

# BANNER LIGHT.



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NO. 13.

## Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light,  
TO A FRIEND.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

When the earth is arrayed in her mantle of Spring,  
And the hum of the insect makes the pine forest ring;  
When the soul in the fountain again has been stirred,  
And the voice of the robin's glad music is heard,  
As he sits through the day on his evergreen throne,  
And sings to his mate in their rook-a-by home;  
When the zephyrs are tuning their harps in the tree,  
And the mosses look green—will you then think of me?

When the Summer is here, and the warmth of her King,  
Makes the rushes grow tall by the side of the Spring;  
When the farmer is out at the dawning of day,  
And you smell the sweet scent of the new mown hay;  
When Dame Nature is in a frolicsome mood,  
And you roam the green valley and oak, shady wood;  
When the yellow wisp goes on a hunt with the bee,  
And the berries are blue—will you then think of me?

When the Autumn-time comes with her stores of ripe grain,  
And drives from the fields with her hoop-laden train;  
When the harvest-moon throws her soft light o'er the lawn,  
And you pull the dry husk from the bright, yellow corn;  
When the insect shall weave him a silken wasp's nest,  
And the acorn looks brown in its coral-wasp's nest;  
When the ivy that twines round the mossy old tree,  
Turns red in the Autumn—will you then think of me?

In some far distant day, when the morning is bright,  
And my spirit is dwelling in realms of delight;  
Where groves of rich fragrance stand ever arrayed,  
And the flowers are so brilliant they never can fade—  
Should you walk with some friend in the "evergreen" bowers,  
Where the pine-needles fall, and sweet notes the flower,  
And should see a green grave 'neath the wide-spreading tree,  
Where the hollyhock shines—will you then think of me?

THATCHWOOD COTTAGE.

## Splendid Romance!

Written for the Banner of Light.

## COUNTRY NEIGHBORS; OR, THE TWO ORPHANS.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A silver lining to the cloud."

"And so you are determined to start next week," said Nap Shuttlesworth, on the evening of the Sabbath mentioned in our last chapter.

"Yes, my son, we must now support ourselves; I have hardly enough left to take us to the city, and there must borrow of your uncle, to commence house-keeping."

"Confound it all! why do n't the girls get married! It is time, Mag, you were off mother's hands, and leaving the market free for the others. And here's to the health of your old admirer, Augustus City William. Who knows what may happen when you meet again in the city," and he tossed off a glass of brandy.

"Nap, don't, I beg of you," said his mother, "you'll die a drunkard if you drink spirit so often." "Ha! ha! mother, you have altered your notions, have you not, since I was a boy? You laughed at the idea of my joining the Cold Water Society, and said we should never be so mean as to refuse wine to a friend."

"There's a difference, my son, between drinking moderately, and to excess." "Well, I know how much I can take better than anybody can tell me."

His mother rose and left the room.

"Is n't mother growing religious, or something of that sort?" said he to the girls.

"I guess you'd think so, if you had heard the lecture she gave us to-day," said Arabella Sophia. She says we must go to work in earnest, if we would have clothes to wear, or food to eat. She is strangely altered since father's death—and—and—something else, you know. She has taken quite a fancy to Sally, and is wonderful kind to her all at once."

"Well, I tell you, girls, that Sally is growing handsome, and don't you think I saw that Mr. what-do-you-call-him, that German, that you girls were so crazy about, because he had such splendid whiskers and moustache?"

"Oh, Schmidt, Schmidt! yes, is n't he a handsome fellow—but what has he to do with Sally?"

"Why, he walked home from church with her this afternoon, and bowed as low when he parted with her at our door, as if she were a born princess."

"With our Sally?" exclaimed both of the girls, at once.

"Yes, I know it was her, for none of the rest of you were at church."

"Oh, now I know," said Margaretta, "what it means. He took Sally for Ada Grace, and the little wizen was too cunning to correct the mistake; but he'll find it out. They say he is rich, and some think a Count, in disguise."

"Take care of him, girls—make hay while the sun shines. Seize your victim. Hurrah for the Dutch!" cried Nap, who began to feel the exhilarating effects of his last glass. He became more and more noisy, till his mother called the girls to her room, and begged of him to go to bed.

"Yes, yes, I'll go to bed,—don't be uneasy about me, mother—I'm a Prince in disguise. I'll make you all rich—I will. The girls shall have husbands with money and whiskers, and somebody will marry me. Hah! hah! somebody will marry me!"

Mrs. Shuttlesworth sat down and gave vent to her feelings in tears, and even her daughters began to fear that their brother was going from bad to worse. Alice is in her own chamber, sitting by the open

window, watching the stars as they appear in the sky, but her thoughts are not upon the scene before her, for she cannot chase from her mind the sad story of Martha Gage. She felt how great was the difference between the pleasant memories, and the early history of this orphan, and she resolved to be more contented with her lot, and go cheerfully to Boston. Only two or three years, and she would be free from her bondage, and would then exert herself to be something more than a drudge. She felt hopeful and strong. The moon rose, and flooded the landscape with its silvery light.

The noise and rude laughing had ceased below stairs; all was still without and within, and the child leaned her head upon the window, and prayed that the God of the fatherless would bless her; nor did she forget in her prayer the poor girl who was so unhappy, loving neither God nor man. As she raised her head, she saw in the distance two figures walking slowly, as if engaged in earnest conversation. They stopped at the Crooked Elm. Ah! now she knew them. It was Mr. Sewall and Jerry. They were taking their last walk together. Alice felt a sudden chill come over her, when the thought occurred, "I may never see Jerry again." How kind he had been to her, and no music was sweeter than his voice, for she had heard it in trouble, and it had brought relief. "I wonder if he will write," she said; "I never had a letter in my life, and a letter from Europe, how nice it would be!"

She watched the two, till she felt the chill of evening, and turned from her window to bed. Suddenly a step was heard in the entry, outside her door, and, in a moment more, Nap had burst open the door, and now stood with his back against it, so that Alice could not get away.

Alice was so frightened that she neither moved nor spoke.

"Ay! ay! and so I have found you at last. I thought you might be lonely up here, this evening, and I came to give you my company. Come and sit down here; and he grasped her arm. The touch aroused Alice, and she screamed for help, and tried to open the door.

"Ha! I have you there," he said, backing against it. "Why, don't you feel honored at my visit? I won't harm you. I only want a kiss from those pretty lips. Why, Aly, you are positively handsome to-night, your eyes are bright as diamonds, and your cheeks redder than roses, just now," and again he threw his arm round her, and drew her towards him. Again Alice screamed, and struggled.

"Let you go! let you go! Ha! ha! would n't that be nice? No, no, I have you safe, now."

Alice's temper and strength were now thoroughly roused; she sprung from him towards the open window, and, regardless of danger, leaped to the ground. Fearful of pursuit, she tried to rise, but in attempting to move, she suffered so much agony, that she fell back helpless and faint. She knew nothing more, till she was roused by a voice—

"Alice, my poor child, are you much hurt?"

It was Jerry, and, as he spoke, he lifted her in his arms, and carried her to the Crooked Elm.

"There, my son, sit down now, and we'll see if she is much hurt."

Alice tried to stand, but could not, and one arm fell useless to her side, when she tried to raise it.

Mr. Sewall examined them. "My poor girl, you have sprained your ankle, and I fear, have also broken your arm. Carry her, Jerry, gently, Jerry, home to your mother."

The caution was hardly necessary. Mr. Sewall went on to speak to his wife, and call the doctor.

There were no questions asked Alice. When Mr. Sewall and Jerry heard the scream, they were on a little rise of ground, and could see Alice's room. The window was not very high, and, at another time, Alice might perhaps have taken the leap with safety, but she was too much excited just then to "look before she leaped."

Mr. Sewall thought he heard Nap's voice, and he was sure, as they took up Alice, that he heard Mrs. Shuttlesworth say—"Napoleon Shuttlesworth, are n't you ashamed of yourself?" She, too, had heard Alice scream, and hastened up stairs. There was no need of questions; but one thing was certain, Alice must have a protector—so thought Mr. Sewall.

Now he was a hard-working, prudent man, and felt that he had already as many children as he could support and educate. But he had known poverty and harsh treatment in his younger days, and he felt sympathy for children who suffered in the same way.

The doctor was not long in setting the broken arm, and promised that if his patient would be quiet in bed for a few weeks, that she would never know afterwards that she had broken her arm, for young bones unite readily, he said.

A few days after the accident, Hannah came into the room where Alice lay, and began dancing about in high glee.

"And now, Alice, you are going to be our sister, and live with us all the time. Father has settled it with Mrs. Shuttlesworth. Won't it be nice, Aly dear?"

Poor Alice could not believe that she heard aright. "It is so, Aly, no mistake,—that is, if you will stay with us. Will you?"

Alice burst into tears.

"There, there," said Hannah, "pray don't cry, though I know you are so queer as to cry when you are happy, sometimes. But I'll tell you all about it though Lizzie said perhaps it would not be best, but I do n't believe in secrets among sisters, so I'll tell you just how we are going to manage. Father said he should give you a home here, and, asked if we

wished to help him in the matter. Lizzie thought a minute, and said, 'Why, father, we can make our allowance go a little further, if you will keep Allice here; Hannah and myself will clothe her from what you give to us.' Now, you see, Aly, father gives Lizzie fifty dollars a year, and myself thirty; sometimes we have more, for we have some sheep of our own, and a cow, and we have the wool and butter from them. Why, we have a hundred dollars in the Savings Bank now, and just as if you and Lizzie and I could n't live with eighty dollars worth of clothes in a year. Lizzie has learned to cut dresses, so that will save our hiring, and you and I can help make them. We shall get along nicely, shan't we? And, Aly, we won't take much of Lizzie's, either, for you see—now don't you tell, for it is a dead secret in the family yet—now you won't say one word about it, will you? Promise me certain, will you?"

"I'll not tell anything you don't wish me to, Hannah."

"No, I know you'll not, so I'll risk it; well, it is true as I stand here, that Lizzie is going to be married—sometimes, I do n't know certainly when, but Mr. Vose is here two or three times a week, and every Wednesday evening he comes home with her from the prayer meeting. And then she acts so queer; when other folks praise his sermons, and you know he does preach beautifully, Lizzie never says a word, but I can see the color mount into her cheek. Simon will sometimes find fault with him on purpose.—Now, Lizzie, if Mr. Vose was n't so conservative, I should like him better; he is n't quite strong enough on Abolition, and then he do n't preach political sermons. I am afraid he'll never be a reformer, Lizzie,—a little too much milk and water for me." Poor Lizzie is afraid to defend him, for fear she should show how well she likes him, and her mouth quivers, but she keeps still. Now you won't catch me doing so, if I am ever engaged. If I like a man, I shall like him well enough to defend him, and woo him to Simon if he pokes his fun at my husband. But what I was going to say, was, that Lizzie must dress a little better than you and I, because she is engaged. There's May Oakes has been trying to chain the minister ever since he came here, and she's got a new silk dress, and all sorts of pretty things. Now I ain't going to have our Lizzie look shabby beside May Oakes,—will you? But we'll fix it all right, will we not? Heigh-ho! how rich I am! Two sisters, now!" and she began to dance round the room; but her mother suddenly interfered.

"You must be more quiet in a sick room, Hannah; see, Alice's cheeks are flushed now; if she should have a fever, it would go hard with her now. Run out, now, and help Lizzie iron, while I sit with Alice."

With her basket of stockings to mend, Mrs. Sewall sat by Alice's bed-side, and quietly confirmed all that Hannah had said. "And now, Alice, can you take me for your mother here, until your heavenly Father calls you to the parents who wait for you in a more blessed home than this?"

Alice could not speak for tears. Mrs. Sewall bowed her head to kiss her, and Alice's arm clasped her neck, while the warm tears fell upon her cheeks. The weary child had found rest and a home.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me," Mrs. Sewall did not think of these words—but of the passage, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," but the Recording Angel remembered the other, and wrote it down with the name of the orphan's friend, as he hovered above them that hour.

And this is no fiction. There are many such women scattered on the hill-sides and in the valleys of New England, under whose smile orphan children thrive like flowers in the sunlight.

Johnnie used to come often to Uncle Sewall's, and would sit and read to Alice, and Mrs. Sewall delighted to see them together. One day he was reading Howitt's charming story, "Jack of the Mill," and they were both laughing heartily over Jack's strange adventures, when Martha's dark, sorrowful face appeared at the door—shadow athwart the light.

"Mrs. Spicer says that Johnnie must come right home, and do the chores, for Bill has hurt his foot."

Johnnie closed the book, and rose to go, but Alice thought he looked pale and feeble. He had grown thin, and his eyes seemed large and hollow.

"Johnnie, do you feel well?"

"Not much of the time, Aly; I wish I was strong, like other boys, but I get tired very soon, and sometimes, when I go to pasture, I do n't sleep any till morning. If I were only good, I should like to die."

"Only good, Johnnie? What do you mean?" said Alice, drawing him near, and smoothing his soft, brown hair.

"Why, mother tells me I am sullen and obstinate, and always moping about, and not a bit like other boys. And, to tell the truth, Aly, I am fretful and peevish a great deal at home, but when I am with Aunt Sophy, I am good."

"Ah, Johnnie, I understand all about it; it is so easy to be good with those we love; but you remember that Jesus Christ loved his enemies, and was kind to those who ill-treated him. We must be like him."

"Yes, yes, Aly, I know it, and I do try."

"I know you do, Johnnie, but I know, too, how hard it is for us to be pleasant when we are tired and sick, and must work too."

"If we were all as good as Johnnie, there would n't be many bad folks in the world," said Martha.

As she spoke, Simon entered the kitchen, the door of which opened into Alice's room, in his blue striped woolen frock, with a basket of potatoes from the field.

"Going now, Johnnie?"

"Yes, I must go to pasture."

"Stop a minute, I'll take you right up there in the cart—old Dobbin is waiting now."

"I did n't ask her, Johnnie," pointing backwards to Martha; "she'd frighten the cows, would n't she?"

"Oh, Simon, don't talk so; she's very good to me," and he told him about the portrait.

"And does she do that for you?"

"Yes, and would be punished herself rather than that I should be hurt."

"Oh, well, then I will like her, and I'll ask her to go berrying with the boys and girls, to-morrow. I was going with Ellen Wallace; she's the prettiest girl in town, Johnnie, but I'll ask Martha, too. Get up, Dobbin."

Martha lingered in Alice's room.

"Come and sit down, Martha; if I had n't met with such an accident, Johnnie, I should have been over to see you before this time."

"I do not think I should call it a sad accident," said Martha, "for they tell me you are going to live with Mrs. Sewall now, and perhaps you would not if you had n't broken your arm. I think you are lucky."

"Yes, I think so, too," said Alice, smiling; "we do not always know what is best for us."

"Well, I never expect any good luck," said Martha. "To those that love God, all things shall work together for good. But I do not love him, Alice. I remember once hearing a minister preach from the text, 'Who maketh thee to differ?' and the minister described just such wretched, drinking, ignorant people as our family in Ann street, and then he told his hearers, who had made them so different with all their blessings, their social refinement, and their wealth. Then they all rose up in their velvets and jewels, in that great church, with its damask curtains and beautiful carpets, and as I heard the rustling of silks, and caught the perfume that loaded the air, it seemed to say: 'My God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men.' No, no, don't tell me about loving God; somebody must be miserable for ever and ever, and who so fit to be cast away as such a poor, deformed thing as myself?"

"Oh, Martha, I wish you would not talk so. You say you are not happy yourself—do you ever try to make others happy?"

"No," answered Martha. "I never tried to make any one happy but Lotty, and I have told you —"

"Poor Martha, I wish you would let me be your friend and love you."

"Does the bird love the toad, Alice? Does the dove mate with the crow?"

"Martha, Martha, you forget that we are all sinners before God, and that the Good Shepherd leaves the ninety and nine in the fold, and goes after the one stray sheep."

"Alice, it is of no use—no use at all, trying to make me better, for when I try myself, I never succeed. Here, two weeks since, I thought I would try and please Mrs. Spicer, and worked like a beaver; but the more I worked, the more fault she found; and, one day there was a piece of lace missing from the wash, and she accused me of taking it. I told her I knew nothing about it. 'Yes, you do,' said she, 'for I saw you have it.' I guess you are forgetful," I replied, and at that she knocked me with a broomstick against the side of the house, and made this (pointing to a bruise in the side of her face). Well, to-day Bill was hunting birds' nests, and what should he find but that very lace! The bird had taken it to line her nest, and taken it, too, from the saucer of suds which Mrs. Spicer had placed in the sun. Why, Alice, I have pails of water thrown on me frequently, if I happen to displease Mrs. Spicer, and if I did n't frighten Bill with ghost stories, I should be pinched to death, or have my hair pulled out by the roots. I am whipped if I do n't keep the baby still when it frets, and if other people do n't please Mrs. Spicer, I am scolded because she must vent her temper upon somebody."

"It is hard, very hard, Martha. I wish you could take my verse home with you. 'Come unto me all ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"Good bye, Alice," said Martha. "I expect some day to see you wearing a silk gown."

"And I hope at some time to see you a beautiful angel in heaven. Come close to me and let me kiss you."

"Kiss me! kiss me!" said Martha, "why, I haven't been kissed since the day Lotty left me. Ha! ha! kiss me!" and she laughed a strange, unearthly laugh. "My mouth is plesn—did n't you know it? 'Come and kiss me!' that sounds dull. No, no, you'd certainly be sick after it," and she ran out of the room, before Alice had time to reply.

## CHAPTER IX.

"Far distant flood to flood in social joined;  
Proud navies ride on seas, that never foam'd  
With keel like this before."—THOMSON.

"I could endure  
Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home  
Where I am free by birthright—not at all!"—COVENS.

A noble steamship lay in the dock at Liverpool ready for her voyage to New York. A great crowd had assembled to see its departure, for a steamship was then, among the novelties and wonders of the day. Soon the engines were in motion, the star-spangled banner, and a flag with U. S. M. embroidered upon its surface, floated in the breeze. The crowd gave three hearty cheers, which were answered by as many guns from the steamer, and then she swept gracefully out into the channel, and before many hours the steeples of the great city seemed like distant specks to the passengers who stood upon the deck of the floating palace; and the

headlands of the Irish coast, with the tall point of Cape Clear, loomed in sight.

The shadows of evening soon gathered over these, and those who had lingered to catch a last glance of the old Dobbin were waiting now.

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The morning is fair and sweet to look upon, but it is the noontide heat—the sun of the summer solstice that ripens the grain for the yellow harvest, and gives the ruddy glow to the golden fruits of autumn. That fine form is erect and firm; the hair is a deep brown, and not one silver thread may yet be seen; the full, dark beard, the neatly cut moustache, the linen scrupulously clean, and the plain but fine and neatly fitting suit of broadcloth, indicate some regard in the wearer to personal appearance. But let us come to the face, that true expression of the real man, the hidden soul within. The stranger's hat, or rather travelling cap, is beside him, and we can see that he has a broad and somewhat high forehead, a thoughtful one, if we may be allowed so to express ourselves, for if the brow does not indicate this, the dreamy, gray eyes do. The lips are full, and there is an expression of great sweetness in the lines of the mouth, but the face is pallid, and there is that which troubles one who looks upon this finely-moulded countenance, for it has been acquainted with sorrow, it has tasted full early in life the bitter cup.

With an organization, a physical temperament peculiarly fitted to a joyous and busy life; with a spirit that responds to a kindred spirit, like a harp-string to a player's touch, yet this man shrinks from a crowd. He loves society—he may be the life of the circle; he has that immense power by which he could win their hearts to him, but he throws that power aside like a toy of which he was long since weary, and turns away as if shunning his fellow men.

As the crowd leaves the dock to pass down to the saloon, a young man, a Boston dry goods clerk, who had been sent to Liverpool by his employer, on business, says to his companion, with an affected yawn:

"Well, George, we are in prison again. Oh, dear! the monotony of a sea voyage!"

The stranger heard, and curled his lip, half in scorn, half in pity, then gazed round him again upon sky and ocean, breathed a long breath, and then the expression of his face changed to one of quiet enjoyment, and taking up his glass, which was near, he wrapped himself in it, and lay down upon the deck, or rather reclined against a huge coil of rope. He had forgotten the supper table, and was still musing, when a portly, cheerful man made his appearance upon deck, to take a little exercise before retiring for the night. He had that free, open manner peculiar to Americans abroad, but it was tempered by a large share of refinement, and an air of quiet self-possession belonging to one who is not only well to do in the world, but who stands out prominent among his fellow-citizens, and is accustomed to receive honors from the circle to which he belongs. We could easily imagine him, with his round form, his bonhomie look, receiving, with all due grace, a silver tea service, or a massive pitcher of curious form and workmanship. He looked a moment at the broad brow and pale face of the muscled man, and then resumed his walk; after taking two or three turns, he stopped to look at the new moon, which had just appeared in sight. "All right," he added, with a smile, as he turned to walk again, "I saw it over my right shoulder, and I suppose I am thus free from malign influences for one revolution."

The thoughtful gentleman smiled. Now, there is something in the first smile of a stranger that either wins or repels you at once. There is the Donkey smile, where the great white teeth gleam like a hyena's, and make you feel as if you saw a flash of lightning from a dark cloud, and that your ears would soon feel the thunder that follows the flash; then there is the smirking smile of affectation, seen in the boarding-school girl, who eschewed laughing when she left her country home—like a sip of milk and water it seems; then there is the smile of disdain, and as your eye catches the curl of the lip, if you are a man, and wear a weapon, your hand involuntarily moves to the hilt; then there is the smile of benevolence, such as light up the broad, open features of the good man when he has relieved suffering, and sees the wretched made happy; that is like the morning sun, when it bids darkness flee. These and many more we might name; but the smile of the stranger was unlike them all! It seemed to have no derivation for the remark of the portly waiter, but a sort of sympathy with him, and it indeed operated like a sort of mesmeric experiment, and drew the gentleman nearer to the coil of rope.

"Perhaps you fancy my remark a very foolish one," he said, "but I believe we all have our weak points."

Now, if he had really supposed that he was considered very foolish, he would have kept the other side of the deck, for that round head, on which there was one small bald place upon the crown, was deficient in combativeness, but he knew by the smile that he should not be met with a sneer.

"Our weak points are often the test of character. We can judge by a crack in the porcelain of the firmness of its materials, and a diamond is tested by a fracture."

"And so, sir, my casual remark gave you an insight into my inner man; at least I must acknowledge to great carelessness in opening such a loophole into my castle."

"You can hardly apply that term to yourself, unless you wish your castle to be called very frail, and guarded by neither mote or draw-bridge, portcullis, or watchful garrison."

"Really, sir, you give me no credit for even the usual reserve with which I have entangled myself since I came on board this steamer. I fancied I was impregnable as Gibraltar."

"About as easily detected, sir, as the Yankee crew of a Baltimore clipper, if they should run up a Dutch flag when they are scudding over the water at the rate of thirteen knots an hour."

"Ha! ha! you're complimentary this evening," said our portly friend, while his good-humored face was bright with his cheerful smile; and, by the way, we might as well introduce him to our readers as Dr. Wardwell of Boston, a worthy gentleman who ranks among the most scientific and eminent members of the profession; no mean praise, when our reader recalls the number of stars of the first magnitude in the medical gallery of that city. But he wore his honors with as much ease as his garments, abhorring a pinch as he would eschew a thumb-screw. "But we were speaking of my little superstition about the moon. I confess to so childish a weakness, and must acknowledge that I think as much about seeing the moon over my right shoulder now, in my fiftieth year, as when I was a boy."

"It would be well for us all if we retained more of the fresh life of the boy as we advance in years. We shall have much to unlearn, I fancy, when we become children a second time, in the kingdom of heaven. You will excuse me, I trust, the freedom of my first remark. I meant by it that a tendency to such superstitions, as they are erroneously called, often indicates a susceptible temperament, and a more delicate organization than that of the iron-nerved man who scouts at the supernatural."

"Right, sir. Why, there is as much difference in the texture of men's brains, as in the quality of cloth in a mercer's shop. Some are like huck-a-buck, or the old-fashioned salt and pepper which our grandmothers wore in their own looms; they will bear stretching and pulling, and the rough and tumble of the battle of life. The owners of such brains will go through the world like a mule, and possess about as much soul. If they are not found in the narrow way, it will not be because their souls are too large, but the quality is too gross for the pure air of such region. Then there are brains of as delicate texture as those Indian fabrics, of which it is told that a lady's dress may be drawn through a finger ring. Heaven help such heads when they are left to be knocked about on this rolling and tumbling sphere; they either become so battered and out of shape, that they are sent to the brain-hospital, to be patched and mended, like broken crockery, with patent cement, or they give up the struggle and return to the better land from whence they came."

"And are there not some of medium quality, sir, fit for every-day wear, and yet sensitive enough to be moved to worship by the beautiful, and to adore a first cause, without waiting to be drilled by argument, and reasoned into feeling?"

"Ay, ay; and these are the kind of men that enjoy this world, and are the most likely to secure a joy to a better; these are the equally balanced heads, the temperaments where brain, culture, di-

gestive organs and nerves all work in perfect harmony, like the different parts of a perfect machine. It's wonderful, sir, it's truly wonderful," and here the doctor rose, displaying, though all unconsciously to himself, his broad and fully-developed chest, and his finely-proportioned form. "How much a good physical organization will help one along in the path to heaven, provided the spirit be inclined thitherward. Why, sir, I believe in the wickedness of mankind by nature, but a good deal of what is called depravity is owing to a diseased liver; just give a poor, fretful, jealous man the gastric juices and active liver of a healthy cow, and my word for it, if he have any goodness in him, he will be ten times more a saint than before."

"Well, sir, though such a temperament as you described awhile since is most desirable, yet, is there not something noble in seeing the triumph of mind over matter, the patience of saints in affliction, the firmness of martyrs?"

"Yes, yes, but what tries the body and soul of man most, is long imprisonment. The active, aspiring man that can bear with patience the restraint and slow torture of dungeon walls, and not let the spirit, like a sharp sword, wear the seaboard through, is a man indeed. I am speaking of imprisonment for conscience's sake, or in the cause of liberty. I, sir, who feel myself strong in body, and of sane mind, should become a mere child then. I could bear the stake and faggot better," and the doctor moved uneasily, as if his coat pinched a little, or his neckcloth was a thread too tight. "It would go hard, indeed, with the good man, who feared the shrinking of his sinews by the washer-woman, to find himself bound to the narrow space of a prison cell."

His companion made no answer, but rose and walked very hastily back and forth. A deep flush was on his pale cheek, and his lips quivered, but he was silent for some time—then coming nearer to the doctor, he spoke with more energy than he had shown during the conversation.

"You speak of that which you know not, sir. Have you any conception of what man's soul may suffer, even on earth? You talk of dungeon walls, in cool breath, beneath the boundless sky, and upon the free, broad sea! How do you suppose a man feels, who has known for five long years no home but the stony solitude of an Austrian prison; a husband and a father, whose loved ones are in poverty in a foreign land, or—" and his voice quivered, "or silent in the grave? What do you know, sir, of that silence which makes a man tremble at the sound of his own voice, or that solitude which makes a loathsome spider welcome? Oh! my God!" he added, as with clasped hands he turned his face to heaven. "I thank Thee that I was not left to doubt Thy love amid the hate of men!"

"My friend, pardon me, pardon me," said the doctor, "for alluding to a topic which has touched your heart so deeply," and he extended his hand. It was grasped by his companion, and in that grasp, these two noble natures read the sympathy of kindred spirits.

"I cannot grant pardon where no offence was given," said the young speaker, "but my griefs are too recent to allow of my hearing even an allusion to them, without anguish. The words of England's greatest poet have occurred to me frequently to-day."

"Let no comforter delight mine ear,  
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine."

During the voyage the two gentlemen were much together, and by the time they landed at the wharf in East Boston, they had become warm friends.

"I wish I were not a bachelor," said the doctor, as the friends shook hands at the landing, "and had a house to invite you to, as well as a family to greet me after my wanderings; but I am a 'lone man,' and am rightly punished, I suppose, for my neglect of the fair sex. I declare, I'll marry, if I can find a kindred spirit, if for nothing but the pleasure of knowing that one heart watches for my return in absence."

"A wise resolution, doctor; but alas! the tenderest earthly ties are sometimes the sources of our most poignant sorrow."

"Excuse me, excuse me," said the doctor, "I would not willingly revive unpleasant thoughts. Come to my rooms in Summer street whenever you have a leisure hour; I have a plenty of 'Hannas' in store."

The German took rooms at the Revere, where his quiet refinement of manner, and his full purse, commanded the respect of proprietors and servants.

Dr. Wardwell proceeded to Summer street. "Now for pills and potions," he said to himself; "one must forget dreary old castles, wild towers, classic Greece, and old Rome, in this practical working-day world of Boston." He had hoped to find his partner waiting for him when he landed, and he was ready to exclaim—"Oh, Damon! I will be Pythias no longer, since thou hast dishonored Damon!" but on opening the door, his partner was not even there, only the little office boy.

"Where is Gray?" said the doctor, almost fiercely.

"He was married, sir, last week, and has gone on a short journey; but he intended to be at home to meet you when the steamer came in. The rain of yesterday perhaps prevented his coming."

"Married! did you say! The deuce! stole a march on me. Married! why he isn't twenty-five years old; a mere boy. The foolish fellow! I wonder what drove him to such a desperate deed. Wonder, indeed, I am alone!"

"Here are the letters, sir; perhaps there is one from him," and the boy laid a package before him.

"Hand me an cigar, and see if you can find my smoking-cap and slippers. I'll let my troubles evaporate in smoke," and the doctor seated himself with his letters in hand.

#### CHAPTER X.

Who can tell  
The yearning of his heart, the charm, the spell  
That bound him to that vision?"

"No, Simon, I do not want any of your help about my charming," said Hannah as she stood with her sleeves rolled up, early one morning in the back porch, merrily working the dasher of her churn and singing as she worked, "but I'll tell you what I do want. When it is evening you must take it to the store for me, and sell it; it is better for my cow, you know, and you must bring home eight yards more of calico, just exactly like that which I bought last week, and a few sheets of nice, gilt-edged paper, and a box of steel pens."

"Must, Madam Sewall! Really you are an independent little body when you are speaking to your elders and betters. Simon Sewall don't take much from any woman."

"Ay, ay, we'll see Simon, one of these days. Mary Vose can say much about those pretty lips of hers, as naturally as I can."

"She'll not say it twice to me, I guess. We shall have to get old Parson Holmes back of the women will rule the town. Do you remember his sermon on 'Mina was first made, then woman'? The present preacher has altogether too much reverence for the weaker sex."

"All great men have reverence for woman, and when you are older and wiser, you will have, Sir Simon. Now do n't forget to bring home the calico, pens and paper."

"On one condition only—that you tell me what use you are going to make of the writing materials, or that you say, 'Will you be so kind, brother Simon, as to do my errands for me?'"

Hannah left her churn, and made a very low curtsy—"Will it please your Highness to grant the request of your humble servant Hannah?"

"That will do; I was only giving you a lesson to practice upon for your future good. You are such an independent body, that you will never get married unless I train you to more docility."

"Thank you, sir; I am so independent that I can get along very well without a husband, and I assure you I shall never marry unless I can get one just to my mind."

"Pray describe your beau ideal."

"Handsome, witty and wise, and a despoiler of the filthy weed."

"I wish you success, my ambitious sister, and look upon you hereafter as doomed to single blessedness." He went off, hoe in hand, to the field, while Hannah resumed her churning and her singing:—

"I will never kneel at a gilded shrine  
To worship the idol gold;  
I will never fetter this heart of mine  
As a thing for fortune sold."

Her butter flushed and put away on ice, she ran out in the garden, and seated herself in the shade of a large tree, and took out of her pocket a copy of the Boston Journal. "It must be the same—I'll read it again. 'Lewis Wardwell, M. D., has returned from Europe, and will resume the practice of his profession in this city. Office, No. — Summer street. Now I am determined to write to him and inquire about Alice's friends. If Jerry were only here he would do it for me, but I can't trust Simon with my secrets, and then he don't write any better than myself. Lizzie's heart is full of other cares. Mother never writes letters, and father—why father would do it just right; but his arm is so lame with the rheumatism just now, that he can't write, and he would say wait awhile; that I am determined not to do."

Now let me see, what shall I say?" and she took out pencil and paper; "if I write just what I think, I shall write thus—'Sir, I have an adopted sister, an orphan. Her name is Alice Hoffman. Her father died in prison in Austria, for some political offence, and she was patient died in Boston about five years ago. She was a mother of yours, and confided some things to your care before she died."

I should have thought you would not have forgotten her so long, but knowing how lovely a poor orphan must be, would have sought out her friends, and restored her to them if possible. I suppose it will not do much good to write now, but poor Alice is very anxious to know about her friends, if she has any, and you are the only person who has any clue to her history. That is what I want to say, but that will not do, I suppose. 'Honey catches more flies, than vinegar,' Aunt Betty Wood says, so I'll try again."

"Dr. Wardwell, Sir, I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in writing to you. I trust my object will excuse my apparent boldness. I have an adopted sister that I love very much. Her name is Alice Hoffman. She is an orphan; her father was probably executed by some political offence by the government of Austria. We know at least that he was imprisoned in that country. Her mother died at the Hospital in Boston, where she was a patient of yours, and entrusted some articles to your care for safe keeping. I noticed in the Boston Journal, that you had returned from Europe, and we are hoping that you can give us some information about her friends. She formerly lived with Mr. Shuttleworth, of Boston; but her home now is at my father's—Mr. Jeremiah Sewall. Hoping that you may be so kind as to answer this, I subscribe myself,

Very respectfully yours,  
HANNAH SEWALL."

"There, I guess that will do," said Hannah, as she wrote and re-wrote, and finally folded and put into her pocket, ready to copy on her nice, gilt-edged paper with her new pen, when Simon should return from the village store. Hannah thought within herself that should no information be obtained of Alice's friends, it would be better that no one should know of the letter; were they dead, or should they refuse to write to her, better still—and if pleasant news should come, then Alice would love her sister Hannah more than ever. Such were her thoughts when she wrote the last copy with so much care and neatness, and deposited it with all secrecy in the Post Office. Hannah never had received a letter in her life from any one, save now and then notes from her brothers and sisters when they were visiting at grandmother's or Uncle Seth's, and it is not strange therefore that she should watch with some interest for a letter from the Doctor. But day after day passed, and finally weeks fled, and no letter from Boston—till poor Hannah, sick with hope deferred, gave up hearing at all. "Just like these city people," she said to herself—"what does this famous doctor care for a poor little orphan like Alice? I suppose he mingles with the gay and the happy, and forgets that the poor and lowly are God's children; I only wish I could talk to him once—Id set his sine in order before his face" as Parson Holmes would say. I have done with Doctors now, and I never, never will have one come nigh me, if I am sick."

Not quite so fast, Hannah; we who know a little more about the Doctor, do not judge him so harshly. We, I mean my readers and myself, have seen him comfortably seated in his office, reading letters; and will make him another call at mail time. Again in his easy chair with cigar and slippers. "Let me see—quite a list of letters to-day; that's from an old patient, wants a cancer removed, no pleasant job that; here's from an invalid, wants my opinion of a sea-voyage for lung complaints—better stay at home; here's an offer of a professorship in a Medical College. Bah! I would n't give up my Boston practice for any professorship in New England—but what's this? Mapleton, Vermont—that's a lady's handwriting, and very neat and pretty, too. Mapleton, let me see, I once had some maiden cousins there, of the name of Wood, of an uncertain age. Can it be that they write so youthful a hand? (opens and reads—throws the letter on the table, and jumps up and takes a card from the case.) Hoffman! Eureka! Eureka! I have found him! I have found him! Bring me my boots, hat and cane, Jane—I'll go to the Revere at once. I see now why I took such an interest in my fellow traveler. How well I remember that delicate, pretty child and her mother, with all the refinement of a true lady, though a poor Hos-

pital patient. All my efforts when abroad were useless because I had lost her maiden name." The Doctor seldom hurried himself, but took the world easy, and grew robust and comely amid the onerous duties of his profession. But now he walked hastily, and came up to the clerk's desk rather short-winded.

"You are a few hours too late, sir," said the polite official—"Mr. Hoffman left in the cars this morning for Chicago. He has been in search of a family by the name of Shuttleworth, who he learned were in the city a week or two since, but have moved west, and he is hoping to find them, though no one knows certainly of their destination."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

#### TAULER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Tauler, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,  
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,  
Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life;  
As one who, wandering in a starless night,  
Feels, momentarily, the far of unknown waves,  
And hears the thunder of an unseen sea,  
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the same  
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,  
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart  
Had groined: "Thou great God, play upon my soul,  
Thou great God, who teachest others, I am blind.  
Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

And as he prayed, he heard along his path  
A sound, as of an old man's staff among  
The dry, dead linden-leaves; and, looking up,  
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said;  
"God give thee a good day!" The old man raised  
Slowly his calm, blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;  
But all my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereof, the preacher spoke again:  
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled;  
"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid  
His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray beard:  
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.  
Surely man's days are evil, and his life  
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,  
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days  
Are as our needs; for shadow as well as light  
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike  
Our thoughts are due, since that is best which is;  
And that which is not, sharing not his life,  
Is evil only as devoid of good.  
And for the happiness of which I speak,  
I find it in submission to the will of God,  
And calm trust in the holy Trinity  
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."

Silently wondering, for a little space,  
Stood the great preacher; then he spoke as one  
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought  
Which long has followed, whispering through the dark  
Strange torments, draws it, shrieking, into light:  
"What if God's will should hence be held?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so.  
What toll may I know not; this I know—  
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord;  
One arm, humility, takes hold upon  
His door; Humanity; the other, Love,  
Clasps His Divinity. So where I go,  
He goes; and better fire-walled hell with him  
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light  
Like the first ray which breaks on chaos, clove  
Apart the shadow wherein he had walked  
Darkly at noon. And as the strange old man  
Went his slow way, until his silver hair  
Shone like the white moon where the hills of vine  
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said:  
"My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man  
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,  
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step  
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,  
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,  
Which tracing backward till its airy lines  
Hardened to solid pillars, he raised his eyes  
O'er broad fountains and lofty pediments,  
Up the stone lace-work chancelled by the wise  
Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where  
In the noon-brightness the great Minster's tower,  
Jeweled with sunbeams on its mural crown,  
Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he said,  
"The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes!  
As yonder tower outreaches to the earth  
The dark triangle of its shade alone upon  
When the clear day is shining on its top,  
So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life  
Is but the shadow of God's providence,  
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;  
And what is dark below is light in Heaven."

For the Banner of Light.

## ELLEN ST. CLOUD.

BY L. M. T.

"Go, child!  
Fulfill thy duty! Be—do—bear—and thank God."

There are some men in the world whose very presence is magnetic; the lightest tone of whose voices sets the hearen, (especially if it be a woman,) in a tumult; the touch of whose hand sends the blood tingling from the heart to the cheek; who bend others to their will, not because convinced that it is right, but because it is their will, and therefore irresistible. Of this character was Victor St. Cloud; talented, brave and beautiful as Lucifer, his sway no one had yet disputed; yes, one had disputed his further command over the fair yet pale being who lies motionless on the couch, in a room in a fashionable street in New York. That mightier, subtler presence had glided between him and Ellen St. Cloud, and obeying his summons, she had quietly gathered up her broken heart, her blasted hopes, her fading beauty, and accompanied him out into the mysterious atmosphere that bounds all spirit.

Not a tender look crossed his face as he sat by the death bed of his wife—not a tear dimmed his eye, but he sat long, regarding her with an abstracted, gloomy look on his face, and when he smoothed the long, bright curls that strayed in wild disorder over the pillow, and loosed the counterpane from the death-grasp of the small white hands, it seemed rather that his sense of the beautiful might not be disturbed, than that his spirit sought balm for its woe, in once more fondling the golden curls and caressing the fairy-like hand of his girl wife, ere losing her forever.

A slight rustle of the curtains attracted his attention, and soon from their shadow came out a little girl, who, in a fit of agonized weeping, throw herself into his arms, and buried her face in his bosom.

"Why, Nelly, how came you here? I thought I told Watson to put you to bed long ago," said he.

"Yes, you did, but I cried so that she let me come back to stay with dear ma again; oh! pa, she really died?"

"Yes, Nelly, but don't cry so—you know she wanted to die; and perhaps the angels she used to tell you about are with her now, making her much happier than she could be with us—with me especially, for I broke her heart, Nelly," said he with a shade of remorse and grief crossing his face.

"Pa, where shall I stay, now ma is dead?" asked the child, with that suddenness which characterizes children.

"I shall leave you with your mother's friend, Madam Brooks, until I return from New Orleans; you love her and she loves you."

"Yes, but I want to go with you."

"Because," said she, and she raised her head from his bosom and gazed into his face as if seeking a reason for wishing to be with him, "because—"

"Because I am kind to you?"

"No, not that, but because when I look at you I think of ma, and can't help wishing to be with you because she loved you so."

It was a bright day, late in autumn; one of those almost too bright autumn days, when nature seems desirous of most tenderly fondling the departing summer, in a yearling, farewell embrace—even as the last word of love, and tone of tenderness from your friends, is always the sweetest, the saddest, the fullest of heart-touching affection. The windows of Madam Brooks's pleasant library were thrown open to admit the soft air and the warm sun, and it rested on the carpet in long, straggling lines, broken by the reflection of the yellow and crimson leaves which yet remained on the maples by the window.

On a low seat at the farther extremity of the room sat a girl, perhaps thirteen years old, carelessly touching the strings of a guitar in her hands, and singing, alternately in Spanish and English, the words of a song:—

Ninetta—Ninetta, the breeze strayeth free,  
And the moon's pallid glances roam over the sea—  
Roam ready to light us away o'er the sea;  
Ninetta, oh speed thee—my strong hand shall lead thee,  
My true heart shall cherish thee, out on the sea.

Just then a tall, dark man came along the terrace, and pausing by the open window, stood listening to her song, and as his ear drank the soft harmony, his eye lit up with a look of gratified pride, and without ceremony he entered the room. Ellen St. Cloud—for it was her who was singing—on seeing a strange gentleman so familiarly enter the window, sprang to her feet, and with her hand on the bell-pull stood awaiting his first word.

"Stay, young lady—you need not be alarmed; I was so delighted with your performance of that exquisite song that I ventured to enter the room," said he, in a tone of such deep melody, and an air of such respectful deference, that Nelly released her hold of the bell, and desired him to be seated.

"Is this Mrs. Brooks's residence?" asked he, and on being told that it was, he continued—

"And you I suppose to be her daughter?"

"No, I am only an orphan whom she has protected almost all my days," said Ellen.

"Not an orphan—have you not a father?"

"If I have, he has forgotten me," answered the girl, bursting into tears.

"What if I were to tell you that your father has not forgotten you, but loves you, and longs to clasp you to his heart; would you welcome him and love him?"

"I can't tell," said she. "I must see him first; but what do you know about my father?"

"I am your father! I have come, after years of toil, to take you to my own beautiful home!" said he suddenly clasping her in his arms. "Do you not remember me?"

Ellen drew back and looked in his face, lifting his black hair from his forehead and turning his face to the sunbeams; "Yes—you are like my pa; he was beautiful—oh so beautiful—beautiful as—"

"As what?"

"As nothing that I ever saw except the picture for the fallen angel in Mrs. Brooks's room," said she solemnly. "But my mother was lovely too, and she is an angel now."

"Yes, Ellen, I remember her; her pure white forehead and long golden curls, her sober, sweet blue eyes and her small white hands: I remember all about her, Ellen—would to Heaven I could sometimes forget her."

So St. Cloud took his daughter away with him to New Orleans; his arguments all failed to convince Madam Brooks that the change would be beneficial to her darling; but she was obliged to submit, and with countless tears and embraces she bade her adieu. At parting she clasped a rich gold chain, to which was attached a cross of diamonds, in the middle of which was a small miniature of herself, around her neck, bidding her never to part with it—"Unless," said she, "you are left alone, poor and in distress—then sell the diamonds, and with the money pay your way back to me."

During the passage to New Orleans, St. Cloud noticed that he was not nearly so affectionate towards her as he had been in the presence of her friend, and that his chosen companions on the ship were men of disagreeable manners and defiant looks, and addressed her in words of familiarity to which she had never been accustomed; all these things sunk into the child's heart, and impressed upon it a foretaste of the life she was to live with her father, and in her prayers at night she never failed to prom, isue that she would never forget nor neglect the counsels of her early and best friend, let her trials be what they might.

Ellen was a perfect mixture of Spanish fire and impetuosity with New England far-sightedness and perseverance; she was gifted with a quick insight into the motives of others, and a wholesome element of resistance in her character, which her benefactress had striven to cultivate and direct rightly.

Among the passengers, and her father's most close associate, was one whom she regarded with the utmost aversion; which only increased when he sought to win her confidence, and her father commanded her to treat him with marked respect.

Col. Randolph was of a commanding figure, and would have been remarkably handsome but for a confirmed yellow color which had settled upon his face, and which, when he was excited, deepened to a saffron, making him, in Ellen's eyes, almost hideous.

One day as he and St. Cloud were walking up and down, they passed the place where Ellen was sitting, and the talk turned upon her.

"What in Heaven's name, Victor, did you take that little tigress with you for?" asked Randolph.

"Because I take a fancy to her; she is beautiful as an angel, you see, and she sings divinely in both English and Spanish, and if I lose all my own and Angela's money by this cursed gaming, I may turn her beauty and her talents to account; don't you see?"

"Yes, I see, but I warn you to make her a little more respectful to me; she has insulted me to my head more than once. But what will Mrs. Angela say to her? Have you told her that you are married?"

"No; I leave it all to chance. Angela will love her, for my sake, and she can't help loving Angela."

"Did you love your first wife?"

"I thought I did; but it is strange how her face haunts me, and though Nelly is not in the least like her, except in voice, yet it seems as if Ellen Dean's very spirit gazed at me through Nelly's eyes, sometimes. I mean to reform sometime, if for no other reason than to be permitted to seek Ellen in Heaven, and hear her say she forgave me for breaking her heart."

The two friends separated, and Randolph sauntered down to where Ellen was sitting, leaning over the side, gazing into the water. Raising his arm around her, he sat down beside her, remarking—

"That is a very beautiful child, you were Miss Ellen."

"Yes, sir," said she, cringing from the clasp of his arm as from the coil of a serpent.

"And what have we here?" said he, eagerly snatching at the cross. "A diamond cross! where did you get this cross?"

"It was given me by my best friend, Mrs. Brooks."

"Ah! and this, I suppose, is her miniature?" said he, gazing on the picture with a look of intense eagerness. "Has she any husband?" asked he, returning her the cross.

"No; she told me she lost both husband and son, years ago."

"Would you not rather have a splendid gold watch than that cross? See, you shall have this one in exchange for it," said he, pulling a splendid watch from his vest and handing it to her.

"No, no; I'll never part with this cross until I am driven to it by want," said the girl, and rising, she fled to her state room.

## CHAPTER II.

The home to which St. Cloud brought his daughter, was situated a mile or two from the city, and as they approached the mansion in the early evening, Ellen thought she had never seen anything so calmly beautiful as it looked; surrounded by fine walks and sheltered by large trees, through which the fragrant breeze wandered, it seemed to her tired senses like a paradise of rest.

A group of negroes were lying on the lawn, listening to the singing of a bright-looking quadroon girl, who was gesticulating and twisting a scarlet scarf in her hands as she sung. St. Cloud called to her, and as she came slowly up to the carriage, Ellen saw that she was very beautiful in person, with long silky curls falling about her shoulders, and great dreamy-looking black eyes, with a form of perfect liteness and symmetry.

"Here, Gaza," said her master, "this is my daughter, and it will be your task to wait on her; show her her room, and do not disturb Mrs. St. Cloud to-night."

Ellen followed her through the long, softly-carpeted hall, and up the broad, queerly paneled staircase to her chamber, and when they had entered and she had taken off Ellen's traveling dress and substituted a beautiful India silk dressing-gown, she suddenly asked—

"Are you really Massa Victim's child?"

"I am, certainly, Victor St. Cloud's child," said Ellen; "why do you ask?"

"Cos he one cussed villain! Dis house all Miss Angel's—all 'long to her; he bring dat ole yaller double here, an keep um here; and Miss Angel can't help herself; deny gamble and drink an spon, all her money, an dis berry day an oesifer cum an size poor ole nuss for his dam gambler dets, an Miss Angel go into highhikes, an I have to hole her in my arms two hours!" and Gaza beat at the air with her small fists as if pounding an imaginary "Massa Victim" with unusual relish.

"You shall not talk so about my father," said Ellen, stamping her foot.

"H'm now, you show de debbilish Spanish in your eye; its no use, de niggers will talk; you can't stop um. You see, when you been here a spell, you see dis yer house made a s'loon of—you hear um gamble and swar."

"You may go now, Gaza," said Ellen, suddenly growing sick at heart; but you must not swear any more where I am; you are too pretty to use bad words; I will learn you to read."

"Whar's use a larnin to read? So's to be sold to some ole yaller cuss like ole Ranoff?"

"Gaza, you must not swear; promise me you will not."

"Well I will promise you; I swear I'll never swar again," said she, as she left the room.

Ellen found in her new mother a being calculated to win the warmest love of a child's heart, and Angela welcomed Ellen to her home with all the tenderness of a mother; and she soon commenced instructing her in all the accomplishments which she herself possessed, with a patience and zeal which were well repaid by the untiring industry of her little pupil. Their study, which was in a remote wing of the building, was far removed from the room where St. Cloud and his associates held their nightly orgies, from which his wife and daughter always fled as from the plague.

Three years passed away, during which Ellen had come to be a most beautiful and accomplished girl, under the tender and judicious training of the sweet and devoted Angela; but Angela herself was wasting away with the same heart-grief which killed the first wife; the neglect, infidelity and recklessness of Victor were breaking her heart, and as she felt that she must die, her only care in life was for Ellen. She was now too feeble to leave her room, and Ellen caused a bed to be prepared in the study, and there, reclining upon the snowy pillows, herself nearly as white as they, Angela faded day by day, growing more intensely and spiritually beautiful, as the light of earth faded and the light of Heaven dawned in her sweet brown eyes, and hovered around her pure, saintly forehead. It was the evening of a most intensely hot day; Angela was much fainter than ever before, and was lying nearly insensible on the bed, and Gaza was bathing her temples, while Ellen was sitting by the low open window, silently weeping; and plucking the blossoms of the clematis which clung around the frame, unmindful of what she was doing, or of anything but the heavy grief which oppressed her.

Just then Angela revived, and asked for Ellen.

"I am here, dear mother," said she bending over her.

"Ellen—darling, lie down by me; I think I could sleep if your arms were around me; and, Gaza, you may go now, my dear, good girl."

Gaza bent over her, and pressed one yearning kiss of love upon her white lips, as she sobbed out—

"Oh, Miss Angel, I no good girl, but I love you—oh, I can't do thoust you, you be in de great bright hebban, an I lef her. Oh, Miss Angel, do pray to de sweet Jesus to sen for poor Gaza de berry fust ting."

"Ellen, you must try to reform your father after I am gone—try to remove him from Col. Randolph. I think but for him, he would do well. I have nothing to give you, darling, except my jewels and my dresses, for alas! the very house where we are, where I was born, and my mother was born, is all mortgaged; but I leave you my love, and if a spirit is permitted to watch over a loved one in the flesh, will watch over you; I will be a guardian angel along with your own mother."

And so, locked in each other's arms, they talked together, until they both slept one, the sleep of

grieving, exhausted youth; the other, the sleep which was but the prelude to a glorious awakening.

"Are you prepared to pay me that fifteen hundred to-night?" said Col. Randolph to St. Cloud, as they sat in one of the drawing-rooms of the house, but which was now fitted up for a billiard room. Randolph sat coolly smoking his cigar and balancing himself in his chair against the wall, while St. Cloud leaned gloomily against the mantel.

"Prepared—no! you know well enough that your accursed arts have left me without a playmate in the world; like a plague spot you have settled on this house and its inmates, until you have made a hell of it, and a demon of me; you have made me sell nearly every one of Angela's servants, and now, when she herself is dying, you come to me and demand more."

"Oh don't fly in a passion, Victor; perhaps we can compromise it somehow; I will not distress you."

"Compromise! how, in heaven's name?"

"Why, give me a bill of sale of that pretty waiting-maid, Gaza; I take quite a fancy to her; and as we may as well square the whole account, which is about two thousand, you may get me that cross that Miss Ellen wears on her neck, and I'll call it square."

"A bill of Gaza? The cross that Ellen wears? No; by heaven! Gaza belongs to Ellen, and not to me; I will not do this thing."

"You will do this thing, Victor!" said Randolph, quietly, "and as for this twaddle about wife or child, you will outgrow your qualms. I forsook a more splendid woman than ever Angela Manuel was; I took her money and her infant son, and left her alone and penniless in this very den of a city, and where she went to I do not know; but you see that I am happy."

"I know that I am in your power now, but I will not be long; I will be a man yet," said St. Cloud, as he left the room.

An hour later he came forth from his wife's chamber, with the cross and chain in his hand; he had unfasted the clasp from Ellen's neck, and taken it, unperceived by her, and in his thief-like haste, he did not see that the soft, white neck of Ellen was encircled by the arms of Angela—cold and dead!

With the cross of diamonds, and a bill of sale of poor Gaza in his pocket, Col. Randolph left the house.

It was three days after the burial of Angela that Ellen was sitting in the room which used to be their study-room, surrounded by trunks and packages, for she was the next day to leave the house, and go with her father to lodgings which he had procured for them in the city. Randolph was now master of all around the premises, and his familiar demeanor to her, since the death of Angela, had led her to hasten her departure as much as possible.

Her father was gloomy and silent, but kinder to her, and more with her than ever before; though, to all inquiries as to the loss of her cross and chain, he returned no answer, except to say that he knew nothing about it.

She was sitting by her window, gazing her last upon the beautiful garden and shrubbery spread out beneath, and the river beyond, when Gaza entered, and more like a mad person than otherwise, threw herself on the floor, and wrung her hands, and swayed her body to and fro, like one distracted.

"Oh, Miss Ellen! Oh! what shall I do? Oh, sweet Jesus, take me out'n dis world!" and then suddenly starting up, she cried—"Don't I 'long to you, Miss Ellen? Did n't Miss Angel gib me to you to keep?"

"Certainly, dear Gaza, but I mean to keep you only as a sister, not as a slave; but tell me, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Massa Victim has sold me to dat ole Satan! an jes now he get me into de billiard-room, and try to kiss me, and tell me he got lot of money, and own dis house, and own me, too! Oh, Miss Ellen, save me, or I lose my soul, an your good 'vice and teachin' all trown 'way! and de despairing creature threw herself anew upon the floor, and groaned in agony.

"Stay here, Gaza, and I will see Col. Randolph, much as I dislike him, and ask him to give you up to me," and Ellen left the room, and sought him in the billiard-room.

"Why, my dear Miss St. Cloud, this is an honor I little expected; pray be seated," said he, as she entered the room, and walking straight to him, asked—

"Has he sold my Gaza to you, sir?"

"Well—the estate, she comes into my hands with the rest of the estate, it is true."

"My dear mother, Angela, gave Gaza to me; have you any right to take that which is mine?"

"It was a business transaction, and, as such, something you do not understand."

"I feel that you have no right to her; but if the law sustains you in keeping her, will you not give her back to me?"

"I am sorry to refuse so lovely a petitioner, but I must. You refused, you remember, to give me that cross you used to wear, in exchange for my watch; I remember such things, my dear Miss Ellen."

"Have you not since obtained possession of my diamond cross?"

"Yes, I have; I always get what I wish for; but that cross was mine; it was the same that I once presented to Hortense Brooks, my wife; have I not a better claim to it than you?"

"You Madam Brooks's husband? Jesu Maria! how could she? But her son—where is he?"

"I do not know; I did not want him, so I gave him away."

"Oh, you fend! Why does not the earth swallow you?" cried Ellen, in a voice of concentrated anger and grief, as she turned and fled back to Gaza.

"It is of no use to ask him, Gaza—I can do nothing for you," said she, as she returned to her.

"I thought so—I knew it want no sort of use; dat man got de double under he ribs, but no heart 't all; but, Miss Ellen, I did n't mean to swar, cos I promise you I wouldn't; but I'll tell you what, las night, when de moon shinin' so, I laid and looked out ober de garden, and de river, and I hear sumfin tell me dat death was good, and life was bad, and den I see my mother, and she look toward de river, and stretch her hand out so, as if she mean dat de river good place to hide in; I can't do dat, but I'll do what she did. Oh, I wish I was old, jet-black, ugly nigger, and den I safe 'nuff!"

She rose up as she said it, and went out at the door.

Ellen feared something bad from her manner, and made haste to follow her; but she eluded her, and when at last she did find her, she was lying across the threshold of the summer-house, dead; a little dagger, that Ellen had often seen her have, lying close by her hand.

## CHAPTER III.

"The gods approve  
The depth, but not the tumult of the soul.  
A fervent, not an ungovernable love."

Removed to a mean, obscure lodging, Ellen St. Cloud now knew what it was to toil unceasingly for her daily bread, and that of her father; for he, too proud to work, and ashamed to be seen by those who once shared his too bountiful hospitality, seldom went out, but sat gloomily at home, the wreck of his former handsome, haughty self.

Her skill in painting and embroidery enabled Ellen to procure the necessities of life, while her strength lasted, but latterly she found her eyes so weak, that all attempt at either was vain; the colors all ran together before her eyes in one confused mass, and she could only sit still and silently despair.

She was sitting thus one night, with her guitar in her hand, trying, by singing some of the airs she and Angela loved, to distract her thoughts; and as she sat in the rays of the setting sun, her small, white hand resting on the guitar, her solemn eyes upturned, and her beautiful long curls floating about her fair face and neck, she was a picture that a poet or painter could never forget.

"Can you not work, Ellen?" said her father.

"No; I am totally unable to either paint or embroider."

"You can sing, can't you?"

"Yes, I can sing; why do you ask that?"

"Because you can take your guitar and go down on the levee and sing some of those airs you have sung to-night, and you would get plenty of money from the boatmen; they are generous fellows."

The poor girl's heart sank as she answered—

"Would you condemn me to this, my father? Oh! I cannot do it; I had almost rather die now."

"Nonsense! some of these singing girls make their fortunes, I tell you; it is easier than work. I have designed sending you some time, and now you must go."

"I will go," cried Ellen, "it is no matter where I go, nor what becomes of me, if you have become more love for me than this. I thought that by kindness and duty to you, I might win you from evil, but—God forgive me for saying it—the evil is in your heart, and how can you leave it?" and, lying on a broad-brimmed straw hat, and taking her guitar in her hand, she rushed from the house.

Like one in a dream, she made her way to a little chapel close by the river, where the boatmen were collected in little knots, talking over their own peculiar affairs. A rough, dangerous-looking set of beings they were, for a tender, beautiful girl of sixteen to venture among, and as she stood in the shade of the little old crumbling chapel, she inwardly prayed that some angel would breathe on her and dissolve her into air, or that she might suddenly die, or do anything, rather than attract the attention of that dreadful crowd. Then the thought of the little dark chamber, without food or light,—of the angry father, and her utter helplessness,—and desolation came over her, and she hesitated no longer, and, striking a few chords of her guitar, she began—

Speed thee over the sullen tide,  
Row on—row on—

Swift and swifter thy boat must glide,  
Ere day is done;

Oh, hasten, ere beneath the evening star,  
Wide rolls the river, the shore is far.

Ply the oar, as the night breeze falls,  
Row on—row on;

To home and quiet, the vesper calls,  
And toll is done.

In the low, dim church, 'tis the hour of prayer,  
And the "Ave Maria" soundeth there.

There, in the porch, so old and grey—  
Row on—row on—

A fearful maiden, all alone of day,  
Traveleth alone;

The low-voiced maiden, with jolly hair,  
Waileth for thee to join the prayer.

Scarcely had her voice died away, when a general rush was made for the place where she stood; others and cries of every description greeted her ear, and whether she was in danger, or not, she thought she was, and casting one bewildered glance at the rough, sun-burned faces around her, she fainted, and fell forward on the ground.

When she awoke to consciousness, she was lying on an old sofa, in a low, cellar-like room, in which were two of three men, and an old woman, of a singularly repulsive countenance; she lay still a moment, and listened to their conversation.

"I tell ye what, dame Burt, you must keep the girl here till to-morrow, and then I'll take her away; she's a beauty, she is, and nobody shall say after this, that Jack Becket haint got a hansom's wife, for I'll get spliced to her to-morrow, hit or miss, see if I do n't; I got her out of the crowd, and brought her here, and she ought to love me out of gratitude," and a coarse laugh from the others was an echo to this speech; it reached the ear of Ellen, and starting up with a wild scream, she would have fled, but another fit of fainting seized her, and she fell again.

A general hubbub ensued; the men swore, and the old woman bathed her face in rum and dirty water; and while this was going on, another personage was added to the party; a tall, thoughtful-looking man, who stood a moment on the threshold, and then darted into the room.

"What is the matter here, my good people?" said he, his eyes falling on the prostrate form of Ellen.

"A girl fainted! stand aside, all of you; I am a physician, and can restore her;" and he lifted and laid her once more on the tattered old sofa, smoothing, as he did so, her soft curls from her forehead, and shading her little, pale hand; and as his eye fell on her straw hat and guitar lying on the floor, he demanded to know who she was, and how one of her evident refinement came to be in such a place as that.

"She's a singing girl, I guess, and at any rate she was singing out here on the levee to-night, and got sort of scared, I guess, for she fainted clean away, and the boys brought her in here," answered the old woman.

By this time Ellen's eyes were open, and seeing a gentle, grave face, bending over her, she cried out: "Oh, sir, do take me home—take me away from this place!"

"I will take you home, certainly, if you will direct me where to go, and on the way you must tell me your story," said he; and he handed her her guitar, and tied on her hat, and mended the scowls of the men, he led her out and placed her in his carriage, and drove towards the city. On the way she related to him such parts of her history as she felt willing to repeat, and when he left her at her door, he made her promise him that she would venture no more among such beings as he had rescued her from, and he added: "You are innocent and beautiful now, and may the angels keep you so. I feel that some time we shall meet again," and slipping a piece of gold into her hand, he left her.

On entering the room, she was surprised to find that her father was absent; but thinking that perhaps he had become alarmed at her long absence, and gone to meet her, she thought no more of it; and sitting by the window, she gazed into the dark street, and it is not wonderful that her dreams were of the noble-looking stranger who had rescued her from such a fate.

She had never associated with any gentlemen except those she had seen in her father's company, and they were not such as to fix the attention of a young, pure-minded girl like her; and now that she had, for a brief period, met with such a person as the young doctor, a new chord was struck in her heart—and, without heeding the lapse of time she still sat, haunted by his tender voice, and his dark, deep eyes.

It was late at night when she was startled by a noise and a scuffling of feet below stairs, as if a number of men were carrying in a heavy weight, and springing to the door she saw four men bringing the insensible form of her father up the stairs. With a cry of agony she sprang forward and looked in his face; and as they laid him on the bed, she learned from them that he had had an apoplexy with some one in a gambling house, and had been shot, and probably mortally wounded. One of them volunteered to get a physician, and while he was gone she sat by him, weeping bitterly and trying to stave the life-blood which was pouring from his side.

He was conscious now, and talking hurriedly to Ellen of his approaching death. What a sight was there for those who waste, as he had done, such glorious gifts! Youth, education, beauty!—where were all these fled? Ellen could only put the damp, black hair, on his broad forehead, and kiss his fading lips, as she waited and listened to him.

"Ellen—dear Nelly," said he, clasping her hand, "what a father I have been to you. I have blighted your young days, and now I must leave you alone in this Sodom of a city. I met Randolph to-night, and when I taunted him with being the cause of my downfall, he grew angry, and I struck him with my bowie knife. I fear I wounded him mortally at last, but not till he had shot me through my side—through my lung, I think," and here a sudden spasm of pain seized him, and starting up deliriously, he cried out: "Angela—Ellen Deane! oh, my sweet wife, forgive me!" and died.

"Almost crazy with terror and grief, Ellen did not notice the entrance of the man with the surgeon, but lay with her face buried in the pillow close to her father, nor was it till a gentle hand clasped hers and a low voice bade her be comforted, that she looked up once more—looked up into the eyes of the same one who once before that evening had risen up to comfort and protect her.

"With a cry of desolation of heart, the poor girl flung herself into his arms, and sobbed on his bosom.

"Miss St. Cloud!" and his voice recalled her to herself—"I beg that you will not allow your grief to injure yourself," said he, as he placed her in a chair, and then proceeded to examine the wound of her father; and he continued, as he again turned to her: "There is no need of my services here; your father is dead; but I cannot leave you until I know more of your prospects for the future. What is to become of you?—for you are too fragile, as well as too beautiful, to stay here unprotected."

"Oh, do not leave me here! I shall die here, alone. All I want in this world now is to get back to New England, and my only friend," sobbed the weeping girl.

Six weeks had passed away, and we find Ellen again, in a pleasant home, surrounded by books, pictures, and birds, the happiest of the happy. Emancipation from want and sorrow had brought back the smiles to her sweet face, and the lightness to her step, and she is more radiantly beautiful than ever.

Dr. Marston had brought her, after the funeral of her father, to his own place, a quiet, beautiful situation out of the city, which, for its seclusion, he had named "Still Valley," and placed her under the care of his excellent housekeeper, Mrs. Price; and it had come to be his greatest luxury, after a day of riding in visiting the sick, to return to Still Valley and rest in the glad smile of Ellen, and within the sound of her singing voice. And Ellen—she more than loved and venerated him; he had come to be her all; life had not a thought unassociated with him, and the thought of death had no terrors could she but die with his eyes looking into hers—his smile to light her through the dark way.

When he was at home, they were always together; if he walked about the grounds, she was always by his side, full of her innocent mirthfulness; or if he sat in the evening, with his cigar and his newspaper, she always sat on a low stool beside him, her head on his knee; or, if he neither walked or read, she would bring her guitar, and with her exquisite voice, sing the songs he loved best.

"We have been very happy here together, have we not, Nelly?" said he one night as they thus sat together.

"Oh, yes, indeed! I was never so happy as now, since I came away from New England," said Ellen.

"It would seem cruel to have any change take place in our nice, quiet home, here, would it not?"

"It would, certainly,—any change that would interfere with our happiness," said she, with a sudden vague fear-clutching at her heart.

"You love me, do n't you, Nelly?" said Dr. Marston, suddenly, as he drew her from her low seat, to his knee.

A rosy blush was her only answer, as she arranged the hair upon his broad, pale forehead.

"Yes, Nelly, you love me, and I love you—too well! Sometimes I am sorry that my fate drew me to where I was to find, among the rough and vulgar crowd, a pale little maiden, in a dead swoon, with her long, bright curls hanging over the old settee, and her guitar and little straw hat lying on the floor by her side. Oh, my Nelly! how have you crept into my heart so? I did not mean to let you have a place there, except as a sister," said he sadly, as he bowed his forehead on her white shoulder.

"But now I am there, you will not turn me out into the great, cold, dangerous world again, will you?" said Ellen, growing very pale and faint.

"No, never! You shall always live with me. Promise me that whatever duty demands of me, you will never forsake me, Nelly," urged he.

"I promise I will never forsake you, if I can stay with you and do right," faltered Ellen, as she withdrew from his arm to her low seat again. "But why do you make me promise this? What is about to happen to me?"

"I am going a little journey to-morrow; but I shall be only two weeks away; and when I return I want to find you here, ready to resume our old, sweet occupations again. I cannot tell you all I wish to

somehow my soul refuses to say anything that shall trouble you, for God knows I would lay down life, honor, and everything that men hold sacred, to save your dear heart one pang."

Ellen had arisen and walked towards the door. She knew that her happiness had all suddenly fallen from her like a mantle too carelessly worn, and that, again she was standing in the rude blast, very cold and lonely—very desolate and faint of heart, and mechanically she made her way to her chamber, and threw herself on the bed.

She was awakened in the early morning by the sound of wheels in the yard, and, springing up, she saw Dr. Marston's negro man standing, holding his horse at the door. Very soon his master made his appearance, equipped for a journey, and, casting one look at Ellen's window, he jumped in and drove away.

Mrs. Price, finding that Ellen did not come to breakfast, went up to her room to ascertain the reason, and found her busy packing a small trunk with a few articles of wearing apparel.

"Why, my dear young lady, where are you going?" said she.

"Mrs. Price, just how much money have you got in the world?" said Ellen, without answering her question.

"How much money? Why, not a great sum, my dear child. Do you want money? If you do, I will give you some—I am rich enough for that," said the good woman, kindly.

"Well, dear madam, I want more than all the world, to get home to New England—and I have no money. If you will give me enough to send me there, my foster-mother, if she is alive, will send you back twice that sum. But, at all events, I must go."

"You shall have the money, Nelly; but I cannot bear to lose your sweet society. Tell me, now, said the kind-hearted woman, gathering Ellen to her bosom, "has the doctor's departure anything to do with this sudden resolution? You seemed so happy together!"

"Yes—yes! it has all to do with it, and I must never see him again," sobbed she. And now tell me where he has gone, and what for?"

"Well, he has gone up the river to N—, to bring home Cecilia Marston, the daughter of the one who had the care of him when he was a boy. He is, or was, under great obligations to her father, who adopted him when he was a friendless orphan; and in his turn he has given a home to old Dr. Marston's daughter, now that her father is dead. It was the old doctor's wish that James should marry Cecilia, and—I suppose they are engaged; at least, they were when she left here for her visit to N—."

Ellen had grown whiter and whiter as this tale went on, although she did not faint or cry out, but simply answered—

"I suppose Andy can take me and my baggage to the afternoon boat to M—, can he not? I am anxious to start as soon as possible."

Madam Brooks was sitting in her arm-chair, in the well-known old library, beside a bright fire that glowed and sparkled in the fireplace—for it was a chilly day in autumn, just six years from the time when with many misgivings she had trusted her darling Ellen to the care of her father, since which time not one word of her weal or woe had ever reached her. The aspect of the room had not changed in the least since Ellen's departure. The same pictures hung in the same places on the wall; the same high-backed carved mahogany chairs maintained their dignity around the room; the piano stood open, as though her light fingers had just left it, and the shadow of the few crimson leaves upon the maples danced and glimmered in the sunshine on the carpet, where Nero, the old house dog, lay stretched, as he used to do, while the tortoise-shell kitten, now grown into a staid, middle-aged cat, sat on the rug winking at the fire, and probably forming plans for the future management of her four kittens fast asleep in a barrel in the garret.

Madam Brooks still wore the same look of motherly sweetness that always found its way to the hearts of all on whom her care fell; and though a few grey hairs showed themselves beneath the border of her cap, her eye had all the heart-youth that the good preserve through life. She was thinking of Ellen, and wondering if she should ever see her again, when she observed a carriage at the door, and a young lady in deep mourning alighting from it. The girl hurried up the walk, and rang the bell, while Madam Brooks still stood in the middle of the room. She soon heard her inquiring of the servant if Madam Brooks still lived there. That sweet, child-like voice came through the mists of memory like a note of music, and, hurrying into the hall, she clasped once more to her longing heart the long-lost Ellen.

It is needless to tell how Ellen's heart sprang to meet the old, loved associations of home—how, after she had wept her full on the breast of her first friend, she kissed the keys of the old piano, fondled the surprised old cat, and, kneeling in the sunshine, hugged the broad neck of old Nero and wept aloud, while he, with a faint whimper of remembrance, wagged his tail and joggled in her eyes as if striving to fix her identity in his mind.

Months passed on, and though Ellen was happy and more than thankful to be again in the shelter of Madam Brooks's love, yet there was a great grief weighing on her heart, and, strive as she might, her step grew slow, and her cheek pale, and her friend feared that she had loved her but to lose her again forever.

It was in all the rigor of a New England winter, Ellen was standing by the window, watching the broad snowflakes that occasionally came down like stray birds that were not sure of their way. The sleighs were dashing along, with their strings of merry bells—a sound she had not listened to since she was a child, and she was thinking of the changes that had come to her in those years, when a sleigh stopped at the gate, and a gentleman closely muffled in furs and drendnaught, came briskly up to the door. A something in the noble carriage of that head, and in the quick, energetic step, set the life-blood in a rush in the heart of Ellen, and, scarce knowing what she did, she hastened to

handed Madam Brooks the diamond cross and chain she had given to Ellen.

Ellen sprang forward. "Where—where did you get that cross?"

"I bought it of a pawnbroker in New Orleans two or three years ago. The picture impressed me so strongly that I could not resist."

"This is my miniature," said Mrs. Brooks, in tears; "it was given me by my wretched—wretched husband, James Brooks, when he was young, and innocent and noble. May God forgive his sins!"

"James Brooks! why, that was my father, who gave me, when a helpless child, to Dr. Marston. It is—it must be—you, madam, are my own dear mother!" and the strong man clasped his arms around her, and wept like a child.

What more can be added, of the reunion of lover and mistress, mother and son?—a reunion to remain through earthly life, and then to be perfected "away beyond the blue."

#### WHOLESALE AGENTS.

The following firms will supply country dealers South and West:—  
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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

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Address: "Banner of Light," Boston, Mass.

Colby, Forster & Co.

The reader will find an able letter under our "Correspondence" head, from Elizabeth Doten, in reply to the remarks of our Troy correspondent, published in our paper of the 12th inst.

#### HOW DOES VIRTUE COME?

"Kant makes virtue consist in self-government—Schleiermacher in self-development; the former makes virtue a struggle, the latter a harmony; the former holds by the Roman idea, the other by the Greek; the one is more akin to the law of the Old Testament, the other to the love of the New."

The day has been when the former had the right; the day is now drawing near when the latter shall have the right. In the last two thousand years the Old Testament teachings have been practically lived, and the New Testament teachings only theoretically taught. We venture the prophecy that in the immediate coming future the New Testament teachings will be practically lived, and the Old Testament teachings, so far as they relate to human laws and their penalties, man's judgment and condemnation, the resistance of evil and human sacrifice, a God of vengeance and eternal damnation, will be cast off as an old garment no longer fit for use, and go back to the mouldy graves of oblivion. The beautiful precepts of the meek and lowly Jesus by the practical disciples of the Old Testament have been by words wretchedly perverted and wofully contorted; their simple beauty has been woven into every conceivable form of mysticism, and their letter killed by the exposition of men. They have been fully accepted in words, but rejected in toto, in deeds; they have not entered the hearts, but have only reached the lips of men. But in this age of the world the human soul is unfolding a capacity to receive and live the love that Jesus taught. The Jewish dispensation is waning and the Christian era is dawning. "The human laws, as we may justly call those of the Old Testament, are weakening and dying, and the laws of love are strengthening and springing forth to take their place. The former is fittingly adapted to a lower condition of human life, the latter to a higher; the former was necessary once, the latter is necessary now; the former was well and proper, in time and place—the latter is in time and place, and in a higher condition of human life must unfold greater power and beauty. Virtue has come by self-government—now virtue shall come by self-development; virtue has come by the resistance of evil—now it shall come with harmony of soul; man has been forced to right by law—now he shall come to right by invitations of love. To the soul of love there is no feeling of condemnation, there is no hatred, no desire to have the unfortunate punished and ourselves rewarded. Love demands no reward for what it gives; it asks not tears for tears, it never returns evil for evil, injury for injury; it gives not pain for pain received; it asks not a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye, but all its debts for good or evil are paid in kindly deeds. The time is near when the Gospel of love shall possess the souls of men; when men shall see the holy influence of Christ's spirit and power made manifest in human hearts. And this manifestation shall be practical; men will love to act and do, and profession will be cast off as a thing of use no longer, for deeds will speak—deeds made not by struggle, but by the influence of love.

Thus virtue shall spring forth from self-harmony—self-development shall take the place of self-government.

There is no fault to find with human life in the past; it has had its period of growth and development; it has not been a wrong, or an accident, but in obedience to laws, under the Ruling Power that controls all things; all proper, in place and well adapted; in harmony with the unalterable laws that govern matter and spirit.

We say that God is wise, and all his works are in wisdom; and how pleasant it shall be when our souls are strong enough to trust in him with a sure confidence—when our actions shall speak as our lips now do, "that he doeth all things well."

#### SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE UNIVERSE.

A correspondent of the Trumbet, in speaking of Rev. Mr. Chapin's sermon, delivered to an overflowing house in the Quaker City, on the 8th inst., said:

"Angels must have rejoiced over his delivery, and the spirits of departed ones—Murray, Winchester, Ballou, and a host of others—have viewed the scene with hallowed satisfaction."

#### THE WORLD'S HEROES.

Mankind has, from earliest time, delighted to create, to crown, and to eulogize heroes. It has not been overjudicious, either, in selecting them. Its definition of the word heroism, has differed very little from that of the word Success. Many a true patriot, many an earnest lover of his country, many a patient toiler, has struggled unsuccessfully towards the achievement of a noble object, and, overcome in the unaided battle, found rest in a nameless and unremembered grave, while triumphal arches have been raised, and eloquent music resounded through the streets, to welcome the march of one of the world-heroes, whose abilities, and whose virtues, if weighed in the scales of Justice, beside those of the same world's martyr, would be lighter than the down of the thistle. Kings, princes and leaders of conquering armies, have been met by the exultant shouts of an excited populace, whose less deserving of such applause than the most humble soldier trudging wearily in the ranks. Pomp and power, with their gaudy accessories, have too often flashed before the eyes, and dazzled the judgment of those from whom all power should spring. The individuality of man has been sunk in this recognition of some new favorite. Individual thought has been absorbed in this enthusiastic hero worship, and the right of each man to weigh calmly, and judge dispassionately of the principles and the actions of those who aspire to be leaders, swallowed up in the unthinking excitement of the hour. So it is, that the people go on smiling, while the treacherous web is weaving about them, and their dreaming way seems strewn with flowers, until the links are completed, and the cry, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson," awakes them from their sleep, to find the hero whom they, in their blindness, have crowned with the laurel, wearing the purple, and wielding the sceptre of the tyrant. And in every department of life it is still the same. The never-ending thirst for power extends through all the ramifications of society. It develops itself in the child, before it can stand upright with steadiness, and is the last thought which vanishes with the breath of the grey-beard, sinking into the dust in second childhood. Watchfulness the most unceasing is required to frustrate the ends and aims of those who seek to ride over and trample down the rights of their fellows. Freedom should be Argus-eyed. The first fawning approach of the sycophantic candidate should be weighed with wary discrimination as truly as the advancing footsteps of world-crushing Tyranny. No time exists for slumber at the outskirts, for the enemy is crafty and sly as the fox. Only one motto should be inscribed upon the banners of a people jealous of their rights, and that, "The price of Liberty is eternal vigilance!"

#### THE CONVENTION AT RUTLAND, VT.—OUR REPORT—OUR NEXT ISSUE.

It is understood that Henry C. Wright will open the Convention at Rutland, on Friday, the 25th, at 2 P. M. His subject will be "the authority of the Individual Soul, versus all external authority."

Preliminary business will be settled on the morning of the same day. For the benefit of our friends who may desire to attend, we clip the following from the Age:—

"Ample accommodations will be made to feed and lodge all who may be desirous of attending the Convention. Arrangements have been made with the different railroads to carry for half fare. Special trains will be run on the Rutland and Burlington, Rutland and Washington, and Western Vermont roads. Our friends from Boston and vicinity who wish to be at the Convention on the morning of the first day, will buy their tickets through to Rutland, and take the P. M. train Thursday, June 24th. On the Cheshire Railroad they will be furnished with return checks from Rutland to Fitchburg. Those who leave Boston on the first train Friday morning, will arrive in Rutland at 2.30 P. M. Rooms and board have been secured at hotels, boarding houses and in private families, from 50 cents to \$1.25 per day. Those wishing to engage rooms beforehand will please make application by letter to John Landon and Newman Weeks, General Committee.

The celebrated Hutchinson Family will be present and enliven the occasion with their songs."

As this Convention promises to be of interest to Spiritualists, we have concluded to send a representative, who will furnish us with a report of the speeches, suitable for a newspaper, and give us such other items of interest which may occur there, as will be of benefit to our cause and our readers.

We have nothing to prefer in our own behalf; but if any persons think the BANNER will meet the demands of their spirits, they will find our reporter ready to add their names to our already large list of subscribers.

As Monday, the fifth of July, is our regular day of going to press, and as the Anniversary of our Country's Independence will be celebrated on that day, we may be obliged to defer going to press until Tuesday; in which case we shall be enabled to give our report in full in our next paper—otherwise we shall give all we can of it, reserving the balance for the succeeding issue.

Cars leave the Fitchburg depot for Rutland at 7.12 and 11 A. M. The fare from Boston to Rutland is \$4.75. It is expected a deduction will be made in the return ticket, so the fare from Boston to the Convention and back will be \$6.30.

#### THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

It was expected that the British and American steamships, Agamemnon and Niagara, would leave England on the 9th inst., to commence the great work of laying the submarine cable. If these vessels did not leave until the 10th, they must have halted in mid-ocean at least by the 16th, and certainly by the 17th, when the two sections of the cable were spliced, and the ships started off, each in an opposite direction, for home.

By next week, probably, the intelligence will reach us whether this gigantic undertaking has proved successful or not. If it should, a thrill of joy would run through the hearts of the people of two continents. The two ships had previously made experimental trips with the cable, to test certain theories respecting the best and safest manner of paying out and splicing, and with perfect success; all the machinery worked well, and the splicing was effected without the least difficulty.

Unless the Niagara—which is on her way to our shores—should be so unfortunate as to encounter an iceberg off Newfoundland, which is thought to be one of the most serious dangers to be apprehended, we shall, without doubt, hear of the success of this undertaking by the 4th of July. That would be indeed a fitting event to signalize on that particular day; when our rejoicings could be conscientiously and heartily mingled, that our Freedom was now to be given to all the nations of the earth.

It is believed that the present period is the best of the whole year in which to set out with such an enterprise. At this time the ocean is freest from

storms, the greatest tranquillity prevailing to assist the work. The moment it is known that the work is accomplished, the feeling of public joy will manifest itself in a way rarely witnessed. The first message sent across the ocean will mark a new and bright era in the history of the world.

#### S. T. MUNSON, OUR NEW YORK AGENT, AT RUTLAND CONVENTION.

Mr. Munson, of New York, Dealer in Spiritual Books and Periodicals, at No. 5 Great Jones street, writes us that he will be at the Rutland Convention this week, and will be prepared to furnish the BANNER to those who wish it.

#### MR. WHITING IN WOBURN.

Mr. Whiting, who is now lecturing in Boston, on Sundays, will speak in the Town Hall, Woburn, on Wednesday evening, the 23d of June, at 7.12 P. M.

#### OLIVER BAON.

In our next paper we shall publish the message from this spirit, which has been called for by friends. We intended to have taken it from its course and given it in this number, but have not succeeded.

## Correspondence.

#### ELIZABETH DOTEN TO OUR TROY CORRESPONDENT.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:—  
GENTLEMEN—The persuasive appeal of your "Troy correspondent," for me, to "let the light shine," has touched an answering chord. I trust I shall be excused, however, if, in a friendly way, I am slightly personal.

When the one-sided and partial communication to the "Boston Recorder," concerning my supposed apostasy, first made its appearance before the public, and before I had time to correct it, I received many letters from interested individuals—some of them entire strangers to me—inquiring as to the facts of the case. All these letters were courteous and kind. Even while supposing that the reported renunciation was real and entire, there was not a shadow of condemnation in their words. They only wished to know my reasons why, and appealed to me first, before expressing their opinions to the public. The only solitary instance where I received judgment without a fair hearing, was from your "Troy correspondent."

Now brother, sister, friend, or whoever you may be, (for your signature leaves me in uncertainty,) I would say to you in all the kindness and sincerity of a Christian woman, who desires the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—that thus it should not be. The old rule of the early Christians is equally good in these days—"If thou hast aught against thy brother 'or sister,' first make known the fault between thee and her alone." &c. For the sake of that Spiritualism which we both profess to believe and honor, and which, by its progressive power, will continually lead us to higher points of view and different modes of action, let us express the opinions not only of one another, but of all sects and denominations who may differ from us—it matters not how widely—and not pronounce them "uncharitable" until we have the most convincing proof that they are so.

If, by accepting Spiritualism, we bind ourselves to conform to the opinions of the majority, and not to obey our own intuitions of right, then we have only got up a new school of sectarianism, and instead of making any upward and onward progress, have only completed another toilsome circle in the narrow limits of our old bushel. We are only cherishing the bigotry and dogmatism of the past in a new guise, and ere long, Spiritualism will become as galling and oppressive to all truly progressive souls, as would be the formalities of the Romish Church, or the articles of the old-fashioned Calvinistic creed.

Thus, however, I have not interpreted Spiritualism in its highest sense. To me it is full of the largest moral and intellectual freedom, and I feel that it will not have accomplished its legitimate work, until all men and women are so harmoniously developed, as to become entirely passive and fitting mediums for the Lord of all! Therefore it is, that I stand firmly in my present resolution—to preserve my individuality, and to yield the temple of my body to no other spirit than my own. For this reason also, and others which I am yet to state, I said, that "if the Angel Gabriel himself were to stand by my side, and thus desire to communicate, I should say, 'Gabriel, speak for thyself,'" and I will add further, by way of explanation, that if, without invading my "form of clay," he would,

"Whisper to my inward ear,  
Lower soft and low,"

I would say to the people—"A being purporting to be the Angel Gabriel speaks to me thus and so. I give you the communication as it was given to me. Accept it with caution, criticize it, analyze it, and prove it by all your known rules of right. If it stands the test, it is well; but if not, reject it, or lay it upon the table for future consideration, as you may deem proper. In taking this position, however, I do not deny that disembodied spirits can thus take possession of a willing medium. I am at present sharply criticizing that particular phenomenon in my own experience and in that of others, and I claim for myself sufficient time and opportunity to form an opinion, before I make a final decision. It was upon this point, that, as I said, I felt myself obliged to modify (not change) my opinions, after attending the lectures of Prof. Grimes. I did not say, as has been reported, that 'I feared I had been under a delusion,' but on the contrary, declared in an unqualified manner, that I would not deny the word of the past. I left it as an open question, to be decided by future examination. I also said, that 'in view of the fact of my own physical weakness, and that we might be so easily self-deceived, as had been clearly illustrated to us in the lectures, that I was unwilling to become the medium of any other spirit than my own,' presenting at the same time the acknowledgment of my moral responsibility—as whatever might be said through me, even though upon the authority of another spirit, yet I should consider myself responsible for passively yielding to and inviting the influence. I did not however deny the possibility of such possession. I had learned to be cautious, and therefore I claimed the privilege of stopping outside of such an influence, that I might look it more clearly in the face. This was only for myself, however; and if any one is desirous of finding fault, let it be with me, and not with any other medium, or with the Spiritualists as a body. This attempt to 'speak by the spirits,' is my individual experiment, and I alone stand responsible. I did not say, moreover, that 'henceforth I should speak only in my natural and conscious state,' but I did say, that 'I would speak only from the interior or trance state,' which has been confirmed to me by long experience, and from which I have derived the highest mental and moral benefit. In regard to my attend-

ance upon the lectures of Prof. Grimes, I would say to all those who are disposed to doubt my sincerity on that account, that if Satan himself should come to Plymouth to lecture against Spiritualism, I should certainly give him a fair hearing—because, thereby, I should understand, by distinction, why I believed as I did. I think it is Carlyle, who says, that 'to honestly believe a thing, we must first have disbelieved it, and reasoned against it;' and, although I cannot go quite so far, yet I do know, that in order to believe a thing wisely and sincerely, we must first take a view of it from the opposing side. Otherwise our judgment is partial and prejudiced, and we are likely to fall into the weakness of believing a thing because we like it, and not because we know it to be true. I do not assume that it is any uncommon gift, when I say that I can grant people an attentive hearing, and give them credit for all their solid attainments, without endorsing one of their faults or follies. To say that Prof. Grimes's manner and mode of expression were at variance with my conceptions of a true scholar and a gentleman, and did not meet my approbation, would be only intruding my individual taste upon the public, for which it is not to be expected that the public cares. But, although this was a fact, yet I could not consistently find fault, for, as Lessing says—"Every man has his own style, as he has his own nose, and the public has no right to amputate any nose," however much it may depart from the most approved pattern. In relation to this point also, allow me to quote the words of an article, given as an editorial, I think, upon the first column—fourth page of the "Banner":—

"There is a great demand for charity in construing other persons' views. They do not see just as we do, and it is a part of their character that they should not; we have no need to get angry about it, but rather all the more need to consider their peculiar views when making up opinions for ourselves."

From the Professor's experiments, and not from his "assertions," did I become cautious concerning certain points of Spiritualism which admitted of self-delusion. Many persons from the audience—my own townsmen, and with whom I had long been acquainted, went forward as subjects for his experiments. He caused them to write under the influence of supposed spirits—to see their departed friends in the other world, and to converse with them—to affirm that they heard raps where there were none, and that they saw the table rise when it did not, and finally, to tip the table to the floor by their own strength, while they declared that they exerted their power to the contrary, and to all appearance did so. It may be urged in reply, that these were only the old experiments in Mesmerism and Biology. That is very true; but if the human mind under any circumstances, may not the same thing happen to some degree in the manifestations of Spiritualism? and if so, how far?

Now, if while loving and adhering to Spiritualism in all sincerity, I am to be condemned for supposing its fallibility in any point, I must submit. "Am I wrong, or am I not?" "I pause for a reply."

In conclusion I would say as a matter of self-defense, that I am perfectly willing to answer any communications upon this subject; but since my pen and my needle minister to my daily necessities, I hope no one will enroach farther upon my time than is actually necessary.

Yours respectfully,  
ELIZABETH DOTEN.

PLYMOUTH, JUNE 14th, 1858.

We refer the readers of the above letter, to an article in another column, from the talented pen of Mr. Joel Tiffany, the well known lecturer and writer on Spiritualism, and editor of the monthly bearing his name, in which is briefly set forth the distinction between the psychological and spiritual trance phenomena.

#### LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, June 19, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Notwithstanding the hot season is upon us, our lecture rooms continue to be well filled. Dodworth is flourishing. The pay-system—restricted to Sabbath evenings—works well; and the hall is often crowded. Mrs. A. J. Davis speaks there to-morrow, and will be succeeded by Dr. Hallock on the following Sunday; after which A. J. Davis is engaged for several successive weeks. That veteran in the ranks concludes a course of lectures at Clinton Hall, Brooklyn, to-morrow. Though always a clear and forcible speaker, his recent efforts in this city have been found unusually attractive, and hence his re-engagement.

Mr. Harris's meetings are also well attended. His great work—the Arcana of Christianity—still lags. The last sheets are just being impressed, and the binder has still to do his work, so that its advent on the external plane, and visibility to the public eye, is hardly to be anticipated before the first of July. I have had the satisfaction of looking over some of the proofs, and from these, and information otherwise derived, am able to give a brief account of it in advance.

The volume is a heavy octavo of near five hundred pages, divided into Introduction, the Arcana proper, and Appendix. All these, though differing greatly in scope and object, are equally important. The Introduction spreads out before the reader the present condition of this world, as seen from the standpoint of the Heavens; and contains arguments, deemed conclusive, in favor of Christianity as opposed to Pantheism. The body of the work unfolds the arcana contained in the first chapter of Genesis, and embraces a general survey of Creation, of the natural and spiritual world, and the nature, condition and destiny of man. The third part, or appendix, is large enough for a volume by itself; and comprises material most various, and most extraordinary in kind. It narrates a series of combats with the demons of the Infernal World, who appear on the stage with all the reality and substantiality of poets, philosophers, artists and gentlemen; and veil their perverted natures under the garb of sumptuous rhetoric and specious images and thoughts. They speak in all sorts of verse. They personate Moore, Byron, Wordsworth, Goethe, etc.; and at will take the shapes of virtuous women, as well as eminent men. They sing drinking songs, or preach morals; are witty, or profound; uproarious in their mirth, or tearful and despairing. At length the scene changes. A superior influence comes over them, compelling them to unveil their delusions, and reveal their real condition; and the rank and file fall back, and leave their Chief—the Ruling Spirit of the Plot—to combat with the Seer. He personates Goethe; and produces three additional and sublime acts to the immortal drama of Faust. But ere he concludes, the superior Divine influence overpowers him; dialogue and catastrophe are changed as they issue from his lips; like the prophet of old, when he came to curse, he finds him-

self compelled to bless; and he closes the drama in a manner very different from what he had intended.

These Poems from the Hells, as to literary merit, are entitled to a very high rank. Scarcely anything in the language will be found to parallel them in splendor of phrase and imagery, or in terribleness of sublimity, wrath and despair. Take the following as a specimen, from one of the Infernal personating Byron:

"Gloomy and terrible as one  
Doomed to expire before the sun,  
For deeds his red right hand had done,  
Who hears the death-bells toll,  
And spurns the craven priest away,  
And like a lion turns at bay,  
My spirit left its house of clay,  
And leaps the thundering ocean spray,  
To its appointed goal.  
I rest not—rest I never cease;  
As Brutus in the tragedy,  
From murdered Caesar sought to flee,  
So rest forever flies from me;  
Would God that I were dead."

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subject to the other of them; and they are as dissimilar as is the substance from the shadow—the real from the imaginative—and no one familiar with both classes can mistake the one for the other. Professor Grimes, understanding the nature and philosophy of psychologic impressions, cannot understand the nature and philosophy of spiritual manifestations, and honestly confound them, the one with the other.

Those who are the subjects of both classes of the phenomena, know that mere psychologic impressions never continue or appear to be real beyond the duration of the influence making the impression. The magic word, "All right," restores the subject to a sense of the unreal and unsubstantial character of the impression; and they are in no danger of being imposed upon by its supposed actuality. Not so with the influence of that which is denominated spiritual. Spiritual phenomena, both physical and mental, have all the reality of fact; and that sense of the real continues after the power and influence have gone by.

Professor Grimes knows that however much he may impress the mind of his subject that he or she is having intercourse with spirits of the departed, and may cause them to appear to see and converse with them, or to obtain manifestations in any other way, the moment he withdraws his influence, a full knowledge of the deception comes to the mind of the subject, and no argument could make him or her think the manifestation to be real. The reason for this I will not set forth in this article, because it would require too much space. I only wish to call the attention to the fact which all ought to know.

There are other differences between the so-called spiritual and psychologic states, which I will not notice in a future article; for the present I only wish to direct attention to this one, *Spiritual phenomena seem to be real to the mediums and others, after the influence has passed away; psychologic phenomena do not seem to be real, beyond the continuance of the impressing influence.* Let Professor Grimes and his school explain this, and then I will give them further problems, so as to keep them busy—and out of mischief.—(?)

J. TIFFANY.

## Meetings in Boston.

THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL,  
Sunday Morning, June 20.

[ABSTRACT REPORT.]

At an early hour there was assembled at this place a large congregation of liberal, intelligent, noble men and women, to hear a noble man speak noble thoughts; a man who does not first think that he is safe, while others are in danger; a man who fears not his brother man, or a God of love; a man who emphatically "is not afraid," for in his soul has sprung up a love, made manifest, that has cast out all fear.

The exercises commenced by a voluntary from the choir, after which was sung the hymn, beginning—  
"Thou whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard."

PRAYER.

Oh, thou Infinite Presence, who occupiest all space and all time. We see unto thee, in whom we live, and move, and have our being. We would, in the light of thy love and beneficence, spread out our joys and our sorrows, and with continued cleansing of our hands, and growing goodness of heart, we would give thee our worship.

Oh, God, thou our Father and our Mother,—in thy arms of love we are cared for and loved, and may the words of our Mother, spoken in all nature, be acceptable to us.

We thank thee for all the blessings that thou givest us from day to day; for the material world all around us, clad in beauty; for the sun pouring down its light and heat; for the earth, clad in its green luxuriance, covering hills and valleys, the green foliage hanging from the trees, growing in beauty, and for all the various beauties of the earth, that spring forth everywhere for the use of man, we thank thee.

We thank thee for the fruit hanging from the waving branches, which branches wave for thee. We thank thee for the other world of beauty that awaits us. We thank thee for the human world—for the glorious nature thou hast given us, for mind and intelligence above the beast, and all things subservient to us—for all our talents and powers we thank thee. We thank thee that while we earn our daily bread, we earn, too, the bread of life that lives forever; for the education that comes from the process of honest labor. We bless thee for the great human heart by which we live, making us dear to all the sweet alliances whereby the world is bound in one. We thank thee for the soul, that shall forever grow in love and nearness to thee. We thank thee for the history that thou hast given us—the advancement of the world—that thou has led us thus far in that destination appointed for all—for the truths taught by men of talent and lives of piety, wherein they were strengthened and made glad. We thank thee that we walk now in peaceful paths once slippery with the blood of our fathers. And we bless thee also for that divine world, that transcendent world, the abode of spirit disembodied, where abide those who have gone before us, that they all are safe. For thyself we thank thee that thou fillest all space and matter; for thy righteousness, justice, goodness and love, and watchfulness and care over us. We pray for that love that caeth out every fear—for deeper piety and humility, that shall cast out lust and pride, and tame the power of ambition. May we use this world of nature to build up the noble stature of truth until we shall attain the stature of perfect manhood—until thy loving kindness shall be manifest in every heart; and hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever and ever, amen.

SERMON.

Mr. Parker gave the following text: "Is not this the carpenter's son?"

My sermon to-day and three following, excepting a discourse on the fourth of July, will be on the subject of Jesus of Nazareth.

The seventh century after Christ, a poor Arabian pedlar fled from Mecca to save his life. From this event, called the Hجرة, the Mussulmans compute time. Now many millions believe in Mohammed, among which are yellow, brown, and black. Mohammed has ten times as many followers as Christ. A low, ignorant, obscure, degraded man—a liar, thief, and deceiver, springs up in a later day, and

founds a great sect by his *Mormon Bible*, written by a sick clergyman. He gathers men and women, some even the most enlightened, and his followers have grown to a mighty strength, such as to set defiance to the powers of the Government of the United States.

Three men, Moses, Mohammed and Joe Smith have set their mills on the great river of God, and the power and swiftness of the currents turn the wheels. Jesus of Nazareth, who it is said was born in a country barn, is now worshiped by two hundred and fifty millions of intelligent men.

We depend mainly for our knowledge of Christ upon the record of Matthew, Mark and Luke. In these three gospels is the same historical record, attributing to Christ the same character. Yet these gospels are anonymous works written by—nobody knows who. It is plain that the gospel attributed to John was not written by him. None of the canonical writings are reliable or trustworthy. The sayings of the Old Testament were written near the end of the first century. The later Jews and early Christians were exceedingly dishonest in their literature. Many books, written by other authors, they attributed to themselves. Passages in Josephus, relating to the history of Christ, are the interpolation of some Christian hands.

David was a popular king, who sat on the Hebrew throne. He was in the midst of wars and tribulation. The nation believed in God, and never despaired. It was prophesied a king should descend to occupy the throne, who would restore peace and prosperity, justice and obedience, who should appease God's wrath, and bring the reign of love. At first he was called by no name; then the Son of David, the Anointed, the Messiah, etc. The expectation of the coming and of the glory of this king, became more and more extravagant. When Jesus was already on earth, this Messiah was still expected; the troubles of the times were the signs of his coming; his star was to rise in the heaven, and it was thought that he was only kept back by the sins of the people. He was expected to come suddenly, like the lightning. And when he came, they expected that the Devil would be destroyed, and the religion of the past would be established; and the Messiah would establish his kingdom, gather the Jewish church unto himself, and shut out all others.

The book of Daniel is evidently spurious. This had much to do in shaping the people's expectations of Christ. At this time the world was in great confusion. The religious element in man is never satisfied; the old hollow forms failed to satisfy the people; they counted themselves the favored of God, and it was not strange that the expectations of the coming Messiah should be miraculous.

Joseph and Mary lived in a little place, so obscure that it was not once mentioned in the Old Testament. It may be Jesus was born in Nazareth, though the record seems invented to make the Old Testament true.

Christ had an uncommon amount of education; a great nature which triumphed over all educational difficulties. A great, living soul does not graduate at colleges, but colleges graduate at such souls. His intellect was extraordinary, instinctive, reflective and poetic. In argument he was shrewd and subtle; eminently eloquent—had the power of putting large truths in the simplest form. He had a clear comprehension and a distinct perception of all nature. He was a natural man; like the spontaneous loveliness of nature possessing the beauty of the wild flower or the star. His spiritual grandeur was large in his moral, and less in his intellectual. He instinctively detested wrong and hypocrisy. His power of religious emotion seemed intense.

John went about, and called on men to repent. He preached against the popular religion. Jesus became one of his converts; was baptized of him, and began to preach the gospel of the kingdom: He preached the work of reform, as all reformers do, against existing religions. The conductors of the Hebrew religion did not wish to have their religion reformed or purified.

Christ omitted to fast on certain days, and ate when he was hungry; ate, too, with unwashed hands, and with publicans and sinners, and worked on the Sabbath day; heeding no established religious ceremonies, forms or rules, but summed up religion in two words, "Love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself." Christ evidently expected a miraculous manifestation of God's power; he taught his followers to resist not evil; that he could pray to his Father, and a legion of angels would come; he taught them to take no thought for the morrow. These things seem miraculous.

The Jews had law enough to condemn Christ, but they seized him without law, and murdered him without the condemnation of the law; and the cross has been the sign of overbearing contempt at the ignominious deed. Christ claimed to be the Hebrew Messiah; this claim gave him a hearing by the multitude; but he was rejected by the Hebrew leaders, who still looked for the coming of the Messiah, who never came and never will. Next, Christ professed miraculous power, which drew crowds to hear him. The love of the miraculous is large in mankind. What crowds of people will go to hear a man who professes to call up a ghost! Jesus promised miraculous power to all men—that those who believe should take up serpents, and drink any poisonous thing, and it should not hurt them—that they should lay hands on the sick and they should be healed. This promised miraculous power drew together crowds of men. His intellectual power, skill and eloquence put his teachings into the simplest forms of speech. He taught that God was still alive in times past, and some of his children were fishermen and carpenters, and all men were brothers. He taught forgiveness; Though your brother trespass against you seventy times seven, forgive him. He taught that there was a devil and a hell; he taught practical love and kindness to be manifested to one another. No man before Christ had taught such natural piety and religion as he taught—a religion so well adapted to the natural uprising of the instinctive soul.

His noble character, his search after truth, his love of justice, made him point out the hypocrite; who said, "Father, I thank thee that I am not as other men," and approve the poor publican, who, afar off, raised an humble, undisguised petition—"God be merciful to me, a sinner."

He saw great, showy men go into the temple, and cast in their treasure with a heavy sound, and he saw the poor widow, too, cast in her mite, when he said that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all. Yea to him was the offer of incense; he said, turn your back upon it; and go and make peace with your brother. While the Jews saw not beyond the grave, the heavens were opened to his view, Christ had a mighty influence upon men. He was

the truest and the boldest among the reformers of religion on earth, and through him came whisperings of the sweetest accents of peace, love, and good will to man.

### MRS. HATCH AT THE MELODEON.

On Sunday morning Mrs. Hatch took for the theme of her discourse, the 19th verse of the 3d chapter of Peter—"He went and preached unto the souls in prison."

She said,—In explanation of this, the 20th verse continues—"Which sometimes were disobedient, when once they long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing." Though the book of Peter is not so well authenticated as to prove that Christ visited the souls in prison, yet it does prove the existence of the idea of the salvation of those souls who had their being prior to the time of Noah. Of the book, we have nothing to say, except that we see no proof that it was ever written by the Apostle Peter. It was written by some one who desired to perpetuate some incident in the life of Christ—and to him we are thankful for our text. It has long been the custom for Catholic priests to pray souls out of purgatory, influenced to do so by the hard-earned money of their people; and who knows but some Romish monk conceived the idea of Christ's visiting the souls in prison, to deeper impress upon the minds of his listeners the efficacy of his own prayers? But, however this may be, it is in substance the same. If there is any evidence in the sacred book that the soul progresses after death, then the philosophy of Spiritualism is proved true.

The great characterizing feature of Christ was love, for God, and for humanity; but his spirit of love was not known till he had passed away, nor was his gentle influence estimated rightly, till years after his death. We have the record of his birth, but here we lose sight of him for twelve years, when he again appears. We have very little knowledge of him in the record of his life in the New Testament, from the time of his birth, till he applies to John to be baptized. Suffice it to say, we believe he was preparing himself, during all this time, for the performance of those miracles, and perfecting the pure doctrine of Christianity. Where crime, disease and misery, had set their seal, there was Jesus. Sometimes his preaching was in words, but oftener in deeds of kindness and love. He preached, then, to all those spirits who were in the prison-houses of sin and ignorance. On the cross, in his dying hour, he said to the malefactor by his side—"This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." His love for humanity never forsook him. He who was the founder of Christianity, never had a church or a creed.

There is one truth we wish impressed upon the minds of all who hear us to-day; it is this—the souls which have passed on to the other world, can never there exist in so low a hall that the influence of Christ cannot reach them. According to our text, even those who lived with Noah, and who had dwelt in the prison-houses of sin ever since, were not so low but that Christ should go and preach to them, to ennoble and elevate them. Among the ten thousand million souls that Orthodoxy has condemned to everlasting misery, there is not one so lost that Christ cannot reclaim him. Even those who are on earth denied home and country—those who transgressed against their physical natures; are released from their prison-bars, and taught a step forward. Have you ever thought that though they may have lain in hell thousands of years, the spirit of Christ will yet reach them all?

You have always been taught that angels guarded the good and true. But it is not the pure alone who can receive the lessons of angels. No man has ever yet out himself free from the old church of idolatry and superstition, but has received encouragement from the angel-spheres. You who are so pure that you cannot touch the garments of those beneath you, remember that it is not always those who are amiable in the eyes of the world—not always those who give the most in charity, or are loudest in protestations against sin and wrong—who are recipients of messages from the angelic world; but those who have tasted of the gall and wormwood of life—whose lot has been sickness and disease, and, perchance, sin and sorrow, and who look upon the earth life only as the depth of despair,—such as these are the recipients of the kind words of soothing from the spirit-spheres. Those who are conscious of their goodness and purity, have enough in that consciousness to urge them on; but those who have been possessed of all the evils of the earth-life—false religion, bigotry, superstition, sin and disease—need the presence of the Saviour, and to these he comes. He comes to-day, when the loving one can grasp the hand of the friend from beyond the tomb.

Those who make one misstep in earth-life, are condemned to a lower walk in the spirit world. In this condemnation, Spiritualists and Christians strike hands, and make common cause. The Orthodox Christians condemn nine-tenths of all creation to everlasting punishment, reserving themselves as the other tenth, for heaven.

Remember that all is not in the theory of Spiritualism. You sit to receive communications from your brother, or your sister, but are not satisfied to hold converse with one whom you call evil or undeveloped. You forget that you are to visit the souls in prison and lead them forth to a higher plane, and so you treat them as unwelcome guests, and deny them even a word of cheer or encouragement. Let those who will not investigate Spiritualism for fear of coming in contact with evil ones, remember that if truth and purity find an abiding place in their own hearts, they have nothing to fear. You say, that in God's own good time, he will relieve them. We say, that good time is come, and you are the instruments of carrying out his work. Visit not only those who are in your jails and penitentiaries, but those who are morally in prison. There are those who blend religion with morality, so far as God is concerned, and, on the other hand, keep morality apart from religion, so far as society is concerned. Again, visit those who are socially in bondage. We mean not those who are bound to society, or to popular opinion willfully—who have shut their prison-door and looked it, and thrown the key over the wall for society to keep. They are not prepared. But visit those whom society has condemned—those who, through one misstep are bowing beneath the scoffs and blows of society, and even those who revel nightly in midnight debauchery, the lowest of the low. Visit all those who have been disobedient—and those whose souls have been sold, drop by drop, to Mammon. Their chains are galling, and they beg you for relief. Extend the hand of sympathy and brotherly affection—take the poor Magdalen by the hand, you Christian ladies, you Spiritualists, who are so conscious of your own purity. If you are pure, no Magdalen can harm you. Visit all such souls in their prison,

and the coronet of your spirituality will be filled with brighter gems.

Never while the dirge shall meet to listen to raps, to see tables tip—never while spirit mediums or trance-speakers are giving their services to the world, unless they tell its great principles, will Spiritualism be what it is. When men and women are Spiritualists, they shall take its truths, and not its fanaticisms, into their places of business, into society, and into the church. Then Spiritualism shall be what it is. Then men shall not speak angel and act demon; then they shall not speak love and act hate. The Christian church calls up Jesus, and then follows Moses; calls upon God, and serves the devil; preaches virtue, and practices vice. Spiritualists as well, preach what they do not practice. But Christianity and Spiritualism are bound together. If Christianity does not exist in Spiritualism, it does not exist at all. There is no dividing line between the two. The crowning virtue of Christianity is its love towards those in darkness. The crowning virtue of Spiritualism is that it extends over all humanity. It visits the souls in prison, and opens the door shut against them. Take this life home to your hearts, and though you may not read with confidence the writings of Peter, remember that it contains one lesson of love; and though the Bible, the church, and society, are rooted up and overthrown, that great principle will remain till not one soul is chained in the despair of sin.

### MR. WHITING'S DISCOURSES.

The subject of Mr. Whiting's afternoon discourses was—"Hope and Memory." He maintained that these impulses were as eternal as the soul itself, else were the experiences of the earth-life in vain—that the memory of the past is an incentive to progress in the future, and that hope draws us near to an appreciation of the purest works and attributes of God—that ignorance was the parent of all vice while wisdom was the father of all virtue—that all ideas on earth have their origin in truth; so does the idea of man's eternal punishment contain some germs of truth—that memory of the wrongs of the past, and the ignorance and selfishness of the present, is apt to make man misanthropic; but hope comes to plature to the soul the better day in store, and re-views the drooping spirit—that change was the great march of nature, and its watchword is "Onward, still onward"—though we have the record of lost cities and lost nations, we have no history in heaven of a lost soul—that cause and effect is but another name for justice, and memory another name for reward and punishment. If you do all you can for your fellow men on earth, you need have no fear of any fetters against you in the after-life.

No committee being chosen, the controlling power selected as a subject for an improvisation, "The first return of the spirit to earth after death."

In the evening his subject was the influence of Spiritualism on the world without—its influence on the minds of other ages, and on the literature of the present day.

The world has always recognized the interference of a superior order of intelligence upon man—whether as magi, peri, genii, demons, devils, gods, or demigods. People of all countries have recognized these supernatural agents—yet there is nothing supernatural; all manifestations from the spirit world are in strict accordance with nature, and are made supernatural only by the superstition and ignorance of man. However the stretch of the imagination in the marvelous tales of the Arabian Nights, the great truth lies at the bottom of them all.

Not a poet ever lived who did not in some way recognize the influence of spirits upon the lives of mortals. Confucius, who is now regarded almost as a divine being by the Chinese, recognized this theory, thousands of years before it had reached the religion upon which we build to-day. Pythagoras, too, who was looked upon as associating with the gods, recognizes the same great truth. Mozart, the great composer, was warned by a spirit visitation to write his greatest production—his requiem—and he died shortly after it was done. Shelley, though maligned as an atheist, possessed the highest conception of spirituality. No other example need be instanced than the first-birth of lanthe. The history of Mandred, by Byron, is but the reflex of his own spirit-power. Ossian's works contain some of the most beautiful conceptions of spirit-visitations.

Another influence it has exerted, has been to make the opposing press and pulpit more lenient; and from them you often hear the very expressions borrowed from the spiritual philosophy. Look at the recent sermon by Dr. Tyng, as an example of this. Look for those who a few years ago were the firmest opponents of Spiritualism, and you find the most intelligent of them are now its strongest believers. During the recent revival its influence was visibly felt. You heard more about God's love, and the nearness of the spirit-life, than of the old religion of terror and despair. The spirits urged the Harvard professors forward in their opposition to Spiritualism, that the great good might come out of it—that the literary and scientific world should be awakened to investigate for themselves, and thus understand it better. There is a unanimity among all spirits, in their desire to make earth conscious of their presence.

H. E. Arrington, Esq., chairman of the Committee, then announced for an improvisation, the question asked by Solomon of old—"Is death an eternal sleep?" the turning of which into metrical shape closed the exercises of the evening.

### AMUSEMENTS.

PROMENADE CONCERT.—Crowded galleries greeted Halls' Boston Brass Band, on the occasion of their concert in Music Hall on Thursday evening last. The programme was carried through with great success, and many of the performances called out the heartiest demonstrations of applause. But the chief attractions of the evening lay in the clarinet solo—Thema, with variations—by Rhodolph Hall, and the comic violin solo, by S. K. Conant, both of which executions were pronounced by good judges to be unequalled. Another concert was given on Saturday evening with equal success.

BOSTON THEATRE.—This building was reopened on Monday evening of this week, when the Ronzani Ballet Troupe reappeared, in a new pantomime, entitled "Salvatore Rosa, or the Carnival of Rome." Since their visit here last year, several additions have been made to the company. Miss Lamoreaux, the star of this company, is pronounced the best actress of her kind who ever visited Boston. Unquestionably, the interest excited by this company last season, will be enhanced during their present limited engagement.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—"Liberty Tree" and "Moll Pitcher" have been produced during the past week,

with the tableaux and spectacles incident to them. Wilson had a benefit on Wednesday, and Warren on Friday, evenings, and the friends of each made good the opportunity.

ORDWAY HALL.—The season of Mr. Ordway's Company came to an end last week, and the hall was reopened by Buckley's Minstrels on Monday.

## The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

THE BANNER, for this week, contains its usual variety of choice reading; but we especially call attention to the Message department, (6th page); and to "Life Eternal," (Part Sixth), through the mediumship of Mrs. Adams, (7th page); also, "A Wife to her Husband," (No. 8), which is a beautifully written paper.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July sparkles all over with diamonds. Its contents are: The Catacombs of Rome; Three of Us; What a Wretched Woman said to Me; Songs of the Sea; The Kinloch Estate, and how it was Settled; A Perilous Bivouac; November—April; The Ganche; Mademoiselle's Campaigns; Swan Song of Parson Avery; Denslow Palace; Myrtle Flowers; Chesuncook; Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; epique and entertaining as ever.

We acknowledge the receipt of several new books, which will be attended to in our next paper.

Rev. J. B. Ferguson, of Nashville, Tennessee, has made an engagement to speak for the Spiritualists of St. Louis, for three months.

The Spiritualists of Watkins, N. Y., are about making an effort to commence regular meetings.—*Spiritual Clarion.*

We sometime since copied three or four three line paragraphs from the Clarion's compilation of "spiritual items," similar to the above, and inadvertently accredited one of them to the Vanguard; whereupon, our friends of the Clarion seem mightily annoyed, judging from a paragraph in their last issue. Now, good friends, we would not do you a wrong for the world. We appreciate your arduous labors—we consider your paper an excellent and efficient auxiliary in our holy cause—and we cordially recommend it to our friends everywhere, as a truthful exponent of the beautiful faith we inculcate. Copy anything you please, friend Clarion, from the columns of the Banner—spread the truth as much as possible—we do not ask the slightest "credit" for what we put forth.

If "God made all things," he created Sin.  
The "good book" tells me, "love thy Maker's works."  
Let old Theology sit as my judge,  
And say, if I love Sin, wherein I err;  
Or else reform the creed, and call not "Sin."  
The lower steps of those firm-footed stairs,  
That rest upon eternal things as base,  
And stretch into eternity for base.—J. S. ADAMS.

We learn from Bro. Ripley, of North Turner, Me., that Mrs. J. W. Foster is one of the best healing mediums in that section of the country. He says—"She is doing a great deal in confounding foggyism, and extending rationalism."

ORIENTAL MAXIM.—Ten poor men can sleep tranquilly upon a mat, but no empire is large enough for two kings.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of John S. Adams's compilation of spiritual hymns and music. We have heretofore noticed this book at some length, and again cordially recommend it to the use of spirit-circles and meetings.

We call the particular attention of our readers to the 6th poem, by Whittier, which we copy on our second page. It is, by some called his masterpiece. At any rate, as regards beauty of diction, force of style, and spirituality of thought, we have not seen its equal for many a day.

A late arrival from Cuba states that a coal depot, opposite Havana, was on fire at the time of the departure of the steamer, and damaged to the amount of \$100,000. Yellow fever was prevailing to an alarming extent. Weather wet, and extremely warm.

A philosopher who had married a vulgar, but amiable girl, used to call her "Brown Sugar." Because, he said, she was sweet, but unrefined.

On Friday night last brig Unconline, of Salem, from Philadelphia, via Holmes's Hole, bound home, was run into by the U. S. store-ship Release, cut in two, and sunk in five minutes after the accident occurred. Crew saved.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B. SOUTH GROVELAND.—The messages you refer to, will be published week after next, in due course. We sometimes print a message out of its regular date, at the earnest request of the spirit giving it; but it would make confusion to depart from this rule in other cases.

FRANKLIN, N. H.—We are gratified to learn that our holy cause is rapidly spreading in New Hampshire. "Reporter," your interesting communication shall appear in our next issue.

"H. R. W."—Your favor is on file for publication.

### NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH will lecture at Mercantile Hall, Summer street on Tuesday and Thursday evenings next, at 8 o'clock. On next Sabbath she will speak in the Melodeon at 10 1/2 A. M., on the subject: "Moral Retributive Justice."

Mr. A. B. WHITING will occupy the desk at the Melodeon at 3 and 7 3/4 o'clock, P. M. An improvised poem, upon any subject selected by the audience, will be delivered at the close of each lecture.

Miss H. F. HUNTLEY will lecture in Taunton on Sunday July 4th, and on the subsequent Sabbaths of the month in Quincy. Afterwards she will be ready to receive calls from other friends. Address, Paper Mill Village, N. H.

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

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Winnimot street. D. F. GOODARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

Miss ROSA T. AWARD will speak in Stoneham, Mass., on Tuesday, 22d inst.; in Portland, Me., Sunday, 27th; in Augusta, do, Tuesday, 29th; in Hallowell, do, Thursday, July 1st.

Mr. A. B. WHITING will occupy the desk at the Melodeon at 3 and 7 3/4 o'clock, P. M. An improvised poem, upon any subject selected by the audience, will be delivered at the close of each lecture.

LOUISA MOODY will lecture as follows:—In Portsmouth, N. H., June 27th; Portland, Me., Sunday, July 4th; Bath, Sunday, July 11th; Brunswick, Sunday, July 18th.

Friends in each place are requested to see that no lecture falls for want of needful arrangements. Mr. Moody will act as Agent for the "Banner of Light."

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Well's Hall. Speaking, by mediums and others.

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

SALISBURY.—Meetings are held in Salem for the Spiritualists' Church, Sevel street. The best trance-speakers engaged. Circle in the morning free.

NEWPORT.—Spiritual meetings at Concert Hall—entrance, No. 14 State street. Trance-speaking every Sunday, afternoon and evening; public circles for developments in the morning. All are invited. Admission, 5 cents.

LAURENS.—The Spiritualists of Laurens hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Laurens Hall.

## The Messenger.

**Admission to our Classes.**—A desire on the part of our readers, to make themselves acquainted with the principles which our communications are resolved, induces us to admit a few persons to our classes.

Visitors will not receive communications from their friends, as we do not publish in these columns any message, which could so far as we know, have for its origin, the mind of visitor or medium.

Visitors will not be admitted, except on application at our office, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 1 P. M., each day. No charge is exacted, but all applications for admissions must be made at this office.

**Hints to the Reader.**—Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given to the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light. They are spoken while she is in what is usually denominated "The Trance State," the exact language being written down by us.

They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

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 more than finite beings.

We believe the public should be the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirit, in those columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he is in the mediumship of the spirit world.

The spirit world, governing these manifestations does not pretend to infallibility; but only engages to use his power and knowledge to have truth come through this channel. Perfection is not claimed.

## MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

We wish the friends of Spiritualism, when they read a message which they can verify, to write us to that effect.

We desire simply to state, as soon after publication as practicable, that we have received assurance of its truth, without mentioning the name of the party who has written us. Do not wait for some one else to write us, but take the labor upon your own shoulders. Thus you will enable us to place additional proof before the public.

John Carr, John Barron, James Tykendaal, Mary Gardner, George Corbett, James Ferguson, Betsey Davis.

John H. Cranford, Patrick Murphy, (of Kearney, county of Glamorgan, Ireland, died in Dover, N. H., 1840, at the age of 80 years.)

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dream. It is not much to die, after all—if you could only get rid of the fear attending it, there would be no death. It would be like having some one open a door, and welcome you into a far better apartment than the one you were in. With me, it was like taking a leap over a precipice in the dark. But I saw, as soon as I got there, that Spiritualism was true, and that I could come to earth. In a short time Charles Randall came to me, and asked me how I liked the change. "Very well," said I, "as far as I have got." I did not like to see my friends mourning for me; it seemed as if they kept me to earth by it; that every tear was a chain to bind me to earth, when I should have been soaring away to happiness. I could not think it was right, for everything was so much better than it was with me before.

I have a great desire to do something for my friends; many of them do not know what the immortality of the soul is. I have got to give them correct notions of this, and then tell them what they should do to inherit happiness.

I feel happy—to think that I have a body not subject to aches and pains. Oh, I feel like soaring away, as on eagle wings; perhaps I shall get tired of it after I have been here a little while, but I think not. I do not believe there is a spirit enjoying more freedom than I am.

I have been to one of my friends, but not in the way I came here—this is the first time I have talked as I do here. I have tried to do many things, but have not succeeded as well as this. They told me I would have to put up with many inconveniences if I came to-day. Oh, it's a pity that all the world do not believe in our coming; but when a man has a business to see to, and has no time to investigate, we cannot find fault with him, if he does not believe it.

I am a young convert to Spiritualism—but then I had to die first, and you are lucky that you have believed before you turned over the leaf of the book, which I was obliged to, first. Oh, it's a fine thing to be a spirit—if you don't believe it, try it, but not before you cannot live any longer here; the spirit is guardian over the mortal body, and should see that the body is taken care of and retained in life and health as long as possible. Anybody that knows anything, knows right from wrong, and knows that it is their duty to wait for God to call them home.

I wish I could talk to all my friends, and tell them what I enjoy. Oh, I see thousands who are happier than I, for I have some sad moments at some things which happened in earth life; but there is one blessed thing, there is no hell of fire and brimstone—if there had been, perhaps I might have tasted of it. Not that I deserved it, but if the Orthodox faith be true, I should have been there. Brimstone and coal are things that belong to earth, and if our Orthodox friends would only reflect, they would see they were throwing things into heaven which don't belong there.

Plenty of printers in heaven, Berry—yes, the gates of heaven are wide enough to admit a printer—and high enough to go in straight up, no bending—that's the way I did. I only wish I had all my friends here—it's a large home. My family may think I do not think much about them, as I say so little—but you well know that what I wish to say to them, I cannot say here. I know too much about the press and the public, to scatter all my seed here. What I have to say to them, I wish to say only to them; and if they feel like opening their doors, and letting me in, I shall embrace the opportunity.

Al! here's Wright—he looks as happy as I do—yes, heaven seems to be large enough for three printers, for here are three in spirit life.

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happy. I am unhappy, because I am in an unsteady state. Who would be happy if they passed eleven years in the spirit-life, without changing their condition? I come here to-day in hope of better things—hope! yes, for I could not imagine anything worse for me than what I have already had. I find no more happiness here than I do elsewhere; but perhaps I have sown a seed that will in time bring me a flower, and hereafter I may enjoy that flower.

My name was John Harvey; I was drowned eleven years ago. I was on the passage from London to Boston; I suppose that I was careless when I came to my change. My friends have mourned for me, but I do not like to be forgotten. I was twenty-eight years of age. I left a wife, to whom I had been married two weeks. My home was London, England. I had crossed the ocean five times in my natural life, and had never met with an accident before. I came to America, on business for my uncle, by whom I was employed. My uncle kept what was called a linen warehouse—that is to say he traded principally in linen—and would often have collections to make on this side, and I was commonly sent to make those collections.

My friends used to call me strange, and were fearful I would some day go insane. I had no such fear; when anything troubled me, it did so seriously, but there were times, when on earth, that I was happy. I enjoyed the beautiful and good, and when those influences were about me, I was happy; but when evil influences were about me, I was morose, despairing, and ill at ease.

My father is with me, a spirit; my mother, an aged lady, living with her brother, whom I was engaged with. I had no children. I had one brother, but he passed from me ere I came here—no sister. To be plain with you, I have been told to come here by one of my friends. He told me that he had spoken to you, and that his message had been sent home, and he had been made happier by it; and now I hope that mine may meet with like success. Time alone will make a foundation for that hope, I suppose.

I had dealings with one Porter, who lived in New York—was a merchant then, and traded with my uncle. My uncle received most of his goods from Dublin, and sent most of them to this country. I can give you some names with whom he traded in this country. I have told you of a Porter—there is another by name of Kendrick, another by name of Peterson. In Boston, by name of Warren, and another by name of Knights.

It is hard for us to measure time where there is no time, but when one is at his wit's end to make himself comfortable, he is apt to look back; having found no solace in spirit-life, one is apt to go back to the past, and hence I retain in my mind clearly much of my earth life.

Won't you be so kind as

of the friends think I committed suicide. I did not—I did a natural death. I had no reason to do it, and I was never in the habit of doing what I had no reason to do. I want my friends to allow me to come directly to them, and then if I don't prove myself, it will be my own fault—that's all. I can't talk much—don't know as I care to. I only want to send something to my folks. I died with something I ate, I suppose, which caused a stoppage in the stomach. Have you got anything else you want to ask me? Then I am going. May 6.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### LUCIAN N. AND MARIA LOUISE.

The two sweet and only children of Mr. and Mrs. Lucian N. Perry, of Providence, who died after only one day's sickness, and within two days of each other.

INSERIBED TO THE PARENTS, BY LITA H. BARNES.

Dear ones, permit a stranger's eye  
To drop a silent tear,  
To breathe a sympathizing sigh,  
For all you held so dear;  
Twin rose-buds in one casket placed,  
Their little bodies lie,  
Just like the frail, sweet flowers of Spring,  
Crushed down by passer-by.

Oh, seek to throw aside the film,  
That dims your clouded eyes,  
And view the darlings that you love,  
To-day in Paradise;  
Beyond that sea which boundless seems  
To our weak, erring sight,  
Behold them over freed from pain,  
Arrayed in robes of light.

See in those heavenly realms of bliss  
Their filmy forms repose,  
Their brows caressed by seraph's kiss,  
While angel arms enclose  
The Shepherd careth for the sheep,  
The Father for his child—  
No shall their spirit footsteps lead,  
In pastures undecolled.

Then, mother, hush that anguished sob  
From heart so nearly riven,  
Two babes less are on the earth,  
Two cherubs more in Heaven,  
And when at gentle twilight's fall  
Soft zephyrs kiss thy brow,  
Thy little ones are drawing near—  
They're twining round thee now!

They form the marianthe crown,  
And bending o'er thy head,  
Bedeck the mother they have loved—  
And canst thou think them dead?  
"Oh, mother! no: THERE IS NO DEATH,  
But all is endless life,  
And we, thy guardian angels will be,  
With words of comfort rife.

We'll float around thee, day by day,  
Thy saddened lot to cheer,  
And strew about thy way bright flowers  
From our immortal sphere;  
And hand in hand we'll linger near,  
When earthly ties are riven—  
Grandparents, father, mother dear,  
And MEET YOU ALL IN HEAVEN."

PROVIDENCE, R. I., JUNE, 1858.

### Life Eternal.

Communicated from the Spirit World, to a Lady of Boston.

(Through the Mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams.)

#### PART SIXTH.

How rapidly the waves of progression roll heavenward. See thou not the velocity of the many atoms of existence, as they fast gather to the central life? Oh, that the powers of the highest conceptions of beauty were mine, to call in these floating particles that exist in the mighty universe; that I could carry them into the life-stream that flows unto God. Would that I could take one form alone, and let him stand upon the pinnacles of thought, and gaze out and through Divinity's works; that his eye might stretch to the bounds of creation; yet not to the bounds, for God has no limit—like the divisibility of matter, he cannot be lost.

Take the smallest atom from the material life, divide it, and keep still dividing and separating the particles, and there is no point where it is not again capable of being divided; after it is lost to the vision of the eye, it can again be cut apart; and so on, to the infinitude of division. Oh, this floating ocean of life! the existences that dwell far beyond the material vision, down in the smallest atoms beyond thee! At every point where the soul stands, there are worlds of life, which the eye of man, and all the gathered intellect of earth has not yet scanned.

The naturalist is gazing for yet in the bosom of mother earth, and he finds the atoms of moving life, which go moving on, invisible to the throng of earth.

The astronomer ranges in the skies, and he finds amid the starry host and the queen of night, life and animation—worlds on worlds—planets moving and coursing their way—satellites revolving—and he roams and roams, till his power of vision is lost—and he exclaims—"Great and marvelous are thy works, Oh, Lord of hosts."

The philosopher plods his way, and finds his world in the science of law, cause, and effect. He finds beauty, quietest charm of beauty, in the laws that hold and attract—in the particles that repulse—in the atmosphere that holds the body—in the force of gravitation, that keeps the planetary world in motion—and he goes on, and wonders, and gazes, and drinks at the rivers of wisdom—and his work is but just begun. He is just on the threshold of the temple of wisdom. He must stand there for ages, ere he gathers up particles of light enough with which to strengthen his soul, that he may bear those glowing rays, that will burst with the fullness of light upon his future.

When we gaze on the moving mass of creation, when we think how small, in comparison with the thousand, thousand worlds, is the little orbit on which we revolve—and then, too, when we look at this little boundary of self, when we fall down in humility! How becoming are these humble robes to him, who seeks for wisdom. For at every point of research, the soul is overwhelmed with the all-pervading power of Deity! Place thy hand, if thou canst, on an atom of creation, where he exists not! and then, thou that walkest in seeming power of majesty, come and learn that there is one who is mightier than thou. There is one who dost hold the universe in his hands, and all the knowledge that therein dwells. Be thou, then, no longer raised up in thy grandeur—come and bow to Deity! To may worship him at our shrine of nature, with safety—for there is his living, holy book of life, written by his own hands, dedicated to humanity—purified with smiling invitations to the human race. How mighty this volume! The great eternal word of God! The book of creation! Here are inexhaustible themes for the theologian, here is material for the philosopher. Come—not with bigotry—but come and read the truths, which Divinity, himself, hath written. Lay thou aside thy preconception of his

justice and mercy, and come to the book of life in sincerity, and thou shalt find his doctrines not mystified, but given so plainly, that the wayfarer man, though a fool, need not err therein. Glance ye over the pages of the written universe, and see if some souls are elected to transcendent and triumphal glories, while the brother burns in a lake of fire, though he called on his God mightily for aid! To this class I particularly and earnestly wave my hand, that they may come. I would not answer for the souls that hang themselves, on the salvation thou hast so meagerly opened to them from the book of God's eternal life!

They come with hands extended, seeking for bread. Will ye give them a stone? Accountable must ye stand for the beggarly elements ye have ministered to them—elements of redemption!

Will ye step forward, ye that are now standing and breaking the bread of life, in the temples of God? Will ye come to this great volume of eternity? Will ye come here and read, and let the ancient dispensations that have long been stamped in your memory, fade away, with the things that were? Will ye come and gather these spring flowers, to garland the congregation of sinners that assemble in your midst? If ye have saints among them, let them go. They no longer need your chidings. But make thy calling a holy one—by preaching to those shrouded in error, by telling them that the blood of Christ is efficacious for redeeming their souls, and all the souls of life. Tell them there is a book of nature, of which they form a part. They stand as a chapter in the mighty collection. Tell them they belong to angels and to God. That the stream of life flows ever unto them. That when God made these worlds, and peopled them, he knew how much mercy was adequate to their salvation, and every soul must have its proportionate part.

His mercy, the distribution of his mercy, is his justice. His justice and mercy go hand in hand.

Did he not give to the lowest form that dwells here or elsewhere, his divine and saving mercy, justice would step in and cry aloud, and plead in tears to mercy. Come and read—and see if thou canst find here written in nature's volume aught against the eternal salvation of man! Come candidly—without prejudice; come, ere the last flame of this life flickers out; leave thy errors ere the tomb takes them; bring not here, with thee, thy line of distinction between the sinner and saint, and if, in turning over this volume, thou dost fail to read what here I prophecy, then back again may ye turn, dealing out woe, and joy, forever. But I caution, I warn ye, thou consecrated host of ministers, that stand beneath the pillared domes, calling sinners to repentance! But how? Only leading them in the labyrinths of mystery—only keeping them entangled in mysticism, wandering in the briars of error, with no hope of extrication. Come to the book of life, to God's great volume, and ye shall never want for theology.

To him that wanders, that has been by sorrow cast down, that has never found the great anchor of life, wouldst thou read from God's word of nature, first begin with thy own self—and learn the laws that keep thee in being. Learn the wonderful mechanism of thy frame, and then try and scan the powers of thy soul. Thou wilt surely find Deity there. Seek to know thy divine nature, as well as thy human. Take no form of worship, but the outpourings of the heart! When once it is kindled with heavenly emotions towards its maker, step by step thou shalt find him.

One truth discovered, will lead thee to another, and in time, thou shalt stand, as it were, above thyself—gazing down into thy soul—leaving its longings and desires, its natural impulses and its great aim and end of life. If God formed thee in wisdom infinite, he gave thee all these faculties for its full expansion and enjoyment. As in the laws of creation one power or force governs another—and one truth is incased in a larger—so one power or force of thy soul governs the other. And the organ called destruction, is as requisite to thy harmonical completion, as the love power, which runs out in a thousand wavy lines of affection.

First learn to acknowledge thy emanation from one Being. Remember that a personification of evil had no hand in thy formation—that thou wast made in the image of God—and that all these attributes that he has endowed thee with, are to be brought forth in eternity.

Man, though formed in the image of God, is degenerated by circumstances, and dwarfed and deformed by surrounding elements that meet him at his birth. By birth, I mean the point by which he first comes to this existence in consciousness. 'Twas not his first hour of existence. Ah, no! The atoms that compose him belong to eternity.

Oh, that men would learn their Divinity! That they could feel themselves divine agents, responsible for the full receipt of human happiness! That they would stand forth on the ocean of life as ambassadors of God—dealing out the particles of life's food—giving to the multitude fountains of knowledge! Oh, God's children of eternal life! let not the wanderer go by thee unnoticed! Ye that are unfolded in light, find the hearts that cling around thee and wait for thy drops of love! Acknowledge but one heart-throbbing of the universe—know but one pulsation, and let that be the pulse of life! Have no tears for thyself alone! Let the pearly drops—gush forth for the throng of humanity! Sing but one anthem of joy, and let that be the joy of the multitude! Pass along with the throng—walk not on the other side—go like Christ, and disciples of love will follow thee! What though the number be small; if thy course is onward, and for truth, it matters not if the multitude smile not on thee! If Deity crowns thee with love and tenderness, walk forth and meet the busy throng of fluttering life. Tell them thy pathway is love and duty—tell them it leads to the skies, where a joyous host will usher thee into mansions of light. Oh, let the bright, living principle of God's existence dwell within thee! Wear the crown of rejoicing, and let its rays shine out like a star on the shore of night, to the distant wanderer! Stand thou on the shore of the great ocean of thought! Gather ye pebbles amid the sand, and as the ocean flows in, in its tidal force, and outflows again, so shall the great waves of thought and inspiration come dashing towards thee; and as they float against thee, they shall bear thee out into the great, deep, flowing sea of wisdom. Gather pearls from the brow of time, as it fits by; engrave on them life, and give them to the souls that come around thee. Plant flowers of immortality! They grow in the garden of eternity; so that when thy spirit is called here, much of thy life's existence may remain on earth. Leave a bright and beautiful garden for those who stay behind, that they may pick the fragrant blossoms—that, they may wear in their bosoms the buds of joy that bloom here. Give

them all, at thy body's dissolution; a parting gift, which is the gift of life—the gem containing the truth that thou wilt come again—that thou wilt bring them other flowers, which thy earth-life culture. Fling to them, when thy spirit soars away, Faith's immortal wreath, which encircled thy brow here. Oh, leave, leave much beside thy name.

### 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.

#### A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

NO. VIII.

WEST ROXBURY, JUNE 16TH, 1858.

MY DEAR W.—Not with the words of the law, or the counsels of the understanding, would I come at this time, but with all the fond, enduring affection of spirit love, to soothe, elevate and calm. The waves of change and circumstance have rolled heavily over the smooth current of thy soul—many broken fragments have strewn its shores—but glittering pearls have strayed among the ruins. These shall be gathered, and be to thee rays of a better, truer life, hid within thyself, which only thus could be aroused to the activity of usefulness.

All change is improvement, when the heart is endued with the strength of holy resolution. The laws of God the Creator, are ever onward; as man catches the inspiration of their spirit, he must move with them—while in the natural sphere, through natural agencies, the all-powerful impetus of progression is given and received. The spirit thought within, is met with new influences from without, and, though there may be doubt, and a shrinking from the responsibility incurred, it is still impelled onward; gathering strength from every emergency, it is borne on the resistless tide of opportunity, till it finds itself mating with its burden, and is then more individualized and concentrated for the struggle—thus showing its immortal sovereignty over the body in which it is enshrined. One rooted to the earth by its own attractive forces—the other pressing heavenward, aspires after the instinctive perfection of its own attributes!

God hath spoken to his reapers, saying, *gather of my harvest*. The laborers have long wrought, and now behold, they gather! Truth, meekness and patience have borne the burden and heat of the day—lo, the evening has come! the stars of hope and faith shine out, revealing deep darkness, it is true, but also the cheering emblems of *progressive righteousness*. The heart's deepest sanctuary is being trod by angel-feet, shod with the preparation of the gospel of truth. God is nearer the hearts and homes of his children. The chilling sceptre of judgment is being wreathed with a Father's love, and the dove of peace hovers over the weary spirit with the green branch of hope—emblem of its immortality! The infant, as it falls asleep, is pillowed in a Saviour's loving arms; "for of such are the kingdom of heaven!" Death comes, the angel of progression, unsundering the ear, so that it hears seraphic tones; opening the eye, so that it sees the beauty of the New Jerusalem—and lo, the whole spirit is born into its eternal relation to God and truth! In all its intermediate spheres, the same principles are ever working in obedience to natural and spiritual influences. Now it fills the eye with the tear of sorrow, now wreathes the lip in smiles of joy, and anon the heart is thrilled and subdued with its alternations of hope and fear; but ever discoursing of beauty, as the soul is bedewed with confidence in the eternal Father. Peace, the recognition of spiritual participation in these eternal laws, and affinity with them, comes with the union of a Saviour's promise—"My peace I give unto you."

The soul is no longer a stray waif in the great drama of creation—but one with God in all the elements of his being—ever to progress in his truth and righteousness. In the exercise of its own powers, both natural and spiritual, it must acknowledge the wonderful thought that called it into existence, in its own divine emotions, strong to rejoice in a God of truth and forgiveness.

Only through their own appropriate channels can we trace the mechanism of his wonderful works. He has given to the star its brilliant lustre, to the flower its delicate beauty, and to the heart of humanity the power to investigate and admire the evidences of his being and perfection. The star glimmers a silent yet eloquent teacher of his goodness; the flowers fall not, nor the herb withereth—but where shall the heart be found that fulfills all its mission? The great corridor of its affections is too often sealed by the glaring vanity of material matter; yet the stars are above us, and the flowers beneath our feet, testifying of God. So also shall the heart feel, and the lip utter his goodness and power. The whole tone of praise shall yet sound, wanting none of the full chords of its harmony—for God is in all, and all shall recognize the divinity of his spirit, and breathe forth its echo.

See how slowly the rock, the clay and the shrub, have attained the perfection they now present. Far back in the dark chamber of time, when the first process of organism commenced, how little would they now resemble "what form had none." Yet this same law that formed the crustal substance, the first feeble blade matured, has silently been the agent of his will, to bring order out of chaos, life out of death, beauty out of ashes.

As this law refines and perfects, what finite judgment can define its limits? It is this law of love that has formed the earth a fit dwelling-place for man, and now will model him according to its requirements, that he may harmonize with and enjoy all this beautiful order of creation.

The outward forms of beauty are ever changing around us. The flower fades—the tree is removed—but they each have made their impress upon the great face of nature—their message of goodness and love being delivered, they fold their leaves and are no more. Beauty, order and refinement have daunted typified themselves through them, and there is more of the essence of God's spirit in the world because of them. Far down in the lowest depths of the science or ingenuity have explored, there also is the finger of the Almighty, laying the strata and combining formations, that the work of improvement may ever go on. Causes hid in the infancy of time, suddenly produce effects, that astound the philosopher and confound the wisdom of the Eastern Magi! but, when comprehended, more and more is felt of the presence of the Mighty Architect, who welds thus potently the chisel of divinity to hew forth the end and destiny of creation. Mortal life upon this stage of action, is but the brief glance of a moment compared with the eternity of his presence—but how much the spirit may understand and partake of the fullness of its perfection. It catches by inspiration the progress of former generations, takes up the great song of life, and goes on with its unwritten harmony, uttering new and fuller chords of melody to its Maker's praise and its own advancement.

Did each spirit, as it enters upon its individual existence, have to travel into the far-distant past to gather its own implements of practical life, how few would attain the first starting point, which is now its own by intuition. The law, that silently refines the rock and moulds the clay, is impressing the mind in its onward course, that it may see and appreciate the divine order of excellence that is leading it to the fountain-source of all being and existence! Disorder, sin and confusion attend its progress—as dress and impure matter are constantly exhaled from the earth's surface—but even these in divine wisdom shall yet praise him, for he is omnipotent, and "doeth all things well." The economy of the natural world should teach faith that the spiritual in all its results will yet redeem itself to his glory.

Every impurity expelled by native force, is attracted by its own gravity to some kindred element, and by mingling and combining, each is refined, and, as a result, a new order is established.

Thus the resistless upbearings of the human mind may throw out germs of good, for the waves of time, in their future motion, to cast upon the shores of

humanity, making its waste places to rejoice and blossom like the rose.

As nature more fully redeems the promise of her hidden powers, if warmed by the sun and invigorated by the free air of heaven; so the mind, if incited by love to God and man—if awake to its own divine attributes with all their responsibility—the sooner throws off the yoke of superstition and error, and rejoices in the freedom that knowledge ever imparts. Knowledge has taken mighty strides in its onward march; but it has left its guiding spirit far behind. In exalting itself, it has forgotten the inspiring influence, which gave it life. Knowledge and spirituality must walk hand in hand, and they will sustain and purify each other. Separate knowledge and truth from God, their life-giving essence, and you separate light and heat, love and joy, happiness and progression. The star of knowledge may rise high in the mental ascendant; but, if its beams radiate not the love of God, the Father, they warm not the heart of his child. That will become cold and stony like the rock far hid in the recess of the mountain; for, though it germinates, it is only partial growth. It must have the light and heat of God's smile to perfect the garniture of its beauty. Are not affection, love and holiness the inspiring emotions—the holiest attributes of perfected humanity?

Dear W., you wonder and marvel at the visible footprints of the divine presence around you: you feel the inspiring influence of spirit communion; you almost hear the seraphic tones of its greeting, and at times your whole being is filled with the benediction of divine love. Be strong in hope—confident in success. Take large views of the providence of God—trace its workings through your own mind to the myriads of minds which have preceded it, and ask yourself if there is too much of God's truth in this communion for you to accept. It is but a little of what is before thee. Rest securely and reverently in the ark of his love—it is large enough and broad enough not only for two of a kind, but for every breathing spirit it has called into life! All have a mission in the mysterious whole, and the eternal laws brook no violation. The restless wanderings of early life, like the strength of childhood's powers, are all overcome by the same irresistible principle which moulds the rock and guides the wave. Be gentle and forbearing in all the relations of life. Some hidden analysis of principle—some notion of eternal law—may throw up mire and dirt in your pathway, but pause not in your onward course. Perchance some refining element through your organism may purify the impurity. Is not God justified in all his ways? Walk ever with thy spirit filled with the immensity of the power around thee. Though thou art only one in the great family of created impulses, yet be one in whom the spirit of God's love and law shall ever dwell, in active harmony with the great, moving Power of Creation.

You pause, as we do, and ask of the end. But does the infant require the knowledge of closing life? With us, study the present. It is fully traced with the handwriting of Divinity. It is all of that portion of his heritage with which we have to do. He gives it for duty and discipline. The past is a sealed scroll; the future is hid in the hollow of his hand. His laws are unchangeably the same—their eternal results we can with faith and hope leave in his wisdom and love. The past and present bear ample testimony to his faithfulness—let our own records be true to receive them.

It is a worldly, contracted and humanized view of God's providence, that fills the soul with distrust. It fashions it with its own imperfection, and the spirit is quick to discern its weakness. That is eternal and immortal in its own resources, and it cannot rest upon a foundation less than itself. It must have infinity, boundlessness and immortality for its basis; and to have these, must include all earth and heaven in its embrace. Not one of its fibres or impressions but must bear the seal of omnipotent wisdom and love. Then the soul knows peace and rest—its God is everywhere, and everything manifests his presence in law, order and beauty.

The changes of life, the mutations of time, all work out some divine problem, whose end will be glory and peace eternal. A confidence born of the rock and flower smiles through all. Though the heart be tried and sorrows fall, joy and satisfaction cometh with the morning.

Your own A. early passed from you into the spirit-world of righteousness; but I am around thee, gathering flowers and pearls from our shrine of thought, which also had waited long for the sunlight of hope and belief. Your heart is now the altar of prayer—her homage of devotion is sweetest there, and as it mingles with your own aspirations, the inspiration of spirit worship flows largely in, filling it with the dew of excellence. I am happy, blest and grateful for this privilege. Be ever receptive to our influence, and it shall garner a rich harvest of everlasting fruit from our Father's vineyard.

The past is a pleasant valley of repose, the present full of promise, the future redolent with hope—it blends all into one harmonious realm of being, so replete with blessing, so full of love and joy, that holiness, happiness and progression are but connecting-links encircling the Universe of God with the perfection of his law, made manifest through all his works. Let love and adoration be unto him forevermore! I do not say farewell, for we are no longer parted, but are one in the great assembly of his witnesses, testifying to the goodness and greatness of his mercy and truth—our life being in the harmonious greeting of his angel host, crying, Glory and honor, dominion and power, be unto him forevermore.

Yours always, A.

### Correspondence.

LECTURES BY MR. WADSWORTH AND THOMAS GAZES FORSTER.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, May 30, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—It was announced on last Sunday that Mr. Wadsworth would lecture on Wednesday evening, in the Second Universalist church, (Mr. Gaylord's), on the subject, "Do spirits communicate to intelligences of earth; and, if so, what good will result therefrom?" The lower body of the church was filled. Among the audience we noticed our friend, T. G. Forster, who had just arrived from his Southern tour. The lecture occupied an hour in its delivery, and was characterized by unanswerable ability, and was listened to with marked attention. At the close, Mr. Forster arose and announced that he would speak in continuation of that subject on next Sunday, at National Hall.

This morning, at eleven o'clock, National Hall was crowded, to listen to the eloquent emanations of spirit intellectuality. You must pardon me for not having the ability to give even a faint outline of the unanswerable thoughts and arguments adducing the fact that spirits do come to earth to communicate, &c.

The lecturer remarked that, notwithstanding the antagonism that prevailed against Spiritualism, it draws not its power outside the domain of nature,—it clusters all the affections around the centre of divine love,—spirit is clothed in the form of matter. In this wise is it comprehended, and will be eventually realized. All humanity will be one in God, because God is all humanity. What is modern Spiritualism? What are the thoughts that shoot across the mind? What is that that moves in contradistinction to known laws? If it is an error, it is a tremendous error; if it is a truth, it is a stupendous truth. No matter wherever a human being perigrinates on earth, there you find a spirit, an immortal spirit. Are men and women living in Christendom as though they had immortal souls? Man is a spirit. By our knowledge of this fact, we arrive at conclusions; while, at the same time, that we look at man

as a physical, rational and intellectual being, and it is demonstrably proven that there is a necessity of spirit intercourse. It was satisfactorily asserted that no man positively denied the existence of a God. He is the everlasting, eternal and magnetic source of all being. The self-constituted empirics of the earth have never demonstrated "the immortality of the soul."

The honest Atheist, against the secular dogmas, looks minutely into nature, to the physical organization. Modern Spiritualism bases itself on the human organization. Modern Spiritualism demonstrates not only theoretically, but by actual experiment. Modern Spiritualism makes a distinction between mind and spirit. The external mind is one thing, the spirit is another. The different parts and particles that make a world, make a man. The brute has brain, has memory, and moves by the fundamental action of the brain. The laws of God are immutable and unchangeable, and the laws of God are seen everywhere. God operates through the law with reference to one, as he operates through love with regard to the other. The animal brain is the result of the human organization; all creation is in a transitional condition. God's laws are universal, as also his love. There has no human being ever existed on earth but has experienced more or less the principle or attribute of love. The spirit becomes separated from the body. The husband, the wife, father, mother, sister, brother and child,—does love cease with their earthly existence? Does not our love for the departed still flow on and on? Are we not impressed that they still maintain and exercise, as well as manifest, their love? Spiritualism demonstrates that fact; and its light and its truth is spreading, and humanity is waking up to its grand, important results.

This does not begin to convey a faint conception of the sublimity, the language, the thought, as well as the eloquence and beauty of the discourse, which occupied considerably over an hour in its delivery. The remainder of the subject will be continued this evening. At the close, the choir poured forth its harmonious and melodious anthems. Mr. Forster exhibited two portraits of spirit friends; one, his controlling spirit, Prof. Dayton, and the other of his (Mr. F.'s) little daughter, who died in this place eight years ago. These were taken, one in colored crayon, and the other in oil, by Mr. Rogers, of Cardigan, Ohio, while in the entranced state, one in fifteen minutes, the other in thirty-five minutes, and that of the child was recognized as bearing a strong family likeness. They attracted intense interest, and were admirably executed.

In the evening, our hall was crowded at an early hour. Among the audience were several of our prominent citizens. Mr. Forster discussed the last proposition, that if spirits do come to earth and communicate, what good will result therefrom? In reply to this question, modern Spiritualism suggests, as well as demands, a critical investigation, as to its phenomena and philosophy. The eternal word of truth sees God in all truth that is given—believes that the canon of revelation is not closed, and that God is not incomprehensible. Modern Spiritualism opens up a wider scope of thought—it presents a larger field for man's investigation.

First, that modern Spiritualism presents the history of man's past, present, and future, though it may be antagonistic to its origin and history, as recorded in the book, and believed in past centuries. Every person has an undoubted right to their individual opinion, with regard to the past and present history of man, as you have been taught, said the speaker. I shall differ. No such revelation has been taught from the beginning, or was ever conceived, but that from an entire misinterpretation. The result has been ignorance, darkness, and moral death. The Almighty Father is immutable and infinite in his attributes and affections. A specific Providence naturally implies a partial one. We seek to confine ourselves to nature, and bring in, occasionally, the teaching of science. We hold that man was not created a pair—that the earth was not created according to the letter of Genesis. We wish it understood that we are not warring against the Book, but against the error.

The lecturer then entered into a description of the first conditions of this globe—1st, the non-stratified rocks; 2d, non-fossiliferous; 3d, fossiliferous. In all the ramifications of the mineral to the vegetable, then through the animal and up to man, we find that the primates run on up to the proximate. All the primates are the combinations of matter; that when the earth was without form and void, God moved on this earth of matter. Every atom of earth is yet in an unfinished state, and constantly manifesting throughout its process the God-creating power. In the mineral, animal and vegetable departments, are there mysterious forces at work. In the mineral, there is mineral electricity; in the vegetable, there is a vegetable magnetism; in the animal, there is animal electricity—all derived from their proper sources, and necessary for their separate existence.

To follow the entire chain of lucid argument and powerful reasoning of the intelligence, would be a task for a practised stenographer. Suffice it say, that every thought, emanating through the morning and evening lecture, was like fire, and every word burned, as was clearly manifested in the countenances of the entire audience. Mr. Forster is certainly a spiritual missionary, through which the spirits are working to disseminate truth, light, and that knowledge which maketh wise unto the entire and eternal salvation of the human race.

The cause is advancing. The world of man is beginning to see the light which streams from the spiritual BANNER OF LIGHT, and all pure minds pour forth their aspirations that success attend it.

Yours, &c.,

D. H. SHAFER.

#### LETTER FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 12, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—The great yet simple truths of the progress and destiny of our race is fast becoming understood by thousands in our city. The very pillars of total depravity, infant damnation, a personal devil and an endless hell—are being removed—and it is about time. One very intelligent member of an Evangelical church said to me, a few days since, that he "verily believed that more than one half of the members were secret believers in the fact of spirit communion." Another, a very worthy member, said to me, "I do not believe any of their foolery, any more than you do. More than seven-eighths of their teachings are errors; and yet, after all, it is better than nothing." Comment is unnecessary.

We are well supplied with *trance-speaking media*. Miss Emeline Houston, of whose reference was made in the Banner a few weeks since, has taken the plat-

