

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Poetry.

### Written for the Banner of Light. NATURE'S FIDELITY.

BY LITA H. DARNLEY.

Nature, in all her devious ways, unto herself is true—  
She knows both instinct where to place, and locates Reason,  
too;  
She whispers to the herb, its power all essence vile to shun,  
Within the lordly breast of man, plants Wisdom yet unknown.  
The bird hath mated with a bride, and brought her to his  
home,  
And for the birdlings, and for her, he quells all wish to roam;  
But ah! the school-boy lingers near, the sportsman's aim is  
true,  
And when a few short months have past, another he will  
woo.  
The leaf that grows upon you elm, she but one season gives—  
In that sweet summer-time of bliss its all of life it lives—  
Its fibres cut by autumn frosts and ripening decay,  
Unmised, nor nourished by parent tree, it sadly floats away.  
But when Futurity she utters, and not finally,  
She, with morning finger, points to Immortality;  
The long-drawn chords of human love she makes more firm  
and strong,  
And binds our hearts as captives, where our loved ones raise  
the song.  
And thus we see our Father-God, and his great ends can view,  
Who gives his creatures thought but what well serves his  
purpose, true;  
To bid and free that perisheth, its frail and earthly love—  
But so our rapt, aspiring souls, a heavenlier one above!  
PROVIDENCE, N. H., 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## DAISY NESBROOK;

OR,

### Romance of Real Life.

BY CORA WILKINS.

#### CHAPTER VI.

At Forestdale, that home of beauty and serenity, Daisy dreamt over the past and strengthened her soul for the battling with the future. Sitting at Mrs. Danby's feet, she told the story of her childhood, the simple, pathetic story of her wrongs and griefs; and the gentle listener wept for sympathy, and kissed her with motherly affection, offering her a home and resting-place from oppression and privation. Poor Daisy's heart, swelling with gratitude, yet throbbing with an unnamable sorrow. Reginald and Estella, when wedded, were to live at Forestdale; she could not remain. Following the advice of Mrs. Danby, she wrote to Miss Weston, addressing her as Aunt Sarah; informing her of the protection and friendship extended to her; of her determination to trespass no longer upon her bounty; she expressed her willingness to visit her aunt, if her presence would be agreeable; she was grateful for the good received, and she mentioned not the evil. The letter was a revelation of Daisy's inner self; truthful, forgiving, magnanimous; crouching to no worldly power; bending beneath no prejudice; displaying the lofty, self-reliant nature nurtured by experience and faith; revealing the child-like simplicity of her soul. Mrs. Danby offered to bear the expenses of Daisy's schooling for a year or two more, if she desired to return; unwilling to take advantage of the lady's generosity, she thanked her with grateful tears, and waited for Ada's decision.

Reginald often brought his betrothed to Forestdale; his mother's manner towards her was uniformly kind, but there was no spontaneous heart-warmth in her tones, no loving confidence in her manner, such as she bestowed on Daisy. For the first time in his life her son had disregarded her counsel, and refused obedience to her warning voice; blindly infatuated with the beauty, the seeming gentleness of the artful Estella, he disbelieved all the rumors that bespoke her so cold, cruel, and self-willed. That soft, white hand! surely it could never inflict chastisement upon the poor creatures appealing to her mercy; those heavenly blue eyes! he saw not their steel-like glances, their icy disdain; he beheld not the withering sarcasm, the contemptuous scowl that disfigured those rosy lips; he thought it impossible that the beautiful face could ever be darkened by the shadows of an evil temper; the musical voice he raised in anger; or that deceit and treachery could brood within the heart he deemed his own, so fondly.

One morning, Daisy had gone to the library for a book, and was standing before one of the shelves, looking for the volume she sought; she heard voices in the adjoining room, the door having been left open; it was the voice that often vibrated painfully to Daisy's soul, for amid its blandest, sweetest tones, she detected the ringing falsehood, the hidden malice; it was the voice of Estella Mitchell, pitched high in anger; her brother was endeavoring, in his own sarcastic way, to soothe her into quiet.

"He is a sentimental fool!—headstrong into the bargain. I'll either manage him as I will, or send him flying. To think, that I, Estella Mitchell, am to be governed by an old woman's whims! I won't stand it! I won't! I won't!" she almost screamed.

"Hush, silly!" said her brother, half soothingly, half ironically, "remember you are on a visit to Forestdale; you'll make some one hear you. Keep your tantrums for home, and your vexation to yourself, pussy! Maybe, you can manage Reginald better after you are married; I know the old lady holds him in check, and I fear she will you, too; and keep a sharp lookout on your extravagance—she has the eye of a lynx, by George! No deceiving her;

she reads one through, with those soft, clear eyes of hers. But we must bear it all; father is quite low in funds and health, that you know, pussy! I am terribly in debt; we make a great splutter in the neighborhood, but there's no foundation to it; you manage Reginald, cleverly; that's all you have to do."

"I am heartily sick of this dull, old Forestdale," replied the shrill, unmusical tones of Estella; "I am sick and tired of our old plantation and father's sickness, and queries about me! I want Reginald to take me to the city as soon as we are married; and he won't, because that sanctimonious, quakerish old mother of his, don't approve of it. I won't stay here, poked away in this grim old place. I want to go to balls and parties, and enjoy myself; that's why I marry Reginald Danby."

Daisy's feet, that willingly would have sped away, were fixed to the spot; there was no egress from the library, save through the room occupied by the imprudent speakers. Daisy's hands fell powerless to her side; a deathly pallor overspread her face; a rushing sound, as of a whirling flood, was in her ears, but consciousness forsook her not; and when again Estella spoke, though her tones were low, they reached the heart of Daisy, piercing it with an agony too great for words. Fraught with terrible distinctness, every intonation of Estella's voice, engraved itself upon her memory, to haunt and trouble her thenceforth; unbidden came the thought, how she would shrink from so desecrating her noble love. Daisy wept in bitter anguish, with one hand vainly striving to still the tumultuous beatings of her heart.

"I know that I must submit," Estella said, with bitter emphasis; "and it galls and chafes my spirit that I must; I have never been thwarted in my life, and now an old woman is to have authority over me, hey? I thought I could wind Reginald around my little finger, but he owes so much to the maternal devotion of the best of mothers!" [she imitated his manner of speaking, and added with heartless scorn]—"I want him to love me better than that fine old mother of his, though I don't exactly reciprocate his exalted sentiments. I love his possessions, his aristocratic name and his gentleness, which is a good contrast to my over-fiercy temper. But love? Pshaw! Sentimental foolery, that I never indulged in yet!"

"You simulate that same 'sentimental foolery' well enough, you little actress!" replied her brother. "You heartless belle! how many hearts have you broken, since last summer?"

"Seven," she said, laughingly. "And I could have old Mr. Lenox, only I fear his sister, she's such a tyrant; but, oh dear me, how I would prefer Wardley Hall to prim old Forestdale!"

"You speak very disrespectfully of your future home and mother-in-law; you have no taste, sissy! Forestdale is a much more beautiful place than drunken Lenox's Wardley Hall—"

"In Wardley Hall, I could do as I please," interrupted Estella; "here, I shall be under the control of a cross, prim old woman."

"So you would, in becoming Mrs. Lenox, pussy?"

"Not if Mrs. Thorp were out of the way; I should be mistress of house and negroes. I shall never get rid of the old thing here till she is laid in her grave."

"You really are too heartless, Estella. Supposing even that you could be mistress at Wardley Hall; would not Ada counteract your influence?"

"Ada?" replied his sister, scornfully, "she copped with me? I would soon get the old man to disinherit her, if she disobeyed, or I would marry her off. I'd have no interference with my rights!"

"Now don't get excited, sissy! you know that game's up. You are engaged to Reginald Danby, and it's a pity—for the poor fellow, I mean, he is so deeply in love with the excellent virtues, the feminine graces of my amiable, gentle sister! Ha! ha! what a mistake he made when he said that! Poor fellow! poor, silly creature! he should see you in one of your tantrums at home. How I should love to fly as from a serpent, sissy!"

"Hush your foolish, senseless talk, you addlepate!" angrily retorted the beauty; "I am sick and tired of you all."

"Come and take a walk, Estella."

"A walk, this bitter cold weather? Not I, indeed. I want to take a nap upon this sofa. You may go."

"Thank you for the gracious permission—I will do so; try and cool down before I get back."

Daisy heard his retreating footsteps, and her heart beat wildly; if Estella were to come in and find her! A few moments that seemed a long hour elapsed, and a servant entered, requesting the presence of "Miss Stella, as there was some company just 'rived, and Miss Lenox thought 'the young missus would like to see 'em." Stella languidly arose and followed the negress; and Daisy emerged from her involuntary concealment, pale, breathless with agitation, trembling and bewildered. She reached her chamber, and sank upon the floor in voiceless prayer, her little hands clasped tightly, tears streaming down her whitened cheeks; she remained thus for hours; thinking, planning, praying. What was she to do? Would her word be credited? Reginald was too deeply infatuated to believe aught against his beautiful bride. And yet to save him from life-long misery and remorse? Not one thought of self intruded to mar the beauty of her devotion, the heroism of her unacknowledged love.

"If it were but Ada?" she cried, as she wrung her tender hands with grief and perplexity—"if it

were but a true and noble woman he loved, how I would exult in his happiness; but this false, vain, heartless coquette, to trifle with a heart like his!" As the hours passed on, her grief and anguish deepened; the sharp thorns of the ordeal crown pierced her brow, penetrated to her soul! She heard not the gentle rap of Mrs. Danby at the door, and when that true friend entered, she started back in terror at the young girl's changed appearance.

"You are ill, dear Daisy," she exclaimed, folding her arms around the shrinking form, "have you received any evil tidings? what has occurred to afflict you? tell me, my child!" And the gentle lady kissed the pale brow, and wiped the streaming tears from the eyes of the suffering girl.

"Yes, yes—evil tidings—sorrow, disappointment to those I love!" cried Daisy, wildly; and I am the ruin messenger—my mission is to bring grief. Mrs. Danby—Reginald—Estella—oh! I cannot speak!"

"What is it, dear child! You alarm me! I left them all safely in the parlor, not a moment since—"

"Safe, safe! the serpent beside the unsuspecting dove! Yes—I know—I dare not speak!"

"Not dare speak to me—your friend? I, who would be as a mother to you, Daisy?"

"Yes, I will!" she replied, with sudden energy, raising her pallid, tearful face to the lady's mild, questioning eyes, that now were a shadow of alarm; but as she essayed to tell the tale, a hand of ice seemed to grasp her heart-strings, and hid the voice of her soul to be still; a mist passed before her eyes; they closed in utter weariness; with a deep sigh, she fell fainting upon the bosom of her dear friend.

Mrs. Danby knew intuitively that there was a secret for her ear only, and that it concerned her son; so she called in no aid, but with prompt and efficient self-reliance and composure, proceeded to restore the sufferer to consciousness. She soon succeeded, and with her gentle, magnetic touch, and soothing voice, she lulled her into comparative quiet; and with many tears, and sobs, softening down as much as possible Estella's disrespectful language, Daisy repeated the substance of the conversation she had unwittingly overheard. Mrs. Danby turned pale, then a crimson flush mounted to her forehead; she spoke in low, decisive tones: "Reginald must know this, ere it be too late; I have vainly warned him—perhaps he will hearken now. Daisy, dear! a solemn duty devolves upon you; though you shrink, go boldly onward. You have my friendship, my trust, my love! Bear with my misguided son, if he give no credence to your words—for alas! his power outweighs his mother's influence; it may your simple, truthful story. Tomorrow she returns home; I will summon my son before me. Daisy! in his presence, you must repeat what you have told me!"

Pale with emotion, yet firm in the right, Daisy responded unflinchingly—

"I will!"

"Oh, my presentiments are all too true," said Mrs. Danby; "I knew that this betrothal would bring sorrow upon him—my noble boy, that never disobeyed me before! but it may yet be time to save him. Rumor is not all false, when it proclaims Estella Mitchell the cruel, heartless woman she is. Remain in your room, my love, until she departs; I will see you cared for."

And as she again pressed her to her maternal bosom, the thought arose: "Would that he had chosen this pure, humble, loving heart! Would that she could be my daughter!"

The next day, Estella Mitchell and her brother left Forestdale, and Reginald accompanied them home. There was doubt and dismay in the proud beauty's heart, for Mrs. Danby's manner had been more than usually distant and constrained. She complained bitterly to Reginald, and he returned home with a clouded brow and a troubled heart.

How poor Daisy's heart beat when she was summoned to the presence of Mrs. Danby, and found herself face to face with Reginald! Her eyes dropped beneath his severe, inquiring gaze; her color rose—her agitation was extreme; but ever the guiding voices of intuition cried unflinchingly, "Do right, do right—let come what may!" She repeated, at Mrs. Danby's request, the conversation she had overheard; and when she had finished her painful task, she stole one glance at Reginald's handsome face. She beheld it convulsed with anger, shame and defiance; he hurled back the accusation—vindicated the truth and honor of his betrothed—declared himself convinced of her love and fidelity, and avowed his resolve never to resign her for all the slanders that could be uttered. The cruel words sank seething into Daisy's brain, and like ill-rebanded upon her heart: "You cannot prejudice me against Estella—all the combined world would fail in convincing me of her falsehood. You may be truthful in all else—in this matter you are not—you cannot be. Estella has warned me against you—I see that she is always right."

"You doubt me—yes disbelieve my words—my oath!" wailed forth Daisy, as the iron entered her soul still deeper.

"I do!" he replied, and his eyes flashed defiance upon her; those eyes that smiled so sweetly upon her in her nightly dreams.

With a wild, loud sob and cry, Daisy fled to her chamber, and mother and son were left alone; she, pale and sorrowful and collected—he, quivering with unjust anger, defying every given proof of his idol's perjury. When he left his mother's presence, his gait was unsteady, and his eye gleamed wildly. He

mounted a horse, and galloped madly away, in the direction of Severton, Estella's home.

Mrs. Danby sat long alone, weeping and reflecting by turns; then she arose to seek Daisy, whose heart-secret she had now fully read. Reginald returned not for several days; he was gloomy and reserved thenceforth, for he knew that if he wedded Estella Mitchell, he would wring his mother's heart with grief; that she would never admit his bride to Forestdale. In view of this change, the fickle bride had received him coldly—had showered invectives upon the unoffending Daisy, and had for the first time shown the glimmerings of that evil temper, that rendered her the terror of the negroes, the scorned of all humane and Christian hearts. But so deep was the fatal fascination she had twined around him, that he determined to brave his mother's displeasure, and seek a home elsewhere, his fortune being at his own disposal. Never had mother and son been parted before; in view of the coming separation, the sorrowing mother shed bitter tears, but she could not revoke her sentence. Her home was to remain sacred from the footprints of deception—the intrusions of falsehood. Daisy appeared not again before Reginald; she would immediately have left the house, but his mother entreated her to remain, and she, yielding a willing compliance to the gentle lady's motherly request, remained.

Alas! for a long, long time, the withering contempt with which Reginald had spoken, the cruelty of his denouncing words, the anger lighting up those usually so tender eyes, haunted poor Daisy's dream-hours, and revisited with mocking distinctness her oft-recurring sorrowful moods and silent musings; returned to embitter life, to trouble and perplex with that oft-repeated question of the trial-worn soul: "Why, oh, why is this?"

It was Ada's birthday, and, at her friend's request, Daisy had arrayed herself in festal garb, and was waiting for the carriage that was to convey her to Wardley Hall. She felt troubled for her friend, too, for within the last few days the shadow had deepened on her brow—the determined expression had settled upon her lip; when she called at Forestdale, her visits were short, and her manner was abstracted; she scarcely noticed Daisy's paleness, and that true friend knew that trials were encompassing the noble girl.

That afternoon, Daisy had arrayed herself, with a heavy heart, in a robe of dark blue silk, with soft falls of lace around the neck and sleeves; her golden-brown ringlets were arranged with care, and a band of pearls passed over the wide, pure forehead. The robe and the band was a gift from Mrs. Danby; the gold chain around her neck, with the exquisitely carved cross attached to it, was a token from the generous Ada. Waiting for the carriage, she sat at Mrs. Danby's feet; her pale face irradiated with a heart-stirring glow of pleasure, for she was reading a heart-stirring poem, a sweetly rhymed story of unrequited love, that met with final triumph.

Suddenly the door of the apartment opened, and Ada Lenox rushed in, pale, and breathless with haste, her festal garments in disorder—her dark hair streaming wildly round her face; the rich ornaments she wore contrasting strangely with the unearthly pallor of her cheeks; the agitation of her manner, as throwing herself at Mrs. Danby's feet, all her regal self-possession gone, she burst into tears, and cried imploringly—

"He has thrust me from his home! he has turned me from Wardley Hall in presence of the negroes—of his sister, who stood calmly looking on! I am never again to cross the threshold! Mrs. Danby, you are a friend. I am no longer my father's heiress. I am a poor, discarded girl! Will you give me shelter, until my waving angel comes? Will you guard me from his violence? for, Mrs. Danby, by threatened to kill me—he dared to strike me!"

"Who, who, my dearest Ada? What is all this—what has occurred that you, too, come to sorrow?" cried the mistress of Forestdale, pressing Ada to her bosom. "You asking for shelter—for protection? Who dared to threaten, to lift a finger upon you, dear Ada?"

"My father, madam!" replied Ada, with so much sorrow and humiliation in her voice, that Mrs. Danby burst into tears.

"Your father?" cried Mrs. Danby, recoiling in astonishment. "Your father, Ada? I have heard that he is a man of ungovernable temper—that his people complain of his harshness—that he is addicted to intemperance—but that he would strike a woman—unhurt his only child! Can it be possible, just heaven!"

"Yes, yes, possible; only too true," sobbed Ada. "I am an outcast from home—a wanderer now, dear madam! But there is one who will never desert me—who will share with me good and evil!" and she wiped away her tears, and a soft glow suffused her face, rendering her sorrow doubly touching—enhancing her wild and wondrous beauty. Kneeling beside her, Daisy passed both arms around her neck, and spoke sweet, comforting words of hope and promise.

"The world, that knows nothing of my private woes and suffering, may misconstrue my actions, and attach the stigma of disobedience to my name," said Ada, rising to her feet, and unconsciously assuming the regal attitude that was so natural to her, when under the influence of strong emotion. "You, dear madam, have known me from childhood; you knew my sainted mother; you know me to be incapable of a false assertion. I have never, before this, breathed aught against my father. I do so now, for mine own honor demands it, in vindication of the course I mean to follow. I have been a wit-

ness of unheard-of cruelties—of wrongs that chilled my blood with horror. I have seen the memory of my mother wretchedly outraged; the home, once hallowed by her presence, perhaps, even now, revisited by her watching spirit, desecrated by unblushing vice! Mrs. Danby! I have suffered long and silently—I can endure no more! To escape from the sights that shocked me, from scenes of brutality and coarseness, I left home, I remained so long in the congenial atmosphere of a boarding-school. Beneath your hospitable roof I first met Howard Clayton; you know him well—he is Reginald's friend. You know that he is honorable and trustworthy; I have long been betrothed to him, but we kept it secret, hoping to win my father's consent. Now, beloved friend! I can no longer frame excuses for remaining at school; I must either do violence to every letter feeling of my nature, by sanctioning with silence my father's proceedings, or I must leave that home of bitterness, though it be for a crust by the lowliest hearth, for a shelter by the wayside! Say, that you blame me not for following Howard Clayton's humble lot; say that you approve my course; give me your blessing—true and tender mother that you are, and I will go upon my path rejoicing!"

Again, Ada Lenox, giving way to her grieved emotions, fell weeping at the lady's feet, and kissed the hand that had never been upraised save to bless and soothe friend and stranger.

Mrs. Danby gently raised her, kissed her tenderly as a mother would, and assured her of her entire approval; promised protection and shelter to the young, sorrow-bowed head. They conversed long and earnestly, Ada fully revealing to that best friend the miseries of her childhood and youth; the life for which so many envied her.

When the lights were brought in, Mrs. Danby led Ada to the mirror, and arranged her hair and her disordered dress; then they descended to the supper room. Daisy, with a heart full of sympathy and grief, could not eat a morsel; Ada's eyes were heavy with weeping, with the unshed tears pressing closely those tender orbs.

Reginald came not home that evening. Mrs. Danby led Ada to Daisy's chamber, which she was to share with her. Clashed in each other's arms, these true friends wept and prayed, and planned together, till late into the night. The drunken father called not—sent no message to his child. His anger and resentment, kept alive with skillful cunning by his sister, he pronounced a bitter curse upon his daughter and Howard Clayton, and consigned them both to oblivion.

There was a quiet bridal in the near church of E— village. Without pomp or ostentation, in simple garb, attended only by her youthful friend, Mrs. Danby, and the necessary witnesses, Ada Lenox became the wife of Howard Clayton; and Daisy, willing to share their labors and their humble joys, accompanied them to their home in —.

Sad and oppressed was Daisy's heart as she folded the motherly friend in a last embrace, and wept upon her bosom. But Mrs. Danby whispered: "I will write to you, Daisy; you have a daughter's place in my soul; come good or evil, you shall know it; sometime you may return to me, dear child!" and she fondly, solemnly blessed her, and Daisy's heart thrilled with a painful feeling, as if the echo of her mother's voice was departing, and the bleak, wide world opened its dark portals, bidding her go forth, never to return to that quiet vale—to Forestdale, and joy and peace.

But Ada's eyes were illumined with hope and love, and the determination of a loving will curved her red lips with the impress of power, and beamed in glory from her triumphant smile. She shed no tear of regret, but her gratitude to Mrs. Danby was sincere and fervent.

On a bright moonlight night, while great icicles hung from the glittering eaves—while the snow lay deep, and the earth and heavens were calm—the newly married pair, and their tried friend, Daisy, proceeded in a hired carriage to their awaiting home. They traveled a night and a day, and entered the little town of —. In one of its widest streets stood a neat two-story house—it was the home, provided by Howard; for his bride. It was neatly, comfortably furnished, and Ada looked her gratitude. Daisy offered up a voiceless, fervent prayer of thanks, and murmured tearfully: "It is home!"

#### CHAPTER VII.

Howard Clayton, inspired by love, impelled by that feeling of protection that is so sweet, exerted all his energies in the pursuit of his profession, and succeeded as far as his limited surroundings afforded the means. Their mode of life was simple, and contentment, ever guiling, waited upon them all. They hired a black woman to do all the harder labor of the house; and, with the sum realized by the sale of some of the trinkets she had worn on her birthday, Ada purchased a piano, and henceforth welcomed her husband with the songs he loved so well, when he returned from his daily cares, to enjoy the quiet and harmony of his home at evening time.

Ada heard not from home; Mrs. Danby wrote occasionally to them all; but no mention was ever made of Wardley Hall, and Ada sighed and was silent. Six months after their arrival in —, Daisy received a letter from her friend; she perused it eagerly, and her cheek flushed crimson, then paled to a deadly whiteness; she uttered an exclamation of joy, and read on; then her brow clouded; a pensive shadow overspread her sweet face; she sighed, deeply, and tears started to her eyes. Watching every change of her expressive countenance, Ada now



approached her softly, and, placing one hand on her shoulder, said: "What is it, dear?"

"Read for yourself, love!" she replied, wiping away the now quickly starting tears; "poor Reginald! thank heaven he is saved from life-long misery! But he suffers so much, poor, poor Reginald! But now he will believe me! he will retract those cruel words, that haunt me every time I think of Forestdale. He believes me now, God be praised!"

Ada read aloud Mrs. Danby's letter.

"My Beloved Daisy!" she wrote, "I have joy and sorrow to communicate. Thanks be rendered unto him who doeth all things well! My son, so long estranged, has returned to his mother's heart; he is convinced of the utter unworthiness of her he had chosen, for her outward attractions, her ardent voice, and seeming gentleness. You know what it cost me to gain from him the promise that he would at least postpone his marriage until the summer. Well it was for him that he did so; for now he knows that she is hke, selfish, cruel and unloving. His early friend, Edwin Maywood, has returned from abroad; he was once the accepted lover of Estella; he found her totally lacking in every feminine attribute of gentleness, forbearance and charity; he saw her cruelty towards the negroes, her disrespect towards her infirm old father; not that she displayed her real character before him; but because, as he devoutly believes, some sacred influence shielded him from her wiles, and revealed her real self. Her beauty then became repugnant; her voice discordant to him; he turned from her in disgust, upbraided her with her pride and deceit, and gave her free. He solemnly warned my poor, deluded Reginald; but alas! his infatuation was so strong, although not daring to disbelieve his friend, he made apologies for her conduct, and strove to screen her faults. Daisy, darling, when you kneel in supplication before heaven, pray—pray fervently for Edwin Maywood; he has been the savior of my boy! With untiring effort he has striven to bring proof upon proof of her baseness before him, until he has convinced him that she is indeed unworthy of his love. My Reginald is free, and all rumors are at an end about Estella; she spends a great part of her time at Wardley Hall; the gossip says she will marry Ada's father, but I cannot believe that she can stoop to so much baseness. But, my Daisy! while you rejoice with me, I must reluctantly inflict pain also—for I know that it will pain you to hear that we shall leave Forestdale for Europe in a few weeks. My poor boy's health is shattered—he was never very strong; excitement, suspense and anxiety, has told upon his system; he is pale and haggard, totally unlike his former self. The physicians advise change of scene, the variety of travel; my Reginald is again the loving, obedient, gentle son you knew him to be, dear Daisy, and if he were but well, my happiness would be complete; for I should then build a beautiful fairy castle, where I should have the green fields of Forestdale for its foundation, not the viewless air. Let us all wait, and pray, and hope, dear Daisy. It will be a gratification to you, dear, noble child, to be told that you, my Reginald, who seldom now leaves my sight, but sits for hours at my feet, resting his head upon my lap, as he used to do when quite a boy—said to me, 'You write to Daisy, mother.' 'I do,' I replied. 'Please, then,' said he, and his voice trembled, and large tears stood in his eyes, 'tell her I entreat her forgiveness for my rudeness; that I was blinded not to feel her truthfulness. I shall feel happy if she forgives me, for I have committed a grave injustice.' I know your heart, Daisy, and already I read your gentle reply. Write to me immediately. We shall not pass through—reg I would call to see you, my child; but I wish to avoid all excitement for Reginald. I will write again before our departure. Our people all send their love to young Miss Daisy. Give my love to Howard and Ada, and bid Howard bid aside his prejudice, and accept my offer. Believe me, dearest Daisy, your motherly friend, who will not yet say farewell!"

LOUISA DANBY.

The offer alluded to was one tendered by the generous lady to Howard Clayton, of a sum of money, to carry on his business, which the high-minded, scrupulously honest young man refused to accept, though his heart overflowed with gratitude for the unsought kindness. Daisy wrote an answer that same day, assuring Reginald of her entire and full forgiveness; pouring forth the rich strains of filial love and thankfulness to the responding heart of the maternal spirit, that so well understood her own. Ada pondered over that passage in the letter that referred to Estella Mitchell and her father; and when Daisy said: "Impossible! absurd!" Ada shook her head, and replied: "I believe Estella capable of anything; my father always admired her; it is not at all improbable."

Howard said it would puzzle a much abler lawyer to tell the sudden changes of a woman's whims; he believed the icy-hearted, steel-eyed maiden would marry a Turk, to forward her own selfish ends. In a few weeks a letter came from Forestdale, announcing their departure on the following week; and Daisy wept over that farewell letter, wept as we weep over the beloved ones gone from our sight, in mortal garb forever. She felt that she would never again behold the gentle lady—never again on earth!

No news from Westonville. Miss Sarah had not replied to Daisy's letter, and, independent as she was, in spirit, the young girl forbore intruding upon her. As Daisy Ellis, she lived contentedly; as Howard said to his wife, the joy and sunbeam of their home—for the feelings of youth are buoyant, and music gushes from young hearts spontaneously, even if an undertone of sorrow mingle with the bird-like strains. Under Ada's tuition, Daisy again read much useful knowledge; her own intellect, vigorous, fresh, and ever unfolding, grasped many things intuitively; and reasoned upon many subjects with the facility and eloquence of inspiration. They were a happy household.

Ada was not surprised when she read the announcement of her father's marriage with the scheming Estella Mitchell.

"There!" she cried, handing the newspaper to Daisy, "read for yourself, love! and acknowledge that I foresaw rightly. It is a fate, I would not doom my worst enemy to; but it is deserved by her, the scheming, artful, heartless coquette! She will soon tire of the glories and splendors of Wardley Hall, of its gilded misery! One thing I am glad of; Mrs. Thorp's reign is over; the imperious Estella will suffer no one to rule beside her. That proud, cold, despotic woman's reign is over! She stood calmly by, while my father's hand was raised against me. Daisy, she never moved a step to shield me; her iron countenance underwent no change of pity or indignation! I do exult in her dishonourment; I know what that callous soul, insensible to all other's woes, must feel in its solitude and debasement. We are poor, but we can gaze upon the face of heaven and man with untrembling consciousness, with trust, and faith, and self-respect. We live humbly, but we are blessed with innocent joys!"

Daisy kissed the glowing cheeks of Ada, and looked in admiration upon her beautiful countenance, irradiated as it was with love and contentment.

At the end of a year a beautiful babe was pressed to Ada's bosom, and Daisy owned another treasure, which it was her joy to watch over with untiring zeal. An atmosphere of peace and purity was around her; the sunshine of that humble home was soul-

warming and inspiring; its songs were hymns of gratitude; to its music, unseen angels bent to listen reverently, and scatter flowers on that household shrine, whose love-lamp waned not, whose consecrated garland bloomed fresh and fragrant, guarded by unfaltering faith and constant love. At their unglad board, cheerfulness dispensed her golden smiles, contentment threw ideal charms around their commonplace surroundings. Ada, the high-bred lady, the delicately nurtured, performed, with a native grace and willing heart, her simple, domestic duties; blushing with no false shame. The sweet poetry in Daisy's nature revolted not at the recurrence of her daily duties; they were labors of love to her. Assembled around the cosy tea-table, they discussed the loftiest themes, the most important social questions, with freedom, harmony and eloquence, such as the meetings of the great and fashionable could never present. If ever Howard's brow clouded with disappointment, it was for Ada, longing to restore her to what he deemed her true position. Did she not always behold the cloud, and, with beaming smiles, and sweet caresses, chase it from the brow she loved? Did she not sing for him the songs he loved best, and call upon him for a dance with her and baby, when she noted the gathering gloom within his eye? Truly, a cheerful spirit is a celestial gift, and it was this hopeful, sunbright, energetic spirit, ever manifest in Ada's voice and manner, that nerved Howard's soul to action, and rendered home the dearest spot on earth to him. This hopeful spirit was shared by Daisy, who fitted about their "fairy sunbeam," as the good, brotherly Howard named her; and when, at times, the young girl's brow was shadowed with thought, and her dark eye swam in moisture, they knew that it was with no thought of self, that her heart was with distant friends, with Reginald and Mrs. Danby. As the months flew past, and no letters came, the shadow deepened on her face; Ada oft surprised her in tears; but when Howard came home, she summoned all her former cheerfulness to greet him; but her merry laugh was forced, her elastic, bounding step grew haggard—a terrible suspense, strangely tormenting dreams, embittered her life; for a while, even, the consolations of Ada failed to draw her soul from the darkness that seemed gathering around her. She would cry in anguish:

"Mrs. Danby is dead, or dying! I know it, I feel it too surely. I see her in my dreams, and she is not a being of earth! Reginald is alone—alone, sick, weary—perhaps, too, dying! Oh, I feel it, some great misfortune has befallen him!"

Gently, and most tenderly, as a brother would, Howard sought to soothe her; bidding her place no reliance on dreams; calling upon her to be strong and enduring, faithful throughout life's ordeal, as it was woman's task to be; listening to that grave, tender voice, to Ada's hopeful words, Daisy struggled with her soul's presentiments; struggled nobly, and partially-obtained the conquest, striving to return to her daily avocations with a firm heart and cheerful face.

Howard did not tell Daisy—for he desired to spare her sufferings—how coldly he had been received by the old maid of Westonville, when he presumed to call upon her, to urge Daisy's claims; she contemptuously called him "a meddling interferer," denied all knowledge of her sister's child, and said the whole story of the relationship was a fabrication of Daisy Ellis, the pauper child she had taken "out of charity." Miss Sarah was greatly changed; she looked very old and haggard, and was so feeble, she could not walk without assistance; Miss Brown appeared to have supreme control over house and servants; the poor negroes covered before her, fearing her far more than even the severe Miss Sarah; an air of gloom overhung Westonville, an iron rod of despotism swayed above its fertile fields, and closed its doors to all intrusion. The shadow of a great wrong haunted its stricken mistress, now powerless in her mental's grasp.

Time sped on, and from the quiet town of— Howard Clayton removed to a Northern city.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

From the Atlantic Monthly for August.

#### MY CHILDREN.

Have you seen Anne and Kitty,  
Two merry children of mine?  
All that is winning and pretty  
Their little persons combine.

Annie's laughing and clinking  
Beats of time in a day;  
Chattering, kissing, and singing,  
Rumping, and running away.

Annie knows all of her neighbors,  
Daisy and little Mike;  
Learns all their talk, and, "ho jabbers,"  
Says she "adores little Mike!"

Annie goes mad for a flower,  
Eager to pluck and to stow;  
Cute paper dolls be the booty  
Always her mother—a boy!

Annie is full of her fancies,  
Tells most remarkable lies,  
(Innocent little romances)  
Startling in tone of her size.

Three little prayers we have taught her,  
Graded from winter to spring;  
Oh, you should listen my daughter  
Saying them all in a string!

Kitty—ah, how my heart bleeds  
Kitty, my little, my rose!  
Wary of all my caresses,  
Clings to all the bestows.

Kitty loves quietest places,  
Whispers sweet murmurs to chairs,  
And, with the gravest of faces,  
Teaches old Carlo his prayers.

Matronly, motherly creature!  
Oh, what a doll she has built—  
Quintessence of figure and feature—  
Out of her own little quilt!

Naught must come near to wake it;  
Noise must not give it alarm;  
And when she sleeps she must take it  
Into her bed, on her arm.

Kitty is shy of a caller,  
Uttering never a word;  
But when alone in the parlor,  
Talks to herself like a bird.

Kitty is contrary, rather,  
And, with a comical smile,  
Mutters, "I won't," to her father—  
Eying him slyly the while.

Loving one more than the other  
Is it the thing, I confess;  
And I observe that their mother  
Makes no distinction in dress.

Preference must be improper  
In a relation like this;  
I would not toss up a copper—  
(Kitty, come, give me a kiss!)

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition.—WENSTEN.

Love can excuse anything except meanness; but that vice will mellow the most beautiful blossom that ever opened its petals to the dew of affection.

## THE SISTERS; OR, THE HEART'S REVENGE.

BY ADRIANA LESTER.

### CHAPTER I.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
Had stomach for them all.

"I will endure it no longer! This is the fourth dress which that odious dressmaker has ruined for me!" and the speaker—a tall and brilliant-looking girl of some twenty years, with flashing eyes and raven tresses—stamped her foot loudly upon the floor, as she turned away from the mirror, which now reflected a face wild and stormy with passion, and hastily cast aside the robe of costly velvet, which she held in her hand.

"My child," said a lady of some fifty summers, who despite her deep sable robes and sorrowful countenance, still bore a sufficient resemblance to the young girl, to enable a beholder to perceive that she was none other than her mother, "it pains me greatly to see your temper so easily disturbed by things so trivial."

"I cannot help it, mother," replied Blanche, impatiently; "for Mrs. Carlton well know that I depended upon the elegance of my costume, this evening, above all others, for I am determined to make an impression upon the distinguished stranger, whom report says, is to honor Mrs. Leslie's soiree by his presence." As Blanche Alford gave utterance to these words, she drew her stately form proudly up, and glanced once again towards the massive mirror, which revealed to view her entire person, so wondrous in its beauty.

Mrs. Alford would have returned an answer to her daughter's last remark but for the entrance of a youthful and sylph-like girl, whose blue eyes beamed with tenderness, as she quickly advanced to embrace her sister and mother, after an absence from them of a few days.

And while our little trio are busily engaged in earnest conversation I will take the opportunity of presenting to my readers a few facts relative to their history. Mrs. Alford was the widow of one of the wealthiest merchants of the Empire city, whose death had occurred about a year previous to the opening of our story.

But a single child had graced the union of Mr. Alford with his wife, a fair Southern flower, whom he had transplanted to his Northern home. Blanche Alford was a beautiful and intelligent girl, who, though she inherited her mother's rare beauty, yet differed widely from her in point of disposition.

Naturally impulsive and wayward, with none to cross or tease her, when in the midst of her childish sports, Blanche would have grown up a spoiled child, petted and caressed on all sides, had it not been for the superior wisdom and judgment of her mother.

Thinking that her child's exclusive mode of life would tend to the development of selfishness and other disagreeable traits of character, Mrs. Alford formed the plan of adopting a child as her own. Having gained the permission of her husband, while on a visit to the city of Philadelphia, she repaired to the asylum for poor children, and being well pleased with a promising babe of some ten months, she took it to her home, with the determination of fulfilling the solemn duties of a parent towards the little orphan.

For years Mrs. Alford had watched tenderly over her protege, who, day by day, outgrew herself to all hearts. At first the little Blanche was delighted with the idea of having a sister; but as, she was some four years the senior of the infant Alice, she soon began to assert her rights and privileges, to which the younger was obliged to yield.

As years flew by, and the sisters grew towards womanhood, Mrs. Alford was grieved to see that Blanche manifested no slight degree of jealousy towards her sister. On the score of beauty there was no cause for such a feeling; since the brunette complexion, the large and lustrous eyes, and the jetty hair of Blanche always attracted attention and commanded admiration; when often times, the sweet and more subdued beauty of Alice, was passed unheedingly by.

But Alice had the peculiar tact of making friends and entwining herself around all hearts. This gift, or power of affection, Blanche never possessed; and proud as she was of her own superior charms, she would have gladly exchanged her outward beauty for the more inexpressible beauty of the heart of Alice, which she so strongly coveted.

The secret of Alice's adoption had been carefully guarded from the world by both Mr. Alford and his wife. Painful as would be its revelation to the sensitive and loving girl, Mrs. Alford felt it to be her duty to communicate the fact to Alice, when she should have arrived to years of womanhood. The sudden death of Mr. Alford had been a severe blow to the heart of his cherished wife, and as she thought of her loneliness and desolation, a feeling of thankfulness pervaded her heart, that God had sent to her so great a comfort, in the person of the devoted Alice.

### CHAPTER II.

It was evening, and the spacious mirror in the boudoir of Mrs. Alford reflected the lovely forms of the sisters. The fond mother gazed admiringly, first upon her own child then upon her protege. That night was to be their first appearance in fashionable society since the death of their father.

Blanche, with an eye to her own peculiar style of beauty, had chosen a dress of rich black velvet. The snowy neck contrasted beautifully with the ebony darkness of her robe, while the symmetrically moulded arms, bared nearly to the shoulder, were clasped about with rich bracelets of jet. The long raven hair was classically arranged in heavy braids around her oval head, making in all, a picture of striking and wondrous beauty.

The slight and graceful form of Alice was simply attired in a robe of snowy muslin. Over her marble shoulders the golden ringlets were allowed to float unrestrained. A set of pearls, the gift of Mrs. Alford, were the only adornments to that chaste yet elegant costume.

The contrast between the blonde and the brunette was as remarkable as were their respective tastes in regard to dress.

A servant announced the carriage containing Mr. Scott, who was to act as their cavalier for the evening. With a majestic step Blanche descended to the drawing-room; while Alice, gentle Alice, lingered behind a moment to imprint a kiss upon the cheek of her dearly loved mother. A few moments and

the joyous group were on their way to the mansion of Mrs. Leslie. Arriving there, the re-appearance of the sisters in society was hailed with delight by the gay and lovely hostess.

As Charles Scott entered the brilliantly-lighted saloon, with his fair burdens leaning gracefully upon his arms, a thrill of admiration ran through every heart at the loveliness of the scene presented to their view. The rare and startling beauty of Blanche, however, at once riveted the admiration of the crowd; and Alice, ever retiring, sank modestly into an obscure corner to enjoy, undisturbed, a few moments of conversation with an old schoolmate.

A flush of joy and pride was manifest upon the face of Charles Scott, as he led his beautiful partner forth to dance. He was an earnest and devoted admirer of Blanche, and he felt honored that, he alone, of all her crowd of worshippers, should have been her chosen attendant for the evening.

At a late hour, Mr. Neville was duly announced. Blanche, who was seated at the piano, warbling a brilliant operatic air, caught the first glimpse of him, as he entered. Their eyes met; and the deep flush which overspread the face of the beautiful songstress was not unnoticed by Clarence Neville. Her heart beat violently, while her voice grew tremulous. Drawing her song rapidly to a close, Blanche, for once in her life, arose disconcerted from the instrument, and, taking the proffered arm of Charles Scott, the two passed into the conservatory.

As Blanche swept gracefully by Mr. Neville, who was conversing in a low tone with Mrs. Leslie, she, either from accident, or purpose, let fall her fan. Quickly raising it from the floor, the young man, with native ease of manner, presented it to Blanche.

A murmured "Thank you, sir," was all that escaped the lips of Blanche, as she crossed the threshold of the saloon; yet her quick eye did not fail to catch the words, "how gloriously beautiful!" which Clarence Neville addressed to his companion. A few moments after, and Blanche Alford was again mingling with the crowd of dancers that filled the saloon of Mrs. Leslie. The latter, however, had not failed to spy her little violet, as she termed Alice, in her retired corner; and thinking that an introduction would be equally agreeable to both parties, Mrs. Leslie accordingly presented the distinguished Englishman to the blushing and modest Alice Alford.

As Alice politely declined the stranger's invitation to walk, the latter proposed that they should take a short stroll in the conservatory, for the purpose of examining and contrasting the flowers of America with those of his own native land. Alice willingly gave her assent to accompany him, for the easy and polished address of Clarence Neville had made a most favorable impression upon the mind of the gentle girl.

An hour later, and Blanche Alford, heated and exhausted with dancing, sought repose and quiet in the conservatory. The evening was a most delicious one, and, throwing a black lace mantle over her shoulders, the young girl stepped forth into the lovely garden below, which was, on this occasion, tastefully adorned with colored lanterns, giving to the scene a most brilliant aspect.

The cool air was refreshing to her feverish brow, and, turning into a dark and narrow path, Blanche saw before her a small and vine-clad arbor. Seating herself upon the rustic bench, she relaxed into a thoughtful mood. The night was far spent, and he for whom she had intended to display her most powerful charms and fascinations, had not even requested the pleasure of an introduction to her. To return home, without having won the heart of the distinguished stranger, was a thing which wounded greatly her woman's pride and ambition.

"Love me he must and shall!" were the words that half audibly fell from the lips of the passionate girl.

A slight rustle among the foliage, and the sound of approaching footsteps, arrested the attention of Blanche, and aroused her to the dangers of her exposed situation. The distinct murmur of voices convinced the young girl that the intruders were seeking out her place of retreat.

The thought, that perhaps her absence from the mansion had been noticed, and that persons had been despatched to find her, now flashed across the mind of Blanche.

She had only time, however, to envelope her face with her mantle, and to shrink back into the deep shadow of a corner, when, arm in arm, a couple entered the laticed arbor. Blanche scarce dared to lift her eyes to them, through fear of being discovered; but the first word spoken by the female convinced her at once that the voice was none other than that of her sister Alice. Her companion was Clarence Neville, of whose heart Blanche Alford had vowed to make a conquest. The interview between the lovers was a long and protracted one, and as Blanche listened to the impassioned tale of love which the young Englishman poured into the not unwilling ear of her sister, a strange sense of jealousy, and a fiendish desire for revenge took possession of her breast.

Not until some moments after the departure of Mr. Neville and Alice from the arbor, did the young girl steal out from her hiding-place. As she half breathlessly entered the saloon, she was met at the door by Charles Scott, who started back as he beheld her pale countenance, and felt the "almost icy touch" of her hand. To his inquiry, "if she were ill," she carelessly remarked, "that she was slightly fatigued." Charles proposed that they should at once return home, but Blanche expressed her determination to participate in the pleasures of the closing quadrille. It was not that Blanche Alford cared to dance longer, but to compose her disturbed spirits, so that her nervous manner might not excite the observation of her sister and Mr. Scott.

The carriage was ready, and Charles Scott assisted his fair companion to enter; Clarence Neville escorted the lovely Alice to the door of the coach, and, resigning her to the care of Charles, respectfully bade the party adieu.

### CHAPTER III.

The following morning, as Alice was passing through the hall, she met Mrs. Carlton, her sister's dress-maker, who had been sent for by the exasperated Blanche. Tears were in her eyes, and Alice, with her usual tenderness of manner, stopped to inquire the cause of her sorrow.

After much urging on the part of Alice, she learned from the unhappy woman that Blanche had refused to pay her for her work, on the plea of the dress not having been executed according to orders. Alice simply inquired to what amount her sister was indebted to Mrs. Carlton; then drawing from her purse a five dollar bill, she placed it in the hands of the dress-maker, and was out of sight before the poor woman could murmur her heart-felt thanks of gratitude to her fair benefactress.

### CHAPTER IV.

A few months subsequent to the opening of our story, and Clarence Neville was on the eve of his departure for England. A month had elapsed since the engagement between Alice and her lover was announced to the world. Mrs. Leslie congratulated herself on having brought together a pair, which were, in every respect, so well suited to one another. Even cold and haughty Blanche smiled upon their happiness; yet within that very smile lurked deceit and jealousy.

The parting with Clarence over, Alice returned once again to the society of her loved mother and sister. One thing surprised Alice. It was that Blanche's manner, lately so cold and unsocial, was now changed to mirth, blended with a strange degree of tenderness. Mrs. Alford smiled sadly, as she saw the apparent devotion and love which seemed to exist in the hearts of the two sisters.

A short time after the arrival of Clarence in England, Alice received a letter from him, in which he stated that he had made known to his parents his deep love for his fair American flower, and that, contrary to his expectations, they had expressed their approbation of his conduct, giving, at the same time, their free consent to his union with his heart's chosen love, at any time which he might appoint.

The contents of this letter filled the youthful heart of Alice with unutterable joy. Clarence was her first and only love, and around his noble soul she had closely entwined her purest and strongest affections. Alice did not hesitate to make a confidant of her sister; and, accordingly, she placed in her hands, for perusal, Clarence's letter. Her unsuspecting heart failed to discern the deep revenge which lay concealed beneath the surface of that calm and joyous exterior.

Meantime, Alice had not forgotten the poor dress-maker, whom her sister had treated so cruelly. Blanche had bestowed her patronage upon a rising and more fashionable mantua-maker of the city; but it mattered not to Mrs. Carlton, since Alice, gentle Alice, had not only given her her entire custom, but had proved herself a true friend, in many an hour of emergency.

Weeks and months passed by; but still there came no reply to the letter, which Alice had returned immediately after the reception of Clarence's first one. Could it be, that her lover had so soon forgotten the heart he had so easily won? No! she would not for a moment nurture such an unjust suspicion. And so chiding herself for her lack of faith in her lover's vows, the young girl penned an epistle to the absent one, expressive of her heart's deep and unchangeable love for him, and at the same time gently rebuking him for his past neglect.

Some six weeks after Alice had dispatched her hopeful missive, there came a letter. As the young girl's eyes glanced at the superscription, a thrill of delight shot through her heart, while with eager hands she tore away the envelope. But as she read, the blue eyes grew dim, the color fled from her cheeks, and the slight frame shook violently. Suddenly the letter dropped from the hands of Alice, and Mrs. Alford perceiving the deathly pallor of her child's countenance, sprang forward with a wild cry, and caught the inanimate form of the fainting girl.

Blanche alone retained the utmost composure. Raising the document from the floor, she carefully perused it, and without the slightest show of emotion; then refolding it, and placing it upon the table, she hastened to the side of Alice, who now lay apparently lifeless upon the couch. Recovering herself, Mrs. Alford gave orders that a physician be immediately sent for, and then turning an anxious look upon Blanche, she sorrowfully inquired the cause of her child's distress. Blanche said nothing, but pointed to the letter upon the table.

Mrs. Alford caught at it, and speedily devoured its contents, while Blanche was engaged in bathing the snowy temples of the sufferer. "My poor child!" sobbed the agitated woman, at the same time sinking into a chair, "another has caused thee the pain, which thy mother willingly would have spared you, in revealing the secret of your birth! A look of blank amazement was all that was perceptible upon the face of Blanche Alford. The arrival of the family physician at once precluded all chance for conversation upon the subject, and Blanche with a quickened step sought refuge in her own chamber.

### CHAPTER V.

A year from the time of the commencement of our story has elapsed. Within a large and comfortable room, situated in the second story of a respectable dwelling-house, in one of the retired streets of Philadelphia, sat two females, busily engaged in sewing. The elder one, a beholder would easily recognise in Mrs. Carlton, the poor mantua-maker, whom Blanche Alford treated so unjustly. By her side, with the soft light of the shaded lamp falling gently upon her pensive face, sat Alice Alford.

The contents of that fatal letter had indeed come nigh destroying the life of that young and sensitive heart. In it was made known the secret of her obscure birth, and final adoption by Mrs. Alford. The letter purported to have been written by Clarence himself; and although expressive of deep regret



that so great a gulf should have opened between their respective positions in life, yet nevertheless, urged the necessity of breaking off an engagement that could no longer be agreeable or satisfactory to either party.

The blow was a crushing one to the pride of Alice Alford; yet she murmured not at the destiny fate had decreed for her. Summoning all her woman's courage, she left for a moment the home which had sheltered her loved head, even from infancy. She could no longer endure the society of those, who though they still tenderly cared for her, must henceforth regard the outcast with pity instead of love. Why had not Mrs. Alford revealed to her before the secret of her doubtful birth? From her lips she could have heard the truth, all terrible though it was, with composure and firmness. But that a stranger tongue should have sought to embitter her life, through the medium of one who was dearer to her heart than all the world beside, was more than she could reasonably endure. Determining that the finger of scorn should no longer be pointed at her in the fashionable circles, of which she had so long been the brightest star, the young girl sought protection under the humble roof of Mrs. Carlton, whom she had so generously befriended. Anxious to leave a place which could no longer afford a charm to her daily existence, Mrs. Carlton proposed that the two should remove to the neighboring city of Philadelphia, which had once been the home of the latter. Alice consented; and the devoted friends were soon established in a comfortable home, where by their united efforts in the use of the needle, they soon gained for themselves an honorable subsistence.

Since her desertion from the home of her childhood, Alice Alford had received no intelligence from either her mother or sister, until one evening, some three months after their arrival in Philadelphia, her eye caught sight of a paragraph in one of the daily papers, announcing the marriage in New York, of the distinguished Clarence Nevill of London, with Blanche Alford, daughter of the late William Alford Esq., of that city. Alice spoke not, as she handed the paper to Mrs. Carlton for her inspection, but her friend noticed that the color paled in her cheeks, while a slight chill ran through her frame.

A fortnight after the circumstance just mentioned, as Alice was walking hurriedly through Chestnut street, a gentleman passed her, whose countenance strongly reminded her of Charles Scott, the former lover of her sister. The scrutinizing look which he bent upon her in passing, caused her to blush deeply, and drop her veil. She would have increased her pace but that a hand was laid firmly upon her arm; and a voice at her side told her how truly her memory had served her on that occasion.

The first embarrassment of a meeting with Charles Scott over, Alice breathed more freely; for his kindly sympathy was grateful to her desolate heart. From him she learned the particulars of his haughty refusal by Blanche, her marriage with Nevill, and their departure for England. Mrs. Alford, he said, still remained inconsolable for the loss of her cherished child.

Tears filled the eyes of Alice as she thought of the loneliness of one who had been more to a mother than in her days of infancy, and from whom she had so cruelly severed herself, without even a parting word or blessing.

Charles Scott respected too much the delicacy of his friend's feelings to urge her to return once again to the arms of her mother, all open as he knew they would be to receive the prodigal child. But when he left Alice at the door of Mrs. Carlton's dwelling, the tears no longer stained her cheeks, but a strong determination was visible in the depths of her clear blue eyes.

After communing freely upon the subject with her friend and confidant, Mrs. Carlton, it was decided upon, that Alice, accompanied by Charles Scott, should start for New York, on the morrow, with the view of visiting once more the home from which she had voluntarily exiled herself.

The surprise and joy experienced by Mrs. Alford on beholding her loved child again, words can but ill express. Left to themselves, a long and painful interview ensued. The secret of Alice's birth was freely discussed by both parties, but Mrs. Alford was unable to gain the slightest clue, in regard to the person who had revealed the sad facts to Clarence Nevill.

The latter said but little concerning the marriage of Blanche with Clarence, except that they had returned to England, with the view of making that country their place of abode. It may have been that Mrs. Alford refrained from broaching the subject, out of regard to the sensitive nature of Alice, to whom even the base mention of the name of Clarence seemed painful. If so, her motive was a most charitable and noble one.

Mrs. Alford begged her protegee to remain with her and share the home and bounty, without whose presence life seemed desolate and drear to the widowed heart. Alice hesitated; she could not think of leaving Mrs. Carlton alone, who had proved herself so thoroughly her friend. But the young girl's doubts upon that score were soon put to rest by Mrs. Alford making a similar offer of a home and protection to the poor mantua-maker.

One evening, a few weeks after the reunion of the now happy trio, at the mansion of Mrs. Alford, the three were seated in the boudoir of the latter, enjoying a social chat, when Mrs. Alford suddenly paused in the midst of her mirth, and said—

"I have something to show you, Alice, which I meant to have given into your hands before this."

Unlocking her bureau, and touching a secret spring, a little drawer flew open, from which she took a small, but heavily chased locket. Opening it, the miniature of a young and lovely woman was presented to view. Mrs. Alford handed it to Alice, saying in a low voice—

"My child, whose image is before you, was in all probability your mother; since I found it upon your neck, when I took you an infant from your home at the Asylum."

Alice gazed long and earnestly upon the beautiful face before her, then turning towards Mrs. Carlton, she murmured—

"A form so fair, could not have enshrined a soul, otherwise than pure!"

But as the eye of Mrs. Carlton fell upon the miniature, she gasped, and sank back in her chair, while her face grew deadly pale.

Alice, greatly alarmed at the sudden emotion of Mrs. Carlton, chafed gently the cold hands, and pressed her lips to the colorless cheek of the powerless woman. A sort of stupor had taken possession of her senses, which, by the aid of gentle restoratives and perfect quiet, a few hours served to dispel.

When fully alive to consciousness, Mrs. Carlton revealed to the astonished mind of Mrs. Alford and Alice, that the miniature, which had caused her such a severe shock, was none other than her own. That Alice was her long lost child, she doubted not, since on the occasion of the death of her husband, she had been forced to part with her babe, on account of her great poverty and distress. Owing to the advice of strangers, Mrs. Carlton consented to place her infant child in the Asylum for young children at Philadelphia, intending, when she should have procured employment, to reclaim it. But a few months after, on making application for the little one, she was coldly told by the hard-hearted matron, that a lady, whose name she had forgotten, had adopted it as her own, taking it with her to her own native city, New York. Poor, and uneducated, the distracted mother knew not how or where to turn. She must work, or else starve, and so trusting her child to the unceasing care of Providence, she sorrowfully set about her labors. The feeble success that attended her efforts in Philadelphia, induced her to try her luck in the populous city of New York. There, in her employment as a mantua-maker, she had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Alford and her daughters. And, although the peculiar misfortunes of Alice had rendered that gentle being very dear to her heart, she had never dreamed of the near and sacred relationship in which she stood to the young girl, until fate accidentally revealed the circumstances to her knowledge.

As Mrs. Carlton finished her narrative, Alice threw her arms about her mother's neck, and wept for very joy; then taking a hand of both Mrs. Alford and her mother, she said—

"I know not which I love the best, for both are equally dear to this fond heart."

Mrs. Alford stroked the golden curls of her protegee caressingly, while she murmured a blessing upon her youthful head.

Letters had been received from Europe, stating the arrival of the newly-married couple in England, and casually mentioning the ill-health of Blanche. Mrs. Alford gave herself but little uneasiness concerning the matter, attributing her daughter's sickness to the effects of the sea-voyage, until another letter came, announcing the severe and continued illness of Blanche, together with her great anxiety to return to the home of her birth.

#### CHAPTER VI.

The last rays of the setting sun shone faintly in through the heavily-draped windows of an apartment, where lay an emaciated, but still beautiful woman, apparently in the last stages of consumption. Blanche Nevill lay upon her death-bed. An unearthly light gleamed in her large black eyes, and the hectic spot burned upon her hollow cheek. A crowd of weeping friends were there, for the sufferer had requested their presence in her chamber, that she might reveal to them the evil which pressed so heavily upon her heart. Mrs. Alford knelt weeping at the foot of her child's couch, while Clarence Nevill stood with half-averted face beside an open window. Alice alone retained her composure. Raising gently the head of the sufferer from her pillow, she propped her slight form up with the snowy bolsters, that she might breathe the easier, and gather strength to communicate what of importance she had to say to her relatives. Fixing her black eyes upon Alice, she told her that it was her alone who had embittered her life's happiness. By accident, she had learned the secret of Alice's adoption by Mrs. Alford. When Clarence Nevill declared his love for Alice, she had been a listener to his words in the garden of Mrs. Leslie, although screened from observation.

Clarence Nevill started, and a flush stole over his cheeks, as he heard the words pronounced by his wife, but Blanche continued—

"Had Clarence loved me from the first, as I had fondly hoped, God knows I should not have been prompted to so terrible a revenge as that to which I have resorted."

"Alice," the speaker said, with great effort, "it was my hand that penned the cursed letter, which was designed to poison the ear of Clarence Nevill, and wrest him from thy affections. To his eyes I represented you as the child of shame and penury—an object unworthy of his noble love; nay, start not, my sister, full well I know thy purity and virtue, but my excessive love maddened me to desperation, I knew not what I said!"

Overcome by the remembrance of her own sinful deeds, the dying woman sank back upon her pillow, and groaned aloud, in very bitterness of spirit.

"Oh, most unnatural woman! may God forgive thee for the misery thou hast wrought in this household," passionately exclaimed Clarence, whose soul had been roused to a conviction of his wife's wickedness and cruelty.

He would have said more, but Alice motioned him to be silent, for a fearful change had passed over the countenance of the invalid, and she felt that the joy hand of death was upon her sister. The struggle for breath had already commenced, but with almost superhuman strength Blanche raised herself once more upon her couch, for she had not quite yet finished all she had to say.

"Come nearer, Clarence—my husband," she would have said, but the words seemed frozen upon her tongue. Clarence approached the bedside of his wife, and pillowed her head upon his breast. A grateful smile flitted across the face of Blanche, and then was lost in the look of intense agony and sorrow that succeeded it.

"Tell Charles Scott, Alice, when I am gone," said the dying woman, in a tone of deep emotion, "that Blanche Alford was all unworthy the love of his noble soul!"

A violent coughing fit ensued; but recovering herself, the distressed woman, although weak and exhausted, placed the hand of Alice within that of her husband's, then murmuring a prayer for their forgiveness, she fell back upon the pillow a lifeless corpse.

A look of blank amazement rested upon the faces of all present, at the close of Blanche's unhappy confession.

A due season for mourning allowed, and Clarence Nevill clasped fondly to his heart his lovely bride, the gentle Alice. Owing to his wife's desire, Clarence Nevill consented to make America his future abode and residence; while Mrs. Carlton, the mother of Alice, found a comfortable and happy home with Mrs. Alford, who had proved herself a mother to the orphan child in days of adversity.

Men are like bugles; the more brass they contain, the further you can hear them. Women are like tulips; the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them.

#### Written for the Banner of Light. CONSOLATION.

BY CORA WILSON.

Voices thrilling, low and solemn, telling of stern duty here,  
Voices of the pure heart angels, wafted from a holier sphere,  
Voices of the forgotten, tones of promise, words of love,  
To our longing souls are given, sent in mercy from above.  
From the sinless lands of Freedom sounds the stirring  
claron's voice,  
And its holy warriors arming for the battle, cry, "rejoice."  
To the toiling, slaving millions, boding "heath the Jesu's  
rod,  
Crouching 'neath the threatened vengeance of a dire and  
angry God.  
Father! gazing on the mirror of thy beauties o'er us spread,  
Trembling with its adoration, lowly bends the suppliant  
head;  
From thy sunset heavens, glowing with a lustre all divine,  
Turns the loving heart to seek thee, at thought's inner,  
farthest shrine.  
From Hellion's creed-draped altar, see, the heavy pall is  
thrown,  
And the dark and fearful shadow from the heart and hearth  
has flown;  
Death no more his sceptre wielding, threatens loving hearts  
with woe—  
In his place is life eternal,—radiant angels come and go.  
To the soul in darkness, crouching 'neath a human brother's  
scorn,  
Comes a ray of heavenly beauty, of angelic pity born;  
To the heart long vice entrained, holy, spotless angels  
bend;  
To the homes of sin and sorrow, swift their gleaming foot-  
steps wend.  
O'er the heaven's bright and glowing, o'er the fair and  
prayerful earth,  
In the flow'rs' blush of beauty, by the silent, darkened  
hearth,  
In the ocean's bosom, swelling solemnly its anthem grand,  
O'er the mountain's snow-crowned summit, 'mid the smiling  
Tropic lands,  
Dwells a Spirit; all-pervading, in his love and wisdom's sway,  
Through the night of sorrow, leading to the realms of endless  
day,  
Sending to his earth-tried children, angels in the varied guise  
Of the flowers and the sunshine, and the glory of the skies;  
Opening to the seeking vision, wide the portals of that shore,  
Where no tempest beats in fury, where no threatening  
billows rear,  
Where the waves of life immortal sun-blast flow in music on—  
Where the strife of sorrow ended, the eternal goal is won.  
Voices thrilling, low and solemn, come to me at evening time,  
Laden with familiar music, ringing with the olden chime;  
Voices of my lost home-angels, telling of stern duty here;  
Of the pure heart's life of glory, ereled by that upper sphere.  
Voices sweet of consolation, angel-promises of love,  
Holy watchwords of affection, wafted from the lands above;  
To my soul in mercy given, far uplift it from the sad,  
To a rest and close communion with its loving Father, God!  
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 21, 1858.

#### Stephen Briarly:

"THE MAN WHO KNEW HIS RIGHTS,  
AND MAINTAINED THEM."

"But, my dear sir—"

"I'm very sorry, gentlemen, but I can't do it. Everybody has an opinion—mine may be wrong—yet it is but just I should vote with them who think as I do."

"Still there may be reasons, Mr. Briarly," here the young nobleman stopped, and glanced at a purse that he was holding, but not too ostentatiously, in his hand.

"There may be," replied Stephen Briarly, without even looking at the intended bait; "but they have no weight with me. I have a conscience."

Lord Skimperly opened his eyes—a conscience! His lordship flattered himself that he was up to a thing or two; but, that a small farmer, who was, like most other small farmers, under the thumb of his landlord, should speak of such a thing, surprised him.

"A conscience? why, ha! ha! of course you have. I should hope that every voter in Shuffborough had one."

His lordship ought to know, for he was buying them up, one after another, at a good round sum.

"I can't answer for others—it is sufficient that I know myself. I have given my word to Mr. Dale."

"It's not too late to retract it," and Skimperly agitated the partially concealed purse, so that its contents gave a very audible, and, to Mrs. Briarly's ear, a very melodious clink.

"I have given my word of honor," said the farmer, somewhat sternly.

Here was another surprise for the young nobleman. He knew what honor was as well as most men; had n't he been "out twice; once at Brussels, and once at Baden? the first time with young Blazer of the Guards, who had doubted his word at the *rouge et noir* table, and the second time with a Prussian Baron, to whose wife, he, Skimperly, had made some rather audacious proposals; *honor*, let any one doubt it, and he would have to look down a pistol barrel in less than four and twenty hours. They, the Skimperlys, were always particular upon a point of honor; it was their boast, that every member of the family had killed his man, from rattling Tom Skimperly (son of Anne Skimperly, the founder of the family; a lady who was so fortunate as to attract the notice of Charles the Second), down to Hector Skimperly, the present young man's father, who "brought down his bird," we quote the old nobleman's own words, "with the very same pistols with which Best shot Camelford." Honor! Skimperly Castle was the right place for that kind of thing, but it was scarcely the commodity to be expected in the house of a poor, hard-working farmer.

Yet it was a commodity, and must be considered as such, so Skimperly returned the purse to his pocket, and drew forth a rustling substitute.

"I must have your vote, Mr. Briarly, positively I must—come, you can't do better than that, I'm sure," and, right before Briarly's eyes, Skimperly waved a bank-note, a bank-note for twenty pounds.

Stephen's eyes glistened; he looked hard at the note, then harder at his lordship.

"Might I make bold to ask how many such notes your lordship has in your pocket?"

"Yours is a very dear conscience, Mr. Briarly."

"Very dear," and the farmer repeated his question.

"Oh! some dozen, perhaps; but we have much to do, you know."

"Yes, yes, I know; there's still a third of Shuffborough to buy—stay!" for Lord Skimperly had slipped the note into the hand of the farmer's wife, "give me that note, Hannah."

Hannah did as she was bid, and her husband smoothed the crumpled paper, folded it up carefully, and returned it to the astonished Skimperly.

"There's your money, my lord. You are fortunate in having it safely returned—another, in my place, might have torn it."

Innocent Stephen Briarly! Why, there is not a man in Shuffborough but would have torn his hair, rather than have seen that money slip through his fingers.

"Then you refuse it?"

"Could your lordship paper these whitewashed

walls with similar notes, my answer would be the same. I tell you I am pledged to Mr. Dale."

"And why?"

"I am a poor man—and might be content with my lot, but that I have many children; therefore I would leave the world better than I found it."

"And Mr. Dale is to make the desired improvement?"

"Mr. Dale knows the poor man's wants. He was once a poor man himself; by his own abilities he has risen, and he is not ashamed of the soil in which the good seed was first cast."

Lord Skimperly was getting angry.

"And has my father—have I done nothing for you?"

"You have re-erected the maypole—and revived most of the old festivals, so that on certain days there are not twenty sober men in the parish. You come among us and superintend our drinking bouts and games; and—"

"Well!"

"There is not a better cricketer in the county than your lordship."

"Well!"

"But as cricketering is somewhat different from law-making—and keeping up the games is not the only salve required by the people for their wounds, I think, upon the whole, that Mr. Dale is the best man for our interests."

"Are you aware your landlord, Squire Grindley, is with us?"

"The squire is his own master, not mine."

"He is your landlord."

"And I pay his rent honestly—never fear, sir—I know my rights, and will maintain them."

At this moment the squire entered the cottage.

"How d'ye do, my lord—getting on well in your canvassing, I hope? Friend Briarly is with us, of course."

"It's by no means of course," replied the party addressed, somewhat pettishly. "Farmer Briarly has a conscience."

"A what?" the squire's face darkened, and he turned upon his tenant, "What do you mean, Briarly?"

"Merely what I have said. I have my rights, and shall maintain them."

"Your farm progresses well, I understand?"

"Pretty well, thank'ee, squire. Indeed, I may say, very well. I have laid out money upon it; and what with night and day labor, it ought to produce something in time."

"You have no lease, I believe?"

"You promised me one."

"And can be turned out"—the farmer winced—"at any time we like."

"But after my expenditure, both of money and labor, you would n't."

"I have n't the wish to do so; indeed, I am glad to hear the farm is likely to be so profitable to you."

He moved towards the door, while Skimperly was busy kissing the children; his lordship's fondness for children was remarkable at certain seasons. His was at election time.

Arrived at the door, Squire Grindley turned to his tenant, who had followed respectfully at his heels.

"We understand each other now. You are with us, of course?"

The farmer answered firmly—

"I vote for Mr. Dale."

"Then," and Grindley hissed the words into the ear of the farmer, "then out you go!"

"I know my rights, and shall maintain them."

"It was thus landlord and tenant parted."

Our way lies over green fields—among bearded grain, over rustic bridges, and along dusty roads—but our journey does not improve as it draws to a close. There are many sounds and sights we could dispense with; for this is Shuffborough, and Shuffborough is not a clean town, as the most enlightened of its inhabitants confess. The Sanitary Commissioners have somehow overlooked it, with very many other towns in a similar state; and its inhabitants, that is, the majority of them, who are not enlightened, cling to old habits and take kindly to dirt, really—like the venerable bantam in the Shuffborough market-place—to oppose all innovation, and battle stoutly for the impurity of the dunghill they inhabit. They are, nevertheless, an acute race, and boast other privileges besides that of being of created men the most dirty, drunken, and disorderly—their greatest privilege, as it is also the least deserved, is that of returning a member to Parliament. Now the population of Shuffborough is independent, not to say rude, in its character; and—excepting some few, who, with despair at their hearts, and hunger on their lips, crawl out of the way to live or die as they may think fit—do a good stroke of business during the elections.

The inhabitants of Shuffborough were ever a stiff-necked race, as Lord Skimperly of Skimperly Castle (the castle was just three miles from Shuffborough) was often heard to complain. Lord Skimperly—the old lord—was a proud man, "vengeance proud, and level not the common people;" but his lordship was compelled to put his pride as well as his hand in his pocket, when he sought the sweet voices of the men of Shuffborough. There was a time—ah! how the Skimperlys dwelt upon that time—when their ancestors owned the entire land upon which Shuffborough now stood; and when Ranulph Skimperly, the founder of the family, kept a Bastorgus or headman, as a retainer in the castle, to be ready when occasion might require. But those times have long since passed away, and there remains but one power that rebellious Shuffborough will bow to—the power of money—a power that had already at the previous election defeated the noble Skimperly, in the shape of the very long purse of plebeian Smith, "Radical Smith," as he was called, the mill-owner.

Ah! that Radical Smith! How he was publicly endured, and secretly hated by the stately Skimperlys; and how old Jacob Smith—for that was his name—in public always spoke lightly of the Skimperlys, and in secret envied that name and position his money could not purchase. But it was all one to the voters of Shuffborough; they were a constituency that Sir Robert Walpole would have rejoiced in; for, though the most independent of voters, every man "had his price," and with them money was "always respectable." A sad place this Shuffborough! And the clergy? Here is one—the sample of a class—a most devoted follower of the Skimperlys. He has supported them through thick and thin—and thick and thin in Shuffborough is no joke; of course he has done this, upon strictly independent principles. His son has "an snug something" somewhere, and there is a snug "snug something" somewhere else, in the gift of the great family, that will clothe the old age of this complaisant shepherd with the mantle of

prosperity. And his flock? He cannot be said to neglect it; on the contrary, he has some fifty sermons, one of which he preaches every Sunday, and has done so for years with the same regularity as the time kept by the old church clock—this was never out more than a few minutes at the most. The rector was what may be called an "easy-going" man; but the women—bless their hearts! how they run after a red coat or a cassock—liked him much, and through them, and the establishment of a Dorcas and other mild charities, he commanded a fifth of the votes in his neighborhood. The attorneys, too, had good pickings in Shuffborough, for the inhabitants were quarrelsome and litigious. They made good pickings out of the brough, but more out of its members; for there all demands were equalled by the supply—Lord Skimperly's government interest being great, and Radical Smith boasting the purse of a Fortunatus.

But a change has come over the prospects of the Skimperlys. Radical Smith died; his family asserted, in consequence of a too strict attendance to his parliamentary duties; others said—but we have all our detractors—that it was the result of a too constant attendance at public dinners; whatever the cause, the effect was that he died and left the borough of Shuffborough once more open to competition.

The great Shuffborough election was at its height; the members, tory and liberal, had a hard fight for it; bribes were offered and refused by members who speculated upon a "rise" in the evening. Mrs. Grump's little girl received a superb doll, intrinsic value, eighteen pence, with a bank-note for its apron. Stirrup, the drunken cobbler, was presented with a sallow of tobacco whose envelope was also a bank-note, with which he was about to light his pipe, until interrupted in his proceedings by the shrill virago who figured as his wife. The effect of sudden surprise was so great upon Messrs. Grump and Snip, that both these gentlemen lost their recollection, and, though promised to Mr. Dale, went to the poll and voted, unconsciously, of course, for his opponent. Many, however, were the mistakes that occurred among the Bections that hung about the polling booth; one, especially, excited the indignation of the clerk, and the risibility of the audience.

"Now then, my good man, what do you want, eh?" said the clerk, as a large good-tempered face grinned in upon him for the third time; each time withdrawn without its owner speaking a word, "what do you want?"

"O! don't want nothing! I've got all I wants."

"Then what do you come here for?"

"Whose cos they give it to I come."

"I suppose you 're come to vote?"

"O! course, an' 'o! wishes it was every day, they would n't 'etch of it work again in a hurry."

"Well, well, don't stand there, come in."

The gentleman entered, and stood grinning, and roasting, so to speak, first upon one leg and then upon the other.

"Who do you vote for?"

"Who do I vote for?"

He stared at the polling clerk in much perplexity, and buried five red fingers in a shock of yellow hair.

"Wot yer—whoy o' wates vor—dangled if o' an't forgotten!" and he continued his manipulation with all the ardor of a phrenologist—"o' wates vor, vor—" here he gave it up in despair—"o' must jist go back an' ax the squire," and with the puzzled look still upon his face, he turned round and disappeared down the ladder.

At half-past three, the numbers stood thus:—

DALE, . . . . . 360

SKIMPERLY, . . . . . 354

The excitement was great—it increased with each minute—for the poll closed at four o'clock precisely; the time drew nigh, expectation was on tiptoe as six independent freeholders mounted the ladder, they were all tenants of Squire Grindley, and voted to a man for the liberal candidate—for Mr. Dale?—no! the most liberal candidate we should have said—like Cassius, each had an itching palm, and a cooling salve had been found for it. Lord Skimperly was now equal with his opponent.

"It's all right, my lord, we shall beat the manna-facturer," and the squire took the patrician hand and shook it heartily; it was a privilege, and Grindley felt it to be such, but society relaxes its bonds, and class forgets its prejudices at a borough election. "Curse the fellow, his father was a handloom weaver, and he himself only a factory boy; what business have such riff raff in parliament."

Mr. Grindley's father was an attorney who had made much money in Shuffborough; had twice narrowly escaped being struck off the rolls, but had succeeded by the sharpest of sharp practice in making a large fortune, which he laid out in the purchase of an extensive estate, which, immediately after his death, came into the possession of his son. No wonder the latter gentleman felt indignant at Mr. Dale's presumption.

"Four o'clock," and he turned quickly to the polling clerk.

"Wants two minutes to it, said 'that worthy, preparing to close his books."

"Stop!" cried a voice from the crowd, and "stop!" roared the unwashed, too glad of a pretext to roar at anything.

A man, "derry-red with haste," pushed his way through the noisy mob and ascended the ladder.

"Just in time."

"I had to fight my way along, but I'm not the man to be daunted."

"Just in time," and the books were closed as the neighboring stoople told the hour.

The mob shout, hiss, applaud and yell, tearing like wild beasts at each other, they are announcing the close of the poll:—

DALE, . . . . . 361

SKIMPERLY, . . . . . 360

And so Mr. John Dale is declared to be duly elected.

"It was that scoundrel, Briarly," said the squire, purple with passion.

"A dangerous character," echoed Skimperly



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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1858.

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## HAS PERSECUTION CEASED?

Who undertakes to say that it has? And yet, who is there that does not rest easy in a sort of inert belief, growing out of ignorance and disinclination to look around and investigate, that persecution, for the Christian world, is at an end forever? We seriously wish it were so indeed.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that men look back to the times when Nero threw Christians to the wild beasts, when Rogers was burned at Smithfield, when Calvin sent Servetus to the stake, as at periods of bigotry that can never return. But are we so very certain of our safety? Have we every reasonable assurance that we could ask, that this age in which we live, boasted and boasted as the age of liberty and Christian enlightenment, is as tolerant as its liberality and enlightenment would lead us to suppose?

No. The question may be answered without any hesitancy whatever. A person need not be either vaporous or dyspeptic, to see a real spirit of persecution abroad still, from which there is as much to dread as there was for the early Christians to fear from the inhuman Romans, who threw them into the amphitheatre to be torn of wild beasts for the public amusement. The only perceptible difference between this time and those times, is that persecution is not as bold and barefaced now as it was then; it has a sense of shame about it, which is an altogether new element, and thus, while it would do exactly as cruel things as it did in other times, it is averse to that peculiar style of execution. It would not, perhaps, throw a man into a den of wild beasts to be devoured, but it does not hesitate to throw his reputation, his position in the world, his business, his family, and his influence, into a den of hissing and gnashing destroyers of character,—traitors, villains, scoundrels, and their congeners,—and thus sacrifice him just as surely and effectually as if his life were made to pay a forfeit instantly.

The change is merely for the sake of decency; it has been made for the appearance of the thing; it would not do for a church to go into the work of bodily assassination, but it may covertly lend itself to that of another sort, hardly less cruel in its results, and no less differing from the other in the malignity of its devilish spirit and temper. We have only succeeded in substituting one thing, with a "goodly outside," for another thing which people have refused to tolerate. That is all. And if we seek for those who have done the most service in whipping or slapping this spirit of persecution into outward decency, it is very certain that they will have to be looked for somewhere else than among those who make a boast of our present liberality and humanitarianism.

To reach a state of true liberality in modes of thinking, or, in other words, a state of toleration, requires many slow steps, much patience, and a great deal of faith and trust. This most desirable condition never comes, and never will come, in a hurry. First they tried force, hoping to hasten it forward in that way; they did but try the old method of making proselytes, and succeeded quite as poorly as those against whom they leveled their weapons. And why? Because they were not wise enough to go to work in a new and better way; they expected to kill uncharitableness by uncharitableness itself.

But after a time it was given to the world to see the foolishness, as well as the injustice, of such a plan. Their eyes were gradually opened. They were able to see their error. And yet, so great is the perverseness of the human heart, and so wedded to custom does it soon become, they were brought but slowly to realize the condition in which they were, and slowly, of course, do they reason themselves and discipline themselves into compliance with their loftier instincts.

"But," says the article we have already alluded to, "they do not at once emancipate themselves from the dogmatism and self-will of youth. Life has many lessons to teach them, suffering has much to do in enlarging their sympathies, before they can learn true charity—before they can be willing to let others do their own thinking. In this second stage, they visit social ostracism, so far as they can, on all who differ from them politically, religiously, or otherwise. They recognize the right of every man to think as he pleases, without the interference of the law; but they will not, practically, admit his right to do it, yet remain in fellowship with themselves. We remember the time when, in this city, (Philadelphia,) to be a Democrat was almost to exclude one's self from society. Our grandfathers can recall the period when to be a Unitarian led to a similar exclusion."

On what ground, it may well be asked, does one man, or one set of men, take it upon himself or themselves to ostracize and condemn others? Indeed, what derived authority has one man to judge another man for his opinions at all? We cannot comprehend on what principle those who call themselves Christians, base any such assumption. It is for their conduct, and not for their thoughts, that people are responsible to others; and, according to the theory of our popular form of government, those others must number sufficient to constitute a majority. For example—a man may call himself a Jew, a Quaker, a Calvinist, an Episcopalian, a Universalist, a Baptist, a Democrat, or a Republican, and it is nobody's business but his own; he can be called to account for it by no living person—but if he so far forgets himself, or infringes the laws of

morality and society, as to be a thief, a liar, a drunkard, an adulterer, or a murderer, then he is by all considerations amenable to public opinion.

Only here can the distinction be drawn; and here it is broad enough, and plain enough, to be respected and acquiesced in. The difference between thoughts and things is thus too palpable to be mistaken; and it is thus unquestionable that for one's conduct one may be answerable, while for his opinions no living being can assume to call him to account. And the former this line of demarcation is generally recognized, the sooner will real, positive, and profitable progress begin its steady march over the face of the civilized globe.

Any of us, with looking back, can see the slow rate at which advancement has been made up to this present time. It is not more than fifty years ago, when to be esteemed a Reformer, in England, was to subject one's self to the indignities and insults of an infuriated mob; less time ago than that, it was cause of public reproach there for a man to avow himself a Roman Catholic; and even in our day, they are seeking, and seemingly in vain, to remove those constitutional disqualifications for a Jew's holding a seat in Parliament.

So things progress, and progress slowly. Old prejudices, together with ingrained timidity, seem to be all that constitutes the conservative power; but for these, all would go well at once. Yet even these are for a wise purpose, else would not God tolerate them himself. If they are capable of serving no other useful office, they at least go far to teach us all lessons of patience and hope, and, especially, lessons of charity. Who shall undertake to say that this is not the very object of their existence?

## THE TRAGEDY IN CALAIS.—WHAT SPIRITUALISM HAD TO DO WITH IT.

There is a disposition manifested by the press to fasten upon Spiritualism all the crimes of the age. Thus the "Free Press" of Burlington attributes the above tragedy to Spiritualism, and the Boston papers, placing too much confidence in the statement, copy it, and thus it goes from one end of the country to the other, that spirits were "the head and front of this offending."

We know the secular press is not to be confided in, and that its managers are exceedingly fallible, having prejudices to pander to, sectarian ideas to promulgate, churches and other cliques to flatter and to please; while a thousand other things so influence them, that misrepresentation and deception is too often met with in the press.

The following statement of the affair is copied from a paper published at Montpelier, within six miles of the place where it occurred. It says nothing of Spiritualism, neither does the Universalist paper, published at the same place:—

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY IN CALAIS.—Last Friday morning, July 16, Rial Martin, of Calais, Vt., a young man, aged 17 or 18 years, secreted himself with a loaded rifle, in or near a meadow where Mr. Jenison Wheelock was mowing, and shot Mr. Wheelock through the body, of which wound he instantly died. While the neighbors were trying to do something for Mr. Wheelock, Martin reloaded his gun, and passed on some half or three-fourths of a mile, where he found Mr. Lucius Ainsworth in a hay-field. There, in the presence of a Mr. Goodell, he drew up his rifle, and aimed it at Ainsworth's back. Ainsworth was hard of hearing, Goodell, supposing that Martin was merely in fun, remarked, "That's a careless trick," when instantly Martin fired, and Ainsworth fell, shot through the back. He expired in about an hour. Wheelock and Ainsworth were young married men, probably 21 or 25 years of age. All three were neighbors, and it is not known that there had been any difficulty between them, or any hard feelings on the part of Martin towards either of his victims, nor has he been thought to be dangerous. It is thought that Martin must be insane, though he has not heretofore been regarded as crazy. Some say he has had crazy turns before. When asked why he killed these men, he replied, "Because they have used me mean." When asked how, or wherein they had misused him, he replied, "They always used me mean," but could tell of nothing in particular. No assignable motive for this atrocious act is perceptible. Martin appears cold and unexcited. He was secured, making no resistance.

In order that the truth should be known in this matter, we wrote to our friend, S. B. Nichols, of Burlington, Vt., who has sent us the following letter:—

MONTPELIER, July 26, 1858.

S. B. Nichols, Esq: DEAR SIR.—Yours of the 25th was duly received. In relation to Martin, "the Calais murderer," I think he never pretended to be a Spiritualist. I was at Calais last Saturday, and saw and conversed with Martin's brother. He said some eight years since Martin was very sick, (I think with the measles;) that since that time he has had frequent spells of being insane, and dangerous, and has frequently threatened to take the life of his brother and others. I talked with several of his neighbors. I noticed that they generally regarded him as insane, and all referred back to the time of his sickness. Nothing was said about Martin being a Spiritualist. The first time I ever heard it intimated that *Spiritualism* had anything to do with the murder, was contained in an extract of the paper you enclosed me. I think the gentleman who gave the editor information, must have been misinformed.

Yours truly,

AZEL SPALDING.

[Mr. Spalding is a lawyer in Montpelier.]

We will merely remark, in conclusion, that both Editors of the Burlington Free Press are leading members of the Calvary Baptist Congregational Church. The senior editor was formerly a professor in the "University of Vermont." The junior, G. G. Benedict, has been quite active in the Business Men's Prayer Meetings, held in Burlington, during the last three months. Both have manifested a bitterness against Spiritualism and the cause, which shows very little of the Christianity of Christ. Although they make abundance of professions, it seems to us they have yet to learn that truth was a trait of Christ's character, which no Christian can do without. They have an opportunity now to correct their error, and thus make amends for the falsehood which has gone from them all over the country. Will they do it?

We learn from the New York Spiritual Telegraph that a project is on foot in that city to enter into a scientific investigation of the causes of the spiritual phenomena. The editor remarks:—"If science will condescend to take off its kid gloves, and shake a reef or two from its stiff neck, we shall delight to afford it every facility within our reach to aid it in its investigations. Such of our readers as are still skeptical as to the origin of the modern manifestations had better address 'Society,' and organize the 'Society of Scientists' as soon as possible. We hope they will meet with better success than that which crowned the efforts of the Cambridge Professors."

A farmer in McLean county, Ill., has 1500 acres in wheat, which he anticipates will yield about 80,000 bushels.

## A TOUCHING MANIFESTATION OF SPIRIT.

Mrs. Dora M. Taft, daughter of Father Taylor, and a lady universally respected, related to us the following incident:—

While in a store on Hanover street making purchases, a lady medium by the name of Felton, who was also present, told her that she saw a little child in spirit-form standing beside her, of exceeding loveliness, but very timid, keeping her eyes downcast. From this she judged she was not a relation of Mrs. T., but a child who had known her when it lived in mortal form.

Mrs. Taft remarked that she could recollect of but one child who answered to the description given her by the lady-medium, and that child was that of a man who at one time worked on her farm in South Framingham.

There then appeared above the child a picture, as it were, of the doorway of a house, so that the child seemed to be standing in the doorway, and outside the door a man was represented sawing wood.

The child was a spirit form—the rest of the representation, a picture, presented by the spirit governing the manifestation, for what purpose will appear.

Mrs. Taft did not recognize the picture—could not see what it had to do with the child, but it was deeply impressed upon her mind that it was the child of the farmer she at first thought of. After reaching her residence, she met the father of the child, and spoke of the manifestation to him. He was not a Spiritualist, but the manifestation seemed to touch his heart, and he remarked, "There is more in these things than we know of." He then went on to say that his daughter, after being attacked by the disease which finally caused her spirit to leave its mortal casket, seemed to love to stand in the doorway while her father sawed wood in front of it. The mother would object on account of the ill health of the child; but as it seemed to give her so much pleasure, she was indulged. And there she would go daily, while her father sawed wood after his day's work was done on the farm, until her spirit was too weak to sustain the care of the mortal. The manifestation would have been incomplete without the picture presented after the child had made herself manifest to the medium. Was it not a pretty, touching manifestation?

Written for the Banner of Light.

## A SONG OF TO-DAY.

BY JOHN K. ADAMS.

There is a glorious power before us—

We feel its sunlight on the brow,

And, trusting in the love that's o'er us,

Our souls are happy now.

What is the work that bringeth glory,

If it be not to help along

The Time, foretold in song and story,

When Right displaceth Wrong?

When every heart by anguish riven,

That doth to-day an exile mourn—

Far from its father's mansion driven—

Shall rise to hail the dawn!

But now to work, there's call to duty;

'Tis night as yet, though we can see,

In faith, the rays, the coming beauty

Of day that is to be.

Humanity is calling loudly

For hearts that feel, for hands that hold

Even to a cross it may be proudly,

For something more than gold.

Yet they who give themselves to labor,

May meet the scorn of those who'd keep

Their feet upon a struggling neighbor,

And calmly rest in sleep.

To-day we feel that we are ready—

Come late, come soon with all your might,

You'll find our purpose strong and steady

To battle for the Right.

Within, are hopes without a limit,

Beyond, a crown which God will give;

Mankind may think we die to win it,

But WHEN THEY THINK WE DIE, WE LIVE!

WEST ROXBURY.

## MR. H. FOSTER, TEST MEDIUM, IN HAVANA.

Letters received from Mr. Charles H. Foster, medium, now in Havana, indicate a rapid increase of interest manifested by the people in Spiritualism. Soon after his arrival in April last, he wrote:—"There is not much interest manifested here in Spiritualism. I have met with but few persons who wish to investigate. The rappings and lifting of tables still continue to attend me, and the spirits who are with me appear to be perfectly at home in conversing in Spanish, German and French—names and sentences in these languages are given by rapping and also through the dial, which I am using, as it facilitates communication." Although at this time he had given several private sittings, he had not been allowed public ones. On an occasion when the English Consul, the Administrator of Customs, and several other officials and persons of note were present, communications in Spanish were received, which greatly surprised them. Mr. Foster knows none other than his native language, being born and always having lived in Salem. The table was repeatedly moved and each person was touched by spirit-hands.

On arrival at Havana he was most warmly welcomed by a few earnest friends. He writes in glowing terms of the beautiful weather, the flowers and the fruits and the delightful music of the birds. The Aloe (Century plant) grows there in perfection, the Cereus Grandiflorus blooms in great abundance and beauty in the woods and along the ways. May 10th, he writes:—"I have been allowed to open rooms for public sittings, at No. 24 Calle de O'Reilly, where I am daily visited by crowds of anxious seekers after Truth, and, strange to say, they are all Catholics; there is not that bigotry among them which I expected to find, and which characterizes so many of our people at the North, of all denominations. They appear to appreciate facts."

Mr. Foster is residing in the family of C. Tyngs, Esq., Commission Merchant from Newburyport, one who has the cause of Spiritualism truly at heart, and to whom Mr. F. is indebted for his invitation thither. The villa is a few miles out from the city, adjoining the Bishop's Garden, where he writes:—"I stroll almost daily through very beautiful walks shaded by Mango and Palm trees, and labyrinth of most beautiful and fragrant flowers—here are many rare aquatics—the Lotus, the worshiped flower of the Egyptians, is in full bloom. It is a large flower, about the size of the Victoria Regia, and of a very delicate perfume, the leaves measuring from one to two feet in diameter. Longfellow in *Evangelina* thus beautifully alludes to it:—

"Water-lilies in myriads, rocked on the slight undulations  
 Made by the passing cars, and, resplendent in beauty the  
 Lined her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen."

Mr. Foster further writes, that ever since the opening of his public rooms, they have been crowded, and

his sitters appear to be truly seeking after light, and are willing to fairly investigate the subject. It was his intention to return last month, but so great was the desire of the people to learn of Spiritualism, he has concluded to prolong his stay, probably through August, visiting other Cuban cities before he leaves for home.

## Correspondence.

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, July 31, 1858.

Mrs. Davis's Lecture—The new "Gospel of Jesus"—Practical application of the Law of Love—John F. Coles on the management of Criminals—Another Free Convention—Mrs. Hazen at Munson's—A new work by Prof. Bush—Patent Mill, &c., &c.

Messrs. Editors.—Mrs. Davis's lecture at Union Hall, last Sabbath, on the Uses of Spiritualism, is greatly praised; and, I have no doubt, deserves it, as she is a highly intelligent and cultivated woman, of a firm, but gentle spirit, well fitted her to teach. The age of Spiritualism is opening new doors and fields of usefulness to the sex. The doctrine of St. Paul, forbidding women to teach, must be considered exploded, or capable of a new interpretation. No doubt the apostle is good authority for a fact or an inspiration; but neither the one nor the other can become useful to us, until we can get it in such form as to be able to take it into our consciousness as a truth, and reconcile it to our conscience. This sweeping prohibition of Paul refuses thus to be reconciled; and we are forced to the conclusion, either that he has been misinterpreted, or that, in this instance, as in another, he has given us simply his own opinion, based on the traditional sentiment of his age and nation. While I do not believe that woman will ever take a place in the arena of public affairs, as the chief actor, or even as the equal of man, male, it is obvious that there are many departments of knowledge in which she is his superior, and best fitted to act the part of teacher and preacher; and if she will exercise her own functions, without undertaking to ape the man—with that modesty, devoid of which woman is disreputable—there can be no doubt but that the sentiment of the world will sustain her. Woman, though she occupy the rostrum, head an army, or fill the Chair of State, should be a Woman still.

The new "Gospel of Jesus," of the Rev. Gibson Smith, professed to have been found in the catacombs of Rome, would seem to have fallen nearly stillborn from the press. Taken in connection with the letter of Dr. Dods, published in the last number of the Spiritual Age, the affair furnishes a curious chapter. If Mr. Smith exercised the same degree of imagination with regard to the manuscript, that he seems to have done in connection with Dr. Dods's visions, the mystery of the book is easily explained. Dr. Dods, it appears, had two visions, one forty-eight years ago, when he was fourteen years of age, and the other about fourteen years ago. In the first, the spirit of his father appeared to him, and informed him that the nature of the life to come, and the teachings of Christ, were not understood; but that, in his day, would be given "a new illumination from heaven to the soul of man." In his second vision, the Doctor saw a high, barren mountain, with a poor pasture about its base, covered with half-starved sheep. On the top of the mountain stood a man, much enveloped in mists, with a book in his hand, which he presented to the Rev. Gibson Smith, bidding him, at the same time, to feed the sheep with it. Mr. Smith, in the capacity of shepherd, commenced on his mission, but the sheep were in no wise improved, and he soon retired from the field in disgust; the mountain crumbled to pieces, and the book was thrown aside. An immortal then addressed him: "Gibson Smith, you have been honestly deceived, and may be again; but be not discouraged, for you shall, in a future day, find the truth, and, through much tribulation and persecution, aid in presenting it to the world."

These visions, it appears, the Rev. Gibson Smith has interpreted to mean, that "Gibson Smith would introduce to the world the true Gospel of Jesus."

Our Conference is still occupied with the question of the practical application of the Law of Love. At its session of last week, some valuable facts were brought out, touching a school in the neighborhood of Chicago, under the management of the Rev. Mr. Nichols. To the praise of the city, he said, it is a city institution, for the reform and education of the young thieves and vagabonds in the street. Mr. Nichols, it is evident, is far in advance of the common developments of the age. With the most unpromising materials he has ventured on the experiment of subjugating force to kindness, and modeling and managing a school on the principle of mutual good-will. He appeals to the sense of honor and better feelings of his pupils, and even with the little loafers of the streets, finds that he meets with a response. The experiment has proved a triumphant success. His course with his worst boys is as follows:—"The lad arrives, probably much against his will, and manifests his order of development, by kicking and striking everybody about him, and breaking the windows. He is arrested by a boy police, tried, and sentenced to confinement for several days, on bread and water. For one or two meals, this unvarying food is given him, and then there is a change. He is furnished with a good dinner. He asks an explanation, and is told, that Mr. Nichols has sent him his dinner, and is taking the bread and water himself. This opens a new field of thought with the youth. He perceives that somebody cares for him, and finally, asks to see Mr. Nichols, and promises to be a good boy. In a very short time, Mr. Nichols is able to send this same boy into the city on business, or to trust him there over the Sabbath, and rely on his good conduct and good faith. He is rarely or never disappointed.

The Ajax of our Conferences, in throwing triangular rocks, and furnishing striking illustrations, is Mr. John F. Coles. At the session referred to, in illustrating the position that society and the State, in dealing with its criminals, ought to look to their improvement and reform—to make war on the sin, rather than on the sinner—he said: "What would be thought of a doctor, who, called on to remove a splinter from the eye, should do so by gouging out the organ? And yet this is just what society does. One of its members gets a splinter in his head, and forthwith, all fall foul of him; break him in pieces; sweep him out; and call for more!"

Another Free Convention is advertised. One of the prime movers in it is Andrew Jackson Davis; and the indications are that the active Reformers in this and other States, without regard to stripes, will give it their hearty co-operation. Different from the one at Rutland, this will have a defined object, which is to discuss the question of the "Cause and Cure of Evil." It is to be held at Utica on the 10th, 11th,

and 12th of September; and the proceedings are to be published in a volume.

Mr. Munson has added Mrs. Hazen to his corps of mediums. In her particular field, as a delineator of character by means of symbols and pictures, which she first describes and then interprets, this lady is probably unrivaled. The language and imagery employed, are as chaste and classical as they are pointed and beautiful; and good tests are frequently obtained, in this novel manner, at her sittings.

Prof. Brittan, I see, proposes to take a lecturing tour through the Western States—to start in September—and to spend the winter South, extending his travels as far as Galveston, Texas, in case sufficient inducements are offered. He desires those wishing his services to address him, at this place—New York office of The Spiritual Age—or at Newark, N. J., where his family resides.

Prof. Bush, it is understood, is engaged on a Commentary on the Gospels. He is a learned man and a good man. Thoroughly acquainted with the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, and conversant with the spiritual and theological books of all ages and peoples; and though receiving it with distrust, having kept himself well posted in the literature and phenomena of modern Spiritualism, an interesting and valuable work may be anticipated—something greatly surpassing, I trust, the reiterated rehashes of old opinions which have hitherto been given to the world.

A gentleman of Crawford county, Pa., it appears, has recently created and patented a mill for grinding grain, the plan of which was revealed to him in a trance state. It performs admirably; and the Commissioner of Patents at Washington, on issuing the patent, remarked, that in his judgment it was the most useful invention he had ever granted a patent for. Thus the curse of inutilty, to those who can see no value in anything which will not grind, is gradually being removed from Spiritualism. If it can furnish us with improved machines, it will be voted a clever thing, without regard to its truth. But how much surprised such men as Morse and Colt and Singer—or whoever the original Jacobs among the Sewing Machines, is—would be, to know, that their grand inventions were thrust into their minds, piecemeal, after much toil and many failures, on the part of ardent co-workers on the Spiritual Plane; and that their machines existed in full form and feather on that plane, long before any one was found on this, sufficiently advanced in a particular direction to take in the idea. Nor does this detract at all from the credit due to inventors. Every great achievement is the result of the combined action of many Minds. No book of any worth, no history, no poem, no simple strain of music, or complicated harmony, or instrument to tunnel mountains, or drive a peg, is ever produced, except by a mind which is braced and stayed by long columns of like mind, on that plane which is peculiarly the sphere and plane of mind. So we do not act alone, nor invent alone; but simply do our part as one of the cogs in the great universal wheel of activity and use. YORK.

## MISS M. MUNSON AS A HEALING MEDIUM.

FRANKLIN, N. H., July 20, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—I am very glad to learn that Miss M. Munson has concluded to devote a portion of her time to the relief of the sick, and hope, and doubt not, that her connection with Mrs. Jenness, at No. 13 La Grange place, Boston, will result in much good to the suffering people.

As a trance medium for communications, Miss Munson has few equals, and perhaps no superiors. The highly moral cast of her mental organism, together with her fine and correct culture, and quick and delicate appreciation of the good, the true and the beautiful, in everything that surrounds her normal condition, render her one of the best mediums for the higher class of communications from the spirit-world. Her trance condition is such that, while it is used as a medium for the transmission of messages from

"The world above to the world below,"

it presents but the slightest obstacle—nothing seemingly but a mere shadow—to a full and perfect communion of the spirits of the two worlds.

These peculiarities of her superior condition must apply, I think, with equal force to her as a healing medium. The immortals who minister to our sufferings and wants are dependent upon mediumistic conditions, and the more perfect those conditions, the more perfect must be their knowledge of our physical derangement and their prescriptions for our relief.

I was not aware Miss Munson had ever been used by the spirits as a healing medium, until some three months since, when I called at her rooms to obtain a communication from a spirit friend. I was in a weak and low state of health and had been so for several months. Instead of obtaining the communication I anticipated first, I was much surprised at receiving through her mediumship, from the spirit of Dr. Benjamin Rush, not only, as I believe, a correct analysis of my own disease, and a prescription for its removal, but one of the most able and learned discussions upon man as a physical-being, and the diseases to which he is subject, that it has ever been my fortune to listen to. I followed the prescription, and the result is, I have been raised, in a good degree, to health. Indeed, I am so much improved that I can but poorly express my gratitude.

D. G.

## SABBATH MEETINGS SUSPENDED.

Mr. Parker, whose sermons we have been reporting, has taken a respite from his labors, which he will resume September first, when we shall recommence our reports. The same is the case with the meetings at the Melodeon, we believe.

## PERSONAL.

We are requested to state that Mr. J. V. Mansfield, now on a visit to his relatives in the country, will return to the city on Saturday, Aug. 7th, when he may be found at No. 3 Winter street, as heretofore. Mr. James D. F. Lyons will speak next Sabbath, in the trance state, at South-Canton, Mass., morning and afternoon.

## HISTORY OF MEDIUMS.

Our next number will contain the history of Mrs. Leeds's mediumship, by Dr. Child. Mrs. L. is much esteemed as a lady and as a medium, by her friends in Boston.

SHIPBUILDING IN EAST BOSTON.—There are eight new vessels, of nearly 100,000 tonnage, now building in the different ship yards at East Boston, employing about three hundred and fifty mechanics—quite a revival from the recent stagnation of the business.



## THE SPIRITUAL LYCEUM AND CONFERENCE VS. J. TIFFANY.

This modern institution of certain New York Spiritualists, devoted to the evening of the 28th of April last to the consideration of the case of my humble self. Sometime last September I prepared two lectures, one upon the subject of *Spiritualism*, the other upon the question of *evil spirits*, and delivered them before a meeting of Spiritualists, at Dodworth's Academy, in the presence of certain of the lyceum members, who have recently taken me to task for it. These lectures were highly approved at the time, by a large number of the Spiritualists who heard them, among whom were those occupying high positions among the Spiritualists of that city. At the request of a number who heard the lectures, they were published in the December number of my monthly magazine.

These lectures were prepared while I was in the city, last fall. The necessity of presenting those subjects before the minds of the Spiritualists, seemed imperative. Certain prominent men, and some women, were busily engaged in teaching a fatalistic philosophy, in connection with Spiritualism, which seemed to be very pernicious in its influence and tendency. The doctrine, that there is no such thing as evil—that there is no real distinction between purity and impurity—between truth and falsehood, and the like; was taught and argued with a zeal becoming a better cause. The influence of such teachings was most apparent in the lives and conduct of many; I need not prove, that when an individual is convinced that there is no difference between purity and impurity, it will not be long before he will live as though there were no difference.

The extracts which were published in the Oberlin Evangelist, and were read by Dr. Hallock as the basis of his remarks, were taken from these lectures, and for which I am arraigned. The first thing laid to my charge, is, that I affirmed "that communications from the spirit-world were not reliable." This, Dr. Hallock says, means that "Mr. T. has been diligently searching, for the last seven or eight years, for a spiritual post to lean upon with absolute certainty, and instead, has found only confusion, contradiction and absurdity—just what he went after—just what the devotee of authority always finds. 'Seek and ye shall find.' The man who sets out to be a pope, or to seek one, is sure to accomplish his aim."

Really, Dr. Hallock, who has said anything about authority, save yourself? Am I to take this as a fair sample of your intelligence or integrity? By what authority do you infer or affirm that I have been looking for a "spiritual post" to lean upon, with absolute certainty? There is no intimation of the kind in the lecture from which you quote. The point was simply this: The communications purporting to come from the spirit-world, were so frequently false, that no sane man dare rely with confidence upon their statement of facts; and that, therefore, Spiritualism was not valuable as a means of obtaining reliable information. Because I am constrained to discredit an individual who has so frequently falsified his word, that there is no reliance to be placed upon what he says, is that to be taken as evidence that I am searching after "authority"? That I am setting out to be a pope, or to find one? Most strange and false conclusion!

But permit me to inquire, Dr. Hallock, why you have not met the objection, and answered it, instead of departing from the truth, to cast reflections upon myself? If my statement is false, deny it: if true, admit it. You have had some experience in these matters. Have you found everything purporting to come from that world reliable? Do you advise those getting communications therefrom, to rely implicitly upon what they get? Do you say, they are a reliable means of acquiring information? I declared that, from my own experience and observation in these investigations, I was compelled to conclude them not reliable; and for saying that you infer that I would "be a pope, or seek one."

Read gain this extract upon which you base your inferences and imputations, and then look the world in the face, and say, if you can, that you have dealt honestly with this subject.

"After all of our investigations for seven or eight years, we must say, that we have as much evidence that there are lying spirits as we have that there are any spirits at all. If any one were disposed to dispute this conclusion, we would say, inquire of those who have been most engaged in these investigations—Do you find these communications reliable? and you will get but one answer. They are not."

"Since these things are so, it is most evident that the spiritual communications, unless radically improved, can never become a reliable means of procuring information. And what is true in respect to fact, is equally true in respect to philosophy and doctrine. Whatever may be the character and condition of the spirits themselves, the doctrines they teach, or that come to us through mediums as from them, are mostly contradictory and absurd. Whether we inquire into the state or condition of the spirits, or respecting their occupations, habits, means of enjoyment, etc., we meet with the same confusion, contradiction and absurdity. And our experience has been that the individual who sits blindly and confidently at the feet of these spiritual charlatans, and takes for truth all that comes from them, is soon fitted for the mad-house. Therefore, it is safe to conclude that spiritual communications, according to the present type or manifestation, cannot become a reliable means of ascertaining principles of truth or doctrine."

And I ask Dr. Gray to read the foregoing extract, or anything else contained in the lectures from which it is taken, and point out the evidences upon which he bases his inference, "that the individual has not yet got out of the old school of thought, that he is still in search of an authoritarian revelation." Dr. Gray never had from me the slightest occasion for inferring any such thing. And I submit to his usual candor to say, if, on reflection, his inferences were not too hastily made, and without any proper foundation. I also submit to Dr. Gray the same questions I have propounded to Dr. Hallock. I wish he would say publicly to the world what has been his experience as to the reliability of these so-called spiritual communications.

But further, Dr. Gray has very carelessly left another idea afloat, which is quite liable to abuse. He says that the adherents of the old school of thought "lose sight of, or altogether fail to perceive, the value of imperfection, or what they term evil. An oak reared in a hot-house under glass, where neither frost or tempest are permitted to molest it, what would it be good for?" Now surely Dr. Gray does not intend to have us understand that he is apologizing for vice and crime, on the plea that they are as necessary for good and happiness as purity and virtue. He does not mean to say that he cannot attain his highest destiny, without becoming a drunkard, a libertine, a debauchee, so as to become fortified on these points. He would not advise the young and innocent to make a tour of vice and prostitution for all

the good they could get from such an experience. Yet such is liable to be the influence of his suggestion, made as it is, and for the apparent purpose for which it was made.

I wish Dr. Gray would give me an article on this subject, that I might know his views on the propriety of "sinning, that grace may abound." A treatise got up on the subject of *The Virtues or Vice under the divine economy*, would certainly be novel, and, from the pen of Dr. Gray, could not fail to be interesting. The Dr. has, in his remarks, frequently intimated that there is no such thing as evil; that all tend to accomplish the highest possible good for the individual. I wish he would solve the problem how it is that those who possess opposite characters, who are under diametrically opposed impulses to action, begetting opposite influences and results, so far as everything apparent is concerned, attain, by such means, the same destiny. If vice is necessary for the virtuous, how are the virtuous to do without it? If the most abandoned prostitution is essential to the highest good of the inmate of *Five Points*, what is the virtuous maiden to do, who has gone to the spirit-world without taking that degree? I really wish Dr. Gray, or some other member of the spiritual lyceum, would take the subject in hand, and give the world a clear and definite exposition of this philosophy.

But Dr. Hallock did not quite free his mind the first time up, so that when Dr. Gray had thrown out a few hints on the "Value of Imperfection," Dr. Hallock caught the inspiration of that theme, and continued on this wise:

Dr. HALLOCK said: He had three objections to the devilish hypothesis and its entailed consequences.

*Objection 1.* It is generally conceded (and none make a greater parade of the avowal than those, who find the most diabolism here and hereafter,) that God is infinite in all his attributes, and omnipresent; that is to say, the Divine love, and wisdom, and will, and power, are infinite and everywhere. Hence the devil, or the idea which he represents, is not even a respectable fallacy; it is a down-right nullity. Its votaries may nurse it for a few years longer in their creeds, but the fact is not to be found in the universe. The Divine love and wisdom covers all that; consequently, evil, if it is to stand at all, must plant its infernal hoof outside of infinity, and stay there.

*Objection 2.* There is no ratio between one man and another, by which one person is competent to say that another is worse or better than himself. The idea, though thought to be a valuable Christian franchise, is subversive to the law of brotherhood and love to the neighbor, which is the very soul of Christianity.

*Objection 3.* Admitting we had the abstract right to vote ourselves saints, and others sinners, or vice versa, we have not the necessary knowledge to enable us to discharge the trust. Not only do we perpetually shift the standard and reverse the judgments, we pass upon ourselves, calling that bad to-day which we pronounced to be "God's service" yesterday; but that which we call bad in our neighbor, we commend and call good in ourselves, when there is not a particle of difference between the acts of either. As far as example, our neighbor plays poker "for a consideration." That we call gambling. We never do that; but we do this—we step boldly up (no sneaking around corners into dark alley ways—virtue courts the light), to a courtly domicile whose door is surmounted by a golden title of the virtuous deeds performed within, and enter, with that peculiar boldness which is the crown of virtue, to have a little virtuous conversation with another incarnation of all the virtues, sure to present himself as the resident virtue—the presiding deity, in short, of the place. Having congratulated each other on the shower of grace poured down upon the last prayer meeting, and the improvement of stocks at the "second board," virtue No. 1 minutely suggests to virtue No. 2 that he has a foreboding so strong that his house "up town" will be a heap of ashes within the current twelve months, that he has found it necessary, in his deep affliction, to secure his virtuous advice in the matter. Beautifully their spheres interblend—virtue with virtue mixes, and by a providential, though singularly common coincidence, virtue No. 2 is impressed by an exactly opposite opinion with respect to the future of that doomed mansion. He is ready, and what is still more virtuous, willing to back his opposite opinion too. So it is all virtuously agreed between them that virtue No. 1 shall hand over to virtue No. 2, "a small consideration," in virtue of which, virtue No. 1 is to receive ten thousand pieces of virtue in case his house goes to ashes, with the easy and pious alternative that in case it does not, virtue No. 2 is to keep the little "consideration" (paid over among friends just to make the matter seem a little interesting) forever and a day. But, blessed union to all respectable souls! that is not gambling; this is not a "game of chance;" it is insurance! Virtue No. 1 did not "bet;" virtue No. 2 did not "pocket the stakes;" he deposited a "premium"—all the difference in the world when you do the one, and your neighbor the other. Capital judges we of evil spirits!

Here then we have the elements of Dr. Hallock's philosophy. "God is infinite in all his attributes, and is omnipresent: that is to say, divine love, and wisdom, and will, and power, are infinite and everywhere." Therefore there is no evil—that is to say—there is no lust—there is no falsehood—there is no injustice—there is no vice and crime—no conflict and antagonism; and "the Devil, or the idea which he represents, is a down-right nullity." The willful murderer is in as just and holy a state as the good Samaritan. The abandoned prostitute, polluting herself, and seeking to pollute others, trying to entice the innocent into her den, is performing an angelic work—one that is elevating her and her victim to heaven, causing them each to grow up more and more into the likeness of the Divine. Thus Dr. H. would call the "consuming fire of lust," hungering and thirsting after righteousness; and standing at the door of the brothel, he would cry out: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come!"

This is the doctrine and philosophy of Dr. Hallock, one of the leading Spiritualists of New York; a teacher of the new divine philosophy. Such are the revelations which modern Spiritualism has made, in his understanding. Such the purification it has wrought in his affections! Did I accuse unjustly when I said before a New York audience, that, under the general influence of modern Spiritualism, a decay of virtue among some was apparent by the introduction of a "free and easy philosophy," by which some were disposed to excuse the practice of sensualism? Could better evidence be demanded of the truth of that saying, than Dr. Hallock has himself furnished?

But for saying this, I am to be turned out of the synagogue. Spiritualists are cautioned not to listen to me—not to read my writings. The decree has gone forth that I am to be put down, and this proceeding in the New York Lyceum is one of the steps in that noble work. My magazine is proscribed. It must be stopped—I know this. I have known it for some time. I have heard of it in the east and the west. Their backbitings and slanders are familiar to me.

But hear Dr. Hallock again—*Objection 2.* There is no ratio between one man and another, by which one is competent to say that another is worse or better than himself. Indeed! Is this also one of the deductions of this new divine philosophy?

Is this a conclusion arrived at through modern Spiritualism, as Dr. Hallock understands it? Man has no means of knowing what is good or evil, either in himself or in others! He has no means of determining with any certainty, good or evil, either in condition or manifestation! He meets with a man, known to be temperate, loving, kind, humane, chaste, &c., and he knows himself to be temperate, revengeful, brutal, licentious, &c., and yet he has no reason to suppose but that he is just as good as his neighbor, and that these latter qualities proceed from just as pure and holy a condition as the former!

What are to become of those aspirations of the soul which are so essential to true progress under the blighting and cursing influence of such a philosophy? Man never will advance without aspiration. He will have no aspiration so long as he feels no need, or is satisfied with his present condition. Indeed, as he cannot judge between himself and another, after what shall he aspire? Did I accuse unjustly when I said the influence of this philosophy upon some minds had tended to destroy aspiration? To make them contented with their present state, as best suited to them and the world?

But hear the Doctor once again, for the purpose of perceiving how acute his most perceptions are under the teachings of his new divine philosophy.

*Objection 3.* Admitting we had the abstract right to vote ourselves saint and others sinners, or vice versa, we have not the necessary knowledge to enable us to discharge the trust, &c. For instance, our neighbor plays poker "for a consideration;" that we call gambling. So the Doctor goes on to show that the man who gets his base insured, acts upon the same principle as he who plays poker; and that, he says, we call legitimate. Well, if the Doctor can see no moral difference between gambling and getting property insured, his degree of intelligence will not subject him to very severe penalties—his sins being of the kind to be "wiped out." I will not stop now to point out the difference, but I will at some future time, if he cannot find without my aid.

My present business with his remarks on this point, is, to ascertain whether the Doctor intends to encourage gambling, or to discourage insuring property. We can hardly suppose he intends condemning gambling as an evil, because that would be trespassing upon a fundamental principle of his philosophy, by introducing evil and thus getting the "infernal hoof" inside of infinity; and also, it would imply setting himself up as judge, which he says he has no right to do. We are therefore to suppose that the Doctor intends to make respectable the practice of playing poker for a consideration, by associating it with the practice of insuring property.

Did I accuse falsely when I said that one species of vice was naturally allied to all others? Here is Dr. Hallock illustrating the truth thereof by precept at least; and, as he does not consider it wrong, I suppose he would not consider it slander if I should say he is not too good to put his philosophy into practice. I hope to hear from the Doctor on this subject.

J. TIFFANY.

[Dr. T. will confer a favor on us by forwarding to us his magazine. It has failed to reach us—especially would we like the last number.]—Eus.

## Sabbath in Plymouth.

MISS DOTEN'S STORY.  
PLYMOUTH, SUNDAY P. M., Aug. 2.

[Miss Doten was again, after some weeks' rest, brought under the immediate and irresistible control of spirits. We present a brief report of the manifestations made through her.]

PRAYER.

Oh, thou Infinite Father! we deeply feel in our hearts that we are not what we should be; that we have wandered away from thee. All things in nature spring forth—bud, bloom, ripen and come to maturity at thy will; and where is the inspiration in us—the bud, the bloom and the maturity of our spirit? We have wandered away from thee. Oh, let us come back, that our souls may blossom in fragrance—let us, like the prodigal son, return to thy bosom, and rest there like little children. How much of thy love we have received! We thank thee for this love. For the high and holy religious influences that have drawn us nearer heaven and in communion with thy messengers of love, we thank thee; for this new revelation of thy love, we thank thee. It was not enough that the sun of righteousness was sent to give light to this dark earth; in latter days thou hast sent thy angels and spirits to teach us that only holy lives and pure hearts can be the dwelling-place of thy spirit, and make us children of thy love. We know that the ties of love that have bound us to those who have gone before us, however strong they may be, cannot draw them back, if our hearts are not pure. Oh, Father of our spirits, grant that we may turn away from the flesh and temptations and be drawn to thee, that we may have intimate communion with the loved "and lost," for which we have unspeakable yearnings. We know that thy voice ever pleads with us; we know there is no place of safety except we come unto thy presence. Give us faith, help our unbelief, and draw us ever nearer and nearer thee. Amen.

DISCOURSE.

Speaking from the depths of my interior nature, I feel that I must speak or die; I cannot resist the influence of spirits.

I am carried upon a high eminence to see a vision. I look abroad, and I behold a vast extent of the beautiful earth; blooming fields and luxuriant valleys, gardens and orchards, flocks and cattle. I behold and admire. An angel speaks to me, and says, "Why dost thou see these things and not understand?" I look again. The golden sun hanging in the ripened harvest and the full corn in the ear; the ripened sheaves of wheat are ready to be garnered into the store-house. There is a spiritual meaning in this vision. I see a sea of human hearts before me. They are growing, expanding, maturing; they have their winter of coldness, their spring of budding, summer of unfolding, and autumn of maturity, when they are ripened for this change—ready to be garnered to the treasure-house of our Father.

Since I last spoke to you, these hearts have been maturing and ripening; the illumination of God's spirit may have been for a time withdrawn, but this is only to add a new link to the chain of heavenly progress, that we may reach forward for heavenly things, for higher and bolder attainments in the brighter light of God's love; and in this light we are taught to heed not the soother and the soother. I feel a coming power, such as I have never felt before; it is like a whirlwind, or like a

tide that takes me onward and upward. I speak not egotistically of myself, but for all.

Oh, child of unbelief! the time shall come when you shall be unchained and come forth in the sunlight of truth. There is an undeveloped nature within you, an inactive spiritual vitality, which shall unfold and draw in those higher influences of heaven, which shall speedily prepare you for the gates of paradise, and you shall gladly join the company that has now gone forth to strengthen and redeem humanity.

God never gives but that which he requires again; and we do not realize the benefit of his gifts until we impart them for the benefit of others. The words of inspiration given to one, are required of that one to be given to others. This gift should be watered with our tears, nurtured with our love, and strengthened by our prayers, and we shall grow in the stature and manhood of spirit, and soon be gathered into the treasure-house of our Father.

A. B. C.

## The Busy World.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER:—Poetry, "Nature's Fidelity," by Lita H. Barney; "Daisy Nesbrook," continued; "The Sisters, or the Heart's Revenge," by Adrianna Lester; Poetry, "Consolation," by Corn Wilburn; "Stephen Brierly—The Man who Knew his Rights, and Maintained Them;" Editorials; Lecture by Miss Doten last Sabbath at Plymouth; Correspondence; Miscellaneous; Spirit Messages; "The Promulgators," by L. Judd Pardee; Miracles; Spiritualism in Natick; A Looking-glass for the Church and Clergy; Spirit-Birth; Life Eternal, part tenth, &c.

We have just seen a letter from a friend in San Francisco, who says that many of the miners who first started for Frazer's River gold mines, have returned, and report unfavorably. They say there is no doubt but that there is plenty of gold in that region; but a poor man, who has to dig for it, will clear nothing by his labor. Provisions are at almost fabulous prices, and everything else in proportion; consequently speculators will get all the gold—as a matter of course. The writer advises laborers in the Atlantic States not to be deceived by the "dazzling" accounts they read in the newspapers—that steamboat agents and others have a hand in getting up these stories, &c., &c.

PROFESSOR IRISH'S COMMENTARY.—We are happy to learn, says the Spiritual Telegraph, that Professor George Bush is writing a commentary on the Four Gospels. From his vast learning, strict integrity, candor and knowledge of spiritual things, including the modern unfoldings, we confidently expect from him the most interesting commentary ever written.

The Post is slurring Spiritualism. It is not aware, perhaps, that it published some time since a spirit-communication, (from a noted politician, while in the form,) and fully endorsed the sentiments therein contained. We may put up the editor in this matter at some future time.

We see by the Vanguard that the Agitator has again made its appearance. We have not received it.

Nicaragua was excited by rumors of another invasion by Walker. Gen. Martinez, after depositing the Presidency in the hands of the Vice President, had hurried to Castillo, to put that place in a state of defence.

The poetry which the Israelite recently copied from the Banner was given through the organism of M. S. Henderson, the trance medium, and to the best of our knowledge was never before published.

COSTLY CHURCHES.—Some of the expensive and splendid churches in the Fifth Avenue, New York, have had to be abandoned, for want of funds. It is now all the rage to build costly churches in that aristocratic avenue. Dr. Gardner Spring's new church on Murray Hill, in that avenue, will cost \$200,000 and Archbishop Hughes's new cathedral will cost not much short of a million.

"Aint you going down to-day, Mike? Fine weather—lots of folks going down," said an officer-holder to one of the voters, a day or two since.

"No, I guess not, sir; I'm down as low as I want to go now—have n't nary a red; lend us a quarter, will ye?"

It is needless to say that the friends parted as strangers, upon the refusal of the "in" to "shell out."

The Executive Committee of the United States Agricultural Society have invited Gen. Cushing to deliver the address before the Society at the approaching annual meeting at Richmond, Virginia.

The Minnesota correspondence of the Cleveland Plaindealer says that the area of crops throughout Minnesota this year is at least one third greater than last year. The corn crop is exceedingly promising.

CUBA.—The barque Nancy, that was seized by the authorities of Havana, had been released, having a legitimate cargo on board, and she was reloading for Africa. The Isabel reports that the ship-of-war Jamestown was spoken off Havana, with thirty to forty cases of Chagres fever on board, and that she was bound to New York.

The Washington correspondent of the Times furnishes the official reply of Lord Malmesbury to Mr. Dallas, who had called the attention of the British government to the apprehended difficulties at Vancouver's Island, touching passage of our citizens into the gold regions. Lord Malmesbury assures Mr. Dallas that the British government are disposed to deal liberally with the citizens of the United States who may desire to proceed to that quarter of the British possessions.

A serious accident occurred to the night train on the Hauntonic Railroad, near New Milford, July 31st, by running over a cow on the track. The middle car was thrown down an embankment of thirty feet, killing Levi A. Mills, Esq., of Fairfield, formerly of the firm of Mills, Bro. & Co., of New York; seriously injuring Mrs. Bassett of Bridgeport, and slightly bruising some five or six men.

REV. J. S. KALLOON.—This gentleman, by nearly a unanimous vote of the Tremont Temple Society, has been called to resume his old position as their pastor.

The President of the United States has issued his proclamation, ordering the sale of public lands at Leecompton on the 1st and 16th of November, and at Kikapoo on the 1st and 10th of November.

ERRATA.—In an extract from a letter sent us by Bro. L. Whitfield Morse, published July 10, his name was accidentally printed *Whitford*, and the State mentioned should have read *Wisconsin*, instead of "Michigan." The types will sometimes make errors, in spite of our vigilance to the contrary. He again writes us cheering news. He says:—"Our cause is still advancing in Waukegan, as I trust it is in other

places. The time is not far distant when the Spiritualists will be recognized as holding a prominent place in the Christian world. Our spiritual papers are in constant circulation, and they have caused several old church members to leave the deep rut of Orthodoxy."

"Thou rain'st in this bosom," as the chap said when a basin of water was thrown over him by the lady he was serenading.

The papers of the U. S. Legation at Mexico have been turned over to Mr. Black, our Consul at the Capital.

We are gratified to see that agriculturists are waking up all over the country. A society has recently been formed in Hancock county, Maine, says the Kennebec Journal. Since the great financial crisis, people have waked up to their true interests, and gone to tilling the soil in earnest. Nature's great Bank seldom fails.

A PRINTER'S TOAST.—Woman—the fairest work of creation. The edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy.

HEALED BY THE SPIRITS.—The child of Mr. G. Gammon, of Canton Mills, being ill with what was regarded as a fatal sickness, and given over by the regular physician in attendance, Dr. Hamilton Martin, a spiritualistic healing medium, was called in, and without asking any questions in regard to the disease, was induced to make passes over the child, who in a short time began to manifest signs of improvement, which continued through the night, and in a few days he was well and able to be about his play as usual. The neighbors think the child's life was saved by spiritual influence manifested through Dr. Martin.—Portland Transcript.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.—We have advices from Europe to July 21st, which give us important news from India and China. We make the following summary:—

The news from Great Britain is unimportant. The Niagara was off Cape Clear on the 15th, 4 A. M., and the Agamemnon at 11 A. M., same day, bound to the ocean rendezvous.

The Paris Monitor, in an article on the subject, ridicules the idea of an invasion of England by the French.

The same paper says the French Government will join England in demanding reparation for the Jedah massacre. The session of the Paris Conference is to be brought to a close on the 16th of August. La Presse, Prince Napoleon's organ, complains of the severity with which the press is treated in the French colonies. Trade is improving throughout France. The Sultan of Turkey is seriously ill.

The following telegraphic dispatch was received at the British Foreign Office, July 22:—The steamer Canina arrived at Suez on the 17th, with dates from Aden of the June 19th, Malacca 24th, Galle 23rd, Hong Kong 7th, and Java July 11th. The forces under Sir Hugh Rose, attacked and retook Gwadar on the 20th of June, after a severe fight of four hours.

The forts at the mouth of the river Peking, China, mounting 138 guns, backed by a large body of troops, were attacked by the English and French gun-boats, and taken, with a trifling loss to the French and English. The Chinese stood to their guns very valiantly. On the 22d, the forces commenced advancing up the river. The weather was cool, and the squadron in good health and spirits.

Six thousand French troops, originally destined to Cochin China, are on the way to Pechili. At Canton, on the 24 of June, an ineffectual attempt was made to rout the braves on the mountains in the vicinity.

Ningpo is in possession of the rebels, and the English merchants of the place had taken refuge on board Her Majesty's ship Surprise.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Letters not answered by mail, will be attended to in this column.]  
C. S. STURGEON.—The MS sent us is not up to the mark.  
J. D. NEW LONDON.—We do not think it judicious to publish the communication from G. F. Had better beset direct to the party.

J. C. P. MEMORABLE FALLS.—We have not seen the *Illustration* for some months—suppose it is not published. Should be pleased to have an agent in Wisconsin; but whom shall we get?  
J. E. FRANKLIN.—We shall publish the lecture given through the organism of J. H. Currier, as soon as we can possibly find room for it.

H. B. D. PHILADELPHIA.—The article on "Individuality" is on file for publication.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

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

MISS ROSA T. ARNEY will speak in Washington Hall, Cambridgeport, Sunday, August 5th, in the afternoon and evening.

MR. JAMES D. B. LYONS, trance medium, will speak in South Canton, on Sunday, 8th inst., morning and afternoon.  
MEETINGS are given at South Canton, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, WASHINGTON STREET. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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.

## 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 *Mermaid* 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 MEXSON'S BOOKSTORE, 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.

## WOODMAN'S REPLY TO DR. DWIGHT.

A NEW EDITION OF THIS EXCELLENT WORK is just published. It has been carefully revised and stereotyped, in order to meet an increased demand, and is put at the low price of 20 cents per copy. A liberal discount at wholesale.

DELA MARSH, Publisher.

14 Broadfield street.

MADAME DU HOYCE, MEMBER OF CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, from New York City, who has been so beneficially to the treatment of all diseases, especially of the Eye and Ear, is at the Marlboro' Hotel, Washington street, Boston. The afflicted are invited to call.

MRS. R. L. GERHOLD, CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM.—Dwelling, No. 7 Lincoln street, Boston. Terms: Examination and Prescription, \$1.00. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

MRS. PHELPS, CLAIRVOYANT AND SPIRITUAL HEALING MEDIUM.—Residence, 32 Carver street, corner of Eliot street, near the Boston and Providence Railroad Depot. N. B.—The sick visited at home, when desired.

N. C. LEWIS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.—Examinations and Prescriptions, by an Indian Spirit of the Golden Time. No. 70 Tremont street. Feb. 27.

MRS. E. D. STARKWEATHER, WRITING AND SPIRIT MEDIUM. No. 11 Harrison Avenue. Terms, 50 cents each person. Feb. 31.

Mrs. GANEY, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, No. 4 Folk street, Charlestown, has located here very much benefited by spirit power of all diseases, especially of the Eye and Ear, in examinations and prescriptions for the sick. Hours from 2 to 6 P. M. Terms \$1.00.







sense of falling, and intense pain. This was in May, 1858. It was at a fair in Boston. My name was Frank Cutting. I can call to mind my wife—my dearest and only one. I came to commune with her. I had no children. I remember things which transpired in childhood, better than those which were late. Tell my wife that I desire to speak with her. Tell her not to mourn for me.

The last I remember was a sense of falling, a dreadful agony and fear; everything which transpired in my life seemed to rush before me—then all was dark and gloomy. I cannot remember anything about my funeral. I have said all I care to say here.

I am sadly disappointed in regard to my religion. I was much interested in relation to it, but belonged to no church. I may have lost a great deal by it; but I don't know. I feel there is something wrong about religion. I liked Mr. Eldy—I fear he is in the dark, though. But why is it that a spirit comes here and finds things so different from what he expects? Why cannot the Christian see more distinctly? It seems to me that the raft he builds only carries him over the sea of mortality. This must be so, for many tell me that they were disappointed—that their religion served them only on earth; and I have no reason to disbelieve those I knew to be good Christians on earth.

Oh, everything is beautiful here! But I expected to see God, when I was here, and as I am disappointed in all things, I cannot be happy yet.

Well, if I should ever have the privilege of talking to you again, I trust I shall be in a better frame of mind. Be the best you can with my poor words. Good bye.

June 16.

## THE PROMULGATORS.

BY L. JUDD PARDEE.

(The following was read by the presiding officer on the occasion of a lecture by the writer, at the Melodeon, on Sunday, July 25th:—)

"Three classes of promulgators, or speakers from the standpoint of the spiritual, are now in the field, and are engaged in the dissemination of the truths, and goods and uses of the *New Unfolding*. It is not, perhaps, inappropriate to the present occasion, by way of prologue, to briefly allude to them. They are the profoundly and unconsciously entranced, the semi-entranced, and the normal.

The first of these, and perhaps the most popular, because so novel and striking as to state the completely unconscious, are, as the word indicates, unaware of what is passing through and from them. They are entire subjects, in as far as organism and inherent capacity (just back of the usual and exercised kind) will permit, of a foreign and higher, and spiritual power. In one sense they are but tunnels; yet, still, far from merely such in another. While the superinduction of the trance state closes up and lays away, so to speak, the outer activities, leaving but the involuntary powers, heart and lung action operative—sensation even being blunted like a piece of iron, or chilled like a piece of ice—these, so subjected, have ineffaceable impressions, like engravings, made upon the internal plane of their being. And so they are not mere spouts. Sooner or later whatever has flowed through them becomes theirs; descends gradually from the plane of the internal, and is caught, at first dimly and like a dream, then vividly and clearly, like a picture, by the external consciousness and faculties. It becomes, thus, a constituent element of one's external understanding.

Some object to this method of control, which, though it is admitted vehicles to the minds of men exalted and noble truths and the sweet thought—children of the affections, yet (they so say) seems to make of one a mere machine. No such piece of mechanical absoluteness, however, obtains in a Universe of just and wise control. Everything and every soul is beautifully lorded over; and this condition of the apparent negation of self is but seeming. Those thus controlled are controlled by law, not less moral and just than electric, magnetic, or mechanical. And they are controlled, in the long run and end, yes, on the very way, not less to the advantage of self than to that of others. There can be no tyrannies in the ways of God; and whatever is, or is manifest, is but a manifestation and exhibition of one or more of these. Mr. A. J. Davis, in his autobiography, tells how that for four years he had not nor held any recollection of what transpired on the internal; but that, afterwards, by growth or progressive unfolding, the minutest event or impression there, flowed down and into the outer memory. Now, though the condition of an unconsciously-entranced medium may not be precisely as was his when magnetized by a spirit in the body, yet the difference is not material to our purpose. In so far as the fact of impressions made upon the tablet of the inner mind are concerned, as to either, there is consonance. It is true, however, that there is quite a difference between the "superior" condition, to which Mr. Davis by and through appropriate appliances attained, and that unconscious state induced by super-sensuous and spiritual magnetizations. I suppose it were not necessary, before you, to affirm the realness and naturalness and authenticity of profound entrancement. What a mind in the body may achieve by way of control over another mind in the body, as in mesmerism, may be accomplished, certain conditions understood, and provided, by a mind out of the body over one in—brought into close and subtle relations, like positive to negative, with the same.

Further, with respect to somewhat the same or a closely-related class of mediums. Some of these last, though apparently ignorant of the talk through them, are not so—but are lookers-on at this Venice, and auditors of the spiritual say: that is, as to their computed and individualized spiritual selves, they are gently pushed, by the compelling positive power of the operative spirits, from their own bodies, and stand as organized spiritual intelligences without the casement thereof, gazers, listeners, annotators, and thence reporters, of what is transpiring. This condition, though not very frequent, is not rare. It is a high state, and indicates, first, a fine and sensitive organic condition, physiologic and structural, (which may yet be a healthy one, and then again not so, as in the case of the seers of Provo) and, next, that the growth or individualization of the spirit within has quite and far proceeded. A process, called the process of Spiritualization (which I but allude to here) has for its aim, and in its ultimate effectuates this separation from and organization within the body, of the elements of a man's spirit. He or she, then, as to this state, is like unto a disembodied Intelligence, sees and notes spiritual things, with great and memorable measure, or small as may be, hears the controlling spirit speaking through his or her physical organism, marks the speech, is instructed and benefited by it as are the audience, and remembers the same when the spiritual grasp is relaxed and its hold ceases. The self or essential ego thereupon returns and reincarnates itself—rich the while with the new-

gotten treasure. While the trance remains, that spirit is connected with its outer form by a spiritual chord, which contracts upon the return. What precise organic or constitutional states are necessary for an enjoyment of this kind I cannot tell. But it is a fact that some are incapable of being put in that delightful "fix." Such can tell of this, who have solitously sought, as they have earnestly prayed for, the gift, but have not found it. Complete and entire separation of the spirit from the body does not obtain with the foregoing class of mediums, nor, indeed, with any other—else death to the external would ensue, and the soul, out loose, would soar to its attractive and appropriate sphere. A subtle and fine umbilical chord-connection is maintained.

The semi-entranced, or conscious and impressionable kind come next. These are apparently unconscious, yet are not so. The eyes, indeed, involuntarily close—they can't help closing 'neath the touch and manipulation of the positive spiritual power—and every member of the body may be still like stern silence; yet the internal man or woman, youth, or maid, or middle aged, is all alive. The activities have gone into the inner plane, and checked and poised, are as keys of an instrument for angel fingers to play upon. That internal is vitalized and energized by the descent-brooding of spirit magnetism, fine and sweet, like a rare aroma. It is visitation, this, and baptism of the Holy Ghost, the descended apparition of the uplifted spiritual or of the celestial.

Sometimes but a simple consciousness of selfhood is left, and nothing more. Then the soul, vacant, passive and receptive, gets and takes from the spiritual imparters, and spontaneously gives forth—as thoughts that flow in have an almost irresistible tendency to flow out. Nor are these class but spouts or duets. A subtle and fine, or a strong and bold impression, like a stamp or engraving, is made upon the mental—and remains. This is the burning in, the divine fire-light flowing in, of inspiration—a soul substance from the skies, which sticks. The light that has flowed and flashed has left its track and trail of quality behind. That deposited, leaves, like matter, its essential life, or sphere, or snell, in the very way it took, and in the inner paths it trod. Such, thus affected, are fed by the heavenly truth-food that glides or springs, or is launched like aglow fire-ships upon them. They are not physically, so much as mentally, spiritually and inspirationally controlled. A sphere of mind, composed of individualized intelligences, rather than one individual spirit, speaks through such, and infuses its adaptive thought. Around such the clairvoyant eye perceives a white light, like a circular mantle. It is the sphere life of the controlling spirits, which envelops and flows around the mediatorial one, as water around an isle, and is the intermediate, along whose line, or through whose sphere, thought and spiritualities are poured in and poured out.

This kind do not, as a general, or even usual thing, however, speak solely from spirit impression; for their own spiritual instincts, the intuitions within, energized and active, and permitted to their work by the closing up of the outer or sense-faculties, perceive, penetrate to, like a swift arrow, and lay hold of and grasp, as with an open hand, the invisible substance of truth, and thought, and spirituality. All this, I estimate, is legitimate and perfectly proper; for, be it remembered, that all teaching or address can be but suggestive—cannot be, and is not, indeed, admitted to be amongst us, authoritative. Is speaking by the power of the spirit a mere phenomenon—"only that and nothing more?" The uses of this thing ought, rather, to parenthesize its estimation. Is it not that the truth conveyed, the thought suggested, the heart-touch and brain illumination that follow it, like a blessed baptismal spirit and a holy fire, consecrate it to its office, and make it practical or a benefit? Mere phenomenalism may be a blaze or a wonder-show for a while—but a substantial and accepted use is, while its day is upon us and lasts, a perpetual and a never setting sun light. I know some use comes forth from everything—even from the kingdom of phantasy, and the sphere of an abuse—for such is an attestation of the presence of God, or good, and sweeps around and encompasses all that is, like the universe. But you note the difference and distinction I make.

And too, the impressionable talker is not altogether left to the contingencies of conditions happy for control in its hour. Such, very oft, have the skeleton outline of a discourse ambrotyped upon their mental ere the time of discourse. A lecture will pass thus through them antecedent to its oral delivery, like a panorama. Sometimes they are grasped, mentally, by a tremendous spiritual power, held like a child, a passive child or a struggling one, it matters not, and get the marks upon their internals by the sky-engravers. Let loose from the hold, that within seems dim, when they come again to the external. But it is there, and ineffaceably. When they enter in again, upon entrancement, it shines, and glows before them, and stands and walks and demands translation, like a live figure form.

The normal speaker is of the remaining kind I have to allude to. These, I hazard nothing in stating, are always inspired—some richly, and you can almost see the auroral light above them; others, again, laboriously and meagerly. As men are developed and open to receive, and of that quality they are fitted for they do. For no man can rise to talk on a spiritual subject but that he attracts them of the spirit, and gets somewhat of their breath and life. The disembodied delight to inflow themselves, their thought and their feeling. How do they not come, like a bright and regal band, around one of high soul and open to the life and light they can impart! You can almost smell their presence from the sphere of their theme—for they not only impress matter but subjects-matter. This I take it is the highest state where it is high-advanced, and he or she who speaks from it is largely developed and spiritually sensitized, refined and harmonized. Of course the degree of pure spirit inspiration must depend upon the degree of soul enlightenment and of receptivity. Such, so highly gifted, become prophets and improvisers and orators, and talk with feeling or with power. Quite a number speak from that stand-point now—the normal, wherein the eye full open, and the almost every sense alive, yet beautifully poised, complete possession of self is had, sub-jective yet to the spirit of truth and thought that floods the being from above. Man is most free when divinely bound; and the inspired normal speaker through maintenance of manhood and individuality, is yet the subject of the higher, and so the spiritual and a God-power. Mrs. Hyzer, who so acceptably addressed you last Sunday, is of this class of teachers. Such, too, and so like were the prophets of old, with greater or less degree of perfection, and the apostles who spoke as the spirit

gave them utterance. Sooner or later, the now unconscious and the semi-entranced will talk thus—in the normal state, yet the inspired. A progressive mediatorial individualization will bring to that point. The speaker who addresses you to-day, is used from the plane of the semi-entranced or impressionable.

## Correspondence.

### MIRACLES.

Messrs. Editors.—In a report of one of the Rev. Theodore Parker's late sermons, in the Banner of Light, his objections are given to the miracles related in the New Testament, the truth of which he calls in question. Now it is a sufficient answer to these objections, in the mind of a believer in Spiritualism, to state that nearly every species of these so-called miracles actually take place at the present time, and are so well attested that no one who does not refuse to believe in all testimony of the most trustworthy character, would think of denying the fact of their occurrence. If, then, it can be proved that occurrences of a similar character do take place at the present time, how does it appear incredible that they should have taken place eighteen hundred years ago? The former clearly establishes the probability of the latter.

Again, the Bible narrative of these miracles makes a part of the narrative of the life and history of Jesus and his teachings, and are so interwoven with them, that they cannot be separated from them. What, then, tends to impeach the truth of the miracles, tends to impeach also the truth of all the rest of the narrative, and to render the whole unworthy of belief. It thus would completely overthrow the New Testament, as much in one part as the other. And it would also prove that the writers of it were completely deluded in regard to the whole matter, or that they were impostors. Is Mr. Parker willing to take this ground, and to contend that they were so ignorant and weak-minded as to be the mere dupes of designing men, or that they were so dishonest and unprincipled, as to endeavor to palm off upon the world statements which they knew to be false, and not entitled to belief? To maintain his position, he must take one or the other of these grounds.

I understand Mr. Parker to deny that such a thing as a miracle can by possibility take place. Now it is of no consequence whether a miracle can take place or not, in settling this question. The question is, whether the occurrences which in the New Testament are called miracles, actually took place, and not whether they ought to be called miracles or not. And this Mr. Parker denies. And upon what does he found his denial? Not upon any historical evidence, proving that they did not and could not have taken place, but upon a mere theory assumed by him to be true, that they could not have taken place. And what is this theory? Why, that these occurrences would be a departure from the operation of natural laws, which must be fixed and unchangeable. But what are natural laws? Are they any fixed principles existing in matter itself, which act from their own innate energy, or are they merely the rules which the Creator himself has ordained to regulate his own action, in the operations he performs with matter. If the former, then is *Abraham* the true doctrine, and matter is the only agent in all physical phenomena. If the latter, then is God directly and immediately employed in producing these phenomena. And if he is so employed, he may vary his operations and produce the same effect by a different process at different times. And so may produce these occurrences or perform a miracle, which is only a name given to a process different from the one commonly employed. And who may say that God cannot do this? Does he not produce light by many different ways? and does he not produce ice by different processes, sometimes by cold and sometimes by salt? If God can produce wine by the grape, and the fermentation process, may he not be able to bring together instantaneously, those identical properties of which the wine is composed, and which are diffused through the air, the earth and the water, and produce wine in this way?

If, in certain of his operations, he acts by what is called the attraction of gravitation, in forcing bodies to descend to the earth, may it not be in his power to employ some other force known to him, but unknown to us, to counteract this attraction of gravitation, and cause them to rise, and float in the atmosphere? Do we know all the forces that are at his command, or that he may produce, to perform certain operations that he designs to perform? Does he govern nature, or does nature govern him? In asserting that God cannot or does not perform miracles, we only expose our own ignorance, and assert that which we know nothing about; and assign to him the same limited powers and faculties that we are conscious of possessing ourselves. And there is no reason in saying that because, in his ordinary operations in nature, he conforms to an invariable rule, and always produces the same effect in the same way, that under other and extraordinary circumstances, for a special purpose, he may not and cannot deviate from this way, and produce the same effect by a different way and process.

W. S. A.

### SPIRITUALISM IN NATION.

DEAR BANNER.—Mrs. Jennie H. Foster, of Lowell, has been in our village, giving us tests of spirit power. Mrs. Foster is a good medium, and to some minds, at least, the tests have been satisfactory. The teachings which have come through her have been of a high order—chaste, pure and beautiful. She also gave delineations of character, which, in the main, were thought to be very correct. Our hall was well filled every evening. Her answers to questions of an intricate nature, were full, clear, and generally satisfactory. Mrs. Foster speaks in an impressed state, partially entranced. Some of the communications which were received through her were very beautiful. Below I give your readers a single specimen from a large amount which I took down photographically at the time, as delivered in one of her delineations of character.

#### THE SOUL-GARDEN.

This is the department that I am called to analyze at this time.—The Soul-Garden! In this garden there are many rare flowers. There have been poisonous weeds; but the gardener has taken great pains to extract these weeds, and with great care and attention, has brought this soul-garden into a high state of cultivation.

I see, not only flowers, but fruit; and the fruit hangs high. The trees have been long maturing, and are now in a condition to develop the sweetest fruit. I see, also, in this garden, birds of rare species—birds of fine plumage—birds, whose silvery notes thrill the air with delight!—sweet tones, like

an angel harp, echoes, going out in tones of beauty, and fall sweetly upon the ear of such as are permitted to roam in this beautiful garden.

I see fountains of sweet waters burst forth in silvery streams, and shower around their tiny drops, and cover with rich beauty the garments of such as slake their thirst at this beautiful fountain. I see, too, drawn by attraction into this garden, celestial beings—not creatures of imagination—no ideal pictures—but a soul born into the spheres of beauty—educated in the homes of wisdom—baptized in the river of love, and consecrated to the soul that makes his throne in the centre of this garden. These are subjects—these are companions—these are teachers—these add to the everlasting beauty a royal richness to this beautiful place. Without this, the life of the garden would be lost.

I see, also, gems in the soil of the untilled fields yet to be unfolded—rich in their forms, perfect in substance, and only need to inhale the sweet breath from the celestial breezes of higher life, to unfold, expand, and cause them to ultimate themselves in this sphere.

But the light is clearly breaking.  
Heaven and earth now are waking;  
The soul of man now is reaching,  
As he drinks in angel voices;  
The soul space ne'er can sever,  
For love must live with God forever;  
And so each soul here dwells,  
Whose voice at heaven's high altar's plighted,  
Shall meet beyond the earth's dark shore,  
Where souls shall meet to part no more.

Yours, fraternally, E. H. DAVIS.

Natick, July 20, 1858.

## A LOOKING-GLASS FOR THE CHURCH AND CLERGY.

### NUMBER ONE.

Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.—MATTHEW: 7-5.

Ministers of the gospel, so-called, and members of the so-called church of Christ, find much fault with modern Spiritualism and its supporters, and are very apt to cast reflections upon them and charge them with promulgating doctrines that are evil in their tendency. The text I have selected and placed at the head of this article, I think a good one to place over the looking-glass I am about to present to the Church and its ministers, for them to see some of their own deformities, before they proceed too far in the condemnation of others who differ from them, and who think they have received additional light from spirit-land.

It is said that Spiritualism is pulling down the church, and of a consequence is opening the way to all evil; but when this glass is used as it should be, perhaps some will dare to think that, if the church has no more restraint upon man than is exhibited by looking into this mirror, it is high time for it to come down, and something raised up in its place that will lead mankind in the paths of Love, Virtue and Truth.

Now let us take a peep into this looking-glass, and see what is there. In the Boston Herald of June 16th we find an article taken from the Detroit Free Press of June 11th, giving an account of a horrible murder, committed under religious (?) excitement. Two brothers murdered their sister, and nearly killed a man who defended her. In the same paper and of the same date we find that Rev. Wm. H. Sisson, an English clergyman, was sentenced to six months imprisonment in Cambridge street jail, by Judge Nash, for stealing a watch. In the Portland Transcript of June 12th, we are informed that the Pope, who claims to be at the head of the church, was obtaining subscriptions to railroads by manufacturing American Counts.

In the Boston Herald of June 17th, we find that in Staunton, Va., the trial of Rev. David Downey for the murder of Wm. Mullins is progressing; it may be proved unintentional. In the same paper, June 21st, a case is given of religious insanity, in which Mr. Jacob D. Burt became so furious that he was sent to the hospital at Worcester.

In the Boston Ledger, June 19th, we have the dodge of a minister to avoid the dog law and save his tax.

In the Daily Advertiser of June 14th, it is said Chauncey Shuller, a prominent lawyer, and one of the recent revival converts, attempted to shoot Justice Steers while the latter was attending to his duties in the Police Court, New York.

In the Daily Journal, June 21st, we are told that in the neighborhood of Rochester a consistent and upright church member was suspended from the church out of deference to public opinion, after having been acquitted of all charges brought against him by an appropriate tribunal. Is this justice? Is it Christian?

The Boston Herald, June 24th, has an article from the European Times, giving an account of a case of the Protestant confessional by a minister. Let the ladies make their confessions to God, only, and they will be out of danger from profligate ministers.

The Boston Ledger, June 25th, gives an account of a minister convicted of an aggravated murder in the State of Virginia. The case was tried before the Circuit Court of Kanawha County. He killed his wife by placing a rope around her neck and choking her to death. He then threw her body into the river.

The Boston Journal, June 26th, has an article from the Media (Pa.) American, in which a Catholic priest is charged, by Joanna Connor, with scourging her with a whip made of twisted wire. The same paper states that in Langford, Ireland, a poor, drunken woman was whipped with a driver's whip by a priest.

In the Boston Herald, July 15, is an article headed "Unfortunate Family." A dispute arose between the State and the town of Greenfield concerning an insane pauper named Halpin. His father was a minister, and once preached in Greenfield, afterwards sold books for a Brattleboro' company, proved a defaulter, ran away, and drowned himself in the Mississippi. His son, who is also a minister, was recently arrested in Boston for stealing books; but was proved insane and sent to the Asylum.

The Ledger of July 2d tells us that Ralph Henry, of Badfield, has been confined at Monson Almshouse. He is a victim of religious (?) excitement.

The Herald of July 8th says Mr. Kallioth got into some trouble at a meeting in Rockland, Me., which ended in something very much like a row; but another paper thinks it was not quite so bad as at first thought to be; but had enough to break up the meeting.

The Boston Herald of July 9th gives us the revolting case of David Parker, a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., a member of the church in good standing, who kept a house of ill-repute in New York, in which he introduced his own daughter, and according to testimony, actually received pay for her debauchment.

And now, having given those ministers and professors, who are so ready to condemn others, an opportunity to look in the glass and behold their own deformity, I will bring this article to a close, hoping that, having seen the monstrous size of the beams in their own eyes, they will proceed at once to cast them out, that they may see clearly to cast out the little motes out of their opponents' eyes. And at the end of another month, perhaps, they will have an opportunity to take another look in this clerical and church looking-glass. D. D.

### SPIRIT PORTRAITS.

The following is from a Western subscriber:—"I would request that, through the columns of the Banner it may be made known, that many in different localities, by calling into action the medium powers of Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Logan County, Ohio, can obtain tests, or proofs, of the spirit-existence of those allied to earth's denizens by the ties of consanguinity. These tests come in the shape of lifelike profiles, drawn by said medium while under the influence of one or more, who truly manifest through him a high degree of artistic skill. Through this channel I have obtained for myself and others eight likenesses of departed relatives, which were readily recognized by the earth friends.

As we are commanded to let our light shine, I wish these facts to find a place in the Banner, in order that they may go forth and help to swell the mighty flood of evidence which is continually radiating from higher life, in proof of the immortality and individuality of the spirit, or selfhood of man. LOVELL BLANE."

Riversville, Ohio, July 20, 1858.

## Communications.

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

### SPIRIT BIRTH.

In tracing these lines, my beloved parents, I desire to bring comfort to your hearts, and hope they may serve to obliterate from your minds the sad circumstances of my earthly exit, for I know you often revert to them with sorrow. When, dear mother, you and sister stood beside me, (when I languished in a distant city,) I would have given worlds, had I possessed them, could I have spoken to you, and given expression to the joyful transport of my soul, and told you of my opening vision. But that which my lips were then unable to utter, I will now put to you through the hand of a ready writer. All the evidence I was then able to give of recognition, was by moving my head slightly in answer to your request; that was a comfort to me. Now my wish is granted, and thanks to our kind friend, I will relate what God hath wrought for me. In order to do this, I must go back some months prior to my transit from earth, for the inward monitor gave me premonition of that event. I endeavored to throw off the impression, but it haunted me still, with its stern, unrelenting realities. I knew, dear parents, that I had looked for the last time upon my boyhood's home; I knew I had gazed for the last time upon the honored brow of my father. The faithful monitor assured me I should again behold other loved forms of earth; but I was strikingly conscious that "the scenes that once knew me, would know me no more" in the form. My spirit was gradually losing its hold upon earth—I ceased to shrink from the dread messenger, but embraced him as a kind friend, who sought to usher me into the pure light of immortality, after an interview with the loved companion of my youth, (Mary Ellenor,) who, angel visitant as she was, came to me one still, calm night, as I sat near the vessel's side, watching the play of the moonbeams upon the placid waste of waters that lay stretched out before me in their expansive beauty. My brow was wreathed in sadness as I thought of the loved ones at home; the inward voice repeating again, and again, farewell, farewell; I go, never to return. Thoughts of unreconciliation were coursing through my mind, when suddenly I started, for a light, bright and glorious, came athwart me, and a touch, gentle and thrilling upon my right shoulder, caused me to look up, when my eyes gazed upon a pleasing vision with joyous surprise. Before me stood, in matchless beauty, the partner of my joys and sorrows, whose form I had seen laid in an early grave, and for whom I had mourned in grief and sadness.

With her right hand raised, pointing upward, she spoke, her countenance radiating with beaming smiles, and angelic beauty—

"Joseph, thy mission on earth is almost ended—thy Father calls—come home. Soon we shall be reunited above, never to part. Why so sad, when such happiness awaits thee? Look! behold a glimpse of thy heavenly mansion." And following with my eyes the upraised finger, I beheld that which language of earth cannot portray. I will not attempt a description. Entranced, I continued to gaze with delight; sweet music fell upon my listening ear. "Weep no more," came from the loved one's lips; "farewell, till we meet no more to part."

She vanished, and with her passed away the inspiring vision, and the sweet evidence of the celestial choir. As it faded away, there fell o'er my spirit a calm, peaceful influence, filling the aching void within. No more did I weep in sadness. I longed for my redemption from sin, and when sickness at last laid its iron grasp upon me, and reduced me low, I rejoiced, for the conflict was nearing my heavenly home. My last earthly wish was granted, for dear friends stood beside me when death was swallowed up in victory, and mortality put on immortality, and my spirit took its flight to fairer and happier realms. When mortal vision was closed I again saw my dear Mary Ellenor. She it was who grasped my hand, and guided me upward to my spirit-home. An elder sister, and a seraph sister with angel brothers, composed, the band of waiting, guarding attendants, while sweet voices chanted the spirit welcome to joys immortal, and full of glory. From materiality I stepped upon the rounds of progression's spiral ladder—have climbed alpine heights and—basked beneath the bright rays of the sun of truth and love, enjoying the companionship of loved ones gone before. We love to come to friends of earth and shed around them the sweet and holy influence of our spirit-home.

Yes, a happy band we come  
On angel wings of love,  
From our bright, celestial home,  
From circles bliss, above.

Dear parents, brothers and sisters, receive this tribute of affection from your spirit-sou and brother, JOSEPH SAUNDERS.

All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind, have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth.



