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HORTENSE, THE CLAIRVOYANT;

OR,

THE COUNTESS AND THE ARTIST.

BY ZSCHOKKE.

XIX.

NEW ADVENTURES.

The first rays of the rising sun shone upon Hortense's diamond ring. I kissed it with emotion. Sebald had told me during the night that he had heard from one of the servants, while I lay senseless in the stable, that the Countess had been considered dead, but had come to life again. This news had cheered and strengthened me. My future fate was entirely immaterial to me. Inspired by Hortense's nobility of soul, I felt proud of my misfortunes, my reproachless conscience raised me above fear. I had but one grief, that was, to be banished forever from one whom I could never cease to love.

We did not stop to take a day's rest, until we arrived at Ravenna. It was a long rest, for from the shock of the late occurrences, and excessive bodily fatigue, I was sick. I lay in a fever during two weeks. Sebald was half frightened to death, for he feared that on account of shooting the Prince, we should be seized by the hands of justice. He had given himself and me other names, and bought other clothing for us. Through my strong constitution, more than the skill of the physician, I soon recovered, with the exception of great weakness in my limbs; but as we had made up our minds to travel by water from Rimini to Trieste, I hoped to regain my strength on the journey.

One evening Sebald came to me in a great fright, saying:—

"Sir, our stay here is at an end. There is a gentleman outside, who wants to speak to you. We are found out. He asked me if my name was not Sebald, and as I could not deny it, I told him yes. He then said he wanted to see you."

"Let him come in," said I.

A well dressed man appeared, who, after a few mutual exchanges of politeness, inquired after my health. On my assuring him that I had quite recovered—

"So much the better," he said. "I should like to give you some good advice; you know what happened between you and Prince Carlo; he is out of danger, but swears that he will be the death of you; therefore make yourself scarce as quickly as possible. You would like to go by Trieste to Germany. Do not do that. There is a ship at Rimini bound for Trieste, but there is a Neapolitan vessel there, which will return to Naples. Once out at sea, and you are safe; otherwise, you will either be dead or imprisoned in a few hours. Here is a letter to the Neapolitan captain; he is an intimate friend of mine, and will receive you with pleasure. Do not set off at once for Rimini, and thence to Naples."

I was not a little surprised at finding this stranger so well instructed in my affairs. In answer to my questions as to how he obtained his information, he smiled, and answered:—

"I know nothing more, and can therefore tell you nothing more. I live here in Ravenna, and am a clerk in the court of justice. Save yourself." He was gone.

Sebald declared the man must have dealings with the devil, or how could he possibly have found out our secrets. As the stranger remained talking for a time with the landlord, we afterwards learned from him that he was a clerk in the court of justice, a highly respectable and honest man, wealthy, and married. The most unaccountable thing of all was, that he should be aware of our plan to go by Trieste to Germany, as no one but Sebald and myself could know it. The riddle, however, was soon solved. Sebald confessed to me that during my sickness he had written to his former comrade, Caspar, at Battaglia, and requested him to let him know whether the Prince were really dead or not. He had waited in vain for an answer. The letter had doubtless fallen into Carlo's hands, or those of his people, or the contents been discovered in some other way. Sebald's fear now increased. He at once ordered a coach to Rimini, and we set off without delay. I did not feel quite comfortable myself under the circumstances. I could not tell whether we were flying from, or running into, danger. The stranger might be a tool of the Prince's. Meanwhile, we not only reached Rimini, but also found the Neapolitan captain. I handed the stranger's letter to him—but I will not deny that I had first opened and read it—and the necessary arrangements for the journey were soon made. The wind was favorable. The anchors were raised.

Besides ourselves, there were a few other passengers; among them was a young man; the sight of whom was at first not agreeable to me, for I remembered having seen him once or twice among the guests at Battaglia. I was pleased, however, to find from his conversation that I was a perfect stranger to him. He had only left Battaglia three days before, and was going to return to Naples, where, as

he said, he was engaged in extensive commercial business. He spoke of the acquaintances he had made at Battaglia, and casually observed that among the guests was a German Countess, of extraordinary beauty and amiability. How my heart beat! He seemed to know nothing about the Prince having been killed or wounded. He said the Countess, whose name was unknown to him, had left four days before him, but he had not taken the trouble to inquire where she had gone. This news served in a measure to console me. Hortense lived, and was well enough to travel. "May she be happy!" was the secret prayer I breathed.

The voyage was tedious to every one but myself. I sought solitude. Many a night did I walk the deck, thinking of Hortense. Tufaldini, the young merchant, remarked my melancholy, and took a great deal of trouble to cheer me. I had mentioned that I was an artist—he was passionately fond of the arts, and frequently led the conversation to that topic, finding that it was the only one which seemed to divert me, or which he could get me to converse upon. His interest and friendship at last went so far, that he offered me bed and board in his house at Naples, which I did not refuse, as I was totally unacquainted in Naples, and my and Sebald's amount of cash, particularly after paying our fare, had diminished to a very small sum.

Tufaldini no longer treated me as a traveling companion, but as his friend, although I had done little to gain or deserve his esteem. He introduced me as his friend, to his venerable mother, and beautiful young wife. The best rooms in the house were prepared for me, and from the first day after our arrival I was treated like a member of the family. Tufaldini, not contented with this, introduced me to all his acquaintances, from whom I soon began to receive orders for paintings. He was as anxious to procure customers for me as if it had been to his own interest to do so. He even consented at last, to allow me to pay for my board and lodging. He had felt much hurt at first when I proposed to do so, but finding me resolute in my determination to leave his house, unless allowed to pay my own expenses, he took the money, more for the sake of satisfying me than of indemnifying himself.

I succeeded in my work beyond all expectation. My paintings were admired; I received the price I demanded for them; and no sooner had I finished one order, than I had always another to commence. Sebald felt so happy at Naples, that he had no longer a desire to return to Germany. He thanked God for having escaped from the service of Count von Hornegg with a whole skin, and, as he expressed himself, would prefer serving me for bread and water, than the Count for dishes full of gold.

My plan was to earn enough by my work to enable me to settle myself somewhere in Germany. I was industrious and economical. A year passed in this way. The friendship which I enjoyed in Tufaldini's family, my retired life in the great and gay metropolis, the mildness of the climate, and the thought of being without friends or business in Germany, all combined to make me set aside my first plan, and remain where I was. I could no more expect to be happy in Germany than in Italy. One thought alone, sometimes, attracted me towards the north; that was, that Hortense might be living upon one of her father's estates—and I might possibly have the consolation of beholding her once more, if only at a distance. But when I remembered our parting, and the words which she uttered—"My earthly connection with him is at an end," how nobly, how heroically she resigned me before her father; then did I again feel courage cheerfully to endure everything. I was as an oak shattered by the storm, standing alone, without either boughs or leaves, slowly dying away. It is said that time charitably heals the deepest wounds. I believed in the saying myself, but found it untrue. My melancholy remained the same; I avoided cheerful society, and frequently found relief in tears. My only pleasure was to dream of Hortense—to see her in all her loveliness and amiability. My ring was to me a holy relic; had it fallen into the sea, nothing else would have hindered me from jumping in after it. The second year passed away, but my sorrow did not. Still in my saddest hours, I was comforted by a dim ray of hope, that perhaps by some chance or other, I might again see my chosen one, or at least hear something of her. I could not, it is true, exactly see the possibility of it. How could she, after years had passed, know where to find me?

At length, even that hope died. Hortense was dead to me. I also never saw her otherwise in my dreams now; than as an angel of light, surrounded by bright, ethereal rays.

Tufaldini and his lady had often inquired of me

the cause of my melancholy; but I could never make up my mind to reveal my secret. At last they asked no more questions, but became still more concerned for my health. I felt myself that my bodily strength was fast waning; but the thought of death was sweet to me.

Everything, however, became suddenly changed. One morning, Sebald brought me some letters and a parcel, which had arrived by the post; they were some orders for paintings, and a miniature case. I opened the letter, when—how shall I describe my delight and astonishment? I saw Hortense's portrait—true and beautiful as life—but in mourning, the face more delicate, thinner and paler, than I had known her. Within the case lay a paper, on which was written, in Hortense's hand-writing, "My Emanuel, hope."

The extravagant follies that I committed on reading these words, I will not relate; suffice it to say that Sebald found me lying on the floor with my face downwards; he thought me insane, not was he much deceived. Man is, I found, less able to bear excess of happiness than misfortune, for he always advances, more or less, prepared to meet the latter, but meets the former without either fear or preparation.

My hopes bloomed afresh, and with them my health and life. Tufaldini and all our acquaintances rejoiced at the change in me. I lived now in daily expectation of further news from my beloved. I could not doubt that she knew of my whereabouts, although how she could have obtained that knowledge, was a mystery to me. Neither could I discover from what part of the globe her portrait had been sent.

XX.

CONCLUSION.

After a lapse of eight months, I again received a few words from Hortense; they were as follows:—

"I wish to see thee once more, Emanuel. Be in Livorno, in the morning of the first day of May, where thou canst obtain further information, by inquiring at the Swiss mercantile house, as to my residence. Tell no one in Naples where thou art going, and above all do not mention my name, for the world is to me a blank, the only interest I still retain in it, being, that I may pass perhaps a few moments with thee."

I was delighted with this letter; still the silent sorrow which pervaded it caused me a presentiment of evil. To see the loved one once more, however, if only for a few moments, was supreme felicity. In April I left Naples, after having taken leave of Tufaldini's family. Sebald and every one else thought that I was going to return to Germany.

I arrived with Sebald at Gaeta. Here an unexpected pleasure awaited us. In driving past a villa in the suburbs of the city, I perceived a group of ladies assembled at the garden gate, and among them Miss Cecelia. I alighted, and was immediately recognized. She introduced me to her relatives; this was her house; she had been married three weeks. I learned from her that she had left the country a year ago. She knew nothing of the whereabouts of Hortense, but that she had entered a convent. The Count had been dead a year.

"We soon remarked," said Cecelia, "by the sudden retrenchment of the former extravagant style of living; that he had left his affairs in a sadly confused state. The Countess lessened the number of her servants and attendants to a few persons. I was one of the fortunate ones whom she kindly retained. Shortly afterwards, however, by the loss of a lawsuit, she gave up all hope of ever recovering anything from her father's insolvent estates; and we were all dismissed. An old nurse was the only one she kept; and she declared it to be her intention to enter a convent. Ah, how many tears did this parting cost us. Hortense was an angel, and never more beautiful, more sublime, than when smitten by the hard blows of fate. She relinquished all her former splendor, divided the whole of her rich wardrobe among her dismissed servants, rewarded each with princely generosity, doubtless running the risk of wanting the necessities of life herself; and requested us to include her name in our prayers to God. She was in Mailand when I left her and returned home here to my family. She said that she intended to go to Germany, and there to seek the solitude of a convent."

This narration of Cecelia's solved the mystery of Hortense's letter. I also learned from her that Carlo, who had been seriously but not mortally wounded, had immediately, upon his recovery, taken service as a Knight of the Maltese order, but died shortly afterwards.

In a sad, yet happy mood, I left Gaeta. Hortense's misfortunes and the loss of her estates, excited my compassion, but at the same time a hope, in which I never before dared to indulge. I flattered myself that I might perhaps succeed in dissuading her from burying herself in a cloister, and that, possessing her heart, I might possibly gain her hand also. I became dizzy at the bare idea of sharing the fruits of my labor with Hortense. This soon became an all-absorbing day-dream to me on my journey to Livorno, where I arrived one fine morning, eight days before the appointed time.

I lost no time in finding out the commercial house to which I had been directed. I went there at once, without changing my traveling dress; and inquired the address of the widow Schwarz, thinking that I could ascertain from her whether the Countess had already arrived at Livorno. A porter conducted me to the widow, who lived in a quiet street, and a yery

unostentatious house. As my exact address was told that Mrs. Schwarz was not at home, but that I could see her by calling again in two hours. Every moment lost was a robbery of life to me. I returned at the time appointed. An elderly female servant opened the door to me, conducted me up stairs, and announced me to her mistress. I was ushered into a plainly furnished room. A female was sitting on a lounge opposite the door; she did not appear to notice my entrance, nor did she return my salutation, but with both hands before her face was endeavoring to conceal her sobs.

A feverish tremor seized my frame; for in the widow I at once recognized the figure of Hortense. Without a moment's consideration I let my hat and stick fall, and threw myself at her feet. How can I describe my feelings?

Hortense's arms were thrown around my neck, my lips pressed to hers. The past was all forgotten—the future a bright, rose colored eternity. Never was love more beautifully requited, never truth more richly rewarded.

During the first day of our restoration to each other, we both felt as though in a delightful dream, from which we feared to be aroused, and so few questions were asked, or answered, concerning each other, that we parted in the evening without knowing anything further than that we had seen one another.

The following morning I was, as may be supposed, ready in good time to accept of Hortense's invitation to breakfast with her. Her domestics consisted of a cook, a chambermaid, a lady's maid, a coachman and footman. The table service consisted of the finest porcelain and silver, but without the arms and initials of the old Count. This appearance of prosperity, which was quite contrary to my expectations, and far exceeded my own possessions, was very humbling after the projects I had formed between Gaeta and Livorno. I had expected, and, in fact, hoped to find Hortense in somewhat straitened circumstances, that I might more courageously ask her to share my fate. But now I was again the poor artist.

I did not conceal from Hortense what I had heard from Cecelia, and the feelings, resolutions and hopes that I had indulged in. I described to her how I had been induced to bury her youth and beauty within a cloister—that she would perhaps choose me as her dearest friend on earth—how I would lay my present savings, and the fruits of my future industry, at her feet. I described to her in the colors of love and hope, the delights of private life, in some peaceful and retired spot, the pretty cottage, with flower-garden attached, and the studio of the artist, whom her presence would inspire. I trembled, and found it impossible to proceed. She cast down her eyes; a lovely blush overspread her countenance.

"Thus have I indulged in fancies," I added, after a long pause, "which are perhaps not to be realized." Hortense rose, went to a closet, and took out an ebony box, richly mounted with silver, which, with a key she handed to me.

"I sent for you to come to Livorno, on purpose to hand you this," she said. "It partly belongs to the fulfillment of your dreams. After the death of my father, my first thought was to fulfill my duty of gratitude to you. I had never lost sight of you, since your flight from Battaglia. A lucky chance brought your servant's letter into my hand; from it I saw which way you intended to travel. I had a private interview with Mr. Tufaldini of Naples, in which he promised me that he would always interest himself for you. He received a small capital, to defray all your expenses, and I also willingly recompensed him for his trouble, although the noble man reluctantly accepted my little presents. Meanwhile, I had the pleasure of hearing of you every month. Since our separation, Tufaldini's letters were my only recreation. After the death of my father I arranged matters with my family concerning the property. Our estates descended to a male heir, and I turned everything else into money. I had no idea of returning to my native country—my last resource would be a convent. Under the plea of poverty I separated myself from all my father's former connections, from all my former domestics, and gave up rank and title, in order to live privately and retired. Not until I had accomplished all this, did I call you, that I might be able to finish my work, and redeem the vow I made to heaven. That moment has arrived. You have related your dreams to me; now for a short time let us return to reality."

She opened the box, and took out a packet of papers carefully secured, and addressed to me; she broke the seal, and placed before me a document notari-ally attested, wherein she had made over to me an immense sum of money, in bank notes of different countries, partly, as was therein stated, in liquidation of a debt owing to me, partly for interest on the same, and lastly as a legacy from the late Mrs. Marianne Schwarz.

"This, my dear Faust," said the Countess, "is your property, which you have well earned. I have nothing more to do with it. There is sufficient left for all that I require. If I renounce the world, and take the veil, you will inherit a part of what I still possess. If you really esteem me, prove it by remaining silent about everything concerning me; never mention my rank, or my real name; and further, do not say any syllable, which might be construed into a refusal of, or thanks for, this your own property."

I listened with astonishment and pain, pushed the papers carefully aside, and said: "Do you really suppose that I value these bank notes? Do not fear that I shall either refuse them, or thank you for them. If you take the veil, I can dispense with

everything, even the world itself. I require nothing. Ah! Hortense, you once said that our souls were one. Were it still so, you would not hesitate to follow my example. I shall burn the bank notes. Of what use are they to me? Destroy your property; also. Become poor, and mine!" She tremblingly took my hand in both her own, and with tears in her eyes, said: "Am I not yet thine, Emanuel?"

"But the convent—"

"My last resource; if thou hadst left me."

We made our vows before God; which were afterwards consecrated by the priest. We left Livorno for the charming retreat, which we now inhabit with our children.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"GOING WHERE NOBODY KNOWS YOU."

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

Christmas Day had gone by, with its merry greetings, its joyful festivities, its longed-for reunions, its noble religious services, and the melancholy remembrances of those who, since the last Christmas, had joined the congregation of the dead.

At such seasons, the mother welcomes the long absent son, the sister is clasped to a brother's loving heart, and the stream of happiness seems to flow into every household, despite the bereavement that may have taken place there during the year.

From every dwelling streamed the rich light, and everywhere was heard the sound of happy voices, or the strains of music. On every window hung green wreaths, interspersed with the bright berries of the holly; and in the abodes of the rich, beautiful flowers lent their odors, and perfumes filled the gaily adorned rooms.

Just below the hill, where stood a noble mansion, and standing modestly back from the road, was an ordinary two-story, unpainted house, sheltered by a magnificent drooping elm, which in summer almost completely concealed the house, and gave it a picturesque look. In winter, it presented only a bare and somewhat comfortless appearance. There was no light at the front of the house. The only room habitable in both winter and summer, was at the back part, which had a Southern aspect; and it was here that the occupant, a young man scarcely beyond extreme youth, yet bearing in his countenance marks of an experience which only comes through deep sorrow.

A slight supper stood on a little table before him; but he was evidently too much abstracted to partake of it. His arms were folded and his head bent as if in intense thought. On various little stands about the room, were objects that looked like models of the human head, as nearly as one could judge, through the quantity of wet foldings around them.

Several pictures were lying about—some of them rude and ordinary enough, like the first efforts of an uncultivated hand; but beside the small tray which contained the young man's repast, was a miniature of such surpassing beauty of execution, such a depth of expression, and such harmony of coloring, that it seemed as if none but a finished artist, of much longer experience than himself, could have stamped upon it such genius.

Awaking from his reverie, he gazed long and tenderly upon it, and then reaching forward, he loosened the wrappings from one of the models, and displayed a clay head, which, though still unfinished, bore a striking resemblance to the miniature. The young artist looked fondly at his work, gave a new wave to the hair, deepened the curve between the head and neck, and moulded the fine ear afresh. By a single touch of his pliant fingers, the long, almond-shaped eyes were set more deeply, giving a mournful expression to the face, instead of the glad and joyous look which the picture exhibited.

"Thus I saw her last," he murmured. "Never again will the glad look come to her. I have blighted her young life with my folly, and henceforward she will not own me as a brother. Poor Isola! I should have been father, brother, all relations in one, to her in her desolate state; and I left her to the care of strangers, to seek the bubbles which have deceived me."

The strong wintry wind sighed mournfully as it swept the dry branches of the old trees, and its sound penetrated the heart of the young man with deep emotion. He threw himself back in his chair, and gave way to tears.

Tears are the natural outlet for a woman's emotions. Vexation, wounded pride, disappointment, and the whole train of selfish and minor sorrows, can raise the floodgates as well as actual grief; but when a man weeps, it is like striking the solid rock, and bringing water from its inmost depths.

There was a sound at the door, distinct from that of the trees. It was heard by the lonely watcher, but he did not heed it, until it was repeated. Then he passed through the long, cold passage, wondering who could invade his privacy on such a night, and feeling half inclined not to open the door.

It was not a strong hand, however, that touched the iron knocker; and the thought that it might be some way worn traveler, decided him. He unlocked the door, and a tall, but slight figure entered.

The young man, half courteously, half sullenly, bade it follow him, and as it seated itself opposite him by the fire, he thought that it shuddered with cold. He threw on a handful of light wood, and the blaze springing up, revealed the figure more perfectly. There was something familiar in the outline of the form and the carriage of the head, although the face was studiously concealed by the deep hood.

The lady, whoever she was, drew up closer to the warm blaze, and then said, in a voice which he vain-

ly tried to recollect whose it resembled in sound—
"It is very cold—you have kindly warmed me;
but I am hungry also."

With some confusion, the young man retreated
her to take the food which he had neglected.
She did so, with an evident relish; and after a
few moments, she said again—

"You have warmed and fed me. I would gladly
pay you for it; but I have no money. I will tell
your fortune if you will permit me."

She took his unresisting hand, and pored over its
lines for some minutes.

"What do you read there?" asked he, at length,
for she did not speak.

"I see a heart feeding upon itself—a long, dark
river, with a single gleam of sunshine midway upon
it—a life of mingled genius and passion—poverty—
error—and at last, peace."

"Such a prophecy needs one to bear it company.
I will tell yours now."

"No! no!" And the hand was violently drawn
away.

"Very well. I can tell as well without looking at
the hand. There is a long course of deception upon
it—a trifling with the happiness of others—a life of
retributive misery—a lonely death. I know you
well. You are Anne Valentine, and you come from
the grand house upon the hill, where this night you
have been practising the same arts upon the rich
beir, that you practised last summer upon the young
and credulous artist, who flattered a brief season
around you, as the moth flies around the candle
which lures him to his death. Thank Heaven, I
escaped with only my wings singed! You come
here to night, to see if the infatuation continues
upon me; and I tell you that, did your beauty and
wealth weigh tenfold what they do in the estimation
of those who do not know you, they could not buy
a single thought of you in the mind of that poor
artist, save of contempt and scorn."

"This to me, Philip?" said the girl, bitterly; then
sinking into a softer tone, she said, "You cared
nothing for me. I would have been your friend—
your sister—but you repulsed me cruelly."

"Yes—when you had ruined my sister's happi-
ness, by taking away the love of the only man she
ever cared for—"

"I—I take away the love of John Underwood
from Isora! You do me too much honor. I beg
leave to deny that."

"You bewitched him with your spells, until my
poor sister's eyes were opened, and then she gave
him up—but think you it left no wound upon her
heart or her pride, to have another preferred before
her, when she had been so true? Nor need you
speak contemptuously of John Underwood. If there
is a heart in the world no false than his, that still
clings to you, cherish it with all the love of which
your nature is capable. Isora is better alone than
with one who loved you."

He rose as he spoke, and stood evidently waiting
for his guest to depart. The tears that had stood
upon his cheek when she entered, had given place to
a dark crimson, and his voice had a cold, proud
tone, which must have struck harshly upon her ear.

She covered her face with her hands, and sat in
silence. If she wept, there was no sound.

"This is all in vain, Miss Valentine. We had
better not prolong this scene. Leave me to the
poverty you predict for me—and if it is a
gleam of sunshine upon my life, believe me I would shut
it out forever."

"Cruel! heartless!" she began to say, but
he turned impatiently from her.

"Cease, Miss Valentine. What was your object
in passing yourself upon my credulity as a vagrant
fortune-teller? Was it not that you could have an
opportunity of laughing at the scanty poverty of the
artist, of telling at the great house yonder, how
poor and miserable is your old lover?"

"You wrong me, Philip Johnstone. I did but
wish to look upon your face without being discov-
ered. Am I to blame, because my image is so in-
fixed upon your heart that I can find no disguise
which you cannot penetrate?"

There was a covert meaning to her words, which
the artist caught at once, but which did not move
him.

"It is natural," he answered coldly, that we
should remember those who have injured us, and
beware of them too, whenever we can pierce the dis-
guises they may adopt. Under any circumstances,
and in any garb, I should recognize Miss Valen-
tine."

She had no words to utter now—for her pride was
thoroughly mortified. She rose to go, and Philip,
stately and cold, lighted her through the passage to
the door. As she went out into the clear starry
night, she turned back for a moment, but the glance
which she encountered did not encourage her oven
to say good night, and she heard the door close, and
then the sharp click of the lock followed, and she
felt that she was shut out from Philip Johnstone's
heart forever.

At a fashionable place of resort, the preceding
summer, the artist had met with Miss Valentine.
She was very beautiful, as far as mere beauty of
form and complexion went; and Philip's taste was
charmed by her appearance, and a little pardonable
vanity, which all men possess in greater or less
degree, was gratified by her evident liking for him-
self. He was there as the escort of his young sister
Isora, who, having been adopted by a rich relative
at the death of her parents, seldom had the oppor-
tunity of being with her brother.

While they were there, John Underwood, who had
loved Isora from her childhood, arrived from the
Mediterranean, and followed her to this place. Anne
Valentine practised a little on him, too; affected to
think Isora was not brilliant enough for him, and
soon broke up the long projected match. Underwood
and Philip compared notes when it was too late.
Isora refused to see him again, and went home to
her adopted parents, stricken in heart and life.
Philip accompanied her, but returned to take another
look at Anne Valentine. There was a rich
West Indian there, who was basking in her sunniest
smiles, and Philip, maddened and desperate, after a
brief visit to his sister, retired alone to the little
dwelling beneath the hill.

Above it was the noble mansion of the Hertford's.
The son and heir, George Hertford, was a prize
which Anne Valentine coveted. His sister was her
friend, and she obtained an invitation to the Christ-
mas holidays, upon easy terms. There she heard of
the artist-hermit who had taken the old house
below, and had shut himself within its lonely walls.
Her heart told her it was Philip Johnstone; and
sneaking that the heir of Hertford was no admirer of

hers, but preferred a little, modest looking cousin of
his own, as his sister had told her, she determined
to try the experiment of testing his memory of the
last summer's flirtation.

Slipping away to her own room on pretence of a
headache, she had disguised herself in an old cloak
and hood which hung at the end of the servant's
gallery, and went forth, half quaking at her enter-
prise—half believing that she would win back the
heart which she had thrown recklessly away. Know-
ing his benevolence, she thought she could best ap-
peal to him under the guise of suffering.

She went back, mortified and disappointed. She
had no power then, over the heart which, had for-
tune but smiled on Philip Johnstone, would have
been better worth her seeking than all with whom
she had trifled.

"May I come in?" said a soft voice at the open
door of Philip's room, a few days after Christmas.
He turned, and saw a pretty child, looking eagerly
at the head which he had been modelling from Isora's
picture, and which he had left uncovered for a
few moments.

"Indeed you may," answered Philip, who was
struck with the beauty of the little girl, and guided
her through the maze of busts and statues which
nearly filled his small apartment. He uncovered
them all, showed her several fine pictures, and was
delighted at the interest which she exhibited.

"I think that I could do that, sir," she said, as he
worked vigorously away at Isora's bust, which had
been too rapidly drying.

"Do you? Then you may come again, but not in
those fine clothes. I will teach you what I know;
but first, I must know who is going to be my pupil."

"I am Mary Hertford," she answered. "Brother
George told me I might come in here."

"And brother George is here to excuse Mary's
intrusion and his own," said a pleasant voice behind
them. "Mr. Johnstone, I have taken the privilege
which is always accorded, I believe, to 'old settlers,'
to call on new neighbors. I come, armed with my
mother's and sister's compliments, and a request
that you will join us at New Year's. You will find
only our own family and one or two visitors—our
intimate friends."

Philip hesitated. Was this the retirement he had
proposed to himself? Little Mary begged him so
hard to come, that he could not resist her entreaties;
and he consented. He should meet Anne Valentine,
he knew; but he defied her to touch his heart again.
He would only watch her proceedings with George
Hertford.

The day came, and the carriage was at the door,
waiting for him, and little Mary and her brother in
it, ready to introduce him to their mother. Philip
roused himself from his dejection, and was again
the brilliant, sparkling being, who had first won
Anne Valentine's notice. He met her as if nothing
had ever happened between them—while she was
confused and uneasy. Julia Hertford was a great
contrast to Miss Valentine. She was plain, quiet,
and sensible. One could see her truthfulness in
every look. Strange, thought Philip, how they came
to be friends! He forgot that Anne had made the
gentle Isora believe that she was her dearest friend,
until she had made a conquest of her brother and
lover.

Philip was entreated to come again. Every mem-
ber of the family, from Mr. Hertford down to little
Mary, begged him to come. He was to make
a bust of Mary immediately; and perhaps of Julia
too. New Year's had been so different to Christmas,
with the young artist, that it was difficult for him
to recognize his own identity until he went home to
his solitary house.

Again and again he went. George Hertford was
the very soul of good humor, untouched by a particle
of the pride of wealth; and Julia's eyes ever sparkled
brighter at the artist's presence. He wondered how
he could have thought her plain, with such an ex-
quisitely shaped head! He had told George all that
had passed between him and Miss Valentine, and
got a history in return, which would have probably
equalled it, had not the little cousin's claims been
well supported.

"And now, Philip, I must tell you that the little
cousin is no other than your sister Isora."

"What do you mean?"

"Her adopted father is my mother's cousin. Ever
since she has been with him, I have been dying to
see his ward. A few months ago I saw her—heard
from her lips the whole history of her brother, with-
out her betraying, however, the name of Anne Valen-
tine. On Christmas evening I happened to find out
that Miss Valentine was leaving the house—watched
her hither, and knew then that you must be Isora's
artist brother. Our whole family knows your his-
tory now, and they respect you for yourself, and
regard you for Isora's sake. I believe that your
sister prefers me to John Underwood," he added,
laughing; "at least I shall think so, until she says
it is not so. I brought Mary to see if she could dis-
cover Isora's picture, and she recognized it at once,
but had the prudence not to speak about it before
you. I knew before, that you had it."

"Well, there is nothing like moving into a retired
spot where no one knows you," said Philip, laugh-
ing; "I had made up my mind to be thoroughly
miserable, when I came here; and now I feel so
different!"

"Well, one thing more. I marry Isora in the
short space of a fortnight. As soon as she comes to
us, my mother wishes you to occupy a good-for-
nothing apartment at the top of our house, as
your studio—Anne Valentine's presence notwith-
standing. You are proof against her now, are you
not?"

"Entirely, I believe."

"We shall come out as the 'Happy Family.' Next
Christmas we will compare notes."

Next Christmas they did compare notes. There
was a cheerful bridal party, where Julia Hertford
was the bride, and Philip the bridegroom. Little
Mary was particularly busy over a small resen-
blance of Isora—not the clay one, but an animated
one of six weeks' marvelous growth; while the
grandmother seemed very happy at having three
such additions to her family circle in one year, as
Philip, Isora, and the baby.

The next three years, Philip and Julia spent in
Italy, where the former grew famous as an artist.
Returning, they encountered Anne Valentine, who
had actually married John Underwood, some months
after he knew that Isora was lost to him. Con-
stantly carrying her about with him, he managed to
make life endurable to her; but there was still a
dissatisfied expression—a want of repose in her
countenance that forbade the thought that she was
happy.

"Your prophecy was partly true, Mrs. Under-
wood," said Philip to her one evening when they

met. How she started at that name from his voice!
"I have found my gleam of sunshine," he added,
looking fondly at his wife, who stood at the other
end of the room, with a curly-headed child in her
arms. "I retract my own prophecy, however, and
regret the bitterness that prompted it."

She turned from him with tears—the first real,
alms, and penitent ones, perhaps, which she had
ever shed. She felt that had it not been for the
forgiving spirit of John Underwood, here might
indeed have been "a life of retributive misery—a
lonely death," as Philip had predicted. Nor was
she happy now—for she did not truly love her hus-
band—and conscience told her, that had she been a
true woman, she might now have been the wife of
him whose name she heard from every lip—him,
indeed, whom she had ever worshipped the more,
the more he had scorned her.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THERE'S A WORLD OF BRIGHT SPIRITS.

BY CORNELL.

There's a world of bright spirits that over us dwell—
We wait for their signals, who know them full well;
The friends of our youth in beauty appear,
Their mission on earth to comfort and cheer:

Whispering so gently,
Murmuring tenderly—
Patiently wait for the morrow.

While circling around, a prayerful band,
The messages come from the spirit-land;
They speak of a world so gloriously bright,
Where the sunlight of progress puts darkness to flight:

Shining so cheerily,
Never so dearly,
Turning the soul from all sorrow.

This beautiful world, where truth ever reigns,
Secure from life's cares, its troubles and pains;
The soul filled with joy, untrammelled and free,
Flits lightly to earth, its loved ones to see;

Writing so clearly,
Speaking so dearly—
Telling us daylight will follow.

The flowers of earth, so beautiful seem,
Like visions of youth, in life's early dream;
Yet stamped on their blossoms in characters fair,
Fading and transient, their glory is past—

Changing so slowly,
Drooping so lowly,
Time will their last fragrance borrow.

But truth, never-changing, forever will live;
The summons obey, which spirits hands give;
They bid you—God-speed, they say to you "Come!"
Where happiness waits to welcome you home;

Shouting so gladly,
Singing so gaily,
Their anthems of thankfulness flow.

The freed spirit then, from trammels of earth,
Flits ceaselessly on, proclaiming its birth;
This strange second-birth just newly begun,
But endless, eternal the years ever run;

Rolling eternally,
Time everlastingly,
Bathing in truth-light 'till will glow.

Mrs. Pimminy's Parlor Maids.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

He, Mr. Peter Pimminy, was a little man of fifty
years of age, or thereabouts; in his early youth he
had dealt in pictures, drawings, old armour, and
such-like works of art, in the neighborhood of St.
James'; and having in this tolerable lucrative
traffic, realized a very snug little fortune, he had re-
tired, and yet possessed a taste and inclination
to enjoy the fruits of his industry, to a small resi-
dence dignified by the title of Eden Villa, situated on
the banks of the Thames at Mortlake.

Mr. Pimminy had never been what is termed hand-
some in the strict acceptance of the word; he had
small twinkling eyes, a very long nose, a huge mouth,
and a chin which had never yet succeeded in any
cravat whatever. Nor did any remarkable beauty
of form tend to compensate for this irregularity of
features.

Mrs. Pimminy was a tall, fine-looking woman, who
had been very handsome in her early years, and who
still maintained great pretensions to beauty. Had
she sought or cared for adulation, there is not the
least doubt that she would have had admirers in
plenty; but she had taken the wiser part, and pre-
ferred adoring her husband, who, as we have already
shown, was no Adonis, and whose intellectual quali-
ties, truth compels us to avow, were not above par.

From this auspicious union were born a couple of
little feminine Pimminys, who, we may be allowed
to say, fortunately were not the "image of their fa-
ther," but, on the contrary, partook more of their
mother's style of feature, and who bore the respective
names of Susan and Mary Jane.

As we have before stated, the Pimminy family oc-
cupied a small but snug villa on the banks of the
Thames at Mortlake; our ex-picturist-dealer ever along
fondly to his old habits and predilections: in default
of wit, he possessed a tolerably abundant stock of
common sense, which frequently, it must be said,
stands one in very good stead of the former more
brilliant gift of nature. He liked his villa, which
was cheerfully situated, and nicely furnished; and
he also liked his "cook and parlor-maid," a good-
tempered, homely girl, by name Dorothea, who had
already been ten years in his service, and whom he
hoped to retain, along with his domestic, for the re-
mainder of his days.

One afternoon it so happened that Mr. Peter Pim-
miny had remained for a considerable time at the
open window, watching the flowing of the tide be-
tween the banks of old Father Thames. This occu-
pation, it must be allowed, is a very innocent amuse-
ment in its way, and one, moreover, not altogether
devoid of the poetic element; Mr. Pimminy, it is
true, caught no Ossianic inspirations from the con-
templation of that stream which has inspired so
many poets; but instead of this, he caught a bad
cold in the head.

There are various remedies extant for that very
disagreeable affection of the mucous membrane, com-
monly known as cold in the head; and Mr. Pim-
miny had somewhere heard it said that the very
best of all was to rub the nose with tallow. Now,
on this eventful night, Mrs. Pimminy had already
retired to rest, when she fancied she heard the voice
of her husband in the direction of the kitchen;
thither she repaired as quickly as she could, and be-
held Mr. Pimminy, in his dressing-gown and slip-
pers, subjecting his nose to the process of being
unointed with a piece of tallow-candle by the hands
of his servant Dorothea. A jealous woman discerns,
or rather fancies she discerns, evil in the most trif-
ling and innocent actions; the ex-picturist-dealer's
better half became purple with rage, and, casting a
glance of deadlier ire on the unconscious parlor-
maid, angrily demanded of her husband what he was
doing there.

"You see what I am doing," replied Mr. Pimminy
quietly; "I am getting Dorothea to rub my nose
with tallow."

"What is the meaning of all this, sir?"
"It means that I have got a cold in the head, and
they tell me that tallow on the nose is an infallible
remedy."

"And could you not apply it yourself, pray?"
"I don't like handling tallow candles."

"Mr. Pimminy!" exclaimed the lady when
the pair had retired to their bed-room, "you are a
monster! a horrid monster!"

"And why, pray?" inquired Peter; "because I
have tallow-grease on my nose?"

"Oh! none of your empty subtleties, sir; if you
imagine I am to be deceived by such clumsy pre-
texts—"

"What pretexts?"
"Sir, your gold was a pretext. You were in the
kitchen, sir, with Dorothea, sir! I have had my
suspensions a long time; I have seen you casting
glances."

"Casting glances! At whom, pray?"
"Oh, you understand me very well;" and, in a
voice of thunder, she added, "Mr. Pimminy, there is
something wrong between you and your parlor-
maid!"

Then, as if overcome by the violence of her con-
tending emotions, with the subdued ejaculation of
"Oh, Peter, I didn't think you were the man to do
such an act," Mrs. Pimminy melted, like Niobe, into
tears.

Completely taken aback, to use a nautical phrase,
by this sudden and violent explosion of conjugal ire,
Mr. Pimminy opened his little eyes to their fullest
extent; "My dear Susan," he exclaimed at length,
"you are dreaming."

"No, Peter, I am not dreaming," sobbed his better
half, who imagined herself, at that moment, the most
injured of women; "I wish I were dreaming. My
eyes are now open to the sad truth; I am no longer
astonished at your treating her with such marked
consideration. You never sould her."

"No; because you sould her enough for both."
"One would suppose you were afraid of speaking
to her; at the dinner-table you dare not even ask
her for a plate. I certainly will discharge her."

Here Peter fired up. "Mrs. Pimminy," he ex-
claimed angrily, "you are a fool; and if you dis-
charge this girl you will commit an act of gross folly;
she has her faults, I own, like the rest of them, but
these faults are counterbalanced by her good quali-
ties; you shall not discharge Dorothea."

Mr. Pimminy, as we have seen from this little
speech, occasionally displayed considerable energy
and firmness of purpose; when he did speak he spoke
to the point, and in a tone which plainly showed he
would not brook contradiction.

But Mrs. Pimminy, woman-like, had determined
upon the fall of Dorothea; and she bided her time,
confident of victory.

In the course of a few days the breakfast and din-
ner were not ready at the accustomed hours; then
the furniture was not properly dusted; all in short
went wrong in the house, and from morning to night
nothing was to be heard but the wailing tones of
Mrs. Pimminy's voice, complaining of her parlor
maid.

One day, Mrs. Pimminy dragged her husband up
to a chair: "Do you see that, Mr. Pimminy?" ex-
claimed the lady; "it is literally covered with dust;
but you are still determined to keep your Dorothea."

Pimminy examined the chair; saw nothing, and
replied nothing.

Another day his wife introduced a silver spoon
under his nose exclaiming, "Smell that, sir!"

Mr. Pimminy sniffed at the spoon, which smelt of
nothing particular; but his better half quickly
added: "We had fish yesterday, sir, and this spoon
still smells of fish to-day; is that pleasant?"

Mr. Pimminy thought to himself that fish was not
generally eaten with a spoon, but he said nothing
for peace and quietness sake.

As none of these stratagems, however, were suc-
cessful, Mrs. Pimminy determined upon attempting
a coup de main; accordingly, one morning, she rushed
into her husband's presence, pale, agitated, and her
hair in disorder, and letting herself fall into a chair,
she cried:—

"Mr. Pimminy, either this girl shall quit our ser-
vice, or I shall leave the house; so choose between
us."

"Hey-day! wife, what's in the wind now?" in-
quired Peter.

"Mr. Pimminy, this girl has insulted me; yes,
sir, your wife, your lawful wife, has been insulted by
a servant! Your Dorothea, sir, had actually the im-
pudence to tell me to my face, that she was as good
as I was!"

"Indeed I did she?" replied Pimminy; "that ap-
pears strange, but the fact of the matter is you have
provoked her to it; for some time back you have
been treating the girl like a negro slave, and you
ought to bear in mind, madam, that domestics are
not slaves; the lot of the generality of these poor
serving people is bad enough, and we should be espe-
cially careful not to add to their discomfort by hu-
miliating them uncessantly from morning till night.
Servants are always respectful to me, because I
speak civilly to them." But poor Mr. Pimminy de-
sired to have peace in his house, so he allowed his
wife to discharge Dorothea.

In the course of a few days, after an announce-
ment in the columns of the "Thunderer" had duly
informed the little world of servants out of place,
that Mr. Peter Pimminy of Eden Villa, Mortlake, was
in want of a cook and parlor maid, Mrs. Pimminy,
who, since the departure of Dorothea, had become
amiable itself, said to her husband:—

"My dear, we are to have a new girl to-morrow;
you will see how nice and clean the house will be
kept, and how well we shall be served. In the first
place our new girl is prudence and honesty itself;
very neat, very active, very respectful, and an ex-
cellent plain cook."

"I am delighted to hear it, my dear," replied Pim-
miny; "I hope we shall be able to keep her."

The new parlor-maid arrived in due course; she
was named Catherine.

Mr. Pimminy contented himself with passing a
glance upon the new comer; and before pronouncing
an opinion upon the merits or demerits of the domes-
tic, prudently determined to wait a week or two.
Mrs. Pimminy, who, on the contrary, judged people
at first sight, and who affirmed that she was never
deceived, was on the first day in positive raptures
with her new cook and parlor-maid, and never ceased
lauding the virtues, and accomplishments of
Catherine. On the second day her raptures were
less lively. The third, Mrs. Pimminy, who had
grown tired of cooking the dinner every day, which
she had hitherto done in the plea of putting the new
servant "into the way of things," allowed Miss Cathe-
rine to try her hand on the family repast.

On this eventful day the good plain cook served up

a dinner composed as follows: *supper*, a turneful
of a stiff glucy substance intended to represent pea
soup; secondly, a dish of mutton chops and a roast
fowl, both reduced to carbon; and thirdly, a rice
pudding full of little "pecky" things, as Mr. Pim-
miny called them, which—*grinned* under the teeth.

Peter made a grimace, said nothing, while the
children never ceased crying. "Ah, how something
smells of burn! Oh! papa what's this like sand in
the pudding?" Poor Mrs. Pimminy was overwhelm-
ed with confusion, and affected to talk of the papal
aggression and other lively topics of the day in order
to divert her husband's attention from the dinner.
But, after an eight-day's trial it was unanimously
declared that the good plain cook was not fit to be
intrusted even with the boiling of eggs, and she ac-
cordingly received her dismissal.

Three days afterwards Mrs. Pimminy entered her
husband's sanatorium with a radiant air, exclaiming,
"We shall have a servant to-morrow, which I am
very sure will please you."

Mr. Pimminy muttered something about it not
signifying whether he were pleased or not, which his
better half was determined not to hear: "Yes, yes,"
she continued, with amazing volubility, "I know you
will be pleased with her; she is an excellent cook,
in the first place, for she was formerly kitchen maid
at the Reform Club, and was under Boyer—only
think of that! under Boyer!—and she can make a
quantity of little knick-knacks in the way of pastry
and sweets, and also splendid omelette souffles."

Now I know you are very fond of omelette souffles."

"Oh! I like them well enough, sometimes," re-
plied Peter with an air of assumed indifference,
though to tell the truth his weak point with regard
to things edible was omelette souffles, a circumstance
of which his wife was well aware, and which, like a
skillful general, she had cleverly taken advantage of.

"Oh, don't tell me," she continued, "you like
them very much, and we shall have them frequently;
she is a Somersetshire girl, a fine, stout, hard work-
ing, willing creature, and prudence and honesty
itself."

"I hope so," sighed Peter.

On the following morning, Mr. Pimminy beheld
the advent of the pupil of the illustrious Boyer, in
the person of a stout, rough and ready looking girl,
whose broad red face betokened an exuberance of
health and good humor.

Miss Mary, for so was the new cook and parlor-
maid named, possessed a degree of vivacity and alert-
ness of movement which actually charmed her mis-
tress; in the twinkling of an eye, and the turn of a
hand, she had done all her work. Mrs. Pimminy
hurried into her husband's study: "See, sir," she
exclaimed, "what it is to have a quick, active ser-
vant; all the work is done at half-past eleven, whilst
with your Dorothea, the bed-rooms were seldom swept
out even by one o'clock in the afternoon. And to-
day at dinner we are to have an omelette souffles;
Mary is going to make us one 'a la Soyer.'"

At this instant little Susan appeared at the door:
"Mamma," said the child, "Mary has just broken
the large soap tureen."

Mrs. Pimminy would rather her daughter had bit-
ten her tongue off than have said this in her hus-
band's hearing; but she pushed the child before her
out of the room, and hastened off, muttering some-
thing about accidents happening in every family.

The dinner hour arrived—the family of the ex-
picturist dealer sat down to table; everything was ex-
cellent, hot, and well dressed. Mrs. Pimminy was
radiant with joy and exultation; the omelette souffles
at length appeared, it was superb, at least a foot
high, and admirable in color.</

Political Items.

**A CLERGYMAN'S LETTER AGAINST
SPIRITUALISM, AND A REPLY BY
DR. CHILD.**

Dr. A. B. Newcomb, of this city, informs us that he lectured at the above place in Dean Hill Hall on Tuesday evening of last week to an attentive and appreciative audience. At the conclusion of the discourse, Dr. C. C. Williams, of Norwich Town, occupied the forenoon in a manner that told powerfully on the ears of the listeners. The interest in this local cause is great, and constantly increasing. Circles have been formed and medicines developed in considerable quantities. Dr. A. B. Newcomb, of this city, informs us that he lectured at the above place in Dean Hill Hall on Tuesday evening of last week to an attentive and appreciative audience. At the conclusion of the discourse, Dr. C. C. Williams, of Norwich Town, occupied the forenoon in a manner that told powerfully on the ears of the listeners. The interest in this local cause is great, and constantly increasing. Circles have been formed and medicines developed in considerable quantities.

Meetings in Boston.

EXERCISES AT THE MELODEON.

Last Sunday, owing to the necessary absence of Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. Coan entertained the audience with manifestations of raps in the afternoon and evening.

In the afternoon, Messrs. Pollard, McKimstry and Randall were appointed a committee to conduct the exercises.

The committee prepared the names of their friends in folded ballots, and from the number one was selected, and held by one of the gentlemen. The name of "George Hanson" was then written, and the folded paper was found to contain that name. The spirit was asked to give the place of his departure from earth life, and from a list of several towns the spirit designated "Webster." Correct.

The alphabet was then used, and the letters rapped out, spelling the name of "Lizzie Thayer." The raps then designated the ballot containing that name. In answer to questions, the spirit said she had "one" child living. From a list of names, "Susie" was selected as the name of the child. She had "two" sisters living, and one of them was named "Sarah." Correct.

The medium then wrote "Henry," and the paper selected by the rap contained the name of "Henry O. Pollard." From a list of diseases, "typhus fever" was indicated as the cause of his death. Correct. Other questions were asked, but no answers received.

The initials "D. S. A." were given. The ballot was opened, and the rest of the name was called for, which was given—"Dr. S. A. Hall." He said he died at "Madison, Wisconsin," of "congestion of the lungs." Answered correctly.

A paper was then selected, containing the name of "Mrs. A. Haywood."

Folded papers and sealed envelopes were then taken from the audience, and from them one was selected, and the medium wrote the name of "Nancy." The paper was undone, and "Nancy D. Ellis" was found within. A gentleman in the audience then asked what relationship the spirit bore to him. "Mother," was designated. The gentleman said he was satisfied.

"Col." was written. A ballot selected and opened read: "Col. James Coolidge." The one who wrote the name repeated some diseases, and the raps indicated "congestion of the lungs," as the one which produced his death. Correct. The town where he died was asked, and his occupation, but no satisfactory answer was given.

"John" was written by the medium's hand, and the paper designated was found to contain the name of "John Roberts." A gentleman asked his relationship to this spirit, and "father" was designated. The place of his death was asked, and "Greenwood," was given.

The committee then reported individually, that they had seen nothing unfair in this investigation—that everything appeared to be conducted fairly and honorably—but they could not account for the manifestations, nor understand how they could have been produced by the medium.

In the evening, George T. Stearns, R. F. Bourne, and Robert Corwin, were appointed the committee. After several ineffectual attempts to receive tests from the spirit-power, Mr. Bourne retired, at the suggestion of Dr. Gardner, and R. H. Buck was chosen in his place.

Further attempts proving abortive, the entire Committee retired, and Dr. Cummings and Mr. Train, of Boston, and A. A. Richmond, of Adams, were appointed.

A folded paper was immediately selected, and "John Cummings" was written by the medium. The ballot selected was found to contain that name. The disease was asked, and "consumption" indicated. The occupation was then asked, and "farmer" designated. Answered correctly.

"Andrew M." was then written, and "Andrew M. Gordon" found in the paper selected. The disease was asked, and "consumption" given. The place of death was asked, and "Swanzy" designated. He said he died "between 24 and 26" years of age. Correct.

Another ballot was selected, and "Thomas" was written. The rest of the name was asked, and "Bowen," was given, and the paper was found to contain that name. The cause of his death was asked, and "drowned" indicated. Correct.

Another paper was selected, "Zolus" written, and that name was found in the paper. The last name was asked, and the name of "Richmond" was given. The age was asked, and "43" given. Correct.

"Alice" was then written, and was found in the selected paper. The rest of the name was asked, and correctly given. The name of the denomination to which she belonged was asked, and "Friend" given. Correct.

Papers were then collected from the audience, and from the number one was selected, and "Richard" written. "Richard Third" was in the folded paper. "John" was next written, and "John Nazareth" was found in the ballot selected. His age was asked, and "75" designated. "Boston" was given as the place of his decease. Correct.

"Benjamin B." was next written, and "Benjamin Batchelder" found in the paper selected. The disease was asked, but no satisfactory answer given, the spirit's friend in the audience maintaining that he died from the effects of a cancer, and the spirit as stoutly denying it. His occupation was asked, and "farmer" designated.

"Willie Lawrence" was written, and the same name found in the paper selected. He said he died of "spine disease," and gave his age as "between 6 and 7." Correct.

"Isaac" was then written, and "Isaac Lee" found in the folded paper.

The medium then wrote "William," and the paper contained the name of "William H. Prentice." His age was given as "74," his disease as "apoplexy," and his trade as "clothing dealer." Correct.

The next written was "Samuel," and "Samuel Cushing" was found in the paper. He said he died in "Boston," and his age was "between 34 and 35" years. Correct.

"Cordelia" was then written, and "Cordelia Balch" found in the ballot.

The Committee, through Mr. Richmond, then reported that they believed perfect fairness had characterized the medium during these manifestations—that there appeared to be no chance for collusion—that the questions were answered correctly, showing evidence of an intellectual power beyond the comprehension of the Committee.

After the report, the old Committee returned, and

prepared papers, in hope of obtaining some manifestations. "George W." was then written by the spirit-power. Being disclaimed by all of the Committee, "Bourne" was afterwards added to the name. A gentleman of the Committee then recollected having written that name when at the table in the early part of the evening, but he had forgotten it, and had not re-written it at the present sitting. (This was a very good refutation of the theory of the action of the will in the answering of test questions.)

Questions were asked this spirit, but no decided answer given, and, after the manifestation of another spirit—giving the name of "Charles Norris,"—the meeting was dissolved.

MISS ROSA T. AMEDY AT THE MELODEON.

The lecture on Tuesday evening week, at the Melodeon, was attended by a highly intelligent and discriminating audience. A familiar hymn was sung by Mr. Frost's choir, (late of the Tremont Temple), in their usual artistic manner, when Mr. H. G. Colver very impressively read a portion of the Scriptures, and Miss Amedy then addressed the Throne of Grace.

The audience having unanimously decided that the spirits controlling the medium should choose the theme of the evening's contemplation, Miss Amedy announced the subject to be—"Religion—its tendency to refine and elevate man."

The speaker occupied about an hour in her discourse, dwelling on the far-reaching influences of the present revival in our midst, and declaring it to be the spirit of God at work on the hearts of men.

At one point in her lecture she very feelingly and touchingly alluded to the Bible, upon which she placed a beautiful wreath that was lying upon the desk, and thus held it up to the view of the audience. The scene was very impressive, and will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

At the conclusion of the lecture, a poem was improvised—subject, submitted by a stranger from among the audience—"God," (to whom the invocation was made,) "and his attributes." This was listened to with rapt attention, which speaks louder than trumpet-tongues.

We have listened to most of the trance-speakers of the day on the philosophy of spiritual truth, and unhesitatingly pronounce this medium one of the best in the field. We know her to be the recipient of the holiest influences, and that her highest aspirations are to advance the great truths of Spiritualism. It is with unfeigned pleasure and pride that we commend her to the public everywhere, as an eloquent expounder of the new Gospel.

MRS. COAN AT THE MELODEON.

The Governor and other officers of the Commonwealth, together with the entire body of the Legislature, the Mayor, the City Government, and the members of the press, were invited, on Wednesday evening of last week, to attend a seance at the Melodeon, at which Mrs. Coan was the manifesting medium. There was an assembly of over three hundred present, and our friend, Dr. H. F. Gardner, undertook the supervision of the arrangements, which were all carried out to the satisfaction of those present.

A committee of three was appointed by the audience, consisting of Hon. Amasa Walker, Hon. James M. Usher, and Hon. John Branning, of the Legislature, who, acknowledging themselves unprejudiced upon the subject of Spiritualism, took their places beside the medium on the platform, and witnessed the phenomena as they were given. The table was turned with two of its legs towards the audience, and held there for some time, no one having any contact with it. The raps were heard profusely. Finally, Mrs. Coan having left the room altogether, the committee folded a number of paper pellets, upon which they had previously written certain names, and threw them indiscriminately upon the table.

On her returning to the hall, she picked these pellets up one by one, and gave correctly the names which had been written within. This she did without having seen the writing on a single one of them. The audience were requested, also, to send up such inquiries, written down on slips of paper, as they saw proper; and, by actual count, at least twenty-five—not to speak of others—were answered correctly and satisfactorily, furnishing to the inquirers themselves strong and startling tests. This was continued for some time, and occupied much of the evening.

The committee withdrew at length, and, when they returned, reported to the assembly on whose behalf they were acting, that they had been able all through the evening to discover no fraud or collusion—that the phenomena were given, so far as their close observation extended, with perfect fairness, and that they could not fail to publicly recognize the presence of an invisible power in these manifestations, though they could not pretend to assert what that power was. They styled it all a profound mystery.

At the conclusion, Mr. Potter, a member of the House of Representatives, moved a vote of thanks to the lady for the courtesy she had extended to the audience, which was carried without a dissenting voice. It was altogether one of the most interesting evenings we have been able to chronicle in a long time.

BROMFIELD HALL.

The services at this place on Sunday last, consisted of the usual circle in the morning. In the afternoon, Bro. A. B. Nowcomb delivered a discourse on Individual Physical Reform, as applied to the development of man's spiritual nature to the most extended degree. The leading idea inculcated was the necessity of making right the physical man and woman, in order to the advancement of their spiritual condition to a higher plane of development. And also the effect a true life in the body would have on the development of mediums. The discourse was well received and attentively listened to throughout.

Written for the Banner of Light.
SONNET-TO HESPERUS.

BY HOWARD GOING.

Fade Hesperus, thou fairest star of eve!
Oh, holy watcher on the edge of night!
That like a nun who doth her sins retrieve,
Art halo'd by thy own pure virtue's light;
And penitently whitherest thy prayer
Of salutary love, of truth, and smiling hope,
Too holy far for mortal ears to hear,
Till whom thou dost the gates of Heaven open.
Thus would I ever watch thee, gentle star,
While thou dost o'er my heart with lofty strains,
That were they sung, would still the clang of war,
And pour the balm of peace in fiery veins,
That throbbeth with a fervid love, or when
The brow of care doth darken into sin.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MESSAGES RECEIVED, &C.

Benjamin Trefethen, William Cady, Eliza Sheldon, Charles H. Davis, Margaret Phinney, George Currier, Richard H. Crowninghill, John Moore, John Saunders, Andrew Winn, James Smith, Inchoes, William Robinson, Joseph Leonard, William Henry Clark, Aunt Ruth, Jonathan, to his friend Winslow, Rev. Dr. Benjamin Langworthy, William King, Joseph Emerson.

The Buss World.

FUN AND FACT.

FOR FIVE COLUMNS OF MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD, SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

CHESTER.—Business generally is improving in nearly all sections of the country. The mills at Manchester, N. H., have commenced running full time, and those in Newburyport will on the first of April. Ship-building at Medford is looking up. The keels for several ships are to be laid immediately.

NATIONAL HOUSE, HAYMARKET SQUARE.—This hotel has been recently leased by Mr. OLIVER STACOFF, formerly of the Casco House, Portland. It has been put in complete repair throughout, refurnished, &c., and is decidedly one of the most airy, comfortable and conveniently located public houses in Boston for the traveler. It is within three minutes' walk of State street, and but a short distance from the Eastern and Boston and Maine Railroad. Its table is always supplied with the best the market affords, and the prices are moderate. We cordially recommend this house to public patronage.

EMPTINESS.—Theodore Hook once said to a man, at whose table a publisher got very drunk: "Why, you appear to have emptied your wine-cellar into your bookshelf."

THE HOOSAC TUNNEL ENTERPRISE.—The North Adams News says the borer has been raised and the track cleared on the west side of the mountain, and that the work of tunneling will be vigorously commenced in the course of the next week. Already fifty feet of the bottom has been removed on the east side within a few days, at which place forty hands are now employed.

AN ORIENTAL PROVERB.—You can't prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests there.

Digby says india-rubber denotes Spring.

CHARLES H. MILLS & Co.—In the Court of Insolvency, on Saturday, the claims of sixty-two persons, firms and corporations against Charles H. Mills & Co. were presented, amounting in the aggregate to nearly \$660,000. The claims varied in amounts from \$115 to \$125,819.81, the largest claimants being some of the banks and bankers, who are amply secured.

Why are people who gossip from house to house like neat cattle in winter? Because they are the bearers of *idle tales*.

An honest farmer having a number of men working in his field, went to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting still, he inquired the cause. The man answered:—

"I thirst for the spirit!"

"Grog, you mean, I suppose," said the farmer; "but if the Bible teaches you to thirst after the spirits, it says also, 'Doe! every one that thirsteth!'"

OLD TIMES.—The New England Courant—Benjamin Franklin's newspaper—in 1726, contained the following advertisement:—

"Just published and sold by the printer hereof—
A Hooped Petticoat Arrayed and Condemned by the Light of Nature and Law of God. Price 3d."

Nathan Jackson, Esq., of New York, celebrated his 78th birthday recently, by making a gift to Williams College, Mass., of \$14,000 in cash, and nine acres of land, with suitable buildings thereon, adjoining the College grounds.

A minister who had received a number of calls, and could hardly decide which was the best, asked the advice of his faithful old African servant, who replied: "Massa, go where de most debil."

Charles L. Taylor, who was arrested on suspicion of having committed murder at the time the Pacific Hotel, in St. Louis, was burnt, has been discharged from custody, there being no evidence to substantiate the suspicion. Taylor was on a spree at the time of the fire, and according to the St. Louis Democrat, while under the influence of liquor, invented the stories which caused his arrest.

Robins and blue-birds have made their appearance in this vicinity.

Always do as the sun does; look at the bright side of everything; it is just as cheap, and three times as good for digestion.

Nebraska is our largest territory. It will make about eighty States as large as New Hampshire. Nebraska is about one sixth the size of Europe.

"Why should you keep pickles and preserves out of the house?" asked Digby one day of his boarding-mistress, who was continually scolding her husband.

"Don't know," she replied, tartly.

"Because they always bring family jars," said he with a knowing leer.

A story is told of a grave divine on Cape Cod, not long since, who awoke from a comfortable nap in his chair and discovered his amiable helpmate in the performance of an act for which Gov. Marcy once made a charge of fifty cents to the State—in other words, mending his pantaloons. Inspired with a love of fun which seldom affected him, he inquired, "Why are you, my dear, like the evil adversary spoken of in the Scriptures?" Of course she was unable to discover any resemblance. "Because," said he, "while the husbandman slept, you sowed the tares!"

IMPORTANT FROM JAPAN.—A Paris paper states that the Commissioners sent by Holland to Japan, immediately after the conclusion of the treaty with the United States, have succeeded in obtaining an acknowledgment, as a principle, that all the ports of Japan, without distinction, shall be successively opened to European commerce. Until a regular tariff of duties on imports can be established, the Dutch will continue to pay fifty-five per cent. on the value of goods imported, this value being determined by public sales, or even by private sales, the good faith of which is undoubted. Other arrangements have been concluded as follows:—

"An Exchange and Bazaar will be established at Hakodadi to facilitate transactions between the natives and Europeans. Professors of the Japanese language will be appointed by the authorities, with power to receive as pupils, without distinction, all foreigners who may wish to learn the language of

the country. The Dutch resident will be received by the chief of the government whenever he may have international questions to discuss. The free exercise of their religion is granted to all the Dutch, and the practice of obliging them to trample on the cross of Christ is abolished forever. They will also be allowed to bring their wives and children with them to Japan.

The Japanese have, however, combined some restrictions with their generosity. Thus, it is strictly forbidden to export specie of any kind, or to sell arms or munitions of war to any other parties than the government. It is believed, however, that in regard to the first of these prohibitions, the Commissioners are not far from obtaining some concessions."

The other day, a certain bishop lost his portmanteau. The circumstance has given rise to the following:—

I have lost my portmanteau—
"I pity your grief."
"I contained all my sermons—
"I pity the thief."

FROM HAVANA.—The steamship Black Warrior, from New Orleans via Havana 16th inst., arrived at New York the 21st. Captain General Concha had returned from a tour of observation on the south side of the island and Isle of Pines, and was well received everywhere, even in the Districts previously most disaffected. Preparations are being made on an extensive scale at Havana, to celebrate the birth of the Prince of the Asturias. Havana will be brilliantly illuminated.

The British mail steamer from Vera Cruz arrived on the 13th. The accounts of affairs in Mexico are dreadful. The whole country was rent asunder by partisan squabbles.

The rates of sugar at Havana remain unaltered; but the demand, however, is active, and holders are quite firm. Various large contracts are reported to have been made at the current rates. The stock at Havana and Matanzas is estimated at nearly 135,000 boxes. Molasses is in active demand at 3 a 3 1/2 rials per keg for clayed, and 4 1/4 rials per keg for Muscovado.

A letter from Constantinople, of the 12th of February, to a mercantile house in Boston, states that the weather had been uncommonly cold in that vicinity, and that 70,000 sheep had been frozen to death.

Ah! this beautiful world! I know not what to make of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and sorrowful, and clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us, there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn on our hearths nor in our hearts, and all without and within, is dismal, cold and dark.—
Longfellow.

Dutchman—"Cool moryer, Patrick, how you tur?"
Irishman—"Good mornin' till ye, Mike; think ye, will we get any rain?" Dutchman—"I guess not; ye never has much rain in ferry try dime." Irishman—"An' ye're right there; and thin, whenever it gets in the way of raining, not a bit o' dhrly wither will we get as long as the wet spell howlds."

Two young Irishmen happened to get into an affray, in which one of them was knocked down. His comrade ran up to him and cried out:—"Zounds, Denis, an' if you be dead can't you speak?" "I'm not, an' but spacheless," said the other.

The Liverpool Albion gives an account of a fugitive slave who arrived at that port stowed away in the hold of the ship Metropolitan, from New Orleans. He is called Tom Wilson, is forty-five years old, and says he belongs to Mr. Henry Fustman, cotton presser, by whom he was owned seven years.

A ruffled bosom—the bosom of the ocean.

Some one wishing to be witty on a gentleman with a large mouth, asked him, "If he had a long lease of that mouth of his?" when he was good humoredly answered, "No, I have it only from year to year."

Late Foreign News.

The mail steamship Arabia, Capt. Stone, which sailed from Liverpool at about noon on March 6th, arrived at New York on Saturday, the 20th instant. Among her passengers is Mons. Musard, whose concerts are to be given next month at the Academy of Music. An earthquake had laid Corinth in ruins. Thirty lives were lost.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Parliamentary Committee appointed to investigate the charge of bribery against Mr. Isaac Butt, in connection with the affairs of an Amer. of Scinlo, had concluded their labors, and agreed to report to the House of Commons resolutions amounting to an acquittal.

The partisans of the constitutional party in Italy had been holding a conference from day to day in London, for the purpose of bringing more prominently before the public the present condition of Italy, and to endeavor to revive the agitation for a National League of a confederation of States, subject to the direction of a central power. It was resolved to prepare an address to the various powers of Europe, setting forth the claims of Italy to have her wants considered.

Heavy gales and considerable falls of snow had been experienced in England, causing much delay in the mail packet service, and on the various lines of Railway.

Dr. Livingston and his companions in the African Exploring Expedition were on board the steamer Pearl, in the river Mersey, whence they were expected to sail for Africa on the day the Arabia left.

FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the London Times is informed that Admiral Rigault de Genouilly proposes that, after the war in China is concluded, in place of sending an expedition to Cochin China, an establishment shall be formed in the kingdom of Corea, situated between China and Japan. The same authority says that the Minister of Marine has decided that the French naval squadron stationed off the Banks of Newfoundland is to be composed this year of three steamships-of-war, in place of two, as formerly.

No date has been fixed for the execution of the condemned conspirators. A rumor was current that the Empress was exerting herself in their behalf.

The following is the French account of the capture of Canton, published in the Journal des Debats:—"CANTON, January 1.—On the 28th of December, between 6 and 7 o'clock, our troops disembarked according to agreement at a place which I had already reconnoitred twice in the cutter. We were received by the enemy with musketry, which wounded five of our sailors. The English did not arrive until two hours afterward, although they ought to have been first at the place of rendezvous, in order to assault a neighboring fort. When they landed, they found the Chinese dispersed, the village cleared, and the French marching straight for the fort.

However, as this part of the operations had been assigned to them, our admirals merely sent on twenty skirmishers to keep down the fire from the embraasures. The ten or twelve shots fired by the Chinese, killed nobody. The English advanced slowly, surrounded the fort, and began to shell it. Meanwhile our twenty men got in, expecting to find the

Chinese, who had not shown themselves at the embraasures, and planted the French flag on the walls. Then, and not till then, the two thousand English, with a wild hurrah, rushed to the assault. The English were greatly disheartened; they had nothing to do during these two days but to occupy the positions won by the French troops."

PRUSSIA.—It is stated that the facilities of the King of Prussia decline daily. A renewal of the powers conferred to the Prince of Prussia was expected to extend to six instead of three months as hitherto.

HAMBURG.—The Hamburg correspondent of the London Post, writing in regard to the attitude of the United States in the matter of the state duties of the Elbe, says that the United States Consul at Hamburg was making preliminary arrangements with a view to the abolition of the payment of the duties, on the expiration of the commercial treaty with Hamburg, in June next.

TURKEY.—It is officially denied that the Ottoman Government has accepted an indemnity for the occupation of Porin by the British.

A fire in Constantinople had burned two hundred houses.

AUSTRALIA.—The intelligence from Sidney is to January 13th, and from Melbourne to 16th. Ships bearing upwards of 120,000 ounces of gold, had sailed for England during the latter part of December and the commencement of January. The total shipments of gold for the year 1857 amounted to two millions seven hundred and fifty seven thousand and forty-seven ounces.

Dramatic.

BOSTON THEATRE.—The engagement of the Ravels expired last week, and now the star is Edward Booth, the young tragedian. Booth has always been popular in Boston, and his necessarily brief engagement will no doubt be taken advantage of by his many admirers. With him will appear the genius of the old company, with a few valuable additions. Agnes Robertson is to succeed Booth, and an opera company will soon follow.

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—This establishment increases nightly in public favor. Mr. Owens wins "golden opinions" in every new character to which he adapts himself—and few comedians have a greater knack of versatility than he. Bennett has made his third appearance, but has not yet fixed his reputation in Boston. Jordan still holds his own, and in young Stuart are the elements of a good actor. The managers have several new plays to be brought out soon.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—"The Dream" was performed on Monday night, the principal characters being sustained by Mrs. Gladstein, Messrs. Warren, Whitman, Kench and Davies. Mrs. Eckhardt is to receive a benefit on Friday night, when "The Black Domino," an opera, will be produced.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. CAMDEN, ME.—We should be pleased to have you send us a club, at \$1.50 per year each paper.
C. H. H. QUINCY.—The paper has been sent, as ordered.
O. T. BUFFALO.—Your favor of the 18th inst., has been duly received. The "Two Owls" will be printed in our next. The "hit" is excellently well conceived.
H. M. M. EASTON, PA.—See our notice of head of editorial column. We have added your name to our list of agents.
O. F. GLOVER, Vt.—We shall not object to your correction, although we think we sent you the back numbers, commencing vol. 1, no. 1, the first issue.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—The desk will be occupied at the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M., as usual. Speaker not announced.

MISS ROSA T. AMEDY will speak in Boston, Tuesday, March 16; in North Bridgewater, on Thursday, 18, and in Salem, on Sunday.

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

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Speaker, Rev. D. F. Goddard. Admission free.

A CIRCLE for Medium Development and Spiritual Manifestations will be held every Sunday morning and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission, 5 cents.

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

MEETINGS in Evening Star Hall, No. 69 Main street, every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. The mornings will be occupied by circles, the afternoons devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and the evenings to speaking by Loring Moody. Hours of meeting, 10 A. M. and 3 1/2 and 7 o'clock P. M.

MEETINGS in CHURCH, on Sundays, morning and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.

QUINCY.—Spiritualists' meetings are held in Marlboro Hall every Sunday morning and afternoon.

CANTON, MA.—The excellent Trance-Speaking Medium will lecture Sunday next, March 21, in the above hall.

HALLOW.—Meetings are held in Crocker'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.

MISS ROSA T. AMEDY is announced to lecture as follows:—On Tuesday, 23d inst., at Foxboro'; Friday 26th, at Cambridgeport; Sunday, 28th, at North Bridgewater.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

Under this head we shall be pleased to notice those persons 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. Feb. 27.

Mrs. L. S. NICKERSON, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish. She will also attend funerals. Address Box 314, Worcester, Mass. Feb. 27.

MISS ROSA T. AMEDY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking 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. D. NIGHTINGALE, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, will receive callers at her residence in West Haverhill, on Thursdays and Fridays of each week. Terms, for Examination, 50 cts. Sitting for tests one dollar per hour. Jan. 23.

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

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

CHARLES H. CROWELL, Trance-speaking and Healing Medium, will

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM L. K. COONLEY, AT THE WEST.

DARTON, Ohio, March 11, 1858.

Rev. CORN & Co.—Enclosed I send you an account of angelic appearance in this part of the country. I write more particularly now, to give you a brief statement of some manifestations that have lately occurred in this city.

The Methodists have been holding protracted meetings for some time in this place, and have been favored with quite a revival; many were nightly urged to go up to "the anxious seat," to be prayed for, and among the number was a Mr. Broomhead, who, as he was importuned last Saturday night, got up, and boldly stated to the whole audience, that he had no proof of man's immortality; that he was willing to pray, and be prayed for, but he wished it understood that no second hand evidence would answer in his case. He must see the spirits, and know for himself, of the reality. He went to "the anxious seat," and there he and the friends prayed until 12 o'clock at night. They then went home; but during his stay at church, something had convinced him that if he continued to pray he would obtain the desired evidence; so he and his wife (she a good Methodist) continued their intercessions until nearly 3 A. M., when the angels made their appearance to him, walking in the room with him, as tangibly as was his own wife, to his perception; but she doubted, and was somewhat frightened.

On Monday night last, while Mrs. Broomhead was at the meeting, Mr. B., stopping home, was called on by some friends, among whom was a Mr. Hardman, who is quite a spiritualist and a professed mesmerizer. Mr. H. said to Mr. B., "that he thought he (H.) might be put in the magnetic state. Mr. B. replied that he was willing to have it tried, and in a few minutes was "clean gone," and, talking with spirits, told who had friends present in spirit; and also told who, of the number present, then in the form, would first pass to the spirit world; warning one, particularly, who would leave the form while on a journey to California.

We are to have a regular protracted spiritual meeting here all next week. Warren Chase is among the speakers to be present. I go to Cincinnati to speak on Sunday, and return here to join in our contemplated revival. I expect then to go back to Cincinnati, to speak the following Sunday. Then I contemplate passing through Indiana, stopping at Athens, Lafayette, Delhi, &c., and wend my way on to Illinois, and a part of Michigan.

Many of the speakers, (normal) in this part of the country, are very denunciatory against the Bible, and those who believe in its plenary inspiration; in consequence of which, it is difficult to convince the people that they will not be abused for believing the "Holy Scriptures," if they attend the meetings of the spiritualists. But, almost invariably, where I have been controlled to speak the second time, I have had large and appreciative audiences. Would it not be better to give examples of personal purity, rather than seek to condemn uncharitableness and illiberality in others, if we practise the same vices ourselves? Yours truly, L. K. COONLEY.

From the Kenton (Ohio) Republican of March 5th.

SPIRITUAL WONDERS!

REMARKABLE ANGELIC VISITATION IN HANCOCK CO., OHIO. A little girl converses with an angel—The angel foretells the child's death, the manner thereof, &c., all of which actually occur—A truly marvellous story.

According to the most accurate and reliable information we can get, Orange Township, in the southwestern corner of Hancock county, joining Hardin on the northwest, some five miles from Johnstown, in this county, has recently been made the favored locality of one of those remarkable visitations which the people have learned to regard as very "few and far between," an angel visit. Inasmuch as numerous versions of the story have gone abroad, and a considerable amount of interest and curiosity is manifested hereabout and elsewhere, to "know all about it," we briefly give the particulars, as we received them, from a source that all will concede is entirely reliable, and entitled to confidence: Sometime in August last, a bright and intelligent little girl, aged five years, and daughter of Mr. Charles, who resides in the locality described, while playing near the well in the yard about noon of the day, seemed to discern something high up in the air, and descending toward her. The attention of the child was so much drawn to the object that her gaze became riveted upon it, and as it drew near her, she was observed to make frequent attempts to reach it with her hands, and form a closer acquaintance with the strange visitant. When the mother of the child was called to the scene, the little girl informed her that she was in the presence of an angel; that she had talked with it; that it had made communications to her; and furthermore, gave a description of it, according in every particular with the generally received impression of the appearance of these messengers from above. To satisfy herself that there could be no delusion in the matter, the mother entered into conversation with the stranger, and after being satisfied with the reality of the interview—after having seen and talked with the angel, face to face—and after receiving information from it of the precise time when her own death would occur—she retired from the spot, taking her little girl with her, and the angel, waving its bright wings, returned heavenward. When the mother and child were alone, they talked freely of what they had seen and heard, and the mother's sadness was made deeper by the artless story of the child, who said that "the angel told her she would die just two months from the time when she first saw it, at precisely twelve o'clock and twenty-five minutes; that she would be three days in dying; that her death would be unlike that of others; that her friends would suppose her to be in a trance; that her eyes would not be closed; that her funeral would be preached in three weeks after in the new school-house of the neighborhood, by a man whom, together with his horse and buggy she described, and that her friends would have difficulty in procuring the house for the occasion." The mother kept the sad secret to herself, and waited for the appointed time, hoping that all might yet go well with her and hers, and not caring to be reckoned as one who would attempt to revive the defunct doctrine of Spiritualism. But with the time came the terrible blow! Three days before the time predicted for her death, the little girl fell upon the floor, from whence she was taken to bed, and at the hour and minute foretold, on the third day, breathed her last. Her eyes remained open after death, and could not be closed. Friends, supposing her to be entranced, made many and vain efforts to restore her to life.

A few days after her burial, as Rev. H. P. Darst was passing by that way, a friend of Mrs. Charles called to him, and requested him to tarry a while and preach the little girl's funeral sermon. The reverend gentleman excused himself on the ground of having prior engagements, but promised to do so in a short time. His person and equipments corresponded in the most minute particulars with the prophetic description, and when he did return to redeem his promise, the workmen who had built the new school-house, having a lien upon it, refused to let it be opened for the funeral service, but subsequently they gave up the key, and the sermon was preached at the exact time and place predicted. The bereaved mother intended that the knowledge of these prophecies and their fulfillments should go out of time with her, but recently, the secrecy bearing more crushingly upon her, she determined to reveal the whole matter, and in accordance with this determination, one day last week, she sent for John Latimore, Esq., and Samuel Wood, one of our County Commissioners, and to them gave the particulars, the most prominent of which we have given. The gentlemen named are among the oldest, most respectable, and influential citizens of our county, and their known character for integrity is sufficient guaranty that they would not favor a wrong action, or in any way assist in giving publicity to a story, as to the truth of which they had a reasonable doubt. These gentlemen, we understand, have taken down the facts, as Mrs. Charles related them, for the purpose of giving them to the public in pamphlet form. They both bear testimony to the good character and standing of the lady who makes the revelation, and would regard anything coming from her as entitled to credit.

POPULAR ABSURDITIES.

All Christians profess to believe that God never made anything in vain. If this opinion be correct, it is the imperative duty of man to use faithfully all the faculties with which the Creator has endowed him. Reason and affection being the highest of these attributes, and those which demonstrate his likeness to his Maker, no one can innocently dispense with the use of his own reason on any subject, accepting as authoritative those conclusions which the reason or the prejudice of others may have assumed to be truths. Those whose minds are sufficiently independent to recognize the accuracy of these views, are solicited to read and ponder the following extract from the Louisville Journal:—

DAMNING OF INFANTS.—An exciting scene occurred among the Congregationalists at North Woburn, Mass., a few weeks since. Alpheus S. Nickerson, a recent graduate at Andover Theological Seminary, made application to be admitted as an Evangelist in connection with the Congregational Church and Society of that village. The examination of the candidate was generally satisfactory to the council, except upon a single point. Being questioned as to the salvation of infants, he expressed his unqualified belief in that doctrine. He did not know precisely how the thing could be accomplished consistently with other parts of his creed, but his confidence in the Divine justice and goodness satisfied him that it was impossible that those who had committed no actual sin could be eternally damned. Rev. Messrs. Cady, of West Cambridge, Marvin, of Medford, Sewall, of Burlington, and Emerson, objected to this doctrine as a heresy not to be tolerated, and refused to proceed to the ordination of the candidate. The council discussed the matter warmly until seven o'clock in the afternoon, and then adjourned for eight weeks to re-assemble upon it, the audience having waited in the church from ten o'clock till four in expectation of the services. This is a remarkable scene for this age of the world, and is understood to be the inauguration of the movements for the purification of the churches, of which the Puritan Recorder is the advocate.

Does it not seem incredible that, in the middle of this nineteenth century—this "age of civilization and refinement"—four reverend divines can be found who do not scruple to ostracize a brother clergyman because he cannot conscientiously libel the Father of infinite Love, and outrage the sensibilities of the human heart and understanding, by professing to believe that God is a relentless Demon, possessing attributes which, if exhibited in finite man, would consign him to universal and merited infamy and execration? It does seem incredible, yet these unfortunate bigots acted with perfect consistency. They were in an awkward dilemma, since they could not have yielded the abhorrent dogma of infant damnation, without surrendering one of the pillars of their creed—the darling doctrine of "original sin."

The more intelligent worshippers of Orthodox creeds, try to shirk the responsibility of indulging this shocking theory concerning infants, by pretending that it is generally repudiated by Christians of their own faith; but this is a mere pretence, since no one can be an "Evangelical" Christian without swallowing the "original sin" dogma. Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" but "Evangelical" creeds, concocted by fallible and bigoted men, say that ALL who have died without "accepting the atonement," must necessarily be of the kingdom of the devil; and infants being incapable of performing any such ceremony, there can, of course, be no salvation for them. To dispute this is to abandon the dogma of "original sin," and with it that of the "vicarious atonement." Indeed the several "Evangelical" articles of faith are so mingled, and dependent upon each other—so consistent in their inconsistency and absurdity—that each is, as it were, the corner stone of the whole, and neither can be displaced without demolishing the entire edifice. Being ingeniously devised shackles for the human mind, each part indispensable to all the rest.

"Whoever look you strike,
Tenth, or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike."

Taking another example of the incompatibility of these dogmas with the revelations of Jesus, we will refer to his reply to one who had addressed him, "Good Master." It was in these words, which were of the same import as his utterance on many other occasions, "Why call ye me 'good'? There is none 'good' but one, that is God." Could he have disclaimed in more emphatic terms than these, an equality with the Father? Yet these infallible creeds tell us he was and is God himself! The other dogma of the "Evangelical" creeds are equally at variance with the clear and express declarations of the Saviour, as can be seen by any unprejudiced man who will carefully compare one with the other. If, therefore, these creeds are reliable, his teachings and example are not. Was it not the design of his mission to reveal the attributes of God, and the duties and destiny of man? If it was, did he not fully discharge the duty he had undertaken to perform? If he did, does not the Bible record of his sayings and doings, independently of the individual speculations of either of the Prophets, Apostles or Evangelists, furnish the very best creed that man could or should desire? Presuming that these queries must each meet an affirmative response, it may be asked, what

occasion has any genuine Christian to search outside of this Bible record for articles of faith?

Having access to the Divine and exhaustless Fountain of Living waters, why wander off to a remote rivulet, represented to be an emanation from that Fountain, knowing that its waters would have gathered contamination from the deleterious substances through which they have meandered?

The noble old Prophet, (the only Prophet of the Lord, standing among four hundred and fifty Prophets of Baal,) when about to give an astounding demonstration of his mediumship, in the presence of an idolatrous people, enthusiastically exclaimed:—"How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; if Baal, then follow him!" Adopting this sublime sentiment, but changing the phraseology to suit the occasion, the untrammelled Christian, though standing alone, amid thousands of the worshippers of the "Evangelical" Baal, should fearlessly exclaim:—"How long halt ye between two opinions? If the teachings of Jesus be true, accept them; but, if the antagonistic teachings of human creeds be true, then believe the latter and reject the former!"

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 27, 1858.

LETTER FROM CONNECTICUT.

NEW LONDON, Feb. 25, 1858.

MR. EDITOR.—Having been a constant reader of your paper, from its commencement, I take the liberty to address you. The fearless course pursued has prompted me to pen you a few thoughts. This little city is most beautifully situated on the west side of the river Thames. 'Tis one of the most healthy localities in the "Nutmeg" State. There is not upon the whole Atlantic coast a spot so well calculated for a summer residence, for fishing, bathing, and its bracing air, fresh from the broad Atlantic Ocean. We have one of the finest hotels for the accommodation of those who are seeking rest from the toils, and bustle, and fustid air of brick and mortar cities in the sultry months of summer. But to the subject for which I commenced this letter.

The mind of man is ever seeking for food to satisfy its craving appetite, and I have been seeking, for four years, to satisfy myself with regard to the glorious Truth that seems as it were struggling to break through this dark cloud that hangs like a pall over all our surroundings. In all of the neighboring towns I hear the shouts of brothers and sisters, whose fetters have been loosed; but here in New London, Ct., we are fast bound. There is a feeble glimmer of light, yet it seems impossible to fan it into a flame. Why is this so? Is there no interest felt for us by those who have passed on? Or are we given over to hardness of heart? I have long sought in your Messenger Department to find one communication from some one who once dwelt among us. Alas! I seek, but cannot find. As for lectures, those of us who wish to hear from the Land of Love, have not the wherewith to pay them for their labor; for true it is, the laborer is worthy of his hire; and therefore we must satisfy this craving for food with the few hard crusts that we have.

All over this State I hear the wonderful truths, as given through Mrs. C. M. Tuttle, as she travels on her circuit from Hartford to Willimantic and Norwich, or alternate Sundays. And so great is the eagerness to hear from those who once walked the earth clad in a robe of flesh, that another laborer has been called into the field—Mr. H. R. Storer—whose fame has preceded him. I learn he will meet with a most cordial reception in this State.

New London, at the present time, is writhing in convulsive agony under a revival among the various churches; and the agonizing groans of those who are tortured and in despair, is pictured in most terrific forms each evening, from the so-called "sacred desk," and Spiritualism, Universalism, and Mormonism, are represented as all of a piece. One of the clergy thus pictures Spiritualism, Universalism, and Mormonism, as "three jewels to be hung up in the arched dome of the dark cavern of hell; and as the groans of the damned reverberate through the sulphur-lined chambers of hell's black dominions, these three jewels cast their baleful light upon their agonized countenances." Again he says: "I see a long procession, (in reference to a man who murdered his father and mother, and roasted their hearts,) composed of Universalists, Spiritualists and Mormons, each with a skelitin in his hand, and in each skelitin the roasted heart of a drunkard; the procession, headed by the Universalist clergyman, wending their way down to hell, to the tune of the Rogue's March, played by the Free Love Band."

Such, Mr. Editor, are the means employed by the pulpit-pounders of Orthodoxy to annihilate the Gospel of Love and of Light. The fact is, their vocation is in danger; and like those of old, who fashioned shrines for the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, they are ready to stone or to hang all who take Man by the hand and teach him to look more to God and Reason, and less to Priests and Churches. And such is the means resorted to by these wolves in sheep's clothing, to lure the weak and unsuspecting into their nets, whereby they may fleece them, at many times, of their hard-earned substance. Night after night, visit these places dedicated to the worship of the everlasting Father, and listen to the mad raving and howling that make night hideous, and it would strike you that it was a congregation assembled from all the insane retreats in the land, as the various exclamations fall upon the ear, such as the following: "God, come down—come this minute!" "God, send the power!" "God, send the darts of Thy vengeance into the hearts of sinners!" "Take them out of the way, that they may not be stumbling blocks in the way of saints!" "God has now hold of the reins of Government!" "God is now in New London, yes, to-night!" "Yet every one who visits these decorated shrines, that have, as I before stated, been dedicated to our God, and so perverted from their legitimate use, will soon see through the flimsy veil of deception and hypocrisy that priests endeavor to throw around their audience, if the judge sets upon the throne of their reason.

Mr. Editor, this is no distorted picture, and but a faint one of each evening's programme; and I would not be understood to condemn all who are members of sectarian organizations; far be it from me to do this, as there are many, very many, whose lives are blameless; but by their agent to these midnight orgies, (for they are held till twelve and one o'clock,) they endorse all that is promulgated by their leaders, and consequently must be included in the same category.

But let the bright sun of immortality once shine forth in all its splendor and glory, then will these dark clouds that have so long obscured the horizon be dissipated. Then will man love his fellow-man, and the Kingdom of Heaven commence in the heart. The gloom, that like a dark pall, veils the counten-

ances of mankind, will flee away; no more will be heard the groans and cries of the terror-stricken; but joy will be upon them. Then will this earth be a foretaste of paradise; then shall we all be surrounded by the influences that flow only from that never-failing fountain, God's love. And may the prayers of all who have been freed from the shackles of blind bigotry and superstition, be one united petition laid at the feet of the Great Ruler of the Universe of Worlds, to hasten the time when this shall be. It seems the dawn is breaking, and as the sun rises over the hill-tops, let us hear the shouts, as did the shepherds on the plains: "God news! glad tidings of great joy to all mankind!"

Yours truly,
H. S. C. C.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

BANGOR, MAINE, March 8, 1858.

MR. EDITOR.—Dear Sir,—We have constantly been giving circles since we left Portland, and the friends think we have been of great benefit to the cause; as, wherever we exhibit, there is nothing else talked of—or the principal topic of conversation is the strange manifestations in the Davenport Boys' circles. The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom. I often speak in the public and private circles, of your paper, which I think is the most interesting and instructive of any published in this country. Enclosed you will find a bombastic article which appeared in the Bangor Daily Whig and Courier of Feb. 1st, 1858, in which the writer gave us a challenge, which was accepted. The trial came off before a large audience of skeptics, in the City Hall, Bangor, Feb. 27, 1858. The terms were these: that the boys were to be tied, with their arms in small boxes, and fifty feet of rope to each boy, unknown to myself, or the boys. Mr. Darling, the author of the article, is one of the best mechanics in Maine, having invented several valuable articles. He, together with another competent mechanic, chosen by Mr. D., taxed their brains for several weeks to find out some way to tie the boys, so that there would be no possible chance to untie themselves. They at last hit upon the box and rope plan, which they had tried upon themselves, and expressed themselves satisfied the Boys could not untie themselves, or be untied by any one in the audience. Immediately after the tying, in the light, while the committee were securing the doors fast, and putting on seals, so as to preclude the possibility of any one's assisting from the outside, the bolt on the door on the inside was moved backwards and forwards, so as to be heard by the audience several times; also pounding on the inside, as with a fist. As soon as the light was out, the ropes were heard being drawn through the holes in the seat of the box, and John King's voice was heard talking to the boys. In ten minutes John King, in a loud voice said, "Three groans for Darling!" I immediately struck a light; the screws were in the doors, and the seals remained the same. The doors were opened, and the boys walked out, amidst the cheers of an audience of previous opposers. There are some mistakes in the account I send you. The committee were over three quarters of an hour in tying, with a box to each arm extending below the hand, and fifty feet of rope to each boy. There has nothing happened which has done so much good to the cause here. I send the article and a description, thinking you would like an account of it.

Yours in haste,

D. D. WOODWARD.

The article alluded to above, as having appeared in the Whig of February 1st, presents the usual doubts of sceptics and the complaints usually made by them, and closes with a suggestion that the writer of it could so tie the boys that they could not be untied by spirits. This is too lengthy for publication, even were it anything new. The following article was published in the same paper after the challenge had been accepted, and corroborates the account given us by Mr. Woodward, the manager of the Davenport boys.

THE PERFORMANCES OF THE DAVENPORT BOYS.—MR. EDITOR.—After the "Spiritual Concert" of the Davenport Boys, given some weeks ago, one of the investigating committee, in a communication to The Whig, pronounced the performances to have been made by deception, and closed by saying, "In relation to the tying of the Davenport Boys, I feel sure that I can tell them so that they cannot untie themselves, or be untied by the spirits, and without the use of tarred cords—and hold myself ready to do so at any time." Last Thursday evening the boys submitted themselves to a "test." The unbelieving member of the investigating committee had prepared himself to give the spirits a laborious task. Boxes, fitting the arms of the boys, and extending some inches below the fingers, had been prepared. These were furnished with holes near the armpits, through which the rope was to pass. The boys were placed in a box from six to eight feet long, six high, and three wide, having seats at either end. These seats the boys occupied. The boxes were then placed upon the arms of the boys, and in this condition were firmly lashed down at the sides, and in every way that the ingenuity and precaution of the committee could suggest, the ropes being passed across the breast and behind the back. Their legs and hands were then strongly tied—and finally the ropes were passed down through holes in the seats on which they were seated, and then tied underneath the apparatus, rendering it impossible for them to be untied unless by some agency other than their own. The doors of the box were then closed, and paper pasted across, preventing any one from entering or leaving without the knowledge of the committee. The time occupied in tying one of the boys was something like half an hour. The room was then darkened, and almost instantly the rattling of ropes was heard, and in ten minutes, to the astonishment of all, the boys whom the committee were half an hour in tying, were free—every knot in the rope having been untied. I give no opinion as to the agency through which these feats were performed, but there is certainly something mysterious in it. I learn that the mediums are to offer themselves for another trial next week.

A LOOKER-ON.

LETTER FROM MANCHESTER, N. H.

MANCHESTER, N. H., MARCH, 15th, 1858.

MR. EDITOR.—The cause of Spiritualism in our city is "on the forward march." We have two places where meetings are held on Sundays, and both well attended,—one at Kilder & Duncklee's Hall, and the other in the Masonic Temple. We are well supplied with mediums, the subject matter of which, comes or flows through them, for depth and breadth of thought is all that we can grasp.

First among our trance-speakers is Miss Emeline Houston, a young lady of about 18 years of age, whose elements for public speaking qualify her to stand upon any platform, to face the hosts of bigotry and superstition, and put them to flight. She is destined to stand in the front rank and battle for truth, with your Jays and Bees. We have also a Mrs. J. B. Smith, a good speaking, test and personating medium; H. C. Coburn, a good healing and speaking medium; also a Miss Hollis, and Miss A. White, who are good speaking mediums, and several others who manifest different phases of Spiritualism.

Our clergy here, for the last year or two, have been, and are now, very cautious how they meddle with this thing of which they know so little. I heard of one of them, who a few days since called on one of our mediums for a test communication, which he obtained, from his deceased wife, but refused to leave his name.

The investigation of the Phenomena and Philosophy is going on in our midst, both in the churches and out of them, and no human power can stop it. Our converts multiply faster than those of the churches, who have for their advocates, no less than the great Leagus who are now praying for Theodore Parker.

D. W.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES.

BY MADON CARROLL.

Do not call me to come home to thee,
My own, my cherished one,
When summer's breath is on the sea,
And shines the summer's sun?
Is it thy gentle voice that's borne
On every zephyr's wing,
That cometh with the golden morn,
Or tranquil evening?
Is it from thee, the spirit tone,
That ever thrills my breast,
And sootheth round my bosom's throne
In yearning, wild unrest?
Is it the touch of thy dear hand,
That guides my wandering foot?
Or, resting like a fairy's wand,
Cools my warm forehead's heat?
Why need I ask? why do I doubt?
Oh! angel-linger!
Come, fling these darksome shadows out,
So that the truth shine clear!

PHILADELPHIA, 1858.

RODGERS' SPIRIT PORTRAITS.

We have been shown a portrait of a lad, a crayon drawing in colors, executed by Mr. E. Rodgers, a spiritual medium at Gardington, Ohio, says the Cleveland Plaindealer. The boy has been dead some years, and he was never seen in life by the artist. The father, who lives in Salem, Mass., or some of his friends, having heard that such pictures were executed by this singular artist, of producing for the living the portraits of the loved dead, had communicated the wish to have the face of this darling boy of six years, delineated. The result is before us. The boy was a rosy cheeked blond, and the picture is said, by those who knew him, to be as perfect a portrait as any artist could have given had the living subject sat for it in his studio. The artist is a poor tailor in Gardington, but the demand for his wonderful works has compelled him to leave the needle for the crayon. He is said to execute the sketches with an almost incredible rapidity, each picture being finished in less than twenty minutes.

What has the Oracles of Harvard College to say to this? Please "investigate," and report, gentlemen.

Communications.

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

[Emma A. Knight, of Roxbury, Medium.]

Be a Law unto Thyself.

Canst understand the importance of these words: "Be a law unto thyself?" Dost comprehend their true meaning? If so, then thou art wise, art progressed and need not teaching from us; but for fear thou shouldst not understand the true import, I will aid thee. Right is education, and law the result. Whatever thou hast been taught as possessing the true principle of goodness, is good to thee, and though it may be sin to another, yet be a law to thyself, for no man shall dictate thee in this thing, no man can aid thee if thou suffer in thine heart, nor can he make thee suffer when conscience approves.

I have said that right is education. It is so in one sense, but yet in another, right is a fixed principle, implanted by God, and therefore immutable. Yet a man may live a lifetime and be ignorant of all for the race has degenerated, or deviated from all God's laws; therefore, they are not implanted in his breast. These laws may have become fixed there. If so, then they become right unto him—if he conscientiously acts up to his highest light, he does well, and God asks no more. Far better be in that man's place, than in one who, understanding, neglects and does not. When thou wouldst do anything, enter into the temple of thine own heart, and there ask if it be right. Conscience will tell thee, and if thou obey, thou canst but be happy; but if, instead of this, thou goest to thy neighbor, saying, "How shall this thing be done?" and he telleth thee—if it seems not in accordance with thine own spirit, do it not, for thou surely wilt suffer reproach. But if a person becomes debased, and has no seeming feeling for right or justice, then be a law unto him, and keep him within bounds, that he offend not his neighbor; but only in such extreme cases is this applicable. As God made all in freedom, so let it remain, each working out his own salvation, making or marring his own happiness.

A SINNER.

Daniel Allen, to his Daughter.

My dear child,—I come as I have promised you, to this medium, in order to write a communication. I know that of which you think most, is, whether you will ever get well; I cannot tell you exactly on this point, as I am not a physician; but of one thing, we both are aware, that if you had not received aid from the spirits, you would have been in the spirit land years ago. Your great faith has made you a recipient of their influence. I wish that you could be entirely cured, for it would be another test of spirit power, as all know how reduced and low you have been; but age is a sad drawback to this. A new garment may, when injured or rent, be repaired, and become as good as ever, but when it becomes old, the patches will show, though they keep it together a long time. But of one thing, my child, be assured, you never will feel sorrow or regret, when you change this poor mortal body for one new and beautiful—one that can never grow old, or change, except to become more beautiful; one that will never tire with labor or exertion, or know pain or trouble. Then fear not to pass away, for though life is sweet on earth, you are not banished forever from its enjoyment; you yet have the blessed privilege of coming and communing with those you love, of soothing their sorrows and pains, and at last welcoming them to a home that is all of joy and peace. At another time I will say more.

Your father,

DANIEL ALLEN.

To L. Judd Fardees.

My son, I have been with you much of late, and read your thoughts. Your wish is that I may give you a communication through this medium, and it is with pleasure I do so. I wish you to be more guarded about your health; let not your enthusiasm in the great cause make you careless. The greatest wish of your heart is not yet come to pass; it may not for some time, but God, who doeth all things well, knows what is best, and you should not repine. There is to be a change come unto you, of which you will be told soon. It may surprise you, and will also give you great happiness. May the light that ever follows a pure life illumine the brow forever, is the wish of your

FATHER.

The Messenger.

HINTS TO THE READER.—Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the medium of Mrs. J. H. CORANT, 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 *Fluxus* 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.

Stephen Girard.

Flowers have their time to bud and to blossom; all things have a time set apart for their use. Every mortal and every immortal is subject to time, and in fact all things are subject to the great Time-piece, Jehovah. I lived, I poorly performed my mission, I died, as the world would say, and I come back again to speak through a mortal organism, that I may benefit myself and others.

Strange faces here! Well, I am used to meeting with strangers. I am not satisfied—I am not content. When I was in earth life, I had plenty of this world's goods, but I enjoyed little. I was never so happy as when I could lay down and have a good night's rest. If I could only manage to work hard enough during the day, to induce sleep at night, I was as happy as I could be made under the conditions I lived in. People will think it strange to hear from me; they will say, I am surprised that he should come again to the place—he sometimes detested. Well, never mind what people say, or what I may have said in my earth life. One thing is certain—I am here. I commenced my life under very curious circumstances, and I finished it, speaking in an earthly manner, in the same way. Friends I had because of my riches; enemies I had because of the same, and I'm told they who are wont to complain of their poverty, as a general thing, enjoy themselves far better than the man who revels in abundance. Gold brings its cares, disappointments, and its thousand evils, and poverty brings the same. That's my way of reasoning—I don't care what you say. Perhaps it would not be amiss for me to give you a little sketch of my death, and entrance to the spirit life.

When I became aware I had no more time on earth. I thought of my possessions, and my soul became troubled in regard to the disposition of that I had; but I must settle my business, dead or alive, sick or well. So while I should have been attending to my soul, I was obliged to attend to my gold, and when I had attended to that, I had precious little time to attend to matters of the next life. I went away scarcely knowing where I had gone. I had a belief, but a poor one, not enough to carry me safe over. Thus, when I entered the spirit world, I found myself all unaided; that my belief was good for nothing, and that which people think their saviour, seemed to be my evil genius. For had I been poor, I might have devoted more time to spiritual things, and I should have been better fitted for my new home. It was a long time ere I could see anything in regard to myself, but when the past came thronging around me, I was well nigh overwhelmed. I have only to tell you what thousands have told you before of spirit life. "This but one step higher than earth, and if you would have pleasure there, you must gain it here; not by getting gold here, but by informing yourself of the future."

The Bible will do well for some people; no doubt it was written by inspiration, but it has been hacked up too much by man; see it, if you do not place too much dependence upon it, for you will get swamped if you do. The sea of life is rough, and it requires a skillful mariner to sail securely over its billows. Your Bible has carried many a soul as far as human sight could see, but they were foundered at last. It is truth. I know it. I see it, and it matters not how you may regard my thoughts. I came here to speak the truth as I understand it, and I shall do so. If they who have called me here are pleased with what I say, it is well; if it displeases, I do not care.

I left many dear, many valuable friends on earth. They are in darkness, a greater part of them, and I should like to have them understand these things, for the only thing they lack, in my view, is spiritual perfection; that they have not got, and the sooner they obtain it, the happier they will be here and hereafter.

I am very desirous of communing with my dear friends, but have not been satisfactorily blessed in that way; but the time no doubt will come, when I shall have the blessing. Some of them will no doubt cast off the mortal before that time, but that matters not to me, for I can afford to wait the event.

Money is a very excellent servant, but a terrible hard master. When you have got money enough to assist your neighbor, and to keep yourself comfortable, you have enough. The more you get after that, the farther you get from heaven. The soul finds it hard flying against God. I speak from experience, and my foundation is truth, therefore I shall be allowed to speak.

I have long wanted to come here, from the fact that my friends have wanted me to come, but conditions have proved unfavorable, and I have been detained. My friends want to know if I am happy. I am no happier than when on earth. Best is the one thing needful for me, and I cannot find it until my soul is free from error. I sought it on earth, and my soul seeks for the same pearl now. I see no hell, but I look back and see that I might have been far happier, had I sought for happiness in a different way; and I look upon my friends in this state, plodding on in the same path I did, and it makes me unhappy. Mortals are not happy with all the gold they can get; they who have the most, are generally the most unhappy. Jesus found it hard in his time, to gather disciples among the wealthy, and those from among the class that were congenial to him; but had it not been for gold, he might have found those who were congenial there. Friend, be content if you get enough gold to be honest—it is all you want.

I suppose you will think I am rather hard; so I was sometimes called, not always. I lived on earth to a very good old age, and ought to have gone to spirit life in a far different condition than I did; but I am very thankful it is no worse for me than it is. I am thankful I am on a foundation of my own building. I have no one to blame, and when I want to pitch battle, it must be with myself, so you see I cannot get up an extensive war. Tell my friends for me, if you please, that I should be very happy to speak with them alone in near communion, and will, if they will furnish me means whereby I can do so. Tell them I am often with them, and try to manifest, but have not met with good success. My name was Stephen Girard. Allow me to wish you a very good day.

Rose Kirby.

I have been to you before. I wish I could do what I want to be doing. I gave you the name of Rose Kirby. I'll try to do better now. I said I'd come here today. I didn't want to. Don't you know I told you I had some one in Boston who troubled me. She is in New York now, in a worse place. Tell her

again that I can't come always; tell her I have been unhappy, and shall be more so if she don't stop. I can't rest; tell her I come to her day and night.

Do you know my friends Hardy? They are good to me. I really wish I could talk to them as often as I wish. They are good to me, but they have many others, and have much on their minds. Tell them I want to come often. I was there the other night, and I thought I'd talk, and I got them so far as to get them to think of sitting, and then somebody came in and knocked it all over.

I've seen some happy days, but I'm not happy now. I can't get away from earth. Oh, if I could take a medium to her, to talk to her. She's got no place in her mind where she intends to stop. She's whisking around, same as always. I can't see much happiness. Could you be happy, if you knew your child was going to hell? She never knew much about me; when she left me she was young, and could not tell whether it seemed like me or no. She cried over it, and said she wished to God she was dead. There I stood and heard it all, and oh, how miserable I was. I'm so near earth! I longed to get away from earth when I died, and here I am, just the same. Oh, my poor child! I am bound to earth, and bound to vice, too—unwillingly, though. Tell my Baltimore friends Rose sends her best love.

Feb. 24.

We published a message from this spirit to her child a few months ago, which is what she refers to. She has not much of that philosophy which sees through the cloud to the sunshine beyond, but is in the spirit world in misery, fretting over evils she falls to remove. It reminds us of people in this life, who moan and moan over ill luck, thus shutting out every ray of hope from their soul, instead of bearing cheerfully the sorrows of life, knowing that they have an end, and that end is often in glory. The daughter is one of those unfortunate who find it impossible to do well, because society has set its iron heel upon them, and crushes them down to hell every time they aspire to heaven, instead of showing them the way thereto. Thus her work of redemption is hard in this life, and in all probability it will be postponed until the next, where allis needed is the aspiration of the soul to rise to higher and purer life to lift it above sin and set it flying on wings of love to heaven.

Charles Henry Belmont.

Laugh on, friends; mirth is the yeast given to make you ripe. Few attain heaven without mirth. Sorrow is said to be the offspring of death, and I, for one, believe it to be so. However, there must be a mixture of both principles, in order to form the whole. It is like good and evil; the good will in time rise far above the evil; mirth will in time rise far above sorrow. In my life on earth I saw but little real happiness. I was little inclined to mirth; for which I seem to suffer much now. I looked upon the dark side of things. No matter how hard the sun might struggle to shine, I was never known to look beyond the darkness. I had dear friends who were wont to joke me on account of my melancholy, and at one time I was so far ill-treated as to be considered insane. This event caused me more real sorrow than I have ever experienced. I was habitually melancholy; when others could smile, I could see nothing to smile at. Conditions attending my birth and prior to it, were the first great cause of this melancholy. I was well formed; nature, in my case, proved a very good architect, but as I before said, influences prior to my birth rendered me melancholy. "It is a sad picture, but a true one, and it only proves that mortals do not understand themselves, and, through ignorance, disobey the laws of their nature, and bring mental disease upon their offspring. This should be looked into, should be thoroughly analyzed, and he who is chemist enough to take the work and thoroughly pursue it, should at once commence, for a harvest rich and rare is already to be gathered. I wish to inform my friends who are still in earth life, that I never was unsound in mind; that there was never a moment of my natural life, as far as I can recollect, but what I fully understood myself, and I can even now look to the time that I was confined on account of my insanity, and consider my captors far more insane than I was. Another great problem I wish to place before the world, and especially the medical faculty. They who hold so many precious gems within their hands, should seek within the hidden mysteries, far, far below the surface. Now I am fully convinced of this fact—had I been suffered to remain quiet, and alone, until my physical nature should have overcome this difficulty, I might have been on earth at this time, a happy man; but by reason of a poor understanding of my case, I am here without my physical form, and still wrapped in melancholy. When the physician becomes fully satisfied that the disease is not of the body, but of the mind, he should at once cease to act upon the body; for if that is in perfection, physically speaking, as far as it can be in earth life, why should he administer that which renders nature more weak and unable to combat in behalf of the mental?"

Nature is the best and noblest physician, and in nine cases out of ten, if you will let Nature be your physician, you will come off conqueror in health. Nature has channels through which she can manifest. The patient who lays sick with fever, every vein seething on fire, Nature cries for cold water, and the self-made physician withholds it, fearing to trust the great prompter, who cannot fail to do right. Your physicians should make themselves in harmony with the great Physician of Nature, then fewer bodies will sink to the grave in the meridian of life, and more will pass from you with a white garment on their heads.

I deeply feel the necessity of a change in this thing, because I know my own earth life and present happiness was thrown away upon the sea of error; and do you marvel that I return after a lapse of years to give my ideas to mortals, that they may be benefited thereby, that less may come to the spirit world clad in sombre garments. Pardon me if I speak with feeling upon this subject. I simply wish to see the Great Physician filling the office the God of Nature has assigned him. I come for nothing else. When the mental is suffering from disease, apart from the physical, what folly, what waste than folly, to cram the physical system with that which will bring on physical decay. Oh, that your physicians would know themselves, and know their patients.

The time is coming when power shall be thrown around the sick, so that you dare not cram the system with that which nature rejects. God grant that time may fly on eagle wings; God grant that your land may be differently situated in regard to these things.

Thousands who now fill your insane institutions are calling for this thing; and do you wonder that one comes from the dead to plead their cause. Marvel no longer, for the dead will not longer hold their peace, while error lives. Your spiritual physician, who draws near you, teaches you to obey the Great Physician of Nature; and herein lies his success. It would be far better for you if those who are visible adopted the same practice.

There are a thousand or more mighty ideas that I have fallen even to touch upon, but time forbids. I simply give you a rude outline of what is needed. Let Reason fill up the space, and how blessed, how mighty will be the change in the affairs of mortals, physically and spiritually. Less tears will be shed, the graveyards be less full, your mourning shrouds will fall, and your undertakers will go about crying for food. This is truth. If I talk like an insane one, set me down as such; if I give you reason, fall not to return my just due.

I have now been in spirit-life twenty-three years and about six months. I died in less than six months after leaving the institution where I had been confined for more than five years—died because I was not well treated, because my physicians failed to understand me, and because the Great Physician, Nature, was not allowed to fill his office. My name, Charles Henry Belmont; my native place, Randolph, Vermont. Oh, that I had wings and power such as

many in spirit life have, I would give to earth that ye have never yet received. Farewell. In time I may visit you again.

Feb. 24.

William Henry Haddow.

You seem like so many refrigerators balanced on the North Pole. Wonder if everybody gets welcomed as I have?

Oh, dear, this is a hard way to come. What day of the month is this? The 25th? Well, it is strange. I don't see through it at all. I knew that whenever I did die I could come back again, but I expected it to be a little different. Last Saturday night was the last I knew of earth. I went to bed as well as ever I was, only a little tired that night. I don't know what I died with. I was not sick. What place is this? This Boston? Why, I didn't die here; that's strange, strange! I can't see through it exactly.

The fact is just this, I was traveling, going out to Wisconsin. I started from the last place, I was living at Washington, Vt. I was going West. I took some books and things to help me along on the way. I had plenty of money; I was not one of your poor customers, but I wanted to save all the money I had. I passed through Boston about three weeks ago. I had a little business to transact for folks all along the way, and at last I stopped at St. Louis. That is the last I know when I went to bed that night. They tell me I came here drunk, but I was not drunk. When I got drunk, I got drunk clear through. I met a friend on the way, and we sat up that night and played cards for the drinks, and he won three times. He was to learn me how to play, and after we had played one or two games, we were to play for drinks and cigars. After I got my hand in, I beat him twice to his once. He knew all about the place—I didn't—so he called for the drinks, and I went to find out where he is.

By inquiry, we concluded he must have stopped at the hotel which was burned down a few nights prior to this, and so informed him.

Burnt down! where the devil is all my money and clothes then? How do you know this—are you sure? Good Lord, what's up! I don't know what to make of it. Oh, my God! I begin to think I was drunk. I knew all about Spiritualism; used to get raps and tips; the old man used to come to me; he used to promise to take care of me. I have seen him since I came here, and he told me I came here by my own sin.

What's to become of my things? I had a box and some things there; so they are burnt up? The old doctor you have got here says you had better have kept your ears and eyes open, then you would have been safe.

I was an Englishman by birth; worked on a farm in summer, and did a little shoe-making in winter. I want to know what is to become of me. I did not use to love to drink, but people used to ask me to drink, and I did it to please them, and then I had to pay for it.

My name was William Henry Haddow. I knew Foster, and Billing, and Carter, in Washington, Vt. I went there in the spring. If my things are not burnt up, I want some poor person to have them. I made me a new pair of boots the last thing I did before I left.

That follow I know was a gambler; I see it now, and he meant to get me drunk, and get all my money.

I fixed my clothes so that I could get into them in the shape of a dog's tail, for fear there should be a fire. I hung up my watch, and fixed everything right.

Well, good bye, I'm going out to see about that fire, and if I find you are correct, I'll come back, as sure as you're alive, to-morrow.

Feb. 25.

Lizzie Vane.

My mother sent me here. She wanted me to come and talk. She wanted me to tell her something to make her happy. She wanted me to tell you what my name was, how old I was, and when I died, so she could see it. She reads your paper.

My name was Lizzie Vane; I was most twelve years old. Mother has circles to her house, and I go to them and talk to her. She's got a medium that sees for her, and I talk to her, and I'm so glad to do it. I died in Philadelphia—there's where mother lived, and I had the scarlet fever. I have been dead more than a year—it was a year when the winter first commenced; that's all. Now I'm going to tell my part. You see the medium's got a mother here with me. She died and left her, and she used to go round to folks' houses to sew, because her mother learned her to sew nice, and somebody learned her to make dresses. I know her mother here, and she teaches me a great deal, and I told her I would tell mother to go and get her and take care of her. Mother found her, and she is most pleased. Oh, ain't that nice! Last night she wanted to know if I wanted her to stay there always, and I thought she was going to send her away, and I felt so bad about it I could not say anything. Tell her how much my mother wants her to stay. Her mother has told my mother so, for she has talked to her lots of times; my mother has got enough—she ain't poor. My mother told me if I would come here and tell her what she wanted, she would never doubt again.

I'm going to teach Martha to play the piano. I used to play, and I think I can teach her. Mother had no children, and it almost killed her when I died. I don't want to go away from home, for the angels tell me I can do more good by staying there than I can by going away. Tell mother to give my things away. Oh my poor mother, I pity her, for she is so unhappy! Father don't believe it, and he laughs at mother. I can't go with him where he goes evenings. Tell her to take good care of Martha, and let her sleep in my room, for I can do lots there. I don't want her to put Martha up stairs, for she is frightened. I want her to let her go out some, and not make her sew too much. Tell her grandmother sends her love; she is here now—that's mother's mother. Tell mother to go into the library sometimes, and take the medium; I used to love to go there and read. I want her to think so much of the medium, for I love her. Mother wanted me to tell her if I had seen God. Tell her I have n't, and don't know where he is. Tell her to get out my music, and when I entrance the medium again, I'll try to play. Tell her to get it all out, because I don't know what I can play, and I shall have to learn to play over again.

When shall I tell her she will read this? In about a fortnight? Don't tell that time unless you can publish it then. Well, I'll tell her you say you will do it about then, shall I? Well, good bye.

Feb. 25.

Joseph Bennett.

I have been told you receive messages from all. I have dear friends on earth to whom I would be especially happy to make manifest. I have been dead two or three years—it will be three years next July. I died in New Orleans; my disease was cholera—I suppose I was sick only a few hours. I was first of floor of the Dark Mary, owned in New York.

We were going from New York to New Orleans, from there to Pernambuco, thence back to New York again. While we were taking in cargo in New Orleans I was taken sick, and died on the second day of my sickness. I was perfectly conscious during the time, and suffered but little. I suffered all the first two hours, and after that I gradually sunk away. I have a wife living in Augusta, Me. I had been married but a few weeks; she went with me from Augusta to New York. That's the last time I've seen her, except imperfectly, since I have been dead. She is very melancholy, and has been so ever since I left. I don't like to see it. She wonders what I would say in reference to many things around her. Tell her I am perfectly satisfied, and if she will seek a medium I will give her many things I cannot give publicly. Tell her I am often there, and would like to manifest, if I could. She must get acquainted with these things so that I may manifest to her without her having fear. My wife's father is here, who tells me he knows about your paper, and will see that she gets it. I don't know much about

affecting things in regard to mortals, but I can learn. I have one brother in Chicago, west of this place. I saw him there a little while ago. He generally follows the sea, but not always. My name was Joseph Bennett. I was 87 years of age; my native place was Bangor, Me., but I have never lived there since I was a child. Now, sir, by your leave, I'll go. Good day.

Feb. 25.

Lafayette.

Yes, twenty-one years, and the French nation has lost its loyal grandeur; twenty-one years, and the Banner of Freedom waves o'er that land; twenty-one years, and her loyal subjects become rebels; bloodshed, war, and famine pervade the land! The judgment of offended majesty from on high will visit that nation by reason of her many crimes. Cruelty and death are lurking within her streets, and vice reigns there supremely, and he who now sways the sceptre above that land, shall fall by rebel hands; yea, shall die in the tumult, and his groans receive only an echo. Heavy and dark the cloud that even now lingers there, and only power exerted by unseen ones avert it even now. Oh, France! what art thou? What hast thou been? What wilt thou be in time to come? Brave hearts are there; strong arms and willing hands, and yet the nation sinks; and by reason of iniquity! Infidelity stalks abroad at noon-day, and the sun shines upon a thousand crimes—yea, committed at noon-day—and they who are in ruin sink at the evil, and participate in the same. Go with me and look within the souls of many of the children of that beloved land, and already you will find the seeds of rebellion, which are fast taking root and springing up. In time these seeds breed war, such as France never yet looked upon. We pity her ruler, we pity her subjects. Our soul goeth out after our home, and even now we would outstretch our arm, and encompass that sunny land, and carry it with us far, far from the evil influence of an earthly clime. We would write peace, and not war; we would bind up hearts that are bleeding; we would write love, instead of hate, for we have learned the lesson taught the children of earth eighteen hundred years ago by.

Ye dwell in a Republican land; ye boast of your freedom; ye carry high your Banner of Liberty, and yet ye are slaves! Slaves by consent; slaves, because ye have made yourselves such. Popular opinion sways you in all things. Therefore look not upon your sister nation and consider yourselves far above her, for ye are no more than they; and yet the time cometh also, when you, as a nation, shall rejoice in Freedom such as you have never known. Oh, France! we love the sunshine that looks smiling upon thee; we love the bow of promise stretched over thee; we love the sword that hangs above to smite thee; and we love the power that cometh to guide thee on. We pray the Supreme Power to so embroil her children that they may worship their God in fear, who permiteth us to come again.

Feb. 26.

Prior to the giving of this message, the Emperor Napoleon, who has, on several occasions, controlled the medium partially, manifested in an imperfect manner. He seems averse to writing, and will never converse in that manner to any extent, although what he does write is in good French, notwithstanding the medium does not know a single word of the language. While entranced by him, she writes appropriate answers, though short, to queries spoken in that language, which conclusively show that the influence understands the dialect. It is also good proof that it is not her own mind which is acting through the material organism, for, as we before said, she does not speak or read a line of French, nor has she ever been where it is spoken or has been studied.

We presume the frequent visits of the Emperor for the purpose of acquiring such control as will enable him to speak, when the time comes when it shall be proper for him to do so in this manner; for there is a time for all things, even in spirit life, and "spirits are subject to the Great Time-piece, Jehovah," as one said in a message he gave a few days since.

The opening paragraph of Lafayette's message, has reference to a prediction written in French by Napoleon, who, as we said, preceded him at this sitting.

From a Stranger—Symbolic.

Mortal, there are three celestials near you. One is Wisdom, another is Harmony, and a third is Love. Wisdom is an old man comparing in form and feature with yourself. He stands at your right hand, and oftentimes impresses ideas on the brain, that are actuated through the hand. At your left hand I see Harmony—a fair-haired creature, in feature like yourself, in form like one from the celestial heavens. She holds a wreath in her hand waiting to place it upon your head. Were it there now, the flowers would fade and drop in decay at your feet. Kneeling at your feet, I see Love. She is a dark-haired maid, full of purity, and speaking words of affection. In her right hand I see a goblet of pure water, and as it falls in crystal purity therefrom, I recognize in it the glittering gems of truth. In her left hand I see a timepiece, and it tells me of the time when you will meet with her. These are emblems which I see about you, and if in future time, or hereafter, they should be presented to your external vision, be guided by their symbols, for they are with you to guide, and about you to bless.

And with you, mortal, I behold two; one from the Wisdom circle, the other from the circle of Justice. He who bears justice in his right hand standeth at your right hand, to mark your way, to fashion your thoughts, to give play to the dormant ideas that have long lain slumbering in the soul. His sceptre is like unto iron, symbolic no doubt of the will accompanying the spirit. Heed his words, however crude they may be; they will lead you to joy everlasting. At your left hand, I see Wisdom holding a basin of clear water; upon the top of that water are floating specks of silver, which are ideas of Truth. These ideas are many of them given to you in a rough, unpolished state. Within your hand I see that which will polish them—make them fit for mortals. Hold fast to him who giveth you Wisdom, and walk between the two until you enter the celestial heavens.

Mortal, I see before you one covered with honor; upon his forehead I see in letters of fire, Truth. He will aid you at all times; he will mark out for you a pathway, and if you walk therein you shall never stumble. At your right hand I see one who by affection will develop the affection in your own soul, and teach you to understand those in earth who call for your affection in life. Listen to the quiet whisperings of these messengers, and you will not listen in vain. Peace will be ever with you, guiding you to a place of rest—both here and hereafter.

Mortals, adieu. I am a stranger, and thus I must remain.

Feb. 26.

William Downing.

How do you do? I'm well. Didn't you used to live in Concord, N. H.? Is n't your name —? Then I know you. My name is William Downing, son of the wheelwright. I have been dead some where about six years, I think. It's most seven years since I was in Boston; now I am in the spirit world. Well, what's the news, any way? I can't get the news. I happened round here today, and I saw you, and I thought I'd stop and speak to him, and they said I should have a chance. It's no use for me to talk to my folks, or send to them, for they wouldn't believe it if I did. I'm not fond of throwing things away. I live about the same as I used to—only I work when I want to—it's work for me to come here.

I got much struck up when I came here. I didn't think I was going to die, and it looked rather strange to me here at first. I don't see anybody here that I know except you.

I've been thinking I'd like to talk for a long time, but I know it would do no good to talk to my folks, and I don't want to spend my time for nothing. No, I was not married, and that ain't the worst of it. If I had stayed there, I should n't have been, for nobody would have been fool enough to have me. I'm pretty happy now, but I hated to see my old body buried up. I tell you what it is, it's hard. Well, good bye. I'll travel now.

Feb. 26.

The party with whom this conversation was held, left Concord in 1838, and the spirit was a boy then. He saw him once since, about seven years ago, but did not know he was dead.

Betsy Harlow.

My dear, dear Sarah; you are right in thinking that God, in His own true time, and own way, will enlighten His children, who seek for light in honesty of soul. Therefore, seek and you shall find; do not wait to be asked to attend a circle; go and knock, and the door shall be opened, and you will enter and find bread to satisfy your hungry soul. For well we know you need true sympathy; and who shall administer that holy balm, if not the angels? Oh, my dear Sarah, seek out that Jehovah, and you shall find an ample reward. You have many dear friends who would fain commune with you, but they cannot, unless you are present with the medium; at least they cannot at present. But be of good cheer—the finest fruit you shall pluck in the future, and clear water you may hereafter drink. You do not lie down to rest at night, or rise up in the morning alone. No, loving ones are watching over thee, therefore fear not.

Betsy Harlow to Sarah Harlow.

Feb. 27.

Dr. Pierpont, of New Hampshire. Nature, and her Master, are sending millions of invisible ones to enlighten the inhabitants of earth, and the inhabitants are crying out mysterious, wonderful, strange, incomprehensible; and I, as one in the great mass of humanity, do not wonder at it. Had Jehovah been pleased to have suffered me to have dwelt on earth at this time, I should have been inclined to disbelieve this thing, but wisdom called me from earth ere this glorious thing was flooding your land, and the same wisdom permits me to return again, saying: "Go forth, son of man, child of Jehovah, and preach this gospel to your brethren, and bear it manfully on your way to happiness." This seems to be my duty, and I shall never shrink from it.

I see before me thousands who mourn for truths I may be permitted to give them, and shall the lamentations of thousands come up to us in vain? Shall not every one of us, who have power, quell these lamentations, and bid their fears cease? Surely if we are to find happiness, we must seek it by making others happy?

In my earthly life I studied much, and sought to make myself acquainted with the sciences of my times. But I consider myself a fool, almost dived of common sense, when I think that the greatest pearl was untouched by me. I never thought of drawing knowledge from the spirit world, for I thought the two worlds were entirely disconnected. Now ever since the foundation of this earth, the spiritual and material have mingled together, and yet poor erring man fails to understand his spiritual nature. You will find multitudes digging down into the bowels of the earth to gain wisdom, analyzing this thing and the other, but failing to analyze self. How strange, with all the light the God of Nature is pleased to bestow upon His children, they are so ignorant!

Well, the great spiritual body must be dissected, every bone must be understood, every particle must be analyzed, and mortals must undertake the work. And how shall man do it? My first understanding his own spirit, and then going forth to understand those of his fellows.

Jehovah locates himself within the bud of life, and He finds pleasure there, and it is your privilege to understand Him. Surely you have life—therefore Jehovah dwells within you. Seek to learn of Him by learning of yourself. Seek to be guided by Him, and let not the elements in Nature, which are ever warring against good, overcome you. Jehovah is from everlasting to everlasting, and He must manifest in every child of His, in order that every child may understand Him. He manifests not only through your mediums, but through you all. Understand Him by understanding yourself.

I had a request made me some two months since, some thing like this: "Doctor, will you go to the medium of the Banner of Light, and will you speak of manifesting here? I said I would do so at my earliest opportunity. That circle convened in Massachusetts, and one of their number was a skeptical friend, whom I had known on earth. He said:—"Doctor, if you go there, tell me the last thing you did for me on earth." Well, I believe I took his finger off. This is the first time I have manifested clearly, and I do not hardly do so today, but my friend Kittredge told me I had better come, as probably my friends would be anxious to hear from me. My name was Dr. Pierpont of New Hampshire. I withhold my first name, on account of my friends. Understand me, I was doctor of medicine.

Feb. 28.

Sitting closed until to-morrow at 21-2 o'clock P. M. WILLIAM KIRBY, M.D.

Samuel Bragg, Broome, S. C.

I have only been dead fourteen days. I do not know as I can give you half what I wish to. I have two sisters, one in Boston and one in a place in New Hampshire, called Nashville. I saw something of Spiritualism before I came here, and I determined, if I could, I would come. I have a father living in the place I hail from. He is high upon 80 years of age. My mother was long since transported from earth to the spirit world—therefore you see I have two sisters and a father left. To them I wish to come—to them I wish to speak. I belonged to no church, was bound to nothing. I believed in Nature, and not in any superior power. I believed all things were by chance. But when Spiritualism first dawned upon me, my belief was shaken, and I remained in an unsettled state, not daring to believe or disbelieve. My sisters oftentimes regretted that I was bound, as they said, to unbelief. But I am here for no other purpose to day than to tell them they are quite as much in error as I was, although they acknowledge the Bible and walk beneath the shadow of priesthood. I don't know what my father ever expressed his ideas of spirit life, but I have heard him say if there be a God who is fit to be a God, He will rule in love—therefore I feel safe. But I feel sure he was anxious about my departure. I know he will be glad to hear from me. Soon he comes to me. He has lived on earth many years, has seen some sorrow, and some joy—let him stay his appropriate time, and let not my coming hasten him to the spirit life.

You are strangers to me, and I feel like one alone; yet I am sure I am in the way of my duty, for I cannot rest, I cannot be happy, until I have returned and given forth something of what I have gained in my short stay here. I am as happy as I expect to be. I carried no light, therefore I am in darkness. All was unstable with me; I had no settled ideas of a future life, but I find the love of a Supreme Being extends beyond the boundaries of earth, and encompasses the whole human family. My sister did not attend my funeral, because they did not get news of my death in time. I am now going from you, and I hope to draw nigh unto him. I can give you no proof that I am who I tell you I am. Time will give you what I cannot. I would fain prove myself to you, if possible, but I have no means of doing it; therefore you must take what I have given you, knowing that other eyes will read this, and other persons know of it. I have forgotten to give you my age. I was forty-four years old last month.

March 16.

Pearls.

And quoted ideas, and jewels in words—
That on the stretched floor of all time,
Sparkle forever.

Judge of a man by the work he is doing.
Speak of a man as his actions demand;
Watch well the path that each is pursuing.
And let the most worthy be chief of the land!
And the man shall be found 'mid the close ranks of labor,
Be known by the work that his industry rears.
And his children, when won, shall be dear to his neighbor,
And we'll honor the man, whatever he wears.

Nothing is more sublime than humility, for it stands exalted above everything around it, and never attempts to soar higher.—St. AUGUSTINE.

God's ways seem dark, but soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay;
The good can well afford to wait.
Give earnest knaves their hour of crime;
To have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of Truth to Time!

Advice, says Coleridge, is like snow: the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into, the milder.

My heaven-born spirit yearns
To dwell 'mid glorious things;
Yet, ah, too oft it learns
It has but earthly wings!
For, even in hours of solitude,
The sick'ning cares of earth intrude.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—EMERSON.

Book not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours, which is to come.
The present moment's all our store:
The next, should heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our life is but one instant now.

CONGREVE.

Life is a running stream; forced repose breeds stagnation; hide it as we will we carry within us the germ of restless longings—a fever of the heart which nothing can satiate or appease; vague desires for some undefined good haunt even our happiest moments.

The Dutchman's Story.

Not many years ago I was returning by steamer from a visit to a distant part of Europe. The weather was lovely, the passengers were numerous, and all seemed to enter heartily into the pleasantness of the scene. One of the travelers, a fine, portly man, passed some hours in friendly conversation with me; and, from observations made by him at various times in the course of the evening and the following morning, I formed the opinion that he was a man who had been well brought up in his youth. I told him my opinion, adding that I thought his parents must have been persons of piety.

"That," said he, "is just it."

I observed to him: "Although you speak English as well, I perceive that you are not a native of England."

"No," he replied, "I am a Dutchman; and as you think I was well brought up, I will tell you my history. My father and mother were very excellent people, and although they were both rich—for my mother had property as well as my father—they lived very frugally, and I was brought up strictly. But, unfortunately, when I was little more than a youth, I quarreled with my father, and resolved to leave home. I inserted an advertisement in an English paper for a situation as clerk, and I succeeded. My employer, an English merchant, agreed to give me £200 a year salary."

"That was," I replied, "a large salary for a young man just beginning life."

"That's just it," said my Dutch friend; "but it was given me because I could write and speak four languages—Dutch, French, German, and English. A knowledge of several languages is always valuable to a man, and I found it so. My employer treated me kindly, and expected me to be attentive to my duties, and I was very attentive; for I assure you I kept an uncommonly sharp lookout after business, and for two or three years all went on well."

One evening, having received my quarter's salary of £300, I called upon my landlady, and paid my rent; for I made it a rule to have no debts. After this settlement of money matters, I strolled forth for a walk, and found myself in the neighborhood of a West-end Square. I passed a house, which some one standing by told me was a gambling-house. I had never been inside one of these places; so, tempted by curiosity, I entered, although I had no sort of business to go there. But so it was. I suppose the devil put it into my mind; for, without thinking of the danger I incurred, I passed into the room, and mingled with a large company—some engaged in play, and others standing by, greatly excited. There I found abundance of costly wine, provided without any charge. Induced to partake of it, I was soon led on to play. I continued drinking until I was thoroughly intoxicated; and in this excited state I remained playing a great part of the night. Sometimes I was very fortunate, and then a run of ill luck would sweep away my winnings. At a late hour I got home, and the next morning I awoke in a wretched state, with a fearful headache. As soon as I had recovered myself, I examined my pockets, and found that £1. 6s. was all that was left out of my quarter's salary. Here was a dilemma for a man to be in. What was I to do? How was I to live for the next three months? For I had always been accustomed to pay for whatever I had at the time I received it. I asked myself what was to be done. I could not apply to my father, for he would do nothing for me. I could not borrow; for who would be so foolish as to lend to a man who could not live upon his income? I could not say a word to my employer; for he would naturally say, 'I see you are a young man of bad habits; you get into improper company, and you'll not do for me.' So I should not only not get any help by that move, but should probably lose my situation. After sitting about a quarter of an hour buried in thought, I decided what to do. I fancied I had some firmness in me, and I resolved to test it. I rang for the landlady, and, when she appeared, I told her at once that I had acted very foolishly; that I had been to a gambling-house, and, under the influence of wine, had lost my money; that if I stopped in, her lodgings, she would not get paid for some time, and that therefore she had better let me go. She, prudent woman as she was, thought if I could not pay my rent, it would be much better that I should go, and go at once; so that point was settled.

I then started off, room-hunting, and, after a very long walk and much trouble, I found a room to be let at two and sixpence a week. You may rely upon

it, it was not a very genteel neighborhood; but, I exclaimed, 'this will do for me.' When will you come, sir? asked the woman. 'Come!' I said, 'I will come this morning.' I returned, and brought my trunk upon my shoulder; for paying a man to carry it, or taking a coach, was quite out of the question. As soon as I was installed into my new abode, I settled my plan of living: breakfast, one penny roll and a glass of water; dinner, one penny roll and a red herring; tea, nothing; supper, the same; laundress, one shilling a week—that was unavoidable. I said not a word to any one about my change of apartments, but kept the whole matter to myself, as exposing my own folly could do me no good. This plain fare was very trying to a hearty young man; still I persevered.

One day, as a kind Providence would have it, I met an old friend of my father's, a German gentleman, who invited me to dine with him once a week. I longed to do it, but I was afraid of wearing out my welcome; so I compromised it by agreeing to dine with him every other week; and I cannot tell you with what joy I used to awake on that morning, when I knew it was roast-beef day; for my host was very regular in his habits, roast beef being a standing dish. I shall never forget how I used to eat on those days, and how thoroughly I enjoyed myself; for he was a kind old man, and was fond of talking of my father and our friends. One day he exclaimed, in his broken English, 'I am, my dear friend, very, very glad to see you, and you are very welcome; but I must say that you are a young man myself. I did have a good appetite, yet never since I was born did I see anybody with such a wonderful appetite as you; and then the old man roared with laughter, as he gazed on the beef. And well he might; for certainly I did attack that roast beef with real earnestness. I was like the poor lad at the ordinary, when his father whispered, 'You must eat, my boy, for to-day and to-morrow.' 'Yes, father,' was the obedient reply, 'but I have not done for yesterday and the day before yet.' This was exactly my case; and I do believe that it was the good cheer once a fortnight that enabled me to hold out—all the time keeping my secret. At all events, hold out I did; and, at the end of the three months, on taking stock, I found that I had four shillings and sixpence left. By this self-denial I recovered my balance; and although at that time I had at least a hundred thousand pounds a year pass through my hands, I felt thankful to say that I never once felt tempted to borrow one shilling. When I saw that four and sixpence was left, I said to myself, 'I am used to this hard fare; come, I will try it for another three months.' I did try it, and at the end of the second three months I took stock again, and found myself with 24s. left out of my quarter's salary. I was then ahead of the world, and from that hour to this I have never wanted money. But although I escaped all injury from this course of rigorous self-denial, I could not recommend my example to every young man, since many constitutions would be likely to suffer permanently thereby.

My master was a noble fellow, and I'll tell you how he served me. After I had been with him five or six years, he one day called me into his private room, and said, 'Young man, what are your plans? I suppose you do not intend to be a clerk all your life?' I said, 'Certainly not, sir, if I can help it.' 'Your salary is £200 a year.' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, I intend to raise it; so from this time I shall allow you £200 a year, and at the end of three years you may speak to me again. I thanked him very heartily, as you may imagine; and I did something better—I took good care to attend pretty closely to business; for I was determined that his generosity should not be wasted on me.

Before the three years were expired, he spoke to me again. 'I am told,' he said, 'that you have done a very foolish thing—you are married; is it so—upon so small an income?' I said, 'Yes, sir, I am married; and if I have not acted very prudently, my son, who has not been many weeks born, ought to be by-and-by a match for any one in prudence, as his mother is a Yorkshirewoman, and his father a Dutchman.' Laughing at the idea of my prudent son, he turned to me and said, 'Well, as it is so, give my compliments to your wife, and tell her that I have sent her a little present for herself and her son.' Saying this, he gave me a letter, which, when I returned home in the evening, I playfully threw into my wife's lap, repeating the message, and telling her that the governor had sent her a present. On opening it, to her delight she found £200; and this came very opportunely. Such handsome behavior made me think there was not another man like him in the world, and I felt it was my duty, as it was my delight, to attend to his interest, and do everything I could to please him. In this determination I suppose I was successful; for not long after the gift he again spoke to me upon the subject of my salary, I having resolved in my own mind never to say a word to him on the subject, but leave it to himself. I asked nothing, but he of his own accord promised to increase my salary to £300 a year; and to allow me five per cent. upon all the business done, until it amounted to one third of the profits. This arrangement continued for a few years, when he again, unsolicited on my part, called me aside, and, referring to our last arrangement, expressed his satisfaction, adding, 'Whatever I do, I wish to do well. I therefore now agree to allow you one half of all the profits of the concern. It is a large one, and as you know, a prosperous one. I want no money from you, and I want no bonds or agreements. All I ask of you is, that, as a man of honor, you will promise me that, if any of my children, after my death, should ever stand in need of some one to befriend them, you will be a father to them as I have been to you.' Such liberality overpowered me. You may be sure I was not long in giving the required promise; and, should it ever be needed, I mean to keep it, you may depend upon that, for the sake not only of my promise, but for the sake of that noble-hearted man. He was the only master I ever had, and he acted like a father to me.

But now I must go back in my story, and tell you something about my father. Although I had always plenty to do in England, I never forgot Holland; and after some years, notwithstanding the old quarrel, I resolved to go and see my father. I did go, and was kindly received. The old gentleman was pleased that I came, and, taking me by the hand, 'My son,' he said, 'I have been thinking of the last words you had together when we parted, and I think I was in the wrong.' 'Oh! father,' I said, 'if that is your opinion, if you please we will never say another word upon the subject.' 'Well, my son,' said father, 'he is so. Let us be good friends, and do not let us ever be so long apart again.' 'No, father,' I said, 'certainly not.' 'Do so, my dear son,' said the old man, and as I promised, so I have done. I have gone re-

gularly every year to see and spend a little time with the old people.

Oh! one of my visits I found father very sad. 'What is the matter, father?' 'My son, I am in great trouble.' 'What is it father? tell me.' 'You know your mother and I were well to do in the world.' 'Yes, father, I know it; everybody said you were very rich.' 'I was rich, but I am not rich now; for we have been defrauded out of our property, and I am in sad trouble; for, what is worse than all, I cannot pay my way.' 'What do you think you can pay, father—how much?' 'If everything were sold, I could pay eighty per cent.' 'Then, father, sell all at once, and pay what you can.' He did so; and, fortunately, the remains of his property sold for more than he expected, and he was able to pay every one in full.

'My son,' said he, 'this is a blessing; but see what a condition your mother and I are now in. All is gone, we have nothing left, and we are both old.' 'Well, father, when I was young, you and mother took care of me; so now, if you please, father, we will change about, and I'll take care of you. So now drive away all your fears; do you and mother make yourselves happy and content. I shall share with you—that's just it; and I shall be none the poorer; and so it has been; for notwithstanding all that I have done for the good old people, my circumstances have gone on improving, and now, in addition to the half of a good concern, I am very easy in my worldly affairs. My pious mother died lately; she had no property to bequeath me, but she left me her blessing. My father is still living, and we are the best of friends; and I feel it is a great pleasure to do something to make his old age comfortable. We are brought up in my country to have a great respect for our parents, and you may depend upon it, sir, that is one of those things that is sure to bring a blessing. I hope to bring up my children with the same notions, that they may reckon nothing a trouble and nothing a sacrifice that can add to a father's welfare and a mother's comfort. This, my friend, is my history.' And here, reader, ends the Dutchman's story. It is a remarkable example of a young man being rescued from great moral danger; but, how few such escapes are there from the maelstrom of the gambling table. Where one victim recovers himself, a thousand miserably perish. Pleasing, too, it is to see that such kind employers exist, and that kindness in this case produced so good a return. The narrative conveys suggestive lessons which both employers and employed would do well to lay to heart.

Children's Department.

Prepared for the Banner of Light.

ENIGMA—NO. 23.

I am composed of 6 letters.
My 1, 4, 5 is the name of a wholesome drink.
My 2, 1, 3 is a spring month.
My 5, 6, 4 is a fish.
My 6, 4, 4 is a measure.
My 5, 2, 2, 1 is a lady's name.
My 2, 3 indicates possession.
My 4, 1 is an exclamation.
My 5, 3, 6 is a feature of the face.
My 1, 3, 5 is a term of assent.
My 2, 5, 1, 4 forms a very important part of diet.
My 2, 1, 4, 6 forms the masculine gender.
My 6, 4, 2 is a very fine tree.
My 4, 1, 2, 1 is an object of idolatrous worship.
My 3, 1, 2 is a delicious vegetable.
My 2, 5, 4 is the Latin for honey.
My 2, 5, 4, 5, 6 is a riot.
My 3, 1, 4, 5 is the name of a College.
My whole is the name of a lady I have never seen, yet have dreamed about.

JULIETTE.

ENIGMA—NO. 23.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 12, 17, 8 is used by writers.
My 2, 13, 6 is common to most persons.
My 11, 13, 6 is a part of the head.
My 14, 13, 15 is a mischievous animal.
My 18, 18, 10, 7, 9 is a range of mountains in So. America.
My 13, 10, 13, 16 was an early settler.
My 5, 6, 11, 9, 9 is an article of clothing.
My 4, 7, 19 is a verb.
My 1, 2, 13, 3, 6 is a piece of furniture.
My whole is an interesting portion of the Banner.

TILLIE.

ENIGMA—NO. 24.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 7, 6, 12, 11, 10, 8, 15 is the name of a wooden pin.
My 14, 6, 4, 7 is a revolving piece of machinery.
My 2, 3, 10, 1 is the effect produced by running machinery dry.
My 5, 18, 9, 2, 8, 11, 16 is a saving of labor.
My whole the Lion vainly attempted to conquer.

A. W.

ENIGMA—NO. 25.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 6, 5, 3 is a tipped.
My 1, 14, 3 is a nickname.
My 9, 11, 15 is an article worn a great deal.
My 4, 7, 10 is part of a ship.
My 13, 14, 12 is a verb.
My whole is a distinguished lawyer.

Mr. Editor.—The nine letters in the word Gunpowder may be so altered in combinations that upwards of two hundred words can be formed of them. I have succeeded in forming them into two hundred and four words, not having used the nine letters more than once in each word. Which of your young readers will do the same?

JOHN.

Mr. Editor.—Will some of your readers give me the weights of four numbers which, added together, make 40 pounds, and by which any number of pounds from one to 40 can be weighed? COSMOS.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.—Solutions to Nos. 18, 19, and 20 have been received from F. V. A. Bowker, of Lawrence; and to No. 18 from Cardella, of Hartford, Ct.

The answers are—18th, 'Himalaya Mts. in Asia, Mount Kilimandjaro in Africa, Mont Blanc in Europe, Chimborazo in America'; 19th, 'Valentine's Day'; 20th, 'In God I put my trust.'

We have received many answers to enigmas for which we have not given credit, as they came too late to be duly acknowledged at the right time.

True.—Sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues.

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS HART, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WATSON, Assistant Manager. Parquet, Balcony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 6 1/2 o'clock; performances commence at 7 o'clock.

HOWARD ATHENAEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, JACOB BARROW; Stage Manager, HENRY WALLACE. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Commences at 7 1/2 o'clock. Dress Boxes, 75 cents; Circle Boxes and Parquet, 50 cents; Orchestra, 25 cents; Upper Boxes, 25 cents; Gallery, 15 cents.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Doors open at 6 o'clock; performances commence at 7. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon performances at 2 1/2 o'clock.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. Ninth season. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors open at 6 3/4 o'clock; commence at 7 1/2 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 thirteen times, or three months. Eight cents per line for first insertion; 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.—Biblical and Spiritual Books and Romances, to let by the week.

Goods received to be dyed or cleaned at Hall's People's Dye 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—11

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

AND
REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
NO. 92 SUBURBY STREET, (UPSTAIRS), BOSTON.
Hotels, Boarding Houses, and Private Families supplied with reliable help at short notice.
L. F. LINCOLN.
Feb. 27—11

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.

HEALING BY LAYING ON OF THE HANDS.
C. MAIN, No. 7 Davis Street, Boston.
Those seeking locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should inclose \$1.00 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage.
See notices 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. LUNDBORG,

SURGEON DENTIST.
Office, No. 99 Court street, corner Hanover, Boston. Room 4 1/2.
Feb. 6.

OCTAVIUS KING,

SOLELECT DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
634 Washington street, Boston.
Spiritual, Clairvoyant, and Mesmeric Prescriptions accurately prepared.
Dec. 10—3m—11

B. O. & G. C. WILSON,

WHOLESALE BOTANIC DRUGGISTS.
No. 18 & 20 Central st., near Kilby st., Boston, Mass.
Every variety of Domestic and Foreign Barks, Seeds, Leaves, Flowers, Gumms, Resins, Oils, Solid, Fluid and Concentrated Extracts, constantly on hand. Also Apothecaries' Glass Ware, Bottles and Labels of every description. Syringes, Heating Medals throughout the United States and elsewhere. Thirdly, to give an account of all tests of Spirit powers, duly authenticated. And, fourthly, to provide, at the lowest possible price, such pithy and pointed excerpts of the literature of Spiritualism as most directly and effectively enforce the laws of health, and the course of diet and regimen best adapted to life or her constitution. Letters containing full particulars will be answered, with a full description of the case, and must contain one dollar and a postage stamp, to insure a return. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M. Advice free. Feb. 6

Orders by mail promptly attended to. 8m 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 Spiritualism, and promote the influence to which it is justly entitled. The first of these is, to form a new channel through which the numerous and frequently marvelous cures performed by Mediums may be published without expense to them. The second is, to collect the addresses of every successful Healing Medium throughout the United States and elsewhere. Thirdly, to give an account of all tests of Spirit powers, duly authenticated. And, fourthly, to provide, at the lowest possible price, such pithy and pointed excerpts of the literature of Spiritualism as most directly and effectively enforce the laws of health, and the course of diet and regimen best adapted to life or her constitution. Letters containing full particulars will be answered, with a full description of the case, and must contain one dollar and a postage stamp, to insure a return. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M. Advice free. March 6

Price, in advance, 50 cents per annum. It will be issued on the 10th of each month, commencing on the 10th of March, printed on fine paper, and will be made worth preserving.

Published by JOHN SCOTT & CO.

No. 6 Beach street, New York.

All Healing Mediums throughout the United States and Canada are earnestly requested to send their names and addresses for publication, with references. March 6

NEW AND HARMONIAL REMEDIES.

A. B. NEWCOMB, Healing Medium, associate of Dr. C. S. Folke, Boston, has a new and powerful medicine. Prescriptions are given by a spirit, formerly an eminent English Physician, and medicines are prepared for every individual case. Each patient is furnished with a written copy of full and explicit directions regarding the mode of life, the appliances of the law of health, and the course of diet and regimen best adapted to life or her constitution. Letters containing full particulars will be answered, with a full description of the case, and must contain one dollar and a postage stamp, to insure a return. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M. Advice free. March 6

SCOTT COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

DR. JOHN SCOTT, having taken the large house, No. 6 BEACH STREET, New York City, for the express accommodation of ALL PATIENTS desirous to be treated by SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE, can assure all persons who may desire to try the virtues of this new and startling practice, good nursing, and all the comforts of a home.

He offers his professional services in all cases of disease, whether chronic or acute. March 6

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