

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. III.

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{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NO. 18.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO ANNIE—UNFORGOTTEN.

BY OUR JUNIOR.

Around me still the Past's dim light is flinging
The halcyon richness of its earliest hour,
And noiseless voices through the distance sing,
Pulse in my soul with unforgetten power;
I live again, as if thou wert imploring
With honeyed words to soothe my wandering will,
And though alone, my being still adoring,
Proclaim thine innocence a conqueror still.

Long days of grief, and nights of sadd'ning sorrow,
Have tinged the prospect of my striving years,
And glad thy heart's truest spirit borrow
A sweet relief in uncontrolled tears.
In vain I strive—I cannot make the present,
Away from thee, seem what the past has been;
And like an unsophisticated peasant,
I stand bewildered 'mid this bustling scene.

The heart can ne'er forget the holy passion,
Which love engenders in its shining soul;
And love alone the timid spirit fashions
To nobly meet life's yet unknown turmoil.
For, give the heart some object to pursue—
Some star it yearns to see—beyond its sight;
Each onward step its longing will renew,
And keep its strength improved—its armor bright.

So have I looked on thee, and that affection,
Which every day and hour was shed on me;
And wandering in the halls of deep reflection,
I find that every thought returns to thee.
But time and distance lay a gulf before us—
With outstretched arms I walk this shore alone;
Unite with me, and pray that God restore us—
That separation never more be known.

I've strayed with thee beyond the pathless ocean,
Where gleams thy cottage through the clustering leaves;
Thence I inhaled from thee this deep devotion,
From which each thought a coloring receives;
And though I tread these paths no more forever,
Nor muse with thee where first our love began—
No earthly power the golden cords can sever,
Which gently clasp two trusting hearts as one.

I've left thee, but within my heart are thronging
Remembered joys and hopes for hours to be;
And all within me throbs with anxious longing,
To be united once again with thee.
And let me pray that death—death, God's strong angel—
May leave our hearts to the sweet land of rest,
When we have found the sweetest thing—
We walk—no more—the silent road.

NEW ORLEANS, June 20th.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DAISY NESBROOK;

OR,

Romance of Real Life.

BY CORA WILKINSON.

CHAPTER IV.

A new life opened before the dazzled vision of Daisy; a life of poetry and joy; a life of dreams and of beauty, of blessedness and repose! The spacious mansion, where the eye of taste had guided the magnificent outlays of wealth; the garden with its meandering walks and shady arbors, its native flowers and rare exotics; the sun-kissed river that skirted it, on whose near bank lay moored the fairy skiff, in which, by day or moonlight, they sped across the rippled waves a merry company—she and Reginald Danby, Ada Lenox and Howard Clayton—what a charmed, world apart life it was!

The smile of the motherly mistress of the mansion, in whom there was no assumption of pride or statelyness, her affection for Ada, her devotion to her only son, her maternal solicitude for her stranger-self, how sweet all was—how it exalted life to the very portals of a heavenly blessedness! The servants delighted to serve the good and gentle lady, their friend and confidant; her son idolized her, and the poor spoke her name with grateful tears. She would stroke Daisy's glossy curls, and say so sweetly: "dear child!" the heart-tones thrilled to the long desolate soul, awakening there a rapturous joy.

Sitting at the lady's feet, gazing on the serene and noble face, Daisy thought of her mother, and sighed for the affection so soon, so cruelly withheld. She remembered that mother's tenderness and watchful love—many little incidents of childhood rose up before her, that pleaded for the long absent one with reproachful voices, with assurances of continued love and care. Day by day, as her mind unfolded, her judgment strengthened; beneath the assistance of Ada, the fostering care of that stronger will, the doubt and suspicion gathered life; and often from the dream-life of her pleasant surroundings she started to face a bold and growing thought. Perhaps Aunt Sarah, perhaps Miss Brown, were both deceiving her. Could her own tenderly loving mother thus forsake her? Day by day she faced the growing conviction, and the impulse urged her on, to reveal all to her friends, to free herself from the bondage of dependence upon her cold-hearted aunt, to meet not again, in fear and trembling, the repulsive emissary of her will. Friendship, approbation, justly awarded praise, had transformed the timid girl into a blooming happy, animated beauty, whose eyes sparkled with the merriment and light-heartedness of youth, whose cheeks glowed with the roses of health and exercise. Her sweet voice, with its peculiar and melancholy charm, accompanied Ada's richer tones; she could not play on any instrument—Aunt Sarah had not thought it necessary that she should study music—but she had a fine ear, and melody gushed spontaneously from the guarded stores of her heart's wealth. She drew flowers so life-like, with such masterly exactness, it enraptured her friends; her dancing was the very poetry of motion, though she had never taken a lesson in the art. She displayed a range of thought far beyond her years, her hitherto obscure

position; unconsciously she spoke in strains of fervid eloquence when her heart was touched, her feelings unkindled; Mrs. Danby gazed upon her until tears filled her benevolent eyes; Ada exultingly pronounced her a genius. For the first time she was treated with courtesy and deference by the stronger sex. Reginald said she was a beauty and a paragon; Howard Clayton declared that she would grace a throne. So, in this atmosphere of love and sunshine, her heart expanded and grew strong, her intellect gathered rich stores of priceless gems, and life stretched before her a garden of innocent and pure delights. A rose-crown beckoned from a distant pinnacle the hopeful garland of love and youth; no crown of thorns, no wounding spikes dismayed her sight, in that golden dawning of new-found affections and sacred joys!

One day there came to Forestdale a young lady, with her brother—a tall, majestic, handsome lady—one of the choicest belles of the near and fashionable city of A—. Her complexion, unlike the almost olive tint of Ada's countenance, was dazzlingly fair, and the rose-tint that was lightly breathed upon it was delicate and fleeting; her blue eyes were beautiful in form and color, but their expression was cold, despite their brilliancy—cold and mocking; there was no sincerity, no tenderness in their azure depths. Her light brown hair, intersected with fiery threads was worn in a shower of ringlets that drooped upon her neck, and gathered into a massive braid at the back. Her superb form was arrayed in light green silk, than which nothing could be more becoming to her style of beauty; a little straw hat with pendulous white plumes and floating pink ribbons; a shawl of snowy and delicate lace, loosely thrown around her, completed her tasteful costume. When Reginald Danby rose to greet her, Daisy noted the troubled, fluttered joy of his heart; she read it in his flushing countenance, and her own heart grew sad and vaguely oppressed, she knew not why. Quick as lightning passed the revelation before her—she loved this haughty beauty! and all her old timidity and shrinking reserve returned, as the eyes of Estella, cold and scornful, and proudly questioning look. She remained the afternoon, and Daisy saw that Mrs. Danby's manner was constrained and somewhat distant towards her guests. The young man amused himself by telling anecdotes of dogs and horses, and relating his experiences with the negroes, for whom he deemed "a severe flogging, the best teacher, doctor, and schoolmaster." She saw Ada's lip curl with scorn; but Reginald was not listening to young Mitchell's idle talk—his eyes were bent upon the statuesque face of Estella—his ear was enrapt, listening to the music of her voice.

"I have not seen this young lady before, though I know almost all your acquaintances, Mrs. Danby," suddenly said Estella, turning languidly towards the lady. "You say her name is Ellis? May I inquire whether she is any relation of the Ellis's of Conesville?"

"Miss Ellis is an orphan, and a friend of Miss Lenox," replied Mrs. Danby, with dignity.

"Ah? indeed! perhaps quite a protegee of yours?" she continued, turning to Ada.

"She is my dearest friend!" replied the generous and impulsive girl.

"A native of the south?" persisted Miss Mitchell. Whence arose the antagonism of spirit that possessed these two girls, so opposite in their beauty, differing so widely in their dispositions, strangers a few moments since, yet now placed upon the battle-ground against each other, enlisted in the defence of a vague, unnamed right, unacknowledged even to themselves? The crimson blush of wounded feeling rose to the face of Daisy; she grew suddenly bold and strong; drawing her slight figure erect, looking upon the beautiful girl she felt already an enemy, she replied with dignity and composure—

"I am a native of the North, Miss Mitchell, and an orphan, dependent upon the bounty of Miss Sarah Weston, of Westonsville, who has taken charge of me from a child. I am indebted to Miss Lenox for my pleasant stay with Mrs. Danby."

The blue eyes of the patrician Estella dilated with surprise and wonder—"Miss Sarah Weston?" she repeated, "the old maid of Westonsville, as our people call her? Dear me! I remember now!" and she clapped her hands; "you are the little girl she took home out of charity, and placed at—Seminary. I forget the name; where Miss Lenox is finishing. Why, she told me about you herself, not long ago. What a good, charitable, fine old maid she is! Rather proud, but not too much so for my liking. Dear me! what is the matter—have I said anything to hurt your feelings?" she exclaimed, as Daisy burst into tears. "Indeed, I am very sorry, Miss Ellis." The words were sympathetic; but oh, how bitterly sarcastic was her tone—what a world of contempt flashed from her cold blue eyes—from the studied unconsciousness of her manner, dear madam!" sobbed Daisy, and she rose to leave the room. Ada rose hastily too, and followed her friend to the door, kissing her fondly ere she returned to the company.

With crimson cheeks, and eyes that flashed defiance, Ada returned to her seat. Mrs. Danby had sought to retain the weeping Daisy; but a second thought convinced her it was better to allow her to depart.

"Miss Mitchell!" began Ada, and her voice quivered with indignation. "I am one of those who believe in that old-time maxim of doing unto others as we would be done by; and I believe the highest mark of good breeding consists in a lady-like deportment towards all—especially towards our equals and inferiors."

Mrs. Danby looked approvingly upon her young friend. She expected a withering, angry reply from Estella, who was noted for her violent temper—for her cruelty to her slaves. To her astonishment the reply came, gentle as the breezings of the southern wind, in musical and even tones, that betrayed not one discordant feeling.

"Certainly, Miss Lenox; I agree with you. I honor that good old Christian maxim you have quoted, and I endeavor to deport myself towards all, as is becoming a lady."

Reginald gazed admiringly upon her face; she felt the approving look; her long, lashed eyes veiled the triumphant lustre of her beautiful, cold, blue eyes. Ada gazed upon her in silent astonishment; then her lip curled sarcastically, and there was a searching irony in her voice, as she said:

"You never intentionally wound the feelings of any one, do you, Miss Mitchell?"

"I have never been guilty of such meanness," she replied, still with her blandest tones, but her head was elevated as if with conscious innocence. Ada forbore a reply; she saw clearly that she was dealing with one well-versed in deception; she stole a glance at Reginald—he was gazing upon the siren with love and devotion in his eyes; she turned to Howard Clayton—an expression of deep disgust rested on the manly face, a bitter smile curl d his lip. When Estella gracefully rose, he hastily left the room unwilling to be her escort to the hall-door; there was a winning deference in her manner towards Mrs. Danby, that completed the infatuation of the son, she sued so prettily for the speedy return of her visit; Ada was reserved and constrained, and as the guests left the room, accompanied by Reginald and his mother, Ada sought her gentle friend, and bade her take heart and courage.

On the door-step Reginald Danby took the soft, white hand of Estella, and looked questioningly into her lovely face—"Come soon," she whispered, and he fondly pressed the little hand, and looked a lover's thanks. Then he stood watching the carriage that ed off into the shady distance, and, as the door opened, Mrs. Danby met Ada, who apologized for her hasty speech, in presuming to chide a guest.

"Do not be troubled, my love," replied the worthy lady, "I feel that she deserves it. Ada, I mistrust her blandness of voice and manner. Rumor speaks her a domestic tyrant; the poor slaves groan beneath the uplifted lash, wielded by that fair white hand. Ada, I yield to your good and noble as he is, I see him yielding to the fatal spell. But go now, dearest, and call that poor child—there is a mystery connected with her; let us all strive to win her confidence; perhaps we may cast some sunshine on her path. I feel sure that she deserves it."

One afternoon Ada and Daisy wandered off into the woods; leading her friend to shady and romantic spot, the beautiful and evasive told her the secret of her life. She was not at home; a morose and jealous father, a hot exacting aunt, the counterpart of Sarah Weston, entitled life to live in the home her mother had satisfied with loving effort and gentle deeds.

"If you can summon courage enough to endure for me, I will take you home with me, next term, when my school-days cease, and I shall judge for myself, whether the lowliest of earth ever envy me!" Daisy!" she continued, "to you no will I confide the one great joy of my life. I am loved by Howard Clayton; in a few months I shall attain my eighteenth year. Then with or without my father's consent I shall become his wife. Oh poor, Daisy, poor in worldly goods, but oh! how rich in mind, in heart in spirit! Ada Lenox is too proud to stoop to meanness—to bend to form or prejudice. She is not too proud to descend in the so-called scale. I can and will be a true help-meet to a man who chose me for myself alone; for, Daisy, I feel my fortune if I marry without my father's consent, and I know his aristocratic prejudices will permit him to approve of Howard Clayton, this educated man, the humble lawyer! I trust God, my friend and I render thanks unto him for the great crowning boon of life—love! Keep myret, darling, for even Mrs. Danby knows not what she does at home; but she shall know in time, if needy. What ails you, Lily-blossom?"

With her dreamy eyes bent to ground, Daisy was striving to solve a mighty problem—to unravel a tangled web, whose mingling threads contrasted strangely; she thought of her mother's affection and holy cares—her mysterious foe—her long, long silence—her aunt Sarah's haughty and indifference—the seemingly premeditated cruelty of the crafty housekeeper; she thought of the life-brightening friendship of Mrs. Danby; of the devoted friend for her, the stranger wail; and, as in some gloriously-framed picture, she saw too of Reginald, with its noble beauty, the deep eyes beaming tenderly upon her, as but a few since they beamed for the beautiful Estella, the most golden hair shading the thoughtful brow, proud smile upon his lip, the joyful color mount d his cheeks, the outstretched hand of welcome, fervent clasp—Daisy beheld it all, and the smile the joy of recognition, the heart-warm-hand—where all for her, for her alone! Then the bright light faded; and frowning upon her, chilling currents of her being by the Medusa power of cold blue eyes, Estella Mitchell stood, radiant youth and wealth and beauty; and tauntingly her, "A charity girl!" Ada gazed intently the speaking countenance, saw its varied and the deep blush of a sudden and glorious rapture giving place to the deathly pallor, the sister disap-

pointment. With her eyes yet dreamily bent upon the ground, Daisy asked the question of her wildly throbbing heart, "What is this mystery?" and intuition, untaught reason, responded, "It is life!" She knew not yet that it was love; life's mightiest potentate; earth's saving angel; heaven's ministering spirit, bringing sorrow and exaltation, light and purification to the souls of men. Amid the roses of youth's garland, gleamed the upspringing thorns; but Daisy knew not that it was inlaid with wounding spikes; this crown of martyrdom, once to be transferred to a diadem of starry glory.

Ada, more experienced, older and wiser, half guessed the secret Daisy knew not how to name. "Come, love, let us go home," she said, and arm in arm, the friends returned; but on the heart of our humble flower rested a mighty shadow; the spirit chords thrilled painfully with a sense of coming woes.

With deep pain Daisy noted the abstraction of Reginald, since the day of Stella's visit; she knew that when he left his home with a choice bouquet of roses and fragrant flowers, that he turned his footsteps towards the proud beauty's house. She knew when he returned so excited and joyous, that she had been kind and loving; when he came home weary, gloomy and silent, that she had been cold and cruel. Yes, Daisy knew it all, though no one told her; and Mrs. Danby seldom questioned him; she knew it all, and her heart was wrung with pain for him; yet she often questioned herself, "Why all this interest in one so lately a stranger?" and yet the question met with no reply. She repaid the confidence of Ada with friendship's warmest interest; her perceptions told her that Howard Clayton was worthy of her love; often sitting at the feet of the lovers, in some shady arbor, or by the river's bank, Daisy listened with delighted interest to their plans for the future, in which she, too, bore a part, for Howard declared that sister Daisy must share their home; he would himself demand her of her stately aunt. Often, too, a dark shadow settled on the brow of Ada, and she wept long and bitterly, and, according to custom, sought not to intrude upon her confidence. Ada always said to her, "Wait a few months, Daisy, and you shall go home with me, and judge for yourself, and when you know all my sorrows, you will be free and frank with me; is it not so, dear?" And Daisy promised that it should be; yes, Ada, her dearest friend, Mrs. Danby, the motherly benefactress, should both know her secret; but not yet awhile.

The girls returned to school; Daisy with a saddened heart, and a strange fund of experience, that cast thoughtful shadows over her open brow, and often fixed her eyes in deep, unconscious musing. Reginald had kindly taken her hand at parting, and seconded his mother's invitation, that she would make Forestdale her home; his smile had shed its life-warm glow on her heart. Sad, yet blest, grateful, fearful, yet vaguely oppressed with a haunting sense of ill, she left the sylvan retreat, the enchanted domain of Forestdale, to return to her weary, plodding, but for Ada's presence, all uncongenial life.

CHAPTER V.

Daisy diligently pursued her studies; even the aristocratic Madam Van —, the principal, could not refrain from awarding her praises. The beautiful ties of a holy friendship uniting the kindred souls of Ada with her "Lily-blossom," grew stronger and closer, as time passed on. Between these strong and noble natures, no petty rivalries could intrude, no frivolous disputes occur; it was a spirit bond that cemented soul to soul; not the fleeting attraction of a school-girl friendship, the worldly tie of interest or influence that drew their hearts together, that made them sisters in mind and heart.

Miss Brown called not again, but in her place came a letter announcing that Miss Sarah Weston had been afflicted with a paralytic stroke, which, rendering her entirely helpless, threw the sole charge of her person and affairs upon her tried and devoted friend, as Miss Brown styled herself. The letter was dated from C—, a country town some fifty miles from Westonsville, where the kind and benevolent Miss Weston (I quote the words of her housekeeper) was patiently undergoing her trial with Christian forbearance and humility. Daisy was exhorted to remain at school, and learn all she could, as there was no knowing what might happen, in case her benefactress departed this life. She advised her to remain close at her studies, and not go gadding abroad, among the rich, intruding upon the beautiful and fortune-favored Miss Lenox, but to apply herself vigorously, so as to be enabled to earn her own living, when the time should come. "Your position in life," wrote the intriguante, "is in a lowly sphere; you will only reap disappointment and shame by striving to rise above it." The letter was carefully worded; not an allusion to her mother, not a reflection upon her erring father; yet its cruel, humiliating tone, bitterly wounded poor Daisy's heart; she burst into tears, unmindful of Ada's presence. That true friend drew her to her bosom, and with a pleading look extended her hand for the letter.

"May I not yet know your sorrows, darling? Can you not yet confide in Ada?"

She hesitated no more; she placed the letter in Ada's hand. "Insolent! outrageous!" cried the noble girl, with crimsoned cheeks, indignantly flashing eyes. "This to you, my Lily-blossom! to you, my sensitive flower? That vulgar, repulsive, snake-like creature, to address you in such a strain! Daisy! this must end; Forestdale opens its hospitable por-

als for you; my home, howe your sanctuary. Howard loves y shall not remain a dependent a sister; you charity of Sarah Weston, expos the stunted her menials. Never, never nny of lives!"

And so it was arranged t with her friend; but she w her home, beautiful, ench She told Ada so, and A forborne to question her.

She replied to Miss Brown the generosity and friendship her conviction that it was her accept those proofs of friendship as she did not feel herself an intruder; th was her tried and steadfast friend. She energy and decision; and Ada family on her, said cheerfully, "Well done, my darling, are growing brave!" In a few weeks came B. Brown's reply. Daisy was puzzled at the change tone of the hitherto so stern and de-potic writer; but her friend laughed loudly, and said, "It was the way of the world." She would never hinder Daisy from bettering her condition; Miss Weston was too feeble to attend to temporal concerns of any kind; the sole charge of house and farm and negroes devolved upon her; "she was always ready to drop," but a sense of duty upheld her, to the last. So ran the letter; but one passage in it, cautiously worked, maliciously charged with a wounding arrow, struck, as was intended, to the sensitive girl's soul. "Per-haps," she wrote, "you are aware that I am in possession of facts relating to your parentage, which if revealed before the society in which I am glad to see you stand so fair a chance of being admitted, it might be the means of changing all their friendship to scorn and contempt, society is so particular! I doubt not that they love you for yourself, for you are a good girl, Daisy; but as so much is due to appearance, they might shrink from you, if disgrace or shame were attached to your name. Be prudent, and your own good conduct may win you a way through the world. Miss Weston and myself are truly grateful that you have met with such generous and influential friends. The charity and goodness of Miss Lenox is truly praiseworthy. Thine to be worthy of her regard." Again Daisy burst into tears, and cast the cruel letter into Ada's lap.

"What is this? what does the woman mean?" cried Ada. "Is she threatening, or bribing you to silence about something? Tell me, Daisy. Even were you the child of a murderer, the offspring of shame or degradation, I should love you all the same, my pure, my beautiful, my noble treasure! And so will others. All the good and true hearts will bow before you, my Daisy! my unspoiled darling!" Daisy threw herself upon that true friend's bosom, and wept and sobbed her gratitude.

"I have been told," she said, looking steadfastly upon Ada, "that my father committed the crime of forgery. I know not whether he lives or not. My mother—her voice faltered with emotion, a blush of shame mounted to her pale cheek—"my mother deserted me, left me in the care of Sarah Weston; I have never heard from her. This is what Miss Brown alludes to. I dare not yet tell you all. I am living upon their bounty, for I believe the house-keeper is mistress also; and I have given a sacred promise to them both. Perhaps I have erred in saying all I have said, but I could not resist the impulse. What I have told you appears to me; while accepting their bounty I may not again break my word. Would that my studies were completed, that I could become a teacher, earn my own living, unusual as that is in this blessed southern land of plenty. But I so long for liberty, for freedom from servitude and dependence, for such I feel even my position here. Ada, do you still love me, after the confession I have made?"

For all answer, she was clasped to the bosom of that generous friend; sweet, reassuring kisses, were showered upon her brow and cheek and lips; her tears were wiped away by a tender hand; comfort and consolation given by the dear, familiar, music voice.

"My Daisy!" she said at length, "you know, that rich and reputed extravagant as they call me, my purse is limited; or I, your sister, would soon relieve you from the burden of dependence upon Sarah Weston. Dearest! not a costly dress do I own, but is chosen by my father's sister; I am allowed the choice of color, no more; the jewels I wear, the silken robes, the laces I am envied for, are showered upon me by pride and caprice, never by affection. I am not allowed even a sufficient portion of pocket-money; often my heart bleeds and would succor some case of suffering. My fortune all withheld, places me in the situation of the fabled Tantalus. But Daisy, when I am married—"a beautiful light stole to her face, as she said this—"though I live humbly, and though I may have to tell you shall share the comforts of that home. I know you heroic enough to nobly bear its trials."

"Trials, tell for you, so grandly beautiful, so gloriously endowed! Oh, Ada! Ada! that can never be! Surely all hearts will gladly welcome you, every house in the land be thrown open for you, so good, so beautiful!"

"Hush, hush, little flatterer!" said Ada, with a smile; "you do not know the world. It is wealth that lends a sovereign charm to beauty; it is worldly position that gives its worth to merit. Dear, unsophisticated Daisy! beauty, in rags, is but seldom acknowledged; genius, in tatters, gains no laurels; goodness, unheralded by trumpet voices, receives no

costly getting at the world's hands. Wait and see, Daisy, I feel the approach of storm and battle, but, amid all, I have my main arm to support me; your friend's heart to rest upon. Praise be God for the blessings awarded me!"

How gloriously beautiful she was in her regal loneliness, her soul's humility, reverentially gazing upward, folding her perfect hands in thanksgiving, uprushing her fervent, trusting heart to Him!

For some months Daisy had not from Westonsville. Then a letter came from Ada's father, recalling her home; the permission she had sought for to take Miss Ellis, was granted. Mr. Lenox sent the carriage and several attendants to escort his daughter; so one cold winter morning, (that region of sunny Southland was not exempted from cold and snow,) Ada bade her school-mates farewell. They proceeded on their short journey. As respects to her way, they stopped to pay, cordially well-wishes to her, and, as ever, the anxious, persecuted, Daisy noted with a sadly serene face, the troubled look within their eyes, with a faltering voice, that her sister was to be Estelle Mitchell. Daisy noted with a sadly serene face, the troubled look within their eyes, with a faltering voice, that her sister was to be Estelle Mitchell.

How grateful Daisy was to this announcement to her, when his mother aristocratic portals of Wardley Hall, with its heavy, undefined shadow by her upon its side.

of the beautiful, the gifted, ungainly figure; that re- with the marks of in- the signet of degradation. her father? Daisy asked. be her welcome, and make

friend; a mournful, yet bitter lips.

presented her gentle, shrinking Mrs. Elfrith Thorp, her father's widow.

Daisy almost started with surprise; the counterpart of Aunt Sarah stood before her; the same tall, angular figure, the same pinched-up features, with their ruling expression of forbidding sternness; the same small, grey, twinkling eyes, the long hands,—but there the resemblance ceased. Aunt Sarah wore her grey hair curled smoothly back, never hiding it beneath a cap; her lady were false curls, clustering and abundant, that fell from underneath a cap of costly lace, gaily trimmed with flowers and ribbons. Aunt Sarah's dress was plain in the extreme; Mrs. Thorp wore a showy silk, and a diamond breast-pin; Aunt Sarah spoke in gold and measured tones; the lady at Wardley Hall with quick, sometimes incoherent utterance.

"I am glad to see you, Miss Ellis; hope you will make yourself at home; would you like to go to your room? We expect some company this evening; perhaps you would like to change your dress? There is a fire in all the rooms. Have you, also, left the seminary? How did you like it? I think Ada very much improved. Are you a native of the South? Pray take some refreshment; I will send Melissa with you to arrange your hair. Come, Ada, why don't you talk?"

Thus she rattled on, giving no time for a reply. Daisy saw with regret that Ada had not embraced her father; she gazed upon the two, so dissimilar in outward appearance, evidently so widely apart in spirit, and she sighed for the remembered tenderness of her mother; for the father, whose shadowy face floated before her reveries.

"Come here, Ada, and give me a hug," said Mr. Lenox, and his daughter reluctantly obeyed, with an expression of disgust upon her lovely features.

"What's the matter? have you grown too fine a lady to kiss your old father, because he takes a drop of liquor? Nonsense, child; I am master here, and if any of th—well, I won't swear in presence of a strange young lady—but if any of them humbugging, whining, canting temperance lecturers comes this way, I'll have them hang alive, if I can only lay my clutches on them. The sneaking wretches, telling a man what to do with his own property! By all— and he closed with a terrific oath, which I cannot stain this record by transcribing.

Daisy, the pure, simple-hearted Daisy, gazed upon him with fear and repugnance. She met Ada's appealing glance, and responded to it. The young girl released herself from her father's arms, and sat down beside her friend, tightly clasping her hand. She heard the profane conversation, the senseless jokes of the wealthy planter, with increasing astonishment, that one so favored could degrade himself so far. But when, calling a little negro to him, he struck the child with his clenched fist in the face, Daisy started from her seat in horror; Ada, rising with a deep flush upon her face, said: "Come, let us go up stairs," and led her to the chamber prepared for her.

There was no time for conversation, for Melissa remained in the room to wait upon the ladies; and, after changing their dress, they descended to the dining-room, where supper awaited them. The poor wardrobe of Daisy had been considerably enlarged by Ada's means; though her own allowance was limited, she yet contrived to procure some suitable dresses for her friend. In her dark merino dress, with its black lace trimmings, she looked very lovely, with her sweet, pensive face, and showered wealth of dark brown curls. The cheerfully glowing wood fire, crackling so merrily, throwing aloft its curling flames in fantastic motion; the pictures, in their costly frames, the rich furniture, the closely drawn curtains of yellow damask and snowy lace, the well spread table, with its grotesquely carved silver tea-set; the glistening crystal glasses, and china cups, all formed a picture of luxurious comfort, and invited to enjoyment and repose.

But, alas! the home-atmosphere was darkened by household tyranny; the curses of the wronged and oppressed clung to the luxurious winds,—the splendors of Wardley Hall. No sweet songs of affection were borne to heaven by listening attendant spirits; no melodies from diviner realms breathed upon its flowers, and nestled 'mid the downy ease of that lordly mansion. Daisy felt ill at ease, for Ada's father talked loud and volubly, interlarding his speech with oaths. He drank freely—not of "the cup that cheers," but of the intoxicating draught, and, with brutal cruelty, he struck the attendants, who covered and quailed beneath his look. Mrs. Sharp sat silent and unmoved; no flush of indignation crossed her face; she was accustomed to these daily recurring outbreaks; it was her interest to bear with them.

There was company that night at Wardley Hall, and Ada was called upon to play and sing. But two of the gentlemen brought their wives, for the charac-

ter of Mr. Lenox for harshness and profanity was known throughout the neighborhood; the refined and gentle ladies of his acquaintance, though they pitied Ada, and welcomed her gladly to their homes, shunned her father as an enemy to peace and humanity.

Poor Daisy! her face flushed deeply, as she heard Ada say, "Here comes Reginald Danby," but when he approached and, with marked warmth of manner, welcomed them both, she was again self-possessed, though very pale, and her voice was firm, as she thanked him.

She had heard of their arrival from his mother, and unstinted to pay his respects. Mrs. Danby would esteem it a favor if Miss Ellis would grant them the pleasure of her company for a week or two. Daisy blushed, stole one timid glance at the handsome face before her, wavered, hesitated for a moment, then gratefully accepted the invitation. Ada congratulated him somewhat sarcastically on his engagement; Daisy gave him her best wishes, with heart-warmth and sincerity.

"How could you desert the fair one this evening?" queried Ada.

"I did not," he replied, smiling; "she is here, with her brother."

Yes, Daisy saw her, bending that superb figure of hers over a flower-vase on the table; her strangely gleaming hair falling in a mass of ringlets on her neck; her black satin dress displaying to the best advantage her regal form; her white hands toying with the flowers, whose rich hues and pleasant fragrance contrasted well with the ruddy, sparkling fire, the drawn curtains, the air of winter comfort. She appeared to be an especial favorite with Mr. Lenox, who laughed and jested with her. Daisy saw with disgust that this fair and delicate lady smiled upon the coarse sallies, and calmly endured the profanities of the host, without as much as rebuking him, even by a glance.

"And Reginald loves her!" she sighed; and anew she pondered the mystery, finding no solution to its depth.

She spoke to Daisy, kindly, blandly; scarcely an ear could detect the hidden irony of her remarks; but she to whom they were addressed understood their purport, which was to wound and humiliate.

The evening wore away; the guests departed; the now entirely incriminated Mr. Lenox was carried to his chamber. After Melissa had left them, Ada, seating herself beside her friend, took her hand, and said—

"You have seen for yourself, Daisy; I did not think he would reveal himself so fully in one night. You, this is the life of the rich, the envied Ada Lenox! This is the father she is bound to love and honor, the arbiter of her fate, the guardian of her youth! And yet there are many who will dare to blame me; to sanction him for disinheriting me, for dooming me to toil and privation. A father's rights! oh, I know they are sacred and paramount to all earthly things, and if I had a noble, just, loving father, how I would idolize his very footprints in the sand! how I would strive for his approval, bend willingly to his kind behests; and, if need be, sacrifice all in life for him. But this man—oh, Daisy, you shrink, you think this is sinful language? You have never passed through this trial; strangers have been cruel to you; you have the hallowed remembrance of a mother's smile. Daisy, I will never believe that your mother deserted you; you have been cruelly deceived, poor child! There is a mystery somewhere, which one day will be solved. Friend of my soul! I am about to burst these shackles; next week I attain my freedom; I shall appeal to my father for his consent to my union with Howard Clayton. If he refuses, I forfeit all money and lands, but I attain my freedom; I shall breathe in a holier atmosphere; I shall walk beneath heaven's approving smile. Daisy, I have no remembrance of my mother! she departed when I was two years old; but this I know, that his harshness and neglect broke her heart. Ever since her husband died, Mrs. Thorp resides here, wielding supreme power, indulging, flattering her brother. She has no fortune of her own, so she pampers and sanctions my father's evil propensities, in the hope of thereby maintaining her place in his favor, in his will, eventually. Oh! she is an unprincipled woman, Daisy, a cruel, dangerous enemy. All our acquaintances have deserted us; my father's violence is known to all. Our venerable pastor has expostulated with him in vain; he brutally turned the grey-haired, noble Christian from the house. I could tell you facts would make your blood run cold; cruelties for which he has never been brought to justice, and never will be—on earth; not a planter in this neighborhood but treats with kindness the human souls entrusted to his care; many have been sent to joy and freedom from this region; only he, my father, maltreats, never liberates a slave; he is guilty of gross immoralities, that I, a woman, would blush to name. It was principally to escape his tyranny that I went to West Seminary. I met with Howard Clayton at Forestdale, and my path of duty was revealed. His love for me is no evanescent passion; mine for him is no girlish fancy; it is a bond of soul to soul, spirit to spirit, for all eternity! And now, beloved one! sister, friend! you know my sorrows, will you not tell me all of yours?"

"I will, my best, my generous friend! I will delay no longer; my resolve is taken; I go with you wherever you go; you can do nothing but what is right. This wealth and luxury, I see and feel it, brings no peace, no happiness to you. I will share your lot, be it for good or evil; in the words of the true-hearted one of old, I say: 'Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be mine.'"

She threw herself upon the bosom of her friend; for awhile they held each other in a close, fervent embrace, mingling their tears, praying voicelessly, vowing eternal faith to one another.

"I have not much to tell," said Daisy, at length; "but as they, or rather Sarah Weston told me, my mother, whom I so well remember, left me in her charge, accompanied my father to a foreign land, never even bidding her child farewell. I lived with my dear mother, (I must still call her so,) at Westonsville, before she left me; my recollection of my father is very indistinct. I believe he was tall, dark-eyed, and noble-looking, with jet-black hair, and a sweet smile; but all this may be a vision of my fancy, for I was too young to remember him, when, as I was told, he was committed to prison for his great offence. Oh, how my poor mother wept and prayed for him; to rejoin him, she deserted me forever! I was placed with country people by Miss Weston; they were harsh and unkind; then, in another home I was taught to sew and do light things about the house, and sent to the village school, until I was taken to W—, where my watching angel led me to you! Oh, Ada, from my earliest childhood I have learned

the bitter lesson of dependence, and it has chafed my spirit wearily. I have rebelled against the cruel mandate, that compelled me, for a stunted crust, to forego my father's name, although it be a branded one; to deny my mother's existence, for I feel that she lives, sometimes that she loves me, Ada, dearest; my father's name was Nesbrook, my mother was Sarah Weston's sister."

"Your Aunt? Sarah Weston your mother's sister? And you presented as a pauper child, suffering neglect and humiliation! Daisy, dearest Daisy! you, too have been injured by those nearest to you. The cruel, hard-hearted old Gorgon! living in comfort and luxuriance at Westonsville, and you dragging your life out wearily among strangers. She has no nearer kin—why not fold you to her heart, make sunshine in her home by your presence? But no, Lilyflower! she shall not have you; you are Ada's prize, my darling! Howard will never let you go; for you cannot live without love, and that withered old mummy has none to bestow. What a revelation! You can now hold up your head with the proudest, in their own prejudiced, conventional way. Sarah Weston is one of their favored caste; you can retaliate upon Estelle Mitchell, now. You come of an aristocratic stock as she can boast of. Fie on their petty, silly distinctions; they are unbecoming the dignity of a human being."

"My aunt will never acknowledge me; shame for my father's error caused her to proclaim herself a stranger towards me. If I would shield myself from insult and humiliation, I must ever remain humble Daisy Ellis to Miss Mitchell; she would, in her own irreproachable manner, taunt me with my poor father's error; and, Ada, I cannot bear much from her. What matters my name or parentage, so you, and a few other true souls love me? Keep my secret from the world; but you may tell Howard, and I will myself confide it to Mrs. Danby. Aunt Sarah dislikes me; I am almost tempted to believe she hates me. Sometimes strange thoughts come over me; I think she may have despised me from childhood; that my own dear mother never deserted me; and yet I cannot feel that she is dead. I will never cross Aunt Sarah's threshold, never darken her path, for I feel the antagonism of her spirit all too strongly."

They conversed till long into the night. Next day Daisy went out for a walk with Ada, and they met Howard Clayton, who was made acquainted with the secret of Daisy's parentage, and relationship to Miss Weston. The lovers held a lengthened consultation, in which Daisy held a part. On Ada's birthday Howard was to appeal to her father for her hand; if he refused his consent, Ada was to leave her home, and become his wife, the sharer of his toils, his humble lot in Q—, the near place of his residence. Howard, loving her devotedly as he did, treasuring her smiles as the cheering sun-rays of his existence, would have delicately urged postponement, until she attained her full majority, and his pecuniary prospects brightened. But Ada entreated him with tears to take her from her gilded misery, her wretched, loveless life; she could no longer remain a witness to her father's cruelties—his open outrages upon decorum and morality; she would work, and live on the humblest fare, only for peace and love! Howard promised, and they agreed to speak of Daisy—the young man revolved a project, which he determined to carry out, if possible, they parted in sight of Wardley Hall, their hearts elated with hope and confidence in the future.

Mrs. Thorp scolded Ada roundly for not ordering the carriage, "it was so unbecoming to walk about so much."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.
JAMES DEERE.

BY M. TENNEY.

There is a rift in the mantle of memory,
Where a gleam of sunshine clear
Shows a plain, shimmering with lightsome feet—
With floating rings, and brown eyes sweet;
'Tis the image of Jane Deere;
'Tis the face of youth's bright angel—
Jane Deere.

I'm alone to-night by the hearthstone—
An old man, in my twilight year;
I am homesick here—and my sad thoughts roam
Through the pleasant past, and those fancies come—
These memories Jane Deere;
Like a ray through the gloom of nightfall—
Jane Deere.

I think of our way by the river,
That flowed the pleasant way near—
And the sweet, it talks we had together
'Mid the quiet in the sunny weather—
I, and my Jane Deere;
Ah! she made sunny weather—
Jane Deere.

There was dear, sorrows in heaven,
Or one angel too here—
And there came messenger, solemn and still,
To the shady old cottage under the hill,
And summoned to Jane Deere!
Bore away to the bright heavens,
Jane Deere.

I am glad I'm by the hearthstone—
And now 'tis my twentieth year;
And that few moonless nightfalls will come,
Ere her soft, low voice will welcome me home—
The home of Jane Deere;
Oh! I'm weary long, long waiting—
Jane Deere.

The Nervous System.—In one of M. Brown Squard's lectures, exhibited guinea pigs which had been experimented some months ago by cutting certain nerves; their limbs became paralyzed, but, in time, the pigs recovered the power of voluntary motion, and, however, with a very curious result—the actor could put them into a fit of epilepsy whenever pleased. It appears that by the cutting of the nerves, the animals lose sensation, except in one, and if that is irritated, a fit is the immediate consequence. Another noticeable particular is the lice which infest the animals congregate that spot, and nowhere else. Whether it be there is more warmth, or more perspiration than other parts of the body, is not known; at any physiologists are agreed as to the singular and negative nature of the phenomenon. It appears, however, that if the sensibility of the sensitive spot is destroyed, then the guinea pig ceases to be liable to epilepsy. Applying this fact to human physiology, Mr. Brown Squard says that there is in the body a spot, discoverable, as he believes, by analysis, which, if deprived of its sensibility, would like manner, completely prevent attacks of epilepsy.—Chambers' Journal.

One reason the world is not reformed is because every man is bent on reforming others, and never thinks of reforming himself.
To empty a set of blockheads, just set two dogs to fighting in front.

Written for the Banner of Light. The Lover's Stratagem. A TALE OF RIO JANEIRO.

BY OPHELIA MARGUERITE CLOUTMAN.

On the declivity of the chain of hills known as the Corcovado, stretching out from the city of Rio de Janeiro towards the southwest, stood the small but beautiful country-seat of the Russian Consul-general Ismailoff.

The customary joy and happiness pervading that cheerful dwelling, had now given place to sorrow. Death had crossed its quiet threshold and laid its stamp upon the pale brow of Catharine, the wife of the noble Consul-general. She was a fair and gentle being, born and nurtured in the midst of the great Russian capital—St. Petersburg. Her frail constitution, however, was unable to bear the severity of a northern clime; and it was on this account that the devoted Ismailoff gladly accepted the appointment offered him by the Czar as Consul-general to Brazil, and accordingly removed his family, (consisting of himself, wife and daughter), thither, some five or six years after his marriage, and twelve years previous to the time of the opening of our story.

Strangers in a foreign land, devoid of kindred and friends, our little trio early learned to seek for true happiness in the society of one another. Far away from the din and tumult of city life, Frederick Ismailoff had reared his humble, yet lovely home; in the midst of "that land of wonders, whose rivers roll over beds of gold—where the rocks glow with topazes, and the sands sparkle with diamonds—where Nature assumes her richest dress beneath the blaze of a tropical sun, and birds of the grandest plumage vie with the splendid efflorescence of the forests they inhabit."

From being the constant companion of her mother, the fair Nathalie had grown to womanhood with much of that native gentleness and grace of manner, that characterized the life of her suffering, yet uncomplaining mother. From her father, however, the young girl inherited a fine constitution, which a life in the tropics only served to strengthen and mature.

For the first time in her brief life of seventeen happy years, whose experience had been that of one perpetual summer's day, Nathalie's lips had drunk deeply from the bitter fountain of sorrow. Dark clouds had suddenly gathered about her horizon, and left their trailing shadows across the pathway of her youthful existence.

Now that the silver cord was loosed that had for long years held the faint and struggling spirit of the gentle Catharine to earth, Nathalie felt what it was to be thus suddenly severed from the parent stem—to be deprived forevermore of the sunlight of that heavenly smile, which from earliest infancy had encircled her fair head, like a golden halo.

There was indeed mourning and desolation in the house of Ismailoff—mourning issuing from bereaved hearts, that like Rachel of old, refused to be comforted because one loved spirit was not. In his extreme loneliness, the afflicted husband clung only the more closely to his all on earth—the sorrow-stricken Nathalie.

With the onerous duties of his situation, at last succumbed the gentle Catharine, and she lay in her coffin, the wounds of a breast that had at first yielded completely to grief, more violent than lasting. Not so with his daughter. Left for the most part of the time to herself, solitude only served to fasten more strongly upon her impressive mind the deep melancholy into which she had been plunged by the suddenness of her affliction.

It was the close of a sultry day, in that glorious country of eternal summer. Night was fast spreading its sombre mantle over land and sea. The gradual lighting-up of a great city, as seen in the distance, told most plainly that the noise and bustle of business had subsided, to give place to hours of tranquil enjoyment and social intercourse.

To those who have never personally experienced the charms of a tropical night, I fear my feeble pen will prove totally inadequate to the task of description. As night closes in, a delicate mist of lace-like transparency seems thrown over the entire country; the moon shines with silvery brightness amid heavy clouds, grouped into strange and fantastic shapes, yet clearly revealing to the human eye the outline of each object illuminated by it. A gentle breeze, freighted with delicious perfume from the wood-crowned summits of the neighboring hills, lends a refreshing coolness to the hitherto heated atmosphere.

It is said that nature, in the tropics, reserves half her fragrance, and more than half her wonders, for the season of repose. Every few minutes a different perfume is thrown out upon the evening air, while the various flowers alternately open and shut their petals, to the wondrous beauties of the night. The rich soil is covered by a snowy carpet of fragrant blossoms, shaken from the graceful branches of the myrtle by the toylike wind, as it plays among its darkly-polished leaves. Birds of the most brilliant plumage lodge in the boughs of the tall and stately palms, filling the ear with music, such as even the highest efforts of art have labored in vain to perfectly imitate. Here, too, may be heard the sharp cries of the cicada or grasshopper, and the moans, whose tones resemble closely those of the human voice, when actuated by distress. Humming-birds in every variety, fly from tree to tree; while myriads of butterflies, of the most gorgeous dyes, sport with the rippling waters of the streams, upon whose banks are found flowers of the most varied hues.

It was on such a night as I have attempted to describe, that a stranger, a young man of some twenty-five years, clad in a graceful and picturesque costume, might have been seen wandering his way slowly along through a romantic valley, at the foot of the most precipitous peak of the Corcovado mountains. His listless movements indicated fatigue of body, rather than that of mind; while the dark and lustroous eyes that were raised over and anon to view the surrounding landscape, burned with strange enthusiasm.

Believing himself a solitary inmate of so delightful a retreat, he carelessly tossed aside his low-crowned hat, and was preparing to loosen the neatly embroidered jacket, which displayed to the greatest possible advantage the exquisite contour of his vigorous and manly form. At that moment his eye caught sight of what appeared to be a human form, shrouded entirely in black, crouching upon the ground.

Hastily replacing his hat, he resolved to bid farewell to the sweet repose he had anticipated indulging in after his day's wanderings among the moun-

tains, until he had fully explored the mystic retreat into which chance had accidentally led his steps, and gained some knowledge concerning the apparently inanimate object before him.

Remembering his isolated situation, in a portion of the country for the most part unknown to him, he grasped the hilt of his sword, and then moved cautiously forward, with noiseless tread, towards the spot where lay outspread before his vision, the object of so much curiosity.

Upon nearer observation, he beheld not what he had first believed to be the form of a man, but a female figure, draped in garments of a sable hue, kneeling upon a mound of earth, which had the appearance of a newly-made grave. For several moments the young man gazed in rapturous silence upon the rare asymmetry of the beautiful being, who, unconscious of the presence of another, still bent in prayerful silence over the beads and crucifix which she held in her fingers.

At length the increasing dampness of the night seemed to recall her thoughts from heaven to earth. With a slight shudder, she drew her dark mantle more closely about her polished shoulders, and hastily prepared to arise. The stranger perceiving so sudden a movement upon the part of the lady, attempted to conceal himself from observation, by hiding in a deep thicket, formed of the bushy nightshade.

But just as his retreating footsteps vanished, and he was inwardly congratulating himself upon the success of his hasty exit, a large portfolio and sketch-book which he carried under his left arm, fell to the ground with a heavy sound, which of course did not fail to attract the attention of the young mourner.

Deeply mortified at his discovery and consequent shame, the young traveler at once emerged from his densely shaded retreat, and with doffed hat and bowed head knelt at the feet of the beautiful maiden, whose countenance still bore marks of extreme surprise, as well as deep agitation. A moment of mutual embarrassment succeeded, after which the graceful cavalier broke what was fast becoming an awkward silence, by saying in rich tones of purely Spanish accent—

"Most fair and gracious Senorita, may I please you to pardon the unintended intrusion of a stranger in this your hour of meditation and prayer?"

The courteous manner and respectful tones of the handsome stranger, were speedily passports into the favor of the young girl, whose marble cheeks were now died with crimson, as her soft blue eyes fell beneath the passionate gaze of him who addressed her.

"Rise I beseech you, Senor, and rest assured that you have in no way incurred the displeasure of Nathalie," were the words of the beautiful maiden, as she majestically motioned him to arise.

"Can it be possible that I am indeed in the presence of the fair Nathalie, the only daughter of Ismailoff the Consul-general?" the stranger earnestly asked.

"The same, Senor," was the quiet response.

"Report says, she is most lovely—and in this instance she hath uttered no lie," were the half audible words of the graceful cavalier, as he mused abstractedly with himself.

A gentle sigh and the rustling of drapery, aroused the youth from the dreamy stupor into which he had momentarily fallen.

"The evening is so sweet, and my dear father will be anxious concerning his child," said Nathalie, as justifying her veil of rich black lace, and gathering up her trailing skirts with the accustomed grace of a true European.

"You are right, Senorita, it is already too late for a lady to be abroad, and without a protector too," he replied, glancing at the same time at his watch. "If the fair Nathalie will permit one all unknown to her to assume the office of cavalier, then will Vasco Henriquez esteem himself highly honored."

Accustomed to no society but that of her parents, the young girl knew not of the evil that lurks in the breast of man, concealed oft-times beneath fine raiment and a showy exterior. Fashion had never tempted her fancy with its dazzling beauties and deceitful allurements. Believing the entire world her friend, she had never been haunted by base suspicions and petty jealousies. Conscious of doing no wrong to others, she expected to meet with a similar return from those who, under the garb of friendship, gained her respect and affection.

When, therefore, the handsome stranger in a most delicate manner, offered his services as escort to her home she accepted them without reluctance and without fear. Their walk homeward, though of short duration, was fraught with equal enjoyment to both parties. The story of Vasco Henriquez was a simple and plausible one. The son of a Spanish adventurer to South America, he had accompanied his father to Brazil, which country the latter determined upon adopting as his future abode. Returning to Spain for his wife, some six months after his first arrival in South America, he embarked once more for the western continent, full of joyous anticipations and brilliant hopes for the future. A shipwreck dispelled their bright dreams, and committed both to a watery grave, leaving the youthful Vasco, a boy of some twelve summers, destitute and orphaned in a stranger land.

Tears were in the eyes of the warm-hearted Nathalie, as the young artist concluded the recital of his tale. In the beautiful and unaffected maiden, the handsome stranger had found a devout listener and earnest admirer. The brightest day alas! must have an end, and so, also, terminated only too speedily, the first interview between the Russian maiden and her artist-lover.

The accidental meeting of the youthful pair just recorded, was but the precursor of many others to follow. Where the stranger had taken up his particular abode Nathalie knew not. It was sufficient for her to know that he still lingered contentedly day after day among the mountains, enchanted by the delightful scenery of the neighboring country, and a willing captive to the charms of the presiding goddess of the woods.

At the villa of Ismailoff, Vasco Henriquez had been made a welcome visitor. There was an air of refinement, and a degree of native pride about the young artist, that seemed to the clear-sighted Consul-general, to bespeak a nobler birth and loftier position than that which he now occupied in society. In thus admitting a stranger to terms of intimacy, Ismailoff entertained no fear. Nathalie was young, beautiful and inexperienced—totally unacquainted with the ways of the world, and therefore not likely to fall in love with one evidently beneath her position in life. From childhood, the Consul-general had gloried in the true Russian pride, which he well knew lay concealed in the breast of his only child. Not even the gentle precepts of his beloved Catharine had succeeded in exterminating that oft-times dangerous plant, whose tender branches had received their first nourishment

from the parent stem. It was on this account that Ismailoff felt the utmost security in permitting his daughter to receive the attentions of the stranger artist.

He craved the privilege of transferring the features of the fair Nathalie to canvass, but in so doing, he also painted her image indelibly upon the more imperishable surface of his heart.

It is said that love is not only blind to reason, but scorns all distinctions. This fact the noble Consul-general, alas! learned only too soon. Nathalie in trembling tones confessed her love for the humble painter, while Vasco, emboldened by the possession of so pure a heart, lost no time in revealing his secret to the astonished Ismailoff.

At first the stern pride of the Consul-general revolved at the thought of giving the hand of his idolized child in marriage to the son of a Spanish adventurer. But the soft and mournful eyes of Nathalie plead more earnestly than even the human tongue could have done. Their language was neither to be mistaken nor resisted, and despite his early opposition, Ismailoff at last consented to the daring proposal of Henriquez, on one condition, which was, that the latter should leave the country for the space of two years, devoting himself in the meantime most assiduously to the labors of his profession. If at the end of the alleged period, earthly success and fame should crown his efforts, he was to return to Brazil, the home of his adoption, and there claim the rich reward of his hard-earned industry—the hand and heart of the fair Nathalie.

To Ismailoff's proposition, Vasco Henriquez at once acceded. With such a stimulus to exertion as love, the poor but enthusiastic artist believed himself capable of conquering all difficulties, and triumphing over every obstacle. His mind was fully made up. He would visit the old world; would wander once more, as in boyhood's early days, among the verdure-crowned mountains of his own native land, at once the pride and admiration of old Castile. He would visit Italy—sunny Italy! the dream-land of the poet and sculptor—the Eden of his imagination. Frein dwelling continually upon the beauties and masterpieces of Raphael, Titian and Michael Angelo, his own feeble pencil could not fail to receive fresh inspiration, or his own inferior genius escape the ennobling and fostering influences of so hallowed an atmosphere.

Thus mused the boy-dreamer to himself, while brilliant hopes for the future flitted rapidly across his brain. The mind of Nathalie was less cheerful than his own. To her, the thought of separation from one upon whom she had freely lavished the deepest and purest affections of her youthful nature, seemed a dread and ominous thing.

The hour of parting came. They stood once again in their old trysting place, that lovely valley, whose natural beauties might have christened it the garden of the Hesperides. Whiter than Parian marble looked the brow of Nathalie, as it gleamed out from beneath the delicate folds of her dusky veil, and which but half concealed the emotion she so nobly strove to hide.

Vasco drew her trembling form close to his breast, and whispered in her ear tender words of encouragement and hope. But in vain. All efforts towards gaiety, upon the part of the heart-stricken maiden, were useless. A heavy load lay firmly fastened about her heart, which, not even Vasco's repeated words of endearment had power to remove.

The portrait which the artist's pencil had so faithfully delineated, was now retained by Henriquez, as a bright memento of their pure and undying love. Ismailoff at first demurred a little at this, but Vasco soon carried his point, by telling him how much more blest he was than himself, by still retaining the original in his possession, whose varying beauties of countenance, not even the most skillful limner could hope to truly trace.

A small and silver crucifix (once the property of his mother), of curious workmanship, was the farewell gift of Henriquez to the sorrowing Nathalie. This she promised to cherish in remembrance of him who bestowed it, until the time of their reunion.

With repeated assurances of love, and vows of eternal fidelity, the lovers separated—one full of joyful anticipations, and glorious dreams for the distant future; the other grieved and desolate in her utter loneliness of heart.

Time dragged slowly on. Twelve months had elapsed, and still no word of intelligence had been received by the trusting and confiding Nathalie, of her banished lover. The flowers still bloomed as brightly as ever beside the humble, yet lovely villa of Ismailoff, while the merry songsters of the woods still tuned their sweetest notes to heaven, in melody as rare as that which a year previous had entranced the listening ear of the boy-artist.

To all outward appearances, there was still the same degree of peace and contentment visible in the dwelling of the Consul-general, as of old; Nathalie still smiled and sang in the presence of her beloved father; but when, at times, she sought the solitude of her own chamber, and strove to busy her trembling fingers with her embroidery, the secret spring of anguish seemed unloosed, and tears, falling thick and fast, sparkled like dew-drops amid the bright-colored flowers her hand had skillfully wrought.

Ismailoff wondered that his daughter never mentioned Vasco's name as in days past, but with fatherly instinct, and true delicacy, he forbore alluding to the subject, when in the society of his daughter, lest it might awaken unpleasant remembrances in the breast of Nathalie, which had evidently long been smothered, if not entirely buried.

"Ah!" murmured the Consul-general to himself, "I was but right, after all, in banishing this base adventurer from our presence. Would to God that he had never laid eyes upon one of whom he has long since proved himself unworthy! In sooth, it was a sorry trick for man to play upon a woman, but Ismailoff's revenge!"

"A gentleman, giving his name as Leon La Cosa, desires to speak with you, Sonor," interrupted a servant, at the same time springing back in fright, as his gaze fell upon the pale face and flashing eyes of his infuriated master.

"Admit him, speedily," was the curt reply. Another moment, and the stormy countenance of the Consul-general had assumed its wonted composure, as he gracefully arose and extended his hand to the stranger, who, with a smile of recognition, advanced to receive the outstretched hand of Ismailoff.

"La Cosa, the Portuguese Ambassador, if I mistake not," said the Consul-general, in a gracious tone.

"The same, Sonor, and your humble servant, now, as ever," replied the stranger, bowing his head.

"To the home of Ismailoff, you are most welcome. Be seated, I pray you, while I ring for refreshments, for the day is sultry, and your journey has been by no means a slight one."

A delicious repast was soon provided, to which the Ambassador and his host sat down with evident relish.

"I am come, Sonor," said La Cosa, after drawing the cork from his second bottle of wine, "on business of special importance."

"A fact I had half-divined, from the suddenness of your visit," answered the Consul-general.

"Know, then, most worthy Ismailoff, that I am sent to solicit the hand of the fair Nathalie in marriage, for the Prince Regent, by order of His Majesty, the King of Portugal."

"This is indeed an honor I had never dreamed of," cried Ismailoff, jumping up from the table, and embracing his guest.

There was a sparkle of delight visible in his dark eye, and a flush of pride upon his slightly furrowed brow, that told too plainly how much his ambition had been gratified by so unexpected a denouement.

"But Nathalie must be immediately informed of this," exclaimed the delighted parent, bustling about the room, and pulling the bell nervously for a servant.

A half hour had hardly elapsed before the young girl appeared, draped in rich black lace, (for she still clung to her sable robes), which fell in delicate folds to her velvet slippers feet.

"Santa Maria!" cried La Cosa, falling upon his knees before the blushing girl, and respectfully touching his lips to her small hand; "fame has not over-estimated thy graces! Thy wondrous beauty is indeed worthy a crown!"

Very beautiful looked Nathalie, as she stood there, in the presence of her over-joyed parent and his infatuated guest. Had it not been for the faint flush that quickly overspread cheek and brow, upon hearing words of such strong flattery addressed to her by one whose dress and manner indicated him to be at least of high birth, an observer might have been led into the belief that the beautiful being before him, in all the pride of womanly dignity, was some exquisitely chiselled piece of statuary, fresh from the sculptor's hands.

Her raven hair was parted smoothly upon a brow, whose native purity outweighed the drifted snow-mass in its whiteness, and was carefully disposed in classical braids about her oval-shaped head. In singular contrast to her ebony hair, were her eyes, whose brilliancy of color, seemed the reflection of heaven's own azure. Add to this a complexion so purely transparent as to render nature's delicate network of veins entirely perceptible; a form, tall and symmetrically moulded, with a grace and ease of carriage that even an eastern princess might envy, and my readers will have some slight idea of the beautiful picture which my artist eye, if not my artist pen, has endeavored to paint for their especial gratification.

Nathalie glanced from one to the other, as La Cosa's strange words fell upon her ear. Perceiving her puzzled expression of countenance, her father arose, and, handing his daughter to a seat beside him, said:

"My dear child, I am well aware that what I am about to make known to you, will prove as great a matter of surprise to yourself, as it did to your fond and delighted father, some few minutes since. An unexpected honor is about to be conferred upon my Nathalie," continued Ismailoff, caressing his lovely daughter with unwearied affection; "your hand is sought in marriage by the young Prince Regent, and this gentleman before you is the distinguished La Cosa, of whom you have heard me speak, and who, on this occasion, is entrusted by His Majesty with so important an embassy."

"I cannot but tender my fervent thanks to those who have seen fit to bestow such high marks of royal favor upon the humble daughter of Ismailoff," answered the young girl, addressing her conversation directly to the enamored courtier.

The old Consul-general's eye brightened, as he noted the apparent ease of manner exhibited in the person of his daughter.

"It is as I predicted," he mentally ejaculated; "Nathalie is not only delighted with the proposition extended to her, but will wear her new honors with becoming grace and dignity."

To-morrow he was destined, alas! to bitter disappointment, as he soon learned.

La Cosa, with all the skill of an experienced courtier, now took the opportunity of repeating such words of idle flattery as are often believed to charm most speedily the ear of woman, and thereby hasten their suit in love matters. But the mind of the beautiful Russian maiden was above such petty intriguing and base deceit; she heard La Cosa through with a degree of respect that ill-concealed her impatience to be released from an interview more lengthy than pleasing to her quiet frame of mind; and then turning to the crafty ambassador, she inquired—

"By what means the Prince Regent had learned so much of her history and personal appearance?"

"That is readily answered, Senorita, for there are no two such fleet travelers in the world as the reputation of a beautiful woman and evil tidings. But to be serious, as well as brief in the matter before you, I must tell you that the admiration which the young Prince professes to feel for the daughter of the Consul-general, arose partly from his own powers of observation, and partly from the daily feasting of his eyes upon a portrait of yourself, purchased by His Majesty at the request of his son, from a traveling artist, some twelve months since."

Nathalie started as if a dagger-thrust had been made at her heart.

"His name?" she gasped, "did you not learn that?" and the young girl lifted her handkerchief to her face, to cover the emotion her trembling lips and flashing eyes but too plainly revealed.

"Henriquez! if my poor memory serves me rightly," replied La Cosa, half-musingly.

"Great God! Oh, my dear father! was it for this that Vasco Henriquez sought and won the love of Nathalie?" exclaimed the anguish-stricken girl, as she tottered and fell reeling from her chair to the floor.

"My poor child! thou hast learned all too soon, what it is to love, and find thyself deceived! But cheer up, my sweet Nathalie, and let not thy faith in mankind be entirely shaken by a single betrayal of confidence in the person of a poor and plebeian artist," said Ismailoff, gently raising his daughter from the floor, where she had sunk down senseless, and chaffing her delicate hands in his own.

"Your father is indeed right," remarked the ambassador, when Nathalie had so far recovered from her sudden swoon, as to be conscious of things around her. "Here is love, wealth, and a queendom offered you. Accept, I beseech you, the noble offer of the Prince Regent, and in the joy and earthly

glory which shall be yours, you will soon forget the love and memory of Vasco Henriquez."

"Never!" cried the young girl, as rousing herself from her temporary swoon, she stood before them with a determined and defiant air, that only heightened her almost regal beauty. "Though thou shouldst tell me from this time until eternity, that Henriquez was false to me, yet would I not believe thee! No, my poor Vasco, Nathalie's tongue shall not censure thy pure name!" and the excited maiden gave vent to her feelings, in a low and exultant laugh.

Ismailoff, fearing the dejection of reason, in the case of his beloved child, urged at once the necessity of desisting from further importunities upon the part of La Cosa, until the tide of mental excitement should have subsided in the breast of the singularly affected girl.

Nathalie overheard their conversation, and in tones of strongly marked emphasis—

"All delay in this matter is both useless and unnecessary! My mind is firmly made up. I scorn the brilliant marriage, that an ambitious parent and an interested courtier would have framed for me. Before heaven and earth, I do solemnly swear and affirm, that I will never wed other than Henriquez!"

Nathalie's meaning look and expressive language, were not to be misunderstood. Both Ismailoff and his guest felt sensibly that further entreaty upon the subject was indeed useless, and in a short time La Cosa respectfully took his leave of the Consul-general, not a little chagrined and mortified at the ill success of his mission.

"I tell you, Sonor, that even our most powerful entreaties and inducements will prevail not; my daughter has several times refused my admittance, and still adheres to her previous determination to take the veil and bury herself forevermore in the cloisters of a convent."

These words were addressed by an elderly man, (whose countenance bore stronger marks of sorrow than of age), to his companion, a dark and handsome man, habited in the garb of an artist, and in whom my readers will not fail to recognize the long-absent Henriquez.

Faithful to his promise, he had returned at the end of two years probation, to claim his promised bride; only to experience the terrible disappointment of finding the lady of his choice closely immured in a convent, to which place her own free and resolute will had voluntarily banished her.

Dismissing from their mules, before a half-ruined convent, some thirty leagues distant from the city of Rio Janeiro, the Consul-general, for such it was, knocked loudly upon the heavy iron gate. The porter appeared, and inquiring their errand, at once conducted Ismailoff and his companion into the antiquely-furnished parlor. The Lady Abbess soon entered, and to her the old man, who had been from time to time a constant but unsuccessful visitor at the convent, made known their business, which was to hold a short interview with his daughter Nathalie.

The cunning Abbess departed, but soon returned, bearing a message from the young novice, that she was busily engaged with her Father Confessor. In preparing herself for admission into the sacred sisterhood, and consequently could not grant their request. Neither the Consul-general nor his companion felt thoroughly satisfied that Nathalie's refusal to an interview, was the result of her own inclination. Whatever suspicious they entertained concerning the matter, they carefully concealed from the Abbess, however, who informed them, as they took their departure, that Nathalie was to be admitted as a nun, of the Holy Order, in a month's time.

"My God! this must not be," muttered Henriquez, as he sprang into his saddle, and rode off towards the city, accompanied by the grieved and broken-hearted father. "Nathalie must and shall be prevented from taking the veil! There is still one chance left me for success, and now, so help me God!" were the parting words of Vasco, as he struck into a cross path, while Ismailoff turned sadly to his desolate home.

It wanted but a few days of the time when Nathalie Ismailoff was to receive the black veil. Still clinging fondly to the cherished memory of one whose faith she could not but times believe she had good reasons to distrust, she had taken refuge in a neighboring convent, to avoid being urged into a marriage to which she well knew her heart could never give assent.

Her extreme beauty and pensive turn of mind, made the young Russian maiden at once the pet and admiration of the entire sisterhood. Knowing her spiritual and impressive nature, they spared no pains in holding up to her enthusiastic imagination the countless pleasures and dazzling glories of their exciting faith. Completely fascinated by the quiet and holy life she had leaden her voluntary entrance into the convent, she had finally resolved upon taking upon her the sacred vows of a nun.

It was at the close of a fine day in midsummer, that Nathalie leaving the cell of her Father Confessor, determined upon spending the hour preceding evening vespers in the garden of the convent. In a narrow and retired corridor she was met by a young monk, who had recently been admitted to the brotherhood. His handsome appearance had often attracted her attention in the chapel, during the performance of morning mass. "I had met, more than once, his burning gaze fixed intently upon her face, and had as often tried to bane his memory from her mind."

Now, he seemed termed to speak with her. Nathalie trembled, and monk said in a low tone—"Lady, you must pardon my presumption, but I have that to communicate you which will thrill your soul far more than thy vows you are soon to take upon yourself. Give your attention, listen! for time is short, and I sit be brief."

The young girl noded her consent, while the monk drawing his cowl tightly over his face, to conceal, if possible, the fire play of his features, inquired in a voice of great bass, "if she remembered one Vasco Henriquez?" A shriek would have escaped the lips of the startled girl, but quick as thought the monk threw his hand across her mouth, to stifle the sound.

In a trembling tone she replied, that "she had never ceased to love and cherish his memory."

"Good! Answer! this—would you again like to behold him?"

"I would, most heartily."

"And will you consent to see the convent this night with me, if I will give you safe-conduct to him?"

Nathalie hesitated—love was uppermost in her heart, and she consented. That night found the escaped maiden and monk in a close carriage, on their way to Rio-Janeiro. The coach rattled hurriedly along through principal street of the quarter

known as Mato-pereira, and stopped before the royal residences, St. Cristovans and Santa Cruz. Up the lofty staircase, and along richly ornamented corridors, the stranger quickly hurried his companion. At last he ushered the trembling girl into a gorgeously decorated saloon, when, as if by magic, every light was extinguished. Nathalie, turning to her companion, exclaimed—

"Nay, my brother, I must not stay a moment within the palace, for here I have often fled."

The quick shutting of a door, through which the monk had vanished, told that her confidence had been a second time cruelly betrayed. While she was meditating what course to pursue, the sound of rich music fell upon her ear, and the next minute the room was flooded with light, while a heavy curtain of crimson drapery was drawn aside, revealing the Prince Regent, now King of Portugal, seated upon his throne. Nathalie fell upon her knees, murmuring—

"May it please your majesty, but it was Vasco Henriquez whom I sought!"

"And here you have found him!" replied the young king, descending from his throne, and throwing off his state robes, discovering to view the humble artist, who had first won the love of Nathalie in disguise, and then rescued her from the convent by assuming the ecclesiastical habit.

Ismailoff's arms once again enfolded his daughter, and in the general joy that succeeded the nuptials of Nathalie and Philip, (not Vasco), all sorrow was forgotten, and even the "Lover's Stratagem" was forgiven.

As a specimen of Bro. T. L. Harris's poetry, we subjoin the following, from "The Children of Ilymen," a poem in process of publication in his monthly Magazine:

"Haste, for our plumed leaves the strand;
Thou, swift as a winged dove, take up the sand!
Haste for the pilot-breeze is bland;
Upon the deck thy brothers stand.
Haste away
Beyond the day,
Into the great Forerunner Land.
Upon the strength our plumed leaves—
Swift as a winged dove, take up the sand!
Upon our cheeks the rays of light
And on the waters cast their glow;
How swift the gliding waters flow."

Again, in the apostrophe to Goodness and Truth:

"Goodness and Truth! how beautiful ye are!
Thou, swift as a winged dove, take up the sand!
(If your one melody,
Spectral in the rapture of your bridal star,
As the soft wind-blend makes the summer tree,
The souls of men late-strings thrill to find
In you the music of the Father Mind."

Written for the Banner of Light.

Willie Woburn's Bride.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"Never, father, I can never marry him!"

"You shall! you must marry him!" and Mr. Wilton grasped his daughter's arm. "I command you! Now what will you do?"

"Never!" Agatha proudly replied, "Never!"

Do not think, reader, that Agatha Wilton was a wilfully disobedient child. Until today she had been most obedient; but when she was told that she was the destined bride of Edgar Durward, her proud spirit rebelled, and she refused. Her heart was another's; her hand was pledged to that one—and she could not, would not, stand before the altar and promise to love one she despised. Did the father do right when he commanded her to give her consent to this sinful marriage, or leave his house forever? He was not right, but he did it. She could scarcely believe it, and as she thought a moment, the cruelty and injustice of the command roused her pride, and she proudly answered, "Never!"

She stood before him with clasped hands and flashing eyes, moving not, even when his hand fell heavily again and again upon her bare, white shoulder, leaving the print of his cruel fingers there. The pale, pale cheek, and then the sudden, burning flush that overspread brow and neck, tinged even her fingers with its indignant glow, were the only traces of the deep passion that was fiercely burning in her heart. Another moment, and with a wild cry she sprang away from him and fled to her chamber. Wild, bitter thoughts flashed through her mind as she hastily prepared to leave the house that could no longer be a home to her. Her face was very pale, but a look of quiet determination rested upon it; her eyes were flashing brightly with the pride of an insulted spirit, but suddenly she paused. A glittering tear quenched the fire of her glance, and a faint blush tinged her cheek as she looked sadly upon a small miniature. The face that smiled so lovingly upon her was that of a handsome, noble-browed man—Agatha's lover. Faster and faster fell her tears upon the picture, and in the agony of her grief she exclaimed—"What will he say?"

A hand fell lightly upon her arm, and a soft voice, as it were, floated into her heart, whispering—"He will be true!" No presence was visible, but she felt the unseen influence, and it reassured her, as she replied, "I know he will, my little Mary." As she threw her shawl about her and tied on her bonnet, a well-known footstep echoed in the passage below. She waited no longer—in a moment she stood beside her lover.

"Going out?" he asked, catching her in his arms; "but you are weeping, love?"

"I am going out, Willie," she answered sadly, "never to return!" and then she made him acquainted with the events that had just transpired.

"Dear Agatha!" he exclaimed, folding her more closely to his bosom, "I am sorry for your sake, but not for my own. There is no need now to wait for his consent, dear Aggie, and I claim your fulfillment of your promise to be mine when I could prove my love. I can do so now, darling, and you must be my wife!"

Agatha's heart seconded his pleading, and ere the sun had set, she was "Willie Woburn's Bride."

Three years passed happily away; but there is written upon her pale brow, "passing away!" A gleam of joy rests upon her fair face—a bright, healthy flush burns on either cheek—and her large, dark eyes are unobtainably brilliant. Behold! she is ready for the tomb! Agatha must die! Lovely forms floated around her; angel voices spoke peace to her soul, and bade her be of good cheer.

A month later, and her spirit is about to leave its tenement of clay. "Willie, Willie," she murmurs, "when I am dead you will not forget me? I do not wish to leave you, my husband; but Willie, I will come back to comfort you. Oh! you have been a good husband to me, my Willie, and I know I have but fully repaid you; I know my sudden outbursts of temper have often grieved you. Nay, do not weep, I see my heavenly home, and bright angels are hold-

ing out their hands to me. Farewell, my husband!"

Folded closely to the bosom of her husband, Agatha Woburn's spirit passed to the better land.

Weep not, bereaved husband, Agatha is still by thy side; though unseen, unfelt, her arms are still about thee. Dry thy gushing tears—thy wife is happy. You were united on earth—you will be united in heaven. But a few years, at most, and you will join the loved one in the "home of love," where parting and pain are never known.

DELANCO, NEW JERSEY, JULY 5TH, 1868.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LOVE TO MAN.

An angel breathed upon me, and I slept; and in my sleep I wandered beside a river, of which the purity of the waters transcended all that my eyes over beheld. The sands over which it flowed were of silver and gold, and the pebbles on the shore were of diamonds, pearls, and jasper.

A divine calm was over all the landscape, and through the charming air throbbed strains of enchanting melody; beautiful, beings reclined in harmonious attitudes beneath the trees, or stood with clasped hands, and gently bent heads, gazing down into the waters of the low-murmuring river.

Enchanted by the beauty of their forms, and the sweet serenity of their looks, I bowed before them; and then I knew that I stood by the beautiful river to which flows fast by the City, and that these beautiful and serene beings were the spirits of the "pure in heart."

With humble men I approached some glorious being, and thus address a hermit Spirit most beautiful! soon must I leave these shades, whose holy calm refines my inner soul; this fragrant air, so fraught with noblest inspiration; this pure stream, the waters of which seem freighted with the highest and best emotions—Love—Truth—Planimity—Truth! Fain would I receive some gentle word of thine to guide me in the turmoil of life; tell me, oh spirit, what is it in heaven or on earth that thou lovest best? Tell me, that in the earth-life I may remember, and act upon it."

The spirit smiled, and answered; and all the harmonies of that wondrous place vibrated to the melody of her voice.

"Mortal, 'tis easily told—
Nothing in all the earth or heaven
So fair to spirit eyes can be,
As that kind heart, wherein is given
A love toward all humanity." L. M. T.

CASES OF SUDDEN DEATH.

If we did but understand the laws of our nature, and the intimate relation our being bears to all things around us, there would be less suffering both of mind and body, and, of course, a great deal more happiness in the world.

A writer in that sterling journal, the National Intelligencer, has recently furnished an essay on the subject of sudden death and the means of prevention; and the suggestions he throws out are of such great general interest, that we think them worth reproducing for the benefit of the thousands of our own readers.

These sudden deaths occur with such frequency, as to make it an object of the highest importance to know if they cannot be prevented by some human agency. Disaster overtakes families and communities by these visitations, which may be said to be the fruit of the nearest ignorance or terror.

The writer says that in many, if not most cases, where the trouble is ascribed to a "disease of the heart," it is the brain, and not the heart, that starts the disaster, since in the brain, rather than in the heart, originates all that vital force and energy that keeps the mysterious mechanism of human life in operation. When the currents of this vital or electric force are broken, then life ends. The end may not come suddenly—it may be far off—yet it is not any the less certain.

The brain is a battery, charged with this electric power. The nerves are the electric wires, conveying the subtle fluid with lightning-rapidity from one part of the system to another. If, then, any of these nerves become paralyzed—in other words, if "the wires are down," the brain becomes the sufferer at once. Unless the irregularity, therefore, is rectified without delay, and the circulation of this electrical fluid be restored, the functions of life itself are destroyed, and death is the consequence. And the only remaining inquiry is, How may this irregularity be remedied?

The writer sets forth his theory in this wise:

"Experience and observation happily concur with the known laws of animal electricity, in suggesting two sources of safety under such circumstances. The first is to call into native operation all the latent powers and energies inherent in the physical constitution of the subject, and set them at work to expel the enemy. Secondly, to aid all those vital energies by help from without. All know the effect of any strong shock on the nervous system. Children cure each other of hic-cough by a sudden blow of surprise. A drunken man is sobered by the shock of a cold bath. The cheek is blanched with fear or reddened with anger, and the whole frame is alternately convulsed by passion or paralyzed by terror. The recent dead, when subject to the shock of a galvanic battery, resumes, for a time, the vital functions. In view of such facts and reasoning, the question recurs, by what means can we afford relief or render assistance to nature in cases of sudden attack?"

I presume to answer. In every case of sudden attack, threatening the life, even when attended by paralysis, loss of breath, syncope, and even apparent cessation of all vital motion, let the most vigorous and healthy person present instantly seize the patient firmly by the hand, and, with the other disengaged hand, open, but with the fingers pressed together, strike the patient a succession of smart, sharp, quick blows down the whole spinal column, beginning at the base of the brain—the back of the neck—which is the head of the column. The patient's body should, of course, be turned on the side, so as to present the entire spine to the process. Let this be continued with such force as would suffice to arouse one in a deep sleep, and with occasional smart friction along the spine, downward, with the hand; let it be continued until some signs of vitality appear, or for a continuous period of five or ten minutes. The favorable effect is exhibited by opening the eyes, by resumed respiration, and sometimes by starting up as if suddenly aroused out of a sound sleep.

By holding the hand of the patient in one of yours, and striking the back with the other, an electrical current is established between the two bodies; and as the taps or blows on the spine are applied to the most sensitive part of the body, whatever nervous force and vital strength there may be in the system of the patient is aroused and energized by the process; and, being combined with that which is thrown off or transferred from your own body, the nervous circulation is resumed and pushed forward, and the obstruction is removed which causes the cessation of motion, which itself stimulates death, and unless remedied speedily, declares itself in permanent, unmistakable mortality."

In respect to this remedy as a prevention of sudden death, the writer has very satisfactorily

in the actually beneficent result which, in two cases within his own knowledge, attended the experiment, apparently preserving the life of each patient from what seemed to him and to others to be sudden impending dissolution.

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SUCCESS IN LIFE.

There are various ideas about in the public mind in relation to this matter of success. Not to undertake an enumeration, or rather, a schedule of them all, it may be stated as a general truth, that people think that if they can only get rich, they are necessarily successful. No matter how they may have come out with their minds, manners, or morals, no matter what may be the result of their lives in the line of self-culture, and intellectual and spiritual growth, if they can but answer promptly and affirmatively to the question, "Are you rich?" they have a fancy that everything of consequence has been secured, and that they are indeed successful in the highest sense of the word.

Now, nothing, on sober reflection, will be found more fallacious in itself than such a hasty and superficial view, and nothing certainly could be much more injurious in its consequences. For if we will but look over the list of names which live the longest, and are destined always to live on the roll of the world's heroes and benefactors, we shall invariably discover that wealth was the very last circumstance that gave lasting renown to a distinguished man, and, indeed, that it failed in every instance to enter even as an ingredient into the account.

There was Columbus; what a vast patrimony was that which he bequeathed to the world! And yet he died a captive, in chains, and his very remains were for a long time suffered

to be sold to the highest bidder, and to rot in a dungeon. It was similar with Capt. John Smith, the heroic and romantic founder of Virginia, the man who, with the Pilgrims at Plymouth, planted the seeds of this mighty republic. He died unknown—at last—and uncared for, in a London hole, with not enough money at his command to secure even a decent burial. How was it with many of the noble Italian poets, exiles and wanderers as they were, but whose remains are now laid away with reverential care by their posterity in splendid sepulchres?

The great men of the world have never necessarily been rich men. In fact, they are very rarely such. Wealth, pomp, and overfedness, it is not often that a rich person is found making the exertion that another is willing to make, who has his bread to earn by the means; and although such a man as B. W. the English novelist, may be cited to the contrary, as furnishing an instance where a young man lived in luxury and ease has set forth with the vigorous resolution to achieve something of himself alone—yet such admirable cases are much too rare exceptions to assist in establishing any rule.

But to go back to the point in hand. The person who places a high and worthy object before him, and labors steadily, resolutely, hopefully, and always with his best powers for its accomplishment, is the person who is, by all odds, on the high road to success. If he fails to reach his goal, it is because some natural law has been either disobeyed or overlooked, to begin with; he may have originally proposed to himself that to which his powers were inadequate; or he may have overstepped, in his eager pursuit, the limits which the laws of health have fixed—laws as stern and fixed as those of the ancient Medes and Persians. There is always a good reason somewhere for a failure of this kind; and we hazard nothing in saying, that that cause will not be found to lie with nature, but always with himself.

There are thousands of successful men in the world, after all; the trouble is, it does not happen to see them; and why do we thus negligently, or ignorantly, overlook them? Because, forsooth, we are looking in the wrong direction. Men look for successful men among those who happen, temporarily, and in their own little locality, to be possessed of wealth, of honors, or of place. But no mistake could well be greater, or more mischievous, to the minds of those who habitually indulge in it. It is not these who are the successful ones, but only those who truly live out their own highest ideal—who become most thoroughly men—who work up to a fixed and worthy purpose—who, in short, live just the lives for which their gifts originally qualified them.

We said before that there were many who were successful in this way, while they were not publicly considered so; and yet it may also be said, that there are fewer than there should be, and very much fewer than there might be of such. If people will first of all learn to accept their own conditions, making the best possible use of the circumstances that float like corks beneath them and buoy them up—if they will teach themselves lessons of self-reliance, rather than craven and cowardly dependence and imitation of others—if, in fine, they will understand that nothing can be done wholly and heartily, and so of course successfully, unless they allow the divinity to shine through all their thoughts, to show itself in all their outward actions, and indeed, to inspire them with its own highest power, then success is a positive possibility to all.

How mean and below computation look the baubles which wealth and position temporarily confer,

by the side of aims and objects like these, that are they all,—what is their worth,—how long do they remain before the eyes and in the thoughts of our fellow-men!

A conviction of this character, inspiring and comforting as it is, and recomposing us first and last to all the so-called ills and misfortunes of human life, is worth more than anything else to develop the real resources of a man, and make him what his beneficent Creator intended he should be. With this idea of success, and of the only means by which it is to be acquired, a person becomes self-poised amid the contending circumstances of life; and though it may be difficult to pass through life under a cloud of poverty, and to come to his end at last without a friend near him to wipe the death-drops from his brow,—he may nevertheless have achieved a signal success by his existence, such as he who has managed to secure only empty fame or clinking dollars may well pine for, and pine for in vain.

Henceforth, let no man say that he does not possess the power of securing success. He has the power. It resides as a gift in every one. Some may achieve it by work, some by example; the heart alone tells the true story, and tells it to itself in silence. This is a matter in which the hasty and mistaken glance of the world cannot undertake to decide. Every man's soul must decide it for himself.

The poor man, then, may be as successful as the rich man; nay, it is a duty with both. There are certain spiritual conditions, which, if they be obeyed, will bring each one into harmonious relations with the divine current that seeks ever to flow through his inward nature. The only question is—Will we permit God to work within us and through us, or will we continue our exertions—vain always—to thwart His high purposes at every turn? If the former, then there is no need of disappointment on the face of the earth.

DO RIGHT.

Two columns of the Liberator are devoted to the same number of correspondents, who comment severely, each in his peculiar style, upon our course in omitting to publish one of Mr. Parker's discourses.

By correspondent No. 1, we are charged with being mercenary. He is led to this conclusion, because he can see no other construction to put upon our reasons for the course we chose to take, than that we are worshippers at Mammon's shrine, and court popularity. He looks through golden glasses at the heart of a brother, as expressed by a short paragraph written by him, and lo! the judge finds that heart colored yellow. Had he, when he sat in judgment, looked at these remarks through Truth's telescope, he would have understood us exactly as we expressed ourself, and would have seen that we had marked out for ourself a certain path of duty, and that we did not intend to do anything which would hinder our progress in that line. It is his misfortune to use such optics, and we, in all kindness, refer him to that part of the New Testament which advises the clearing of one's own eyesight.

The business of money-making and hoarding is not so tasteful to us, that we have earned the distinction of mercenary. We have published Mr. Parker's sermons, because he teaches, in the main, so far as we are able to judge, a liberal and true Christianity; because he is laboring to destroy creeds which are at war with man's highest good, and no less with Spiritualism. If we have singled out one evil in combating theology, it is one that of necessity Spiritualism must combat. Whether Mr. Parker believes in Spiritualism, or is a bitter opponent, is of no consequence to us. God has given him his place, and we do not feel like quarreling with him, because he has not given him to our side. We reserve to ourselves the right to use our own judgment, to determine the propriety or impropriety of publishing or rejecting any manuscript offered to us, be it Mr. Parker's sermons or any other matter. It is the business of an editor to do this, and all readers expect it of him. If we had consulted popularity, we think we should have published what, in the case in question, we rejected; possibly it would have been for our pecuniary interest, had we done so. In every sense our friend's objections to us are not sound. The only point in the remainder of both letters, is, that we do not advocate Anti-Slavery views.

We deem it our duty to do what lies in our power to establish the truth of spirit communion. We see in Spiritualism power enough to eradicate all the evils which attach to our earth. It demands of every man the exercise of love to his brother. On his obedience to one demand is founded happiness here and hereafter for man, and we strike at the root of all social evils when we labor to establish spirit intercourse. It may be another's duty to strike at its root, by inaugurating the reign of the law of love.

Spiritualism recognizes every man as a brother, and will stop at nothing short of mental and physical freedom for all nations and individuals, both of which God will undoubtedly give all his children in his own good time—when they are prepared for it—and in his own way. But it seeks to effect this end by persuading mankind, and showing them that such a state is requisite for perfect happiness. That he who wrongs a brother, wrongs himself more. It also tends to prepare man for the enjoyment of perfect freedom. We are not so impatient as some, who deal in abstract right, and would force those who do not see as they do into right doing. We do not set God so impatient. We find he is kind to the intemperate—to the rich man who oppresses the poor in just the ratio that he enriches himself beyond his brother man, and does not use his wealth for the good of that brother. It would be well for man if he would be a little more god-like, and with perfect faith in the ultimate triumph of right, bear patiently and lovingly with the errors of to-day, not seeking to crush the evil-doer, but to lead him to love and truth, which are all powerful to destroy wrong. There are other wrongs beside negro slavery; there is oppression in Boston, in New England, as bad as any on the globe, because it is borne by those who are developed spiritually to be entitled to more happiness than they now receive. Capital is a hard task-master, and we have many a capitalist who daily robs the mechanic, the seamstress, the laborer, of the gifts which God intended for all, but which in a God-defying spirit he has heaped up, for his own glory and happiness, shutting his ears to the cry of divinity—"all men are created free and equal." The man who hoards money, and spends his days in amassing wealth, is a curse to the world. Ah! we have wrongs at home, that cry to heaven and call for our aid in redressing. Against all oppression Spiritualism sets its face, and will in time uproot it. But it will do it by teaching man to know himself—that in proportion as he gives

happines to others, so is he happy—that as he loves his brother, so will God love him, and shower upon him greater blessings. We shall for the present rely upon Spiritualism as an arm to battle all social evils, and so conduct the Banner that it will not be confined to any portion of our land. We conceive this to be our duty. Let each man judge for himself what his duty is, and strive to do it, without quarreling with a brother because he does not labor in the same field.

MEDIUMS' CHARGES.

Dissatisfaction is often expressed at the prices charged by mediums for their services. This dissatisfaction arises, not from proper and reasonable charges for the time and trouble of the medium, so much as from extravagant demands, which, in some cases, are exorbitant.

In the present condition of life, it cannot be denied that it is proper and necessary for mediums, who devote their whole time to the subject, to receive compensation for their services. But the question arises, whether it is advisable or necessary for mediums to give up their regular business, and the ordinary duties of life, and devote themselves exclusively to the exercise of their medium powers; whether it is well, under any form of medium development, however extraordinary, to withdraw all thought and effort from the accustomed duties of life? Is it not better for mediums, constituted as all are, with both physical and spiritual natures, to divide their time between the two? Let the time devoted to the physical, supply the physical demands; and the time devoted to the spiritual, the spiritual demands; thus avoiding the unpleasant necessity of selling spiritual messages for a specified price. And by obedience to the laws that govern both the physical and the spiritual, be benefited by the healthier and more rapid growth of both.

Most mediums suffer more from bodily and mental affliction than those who are not mediums. This may be accounted for on the ground of an undue and unnatural exercise of the spiritual nature, and the almost entire neglect of legitimate earthly duties, physical thought and physical exercise, by which the physical being is suddenly deprived of its accustomed demands, and the spiritual is burdened with a double load. Ill-health and inharmonious is the result; and mediums are led into a wild and crazy love of money, not in any degree dissimilar to the monomania of "Wall" or "State" street.

The hardest working men and women in community have many leisure hours each day, which could be so profitably devoted to spiritual things—leaving money, and a consideration of pay for services rendered, behind—reaching forward and above for the better, truer, holier things of real and eternal life; receiving and giving the kind and loving words of dear, departed friends, and spirits, and angels, as freely as the "bread of life" is given to and received by humanity from the beneficence of a kind and loving Father. Freely given and freely received. In this way many beautiful communications are received through mediums who are not known to the public. Thousands of circles are nightly held in our land, in social, friendly gatherings, where manifestations of the most satisfactory nature are given, all without the necessity or thought of pay—each and every member of the circle attending in the daytime to their respective duties; thus preserving the healthy equilibrium and even balance of their material and spiritual natures; and entirely superseding the necessity and the desire of mediums' fees. It seems to me that this is a better course for mediums to pursue. There is plenty of useful employment for every one by day and heaven knows that there is spirit-power and beauty enough that will come to us, if we seek it, after the earthly glories of the day are done, and bring is all our most reasonable desires can ask. Thus, we should live and act more in keeping with reason and common sense, and be healthier and happier, and all together become medium sufficient for the satisfaction of every want for which the soul has a capacity unfolded.

But since communications from spirits are made an article to be priced by dollars and cents, since they are brought upon a plane of trade and commerce, to be given or withheld at the pleasure of those who are by nature endowed with the proper organization, for the consideration of a larger or smaller amount of money, it is equitable and just that value should be given for value received; and not given where it not received. Many manifestations, paid for, are esteemed unimportant and worthless—not worth a dollar, or even a cent; while others are transcendent in beauty, and home to the souls who receive them with a satisfaction that no price can set a value upon. It is hard to measure the value of spiritual communications by the currency that belongs to material things. Money is illy adapted to spiritual matters, every way. Its application thereto seems wretchedly awkward.

This subject is a delicate one, which to express one's thoughts and convictions, for the reason of the different views of different persons. Many believe it is wrong for mediums to take any money for spiritual communications, while many have it right to take pay for time thus given, as much as for time spent in any other employment while, perhaps, a large majority believe it right charge, but that the charges of mediums should be moderate—that they are at the present time; no in keeping with the various avocations of life.

Within the last six years, I have, I doubt not, had as many as five hundred sittings with mediums, and with but very few exceptions, when charges have been made at all, the amount has been left optional with myself. This I say in justice to the liberality of mediums through whom I have received communications. Yet I have not felt able to meet the demands, and have avoided sittings with those who have charged very high prices. With others it has been different. I have friends who are Spiritualists, who have been charged, two and three dollars each, for themselves a friends, for one evening's sitting, making the rate of the medium for one evening, five, six, eight, ten and twelve dollars. Many instances like this I have seen and know of.

On one occasion, a friend, very interested in Spiritualism, invited four friends to sit with a medium in Boston in the daytime, and for one hour's services of the medium, charged one dollar for himself, and one dollar each for his four friends—making five dollars for half an hour. This is true: These gentlemen—except the friend who invited them—were all skeptics, and their knowledge of the fact of the large charge for half an hour, drowned all their perceptions of the reality of the spiritual nature of the manifestations they witnessed; and their conclusion was that the business of a medium excelled all other money-making.

A medium in Boston was invited to go and spend the evening two miles distant from his residence, and give manifestations for the benefit of a friend's family, for which five dollars, and a carriage free to convey the medium to and from, was offered. This offer was refused; but, as a special favor to the negotiating friend, the medium offered, to go for ten dollars, with all expenses paid, provided the low price offered should be kept a secret.

I know an instance in this city where a lady paid a writing medium one dollar for a short-written communication from a very dear, deceased friend, which, after her return home, from the bad writing, she was not quite able to make intelligible. This she returned to the medium to have it made plain to read, and for doing this the medium charged one dollar more.

The advertised prices charged for examination of disease by a lock of hair, is two, three, five, eight, and ten dollars. For clairvoyant examinations for disease, one, two, three, four and five dollars; and, in addition to these, postage, if any, must be paid. And in many cases—and I have known not a few instances—the clairvoyant, at each sitting, has prescribed three or four bottles of medicine, for which from one to two dollars a bottle—sometimes as high as four or five—have been exacted, still in addition to the price of the examination, making the examination and medicine, for a single application, amount to a sum so large, that none but those who are rich have the ability to command them.

Good mediums, on an average, charge five dollars for the exercise of mediumship in a family away from home one evening. The common price for a sitting with a medium, is one dollar an hour—in many cases for only half an hour. There are rare exceptions where only twenty-five and fifty cents are charged; and some few, the oldest and most celebrated mediums, I am told, charge five dollars an hour for sitting with one person.

The mass of people who have taken an interest in Spiritualism, have been outraged at such high charges, and have turned away from the subject with feelings not only of disgust, but indignation.

These extravagant examples have gone forth as precedents, and mediums innumerable, of smaller medium development, are springing up, imitating in a degree the example, and charging all they can get; and competition for money-getting has really sprung up in this business, the subject of which should be too sacred for a thought of money.

It is a remarkable fact, that most all mediums, when first exercised as mediums, have a great dislike of making any charges; and when they begin to take pay, do it at first with reluctance. But nearly all who give up entirely to spiritual influence, in the capacity of mediums, stifle or overcome the holy influence that gently whispers to them that angel-messages should not be bartered for by the illy-adapted consideration of money.

It is a fact that cannot be denied, that mediums apparently become self-justified in demanding a liberal, and, in many cases, an extravagant compensation for their services. Some of the best mediums in our land, who at first were humble, modest and poor in this world's goods, have risen on a high plane of material glory, by the respectable position which money gives. Many mediums who have at first appeared in decent, simple homespun garments, now appear in elegant, costly apparel; who lived humbly and obscure, now live elegantly, and are noted; who have had no treasures laid up on earth, now have their bank books of deposit, and the spirit friends of each medium justify and approve this course. But would they, if the medium had no love or desire to do so? It is reasonable to suppose that there is a guardian influence for every desire the medium has, ever ready to justify and approve.

It is the design of this article to present some facts connected with the mediums' charges for services, and I doubt not that these remarks will call forth expressions from others on the subject, and different views from those here presented. I feel quite certain that a large majority of Spiritualists will be pleased to have this subject agitated, if no more; and if medium charges, as they now are, rest upon a right basis, no harm can be done mediums by a few thoughts on the subject.

And in conclusion I would repeat what was said in the onset, that it may be better for every medium, of whatever development, without exception, to devote that time to material things that is necessary to meet the demands of the material body, and that time to spiritual things that is necessary to meet the demands of the spirit—thus effectually and completely avoiding the necessity of medium's fees.

A. B. CHILD.

[We cannot entirely agree with our esteemed correspondent in all the positions he has taken in the above article. There is much ground for complaint against our mediums, as a class, no doubt, and doubtless there should be some discrimination in the matter of remuneration. Where a medium sees that a visitor does not receive an equivalent for her price, worldly policy, would seem to dictate that she refuse money—if not her sense of justice. This disposition shown would, in nine cases out of ten, be a benefit to her. In many instances it would operate as a case which furnished a byword in a neighboring town did. A wealthy man was applied to, one cold night, by a man who desired positive proof of his disposition in regard to charity, for a gift of wood. Instead of being refused, the rich man told his visitor to step round to the shed, and he would meet him and give him what he wanted.

"He went to the shed, but no one came for wood, and the rich man said he had saved his 'credit' and bacon too."

Physical labor, too, would unfit many of our mediums, trance mediums especially, for use as such. A woman who labors with her needle all day to earn a scanty subsistence, is a poor subject for a spirit to use. Thrice happy is the man who can rely upon his business for support, and have spare time to devote to the dissemination of spiritual truth free—he is in heaven here. We know of no better advice to give than to ask each medium to free himself from the love of money—to live simply, and be charitable and just to all who are thrown in his way.

We publish the article because it is good for all to have everything connected with Spiritualism scrutinized closely, that what is evil in it may be remedied, and to provoke discussion.

We do not believe in exorbitant charges, but we know that the position of mediums is not an easy one, and feel that the laborer is worthy of his hire. We know, too, that there will be a sifting out of those who pursue the calling for love of gain; for Spiritualism is getting to be free to all; and the higher plane of it is that which man finds flowing into his own soul, after all.]

Sabbath in Boston.

THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL.

Sunday Morning, July 26th.

[ABSTRACT REPORT.]

[Mr. Parker gave notice that the meetings of this society would be discontinued during the month of August. Notice would be given in the newspapers, of the next meeting, which would probably be on the first Sunday in September.]

The exercises commenced by singing the following—

"Gone is the hollow, murky night,
 With all its shadows dim;
 Oh, shine upon us, heavenly light,
 As on the earth the sun."

Pour on our hearts thy heavenly beam,
 In radiance sublime!
 Rejoice before that my supreme,
 Ye sins of older time."

This is the dawn of infant faith;
 The day will follow soon.
 When hope shall breathe with purer breath,
 And morn be lost in noon."

PRAYER.

Our Father, who art in heaven! who art everywhere present, filling all space and matter in heaven and in earth! in thy presence we would come, remembering our joys, our hopes, our happiness, and all the blessings of our lives, to worship thee, to serve thee now and all the days of our lives. May the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts be always acceptable in thy sight, oh Lord, our strength and our Redeemer, that we may come forth fair as the lilies in beauty, and lasting as the stars of heaven in brightness. We thank thee for the serene and for the stormy days of our lives, which thou hast given us; that we are crowned always in darkness as in light with the benediction of thy love. We thank thee for the great harvest that comes forth for the use of cattle and imperial man.

We thank thee for flowers of beauty, with which thou clovest the fields, and adornest the roadside and the running streams. We thank thee for all nature—for the great song of the universe—for the melody and harmony of all thy varied works, proclaiming the tender mercies of thy spirit. We thank thee for the human world, whereof ourselves are a part—for the great powers of mind thou givest us to gain the victory over the material world, making all things subservient to our use. For the great moral power we thank thee, by which we can make ourselves useful, one to the other; and for affection we thank thee, by which we can reach out the arms of unselfish love to one another. We thank thee for the power of charity, which transmits the power of family love, of all kindred love, and reaches out its arms of usefulness farther and farther forever. We thank thee for the religious faculty whereby we learn to know thee, whose nature is one accordant psalm, whose soul is melody.

We thank thee for that transcendent world of spirits to which the earth and matter tends, and to which thou drawest thy spirits from year to year; for that life we thank thee, to which the dear ones have gone before us, in which to live forever; and for our tears, shed for departed ones, we thank thee, for by them our eyes are turned to that world of beauty. For thine own infinite perfection we thank thee, that we can rest beneath thy infinite wisdom, love and justice, in confidences and trust. Oh, our Father, and our Mother, too, we know we need not ask of thee anything, for thou knowest all our needs and suppliest every want. We pray that we may be faithful to every duty, and thankful for all thy gifts; that we may put away all fear and all superstition, and know thee, trust thee, and love thee. May we never think meanly of ourselves, but exercise the love thou hast given us; may we serve thee daily and hourly in all the various duties to which we are called; and so using ourselves, may we make a wise use of the world of nature—that is about us, ever receiving and giving instruction, and magnifying the religious power within us, so that at last we may pass triumphantly home, to be with thee forever and ever; then to enter those joys that the heart of man hath not conceived of, the eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard; and so thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

The choir sang the following:—

"Dear one, my soul the bitter cross
 Shall lift me to thy heaven above,
 But shall not enter there."
 Dear one, my soul on God rely,
 Deliverance will come;
 A thousand voices the Father hath
 To bring his children home."

DISCOURSE.

TEXT:—John, 4th Chapter 23d verse.—"But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

Mr. Parker said, in substance, that since September last he had preached a series of sermons on very important subjects, and his sermon to-day would add the link which would make the circle of the year's efforts complete.

What an immense variety there is in the forms of religion, and how these forms differ one from the other! The splendid Catholic cathedral of Rome is widely different from the humble place in New Bedford, where Quakers worship. The elephant of the tropic, and the polar bear of the frigid region, are not more widely different than forms of worship. How fleeting are the forms of religion! A new crop springs up in every age, and old ones mature, and gradually die out. The Grecian forms of religion are in the graveyard of buried deities; the deities of the ancients are fossils now; once millions worshipped them; now none do them reverence. All forms of ancient religion have passed and are passing away; the same process of growth, maturity, decline and death belong to all.

There is truth in all religions. All aim to establish unity among men, and nearer relations to God; but how men seek to accomplish the end of religion by an attempt to alter God, to change his disposition! All the ritual observances are to please God, as if God was offended; the old forms and ceremonies are intended to alter the disposition of God, and keep him from being angry. The Protestant Christian thinks that by a prayer he can persuade God to change his purposes, and he really prays not to make men divine, but to make God human. Prayers are not made to make men divine, but to please God and Christ. In famine and pestilence, men pray, thinking to make God change his purposes. In the time of the Russian war, the Queen of England appointed a day for fasting and prayer, to stay the progress of that unmerciful war.

The Protestant Church teaches that Jesus came to make God love us, to appease the wrath of an angry God. All religions aim chiefly to conform God to man—not man to God. Young people are invited and urged to join the church, because it

will please God, and by his pleasure they will be made his heirs; but if they do not do this, at the last God will say, "Depart from me into everlasting punishment—I never knew you."

The time is near at hand when all shall learn that God needs no instruction, and by our prayers his purposes cannot be altered, for he is all-wise, and his purposes need no alteration. I may be angry, but God will never be angry with me; I may forget him, but he will never forget me; I may deny him, but he will never deny me. He needs not my words of persuasion to alter his will, for his schemes are all laid out, and in his great schemes is perfection—perfect good will to every creature.

In spite of all man's prayers, the All-wise Power moves on, still on, unchanged and unalterable. When men come into a true religion, every condition in life is a religion, all time is holy time. What a revelation in the world's history Jesus made, when he summed up religion in love to God and love to man! One hundred years after this a man spoke, giving Jesus credit for the words, "The hour cometh, and now is, when true worshippers shall worship God in spirit and truth."

If I thought my prayer could alter the purposes of Deity, I should not dare to offer a prayer, for it might jostle the universe. God cannot conform to my whims; nothing can alter the Infinite God.

All nations have sought God; there has been a longing for absolute and true religion, and this true religion has been and is developing, and in its progress is becoming more absolute. In our day the most religious sum up true religion in a worship of God in spirit and in truth—not in profession or external forms. The common forms of Christianity do not worship God in spirit and in truth, but hold the soul in bondage, trembling in fear, unrest and sadness; and yet this religion furnishes delights in such happiness as that of the mother, when she looks over the battlements of heaven, seeing her infant rocking forever in the slings of hell, and is happy because it is the "will of God."

All forms of religion have some truth in them, the same as all food has some nutriment. True religion interferes with no man's moral or religious rights—with no man's individual responsibility. In it there is perfect confidence in God, perfect trust, and a sure knowledge that God is on our side, and on the side of all his children—even those who are called the wickedest. The soul, imbued with true religion, cannot fear such a God; in him is the fullness and perfect satisfaction of every longing of the human soul.

Every religion of every age has been necessary; each has filled its place and done its work; every link in the chain of human progress is necessary, and must be sound, or the whole chain becomes weak. Wherever we are placed, our work should be faithfully done, however humble it may be. There is a delight in doing all the work of life. True religion comes with affection, and clothes the human world with loveliness, and the universe is filled with the perfume of its fragrance. Governors and searers, kings and day-laborers, each and all will rejoice together in true religion; and joy and grief, disappointment and success, will each alike be seen as blessings from the hand of God.

Old forms of religion have passed by, but they have been the scaffolding on which man has stood to raise the stones with which to build the temple of true religion. Religions of the past are passing away and being forgotten; but true religion shall never pass away, but stand, towering in beauty forever.

MELODEON LECTURES.

Mr. L. Judd Pardee occupied the desk at the Melodeon on last Sunday forenoon and evening. Subject in the morning, "The Providence of God in History," which was treated in a clear, comprehensive and deeply philosophical manner.

The subject in the evening was, "What is the Word of God?" This he defined a unity, a duality, a trinity; a unity, because of the universality of truth; a duality, because of science and religion; and a trinity, because of the planes of its operation within the spheres of the natural, the spiritual, and the celestial. He stated that the same process of reasoning that makes biblical literature the word of God, makes all other literatures, and the inspired utterances of prophets, philosophers, and seers, of all ages and nations, the word of God likewise.

Science was defined as mathematical, relating to universals; astronomical, to generals; geological, to particulars; and animalogy and chemistry to the minute.

Science, as a whole, was defined as the exhibition of facts and their exposition; religion, as an affectional consciousness of the soul's co-relation to the divine nature.

A true, just, rational and practical religion, must include morals, for morality is the externalization to man of the spirit of religion.

Reference was made to Emanuel Swedenborg and his mission. The interior meaning, "the word," was defined. All truths or words of God have interior meanings. An intimate and subtle fraternity exists between all truths; they introduce you one to the other.

The natural word of God has an interior meaning in the spiritual, and then in the celestial; and a true consonance exists and is exhibited on these three planes. The absolute word of God was defined as being the celestial—as that is the highest God-revelation man can get.

OUR AGENT IN NEW YORK.

Mr. S. T. Munson, whose place of business is at No. 5 Great Jones street, is authorized by us to take advertisements and subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Mr. M. has shown himself thus far to be an enterprising business man, and deserving of success. He takes especial interest in the Reform publications of the day, including those devoted to Spiritualism, and our readers in the country, where such books and papers are, not to be found, will be promptly and honorably dealt with by him.

Theodore Parker's writings, lectures and sermons, which seem to meet the demands of the men and women of this age, are to be found at his store. Any publication wanted, will be mailed by him at reasonable rates.

NORTH DANA, MASS.

W. F. Whitman informs us that he is connected with a circle of Spiritualists in the above place, who would be pleased to receive visits from lecturers who may be journeying that way.

Man's inventions consist of his mistakes rectified.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, July 24, 1858.

Lectures at Dodworth's suspended—Spirit Machine to illustrate the formation of the earth, &c.—Dr. John F. Gray—Munson's Circles—Spiritualists' Picnic—Prof. Brittan again in the field—A Curious Project—Dr. Hallock—A Practical Joke.

Messrs. Editors.—The heats and lassitudes of summer have finally prevailed, and the lectures at Dodworth's are temporarily discontinued. They are to be resumed again on the first Sabbath in September. The meetings, however, at the Lyceum—Clinton Hall—are continued, with an additional one to meet the loss of the morning service at Dodworth's. Mrs. Davis speaks there to-morrow, at 10-12 A. M. The other meetings are at 3 P. M., and the sessions of the Conference on Friday evenings. All these meetings are free, and the public, and especially strangers visiting the city, are made heartily welcome.

On Sunday last, there was exhibited before the Lyceum a diagram, or machine, constructed by Mr. John Ryerson, of Chicago, under the direction of spirits, to illustrate the formation of the earth, and the successive unfolding of the mineral, vegetable, animal, human and spiritual kingdoms. It was considered of so much importance, that a committee, consisting of A. J. Davis, F. W. Hunt, and Charles Partridge, was appointed to examine and report on it at a future day. The theory of the machine, I believe, is, that matter, by a process similar to the fermentation which takes place in a barrel of sourdough, gradually refines itself, and ultimately forms itself into vegetables, animals and man, and breathes into itself the breath of life. Did it never occur to this class of philosophers, that thought precedes individualization? If we build a house, it must be thought of and planned first. This being the law, as practically demonstrated to us every moment of our lives, I rest there, until an exception can be pointed out.

Dr. John F. Gray, whose name occurs so frequently in our Conference reports, is the eminent practitioner of La Fayette Place, whose fame, as a physician, is by no means confined to America. He is a close, logical thinker, with a large intuition development, and much experience in spiritual matters; having been among the first to commence an investigation of the startling phenomena which broke upon the world so unexpectedly, and untiring, since, in his researches. On several occasions, of late, since the Conference has been engaged in the effort to devise some practical means for the amelioration of the condition of mankind, he has remarked that the most important instrument to this end, in his opinion, was the spirit-circle. Feeling keenly the abuses to which the circle is too often subjected, and the dangers attending it from more than one direction—the mingling of all sorts of magnetism from this plane, with all sorts of magnetism from the spirit-world, and the credulous simplicity with which the members of circles generally receive everything purporting to come from the land of spirits—I listened with some apprehension. Dr. Gray explained himself more fully, and his views, for their intrinsic worth, aside from their source, will be found entitled to a general and grave consideration. His scheme is as follows:—

1. Real growth is salvation. This is a growth of the inner man; a growth on the moral plane of the spirit, which must needs ultimate itself in a purer, nobler life.

2. The spirit-circle, when properly organized and conducted, is peculiarly fitted to this end; for, first, it associates us with higher minds on our own highest plane; and, second, it promotes an interchange of thought among ourselves, on our highest plane.

3. The circle has its dangers. The first thing to be regarded is the purpose or motive. If the purpose be a high one—be development and use—that end will be gained; if novelty, the members will only grow in the organ of wonder. A low man, also, will meet with a reflection of himself, which he will consider a bad spirit.

4. There are mesmeric antipathies and mental antipathies. Where either of these exist in persons, they should not sit together. This rule regarded, and a circle may be constituted without reference to degree of development, or previous history. The saint and sinner, old age and childhood, there meet on their divine plane.

5. All men of antiquity of any note, have been consciously or unconsciously open to the spirit-world; and the first effect of the circle always is, to knock off the fetters, and set the inquirer free. He at once begins to inquire—"What are my relations to God, to my fellow-man, to the past and the future?"

6. Circles should keep a full record of their proceedings. It is not indispensable to have a medium. Circles are often quite as valuable without, as with one. Truth, great thoughts, will come down; and the members will find it profitable to compare ideas; to listen to each other's aspirations.

7. Care should be taken not to exhaust the circle. An hour and a half, once a week, would give thought enough for the whole seven days, and, if properly improved, wisdom for life.

Amid the general stagnation, Munson's Circles still flourish. Each week adds to the numbers who crowd them. This is in part owing to the low price at which he has fixed the charge of admission—fifty cents for a whole evening—and in part to his success in procuring good mediums. Since the absence of Dr. Redman, he has added a young lady without a name, or one at least, who chooses to remain incognito, who turns out to be a fine acquisition. Mrs. Seymour is also in attendance as a psychometrist, and Conklin is there one or two evenings of the week. Redman is expected to return on Monday, and then, from a variety of intimations, we are anticipating another chapter in the spiritual life of Cornelius Winne.

As another relief to the depression of the dog-days, some of our Spiritualists have projected a Picnic, to be held at Pleasant Valley. Any valley where grass and shade abound, might be considered pleasant to brick-and-mortar dwellers, in these days of dust and torrid sunshine; but the valley in question, I believe, is some miles up the Hudson, and is supposed to be well fitted to the purpose. The day set, is Wednesday, the 11th of August; and in case of rain, Friday the 13th. The steamboat Flora has been chartered for the occasion, and will start from the foot of Spring street, at 9 A. M. and 2 P. M., touching dock and taking on passenger at 22d street. Fare for the trip, 30 cents; children half price.

Prof. Brittan, I am told, resumes his labors again next week. His field is still New England, where he has spent most of his time for several months, and with a very gratifying and uniform success. If Spiritualist preachers have much of truth and novelty, to commend them to their hearers, those of them

who speak from a quiet illumination of their own powers, are subjected to a competition on the part of our magnificent spirit-speakers—Mrs. Hinch, Mrs. Hardinge, Mrs. Hyzer, and the like—whose few can sustain. With the exception of Prof. Brittan, Joel Tiffany, and one or two others, I know of none who are able to keep the field. Thomas L. Harris may be said to combine in himself both of those modes of utterance at the same time. He professes—and I have no doubt truly—to sweep the spirit-world with interior vision, while in his normal state; and this, I apprehend, is the primitive condition of man, and again attainable to the race.

Mr. Tiffany has entered into an engagement with the friends at Troy, to speak to them for a period of six months.

A curious project is announced on the part of certain Spiritualists, of the free-love stripe. It is to migrate to some fairy Indian Isle, in the South Pacific seas, where they can live unmolested in their own way. The moving spirit of the undertaking, is said to be Mr. E. S. Tyler, of Berlin Heights notoriety; and the plan is to despatch a vessel to explore, and locate the Utopia, after which the disciples will proceed to take possession.

But I cannot leave this painful subject without a word more. There are two branches of the free-lovers. The motto of one is "Harmony in infinite variety." The other adheres to the monogamic law, of one man for one woman, and one woman for one man, in an eternal union; but claim the right, if unhappily married, to dissolve the connection without the intervention of the State, and enter into new relations. Of this last class is Mr. Tyler; and of this class also, I believe, are most of the free-lovers, who have hung themselves to the skirts of Spiritualism, or been identified in any manner with it.

Charles Partridge has recently issued two new pamphlets, by Dr. Hallock; first, The Road to Spiritualism, being four Lectures delivered by the Doctor at the opening of the New York Lyceum, on four successive Sabbaths; price 18 cents, postage 3 cents; second, The Worker and his Work, a discourse delivered before the New York Christian Union; price 6 cents. Dr. Hallock is eminently a strong and pungent writer; and, bating his gross materialism, and paucity sarcasm, sometimes ill-directed, is an unexceptionable and powerful advocate of the New Faith. He is honest; and one great charm of the New Dispensation, is, that under it, he and all the rest of us, are entitled to speak our opinions freely, and without offence. I have not read the pamphlets—except very partially—but I hesitate not to promise all who may buy them, their full money's worth.

I cannot bring this long letter to a better conclusion, than by relating a practical joke—which was not all a joke—that occurred at a circle in this vicinity the other evening. The circle was composed of an eminent gentleman of Philadelphia, and two more gentlemen of this neighborhood—one of whom was a dealer in horses—and I believe one or two ladies. Most of the session was spent in elevated communings, calculated to inform both the moral and intellectual man; but the horse-man finally grew weary. He wanted something a little more practical—something relating to our own plane of affairs.

"Would he like something about horses?" "Yes."

"How much is that horse worth," inquired one of the gentlemen of the spirit, "that I am about buying of Mr. Z—?"

"One hundred and seventy dollars," was the reply, "but he can be had for one hundred and forty." The horse-man turned pale. One of the tricks of trade was exposed. The unfinished sale of a horse was then on the tapis, between him and the questioner; a horse for which he was to pay \$140, but for which his friend was to pay him \$200. "No favors in trade," was the motto. The two friends exchanged significant glances, and the circle broke up. The trade, of course, was dashed. Yours,

SOCIAL PICNIC.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., JULY 24.

DEAR BANNER.—The Spiritualists of Dover, Great Falls, Exeter, Portsmouth and adjoining towns, will hold a social picnic at Newmarket Junction, on Wednesday, Aug. 4th. A beautiful grove has been engaged, and we cordially invite our friends in all parts of the country to be present and join with us in the social and harmonious exercises of the occasion.

Being a central location between Boston and Portland, it is but a short ride for the friends of either place, the Boston and Maine Railroad trains accommodating, so that they can spend several hours at the Grove. The Concord and Portsmouth Road will also accommodate our friends in Concord and Manchester, should any of them desire to meet with us. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Mrs. C. P. Rickard, Dr. Orville Williams, A. Lucklow Arnold, Dr. G. O. Diorme, and other trances and normal speakers are expected to be present. Yours &c., LEWIS G. DAVIS.

PERSONAL.

EDITORS BANNER.—Please withdraw all my lecturing appointments, as I cannot engage at present to keep them, on account of sickness in my family. Yours, LONING MOODY.

Mrs. Hardinge will lecture at Worcester on Sunday next, August 1st.

Miss Munson, of Boston, will speak at New Bedford on Sabbath next.

Our friends in those places will govern themselves accordingly.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Freighted with its usual good quantity and quality, the August number of this Magazine comes to us. Some of the most talented pens in the country contribute to this work, and every month we fancy we can see the peculiar style of some acknowledged master-hand on its pages. Holmes, in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," gives us several beautiful and touching heart-pictures; specimens of which we may give hereafter. Phillips, Sampson & Co., 13 Winter street, publishers. For sale by Ross & Tousey, 121 Nassau street, New York.

MR. TIFFANY AND THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

We have in type a lengthy article from Joel Tiffany, in answer to strictures made upon two lectures of Mr. T.'s at the New York Conference. We shall be obliged to defer its publication this week.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE'S MEDIUMSHIP.

We have occupied the sixth page of the Banner, this week, with a highly interesting account of Miss Hardinge's mediumship, compiled by Dr. A. B. Child, to which the reader's attention is particularly directed.

DISEASES OF THE EYE CURED.

We were invited to call upon Madame Duboyce, at her room in the Marlboro' Hotel, and witness her treatment of several cases of blindness, and report our opinion thereon, that those who suffered in the same way might be able to avail themselves of her system of cure.

We saw some distressing cases—for the loss of eyesight is always the worst affliction man can bring upon himself—and the patients expressed themselves in a very flattering manner to the skill of the lady physician, or oculist.

Still we dislike to speak upon such a subject, except we are certain we are able to speak truth, for we are fearful of tampering with delicate organs like the eye, by unskillful hands. Mr. J. A. Tilly, who resides at No. 7 School street, Charlestown, has, however, called upon us, and given us a simple account of his trouble and his cure, which corroborates accounts given us by other patients, and we make a statement of his case, that those who have occasion to be treated for diseases of the eye, may have sufficient light in regard to the treatment of Mad. Duboyce, to lead them to examine for themselves, and determine whether her mode of practice is suited to their wants.

Mr. T. has been afflicted by amarois twenty-eight years. For the past five years he has not been able to distinguish objects at a very short distance from him. Has been obliged to walk upon the outer edge of the sidewalk, from danger of falling down cellars, which might be unclosed, first having made some very dangerous falls, from inability to see his danger. Last winter, on a bright day, he could not see the sleighs as they passed him on the street—could not distinguish persons in a hall, all seeming one confused mass.

A few applications of a peculiar remedy,—probably the result of Mad. Duboyce's clairvoyant powers, he is able to distinguish the stars—to see persons and things, and is of course very loud in his praises of the lady who has treated him.

As we before said, we publish this simply to induce those who are afflicted to examine for themselves, the claims of Mad. Duboyce. Other cases have been laid before us as strong as this, and patients in her rooms are ready to communicate their feelings in her behalf, and from this case can judge whether she is able to do what she professes. Such evidence is more reliable than our opinion.

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER:—Poetry, "To Annie," by Our Junior; Continuation of "Daisy Nesbrook," a song, "Janie Deere," by L. M. Tenney; "The Lover's Strangeness, a tale of Rio Janeiro," by Ophelia M. Cloutman; "Willie Woburn's Bride," by an old Contributor; "Love to Man," by L. M. T.; "Cases of Sudden Death," Editorials; Rev. Theodore Parker's Sunday Lecture; Letter from New York; a page of Messages from the Spirit-world; History of Miss Emma Hardinge's mediumship, compiled by Dr. A. B. Child; "A Wife to Her Husband," No. 9; "Aiding Unhappy Spirits, &c., &c."

A splendid story, entitled "THE SISTERS, ON THE HEART'S REVENGE," by Adrianna Lester, will appear in the next number of the Banner.

We call the reader's particular attention to the communication on our eighth page, the caption of which is, "A Wife to Her Husband." It will be perused, we venture to say, with great satisfaction by all progressive minds. It is from a spirit of a high order of intellect.

Those who would enjoy the luxury of a good bath—hot or cold, salt or fresh—we advise to patronize the establishment of our friend, William F. Veazie, at Warren Bridge, near the draw. His arrangements are perfectly satisfactory throughout, and his charges extremely moderate.

By reference to a letter from Portsmouth, which we publish in another column, it will be seen that our friends in New Hampshire are to have a grand Picnic at Newmarket Junction, on Wednesday, August 4th. Prominent speakers are engaged, and a fine time may be anticipated.

The New York City Spiritualists are also to have a Picnic, for particulars of which see notice in another column.

"LIFE ETERNAL"—part tenth—will appear in our next issue.

An incorrigible wag, who had lent a minister a horse, which ran away and threw his clerical rider, thought he should have some credit for his aid in "spreading the gospel."

Mr. Spurgeon, the noted English preacher, is to have a new and larger hall built for him, holding about five thousand persons. The foundation is to be of limestone—or brimstone!

"We read that people often die of 'enlargement of the heart,'" said Digby, on a recent occasion.

"It is a great pity many could not have 'enlargement of the heart' and live," replied Ike with animation.

Grove Meeting.—A grove meeting of the friends of Spiritualism is to be held in West Randolph, Vt., on the 8th of August.

Tarred paper, put around fruit trees, keeps off the borer. The reason why pecks on the quince stocks fall, is owing to the attack of the borers, as they work much worse in quince than pear stocks.

The man who continually talks of liberty and practices selfishness, is a bad citizen. He is a wolf in sheep's clothing. There are many such in the world, unfortunately.

On the farm of Mrs. Susan A. Craven, in the vicinity of Charlottesville, Va., there is still standing, in a pretty good state of preservation, a frame dwelling house which Dr. Franklin had framed in Philadelphia, and shipped to his grandson, who then owned the farm—now the property of Mrs. Craven. The antique structure is still occupied as a dwelling, and, although a little out of style, is yet very comfortable. The place still bears its original name—"Franklin."

The shoe business at Webster, Mass., has been in very flourishing condition for the last few months, affording good wages and plenty of work for all who could make a shoe. The operatives in the woolen mill are to have their wages increased ten per cent.

A skeptic, in renewing his subscription to the BANNER, writes, that, although he has not had sufficient evidence to convince him of the truth of Spiritualism, yet he admires our paper, for it gives him greater conceptions of Deity than he could get from any other paper fountain.

There is no real beauty without some strangeness in its proportion.—Bacon.

FOREIGN.—We have four days later intelligence from Europe, by the arrival of the propeller Indian at Quebec, which left Liverpool on the 19th inst.

The Agamemnon and Valorous returned to Queens-town on the 12th. The final break in the Atlantic Cable was just below the stern of the Agamemnon, after 140 miles had been paid out of that vessel. The Agamemnon then returned to the rendezvous in mid ocean, and cruised there for five days, in anticipation of meeting the Niagara. On her arrival at Queens-town it was resolved to coal and start for the final attempt on Saturday, the 17th, there being still 2600 miles of cable on board both ships. The Agamemnon encountered furious storms, and rolled so heavily that great fears were entertained for her safety. She sustained considerable damage. The cause of the breaking of the cable is unknown, the strain upon it at the time being quite light. The electric instruments were all injured by the heavy rolling of the ship.

On the 12th, in the Lords, the bill permitting the Commons to admit Jews into Parliament was passed, as also were the reasons of the Lords for objecting to the Commons' bill on the subject.

The London Times satirizes the visit of Queen Victoria to Cherbourg, and says that station has no other object than to menace England, and calls upon the Government to man a large Channel fleet, and otherwise prepare for defence, and invite Napoleon over to see how well England is ready to resist invasion. The Times, in a leader, controverts the views of Lord Palmerston, of nations' duty in regard to the slave trade, and encourages "the idea of the annexation of Cuba to the United States; as Cuba being once annexed, the whole trade comes to an end."

There are rumors from France of another conspiracy having been discovered, the object of which is the assassination of the Emperor. Italians are implicated, and arrests have been made.

On the 15th of June, the Mohammedans in Jiddah rose and massacred the Christians. Among the victims were the English and French Consuls, the wife of the latter, and over 20 others. The consulates were plundered. The British steamer Cyclops rescued 26 Christians and took them to Suet. Two boats from the Cyclops had to fire on those who attempted to intercept their retreat from the town.

INDIA.—The Calcutta mail, of June 3d, arrived at Alexandria on the 7th of July. On the 21st of May the Calpee rebels were advancing on Gwalior, and a British column was marching in pursuit. Scindia is reported to have been beaten by the rebels, and to have arrived at Agra. The rebels were again becoming troublesome in Central India, reconquering many forts from which they had been driven.

CHINA.—Hong Kong dates are of May 22. The allied fleet was at anchor off the mouth of the Peiho, on the 29th of April. Six days had been allowed for the reply to the demands of the Plenipotentiaries, and the time having expired, a steamer had taken up two gunboats and 150 sappers to the Peiho. A French transport, with 900 marine infantry, had arrived. The French had got two gunboats over the bar of the Peiho, but two English despatch boats had stuck fast. The English and French Admirals were both at Peiho, and it was expected that in a few days the first blow in the north might be struck by the capture of the forts at the mouth of the river.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

"One More Angel."—Mrs. ELIZABETH M. R. CUSHMAN, aged 37 years, wife of Charles J. F. Cushman, of Hartford, Vermont, passed to the higher home on the 16th of July.

Consumption had fixed its seat upon her beautiful form, and after eighteen months of suffering she took leave of a long, widowed mother, a kind husband, and left to their care two dear children.

The last request she made, was that I should attend her funeral, which was granted. A sweet smile rested upon the cold features, and as I gazed upon the beautiful mortality, I felt that death to her had no sting. May God and angels comfort the mourners. M. S. TOWNSEND.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Letters not answered by mail, will be attended to in this column.]

A. C. WILSON'S.—The State was not named in your letter, and the post-mark on the envelope we could not read. If you do not receive the Banner, write us your State. We have sent it to Connecticut.

M. W. L. NEWPORT.—Both right. We notified you two weeks in advance of termination of subscription, as is our custom. LOVELL BLAIR.—Your letter is dated at Ridgeville; but we do not send a paper to you there, and as our books are kept by town names, alphabetic, it will puzzle us to find your name, without the name of the town to which we send your paper. We will rectify the error, if you send your address.

"W. S. A."—Your article on "Miracles" is in type, and will be printed in our next issue.

Special Notice.

SPIRITUALISTS' PICNIC.

There will be a Picnic of the Spiritualists of New York City and vicinity, at Pleasant Valley, on Wednesday, August 11th, 1858, and if it rains on that day, the Picnic will take place on the second day following, Friday, August 13th. The steamboat Flora will leave the foot of Spring street at 9 o'clock in the morning and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, touching at the dock at Twenty-second street, each trip, for passengers.

The Committee have made arrangements for the ground and good music, and to cover that expense tickets are on sale at MESSRS. BOOKSTON, No. 5 Great Jones street, and can also be had at each meeting at Clinton Hall. The price of tickets is TEN CENTS each. The fare on the Steamboat is also ten cents each way, and children half price. The whole excursion will only cost thirty cents, each person.

It is hoped that all persons intending to go, will purchase their tickets as soon as possible, as by so doing they will lighten the labor of the Committee.

New York, July 27, 1858.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

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

Miss Rosa T. Avery will speak in Quincy, Sunday, August 1st, in Marlboro' Hall, in the morning and afternoon.

MEETINGS OF CIRCLES, on Sunday, morning and evening, at GUTHRIE HALL, Whittemore street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

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. Speaking, by mediums and others.

WOODMAN'S REPLY TO DR. DWIGHT. NEW EDITION OF THIS EXCELLENT WORK, just published. It has been carefully revised and stereotyped, in order to meet an increased demand, and is put out at the low price of 20 cents per copy. A liberal discount at wholesale. D. F. MARSH, Publisher, July 24.

MADAME DU HOYCE, MEMBER CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, from New York City, who has been so successful in the treatment of all diseases, especially the Eye and Ear, is at the Marlboro' Hotel, Washington street, Boston. She attended at her invitation to call. 2m July 31

MRS. R. L. GERHOLD, CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM.—Broom, No. 7 Lincoln street, Boston. Terms: Examination and Prescription, \$1.00. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. 1f July 31

MRS. PHELPS, CLAIRVOYANT AND SPIRITUAL HEALING MEDIUM.—Residence, 32 Carver street, corner of Eliot street, near Boston and Providence Railroad Depot. N. B.—The sick visited at their homes, when desired. 1f July 31

N. C. LEWIS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.—Examine all diseases and Prescriptions by an Indian Spirit of the olden time. No. 70 Tremont street. 1f Feb. 27.

MRS. E. D. STARKWEATHER, WRITING AND HEALING MEDIUM, No. 11 Harrison Avenue. Terms, 50 cents each person. 1f July 31

The Messenger.

ADMISSION TO OUR CIRCLES.—A desire on the part of our readers to make themselves acquainted with the manner in which our communications are received, induces us to admit a few persons to our circles.

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

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

HINTS TO THE READER.—Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the medium of Mrs. J. H. Conway, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light. They are spoken within the circle in which is usually designated "The Trance State," the exact language being written down by us.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything more than *disembodied spirits*.

We believe the public should be so instructed as to be able to judge for themselves, and not be misled by the claims of those who speak of the "Trance State" as a new discovery, and who give opinions more, rather than facts, and who are not experienced.

The Spirit, governing these manifestations does not pretend to infallibility; the only object is to show the power and knowledge to have been come through this channel. Perfection is not claimed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

We wish the friends of Spiritualism, when they read a message which they can verify, to write us to that effect. We do not wish to state as coming after publication as a practical joke, that we have received assurance of its truth, without mentioning the name of the party who has written us. Do not wait for some one else to write us, but take the labor upon your own shoulders. This will enable us to place additional proof before the public.

Elizabeth Downes, Charles K. Jones, John Jackson, George Sheldon, Miles Grant, Capt. Parke, Lauretta Barker, James Egan, William Henry, John Childs, John Carroll, Calvin Carter, Charles H. Kelley, Chas. Hammer, Pete, (a name), Frank Cutting, Mary Barber, (a name), John Bowen, John Thomas, Dudley Leary, John Grosvenor, Helen Reed, Larkin Moore, Mary Edson, Margaret Jones.

Robert Harte, Ann Leary, Sarah, Giles Hammond, John Stebbins, Thos. Harris, Oliver to her Father, Wm. Holland, Anonymous, Elizabeth Cook, Charles Day, John Cartwright, John E. Thayer, John Harding, Patrick Casey.

W. E. Channing, Charles Greene, Rev. John Moore, Wm. Dowd, Frank Smith, Isaac Gordon, Jerome Backus, James Ellis, J. Ellis, Jr., Hannah Downs, Sarah Levant, James to George, Joseph Foster, George Land.

Ray James Clark, Mary Webster, Charles French, Timothy Webster, John Graves, George H. W. Smith, Patrick Bernard, Rev. James, John Leary, William Dowd, Rev. William Atwood, John Barker, William Smith, Patrick Murphy, Andy S. Brown, William Atwood, Patrick Fitzhugh, Capt. Frank, James to Uncle David, Robert White, William to William, William, Hannah to Joshua, P. Jones, Elizabeth, George, (a name), Eulalia, George W. Norris, Margaret Lewis, Anonymous.

Thomas Gichrist.

A few days ago, I don't know whether I shall say that chance drew me there, or a higher power drew me, I found myself in Montreal, and there I found a dear friend, who has been for some time past secretly investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism. He was sitting alone in his office, and he said, "If some friend will go to Boston, Mass., and give a communication to the Banner of Light, saying I was sitting in my office, and desired such a manifestation, I will certainly believe beyond a doubt."

My name was Thomas Gichrist. I was a physician in Canada. My object in coming here today, is to inform that friend that I was with him, and heard his question, and if he had put his question in a different shape, I could have answered him better. But it should be enough for him to know that the question was heard, and that I have given him notice of it. Now if he will give me a question which I can answer on any subject I am acquainted with, I shall be pleased to answer it. I would give the name of my friend, but I do not deem it prudent. Should I deem it so when I come again, I will do so. I have many friends on earth, and I leave a blessing for them all.

William Harris, of N. H.

Friends, I trust you will pardon my intrusion, if such you consider my coming; I am unused to this thing; I can hardly realize that I still have an existence; I can hardly realize that my own body has crumbled to dust, while I am a spirit, and control a form other than mine own, and speak unto mortals. A few years ago I could not have been induced to believe this thing, yet strange as it seems to the vast multitude of unbelievers, it is nevertheless true—founded upon the wisdom of God. I am sure that I do commune; I am sure that I am possessed of all my senses; I am sure that I once lived on earth, that I once owned a mortal form, and that I once walked the earth within it; but I am not sure I deserve this great blessing—this gift from the most high God. Yes, as I come here to-day, I am convinced that our God is an impartial God; that he considers his children one and all; that he opens the gates of heaven, not to a few, but to all—none need stay away.

I doubtless have been permitted to visit you this day, that I may do good, and that I may receive good, for I have friends still dwelling on earth, and I am sure if I can convince those in the present state of existence, of my present power, I shall be an humble instrument of much good.

It is now only a few days since I learned that I, in common with the great spiritual family, could return and commune. Though I have been in spirit-life quite a number of years, yet I have lain in a quiet, dormant state. This state was induced probably by sin, because I failed to do my whole duty on earth, and instead of cultivating my spiritual powers, they being wasted, and I was all unready to enter spirit-life when I was called. But the spirit-life is a life of progress—not what many have been taught to believe—a state of endless unhappiness, or of endless happiness. One says there is no repentance in the grave—but is there none beyond? I know there is—I know it. I had no time to repent on earth, no time to say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," for in the midst of my duties I was cut down in sin, in darkness, in moral death, and I return to-day to tell my friends that I have been forgiven, that all my sins have been washed out,—and by whom? By the Spirit of Love and of Forgiveness, who is ever ready to wipe out the dark stains men are wont to carry into spirit-life with them.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to give something of my earthly life, and manner of death, that I may be recognized by those I come.

My name was William H. Harris. For many years prior to my death, I was a school teacher. Like many children of the Father, I went astray, and, like many, I put off the hour. My change, thinking others would be called before me. I was constantly saying, "be quiet, oh my spirit,—there is time enough yet."

One morning I entered my school-room, in possession of as good health as I ever enjoyed; but in twenty minutes I was in spirit-life. For a long while I could not tell how or why I was introduced into this new life. But in time I learned that folly had induced physical disease, which had produced my death, and that I was for a long time to be wrapped in doubt and darkness—for every sin brings its own punishment, and every virtue its reward.

I then questioned my teachers regarding my future state. They told me I would have opportunity to progress, and cast off my sin, and become as free from it as when first ushered into the natural sphere, but much time would be required to prepare me for the state of purity.

Long was the time ere I could believe the lesson I received, for the old teaching that clung about me, made me fear I was to be cast into a literal hell. I thought judgment had not come; but then when I did, I was to be damned. But oh, when I was made to believe that my own exertions would procure for me happiness, my joy was too great to conceive of.

And oh, I now come to beg of my friends to seek for this new light, for they too may have long years of darkness if they stay away from that which is drawing them near their God. I have many friends I would like to commune with, but I am not satisfied it would be best to commune with them in this public way, therefore I will take my leave. I shall probably return again, and give my friends a correct account of my life thus far in the spirit-world. I believe I have not given you my name—William Harris, of New Hampshire.

William Sanborn.

What do you suppose I'm wanted for? If my friends and enemies were very much mistaken, to tell all I know, they are very much mistaken. I shan't do it. I'll tell all I have a mind to—no more. I don't like this way of talking. I'd rather write. I was born in Boston; my name was William Sanborn. Well, I'm dead. To tell you the truth, I died with the tremens,—so they said. I left no family behind—left folks—everybody leaves somebody. I died in New York; been dead, perhaps, three years. What time is this? 1858? Then I've been dead most four years. You see, I went to New York to go to California, and got on a drunk and kept on it, and when I got to California I got there in a different way from what I wanted. If they want to know if I'm dead, tell them no; but that's my business, not theirs. I had no friends on earth; if I had, why did they not try to save me? I've no particular desire to come to folks who do not do anything for me when I was here. Talk about friends—do you expect to find them on earth? If you do, you're fool—that is all.

I spent a little in Boston—that formed the principal part of my business. I lived at the South End—the North End—all round—anywhere I got a chance to. I boarded on Union street the last time I was in Boston.

You see I'm just as well off as I ever was; am no nearer the lower region than I ever was; what's more, I don't care. If any of my friends do not like it, tell them it's my business. Every one must be themselves, you know. I can't say I want to come, when I do not—and I have just as good a right to come here as anybody. The sun shines on the good and the bad alike, and if there is a God, he likes me just as well as anybody. I was not so happy here as to want to get back by the first boat, so they need not think I shall trouble them much.

Rum is a bad master but a good servant; and when its your master, everybody gives you a kick. I know how I was treated when I was on earth.

Look here, would you consider anybody your friend if they treated you well when you was up, and abused you when you had made a fall?

I want you to understand I am my own master. No, they did not care for me. When I was on earth, and down pretty low, they would not notice me; but now I have got out of sight, they are not ashamed to call for Bill Sanborn, to satisfy curiosity. I'm Bill Sanborn—no better than I ever was. Just wind up with telling my friends that I came, and I have just the feeling towards them I always had, and perhaps would do the same to them I did before. Do you know what that was? Well, I kicked them out of doors. All day to you.

Jonathan Bell.

There is always a time appointed for everything, and I suppose my time has come to speak, else I should not come to-day. I do not well understand the theory of Spiritualism, so you must not expect a great deal from me; but what I do give will be the truth, and plain, unadorned truth, is much better than a lie arrayed in gaudy garments, in my opinion. I have been called for a good many times, and I never could answer the call until to-day. I suppose those who called have got tired of waiting, and think I am never coming, or else I am going to wait my own time. I was no Spiritualist when I died, although I heard much about it. I was a member of the church, and I can't say as I think the church people are altogether in the right, and I can't say as they are all wrong; it seems to me as though there is a chance for improvement. I thought I was a Christian; and tried to live as well as I could, considering all things; but when I came to-day I was not quite sure whether I was to be happy or not. I had always supposed my religion was strong enough to carry me over, but I was mistaken. Either I had no faith, or what I leaned upon was mere fancy. When I took my last look upon earthly things I could not tell where I was to go, or whether there was a God or no, and I had been a Christian or church member all my life, as it were.

Well, when I got into the spirit land, I looked about to see where I was, and I really thought I had been transported to some place on earth for my health, and I could hardly believe I was dead. But when my friends gathered about me, whom I had known on earth, I began to think I might be of their number. Things went on thus for a year, and I was then told I could come to earth. I came, but mediums did not seem fit for me to control, and when I consulted my friends, they said, "You must desist; God in his own time will give you power; be patient."

"But where is God?" said I, "I do not see him."

"Oh," said they, "you are but a step beyond earth; and if you could not see your God on earth, you could not expect to see him here."

"But," I said, "I expect to see a personal God."

"That you perhaps will never see; where there is most of purity, and goodness, and love, there you will see the spirit of God."

"Where, then, is the devil," said I.

"You have a portion of the devil within you. Where evil is, there the devil is; but we have seen no personal devil."

"What am I to do to gain happiness?"

"Follow your highest conceptions of right," said they, "and you will ensure your happiness."

"How am I to rid myself of the devil," said I.

"If I have him within me?"

"Follow your highest conception of right, and as you succeed in doing so, the evil in your nature will flee away."

And thus I understood the meaning of the text, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." I was so overjoyed, and became so satisfied of the truth of this, that I considered it the happiest moment of my life.

When I became fully satisfied of these truths, I said, "Can I not return to earth to my friends?"

"Ah," said they, "that is what is to cause you to progress. By elevating others, you elevate yourself; it is not by endeavoring to elevate self that man enjoys happiness."

"How much good I have done time will determine. But the church—it seems to me it will be as well for them if they will throw down the image of bigotry, and step down from the marble of superstition, and go forth individually and seek truth for themselves. It is not well for you to trust to another's opinion. Who bids you believe the minister? God? Your own conscience? No, neither; but they bid you go forth individually and seek for yourself, for the same principle which said, 'eighteen hundred years ago, "Seek and ye shall find," is alive to-day; and, He bade you go forth; and where did he bid you go? To the church? No; but to all nature, for God speaketh through it. I may say it is well for some to belong to the church, or for other words to put a yoke about their necks; for they have not a high sense of right in themselves, and it is well for them to be guided by it for a time. But when the sense of right is capable of leading you, it is best you should go forth and seek from everything God has made."

Those who are not content, should go out of it, and seek and bring what they get home, and scatter it all abroad in the mighty temples, and I am sure the time will come when it will bear much fruit.

I have wandered far from my subject. I intended to have told you where I was, where I came from,

but I got to thinking about my entrance to the spirit-life, and about the church, and I could not help speaking of it. I have got dear friends on earth. Most of them belong to the church, and I want them to analyze all things in it, and closely; and if there is good in it, I want them to cherish it, not to cast it away. But it is well for them to look at it.

But no man of sense will call that error which he does not first examine closely; and it will do them no harm to look into this. I was born in the town you called Barry, State of Vermont. If I had stopped on earth three years longer than I did, I should have been 72 years of age. I died in a place called Chester; should think it might be about 40 or 45 miles from here; however, I cannot measure distance as well as I used to. I was one who had but a limited education. As I said before, I belonged to the Christian Baptist Church. My name was Jonathan Bell. I should like to have some of my friends or relations respond to my call, and give me the chance to do better.

W. E. Channing.

One of my kind, earthly friends questions me in this wise:—Who are the faithful servants of the God of nations? I answer, they who strictly follow the dictates of conscience. My questioner will understand my coming, and I pray God he may understand my answer.

Our Father and our God, we would offer thanks unto thee for the blessings thou art daily bestowing upon thy children. We have no cause to ask thee to bless us, oh, our Father, for thou art daily giving us more than we deserve. We thank thee, oh God, because thou art a God of love. We trust in thy arms, oh Father, because thou art our Father. We bow before thee, because thou art the Supreme Spirit of the Universe. We recognize thee, oh Divine One, in everything that hath life, and we would offer praise unto thee, oh God, even in our spiritual state, for the blessings thou art bestowing upon thy mortal children. Great God, while they constantly send forth prayers unto thee that thou wilt remember them, we would praise thee, oh God, because thou hast remembered them—because thy love encompasseth all thy children—because thou wilt gather all thy children into one family, when all shall know thee—when all shall worship thee in purity and in love. We come to earth, oh God, because it is thy will. We return to our spiritual abiding-place, because thou callest us there. We, oh God, would ever bow before thee, wherever we are drawn, under whatever condition we may exist. We will not ask thee, oh Father, to enlighten our friends, who have called upon us, because we know thou wilt give him light in thine own time, and in thine own way. Therefore, unto thee be everlasting praise, now and evermore.

A Father to a Faithless Guardian of his Daughter, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

I was an Englishman by natural birth. Twenty-two years ago I sailed from England in company with my wife and two children; the eldest, a daughter two and a half years old—the youngest, a son, a few months old. My infant son died on the passage. Pecuniary embarrassments induced me to leave my home, in hope I might find a better one in America. For a time, after landing in New York, I lived there, but finally purchased an estate in Brooklyn, and was about entering into business, when by sudden misfortune I was deprived of my wife—in less than one year, I, too, went to the spirit world. My child was then between four and five years of age. After my death, my half-brother was appointed to administer upon my effects; he, too, resided in Brooklyn. He resides there now.

The object of my coming here to-day is to see if it be possible for me to restore my child to happiness while here, for she dwells in mortal form. She has been wronged, and wrongfully one who was appointed her guardian. How well he has filled his office, time and spirit-power will show! Near four years ago, my daughter was married to a young man, of fair attainments, in New York. Before he had time to commence a legal investigation in the case I now speak of, he was suddenly attacked by fever, and is now an inhabitant of the spirit world; and I say again, my child has been fully wronged! To-day she should be sole possessor of \$100,000; but instead of enjoying her rights, she is deprived of even the comforts of life. Yes, I sometimes see her wondering how she shall sustain herself. Her early childhood has been kept a mystery—hidden from her vision. She knows but little of the history of her parents, and to-day cannot even tell at what time her parents were taken from earth. They who should have been her best friends, have sought only to fill their own coffers at her expense, and have succeeded well in keeping her in ignorance of the affairs. She knows something was left her, but does not know how much; she has taken some pains to investigate—not much, because she does not dare to. He who was once her guardian, tells her to come and dwell in his family, and she shall be well cared for. Ah, that child little knows why he calls her into his household. "This because he fears there may be some one in the wide world that knows of her case, and may give her some information. There is one friend in your city who has been very kind to my child—who has sought, by every possible way, to bring to justice those who have wronged her, and assisted, as far as possible, to make her happy. I return thanks to-day for his kindness, and beg to-day he may continue to be kind to her who may be dependent upon him, and to seek in a quiet way for the history of the transaction alluded to. Time will reveal the mystery, and spirit-power will hasten the time. Ah, is he safe? No, not while invisibles have the power to read the human mind. To-day I beg of him to do justice, for at my next coming I will unmask him, and he dare not stand up against the power I will bring against him. Public opinion is sometimes clannish, and it will assuredly call loudly upon that man for justice, and it were better that he make restitution, ere it be too late to save his honor."

Stranger, you must pardon my withholding my name, for I do not desire to hold before the public him I came to benefit. More than one know the circumstances in part, but at my second coming I shall unravel the whole mystery, if justice be not done.

"You will have proof of my truth after you have published my message, but not till then. Mark me as one who speaks the Truth."

Elizabeth Pettigrew.

Good day, sir; I do not know as it's exactly right for me to come. I do not wish to injure, and I wish to approach them in the right way. Spirits cannot always speak freely through mediums, because they are obliged to consider their friends. I am very desirous of communing with my children, for I have some on earth. Yes, I have four children on earth—one son, and three daughters. I am not happy—I feel melancholy to-day, coming here. I was like many of the erring children of earth. I went astray—failed to walk in the erring paths of life, and my children, especially the eldest, are not in ignorance of this fact. My oldest child, my son, is a man, honored by the people that surround him, and in his prosperity, he forgets his mother—casts not one thought at the form which gave him birth. I see it, I know it—it was so before I left earth. None know the sorrow it brings to me, but such as I. I know I deserved it, but the child should be the last to censure the parent. Oh, it seems to me the bosom of the child should be the tomb of the parents' faults. I have been told by kind spirits to come here, and quietly approach my children, and I should get rid of this sorrow, should free myself from hell, and draw my children to peace. I do not expect to find a warm welcome here, but I do expect to begot a stray thought sometimes in the bosom of those I love.

I would give you a history of my life, if there were none on earth to suffer by it. Yes, I would tell you of my joys and my sorrows, but I dare not—I must not. Should I be called to earth again, I may be more free. Oh, I trust I may be recalled, but I fear I shall not.

I have been dead about nine years. I was forty-seven years of age. I cannot tell where I died, I dare not. Oh, that the people of earth were more charitable! but the time will come when they will be. My name was Elizabeth Pettigrew. I shall come again—oh, yes, publish it, and my children will read it. I am sure they will—no matter where they are, they will read it, and I shall be benefited thereby.

Betsey Hilton.

Yes, I can speak, but I was thinking how queer it was. I never thought I could talk this way. I've been dead most ten years. I want to talk to somebody—my children. I want to tell them how I can come to earth and talk. I want to know why they don't ask for me. What's the reason they don't? You tell them I'm happy; will you? and tell them that everything is wrong that I believed—all wrong, what I believed before I died. I was most eighty years old. I had the palsy before I died—the palsy. I see everybody is coming to earth to talk, and I want to come. My name was Betsey Hilton; I lived in Concord, N. H. I have got one Thomas—he was quite young when I died. I want to talk to him. And I've got a daughter in New Hampshire. Thomas's name was Thomas J. My husband's name was John, who is in the spirit-world with me; he went before I did. I want to talk right to my children. I don't like to talk in this way. I can't say nothing, because they ain't here.

Joe Anderson.

Confound the look—it seems as though I never should get things fixed right. 'Tis not exactly like running your own fixings, is it? You see I'm here to-day for something, I suppose. I'm looking round, you see, to see what kind of a machine I'm in. My name was Joe Anderson; I belonged in New York—did you ever hear of the Bowery Boys? Well, I belonged to that crowd. I have been dead a little time; God knows how long I don't.

Some of the folks down town want me to come back—they want to know how I am, and how I get along. They say—"Joe, why do n't you come and let us know how you get on?" I know what they want, so just write down a bit of news for me. Tell them I am a trifle unhappy because I can't make things go exactly to suit me. All those little extras we used to have on earth are cut off, and a fellow feels just as though he was put on allowance, and a small one at that. I suppose they want to know what they had better do? Oh, I can't tell them what to do, but I think it's best to let them alone. But I ain't coming back to preach, I ain't good enough for that. I used to think that saints and angels could come here to talk, if anybody could, but I ain't no saint—I'm a little on the downward order. There's an old fellow here that says—"Many a darker cloud has been purged into so bright a star that mortals could not gaze upon it." Wonder if I shall ever be one?

Well, I should like to have the boys and girls down there in a ring, so I could talk to them, and if they will go to a medium, I'll come, and if I can tell them anything to do them any good, I'll try to do it. If they'll only give me such a machine as this, I'll let them know it's me.

Look here, do n't you ever ask a feller here to smoke, or treat him? I hurt the medium? Oh, I forgot I'm running somebody's else machine. Do the girls on the Bowery smoke? Yes! I've seen plenty of them. By the way, I used to run on the machine, particularly when there was to be a row.

I'm a little in trouble in this craft—I don't know whether I run it right or not. I want to say something smart—perhaps if you would give me a glass of brandy I could talk smart. I'm mighty uncomfortable here, (in spirit life), because they do n't give me what I want. I want a drink and a smoke. You see I feel just as I used to—ain't got a bit better.

Tom Hyer—know him? Well, bless you, yes. I've seen the time I'd give all I had to see him in a brush—I would that! I am told I've got to get rid of that and other things, and that I'll be constantly unhappy until I do get rid of love for these things, and that goes to make up my mind.

What shall I say to the boys? I don't know—perhaps I'll come and give you a bit of history of my self one of these days.

I was n't the worst tempered fellow that ever lived, and I liked a good time, and paid right dearly for the times I had, for I was only twenty-seven when I stepped out, and I've got to dig pretty hard to get out of that row.

Well, you have n't got anything very elevated from me. The old fellow here, told me to come just as I was. I should n't have put on any airs if he had n't told me so, for it's best so sail under your own colors.

Won't you give me a cigar if I get the consent of the old fellow? (the controlling spirit.) You will, will you?

He is worse than you are—he says! "No, no, my friend, you must get rid of all this."

Well, it's a temptation for me to stay here, for I want a drink and a cigar just as bad as I ever did. Well, good day! I don't know whether its day or night—it's always dark where I am—there is a little glimmer of light here once in a while—but it won't hurt your eyes, though—no need to wear goggles. I don't like it, and but precious little consolation I get. They tell me, "Well, you made it yourself—now work yourself out of it." So I have to keep shady and bear it.

Joseph Walker.

My Sox—I forgive you, and will help you if I can, Be firm, and pray much. It will go hard with you, yet pray. I will try hard to aid.

My son is in Macon County Prison.

Paudeon, of New York.

Good day, gentlemen; I do n't understand what I should do in order to make myself fully understood. Can I be allowed to ask you a question? Then tell me why it is I have been called here, for there are no friends of mine here.

Ah, I see; but I have been miserably stupid since I came here, and do not hardly understand myself. Well, man, what am I to do here?

Tell who I am, when I died, where, and anything else I choose?—Is that all?—I'd about as lief be in some other place as here, but seeing as I've come here, I must do something.

I know I am in a form not my own, but it seems to me I am in just as much agony as I was when I died, and if all who come here suffer as I do, they are to be pitied. I never experimented in this way before, and I don't think I ever will again, if I am to suffer so.

I feel as though I had lost all my ambition, and I have nothing left; but I came to see what I could do for the folks on earth. I'm dead, and it's lucky.

I met one a few hours ago I used to meet on earth. Had I met him on earth I should have been likely to have met him in a far different manner, but as I was here, I said nothing. He told me I was wanted here, and I had better come, and off he went. I heard of this thing before I left earth; say but little, for conditions deprived me of much I might have had. I think I have been dead near a month. I died in the New York General Hospital. I was 38 years of age. What I died with? That is a hard question, but I suppose I might as well answer it. I was shot. Oh, I knew I had got to die, from the first—I said so. I don't know what I can say to the boys there to keep up the right spirit; but a different one than they have. I set once with a man in New York, and I got some wonderful things, but I did not believe much in it. A friend asked me to go to Redman once, and I went, and if the boys will go to him, I'll go there and do the best I can, for I've been here but a short time.

As regards Chamberlin, I am the most to blame. He told me seven times that if I touched him he'd shoot me, and after it he did, and he told me not to blame him for it, and if I went to hell the next minute I must not blame him. I do n't.

Do you know where Cortlandt street is? Well, it was between that and Broadway I was then. I want to clear him if I can. I have so many names

it's hard to tell which to give you. Shall I give you my right name, or the one I was known by? Well, I was known as Paudeon—that's the name the boys gave me. Bill Poole is the one who told me to come here, and if I'd met him any where else he and I'd have a brush. I am confounded miserable, because I do not know what is to become of me—what I am to be.

There was an old fellow came in to see me just before I died—he told me to pray. I told him I was no use, that I ought to have prayed all my life. He said God was merciful; but I thought he must have a large stock of mercy to be merciful to me.

I had an old grudge against Chamberlin—there's where the stick was. He said nothing of account to me, but the conversation was got up on purpose. Some time ago I was in company with him; hard words ensued, and I came off a little the worse, and I determined not to be beat. I was one who carried revenge with me, and was never satisfied until it was satisfied. The boys will tell you who I was.

They told me to come back if there was any such thing, and I suppose it's they who have called me.

Yes, I meant to kill Bill Poole. I planned the scheme in wisdom—that is, the wisdom I possessed. I came near getting into it badly, but I escaped. Remember me to the Doctor, who was kind to me—they were all kind; I was not so lost that I did not appreciate kindness.

William Ainsworth.

When man shall be sufficiently developed to understand the conditions that surround him, then he will be happier and better—then crime will cease to exist, and the spirit of man will constantly rise toward its Creator. Man in the past has ever sought to understand his neighbor, and the conditions that surround him, better than himself. Thus he hath forgotten to take the first and great step in nature. And a man must press upon every step of nature's domain; then he must go back—go back, we say, and learn then to understand self.

The theologian seeks to make himself master of theology, and he often does so at the expense of his own salvation—here, and in an earthly state. Another we find going deep into the mineral kingdom, striving to make himself acquainted with the same. He, too, has missed the mark. If man would understand the creations of his God, he must understand the Creator; and where shall he commence to investigate? At home, within the sacred temple of self; then all other investigations will come, and never be swept away; and though he hath ascended to the highest heaven, he shall have no fear of returning to earth, to learn there the first rudiments of wisdom. "Know thyself, oh man." Ah! it were a pity that the voice of the Almighty were not heard in this particular.

The light of the present day has been given, that man may know himself. The very foundation of the phenomena of Spiritualism is self-knowledge, and no man can understand it, unless he understands himself. He may think he has become acquainted with the light of this century, but he will soon learn, if he has not made his acquaintance with self, that he will have to retrace his steps and learn anew. The kingdom of love commences in man, and if he attempts to understand that kingdom outside of self, he shall be laughed at as a foolish man. The inhabitants of earth are subject, to a great extent, to the conditions surrounding them. As the flower owes its beauty to the sun, water and the air, so man owes his spiritual culture, to a great extent, to conditions surrounding him. Behold the flower that cometh forth in the desert—how meagre it looks, when compared with one that has been ushered into existence beneath a genial sun, where it can be watered and nurtured in nature's best way. Go, if you please, to the lower classes of society, and there you find natural flowers stunted in their growth by conditions over which they have no control. And will the Creator crush the creature, because conditions have rendered him an unfavorable creature? Not so. In time, conditions will change, and then if man does not change, he condemns himself. Ah, yes, man is his own saviour; if he would be happy, he must take advantage of conditions and save himself. We do not expect the soul to fly from sin, when it has been cradled in vice, and nurtured in temples of infamy. No; but we expect that the spark of Divinity, which man has within him, in due time, rise above, and meet its God in heaven. And yet it is man's duty to control conditions; he should do all in his power to purge his soul from sin. Man is not required to do more than he is able; he is not expected to throw off the load which he cannot do. But if conditions invite, and God plants intellectuality in that man's path, he is expected to rise above conditions which are below him, and if not, he must suffer for sin. But does he so suffer to all eternity, or is there eternal damnation? Not so; the Creator will not send the messenger of love but once, but he will continue to send messengers to the darkened one until he shall be ready to grasp the arm of the bright ones, and pass away to heaven.

Oh, that man would understand himself—then he would be able to steer his bark clear of the quicksands. Oh, the lack of happiness is the failure to understand self. Poor man strives to grasp knowledge which is not within his reach; whereas he should commence within, and go on steadily and slowly. It hath pleased the Creator to fashion mankind after his own image—that of Intelligence and Wisdom. He hath been pleased, also, to place within him a part of himself; that portion may be bound for long years, but in time it will burst its bonds, and carry with it the man who hath been its abiding place. Yet man were foolish to remain long years in darkness and misery, when he may purge himself from sin, darkness and death.

The poet hath said: Prayer

one would stray in to see me, not often. If there be any on God's earth who are suffering as I suffer, I beg of them to cast off the cloud they die, for it is harder for them to get rid of it after death.

Nam! what's in a name? you want mine, I suppose. I bore the name of one, who, through my past, was my enemy, and it was many years I never spoke of it, for it stirred up enmity in my soul—but you have it now—John Leathers. June 1.

Samuel Curtis.

I should like to talk to my wife. I could not speak when I was on earth. My name was Samuel Curtis. I lived in Michigan. I have been dead about one year. Lost my speech when I was five years old, by cancer—it made a hole. My wife's name is Eliza. Tell her I can come. She lived in London. Good bye. June 21.

This was spelled by the alphabet for the dumb, at which we are no expert. The name of the town, we fear, we spelled wrong.

History of Mediums.

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NUMBER V.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE.

Miss Hardinge was born in London. At a very early age she exhibited wonderful proficiency in music and singing. In consequence of family misfortune, she was induced to yield her musical abilities for the support of her widowed mother and herself, as a public singer and pianist. Being very successful, and very ambitious, she practised too hard, and, before her voice or strength was matured, her overdone efforts caused the loss of her voice. Being a child-phenomenon in music, and connected with some of the most noble families, her case excited great interest, and some of the first physicians of Europe were resorted to for treatment. Their efforts in restoring her voice proved of no avail. And, being compelled to use her efforts for the support of her mother and herself, she continued her public career as an actress. She belonged to the celebrated Haymarket and Adelphi companies, which, for several years, kept open without a recess, every member of which was a London star; and for the period during which they kept together, each member was celebrated for some peculiar excellence. She was chiefly noted for spiritual parts—such as fairies, demons, spirits—parts where a pantomime and peculiarly imaginative perception was requisite. "The green room" of the Adelphi was visited by all the literati and noblemen of the day. The actresses had each some distinguishing title, as *Moss*, who belonged to this company; and Miss H. was always known as *La Moss*, or the *Elfin Queen*. From the latter name (both names being conferred in memory of celebrated personages), amongst her friends and acquaintances she was always called *Elfin*, her peculiar line of acting, as well as her particular and imaginative character, suggesting to her friends that she was a spirit, or Elfin, rather than a mortal. In her own country, she is known—not by her real name, Emma, but by her nickname, Elfin. Her career, as an actress and musician, is already before the world, and belongs to the history of the stage. Externally, it has been one of uncommon success, and exceedingly brilliant—courtied and flattered by the highest in the land. Her wishes were anticipated—seven her faults and foibles extolled into fashion—and her picture in every London shop-window. In fine, she was what a successful London actress might have been expected to be—to use her own words—"A spoiled fool; an unhappy, tasteless aspirant after something better. I was, I believe, the latter." This was true, for she did aspire perpetually with a restless and unceasing longing for any life, rather than the vain and heartless round of flattery and folly in which she lived. All was in vain, however, for she had to live to support herself and mother, though she tried a thousand means to get her bread; yet there seemed a fatality that bound her to the stage. Probably she had all the trials and temptations, slanders, enmities, and bitter persecutions, to which a popular actress is subject, in the midst of a licentious aristocracy, who delight in associating with actresses, and yet prey upon them, and seek them as victims, who must figure as necessary appendages to their station. Her persecutions from such sources often became matters of public notoriety, and belong only to her theatrical career.

It may be said of Miss H.'s life, to this time, without entering into details, that she has endured, in a short life, many of the bitterest and most cruel afflictions—domestic wretchedness; suffering and wrong—much physical ill-health—overwhelming sorrow and grief, from sources unknown to the public, though some are known in the circle of friends. Suffice it to say, that she has drunk the cup of affliction to its very dregs.

Like many English people, she was ignorant of the real character of America and her people, and entertained many prejudices. About three years ago she was visiting Paris, when in the very hey-day of gay, Parisian life, she met an American manager, who pressed her, with many tempting offers, to visit America; whilst—to use her own words—"in my ignorance and self-conceit, I turned the offers into ridicule, and laughingly rejected the offer, vulgar idea." Soon after this offer she returned to London, to sign an engagement for the forthcoming season, at *Drury Lane*. After signing this, a sudden pique, a whim, a quarrel with a friend, a desire for retaliation, an actress's caprice, possessed her with a wish to run away from home for a few months. Just then Mr. Marshall, of the Broadway Theatre, New York, was introduced to her. He made her a good offer for America, and before she had consulted a single friend—in the face of all her prejudices against the country, and with the risk of persecution for breaking her engagement at *Drury Lane*—she found herself compelled, by a power she could not resist, to sign an engagement with Mr. Marshall. Her friends wondered, entreated, and ridiculed her; but all in vain. Her mother, who was over faithful and precious to her, alone stood by her. Although from a dread of sickness, her mother feared to lose her life on the passage, yet she determined to accompany her daughter to America.

It seemed as if her manager was inspired with the jack-o'-lantern nature of her resolutions and circumstances, for, from the time of their meeting, he seemed never to rest until he had hurried her on board. He did not allow her time to think of or digest the remonstrances of her friends, for within two weeks of the time when she first met him, he had hurried herself and mother on board the Pacific, which sailed with them for America. Shortly after her arrival in this country, she appeared on the stage of the Broadway Theatre, and made her debut in a piece of her own writing, called the "Tragedy

Queen." Her acting and her piece were eminently successful. The audience and the press both sounded her praises far and wide. Immediately following this brilliant flame of success, it seemed a decree that she should fall. She was assigned the lowest and most degrading parts, and treated with insult and rudeness. At this time a few friends began to interfere, and, knowing the position she had held in London, and the brilliant success of her debut, began to make a stir about her, and receive even her smallest efforts in the determined party spirit which looked as if they meant mischief. She says:—"The management finding they could not render me insignificant, finally put me on the shelf, and for weeks together I was not permitted to act at all. And thus for a season of nine months, scarcely ever appeared; and when I did, I achieved the least success. Even in a little burlesque part, I was taken out to make way for another. I make no attempt to offer comment or explanation on the part of my manager. His enthusiasm in bringing me out is as well known as his subsequent ill-treatment. For myself, I never cared to explain away or investigate his conduct. The world was less charitable, and said many harsh things on the subject, which himself best knows if he deserves."

The whole affair, belonging as it does to her theatrical history, would have been here unnoticed, had it not produced very different results from what were anticipated, either by herself or manager.

Miss H. lived in the house with two Spiritualists; but to this time had never heard or known anything of Spiritualism, and did not know what it meant. When she learned that it implied communication with the dead, she was so horrified that she half resolved to leave the house. She inquired the character of these people, and found it excellent. She then concluded they were mad; but, on conversing with them, found them shrewd and singularly intelligent. This aroused her curiosity, and she was at last persuaded to go with them to Conklin's. And as she sat looking on, was quite convinced that the table tipped by their chicanery. So heard these words spelled out to a person who was communicating: "Immortality in the light of Gospel teaching is a fiction." This was a direct attack on the Bible, and this was so shocking to her that she would not sit at the table, and left the room at once; and it was a long time before she could be again persuaded to visit another medium. This, however, at length she did, and two years ago last April she called with Mr. Augustus Fenno upon Mrs. Coan. This lady did not make real her ideas of a medium between celestial beings and earth, and she was scarcely induced to sit at her table, which she did with serious misgivings, lest the roof should fall on her for her dreadful wickedness. The usual tests were given with great promptitude, to which was added the gratuitous information that she was a medium, at which she was most indignant. She then proceeded to examine Mrs. Coan's hands and the table, and whilst doing so the raps came on the floor; and while she was inspecting the floor to find the cause of the raps, they again came on the table, and so on—defying the strictest search.

Her curiosity at this exhibition was piqued. She had gone believing in her shrewdness, that she could detect some Yankee humbug, and write some good articles on the gullibility of the Americans. She was fairly puzzled, and from that moment continued her investigations with unremitting diligence, resolving that she would know what it meant. At morning, noon and night she devoted herself to the search. She visited every circle and every medium, and at each she was told that she was herself to be a great medium, with grand promise for her future! At length she became so intensely interested in the subject that she declared that she could not but believe, and thought if she could only become a medium, that she would return to England and make her fortune; as she had never heard of Spiritualism there, she concluded it to be an entire novelty. The very day she made this speech, she visited Mrs. Kellogg's for the first time, at 625 Broadway. Mrs. K. had never seen Miss H., and there were several strangers present. Mrs. K. singled out Miss H. from the rest, and declared that she was a good medium, and she at once sat down with her, and after Mrs. K. had rubbed Miss H.'s hand, it was seized by some unknown power, and controlled to write, and point out letters on a card, which spelled out varieties of tests faster than she—astonished at her own performances—could follow the alphabet. The first word written was her father's name upside down. The company could read it, but she could not. Then followed from her spirit-father a strict charge that she should never take money or reward for communications. The tests can hardly be enumerated that were given through her hand that night. From this time Miss Hardinge has been a most powerful test medium—writing, personating and trance—and finally every phase of mediumship, one after another, came crowding upon her day after day. Every bone and muscle seemed to be charged with electricity, and used by the spirits for the purpose of developing her.

She suffered many severe trials, and again and again was nearly turned back, after all she had gained. She was often surrounded by undeveloped spirits, and at circles, after giving wonderful tests, would be made to tell atrocious lies, and to give communications from people who love to tell falsehoods, and perform many miserable antics. These spirits would haunt her for weeks, and break her rest by chattering to her night and day, saying all manner of false things, threatening, teasing, and almost plaguing her to death. For a time, every person that approached her would affect her so strangely, that for weeks she acted every one's complaints that she met—their lives, habits, and most secret thoughts.

At this time the spirits insisted that she should leave the stage. Her engagement now at the Broadway Theatre being nearly over, she proceeded by their advice to establish a musical academy. Mr. Horace Day, who at that time was proprietor of the Christian Spiritualist, gave her the use of a room in the building 553 Broadway, which was devoted to the publication of the paper, which, in return, she wrote for, under the name of Ezra, and at the same time gave free spiritual communications to the public. She was never allowed by the spirits to take the smallest fee for this; and for ten months she sat for hundreds of persons, with very marked success, as a test medium. Her desire to support herself and mother by her musical abilities, however, became seriously damaged by this procedure. She became very well known and highly commended as a test medium. But her spiritual friends were not overburdened by this world's wealth, and either could not or would not pay for music lessons, while the pupils she otherwise obtained gradually deserted the "odious" spirit-medium, or their parents would not send their children to the "obnoxious" building devoted to the

cause. In the meantime she grew poorer every day, and quite desperate about the future.

Her mother and herself were in a foreign land, without friends, and nearly penniless, while friends at home were entreating their return, where comfort, luxury and a good income, awaited her; plenty of employment, fame, friends and protection. Still the spirits begged her to be true to the directions, and she did not yield to the temptation of returning home. At last, affairs began to look hopeless. Her money was gone, and her pupils reduced to two; and she protested that she would go upon the stage. The spirits implored and promised aid, and though reduced to nothing, they would bid her wait till the next day, or sometimes the next hour, and the next day and the next hour invariably brought her a new pupil, or some little musical employment, which satisfied her immediate wants until another time of need. More promises, and their immediate fulfillment at last convinced her that the spirits knew what they were about, and both would and could sustain her, if she would trust them.

A strange life, indeed, was this to her. A successful and popular actress—courtied, admired, flattered—never without good engagements and good income, and friends who did not think the earth good enough, for her to step upon—now deprived of all this—dependent on the protection of, and daily conversing with, beings she could not see, and waiting from day to day for bread—relying on the promises of those she knew not—who, for help to come, never knew from whence, still it did come over. She was often frightened at her desperate position, and ready to turn back—nervous and perplexed with difficulties, insults, sneers, and sometimes persecutions—tormented by the undeveloped spirits, and subjected to the bitterest lessons, in order (as she now perceives) to teach her to "try the spirits"—to use her own judgment—and, above all, to obtain entire control of all her physical forces. In the midst of all her trials, however—in the hour of her darkest despair—she always brought her light, comfort, and all she needed; they fulfilled every promise, and bore with all her murmurings and doubts—patiently, lovingly and constantly.

At last they proposed that she should become a spiritual lecturer, declaring that all her experiences, trials, and various phases of mediumship, were exercises to prepare her for this point. Her English notions of propriety were greatly shocked at the idea of a female preacher; and for a long time she steadily resisted this. The spirits seemed to have made a dead-set at her. Every medium that came near her re-echoed the story that she must go out and lecture, until she was fairly baited into consent.

An unsolicited invitation was sent her from Troy, at the instance of a friend; and though she was an untutored speaker, she was invited so cordially, and was so tormented by the spirits—both in and out the form—that she was compelled to accept.

The next difficulty was to know how she was to be influenced. She had been entranced constantly at circles, and in an unconscious state had spoken with great effect; but this, she was informed, would not continue. She was to be conscious; but how this was to be, she had not the least idea. In her bewilderment she sat down and wrote a lecture, and after spending great pains upon it, the spirits deliberately told her that she should not read it, and if she attempted, they would take away her sight. She knew by experience that they could do what they intimated, and did not venture against their well-tried strength.

Her efforts to commit her lecture to memory were equally unsuccessful, for the spirits chattered to her all the time, and finally threatened to decapitate her memory the same as her sight. Added to this, her experience as an actress had shown her the utter impossibility of committing such a speech to memory, for an occasion on which she could receive no help from others. What should she do? "Go to Troy," replied the spirits. She did go, in a miserable frame of mind enough—uncertainty, doubt and hopelessness were before her. Just previous to the time of the lecture, without having the least idea what was to be the result, she was directed by the spirits to take the Bible, turn to certain passages, and mark them with a pencil; because her vision, the spirits said, would be too dim, under the strong influence of magnetism, to read with ease.

Thus she was directed, and did appear upon the platform, with the promise that, after reading the marked passages from the Bible, words should be given her. She read her required texts, and the first word of her speech was given, followed by a lecture one hour long, uttered without a moment's hesitation, pause or difficulty.

Since this lecture, Miss H. has never felt the least misgiving of the ability of her steadfast, unseen friends, to supply her with all that was necessary to say in every lecture.

She is often, like one of her own audience, more a listener than a participator in her lectures. Sometimes she is in a tranquil, quiet frame of mind—perfectly conscious and indifferently happy, far away from the lecture-room—thinking of old scenes, or taking part in the far-off homes of the spirits, by whom her organism is used to speak. Sometimes her mind seems to become puerile; she can take notes of windows, ornaments on the ceiling, and anything but the words flowing from her lips. Sometimes her mind is with the lecture, and she is as much interested as any one of the audience; but in this case her own mind interferes too much with the intelligence speaking. At these times she is very susceptible of every person's sphere around her, and she involuntarily knows what the audience is thinking about, especially those who are near her. She is often surprised, and a little frightened, at the statements made in her lectures; but she has found by experience that the spirits controlling her never made assertions which are not at the time, or subsequently, proven.

In answering questions, the condition borders on, and sometimes amounts to, total unconsciousness. The closer and smaller is the circle around her, the deeper is her entrancement.

We present the following in Miss Hardinge's own words, in regard to her conversion from Orthodoxy to Spiritualism, and the present condition of her mediumship:—

"I was brought up strictly Orthodox, in the Church of England, and considered the name of Christ a panacea for all sin, and homage to him as the whole duty of man. After I became a medium, my friends, both in and out of the form, tried to reason me out of my belief in Christ's divinity in vain. When arguments failed with me—which, by-the-by, they always did—I would indignantly leave the room, and pray to God through Christ to forgive me the sin of having listened to such blasphemy.

In this frame of mind I was invited to lecture at Dodworth's Hall, New York. My spiritual birth had taken place in New York—I had quite lived in public since my advent amongst the Spiritualists, and they knew me so well that, in view of the old proverb, 'No one is a prophet in his own country,' I should most certainly have refused to lecture there, had I not conceived the mistaken idea of converting my infidel friends by the eloquent appeal which I felt sure of being enabled to make for the honor of Christ. I pitied even whilst I felt shocked at the infidelity of the audience I was to address; and in this frame of mind I went to the hall. I was so convinced that my mission was to make them all Christians, that if the spirits had selected any passage but one bearing upon the life of Christ, I should certainly have rejected it, and set up lecturing on my own account, so filled was I with the solemnity of my mission; fortunately, however, the spirits chose for me to read the 16th and following verses of the 4th chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke. This encouraged me highly, and I proceeded with my lecture. I am told it was a good one—powerful and logical it certainly was, for it effected one entire conversion, and that of a most obstinate case, being no other than myself. I entered that desk entirely convinced that Christ was God in person—an opinion known to one half at least of my audience. I left the desk, lectured, reasoned and completely argued out of that belief; and despite the many laughs, the astonishment and the congratulations of my friends at my sudden conversion, I argued so entirely to my own conviction, that I have never again relapsed into Orthodoxy since. The mode by which the spirits had spoken to me is by a kind of voiceless speech, which in some spirits is like ordinary conversation; with others it is more like writing; it seems as if the letters were slowly spelled out, and sometimes traced on the top of my head; sometimes whispered in my ear; sometimes their writing is spelt backwards, and sometimes written as I myself used to write, upside down; and mentally I am obliged to hold the paper upside down before I can read what seems daguerreotypes somewhere on my head. I am obliged to listen attentively, that is to concentrate my attention, before I can receive these communications; but coming so, I find them more reliable than either writing or any other form I have ever had before. I seldom sit now for test communications; but when I do, I find I have not lost any of my power. I am still a personating, writing, trance, but above all, a good psychometric medium; and the future is revealed to me day by day with such accuracy by the spirits, that I know almost every event of my life before it transpires. The spirits, too, keep guard over my mother in my absence, and bring me such exact accounts of her doings and sayings, that I sometimes write her word with entire accuracy the events of the day, and even what she has eaten, said, or done. With a good medium I have performed many interesting experiments about the mental telegraph—sending and receiving messages from distant mediums through the spirits, with the speed, not of lightning, but of thought. They sometimes present me with little pictures, not of visions, but apparently outstanding pictures of scenes, places and things, which are typical either of the future, or evidence of something of interest to some one present. In this way I see spirits, people's past lives, read their characters, and, through these little daguerreotypes, I have sometimes had the most remarkable tests."

Miss Hardinge, having been engaged for a long time as Directress of the music at Dodworth's Hall, the committee, the winter before last, conceived the generous and flattering idea of tendering her a complimentary testimonial concert, accompanying the requisition with a request that she would compose something for the occasion. Being a good deal out of her usual musical associations, and moreover, having none but amateurs to sing for her, she felt considerably embarrassed to find to that should be worthy of the occasion. She was just then, moreover, overwhelmed with business—giving tests, sittings and music lessons, from morning till night—writing for the paper, and composing the hymns for the Sunday's exercises. Despite all this, she managed to write the Libretto of a Cantata, consisting of two hundred lines of poetry, and twelve pieces of music, choruses, duets, trios, songs, and concerted pieces, in six days, from the time the requisition was sent her. The whole composition was done by bits and scratches—often with strangers around her, in her press of business, care and noise, and, we may venture to assert, without spirit aid, might tax an ordinary composer to execute in six, or even twelve weeks. It was performed at Academy Hall, New York, April 24, 1857—sung entirely by amateurs, and though several professionals whom she had engaged refused to sing when they found it was a Spiritualists' concert, it passed off with such great credit, that even the secular and opposition papers admitted that "the spirits had made a hit with their concert, and could compose both good music and good poetry, if they could not speak good sense." There are such an immense number of cases published of mediums' tests and modes of communications, that we shall wind up this long history with a few quotations from the poem of her Cantata, "THE SONG OF THE STARS."

"THE WORLD WAS GEMMED."
The world was gemmed with flowers fair—
Field and tree and shrub were there;
The breath of perfume filled the air,
When life first dawned on earth.
The fleecy clouds in distant sky
Floated above the scene on high,
While earth and nature joined the cry,
"Life—life is length, life is birth."
The day was dawning, the first bright day
On which created man had away,
And even the twilight's sober gray
Had passed, and night had birth.
That first of nights, whose shadowy veil
Threw o'er the scene her mantle pale,
While darkness deep began to fall
Around the weary earth.
And now arose that wondrous sight,
The calm, majestic orb of night—
The fair and radiant moon so bright,
That midnight bled her queen.
At first she reigned alone, serene,
The sole enchantress of the scene,
Whose glory lit the lonely night,
Whose gleams in Eden's bowers
But one by one in sparks of light,
Came forth the jewels of the night—
The sparkling, glittering stars so bright—
The Heaven's eternal flowers.
Hark! they are calling—hark! their voice
Life-life on earth! rejoice, rejoice!
The world was made—rejoice, rejoice!
The stars are made—rejoice!

"THE SONG OF HESPERUS."
I come—I come—from ocean's wave,
Where seas unfathomed roll,
Where unborn worlds shall find a grave,
From North to South I come.
I rise from out the shining spray,
I bid the twilight hour
And bid farewell to parting day,
I am the light's spring flower.

I dance before the straining eye,
Which fondly loves to trace
The parting gleam in western sky
Of sunlight's closing race.
I come—I come to sing of home,
To labor and to toil in vain,
To warn the weary ones who roam
Mid life and earth's turmoil,
That bright noontide has faded,
That twilight fast steals on;
And e'er their path be shrouded,
To turn their footsteps home.
I love to give the lower
Where fall and level ones dwell;
To float o'er dunes and towers,
O'er mountain, moor and fell.
I go—I go, still brightening
Each spot where'er I roam;
Then fall like summer lightning,
Beneath the ocean's foam.

"MARK HOW THE PLANETS."
Mark how the planets swim and float,
Sweeping in their orbit round;
Some clustering thick, like a council of night,
Or a few formed of worlds on the brow of night.
Some pale and pure as a virgin's sigh—
Some lone and sad as a widow's cry—
Some strong as a mighty warrior's breast—
Some red and sanguine as warrior's crest.
Hark! they are calling—their voices clear
Lead thro' creation—their tones like fire
Call on the nations to hear their song,
While their mighty chorists sing the throng.

"SATURN IS BORN."
Saturn is born—from the wreck of a world
A lurid fire from the rain is hurled;
Flerce and portentous the race shall be,
Which claims this age for its deity.
Earth is born—through the midnight sky
The legion of stars now is seen to fly;
Earth bears the storm, with its pale and fear,
Quakes 'neath the glare of its lowering sphere.

"THE SONG OF MARS."
Proud and triumphant, in the armed host,
See towering Mars in the zodiac's sign;
Earth quakes with fear, while the stars are dimming
High over victory ever isathing.
See o'er the hosts contending in deadly battle-field,
White victory hangs impending o'er many a sword and shield;
The star of Fate is beaming, in radiance wild and fierce,
O'er every blade that gleams, the warrior's heart doth pierce.

"THE METEOR."
Hark! hark! a wild and trackless light
Flashes athwart the cloudless sky;
Darting, parting through the space,
Stars and planets in the race,
Can it be some comet's sweep?
Rushing up the azure steep?
Dashing past ten thousand spheres,
Measuring ages in a few years.
No! 'tis the meteor's glance,
Shooting in fantastic dance,
Through the sky's immeasured arch,
Mocking, laughing at the march
Of the stellar worlds of light,
Rolling through the empyrean height.
Hark! a little distant star
Gleams in the wondrous firmament;
Listen to its glowing trail—
Thinking out its whirling trail.
Welcome—welcome, wandering spirit,
Homeward—fast to thy night.
Will thou stay to look my home?
Or must I ever seek thee gone?
Onward still the meteor's flash,
Wildly sparkling, onward dashes;
But at length in chaos tossed,
Lo! the glittering path is lost.

"RECITATIVE."
But now a nobler song shall rise—
These stars that work have and eyes;
Angels come within their light,
Folded up like gems of light.

"ANGEL LEGIONS."
Angels legions from repose,
Midst these stars' worlds enclose
Their eyes sublime, and o'er the woe
Of suffering kneel and wipe the tears,
Whose earthly eyes we do not see,
The human eye, and happy tears,
The secrets of their wondrous sphere,
So bright, so soft, and yet so near,
And clasped forth to our hand,
Who breathe our man at rest, command,
The divine of heavenly birth,
This song preaches through the earth.

"AWAKE, ARISE."
Awake! awake, ye souls divine!
Bid your limbs and spirits shine,
Amid the stars of heav'n as fair,
As those ye mourn now dwellers there.
Awake, arise, ye sons of God,
Cast off the thoughts of earthly sod,
The stars are calling to your head,
With spirits of the mighty dead,
They sing the noble themes of truth,
They dwell in ever blooming youth;
They call you in their spheres to come
To turn your thought to Heaven alone.

"WHERE THE STARS."
Where the stars of night arise,
There are watching angel eyes,
Ever praying how the living
Rovers found their earthly ties,
And in times of former years,
But the mountains of the years,
Listen! listen to their tone—
Each has his silver throne,
And around the midnight bed,
Of earth's children stand the dead,
Once again the stars are here,
Whispering soft in dreaming ear,
Father! mother! sister! brother!
Lo! they loved and lost are near,
Wake and list, the glorious strain
Echoed o'er you story true,
From shining worlds of light and love
Scraphs join the hymn to prove,
Through Creation's endless round
Love divine in all is found.

GRAND FEMALE—CONCERTED PIECE.
Love Divine! Love Divine!
Hovers in the pale moonshine,
Belges supreme in morning's beam,
Glitters in each starry gleam;
Love to man—rejoice, rejoice,
Eden back Creation's voice,
Love is Life—and God is Love,
Rebound the world of light above.

The following letter, giving an account of Miss Hardinge's early life and education, we give in her own words:—

"I find, upon reviewing the circumstances of my early history, that I was a medium from a child. I was a most inextinguishable sleep-walker, and do not question that what were deemed the brain-sick fancies of a delicate child, with a very morbid, unhappy temperament, were, in reality, spirit manifestations, and the fancied voices, forms and imaginings, with which my childhood was marked, were the realities, not the visions, of my surroundings. Early sorrows had rendered my naturally melancholy temperament highly sensitive and devotional. I spent all my leisure time in wandering through old cathedrals, grey ruins, and deserted palaces—in talking to, and fancying responses from, the stars; and I loved to steal away from my gay companions and aristocratic visitors, and fit through busy cities at twilight, where the tall columns, lofty domes, and gothic cathedrals, dimly visible through the gloom of the evening, suggested to me a phantom world, in which myself was a flitting spirit. I delighted in grand scenery, in sublime poetry, and high art. I loved to wander through the noble palaces and galleries of art in European cities; and it is in such scenes as these that all my life's studies have been prosecuted. Of books I know scarcely anything—my busy life has precluded the possibility of study. Of men and by living out I have learned all I know. Practically, I have tried everything; theoretically, studied nothing. I have been a writer, a composer, pianist, singer, actress—the centre of gay circles—the amanuensis of a member of Parliament, and not unfrequently the repository of State secrets. My page has been life, my lexicon the human heart. By the directions of the spirits, I have lately studied dates and times, and certain historical facts; but consecutive study in books, or writings of any kind, I never could, and

cannot now, adhere to. To sum up all, I owe all I at present am, or ever shall be, to the hard knocks of fortune, the bitter lessons of adversity, and the schoolings of deep suffering. My cup has been often deep and bitter; but had I never drank of it, I should never have been the happy and grateful creature who lives only to declare true life to be again enacted. I could not afford to part with one single sorrow, or lose a tear, conscious that in so doing I should rob myself of the seeds from which the many blossoms of blessing I now enjoy have sprung."

Communications.

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

No. 13.

WIFE BOWLING, JULY 14, 1888.

MY DEAR W.—Gather up yourself all the light and joy of life's experience, the anticipation of hope, the satisfaction of a loved desire, all radiating from one point of view, and you can have some conception of the happiness of spiritual existence! Earthly anticipation ever holds her rainbow promise in brilliant bow before the vision of hope; its delusive smile of an wreathes the soul in dreams of happiness; but far in the recess of thought, doubt, fear and anxiety, dimly form their clouds, and ere the awakened smile fades, pour forth their torrent of disappointment, shrouding all earth and heaven in the blackness of despair.

With us there is rest and peace; the alternations of hope and fear have ceased. In the uncertain record of life's page we read the undying evidences of a Father's love. Fear, except in our own weakness, no longer shrouds our thoughts in darkness; they are free, joyous and natural as the bird's song upon the mountain, or the flowers' wafted perfume. This is the reality of that troubled anticipation which, even in its feebleness, could fill the heart with gladness, and radiate the smile of joy. It is revealed in wisdom, sealed in love, and made perfect in the perfection of our Father's law.

Most earnestly has my spirit prayed for the light and power to give into you rays divine of these holy and eternal truths, that their influence might lead you and cheer your pathway to our home. My petition is granted; the fullness of my gratitude and joy needs but the echo of your spirit-faith in an I of our mission, that it may indeed bear on its wing of rejoicing the radiant song of your soul, giving glory unto God in the highest!

It is no small matter thus to break the silence of the tomb, to remove the stone of centuries—roll up its swathing bands, and send forth tones of love and greeting. We come in all the life and beauty of spiritual individuality; every God-given power of the mind and heart, striving after eternal perfection based on the immutable laws of Jehovah's will. We extend in full fellowship and communion the hand alive and warm, with its pulsating love, that, in all the agony and tears of earthly affliction, was folded in death. The warm breath of love, from our heart of hearts, breathes up in your blessing you. The sanction and seal of our Father's law and promise, we would engrave upon every thought that stirs your soul as it receives the message in the fulness of its joy, that the knowledge of the goodness of God our Father, might give its birthright heritage of salvation and peace.

We open all heaven to your view—we bring the kingdom of righteousness into your very midst—wash and be clean, for the table of bounty is spread—turn from the lacks of famine, and eat of the bread of life. We clothe ourselves in every form and vesture to meet the doubting mind of man, for he must doubt till reason and judgment are convinced, ere he can sit with us at the table of our Lord.

The spell bound, imprisoned soul cannot by searching find out God unto perfection. If born of him, and loved with his own spiritual essence, how but by inhaling that essence, can it attain the perfection demanded? Tell the child of the beauties of creation, the deep, starry vault, the stormy ocean, the placid lake, or the world of flower and song—but if it is sealed in mystery, by reason of doubt and fear, the response it gives is rather the silent assent to power, than the joyous outbursting of praise to the author of so much goodness! Remove the clouds of mystery—teach God's love in every star and flower—and more than these, his presence in every fibre of conscious existence, and the springs of life and beauty are opened. A never-dying connection between the Great First Cause, and every lineament of thought, feeling and beauty is fixed! The key-note to service and obedience forever established! A respect, born of principle, guards the hour of temptation. By enfolding and degrading the soul, it becomes the dearest thing it abhors; if congealed, it yields but the rigidity of fear—not the warm gladness of love.

Dear W., through life your day-dream of happiness is peace and rest in the consciousness of accepted service and sacrifice in the mission of life. On every side harrassing doubts, perplexing fears assail you—you doubt yourself—you doubt the power of humanity to receive even what you can give for its emancipation from sin—and the sigh of despondency too, often overcomes the smile of hope. Be not too confident in success, either; but we have more of the light of love playing upon the harpstrings of your soul—more joyousness in your devotions, that the spirit of love may more and more fill its aspirations, and so with us, you could render praise through faith, though the storm-cloud rent the air asunder and the lightnings flashed in every breeze. Our Father's laws are perfect; receive them as the benediction of his love; where knowledge ceases, let faith begin, gathering her garments from the broad mantle of his love already about thee; trust, and be at peace.

Elevate your thoughts and feelings; bask in the sunlight of love; no longer strive in the valley of fear. The free-born soul in Christ, should never be shackled with the bondage of corruption; but let the liberty wherewith he makes free, both truth and seal thee with the redemption of his truth.

Perfect love casteth out fear—the servility, not the respect of fear. The more the soul loves, the more it aims to assimilate with the perfection it adores. Accept then the law in its fullness, and it will engender its own fruit on every tendril of thy soul as a vine. Destroy the choking weeds of doubt, and the full foliage of love will garland the heart with its own perfected beauty.

The shadow of death has laid so long and heavily upon its deepest and purest emotions that it trembles in the sunlight of eternal love, radiating through and beyond the tomb, in all the beautiful significance of a Father's blessing. The errors and sins of life, with the decision of an eternal judge, have brooded there so fearfully, it has shuddered to know—and re-

ceive its doom. The beginning has been made in the on of life, and the seal of repentance forbidden, where God's loving angels rejoice to place the signature of his approval!

The spirit awakening from such a darkened passage through the tomb, must awake in comparative darkness—and be dressed into light; summer and winter require their appointed season of preparation—so the flowers of spiritual culture must slowly graduate from their winter bed of inactivity and death.

We would have you arise in the manly strength of a tried warrior of the Cross—one who has understood and practised the law of love—and having laid aside the implements of earthly warfare, is ready to receive the spiritual armor of the gospel—and go forth with a new song of rejoicing, gathering sheaves for the Father's kingdom.

Here the highest aspirations of your spirit are met. You seek after excellence that develops the mental, moral and spiritual elements of your nature, and we give you our spiritual knowledge and experience, for it is the food your soul demands.

Why should we tarry among the mouldering creeds of early education, when we have long since passed them, and they are the dead leaves of autumn to us? The beauty, verdure and truth of an eternal spring envelops our every thought; the rich fruit of our Father's vine we taste, and are permitted to give up to you—and we thank him for the gift.

Take, eat, for it is indeed the bread of life unto salvation! It purifies the soul, so that it dwells evermore with God and his angels; whether in the natural or spiritual attainment, it feels the power of his presence, the smile of his love.

Fear, which hath torment, born in and of sin, passeth with the using; while peace, joy and righteousness, with their own excellence, bind the soul in eternal allegiance to God and duty. Though free, we are bound on every side. The obligations of truth and duty, the more fully understood, impose larger responsibilities, more complete surrender of all selfish considerations. In the enlargement of our desires and capacities, we feel in every sigh of humanity, every tear of anguish, a call to higher, truer exertions for its amelioration. "Even as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me," has a meaning, as large as the universe, as individual as our experience of the love that surrounds it. In the practice of the same spirit of love and forbearance, we find our Master and Guide, and in following his footsteps, we know his peace and salvation.

But how different our homage and devotion to the God of our love—who fills us with the perfection of his law—to the blind service of fear, which bows but to propitiate, and bends but to save. Love is the fulfilling of the law—it enlarges the soul, destroying selfishness, that bane of humanity, and lights the beacon of hope to the weary and wandering, saying to the wayfarer, "thy God is ever with thee."

How joyous to the sin-entranced soul the whispers of love and mercy—and we may all become the ministers of this bounty, immeasurable as God's love, and as eternal as his law, as long as sin and sorrow are the ministers of his judgment, and charity, love and repentance the angels of forgiveness.

Need we higher incentives to activity in the cause of our Master? As heaven is higher than earth, as peace and rest is better than sin and misery—we are everywhere called to be up and doing in his kingdom. When the light of love, our own natural love—guides our way, our heaven is perfect, our joy full. Sacred in solemn prayer, its depth can never give forth all its tone, till in spiritual embrace the responsive utter all its praise.

Dear W., thus we now come to you—thus commune heart to heart, soul to soul, in the very presence of God, and the mighty power of his laws. The veil of death is removed—we walk as children of one family, uttering our deepest convictions of truth and duty, and through the mists of error and ignorance, look up, asking the divine blessing of knowledge and purity, and the amen of its benediction is felt in every fibre of renewed being. We need no truer mediator, for the answer of acceptance is sealed in our own souls. Accept and cherish this faith—it shall be a lamp to your feet, and a light to your path, till merged in the effulgent reality of spiritual presence and life, hope becomes knowledge, and faith fruition. We shall all meet in the great temple of spiritual existence; then may the seeds of earthly promise bud with fruit of divine and holy culture; that our offering be worthy the Father's acceptance, for all his boundless love to us, the children of the law, made perfect in knowledge.

Ever yours, A.

Correspondence.

aiding UNHAPPY SPIRITS.

CINCINNATI, June, 1888.

Messrs. Editors—Several weeks since, among the spirit messages published in the Banner, was a communication purporting to come from a spirit, who represented his condition as a dark one, and who had been induced to come to a certain circle, for the purpose of receiving instruction in the way of spirit progress, and to obtain encouragement to assist him from his dark condition into the glorious light and liberty of the children of God; and myself was particularly impressed with the editor's note of comment relative to the aid enlightened mortals might render to spirits thus conditioned. While the devout Catholic prays for souls in purgatory, the Protestant prays that the sinner may be saved from Hell.

To illustrate the necessity of rendering aid, and exerting good influences in behalf of those unhappy spirits who fixed their own condition in the sphere of gloom and sorrow, and send it abroad over the land, by the anxious requests of the spirits themselves, is now the purpose and object of this communication, hoping thereby to awaken thought and reflection in sympathetic minds, who feel for others' woes, and hide the faults they see.

On the afternoon of June 13th, I was impressed to go to No. 16 William street, where circles are occasionally held, (and not having attended any for some time,) not knowing or anticipating that a circle would be formed; I met Mr. Kimball there, one of the members of our Harmonical Choir, who was moved by a similar influence. After much time spent in conversation with the family, (Mr. and Mrs. Wood), the company was increased by the addition of Mrs. Carnahan and Mrs. Maddocks, who were strangers to me. Mrs. Maddocks is a medium; she is an English lady, of a delicate organization, and very pale complexion. This lady, it appears, is influenced or controlled by a class of suicidal spirits, who hastened their exit from earth by their own premeditated act. The circle was composed of six persons, equally divided. Mrs. M. was soon con-

trolled, it was evident, by a distressed influence, who gave us to understand by signs that he came to his death by hanging or strangulation, self-inflicted, exhibited the death scene, and left the medium. She was immediately influenced by another, who spoke, and made himself known as the son of Mr. Wood, at whose house we were assembled. This spirit told us that he came by the request of other spirits, to communicate their desire for sympathy from spirits in the form, as they were in a dark and dreary state, and longed for light and assistance to rise to higher conditions, and mingle with happier associations. At first the medium spoke in monosyllables; directly, however, she took a hand from Mr. Wood and mine, and led us up stairs to a front window, no one immediately comprehending the object; she then unlocked to us the window; when Mrs. Wood exclaimed, "I see it now—I understand it," and explained that William throw himself from the window while under the influence of delirium tremens. The medium then exhibited the death-struggle, after which, she knelt down, and in evident distress, desired that I should pray, saying, "I want sympathy, I want prayer, I want relief," and while engaged in that exercise, tears gushed forth from the fountains of sympathetic hearts and flowed profusely from every eye, and especially down the medium's cheeks, like rain, her eyes being closed at the time. These mingled prayers and tears of sympathy relieved the anguished spirit; and when we sang a hymn, "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing my great Redeemer's praise," it seemed as if other voices than those present joined in the singing. Immediately, a halo of joy spread over the pale face of the medium, tears rolled down her cheeks, and placing her hands on her breast, she exclaimed, "I see the light, I see the way, I hope," &c. The medium then arose and embraced Mr. and Mrs. Wood, alternately, with the utmost affectionate tenderness, while words and looks expressed gratified thankfulness to the friends present for the relief afforded his spirit, as well as his fellow spirits; they sought for sympathy, and they found it. "Oh, if mankind knew how much they needed their assistance in the spirit world, those in the darkness and shadow of death, their good deeds, their charities, their kind sympathies, would contribute much to aid in bringing them out of darkness into marvelous light."

Here I would remark, that from time immemorial, the unhappy suicide and his act is held in utter abhorrence by almost all nations, and his name and memory despised; the rites of respectful burial is refused, and frequently denied, (instance the case of William H. Herbert), consequently, according to my impressions, all sympathy is withheld from those who commit the act of self murder. But here is one of the clearest and most convincing evidences—that if we believe in spirit correspondences—that, enlightened humanity is called upon, and required to render their enlightening influence and religious aid (not sectarian), not only to erring spirits of this earth-sphere, but to other spheres in other worlds. "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—Epistle of James, 5th chapter, 19th and 20th verses.

The medium was next influenced by a spirit who gave the name of John Cocks, of Waltham, Cross, England,—also a suicide—and who requested through this medium that I should communicate to Mr. Maddocks, the husband of the medium, (who is now at the present writing, at Victor, Ontario county, N.Y.), the following request, through the Banner of Light. This controlling influence informed us that he was the uncle of Mr. Maddocks; that on the day previous, (Saturday), William H. Herbert controlled the medium to write to Mr. M. for an especial object, which letter was placed in the post-office here, the contents of which is unknown to any of us whose names are appended, and which the present influence informed us in advance Mr. M. would not, or did not, believe that it came from Mr. Herbert. I sat a short distance from the medium to write this spirit's request on the blank of an envelope, her eyes being closed and face inverted, when I wrote the name as pronounced, thus: "John Cox." The spirit immediately corrected me by spelling the name thus, "Cocks;" which was a surprising test to the company present, of spirit perception. "Tell Mr. Maddocks, that I, his uncle, John Cocks, of Waltham Cross, directed William H. Herbert to write to him, and that I now command him, as he values his soul's peace, to do that which he was charged in New Orleans to do; and also to heal the broken hearts wherever he may find them—to believe the testimony of William H. Herbert—and to add, that he who gives assistance and brings one sinner to repentance, is a saviour to that one hereafter. And that William H. Herbert, now my pupil, assists him in his efforts, through Mrs. Maddocks, from this time forward." Witnessed by Abel Kimball, Luther Wood, Lucinda Wood and Abigail Carnahan.

DAVID H. SHAEFER.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

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

- IS IN ROOM.
- 11. E. ATWOOD, Trance and Healing Medium, No. 31-2, Brattle street. See adv.
 - J. V. MANFIELD, answers sealed letters. See advertisement.
 - Mrs. KENYON, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery Place, up one flight of stairs, door A. Hours from 9 to 1, and 2 to 5. Terms 50 cents a session.
 - Mrs. ROSA T. ANDREY, 32 Allen street, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at No. 93 Allen street. She will also attend funerals.
 - Mrs. BEAR, Test, Happing, Writing and Trance Medium, Rooms No. 30 Elliot street. Hours from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 4, and from 7 to 9 P. M.
 - Mrs. W. H. HAYDEN, Trapping, Writing, and Test Medium, No. 6, Hayward Place.
 - Mrs. E. K. LITTLE, Test and Clairvoyant Medium, No. 23 Beach street, (nearly opposite the United States Hotel).
 - Mrs. H. A. LANGFORD, Clairvoyant Medium, examines and prescribes for diseases. See advertisement in another column.
 - JAMES W. GREENWOOD, Healing and Developing Medium, No. 16 Tremont street. See adv.
 - Mrs. T. O'CONNOR, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, No. 110 Cambridge street.
 - Frederick Huse, Natural Astrologer, No. 18 Osborn Place. For particulars, see advertisement elsewhere.
 - Mrs. C. L. NEWTON, Healing Medium, No. 26 West Dodman street. See adv.
 - Dr. C. MAIN, Healing Medium, (by laying on of hands), No. 7 Davis street. See particulars in another column.
 - Mrs. J. K. KENNEDY, Healing Medium and Clairvoyant, No. 14 Pleasant street. See adv.
 - Mrs. L. R. COVERT, Writing, Speaking and Personating Medium, No. 35 South street.
 - Mrs. P. MOORE, Test, Happing, Writing and Trance Medium, No. 16 Tremont street.
 - Mrs. WATZMAN, Healing Medium; Mrs. WATKINS, Test and Trance Medium, No. 142 Harrison Avenue. Terms, fifty cents per hour.
 - Mrs. M. MUNSON, Medical, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium, No. 13 La Grange Place. See advertisement.
 - Mrs. A. J. KENNEDY, Test Medium, 70 Tremont street. Hours from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., and 2 to 5 P. M.
 - Mrs. H. A. LANGFORD, Writing and Trance Medium—25-1-2 Tremont street. Hours from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 7 P. M.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

The following letter, from a gentleman who had been apparently in the last stages of consumption, will be read with interest by all who are suffering with that insidious disease:—

Messrs. B. O. & G. C. WILSON, Boscawen Druggists, No. 20 Central street, Boston:—

Gentlemen—In 1848 I took a violent cold, which soon resulted in chronic bronchitis; with the continuance of the disease, my constitution was failing, and in the winter of 1853 I was confined to my bed for several months, and was unable to move, and I placed myself under the care of a physician. In February, 1854, I was much emaciated, took my bed, had night sweats, hectic fever, copious bleeding from the lungs, &c., &c.; these my physicians checked, but could not cure, and expressed strong fears of a fatal issue. At this juncture, I received a supply of your medicine, and been so cured and disappointed, I doubted their efficacy, and hesitated to use them; I tried, however, the Cherry Balsam, and, after using one bottle, I expectorated a true chalky tubercle, and from that time, gradually recovered, and the cough and evening sweats, &c., &c., and have been able to do my duty from the benefit of those in the same afflicted and almost helpless condition. I will state the effect of your remedies in my case. The Cherry Balsam produced free and easy expectoration; the Neurotic Drops removed spasmodic constriction in the throat, and allayed irritability and tenderness of the chest; the Bitters aided digestion, and this increased the strength of the system. The effects of the Sarsaparilla were novel in the extreme; before I had used the first bottle, my body was a disagreeable type of tubercle-balls from sole to crown—fifty-seven at once; these passed off with them, all violent coughing and hoarseness, &c., &c., and my health is more robust than it has been for the last seven years. To the use of your remedies I mainly attribute my restoration. That others may read, believe, and try, is the object of this testimonial.

Quincy, Feb. 10, '55. 3m

WARREN A. REED. Jy24

FOR NAUGHT—FROM LONG WHARF.

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Leave Nahant at 7 3-4 and 11 A. M., 3 3-4 and 6 P. M.

Fare only 25 cents.

On Sundays—Leave Boston at 10 A. M., 1 3-4, 7 1-2 P. M. Leave Nahant at 8 11 A. M., 2 3-4 P. M. Fare 50 cents each way.

Excursion Tickets and Fishing Pic-Nics accommodated upon liberal terms. H. P. NEWELL, Agent, 17 Portland street. Jy24

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Every variety of Medicinal Herbs, Barks, Seeds, Leaves, Flowers, Gums, Resins, Oils, Solid, Fluid and Concentrated Extracts, constantly on hand. Also Apothecaries' Glass Ware; Bottles and Phials of every description; Syringes of all kinds; Medical Books upon the Reformed System of Practice, &c., &c. Also, a large and complete assortment of the best quality for medicinal purposes; together with a great variety of miscellaneous articles usually found at such an establishment.

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Spiritual, Clairvoyant, and Mesmeric Prescriptions accurately prepared. Dec. 10, 1887.

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Hotels, Boarding Houses, and Private Families supplied with reliable help at short notice. L. P. LINCOLN. Feb. 27—1f

ALEXIS J. DANDRIDGE, Healing Medium and Electroplastic, No. 13 Lagrange Place.

Office Hours from 3 to 8 o'clock P. M. Terms reasonable. June 5.

DRS. BROWN, DENTAL SURGEONS, No. 14-1-2 WINTER STREET, BALLOU'S BUILDING, BOSTON.

22-1-2 Building, perfectly equipped, and operations performed without pain. Nov. 21

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST, No. 13 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS. May 1.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Parker's Sermons of Immortal Life, 50th Anniversary—Price, 10 cents. Parker's Speech delivered in the Hall of the State House, on the Present Aspect of Slavery in America, and the Immediate Duty of the North. Price, 10 cents. Also, Parker's Two Sermons on Revivals, and one on Faith and True Theology—Price, 5 cents each. Just published, and for sale by BELLA MARRILL, No. 14 Broadfield street, Boston. Also, by all the various other writers of the same author, either in pamphlet form or bound in cloth, at wholesale and retail. Jy24

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CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS, FREE.—MRS. A. W. PHATT, of Chelsea, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, informs the public that she will give free examinations to the afflicted. Examination of hair, written out \$1. Office, No. 23 Winter street, near Court Avenue.

P. S.—Medicines, conveniently put up, will be furnished, if desired. Jy24

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H. ATWOOD.—TRANCE AND HEALING MEDIUM.—Sittings for general communications, 50 cts.; medical examinations, \$1.00. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. 913 North Main street, Boston. Jy17

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C. MAIN, No. 7 Davis Street, Boston.

Those seeking cures of hair to indicate their diseases, should enclose \$1.00 for the expiation, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage.

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MRS. C. L. NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM, having fully changed her place, will sit for the cure of diseases of a chronic nature, by the laying on of hands. Acute pains instantly relieved by spirit power; Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Chronic Spinal disease, pains in the side, Diseases of the Liver, Nervous Prostration, Headache, &c.

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MRS. B. K. LITTLE, the well-known Test Medium and Clairvoyant, has removed to No. 35 Beach street, (nearly opposite the United States Hotel).

Terms, \$1 per hour for one or two persons, and 50 cts. for each additional person. Clairvoyant examinations, \$1. June 10

A. C. STILES, Bridgeport, Conn., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT, guarantees a cure for the diseases of the digestive system before him, or no fee will be claimed. Terms to be strictly observed. For Clairvoyant Examination and prescription, when the patient is present, \$2. For Psychometric Delineations of characters, \$2. To insure attention, the fee must be paid in advance. No return of money. Jy24

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SPIRITUALISTS' HOTEL IN BOSTON. THE FOUNTAIN HOUSE, corner of Harrison Avenue and Beach street. Terms—\$1.25 per day; or, by the week, at prices to accord with the times. DR. H. F. GARDNER, Proprietor. Dec. 12

JAMES W. GREENWOOD, HEALING AND DEVELOPING MEDIUM.—Rooms, No. 15 Tremont street, (Up Stairs), opposite the Boston Hotel. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. He will visit the sick at their homes.

A good Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium can be found at the above rooms, whom I can recommend to the public wishing for Tests. Jy24

TEST MEDIUM.—MRS. E. MOORE, TEST, HAPPING, WRITING and Trance Medium, Rooms, No. 15 Tremont street, (up stairs) opposite the Museum. Jy24

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The regular circles, set down for Tuesday and Thursday evenings of each week will be continued. Mr. J. B. Conkling being the medium. S. T. MUNSON, July 24

TIFFANY'S MONTHLY.

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He solicits the patronage of all who wish to become acquainted with the philosophy of spiritual intercourse, its dangers and its uses. The Magazine is published monthly, each number containing from 48 to 64 octavo pages.

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