

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Poetry.

### Written for the Banner of Light. INDEPENDENCE DAY. BY CORA WILBURN.

The glorious Fourth came smiling with sunshine and with flowers—  
With skies of azure splendor—with rose-winged and golden hours—  
With the festal robes of Nature, glittering with a thousand gems—  
With the angel dew-drops gleaming from her myriad diamonds!

The waters sang, exultingly their hymn of fervid praise;  
Sun-kissed to life and melody, vibrating beneath the rays  
That shed their vivifying power o'er earth, and sky, and sea,  
Calling from out the darkest depths responsive sympathy.

Calling the voices of the wind, to blend in one accord  
The rolling anthem of the sea, the love-notes of the bird—  
The merry whistles of the leaves, the melancholy chiming  
Of the low, sweet bells at evening, in the blissful summer-time.

Yes! the grand, harmonious voices of our Parent called us,  
Then,  
From the giddy whirl and turmoil—from the busy haunts of men—  
Called us to the wildwood palaces—the jeweled, wide domain,  
To the royal fane, where, 'neath the blooming Summer's reign.

Answered all the voices of Nature? leaped each heart with  
Joy and pride,  
As her messages came wafted o'er the garden and the tide?  
As the melody came swelling on the morning's fragrant air,  
Beats the hearts of all thus favored, in responsive, thankful prayer?

From the bustle and the turmoil, the inharmonious strife,  
To the opening, blessed portals of a better, purer life—  
To the healing ministrations of the beautiful and true,  
Through the mists of the weary thousands, 'neath those skies  
Of summer blue?

No! they thronged not to the greenwood, to the forest's cool  
recess,  
Where awaiting angels lingered with a heart and home-  
eagerness;  
They sought not the mountain stillness, nor the quiet river's  
banks;

Nor the wide-spread dome of Heaven, there to give a Nation's  
thanks;  
For the mighty boons accorded by a loving Father's hand—  
For the liberty and safeguard, and the plenty of the land,  
In man's consecrated temple, loud hosannas to His name,  
Won the response of devotion—fanned the patriotic flame.

Won the response of devotion?—not the full, free, gushing  
tide  
Of spontaneous adoration that His God can never divide  
From the far cloud's shifting beauty, from the sunbeam's for-  
mid glow—

From the holiness of Heaven and the purity below.  
From the lips of men appointed to be teachers of the rest,  
Fell in mockery, slow and solemn, words that should be true  
and best.

For of liberty, salvation and redemption spoke they there  
In their consecrated churches—in the crowded house of  
prayer—

Told of freedom, sacred freedom, that our struggling fathers  
won—  
Of fierce, unequal conflict, ere the warrior's work was done—  
Of the smile of fond approval that our Father cast on those  
Who were his favored children—as the wicked wore his frown.

And they spoke of sacred freedom, while they strove to strangle  
truth,  
And hurled denunciations to the hearts of age and youth,  
'Neath the summer skies upholding the dark dogmas of the  
past.

O'er the radiant face of Nature a loathsome pall was cast.  
This the Sabbath celebration of our Independence day;  
Bones for bread upon the starting; and the doubter turned  
away.

Wondering why the deep, blue Heavens in their summer  
beauty smiled  
O'er a thing so changed and fallen as God's image in His  
child.

Then, the worldly celebration of that great and glorious time.  
When the joy-bells rang for liberty, a soul-inspiring chime—  
Did they feed the wretched orphans, thronging 'round the  
rich man's door—

Did the Magdalene of cities to be pure and sin no more?  
Upraised the widow, mourning by the unwept, darkened  
hearth,

And say the words of pardon o'er the outcast from his birth;  
Did the smile of gladness linger on a pale child's wondering  
face?

And feel the passing glory of an angel o'er the place?  
Have all fulfilled these human duties, 'mid the joy of yester-  
day?

Did the listening angels answer. It pains me to say, nay!  
I saw brows of care and sorrow—careless joy and noisy glee,  
But the mockery and semblance of God-given Liberty!

I love thee, day of Freedom! on thy pure and hallowed shrine  
I would lay soul-offerings of peace, that love and prayer made  
mine—

I would seek the wildwood's beauty-haunts, with those that I  
love best,  
And 'neath the summer's palace-roof in dreams of Eden rest.

PHILADELPHIA, July 6, 1858.

A "FOWL" JOKE.—There is a man in one of the  
western States, who has moved so often that when  
ever a covered wagon comes along near the house  
his chickens march up and fall upon their backs  
and cross their feet ready to be carried to the next  
stopping-place.

"I have no apprehension that the devil will ever  
come for me," said a young man of questionable  
morals. "He will not be silly enough to take the  
trouble," said a bystander, "for you are going  
straight to him."

Being determined to introduce myself, I walked  
up, hat in hand, and said with a respectful bow,  
"Mr. Charles Lamb, I believe?" "Y-e-s," said  
Lamb slowly, feeling and coaxing at the same time  
his short, thin, gray whiskers, "yes, they call me  
Lamb yet, but I am old enough to be a sheep."

CONUNDRUMS.—When does a cow become real es-  
tate? When she is turned into a field. Why are  
crows the most sensible of birds? Because they  
never complain without cause.

## DAISY NESBROOK; OR, Romance of Real Life.

BY CORA WILBURN.

There are many angels walking the earth unrecognized; many a placid brow has worn its unseen crown of martyrdom; young, trembling shoulders have uplifted the heavy cross, and the bitter cup of suffering has been drained by the rose-red lips of girlhood. Even the eye of childhood has been clouded by the premature weight of sorrow, crushing the innocent heart, that should have been lulled in dreams of heaven. Alas, for our blindness! we pass by the tried and exalted ones of earth, beholding not the great drops of agony trickling adown their lacerated brows; the shadows flitting, spectral-like, athwart their faces, heralds of the pain and strife within. We see no robes of flashing light, adorning their familiar forms; no Eden pinions, dazzlingly unfurled for the heavenward flight; and we know them not as angels, on whom the martyr's crown and the palm-branch of victory have been silently bestowed. So we pass on, beneath their unfolding glory; under the shadow of another's mightiest woe we sit and sing our summer songs.

The romance of real life! never yet has poetry or fiction penned the full record of one human heart; imagination in its wildest flight, fancy in her most erratic mood, has ever lagged in the rear of stranger truth; and while the untold smile—those whose life has been cast amid the sunny places, and the dear, unchanging home-scenes—while they smile inactively at unveiled heart-woes and tales of wrong and suffering, many, who have passed through a fiery ordeal far exceeding the wildest conception of the novelist, have laid the book aside with tears, saying to their own souls, "Too true! too true!"

Life! stern, earnest, beautiful, aspiring life! who can portray its varied phases understandingly? Storm with its threatening sublimity; calm with its deep significance, and lulling whispers of eternal peace! The flowers in their bloom and beauty; the glowing, unconsciously breathing love and nestling joys; the falling, rustling leaves of departing, withered hopes; the lightning flashes of inspiration; the clarion-tones of awakening powers; the angel harmonies, low-breathed and plaintive; the dirges waiting loudly to the accompaniment of the winter's blast; the grandeur and the beauty, the sunshine and the terror, the trials and the victories of life—can mortal pen describe them; imperfect language convey intelligibly the symbol and the solution of the glorious mystery, to the listening, suffering, throbbing and awaiting heart?

With the sweet odors of the lilac and the rose sweeping through my sunlit haunt of reflection, with the green grass and the upspringing meadow flowers in view, I retrace (with memory's aid) the life-path of one of earth's unrecognized angels; one, who exalted by trial, purified and ennobled by adversity, wore the starry crown of moral conquest on her maiden brow, and the priceless pearl of purity upon her breast. I will tell you the story of DAISY NESBROOK.

### CHAPTER I.

A child of seven summers, Daisy gazed with fear and wonder upon the pallid countenance of her mother, who entered the little country parlor with an open letter in her hand, and timidly, almost shrinkingly, advanced to the great oak chair in which sat enthroned her prim, cold, stately aunt. Daisy's large, dark eyes dilated still more when she saw her pale, weak mother, fall upon her knees, and clinging to her sister's dark stuff-gown, cry imploringly:—

"Oh, Sarah! promise me that you will be a mother to my child!"

It was all a mystery to that little, loving heart, why aunt Sarah looked so strangely upon her kneeling sister; why her lip curled so bitterly and her voice fell so harsh and cold upon the ear.

"I believe I have been a mother to both of you long enough," she replied.

Tears were streaming adown the wasted cheeks of Alice Nesbrook; a great sorrow was tugging at her heart-strings; opposing voices called her; voices both of love and duty.

"Oh, Sarah!" she cried, still kneeling, and taking the sister's reluctant hand; "a new sorrow is upon me, and yet there is a gleam of hope and joy falling on me from afar. Alfred has written to say he is penitent, sorrowful, and alone. He calls me; I can alone restrain him from further wrong; he has sinned and suffered; I am his wedded wife; it is my duty to obey, to follow whosoever he leadeth, so it be in the paths of honesty and right. Sarah, by our happy childhood; by the memory of our sainted mother; by the father watching over us both from heaven, I implore you! be a true mother to my child. She must remain in your care until my conscience is satisfied; until I am fully convinced that his reformation is complete. I love my husband; erring, sinful, deserted by all; I still trust him, and hope much for the future; but his child must not again behold him until his soul has become proof against further temptation. Sarah, you are cold, and hard, and stern at times, but your heart is good. Take charge of my little Daisy, and as you hope for heaven fulfill your duty by her! Speak to me, sister! what have I done, that you look so strangely at me? Why are you so changed?

Have I—has Alfred—has this innocent child ever injured you by word or look? Oh, Sarah! be not so strange, so distant; in this wide world I have no friend but you." Alice Nesbrook, still crouching on the floor, covered her face with her hands and wept.

Standing in the corner, her heart beating wildly, on tiptoe with expectation and undefined fear, little Daisy listened; and shuddered, as she gazed upon her aunt's changing countenance; as she saw her strike her clenched hand to her forehead, and flash fire from her strangely varying eyes. Her voice trembled, as she replied; but it was with no tender emotion; she seized her sister's hand, rudely thrusting it away from her tearful face, then holding it tightly; but there was no affection in the clasp.

"You are a disgrace to the name of Weston," she cried, "our mother in heaven looks down upon you in scorn and loathing; our father would disown you, were he living! Has not that man brought disgrace enough upon you? Stand you not branded as a forger's wife—will not the stigma descend upon your daughter's head? Is it not yet enough; but you must wish to rejoin him? He has bribed himself free! the term of his punishment is not half over; and because he writes you a wheedling letter, you must follow him! He is in a Northern city! Well he is known there for a swindler, and he will think of going to Australia, or China, or Kam-schatka, to hide his shame. Will you go with him?"

"It is my duty," gently, yet firmly, replied Alice. "He was ever kind and loving to me. He yielded to strong temptation, as others have done before him. He is sincerely penitent; and though all the world desert him, I, his wife, may not. Sarah, God in heaven is forgiving; the gentle Saviour taught meekness and forgiveness—will you not forgive your erring brother?"

"Never! never!" cried Sarah Weston, rising from her chair, and flinging aside her sister's hand. "I will never forgive him for marrying you—for bringing disgrace upon our name!" The flash of wounded feeling rose to the brow of Alice.

"I brought him a few paltry dollars," she replied; "he gave me his love and protection; he was my only steadfast friend; he took me from my solitary life—"

"Yes!" interrupted her sister; "he took you from your quiet country home, and squandered your money in the city for you! He took you from the tyranny and despotism of your old maid sister—that's what Alfred Nesbrook did; for that you are grateful; but now that you fear for the moral welfare of your child, sister Sarah—is good enough. That's it, Alice; I understand it all, child."

"Oh, Sarah, have pity on us both! do not yield to resentment; forgive me if I have spoken hastily; surely I never accused you of tyranny and misrule." "But he did! your paragon of perfection—your moral hero! he did! I overheard him. Do you remember the afternoon he made love to you under the grape arbor? No need to blush, now! I was passing by, watering my flowers. 'Twas the 'domestic tyrant'; the iron ruler; the old maid dictator; all that. Yes, Alice, I remember."

"And you still bear resentment?" the deep hazel eyes were fixed upon the stern, pale face with gentle reproach.

"I do. I will not act the hypocrite and deny it. Sarah Weston never forgets; seldom forgives. I know that you are willful and obdurate; 'tis useless to reason with you. Go, rejoin him, who will yet more deeply disgrace you. I will take charge of Daisy; you know that no moral taint can approach her under my guardianship. But speak no more to me of him."

Was it the bitterness of wounded vanity—was it hatred born of some opposing sentiment? Why did she hate Alfred Nesbrook so deeply? Alice, rising from the floor, pondered the question. Daisy, intently listening, felt tear drops in her eyes; a dull and heavy pain pressing upon her heart.

"Oh, let me thank you, Sarah! you will deal kindly by my child. Oh, blessings upon you, sister! I go now with a lightened heart. I shall return to take my child to a worthy father's care; something is whispering to my soul it will be ere long. Oh, let me kiss you, sister! my heart is full of gratitude and grief!" She, had thrown her white arms around the sister's neck, and approached her rosy lips to the hard, stern forehead; but Sarah put her coldly back, untwined the loving clasp, repelled the sweet sisterly embrace.

"I hate scenes, and you know it," she replied, in those cold, measured tones that characterized her when not excited. The sensitive, love-warm heart of Alice felt the impenetrable barrier that nipped itself mysteriously betwixt them, and she sat down, weeping, striving no more to win the affection from that callous soul.

"Shall I call Daisy?" she timidly inquired.

"What for?" responded her sister.

"To tell her—that I must leave her—that for a while she must be alone—that I go to her father. Oh, my child! my sensitive, petted darling! Never have I left her for an hour since she was born; and now I must; oh Daisy! Daisy!" and the poor mother sobbed aloud.

Was it pity that for a moment shadowed and subdued the hard, stern face? Was it feeling that sent the tide of blood to the hollow cheeks; or was it but some suddenly recurring, wounding memory? Sarah placed her hand upon her sister's shoulder, and though her tones were chilling, and her face again was hard, Alice looked up, and a faint smile played on her lips.

"I shall take care of Daisy; she shall not want

for anything; you know I consider discipline necessary to all under my care. Daisy will grow up a virtuous woman; industrious, useful and religious, if you leave her with me long enough. But you can use your own pleasure, and come for her when it suits you. But remember, you must come alone; I will not see him."

"I promise, Sarah; but—you will be gentle with Daisy; she is so frail, so sensitive!"

A strangely mocking smile disfigured her thin lips; an angry gleam shot from her eyes. "I shall do my duty; what I consider my duty," she replied. "I shall neither beat nor starve the child."

"But you will speak kind words, dear Sarah? Children's hearts thirst so for love; you will gladden the life-path of my little one; you will unbend and be tender with her early tried spirit? Dear sister, give me one kind word, not for myself, but for my precious child!"

Those imploring accents; that heart-entreaty; how could a woman's heart be proof against their sorrowing music? But Sarah Weston, for all reply, went to the door and called loudly—"Daisy! Daisy!" With a swelling tide of conflicting emotions in her breast, among which uppermost was the thought that her mother was going away, the child rushed from her hiding-place into her mother's arms; and nestling there, giving free vent to the pent-up sorrow, and the overwhelming dread; she cried in piteous accents, her pale face pressed close to her mother's bosom, her little arms twining convulsively around her neck:—"Oh, mother! mother! don't go away! don't leave me, mother!"

It was a bitter trial that wound its fiery coils around the maternal, the wisely heart. From afar, a dear, familiar voice was calling; he was alone, deserted by the world of summer friends; the finger of conventional scorn pointing to his branded name; her child was clinging to her, calling upon her love and care; it was a bitter trial—it added another soul-gem of divinely lustre to the immortal crown prepared for her by angel hands. Gently, as a mother only can, she unwound those clinging hands; she kissed the fair, open brow, and spoke to her child of resignation, of endurance, of speedily and happy reunion. Not until she had calmed her despairing sorrow, and stilled her fervent outcries and entreaties, did she cease her loving efforts. With the strange smile upon her lips, the mocking gleam within her eye, Sarah gazed upon the mother and the child, offering no word of consolation, no sympathy, giving not again one sign of feeling.

That night Daisy slept within her mother's arms; but Alice watched and prayed, and often kissed the unconscious brow, and smoothed aside the clustering nut-brown curls. Next morning there was an early breakfast, and the negroes kissed the hands of "Miss Alice"; and prayed "de Lord to bless her an' bring her safe through her trials back to ole Virginny, an' the dear little Missus." There was a carriage at the door waiting to convey the lady to the neighboring town, and Daisy was folded to her mother's bosom in close embrace; the lofty heroism of Alice was struggling within the maternal sorrow; there was a misgiving at her heart; she vainly sought for a stray gleam of love upon the sealed countenance of her impassive sister. There was a long kiss upon the brow of Daisy, and with a solemn earnestness, a thrilling solemnity her mother's benediction fell upon her ear, and rested on the troubled heart:—"God bless and guard my child!" Then the arms of Aunt Abby, her negro nurse, were placed around her, and she saw her mother kissing aunt Sarah's forehead; for a moment her dark garments fluttered at the door; her lingering looks of love rested upon the child, and she was gone. When the rumbling of wheels had ceased, and the cloud of dust had cleared away from the hedges and the winding road, Daisy, as if awakening to a sense of her desolation, burst from the nurse's arms, and rushing to the gate-way, called loudly, frantically, for her mother to return. Without a word of expostulation or entreaty, the hand of Aunt Sarah was laid upon her shoulders; her piercing, small grey-eyes fixed themselves upon the child's face; she pointed to the house. Without a murmur, but with tears and swelling sobs, the timid child obeyed.

### CHAPTER II.

Picture to yourselves the meeting between the erring husband and the forgiving wife; his bitter self-accusations and solemn vows of reformation—vows that were kept religiously. Imagine the devoted wife, ever cheering, ever consoling, answering his questions for the child with a brightening smile—with the one word: "soon!" Thus a year elapsed, and Alfred Nesbrook faltered not in the path of duty. He toiled incessantly; and Alice, although unused to protracted labor of exertion, aided him by her pen and needle; for she dared not apply to her haughty sister for relief. She heard from her about once in every six weeks, and she would have returned to visit her child, though she would have been compelled to walk the distance, were it not for the profound and settled melancholy that preyed upon her husband—wasting his cheek, and drawing the life-hues from his face; she dreaded to leave him alone.

Sarah wrote that Daisy was cheerful, happy and contented, and always sent her love to mother, but expressed no desire to leave her present home. Poor Alice sighed as she read the letters—was her child forgetting her? Alfred expressed his regret in having misjudged the prim and stately spinster, saying "she was a better woman than he had ever imagined."

They had been separated three years—the erring

husband and the loving wife; and Daisy's recollection of her father was somewhat indistinct. When the prison-locks folded upon him, Alice sought a shelter beneath her sister's roof, in the same Southern home where Alfred had first wooed her, from which she had departed, a joyous, hopeful bride. Dreading the father's influence, the world's bitter scorn for her child, she fled to that country sanctuary, loving still the erring one, but watchful for the moral welfare of the immortal spirit given to her charge; waiting fondly, hopefully, with that pain and longing, that is only known to woman's heart, for the opening of those prison doors—for the light of his fixed smile once more!

He was restored to liberty much sooner than was expected, and it was the wife's joy and privilege to accompany him to a distant city, to share with him the toils and privations of their altered lot, though many hundred miles removed from her sweet child's home, still further from the scene of his first disgrace.

At the close of the year, Alice reaped the reward of her prayers and untiring efforts; the gloomy despair was departing from her husband's soul; the hue of health revisited his cheek. He was offered a good situation as clerk in a mercantile house in Cuba. Fully convinced of the strength of his resolutions for the future, Alice urged him to accept; and trusting to his recovered health and strength, she set out for Westonville, her sister's residence, to bring home her child. The future seemed brightening around them.

"Surely God is just, and the world is good," said Alice gratefully, as she started upon the pleasant journey. She had written to Sarah, requesting her to apprise Daisy of her mother's coming.

Alice traveled night and day; but when she took the stage at S—, that was to leave her in sight of her sister's cottage, an unaccountable gloom and heaviness settled upon her buoyant spirits, and forced tears to her eyes. A fear and a dread of some overhanging evil, winged her footsteps; she ran, rather than walked, and stopped faint and breathless at the gate. She heard old Pompey, the gardener, scream when he saw her; and Aunt Abby hurried towards her, with a face presaging evil tidings. Helpless and overcome, she could only cry, "My child!" and fall stricken to the ground, but not unconscious. She felt the hands of the negroes around her; she saw the sorrowful faces of the assembled slaves; she heard their exclamations of pity and condolence, and she knew ere she had asked a question, that Daisy was an angel in the sinless land!

They bore her gently, tenderly, into the house; the women untied her bonnet, unbuttoned her shawl and dress, and sprinkled her pallid face with water. She feebly pressed their hands in acknowledgment; but it was not until her sister entered the room, summoned by Aunt Abby, that her grief found utterance.

The face of Sarah was very pale; her thin lips were tightly compressed; when she spoke, they quivered; and her voice was husky, her manner agitated; her self-possession was in a great measure lost; pity, embarrassment, regret, seemed mingling in her tones. "My child! my Daisy! tell me of my child!" cried the mother so suddenly and shrill, that the frightened women cowered, and cried:—"De Lord be merciful!"

"Alice—this is very painful—I had not time to let you know—it was quite sudden—she died night before last—I only came home yesterday—"

"Altered Sarah, gently taking her sister's hand.

"Dead! dead!" cried Alice, "and I away from her—and her father never to look upon her sunny face? Oh! is this the reward of my toils and sufferings—this the recompense of his struggles and prayers? My little child! my beautiful darling!—gone from me without farewell—without a parting kiss!"

So mournfully reproachful were these words, that the colored people, ever impressible and sympathizing, wept aloud; and a child, among them, about Daisy's age, cried out, amid her tears and sobs: "She was so beautiful, the young missus! an' so good! she's got a big heavenly harp by dis time, ah! is singin' praises to de Lord in heben! She was n't a little child, missus. She was tallen me by a heap. Oh, Lor! we all is so sorry for dear little missus!"

A chilling look from her severe mistress silenced her. The head of Alice was resting on her sister's bosom, where it had not lain for many years. Sarah was speaking kindly, telling her how the child had sickened; how she had taken her further into the country, hoping to restore her—how she rapidly grew worse; and how she died, with her head upon her bosom, even as Alice's head was resting now; she died calmly and peacefully; once or twice she had called "dear mother!" and just before departing, she had kissed her aunt. Miss Brown here, was in attendance upon her—she can tell you that the child had every comfort and attention. Dr. Selbin, the great Northern physician, who has performed so many cures in the principal cities, told me that her disease was incurable—a gradual, wearing decline; and advised me to take her into the country. I entertained him a day and a night, for I did not trust our miserable country practitioners, nor even the doctors in S—. Alice, she had every care; but it was the will of Heaven."

The bereaved mother gazed into the face of her sister; her large hazel eyes, unnaturally brilliant and distended, wavered not in their searching, soul-roading look; for a moment a faint blush dyed the pallid cheeks of the imperious Sarah, the nervous quiver played around her lips; but her cold, grey eyes met



the inquiring gaze—met it and responded; and Alice sobbed, a great, dry, heavy sob, and looked to Heaven.

Miss Broom, the housekeeper and confidante of Miss Weston, was the terror of the negroes, as she had been the foe of Alice and her child. One glance at her face sufficed to repel; the little, twinkling, unquiet eyes, the movable eyebrows, the thin, ever-twitching lips, the overhanging nose and colorless cheeks, which ever burned with one deep, unvarying crimson spot, formed a countenance repugnant in the extreme. Her figure was corpulent, although her face was thin, and her carriage was haughty. Her hair was sparse, but art relieved the deficiencies of nature; her innate vulgarity was apparent in her dress and speech, though she carefully studied the former, and sought a choice phraseology in the latter. Miss Broom was a tyrant to her inferiors; haughty and pompous towards her equals; cringing, unscrupulous and servile towards those in power. Alice had always disliked her; but now she had administered to the comfort of her departed angel. Those clear, questioning, hazel eyes, fixed themselves upon the repellent countenance in mute, commanding inquiry.

Miss Broom was bold; she flinched not beneath the soul reading gaze, but she dropped her eyes respectfully, and said in unctuous tones—

"I can assure you, madam, that Miss Daisy, the darling! had every human attention and respect and comfort shown her, by my lady here, and myself. If she wished for a flower, we despatched one of the servants with lightning-speed to bring it; if she wanted a drink, we had a dozen beverages prepared; if she wanted nourishment, we had all sorts of niceties and delicacies by the fire, or in the pantry for her. Miss Weston never closed her eyes the night she departed, and I—it don't become me, in Miss Weston's presence, and yours, madam, to boast of my services, but I was ready to drop with fatigue; I never tasted a mouthful for forty-eight hours, may I drop if I did! But it was the will of Heaven, madam."

"Where is her grave?" demanded the mother, in a feeble voice.

"In Loudon, my dear, thirty-seven miles from here. I had her buried in the village churchyard, three miles from the farm-house. She died in, and a beautiful white marble slab marks the spot, and I have left orders to plant flowers on her grave. I have done all I could, Alice."

"I know—I know; I am grateful, to you, to all; but I cannot speak. Can I go now, to-night, to see her grave?"

Miss Weston and her housekeeper exchanged significant glances.

"Of course you can go, my dear; but not until the day after to-morrow, when the stage goes in that direction. Indeed, Alice, I fear you are too feeble to undertake the journey. You are pale and weary now, and this, sad intelligence has overcome you. Poor child! better rest awhile, and then return to Alfred, who will be troubled about you; it will take you three days to get home; but, of course, if you insist, I will accompany you to Loudon."

"No, no," wearily replied the mourner. "You have been good and kind to her. I must return to my husband—I must return to-night! You no longer hate him, Sarah?"

"For your sake, I forgive him," she replied.

"Not for me—for the departed angel's sake!" cried Alice. "But her robes, her little shoes, her hat, surely you will give them to me? Have you a lock of her hair? Oh, my child! my poor Alfred! my breaking heart!"

"I have a lock of her hair, which I will divide with you, Alice. A part of her things were left in Loudon; but some of her frocks, and your miniature, are up-stairs. Will you come with me? Miss Broom, have the goodness to assist Mrs. Nesbrook. So, my dear, take your time—you are faint and giddy."

In the room, once occupied by Daisy and herself, the poor mother gazed around, and stretched forth her hands imploringly, and wailed forth loud and piteously: "My child, my child!"

Sarah opened the wardrobe doors, and Miss Broom officiously displayed the little girl's dresses, her summer hat, and her last shoes. On one shelf lay a glossy curl of silken hair, dark-brown with golden gleams, and a miniature attached to a slender gold chain. Alice pressed the curl to her lips, and passed the chain around her neck. Then the icy grasp around her heart relaxed its hold, and the saving tears melted forth—a tributary flood to her lost, gentle child. So deep, and yet so religiously resigned was the mother's sorrow—such beautiful eloquence—such powerful invocation fell from her lips, that even the cold-hearted sister paused in her restless walk to look upon her—to wipe the moisture from her brow; and the intriguing, calculating housekeeper, fumbled nervously for her keys, and turned from the heart-touching sight. When rising from her knees, she stood pale and erect in the glory of the lingering sunset, saying with such deep fervor, with a sigh so deep, "Thy will be done!" the callous heart of Sarah Weston was touched again, and she folded her sister in her arms, and kissed her tear-wet cheeks.

All night long the bereaved one paced the floor of that familiar chamber, kissing the precious relics, the glossy curl; weeping, praying for her child. At early dawn she passed the threshold of her childhood's home, carrying with her a small trunk, containing the mementoes of her lost one—the single curl, in place of the living Daisy.

Sarah was solicitous and affectionate to the last, even sending her regards to Alfred. Miss Broom accompanied Alice in a carriage to S—, and saw her safely to the stage-coach. The step of the suffering woman was feeble and laggard, her eyes were sunken, her face of a deathly pallor, but the lofty heroism of self-elevation upbore her, and lent her superhuman strength. Henceforth she was to live for him alone, who, scorned by the world, trusted to her faith, and love, and fortitude. Sarah had placed a package in her hand at parting. On opening it, she found it contained a pocket-book, with a handsome gift in money. The unsuspecting heart of Alice was grateful and its mighty grief.

Pass we over the second meeting of wife and husband. Alfred read the evil tidings she brought, in the first glance he took of her wasted face and grief-announcing figure. Ye, who have wept and suffered, loved and lost—ye can imagine the father's remorse; it was a more than common sorrow—for grief, bitter self-accusation mingled with the yearning and the pain of the sudden bereavement. In a few weeks they sailed for Cuba, and all who saw them embark, said pityingly, "They go from home to die, but she will depart first." And so the blue waves closed around the vanishing ship, and truthful, loving, faithful Alice Weston was forgotten—Alfred Nesbrook named no more; both were dead to their native land—to the false, conventional, persecuting world.

A few hours after Alice's departure from Westonville, Sarah emerged from her chamber with clouded brow, and very pale face. She entered the little parlor, and taking possession of the oaken chair, remained long silent, in deep and apparently painful thought. Then rising suddenly, she struck her forehead with her hand, as was her custom when excited, and cried aloud: "Would I had not done it; I feel that it is wrong! I do not hate my sister; but she—shall she triumph over me, become blest and happy? No! he may become rich and prosperous—the heart-wound will never close. Remorse will pursue him; his child's death will seem a punishment for the one error of his life. I am his avenging angel—I right myself and judge him! I, who once so silently, fondly loved him, I crush him now, who once humiliated me!"

She rang the bell for her housekeeper. Miss Broom promptly obeyed the summons.

"Order a carriage from town immediately; I must go to—you know where. Prepare yourself to accompany me."

"Yes, madam, certainly," replied the fawning woman. "Shall I prepare madam's traveling dress?—the green or the brown?"

"Either—it makes no difference," coldly replied her lady. And seeing no opportunity for conversation, the confident left the room.

In a farm-house, distant some thirty miles from Westonville, but in an opposite direction from Loudon, a child is playing wearily and alone, twisting pieces of paper into fantastic shapes, and looking through the broken windows at the blue skies and the waving trees. It is a little girl, about eight years of age, symmetrical in form, and beautiful in feature, with dark, soulful eyes of brown, and flowing curls of a somewhat lighter hue, tinged with golden gleams. The face is pale and sad; a tender melancholy nestles on the finely chiseled lips; there is poetry and genius, beauty, light and warmth in that soul. What a strange resemblance is it—can it be possible? It is Daisy Nesbrook! for whom father and mother weep, whom her aunt proclaims dead, whom the poor slaves cry and pray for. Daisy is alive and well, but sorrowful and expectant, crushed in heart and spirit, victim of a cold and selfish woman's revenge.

The people that she lives with are coarse, and rough, and harsh; poor, sensitive Daisy shrinks from them. She has been here but a few weeks, yet she is very homesick; longing for Aunt Abby's stories, for her gentle caresses, for the songs and sports of the negroes, for the comfort and refinement of Westonville.

Hark! a carriage stops before the house; the heart of the child beats wildly, the rich color dyes her cheeks, mounts to her very brow. Perhaps—oh, rapturous thought—it is her mother, returning, at last, for her grieving, longing child. "Why does she stay away so long, and never write to Daisy, only to Aunt Sarah?" silently she questions of her own throbbing heart.

The harsh voice of the farmer's wife is calling her; her enthusiasm has suddenly died away; the glowing hope has fled; a coldness and a dread is upon her, for she hears Aunt Sarah's voice. She goes down stairs, and enters the large room timidly, and meets the mocking smile, the icy welcome of the dreaded aunt, the false embrace of the maneuvering Miss Broom.

"Well, Daisy, I see that you are well, and happy; I hope she is not very troublesome, Mrs. Hendries?"

"Well," responded the surly woman, "children is allers troublesome, an' Daisy's no better than the rest on 'em. She aint very noisy, but she's so queer-like and mupish."

"If you please, Mrs. Hendries, I wish to speak to this little girl privately," said Miss Weston, loftily, sitting bolt upright in her chair.

"Sartainly, sartainly, ma'am; I'll go and see after the chickens," replied the mistress of the house, with the utmost humility.

"Come here, Daisy," said Miss Weston, "I have heard from your mother."

The crimson tide again rushed to the child's face, a beautiful light, the light of hope and joy, breaks from her eye; with both hands tightly pressed upon her heart, she breathlessly exclaims: "Is mother well? Is she coming soon? Oh, Aunt Sarah! is mother coming soon?"

A shadow passed across the stern face; perhaps it was a shadow of regret, of pity for the wronged, unoffending child. Unconsciously her voice assumed a gentler cadence.

"No, Daisy," she replied, her purpose still remaining firm, her iron will still unsubdued. "Your mother will never return for you; she has gone away, to a far distant country; she does not care for you; she does not even bid you farewell. She and your father will never return to Westonville. You are alone in the world, Daisy; you have no friends, but Miss Broom and myself. Forget your mother; she has forgotten you."

Still the child gazed, breathlessly intent upon the speaker's countenance; the rosy, joyous flush of expectation died out of her face; a wild pain contraited her heart; a hand of marble seemed to still its beatings, and cause strange writhings in the place of the healthy throbs; then a whelming tide of remembered tenderness, a flood of loving recollections, healingly laved her soul, and she spoke as one inspired, with flashing eye, and firm, bold utterance.

"It's not true, Aunt Sarah! Mother can never forget her Daisy; she loves me; you are telling a story, Aunt Sarah! Mother can never forget her child!"

Dark and threatening was the change that passed over Sarah Weston's face; her hand was uplifted, as if to strike the clear-seeing child, but she controlled her temper, and spoke in her usual cold, measured tones.

"I am not in the habit of telling stories, and I shall be compelled to punish you severely, if you so far forget your respect towards me. Your mother is gone, and will never return for you. I repeat it, Miss Broom knows all about the matter, and can tell you more when you grow calm and respectful. I shall remain here a few days, to see what can be done with you. Be good and obedient, for you have no one to take your part."

Did not that revengeful woman's spirit recoil, in terror, from the outbursts of the wronged child's violent grief, and uncontrollable despair? Was conscience entirely lulled to rest, steeped in artificial repose, that she could behold unmoved the agony of that sister's only child? Alas! the secrets of the human heart are oft impenetrable, the main-springs of action are overgrown with choicest flowers, or choked, concealed by rank and poisonous weeds. When the child's grief had vented itself in cries and tears, the little wrong heart had exhausted its power of endurance; she fell to the ground insensible, the name of "Mother!" lingering on her lips.

For many days she hovered between life and death, a prey to fever, calling incessantly upon the absent mother, imploring her "not to forget poor Daisy, not to leave her forever!"

The work of retribution was begun for Sarah Weston; she watched beside the sick bed of her little niece, with fear, and terror, and remorse pulling violently at her heart.

#### CHAPTER III.

The years sped on, and the little Daisy we have known a tender child, grew up to maidenhood; with the one deep sorrow ranking in her breast, her mother's cruel desertion, with the bitter memory of her father's sin ever placed before her. She never returned to Westonville, and at the express command of her aunt, she had put aside her father's name, and was known as Daisy Ellis, the dependent upon the rich Miss Weston's bounty, the orphan child she provided for out of charity. Cold and oppressive was the atmosphere in which poor Daisy breathed; the uncongenial surroundings of her childhood had implanted a shrinking timidity and a deep sadness within her soul. She had passed from the termagant Mrs. Hendries, to another home, wherein she was perpetually reminded of her dependence on the rich and charitable Miss Weston, and taunted with her poverty, and unfitness for labor. The negroes, ever ready to imitate the example placed before them, mockingly called her "de poor white gal," and showed her neither deference nor affection. The school-children taunted her with being "a charity girl," and sensitive Daisy often wept in secret for their sneering allusions to her father and mother. Oh, how often did the forsaken child flee from her home persecutions, from the tortures inflicted on her abroad, to the silence and shadow of the woods; there she would hold imaginary conversations with her mother, imploring her to return, telling her all she suffered, crying to the waving trees and wondering flowers: "Come back, come back, dear mother!"

So the years sped on, and Daisy grew to maidenhood; the trials of her childhood were great and bitter; there was no one to love her, to soothe and praise. Yet no heavy labor or menial tasks were imposed upon her childish strength; she was sent to the village school, and taught to sew at home; often scolded by the people she lived with, yet exempted from the drudgery so often performed by frail, sensitive children of her age, in this our boasted land of freedom and equality. In a Southern household no labor beyond her strength or years was exacted of the tender Daisy.

But still the galling chain of servitude twined around her; the prejudices of Mammon-creed encompassed her, clouding her every innocent joy, lowering above the future, inciting hearts to coldness and neglect. Not a childish aspiration but was crushed by some unfeeling remark, some allusion to her poverty; not a generous impulse but met with sarcasm or rebuke; not a holy, spontaneous emotion but was received with laughter and ridicule. Poor, spirit-tried Daisy! Uprising, pure and good and noble, despite the antagonistic influences bearing upon her early years.

She saw her aunt only twice since the dire announcement of her mother's desertion—twice in eight long years. She was the same tall, unbending figure, a trifle thinner than before; the harsh, forbidding countenance grown still paler; its lines of care and trouble more visible; the signs of premature age still distinct; she was, as ever, of chilling and measured speech. Compelled to deny the relationship, Daisy addressed her as Miss Weston, with every outward demonstration of humble gratitude and respect; for she was constantly reminded of her obligations to the rich and benevolent lady. Miss Broom, increasing in corpulence, in the ugliness that is the effect of craft and deception, for the mind leaves its unmistakable traces upon the face, called every half year to see her mistress's charge, to lecture her upon the deficiencies of mind and person, her jaundiced eye was sure to find, to impress upon her, a sense of obedience and gratitude to her benefactress; to recall her mother's desertion, and her father's great offence; exhorting the child to strict secrecy on these matters; threatening her with a cessation of her lady's bounty, if she ever blabbed to anybody.

"You see, Daisy," Miss Broom would say, "Miss Weston counts one of the first families, though she is n't as rich as some of the rest. It would n't do for her to have it known how your mother used you. She suffered enough from your father's misconduct; it nearly killed the poor dear lady. So Miss Weston is compelled to disavow knowledge you, society is so particular! But you have enough to be grateful for, anyhow; another aunt would have thrown you on the street; but Miss Weston is a Christian, and knows her duty; so do I, and I would lay down my life for her; I have worked for her, till I'm ready to drop, and I'll do it over again. Now, mind, Daisy, never mention that you have an aunt living; never speak about your father and mother—they are a disgrace to you."

Poor Daisy wondered why Miss Broom, who appeared so grateful, and talked so good, was always so repulsive to her; why she shrank from her eye and touch; why, with all the benefits bestowed upon her by her aunt, she could not feel grateful and happy.

So Daisy grew to maidenhood, and her form was the perfection of grace and symmetry; her face was very beautiful, although she knew it not; for no loving hand arranged the dark, brown, glossy curls, with pride and pleasure; no fond lips pressed kisses on her pearl cheek, on which too seldom the rosy flush rested. Her dark and brilliant eyes, mostly veiled beneath their long, shading lashes, startled the beholder with their depth and splendor, her exquisitely-shaped lips seemed closing firmly over some hidden sorrow; but when she smiled, a glory, as of a summer's sunrise, irradiated the passive face. There was an airy lightness in her step, despite her heaviness of heart, and a thrilling cadence in her sweet, silvery voice, that charmed the ear, and awakened memories and prophecies in the understanding soul. But with the rough, harsh people she dwelt with, this passed unnoticed; her winsome beauty won no praise and love; but when some favored belle, or courted heiress, sought that sylvan retreat for recreation and repose, poor Daisy wondered why they were so loudly extolled, waited upon with such striking deference, while she sat unobserved in the corner, busily plying her needle, or reading some simple story.

There are true hearts destined to be angels of consolation; at the appointed time they meet and love. At the age of fifteen, Daisy, who had hitherto at-

tended the village school, was placed at the seminary in W—, still under her assumed name of Ellis and as the protegee of the charitable Miss Weston. Poor girl! she knew not that her father's earth-form reposed in a foreign soil, beneath the waving foliage of a tropical clime—that her mother lived in poverty, battling with toll and privations far exceeding hers, and ever mourning for the child she deemed a dweller of the angel realms.

At boardingschool she met with Ada Lenox, the only child of a wealthy planter, whose dark and lustrous beauty, bewitching smile and high-bred manner, charmed while they awed the simple Daisy. They called Ada proud. The superficially observant knew not that what they called pride was only the reserve of a highly sensitive nature, that, forming for itself a lofty ideal—an almost unapproachable standard—met with daily mortifications and disappointments in the real, or rather, the seeming world. She was generous and impulsive, frank and enthusiastic, truth-loving and just; she abhorred all meanness and deception, seeking ever for communion with the beautiful and grand. Endowed with a strong, vigorous mind, she was ever grasping at lofty truths, expressing noble sentiments, rebuking falsehood and injustice. She was nearly eighteen, yet she remained at school, going over her studies; ever absorbed in some mental employment, or devoted to the practice of music, she possessed a magnificent voice, unrivalled in its strength and compass by any of her companions. The younger school-girls called her proud and exclusive, for she neither mingled in their sports nor sought their confidence. Ada Lenox could not regard as equals those shallow, superficial girls; her ideas of friendship were too exalted, her perceptions too fine. Her soul arrayed itself in power against the hollow artificialities of life, and pined for light and freedom beyond the narrow, conventional rules that encompassed her, there, and in her father's house.

This beautiful girl, long motherless, bore upon her intellectual brow the impress of a secret sorrow; but hope and determination, will and energy, flashed from her dark, bright eyes, and rested upon her finely formed lips, inspiring every motion of her tall, graceful form. Daisy, with profound humility, bowed her heart before her.

But this wealthy heiress and petted child of prosperity sought and won the confidence of Daisy Ellis—poor Daisy! whom all the other girls looked down upon in withering contempt. She read aright the hidden sorrow, and the large capacities of that beautiful soul, and twined her loving arms around it, and pressed the forsaken girl to her proudly throbbing heart in triumph, much to humble Daisy's wonderment. At first those dark, glorious eyes rested searchingly on her face, and the poor child colored beneath their eager questioning; then their expression changed, and wondering pity, sisterly affection lighted up their unfathomable depths, and Daisy timidly and gratefully replied, in the same mute language.

Silently, one day, the soft, white, rounded arm of Ada was passed around her waist; her little hand was taken and gently pressed.

"I know your name," spoke the melodious voice—I heard that weeks ago. May I question you?"

There was so much tenderness in the tone, that tears started to Daisy's eyes. She answered, softly, "Anything you please."

It was her aunt's express command that she should avow herself an orphan. She had often done so before strangers; but to tell a falsehood to this beautiful, friendly angel! Something within her resisted. "I do not know," she meekly replied, the rich color stealing to her cheeks, crimsoning her brow.

"Forgive me, if I have said anything to wound your feelings," said Ada, hastily. "Do you like this place?"

"I like the house and the garden, Miss Lenox, but I do not like all the inmates," said Daisy, frankly.

The countenance of Ada Lenox lighted up with triumphant joy. "Truthful and unspoiled," she murmured to herself—"elegant and refined by the hand of nature."

"Do you like me?" she questioned suddenly. The glow of inner feeling illumined Daisy's speaking face, tears started to the soft brown eyes, and the usually timid and reserved child said, impulsively, "I love you, dear Miss Lenox!"

There was a swimming moisture in the lustrous orbs of Ada. She smiled. Daisy felt as if a sunbeam, fraught with warmth and blessing, had fallen on her life-path.

"You must not speak so formal to me, if you love me," said the music-voice; "call me Ada—I will call you Daisy."

The soft, rosy lips were pressed to the forehead and the cheeks of the astonished girl. The love-tide that bore away the lingering reserve and the timid restraint was all too mighty in its sudden coming. With a cry of joy the desolate one wound her arms around the neck of the new-found friend, and clasped her in a close, fervent embrace, while the large tears stole down her cheeks. Tenderly, gently, as a loving sister would, Ada smoothed those glossy curls, and passed her fair, cool hand over the candid, intellectual brow, showering endearing terms and sweet, flowery pet-names upon the treasure found. Then, sitting again down beside her, as both grew calm, she said:

"They call me proud and haughty. I am exclusive in my friendships, for, young as I am, I have had some experience. I know there is much seeming wrong and falsehood in the world. I scorn the servile, cringing, fawning crew, who render a homage which is but mockery, to the moment's idol of beauty, fashion, or power. I bow before the shrine of moral and intellectual grandeur—before no other. When over I meet with truth and genius, love and beauty, I bend to worship. I am older than you, Lily-blossom! To some natures, life is early a training school. I am reputed wealthy. I am an only child, they tell me. I am beautiful, and many look upon me with envy. Alas! the blinded judgment of the world, that looks not beneath the surface! But all this is enigmatical to you. I will some day explain myself. Since you have been here—now nearly a year—I have studied you day by day, and now the lesson is learnt. I know you—I can trust you. I have found the treasure I have long been in search of. Her eyes sparkled, and her lip smiled triumphantly. "I will be to you a friend," she continued. "I know and feel that you have been harshly dealt with. When time shall bring us still nearer to one another, will you repay my confidence by the revelation of your own history—if there is a mystery and a charm connected with you—will you?"

A strong impulse stirred in the soul of Daisy; it was to throw herself upon the bosom of her friend, and tell her all she knew—all they had so strictly forbidden her to reveal. But her promise had been

given, and she dared not violate her given word. The blush of embarrassment dyed her cheeks; then rallying, she fixed her clear, truthful eyes on Ada's face, and replied:

"I am not at liberty to tell you. Do not think me ungrateful. I have given a sacred promise to Miss Weston, and I dare not break my word."

"Honorable and consistent," murmured her friend, as she again embraced her, and promised to urge her no further.

From that day the courted heiress and the humble dependent were friends—friends for life and for eternity. The aristocratic school-girls sneered at the ill-assorted pair, and left no sarcasm unsaid—nothing undone, to impress upon Daisy's mind the conviction that she was playing a part to secure the heiress's protection—a vile, cringing, mercenary part. To Ada herself they carried little tales and cleverly arranged accusations of Daisy's meanness and calculation, well knowing how repugnant were these propensities to her royally-generous nature. But she listened coldly, and dismissed them scornfully, after every repeated attempt of theirs, manifesting still more openly her affection for the slandered Daisy.

When the second vacation drew nigh, Ada invited her humble friend to spend it with her, not at her father's house, but at the country-seat of a friend of her mother's, the widowed Mrs. Danby. Miss Broom, calling a week before the intended departure of the girls, violently opposed poor Daisy's going; but the commanding presence, the haughty energy of Ada, subdued her. Ever fearful of offending the rich, she smiled her acquiescence, deprecating Miss Lenox's displeasure, and assuming supreme control over Daisy, in Miss Weston's name. She took heed, however, to whisper to the timid, weeping girl, a warning, couched in strong and bitter terms, that "Miss Lenox was not to be apprised of the secrets of the family."

Relieved of her repelling presence, they commenced their preparations for departure, and with childish glee and an elasticity of spirits long unknown to her, Daisy accompanied her friend to Forestdale, the residence of Mrs. Danby.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### SLEEP AND DREAM.

BY OUR JUNIOR.

Sleep, oh sleep! I may angels guard thee—  
Happy dreams thy thoughts employ;  
Dream, oh dream that thou art near me—  
Thou, my only hope and joy!  
Dream I'll walk beside thee ever,  
Thanking gracious God above,  
Whispering, "Dearest, naught shall sever—  
Naught our true and happy love!"  
Smile, oh smile, my sweetest treasure,  
Thankful for the cherub's song;  
Speak, oh speak, and fill the measure—  
Pray that death our love prolong!  
Dream you roam beyond the skies,  
Seeking homes serenely blest,  
Praying that I, too, may rise,  
Soaring there with thee to rest!

Rest! oh rest! the moon is sweeping  
Stately through the azure bright;  
Round thy head are ever leaping  
Sparkling shafts of halo light.  
Wake, oh wake! the day is dawning  
Gaily over lower and vane;  
List, oh list! the birds are warbling—  
Wake, to sleep and dream again!

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### LILY.

OR,

#### LOVE AND REGRET.

BY EMMA FRANCES POTTER.

#### CHAPTER I.

Among all the rich chateaux that clustered along the Levant, and whose ruins now remain to give evidence of those who were loved in life and lamented in death in times past, there is no bolder ruin than the castle of Otrante. It is situated in the Morea, among those classic vales and fountains that render the shores of Greece, from plain to mountain brow, one wide and never failing shrine of the picturesque.

A scion of one of the staunchest of the brave ones of Greece, was the last heir to these grand old walls and galleries, who early in life was united to one of the fairest daughters of that clime of beauty. Of the early life of Constance and Climenne it will be malapropos to enter in detail. Like all others haloed by that golden crescent which wealth throws about its proteges, and long descended from illustrious and patriotic ancestors, as well as happily congenial in heart and disposition, all can predict a happy life among the exquisite beauty of Grecian scenery.

In time a stronger link came to bind the two twin-hearts more closely into one; and, for his son, Sir Constance Oremorne saw in the future a star arising, which should even eclipse in brilliancy the unfaded light of the great ones which had long ago set. He was indeed a noble boy, sufficient to make any father's heart glad. And with his deep, bright eyes, his classic mouth, and beautifully moulded head, around which the silken locks waved in a thousand ringlets, as well as a voice sweet and bird-like, even in boyhood, could any mother but fold him to her heart, and shut out every harsh element from his life?

He was named Oswald; and above the cradle of the young heir of Otrante the dotting parents hung with hearts full of love for each other and for him; anxious at every long drawn breath or sigh that sleeping darling drew.

Thus sanctified by affection, and educated in whatever could adorn or edify this splon of nobility, Oswald attained his fifteenth year, and passed out from the dominion of his governor, into the classic halls of a northern University.

He was, as his infancy had given promise, a wild-eyed, passionate, poetic youth, keenly alive to the beautiful and ecstatic. A few years' tuition among the master-spirits of literature and eloquence, gave what Sir Constance considered the coup de grace to his noble son; and nothing was essential to complete the idol but a knowledge of the world. And, in companionship with a long and well-tried friend of his own, Oremorne dispatched Oswald as a lingerer at the moss-grown shrine, beside the story-telling wave, o'er the battle-borne billow, and above the war-scarred tower. Now came the love-breathing, and romantic epistle, fraught with fond remembrance, from the affectionate and dashing boy; and anon the dream of the future, or the air-built castle reared from the youthful brain; and the parents lingered on each line as though they were inspired.

But to this, like all other happiness, time brought a change; and less often to the mother's hand came the long-yearned-for epistles—finally they stopped entirely.

Leaving the fond hearts at home in the chateau



D'Otrante, to wonder and grow anxious at delay and silence, let us follow the young wanderer.

Far to the north of Greece, across the limpid waters of the Golden Horn, beyond the gilded minarets of Byzantium and through the classic dells of the Drave and the Danube, Oswald had passed, gathering from each and all, something hallowed by passion or sanctified by poetry.

At length in that "Valley of Sweet Waters," through which the little brook trips in laughter from the European glen to the golden sands of Asia, Oswald found the *Ultima Thule* of perfection, which his romantic heart had so eagerly sought; and among all those soft, entrancing sights and sounds, which give the delicious east its fitness for an Eden, like the Lotophagi, he allowed the sea-girt beauty of Southern Greece to pass into oblivion.

Were the truth wholly known, however, it was not alone the voluptuous climate, or the exquisite fairness of the shore, the rivulet or the ruin, that steeped his senses in soft oblivion.

While loitering amid the serenity of sight, sound and sense, his eye caught glimpses from time to time of one of those ravishing moulds of humanity, which, if they exist beyond the poet's dream, or the poet's ideal, are surely more frequently found in the east than elsewhere. He first saw this maiden, as she glided among the flowers of the garden, and sported with her gazelle, whose form was scarcely more graceful than her own. The complexion of this beauty seemed darker than that which usually exists under European skies, yet it was tinged so delicately that a limner might have studied its hues entranced. Her lips were faultless in their ruby richness, and slightly parted, like the cleft of a pomegranate blossom. And there seemed a deep magic in her sparkling eyes, so Oriental, and so deep, and in the exuberant folds of raven hair that fell around her neck with a

"Grace beyond the realm of art."

and which, if anything, added to the languishing beauty of her passionate eye. Oswald was in ecstasies, and without the caution which a more experienced *amateur* would have affected, he sprang at first sight to her side, and breathed out his enrapturement at once. In an instant the characteristic veil was closely drawn, and the passion-heated youth saw the fairy form disappear, with its drapery floating in the wind, like a cloud around a statue.

Several times he caught glimpses of this garden-nymph, who at length became in a measure accustomed to his presence, and, after many preliminaries, the first cool pros and cons of acquaintance were effected.

The longer he lingered beside her, and the more he learned of her pure heart and beautiful face, the more spell-bound he became; and perhaps this accounted for the indifference he showed for older and more natural ties. Even to this intimacy the confidential friend was not admitted. Solemn, sweet and secret it existed until it grew into genuine love—that mysterious union of soul and sense, in which the lowliest dew-drop reflects the image of the brightest star.

Leila—for such this Oriental beauty was named—was the daughter of one of the wealthiest nabobs in the East of Europe, to whom our hero had letters of friendship and introduction, though there seemed to be a sort of indifference towards the bright and beautiful child, which Oswald could scarce account for. And at all times, when he sought in any way to manifest his preference for Leila, Morrelli as studiously turned it aside. Still the fascination continued.

Leila played the harp, was the first in the dance, and the sweetest-voiced of all the gay groups of maidens that had been presented in his pilgrimages. And the quiet trystings in the delicious gardens of the Orient strengthened the infatuation. At any approach to the consummation of their happiness and love, the fair Leila manifested uneasiness and fear; but the glowing sentiment of Oswald—now a youth of twenty—at length won her consent to a secret marriage, and clandestine departure from the haunts of her childhood and of his passion.

So much absorbed had young Cremorne been in devotion to this deity, that when he had obtained the entire possession of her every look, and thought, and word, he just began to realize his true position. He was young and without any fixed principles of life. No longer free to please himself alone, he must be the protector and guiding star of one much younger than himself—beautiful, erring and frail. He knew the great hopes that his parents had built upon him, and he feared to inform them of his folly. Morrelli had also commenced in threatening terms to upbraid him for his presumption; and, with his beautiful Leila he fled to Venice, depending upon his ingenuity for his immediate sustenance. Not an unapt scholar, and with much of that aesthetic sensibility which characterizes the best wealth of the artist, he entered the studio of an eminent *maestro* in Venice, and determined sooner to die than call upon his father.

At length the love of Oswald and Leila is crowned with life's deepest, purest joy—their united lives have reappeared in a new existence—and they feel that without this rich experience, the human heart can never know one half its wealth of love. Lesandro—for so it was Oswald's fancy to name their boy in commemoration of an old Spanish ballad—was of a lighter brown than Leila, in complexion, but rich and glowing as an autumnal leaf. The iris of his large, dark eye had the melting mezzotint outline which gives so plaintive and languishing an expression. He was flexible in form, and graceful as an antelope; and, in the warm atmosphere of father's and mother's love, he grew like a flower open to the sunshine.

We need not tell what commotion and wounded pride was felt in the Grecian home of our hero, when it was known of his stolen marriage and flight. Sir Constance was at first haughty and defiant—she forbade the prodigal's name to be mentioned in his presence—and, in his wrath, erased the record of his birth. The mother doted on her son, and gave no credence to what she heard of his voluntary devotion to the shrine of wayward love, and, prayed for a recantation of the harsh vows of the stern parent.

Meanwhile Oswald was advancing in his new employment to a great degree of perfection; while Leila and Lesandro adorned his cottage home, and offered to his heart and to his pencil the ideals of love and beauty.

## CHAPTER II.

Ten years of happiness had now passed over the head of Oswald, and then the scene changed. The ambition which had characterized Sir Constance seemed to have started up anew in his son, and it spurned at the tenderness that had once been its

guardian. Already his name stood high in the world of art, and each day was adding some triumph to his exertions; but he grew careless of his home, and though the light in Leila's eyes was just as fond and bright, and the guileless heart as warm, yet discord prevailed, where sweet harmony once reigned. The love-claspings of the darling child were less frequent, the regretful lingering almost forgotten.

Sir Constance had marked the proud ambition of the dashing Oswald, and acknowledged him, both by letter and personally.

Curiosity had also impelled him to make inquiries respecting the fair object of Oswald's infatuation, and from her father's own lips learned of her African descent, and the servitude which as such had been marked out for her. This was of course a profound secret from Oswald, until Sir Constance, by insinuations and regretful contrasts, made known the whole.

At first Oswald ignored the horrid fact—denied a possibility.

"'Tis false! a base fabrication to effect the purpose of a tyrant!" he exclaimed, as he arose from his easel, beside which the father had breathed the unworthiness of Leila. "Another word, and you leave my studio! You have never seen her! or you could never liep the words you now dare! And were it all true, do you suppose it could make any difference with me? You are mistaken in your son!"

But the insidious tongue had breathed its venom, and Oswald grew restless and impatient—oftentimes gloomy; and Leila, often startled to find how searching was the gaze he rivetted on her face. Lesandro, too, seemed to have lost his power to please; he less often climbed his father's knee, or ran by his side with glad laugh and lightsome bound; and Leila pressed him to her own bosom, with a vehement love and agony, that made him shudder.

Pride at length did the work. Oswald had absented himself considerably from the heartstone, where so much happiness had formerly been his lot; often for whole nights he came not near the threshold of his home; and when once more with his wife and child, in answer to her solicitude and caress, his dogged answer was, "Of some pressing engagement in his studio, or new dream image to be portrayed, requiring application and solitude."

Alone, one night, through all the dreary hours, Leila felt the sad forebodings that there were dark clouds passing over her life's bright sky; and as she listened to the still breathing of her beautiful boy, she pondered on the strange, wild conduct of his father—of her dear Oswald. Long into the drear, silent midnight, she waited and listened for his footstep; and as he came not, she bent her head low, and covering her face with her hands, gave way to the pent-up agony which her neglected heart had so long stifled. Sleep—that comforting friend of the heart-broken and disconsolate—at length hushed the low sobs of the lonely Leila; while dreams of her old home, of her gazelle and her lute, made her rest a fairy Elysian of happiness.

Bright, beautiful morning, was gilding the fairy land of Venice, creating the blue wave with beauty, and lighting up the curtained apartments of the beautiful quondam, who was startled from her slumber by the light pressure of soft child-arms about her neck, and moist, warm lips on hers, and again she waked to gaze upon the fair, bright face of her petted boy.

"Dear mother," exclaimed the boy, "my father was here this morning. He waked me from sleep with a kiss, but he was strange and wild, and when I sprang to caress him, he put me aside with, 'Child of a slave!' What does it mean, mother? Not that beautiful lady with chains about her ankles and arms, and big tears in her eyes, that hangs in my father's studio—he told me that was a slave! Oh, it must be horrid to be a slave. I called him father, and he snatched his arm away from me. But when I cried, and told him I was his own darling boy, he folded me as he used to do in the good old times when he used to stay at home with you and me! Oh, my father, my father!"

The passionate child buried his face in his mother's lap, and wild with grief, made the whole air resound with his cries.

The truth came at once to the grief-stricken Leila. What could she say to comfort her child, when her own heart was bursting?

Patiently, day after day, the mother and child waited for the return of Oswald. No greeting and no parent came. The studio was closed, the Venetian cottage desolate, and the mother and her child, who had been so loved and so caressed, were homeless, friendless and forlorn. Troubles never come singly, and, ere a month had passed over the head of the outcasts, rough hands had been laid on the once-cherished wife, and bold claims maintained to the possession of their bodies, and they were—slaves!

Oswald over-persuaded by the promises and ambitious interference of his father, and bound by that pride which was stronger than affection, (as well as threatened by the tyrannical father of Leila, who was likewise her master,) at length fled from his cottage—the loveliest of many happy years—from the arms of one whom he had chosen from all the world beside—from the fond caresses of their beautiful child—and was deemed, as of old, the manly, the handsome, and the noble heir of the ancient house of Otrante.

Courted and canonized for his perfection in the art of picture-poetry, and so gallant, so well descended, and known to be the soul of romance, how easy Oswald found it to be fawned upon and preferred. Reminiscences of his own loved Leila kept all vague ideas of feminine attachment for some time in check, until so often had the attentions of the great painter become elicited, that his vanity became aroused, and Leila and Lesandro became unwelcome intruders in his thoughts. And his name and fame and fortune were soon linked with one of the proudest names and fairest titles in Greece; and, as if on ringlets of the brightest gold, and blue eyes to which the violet was harsh, now shone love-tokens for the wealthy and popular artist, and laid on the same breast, where tresses dark as night and eyes dreamy, shadowed and darkling, had once wept and smiled. And here for a brief space allow us to leave the great Cremorne, and over the boundary of other lands, and amid very different scenes, seek the welfare of Leila and Lesandro.

Back, amid the old scenes of girlhood pleasure and maiden love, ere the cruel fate which had been born with her had ever been allowed to darken her bright years, the mother and her child were borne. She pined in heart, and made loud lamentation for the being she had so loved; but it brought him not. Traffic was the watchword of those who had been the guardians of her childhood; and it was decreed that the mother and her child must pursue different

paths. The one so fair, pure and graceful, was the choice of a wealthy Turk; the other must remain to do the bidding, and adorn the household, as the page of their master.

Against the separation the mother's heart made itself prominent in the most agonized entreaties, and, in the extremity of her exertions to preserve her beautiful boy to herself as the last remnant of that other life she had led so brief and so blissful, and of him who had turned their bright pages for her, she implored his memory of her to save her from such a fate. To all this passion and invocation she was coldly returned with a rebuke; and, for the purpose of quieting her fears, the marriage of her Oswald was related. The blow was a sure one, and with one more caress, one more straining of heart to heart, and lip to lip, the mother and the child were separated.

## CHAPTER III.

Several years had now passed over the characters of our story, and in the studio of one of the greatest families of Venice several students were engaged at their easels—all of them bright-eyed and bold-browed, as geniuses are generally. The materials and the resources which characterized the detail of their wonderful art, lay in graceful confusion in all parts of the room; and, as they piled the pencil, the following unique conversation circulated:—

"So the great *Maestro* is to visit us! Signor Angelique will have to apply himself somewhat, methinks, to finish that *extraordinaire* he has plotted so deep, to be enabled to present it to my lord—a worthy *chef d'œuvre* of so talented and popular an artist."

"What think you, Sebastian, of Signor's 'Descent from the Cross'? The arm of the beloved disciple seems rather extended, in my opinion."

"Hush, Francois! Signor will overhear, and you know his petulance," exclaimed the one addressed, turning round and casting a hasty glance at the first speaker. "He knows it as well as you do, and it makes him vexed. He spoiled the outline of my 'Beggars' this morning, out of mere nervousness; but take care, *Maestro*, or you will blanch the cheek of your *Madonna* out of shade. And you remember the Ave Marias you have to weep when carelessness is the father of mistake! What of my Lord, this great critic, and the Monseigneur of Art, of whom all Venice stands in such awe? He is human, I suppose."

"Ask Signor Angelique! All I know," replied Francois, "is, that he once took up painting out of spite, and, being rich and powerful, became the tyrant of his brotherhood. The most laudable and peerless of his productions is said to be the 'Mother and Child,' in the Ducal Palace, and that was by his own experience in the beautiful."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed a smaller youth, who had not before spoken; "but that is only one-half the story. Michael Steno was in the studio with him, when he was painting it, and he said the original was his own wife and child, who were beautiful enough to turn even the head of an artist."

"Really, Vincenza, you are quite an enthusiast; let the great *Maestro* and Signor Angelique both beware of a rival. But hold! here comes Monseigneur."

Signor Angelique was a tall, dark man, with piercing black eyes, and, from all outward appearance, proud and bigoted. At his entrance the merry gossip of the students ceased, and each one profoundly bowed as he entered. After surveying the several endeavors of his students, he walked to his own easel, and, removing the sliding drapery, regarded it for a moment with a searching look, and then turning suddenly upon Francois, exclaimed,—"Which of you has dared to piece out my imperfection with your own light and shade?"

"Surely it is none of us, I can answer," replied Francois, as he looked upon the graceful *akimbo* arm of the Apostle John, which the *Maestro* had left awkward and unfinished.

"Then I must have corrected it 'en sonanbulu,' Andy, bring my palette and brush. It is time I had put the finishing touch here!"

At this demand, a youth of perhaps fourteen summers made his appearance from behind a screen, where the tools of the studio were bestowed. He was eminently beautiful, slender and dark-eyed, and with a melancholy radiance in his dark features, which was as unusual as his motions were graceful. He glided to the side of Angelique, performed his bidding, and again disappeared and resumed his occupation of grinding paint. The *Maestro* said but little; but the only conversation that seemed to interest the merry students was of the anticipated criticism that these creations were about to undergo, and, after several hours of application, as the day faded into twilight, they one by one folded up their endeavors, till another day. Angelique was the last to leave his task, and giving the boy Andy double charge to be upon his guard, lest the same invisible artist, who had taught him the lesson of the previous day, should strew more colors on his masterpiece during the coming night, he locked his studio, and disappeared.

So, day after day, the gay students and their *maestro* tutor labored and learned the workmanship of Angelique, always presenting a different phase of beauty, and a nearer degree of perfection in the morning, than he left it with the night previous.

Irritated and nonplussed, he harangued his pupils, and suspected and belied them all. "To-night, Andy, I forbid you retiring at all," exclaimed the nervous artist, as he once again prepared to retire.

"To-morrow I must add the last touch to my masterpiece, and prepare my studio for the reception of our honored guest, Monseigneur Cremorne! And should the invisible again ply palette and brush, my wrath will be unquenchable. On your vigil it depends. Mind, now—don't be caught napping, on your peril!"

The boy received these commands in silence, and again the door of the studio was locked behind him.

"Francois," exclaimed the artist Sebastian, as they loitered on the threshold of the gallery; "Angelique is anxious about this phantom of the night that haunts his studio, and teaches him such errors in his art. For our own gratification let us watch with the boy Andy to-night! To-morrow is a great day for Angelique, remember!"

"Well, well," returned the person addressed; "anything that suits your fancy. So here goes."

It was midnight in the studio of the painter Angelique; Sebastian and his friend Francois laid perdue in the ante-chamber; and the boy Andy, entirely unconscious of their presence, was stretched half asleep on the carpet. The clock struck one, and Andy started up, as if alarmed that he had dared to slumber. He took from his breast a crucifix, and, kneeling down, bent his head on it in the most rever-

rental manner for a few moments; then rising to his feet, he grasped the taper and the pallet, and, casting a searching glance around the apartment, much to the astonishment of the ambuscade, he removed the covering of Angelique's *chef d'œuvre*, and, scanning it for a brief moment, began to trace a halo around the Saviour's head,—to tinge the blood-drops by his side—to shade the limbs more perfectly—and, with the taste of an artist, to complete the picture.

The clock struck four, and again the youth started—the covering was quickly returned—the pallet put away—the light extinguished—and the boy slunk away behind his screen, silently and unseen. Francois and Sebastian looked at each other with astonishment; but they placed their fingers on their lips, and withdrew, hardly acknowledging to themselves the wonder they had discovered in the invisible artist.

## CHAPTER IV.

It was morning, in the studio of Signor Angelique Lioni. Earlier than usual the master and his pupils had resumed their preparations for their honored guest. With an eager hand, Lioni dashed away the drapery from his easel, when, lo! there was presented the most perfect and finished picture that ever adorned his gallery. He was bewildered. Seizing Francois by the arm, he drew him before the tableau, exclaiming:—

"By Saint Mark! the heavens help me! the invisible artist again! Summon the boy Andy, and threaten to out! his tongue if he reveals not this mystery! But make way—here comes our honored Monseigneur!"

Upon this, Oswald Cremorne, the courted and polished friend of art and man of taste, entered with a courtly bow, and, after examining the creations of the pupils of Lioni, and bestowing much commendation, proceeded to the long-cherished *chef d'œuvre* of the master.

"You well deserve the praise I have heard bestowed upon you, brother," exclaimed the delighted Cremorne. "This is assuredly matchless! I should think an angel must have guided your pencil in these fine touches, which give the exquisite expression to the features! But as you know its perfectness, I need not praise."

"And so I think our Holy Mother did grant me aid," returned Angelique. "I have no recollection of gilding those rays of glory, or plating that crown of thorns! But if such angel-visitant came here, none could have seen him save the boy Andy. Where are you, boy? If you have seen any white-browed dignity at my easel, come—reveal!"

Trembling in every limb, the terrified boy made his appearance, but he did not speak. Cremorne looked at the youth's bright eyes, and a film for a moment came across the clear vision of the noble man. The boy, too, seemed stricken with pallor; but terrified at the fierce command and rough grasp of his master, he dropped his deep eye-lids, and again faltered in his speech.

"Give the boy fifty lashes for his doggedness," exclaimed Lioni, wrought up to a perfect frenzy of vexation.

Here Francois and Sebastian came to his relief, and in a few brief words explained the wonderful talent and singular conduct of the invisible artist."

"Down on your knees, Lesandro, and beg pardon of my lord for your presumption! Impudent fool!" exclaimed Angelique, aside, as the suppliant knelt at Cremorne's feet.

"Ask gold, Lesandro," exclaimed Francois.

"Ask to be received as a pupil into our studio," preferred Sebastian.

"Ask for your freedom," whispered Vincenza in the poor boy's ear—and here the electric chord was touched. He raised his hands, and letting his head fall upon his breast, faltered,

"The freedom of my mother! I am the child of a slave!"

Oswald Cremorne was bewildered and perplexed, but, raising up the prostrate suppliant, he asked of him his name, his birth and memories.

Believing the reader can find the mysterious link that bound the nobleman and the boy-slave into father and son more gracefully than we can portray it, allow us to drop the curtain over the studio of Angelique Lioni, and shift the scene to the emancipation of the life-servitude of the pent-up feelings of broken hearts, and of the freed to better worlds.

"Mother, mother! you are free! you are free! and I am no longer the 'child of a slave!' were the glad, dear words that broke from the lips of the boy, as he sprang into the arms of his mother. "And see! he is come back! I told you he would. He did not forget Leila and Lesandro."

Less beautiful Leila might have become since Oswald last turned away in scorn from her tenderness; but as she sprang with a glad, wild scream of joy to his breast, he only saw her the same pure, bright gazelle she appeared when his boy-heart first greeted her among the roses in the "Valley of Sweet Waters," and all the past joy, bliss and sorrow, passed in quick review before him. His noble boy knelt beside him, while his darling Leila, pressed fondly to his heart, still better recalled that moment of triumph, when, with his eager poet-eyes and his artist's pencil, he created on the canvas the *chef d'œuvre* of the Ducal Palace—"The Mother and her Child."

Exquisite of happiness! the other partner of his bosom, wooed in ambition, he had laid to sleep long before, among her native hills and waters, and he only dreamed now but with Leila and Lesandro to remount the river of his years, and live in an Eden of his own creating.

He bent his head, to whisper of hope, of life and love, in the ears of the broken-hearted; but the transition from despair to delight had been too much for the passionate and beautiful quondam, and the pure, warm heart was pulseless within the beautiful form in which it had once quivered, thrilled and overglowed.

Under a spreading tree, beside the Venetian cottage of their early love, with a small white cross at her head, twined with the cypress vine, Leila the Quondam, was buried, and Lesandro and Monseigneur often lingered long with memory at her grave.

No longer the child of a slave, M. Lesandro Cremorne was received into the studio of the greatest artist in Rome. As his infancy and early boyhood, had been sacred to the father, so the perfume of his son's experience and genius were shed over the declining intellect of his father, as the rose-tree hallows the decaying petals of its former sweets with the aroma of new and fresher blossoms.

"The Mother and Child" was purchased and restored to the walls of the Venetian Cottage, where the last days of Oswald Cremorne were passed, and the "Descent from the Cross," by the Invisible Artist hung for years amid the magnificence of St. Mark's.

## Life Eternal.

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

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

## PART NINTH.

Tremblingly I walk on the great life-current. Fearfully I launch my bark on its waters; for the mystic atmosphere of repulsion closes around me. Incompetely I seize me. I wait for the bold and persuasive argument to teach man how to live. My spirit seems impatient, restless. I long to see mind and matter harmonized. I grow impatient of contraries. But I will try and nerve my arm steadily. I will grasp the magic lightning rays, and let them go dashing, and clearing up the atmosphere of folly. We need a hurricane—we want wild tornados—an earthquake of wisdom, wherein the children of life may be swallowed.

Does man look aright on his threefold nature? Are his thoughts directed to his physical, his intellectual, and his spiritual being? His is a trinity of life. His material existence calls for the claims of the physical life, and tells him how to act—how to feel the body.

(A sudden interruption here occurred by the presence of a dark spirit. For a few minutes the influence of the "Unknown" was thrown off. When he again obtained possession, he said):—

If she has this dark cross to bear, for a time, her soul, through this very evil, may be purified. The coming of bright spirits are like the stars of night, whose brightness is seen from the darkness around. And so the tarrying of the darker forms make the night of the soul, while the angel stars shine brighter for the shadows.

Let us take up this shade of life, and discuss it. Let us fathom inquiry, and it will answer for a chapter. Perhaps the greatest good may yet accrue from this obstruction. Let us drink tears this morning. We will turn away from eternity's stars, which angel forms make for us, and walk on life's darker borders. Listen to the sighs of misery,—for this is the only strain I can now breathe to you. We will fathom and see what makes the evil. I fear the sorrow that envelops this hideous form beside me, comes from the pined enjoyment of some brother in humanity. So connected are our sighs and tears—so interwoven our groans, that he who mounts on the pinnacle of happiness, does it to the destitution and sorrow of a brother. The life-current oftentimes flows maully. As the great waves break the white foam, and destroy the curling eddies, and the sparkling tide is dashed by bounding billows, so great waves of sorrow roll across our souls, and eatracts of despair drown us in the stream of sadness.

This sorrowing form is connected with you and I. We belong in life's picture. He makes the shades, that our souls may stand out with delicate tints. It is ours to assist. We claim him, and love's arms shall encircle him, as the arms of deity encircle creation. The sighs of our fellow-men are ours to alleviate; the tears of the nation are ours to wipe away. We must administer to the lame, the halt and the blind. We live only to grasp immortal life, and we would feed thee with bread from heaven. Thou shalt tarry with us, if it please thee.

This is only some dark moving matter that is fanning up in the great world of activity; some rude material for the hand of benevolence to make smooth—a shadow that falls upon creation's walls, which tells us that darkness stands there—that our labor must be the labor of love; that we must delve into creation, and bring forth unfinished matter, and purify it for the kingdom of our Father. The affection and love he bestows on us, we would hand to thee, poor soul. We thank him devoutly that there is no election of saints—that all creation was his from the beginning. He holds his works within his hands, and we stand as mighty agents in the great universe to do our Father's bidding—responsible for every shadow of sin that we meet. He hath commissioned us with high and holy jewels, with little gems; the pearls of life he has placed in our hands. Shall we keep them back? Shall we hold them in reserve? While there is a cry for life around us, we must preach. To the dead we must speak—they that are dead in sin. They that discern not spiritual things are truly dead, and wait a resurrection. We will sound the trumpet, and bring them forth. We will call them from the sepulchre of sadness, and invite them to taste our life and immortality, our bread and waters of eternity.

The sorrows and wallings of the lowly are casting their shadows around us. They come to take the places we have inhabited. We must mount upward, to give them the places where we once stood. We must turn on them the loving glance. We must give them bright pictures of faithfulness. We must give to them atoms of our love, for we are but workers in eternity. What matters it, if the day of this life is made up of sacrifices? But where, and what is sacrifice? For the glorious and heavenly joy that beams in their souls, so far transcends the little sacrifice we make for them, that it seems to melt away the term—to annul the thought—to divide the bliss that falls upon the recipient, with the heart that gives.

We would lead thee, thou dark one, to cooling streams, and life's living waters. We would bring all the dead to the fountain of eternity. We would show them the three-fold nature of man—the trinity of existence. We would tell them how the physical life must grow—how the intellectual must meet the frame-work—and how the spiritual must crown the whole.

We would compare them to the vegetable—the root corresponding to the physical, the leaves and branches to the intellectual, and the blossom to the spiritual. The wants of the body must be fed and nurtured, even as the root of the tree must be nourished—in order to force up the life-current, and cause it to shoot out its tiny leaves and buds.

Man's intellect does not make him spiritual. He may go out with mighty thought and traverse worlds—go into research—wed his soul to science—fathom existence with his wisdom, and yet have none of the craving life of the great spiritual existence for which his nature was born.

The plant may grow to leaves; spread out in large branches, and diffuse its whole life, and yet no beautiful flowers may bloom thereon. So may the man of strong intellect go out and never bear one blossom of immortality—never bring one bud of

—This Unknown, is the only appellation by which the spirit dictating these thoughts has been distinguished. No other name has been given during their delivery, the controlling intelligence choosing to have the ideas and views presented rest on their own basis of truth for acceptance.



spirituality, to bloom in the 'etherial atmosphere of love.

In these darker souls, that walk beside us, we find the roots of the plant that cling to the earth. We will nurture them—give them native soil—the sunny rays of love—the dew of warm affection—showers of sympathy, and call them above the ground—in them their spirits to come up. We will transplant them, and teach them to grow and tower to heaven—give them bright frame-work of angel construction, and we shall soon find their souls coming forth, to the branches of intellect, and going out in buds of life. The sorrowing shall nestle close to our sides—we will wipe away their tears—we will be the thro groans of humanity. When a soul stands by a heavy cross, all dark with sin and sorrow, we will go to him and stand the cross with bright jewels—leave it only a cross in the form, filled with sparkling diamonds, which to his gaze shall reflect eternally.

Humanity claims us, and we will stand working—hope points us the way. Time writes the heavenly deed, and the Angel of Love records it with full credit to our account.

Child of sorrow, I would not have thee depart—I would rather keep thee by me, that I may better remember thy life's memory to me. We are only links of Creation, bound by the cords of affection—

My heart should sigh when time is sad,  
My soul should weep when time is glad.

We are but a woven garland of life—each soul a flower or bud—a dark leaf, or a lily blossom—and the hand of Deity has arranged them so that the beauty of the lily is enhanced by the dark leaf on which it rests. The open flower is more beautiful for the buds that surround it. So the soul of light and wisdom stands in correspondence—surrounded by unprogressed—purity rests on the dark leaves of error—violet peep out from thickly-grown weeds, and all Creation stands intermingled—sunshine and shadow—beauty and deformity—angel faces, and hideous demons—dignities of high, architectural beauty, and pits of lowest, sorrowing forms.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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SPIRITUALISM AND PARTY.

Parties may be styled projectile forces. They throw their influence, in jets and streams as it were, for a distance proportioned to their native energy and original power. And it is equally true, both as a theory and as substantiated by careful observation, that the more narrow the stream the further it will go. This is to be naturally expected. There being little or nothing to check the energies of a new movement, or power, the inference is unavoidable that it will project itself to a greater distance than under opposite conditions and circumstances.

We may therefore safely accept the conclusion, that the more narrow, and bigoted, and illiberal, and unsympathetic a party is, especially where the religious sentiments are appended to the better its chances are for a long and steady success. Indeed, it seems to be a necessity that all associations, cliques, parties, and factions, that hope to make themselves felt, and expect to extend their influence for any length of time, should give their undivided attention to their own projects, and look primarily, secondarily, and finally, at the establishment of their own private interests.

We may compare such sects and factions to the propulsion of a stream of water through a pipe; the stream at the start goes a great way farther than if no such projectile force were, iron it. But on the other hand, those broad, liberal, and truly human doctrines, that seek an extended and ever widening influence only by a proper appeal to the higher qualities of man's nature, may be compared to the gentle spring-flood in the meadows, baptizing everything in its swelling wave, working silently and in harmony with all the forces of nature, and leaving behind them, when they recede, a broad track of greenness and beauty.

It is perfectly natural, then, that mere sectarianism, no matter what kind it is called, should be narrow both in its aims and operations; for it is by this means that it makes the most of its energies. In fact, if it were to expand itself on any side, it would speedily lose its force altogether. A single idea can always be forced further when taken up without any companion ideas for it, than a whole system can, which pretends to embrace the entire range of the soul's culture. The gigantic movement which was made for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the possession of the Infidels, was set on foot, and afterwards carried forward by the intense enthusiasm, amounting to a sort of madness, of a certain Peter the Hermit, who nursed but this single purpose, and looked forward to the realization of no other plan for a crowning period to his life and history.

So are the temperance parties organized; and the several reform societies; and nearly all the religious societies; and many of the political organizations besides; recognizing but a single point of faith, or at best but one object which they esteem worthy of their endeavor, they resolutely concentrate all their thoughts, their faith, their hope, their prayers, and their energies, upon this alone, and thank God, as if his hand was in it, that their eyes have been allowed to look upon such pleasing results as are most generally theirs to behold.

Now true Spiritualism, while it never affects to overlook each and every one of these already orga-

nized instrumentalities through which it may work wider good, hoping thereby to exalt and regenerate the very instrumentalities themselves—is nevertheless in its spirit and essence entirely removed from the need of such limited assistants, and of itself seeks to work its end only by liberal, enlarged, gentle, and truly spiritual methods. While it discards no means that may be made useful, because they may be made temporarily subservient to its purposes, it at the same time seeks to establish its permanent influence only on that broad basis upon which all men and all nations can stand and claim the privileges of brotherhood.

Thus there is no partisanship about Spiritualism, and there need be none. In fact, it puts everything like partisanship feeling to rout, to begin with; it looks the monster in the face, and it turns abashed and cowering. The very first effect of a spiritual state of mind is to throw off the tyrannical influences of party, and to make the trusting recipient free indeed. Party feelings are laid at the outset. The inquiry is, not how our side stands? but how does it go with my own soul?

Spiritualists are therefore frequently taunted with forming no party; with counting nothing; with the lack of a creed, of a name, of a leader; and with being made up of odds and ends, the most variant and dissident individuals that the community produces. This charge, of itself, however, carries no force against those to whom it is applied; only it happens to be the case that they who bring it, have been trained to suppose that it does. The trouble is altogether with the eyes of those who think they see; and in no sense with the character or conduct of those who are seen by them. It is simply their way of viewing a subject, for which a narrow and cramping discipline has disqualified them.

For ourselves, we accept the taunt, the accusation, and reviling, that Spiritualists are not a party, and find everything to encourage us in the charge. Were it otherwise, there might be reason to tremble indeed. That there is no yet no party uniform which Spiritualists are expected to wear,—no party badge by which they may be known of the public,—no secret grip by which they may each one mysteriously make himself known to the other,—and no specific partisan name by which they are sworn to make themselves a separate power among the people,—we have every reason that can be named to be grateful. The moment these objects begin to thrust forward their pretensions, and to claim for themselves an importance and influence entirely dissociated from the cause they would vainly hope to represent,—that moment we should feel assured that the vital strength and energy of the cause was assailed in the most serious manner.

The work which Spiritualism has to do, is not the noisy, effervescent, tumultuous work which is the proper prerogative of a well-organized party. It is silent in its appeals, and silent in its influences. It enters with those appeals and influences into the inner sanctuary of the soul. It asks that the passions shall all be quiet. It seeks to allay all excitements and feverish inclinations of the nature. Continually it says,—"Peace, be still." It asks us to sit silent and thoughtful, and listen to the still, small voice that will speak to us. It asks for the removal of no partisan triumphs, and seeks nowhere in its contests for trophies to bring away. Itivalry and strife it must bring, for these are the natural results where mere parties are already so strong; but it does not hope through rivalries and strife to achieve its triumph, or secure its ends. It is no strong wind blowing hard and fierce upon a resisting opponent; but rather the sun itself, which provokes all objects to productiveness by its gentle and steady warmth.

THE INFLUENCES OF SICKNESS.

Every one knows, who has been sick—and who has not?—that the immediate influences of any kind of illness are so peculiar as to require special description—if they can be adequately described—and separate analysis at the hands of those who are equal to it. Life in disease is a new experience; an abnormal condition, in which the spirit gathers bitter fruits for its taste indeed.

The last number of the Christian Examiner, an able and scholarly magazine published in Boston, contains a long and very thorough article on life in Massachusetts, considering the subject not merely in the light of statistics, but with the assistance of philosophy and science. In speaking of this matter of disease in the human system, the writer avers that "the effects of sickness on the higher faculties of man are commonly quite baneful. It weakens all the spiritual powers; the mind loses its activity; the quantity of thought is less, the quality poorer; the man of business cannot buy and sell to advantage; the carpenter cannot plan his work or execute his plan; the scholar's genius is vanished into thin air; the diligent wife, careful about many things, is now only troubled about herself; the moral faculty suffers as much as the intellectual; the jaundiced eye sees nothing of its natural color. The sick man's conscience is abnormal as his digestion, or appetite; he can take no just view of moral relations; as well might we expect a lame horse to race well and leap a five-barred gate, as ask a sick man to have just intuitions of the eternal right, or a manly will to do it; he would, but how can he? A sick judge, doctor, minister, schoolmaster, editor, politician—he does harm, and no good." So the affectional and religious talents lose their value, are clipped within the ring, sweated down, and cannot be taken at their former worth. Spite of himself, the sick man becomes selfish—the best of sick men. It is the order of nature; he should be selfish, then. His body is sick—it tries to get well; all of its natural vigor is directed to that object—for the material basis of humanity must be preserved. When a ship at sea encounters a violent storm, leaks badly, is settling in the water, and likely to perish, men cut away the masts, let the costly anchors and unfashioned chain-cable go down with the run; the wealthy cargo is cast into the ocean, that they may save the ship and their own lives! So in the storm of sickness, long continued, nature instinctively throws overboard all the costly spiritual freight gathered in a lifetime. The

eye whose bend did awe the world  
Doth lose its lustre.  
The world's great warrior cries:  
"Give me some drink, Titinius,  
As a sick girl!"

There is little exercise of the higher religious faculty; none of that aspiration to the seventh heaven of human devotion; no psalm of lofty gratitude, no deep contritions then; at most, only a dull and humble, passive trust in God. Even that often fails. The affections are often blunted. In health how manly was this man's philanthropy! now, disarmed, it does not travel forth to look after the far-off

then, the nearer slave—or black or white—the poor, the friendless, or the sick. Nay, the mother, tormented with her own pains—prophetic now of only death—forgot the very children that she bore; much more does the less affectionate man forget the wife he loved, and the dear babies who climbed his knee and pulled his healthy beard! Blame them not; the sick has only strength to keep his own soul and body together. All the river of life must then go to turn his own mill.

We know well this is not what ministers preach in books, and write in many a romantic tale. But we too have seen much of life, and stood at many a death-bed—beside noble men whom sickness did yet all unman. Have we not our own experience also? Lame feet must halt, and sick eyes will drop their lids insensitive, and turn from the dear beauty of the rising sun. Humanity lies low in the hand of sickness. Still more commonly is the temper made sour by long continued illness. If a hungry man is an angry man, so is a sick man a peevish one, easily offended, not capable of controlling his wrathful emotions. A schoolmaster with the toothache, a judge with the gout, a bilious doctor, a dyspeptic minister, a sick horse, a dog with a wounded leg—we all know what these are. This ill-temper is a natural defense. If the arm be broke, the skin, the flesh, the bone itself, else so unfeeling, all becomes exquisitely sensitive, so that pain may warn us against all things which would annoy and prevent the restoration of the limb. Irritability and peevishness perform the same function; they must guard and keep watch about the sick man's bed, these testify—sentinels that so pace forth their nightly round. We have often wondered at the economy of Divine Providence in the healthy body—not less also there in this body when sick.

All the higher faculties are disturbed. The will is weak and capricious, or else its resolution, adherence to conviction, is metamorphosed into obstinacy; persistence is a subjective whim; the judgment is worth little; the opinions represent nothing truly—so warped is the intellectual mirror. What the sick scholar writes is as unwholesome as he is unhealthy—it is tainted literature; one might as well eat the flesh of diseased swine, as feed upon the literature of sick moralists, historians, preachers, philosophers, poets. The delicate-minded reader feels the author's pulse in his writings. This literary woman has a disease in her spine; all her works, likewise, are tainted and unhealthy. We taste the aloes in many a bitter sermon and bitter prayer which we have heard. We smell the opium and gin in much which passes for the literature of passion. Many a dark ecclesiastical dogma about man and God, has had its inspiration in a diseased liver or obstructed bowels. Such things are seldom originated by a great, stout, hearty man, who has a wife and babies at home, and takes a manly relish in meat and drink—who can run and jump, and skate on ice, and swim in water, his eyes open for the cowslip and the violets of Spring No, they are the works of celibate monks, of sick-bodied ministers, breathing the bad air of cells or libraries, their feet cold, their head hot, their whole body in disorder. As poisonous toad-stools grow out of rotten wood, so do the worse fungi of an evil theology shoot out from the mind of diseased ministers. He that has a bitter tongue is not likely to say sweet things of man or God.

Truer words were never written. It does seem as if men were getting their eyes open at last. The belief is becoming more and more general every year, that health is an all-important condition of our sublimity usefulness; that without it there can be none of that beauty of the character which alone is capable of exhaling an almost divine fragrance; that the earth, the air, and the water, nay, that all things in life are for man's enjoyment; and that without a continually existing harmony between the forces of the body and the spirit, nothing great or good can be produced during the present existence.

That many of the popular forms of belief have been colored by the influence of dyspeptic disorders, and the phantasms of diseased livers, we have long believed. An old physician of Boston used to say that he could generally tell the religious creed professed by a patient from an examination of the state of his liver! People have been heretofore much too ready to laugh down such remarks, as mere bits of pleasantry; but the experience of every-day life, and philosophy itself, seems to go far to give it confirmation.

If we would be healthy spiritually, then, we must preserve our bodies pure, free from excess, and so clean of all disease. There can be little or no deep spiritual experience, such as waits a soul on the strong wings of faith to the very gates of heaven, while the feeble tongue is continually telling over its ailments and sufferings. A sound mind in a sound body, must be the motto for all who seek real progress and high happiness.

A PLEASANT WEDDING.

On Saturday afternoon, 17th inst., there was a gathering of the friends of Miss Frances Ann Burbank, at the residence of Allen Putnam, Esq., in Roxbury, to witness the union of that highly gifted medium with Mr. Willard B. Felton. The ceremony was performed in the simplest manner, by Mr. Putnam, in his magisterial capacity. The proceedings, however, in other respects, were very unique and impressive. Shortly before the appearance of the principal parties, the spirits announced, through one of the mediums present, the purpose of the assemblage, their great respect for and confidence in the bridegroom, and their hearty and entire approval of the proposed union.

After the two were made one, the celebrated medium, Mrs. Hyzer, took a seat between the bride and bridegroom, and chanted in a most beautiful manner—with an accompaniment on the melodeon—the following improvisation:

Dear, wedded ones, we come to twine  
The fragrant myrtle round your brows;  
We've listened at Truth's inner shrine,  
To your unselfish nuptial vows,  
And we would give love's sweet caress,  
Your heart to cheer, your soul to bless.  
Your burning tear-drops we have caught,  
As tokens of soul-growing power,  
To you this bride-wreath they've brought,  
Flaming like dew on every flower,  
And they are waiting gently now  
A virgin bride's unsullied brow.  
Thus, all who wear the piercing thorns,  
In Truth's great name, shall be baptized  
In love and beauty, and be born  
Into the rest of paradise—  
Shall each and every earthly vision,  
And pass over Calvary to Heaven.  
We bless you! Love and Wisdom bright  
Shall guide you onward, evermore—  
Celestial Beauty's pearly light  
Shall lead you to that gem-paved shore  
Where you can claim the great reward  
From the full garner of our Lord.

This was succeeded by a plain, common-sense exhortation, through another medium, from spirit-friends to the newly married couple, exalted in terms of the warmest affection, indicating their du-

ties to each other, to their heavenly Father, and to their fellow-men, and promising them the support, sympathy and love of guardian angels in the performance of those duties, if undertaken with singleness of heart and purpose, and a firm determination to continue, as thus far they had done, willing servants in the cause of wisdom, truth, purity and love. This address was closed with a fervent benediction, which was cordially responded to by all who were present.

Miss Burbank had good reason to feel highly gratified in finding herself surrounded at such a time by a circle of attached friends, who have known her long and well, many of them filling conspicuous stations in life; and, as a whole, not easily surpassed by the same number of persons in education, intellect, sagacity, sound sense and social position. May she ever retain, as she now holds, their love and confidence.

PERSONAL.

Loring Moody writes us that he will speak as follows:—In Dover, N. H., Sunday, July 26th; Newburyport, Sunday, August 1st; Haverhill, Sunday, Aug. 8th; Lawrence, Sunday, Aug. 15th; Lowell, Sunday, Aug. 22d. Mr. M. will lecture in neighboring towns on other evenings of the week. Friends in each place are requested to see that no lecture fails for want of needful arrangements. Mr. Moody will act as agent for the "Banner of Light."

We learn from John H. Currier that he has made arrangements to lecture in Lowell, Sunday, August 15th; in Haverhill, N. H., on the 8th, and in Franklin, N. H., on the 22d, 23d, and 24th. He is authorized to take subscriptions for the Banner.

NORTH-BROOKFIELD.

We learn from Bro. E. S. Wheeler that the good cause is flourishing in this place. He says that on the Fourth he was present, by invitation; that the new hall secured by the friends was duly dedicated to truth, and freedom from religious bigotry, a respectable audience being present on the occasion; that he was to speak on the following Sabbath; and that other speakers will find, should they visit North Brookfield to lecture, sincere and attentive audiences.

Sabbath in Boston.

THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL.  
Sunday Morning, July 18th.

[ABSTRACT REPORT.]

The exercises began by chanting—"The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him."

After which was sung a hymn (by J. G. Whittier,) commencing—

"Oh, he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken!  
The fuller worship which God designs to bless,  
Restores the lost, and leads the spirit broken,  
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.  
Then brother-man fold thy heart thy brother,  
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there,  
To worship rightly is to love each other;  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer."

PRAYER.

Oh, thou Infinite One, who art perpetually present in all matter and mind! We flee unto thee, in whom we live and move, and ask that we may learn to serve thee and love thee all the days of our lives. We thank thee for all thy mercies and kindnesses that come to us fresh every morning, and new every evening. We thank thee for the fervent heat of summer, wherewith thou preparest food for the sustenance of cattle and men—for the rain that is shed on the plains and meadows to refresh and strengthen the coming harvest—and for the harvest we thank thee that is growing still out of the ground, beautifying and adorning the fields and the trees—for that thou thus ministerest unto us useful things, and crownest all with the benediction of beauty, we thank thee. We thank thee for the great gospel of nature that is in the heaven over us, in the ground beneath us, and in the air around us. We thank thee for the vast capacity thou hast given us to think, to feel, to serve and to trust, and for the power of growth and expansion thou hast given to thy children. We thank thee for great minds thou hast given, from age to age, to give us light and instruction—for all who have shown us justice, and taught us truth, we thank thee. We thank thee for thy prophets and thy evangelists, who, in every tongue, have spoken to humanity. We thank thee for our noble brother, who, amidst the dark ages of his time, established light and truth—who proclaimed in speech and the noble life he lived, the doctrine he taught. And not less do we bless thee for men of talent, no smaller in our own days—men of piety, love and benevolence, whose large minds guide men from Egyptian darkness to light, love and peace. For these, and all the saints and sages of our own day, we thank thee. And may we remember before thee thine own infinite perfection. We bless thee for thy providence, which marks the hint of every door, and broods over every land, leaving blessings ever new, and ever fresh. For our lives and every joy, we thank thee. And still we thank thee that in darkness thy light shines through, to cheer us. May we live lives that are as fair as the lilies of the field, and as bright as the stars of heaven—blameless, pure and acceptable in thy sight. And may thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

The choir sang a hymn (by Longfellow,) beginning—

"Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The sounds of war grow fainter and cease,  
And the world with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say PEACE."

[Mr. P. here gave notice that "the annual excursion of this society would take place on Wednesday, 21st inst. Cars would leave the Fitchburg depot at 9, 11 and 3 o'clock. Also, after next Sunday, this place would be closed until the first Sunday in September."]

DISCOURSE.

Text:—Mat. 11th chap., 19th vs.—"The son of man came eating and drinking."

To-day I shall call your attention to the beneficial influence which the teachings of Jesus have had, and still have, upon men. Last of all should we say that a man of genius was born without a natural father. All men of genius are marked with the characteristics of their nation, and are the product of national development. Columbus was born of maritime people. Great mathematicians spring up among the most thoughtful. Julius Caesar came out of a warlike people. Shakespeare sprang forth marked with a nation's characteristics. Franklin could have been born of no other nation. A Yankee could not have been born and bred in another land. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin. The features of nationality are distinct in all men of genius; every feature is stamped with the character of the stock it came from. God makes us diverse in nationalities, that

we may help one another. All this diversity makes a stamp upon you and me.

Great men are the highest product of every people, and they never come out of inferior national development, any more than the farmer reaps great productions out of a mean soil. Every tree, human or material, bears fruit after its own kind. The disposition in you and me may be traced back perhaps two hundred years. We depend on our parentage. Jesus of Nazareth could not have been born of any other nation. He was the product of natural development of the Hebrew nation. The story that the Holy Ghost was his father is a monstrous fiction. The Hebrew idea of a long-expected Messiah affected the character of Jesus—thus he assumed that character. Because he was a Jew, he was no less human. Just in proportion as such a man is great and religious, he excites opposition. Jesus was not popular in the estimation of his contemporaries. Shakespeare, the greatest genius Britain ever saw, was not even noticed in the writings of his most eminent contemporaries.

Original genius comes from natural growth. The professor says to his boy, "Now write something original;" but should the boy write what was truly original, the professor would tear it up as worthless, for his natural capacity is not grown to comprehend what is original; for what is original is new. He who writes original, must write for ages to come. He who writes for present fame, writes nothing new. Every Know-nothing Governor is made a doctor of laws. When God sends among men a genius like Socrates, Shakespeare or Jesus, they need no degree conferred by men—they get their degree first hand, direct from God. Degrees by men are conferred upon them ages after they are gone. The life of a great man—his character and his spirit—lives when he dies, and is infused into the hearts of the people Shakespeare, Newton, Bacon and Franklin, are dead; but their noble character and greatness live in the hearts of men. There is more of each in the hearts of men to-day than when they lived on earth. There was but one Shakespeare, one Burns, one Newton, one Franklin, in their respective days; the also flower of genius does not grow on but one in a family. To-day there is no Jesus of Nazareth; but how much there is that is Jesus-like; all that he was worth is left to the world. God manages the estate he left behind.

Great geniuses affect not the present, but the ages. The thoughts of great men are the wings on which we rise up forever and ever. Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, Herod, Mary the Bloody, are known to the world, but with feelings of hate. Deacon Grant and John Augustus, in their philanthropic efforts, will last and live in hearts long after their humble names have ceased to live in the memory of posterity.

Jesus was not a poet, philosopher, or politician, yet he had a great genius for piety and morality, which was directed to the most susceptible of all faculties. Omit the Christ of fiction and take the Jesus of fact, and see what he has done and what he is doing! He left all ceremonies and attended to a real religion. He summed up religion in love to God, that comes in trust and obedience; love to man, that comes in charity, kindness and obedience. He taught piety and philanthropy, and left all to worship in their own way—in their own belief. He taught a new development of faith. He was deductive, logical, and deeply pious.

Paul's writings throughout are quickened by the deep piety of Jesus. Orthodox revel in Paul's writings; practical and pious men in all the gospels; Unitarians and Universalists in the first three gospels; and fanciful men in the strange book of Revelations.

Jesus was a great genius in religion. He developed a literature of piety, which appears in painting, sculpture and architecture; and this piety appears in all forms of the religions of all nations; it more abundantly in the Christian religion; and appears in the Greek, Latin and Teuton. This piety appears in hymns. How full of piety old hymns come down to our times! Yet the more pure manifestations of piety do not appear in the Christian church. Heretics get seedlings of rare beauty from the pious influence of Jesus—they think for themselves, and worship God as they please. These are wild roses and sweet water lilies outside the church. They feel a most pious longing for God, and a desire to love him. Let us respect the rude instinct of human nature; it is but a part of the scaffolding which is set up to build the temple for us to worship God in forever.

The Christian believes that, by belief in Christ five minutes, he can be fitted for salvation better than by fifty years spent in good deeds. No doctrine ever taught is so monstrous.

A long line of noble men and women, through many ages, have been deeply affected and influenced by the words of Jesus. Though Peter denied him, and Pilate crucified him, yet his words are still left behind. The soul-stirring words of Jesus have passed slowly into the hearts of mankind. All religions have been silently and slowly influenced by his teachings. He was a man of the tenderest pity, the sweetest humanity, and the deepest piety. He broke the old law, and appealed to that eternal law he ate when he was hungry, worked on Sunday, and said the Sabbath was made for man—not man for the Sabbath. He said, love your enemies; and taught that no man is your master; God is your master. He had such courage that he dared to utter his thoughts and live them out. How idle to say that a man was inspired by the Holy Ghost, when he was marked by the Hebrew nationality all over. Should Christ come back to-day, he would find men everywhere with his spirit in them—in all religions, and among all people. He would find many poor Samaritans, whose names have never got into the newspapers, and never will, until they are enrolled in the great book of that eternal auditor.

Our schools, for the instruction of children, are perhaps the most Christian institutions founded. To these may be added temperance societies, and homes for the fallen. Would not Christ rejoice at all these, and clap his hands?

Where would he find his friend? Not with the pharisees, in the churches, who say, "Have we not in thy name established tract societies, and built beautiful churches?" No, not there; but where an old man and an old woman is living, in obscure loneliness and poverty, a life as bright and pure as the starlight.

The Christ of the Christian church is a phantom, and unreal; the real Jesus of Nazareth, the actual man, I do not worship; but I reverence and love him daily more and more. The fictitious Christ will fall, and the real Christ ere long will come forth in his place—a Christ of mercy, love, justice, truth and charity, will be manifest in human hearts. Then may mankind repeat the words, "Glory to God in the highest, peace and good will to men on earth."



## MRS. HYZER AT THE MELODEON.

Sunday morning, after a song of spirit-inspiration, the medium said, in substance:—I know of no idea, in the past or in the present, which so stirs the heart to truth, and is so calculated to awaken the soul to a perception of its divinity, than that memorable one, uttered by Christ, that he was in the Father, and the Father was in him. The great truths Christ uttered are as full of life, and as fresh, as when they were uttered in his great soul eighteen hundred years ago. He spoke this great truth for us all. We know that we cannot claim to be called the children of God relatively, but through the eye of philosophy, we see and know that he made us all. That class of minds through whom the inspiration of nature rolls in thunder-tones, can best understand this analysis of his creation. We can see the principle, though no matter how complex may be the conditions which surround it. We can see the God in Jesus Christ, by viewing the holiness of his principles and character. The very utterances from his lips are taught to-day, when he cautioned his disciples to beware of scribes and pharisees. Can we not see his great, prophetic eye cast forward to us in the future? The preachers of to-day are mourning over the darkness and sensuality of mankind. Yet they raise not a finger to check it; but, on the other hand, he who does endeavor to check it, they are ready to cast out; and they cry, "Crucify him! crucify him!" of all who strive to elevate humanity.

We do not yet understand the benefit of sin. We are told that man is depraved—that there is no good thing in him. We are taught that we are but worms of the dust, and so must bow down in sackcloth and ashes, and wonder why God is as merciful as he is. But man is not depraved—instead of being destitute of goodness, he is better than he sees himself. We must not be filled with self-satisfaction and conceit, more than with abject and servile humility, but must find the medium between the two extremes, and love ourselves for all that we find beautiful and holy within our own nature. We are taught to believe God is an individual being, to whom we must bow down, and worship; but where are we to find God surer than in the human soul, or where embodied, except in some pure being?

All the inspirations of the past have been interpreted literally, rather than taken as the divine poetry of thought and spirituality. If the sectarian world understood God truly, they would see that the lofty and noble temples of architectural beauty are no more his abiding place, than the humble tenement of the lonely widow's heart. Wherever there is truth, goodness and purity in a human soul, the city of the Lord is there, and you can bow before the shrine of such a soul, in spirit and in truth. How are we to worship God in spirit and in truth, till we know what spirit and truth are? Till we become spiritual, how can we worship in spirit?

Man has ever wound about him the shroud of creed but a re-echoing magnetism sweeps over him, and before unknown impulses move his soul. What has become of that theology that taught that hell was paved with the skulls of infants? If you tell an evangelical clergyman that you cannot embrace his creed because your humanity rebels against such a doctrine; with surprise at your objection, he will tell you that the church to-day does not hold to that belief—that they take a different view now, from what they entertained years ago. Again, its ministers once taught that men who died unrepentant sinners, would lay forever in the scorching flames of hell—but now, we are told by the same religious teachers, that the doom is but to a hell of inharmoniousness of unhappiness. They see it different now from the doctrine of the past; so they have come unto a higher plane of spirituality, have taken the keys of progress, and you know not how long before another flash of God's wisdom will illumine their souls, and make them Spiritualists.

It will be asked, "if God so loves us that he will forgive all our trespasses, what shall keep us from sinning?" We would reply, that your gratitude to him alone should be sufficient to draw you into so close a harmony with your Creator, that sin will be repulsive to you, and then the great magnetic chain will be stretched between man and his Maker.

We know that in this earthly existence we can communicate with each other, and why may we not send back messages to our friends from the land of spirits? That power has always existed, but it has never yet been rightly understood, and so, applied; but just so soon as we have washed away the materialism of our natures, then we can carry our magnetic lines over the heads of the multitude, and the ends of the world will be united in a common sympathy.

"To him that overcometh, I will give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." What does this quoted passage signify to the religious mind so truly as to the spiritual? We say that liberty shall be that word, written upon the inner consciousness of man, and no one knoweth its meaning saving him who truly receiveth it, and whose spirit will tell him of its deep significance. Mankind do not understand liberty. Every man's idea of it is drawn from his own experience and condition, and whatever is his definition of liberty, that will be his expression of it. Some think liberty dangerous—that it would give rein to all the sensual passions of man's grosser nature; but from a higher standpoint we recognize it as the foster-parent of all the virtues. We say liberty is that word, because there is no other word of such deep significance. For when you meet liberty, then will you do good for its own sake, and show your freedom in every act, because it pervades your whole soul. The bird sings because it is full of joy, and does not stop to ask who will approve or condemn its strains, and so shall we do good to humanity, under the promptings of this noble liberty. It may be asked, "How do you know this is the meaning Christ would give that word?" What matters it? Cannot we take hold of an idea, independent of its clothing? Were the truths of science any the less true, before man could grasp them? Is not a fact the same in itself before you can understand it, as after? The idea is no more exalted, because it came through the lips of Jesus of Nazareth, than if from Judas Iscariot. This is not evident to you all, because you worship Christ rather than the principles he taught, for you have not been elevated up to understand the principles themselves.

We would have no idol worship. In proportion as we worship Christ as an individual, so far are we guilty of as gross idolatry as that of worshipping the sun—ay, more, because the sun, the great source of heat, light and life, cannot but stir up emotions of devotion in the human soul; and we become idolaters as soon as we begin to worship God through one idol, when we really believe God is our *side*, and congratulate ourselves that we occupy a better place in

his affection than others of his children. Just in proportion as we feel that we are the chosen ones of God, to the exclusion of others, just so far we exalt ourselves from his sphere, till we can mingle humanity with our divinity, and approach God through his creatures, and thus learn that Christ was in God, that God was in Christ, and that we are in both of them.

At the close of the discourse—of which we have given but a faint outline—she was called upon, for some facts connected with her mediumship, which she related in eloquent and touching language which, we saw, mistimed with tears many sympathetic eyes. In the evening, after detailing her experience still further and more at length, she gave a short discourse on "Immortality."

She said: "Just in proportion as man is gross and material, he locates Heaven, God, Death, Hell, and the Grave, because the magnets of his nature are so drawn by natural things that he aspires for rest; and, as inspiration is over true to man, it tells him of his existence, though that inspiration is necessarily tainted by the materialism of his nature.

Old Theology settles these points for man, to the glory of the good and pure, and to the expense of the evil-doer. But Spiritualism tells us that there is no death—that what is called so, is but a change, and that the spirit only leaves one body to put on a newer one, and in it, passes on to spirit life, and when there, possesses power to send back messages to those who are to follow. The idea of a local Hell, Heaven, God and Devil is united, and when you throw it off, there is yet another step to take, and another and another, eternally.

There is no human being but has seen agony in his own heart, more severe than would be the transmigration of a soul from life to eternity. In the great trials of the human heart, we find much sternness or death in the soul than in the body's change. Do we not sometimes part from a friend with more sorrow than we would feel in bidding him farewell upon the bed of death? When those who have loved us, and whom we have loved, withdraw their love from us, to seek it in other channels, do we not feel more sad than we would to gaze for the last time upon their lifeless dust? When his pulseless dust lies before us, we would speak only of his virtues, and feast the soul on the memory-pictures of the past.

There is an immortality to friendship and love. What would life be without them? We but love ourselves in loving others, and are kind to ourselves when we are kind to others. We have been long loving ourselves through others, and when that love is withdrawn self is wounded.

But man must balance the offices of immortality, before he can ask, "Oh, grave, where is thy victory? Oh, death, where is thy sting?" When we have learned to lose sight of conditions in the love of principle, then the shackles and chains shall fall, and man will step still higher, and, so from a more elevated standpoint take a truer view of immortality. Then mankind will love because love is eternal, and not selfishly to be loved in return. Then he will love and do good to mankind, that they may in turn do the same to others. Then will the mortal have put on immortality, and men will love on earth as angels love in Heaven.

The question has come up—"What would we do if we found all the schemes of future life a mistake?" We can say we never had such a fear since the days of childhood, when we sat on our father's knee, and in artless simplicity asked—"What would become of us if God should die?" Such a fear need never disturb the soul of a human being. And, as we look upon God as the Father of us all, how can we help regarding all mankind as brothers and sisters? Another song concluded the exercises.

## THEODORE PARKER AMONG THE PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

A neatly printed pamphlet, of 116 pages, entitled, "Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, including four Sermons by Theodore Parker," has been sent us. We have not had time to peruse the book attentively; but, from a hasty glance, we think it will repay a careful reading. Mr. Parker's Sermons are entitled—

1. The Progressive Development of the Conception of God, in the books of the Bible.
2. The Ecclesiastical Conception of God, and its relation to the Scientific and Religious wants of man.
3. The Philosophical Idea of God, and its relation to the Scientific and Religious wants of mankind now.
4. Of the Soul's Normal Delight in the Infinite God.

These are alone worth the price of the book. Oliver Johnson, 133 Nassau Street New York, Publisher. Also for sale by S. T. Munson, 6 Great Jones Street, New York, and Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston.

## THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The ship Alice Munroe, Capt. Cummings, arrived at this port on Friday, bringing news from the Atlantic Telegraph Fleet, which they encountered on the 27th of June. Cyrus W. Field, Esq., the superintendent of the enterprise, states that the squadron had experienced very bad weather since leaving port, and were sixteen days in reaching their destination; that they had made two unsuccessful attempts to lay the cable. On the 26th, when they made the second attempt, they succeeded in laying upwards of forty miles, and were getting alone safely, when the communication suddenly ceased on Sunday morning, June 27.

The ships then returned to the starting point, according to agreement, and were waiting for the Agamemnon and Valorous to return. As soon as they should do so, a new splice would be made, and another attempt made to lay the cable.

## MISS HARDING'S MEDIUMSHIP.

Dr. Child has handed us the manuscript of the history of the above celebrated medium, containing an account of her experience as an actress, and the circumstances connected with her exit from the stage and unfoldment as a medium.

We have found this highly interesting, and can promise our readers a rich treat in its perusal.

## PRESCRIPTIONS PUT UP.

Octavius King, whose advertisement appears on our eighth page, pays especial attention to the compounding of medicines. Clairvoyants, and those holding their prescriptions, will do well to consult an apothecary in the matter of compounding their ingredients, who will do it in a proper manner, because he sympathizes with the movement.

The Koller Pantomime and Ballet Troupe are performing at the Museum this week.

## Correspondence.

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Conference—The Law of Love—Its Practicality in Prison-Discipline—The New York Herald on Spiritual Statistics—The Arcana of Christianity, etc.

New York, July 17, 1859.

Messrs. Editors—Another very practical question engaged the attention of our Conference at its last session. It was this: How far are we, as individuals, called on to apply the law of love, instead of the law of force, in the every-day concerns of life? The question was introduced by Dr. Orton, who spoke to it; and was followed by A. J. Davis, Dr. Gray, Dr. Gould, Mrs. Farnham, Mr. Partridge, and others; and it was very generally agreed that our duty as reformers, made it incumbent on us to labor for the extended application of this law, in the following cases, among others:

1. In the family; between husband and wife; in the training of children, and in the treatment of domestics. Domestics are human beings; and before God, stand on a plane of equality with ourselves. The true relation, therefore, is one of mutual kindness and help.

2. In our schools; with a view to break up the selection of teachers on the ground of creed, politics and relationships; substituting, in place of these, simple fitness, especially and indispensably, humanitarian development.

3. In the relation between creditor and debtor. In cases where the debtor is poor, and the creditor able to bear the loss, the law of love would seem to require, instead of an agreement to wait, that the debt be forgiven; and the debtor released from the disheartening incubus, which would otherwise be left resting upon him. This would inaugurate a voluntary Bankrupt Law, on the basis of kindness and good will, which would command the respect and affection of everybody.

4. In the management of criminals. This class of unfortunates should be dealt with solely with a view to their reform, instead of punishment; and nothing but kindness can be relied on to bring out the better qualities of their nature.

In thus applying the law of love, in these various departments of life, it is by no means supposed that firmness, force, or even punishments, can in all cases be dispensed with. Rarely, the horse-tamer, it was remarked, had very happily illustrated the principle. In subduing ferocious animals, he carefully blends kindness and force, caresses and blows, until he convinces the brute that he is both his master and his friend. The difference between blows laid on for purposes of correction, and from feelings of spite and revenge, is instantly perceived, even by a horse or a zebra, and quite as quickly by a child.

Probably ere long our whole system of prison discipline is fated to undergo a change; and as one of these changes, would it not be a grand stride, if instead of sentencing convicts for five or twenty years, or during life, we were to adopt the plan of sentencing them till they were fit to become again members of society; this to be determined by a commission? Doubtless mistakes would be made, and the Commonwealth would suffer some, in consequence of individuals being let out too soon; but this could not possibly equal the detriment now sustained from convicts pardoned out, and discharged at the expiration of their terms; who, as the general rule, come forth seven times more the children of the devil, than they were when they went in.

Mrs. Farnham gave some eloquent illustrations of the application of the law of love, to the management of the female convicts at Sing Sing, during the period that she was matron of that prison. The second day after assuming her duties, she was met by a serious rebellion, led on by an extremely vicious negro woman; which was quelled with difficulty, and of course by force. The first month's report showed over one hundred violations of the rules; but by this time she had succeeded, to a good degree, in convincing those poor creatures that she recognized them as human, respected their rights, and had a regard for their welfare. The report of the twelfth month exhibited not a single violation of the rules. Mrs. F. said that within the last two days she had seen two of these convicts, one of them the negro woman spoken of. Though previously almost always the tenants of prisons, now for twelve years, since their discharge from Sing Sing, they have led reformed and reputable lives.

Mr. Partridge, in addition, advocated the extension of the principle, to the wiping out of all laws which are partial or unequal in their operation. Here is an important field for survey and action; and I am inclined to think that we shall ultimately reduce all laws to a simple bill of rights, or statement of principles; leaving each matter of difficulty, or violation of right, to stand alone, without classification, to be tried by a jury on its merits or equities; with an appeal, under certain restrictions, to a second jury.

Among the most pregnant signs of the times, is an article which has appeared in the New York Herald, devoted to the history, statistics, power and prospects of Spiritualism, very much as Bennett would deal with the large and respectable denominations of Methodists or Baptists, on the occasion of their anniversaries. The number of Spiritualists in the State of New York, is set down by the Herald at 300,000; in Massachusetts, at 90,000; in Ohio and Indiana, each, 120,000; in the British Provinces, 30,000; in Cuba, 1,000; in South America, 10,000; and in all America, at 1,037,600. This movement, the Herald declares, a most powerful and growing one; strictly democratic and popular in its origin; and revolutionary in its tendency; and threatening ecclesiasticalism more strongly than anything it has had to meet since the period of the Reformation. It pervades the jury-box, the ballot-box, the senate and halls of legislation; the bench, the press, and even the pulpit itself. It asserts the Protestant principle of the right of each man to judge for himself; to become his own evangelist, and get to heaven in his own way; and presents the anomaly of meetings and worship without a ministry; conventions for discussion, without an election of delegates; halls and speakers—which they pay for as they go—without church buildings, funded property or real estate; a body devoid of ordinations, covenant or creed, chartered institutions, or written or implied compact of association; but still acting together, and making it a cardinal duty to oppose and destroy all authoritarianism in religion.

The Arcana of Christianity is published, and a copy of it before me. It is a handsome octavo of 490 pp., without the appendix; and is sold at \$1.50; with the appendix, \$1.75. In its arrangement, the plan of Swedenborg's writings is followed; that is, a division into numbered paragraphs; and the statement of principles, followed by relations or illustrations. As a book, it is more like the Arcana Coelestia, perhaps, than anything else; with a more modern and elaborate style, and an avoidance of Swedenborg's habit of repetition. As to its lucidity and temper, there is nothing left to be desired. It is both gentle and clear; and carries with it a vast evidence of integrity and reality, on the part of its author. Full justice is done to the Seer of the New Jerusalem, who is declared to be the special prophet commissioned by the Lord, to unveil the spiritual sense of the Divine Word; and a precisely parallel claim is made for the present author, that he has been, in like manner, commissioned to reveal a more interior meaning still—the Celestial—to mankind.

The Arcana of Christianity, in whatever light regarded, is an astonishing and deeply interesting book. It contains a revelation of Wonders, never dreamed of before; and its very multitudinous parts match together with the accuracy of the rejoined sections of an orange. Many of its principles we acknowledge to be true, from the simple weight of their statement. But can the book, as a revelation from the unseen world, be regarded as in the main reliable? If so, heaven and the wide universe on its triune planes, is a fairy land, more varied and beautiful, and pulsating with delight, than poet ever dreamed; and we may begin to realize the truth of the saying, that it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive, of the glorious beauties that await the just.

In addition to the origin and history of this earth, and the origin and history of its inhabitants; with its heavens and hells, and their relation to the Universe and the General Heavens; the work contains an account of the sun and planets of our system, and their inhabitants; of certain aërial worlds, not visible to the astronomer; and of the fixed stars, Sirius and Cassiopeia, and other suns and wonder-worlds, which I cannot stop to name. Explanations are given of sepulchered events of the past, which have only come down to us in vague traditions, or embalmed myths; of which the elucidation of the Mosaic account of the flood, will furnish an illustration.

It is easy to see that this book will attract a wide attention, and produce a profound sensation in many minds; not the least noticeable of which, will be exhibited by our brethren, the Swedenborgians; some of whom may be expected to condemn it unexamined, as trenching on the ground and prerogatives of their revered Seer; while others with more orderly minds and hearts, will read first, and then judge.

Yours,

## The Buss World.

FUN AND FACT.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER.—Original Poetry; the commencement of a new story, which will be completed in four or five numbers, entitled, "Daisy Nesbrook, or Romance of Real Life," by Corn Wilburn, Author of "Agnes," a charming tale which appeared in the columns of the Banner some time since; Poetry—"Sleep and Dream," by Our Junior; "Lelia, or Love and Regret," by Emma Frances Potter; "Life Eternal," part ninth, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams; Editorials; Sabbath Lectures by Theodore Parker and Mrs. F. O. Hyzer; Letter from our New York Correspondent; a page of Spirit Messages, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant; "What shall We Eat," No. 6, given through the mediumship of H. R. W.; Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch in Worcester; Letters from Cincinnati, Braintree, Ohio, Dubuque, Iowa, Stockbridge, Mass., Manchester, N. H., Collinville, Ct., New Orleans, &c. &c.

There is to be a Spiritual meeting at Hensicker Springs, N. H., Sunday, August 8; Joseph Elliott, of Franklin, Mr. Abbott, J. H. Currier, of Lawrence, and other trance and normal speakers will be present to participate in the exercises of the day. The public are invited.

Mr. Humo, the medium, is soon to be married to a Russian lady of rank, we learn from our foreign exchanges.

It is decided not to change the site selected last March for the Boston Post Office.

THE LOGIC AND PHILOSOPHY OF DESTINY.—Mr. R. K. Browne (we learn from the Age) will be prepared to lecture consecutively on the above topics about the first of September next. Mr. Brittan will vouch for his fitness to engage in the work. Letters to Mr. Browne should be superscribed "R. K. Browne, care of S. T. Munson, Spiritual Publishing House, 5 Great Jones Street, New York."

Another awful railroad accident occurred on the Erie Railroad, at Skin Hollow, near Port Jervis, on Thursday evening week, when, a rail giving way, the two rear cars of the 512 train from New York were thrown down an embankment of thirty-two feet. Five persons were killed outright, and forty-seven were wounded, among the latter Rev. E. Palmer, J. W. Beals and Mr. Wallace, all of Boston.

The rose has its thorns, the diamond its specks, and the best man his failings.

They have a steamer in New York called the "Balloon." Digby thinks she must be quite an airy concern, and consequently liable to blow up.

GRANDILOQUENT!—"Our beautiful park—never more beautiful than now—presents a most lovely and attractive appearance," says one of our exchanges. We opine said editor is "in love," and "talks soft nonsense" with his *chère amie*, while pacing that "beautiful" park.

A newly-arrived John Chinaman, in Shasta, California, purchased some ice recently; and finding it very wet, laid it out to dry in the sun. On going to look for it again he found that it had disappeared, and forthwith accused the whole Chinese neighborhood of larceny. A general row was the consequence.

No night shall be in Heaven—no gathering gloom, shall ever that glorious landscape over-come. That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers.

BASS POINT HOUSE, LITTLE NAHANT.—This charmingly romantic retreat is just the place at which to recreate. Mr. E. Newhall, the landlord, has this season enlarged his premises, and is now prepared to cater for the public. Chowder parties should select this locality above all others. Fishing tackle always in readiness for the use of visitors.

What led Macbeth to say that he would die with harness on his back? Because he knew very well that Macduff was about to tackle him.

A BEAUTIFUL PHENOMENON.—At about eight o'clock Saturday evening, during a perfect deluge of rain, there occurred one of the most beautiful celestial phenomena ever witnessed. The heavens were completely overcast with clouds, yet from the horizon to the zenith there appeared an expansive sheet of pink of a most delicate and splendid tint. The hue was deeper in some parts than in others, yet it ex-

tended over the whole visible heavens, and was of so brilliant a character that by its reflection the water running through the gutters, looked like blood. Heaven's artillery had celebrated the Fourth during pretty much the whole day, and in this phenomenon we had the fireworks, far beyond the skill of the most ingenious pyrotechnist.—*Utica Herald.*

IRON CHAINS are only oxygen in another shape. Girls anxious to wear a pair, will find them where the roses do—out doors.

TROOPS FOR WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—Washington correspondents state that Gen. Scott has issued preparatory orders for all the available troops on the Atlantic seaboard, to be in readiness to reinforce the army in Washington Territory. A detachment will leave New York for Aspinwall in the steamer of the 20th.

"What do you mean, you little rascal?" exclaimed an individual to an impudent youth that had seized him by the nose upon the street. "Oh, nothing, only I am going to seek my fortune, and father told me to be sure to seize hold of the first thing that turned up."

Persons at a distance, sending papers to us, should mark whatever they wish to draw our attention to, and write their names upon the margin.—*Provincetown Banner.*

Yes; and break one of "Uncle Sam's" statutes by so doing.

OUR MINISTER TO MEXICO ORDERED HOME.—A despatch from Washington says that a special messenger left on Thursday, for Mexico, with despatches to Minister Forsyth, approving his suspension of diplomatic intercourse, and directing the withdrawal of the legation, and its return home.

The advices from Monterey state that a portion of the liberal army, under Desollado and Blasco, attacked Guadalupe, carrying all the outworks, and driving the enemy to the main plaza, which was to have been stormed on the 14th inst. Mimarón had left San Luis at the head of 4000 men, to aid the besieged, and Zarázua was closely following in his rear, with a heavy force of rifles.

The earthquake in the valley of Mexico did immense damage. The loss in the city of Mexico alone is estimated at \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000. Churches, theatres, aqueducts, convents and railways were seriously damaged or entirely demolished.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The steamer Colorado has arrived at this port, bringing Liverpool dates to July 31. On the 1st, in the House of Lords, the question of admission of Jews into Parliament, was under discussion; the Commons were debating the marriage laws. The British revenue returns for the year ending June 30, show a decrease of over 5,000,000 sterling, nearly all of which was caused by the reduction of the income tax. The judicial committee of the privy council in the appeal against the decision which held the steamer North American liable for damages in her collision with the American ship Leander, had affirmed the judgment of the lower court.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says—The affair of Montenegro, and the ticklish state of diplomatic relations between France and Turkey and Austria, are considered very serious; that France has sent an ultimatum to Turkey, and if a satisfactory answer should not be returned at once, more ships would be sent to the Adriatic. The Patria states that a Russian frigate has joined the French squadron in the Adriatic, and been placed under the orders of the French admiral. This news created a great sensation in Vienna.

A Madrid dispatch says Gen. Concha has complained to the government of insults by the English, in reference to the slave trade question. The Madrid journals say that the government intends to call on England for explanation of the gratuitous insults to which Spain was exposed in the debates in the House of Lords by Mahmsbury and others.

The tribunal of appeal, at Naples, had declared the recently-1 erated steamer Cagliari a good and lawful prize. The contract for a loan of 40,000,000 francs to Turin, was taken by the Rothschilds of Paris, and the Commercial Bank of Turin. Sanguinary conflicts were of almost daily occurrence between the French and Roman soldiery at Rome.

There is a serious dispute between Austria and Prussia, in regard to the garrison at Kastadt.

It is announced that the Turkish government has made ample satisfaction for the outrages on Fon Blaque, the British Consul General at Belgrade. The regiment to which the soldier belonged who made the attack, has been withdrawn, and the soldier and his officers sent to Constantinople for trial. The Pasha personally expressed the regret of the Porte to the Consul, and salutes were fired in honor of the British flag.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters of Correspondence not answered by mail, will be attended to in this corner.

G. F. S. ARRLAND.—The poem has been received, but we have not as yet had time to examine it. We should be pleased to hear from the writer as often as the facts disposed to communicate. The BANNER is open to all who "write briefly and to the point."

J. E. M. PORTAGE.—You have done right, and we thank you for the interest you have taken in the success of the Banner. Add to the club at club-places.

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.—N. H. has been received, and will appear in our next issue. It is with pleasure we print these fine essays.

H. W. R. MILL BOOK.—You may do as you suggest, and we will extend your term.

D. H. CINCINNATI.—Your communication in reference to undeveloped spirits will appear in our next paper.

AGNES CARNA.—"Willie Wolburn's Bride" is in type.

G. H. BABATOGA.—O O

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY LECTURES AT THE MELODEON.—Mr. L. J. PARKER will speak on Sunday next, at 10 1/2 o'clock, A.M., and 8 P.M. Subject in the morning, "The Providence of God over the Soul, in History." In the evening, "What is the Word of God?"

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission free.

Miss HOBA T. ARMY speaks in the trane state, on Sunday, 25th inst., at West Broadway.

FRANK A. E. NEWS, of Boston, is announced to speak at the next Sabbath.

MEETINGS IN CHESTER, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, WINDMILL STREET. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

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

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

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

SALEM.—Meetings are held in Salem every Sunday at the Spiritualists' Church, Bowditch Street. The best trance-speakers engaged. Circle in the morning free. J. N. KRAV, Supt. Meetings at Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon, on evening, at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock. The best Lecturers and Trance-speakers engaged.

PHILADELPHIA.—Spiritual Circles are held every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, and Sunday and Friday evenings at eight o'clock, at the Ladies' Academy, corner of Fifth and Hayne streets. Admission free.

WOODMAN'S REPLY TO DR. DWIGHT.

A NEW EDITION OF THIS EXCELLENT WORK will be issued next Saturday. It has been carefully revised and stereotyped, in order to meet an increased demand, and will be put at the low price of 20 cents per copy. A liberal discount at wholesale. BELA MARSH, Publisher, 14 Bromfield Street, July 22.

Mrs. GANEY, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, No. 4 Park Street, in Christchurch, has herself been very much benefited by spirit power, and she now offers her services for assisting others in examinations and prescriptions for the sick. Hours from 2 to 5 P. M. Terms \$1.00.







ain't, I shant come here again. I don't know what to say to that fellow. What shall I say? I can't say anything, except that I was most to blame; and he must not be so unhappy about it. I might as well have died in that way as in any other. He lives in Albany—tends bar there—was assistant hotel-keeper when I was there, in a small house—I think the Sun, but I'm not quite sure of that. He is worse off than I am; he's miserable. I think I ought to be the worst of it. He thinks he's most to blame. I know I was, and I want him to feel happy about it. I am where I can see my own faults, now—can't do that on earth, though it would be better if people would see their own faults, and not make so much fuss about others.

I can see him—can go to him—just as well as ever I did. I'll try to get this to him, but if I can't I'll come and tell you his name, and you'll send it, will you? My name is Robert Page. I'm going, now. Good bye. May 27.

#### James Pogue.

You will recollect I met you here a few weeks ago. James Pogue was the name I gave you. I have been watching the result of my coming, and I see that some of my friends have been made acquainted with the same, and they don't believe one single word of it—not one single word—that's encouraging, to be sure! But they have said this much—"If James has really communicated, let him come and tell us if we have heard of it." So you see why I am here to-day. Simply to let my friends see that I can hear, and know what is going on about them. Not knowing I am a stranger here, in a strange place, not knowing what is to be my position in the next moment, I am in possession of all my faculties. To be cut off, as it were, in a moment, is hard; and then to be permitted to return and commune with one's friends, by the kind Father, and be rejected by those friends, is harder. I know I should be happy if I could talk with my friends. But I have done my duty, and that is all I have to do. Farewell. May 27.

### 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.

#### WHAT SHALL YE EAT?

SERIES NO. VI.

[Given through the Mediumship of H. R. W.]

A mere casual glance at the subject of our present remarks, perhaps, would not suffice to interest the world at large, or invest it with its due importance. But yet we think that a proper analysis and appreciation of the laws of life, pertaining to the material body in all its varied functions, will prove it to be a subject which is worthy of the most strict investigation.

The material body is but the earthly habitation of the soul, and is dependent upon the food which it consumes for its existence and vitality. Hence, so intimately are the two bodies connected together, that the healthy or diseased condition of either must seriously affect the other.

Now, it is a fact well recognized by all physiologists and students of natural history—for the same law applies to all animal life—that the general characteristics and dispositions of any nation or tribe, as well as animal, are strongly marked by the food upon which they subsist. For one illustration, we would refer to the animal, or lower kingdom. We would ask if there is not a strong contrast between the ferocious tiger, while prowling the forest in search of prey, and the gentle lambs, the very embodiment of innocence, engaged in their playful gambols, and gathering their subsistence from the bosom of Mother Earth? Yet there is no more difference in their habits and dispositions than in their food.

From these we would look at the lower order of the human species—those barbarous hordes, who indulge in cannibalism. Although we must of necessity class them above the animal creation, as they possess the human form, yet in every other particular they are on a parallel with the lower order of creation. We might furnish many illustrations to show this fact, viz: that the more animal food which is consumed, either by the human or animal species, tends to develop and bring into active exercise the grosser propensities, and stimulate the passions, to the entire detriment and demoralization of the individual and the race. We are aware we shall be met in our assumption by the old law of Moses, which declared certain beasts to be clean, and fit for the food of man. But, as it appears to us, this furnishes one of the best arguments in our favor. What is the Old Testament but a record of bloody wars and strife? Scarcely a chapter but contains the recital of some sacrifice of human blood; yet we will not cast reproach upon the actors in those tragedies, for they filled their place in the great chain of human existence, and acted up to their highest light. In all due reverence we would say it, we cannot accept them as models of excellence for the world in the nineteenth century. But, on the contrary, however fit and proper, or even necessary, it might have been in the early development of mankind for them to consume the flesh of animals, we do aver that its influence upon the individual is injurious and detrimental to his progress; for, as before stated, the more gross and stimulating the food which is consumed by man, the more gross and animal-like will be his development. Again—aside from the stimulating effects of animal food upon the human system, there is another reason, no less important, to substantiate our position. It is this.

Although Nature has endowed the animal kingdom with an instinct which leads them to avoid the excesses which would tend to render their bodies diseased, and unhealthy—and here we would *parenthesis* remark, (that this fact either places the reason of man below the instinct of the animal, or else man is beneath the brute in his proportionate development, for, with all his God-like endowments, yet does he fall far below the animal in many practices)—still, often by the restraint and unnatural treatment forced upon them, do the animals which are intended for food become diseased, and hence their flesh is more or less poisonous. It is to this fact alone that we attribute many of the diseases, and particularly those new ones, which occasionally make their appearance in society. The disease of the animal is imparted to the physical system during the process of digestion. It is our opinion, based upon observation, that not one half of the animal food consumed by man is in a healthy condition. This fact alone, we think, should be of sufficient importance to deter man—at least in a great degree—from its use. But its effect upon the nervous system, and spiritual development of the individual, cannot be overrated.

We assume, that a pure, healthy and well-balanced constitution, never, under any circumstances, needs any stimulus. Nature's God has wisely provided for this in the physical construction of his creatures. If, from constant use, it becomes relaxed and fatigued,

rest is only required for the recuperative faculties of the system, to restore it to its natural vigor. But, on the contrary, if stimulants—either in the form of animal food, or alcoholic drink—has been used, an extra tax upon the system has been imposed, to which Nature forcibly rebels, in the form of diseased nerves, bilious and impure secretions, weak digestion, and often mental imbecility.

Then we would ask, is it not far better for man to abstain from stimulants, and live as Nature has designed him to live, thus avoiding the many ills which transgression is sure to bring upon him?

As we have laid the ban of forbidden indulgence upon the most common food of man, we will endeavor to give our ideas regarding that kind of food, which we know is better fitted for his use, and hence develop him to a state of greater purity and harmony.

We contend, from actual knowledge, that from the bosom of the earth has the Father caused to grow all that is necessary for the support of life in a healthy condition. From this inexhaustible fountain, what an endless variety of delicious fruit, and nutritious vegetables spring forth, merely, as it were, at the demand of man. These, we say, are fit to be, and designed by the Father for the food of his creatures. In these, when properly cultivated, you find no disease. You find nothing, when applied to the use which Nature designed it for, to stimulate the gross and sensual passions, and thus make man the animal, instead of the progressive, reason-endowed and angelic being intended by his Creator.

It has been in our previous subject, as upon this, our aim to endeavor to teach man to live naturally, instead of, being the most unnatural creature which exists.

It seems sometimes as if the reason with which he is endowed had sought, by its stimulated ambition, to excel the Creator, or, at least, to devise some means by which it could live and progress in a different direction than that by which the unalterable laws of Deity govern all mind and matter. But such attempts are as fruitless and vague as the chimerical and diseased mentality which originates them. There is a grand, unchangeable, retributive principle which pervades all Nature, and by which transgression, in any form, is visited with punishment. Not as you have been taught, to satisfy the revengeful feelings of an offended God, but as the natural effect of the transgression of the laws of being—and that such punishment is designed for the benefit of the individual, instead of satisfying any revengeful feelings—to woo man back again to the path of rectitude and right, and teach him the simple truth, that only by obedience to the laws of God, in every department of his being, can he become purely developed, and fitted to occupy a high and lofty sphere in the spirit realms.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### TO ONE BELOVED.

BY LELIA.

Wouldst know the purest and sweetest delight,  
Which the rolling hours of the day bring me?  
Then come to me when the shades of night  
Shroud the curtains dark o'er forest and lea.  
Thou wilt find me sitting in thoughtful mood,  
For those quiet hours sweet memories bring  
Of the pure, the true, the gentle and good—  
And I list to the songs the angels sing.  
They fan my hot brow with a tender care,  
And fill my soul with a peace serene,  
Till I dream of a land more bright and fair  
Than eye of mortal ever hath seen.  
But my soul, imprisoned in mortal form,  
Wearies of reaching for heavenly joys—  
My throbbing heart with affection is warm,  
And a human hope my spirit bores.  
Though I count the moments of thy delay,  
I hopefully wait for thy evening kiss;  
When it comes, no moment in all the day  
Is fraught with a joy so precious as this.  
While I lean on thee, as on the Divine,  
With a child-like heart, so trusting and free,  
I pray that the heavenly joy be mine,  
A thrill of love to awaken in thee.  
Then come to me, at that hallowed hour  
When I long for a tender place of rest;  
To me, perhaps, may be given the power  
To cheer and comfort thy lonely breast.  
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

#### MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH IN WORCESTER.

A correspondent of the Worcester Daily Spy speaks of Mrs. Hatch in the following manner:—

Mrs. Hatch, the young trance speaker from New York, delivered a discourse on Tuesday evening, (20th inst.) in Washburn Hall, to some two hundred and fifty or three hundred of our most respectable citizens, who listened to her with the most intense interest. The peculiar charm of her manner of delivery overpowers all prejudice and every opposing obstacle, and the listener is carried along upon the beautiful and gentle current of thought, oblivious to everything around him. Her language is the most classic and classical which can well be conceived; her elocution and diction are faultless, and her illustrations are drawn from nature, and clearly pictured in all their grandeur. Nothing which we can pen can give the reader any clear idea of the power and influence of this young woman over her auditors. Her very expression beams with intelligence and animation; her attitude the most graceful; her voice not loud, but full and distinct; her enunciations not hurried, but calm and deliberate; and her gestures in perfect keeping with the harmony, purity, and loveliness, which appear to beam forth from her soul. Imagine all this, and then you may have some faint idea with what eagerness her listener catches every word as it falls from the lips of the young but eloquent speaker.

When it is remembered that her discourses are delivered without any previous preparation, and that they involve the most abstruse and metaphysical subjects, it cannot be denied that she may be looked upon as the most remarkable woman of this or any other age. The learned men of this country have given the most perplexing themes to her for elucidation, and she has discoursed upon them by the hour more ably than those who had made it their study for years. From what source does she derive her ability to discuss and master those themes which have puzzled the best minds for ages? This is the question which the reflective public are called upon to answer. It is useless to cry humbug or delusion, for the facts are before us, which all can witness who will.

What man in this country would dare to go before an intelligent audience, and undertake to speak upon any subject which might be given, and then solicit the criticism of the audience? Who ever would undertake it, would fall in the first attempt. But here is a lady of eighteen summers, who stands the test year after year, and that, too, before the most critical and intelligent audiences which listen to any speaker. If Mrs. Hatch does not speak by inspiration, we would like to have some of the learned ones inform us by what means she comes in possession of her wisdom, for she is too young to have learned it by study, however close application she may have made.

H. F. B.

Everybody has good principles, but nobody applies them.

### Correspondence.

#### LECTURES BY ANNA M. CARVER AND REV. MR. LILIENTHAL.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, July 6, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—Mrs. Anna M. Carver, one of our best trance-mediums, lectured here morning of 25th ult., in the Melodeon, to an excellent audience, on the subject, "Love ye one another."

After several pieces were sung by the choir, she arose and gave forth one of those glowingly beautiful invocations, which, for pathos and grateful inspirations, is seldom equalled, and which it was a pleasure to listen to, and was addressed to Spiritualists generally, for their especial benefit. I have taken down a few of the leading features:—

"Love ye one another." Do ye love one another? Ages have rolled on, and truth after truth has been developed in the minds of men; but they throw away all this, because they allow fear to mingle with the truths they hear. What is it, the freedom of the material body, when the mind is in prison? Eighteen hundred years ago, when the man Jesus lived, he lived not in low, selfish love; but his whole life echoed along the pathway of his footsteps, "love ye one another." Jesus had no fear; he sat by the wayside, and talked to the lowly of human life; he would associate with those who were proscribed, and he said unto these, "I give you the living water." Be not afraid, ye Spiritualists, to go into the place where the sorrowing and weeping heart is; go in kindness and love. Why do ye not love one another? Because selfishness and fear keep you from it; they keep you in darkness and ignorance. To be purged and spiritual, you must cast aside forever the covering of selfishness and self-love. The eyes of the world are upon you.

Oh, ye Spiritualists, you have taken upon you a name which you should cherish. I fear that many of you are hearers, but not doers. There are hundreds and thousands of dollars spent for dress, show, and fine houses, while thousands of poor children need not only food for the body, but for the mind also. Oh, people, ye are called on to-day to help the rising generation. Do all ye can to sow truth, sympathy, and love.

Oh, if I could take those of the humble walks of life in my arms, how gladly would I raise them up. "Do ye love one another?"—as a band of Spiritualists, do ye love one another by exercising your charity, and exhibiting and extending your sympathy? If ye do, ye surely prove your love. How little have ye learned of the great source of wisdom! Love is the divine principle, emanating from the eternal fountain of truth, to purify the minds and lives of Spiritualists. Then let its holy light shine around the pathway of the lowly on this earth's sphere. How beautiful was the influence Christ manifested. His mission was of, and for, good; but the full and entire purport of his mission was not fulfilled. He was nailed to the cross. Jesus was not merely a preacher, but an actor in the cause, for he said, "Though I go away, I will come again, and bring the Comforter, and he will guide you into all truth." They may kill the body, but they cannot destroy the spirit. Follow his example, and walk in his pathway. Although eighteen hundred years have passed away, ye have not yet learned this one thing: to love one another. Perhaps if you would look with different eyes, you would see those around you in a different aspect—you would not fear derision—you would rejoice in the name of Spiritualist, and make yourselves instruments of that divine love, which should shine forth in the lives of all.

"The poor ye have always with you," but who cares for the poor? Where are they, fed and clothed, and ministered unto? They have asked for bread, and ye expounders of the Book, ye have given them a stone. They have expected meat, but ye have given them serpents. I may be crucified a thousand times, but ye would never be redeemed. Ye must crucify yourselves. Ye have lost the very best of jewels, that would have decorated the brightest coronet, or enriched the fairest crown. Begin in the very essence of infancy and youth to learn the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

I can give only the ideas of the speaker. The lecture was spoken with earnestness and zeal. The influences controlling and surrounding Mrs. C. are holy and intellectual—her language and delivery eloquent and graceful; her character unspotted, and manners amiable and attractive. She draws those around her who understand the true object of her mediumistic mission. She is worthy to stand on any platform, and is endowed with qualifications as a trance-speaker to address any audience who lay claim to rectified discrimination.

In the evening, the Rev. M. Lilienthal, the Grand Rabbi of the Jewish Synagogue on Broadway in this city, addressed a large and attentive audience in the Melodeon, after an earnest and impressive prayer through Mrs. Carver. Mr. Lilienthal is one of the learned men of this age, and second to none in point of erudition. He has a thorough knowledge of many languages, and is held in great esteem by the large and respectable congregation over which he presides as high priest. A man of independent mind and character, devoid of selfish or slavish fear. Would to God and the cause of truth there were thousands of such men. Then would bigotry, tyranny and oppression go into a fossilized state, and be subjects of future study for the naturalist.

I learned that some of his congregation called on him when it was announced that he would address the Spiritualists, and expressed their fears that his reputation might become depreciated, and prove a detriment to his high standing and character. He told them that he had battled against tyranny in Europe for the cause of truth and the rights of conscience, and he would do the same in this professed free country, fearless and untrammelled. He began his lecture, in a manner at once free and easy:—

Ladies and gentlemen, said he, this is no church in which you are assembled. It is by no command of the priest that you are brought together this evening—no outward forms and ceremonies—but an unquenchable thirst after truth; an anxious inquiry for something of more importance than that which has heretofore occupied the mind. The time has come when man seeks for something more to build his hopes upon. This is a new year of the development of the human race. The spirit of revelation is the spirit of truth. If a man wants to find out something, where has he to go? To the priest? To the teachings of the past? No! But a new revelation is dawning on the human mind—we are all of one flesh and blood. Man is endowed with mind and intellect; which two elements are conscience and affection. They remain unexplained and unknown; our self-love teaches us this—that there is an idea of God without the teaching of a church or priest.

What is Truth? It is, a principle of the mind, and love of God for his truth is the result of that principle. Man loves truth, because he is created in the image of God. Therefore, man loves truth, because that by truth he comes nearer to God. The tyrant that rules is a murderer, an oppressor, and loves not the truth, because it takes away his power. But the man that produces a truth is a benefactor and a blessing to his fellow-man. Man loves truth because he expects to live in a kingdom where truth exists, and where God, love and harmony dwell.

The ladder of Jacob is an emblem of man's progress to a more perfect development in the principles of truth, and this is what man wants to know, in order to bring him nearer to God, which is nearer to truth. Because one man is said to have sinned, that is ascribed, by those who are ignorant of the truth, that all the human race shall be damned, and sent to hell.

—and that God cannot forgive the poor, repentant sinner. My friends, (said the speaker, earnestly,) there is no hell, only as man makes one for himself here. God, who is truth, will not consign his children to eternal misery, because he loves his truth, and man's creation of that truth.

In 1776 a new revelation and dispensation began in the Declaration of Independence, and as this truth was proclaimed that all men were created free and equal, then dawned the light which spreads its benign influence over man's ignorance, fanaticism, bigotry, idolatry and superstition. By the discovery of the magnetic telegraph, the light of knowledge, of truth, is spreading wider and clearer. All barriers are broken down, and man, in his individual intellectuality, is becoming free. Now here rises the sun of truth and dispenses the divine element of man's universal freedom and liberty.

Where do we find truth but in the light of progressive knowledge? You love truth, stick to it—you seek for truth, investigate it, and the truth will make you free.

Fearlessly and clearly did the speaker elucidate this interesting lecture. Notwithstanding the extreme sultriness of the evening, every word and sentence riveted the attention of the large number of interested listeners. You perceive that every day adds new strength to the cause. We have a large and central hall, and free for the use of some of your popular lecturers. Pardon me, Messrs. Editors, for my explicit delineations, but I am anxious to spread the light and the knowledge of truth's progress through the broad, unfurled Banner of Light, and let the thousands of your readers know that the Queen City of the West is being imbued with the essence and attributes of Spiritualism. Your humble helper,

D. H. SHAFER.

#### LETTER FROM THE WEST.

BRUCEVILLE, OHIO, JULY 6th, 1858.

DEAR BANNER—The glorious Fourth has again passed us, the slain are buried, the wounded taken care of, the powder and fire works used up, the strained nerves and aching heads are adjusting their home affairs, the shouts have died out in the distant echo, and each person has returned to look after his or her business of life; so I may now report progress, in accordance with the leave you gave me, to come again. June 25th, 26th and 27th, I was in attendance at a grove meeting in New London, Ohio, where near three thousand collected to hear speeches, purchase books, and see each other. S. J. Finney, H. F. M. Brown, F. L. Wadsworth, Warren Chase, and Mr. Barnum, (a recent convert, but an able and efficient speaker,) did most of the talking, and seemed to give good satisfaction. They sold many books, distributed many papers, and scattered broadcast the words, and I am sure much has gone into a rich soil. It has never been my fortune to attend in the West a more harmonious, orderly and intelligent meeting in a grove, than this one. Not a discordant note was sounded among the speakers, and the vibrations seemed to start from the stand and pulsate through the crowd, in almost perfect harmony and accord. A happier set of people have seldom parted, at a meeting, than the crowd who assembled there. Each seemed laden with some fruit, either in books, thoughts or smiles. The parting expressions, a hearty "God bless you!" gave unmistakable evidence of the good time.

The meeting was held in a grove, several miles from any village, where the honest farmers till the soil, and study God's book of revelation in Nature. A large, new barn was fitted up to receive the people, in case of rain, but was not needed. The weather was warm and the roads quite dusty, on Friday and Saturday; but on Saturday evening, after the crowd had been dispersed over two hours, a heavy shower of rain, that did not extend over three miles north or south, and not over five or six, east or west, fell on the spot, laid the dust, cooled the grove, and prepared the place for one of the most beautiful days I ever enjoyed in a thick grove of beech, maple and oak trees. Near the tent stood the largest oak I ever beheld; it was over thirty feet in circumference, but it was dead—its last leaf had withered, and the beech had made a house of its trunk. It was several times referred to by the speakers, as a symbol and representative of sectarian Christianity in our country. The old tree had thrown out its leaves, and they were still holding to the stems, bound and dead—its last effort. So the churches have put out their efforts at revival the last spring, but now are withered, and evidently more effectually dead than ever before. All through the west the people seem sure they can never revive again. Many a church greets my eye in this Western Reserve, rusting down, with the grass growing around its doorsteps, where once the footsteps kept the soil often stirred. Education first, and Spiritualism last, have used them up in this most intelligent district of the nation.

My next call was at Auburn, Genaga Co., where the great Ravens meeting of last year, which disturbed the country so much, was to be repeated on the second, third and fourth of this year's July. I was on the spot early, and surveyed well the ground—the fine grove of beech and chestnut trees, the fine farms, small village near the grove, and one church nearer still, and a small school-house still nearer. The latter we used on Friday, when it rained—the former being a sectarian house, of course could not be used to speak truth in, or to enlighten the people on their destiny—so we stood in the grove on Saturday, and took the sacrament of words and the baptismal shower, and then returned wet to the houses so kindly provided for us.

Sunday, the sky was clear, the earth cooled, the air cleansed, and the refreshing breezes swept over the landscape. The grove was redolent with music, and it seemed as if everybody was coming to our meeting. God's Grove Meeting-house was nearly full, and those who attended last year at Ravens, said more were here than there. H. F. M. Brown and myself came full of the spirit of the other meeting, and determined to have it prevail here; and in this we were joined by the speakers and hearers, and succeeded admirably. All acknowledged it was the happiest time they ever had at a grove meeting in this region.

Dr. S. Underhill, of Illinois, was happy in connecting Mesmerism with Spiritualism. Mrs. Warner, an eloquent trance-speaker, of Milan, Ohio, gave powerful demonstration of the intelligence or good teaching of spirits. Mrs. Brown dropped words about woman's rights and wrongs, which fell like fire coals on the heads of the guilty, and like dewdrops on the aching hearts of the victims. Mrs. Cole, Mr. Kellogg, L. E. Barnard, Warren Chase, and several others, "said their say," and the speaker's stand, as well as all the ground in hearing distance around it, was crowded. Persons of many shades of Spiritualism, and others, were there, and yet no discord, no confusion, no strife, no jealousy were shown—all seemed willing and ready to lend each to each the attentive ear and helping hand. Nobody was frightened about free-love, or any other love, and no firebrand of an enemy was able to kindle a flame in our midst.

Wickleness was repressed—virtue encouraged, and goodness approved—progress noted, happiness described, and the road to it pointed out; the spirit world represented nobly and ably, and our philosophy defended, explained and advanced. Many hearts were made glad, and a day of rejoicing closed on the evening of the 4th to many a heart that was with us in the Grove of Auburn.

We shall soon prove that the West and East can both have large meetings, where love and harmony shall prevail, and souls be made glad and happy by attending them and partaking of their spirit. Discord and wrangling are not necessary ingredients of such meetings, but extraneous and unnecessary concomitants. We have left them entirely out of these two. I have one more to attend in Ohio, at Geneva, August 1st, before I come to New England.

WARREN CHASE.

#### T. G. FORSTER AND MISS HULETT, AT DUKE, IOWA.

DUKE, IOWA, July 3, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—It has been our good fortune to listen, a few evenings since, to four admirable lectures, delivered by our esteemed friend and brother, T. G. Forster, and we must say he is truly a spirit messenger, and must do a great deal for the growing cause, which is fast taking root all over our glorious Union, both North and South, East and West. To give you the faintest idea of his eloquence and sound reasoning, would be beyond my capacity; but, to say the least, his eloquence, and the manly manner in which he discourses, is convincing to all candid inquirers after truth. We congratulate ourselves upon the treat we have enjoyed, which will long live in the memory as one of the delights of this life.

Spiritualism is a new thing to many of us in this far-off land; but is taking root and growing, even in this remote section of country, and we look forward with delight to the time when it shall scatter its great truths all over the world.

We owe much to Miss Hulett, of Rockford, Illinois, a trance-speaking medium, who was the first to unfold the right Banner of Light, and true liberty, over our darkened understanding, by her superior oratory and eloquence, while speaking in the trance state. The novelty of a young lady ascending the rostrum, and speaking in public, drew together hundreds of attentive hearers. Such was the effect of the teachings by the intelligences through her, that every word told with thrilling effect. At the close of each of Miss H.'s lectures, she informed the audience, that any one might ask appropriate questions; and she "floored" (using a Western phrase,) every one who attempted to question her position.

At each lecture, a committee was chosen from the audience, to select the subject, which was given to her after she rose to speak. Consequently, there was no time for premeditation. She is truly one of the wonders of the age, and is destined to win laurels for herself and the cause.

As said before, the subject is a new one in this section of the country, although we have several circles established. We have several speaking, writing, tipping and rapping mediums. Our little society is composed of some of the wealthiest and most intelligent portion of the community. And although some of our Orthodox friends are becoming alarmed at the spread of Spiritualism, and feel disposed to ridicule, yet they dare not, for many who belong to their societies are believers.

Yours, in love and truth, W. L. J.

#### CASE OF HEALING.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., July 12, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—I trust you will permit me, through the Banner, to relate a little of my experience for the past three weeks at Saratoga. I not only feel it a great pleasure but a duty I owe to those of my fellow-beings who may be suffering from various diseases. The great benefit I have received through the healing powers of R. B. Newton, at Saratoga Springs, is truly remarkable, and to me seems almost miraculous. I had been suffering for years from a heart difficulty, pressure on the brain, nervous derangement, general debility, and other weaknesses. I had, through the advice of many physicians, tried a great variety of medicines, but without success. I was at last induced to apply to this wonderful medium; and through him, in the short space of three weeks, I was restored. And, I can truly say, the gratitude I feel to God, spirit friends, and this kind man, can never be expressed. Mr. N. is not only a very successful medium, but is a kind, benevolent and sympathizing man. During my stay in his family I received the kindest attention from his amiable and worthy companion. They are strongly united in the good cause, to promote the health, happiness and best interest of all. They have been subjected to many hardships and trials, arising from the spirit of persecution, which seems so prevalent in their midst. But I feel that they have the blessed assurance within their own souls that the work in which they are engaged is in the hands of a just, and all-wise Father, who will do all things well. And, though truth be crushed to earth, it will rise again. It is my sincere prayer, that the efforts of this worthy man may be crowned with success, and that through him many, many more of the suffering and afflicted may be healed, and enjoy that greatest of all blessings, health. During my stay there I witnessed many very remarkable cures. The names of the persons I am at liberty to give, if called upon. Yours for truth, C. A. TWISS.

#### THE TRUTH SPREADING.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 28, 1858.

DEAR BANNER—The good cause of labor for light and truth in this city, is steadily onward. Many persons here are now made to see clearly, who but a short time ago were in total darkness. Those who have been most bold and laborious in their efforts to oppose, and cry "humbug," "delusion," "work of the devil," are more quiet, and some of them are carefully and prayerfully investigating the subject. Our clergymen find it best for them to refer to the subject with great caution, for they have reason to fear that many of their constant hearers are beginning to get the scales from their eyes.

Besides the several media often referred to in the communications you receive from this place, we have others, one of whom is a very excellent and useful medium. I refer to Mrs. E. Wilson, whose residence is on Orange street, near Elm. She is a seeing, speaking and test medium. When entire strangers call on her she very accurately describes their departed friends. She is pressed to mention the degree of relationship, if there be any, and generally she gives the names of the spirit friends with perfect accuracy. If she is not impressed to speak the name at first, she will see it imprinted on her own hand, and read it there. She writes by impression,



enclose \$1. and two stamps. Information given upon subjects by letter, \$2. Medicines for every ill, put up as Spirits direct, and sent by express to every part of the world. Also, healing by laying on of hands. Patients attended at their residence.

N. B.—Persons in indigent circumstances considered.