest minds and of the highest order of intellect. His mission here has been conducive of great benefit. Persons who are the slowest to believe in anything new, claiming the strongest evidence for conviction, have admitted its truth. I was present at one of Mr. Foster's sittings, at which were also two of my acquaintances, who have heretofore been unwilling to believe in Spiritualism, but so convincing were the experiments, that they, before leaving, frankly admitted their belief. One had never witnessed anything appertaining thereto, having refused to attend any of the manifestations, but was at last induced to visit Mr. Foster. The first manifestation he got was a multiplicity of raps all over the table. He was astonished, having ever before believed the raps to be wholly imaginary. Immediately afterwards the table (a very heavy mahogany one with four legs) was raised a foot from the floor; he immediately said "he was satisfied it was raised by a power beyond anything ever before known to him." He next received a communication by raps and writing. Answers were given him to test questions, which he admitted would entirely satisfy him; but he still further received proof of the presence of the spirits of his friends, by being touched on different parts of his person. No one can now convince him to the contrary; he is in fact one of the most positive believers; and so it will be with any one who will consent to examine this subject unprejudiced.

Mr. Foster has given perfect satisfaction to every one who has visited him. He has gone to Portsmouth, and is daily in the receipt of letters from all quarters, requesting him to visit them. From thence he goes to Portland and Montreal. While here, a sister received a communication from a former resident, who was a very strong Orthodox. He says the only hell he has found is a "lake overflowing with love of the spirit of the universe," and that the only punishment the Father inflicts upon His disobedient children, is to oblige them to remain in an undeveloped state, until they have progressed. His communications have been very finely dictated.

We have leased a Hall, in which we have our meetings every Sunday, and although ample in size at the first, we are now crowded with our sitters. The different religious societies are looking upon us very jealously. They have from the first preached and exhorted their hearers not to visit the heretics, but their preaching avails them naught. Among our number are many who, until recently, were connected with Orthodox churches. Their opposition is a help to us. We find many who have investigated almost wholly from curiosity, after hearing the tirade of abuse heaped upon us by the different clergymen. Some clergymen have, however, to their credit be it said, refrained from opposing the new faith. I had designed saying something of the objections given, but find I have gone beyond reasonable limits, and will reserve for another letter.

NEWBURYPORT, March 9, 1868.

#### CAPE ANN ADVERTISESE.

The editor of this paper has opened his columns to short articles on the subject of Spiritualism, both for and against. In this we commend this liberality and recognize a willingness to accept truth, and a soul growing in goodness. But in the investigation of this subject there is eminent danger of belief; to every man who has an investigating mind and an honest heart, the examination of this phenomenon must result in the admission of its reality; to know what Spiritualism is, is to believe it beyond a question.

One Mr. Aton, in the last number of this paper, hurled some arrows of bitterness at "spiritual mediums," but these arrows fall powerless at their feet, they harm not, they wound not, for there is a spiritual atmosphere that surrounds every true medium more powerful than all the forces of material opposition. There is in mediums the growing, expanding germ of love, that sends forth a fragrance which fortifies with transcendent power, and fills the soul with peace and joy that cannot be expressed by words.

THE PRESS OF ST. LOUIS, AND A. J. DAVIS.

The Missouri Democrat, speaking of Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis's lectures in St. Louis, says:—"The doctrines set forth by Mr. Davis are unobjectionable, and must be fully endorsed by enlightened, well-disposed men and women."

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### The Busy World.

#### FUN AND FACT.

The reader's particular attention is called to the 6th and 7th pages, for interesting Spirit Messages.

In making up our "outside form," the note belonging to the "Essay," under the head of "Communications," on the 6th page, was accidentally omitted. We give it below:—

Relative to a conversation which transpired after the last interview with spirit.

We have a letter in type from Bangor, in reference to the "Davenport Boys," which we shall print in our next.

We are informed by a private letter to a gentleman in Newburyport, that the "Davenport Boys" have been ordered by the controlling spirit, Sir Henry Morgan, to give all their future exhibitions of spirit power, in the light. An interesting life of Sir Henry has been written by a gentleman, at his (the spirit's) request, and it is hoped may be soon published. The Masters Davenport will visit Bangor when they have completed their Eastern Eastern engagements.

In Rochester, the prejudice against Buffalo has become so strong in consequence of the rivalry between the two cities, that the Rochesterians refuse to ride in a sleigh if it is garnished with a Buffalo robe.

We call the attention of our Eastern friends to the wonderful physical exhibitions of Mr. Charles Foster, of Salem. The citizens of Portsmouth and Portland will do well to examine these interesting phenomena. He has carried conviction to the minds of many in Newburyport. Musical instruments have been raised, chairs carried across the floor, ponderous tables have lost their sobriety, and in defiance to all known laws, have been lifted and surged in mid air, &c. We commend him as an honest, reliable and excellent test medium.

Why is a musquito like a Wall street broker? Because he never stops bleeding his victims till some of them smother him.

STARTLING INTIMATION.—The N. Y. Post, speaking of the Trans-Atlantic Telegraph Company, mentions the fact that during the attempt to lay the telegraphic cable across the Atlantic, last summer, communication with the shore was lost for a time before the wire broke, and says: "We have heard it intimated, indeed, that the cable was broken on purpose to prevent revelation of the fact that the electrical current had become exhausted before the ship had accomplished a third of her journey."

OVERSEA.—In the State of Virginia there are said to be one million five hundred and eighty thousand acres—sea, bay, river, creek and harbor bottoms—occupied by oysters. At the smallest calculation, the value of what are taken away is nearly five millions of dollars per annum.

At a spiritual discussion between Dr. Hanson and Prof. Brittan, in Hartford, the other evening, the latter gentleman volunteered the following remarkable statement:—He said he "was present at the house of Alvin Adams, Esq., in Boston, when a piano, weighing 1000 pounds, with three men sitting upon upon it, whose weight amounted to 400 pounds more, rose bodily into the air, without mortal means, and while suspended some feet from the floor, the instrument, with all of its legs raised from the floor, correctly marked time to the tune of "Hail Columbia."

"When does a candle resemble a tombstone? When it sits up for a late husband."

WALKING.—On the utility of bodily exercise as a preservative of health, a writer in a London periodical lays down as positive, that walking is the most perfect exercise for the human body.—Troy Times.

People who lounge around printing offices to boro editors and bother types, will please notice, says the LEADER, one of the best edited dailies in Boston.

WHAT IS INSTINCT?—Our little boy, Willie, between five and six years of age, sometimes says things that seem far in advance of his years. A few days since, his mother was reading to him a story in which the instinct of animals was mentioned. "Instinct! Instinct!" said he, "what is instinct?" "You are yet too young to understand what the word means, should attempt to explain it to you," said the mother. "Read it again, read it again," said he. It was done, and after a moment of apparently deep thought, he said, "I know now what instinct means, mother—it is you feel."

The eclipse of the sun, on Monday morning, passed off agreeably to programme, fully establishing the fact that "figures won't lie."

The great Fair at Music Hall closed Saturday evening, having proved the most successful enterprise of the kind ever held in this city. The receipts will not fall short of from \$12,000 to \$15,000. Many articles still remain to be disposed of, owing to the generosity of those who supplied the market, and these will be disposed of by the ladies, and the proceeds added to the receipts of the Fair. Saturday evening the crowd was immense, and the closing sales brisk.

The city of Lyons, in France, Digby thinks, must be a merciful locality.

A LEGISLATIVE PRAYER.—The following laconic prayer was delivered in the Iowa House of Representatives the other morning, by the Rev. Mr. Shine:—"Great God! Bless the young and growing State of Iowa, her Senators and Representatives, Governors and State officers! Give us a sound currency, pure water, and undivided religion, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Mr. Brown, why do you wear that bad hat? "Because, my dear sir, Mrs. Brown vows she will not go out of the house with me until I get a new one."

An Independent man is described by Pitt, as "one who cannot be depended upon." Pitt knew, and, as a stern politician, none knew better.

In raising the heart above despair, an old fiddle in worth four docters and two druggists' shops.

LATER FROM UTAH.—The Council Bluffs Bugle, of the 3d, says that Mr. Wingate had just arrived from Salt Lake, Jan. 25, and reports that there is no snow in Salt Lake valley, and very little in the mountains. He came by a route known only to the Mormons, through the mountains, by which only horsemen in single file can pass. The army has not discovered any trace of it. The route passes through perpendicular rocks for thirteen miles, in many places only three feet wide, and is completely covered by a roof of rocks. Mr. Wingate says that the Mormons are manufacturing small cannon, with percussion locks and telescopic sights, which will carry a two pound ball with much more certainty than a common rifle, 120 yards. They are also making 600 revolvers,

and manufacturing a coarse kind of gunpowder for mining purposes. A skirmish had occurred between a party of Mormons and a platoon guard of the army, in which two of the former were killed; and, it was reported, four of the latter were slain. Mr. Wingate says that Brigham Young is willing that the civil officers shall come into the territory, and enter upon their duties, but, if the Utah army attempts to enter the valley, it will be resisted.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—A YOUNG LADY BURNED TO DEATH.—A truly shocking and heart-rending accident occurred in this city on Saturday afternoon, resulting in the death of a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and an only daughter. We learn the following facts in regard to the sad affair: It seems that at about 4-1/2 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, Miss Sarah Barnard, daughter of George M. Barnard, residing at No. 103 Beacon street, had attired herself for the purpose of attending the fair at the Music Hall. Her grandmother was the only person of the family besides Miss B. who was at home. Miss Barnard, at the time of the catastrophe, was sitting in the back drawing-room, where her grandmother had but a few minutes previous left her to go to another room. She had been absent from the room but a short time, when she was alarmed by the screaming of her grand-daughter, and immediately hastening to the room, she found her standing in the middle of the room, with her clothes on fire. Seizing a rug, she attempted to smother the flame, but Miss B., being so much excited, rushed from the room down stairs to the kitchen below. Her rapid flight caused the flames to gain great headway, Miss B. all the while inhaling the fire, and she fell upon the kitchen floor, where death soon relieved her from the agony of pain.

The servants in the house, instead of attempting to relieve her, ran from the house and alarmed the neighborhood, when Dr. R. W. Holbrook, who resides in the immediate vicinity, promptly repaired to the house, but all efforts to save the dying girl proved unavailing. The coachman in the employ of B. G. Boardman, Esq., being near the spot, went into the house and found the young lady's clothes burning, which he succeeded in extinguishing.

Miss Barnard was horribly burned about the face, head, arms, and other portions of her body. It is not known exactly how her clothing took fire, but it is supposed that she stood in front of the fire arranging her hair, when her under-clothes first ignited, which quickly communicated to other portions of her dress, and before the young lady was aware of it, she was in flames.

At the time of the occurrence of the sad affair, Miss B. was awaiting the arrival of a gentleman who was to escort her to the fair at the Music Hall, where she intended to meet her mother and a large number of acquaintances. The news of the shocking affair cast a gloom over many, and almost prostrated her father and mother, who, but a short time before, had left her in the bloom of youth and health.

Miss Barnard was 21 years of age, loved and respected by a large circle of friends, who will deeply mourn her sudden and untimely death.

Rev. Daniel C. Edly, pastor of the Baptist Church, corner of Harvard street and Harrison avenue, in this city, made the statement, last Friday evening, in a lecture on "Backsliding" in his vestry, that: "Hell is dry, rings with the groans and walls of those who were convicted of sin under the preachings of Christ, and of the apostles, but who backslid from the light." Somebody, we believe Burns, says:—

"The fear of Hell's a hangman's whip,  
To hold the wretch in order."

### Dramatic.

BOSTON THEATRE.—As the engagement of the Ravels draws to a close, the desire to witness their performances remains little if any abated. Crowds of spectators are thronging the theatre every night. We are told that young Booth will play out another engagement there before the season closes.

HOWARD ATHENAEUM.—This establishment is finely prospering, with its great cast of superior actors, all of whom have served as Stars in other Theatres. "Nicholas Nickleby" was brought out last week with great success. Mrs. Barrow rendered poor Smike in a most heart-touching manner, and Jordan's representation of Mantalini, the nauseating dog, was "nature pictured too severely true." Mrs. Carr, as Mrs. Squeers, was the best representation of a brutal old terranant that we ever saw.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Mrs. Farren's engagement closed last week, and on Monday night "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was performed. Warren promises to make a sensation on Tuesday night, in his character of "The legislator from the rural districts," in the play of "Silver Spoons."

NATIONAL THEATRE has again opened with an equestrian company, under the management of Charles K. Thorne.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. T. BURLING.—Please forward your favors, and we will judge of their merits.

J. B. C.—The sentiment of your lines is excellent, but they do not possess quite literary merit enough to publish. We at first thought they might pass, with slight alterations; but a careful review has changed our mind.

#### MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Mrs. MARTHA E. SAWYER, a young lady only seventeen years of age, will lecture in the Lecture Hall at the Melodeon, on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 o'clock. R. M.

Miss ROSA T. ARNOLD will speak in Boston, Tuesday, March 10; in North Andover, on Thursday, 18, and in Bangor, on Sunday, 21.

A weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spirituallists' Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Thursday evening, commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock.

SPIRITUALLISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Speaker, Rev. D. F. Goddard. Admittance free.

A Circle for Medium Development and Spiritual Manifestations will be held every Sunday morning and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admittance 5 cents.

THE LADIES ASSOCIATION in aid of the Poor—entitled the "Harmonious Band of Love and Charity"—will hold weekly meetings in the Spirituallists' Reading Room, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. All interested in this benevolent work are invited to attend.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings in Evening Hall, No. 69 Main street, every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. The meetings will be occupied by circles, the afternoons devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and the evenings to speaking by E. Loring Moody. Hours of meeting 10 A. M. and 8 P. M.

MEETINGS IN CHARLESTOWN, on Sundays morning and evening, at Gun Hill Hall, Whitinsummet street. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Seats free.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 8 and 7 o'clock.

QUINCY.—Spiritualists' meetings are held in Mariposa Hall every Sunday morning and afternoon. The excellent Trance-Speaking Medium, will lecture Sunday next, March 21, in the above hall.

SALEM.—Meetings are held in Grosvenor's Hall, Essex street, Sunday afternoon and evening. Circle in the morning.

Meetings at Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2-1/2 and 7 o'clock. The best lecturers and Trance-speakers engaged.



## Correspondence.

## SPIRITUALISM IS NOT SECTARIANISM.

"Is thunder evil, or is dew divine?"

Is the destructive tempest full of wrong, and the genial rays of the sun full of goodness? Are thorns curses, and flowers blessings? Are bitter weeds useless, and sweet, nutritious plants useful? These are all the handwork of our Father, the productions of nature. And who shall say that merit or demerit belongs to each or either? Who that has finite perceptions of the purposes of creative Goodness, can say that God has made anything for evil?

Sin is like the thunder, like the tempest, like thorns, like bitter weeds, like serpent's stings. And who shall say that God's purposes for our more speedy growth in goodness are not brought about by the greatest sins?

Is the infant child, nursing at its mother's breast, nearer the kingdom of God than the aged man, deep dyed in crime, who has once nestled in the arms of a mother's love? Is the remorse and suffering of a long life of sin all for naught?

Is the soul radiant with holy hope any nearer an omnipresent God, than the soul without hope, that sees no sun-ray of redemption?

Are the stings of agony and remorse, which are the fruits of sin, not steppingstones to heaven's higher gates?

No soul is nearest God, for life is everywhere. Shall the religious Scribes and Pharisees go into the kingdom of heaven, before the irreligious publicans and harlots? Is the outcast in the prison dungeon any further from God than the zealous worshipper at the shrine of fashion? Is the sectarian Spiritualist nearer heaven than the sectarian Christian? Are we to judge? If God be infinite in power, all things are of Him; and we have naught to give, and naught to boast.

Our life is a pathway that leads to happiness, to heaven, and we are ever moving on; and this pathway is uneven as life is changeable; sometimes it is smooth, sometimes it is strewn with sharp stones, that cut the feet of the traveler; sometimes high and difficult ascents are to be gained, and corresponding dangerous descents follow. This pathway is strewn with thorns, as well as flowers; the flowers give us fragrance, and the thorns wound us. We have quicksands and miry places to pass over; serpents lie concealed, and sometimes sting the traveler. The sun rises and sets upon us, and night follows the day. Clouds sometimes gather around us; storms and tempests sweep over us, but still we move on; no step can ever be retraced, no soul can ever retrogress; its course is onward, and every instant of our life, do what we will, or what we will not, we are nearing our heavenly home.

Such is the pathway of life, and we are travelers in this pathway; every child of earth—not one exception—all sects and denominations—all ranks of condition—all are bound for the same home, for the same gardens where bloom flowers of eternal fragrance. And spirits come from those gardens, bring flowers that grow there, and drop them in our pathway; they come to help us on, to sustain us, to invite us, to comfort us, to give us a foretaste of what awaits us. We seek to become inhabitants of those heavenly gardens, as soon as we can. We have just so far to go; we have just so many difficulties to pass; and how shall we treat one another as we go along this pathway? With opposition; or with a helping hand, with a loving heart, with united efforts?

The flowers brought to us by spirits from the place of our destination, throw light around; we call this Spiritualism, and in this light we see how we are, where we are, and what we are to be.

In this light, how shall we treat a sect, a band of brothers and sisters that go journeying on with us? Should we not treat them as associates, as fellow-travelers, as fellow-sufferers, whose purpose, aim and end is one?

"And share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flow  
A sympathetic tear."

Why should we ever speak opposing words? Why should we ever call our brother unkind names, a bigot or an infidel, a liar, or any reviling word? Why should we say, I am better than you are? Why should we say that I have more light, more truth than you have, when truth and light comes as fast to every soul as it has strength to receive and bear?

Is there anything in man that contravenes the purposes of God? Is there anything in nature that was not meant to be there? Spiritualism answers, no. Then, in harmony with this answer, what is our duty in the treatment of sects and sectarianism? Spiritualism again answers: be humble, be peaceful, be passive; learn how to love, and not oppose; be reviled, and love in return.

Every religion has, and does possess, the feature of sectarianism; Spiritualism comes forth without this feature. It recognizes for itself no sect, no creed. Its followers think for themselves, think differently; reason for themselves, reason differently; and believing for themselves, believe differently. Spiritualism, as a whole, is a comprehensive and perfect philosophy of life, as it is manifested in connection with matter, and existing independent of matter. It accepts all religion, as in each existing parts that are necessary to make the perfect whole; the perfect symmetrical form, the divine goddess, Truth. Spiritualism, in its deeper and truer sense, rejects nothing, and accepts everything. It teaches that God has made the world and all therein is, and all is but a revelation of His power, life and love, and the final ultimate of all things is good, is beautiful and immortal.

"Nought wrong in man nor nature, nought not meant,  
As from God's hands it comes, who fashions all,  
All holy as his word—"

Believers in Spiritualism are found today in all the religious denominations on the earth, and many still, from education, habits and prejudices, continue to hold, in some degree, to creeds and opinions; but the light of Spiritualism daily weakens this hold. Believers in Spiritualism are likewise found in all ranks and conditions of men, who make no pretensions to, or professions of, religious belief; and they are more to be found among men and women who are cast out of the society of so-called good men and women, who, judged by the standard of human invention, are degraded and low, and who do in truth suffer from the shafts of human judgment, revengeful justice, selfishness, arrogance and hatred. Those who are gifted with medium powers, and believe in spirit manifestations, are found in the prison house, in the brothel, in the domestic circle, and in the sanctuary; in the halls of legislation and in the hermit's quiet retreat. The old and the young, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the so-called good and the so-called bad, are alike recipients of this newly discovered light to earth, Spirit-

tualism. And as its influences come, free, liberal, generous, wide-spread, all over the earth, so it shall be received and cherished, so it will be manifested without bondage, without illiberality, without fault-finding and fault-seeking, without bigotry, without sect and sectarianism.

A. B. CHAM.

## PHILOSOPHY OF ACTION.

In obedience to a law, which is alike binding on the material and mental, all action is the resultant effect of a previously existent cause. The manifestation of thought is always in harmony with the condition of mental development that produces it. Man acts as he is permitted, organized and surrounded by circumstances being taken into consideration. It is foolish, therefore, philosophically speaking, to say "he should do thus, or so," for he is himself an effect, not a cause. It is true we may arise to higher states, yet that progression is the consequence of the impulsion of a something within us, or an equally forcible motor existing outside, neither of which we set in motion. We act as causes to others; they, for the time being, are necessarily negative to us. In turn, we are acted upon. Man cannot impel himself any further than the merest inanimate form. Desire is created in, but not by, him, (so far as he is concerned.) Let the wish be strong, and it impels to action. He does not thereby move himself. First the impression, next the desire, then the will; and, power being equal, the action is accomplished. Is not the starting-point the real cause? Can we not say that the desire is the mainspring of the action? If we do not create our desires, they are created for us. If so, then the cause is not ourselves. All who advocate opposite doctrines cannot substantiate them; their systems lack coherency.

He who can overthrow these propositions, resolves the universe back into chaos, by substituting an infinite number of opposing wills to one great, ruling power. It is a mathematical truth, self-demonstrated, that the Superior governs. Where is the moving power, if all are equal, or free, in will? Man is either free of, or subject to, law; if free, he controls—if subject to, he is controlled. All act in harmony with the plans of their development. To change the action, the condition must be elevated. Then the old form of manifestation is superseded by a higher, and, consequently, a better one.

The individual, or power, that creates a desire in us, occupies the relation of a creator to the ultimate results—always provided surrounding circumstances do not stand between the desire and the action. The desire, being the spiritual conception, always precedes the material ultimatum, or birth, which is the action.

This philosophy is harmonious in itself; explaining action, it resolves the cause of all motion back to a central point, that may be styled God, Nature, or Necessity—it matters not which—all signifying the same idea. Browning says:

"All service ranks the same with God.  
If now, as formerly, He trod  
Paradise, His presence fills  
Our earth; each only as God wills  
Can work. God's puppet, best and worst,  
Are we—there is no last nor first."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HORACE B. DICK.

## THE MONEY QUESTION.

PHILADELPHIA, March 1, 1858.

MR. EDITOR—I was much pleased with the very interesting debate, published recently in the "Banner," and as a confirmation in support of the very plausible arguments of Dr. Child, I send you the following extract from the Second Epistle of "Clement" to the Corinthians, (one of the rejected books of the Bible, now published as Apocryphal), for insertion in the Banner of Light. Whether canonical or not, it is nevertheless very ancient, and runs parallel with the spirit of the New Testament, and the arguments of Dr. Child.

"For consider, brethren, that the sojourning of the flesh in the present world, is but little, and of short continuance; but the promise of Christ is great and wonderful, even the rest of the kingdom that is to come, and of eternal life.

What then must we do that we may attain unto it? We must order our conversation holily, and righteously, and look upon all the things of this world as none of ours, and not desire them, for if we desire to possess them, we fall from the way of righteousness.

For thus says the Lord, no servant can serve two masters; if, therefore, we shall desire to serve God and Mammon, it will be without to us, for what will it profit if we gain the whole world, and lose his own soul. Now this world and that to come are two enemies. This speaketh of adultery and corruption, of covetousness and deceit; but that renounce these things.

We cannot therefore be the friends of both, but we must resolve, by forsaking the one, to enjoy the other, and we think it is better to hate the present things, as little, short lived and corruptible, and to love those which are to come, which are truly good and incorruptible. For if we do the will of Christ, we shall find rest, but if not, nothing shall deliver us from eternal punishment if we shall disobey his commands."

Yours in the cause of truth,

JNO. A. HOOVER.

## ABUSE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 7, 1858.

MR. EDITOR—Would it not be as well to refer our friends to some of the ancient histories on record, to what the reports and accusations against the first believers in Christianity were? If our neighbor of the Springfield Republican, and other outsiders, would give us some of the charges laid at the door of Christians, among the first few centuries, it might perhaps cool their ardor in hunting up such absurdities as "naked circles," &c. Gibbons' History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, a book within the reach of every one, gives but a tythe of them. Suppose I give a small sample from page 11, Vol. 2: "By imitating the awful secrecy which reigned in the Eleusinian mysteries, the Christians had flattered themselves that they should render their sacred institutions more respectable in the eyes of the Pagan world." But the event, as it often happens to the operations of subtle policy, deceived their wishes and expectations. It was concluded that they only, concealed what they would have blushed to disclose. Their mistaken prudence afforded an opportunity for malice to invent, and for suspicious credulity to believe, the hard tales which describes the Christians as the most wicked of human kind; who practised in their dark recesses every abomination that a degraded fancy (Springfield Republican suited exactly,) and who solicited the favor of their unknown God, by the sacrifice of every moral virtue; (the aged Deacon did believe it,) after relating some sacrifices

of a new-born infant, he goes on: "It was confidently affirmed that this inhuman sacrifice was succeeded by a suitable entertainment, in which intemperance served as a provocative to brutal lust, till at the appointed moment, the lights were suddenly extinguished, shame was banished, nature was forgotten, and, as accident might direct, the darkness of the night was polluted by the incestuous commerce of sisters and brothers, of sons and of mothers."

But the perusal of the ancient apologies was sufficient to remove even the slightest suspicions from the mind of a candid adversary, (Springfield Republican will please take notice, and be a candid adversary.) The Christians, with the intrepid security of innocence, appealed from the voice of rumor to the equity of the magistrates. They acknowledged, that if any proof can be produced of the crimes which calumny has imputed to them, they are worthy of the most severe punishment. They provoke the punishment, and they challenge the proof, at the same time they urge, with equal truth and propriety, that the charge is not less devoid of probability, than it is destitute of evidence.

Perhaps the writers of some of the "Pagan" papers of the present day have been refreshing their memories by reading over past histories, for it appears to me the same absurdities, or very similar ones, are charged to Spiritualists of the present day. But I suppose such things are necessary appendages to sectarian bigotry, and unless they are fed with such food, they will eventually dry up and blow away.

Yours, F. L. J.

## LETTER FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

GREENWOOD FARM, Feb. 24, 1858.

MR. EDITOR—As it is always interesting to the readers of your excellent paper to learn of the progress the good cause is making, everywhere, I take the liberty, as one of your subscribers, to give you a short account of how the work is progressing in Chester County, Penn., where there are a small number of devoted and intelligent Spiritualists. They have lately obtained the village school-house for a course of lectures, also a hall at Phoenixville, where there is great interest manifested. Brother W. R. Jocelyn is now engaged. He is a trance-speaking and improvising medium. The spirits seem to have the most perfect control over his organism, and his lectures are striking for their peculiar beauty and eloquence. The audiences, though not large, manifest a most marked and respectful attention, many of them never having heard a trance-speaking medium before. We are also holding private circles in the neighborhood, which are well attended, and for which brother J. is most remarkably fitted, his poetical effusions at such times being of the very highest and most elevated character. They seem to lift one, as it were, out of earth's sphere to celestial scenes, as the heavenly inspiration flows from his lips.

His visit here is, I feel, doing much good in helping to keep up a spirit of inquiry and interest among many church members, who are favorably inclined to its teachings, but lack moral courage to take the first step in this glorious reform.

As our brother's time with us will soon expire, I would recommend him to your kind consideration, as an efficient and zealous laborer in the great cause, and whose gifted powers of mediumship should be more widely known. He has made many friends while with us. May his success be equal to his merits, and may the eyes of many be opened to investigate this beautiful, soul-satisfying and elevating philosophy.

Yours for the truth,

M. C. W.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## INVOCATION.

BY W. A. D.

Oh, Thou Eternal Spirit, God!  
Whose works are seen around—  
Whose spirit, clothed with nature's garb,  
In majesty is found!  
Thou hast prepared me with a mind  
To seek and find out Thee—  
To know Thy presence, may I find  
Thy presence filling me!  
Thou let me feel the power within  
That sanctifies the soul—  
That sets the spirit free from sin,  
And makes the sinner whole!  
Power Divine! come, fill me full  
Of glory and of love,  
And make my soul as beautiful  
As those that dwell above!  
Oh, give me power through my frame  
To heal the sick and sore;  
And others raise to do the same,  
Till sin shall reign no more.  
Oh, happy day! when all can say:  
I now am free and pure,  
To walk in wisdom's holy way,  
And praise Thee evermore!

## HUME, THE MEDIUM.

The Paris correspondent of the Traveller says that Mr. Hume attended a ball recently, given by the Marquis de Livry, and in the course of the evening was accosted by a young lady, who said:—

"I have heard a great deal about your wonderful feats, but I am incredulous; will you take the trouble of converting me? Will you give me some proof of your supernatural science? Willingly, replied Mr. Hume, smiling. He fixed on her a magnetic glance, and added: You have been asked in paring several times. True; but can you tell me how often and by whom? More than that; none of those gentlemen are in the ball room, and yet I will show them to you. Show them to me? Yes; be good enough to stand before that mirror, and look into it. She looked into the mirror, and started and screamed when she saw appear on its bright surface, and visible to her alone, the face of a young man. Is not he the first who sought your hand last year? asked Mr. Hume. Yes. Look again, the others will appear. In ten minutes' time all the others appeared, one by one. Are those all? Yes, nodded the young lady, for she was too much astonished to speak. Mr. Hume gave her another of his deep glances, and said: I see you are now convinced of my power. Could I be otherwise? But that is not all; I read in your mind that you would like to ask me a question, but are afraid to. That is true. You would know whom among these six pretenders to your hand (that your family have bestowed, but not rejected) you should accept. Really, you are a sorcerer. Look in the mirror. I see nothing, said the young lady, after waiting some minutes—nothing at all. Perhaps that is the answer given by the mirror; the spirit may engage you to choose none of these gentlemen. And so I'm never to be married! That's a cruel fate. That is another question. See what answer the mirror gives! She looked again in the mirror: Ah! she exclaimed, with a slight emotion of surprise. Has the mirror spoken? Yes. A new face flitted across the mirror: a young man who was not at the ball, and who has not yet solicited the young lady's hand. All this scene took place in a corner, and alone, for Mr. Hume looked off all the curious persons who had gathered around him; the majority of the guests were busy dancing in another room. I leave you to judge how much this incident has interested Mr. Hume's fame here."

## OLD THEOLOGY.

The following extracts from the catechism used by the French Jesuits in the seventeenth century, in converting the Indians, present a very refreshing idea of Heaven and Hell—particularly of the latter state of existence:—

Q.—How is the soil made in Heaven?  
A.—'Tis a very fair soil; they want neither for meats nor clothes; 'tis but wishing, and we have them.

Q.—Are they employed in Heaven?  
A.—No; they do nothing; the fields yield corn, beans, pumpkins, and the like, without any tillage.

Q.—What sort of trees are there?  
A.—Always green, full, and flourishing.

Q.—Have they in Heaven the same sun, the same wind, the same thunder that we have here?  
A.—No; the sun ever shines; it is always fair weather.

Q.—But how their fruits?  
A.—In this one quality they exceed ours; they are never wasted; you have no sooner plucked one, but you see another presently hanging in its room.

Q.—What sort of a soil is that of Hell?  
A.—A very wretched soil; 'tis a fiery pit, in the centre of the earth.

Q.—Have they any light in Hell?  
A.—No; 'tis always dark; there is always smoke there; their eyes are always in pain with it; they can see nothing but the devils.

Q.—What shaped things are the devils?  
A.—Very ill-shaped things; they go about with vizards on, and they terrify men.

Q.—What do they eat in Hell?  
A.—They are always hungry, but the damned feed on hot ashes and serpents there.

Q.—What water have they to drink?  
A.—Horrid water, nothing but molten lead.

Q.—Don't they die in Hell?  
A.—No; yet they eat one another every day; but anon, God restores and renews the man that was eaten, as a crop plant in a little time repopulates.

## WILLIAM PENN ON LOTTERIES.

"The Principle," one of the neatest sheets published in support of the Spirit Advent, is responsible for the following communication from William Penn, to a person who wanted to know what number in a lottery he should draw. He says:—

"Moses: I perceive that thou art troubled with manifold desires, which I would urge upon thee to obey; and in their place have aspirations for the high, the pure, the lasting. The Book, Moses, reads, 'Blessed are the poor, for they shall be comforted.' Again, 'It is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.' There, whether found in the Bible, the Koran, or the thoughts of man, are truths which every man and woman should have incorporated within and constitute part of their individualism. Then bless the Lord that thou art a poor man—and as thou art an applicant in the universe for higher truths, seek after the numbers which will draw thee a prize of elevated happiness in preference to the lottery of earth. It would be a very injudicious act—and one which no elevated spirit would consent to do. Though such thing could be done, yet never will be done. I refer now to designate such prize numbers as thou hast asked me for. Relieve thy mind from all such speculations, and cast thy mind into the treasury of truth, and draw the highest prize thou art capable of receiving.

The spiritual lottery draws each moment of man's existence. None take their chances there without drawing a prize equal to their desires. Take this to thy spiritual nature, Moses, and from the moment thou readest it, revolutionize thy interior and commence thy searches anew—seek no pecuniary interest other than that which will suffice to supply the wants of thee and thine; and thou wilt be assisted by all philanthropic spirit intelligences.

The intelligence who hath been giving utterance is

WILLIAM PENN.

"THE PRINCIPLE" is published monthly, by Messrs LANING & CONKLIN, at No. 477 Broadway, New York, at the low price of fifty cents per annum.

## WHITE CRAVATS, AND SINNERS.

When Christ on one occasion addressed the teachers of the law—the conscientious professors of religious belief—he said, "verily, verily, I say unto you, the harlots and the publicans shall go into the kingdom of heaven before you." The following, from the Boston Herald, brings forcibly to mind the truth of these words of Christ:

"One or two evenings since, while discussing a choice sample of bivalves in an oyster saloon upon Tremont street, a well-dressed individual, who appeared to have a good deal of solidity of character, and who wore an air of respectability and a white cravat, entered the saloon, leading by the hand a half-dressed urchin. The gentleman proved to be a philanthropist, for he called loudly for 'a cent's worth of crackers for this boy—he says his mother at home is starving.' A person in one of the alcoves suggested quite audibly the propriety of sending the starving woman a broiled chicken instead of a cent's worth of crackers, but the philanthropist did not hear, or paid no heed to the suggestion, and pursued his quest for crackers. He said that the sufferings of the poor filled his heart with sympathy, and he never protested their drafts for aid.

A member of the sporting fraternity was just at this moment paying for his 'dozen raw,' and, as he eyed the philanthropist, an expression of contempt lurked in his countenance, and when the philanthropist gave the boy a cent's worth of crackers and his blessing, he placed in his hand a coin which was calculated to afford a much greater amount of relief to the hungry woman than the donation which the gentleman with the white cravat had presented with such unostentatious air. While the boy was thanking the gambler for his timely gift, the other gentleman was seized with some symptoms of a bronchial affection, and glided off without waiting for the outburst of gratitude which the crackers might have produced."

## THE CAUSE IN GROVELAND.

A friend in Groveland writes us that Spiritualism is on the increase there—that they have organized two large circles, which meet regularly; and that skeptics are continually giving in their adherence to the new faith. Many more, he says, would like to investigate the subject, but they fear to be on the (as yet) unpopular side, there being much opposition in and out of the church. They admit there is something in "table tipplings" which they cannot account for; but go no further. The writer adds:—"What we want most, is a fully developed medium here to speak to the people, and then converts would be made rapidly."

## SPIRITUALISM AT THE WEST.

The North Western Explorer says that Spiritualism was never so rapidly progressing as now. This is not to be wondered at. The problem of the age is solved by a simple experiment, entirely in the power of every one to try. No costly apparatus, no long study, no severe labor is necessary; the poor, the illiterate, the vicious, the unhappy, as well as the rich, the learned, the just, and happy, can alike solve the great question, each for himself. "If a man die, shall he live again?" God's laws in nature rest on something better than faith. In France, scientific men have obtained an intelligence behind the manifestations to be explained except in the spiritual hypothesis. In England, a writer in the Westminster Review, in closing a long article against Spiritualism, says:—"Our readers would be astonished,

were we to lay before them the names of several of those who are unflinching believers in it, or who are devoting themselves to the study or reproduction of its marvels. The persons at its head are men and women whose intellectual qualities are known to the public, and who possess its confidence and esteem."

## Communications.

Under this head we propose to publish such Communications as are written through various media by persons in the spirit world and sent to us.

[S. G. Conabury, Medium.]

## Essay.—No. 3.

There are two propositions, which were in that conversation, upon which we wish to make a remark or two. As to what John's understanding of spirit may have been, we are only able to deduce. We suppose, and it is probably true, that he understood the same law as it was then explained. He may, or may not, have so comprehended that law. But, we think it is apparent from what he did say, that that view of the law is the most natural construction of his language. His subsequent remarks, we think, confirm that conclusion—that "that the word was made flesh." That remark, and what followed from John, in relation to the word being made flesh, accords very well with the present spiritualistic philosophy. The great creative principle, which lay inactive and inert in the bosom of nature, until by that principle matter was developed, was as perfect, although but a principle, as after matter was developed—although not manifested until matter existed. This principle, or law, or word, if you please to call it so, was the divine rule by which matter was developed. Under this law, if matter were developed, it must of necessity take upon itself form. This was of necessity, and not because any preceding intelligence had so ordained it. Principles cannot be created—they are self-existent and Divine. They do not exist until manifested. They can only be manifested upon or through matter. Thus there is a law of form, but that law is null and without an existence until there is matter through which it may be manifested—which manifestation proves the existence of the law. Hence the existence of the law may be dated at the creation of matter, although it might have been earlier manifested, had there been matter sufficient for such a purpose. Thus there is a principle of beauty and uniformity in nature—still there is nothing beautiful or uniform, until matter exhibits it. Now, if there were a God, or a Divine Intelligence, prior to the existence of those principles, those principles would have existed in spite of Him, and consequently cannot exist by His permission, or through His dictation. For matter would have taken form when developed, with or without His permission; from necessity. The human mind is very apt to attribute a principle to a creating power, which is a great mistake. Matter may be created, but principles cannot, for they are spirit, or God, as understood by the ancients. And they appeared to comprehend the idea, that they were without creation; as according to their idea God was without beginning of days or ending of years. We think, then, that the great creative principle in nature, the great overruling power, only were alluded to by John when he spoke of the word having been manifested in the flesh. That there was a man, he told them that that principle had become flesh, and was one among them—had died, and had risen again—that he was the perfection of nature—that the fullness of the Godhead was in him. This, if he understood it as we do, was an exhibition or view of all the natural laws in one individual. We would say naturally perfect—John said, the same with the Father. We would say, a full manifestation of the natural law—John said that he and the Father were one. Whether he intended to convey the idea that we intend to convey, we know not. But one thing is clear—that if he was of the opinion, that there was a primal intelligent creating Being—that Being had become flesh, and was perfect in Jesus Christ, and in him plenary—he must have been mistaken. For the evidence is, that the whole human family bore his image, and a part of his existence, a part of his being. He could not therefore have been perfect and plenary in Christ, inasmuch as he was the soul of all created things. We are forced to the conclusion, then, that the primitive Christians may have entertained much the same idea that we do, in relation to the Deity, that law was the origin of all things—that everything came into existence in obedience to Divine law, or Divine principle—that that law was not the result of any Divine dictation—those principles not the offspring of a Divine intelligence, giving them any peculiar guidance or direction—that everything which does exist, exists in obedience to law—that if such an intelligence exists, that it must exist in obedience to a law—and that that existence, in obedience to a law, presupposes the existence of a still higher law; and there is just where the error has originated—in the ignorance of men who could not conceive of the existence of a law, without connecting with that existence a creature to make it; while, in truth, laws are not made. That only is made which is composed of matter. The error lay then in a want of discrimination between principles, or spirit, and matter. And this error is the basis of many other errors, which have had a tendency to distract the human mind upon this subject.

This brings me to my second proposition—which was that beautiful sophism of Dr. Paley, when he attempted to make his metaphysical philosophy bend to his theological views, in the introduction of the watch to prove that Nature could not have existed without a design. And this, too, illustrates what was said in the former lecture, in relation to a predisposition on the part of philosophers to force their new discoveries to a conformity to their theological prejudices. Dr. Paley's figure of the watch proved that the designer of the watch, or maker of the watch, if you please, had a design; that design was manifested through the whole structure of the machine, but more particularly in compelling an insensible and unintelligent point of metal to describe or indicate a given space in a given time. But Dr. Paley forgot, that the artisan had nothing at all to do in creating, designing, or laying down the law by which it was done. He could not make that law yield to his purposes. He could not lengthen an hour of time, or shorten a minute. He could not increase nor diminish the force of the law of Nature, which he brought to bear upon his machinery. He discovered in this law of Nature a motive power which was manifested in the reaction of a coiled spring. He simply made that law subservient to his design, by the application of such checks upon the coiling spring, or reacting spring, as that a certain portion of it should encoil in a given time. There was certainly design in this, but that design had to be effectuated in accordance with a natural law, inflexible and unalterable. Everything he did had to be in accordance with the law. The operation of that law he could not contravene. When Dr. Paley said that the watch had a beginning and a designer, he should have said that there were certain particles of matter there contained that had been brought to obedience to certain laws, for certain specific purposes, but the law was without an author, without beginning of days or ending of years, self-existent in its nature, eternal in its action. And when he had thus described the law, he would have given a definition of God, or Deity.

It is said, too, that a beautiful flower exhibits the design of a divine mind, while in truth the bud is the result of a deposit of more sap than the system of the tree can eliminate, which takes upon itself leaflet forms; and as they unfold, the sun's rays and the atmosphere give them their color. Sometimes there is still an exuberance of sap, which turns a centre, or nucleus, to the flower in obedience to a law. Other portions of sap which reach to it in the natural circulation of the tree from chemical affinity, added to it, thus enlarging it gradually, until it attains the size of an apple, the wind expands it, and it grows older, takes upon itself a beautiful color; and the God who governs the sap, and the law of the beautiful design of Deity in an-



## The Messenger.

**HINTS TO THE READER.**—Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. CONANT, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light.

The object of this Department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth.

These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted—only the answers given to them.

By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything but *finis* beings, liable to err like ourselves.

They are published as communications, without alteration by us, as we believe that the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, instead of expecting that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. They all express so much of truth as the spirit communicating perceives,—no more. It can speak of its own condition with truth, while it gives opinions merely relative to things it has not experienced.

The Spirit governing these manifestations does not pretend to infallibility; but only engages to use his power and knowledge to the best advantage, to see that truth comes through this channel. Perfection is not claimed.

Messages received up to Thursday night of the week prior to the date of this paper, not before noticed in this manner, and to be published in the order of their reception, viz.:—William Thompson, Elizabeth Woodman, John W. Gooding, William Russell, Robert Stanwood, James Finlayson, —Wilkinson, Solomon Peel, Smith Robinson, Jackson Leonard, Levi B. Trefethen.

## Charles Carter.

This was a dumb boy, and he conversed with us by means of the alphabet for the dumb. Not having learned on earth to control the vocal organs, he could not control those of the medium. His communication was as follows:—

I expected to see my mother here. I lived in Boston, on Pond street. My mother lived in South Boston, and was 71 years old, about. I never spoke.

We asked why he could not now speak, and he answered: "Can you make a table?" meaning to convey the impression that he had never learned, therefore could not speak. He continued:

I was ten years old. Are you going to bring my mother? Can you bring her?

We told him we would publish his message, which would probably reach her, and he left.

Friday, Feb. 12.

## Alfred Hunting.

I'm rather well satisfied to come here to-day. I forget that you can't see me, so I must tell you my name, I suppose. Alfred Hunting. Ha, ha! what a strange world you live in. Well, did you ever think the other one was equally as strange. The same yesterday, to-day, and forever! I've got something to come for, else I suppose I should n't have come. I've got a brother that's a medium, and I am very anxious to have him developed, but he seems to have other business just now.

You know I'm not much used to explain the Bible, but I used to read it, because I was obliged to. There is a passage somewhere, which tells that one man excused himself for doing something, because he had married a wife.

Now, that's the case with my brother, but I should like to have a little attention. I suppose I should get it if she knew me. Who knows? but she would have fancied me if I had not. He wants me to come to him at home, but I cannot. Why will he ask me to do something I can't do, instead of going where I can talk to him?

My father, who has just come here, is better off than I am. I have been some time longer here than he, but he goes higher in the scale of happiness than I. Well, that's right, because he was a good man; but he has got to learn some lessons, as well as his son. He has got to learn a different character of God. That's a hard thing for a spirit to do, who has been brought up in old notions of Him; every thing here tells him that he has not true ideas; but still it is hard to believe it. You that are on the earth have so many ideas of God, it is no wonder a fellow gets his head so full, that he finally ascertains that he knows nothing correct.

I did not have very full conceptions of a God. I never could believe in a personal devil. Well, I was a fast young man, bound to have a good time, and bound that everybody else should have one, provided they did n't tread on my toes. I can't talk to you as I would talk to my friends. You are strangers to me, except one spirit whom I met eight or nine years ago, and who helped me out of a little trouble.

We spirits are just as glad to meet friends in a strange place, as you are. We experience as much joy as you do in meeting them, so I get two blessings by coming here; I have met with my old friend, and have come here and talked to you. So a fellow gets paid for doing right. I thought it was right for me to come here to-day, and I did it.

I might have been a Christian, I suppose, but I was not fashioned for that life. The world winged pretty well with me; sometimes it went cross-ways, but it went very well. I had my troubles as good as everybody else. I suppose I committed a good many sins, but not so many that they haven't been pardoned, or can't be, for I have learned, since I came here, that the way is open here, as well as on earth. A fellow is not afraid of going to hell every minute.

My friends have done pretty well; I have commended to them, but they do not throw themselves so much in my way as I wish. I have never giving anything pointed, because I could n't. The most I have given is here, to a stranger, through a stranger.

Friday, Feb. 12.

## John Downing.

Don't know much about talking; this will be the first time. Been now about sixteen years since I spoke this way. Almost forgot how to use the organs of speech. Lived in Concord, N. H.; died there. My name was John Downing; was called Jack, sometimes.

Been thinking about coming back to talk sometime. Got a good many friends on earth, and I am very much delighted to think I can do as well as I can. I saw a good many happy times on earth, and much trouble, and it has been the same here. I have been troubled because I could not talk to my friends. Some of my friends had some trouble about money affairs some time ago. I could have made it all right if I could have spoken a moment. I want my folks to know I can talk to them. I would be happy if, when I see things going wrong with my folks, I could only set them right.

I don't see things here as I expected to find them; I did not know but I should see some of my relations here; but since I have taken control, I have been told that what I should meet them. I have been to mediums, and tried to commune, but could not do it. I have been told that had my friends been to the medium, it would have made all the difference in the world to me.

Oh, I have known a long while about spirits coming to earth. I was none of your bigoted ones on earth. I was always in everything new, and always looked for light anywhere it was to be found. I want my friends to know I can come—then if they ask me, I will come. A great many spirits can see the trouble which all around their friends, and can help them out of it, when they don't see the way themselves. But if they will not, be liberal in their ideas, and thus cheat themselves of good, they must suffer for it—nobody else.

There's only one way to get to heaven; that is, do just as you've a mind to about all matters of religion.

If a person wanted me to join the Baptist church, I asked him why he did; and if I was a mind to do it, I did. I am just as I was on earth. I don't know but when I was on earth I would do a mean thing for a nippence. I would n't now, though; so in that respect I'm better. There is no coin current here but goodness. Now if you will just give my very best respects to my friends, I'll leave. Tell them I have been around them, only I could not make them know it. I can't talk eloquent—I never could, and if you want that, you must get it of somebody else. I was n't a very fast moving man, but when I got ready to move, I moved. I was a wheelright by trade. I have said all I wanted to, and I guess I'll go. Friday, Feb. 12.

## Samuel Jennings.

I am here by request. This is the first time I ever attempted to control a medium, and I do not know how I shall get along, for the business is entirely foreign to me. My name was Samuel Jennings; I have been dead since 1842. I resided in New York, my relatives died there. I manifested to a circle in New York, in East Broadway, some two weeks ago. They wanted to know why I had not manifested to my relations. I told them I could not do so without a medium. They told me to come here, and I would see the publisher of the spirit's paper, and my message would be published. They told me to be sure not to forget to mention their circle, and my coming to them. They asked me if I was happy; I told them yes, because I could not tell them just what I wanted to. I am not so happy as I wish to be, for I cannot understand things as I wish to. My people on earth had money; I had, but little, and I always wondered why I had none, and was an outcast, most. I have nothing to say in regard to my past life, whether I am sorry or glad that I had lived as I did—that is best known to myself. I cannot find the God I supposed to find; cannot find the devil I supposed to find, and I go to places where I might be happy, but am not—probably because I take self along with me. They told me I must leave my errors, and bring self with me, but a man must live over or above his errors in order to rid himself of them. I expect much, and yet I hope nothing. The company I was speaking of wished to know if I had any sorrow for the people I had wronged on earth. I refused to answer them, and I shall do so here. I had rather think once more agreeable than I did there. I am myself, and none other. If my relatives wish to hear from me, I will confer with them if they will find a medium. If they do not, I do not care, for my happiness will not depend upon it. I should be very happy to speak with them.

I have nothing more to say, except to bid you good afternoon.

Friday, Feb. 12.

## Father Durand.

I come from the land of souls to my people. Were it not for my great anxiety I would not be able to control your medium today. But a few short weeks have rolled on, since I left you. During that time I have learned more true wisdom than I ever did all my earthly life. I cannot rest; I am unhappy; my soul yearns to give of that I have received. I do not believe in the Christian's God. When I dwelt on earth, I believed in the Holy Catholic Church, communion of saints, forgiveness of sins, resurrection of the body, and life everlasting. I now believe in the resurrection of the spiritual body and of life everlasting. I believe the natural body returns to dust and never comes thence except it be seen in trees and flowers. Vegetation springs up from these mortal forms; and were they not sown, you would have no harvest. I committed many errors during my life in my earthly state, for which I am sincerely penitent, and for which I to-day mourn. I held my people in darkness, when I might have given them of heaven, for the Romish Church leans upon the arms of its elders and dare not trust herself alone.

I have a vast amount to give, and were your conditions favorable to-day, I might occupy all the time you have, and then go away unsatisfied. I taught my people to believe in the remission of sins; I taught them to believe that whatever sins were retained by order of the elders, were retained by order of Jehovah; that whatever sins were forgiven by them in earth life, were forgiven by Jehovah.

I now wish to teach them that Jehovah is the only confessor, and to Him they should go, and to none other. Bowing at His shrine whenever He shines forth, supping at the living waters whenever it bubbles forth, to quench the thirsty soul.

I was ushered into spirit life almost like an unwelcome visitor. And I pray I may not be so received to-day; that I shall not be an unwelcome visitor to my friends in earth life. I have much to say, but your conditions are not harmonious, and I cannot tarry and do myself and my cause justice. I am Father Durand, of the Order of St. Mary's, at Mobile.

Saturday, Feb. 13.

## Hatty.

A garland of flowers rare, beautiful and rich, from the bowers of love and wisdom, have been thrown around you this hour. But ere you have inhaled their fragrance, the inharmonious zephyrs from earth life have blown upon you, and you have lost their sweetness.

Feb. 13.

Owing to noise and confusion, the necessary attendants to some repairs which were being made on the house in which we were convened, this, and one other of the same date, were all that was allowed to come through the medium on this sitting. Order, quiet, and minds at rest with all, are necessary for manifestations of a truthful, reliable character, and our spirit guides never permit manifestations to be made through the medium, unless they can be of that nature. A spirit may show his individuality, talk in his natural style, but he must give the truth. If conditions are not right for him to do so, he must wait until they are.

Feb. 13.

## John Newton Trowbridge.

Do you talk here?

We remarked that we did, but were waiting to know whether he was ready to open conversation.

Well, I was waiting for you to open it. Do you know what I came for? Do not?—then I'm ahead of you, for I do. You see, to begin with, I'm dead, and I want to let my people know it. I died some time about the last of September, 1857. When at home, my native place was Lancaster, England. I've got a wife there, two children, and a mother. I don't know why I could not have been saved. I first took cold, afterwards took fever. I died in Bahia. I was steward on board ship Isabella, owned in Liverpool—a merchantman. I can't talk very well. My people are expecting me home next month; they can't get news, because none of the officers knew me, except as hailing from Liverpool. None of the crew knew me except in that way. Sad! I wish I had done different. I left about two hundred dollars and a watch. I've been in America. You go by dollars and cents; we by pounds and shillings. I speak in your way as well as I can. I believe you have your way of doing things, and we have ours. One pound, English currency, would be four dollars and ninety-five cents—called five dollars, but it isn't. Now, if there is any way for me to get what I left to my wife, I want to; if there is not, I want to know it.

The Captain and officers left Bahia before I died. I was sick only about eleven days, or night to it. I was told by Capt. Randall to come here. He came from some port in America, but he came here (Bahia) some time before me. You didn't know me? never heard of me? can't see me? Well, my name you want, I suppose. John is my first name, Newton my second, and Trowbridge my last. I was forty-seven years old, always worked hard, and gained little. These old heads take it all. You have a Republican government, but you are not much better off. Your men who make laws to govern you, steal your shillings, and sometimes your brains,

for you vote for them when you never saw them, know nothing about them, and they're just as likely to be out-throats as honest men—so you see they steal your brains. We are only a little worse off.

You speak of your free nation. You don't know much about freedom. The biggest party is the best fellow, and you small folks have to come under. I was not a very loyal subject to Queen Vic, I can tell you.

There, send a paper there, will you? Send to Margaret Trowbridge, Lancaster, England, (that's the way I sent my letters), and she'll know I'm dead. She don't know nothing about this. I did not myself, until a day gone past. Up to that time I was finding out what I should do. Well, I'm going, now. I have told you all I wanted to, and more than I expected to.

February 22.

## Rev. Dr. Tucker.

As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.

I have been requested to come here at my earliest opportunity, and give my ideas upon that passage.

A short time prior to my death, I preached upon it. Since then I must tell my questioners that my ideas have changed.

As progress is the law of our natures, we cannot stand still a great length of time. When I lived in earth-life, I placed far more confidence in the sayings and doings of the disciples of Christ than I do in my present state of existence. I believed them almost infallible, and believing as I did, I spoke accordingly. Ever during my material existence, I sought to utter with the lips what my soul would sanction, and nothing else. But I find with the light of the present, I made many gross errors. However, they were made in ignorance, therefore I am not accountable for them. Now the theologians of the past believe, as a general thing, that Christ was the first fruits of the Resurrection in this sense and this only—that he was resurrected in spirit and body, and all mankind are subject unto the same law that governed him spiritually and naturally. In one sense they are right; in another, wrong. I am taught to believe in my present state that the natural physical body of Christ never was raised from the dead, but the body seen by Mary, the apostles and others, was a spiritual body so clothed upon by material forces, as to be visible to mortal sight. I will prove this by one single occurrence which—if the Bible be true—we may rely upon.

At one time after the crucifixion of Christ the disciples were gathered together, the doors were shut, and the Holy Spirit was poured out upon them. Mind you, the doors were shut, and Jesus appeared in their midst.

Now could flesh and blood pass through material substances? Spirit can, but material cannot without combustion. In the conversation with Thomas, he was told to handle Jesus. But did he handle him? The record does not say so. So Jesus said, "a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." The same spirit that had the power to clothe with matter the spirit body, had so fashioned it that these signs were manifest.

And their sight there was the material, flesh, blood and bone. Jesus was obliged to appear to them in that way in order to make them fully realize the truth. In one sense he was not a spirit, any more than they were. He had so clothed himself, by means of his superior knowledge of the laws of matter and spirit, that the body they saw, was almost a mortal form. I could not have believed this at the time I lived on earth, but everything I see in my spirit existence refutes my past belief, and I am forced to this conclusion.

The two Marys were mediums; so were the two disciples, and by and through them great power was manifested.

Jesus lived in the dark ages, and you have an imperfect record of his sayings. Not one tythe of them or of his deeds have been recorded, and much was left for this present age to explain.

I must lay down no old theories, for my teachers are high and holy—no doubt they are correct—and have given me as much wisdom as I can comprehend. I may have more light, I am told, but shall never change my ideas of this truth—only see them in a stronger glory. (It was remarked by one present, that these ideas were a great hindrance to the spread of Spiritualism.)

Time, and Him who rules time, will accomplish everything; we do not expect to change the opinions of the past or present time, but we do expect in time, to change man's opinion, and give him the true meaning of the Holy Word.

Your Bible teaches you that at the final resurrection every bone shall come to its bone, and you shall inhabit the identical bodies. (We denied this statement, and asked if he meant it.) I believed it, from my soul I believed it. That record of the past, as it is sometimes read, teaches that these bodies after they have laid away thousands of years are to come again in form, as they are now—it gives proof of it to some minds. (It was again remarked that we could not detect the proof.) I believed it, and so do many of God's children. They are justified in one sense, because they are honest, in another, because they are right in their appreciation of the text.

But mark you, mortal! the unseen ones are unloving those seals, that mortals may read and understand. Every denomination forces its own conclusions in regard to the meaning of the Bible. I do not denounce them, for they are honest. The Universalists call upon the Bible for proof of his creed. I will take him by the hand, and say, brother, I agree with you in your ideas of love, but I differ with you in other respects. He believes that the spirit is to be happy immediately after death—that the spirit is to be restored to its dissolution to purity. He tells you that in infancy it was pure, it troubled errors in its course in life, but at death all those errors are to be worked out and the spirit restored in purity to the point where he first started from. There he is in error. The spirit world is but one step above this world. You go there with all your errors. It is the most reasonable, philosophical conclusion. Everything in nature and material existence proves this, for everything is in a state of progression; and do you expect that all those spirits who have been chained to vice through life, are to be inheritors of immediate happiness? Every man has to be his own saviour, his own judge, and must work out to his own salvation. I was disappointed, for I expected Christ was to be my saviour, but I found out my mistake, and I took up my virtues—each one was a star to me, one brighter than the other, and I was to follow after each star and become my own saviour by copying his virtues.

I have wandered somewhat from my subject, but I will answer my questioners in a few words. (This digression was owing to a discussion on the resurrection of the material form, which was insisted upon by a friend who accompanied us.)

As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.

I understand this passage thus. The "wages of sin is death." Adam is said to have sinned, the consequences were death. Thus every one who sins must die, but not in the sense that mortals usually understand it. But ye must be punished, receive a due amount of suffering or death for the sin you have committed—Thus in Adam all must die.

But in Christ shall all be made alive; by following his life, by carrying out the principles he taught. Life is said to be one of the greatest blessings Jehovah can bestow. What would life be without happiness? Therefore see that you follow Christ in all his virtues. See to it that the death spoken of be of short duration; let the life be endless—see to it that it is encompassed by wisdom and love. I do not understand this passage as I did on earth. No doubt the good man who uttered these words, did it under inspiration; and as all inspiration has a double meaning—for the past and the future, no doubt the men of the past understood it in this way;—that the death of the natural body came by Adam, but that all were raised to life through Christ.

But that meaning was for the past. In my view, the present light which is given to man renders a more philosophical and consistent rendering, for the natural death is not a consequence of sin, while moral death or suffering is its consequence.

I would to God that my friends who have thus questioned me, would take that record of the past, and bring to bear their own reason upon it. Take the opinion of no man, however scientific he may be. This God-given principle in man is to guide him, and he must exercise it, that when he has informed himself as to the past, he may build himself a true foundation; not find, as I found, that my fabric was good for nothing, and that my foundation belonged to some one who came before me.

God bless you, friends. No doubt you will comprehend my crude ideas, in time. Bear patiently with me and with all those who come to you. Rev. Dr. Tucker.

Feb. 22d.

## George Nason.

Well, I'm here myself. Hurnah for the 22d of February. Well, you don't know anything of me, do you? Well, seven years ago I took my leave of earthly things. Yes, sir, seven years ago I left this world at Calcutta. I was celebrating this day, and I was shot. I have known ever since then I could talk, but I never manifested but once, and that was in New York, and they told me I'd better leave, and not come back until I learned good manners. This is my native town; I was born in Boston, and here I am, back. Took me a long while to get here to talk.

I've got a brother here in Boston. His name is Nathaniel Nason—do you know him? I suppose not, for he is not a public individual. I rather think he is in some store, but I'm not sure of it. There were two boys of us, George and Nat. I'm George, of course. When I died I hardly knew what ailed me. I could not realize it. When you got ready to die, stand up and get pipped at. No use of talking, you might as well die happy as not—I always said I should. Now I don't suppose I talk very nice, but I can't help it; it's me, and I have not altered a bit since I came here—have not grown better or happier. I shall date my first rise from this point. I was very anxious to rise, but I can't leave earth till I can talk. I have such a desire to stay around earth, I can't get away. They may hold out as many inducements above as they please, but I can't get away till I can talk.

Tell Nat, to be an honest man, and that I should like to talk to him when I can get a chance. The vessel I belonged aboard of was called the Princeton, and she was owned in Nova Scotia, but went to New York, took in cargo and went to Calcutta. Part of her cargo was ropes—a good many fancy things, dry goods, &c. We were to bring back silks and crapes, and all such things.

Well, I tell you what it is, my bones rest just as well there as they would here. The natives travel over them, but it don't make any difference to me. They said I was a little high when I was shot. We were firing salutes, and the devil sent me where I got popped over. We had a gay time it oh, well, I always said I should die quick. I picked out my way by water, but I missed it.

I saw you before I came here, and thought you was a sober set. We can't all be sober—must be jolly, some of us. I'm one of the jolly ones, thrown in to make things lively. Can't help it, I can't talk smart, nor any different from what I do. Who knows, though, when I go away from here, but I'll go into the third heaven? Well, good bye—I'm off now.

Feb. 22.

This spirit says it has, until now, been impossible for him to leave earth, no matter what inducements were above him. He passed from earth by disobedience of the laws of nature—not by the gradual development of his spirit to that point where it was no longer in harmony with the physical form. Hence, as all spirits tell us, he was obliged to remain near earth until he had gained that point he should have gained when in mortal form. This is the invariable truth spirits teach—hence Spiritualism not only does not lead to suicide, but should render man more observant of the laws of health.

## Dr. Horton.

To-day ye commemorate the birth of the so-called father of the American nation.

God grant that you may so commemorate that event, that ye shall be made better and holier from the present time. But I fear that you, as the American nation, are too prone to worship the man. And we do most earnestly pray that in time to come you may worship the virtues of the man. He came among you, he performed a mighty work; many others have done the same, and yet you heed them not, and why? because they have not been held up to your wondering vision, because they have worked in secret, and have passed on to receive honors in a higher and holier state of existence. I draw near to earth, day by day, with feelings such as I cannot well describe. I appreciate the virtues of the man Washington. I love those virtues, but I cannot so honor the name. I cannot carry that name almost, as it were, unto the skies, and offer it to Jehovah. No, no, give me the virtues, and let the name be as if it never was. Few of the virtues of your illustrious so-called father, are known to the public, and it is well. No-doubt his virtues far outshone them; no doubt they are small, when compared with the goodness of the soul of Washington. But, my friends, you should fully realize that you now dwell in a land of freedom, by reason of the virtues of the man, for good must always prevail. As the hand of Deity carried on the work, he took the virtues of Washington to aid Him, and you should offer thanks to God daily for your present condition; and while you offer thanks, fail not to establish a foundation for future generations, of virtues like his. Be Washington every one of you, and let not the sun go down until you have offered up a promise to Almighty God that you will henceforth live holy lives; that you may have liberty and love in the coming future, whereas you now have liberty and strife.

In my earthly existence I was intimately acquainted with Washington. I appreciated his virtues in earth life, and I pitied his vices, for he had them, as all mortals have. I saw the Power that was located in the soul of that man, and I knew full well that his name would be handed down through all coming time. And to-day I return to earth, after a lapse of years, to find you celebrating his birth. See to it, my friends, that to-day you celebrate the birth of new thoughts, new ideas, new hopes, new realities that have sprung up in your own souls. Then you shall celebrate a noble work, which your Creator shall look upon with favor, and which all mankind shall look upon with joy. For all appreciate goodness, whether it be found in low-born souls, or in the magnates of your earth.

Therefore let your souls be temples of purity and love, that the light coming therefrom be beacon lights to thousands. Oh, be true in every sense of the word; be loyal subjects to goodness; then shall you be loyal to all things. The spheres beyond you are daily invoking blessings to descend in your midst, and shall you not, forming new resolutions, and performing them also? Ah, yes, then, and not until then, shall you fulfill your mission. Jehovah wills that you all work in harmony and love, therefore turn not aside from the true path.

You live here to-day in an earthly form; to-morrow you may be with us. Therefore you have no time to delay. The present you have, this future you have not; you know not whether it be yours or God's.

Farwell, friends. When on earth, I was called Dr. Norton, one of the friends and attendant physicians upon your so-called father—Washington.

Feb. 22.

## HARRIS EATON.

Will the medium by whom the communication from the above spirit was sent to us, please write us the particulars, and give us her address—not for public use, but that we may understand the affair more clearly. We do not charge for inserting such articles, and will refund the money sent, and publish the message if we can only understand it and the circumstances attending it.

closing it in a rind, impervious to water, that its rich juices may not escape—while, in truth, there is no more design in it, than there is, in the reaction of a watch-spring. The rind has become impervious to water, because the juices thrown to the surface had become hardened in the atmosphere and the sun, as varnish hardens on a piece of furniture. And all this from the necessity of things, the same as that necessity which causes the reaction of a coiled spring. Hence, Dr. Paley did not reach the creating power in his figure or metaphor. The materials of which the watch was composed, came into existence crude in their shapes; and it was the intelligence of the artisan, taking advantage of the known principles of natural law, which transformed them in obedience to those laws, to an adaptation to the motive power.

The same principle may be applied to the locomotive, as it speeds along its iron track daily in obedience to another law of Nature—that as water heats, it expands. The motion created by its expansion is without intelligence and without design; but a knowledge of this law has made it subservient to human purposes. This force is concentrated in a great reservoir, and by the application of proper checks in its emission or action, a child can guide a hundred horse power of it. The thing itself, the motive power, is made obedient to intelligence; but it does not exist in nature, as hot water alone creates a power, and then only under certain restrictions or confinements. Must not, therefore, this motor be the result of necessity, or accident, under the action of certain natural laws which manifest themselves thus upon matter, rather than the result of a creative power to create the laws?

Time wears. In conclusion, let me say, that as the mind opens to divine things, it has a higher appreciation of those natural principles, and a nicer discrimination between the cause and the effect. All you see, all you hear, all you feel are the effects of a cause. That cause is the law of your being. Can it be that there is a cause for that law, and that that law is only an effect? We think, and you must conclude, that law is cause and not effect. We will recommend to you to ponder upon this matter. Pray without ceasing said that noble philanthropist, Jesus Christ. [Mr. Johnson said it was Paul who said that.] It was from the tone of the mind of Christ. It was from him that Paul learned it. He was a living example of it. To do this, the mind should be constantly turned heavenward, if you please; a moral tone pervading all your thoughts and actions. Then will your mind rise to those pure fountains of light, which, when once beheld, keep your vision fixed upon them, and bathe your thirsty souls in the bright fountains of the spirit home. Ponder upon that spirit home, not as a chimera, but as a philosophical fact. Think of the spirit friends that are there, not as phantoms, but as realities. Think of them often.

Think of them, when young morn is breaking,  
In radiance bright;  
Let them be the first thoughts of your waking,  
Your last at night.  
And when in slumber sweetly you're reclining,  
There they will stand;  
The flowers of love around you twining,  
With gentle hand.  
Gush, mortal, drink at the holy fountain  
Of sacred things,  
Gushing, like pure water from the mountain,  
In crystal springs.  
I leave you now, in spirit lands to wander,  
Where angels dwell;  
Remember the first visit of Neander—  
Farwell—farewell!

G. L. HACKETT, Scribe.

[Emma A. Knight, Medium.]

## Music.

I call it the essence of Love, Beauty, and Holiness, and its vibrations have a sweet and soothing influence upon the ear.

A sweet voice, either in singing or speaking, is beauty. You care not to look for face, or feature, or grace of form. It is the beauty of the soul, and needs no ornament. When you hear a sweet voice, you may know evil is not there, for, were it sweet, the intonations of evil would truly make it harsh.

All animals have a taste for music. The wild horse will stop in his mad frolic, and listen to a trumpet sound with flashing eyes and distended nostrils; the serpent can be charmed by music, and all domestic animals display more or less taste for it. The cat purrs her contented song by the kitchen fire. The dog will roll over and over at the sound of music, to express his pleasure; and the little cricket never thinks a winter evening long, where he can be allowed to chirp in peace.

Ah, everything is music! It is the only expression of happiness and who loves it in his soul can never be miserable—or, if he could be, he is ungrateful for the greatest of God's gifts. Beware of the man who cares not for music—who not only has no taste for it, but to whom it brings no pleasure. Truly such a man cannot be trusted; for a soul, devoid of this entirely, is only fit for dark deeds. Never fear a musician—he cannot do anything very evil, though generally of a reckless disposition; but mark me—such a man can never premeditate crime—I never knew such an instance in all my earthly career; but people with the best hearts, the largest souls, were lovers of music, and they were truly the happiest of mortals.

But, ah! they know not how to live on earth! The art of making money, of seeking the best end of a bargain, of living prudently, of making their way in the world, is



## Pearls.

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

I have enough, oh, God! My heart, tonight,  
Runs over with the fullness of content;  
And as I look out on the fragrant stars,  
And from the beauty of the night take in  
My priceless portion—yet myself no more  
Than in the universe a grain of sand—  
I feel the glory who could make a world,  
Yet in the last depths of the wilderness  
Leave not a flower imperfect!

Thou who look'st  
Upon my brimming heart this tranquil eve,  
Knowest its fullness, as Thou dost the dew  
Sent to the hidden violet by Thine,  
And as that flower from its unseen all  
Sends its sweet breath up duly to the sky—  
Changing its gift to incense—oh, God!  
May the sweet drops that to my humble cup  
Find their way from Heaven, sent back in prayer,  
Fragrance as Thy throne welcome.—WILLIS.

Were but human beings always that which they are in  
their best moments, then should we know here already on  
earth a kingdom of heaven, of beauty and goodness.—FARR-  
ERIKA BARNES.

"There's no such thing as death!"

In nature, nothing dies;

From each and remnant of dooms  
Some forms of life arise.

The faded leaf that falls  
All ere and broken to earth,  
Ere long will mingle with the shapes  
That gave the flower birth.

"There's no such thing as death!"

'Tis but the blossom-spray,  
Slaking before the coming fruit  
That seeks the summer air;

'Tis but the bud displayed,  
As comes the perfect flower;  
'Tis faith exchanged for sight,  
And weariness for power.

Pleasures, preceded by the greatest difficulties, are the  
most sensible.

Oh, ask not a home in the mansions of pride,  
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;  
Though the roof be of gold, it is brilliantly cold—  
True joy is not found in its torch-lighted halls.

But seek for a bosom all honest and true,  
Where love's quiet awakenings will never depart;  
Turn, turn to that breast, like the dove to its nest,  
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

The effect of character is always to command consideration.  
We sport, and play, and laugh, with men and women who have  
none; but we never console in them.

Riches, the wisest monarch stings,  
Make plumes for themselves to fly;  
They fly like bats on parchment wings,  
And goose their silver plumes supply.—SWIFT.

Narrow minds think nothing right which is above their  
capacity.—LORD KATHERINE.

## The Haunted Mind.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

What a singular moment is the first one, when you  
have hardly begun to recollect yourself, after starting  
from midnight slumber? By unclosing your eyes so  
suddenly, you seem to have surprised the personages  
of your dream in full convocation round your bed,  
and catch one broad glance at them before they can  
fit into obscurity. Or, to vary the metaphor, you find  
yourself, for a single instant, wide awake in that  
realm of illusions, whither sleep has been the pas-  
sport, and behold its ghostly inhabitants and won-  
drous scenery, with a perception of their strangeness,  
such as you never attain while the dream is undis-  
turbed. The distant sound of a church clock is  
borne faintly on the wind. You question with your-  
self, half seriously, whether it has stolen to your  
waking ear from some gray tower, that stood within  
the precincts of your dream. While yet in suspense,  
another clock chimes its heavy clang over the slum-  
bering town, with so full and distinct a sound, and  
such a long murmur in the neighboring air, that you  
are certain it must proceed from the steeple at the  
nearest corner. You count the strokes—one—two,  
and there they cease, with a booming sound, like the  
gathering of a third stroke within the bell.

If you could choose an hour of wakefulness out of  
the whole night, it would be this. Since your sober  
bedtime, at eleven, you have had rest enough to take  
off the pressure of yesterday's fatigue; while before  
you, till the sun comes from "far Cathay" to brighten  
your window, there is almost the space of a summer  
night; one hour to be spent in thought, with the  
mind's eye half shut, and two in pleasant dreams,  
and two in that strange of enjoyments, the forget-  
fulness alike of joy and woe. The moment of rising  
belongs to another period of time, and appears so  
distant, that the plunge out of a warm bed into the  
frosty air cannot yet be anticipated with dismay.  
Yesterday has already vanished among the shadows  
of the past; to-morrow has not yet emerged from  
the future. You have found an intermediate space,  
where the business of life does not intrude; where  
the passing moment lingers, and becomes truly the  
present: a spot where Father Time, when he thinks  
nobody is watching him, sits down by the wayside to  
take breath. Oh, that he would fall asleep, and let  
mortals live on without growing older!

Hitherto you have lain perfectly still, because the  
slightest motion would dissipate the fragments of  
your slumber. Now, being irrevocably awake, you  
peep through the half-drawn window curtain, and  
observe that the glass is ornamented with fanciful  
devices in frostwork, and that each pane presents  
something like a frozen dream. There will be time  
enough to trace out the analogy, while waiting the  
summons to breakfast. Seen through the clear por-  
tion of the glass, where the silvery mountain peaks  
of the frost scenery do not ascend, the most conspic-  
uous object is the steeple; the white spire of which  
directs you to the wintry lustre of the firmament.  
You may almost distinguish the figures on the clock  
that has just told the hour. Such a frosty sky, and  
the snow-covered roofs, and the long vista of the  
frozen street, all white, and the distant water hard-  
ened into rock, might make you shiver, even under  
four blankets and a woolen comforter. Yet look at  
that one glorious star! Its beams are distinguish-  
able from all the rest, and actually cast the shadow  
of the easement on the bed, with a radiance of deeper  
hue than moonlight, though not so accurate an out-  
line.

You sink down and muffle your head in the clothes,  
shivering all the while, but less from bodily chill,  
than the bare idea of a polar atmosphere. It is too  
cold even for the thoughts to venture abroad. You  
speculate on the luxury of wearing out a whole ex-  
istence in bed, like an oyster in its shell, content  
with the sluggish ecology of inaction, and drowsily

conscious of nothing but delicious warmth, such as  
you now feel again. Ah! that idea has brought a  
hideous one in its train. You think how the dead  
are lying in their cold shrouds and narrow coffins,  
through the drear winter of the grave, and cannot  
persuade your fancy that they neither shrink nor  
shiver, when the snow is drifting over their little  
hillocks, and the bitter blast howls against the door  
of the tomb. That gloomy thought will collect a  
gloomy multitude, and throw its complexion over  
your wakeful hour.

In the depths of every heart, there is a tomb and a  
dungeon, though the lights, the music, and revelry  
above may cause us to forget their existence, and the  
buried ones, or prisoners whom they hide. But some-  
time, and oftentimes at midnight, these dark recepta-  
cles are flung wide open. In an hour like this,  
when the mind has a passive sensibility, but no ac-  
tive strength; when the imagination is a mirror,  
imparting vividness to all ideas, without the power  
of selecting or controlling them; then pray that your  
griefs may slumber, and the brotherhood of remorse  
not break their chain. It is too late! A funeral  
train comes gliding by your bed, in which Passion  
and Feeling assume bodily shape, and things of the  
mind become dim spectres to the eye. There is your  
earliest sorrow, a pale, young mourner, wearing a  
sister's likeness to first young love, sadly beautiful,  
with a hallowed sweetness in her melancholy fea-  
tures, and grace in the flow of her sable robe. Next  
appears a shade of ruined loveliness, with dust  
among her golden hair, and her bright garments all  
faded and defaced, stealing from your glance with  
drooping head, as fearful of reproach; she was your  
fondest hope, but a delusive one; so call her Disap-  
pointment now. A sterner form succeeds, with a  
brow of wrinkles, a look and gesture of iron author-  
ity; there is no name for him, unless it be Fatality,  
an emblem of the evil influence that rules your for-  
tunes; a demon to whom you subjected yourself by  
some error at the outset of life, and were bound his  
slave forever, by once obeying him. See! those  
fiendish lineaments gazing on the darkness, the  
writhed lip of scorn, the mockery of that living eye,  
the pointed finger, touching the sore place in your  
heart! Do you remember any act of enormous folly,  
at which you would blush, even in the remotest  
cavern of the earth? Then recognize your shame.

Pass, wretched band! Well for the wakeful one,  
if, riotously miserable, a fiercer tribe do not sur-  
round him, the devils of a guilty heart, that hold  
its hell within itself. What if Remorse should as-  
sume the features of an injured friend? What if  
the fiend should come in woman's garments, with a  
pale beauty amid sin and desolation, and lie  
down by your side? What if he should stand at  
your bed's foot, in the likeness of a corpse, with a  
bloody stain upon the shroud? Sufficient without  
such gull, is this nightmare of the soul; this heavy,  
heavy sinking of the spirits; this wintry gloom  
about the heart; this indistinct horror of the mind,  
blending itself with the darkness of the chamber.

By a desperate effort, you start upright, breaking  
from a sort of conscious sleep, and gazing wildly  
round the bed, as if the fiends were anywhere but  
in your haunted mind. At the same moment, the  
slumbering embers on the hearth send forth a gleam  
which palely illuminates the whole outer room, and  
flickers through the door of the bed chamber, but  
cannot quite dispel its obscurity. Your eye searches  
for whatever may remind you of the living world.  
With eager minuteness, you take note of the table  
near the fireplace, the book with an ivory knife be-  
tween its leaves, the unfolded letter, the hat and the  
fallen glove. Soon the flame vanishes, and with it  
the whole scene is gone, though its image remains  
an instant in your mind's eye, when darkness has  
swallowed the reality. Throughout the chamber,  
there is the same obscurity as before, but not the  
same gloom within your breast. As your head falls  
back upon the pillow, you think—in a whisper be it  
spoken—how pleasant, in these night solitudes, would  
be the rise and fall of a softer breathing than your  
own, the slight pressure of a tenderer bosom, the  
quiet throb of a purer heart, imparting its peace-  
fulness to your troubled one, as if the fond sleeper were  
involved in your dream.

Her influence is over you, though she have no ex-  
istence but in that momentary image. You sink  
down in a flowery spot, on the borders of sleep and  
wakefulness, while your thoughts rise before you in  
pictures, all disconnected, yet all assimilated by a  
pervading gladness and beauty. The wheeling  
of gorgeous squadrons, that glitter in the sun, is suc-  
ceeded by the merriment of children round the door  
of a school-house, beneath the glimmering shadow of  
old trees, at the corner of a rustic lane. You stand  
in the sunny rain of a summer shower, and wander  
among the sunny trees of an autumnal wood, and  
look upward at the brightest of all rainbows, over-  
arching the unbroken sheet of snow, on the American  
side of Niagara. Your mind struggles pleasantly  
between the dancing radiance round the hearth of a  
young man and his recent bride, and the twittering  
flight of birds in spring, about their new-made nest.  
You feel the merry bounding of a ship before the  
breeze; and watch the tuncful feet of rosy girls, as  
they twine their last and merriest dance, in a splen-  
did ball room; and find yourself in the brilliant cir-  
cle of a crowded theatre, as the curtain falls over a  
light and airy scene.

With an involuntary start, you seize hold on con-  
sciousness, and prove yourself but half awake, by  
running a doubtful parallel between human life and  
the hour which has now elapsed. In both you  
emerge from mystery, pass through a vicissitude  
that you can but imperfectly control, and are borne  
onward to another mystery. Now comes the peal  
of the distant clock, with fainter and fainter strokes  
as you plunge farther into the wilderness of sleep.  
It is the knell of a temporary death. Your spirit  
has departed, and strays like a free citizen, among  
the people of a shadowy world, beholding strange  
sights, yet without wonder or dismay. So calm,  
perhaps, will be the final change; so undisturbed,  
as if among familiar things, the entrance of the soul  
to its Eternal home!

"My love," said Krantzinat to his wife, as he sat  
cuddling his brain for a subject on which to com-  
pose a first rate article for his paper: "My love, I  
want to write something, and I must have a bright  
idea. Can't you help me?" "Why, Krouty," re-  
sponded the quiet little woman, coming close to him,  
and laying her hand upon his shoulder, "didn't you  
get a bright-eyed deer when you got me?"

"Why don't you limit yourself?" said a physician  
to an intemperate person; "set down a stake that  
you will go so far and no farther." "So I do," said  
the toper, "but I set it so far off that I always get  
drunk before I get to it!"

## Children's Department.

Prepared for the Banner of Light.

## ENIGMA—NO. 18.

I am composed of 77 letters.  
My 11, 4, 50, 32, 6, 3, 58, 23, 10, 33, 40, 2, 22, 7, is  
a large city in California.  
My 38, 8, 57, 57, 14, 1, 17, 13, 29, 19, 40, 23, is a  
river in Virginia.  
My 59, 60, 27, 45, 10, 1, 43, 56, 76, 60, 58, 58, is a  
river in Georgia.  
My 30, 20, 31, 21, 37, 73, 55, 35, 36, 44, 29, 58, 67,  
is an island west of Chili.  
My 57, 60, 24, 5, 41, 29, 73, 23, 57, 1, 12, 48, is a  
large city in Pennsylvania.  
My 9, 59, 74, 65, 89, 26, 71, 76, is a river running  
through Massachusetts.  
My 18, 51, 15, 11, 61, 11, 15, 69, 57, 57, 76, is a  
large river.  
My 57, 77, 32, 4, 72, 6, 38, 16, 46, 43, is a town in  
Dutch Guiana.  
My 63, 41, 47, 45, 34, 50, is a large bay northwest  
of Russia.  
My 47, 56, 64, 59, 1, 68, 19, is the name of a group  
of islands in the Yellow Sea.  
My 23, 66, 49, 2, 52, is a cape north of Russia.  
My 4, 70, 14, 42, is a country in Asia.  
My 62, 54, 11, 60, 31, 10, is a town in Arabia.  
My whole is the four highest mountains in the  
world, and the countries they are in. AMY LEE.

## ENIGMA—NO. 19.

I am composed of 18 letters.  
My 10, 9, 8, 6, 7, 8, 9, 3, is in the army and navy.  
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 12, is worn by females.  
My 6, 9, 8, 6, is used in time of war.  
My 10, 9, 7, 8, 4, is used in fishing.  
My 2, 3, 4, is a beverage.  
My 6, 4, 3, 8, 6, 2, 3, 9, is what we despise.  
My 10, 7, 8, is an unconquerable evil.  
My 6, 7, 8, is an ore.  
My 8, 7, 5, 4, 6, 8, 4, 8, is a number.  
My 11, 12, 13, is an amateur poet.  
My 11, 2, 5, 12, is a prominent lawyer.  
My 10, 4, 2, is the richest part of the world.  
My 13, 9, 2, 10, 6, is used in making bread.  
My whole is a celebrated festival.  
BOSTON. M—D—Y.

## ENIGMA—NO. 20.

I am composed of 20 letters.  
My 9, 18, 14, 9, 2, 9, 19, was a distinguished Gen-  
eral of Alexander.  
My 9, 12, 3, 9, 2, 10, 13, 19, was a Pope of the  
eleventh century.  
My 3, 9, 4, 17, 3, 17, 6, 7, 14, was a celebrated  
English watch-maker of the sixteenth century.  
My 11, 7, 8, 9, 14, 9, 2, 20, is used in large cities.  
My 13, 6, 4, 14, 7, 19, 14, 4, 17, 9, was a cele-  
brated poet.  
My 5, 15, 9, 17, is Governor of one of the United  
States.  
My 13, 6, 4, 14, 7, 19, 19, 6, 9, 11, 7, 17, 5, is a dis-  
tinguished clergyman of Rhode Island.  
My whole is a passage in Psalms.  
BOSTON. R. I. MINNIE.

## ENIGMA—NO. 21.

On the wild desert's bright but dreary plain,  
Hungry, and worn, and far from help of man,  
The fainting pilgrim seeks my generous aid;  
Nor hopes for less than sustenance and shade;  
In happier climes of yore the student asks  
Direction in his solitary tasks;  
My light illumines the dark historic page,  
Till he tells the readers of each by-gone age;  
I verify the records of the past,  
And bid the fame of glorious actions last.  
[Which of our young friends will solve the above  
first?]

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.—Solutions to Nos. 14, 15,  
16 and 17, have been received from F. V. A. Bowker,  
of Lawrence; and to No. 16 from Willie S. Emery,  
of Orange. They are—14th, "Tillie Hughson, Gran-  
ville;" 15th, "John Charles Fremont;" 16th, "Elisha  
Kent Kane;" 17th, "Amy Lee."

ERROR.—In Enigma No. 15, published last week,  
occurred an error. In the seventh line, the separate  
figures, 1, 3, should be placed together, and read, 13.  
Make your figures more legible, Tillie.

## LIST OF MEDIUMS.

Under this head we shall be pleased to notice those per-  
sons who devote their time to the dissemination of the truths  
of Spiritualism in its various departments.

MR. SAMUEL UPHAM, trance-speaking medium, will answer  
calls to speak on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired.  
Will also attend funerals. Address, Randolph, Mass.  
Jan. 13.

MRS. L. S. NICKERSON, Trance-speaking Medium, will an-  
swer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, and at any other time  
the friends may wish. She will also attend funerals. Ad-  
dress Box 315, Worcester, Mass. Feb. 27.

MRS. ROSA T. ANDER, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance speak-  
ing Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath  
and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her  
at No. 32 Allen street, Boston. Feb. 27. She will also attend  
funerals.

MRS. DEAN, Teal, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium,  
Rooms No. 61 Knollwood street. Hours from 9 A. M. to 1 P.  
M. and from 2 to 6 and from 7 to 9 P. M.

MRS. SARAH A. MAGOUS, Trance-speaking Medium, will  
answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, and at any other time  
the friends may wish. Address her at No. 375 Main  
St., Cambridgeport—care of George L. Cade. Jan. 23.

MRS. B. NIGHTINGALE, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, will re-  
spond to calls at her residence in West Haverhill, on Thurs-  
days and Fridays each week. Terms, for Examination, 50  
cts. Sitting for tests one dollar per hour. 3mo. Jan. 16.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Boston, answers sealed letters. See  
advertisement.

A. C. STILES, Independent Clairvoyant. See advertisement.

MRS. W. R. HAYDEN, Rapping, Writing, and Test Medium.  
See advertisement.

CHARLES H. CROWLEY, Trance-speaking and Healing Medi-  
um, will respond to calls for a lecturer in the New England  
States. Address Cambridgeport, Mass.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND, Trance Speaking and Healing Medi-  
um, Bridgewater, Vt.

MRS. J. S. MILLER, Trance and Normal Lecturer, clairvoy-  
ant, and writing medium, New Haven, Conn.

JOHN H. CURRIER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium  
No. 120 Newbury street, Lawrence, Mass. Mr. C. will receive  
subscriptions for the Banner.

H. N. BALLARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burling-  
ton, Vt.

L. K. COOKLEY, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this  
office.

Wm. R. JOCELYN, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

H. B. STOKES, Trance Speaking Medium. Address New  
Haven, Conn.

C. H. FOSTER, Rapping, Writing and Healing Test Medium,  
No. 4 Turner street, Salem, Mass.

OSORNO M. RICE, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium,  
Williamsville, N. Y.

SPRIT REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA.  
A RECEIPT FOR THE EFFECTUAL CURE OF THIS DIS-  
EASE. THE FOLLOWING COMPLAINT, simple in its preparation,  
inexpensive, and purely vegetable, will be forwarded to any ad-  
dress on receipt of six red stamps. This remedy has been  
and is now being used with the greatest success in this class  
of cases, and was given by spirit-power through the medium-  
ship of the undersigned, who desires to give it to the public  
on the above condition, knowing great good will result from  
its use. Address (with stamps enclosed) A. B. NEWCOMB,  
8 Suffolk Place, Boston, Mass. 3mo. March 20.

ROOMS FOR MEDIUMS.  
To let, at No. 4 Warren Square, the parlors, furnished in  
handsome style. Will be leased singly or together. Also an  
office on the first floor, suitable for a healing medium, and  
several chambers. Jan. 10.

## Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS BARRY, Lessee and  
Manager; J. H. WRIGHT, Assistant Manager. Pantomime,  
Balcony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle,  
25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 8:15  
performances commence at 9 o'clock.

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—Sole Lessee and Man-  
ager, JACOB BARROW; Stage Manager, HENRY WALLACE.  
Doors open at 7 o'clock; Commences at 7:15. Dress Boxes,  
75 cents; Circle Boxes and Parquet, 50 cents; Orchestra  
Chairs, 25 cents; Upper Boxes, 25 cents; Gallery, 15 cents.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Doors open at 6 o'clock; per-  
formances commence at 7. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra  
and Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Satur-  
day Afternoon performances at 2:15 o'clock.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly oppo-  
site Old South. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY.  
Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price.  
Doors open at 8:30; commence at 7:15 o'clock.

## Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—A limited space will be devoted to  
the wants of Advertisers. Our charge will be at the rate of  
FIVE DOLLARS for each square of twelve lines, inserted thir-  
teen times, or three months. Eight cents per line for first in-  
sertion; four cents per line for each insertion after the first,  
for transient advertisements.

## NOTICE.

Mrs. E. BROWN, (formerly at 244 Washington street,) has  
taken rooms at No. 7 Elliot street, where she keeps for sale  
Spiritual Books and Papers, Stationery and Fancy Articles.  
CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—Historical and Spiritual Books and  
Romances, to let by the week.  
Goods received to be dried or cleaned at Hall's  
People's Dry House.  
Business hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Feb. 27.

ROSS & TOUSEY,  
PACKERS AND FORWARDERS OF DAILY AND  
WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS, AND GENERAL JOBBERS  
OF BOOKS, PUBLICATIONS, &c.  
NO. 121 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.  
Feb. 27.

## EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

AND  
REAL ESTATE AGENCY.  
NO. 92 SUDBURY STREET, (UP STAIRS), BOSTON.  
Hotels, Boarding Houses, and Private Families supplied  
with reliable help at short notice. L. P. LINCOLN.  
Feb. 27.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.  
HEALING BY LAYING ON OF THE HANDS.  
C. MAIN, No. 7 Davis Street, Boston.

Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should  
inclose \$1.00 for the examination, with a letter stating to  
prepay their postage.  
Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.  
Dec. 12.

DRS. BROWN,  
DENTAL SURGEONS,  
No. 24 1-2 WINTER STREET, BALLOU'S BUILDING, BOSTON.

Patients psychologized, or entranced, and operations  
performed without pain. Nov. 21

J. A. W. LUNDBERG,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
Office, No. 99 Court street, corner Hanover, Boston. Room 41-2.  
Feb. 6.

MRS. R. H. BURT,  
WRITING AND TRANCE MEDIUM,  
24 1-2 WINTER STREET, BOSTON.  
Room No. 13, (3d floor).  
Hours from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 7 o'clock  
P. M. Jan. 16.

OCTAVIUS KING,  
ECLECTIC DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,  
654 Washington street, Boston.  
Spiritual, Clairvoyant, and Mesmeric Prescriptions  
accurately prepared. Dec. 10—3mo.

BOARDING IN PHILADELPHIA.  
SPIRITUALIST can be comfortably accommodated with  
board at Mrs. BARNES', No. 351 South Third street,  
below Spruce. 1m. Feb. 20

B. O. & G. C. WILSON,  
WHOLESALE BOTANIC DRUGGISTS,  
Nos. 18 & 20 Central st., near Kilby st., Boston, Mass.  
Every variety of Medicinal Root, Herb, Bark, Seeds,  
Liquors, Powders, Gums, Resins, Oils, Solid, Fluid and Con-  
centrated Extracts, constantly on hand. Also Apothecaries'  
Glass Ware; Bottles and Labels of every description; Syringes  
of all kinds; Medical Books upon the Reformed System  
of Practice; Brandy, Wine, and other spirituous liquors  
of the best quality for medicinal purposes; together with a  
great variety of miscellaneous articles usually found at such  
an establishment.  
Orders by mail promptly attended to. 3m Jan. 16.

THE AGE OF REASON, AND SPIRIT  
ANNUNCIATOR.  
A Monthly Publication, forming a Complete Record of  
the Practical Facts exemplifying, and the Literature  
illustrating, the Truth of Spiritualism.

WE have several objects to fulfill in the "Age of Reason."  
All of them designed to advance the philosophy of Spiritu-  
alism, and promote the influence to which it is justly en-  
titled. The first of these is to form a new channel through  
which the numerous and marvelous cures per-  
formed by Mediums may be published without expense to  
them. The second, to chronicle the address of every suc-  
cessful Healing Medium throughout the United States and else-  
where. Third, to give an account of all cases of Spiritu-  
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lowest possible price, such pithy and pointed excerpts of the  
Literature of Spiritism, as most directly illustrate  
and enforce its great benefits and its renovating truths. And  
with this object of its purpose, and the assurance that  
it will guard its readers against all attempts at quackery or  
extravagance of any kind, we commend the "Age of Reason"  
to your patronage.  
Price, invariably in advance, 50 cents per annum. It will  
be issued on the 15th of each month, commencing on the 15th  
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No. 6 Beach street, New York.

NEW AND HARMONIAL REMEDIES.  
A. B. NEWCOMB, Healing Medium, associate of Dr. C. A.  
B. HILLMAN, of Philadelphia, has Rooms at No. 2 Suffolk  
Place, Boston. Dr. N. has no stereotyped medicines—  
Fleming's, by the laying of hands. Acute pains in-  
stantly relieved by spirit-power; Chronic Rheumatism, Neu-  
ralgia, Chronic Spinal disease, pains in the side, Diseases of  
the Liver, Nervous Prostration, Headache, &c.  
Terms for each sitting, \$1.00. Will visit families if re-  
quired; No. 25 West Dedham street, two doors from Wash-  
ington street, Boston. Feb. 6.

SCOTT COLLEGE OF HEALTH.  
DR. JOHN SCOTT, having taken the large house, No. 6  
BRADSHAW STREET, NEW YORK CITY, for the express accom-  
modation of ALL PATIENTS desirous to be treated by SPIRIT-  
UAL INFLUENCE, can assure all persons who may desire to  
try the virtues of this new and startling practice, good nurs-  
ing, and all the comforts of a home.  
Whether chronic or acute. March 6

MRS. C. L. NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM, having fully  
tested her powers, will aid for the cure of disease of a  
Fleming nature, by the laying of hands. Acute pains in-  
stantly relieved by spirit-power; Chronic Rheumatism, Neu-  
ralgia, Chronic Spinal disease, pains in the side, Diseases of  
the Liver, Nervous Prostration, Headache, &c.  
Terms for each sitting, \$1.00. Will visit families if re-  
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ington street, Boston. Feb. 6.

PANK NOTE LIEB AND COUNTERFEIT DETECTION,  
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