

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Poetry.

THE HOST-SEER.

BY J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

Ye who, passing graves by night,
Glance not to the left nor right,
Lest a spirit should arise,
Cold and white, to freeze your eyes—
Some weak phantom which your doubt
Shapes upon the dark without
From the dark within—a guess
At the spirit's deathlessness,
Which ye entertain with fear
In your self-doubt, dream here,
Where ye sell your God-given lives
Just for gold to buy your eyes—
Ye without a shudder meet
In the city's midnight street,
Spirits sadder and more dread
Than from out the clay have fled,
Buried, beyond hope of light,
In the body's haunted night!

See ye not that woman pale?
There are bloodhounds on her trail!
Bloodhounds, too, all gaunt and lean—
For the soul their scent is keen—
Want and sin—and sin is keen—
They have followed her and fast;
Want gave tongue, and at her howl,
Sin awakened, with a growl,
Ah, poor girl! she had a right
To a blessing from the light—
Till she was to the dark earth
God gave to her at her birth,
But, before they were enjoyed,
Poverty had made them cold,
And had drunk the sunshine up
From all nature's ample cup,
Leaving her a shivering slave
In the dreary darkness there.
Often, on the sidewalk bleak,
Hungry, all alone and weak,
She has seen, in night and storm,
Rooms of fire with lighted warm,
Which, outside the window-glass,
Doubled all the cold, alas!
Till each ray that on her fell
Rushed her, like an angel,
And she, almost like the wall
Of the bloodhounds on her trail,
Till the door became her life,
She shall feel her panting near,
Close upon her very heels,
Spate of all the din of wheels;
Shivering on her ragged coat,
She shall hear them at the door
Whine and scratch to be let in,
Sister bloodhounds, Want and Sin!

Hark! that rustle of a dress,
Soft with lavish coolness!
Here comes one whose cheek would flush
But to have her garment brush
Against the girl whose fingers thin
Wave the weary bonnet in
Honding her toward her fall,
Lest her tears the silk might soil,
And a seductive, evil and murky
Shaping from her better thought
Heart-ache and forget-me-not,
Saturating her despair
With the emblems woven there.

Little doth the weaker host
Of the heart-break in the bride;
A lip-tremor, her angel smile,
Skulks, down-looking—it is Pride.
He digs for her in the earth,
Where he all her claims of birth,
With his foot-paws piling o'er
Some long-buried and cold
Who, perhaps, a statue won
By the ill deeds he had done—
By the innocent blood he shed—
By the degradation spread
Over happy villages.
Bringing out the smile of peace,
Round her heart and round her brain
Wealth had linked a golden chain,
Which doth close and closer press
Heart and brain to narrowness.
Every morn and every night
She must hear that bosom white,
Which so thrillingly doth rise
'Neath its proud embroidery,
That its more heaveless men know
How much whiter 'tis than snow—
She must hear it, and, unseen,
Suckle that hyena tent—
Ah, the fountain's angel shrinks
And forsakes it, while he drinks!
There walks Judas, he who sold
Yesterday his Lord for gold,
Sold God's presence for his heart
For a proud step in the mart;
He hath dealt in flesh and blood,
At the bank his name is good—
At the bank, and only there,
'Tis a marketable ware.
In his eyes that stealthy gleam
Was not learned of sky or stream,
But it has the cold, hard glint
Of new dollars from the mint.
Open now your spirit's eyes,
Look through that poor disguise
Which has thickened, day by day,
Till it keeps all light at bay,
And his soul in pitchy gloom
Gropes about its narrow tomb,
From whose dank and evil walls
Drop by drop the terrors fall—
Look! a serpent, black and cold
Hugs his spirit, fold on fold,
From his heart, all day and night,
It doth suck God's blessed light.
Drink it with, and drink it with,
Till the cup holds naught but dust;
All day long he hears it hiss,
Writing in its bloodless lips;
All night long he sees its eyes
Flicker with evil intelligence,
As the spirit child away
Into the absorbing clay.

Who is he that skulks, afraid
Of the truth he has betrayed,
Shuddering if perchance a gleam
Of old nobleness should stream
Through the post, unwholesome room
Where his drunk soul covers in gloom—
Spirits and beyond the rest.
By more instinct for the best?
'Tis a poet, who was sent
For a bad world's punishment,
By compelling it to be—
Golden glimpses of To Be—
By compelling it to hear
Songs that prove the angels near—
Who was sent to be the tongue
Of the weak and quivering
Whence the fiery-winged Despair
In men's shivering eyes might flare.
'Tis our hope doth fashion us
To base use or glorious;
He who might have been a hawk
Of Truth's morning, from the dark
Raining down melodious hope
Of a freer, broader scope,
Aspirations, prophecies
Of the spirit's full sunrise,
Drooping to be a bird of fall,
Which, with eyes refusing light,
Hooted from some hollow tree
Of the world's lottery.
'Tis his punishment to hear
Flutterings of pinions near
And his own vain wings to hear
Drooping downward to his heel,
All their grace and import lost
Burdens his weary ghost:
Ever walking by his side
He must see the way guide,
Who at intervals doth turn
Looks on him so sadly stern,
With such over-new surprise
Of hushed anguish in her eyes,
That it seems the light of day
From around him shrinks away,

Or drops blunted from the wall
Built around him by his fall.
Then the mountain, whose white peaks
Catch the morning's earliest streaks,
He must see, whose prophetic air,
Turning east their faces lit,
Whence, with footsteps beautiful,
To the earth yet firm and dull,
They the gladness bring
Of the sunlight's hastening;
Never can those hills of bliss
Be o'erlaid by feet like his!
But enough! Oh, do not dare
From the next veil to tear,
Woven of station, trade or dress,
More obscene than nakedness,
Wherewith plausible culture drapes
Fallen nature's myriad shapes!
Let us rather love to mark
How the unthoughtful apart
Will shine through the thin disguise
Of our customs, pomp, and lies,
And, not seldom blown to flame,
Vindicate its ancient claim.

MY STEP-MOTHER; OR, THE DESTROYER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY ADRIANNA LESTER.

CHAPTER I.

Thank God, I was not early left an orphan!—that the smile which encouraged and cheered my youthful days, and the hand that guided my erring steps aright in the paths of duty and holiness, were not early denied me!

I was just sixteen, when Death, that untimely destroyer, rudely tore from my embrace my cherished and idolized mother—I say idolized, for, next to God, she was the only being I really loved and worshiped. My father was a cold and stern man, who loved the world more than his home, and the bewildering excitement of fashionable life better than the social enjoyments of the domestic circle. Although, as a parent, he was always kind to me, yet his kindness failed to touch my heart as did that of my mother. His was a love I feared. Even in my infancy, I never remember of his taking me upon his knee and caressing me, as a fond father is often wont to do. Yet I was his only child! What wonder, then, that the strong sympathy which drew my heart irresistibly towards that of my gentle mother, outlived even death!

We had not always resided in the country; my earliest recollections of home were in the midst of the large and populous city of New York. The delicate health of my mother had induced my father to purchase a beautiful residence upon the banks of the charming Hudson. Surrounded by everything that could minister to the taste and comfort of its occupants, one would scarcely believe that my mother could have known sorrow; yet I, child as I was, did not fail to discern the cause of her unhappiness—namely, the lack of true sympathy between the soul of herself and husband. Ofttimes since her death, when I have been sitting alone in the solitude of my little room, I have wondered within myself how it was that two persons, so entirely dissimilar, chanced to be united in the solemn and holy bonds of wedlock.

As my father's business absorbed the main portion of his time and attention in the city, and my mother but seldom went abroad, I was almost her only companion. Day by day I watched the color, as it gradually faded from her cheeks, while the ever-slight frame grew thin and emaciated. Even when I sat by her side, listening to her divine precepts, my heart told me that ere long her loved spirit would take its flight heavenward.

Oh, it was a sad and bitter moment when I knelt beside the couch of my mother, to receive her farewell blessing. How my distressed and troubled spirit longed to break loose the chain which held it to earth, that hand in hand, we might journey towards the haven of Eternal Rest!

Death was a new thing to me, in human form. I had seen the flowers wilt and perish, and mark the dry and bare leaves as they fell to the ground; but I knew not what it was to be deprived forevermore of the presence of one who had been thus far the light and joy of my very existence.

Gently, as fades the day from sight, was the close of my mother's earthly pilgrimage. There was no agonized and distressed countenance, nor severe struggle for victory over the fierce and relentless Death Angel, such as mine eyes have witnessed in later years, but, calmly as a child is lulled to sleep upon its mother's breast, was the closing scene of my mother's life.

A faithful servant and myself were the only earthly witnesses to that tranquil yet solemn sight. My father, as usual, was absent to the city, and would not return till night-fall. I knew of no means by which I could send him immediate word. Half-distracted with my own weight of sorrow, I resolved to patiently await his coming. But how could I summon courage to break the sad intelligence to his unsuspecting heart?

The last sad offices to the dead were faithfully performed by good old Nancy; and at last yielding to her advice, I threw myself upon the couch in my own room—not to sleep, but to shut out, as it were, the feeling of utter desolation which seemed to have taken possession of my soul.

How long I thus lay, with my face buried in the coverlet, I know not; but the heavy and well-known step of my father aroused me from the lethargy into which I had fallen. I heard him open and close the door of my mother's apartment—for it was his custom to repair at once to her room, to inquire after her health, each night on returning home. Violently my heart beat, as I thought of the dread shock

my father's stern nature would experience in beholding thus unexpectedly the partner of his life lying cold and motionless before him. The suspense was terrible; I could bear it no longer. I yearned to throw myself into his arms, and mingle my tears with his.

Stealing noiselessly along the silent corridor, I paused at the door of my mother's chamber, which had been accidentally left ajar. No sound issued from that dread sepulchre of death. All was silent, deserted. I entered, and what a sight met my gaze! Calm and motionless stood my father, at a few paces from the bed where my mother's inanimate form reposed. He moved not, neither did he speak. In advancing towards the couch, his eye had fallen upon the corpse, and, horror-stricken and overpowered by the unexpected sight, he had remained transfixed and spell-bound to the spot.

If he had been a marble statue, he could not have looked more devoid of life, than he did at that moment. His large black eyes were glazed and fixed, while the muscles of his face were as rigid and immovable as if they had been frozen.

He was evidently unaware of my presence. In my childish terror, I feared that he, too, was dead, as I gazed upon his ghastly countenance. A chilling sensation crept over me, and with a wild shriek that echoed strangely throughout that solemn abode of death, I rushed forward, and fell fainting upon his neck. My sudden and violent emotion aroused my father once more to himself. Lifting me gently in his arms, he bore me immediately to my own room, and, hastily ringing for Nancy's invaluable assistance, he turned and left the apartment, without uttering a word.

I will not linger upon the painful remembrances of that long and dreary night, nor the days of solemn gloom and death-like stillness that succeeded it. Suffice it to say, that a few days after, my father and I stood beside the grave of my sainted mother. Yet no tear stole down his marble cheek, to tell of the hidden grief and anguish that lay beneath that cold and passive exterior. Not so with me; it was the first and only sorrow my youthful heart had experienced, and long and passionately I wept over her lowly bed.

CHAPTER II.

Left entirely to my own society, time hung heavily upon my hands. Even my favorite books and flowers failed to interest and amuse me, as of old. Alas, there was a sad and aching void within my desolate heart, which I believed no earthly being could ever fill.

A few weeks subsequent to my mother's decease, my father returned from the city earlier than usual, one evening, bringing with him a young man, whom he introduced as the brother of an old and intimate friend of his. The first time that my eyes beheld him, I felt assured that his was no inferior soul.

Ernest Walters was perhaps some twenty-five years of age, but the sad and thoughtful expression of his countenance gave him a much older look. His broad and expansive brow was not unlike that of my father's, but above it clustered curls of a raven hue. His eyes—Oh, how shall I describe them! So large and lustrous—so full of deep melancholy, and yet, at times, flashing, as it were, with a latent fire. Those eyes alone would have charmed and fascinated my senses at once. How my own blue orbs sank beneath their gaze as he advanced to clasp my hand, in recognition to the compliment of a presentation to the daughter of his brother's dearest friend.

Ernest Walters was the youngest son of Charles Walters, a retired merchant of the city of Charleston, South Carolina. My father and his elder brother had been classmates together in college, and although time and distance had widely separated their respective paths in life, each had maintained towards the other a friendship, which their frequent and continued correspondence only served the more firmly to cement.

Ernest, as I afterwards learned from my father, was a student of rare ability and genius, and, having completed a thorough course of study in his own native state, he had also spent three years abroad, as a student in the celebrated University at Göttingen. Upon his return to his home, he received the sad intelligence of the recent death of his father, and only parent.

Mr. Walters was one of the greatest millionaires of the city of Charleston, and at his decease he left his entire property to be divided equally between his two sons. Ernest Walters was, therefore, the lucky possessor of an immense fortune, at the very outset of his career in life.

The severe discipline to which he had been subjected while at the University, had considerably impaired the state of his health, and it was owing, therefore, to the advice of his physician, that Ernest Walters had consented to make a tour of the Northern States, before entering upon the arduous duties of his profession, as a lawyer. On expressing a desire to visit New York, his brother had kindly offered him a letter of introduction to his former school-mate, my father, which he had eagerly accepted—a circumstance which made him our guest.

Although, naturally, shy, and somewhat unaccustomed to the society of strangers, I was not sorry to hear my father say that Mr. Walters had concluded to pass a few weeks with us, before proceeding on his journey, feeling, as I did most sensibly, the extreme loneliness and desolation of my situation. It may have been that the fact of Ernest Walters being an orphan excited no little sympathy in my breast towards one whom I considered a co-partner in affliction, for at the end of the first week of our acquaintance

I had learned to regard him as an invaluable friend and companion.

Days passed by, and as my father spent the greater part of his time in the city, Ernest Walters was my only and constant associate. Together we pored over the time-worn and dusty volumes of the old library, and it was while seated by his side that I consented to retouch again with trembling fingers, the strings of my favorite harp, which had remained silent and hushed since my loved mother's death.

In accordance with my father's request, the apartment in which my mother had spent so much of her time during her illness, and whose walls had witnessed her dying moments, was allowed to remain the same as of old. That one room seemed a sacred spot in the eyes of my father; for thither he was wont to repair, when the shades of evening had drawn their sombre curtain over the earth, to commune, as it were, with the loved spirit of her whose presence still seemed to pervade that sanctuary.

Yes, it was in that hallowed chamber that Ernest Walters poured into my delighted ear his passionate tale of love. The love, which I had borne my mother, was of a different nature from that which now presented itself to my infatuated and bewildered senses. A mere child—a weak and humble-minded girl, to be loved and adored by one so many years her senior, and raised so far above her in point of intellect and wisdom, was an event I had never dreamed of; how vague and indistinct, then, seemed the reality. At first, the thought of another being becoming the possessor of a love which had been so exclusively my mother's, seemed a wicked sacrilege. But ere many days had elapsed, I learned the sad, and yet not displeasing fact, that the new and more intense love had indeed supplanted the old. The loved idol which death had torn from my breast, and which I had solemnly believed could never be replaced by any mortal hand, was fast becoming superseded by an image, in the form of Ernest Walters.

Two months had sped by, and still Ernest Walters remained our guest. My father had urgently pressed him to delay his departure from week to week, on the plea of his affording so much company to his daughter, during his absence to the city. It was, perhaps, well for both that the parental eyes had failed to discern the love which had so suddenly sprung up in the hearts of Ernest Walters and myself; for my youth, and lack of experience in regard to society, would have doubtless formed an obstacle in my father's mind to our engagement.

A letter from the brother of Ernest Walters, demanding the latter's immediate presence at home on business of great importance, was the principal cause of my lover's departure. Already the time had expired, which Ernest had allotted to himself as a means of recreation. True, he had performed but a small portion of the journey intended, but the remainder, he playfully remarked, as weeping I bade him adieu, "we will take, dearest Addie, for our bridal tour."

And so out of childish timidity and maiden delicacy, upon my part, Ernest Walters was allowed to take his leave without disclosing the fact of our engagement to my unsuspecting father.

CHAPTER III.

But six months had elapsed since my loved mother's death, when an event occurred which changed entirely the current of my hitherto pleasurable and undisturbed existence.

For some time past I had observed that my father's absence from home had become more frequent and protracted than usual. Most girls, of my age, would have manifested a desire to explore the world, and its strangely diversified society; but, on the contrary, the secluded and romantic life I led at Glen Cottage, accorded strangely with my tastes and feeling; and, although Nancy and myself were often left for several days at a time, with no other companion and protector than the trusty old gardener, yet I rarely, if ever, tired of the monotony of my every-day life.

It was Saturday night, and my father had been absent from home nearly a week. Expecting, without doubt, that he would return to spend the Sabbath with his daughter, I had prepared a cheerful fire in the cosy little library; and, ordering Nancy to spread the tea-table there, I now sat patiently awaiting his coming. All at once my attention was arrested by the sound of heavy footsteps along the avenue leading to the house, and in a few seconds Nancy rushed half-breathless into the room, holding in her hand a letter. As I instinctively stretched out my hand to receive it, the troubled expression of her face made me to fear that the unlooked-for misadventure was the messenger of evil tidings. Hastily breaking the seal, I read as follows:—

MY DEAR DAUGHTER—I have written you this, in order to prepare your mind for an event which is almost as sudden to me, as it will doubtless prove unexpected to you. On Monday evening I shall return to Glen Cottage, bringing with me my wife, formerly Miss Stanton, an old friend of mine, whom, I trust, you will henceforth regard as your mother, and, as such, worthy of your deepest respect and affection.

Your loving father,
CHARLES WALTERS.

As I finished reading the contents of the letter, it dropped suddenly to the floor. Nancy involuntarily rushed forward and seized the fatal missive which I was about to crush with my foot. Bidding her read it, I sank into a neighboring chair to recover, if possible, from the agitation which such unlooked-for intelligence had produced.

Nancy said but little, although I well know from her sorrowful countenance that the strange turn which affairs were about to take, was none the less displeasing to herself than to me.

If a thunderbolt had descended from heaven upon my youthful head, I could not have been more surprised and shocked than I was upon the reception of my father's letter. One thought galled my soul more than all others—it was the entire lack of confidence my father had shown towards me, in entering upon the new relation of a second marriage.

Clara Stanton, I had often heard my mother say, was a heartless coquette; a woman of the world, with but one aim to her existence, that of winning hearts, and then rejecting them in scorn.

And such was the woman, dear reader, to whom my father was to entrust his life's happiness, and whom he deemed a fitting mother for his only child.

Towards evening, on Monday, a close, traveling carriage might have been seen slowing rolling up the avenue leading to Glen Cottage. As I sat gazing out of the window upon the lawn, I saw my father spring out of the coach; and assisting a tall and richly dressed lady to alight, the two prepared to enter the house. Nancy's vigilant eyes had desecrated them from the window of her own room, and speedily the old domestic prepared to do the honors of the house, which had so long devolved upon her shoulders. I heard my father's step in the hall, and his inquiry after Addie; but I heeded them not, so sad was my heart. Not until Mrs. Lester entered the sitting room, leaning gracefully upon the arm of her newly-wedded husband, did I rise from my seat. As I slowly advanced to greet them, my father stepped forward, and clasping me in his arms, imprinted a kiss upon my pale cheek. Then quickly turning towards Mrs. Lester, who had thrown aside her veil, he said in a low tone—

"My wife, this is our daughter."

The former cast upon me a most patronizing glance, and would have pressed her lips to mine, but a formal grasp of the hand was all I deigned to bestow upon her.

As my father turned from us to lay aside his cloak, I fancied that I saw a slight frown pass over the face of the bride, while the large, black eyes, flashed wildly upon me.

Still maintaining my composure, I politely, though coldly, assisted my step-mother in disrobing herself. Tea was soon ordered, and I, of course, immediately resigned my situation as hostess, which I had so long and satisfactorily filled, to one, whose new relationship entitled her to such an honor.

To me, that evening meal was a most unpleasant one; for the unkind feelings and prejudices I entertained towards the wife of my father, made me to feel in anything but an agreeable mood. If my father noticed my coldness and indifference, (as I must needs think he did,) towards his lovely consort, he most sedulously avoided speaking of it in my presence.

The following day I made myself useful in showing the bride the ways of the house; resigning into her hands, also, the family keys. Mrs. Lester evidently was anxious to make an agreeable first impression upon her daughter-in-law, for her face was wreathed in sunny smiles, and even her fiery eyes glanced tenderly upon me.

But Adrianna Lester was not to be so easily deceived by the artifices and cunning of a heartless woman of fashion. Lurking beneath those smiles, I saw but deceit and hypocrisy; while in the large and piercing orbs, I saw reflected and mirrored, a soul, to whom love and the nobler sentiments of the human heart were entirely unknown.

My father now spent a larger portion of his time at home; and if the regal beauty, and numerous accomplishments of his bride, were the only essential requisites to happiness in his eyes, then was Charles Lester indeed a happy man.

Under the auspices of my step-mother, our comfortable little cottage underwent an entire remodeling and furnishing, with the exception of my own little room—which I guarded with all the zeal that a priest does his sanctuary.

My mother's chamber, which until the present time had been allowed to remain the same as before her death, was now newly fitted up with gorgeous draperies and rich furniture, until the once comfortable and easy apartment looked more like the boudoir of an empress. Even the portrait of my saluted mother was taken down from its accustomed place on the wall, and placed in a remote corner of the room, with the face turned inward. Probably the sight of her, who had won the first pure love of my father, was displeasing to the jealous eyes of my step-mother. Seizing an opportunity, when no one was near, I transplanted the portrait of my mother to my own little chamber, determined that there, at least, it should remain untouched and unapproached.

The result of my father's marriage with Clara Stanton, was as I had anticipated—a signal for a complete change in our domestic affairs. Mrs. Lester was about twelve years my senior, and from her earliest childhood had been plunged into fashionable society. Her beauty was of that rare kind which always claims the attention and admiration of the opposite sex. In stature, considerably above the medium height, with a beautifully developed bust, and hands and arms, whose matchless symmetry alone would have been a study for an artist. Her head was of an oval shape, while the raven hair that adorned it, was classically arranged in heavy braids about it, in a manner which showed to the best advantage the graceful contour of her finely curved neck. Her complexion was that of a brunette, with strongly marked features, which even in repose wore an expression of haughtiness and pride.

Her great beauty, and richly cultivated mind, had gained Clara Stanton scores of friends in the fashionable world; whose only desire was to bask in the

sunshine of her artful smiles, without penetrating, and fathoming the depths of her inward nature. Among the grips of society, the marriage of the long-established belle, Clara Stanton, with the respected and distinguished Charles Lester, was looked upon as a most eligible and desirable match.

Our retired home became a rendezvous for the devotees of fashion. Parties and musical soirees, were now the order of the day. With a lavish hand my father bestowed the wealth which my mother's prudence and economy had helped him to collect and save, upon his new and worthless bride. The gay festivities of which our homestead became now the scene, but ill accorded with my sad feelings and sallow looks. My step-mother urged me repeatedly to lay aside my mourning attire, and join in the numerous pleasures which her hand had been so instrumental in planning for the amusements of her guests. But kindly and most respectfully I refused her entreaties, and while strains of music filled the brilliantly lighted drawing room, and bursts of merriment rang out from the saloons of the night, I was seated in my own little chamber, meditating upon the past and the future. I remembered the past, and gazing upon the worshipful image of my father, knowing my retiring disposition, I longed for my presence in the society of his friends.

The first smile I bore towards my step-mother was simply that of respect. There was no spark of sympathy between our hearts, out of which germinate the seeds of love and affection. As the chosen bride of my father, civility entitled her to my regard; but as a mother, she was ought to me. The strong and holy love, which I had borne my own mother, was not to be so easily exchanged for the transient and unfeeling love of my step-mother. As time wore on, I learned to look more contentedly upon my situation; although such a mode of life was exceedingly distasteful to my feelings.

Mrs. Lester, thus far, had shown but little desire to exercise her authority and control over her step-daughter, and consequently, I was left to enjoy, uninterrupted, and alone, my favorite pursuits and pleasures.

My acquaintance with Ernest was but an occasional one, such as the preserved secrecy of our engagements, and I upon a strict avoidance of the numerous little felicities and proofs of affection, which so often excite suspicion in the minds of the curious and interested. That Ernest Walters still loved me most devotedly and truly, I well knew, from the unmistakable words contained in his letters; and I gazed upon the golden circlet which his hand had placed upon my finger, on the eve of our parting, I breathed an inward prayer to God that a cloud of sorrow might intervene, to darken with its shadow the glorious sunshine of our future lives.

CHAPTER IV.

Summer, joyous summer, came at last; and our sweet little cottage, with its lovely surroundings, looked like a Paradise upon earth. The severity of the season had precluded the possibility of my father's making the usual and customary bridal tour at the time of his marriage. It was therefore determined upon that they should make, in the latter part of June, a trip to Niagara, extending their excursion to any length of time which their pleasure might dictate.

My father, with more than ordinary tenderness, had proposed the plan of my going with them; but my discerning eyes did not fail to perceive the nervous and doubtful expression which the countenance of Mrs. Lester assumed, at the bare mention of my forming a third person in their party. I pretended to take no notice of the circumstance, however; and, although strongly at variance with my heart's desire, I gently, but firmly, refused my father's proposal.

I must confess that it was with no slight feeling of relief that I saw the carriage, containing my father and his lovely bride, pass out of sight. Now, thought I to myself, I am once more alone; relieved, for a while, of the presence of one whom my very soul detested. Good and faithful Nancy still retained her strong hold upon my affections, on account of her long-continued fidelity towards my mother. But even her labors, and untiring efforts, were not appreciated as of old by my father; for, to gratify the ambition and vanity of my step-mother, he had procured younger and more modern help, whose treatment towards my old nurse and friend, was anything but kind. Nancy never complained; but I could see by the sorrowful face, and oftentimes tremulous voice, that her old but sensitive heart was conscious of the change in her own humble situation since the death of her loved mistress, and the installation of the second Mrs. Lester. One thing I resolved upon, which was, that if ever I had a home of my own, Nancy should be the presiding genius over its domestic affairs.

The morning after my father's departure, I was attending to my usual occupation, that of watering a favorite rose-bush, the gift of my loved mother, when a light step startled me in the midst of my labors, and turning hastily around, I was clasped in the arms of my lover.

This surely was an unexpected pleasure; for, in a recent letter, I had carelessly mentioned the fact of my father's intended journey, and, remembering it, he had taken that opportunity of giving me a surprise.

To my mind the visit of Ernest could not have been arranged in a better time, for my father and his wife would probably remain absent several weeks, so that we were safe from interruption on that score, at least.

The love which Ernest Walters had professed for me, in the early part of our acquaintance, still remained unabated. Each day but revealed to my eyes some new attribute of his noble soul, and strengthened more firmly the tie which bound my heart to his.

My father had been gone from home scarcely a fortnight, when, at the close of a warm and sultry day in July, a carriage drove slowly up the cool and shady avenue leading to the house.

The gathering darkness of the night prevented my discovering its inmates; and thinking it perhaps some friend or friends of Mrs. Lester, who had not known of her absence, I calmly awaited their approach.

As the driver sprang from his seat, Ernest left his place beside me on the piazza, and hastened to assist the occupants of the coach in alighting. What was my horror and surprise, upon seeing my father lift from the carriage the apparently insensible form of Mrs. Lester. Ernest looked on in mute astonishment at the scene before him. He had never before seen my father's wife, and the unexpected situation

in which he now beheld her, for the first time, quite disconcerted him.

The anxious and worried countenance of my father roused me at once to active exertion; and, forgetful of the past, I rushed into the house, and was soon beside the couch of my step-mother, ministering to her wants with all the tenderness of a fond child.

The secret of the whole affair was this: The day after their arrival at the Falls, Mrs. Lester expressed a strong desire to pass under them. My father, knowing the perils of such an adventure, where accidents were of frequent occurrence from the falling of stones, and the sliding of huge portions of rocks, reasoned with her upon the danger of such an undertaking, but all to no avail. Willful and determined, Mrs. Lester, as usual, carried her point. Accompanied by a guide, they set forth upon their uncertain career. The descent was accomplished with safety, but ere they had proceeded half the distance on their return, a shower of heavy stones and rocks caved down upon them from above, injuring severely the back and arm of Mrs. Lester, and slightly wounding the knee of my father.

Upon returning to the hotel, the lady was supposed to be dead, so great was the shock she had experienced by the injuries which had been inflicted. It was some three or four days before it was deemed expedient to remove Mrs. Lester to her home. Owing, however, to her entreaties, my father set forth with his precious charge, and, by traveling slowly, and stopping ever and anon to rest, he at last reached Glen Cottage.

It may be that the fact of the severe illness of my step-mother at once my softened heart towards her. For a time I was her constant attendant, and the grateful smile of tenderness with which Mrs. Lester rewarded my labors, quite won my errant heart. Even my father seemed conscious of the change of my manner towards his wife; and oftentimes I caught him gazing sadly, yet tenderly upon the face of his orphan child.

The more my heart turned towards that of my step-mother's, the nearer it seemed to draw me to him, and not unfrequently now were the caresses and endearing epithets, which had been denied me in hours of childhood.

My conscience smote me; I felt that I had been guilty of injustice towards one whom my father had chosen to be a mother to his child. Gone, now, were the early suspicions that, serpent-like, had stolen into my breast. Into the ears of God and my lover I poured my heart's humble confession. The smile of both was upon the erring child, and she was happy.

Pleasantly now passed the days of the united household. My step-mother's illness confined her for the greater portion of the time to her couch. The necessary absence of my father was duly compensated for by the charming society of my lover.

Ernest Walters was an ardent admirer of beauty in every sense of the word. What wonder, then, that the classical and brilliant beauty of Mrs. Lester awakened in his breast the most exquisite pleasure. As soon as the former was pronounced convalescent, Ernest was admitted as a constant visitor to her room. He would sit for hours at her bedside, reading to her in those tones of divine eloquence so peculiar to himself, or with one fair hand resting lightly in his own, he would relate to her the thrilling scenes he had passed through during his life abroad. How her large eyes grew lustrous beneath his gaze. My father seemed pleased with the interest his guest had evidently taken in his wife. And although, to my observing eyes, it was plain that Clara Lester experienced more happiness from the society of her newly-made friend than she did from that of her husband, yet the latter evinced not the slightest degree of jealousy towards his wife.

The admiration which Mrs. Lester had succeeded in exciting in the breast of Ernest Walters, was by no means a transient fancy, but seemed to increase daily.

Nevertheless, the latter was still kind and attentive to my wants; and if, at times, a shade of disappointment passed over my face, or a deep sigh escaped my lips, as I noticed the lover-like tenderness which he manifested towards my step-mother, his eagle eye did not fail to detect it, and as if half-conscious of neglect, he would again return to my side, with all his old devotion and love.

As soon as Mrs. Lester was able to leave her room, her physician proposed that she should take frequent exercise in the open air. Upon Ernest devolved the office of attendant cavalier. The family buggy, though large and roomy, would not hold comfortably more than two persons; I, of course, was accordingly left at home. But that was no new feature or uncommon thing in my usually quiet and isolated life. Why should I, who had been so long accustomed to solitude, repine at it now? That Ernest still loved me tenderly, I could not but believe, although it did seem as if my step-mother reigned pre-eminent in his heart. But I consoled myself with the thought that it was Mrs. Lester's great beauty that enchained and fascinated the senses of Ernest Walters, as it had done hundreds before.

The time came when Ernest felt that he must leave us, as he was about establishing himself as a lawyer in New York. Sad as I was at parting with him who had been for so long a time a member of our home-circle, I determined to put on a cheerful face, and smother all feelings of uneasiness and doubt.

Ernest's business being in the same city with my father's, would keep him well acquainted with matters and things at Glen Cottage, even when he himself was not able to visit us.

The evening before Ernest left us, he took my father into the library, with the determination of breaking to him the secret of our engagement. My father was greatly surprised at the idea of his little Addie's being beloved by the talented and intellectual Ernest Walters. His consent, however, was readily obtained, and at a late hour of the night the two left the library, and retired to their respective apartments. Alas! they saw not the tall and dark figure which had remained concealed during nearly the whole time of their conversation, in a thickly curtained recess.

They saw not the storm of passion that overpowered the countenance of Clara Lester, as, with half-suppressed breath she listened to the disclosure of Ernest's deep love for the daughter of her husband. Well was it for her that the eyes of both her husband and his guest were not upon her, else would the beautiful vision before them have become transformed into a fiend, upon whose brow was stamped the single word—*revenge!*

After the departure of Ernest, Mrs. Lester seemed unusually melancholy. It was evident that her gay and volatile spirits were becoming softened and subdued. The love which she had professed to feel for me during her long illness, seemed also, waning. Even my society seemed no longer grateful to her, as

of old. My unsuspicious nature did not enable me to discern the fact, that my presence reminded her too sensibly of one whose love she had hoped to gain, and for whom she would make any sacrifice. The words to which she had listened in the library, told her at once that her case was a hopeless one, so long as Adrianna Lester stood in her way.

Finding that my society was no longer craved by Mrs. Lester, I again returned to my former solitude and isolated habits. Once more mine eyes beheld the gulf of estrangement slowly opening between the hearts of my step-mother and self. But I knew not then that Ernest Walters was the unconscious cause of the trouble that was brooding like a darkened and heavy cloud over my youthful heart.

My father, perceiving the wondrous change in the spirits and manner of my mother, proposed a change of scene and residence. Accordingly it was agreed upon that the entire family should remove to the city of New York.

It was with a deep feeling of regret that I saw Glen Cottage pass into the possession of strangers. Thus to be severed forevermore from the home of my infancy, from the hallowed spot around which the sainted spirit of my mother still seemed to hover, was too much for a sensitive heart like mine to endure without a struggle.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

For the Banner of Light. THE TRANS-ATLANTIC CABLE. Written while the Bells were Ringing.

BY LITA H. BARNEY.

The brow of heaven is clear and calm,
The sun is brightly shining,
And pours its radiant fullness down,
Hearts with high hopes entwining;
When on the listening ear there booms
The cannon's deep-mouthed thunder,
It wakes the echoes into life,
And stirs the hills with wonder.

Ring on! ring on, oh joyous bells!
It is no nurse's folk—
Two worlds are now enfolded in one
By TRANS-ATLANTIC CABLE!
Feel on, a merry, merry strain,
For ye can sound to other:
Old England comes to greet her child—
The child to greet his mother!

The glorious news from hill to vale,
By lightning's flash is springing,
And in each heaven-pointed spire
Hath not the bells a ringing;
All over our wide world and
A common pulse is beating,
And far away across the strand,
We feel that pulse repeating!

Oh, happy omen! happy day!
Oh joyous, wild commotion!
When England and her half-grown boy
Shake hands across the ocean!
When thought may pass from each to each
By lightning telegraphic,
And feel each other's warm hearts beat
In unity aerographic!

Our Father! grant that unity
May never more be broken—
That when a word would kindle strife,
That word may be unspoken!
The same high hopes should common be
From brother's heart to brother,
And, surely, dearer ties should bind
The child unto its mother!

The time is coming, (speed the time,
And let it draw still nearer!)
When nations shall learn war no more,
And quench the jealous fire,
And this one globe as help shall be
To gather all—a unit!

We'll put a little comfort on the earth
In less than forty minutes!
Then, in a mighty brotherhood
One tone shall all be singing,
And merry bells of Christian lands,
And Heav'ns, too, be ringing;
And pealing anthems fill the air,
From men and loving cattle,
And how we to the King of Peace,
No more the "God of Battles!"

PROVIDENCE, R. I., August 7, 1858.

A STORY ABOUT ADMIRAL SIR HENRY DIGBY.

The aforesaid Sir Henry Digby, in the command of a frigate, had shaped his course for Cape St. Vincent, and was running to the southward in the latitude of Finisterre. He rang his bell at eleven o'clock for the officer of the watch, and asked him,—

"How are we standing?"
"South-west-west, sir."
"What sort of weather?"
"The same, breeze; starlight night."
"The same sail?"

"Yes, the same; double-reefed topsails and foresail."
"Has there been anybody in my cabin?"
"I believe not, sir; I shall ask the sentry."
"Sentry," asked the officer of the watch, "has there been anybody in the Captain's cabin?"
"No, sir," said the sentry, "nobody."
"Very odd," rejoined the Captain, "I was perfectly convinced I had been spoken to."

At two o'clock the bell was again rung, the same questions repeated, and the same answers given.

"Most extraordinary thing," said Captain Digby; "every time I dropped asleep I heard somebody shouting in my ear, 'Digby! Digby! go to the northward! Digby! Digby! go to the northward! Digby! Digby! go to the northward!' I shall do so. Take another reef in your topsails," he continued to the officer of the watch; haul your wind, and tack every hour, till daylight, and then call me."

The officer of the middle watch did accordingly as he was ordered, and when relieved at four o'clock, his successor was greatly astonished at finding the ship on a wind, and asked the meaning of it.

"Meaning, indeed," said the other; "the Captain has gone mad, that's all!" and he then told his story, at which they laughed heartily. There was, however, nothing to do but obey the orders; and the ship was tacked at four, at five, at six, and at seven. She had just come round for the last time, as the day was breaking, when the look-out man cried out, "Large ship on the weather bow!" A gun was fired to bring her to, and she proved a Spanish vessel laden with dollars, and a rich cargo, which gave the fortunate drayman a large portion of the great fortune which he amassed in the naval service. The story was told to my friend, the late Sir Jahiel Brenton, and by him repeated to me; the high character of both him and Sir Henry Digby forbidding the possibility of a fabrication.

All men desire happiness, and this is right. The Creator designed man for happiness, partial now, complete hereafter. But he who seeks happiness out of the path of duty, will never find it; they are present and future, ample and certain. The sooner the young know this, the better. Let them profit by the experience of others. A desire for the rewards of duty leads only to virtue; it is none other than a part of virtue itself.

Written for the Banner of Light. The Experiences of an Old Nurse. A SERIES OF SKETCHES.

NUMBER ONE.

THE PRESENTIMENT.

NOTE TO THE READER. Having perused with considerable interest a series of articles published in one of our best weeklies, called *Stories* by "An Old Sexton," it occurred to me that there were many scenes and incidents connected with my own personal history, the recital of which could not fail to interest, in a measure, the greater portion if not all, the readers of "The Banner of Light." Having passed twenty-five years of active service in the pursuance of my profession, you will readily believe me when I tell you that my life has been thus far a strangely chequered one, with much more of sorrow than real happiness, yet lighted occasionally by such stray bits of sunshine as have directed my thoughts heavenward, and cheered and strengthened me in the fulfillment of my earthly duties. Dear friends, (I will not call you strangers,) to your kind inspection I now submit the first fruits of my efforts in authorship, hoping, yet believing, that they will not be entirely unacceptable, though from the crude pen of

AN OLD NURSE.

It was several years ago that I was called upon to attend an old friend of mine in her last illness—by name Mrs. Rivers. She had been for a number of months in what is often termed a deep consumption, produced as many persons thought, by the unhappy state of her domestic affairs.

She had married Charles Rivers, when a mere child, having accidentally made his acquaintance in the solitude of her own native village, where the wild and singularly wayward youth had been sent by his solicitous parents to pass the term of college vacation.

Pleased with the fresh and unaffected beauty of the rustic maiden, young Rivers determined upon a plan, which though it released the boy-lover from the irksome restraints of college life, which were highly disagreeable to his unambitious nature, yet served to embitter and destroy the happiness and peace of mind of two individuals.

It was to marry. To achieve such an end an elopement must be effected, for Mary Earle, beside being extremely young, was born of humble parents, the child of an honest farmer, whose daily bread was earned from year to year by the hard labor of his hands and the sweat of his furrowed brow. The parents of Charles Rivers, on the contrary, were among the wealthiest people of Boston; they boasted their descent from a long line of English ancestry, and were essentially what they aspired to be, the aristocrats of America. Providence having bestowed upon them but a single child, it was but natural that they should have centred all their bright hopes for the future about the youthful person of their son; how little he was calculated to realize them, the future incidents of our story will show.

Charles Rivers well knew the doting fondness of his parents, and their strong desire that he should embrace the legal profession, after completing his studies at college. In his own mind, however, the young man secretly wished that college and law were both thrown to the winds, for he had little inclination for anything beyond pleasure.

To ask the advice of his proud-hearted parents in the matter of his intended marriage with the rustic maiden, Charles Rivers well knew to be bad policy, inasmuch as it threatened total destruction to the entire scheme. So the greatest possible secrecy upon the part of the simple-minded Mary was enjoined. The idea of an elopement was something entirely new to Mary. To be sure, she had read of such things in stories, but then she had never dreamed of indulging in them herself.

The young girl's conscience smote her a little at the thought of deceiving her parents, for the first time in her life, but Charles coaxed and entreated, and Mary at last gave her consent. Under cover of the night that foolish pair made their escape. Towards Providence they directed their steps, where they were soon united in the bonds of matrimony, without a single thought of the extent of the obligations which they had both solemnly vowed to perform.

It is an old story, reader, which both you and I are familiar with. For a few months, rife with suffering and bitter poverty, they struggled along in a stranger city, that boy-husband and child-wife, until overcome by despair and conscious of the disgrace of his situation, like the prodigal son of Biblical remembrance, Charles Rivers returned once more to his home. The extreme penitence of their child, touched the cold hearts of those pure-proud parents. They would receive him once more to their arms; but it must be without his wife. For her the milk of human kindness flowed not; there was no spark of sympathy in their icy hearts for the innocent girl, who in the excess of her first emotion of love, had left parents, home, friends, everything, in short, that she held dear, to follow him—who had sworn to the altar to love, cherish and protect her.

Whatever feelings of remorse might have stung the heart of Charles Rivers for his cruel desertion of his child-wife, were soon stifled by the cunning and intrigue of those base and cold-hearted parents. Poor Mary Earle, how my old heart bleeds at the remembrance of the sad story of her wrongs! But one way was left open to Mary; it was to return once again to the wilds of her country home, which but a few months previous she had so rashly deserted.

With her babe firmly clasped to her breast, she dragged her wearied steps homeward—would to God it had been heavenward! for then would her sufferings have been at an end. Her heart smote her as she drew near to the vine-clad cottage, that for long years had sheltered her youthful head. Pride would have prompted her to turn back—to flee forevermore from the peaceful shades of that home where sin was all unknown.

It was for the sake of her child that Mary Earle, with the consciousness of the great sorrow that she had wrought in that quiet dwelling—fastened firmly about her heart, now craved pity and protection from those who had long grieved for the loss of the absent one. With outstretched arms those fond parents received the penitent Magdalen and her child.

For long years the current of domestic happiness in that earth-hallowed home, flowed calmly and quietly on. Smothering her own grief, the forsaken wife seemed only to live for her child and parents.

One after the other they sank into their graves, those old and seared hearts, that had joyously welcomed the return of the exile, when deserted by all else on earth. With a tender and untiring hand

Mary Rivers strove to smooth and ease the dying pillows of her dearly-beloved parents. And when at last they were peacefully laid side by side to their last rest in the old churchyard, the desolate and stricken-hearted daughter could not refrain from falling upon her knees and thanking God that they who had already commenced upon their heavenly journey had not departed this earth without extending their full forgiveness to the erring but repentant one, and murmuring a blessing upon the head of their innocent grandchild, who had as yet never known the love and protection of a father.

I visited Mary Rivers several times, in the little cottage where she still continued to live with her child, (the beautiful Clara), whenever I chanced to be in that section of the country. Believing me a firm and true friend, the confiding woman never failed to keep me informed concerning the state of her affairs.

Charles Rivers had long been married to a fashionable and wealthy lady of Richmond, Virginia, in which city he at once established his home, all forgetful of the fond wife and discarded babe he had left to droop and wither amid the green of their own native hills. All this Mary Rivers told me with a sweet and pensive smile resting upon her countenance, (while the beautiful Clara gambolled playfully at our feet,) that ill-concealed the deep sorrow rankling within her breast.

A liberal allowance had been granted my friend, for the support of herself and child, by the parents of him whom she still loved to designate by the endearing name of husband, although husband he was none to her. This sum, together with the cottage left her by her father, enabled Mary Rivers to live not only comfortably, but also afforded her an excellent opportunity of giving her only child a liberal education.

As a child, the little Clara was unusually promising. Possessing rare beauty of face and form, the double inheritance of both mother and father, she seemed equally anxious to fulfill the high expectations which her mother had formed concerning her future career.

The seeds of consumption, that had for years been sown in the fragile system of Mary Rivers, at last brought forth a bitter harvest, which the angel of Death stood ready to mow down with his merciless scythe and make into sheaves for his heavenly storehouse.

When sent for to attend my poor friend, a few weeks before her death, I was horror-struck at the fearful change a few short months had wrought in the person of the once lovely Mary Rivers. My arrival seemed to reanimate her sinking spirits, and she often remarked that she believed she could better bear her severe sufferings, since she was permitted to have one with her, whose kindness and devotion reminded her so strongly of her sainted mother.

The increased illness of Mrs. Rivers had caused Clara to discontinue her studies at the academy for a season, to her mother's extreme regret, who could not bear that her daughter should lose a single day on her account. Observing the great anxiety which the latter manifested in the success of her daughter at school, I asked her one day, why she allowed her mind to dwell so constantly upon the subject of Clara's education.

"Because, my dear Mrs. Marlow," she exclaimed, her dark eyes growing momentarily more and more lustrous, "I have a mother's ambition firing my breast, regarding the future welfare of my child. I am anxious that she should excel in her studies, that her father may yet live to be proud of his once poor and discarded babe."

The deep emotion which her last words had suddenly excited, touched my heart. I could not question her further upon a subject so dear and sacred to her heart, so I buried my face in my hands, to hide the nervousness her remark had occasioned me. When I raised my eyes again I saw that a fearful change had passed over the sufferer's face. I felt that she was dying, and made haste to call Clara, who was performing some light labor in an adjoining room.

The invalid seemed to divine the cause of my alarm, for we had no sooner reached her bedside than she stretched out her hand to the grief-stricken Clara, and clasping her convulsively to her heart, murmured in faltering tones—"Be a good girl, Clara, and do not grieve too sorely for mamma, when she is dead, for God will take care of you when I am no more. Do not, I beseech you, think too harshly of him whom your were never permitted to call by the loved name of father; tell him, my child," she added, while thickly rising tears choked her utterance, "if on earth you should ever chance to meet, that your mother forgave him, and died with his cherished name upon her lips. God bless you, my Clara! God bless you, dear and faithful Mrs. Marlow!" were the last words of Mary Rivers, as she fell back exhausted upon the snowy pillow.

Clara drew near to kiss her lips, but she started back, for the breath of life had departed, and the hand which she still tightly pressed was cold and chilly. Mary Rivers was no more. Her long life of suffering had ended, and angel-forms were fast bearing her pure and repentant spirit away to realms of Eternal Rest.

My heart was sorely wrung, for the grief which Clara, (then a child of only thirteen summers) evinced on the occasion of her mother's death, was more terrible than anything of the kind I had ever before witnessed. It seemed to me as if she could never be persuaded to leave her mother, for a moment, after the hour of her death. Day and night she watched beside the couch of death, with a face scarce less white than the marble pallor of the corpse over which she kept the closest vigilance. For three nights she never closed her eyes in sleep. In vain I begged her to seek a few hours' repose. She heeded not my words, but bent such a look of soul-felt agony upon me that I began to fear lest reason should desert a brain that had been already overtaxed by severe study.

The first tears that afforded relief to her burdened heart were shed by Clara on the night of her return to the cottage after the burial of her mother. The cruel-hearted and aristocratic Mrs. Rivers, (for I had despatched a message to herself and husband as soon as their unacknowledged, but nevertheless, daughter-in-law had breathed her last, and they had arrived in season for the funeral,) did all in her power to console the weeping child, who with instinctive pride, shrank from their proffered sympathy, to pour out her sorrows upon my breast.

It was evident to my mind that Mrs. Rivers, if not actuated by remorse for her past conduct, was at least not a little interested in the person of the beautiful and now doubly-orphaned child. Clara, with much respect, refused the kindly offer of a

home, made to her by one whom she had never been allowed during her mother's life, to call grandmother. Weeks before her mother's death it had been arranged that Clara should make it her home with an uncle in a neighboring village, and still pursue her studies at the academy, until the time of her graduation. I did not doubt but that Mrs. Rivers would do much better for the dear child than her relative, a man of humble means, could ever hope to do, but Clara's mind seemed so firmly set against accepting her grandmother's invitation, to live with her in the city, that I did not attempt to influence her to the contrary.

The day after the funeral Mr. Rivers and his wife returned to their elegant city home, while Clara and I busied ourselves in making preparations for our departure. A week or two later and the little vine-clad cottage had passed into the hands of strangers. Clara was nicely established at the residence of her uncle, while I, a lonely woman with neither husband or child to cheer me, went forth again, to answer the calls of my profession, and was soon many hundred miles distant from the little village, where the scene of my story first opened.

Five years passed, and I was again in the presence of Clara Rivers, no longer the child I had left her at the time of her mother's death, but a beautiful and accomplished girl of eighteen years. "A change had indeed come over the spirit of my dream," for I found myself no longer in the house of mourning, but in a luxurious mansion of my native city, Boston, where everything bespoke the general joy that reigned within.

Things had strangely altered since Clara and I had last met, for the home which she now welcomed me to, with the same childish delight as in years gone by, was that of her father's, the wealthy and distinguished Charles Rivers.

Under the auspices of his ambitious mother, he had contracted what the world believed to be a brilliant marriage with a Southern lady of more wealth than beauty, and less amiability of character than either. In short, for ten long years, she led the sorrowing and conscience-stricken man, a most wretched life, until one day, actuated by a fit of rage and jealousy, the infuriated woman secretly set sail for Europe, taking with her their only child, a boy of eight years, and by birth a cripple. All of my readers will remember the sad fate of the Arctic, in which both were lost. Still mourning the loss of his wife and child, Charles Rivers settled up his affairs at the South, and prepared to return to the home of his birth. When just upon the eve of his departure he received a telegraphic despatch, announcing the sudden death of his father, together with the serious illness of his mother. With all possible speed he hastened to Boston, and thence to the house of death and sickness.

His grief-stricken and ghastly countenance, upon entering the chamber of the dying woman, so reproached her troubled conscience that she revealed to him the story of Mary Rivers (which she had hitherto guarded most zealously), and besought him as a last request to seek out his long-dissevered child, the offspring of his first pure love, and make proper reparation for the wrongs that had been inflicted upon her family.

The heart of Charles Rivers, in which much of good still existed, needed no second suggestion to point him onward to the true path of duty. To the little village, buried among hills, where he, when a boy, had first met and loved Mary Earle, the widowed man directed his steps. The cottage remained as of old, but the flower-garden Mary's own hands had so loved to tend, alas! was sadly neglected, and rank and poisonous weeds had usurped the place of the rose and eglantine.

He knocked at the door, and learned from strange lips the abode of his own child, whose little foot had never dared to cross the threshold of her father's heart. A half hour's ride, and father and child were face to face.

"My father!"

"My long-lost child!" were the words that simultaneously burst from the lips of both.

A few moments later, and the dying message of Mary Rivers to her repentant husband had been truthfully delivered by her child, while, on bended knees, and with clasped hands, a prayer of penitence and forgiveness rose from two united hearts, that long years had separated.

To the home of her father in Boston, (now Charles Rivers's by inheritance from his deceased parents,) the lovely Clara had been borne some two years after her mother's death. At the age of sixteen, Clara Rivers, the beautiful and wealthy heiress, entered society, with no less charms of mind than of person. Suitors thick and fast looked about her shrine, while men of wealth and intellect graced weekly the splendid receptions of the lovely and accomplished Clara Rivers. Love at last stole into her heart, and, in a few short weeks, a rumor had gone forth that the wealthy Miss Rivers was about to confer her hand in marriage upon Herbert Clinton, a young and promising sculptor of Boston.

To witness the corroboration of this statement, I had been called to my native city after five years absence. It was the eve of Clara Rivers's marriage, and great preparations were going on in the dwelling of the merchant prince, Charles Rivers. I had purposely arrived the night previous, by request of my young friend, who expressed herself desirous of communicating something of importance to me, that had of late sorely troubled her mind.

I found her in the drawing-room with her lover and intended husband, but the troubled look about her eyes told at a glance that her mind was but ill at ease. I retired to the chamber appropriated to my use, but had not been there more than a half hour, before the door suddenly opened, and Clara Rivers threw herself weeping into my arms.

"Oh, Mrs. Marlow," she exclaimed, "I am so glad you have come, for I shall soon have need of your services; it was my mother's wish that her old friend, Mrs. Marlow, should attend her in her last illness; it is also mine."

I lifted her head from off my shoulder, and looked eagerly into her face. Her words alarmed me, but I feared to betray any emotion, observing her most unhappy state of mind.

"What ails you, my dear child; has anything happened since your last letter was received by me (for I remembered how full of hope and joyful anticipation for the future she had been in writing of her marriage), to trouble or annoy you in any way?"

"No, Mrs. Marlow; that is to say—"

"Your father has not thwarted his daughter's plans, I hope," I hastily interrupted, perceiving her hesitancy of manner.

"Oh, no, indeed, never was father so kind as he has been for the past three years, to his affectionate

and unworthy child; it really seems at times as if he could not do enough for me, remembering, as he does, the wrongs my poor mother suffered."

I trembled to have her revive the story of her mother's sad fate, and therefore made an effort to change the subject of conversation; but all to no purpose, and the next moment she startled me by saying:

"Something tells me, Mrs. Marlow, that I shall never live to be married."

"Why, child, you are crazy; what possible harm can befall you in twenty-four short hours?" I interrogated, with a look of surprise, and much fearing as I had once before, that reason was about to desert its throne.

"Do not look at me so strangely, kind nurse," she said, with a degree of coolness that was in singular contrast to the nervousness she had exhibited a few moments previous; "I am really serious in what I say; I have had, for several weeks past, a presentiment that I should never live to be married,—that I should be a corpse before a bride."

I shuddered painfully as she uttered the last words; but I soon rallied, and made a strong effort towards gaiety.

"For mercy sake, Clara, do not pry indulge in such idle fears a moment longer; surely you will make a sorry bride for Herbert Clinton to wed; but I had hardly finished the sentence, before there came a knock at my door. It was Mr. Rivers; he had missed Clara from the drawing-room, and had traced her to my chamber.

"Why, Clara, dear," he exclaimed, "not in bed yet; why, bless me, the clock will soon strike the hour of midnight, and you have need of much sleep, before the excitement of another day begins."

I knew he was very proud of her at that moment, as she stood before him in the full tide of womanly beauty. He gazed at her a moment in silence, with that look of admiration which a painter is wont to bestow upon some rare masterpiece of art, and then stooped and kissed her affectionately upon her snowy brow, so like her dear mother's in its purity.

A parting kiss, and a murmured good night, and Clara Rivers sought the retirement of her own apartment. As she turned to pass out of my room, I fancied that I had never seen her mother's resemblance so plainly visible in the features of her child, as at that moment, but not being given by nature to superstition, I thought no more of the subject upon which we had been conversing until a late hour, and soon after my head touched the pillow, fell into an uneasy sleep.

It was evening, and servants were rushing to and fro, completing the last arrangements for the great wedding of their "young mistress," as they proudly expressed themselves. I had put the finishing touches to the chaste and elegant bridal toilette of Clara, who, enveloped in a delicate veil of misty lace, looked like an angel that God had kindly allowed to descend to earth for a few hours. All day long the dear girl had been cheerful, and, at times, even gay. This I rejoiced in, for occasionally a dread fear would steal into my heart, which, do my best, I could not entirely banish. The musicians had arrived, and the guests had begun to assemble in the brilliantly lighted drawing-room below. The bridesmaids, six in number, stood ready in an adjoining room, to answer the summons of their fair queen. When Clara's toilet had been pronounced matchless by her lover, and superbly beautiful by her young friends, she playfully requested us all to leave her alone for a few moments, in order to compose herself before descending to the drawing-room. This all did without hesitating; and as I was the last to pass out, I heard her distinctly turn the key in her dressing-room door.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, and the handsome bridegroom grew impatient. Once, twice, even thrice, he knocked at her door, but received no answer. A half hour passed, and still I listened in vain for Clara's call, as she had agreed to do when ready. I heard a step, at length; it was that of her father. Over a half hour had passed, and the guests were growing anxious for the appearance of the bride. Herbert and Mr. Rivers both called the name of Clara at the door, but still no answer. It was firmly locked, and all was still within.

"It cannot be possible that the poor child has fallen asleep," I said, with a sinking feeling at my heart, as I joined them at the door.

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Rivers, "for it was long past the hour of midnight when she retired last night. For some time after I had sought my pillow, I heard her walking to and fro in her chamber, and half resolved to rise and speak to her."

Saying this, the excited man again knocked loudly upon Clara's door. Yet still no answer; and now the bridesmaids began to whisper hurriedly among themselves, and ejaculations like, "What can be the matter?" "I hope nothing has happened to Clara," passed tremulously from lip to lip.

By this time my worst fears were fast becoming confirmed, and noticing the agitation of both Mr. Clinton and her father, I suggested the propriety of bursting open the door, if entrance could not be gained to the chamber in any other way.

Excitement, when combined with fear, lends men strength. A shoulder of both Herbert and Mr. Rivers was pressed firmly against the door, and the next moment it yielded. Herbert entered and advanced towards Clara, who was sitting quietly before the dressing-table, with one hand supporting her head. A faint tinge of color glowed in her otherwise marble-like face, which made her a rare picture for the mirror opposite to reflect.

"Why, Clara, dear, wake up! this is no time for sleep, while your numerous friends are awaiting your appearance below!" said Herbert, passing his arm carelessly about her waist; but the delicately-fringed lids still refused to disclose the light of the dark and lustrous orbs they concealed.

"Clara, dear, do you not hear me?" he exclaimed, with increased warmth of manner, as he grasped the hand that still firmly supported her fair head. No pulse was there, while the touch of those soft and tapering fingers was icy as that of death. A heavy groan, and the next moment Herbert Clinton was laying senseless upon the floor, at the feet of his beloved Clara.

Death had indeed claimed that beautiful being for his bride. The words which the singularly impressed girl had forced upon my unwilling ear the night before, had indeed fallen true. Clara Rivers was dead! Like a watchword the cry was raised throughout the house; servants rushed here and there, wringing their hands in the delirium of grief, while the guests gently dispersed, with blanched faces and sealed lips.

Doctors were called, who pronounced death to have resulted from disease of the heart. Their opinion is doubtless to be valued beyond that of an old and superstitious woman, who will say, dear reader; but whenever the name of Clara Rivers chances to be

mentioned, though she has slept for long years quietly beside her mother in the grave, I shudder at the thought of the terrible "presentiment" of one whom death so cruelly snatched from the hand of man, to be his bride in heaven.

QUESTIONS.

BY CORA WILBUR.

At thy flowery portals waiting,
Blessed land!
Filled with prayerful expectation,
Shall I stand?
With bright hopes exultant thronging
In my breast,
Shall I view the glorious mansions
Of the blest?
And their radiant forms and faces
All divine,
Shall I hear celestial hymnings
Round God's shrine?
Feel the Paradise breezes
Of that clime?
Hear the joy-bells golden ringing
To sweet rhyme?
At thy flowery portals waiting,
Holy land!
Filled with peace, and joy, and pardon,
Shall I stand?
Trembling with intense devotion,
Filled with love,
Shall I list the hallowed greetings
From above?
Feel the clasp of angel fingers
Thrilling light?
All the joy of recognition
On that height?
Whence the yearning spirit stands,
Looks afar,
Over plain, and sea, and mountain,
Sun, or star?
At thy flowery portals waiting,
Happy land!
Leading by the hand thought-angels,
Shall I stand?
Will thy wandrous lore before me
Spread in light?
Shall no dim and mystic curtain
Cloud my sight?
Will the dear, familiar faces,
And the songs
Of the past life and glory,
Mid the throng,
Of the beautiful supernal
Greet me there?
Spirits with forgotten names
In their hall?
At thy flowery portals waiting,
Summer land!
Clasped unto a kindred bosom,
Shall I stand,
Knowing all the depth and fervor
Of pure love?
All the tenderness and beauty
Of the dove?
Past the sorrow and the darkness,
Shall I stand,
Hopeful at thy flowery portal,
Spirit-land?

PHILADELPHIA, August 10th, 1853.

THE CHILD-MEDIUM.

OR,
THE TRIUMPH OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY CORA WILBUR.

Dream-region of the beautiful, broad realm of freedom and of aspiration, music uttering, ever-hymning ocean! In the twilight land of memory, the soul that once has listened to thy spirit-voices, re-treads thy vast domain of unchained beauty, and hears entranced in dream-like joy thy solemn anthem, and thy soothing lullaby. Oh, spirit-realm! the heart beats free, and the soul expands, while thy blue waves roll, and thy beneficent skies enfold, as with protecting glory!

Beneath the moonlit and gloriously studded dome of heaven, a homeward-bound ship ploughed the waves; and on her deck sat a man of mature years, whose fine features were darkened by many years of exposure and toil—whose brow and lip bore an impress of iron resolution; he looked cold and haughty and repelling, and loftily kept himself aloof from his fellow passengers. But beneath that repelling exterior beat a heart alive to all the tender feelings of humanity—to all the appeals of wretchedness; but cruel disenchantsments in early life, bitter experiences, had, to all outward seeming, steeled his heart, and rendered him insensible to the claims of love or friendship.

The wife of his bosom had proved unfaithful; and he left his home, reckless and desperate, for the Land of Gold. There, unloved, unsought for, he toiled incessantly, until fortune rewarded him with the fullness of his golden store. He was quietly, unostentatiously benevolent; and once, upon his round of charity, he met with a widowed woman, who, by a strange combination of circumstances, had been reduced from affluence to the most extreme poverty. She had one child, a blue-eyed, lovely little girl, some five years old, on whose angelic countenance dwelt a subdued expression, as of one early made familiar with sorrow. A radiant smile played almost continually around her lips; but on her brow, and in her eye, there was an impress of thoughtfulness beyond her years.

Edward Maxwell became the benefactor of the widow—the father of the fatherless. Little Eda learned to love him, and when her blue eyes were upraised to his, he felt that there was love and truth on earth.

Fanny Field was a believer in spiritual intercourse—in the ennobling philosophy of eternal progression. The skeptical man listened and wondered; he felt startled, interested, but not convinced; for the power of human perversion had cast a blight upon his life, almost banishing from his soul the belief in God's retributive justice; causing him to doubt of Heaven itself.

For a while, he was unconvinced; but gradually, gently, almost imperceptibly, his soul acknowledged the holy influences, the newly-acquired knowledge; and when his spirit-mother communed with him, giving him unmistakable evidence of her presence, the strong, stern, unbelieving man, bowed his head and wept for joy!

The little Eda was the medium; placing her hands upon the table, the spirits would respond by raps. One evening, they were seated around the table, when the spirit of an aged man presented himself, and on being requested, gave the initials of his name, G. M.

Edward Maxwell started, and with a pallid face inquired—
"Did you live in N—?"
Three raps responded.

A hot flush of indignation was upon the inquirer's countenance, as he demanded in an exulting and mocking tone—

"Are you in Heaven?"

"Yes," was the unhesitating reply.

With a vehement gesture, Edward drew back from the table, exclaiming in loud, angry tones—

"If it is your spirit, it is the regions of torment that you inhabit; for if there be a hell, you are its inmate!—grey-haired deceiver!—destroyer of my peace, and love, and happiness! I will hear no more!" and snatching up his hat, he rushed from the room, leaving little Eda wondering, and Fanny sorrowfully reflecting.

But mother and child continued their sitting, and calling out the letters of the alphabet, the following communication was rapped out:—

"Anna was innocent of the charges brought against her; appearances are deceptive. I will explain all in time. Eda shall prove the mediator between estranged hearts. I am in Heaven—a heaven of my own formation, for which I strove while yet on earth. Tell this to E. M., and say I am his forgiving friend, Gerald Morne."

Early next morning, Edward Maxwell presented himself at the widow's dwelling; his face was pale and haggard—his eyes were an anxious, restless look. She silently placed in his hand the communication, which she had written down. Eda softly put her arms around him, as she whispered—
"From the spirits, uncle, dear!"

He trembled as he read—he strained the child convulsively to his bosom—he was agitated with conflicting emotions, doubt and hope; skepticism and prejudice held the battleground of his soul.

"I will tell you all," he said to Fanny, "and you shall judge me. Ten years ago, I married a young and lovely girl, many years younger—too young for me! But she said she loved me, and I believed her. She was beautiful, but poor; and lived with an aged woman, who had adopted her. She knew nothing of her parentage—it was a mystery to her; she toiled at her needle from morn until night, always seeming cheerful—always happy. From that life of toil, from her bleak surroundings, I took her to become my honored wife—the happy mistress of my home. I was not wealthy then, but I was engaged in a good business, and contented with my lot. Anna was all that my heart could desire, until my step-sister came to live with us; she had kept house for me until I married, but had gone to spend some months in the country. Anna disliked my sister, for what reason I know not; the poor girl seemed so kind and attentive to her. She grew cold and distant towards me; almost repelling in manner. In vain I sought an explanation; she gave me but tears. Then I discovered that Gerald Morne, one of our wealthiest, most aristocratic citizens, visited at my house; my sister first told me of it, and aroused my suspicions. I met him twice, but was too indignant to stop and speak with him. I determined to have proof. Alas! I found it. I saw her kneeling at his feet—I saw him raise her from the unworthy posture, and kiss her cheek! Maddened, infuriated, I left the house. I would not stain my hands with the blood of the hoary sinner, but that day I left my country, my home, as I determined, forever. Thank heaven that I am childless! She, my unfaithful wife—can such utter disregard of right and decency be registered of her? She lives in Gerald Morne's house, ostensibly his adopted daughter! So my sister wrote to me; but for two years, most unaccountably has she been silent, and I knew not that he was dead. Oh, Mary! either this is a most stupendous delusion, or a grant and heavenly boon! But she is guilty, and Gerald Morne, the destroyer of my peace, cannot be a dweller of Heaven."

"You have been a kind—oh, a most generous friend to me!" replied Fanny Field; "perhaps my child will prove the instrument, under heavenly guidance, of leading you to peace and happiness. So say the spirits, and I have never doubted them. Mr. Maxwell, I am a widow, dependent upon your bounty; on earth, not a soul claims kinred with me, yet I feel neither forsaken nor alone. I shall soon rejoin my Eda's father—I know it—I feel it. Promise me, for your own sake, that when I am gone, you will return to your native city—you will endeavor to find your wife, who I know is innocent; that you will listen to her explanation. Promise me this, Mr. Maxwell; you are wealthy enough, and in your solitary moments, I know you yearn for home."

"A softening moisture shone in his eye; his voice faltered with emotion as he replied—
"I promise, Fanny! though I cannot believe her innocent. Oh, God! my fortune—all my wealth—my life itself, would I give in exchange for the blessed conviction! But it cannot—cannot be! But you, my friend?—why speak of death—your health is improving. We will go; you and Eda shall accompany me, a few months hence."

"I speak not of death," replied Fanny Field, as a spiritual radiance overspread her sweet, pale face, and a tranced, blissful expression lighted up her deep, dark eyes. "I speak of life, of the true life, commencing with the spirit's entrance to immortality! I shall soon rejoin my mother, my father, my beloved Henry! They beckon, oh, so lovingly! and my life is obbing—imperceptibly, painlessly away. Fanny will ever be your friend in the spirit-life, and I know that you will prove a father to my orphan!"

"While I live she shall be unto me a daughter!" he said most solemnly, taking again the mother's hand. "But are you not afraid to trust her with one so cold and stern, as I am? I shall do my duty toward her, as I hope for mercy hereafter; but I am lacking in warmth, in affection. I shall be a sombre guardian."

Again the spirit-influence rested upon the inspired countenance; the luminous eyes were upturned to Heaven; a sweet, confiding smile played round her lips as she spoke:—
"The little child shall lead the skeptic here, where a holy joy, and a blest reunion await!—Angels call the mother; be thou all to the orphan child; she will reward thy care, for angels communicate through babes, and words of wisdom flow from childhood's lips. Thy path shall be made clear; the innocent shall be vindicated, and God's justice proclaimed. Return to thy home, and take with thee the medium child."

Returning to the outward world, the mother clasped the wondering child to her bosom, and wept the natural tears of the near earthly separation. Deeply moved, Edward Maxwell left the house. In one month from that day the spirit of Fanny Field departed. As the stern man gazed upon the pale and beautiful features, and noted the beatific smile there lingering, he realized the truth of immortality, the beauty and holiness of spirit-communion. He saw the tombstone placed over the earth-form of the faithful wife and loving mother, and with the little Eda, his adopted daughter, he took passage for his native shores.

Beneath the moonlit sky, upon God's free and

beautiful domain, the man the world judged cold and proud, felt and acknowledged the soothing influences of the holy night, and the spirit-whispering sea. Beside him sat the little Eda, her blue eyes bent dreamingly on the rippling waves. He called her by name; she answered not; he softly took her hand; she drew it not away, but still dreamily absorbed, her blue eyes gazed upon the sea; a radiance, as of some inward joy, illumined the pure angel-face; a reverential feeling, a soothing calm stole to the heart of Edward; he bent his head low to catch the musical murmurs of the sweet child's voice; one of her tiny hands was resting on the taffrail, and distinct raps sounded near and around. "What is it, darling?" he softly queried.

"Mother is here!" the child replied, with a deep and fearless joy, and he distinctly felt a soft hand touch his brow, and he knew that the watching mother, the woman he had befriended on earth, was there, a spirit, hovering near her child, remembering him!

The clouds of distrust and skepticism fell from his soul, and in the sunlight warmth of new-born hope and faith, he accepted fully the heaven-sent gift of communion with departed friends. There, where there could be found no warring interests, no galling chains of creed or custom, no dread of the world's opinion, no superstitious fear—upon God's spirit-realm of Freedom, "the blue, the bright, the ever free"—the ocean-world—the last lingering doubt departed from the soul of Edward Maxwell, and he prayed for strength, for Faith, for Love, to guide him; and his spirit-mother responded with angel counsel; and when the spirit of Gerald Morne communed, he turned no more with beating from his words, but listened attentively, with humble and respectful deference to the sounds announcing his presence.

They arrived safely at their landing place, and with his little medium, he entered the cars, and in a few hours, was looking upon his native place. It was late at night when they arrived, but early next morning he proceeded to his home, leading Eda by the hand. He pulled the bell; a strange woman opened the door; he inquired for Miss C—, his step-sister. He was led into a room where, propped up by pillows, pale and emaciated with disease, reclined the once beautiful Lizzy C—. As he approached towards her she gazed anxiously into his face, and when she recognized him, a piercing shriek burst from her lips; she attempted to rise, but fell back fainting in her chair. When she returned to consciousness, and her brother's arm supported her, she poured forth the story of her guilt and penitence. Jealous of his affection for his wife, fearful of losing the influence she had for years exerted, she had coined the story of Anna's faithlessness, while she had misrepresented her brother, causing him to appear faithless and deceptive in the eyes of the guileless wife. She learned the truth in which Gerald Morne stood to Anna, but had prevailed on her not to reveal it for a time; until her own plans matured and the separation was effected. She had succeeded but too well. Anna, who had become almost frantic at his desertion, had taken up her abode with the old man, who, on his death, bequeathed to her all his property. "Oh, brother!" cried Lizzy, wringing her hands, and weeping bitterly, "forgive me! I was beside myself with jealousy and envy! I hoped that you would never marry, and allow me to conduct your affairs, as always. I am sick and stricken—do not hate me. I dared not write; but I have prayed for your return, dear Edward! When you left I was a gay and handsome woman; now I am prematurely old, and I shall never be well again. Say you forgive me, brother!" And he did forgive her, his direct enemy; he gave her as the true Spiritualist forgives, without lingering resentment. "But," he queried with quivering lips, "what was Gerald Morne to my Anna, to my wife?"

"She was his sister's daughter; his only sister, whom her parents disowned for an early fault, and who died broken-hearted shortly after her infant's birth, which child, passing through many strange hands, finally came here, and lived with old Mrs. R—, where you first saw her." The flush of a holy joy irradiated the face of Edward, as he kissed the repentant woman, and taking Eda in his arms, he proceeded to the stately mansion of Gerald Morne, now the abode of his beloved Anna.

The strong man veiled his face with his handkerchief as he passed the portal, and requested to see Mrs. Maxwell. He placed Eda upon one of the luxurious ottomans, and with a throbbing heart watched the door of the richly-furnished apartment. She entered; time had passed lightly over that candid brow, the dark-brown hair was dark and lustrous as ever, though the cheek was somewhat pale and the expression of the lovely countenance was sweetly pensive. He arose to meet her; she gave one searching glance into his face; a crimson tide of joy flooded her own—she cried, "Edward! my husband!" and fell into his outstretched arms. Long and tenderly he held her in a close embrace, while the angel-eyes of Eda were upraised to Heaven, and the spirit-presence was visible to her clear-seeing vision. When the tumultuous joy of welcome had somewhat subsided, Anna stooped to kiss the lovely child, thenceforth her adopted daughter also.

"Thank God for your return, dear Edward," said Anna, stroking the tangled hair from off his brow. "But how came you to know—" she paused in embarrassment.

"The spirits told me, and they have guided me here to you, my beloved, my innocent, my ever-beautiful Anna!" he fondly replied.

"The spirits?" she repeated with a smile.

"Yes, the spirits, and this angel-child is the chosen medium."

ANY SCHEFFER'S LAST WORK.—On a bust canvas is sketched "the last inspiration of Scheffer's genius; the last and the completest revelation, in an incomplete form, of Scheffer's individuality. Below is being enacted

The riddle of this painful earth; Martyrs, heroes, the good, the great, the sufferers in the cause of God and man; those who have loved, who have hoped, who have striven, who have aspired, lay crushed and prostrated by death, by tyranny, by persecution, by ingratitude, by injustice; they have drunk the cup of suffering to the dregs; "it is finished" and they give up the ghost. But not to lie long in "cold obstruction." "Can these bones live?" Like the prophet of old, we witness their resurrection; they wake, they move, a power not their own, raises them on their feet; they look upwards, eyes, hands, souls are lifted; slowly, surely, irresistibly they mount, they mount to where the Saviour awaits them, and gradually as they emerge from the vapors of blood, and fire, and smoke, to where the "light of His countenance" gleams on them, their faces change and calm, and grow serene, hopeful, satisfied, radiant; and among archangels and all the host of heaven, they learn the meaning of the words, "When death shall be swallowed up in victory." Such is the plan of *Les Déseurs de la Terre*, one of the greatest pictures ever imagined by man.—*London Literary Gazette.*

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858.

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POLICY AND PRUDENCE.

From Policy comes very naturally our world Politics; which is made too often to signify nothing better than a game, a play with chances, a shrewd and selfish way of outwitting others, and benefiting only one's self. Nothing could generate a baser and meaner influence for our politics than such a definition, and nothing could possibly produce, of necessity, more corruption in what are ordinarily called political practices. From the acceptance of such a definition, it has come to be considered quite a matter of course that a politician must be a knowing man, picking and choosing from the public goods, and pushing on his fortunes by the aid of the place and position into which he may have succeeded in forcing himself.

There is a confusion of ideas current in relation to what is prudent and what is policy; and so thoroughly mixed have people become, where all ought to be made plain, that it is hardly too much to say that some persons do not clearly understand the difference between policy and low cunning, and between prudence and a wretched starveling meanness. There is not, it is needless to observe, the least relation between these open opposites. They are no more alike than are fire and water.

What is Prudence, indeed? We have all of us so far wandered from it, that we know not its actual significance and meaning. A penetrating philosopher declares that "the highest prudence is the lowest prudence." "Prudence," says he, "does not go behind nature, and ask whence it is. It takes the laws of the world, whereby man's being is conditioned, as they are—and keeps these laws, that it may enjoy their proper good. It respects space and time, climate, want, sleep, the law of polarity, growth, and death."

"On the other hand," he continues, "nature punishes any neglect of prudence. If you think the senses blind, obey their law. If you believe in the soul, do not clutch at sensual sweetness before it is ripe on the slow tree of cause and effect. The beautiful laws of time and space, once dislocated by our impatience, are holes and dens. If the hive be disturbed by rash and stupid hands, instead of honey, it will yield us bees. Our words and actions, to be fair, must be timely."

Some men vainly think that they are at liberty to enjoy all the fruits of vice and vanity, provided only they can keep their practices secret; in other words, they foolishly deem that they can defraud nature, and set her plainest laws aside. Nothing could be more idle than such a great miscalculation. The infraction of the simplest law, whether of our physical or our spiritual nature, is as certain to be punished by the legitimate fruitage of such disobedience, as any result is certain to flow out of a given cause.

"But what man," asks Emerson, in one of his essays on this topic, "shall dare tax another with imprudence? Who is prudent? The men we call greatest are least in this kingdom. There is a certain fatal dislocation in our relation to nature. Distorting our modes of living, and making every law our enemy, which seems at last to have aroused all the evil and virtue in the world to ponder the question of Reform."

We must call the highest prudence to counsel, and ask why health, and beauty, and genius should now be the exception, rather than the rule, of human nature? We do not know the properties of plants and animals, and the laws of nature, through our sympathy with the same; but this remains the dream of poets. Poetry and prudence should be coincident. Poets should be lawgivers; that is, the boldest lyric inspiration should not chide and insult, but announce and lead, the civil code, and the day's work. But now the two things seem irreconcilably parted. We have violated law upon law, until we stand amidst ruins, and when by chance we espy a coincidence between reason and the phenomena, we are surprised.

Beauty should be the dowry of every man and woman, as invariably as sensation; but it is rare. Health and sound organization should be universal. Genius should be the child of genius, and every child should be inspired; but now it is not to be predicted of any child, and nowhere is it pure.

We call partial half-lights, by courtesy, genius; talent which converts itself to money; talent which glitters to-day, that it may die and sleep well to-morrow; and society is officered by men of parts, as they are properly called, and not by divine men. These use their gifts to refine luxury, not to abolish it. Genius is always æsthetic; and piety and love. Appetite shows to the finer souls as a disease, and they find beauty in rites and bounds that resist it."

But there are not many men who have yet learned any higher lessons than those taught by a base prudence. It is most necessary that we should all teach ourselves prudence that is of a higher strain. "Let a man learn," continues Emerson, "that everything in nature, even moths and feathers, go by law, and not by luck, and that what he sows he reaps. By diligence and self-command, let him put the bread he eats at his own disposal, that he may not stand in bitter and false relations to other men; for the best good of wealth is freedom. Let him practice the minor virtues. How much of human life is lost in

waiting! let him not make his fellow-creatures wait. Now many words and promises are promises of conversation! let his be words of fate."

But the prudence which secures an outward well being, is not to be studied by one set of men, while hygienism and holiness are studied by another; but they are reconcilable. Prudence concerns the present time, persons, property, and existing forms. But as every fact bath its roots in the soul, and if the soul were changed, would cease to be, or would become some other thing, the proper administration of outward things will always rest on a just apprehension of their cause and origin;—that is, the good man will be the wise man, and the single-hearted, the politic man. Every violation of truth is not only a sort of suicide in the liar, but is a stab at the health of human society. On the most profitable lie, the course of events presently lays a destructive tax; whilst frankness invites frankness, puts the parties on a convenient footing, and makes their business a friendship. Trust men, and they will be true to you; treat them gently, and they will show themselves great, though they make an exception in your favor to all their rules of trade."

As we quoted before, the highest prudence is the lowest prudence. We must be filled with a lofty resolution. We are to fear nothing; but walk straight up to the object which is inclined most to terrify us. By perfect self-possession, and indifference to danger, or indeed to all thoughts of danger, we escape the ten thousand vexations of timid minds, and confront real dangers without a thought of fear. This baseless terror has taken the heart out of the whole of us. We sit and study how we may best avoid difficulty, when we should only walk straight up to it and conquer it with our eye. This is the lowest prudence, and this it is, too, which we have designated as the highest.

SPIRITUAL DESTINATION.

Cause and effect steadily and unrelentingly follow one another, the world around. While we are arraigning the spirit that gives energy to the creeds, and that governs the churches, they are pleading guilty as fast as they can, though all the time they may be quite unaware of it.

We find in a late number of the London Saturday Review, some candid criticisms on the present spiritual condition of the church of England, which, coming from so respectable a source, are worthy of more than the ordinary attention given to such matters. The burden of the complaint seems to be, that, according to the testimony of those most closely interested in the church establishment, there exists a great deficiency in the present means of spiritual instruction, and in the ability of the church to cope with the ignorance and depravity of the population.

There is a large amount of unsystematic earnestness at work, according to the paper we have already quoted. Each school has its own medicine for the social disease. The high churchman enlarges on the advantages of mission colleges, the low churchman on the uses of halfpenny scripture readers. One advocates the infinite subdivision of parishes, another is strangely in favor of a head rector, with a staff of subordinate curates. Here pews and pews, there Sunday trading; in one parish, scanty endowments, in another, the operation of the burial board, are denounced as the sources of all the religious shortcomings; while, on the other hand, more services and shorter services, more churches, or more clergy without more churches, and school churches, and iron churches, and city churches to be moved into the suburbs, are among the suggestions of the over-worked and ill-paid clergy.

It appears that a select committee had been appointed by the English House of Lords, to inquire into this matter of spiritual destitution; and their report does no more, of course, than embrace an investigation into the church-going habits of the poor. But this does not go to the heart of the difficulty. As the Review says, it is not missions to the poor alone—not special services to the working classes—that will cure the great and multifarious social evils of the age. Neglect of the means of grace is just as common among the educated as among the uneducated classes; and if preaching in the streets is wanted, so is preaching in the counting-house and the shop, at the family hearth, in the study, in the Senate, and in the hall, or even in the parsonage, as much as in the cottage. These are the things—says the Review—that we want.

That journal says further—"So long as the Church of England exhibits its present character—and it certainly is not likely to exhibit any other—of rival schools and teachers, of perpetually recurring difficulties and disputes about its own meaning and intention, of different interpretations as to whether it is a Divine institution or a voluntary spiritual club, it must be content to be very inefficient. It is true that inadequate endowments and a paucity of clergymen are serious hindrances to its work; but the fact of Puritans and Romanizers existing side by side—the fact of angry and confronting societies for foreign missions and for home missions, and for every branch of the church's work—the fact of 'Tractarians' and 'Evangelicals'—the fact of Mr. Gorham and Mr. Denison, and Mr. Poole—the fact of the Bishop of Exeter and the Bishop of Ripon—the fact of Exeter Hall preachers and those of St. Barnabas—these are the things that really account for the necessity which the present Blue-book indicates, but which it will not remedy.

And what is true of the Church of England is true also of the whole Christian world. We only see in this country a special and accidental modification of what pervades the whole of Christendom. It may be that general cultivation and a general sense of duty, which are the unquestionable results of Christianity, are deepening their roots in the European mind; but everywhere the Church, as such, holds men's minds with a feeble grasp, and attendance on the external forms of worship is passing away. Every country could, if it were honest, produce a Blue-book just as appalling and disheartening as the Bishop of Exeter's. It is enough for us all not to extenuate the evil, not to apologize for it, perhaps not to agitate it, but to register it. The power of the Keys has passed away; the influence of the Pulpit, which succeeded to it, is tottering; if it has not fallen. We may do our best to revive the sense and the love of worship, and to extend, as we are very properly urged to do, all opportunities of bringing men to worship. But there will remain thousands, or it may be millions of minds, in the actual chaos of personal religious convictions, to whom these appeals will be made in vain. We do not say that schools and books can supersede, or ought to supersede, the externals of religion; but when we must look out for the failure of the altar and the pulpit, it must be ours to Christianize men out of Church, if we cannot bring them into it. And

hence others than the clergy can do a workingman's work in our generation."

Yes, the day at last is breaking. This morning over the death of old forms, is the surest proof of its approach. These lamentations that come of casting off the old skin, and wrenching away the ancient superstitions—endured though they are by every tie of association, furnish the most satisfactory evidence that men's minds fall now to be reached by the old methods, and consequently, that the old methods are to all further intents useless.

We take courage at these symptoms, that are showing themselves on every hand. The ocean of popular thought is stirred. People are not now satisfied to know only as much as their minister chooses to tell them, but insist on having an experience, and exercising a penetration of their own. Let the rising day be hailed with delight by all. The glad tidings are sure to be published at length to all people.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

I have long contemplated penning a few thoughts upon this important, and, at present, greatly agitated theme. Probably in no period of the world's history has there been such a generally unsettled and unhappy condition in the marriage relation, or so many divorces applied for and obtained, as at present; and yet they are but a very small per centage of the dissatisfied ones who make the matter thus public. There must be some cause for all this conjugal commotion and dissatisfaction. It is believed by many with whom I have conversed, that we are but just launching upon that ocean of marriage discord, which is yet to be lashed into the wildest fury, and made to purify itself by the agitation of its mighty waters. I hope that the world will be able to learn wisdom without so severe a lesson, and that the wise and prudent will avoid the shoals and quicksands upon which the more indiscreet have been wrecked.

There are said to be two thousand strangers in Indiana and Illinois, waiting to become temporary citizens, in order to obtain divorces from embarrassing husbands or wives. This number comprises but a small portion of what exists in the United States; and that number is annually greatly on the increase. The question very naturally arises, what is the cause of so great a social disaster? I would answer, that I believe it will be found to be in the rapidly growing *mediumistic condition of mankind*; and, as far as I have been able to observe, all who have sought for divorce, have, to a greater or less extent, though in many cases unconsciously to themselves, possessed mediumistic powers. And it will be found that there is but a very small per centage of that class of persons who are satisfied with their companions, however judicious they may have believed themselves to have been, at the time of marriage, in their selection. This did not commence with Spiritualism, but with the introduction of psychology; or, in other words, when, through the excessive use of stimulants and narcotics, such as rum, tobacco, tea, coffee, &c., men and women were made far more susceptible to the influence of each other. Here, I think, we have the basis, and now it is for us to investigate its practical workings.

In this country, where divorces are by far the most frequent, there are but few who enter into the marriage relation without a full conviction that they are well adapted to each other, and that their union is cemented by the strongest sympathy and devoted love; and this condition exists in a greater degree at the time of marriage, with that class who seek divorce, than with any other. Why, then, are such sudden transitions so frequent? They entered upon their relation of husband and wife thoughtfully, and probably with all the conditions of a perpetuation, of a joyous fulfillment, of their marriage vows; and they promiscuously mingle in the world with perfect confidence that their wedded love will continue to protect and secure them to each other. But before they are aware, and when they least expect it, one or the other finds a rapid waning of the affections. The other looks around for the cause of the destruction of their peace, and soon learns that a third person is exerting a strong psychological influence, to which the indiscreet one may become a victim, even before made aware of danger. Jealousies spring up, and animosities are generated, and thus the peace of a once happy family is destroyed, and that, too, without the intention of either party. The dissatisfied party is forced to believe that the first relation is an improper one, and, therefore, destructive to their moral and physical welfare. A morbid sensibility steps in and seeks for a divorce, and when obtained, a new and more hurried and injudicious relation is entered into, which also soon runs its course, and leaves its unfortunate victims a perfect wreck of humanity. I have met with a large number of this class, and with but one or two exceptions, I have uniformly found them to be in a condition deeply to be deplored, and fit subjects for the sympathy of the charitable, and for elevation by the wise and good. Were they assembled in a body, we would find them to be the most unhappy, deluded and unfortunate specimens of civilized society.

I have for years watched the working of this social psychological influence, which, like a mighty avalanche, is carrying thousands into the bosom of destruction, and which, in a finite view, I believe, is to be deplored than any other evil in social life; but which, I doubt not, in the divine economy of things, will work out a great good, in the way of a practical lesson to mankind.

I have known parties who were happily married, and who lived for a few years in the enjoyment of the fruition of conjugal bliss; but the wife was mediumistic, and, therefore subject to those influences which might be brought to bear upon her; and unconsciously to all, she was brought under the mental influence of other parties, and the affection for the husband not only ceased, but turned into contempt and hatred—while the new relation is believed to be a real and true soul-affinity, which is to last forever. But ere long she is brought under other influences, and the second, or previous love, which but a few days before was so fully beloved to be eternal in its duration, all at once degenerates into the most bitter animosity. I know what I say.

Again, I have been acquainted with several cases where this mental psychological control which was believed to be love, has existed between members of the same sex to such a degree, that it has not only withdrawn that affection from their companion, whom they previously loved with all the intensity of their nature, but has turned that love into hatred; and what is strikingly peculiar and characteristic of this mental hallucination, is, that the victimized are entirely beyond the reach of reason or discussion upon that subject. I have also known it to be intensified and perpetuated to the extent of absorbing the vital

force of the physical system, until it ultimated in death to the victim.

Like the insane person who could murder his best friend, the whole powers are concentrated to destroy the peace and happiness of him or her whom they have sworn to love and protect. No misery is too great to give them pleasure, and I have seen more than one case where a previously devoted wife has been transposed into a more than fiend; reason so perverted that no appeals could reach her otherwise good judgment; falsehoods would be freely uttered where truth would serve her purpose far better, and were her husband placed upon the rack and torn limb from limb, or carved into pieces before her eyes, she would complacently smile upon his sufferings, and say, my only regret is that it is not more severe; but this perversion will be found to extend only to the husband. This may seem to be an exaggeration, or a fancy sketch, but no person can see what I have witnessed on more than one occasion, without saying that it falls far short of conveying the whole truth. And I doubt not that the ancient obsession by devils was of a like nature, but probably less intensified in that age than in this.

This has attracted much less attention, because less understood, and, therefore, has not had the eye of jealousy to watch its progress. Oxygen and hydrogen unite and form water, an outwrought function which is entirely different from either of the elements of which it is composed. So the combinations of two minds which are dissimilar, will produce a mental condition which will cause them to hate what they once loved; and thus we see that, oftentimes, in the formation of new social relations, it annihilates previously-existing ones.

I pen these remarks for the purpose of giving others the benefit of both my experience and observation, and I feel well assured that they will become the key to unlock the mysteries of the cause of the misfortunes of many a family, and a warning to others to save their conjugal relations from the most deplorable disaster which is so frequent at the present time.

To me, marriage is the most sacred, holy and Divine institution of earth or heaven, and should be entered into with a full conviction of both *use and fitness*. And when once entered upon, should be regarded as too sacred and divine to ever allow any influence to mar its beauty. I cannot approve or recognize any divorce save that which death institutes; and when I married, it was with that special understanding that it was to be a union for life, regardless of any extremes or dissensions which either party might enter into. I am aware that there are but a few prepared for this position, but to me it appears to be the only true one, and founded in both charity and justice. Husband and wife have a right to look upon each other as sustaining a nearer relation than to any other individual on earth, and if the susceptibility of either shall lead them into temptations which the moral faculties are too feeble to overcome, it becomes the duty of the other to put forth unrelenting efforts to lead them back to virtue and morality. No person can become so depraved but what they are a subject of redemption; and, if need be, I would follow my wife through all the haunts of vice and dissipation, and would never leave or forsake her, however painful it might be, until death had carried her beyond my reach. I should claim the privilege of faithfully discharging my duties towards her as her truest, best friend, HUSBAND.

Nothing short of this can satisfy my conception of the relation of husband and wife. Love, purity, constancy, and eternal fidelity should be their watchword, and thus a halo of joy, peace and satisfaction will crown their heads and hearts, and hand in hand they will wind their way up to God.

I believe that nearly all men and women have an ideal companion to whom they are constantly aspiring, and often overlook the actual and real in contemplating the imaginary; whereas, it should be their study to best assist and develop the actual to their ideal. Were they to do this, they would develop their own souls, make home a paradise, and avoid a world of misery. Those who look for perfection are generally the least perfect, and will stare into a vacancy, for perfection belongs not to man or woman in this sphere; therefore the true and worthy husband or wife will realize the practicality of life, and what they are not to each other, try to develop.

Many have repudiated marriage in any form, and gone into the extreme of the free-love theory and practice, prostituting every power of their nature to the principle of lust. To any well-balanced mind, this cannot fail to be disgusting in the extreme. The female portion of this class consist of those who are entirely beyond an eligible marriage, and are willing to accept from the multitude what no one man would be willing long to grant. It is useless to say that they are destitute of all the higher sensibilities of virtue, and should be looked upon as the most lamentable objects in society. The males are free-lovers, as far as the gratifications of their own lusts are concerned; but probably very few, if any, could be found, who would be willing to grant the same privileges to their wives. Thus it becomes an unprincipled lust, and when carried to the extent which I have observed in some, they become most loathsome and disgusting members of a depraved society.

I do not deny that there are elements of truth in their theory, but so mixed up with error that it is well calculated to deceive a large class. The great mistake is, in making no distinction between conjugal and fraternal love, and in granting to the latter all the privileges which belong only to the former. The practice of these doctrines cannot fail to be most destructive to all the noble sensibilities of the soul, and as such, is cursed of God, and should be ignored and frowned down by every decent man and woman.

B. F. HATCH, M. D.

New York, August 16, 1858.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak at Waltham, Mass., Aug. 22d; Dover, Vt., Aug. 29th; Sutton, N. H., Sept. 6th; Stoddard, N. H., Sept. 12th; Nashua, N. H., Sept. 19th; Cambridgeport, Mass., Sept. 20th; Lawrence, Oct. 3d. Prof. Otis will take subscriptions for the Banner.

A. B. Whiting will lecture in Portland, Me., on Sundays, August 22d and 29th. He will attend calls to lecture during his stay in that vicinity.

Miss Munson will speak at Cambridgeport on Sunday next, August 22, afternoon and evening, in Washington Hall.

Apprehensions are expressed that news, coming along the Atlantic telegraph wires, through 2000 miles of salt water, will not be fresh when it gets here.

Correspondence.

MANFIELD'S RECREATION IN VERMONT.

Messrs. Editors.—When this reaches you, Mr. Mansfield, your celebrated test medium, will probably have reached home, and resumed his labors at No. 3 Winter street, Boston. When an individual leaves the city to recruit in the country, a native curiosity is enlisted to know something of his adventures while absent. In Mr. M.'s case, not only his city friends will feel that curiosity enlisted, but we feel assured that all the readers of your widely circulated paper will be interested in the items with which we favor you, which must, of necessity, be limited. A joyful welcome awaited him and his dear ones, at the paternal home of his truly excellent wife, on Monday afternoon, July 19, having passed the Sabbath with relatives at Barton.

Mr. M.'s physical health was suffering from the fatigues of his journey and previous illness, while at the Rutland Convention; but after one day's rest, at the urgent solicitations of friends who were longing for light from the spirit spheres, Mr. M. commenced writing in his usual way, by answering questions addressed to spirit friends, (while he was absent from the room,) the paper upon which they were written being closely folded many times.

To these he wrote satisfactory replies, each time signing the full name of the spirit addressed, although in most instances they were names which he never before heard. This he always did in presence of many witnesses, so no one could question his veracity. Thus, every day till Sabbath, he wrote more or less; and, in his generous obligingness of soul, overtaxed his strength. With a cold in addition, Sabbath morning found him quite ill, and a physician was called to prescribe for him. Thanks to judicious medical treatment, good nursing, and quiet rest, and, above all, to a kind, heavenly Parent, who blessed the means used for his recovery, he was, in a few days, convalescent, and, during the week, was enabled, by spirit assistance, to gratify and convince many skeptical minds of the truth of spirit agency in assisting him thus to write communications from the loved and lost to view. How wonderful! How mysterious! How beautiful! escaped the lips of many, to whom spirit communion had hitherto been regarded as something much worse than "a wild delusion." One individual, who has borne down upon Spiritualists beyond the bounds of Christian endurance, and who regarded the spirits of her own relatives "too sacred to be called to earth in so trifling a manner," did summon courage to call for the spirit of an aged Baptist Elder "out of spite," as she frankly said—and the good old man promptly came, and gave test after test; and messages to Mr. —, and Deacon —, and neighbor —, &c., to the infinite satisfaction of all present, if not to herself. The good Elder did not seem to feel in the least annoyed by his unceremonious call, but came rejoicing at the opportunity presented to speak to old friends and neighbors, with whom he had "taken sweet counsel, and walked with to the house of prayer."

Last week Mr. M. was urgently solicited to visit Stanstead Plain, which my readers know is within the Queen's dominions. Many surprising test answers were written by his pencil, during the afternoon. Among others, a young lawyer addressed B. Terrill, member of Parliament, who died of cholera, nearly six years ago, while at the parliamentary session. The questions were addressed in the French language, with which Mr. T. was familiar, and the answers came in English, perfectly satisfactory, much to the astonishment of the questioner and the large circle of acquaintance present to witness.

A rather ludicrous affair characterized the afternoon scenes. Mr. Mansfield was unexpectedly introduced to one of Her Majesty's Reverend of the Episcopalian order, to whom Mr. M. was announced as a spiritual, letter-writing medium, in a manner which appeared to Mr. M. and most of the guests, rather abrupt. Mr. — at once assailed Mr. M. on his cherished belief and mediumship. Mr. M. promptly and calmly replied, that "he came as an invited guest, and not to interfere with any individual's cherished belief, or to hold controversy with any whom he did not know of meeting." At length the Reverend's mother temper arose to such a degree, that the hostess called him into an adjoining room, and requested him to be calm and consistent, and, with her female tact for reconciling discussions, so far succeeded in controlling his excitement, that an amicable argument succeeded between the two gentlemen, and he so far changed his opinion of the Spiritualist and his doctrine, that he invited him to spend a week at his hospitable mansion, which invitation Mr. M. was, of necessity (not choice), obliged to decline. We hope the good minister will soon become a partaker in the blessed faith of spirit communion, and be instrumental of great good in disseminating this light and truth over Her Majesty's province. In no other way can he perfectly serve the blessed Saviour, whose cause he has espoused, than to devote his time and talents in preparing spiritual food for his followers.

We regret that our two Orthodox clergymen in Derby could not have met Mr. M. in a similar manner. Both are talented young men—each are aware that some of their church members have embraced the "dangerous doctrine," and each has denounced it from his sacred desk, and that, too, without candidly investigating the subject, or first going to converse with their "deluded members," and inquiring the reason of their faith.

Is such a course either Scriptural or Christian? Is it not rather cowardly? Many are the tears which such a course pursued, has caused to be shed by a few firm believers in the blessed light; as it has added a hobby for unbelievers to ride smooth shod (as they think) over our heads. But thanks to the God of Truth, we live and are strengthened by his "ministering spirits," under all opposition, and our ranks are rapidly increasing; and they will increase, till the whole earth shall be filled with true knowledge and love of God, communicated to man through spirit communion, and the study of nature, and nature's laws.

How surprising to witness the tenacity with which some minds cling to old church creeds, despite their own better judgment, as if in this age of progress, religious doctrines alone had long ago reached their summit of perfection. How like the stubborn Jews, who would not receive their Christ, because he came not with the pomp of an earthly monarch. But I do not intend to moralize, but chiefly to speak of Mr. M.'s mission among us. Pardon my digression, kind reader. You may be assured our small circle of Spiritualists greeted Mr. M. with emotions of heartfelt joy, and parted with him with regret, mingled with gratitude for his services, gratuitous, while with us.

It is due Mr. Mansfield to say, that he declined accepting our furthering for the one hundred and forty-three communications he wrote in answer to as many letters (every letter was answered) addressed to spirit friends, during the three weeks he spent recruiting in Derby and vicinity. Curious recasting! methinks some of your city gentlemen will exclaim. Well, we think Mr. M. will tell you he was well cared for, and had a pleasant, happy time, without. His reward consists in the consciousness of doing good, by writing and conversing with inquiring minds, on the truths his whole soul and time are enlisted to promulgate, which he did to the extent of his strength, while here, with the hope it would be blessed by the happiness of many, both in this sphere and in the spirit-world. And it will.

Yours, in behalf of the Spiritualists of Derby, Vt.,
"SYLVANUS."

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, August 14, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—Premising that Dr. Redman is still detained at Hartford by the protracted illness of his wife, and that his being at the wrong end of the line, seems, for the present, to have suspended the operations of "Winne's Express," I will begin my weekly epistle to the Banner, by appending a letter received by me through the post, from Cornelius himself. It is as follows:—

SECOND SPHERE.

My Friend ———, I s'pose the male will take a letter for me, as well as it will for Doctor Redmond; at any rate, I s'pose to try it. I used to pay three cents per page for carrying letters when I was with the old woman, and I suppose that's what they ask now; but I'll get this in with one of the Doctor's letters, and that'll be rite. Now I s'pose ye want to no what I s'pose been bout, since the Doctor's wife, or lady, has been so awful sick. Well, don't fret—the baby's living. That's what the old woman used to say. Well, I ain't going to fret, but to rite all I want to. I used to fret when he was in New York, for such an ol'mitey lot of fellers use to be there, that Winne did n't get mor'n a few minutes to tell a whole hour's full. I fret, too, the other day: I do n't no the time, fur, I left the old Bull's Eye with the folks; and I s'pose that feller as wates on the old woman is got it s'fore this time.

Well, as I was sayin, I did fret when I visited a medium in Boston, some days ago. She was a purty good specimen of a lady, and looked as if she'd make one so happy. I kinder took a liken to her, fur she does n't send a poor feller away, if he haint got his knowledge-box as full as some. Well, I went thar, and I had to shuv and push side ways, and corner ways, and all sorts a ways, to get in; for there was the orfulst sights of sperets there; sum just like me, and sum knowd mor'n me; and sum did n't no as much as me.

Well, after pushin through, I got in; and I was goin to wate for my turn, when a gentleman they calls Hair, took me by the arm and says:—"Step up, step up, Kornel, ye nused this help mor'n the rest of us." And so he pushed me rite in, and I sed a few words. I tell you, did n't I feel as if I was some? Well, I did.

But what in thunder made the old feller call me Kornel? I aint a Kornel. Well, I s'pose he wanted to tray my attention. Well, I lov him: I'd had to stay there—well, I don't know how long. I'll talk to her sum more yet.

Oh, I went to a nigger meetin' last nite; not in heaven, but on earth. Well, I never! The feller took a verse out of the Bible to speke on. It was in Second Kings. Kings is in the Bible, I believe. The verse was:

But he sed: Then bring mele, and he cast it in the pot; and he sed, pour out for the people that they may etc. And there was no harm in the pot.

I lafed rite out loud; when he began to say, the mele was the word, and the pot was the Bible, and the minister was the one to pour it out; and there was no harm in the pot—that's the Bible. And he sed some folks made pots of there own, and them pots would broke; they were klay, and not stone. Then I lafed again; and I'd liked to told him that the pot of the hart was worth all the book pots.

I'd like to tell you all he sed, but you'll get tired, I know you will. Then he prade that the mele that filled the Holi Pot of God's word, might be made berrd for all; and that berrd be broken by faithful servants of God. And they all halled out, A-men! A-men! A-men!

I left then, and went to luke after my teacher, who is learnin' me how to rite and tork.

Now, ———, jest rest easy 'bout my bones, fur I tell you I aint begun yet. If I can't do it up, then I aint Winne. I's been countin' them over. Why, how many a feller's got! I did n't know as I had mor'n 'bout twenty, but there's mor'n that in the back-bone, else I don't count strain. I used to think it was all one. I'm now goin to see that Boston woman. I tell you, if I could only drop one of my bones down there, would n't that be a certificate fur my identity? I'll see what's to be dun.

Your sarvent and friend,

CORNELIUS WINNE.

So much for Cornelius's letter. I have preserved his orthography; and consider the epistle a valuable one, inasmuch as it exhibits somewhat of the feelings and condition of an ignorant, erring, but naturally well-disposed colored man, in the spirit-world. It is not so needful that everything we get from that world, be lofty and teeming with great truths, as it is that they correctly represent the state of affairs, or of some class of individuals, on some of the infinitely various planes of life in that extended country. This frank letter of Cornelius, I think, adds something to our knowledge in this particular.

The seeming success in the attempt to span the Atlantic with a chain of human thought, has taken us all by surprise; and is the event at present uppermost in men's minds. It furnished a text for the discussion at the Conference session of last week; and many beautiful, truthful and prophetic things were said. All looked to it hopefully, as tending directly to the development of man and his resources. Dr. Gray thought its great mission would be, to obliterate the dividing lines between races, and change their relations—altherio that of conquerors to conquered, robbers to robbed—to that of a common brotherhood. Dr. Massey, of Baltimore, made some excellent remarks on electricity, in illustration of a corresponding power claimed by Spiritualists to exist on the plane of mind. Man, in his nervous and mental structure, ought to be as impenetrable as particles of iron. The magnet will impress and move the needle; and it may be assumed as a law, that when a principle is discovered in external nature, its like or correspondence will be found to exist on the plane of mind.

A beautiful test, in connection with the Atlantic

cable, occurred at Conklin's weekly private circle; which was mentioned at the Conference by the Rev. Mr. Benning, who is a member of the circle, and has since been narrated to me with additional particulars by Mr. Conklin. On the first recent attempt to lay the cable, on the part of the Agamemnon and Niagara, the spirit of an old sea-captain, a friend of Mr. Benning, announced a probable failure. He kept the circle posted up, and duly and correctly informed them of the breaking of the cable, and the return of the ships to Ireland. This circle meets on Friday evenings; and on the evening of Friday, the 8th of July, the captain announced to the circle that the cable had been spliced in mid ocean on the day before—the 29th—and that the vessels had separated at one o'clock P. M., for the opposite coasts. He furthermore promised fair weather, and success to this final effort.

A record of these announcements was kept by persons in the Manhattan Gas Company's Office, who are not Spiritualists, to whom Mr. Benning announced them, from time to time; and various others, outside of the members of the circle, were made aware of them. On the Monday following, a stranger called on Mr. Conklin, and desired, if there was anything in Spiritualism, that he might have an unquestionable test. Mr. Conklin gave him these announcements with their dates, and he wrote them down, declaring, if they should prove true, that they were all he wanted. If I understood Mr. Conklin correctly, the gentleman has since called on him, and expressed his entire satisfaction.

The general opinion expressed at the Conference, was, that spiritual or mental telegraphing, as a practical reality, would follow close on the heels of this conquest over the ocean. Mr. Snoduliker, an Illinoisan, formerly, I believe, a Catholic priest, stated that he had, through a clairvoyant at Cincinnati, communicated with a gentleman at one of the Universities in the interior of Germany. He is a medium himself, and avowed—that I have no doubt is true—that the spirit-world is as actively engaged on the great questions of the day with us, as we are ourselves; that spirits head the Leconte struggle on both sides; sustain and oppose Napoleon in Europe, etc., etc.

The picnic was well attended, and a pleasant affair. Nothing however occurred worthy of special note. Pleasant Valley is a charming place; and the water-jauit, fresh air, green sights, and eatables and drinkables, to say nothing of the speeches, amply repaid the smothered, languid denizens of Gotham, for the effort and the time. The most labored attempt at speech-making, was by Henry C. Wright, in his own peculiar vein.

HOLDERNESSE, N. H.

Messrs. Editors.—In compliance with the wishes of the citizens of this place, and in the discharge of a duty which devolves upon me, I will furnish you with a brief account of the progress which Spiritualism has made here during the last few weeks. On the 4th of July, I visited West Campton, N. H., and had the pleasure of listening to two lectures, delivered in a grove near the residence of Joseph Brown, Esq., by the Rev. T. C. Constantine, of Manchester, in which the scriptural bearings of modern Spiritualism were most graphically and eloquently set forth. At the close of the lectures, I requested Mr. C. to call at our place on his return home. I did not expect that interest enough could be got up in the village to justify the idea of a lecture. The day following the arrival of Mr. C., I placed the most conspicuous parts of our village with the announcement that a lecture would be delivered in the Baptist Church that evening, July 8th, 1858, subject: Modern Spiritualism—its scriptural bearings considered; discussion invited, &c. The notices were posted in the afternoon, notwithstanding which the hour appointed called together a numerous, attentive and respectable audience, who listened with intense interest to the unanswerable arguments which the lecturer adduced in favor of Spiritualism. The lecture occupied an hour and a half in delivery, at the close of which Mr. C. invited the criticism of either clergy or layman.

One of the deacons proposed the following question, viz.: "If it was not a sin for Saul to go to the woman of Endor to inquire of her, why did God destroy him for it?"

Mr. Constantine replied that the sin of Saul did not consist in his going to the woman of Endor, and that the passage referred to by the deacon, contained in the 10th chap. 1st of Chronicles, was untrue, and it virtually declared that the history given of Saul, in the 28th chap. 1st Book of Samuel, was false, to the law and to the testimony. In the 28th chap. 1st Book of Samuel, 6th and 7th verses, it is said, and when Saul inquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, &c. In the passage to which my friend has referred, it is said that Saul was slain for asking counsel of one that had a familiar spirit, to inquire of; and inquired not of the Lord, therefore the Lord slew him. These two passages cannot be true; the history given of Saul's visit to the woman of Endor, says that he inquired of the Lord, but the Lord answered him not. The reference found in Chronicles says that he did not inquire, and the Lord slew him for not inquiring. What are we to do in such cases; the reference denies the truth of the event referred to, and by endorsing the reference, we lose them both; besides, there are various and conflicting accounts given of the cause of Saul's death. In the 2d Book of Samuel, 1st chap. an Amalakit claims to have slain him, and he brought unto David Saul's crown and bracelet, which renders his story plausible. In the same chapter, where it is said that the Lord slew him, it is distinctly stated that Saul fell upon his sword and died.

I do not presume to say which of these three conflicting accounts you shall believe, but leave each one of you to decide for yourself. The deacon politely bowed compliance, and sat down. The choir sang, and the Rev. Mr. Purinton closed the service by prayer, in which he endorsed most of the positions taken by Mr. C. in his lecture. The audience reluctantly left the place, desiring to hear more on the subject.

In consequence of the favorable impression left upon the minds of the audience, by the lecture which Mr. C. delivered, we decided to request Mr. C. to visit us a second time, and deliver a course of four or five lectures, to which he readily responded. He lectured on the 26th, 27th, 28th and 30th of July, to numerous, attentive and respectable audiences, who expressed entire satisfaction in the matter. After the lectures, circles were held in private houses. On the evening of the last lecture, the people flocked to my house in large numbers, so that they could not all gain admission. To remedy this, we adjourned to a hall, which was well filled. Mr. C. was controlled

to speak by what purported to be the spirit of W. E. Channing. The address was an honor to his immortal genius. After this, the question was asked, whether Mr. C. should be invited to come again, for the purpose of lecturing to us. The response was unanimous in the affirmative.

We had joyful times, and could say with good old Jacob, after receiving the vision of the ladder, that it was the gate of Heaven to our souls. The citizens of Holderness village think very differently of Spiritualism to what they did previous to Mr. Constantine's visits. We tender to Mr. C. our grateful thanks for his successful labors in the cause of truth, and are in hopes to have him among us, in a short time, to dress the garden, in which he has carefully sown the seeds of truth.

Mr. C.'s first and last lecture were exceedingly interesting, embracing a comprehensive range, condensing into a small compass the phenomenal, biblical, and philosophical bearings of the great subject. All the objections which are usually brought against the subject, were analytically examined and shivered to threads. The banner of spiritual light was unfurled, and many are flocking to its standard.

Yours, for the truth,
JESSE LAMM.

LETTER FROM WISCONSIN.

WHITEWATER, Wis., August 7, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—The cause of truth and progressive religion is gaining here, slowly but steadfastly, the same has mainly been brought about with the assistance of the noble efforts made by Rev. Mr. Baldwin, formerly of the Congregational Church in this place, but now having accepted a call from Fou Du Lac, in this State. He has many warm and firm friends here, who see with grief and regret that he leaves them.

Spiritualism will make considerable headway in this society by-and-by, for a great deal of interest is manifested, and investigation goes on pretty generally. We have circles occasionally, but have, as yet, not organized, but shall before long, when we intend to invite the attendance of skeptics, for the sake of giving light to earnest seekers after truth.

Yours, for the advance of our cause,
M. L. JULIAN.

SPIRIT-TELEGRAPH.

The following communication was received by a resident of this city, from a wife in the spirit-life. The child referred to has been sick from infancy, and was residing in New York State when the lines were written through a medium of this city. Heeding the advice given, the father repaired to his child, and found, as stated in the communication, that her little mind was at times wandering, and unable to rationally manifest through the brain. It was indeed a comfort, too, to the little one, to meet her father. Who shall say that the wife who has gone to the land of the departed, cannot draw nigh, and cheer, and comfort the husband left behind? Is it not indeed a blessing to thank God for?

My Dear Husband—Although elevated by the change of death to a higher sphere, and though we are parted in the bonds of flesh, yet our spirits are united—the affection which made our wedded life so happy, has outlived the winter of the grave. Never feel oppressed with a sense of loneliness; in the ether, unnumbered crowd that throng the mountain-passes of life, my influence is about you like a shield; if the rod of affliction hovers over you, be sure it will soften all turbulent feelings, and exalt some hidden power of virtue.

Our darling little one is sickened, but I cannot prophesy as to her recovery, or her departure to the world of spirits; if it will assist her to watch tenderly over her, and soothe her by the gentle magnetism of my will, I will not neglect her. I often feel that to die is the boon the Heavenly Father bestows, for does not the spirit emerge from the clay divinely free, and soar aloft to bow its plumes at the veiled shrine which is guarded by Seraphim? Give not way to sadness or despair; if the debt of Nature has to be paid, remember only the basket is left—the gem, which is the immortal soul, assumes a more glorious shape, and enters upon a new existence. Think, my beloved husband, how blest you are in having a source of consolation in Spiritualism. When I was taken from you, did not the grave hide me?—and the great longing in your heart to know something of the great beyond has been answered. Even now, steps of light are rolling down to your feet, and angels are beckoning you onward and upward. I feel a sincere sympathy for you; my face is beaming with pleasure, when I see you endeavoring to look on the bright side of things; I rejoice that, amid the tumult of earthly strife, there are intervals of rest, when you can catch low sounds of joy, that step with a tranquil effect over the tender cords of feeling that tie mute and silent in your soul.

"Will be with you, and would advise you to seek our child; her senses wander at times; it would be a comfort to her to meet you."

Believe me your affectionate wife,
LUCY J. HOLMES.

Boston, June 22, 1858.

TEST THROUGH MR. MANSFIELD.

"SPIRITUALISM."—Some twelve months since we gave in your columns a brief account of a few of the so-called spiritual manifestations which we had witnessed, and which had exceedingly interested our attention, and at some future day promised more, should we witness any further demonstrations. We have seen much of these things since, to give an outline of which would take up too much room in a daily paper, and tax the patience of its readers; so we will content ourselves with stating a curious test, which was tried a few days since to convince a skeptic—that there be many of them—that the spirits of the departed can and do communicate with us mortals.

We wrote one line upon a slip of paper, asking a departed friend if he would like to communicate with us, signing but one-third of our Christian name, and nothing more, to the question. We folded the paper, put it into an envelope, and sealed it strong and firm, and left it without any superscription. A friend of ours, who was the skeptic, fixed up a note, and managed it in like manner; no one but himself knowing of its contents. He doubly sealed it, and, like ours, left off the superscription.

We went alone, and carried them both to Mr. Mansfield, of Winter street, the celebrated writing medium, and he marked one of them X 1, and the other X 2. In a few days we received an answer to our note, through the medium, perfectly satisfactory, even to the name in full at the bottom of the letter. But in order to make the test stronger, even the other note, X 1, was answered satisfactorily even to the skeptic himself, at the conclusion of our communication. That was even so.

Now, if the spirits of the departed hold no converse with things here below, how came this marvel to pass? Many people are willing to admit and believe in clairvoyance. Well, all the difference is, we hold, that if the spirit lives after leaving the flesh, that it can act as well as before, or better, as it then has not.

"This muddy vesture of decay
To grossly close it in."
We will make no more comments, but leave the subject for the thinking folk to ponder on and examine for themselves.—*See and Atlas, 12th.*

The diminution of specie in Boston and New York banks has been very large within the past few days.

The Busy World.

For Proceedings of the Convention at Plymouth, see eighth page.

The Spirit-Messages upon the sixth page of the Banner are unusually interesting.

We have in type for our next paper, number eleven of the series of essays, entitled "Life Eternal," given through Mrs. J. S. Adams. We have received several letters from distinguished sources, which speak in high terms of these communications.

The U. S. steamer Niagara arrived in the harbor of New York Sunday morning last. She came up to the city on Monday, when salutes were fired in the City Hall Park, at the Battery, Navy Yard, Fort Hamilton and Governor's Island. The formal reception of Mr. Field and the officers of the Niagara and Gorgon will occur on some future day, to be agreed upon with the authorities of the City of London.

HAVANA.—The stock of sugar is 60,000 boxes, against 100,000 last year. Prices have advanced in this market in consequence.

J. W. GREENWOOD RETURNED.—Mr. Greenwood, the healing medium, at No. 15 Tremont Row, desires to inform his friends that he has returned from his Eastern tour, and may be found at his rooms as above.

Lord Byron once told a companion that if some demi-god would dictate to us just how much we ought to eat, it would put an end to half the miseries of the race.

Miss Frances Davis, of Waterford, N. Y., is a newly announced trance-speaking medium. She is only seventeen years of age. [We didn't copy this from our up-country cotemporary.]

A traveler, sitting upon the rear-bench of an up-country inn, hailed "one of the oldest inhabitants," and inquired the denomination of the church upon the opposite side of the road? The reply was—"Wal, she was a Baptist nat'rally, but they do n't run her now."

Albertain cured his indigestion, and regained his flesh, by "going into the country, where he could get good milk and eggs, and living upon three ounces of baked custard, taken three times a day, with no drink but ginger water. On this quantity of food he regained his flesh, and uniformly got better."

There are many in New England, at the present time, whose digestion would be much improved by following the prescription above quoted.

The child of sorrow of my place,
When smiling sunbeams of joy decline,
But through the densest cloud will dart,
A ray of hope to cheer the heart.
Beneath the Omnipotent's kind control
There is a May-day of the soul,
When light should glid the darkest gloom,
And paint the rainbow on the tomb.

A gentleman, just arrived from San Francisco, Cal., says that the Fraser river gold excitement is cooling off rapidly. Many have returned, "perfectly satisfied," minus all the funds they possessed. They report that the river was continually rising, instead of falling, as interested parties assert; that the best miners could not work more than four months in the year; that there are too many persons on the river already; and that provisions are extremely high, mule meat bringing 75 cents per lb. Yet thousands are on their way to the aforesaid locality from the Atlantic States, many of whom will undergo disappointment, disease and death.

News from Washington states that preparations are being made for the organization of an efficient military staff for Washington and Oregon territories, preliminary to the contemplated operations against the hostile Indians, and to prevent a repetition of such defeats as were experienced by Col. Steptoe. The object of the Secretary of War is to make them fully sensible of the power of the Federal Army. A force of 25,000 men, will be kept in Utah. One of the Peace Commissioners, in a private letter, represents the affairs of the Territory in a good condition.

AWFUL CALAMITY.—There is no money in the treasury of the Presbyterian mission, to pay the missionary's salary in Cairo and Alexandria, in Egypt, and the men of God, O dear! are without pay. Run, ye ungodly Philistines, gather together ye sons of Amalek, bring your money, ye daughters of the Gentiles, to feed the men of God. We would advise the men of God to go home and partake of some useful labor, but to be honest men. It is a shame for an honest man to subsist upon the pennies begged from credulous minds.—*The Israelite.*

Several deaths have occurred at Charleston, S. C., from yellow fever, and physicians assert that it is now in existence there as an epidemic.

The hay crop in Worcester county this year is estimated to be rather above the average yield, and the prospect of a large harvest of corn is also good. Potatoes promise to be plenty.

"Why are you gazing at my lady so intently?" said a naturally pale-faced young man to her gallant. "Oh, nothing," replied he; "only you remind me of a badly executed painting I saw recently in an artist's studio." She did n't "change color."

True friends call out our highest nature continually.—The higher steps to lift the lower, and all impulses blend in a central attraction.

"Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crows-bars loose the bull-dog's grip."
Holmes.

"What are yer blubbering about?" said Pat to a shoemaker, whose shop had just burned down. "Oh," replied the disconsolate snob, "I've lost my awl." "Is that all?" said Pat; "here, then, take a sixpence and buy another. 'You me awl, I thought yer 'last 'end' had come."

A negro preacher, referring to the judgment day, in his sermon, said, "Brother'n an sisters, in dat day de Lord shall divide de sheeps from de goats, an' bress de Lord, we knows who wears de wool."

A poor actor, with a book under his arm, was entering a pawnbroker's office, when he encountered a friend, who inquired what he was going to do? "Only going to spend Shakespeare," was the reply.

Gray hairs, like honest friends, are plucked out and cast aside, for telling unpleasant truths. "You never need think that you can turn over any old falsehood, without a terrible quivering and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it."—*Dr. Holmes.*

MRS. COAN IN PHILADELPHIA.

A correspondent writes that "Mrs. Coan is doing wonders here; she has large and intelligent audiences, who are much interested in the manifestations that occur in her presence. Her committees are composed of a variety of intellect; none of them are believers in Spiritualism, and yet none, so far as I know, have ever ventured an explanation of the raps based upon natural principles confined solely to the mundane sphere, and I guess they never will."

BOOK NOTICES.

Proceedings of the Free Convention held at Rutland, Vt., June 25, 26 and 27, 1858.

A photographic report, by J. M. W. Yerrinton, of the speeches made at this Convention, is published by J. B. Yerrinton & Son, Cornhill. There are a multitude of living truths expressed in the pages of this report, which may be read with much profit by all. Hear all things, prove all things, is a motto which men should ever keep in mind. All men cannot agree with everything printed in this book, yet all may read with profit, and find therein good. We notice one peculiarity in this report, which is, that the addresses made by Miss A. W. Sprague and Miss Helen Temple, trance-mediums, are not reported in the body of the book, but are placed in the appendix. Price, 50 cents. For sale by Bela Marsh, 14 Broadfield street. We advise all persons interested in the various reforms of the day, to read this book carefully. The speeches of Davis, Tiffany, and others, on Spiritualism, with the opposing speeches, will interest Spiritualists.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The country is agitated from one end to the other with regard to the success of the Cable. It is laid—thus far it has been successful—and celebrated. Nearly two weeks, however, have gone by, and yet no dispatch has been received, and now the inquiry is—is it a failure as far as the transmission of the fluid is concerned? The idea is rapidly gaining ground that the power of the electricity is not great enough to overcome the distance, or sufficiently so to produce an intelligible communication—whether the Cable is too small for its length, cannot be said; but it is evident that something more than "little difficulties" is in the way.

If it does not succeed at present, we have no doubt but that it will eventually, for Science will overcome any difficulty, ride the storm, and navigate the air. Our many friends, who are collecting together fireworks and other articles of celebration, must not be disappointed—they will do for the next Fourth.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

GEO. R. T. BALISTON, SFA.—We will forward specimen numbers, as you request, on receipt of names.

JOHN A. HOVEY, PHILADELPHIA.—These lectures were printed, but the pamphlets are all gone. We have No. 2, V. 1, enough to spare you what you want.

J. D. NEW LONDON, CT.—The communications you send us are hardly adapted to publication. If you prefer, you will soon agree with us, in the improvements the disembodied make in communicating to you. We sometimes amuse ourselves with looking over our first communications, which we then thought very wonderful.

J. O. OWEN.—You ask us to change the address of your paper to North Turner Bridge, but do not say where we now send it. We keep our books by town, and by names of persons, and must know the town.

H. S. M. STOCKBROKER.—We know nothing of Mr. H., except as we occasionally hear of a successful picture he has given. We presume spirit-portraiture, like all other phenomena, is liable to failure. We hear of many failures, some successes, and regard it only as an experiment. If one portrait is obtained in fifty applications, it is proof of spirit-phenomena; but we do not believe, from what little we know, that there is any certainty in this matter. It is only our opinion, however, and if one is successful, another may be; and, as we understand, it only costs a dollar to try the experiment, when, if a good sketch is produced, a picture of any cost may be painted from it. It is not very costly to try it.

"A LADY'S DES."—We are not in the habit of publishing anonymous communications, even when accompanied by the "almighty \$." There are some who resort to yours which are not plain to us. Will you explain, or will you send your \$1, that you may get it?

L. B. N. HARTFORD.—We wrote you, a few days ago, explaining matters. Our subscription books are kept alphabetically, by town names, so we could not well find your name among so many, except we had the town.

ELLA.—The party whose message was published, was not a Clergyman, as we judge from another on from Rev. Wm. A. When Mrs. C. returns, we will endeavor to ascertain the town and State.

Special Notices.

NOTICE TO SPIRITUALISTS.

The Spiritualists of Lowell and vicinity will hold a picnic at Harmony Grove, in Lowell, on Wednesday, the 1st day of September, at 10 A. M., and do most cordially invite their brethren and sisters in Boston and vicinity, and those in towns along the Boston and Maine Railroad, and all others who feel disposed, to meet them at the above mentioned time and place, in one general gathering of kind affection and love, and spend one day in the interchange of kind affection and love. Again we say, come one, come all, bring your speakers and meet us, and we will receive you with open arms and warm hearts, and spend the day in "the feast of reason and flow of soul."

Should the day prove stormy, it will be held on Thursday, the 2d, but should both days be stormy, it will be omitted altogether.

BENJAMIN BLOOM, JR.,
President of the Association.

GROVE MEETING.

The Spiritualists of Milford, Mass., and vicinity, will hold a Meeting in the Grove of John Gilbert, Esq., on Tuesday, Aug. 24, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. S. B. Brittain, Adm. Ballou, Miss Frances Davis, of Lansingburgh, N. Y., a trance-medium, and others, are to be the speakers on the occasion. A general invitation is extended to all. W. W. LUTHER, Hopkinton, Milford, Mass., Aug. 16, 1858.

HARMONIAL COLONY CONVENTION.

All persons interested in the establishment of a Harmonical Township, Precinct or Neighborhood, on the general basis announced in the late Circular of D. C. Gates and others, are hereby respectfully invited to meet in select Convention at Worcester, Mass., on the 15th and 16th days of September next, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M., on the 15th. The undersigned expects that a goodly number of those numerous friends, in various parts of the country, who, by letter or otherwise, have expressed their readiness to co-operate in the movement, will be present on the occasion. Also such others as are prepared to take a working interest in the cause. Spectators and mere talkers are not invited. Adm. Ballou, as a cordial friend, adviser and promoter of the enterprise, has engaged to be present, and to submit for discussion such specific documents and plans of operation, as, in his judgment, may be requisite to our success. For the place of meeting, comers will please inquire at No. 1, Day State Block, Main street, Worcester.

In behalf of the movement, DANIEL C. GATES.

MADAME DU HOYCE, MEDIUM CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, from New York City, who has been so successful in the treatment of all diseases, especially of the Eye and Ear, is at the Marlboro' Hotel, Washington street, Boston. This afflicted are invited to call. 3m Jy 31

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

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

A. C. ROBINSON, trance-speaker, from Brooklyn, N. Y., will lecture at Washington Hall, Charlestown, next Sunday, at 10-12 o'clock A. M., and 3 P. M. Admission 5 cents, to defray expenses.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at Guild Hall, Wingham street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. 3m Jy 31

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall. The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wall's Hall, speaking, by mediums and others.

The Messenger.

CIRCULARS RECEIVED.—We have deemed it advisable to send our readers during the month of August, to resume September 1st, after which time the usual admissions will be issued to visitors. This will enable us to publish our large accumulation of messages.

HINTS TO THE READER.—Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be sent to us, through the medium of Mr. J. H. CONANT, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light. They are sent under the name in which they are usually published, and the "Banner of Light" is the exact language being written, and so on.

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

We hope to show that spirit communication is the character of their earth life, to that which is the doorway to the spiritual world, and that they are not the same as the spiritual world.

We believe the public should know the part which spirit communication should play in the life of the human race, and that it should be a part of the life of the human race.

We wish the reader to know that spirit communication is not a new thing, but a part of the life of the human race, and that it should be a part of the life of the human race.

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do not believe I can come back; but if it is so, they want me.

I have told you my name. I was thirty-seven years of age. I died of fever. I was a gambler by profession.

If I had said I was a minister, they would have said it was a lie. If I carried a black flag on earth, I must sail back with it. Did you ever know Steve Whipple? So did I. More of the Boston boys got their feathers plucked down there, than New Orleans boys did here. By the way, where is Steve now? He was the ace of trumps. He cut up well on the other side (California)—got to be a little worse than I was—however, he was a pretty good fellow.

I am introducing myself in a strange way; but if Steve is anywhere on the face of the globe I want him to give me a call.

I kept at one time on the old levee—something like fifteen years ago, since I did business for myself. After that I went breaking the banks. I always had luck—counted one at any rate, and that one you might mark—down on self, nothing else. That's the only way you can get along when you start wrong.

When a fellow throws off the body, he gets rid of many responsibilities, and if he wants to do right, he finds it easy—no bread and butter to find, no tailor to pay—we make our own clothes here.

Well, suppose I wish them all good day with a right good blessing—tell them I've appeared in Boston in dry goods and petticoats.

Here is a young lady who wants to know if you will permit her to answer a sealed letter there is here.

Well, I'll make something out of this hand, so good bye.

The sealed letter referred to was answered, "Olive to her Father," and is at the disposal of the writer.

John Cartwright.

From the School of the Past man has learned that there was a God. The present teaches him of that God. The future shall bring him in communion with the God he has heretofore been a stranger to.

I approach you today and control your medium, because I have been requested to do so. A voice that has come up to me in my spirit home, was frightened with these questions: "Have we not enough in all the Past—can we not know of our God from the Past—has he not given us the Bible for our guide?"

These questions, I see, are clothed in superstition, that which man has gained from the Past. He has stripped the walls of the dark prison-house of ages long ago, and now he comes forth with those old garments and asks if they are not good enough to appear before the Creator of the Universe. He asks if they are not pure—if they are not fresh from the hand of Deity—if the Creator did not fashion them for his special benefit? These old, worn-out garments were fashioned for another generation—the present hath no need of them. The guide which millions held sacred today was given for others—they who could only be ruled through fear—they who would only bow their necks beneath an iron sceptre. To-day the children of God need not be governed by fear, and thus they need not the guide that served the children of past ages so well.

Our dear friends, who have seen fit to call upon us, will find that we shall not satisfy them—that we cannot lay an acceptable offering at their feet. We are ill at ease when in the presence of that which is clothed in error—steeped in bigotry. We would here advise our friends to march forward into the future and see if their Creator will not guide them still; see if he will not still point the finger of Wisdom, saying, "Go on, oh man! I will be thy guide!"

The religion taught by the Nazarene has been poorly understood; man has clothed that simple truth with error—with a mantle of darkness he has fitted from his poor mind. They who inhabited mortal form long years ago took up the sacred gems of truth, given them by Jesus, and clothed them in garment of Error, and thus it has been handed down through all generations, until we find it today still draped in mourning.

The angels who rolled the rock from the sepulchre where the body of the Nazarene was laid, were here to-day, and what are they here for? Why do they again draw nigh unto the inhabitants of earth? That they may tell them the Lord their God hath risen—they cannot find him here. They must look within that dark garment to find their God, for he is risen. No darkness overshadows him. Truth, like a brilliant star, will show him in his forehead—and all may worship at the shrine.

Under the name of Spiritualism the angel comes—he comes that man may no longer be fettered; that he may no longer bow down to false creeds and worship an unknown God. That he may cease to look into the misty past. He comes to unveil his heretofore sealed vision and bid him behold the glories of the present and the future.

How long, oh how long, will the inhabitants of earth cling to error, to darkness, to death, when life, and light, and joy, and peace, are daily bringing offerings unto them? How long, oh how long, will they mourn in the sepulchre, fearing to go forth, fearing to stretch forth the hand to pluck fresh flowers of Truth? Come forth, oh man, come forth! the angels are calling you. Hope and joy are beckoning you onward—linger no longer in the tombs of the past, for the present and the future is freighted with glories yet unknown.

The great multitudes we find on earth have been early taught to clasp one volume to their bosom and to call it sacred. The past has written holly upon it—the present light shall erase those letters, and shall place there letters of fire that shall burn out the dross and bring forth the fine gold.

Let us pause and ask who taught man to consider the volume sacred? God has been said to do this. We most positively deny it. We cannot charge our God with falsifying himself. We cannot charge him with stepping one side to bless one part of his children, and again standing up in judgment to curse the other portion. Who then taught man to call this volume sacred? The darkness of past ages suggested it. Life, Life Eternal, never warranted it. Oh, then, ye children, let go your hold on death, and grasp quickly upon Life—Life Eternal.

The God we serve is found everywhere. He stoops not to bless a part, or to curse a part of his creatures. The great laws of Nature, the offspring of Nature's God, should always be observed, and if the children of Nature disobey the great laws of Nature that should in all cases govern them, they must necessarily suffer for their disobedience. All mankind bring their own punishment; if they would find happiness, here and hereafter, they must not sin against Truth—they must not trample upon that which brings peace to the soul. Our God wills that all should rejoice—that no subject should sit in mourning; but order, heaven's greatest and best law, must be observed, and if the children fail to observe it, how can they fail to suffer? Oh, then, let Right be written on every child of God. Then shall the groans of earth cease—then shall order reign on earth, where discord and death now reign supreme. Then shall the children let go of the past and grasp at Life Eternal.

Crandall.

A spirit manifested prior to this, who had not given his name, while speaking; but, when called upon to do so before he left control, wrote it. A visitor asked why he did not speak it, and not write it. This spirit gave his view as follows:—

I see you do not fully understand the why and wherefore of all things in connection with Spiritualism. I may tell you you never will understand all in reference to it, but there are some points you may understand.

As I am with you to-day for the purpose of seeing how well I can control your medium, I will give you the facts in the case you have been discussing.

I stood by the side of the subject when the spirit controlled who spoke to you last. When he had finished his work, he was about retiring, when the guide of the oracle informed him he had forgotten to give his name. He had lost control of the vocal organs,

and, therefore, could not speak, but wrote his name—having sufficient control to use the arm. If I mistake not, one of you was speaking of the spirit of Webster controlling a medium.

Now, one to be fitted to him, must be one of large philosophical development, of a nervous temperament, and sanguine, he was well developed physically and philosophically to identify himself. Yet he might identify himself well through this medium.

But were I to tell you he could identify himself perfectly through this medium, or any other in your hand, I should tell you falsely. He might do so sufficiently well, perhaps, for the multitude, but he would see where he had failed. Mortals might not see it, because they would not be developed to his standard. He might say, I have made a total failure in spiritual life—mortality might be satisfied with his communication.

Some one asked—

"If God is a principle, and not a person, of what use is prayer?"

Prayer is simply the uprising of man's better nature, and, as it rises, it naturally attracts the holy.

What power do you use in controlling here?"

The most power we use is electric and magnetic forces; when perfectly connected, they form a perfect connection between the spirit and mortal form.

If the sun, which illuminates the earth, is at the distance asserted by astronomers, and the spiritual spheres are as near earth as Professor Hare's work represents, why does not the same sun illuminate the spheres? or how are the rays of light obstructed from the spheres, being obliged to pass through the same?"

They are not obliged to pass through them, neither do they. The sun is material—adapted to the wants of the material world—not the spiritual. You may as well ask why mortals cannot understand what is going on in the spirit-world, until they get there. I might tell you that you stand as near to spirit-life as I do, as I control, yet you can't see what I see in spirit-life.

And now my time has expired, and I must leave. I have succeeded much better than I expected to do. I have frequently given my name through your medium, but I have never actuated a mortal form, other than my own. The signature you have known me by is Crandall. In time I shall give you more, but I must first learn to control your medium in every department.

John E. Thayer.

Gentlemen: your last remarks I feel bound to answer. I believe that one of you remarked that a man who had plenty of money, was happy, no matter how he obtained it, so long as he was not condemned publicly. Is there no ground for mistake there? Are you sure that the man who walks your earth with pockets lined with gold, gotten dishonestly, is happy—not suffering a hell of conscience every hour? His friends may not know it, yet I tell you, in all honesty, such is the case. I know from experience. I may and do suffer to-day for what I did wrong, yet I assure you my sufferings in earth were deep. I know myself better than my friends what was within—you cannot judge of it from the exterior.

You will recollect I came to you some time ago. At that time I felt deeply anxious in regard to my son. You and the world at large did not understand why I felt so much anxiety. The world at large could not tell why I suffered so. I will tell you now. I had been told, by superior spirits, that my son was soon to come to me. Was it strange I should wish to give him light? Oh, none know the anxiety of the parent who has a son, or even a friend, who is soon to pass through the shadow of death, without light. But it is well—all will receive it in time. If it were not for darkness, man would not see to appreciate light.

I may suffer much in spirit-life, yet I have a hope of better things. I know if God saves one, he will save all.

I regret very much that I am obliged to appear before strangers, and commune with them, if I commune at all, when I have so many dear friends I might enlighten, which communion would be as great a source of comfort to them as to me. But when I have the privilege, I shall doubtless know how to appreciate it.

Patrick Casey.

In No. 20, we gave an account of a visit from this spirit, and of his expressing a desire to commune with McGee, who was to be hung on the 25th of June. The impossibility of his doing so, and the near approach of the execution, seemed to affect him much, and he expresses his feeling herein.

I believe the devil is at my heels wherever I go. No matter where I go, or when, hell seems to follow me, and when I would do good, I can't. I was unfortunate from the time I was born, and suppose I will be throughout eternity. Nothing goes right—all goes wrong. What a pity it is, that all the people in this world could not be happy. I am miserable, any way, and I shall be always. When I try to do right, I can't, but do wrong; and when it's done, I am miserable on account of it; and that's the way with all miserable devils that sin, not because they want to, but because they can't help it. Now, I've been trying to do something good for the last two months, but can't. I am as bad off as I was on earth; but there's no help for it. Now, there's a poor devil got to go—nobody can do anything for him—nobody can help him. I might as well not have tried. Who is called upon to answer for his life, that he is to be taken?

Poor McGee killed the officer, but who kills him, who sits down calmly and plots his murder—he did not do that—oh, no! Oh, I'm miserable—I ever shall be, and I come here to-day to talk myself away, or to get good.

Oh, don't talk to me—it will do no good. Who's continually pushing me on to evil? I want to go to McGee, and promised to do something for him; but can't do it; perhaps I'll see him when he comes here, and get it right, but I want to do it before he leaves. I'm miserable—I'm writhed for what I done—God knows I am. Who is going to be punished for taking my life? I've got just as good a right to take your life, as your chief magistrate has to take mine; one man has as good a right to murder as twelve—it's no use talking. There's a long day for me to look forward to, and there's as hard a one, and if I look mistaken, there's a harder day for them to look forward to, who took my life. They had learning, more judgment, and I believe they will suffer. It's no use talking; I believe I'm right. Now I shall be there—I shall have to be there; I can't stay away. I feel just as bad as though I was going to be executed myself. I wonder if the crowd, who executes him, if they do not when the sun goes down. God knows I am miserable enough. Man has to suffer for all the sins he commits, and it's right he should. Oh, I wish a thousand times I had never been born; but what's the use of talking that, when the devil keeps at my heels all the time? Oh, I think I'll go away from here—I want to come, and now I'll go.

We expressed regret at his unhappy frame of mind, and that we could see no possibility of his doing anything for McGee, prior to his execution.

Oh, I now see you cannot go there. They are all seeking to do evil. Oh, who sets them at it? They'll get their punishment for doing so. Oh God, what a miserable country—they'll find their law good for nothing when they come to us. They had a right to shut me up, and keep me from decent people, but had no right to kill me.

Talk about praying! I prayed to all the saints in the calendar to keep me from doing what I did, but the devil seemed to urge me on. Oh, it's a hard world; any way, one gets you mad, and then you do something wrong.

Oh, I know it's right for me to suffer so; it's the fire that will make me better—I know it. A little while ago, old Taylor came to me and said, "Patrick,

I forgive you," and that made me more hell than I had before. Oh, God, help me! Oh, I think it's a blessing that we have these mediums. I can talk now, and it's what I have n't done since I've been here, and may be it will make me happier.

Sometimes I feel I'd like to fight. When that man came here, I saw him long before he came to your house, and that was why I could not talk; half of my force was with him, and half with you, and I wanted it all here. Oh, if I could have knocked him down I but I could n't get near him. (See account in No. 20, p. 4, "Test of Spirit Presence.")

Well, I'll go, now, down to the poor fellow what's going to be hung to-morrow. Oh, God, I do n't know as I can help him. He's got lots of folks around him, trying to help him, but it's no use. He's got to go to hell, same as I did; and if I could see him, I would tell him so. Well, I'll go, now. Good bye. June 21.

John Darling.

Great God, we thank thee that thou art not as thy subjects are in point of practice; we thank thee for the institution of punishment; we thank thee that thou dost chastise; we thank thee for hell, because we know as thou layest the rod on thy children, they will rise above their sins thereby. We pray thee that the time when the earth shall look upon thee as their God—when they shall be able to lay down their will to thy will, and pray for thy kingdom to come, may be hastened; and as they pray may they receive true light, such as shall be sufficient to carry them from darkness to true light. We pray thee to quicken the inner senses of all thy children, and as they are quickened, to send a brand into their midst, that shall make bright the whole horizon, so that thy children may thank thee because of the light. We thank thee for that that thy children receive, and we pray thee for power to go down to thy children who are in darkness, and to array the downcast in robes of righteousness. Oh God, we see thee in the convict's cell, in the home of affluence, in the abode of poverty, in the halls of vice; and wherever we see thee, we are bound to worship thee. We thank thee, Oh God, for the power that is being exercised in the spirit-life in behalf of thy earth-children, for we know thou art the source of all power. And when men cry out against us, we know they are constantly advancing towards Truth. They who hold their peace have reason to fear, not those who are clamorous against us.

God of the Universe! we ask of thee an especial favor, and that is that thou wilt grant us more power—that thou wilt give us light sufficient to fill all the dark places, and that shall be sufficient to lead all to thee.

Thou hast taught us to pray, and until we learn that prayer is of no avail, we will pray; for we know that down deep in the ocean, thou wilt hear us; in hell thou wilt hear us; in the convict's cell thou wilt hear us, if our desires are pure and holy—if not, it is better that we should not receive. Bless, oh bless the convict—he who now stands between the two spheres of life. We, oh God, view him as a part of thyself, and we feel that another crucifixion is about to take place—that another spirit is to be sent to the spirit-world unaltered by thee. We know, oh God, that thou hast suffered these things to be so, and we know that man must suffer by reason of disobedience; yet we cannot help dropping a sympathetic tear for suffering, and praying that that love—true love—may reign in the souls of all thy children.

Gentlemen, I was standing beside the subject and spirit, [Patrick Casey] while he was speaking unto you, and I must say I could not but feel a shadow come over me in view of what he set forth. He tells you of a hell—he pictures it out to you, and gives you Truth. Man must always suffer, if he disobeys the law of God. The time is fast drawing nigh when the inhabitants of earth shall better understand the laws of the kind Father, and shall be better able to walk in accordance with them. Heretofore, God has been poorly understood—God has been too far off, and man has been taught to fear instead of love him, as a principle of Truth, Love and Wisdom. I know the Bible tells you that Fear is the beginning of Wisdom, yet I cannot accept it as true; I think Love is the beginning of Wisdom. He who loves God will love mankind; he who fears him will have mankind—for fear is the offspring of hate, and where one is, you will find the other.

things, and who loves all his children; abide with you forever.

Oh, may he send a power to guide those who are in darkness, to light, the prayer of one who worships at the altar of God.

You ask for my name—names are of no avail; they belong to earth; as you call, we give it.

June 26.

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.

CONSCIENCE.

SERIES NO. VII.

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

From the earliest development of man, up to the present time, those who have assumed to be his spiritual teachers have advanced and attempted to sustain the idea, that within every human soul there was implanted an innate and intuitive principle, which should always, and under any circumstances, dictate to the individual the right and correct path of duty. This principle, or attribute, has been termed conscience.

We shall agree with the theologian, in admitting the fact, that within every soul there is a Divine spark of intuition, implanted there by the Father, and that the sole purpose is to guide mankind aright in the path of true spiritual progress. But, in opposition to the generally received impression upon this subject, we shall assume that conscience is entirely dependent upon the spiritual development and education of the individual for its efficacy; and that just in proportion as the conscience-principle is unfolded and developed in the soul, will the standard of truth and justice be raised, higher and higher, and the more sensitive will it become to any infringement or violation of its dictates.

To better illustrate our position, we will look, for a moment, at man, as he exists in the semi-barbarous and uncivilized states. We do not suppose, for a moment, that the Hindu mother feels a remorse of conscience, when she consigns her offspring to the Ganges, or immolates herself beneath the wheels of the car of Juggernaut. Neither does the savage Indian, while dancing around the burning form of his enemy, suffer from the stings of that inward monitor. Not only in these cases, where ignorance may be brought forward as an excuse, do we behold the inefficiency of conscience; but in civilized communities we believe there are thousands of direct violations of moral principle, which, at the time, at least, are not followed by any direct remorse.

This proves, conclusively, that conscience will be a monitor for good, only as the individual becomes unfolded and developed in true spirituality. Every careful observer of human progress must admit, that with all the enlightenment, increased intellectuality, and scientific improvements in the world, there is a great lack of moral principle in the transactions of individuals and communities, each with the other. This is felt particularly in the financial and monetary affairs of the larger cities.

Ambition has reigned supreme, while caution and old-fashioned honesty have been kept in close confinement. This mad ambition, unchecked, has produced more misery, financial trouble, and consequent dishonour, than years will retrieve.

Now we attribute the greater part of all this trouble to the want of a proper development of the conscience, or intuitions of mankind at large. Society has, in effect, at least, recognized the false idea, that moral principle cannot exist in harmony with trade, and that laws are made for petty crimes, while the larger ones are let off with the respectable appellation of *shrewd business transactions*. In other words, the poor woman, who, from sheer starvation, brought on by circumstances over which she has no control, steals a loaf of bread, must needs suffer the penalty of an offended law, and be stigmatized with the odious name of thief; while the smooth-faced, sanctimonious, demure-looking individual, with his white neck-cloth, can go upon "Change, gamble in stocks, and evade the laws of the land; yet owing to his position in society, falls back upon his assumed respectability, and while depositing his gold piece in the box for the conversion of the heathen, thanks God that he is not the petty thief whom the law has punished. In the sight of high heaven, we ask who is the thief?

How apparent to every reflecting mind must be the hydra-headed evils arising from such a state of society.

The otherwise would-be honest clerk pilfers from his employer's till, and satisfies his conscience in the thought that his employer in turn cheats his customers worse, and yet assumes respectability, which society does not deny to him. Nearly everything which is sold to the community to support life is adulterated, and the sellers of the same deal out light weight and measure, under the operation of the same rule; and affairs have arrived to that deplorable state which betokens an entire lack of confidence in individuals each with the other.

Each man while dealing with his fellow-man, in contradiction to common version of civil law, presumes his neighbor to be dishonest until he by actual test proves his honesty. The son of the banker, broker, or merchant, who is the pride of his father, is early taught to be shrewd and calculating. Every faculty of his intellect, which will tend to bring out his business ability, is nurtured with the greatest care, while the principles of moral honesty and well-developed conscience are left to shift for themselves.

Policy and expediency are the two great enemies of religion and moral principle.

The young man, just entering upon the responsibilities of business life, sees on the one hand, in the present state of society, the chance of becoming rich and influential by pursuing a course which will allow him to defraud and take undue advantage of his fellow-man, while, on the other hand, he sees honesty poorly rewarded.

Worldly policy, (short-sighted we admit,) dictates to him—the former course, thus ultimately causing the ruin of himself, and oftentimes scores of innocent men. These we hold to be the causes which produced the great financial distress which has so recently pervaded the entire world. We ask, then, where and to whom shall we look for a radical reform?

We look, and hope not in vain, to that portion of the community, who, through the ministry of angels, have had the scales torn from their eyes, and in spite of theological anathemas, ridicule and scorn, have had their spiritual faculties quickened to that degree that they can see and realize, that if a life in the earth-sphere is living for all, that the true and best policy would dictate to them, ever to cherish

integrity, moral principles and honesty as the guiding stars of their earthly existence.

Let them not only receive but engrain into their very being and live out the truths which are being scattered like fragrant flowers from the angel world. Let them show to the world that practice is the principal element of their religious faith, and learn the simple truth, that as the ocean is composed of drops, so is human life made up of small acts, yet, however small they may appear, their influence will be felt in the far off ages of eternity.

The world has been cursed long enough with hollow-hearted honesty, and professions of Christianity, without the least resemblance to the precepts and examples of the lowly Nazarene.

Christianity has become like the cast-off skin of the serpent; although it bears the form of its former occupant, yet it is but dust at the mercy of the winds.

What the world needs, and must have, is a living, active, every-day religion, regardless of form, which shall make a better man and better angel—that religion which shall consider the earth-sphere as the means, and not the end. We are aware that this great change, in accordance with the great law of progress, must be gradual, and although much may be done to reform the present generation, yet it is the rising generation that we look for a realization of our brightest hopes.

Then to Spiritualists, we would say, see that your children are educated and unfolded in the principles of Truth and Honesty, ever keeping the standard of religious and moral principle elevated high before them, and while seeking to cultivate their intellectual and business faculties, see that you do not this at the expense of a pure and well-developed conscience.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE DIAL.

BY FRANCIS H. SMITH.

I have been surprised, in visiting among the Spiritualists of Boston, to find that the dial is not known; one of the simplest and most efficient modes of communicating with the dear departed. Any tipping medium would soon become familiar with the use of it, and in almost every family there are one or more members who require but two or three sittings to be developed.

Imagine the face of a clock, with its minute hand, but, instead of the figures, you have the letters of the alphabet. Around its axis is wound a cord, one end of which is attached to a spring within the frame; the other is to be made fast to a chair, or other object in the room. The tipping of the table draws the cord, and causes the hand to revolve, pointing to the letters, forming words and sentences.

Let two persons be seated before the dial, with the hands gently resting upon the table, careful to use no physical force whatever. If within half an hour no motion is perceived, let one of the sitters give place to some one else, until the whole family have tried; but the probability is, you will see the hand revolve, it may be without any spelling; this may require two or three sittings. At first the hand will merely make its circuit slowly on the dial, apparently to no purpose. Be not discouraged—in another sitting there will be more motion, vibrating rapidly from side to side. This, we are told by the spirits, is for development, and when this occurs, you may be sure there is a medium at the table, and your patience will be rewarded. Presently the hand will stop; spell a word or two, perhaps the name of your mother or other relative, and then more development. And so for two or three sittings; with much of the vibratory movement between every short sentence; this, however, will become less and less, until it ceases altogether, and the moment you take your seat, you will find your friends ever ready to communicate. In the family with which I am staying, an interest in the subject being awakened, we obtained a few responses in the usual way, through the alphabet. This led to a dial being procured from Bela Marsh—a short communication was obtained at the second sitting—three members of the family have been developed; and now, every day, we have frequent intercourse with those from a higher sphere, who come clustering around us, with more sympathy and affection than was ever manifested by them when on earth.

At first, the hand moves slowly from letter to letter, spelling out the whole word—but as your medium power becomes more developed, the spirit is enabled to impress the word upon your brain; then the first letter alone is sufficient, and the word being pronounced, the hand passes to the next, and thus the communication flows as fast as the swiftest pen can record.

This leads me to apprise you of a difficulty which attends all tipping, writing and other impressional mediums. Each word being thus impressed upon the brain, you begin to think it all the operation of your own mind; and the effect will be to relax very much the enthusiasm in the subject, which was at first excited. All mediums complain of this. I say again, be not discouraged—facts will be stated of which you have no knowledge, or contrary to your own convictions—ideas conveyed in language foreign to your own—names given of those who once inhabited a mortal form, of whose existence you never knew; all going to show an intelligence present, invisible to all.

It was through the dial that I received the communication in French, which was published in the Banner a few months ago. The "circle" consisted of none but a mother and daughter, with myself. The young lady was just about leaving school, when, after a few sittings at the dial, she proved to be one of the best mediums I have yet known. Not long after, much to our astonishment, the name of Sir Humphry Davy was announced, followed by a most interesting communication. He became the guardian of the circle, and every sitting for eighteen months following was opened by a lecture from him—some of which have been published in the spiritual papers.

Wishing to know more of one by whom we had thus been so highly favored, I procured his "Life"—the perusal of which suggested three questions by which to test whether it was indeed the spirit of Sir Humphry Davy, and, at the same time, satisfy my young friend, who had been doubting,—doubting whether it did not all emanate from her own mind. Accordingly, at our next sitting, I laid on the table a folded paper, within which was written:—

Who was Grace Millet?

Who was Mr. Tonkin?

What of Ohio?

intimated nothing of my purpose, but as soon as his name was announced, merely asked if he could answer it.

"I can—the relation of the first to me was my mother."

It was her maiden name!

"The second was the friend of my childhood, of my youth, and, when I became a man, my associate in study. The third was my pet dog. I saved her from being killed by a mad dog."

Get his biography, by Mayhew, and see how exact and appropriate were the answers. Imagine the astonishment of my young friend.

Our custom was for the medium to take her seat before the dial, while I, at another table, transcribed the communication as it was read off by her. I have kept a record of them all, filling nearly two volumes. Thus we received the following, coming through two or three sittings:—

"Sir Humphry Davy.

I am here, my friends, and will tell you of the grandeur of my spirit-home. On earth I dreamed not of all the glories here. My discoveries were as naught, when compared with the oceans of science here offered to an ambitious mind. All great discoveries originate in this world of bliss. Steam, electricity, navigation, all were nourished in heaven, before the Divine Giver of all good gifts saw fit to send them to his people on earth. Can you conceive of night so important as the principles upon which bodies move, revolve and fall? To dwell with delight upon man's reception of God's great and noble works, forms one of my divinest enjoyments. Man has much to learn. Each day, each hour, new glories open to his mind. As he becomes more advanced in goodness, he will see clearer God's greatest works in what man looks upon now with contempt. Far from despising the tipping or moving of a table, you should consider it as a new principle, opening a communication by God's gracious will, between man and spirit, flesh and soul, earth and heaven. The wise man Newton thought an apple falling from a tree, worthy of his attention. Shall you not think the messages of God's pure spirits worthy of more? Is anything too trifling to occupy the minds of the greatest men, provided it is something by which they can gain instruction, or assist their fellow-men? Seek and ye shall find; knock, and there shall be opened unto you the divine flood-gates of immortal knowledge, sent by an allmerciful Father to awaken his children from the lethargy of sin and ignorance into which they have fallen.

I hope to aid you, my friends, in advancing on your path to heaven. Go forward, onward, never allowing trifles to interfere with your investigation. Bear in mind that every atom of information which you acquire on earth's sphere, will assist your advancement in the six heavenly spheres. Nothing is too deep to occupy the attention of any good and rational mind; nor, as I said before, is anything too small to be investigated. Franklin did not think the boyish amusement of flying a kite beneath him; for by that means he discovered much on that grand subject of electricity. Every spirit here investigates little things, until he is so far conversant with primary laws, that he can proceed to the enjoyment, for such it is, of the many grand and noble subjects which we have here. Each new discovery leads to another. The further he proceeds on a scientific career, the more diversified and interesting becomes his progress.

Do you not find, in ascending a steep hill, that as you draw near the top, the way seems less steep, the path less rugged? Why is this? Is it not sometimes more rugged, more thickly covered with brambles? Then why feel it less difficult to go on? It is because we see our goal before us. We almost think, by opening our arms, we can touch the summit, longing and hoping for the reward we there shall find. We forget the brambles, the rocks, the steepness, and only dwell upon the future there.

Go on—heaven may be compared to a hill, unto which many paths enter. Some of these paths are near the top, others midway, and others, again, are almost at the base. Some spirits enter by the lowest paths; they have the whole hill to ascend without any rest; others, better fitted by their earth-life, enter by the midway paths, and have less toil to look forward to; while again, some earth-angels, purified by their life on earth, commence their ascent by the path which is nearest the summit; and these progress most rapidly, hoping, longing, praying of entering at last the divine garden of life on high, where all is pure as the waters of life, which flow from the fountains of immortality.

A description of my spirit-home is too sublime a subject to be given in earth-language. Beautiful is an Arabian night, when the clear amber of the heavens is studded with star-diamonds, and the bright moon passes forth to guide us in the path; but far more beautiful is our spirit home.

Dear friends, I have told you that our life on earth will regulate our life in heaven; and as we are more or less pure, so shall we see things more or less beautiful. But I will give you descriptions both of the hell and of the heaven—of the gloom and the brightness—of the sublime and the infernal.

Why should men doubt that we believe in future punishment? Do we not teach it in all our communications? God punishes no man; man works out his own hereafter, and the state of punishment is terrific—fearfully awful. A desert is the land. Light, in many places, does not shine, and men and women go roving about, fearing nothing, hoping nothing, believing nothing, loving nothing. Their pleasures are of a debased and groveling mind, over which the dark mantle of sin is so closely drawn that a ray of light scarcely can penetrate it. But occasionally we find a mind which is just opening to the truth, like the blushing rose-bud opening to the rays of the sun from which its thick covering of leaves has hitherto concealed it. Few men—but have some hidden germ of goodness, but it is so thickly covered by the dark weeds of sin that it lays moldering away, each day becoming less, until it is almost entirely destroyed, and little left but the corruption of sin. Oh, it is beautiful to see the bright angels from on high trying to water the little bud so dimly seen, hoping that at last they may assist it to become the full-blown rose of imperishable beauty and strength. These bright angels love to guide the sinful man—to purify him by the waters of truth—to cleanse him of his sins, and at last lead him upward to dwell in the abodes of bliss.

Now, must I attempt a description of these divine abodes. It will be but an attempt indeed, for no language is adequate to describe them fully. As we ascend higher, the scene becomes more and more gloriously beautiful. I will try to give you some account of the sixth sphere.

Earth has no enchanted spot with which it can be compared—even the fabled garden of Eden did not equal this sphere of so much supreme beauty. The earth here glows with sparkling jewels, dazzling to behold. The foot sinks in flowers of divine color, of which you can not conceive, sending forth their incense to all around. Amid valleys of fragrant flow-

ers flow brooks, sparkling in the rays of our sunlight divine. Anon roll oceans, tossing their mighty billows to the east and to the west. Many landscapes are diversified with hill and dale, valleys and mountains—mountains towering to a stupendous height, until they are almost lost in the sky above. Oh, the skies of this heavenly sphere—to what shall I liken them? To Italy's summer sky?—to Persia's lovely are?—to aught that man has ever beheld? No; all is inadequate to tell their glory.

Be ye ready, my friends, to come on high, when summoned to dwell with the loved ones of God, who dwell in this abode of bliss, and who are no less beautiful than the world around them. Make yourselves fit companions for them—become as the little lambs who dwell in these pastures, and then, my friends, when summoned on high by an all loving Father, we will await to lead you there, bound together by the indissoluble bonds of hope, faith and purity.

Our employments are numerous. We love to improve our spirit-minds, much more than you of earth. We study all of everything that can tend to promote in the least our progress upward. We constantly watch over our earth-friends, and strive to teach them what we can. Every infant which comes to its heaven-home, is nourished and attended as on earth. This forms one of the purest enjoyments which our angels have. Can you not understand the pleasure of watching the gradual unfolding of the infant bud—its opening divine love and grace? Oh, you who have lost, as you say, a child, know that it never could be developed on earth as in heaven; and could you but glance at your babe on high, you would thank the Allmerciful Father that he had taken your baby-child home to prepare a place for you, and to live with angels bright, overflowing with divine love and holiness.

And now, my friends, I have told you of our heavenly spheres—of our awful hell! You know it all—you understand it all, and therefore are more accountable to the divine Father for your earth-life. Oh, try to improve your minds—seek knowledge wherever you can find it.

Often a little seed, picked up by the wayside, if nourished properly, becomes strong and healthy. Can you tell what a few careless words, dropped on the way, perhaps by you forgotten—can you tell what impression they may make on some apparently indifferent listener? Oftentimes that listener is a little child. Do you not know from your own experience that many a careless word let fall on the pathway of life, has been picked up by you and nourished until it was too strongly impressed on your memory ever to be forgotten? Then are you responsible even for the words dropped by the wayside. Oh, strive to drop nothing which, when you come on high, can remain as a blot upon your mind. Know you not that an inferior looks up to and copies his superior? The little child is often—indeed, nearly always, guided by the life of some one whom he thinks knows what is right. For each life that has been guided by yours, will you not feel your-self in a great degree responsible? You should strive to purify your very thoughts, for they help in filling up your account to God. When you feel and know that your thoughts are wrong, strive to exchange them for better ones. The very trial will aid your advancement.

Ah, even the acknowledgment of their being there will improve you—will make it more easy for you to substitute good ones in their place. If you are tempted to think evil of any one, immediately endeavor to recollect some good quality. Be charitable—strive to excuse the faults of others, but never your own. Dear friends, pursue a righteous course of life. Be strictly right to yourself, but ever lenient to your fellow-man. Know that this, and nothing but such a life as I have told you of, will advance you to the heavenly spheres. Follow this course, and you will be led above by a band of love-overflowing angels, who will teach you all the divine glories prepared by our all-loving Father. Every good deed which you do, every good thought which finds place in your mind, adds some new glory to your share in heaven. So also does every evil thought, and deed, and look, take from the grace prepared for you there."

(Just then, though late in the evening, the canary bird sang.)

"Sweet, warbling bird, thou should'st be ever an emblem of purity to the erring creature—man. God takes care of thee—God loves thee—and man oftentimes doubts his love for him, his greatest, noblest work."

Now, my friends, will you not strive to wipe out some, if not all, of your evil thoughts, ere I visit you again? I say thoughts, because the thought is the most important of all; for without an evil thought, it is impossible to do an evil deed, to give an angry look."

The lecture being closed, we entered into conversation:—

"Have you seen Swedenborg?"

"Yes, and had much intellectual conversation with him. A noble mind, inspired from the Almighty Father to open the pathway for this new dispensation. His was the first real dawning of the spirits' near alliance to earth. Many of earth's great men have I known, and many whom I knew not on earth are my dearest companions here."

"Why was this dispensation deferred until now?"

"The world was secretly in a state of infidelity. Man did not see it, but God did. He knew the best means by which to remove it."

"Did Lord Bacon and Swedenborg commune with Judge Edmonds? and were the visions related by the Judge, realities in the spirit-world?"

"Certainly; they are dawnings of spiritual light."

"Is Judge Edmonds the first who has seen those visions? and why should God present him representations, instead of the realities themselves?"

"Earth-life is but a great corruption of spirit-life."

"Are you familiar with the books published from time to time on earth?"

"Yes."

"What is your opinion of 'Nature's Divine Revelations,' by Davis?"

"It was inspired for the good of man. The first step into new paths must be carefully taken, lest it lead you all astray. That was taken in the truth faith, and, therefore, did its work of good."

"What of Judge Edmonds's two volumes?"

"They are revelations of heaven's truths."

"What of Dr. Hare's late work?"

"It is the flower not yet fully developed. It still retains some of the green leaves with which he first was covered."

"What of the 'Vestiges of Creation,'"

"It is remarkable, and contains much truth; but man can never know all God's workings. When you come above, all will be made plain."

"Your biographer says that, had you not been so celebrated as a philosopher, you would have taken

high rank as a poet. Will you now favor us with a few lines?"

Then, swift as my pen could fly, came forth from the dial the following:—

Wouldst thou look on scenes above,
Wouldst thou breathe immortal love,
Wouldst thou dwell with flowers bright,
Wouldst thou shine in heaven's light,
Wouldst thou see the friends on high,
Wouldst thou onward, upward fly,
Wouldst thou view the realm so fair,
Wouldst thou breathe the spirit air,
Wouldst thou every blessing know
Which the loved of God can show?
Then my friends of earth beware
How thou dost thy soul prepare.
Love the angels bright who come
Shedding blessings round your home;
Seek the truths of God divine,
Let the light from heaven shine,
Be the loved of God on earth,
Then He'll bless thy spirit birth;
Strive to leave the path of sin,
Seek a spirit-home to win,
Pure and holy ever be,
Let thy soul from sin be free,
And when thou from this earth shalt leave,
God's bright blessing thou'll receive.

Correspondence.

MRS. HENDERSON IN MAVERILL.

HAVERHILL, August 11, 1858.

DEAR BANNER—I have good news of our cause here to communicate to you. Although there is quite a large number of Spiritualists in this place, there has been no unity of action among them heretofore, and but little has been done to advance the "new Gospel." We have had but few lecturers among us, and those not of the first class. The public sentiment has been very decidedly and strongly opposed to everything of the kind. Even one member of the clergy has been detected in the very unclerical, undignified and ungentlemanly employment of removing a notice of a lecture which had been posted in a public place.

A few weeks ago, Elder Burnham, the Independent Evangelist, as he styles himself, delivered a lecture here, which was intended to expose the delusion (?) of Spiritualism, and prove that it was originated by the "Father of Lies." This he probably did to his entire satisfaction, but not to that of his audience. He, however, succeeded in awakening much interest in the subject, and the friends of the cause thought it a favorable opportunity for introducing a good lecturer. Mrs. Henderson's services were engaged for the evenings of Friday the 6th of August, Sunday the 8th, and Monday the 9th. On Thursday afternoon a large number of bills were posted, but early in the evening of the same day not a dozen could be found that had not been mutilated. The first two lectures were free, but an admission fee of five cents was charged at the third. Contrary to our expectation, the Town Hall was filled to its utmost capacity on Friday and Sunday evenings. On Monday evening, also, there was a large audience, but not as large as on the previous evenings. Many were obliged to stand during each lecture; but there was no disturbance of any sort.

On the first evening the subject for the discourse was chosen by the spirits who control Mrs. H. It was "Spiritualism—the door for a new dispensation." It was a clear and forcible answer to many of the objections which have been urged against Spiritualism, and I was excellently well adapted to the wants of this community. On Sunday evening the audience chose a committee of three gentlemen to select a subject. The committee proposed this question—"What is the condition of man in the reurrection state?" It was answered by an able and eloquent discourse of more than one hour in length. On Monday evening the spirits again chose their own subject, and the lecture was by no means inferior to those which preceded it. It was an exposition of the difference between the religion of the past and present and the religion of the new dispensation. Each evening an opportunity was given for asking questions, and all were answered with great promptitude and clearness. The prayers which were offered at the beginning of each lecture were particularly refreshing to those of us who have been in the habit of listening to the dull, dry formulas of these clergymen who appear to think the Almighty does not know "what things they have need of before they ask him," and that, by this petition, they can set aside his fixed and immutable laws.

These lectures have created a great interest in Spiritualism, and we hope much good will result from them. Nearly all who have heard them profess to be much pleased with them, though many, as yet, doubt their source. Mrs. Henderson is a ready and forcible speaker, and the ideas which she advances cannot but be grateful to every lover of truth and progress. We wish that she may be blessed with a long life in which to continue her mission, and that success may crown all her efforts.

Yours for the truth, S. G. FELTON.

LETTER FROM NEWBURYPORT.

NEWBURYPORT, August 16, 1858.

MISSES EDITORS—Our cause is progressing here as well as could be expected. There are, at least, one hundred private circles meeting regularly in this city. Many are believers, but belong to the Nicodemus class; they do not admit their belief, from fear of being "outed." There is another class, who admit that there is enough in Spiritualism to demand an investigation, but dare not do it themselves, and laugh at those who do.

We have many, who, before investigating Spiritualism, were professed atheists, but have, through it, been led to the full belief in God. Like Dr. Hare, while professing atheism, their opinions were respected by the Orthodox—no matter on what subject—but the instant they renounce atheism, and acknowledge a belief in God and Spiritualism, they are considered no longer worthy of credence. Oh, consistency! truly thou art a rare jewel among the believers in creeds.

It is not so much to be wondered at, that medical practitioners and clergymen should oppose us, for, with the advent of Spiritualism, like Othello, "their occupation's gone." We have, however, two or three members of the regular medical faculty, who admit the truth of our claims.

I am sometimes amused to have my friends accuse me of joining a class of "fanatics," "non-resistants," and "Millites," saying that the same class who were deluded by those bumblebees, are controlling the new dispensation. I say it is amusing, for among the opponents there, none are half so virulent as the Second Adventists, who were the leaders in the Millerite delusion. The Spiritualists are composed, in this vicinity, of as an intelligent and observing a body of men and women as can be found elsewhere. The late Rev. Mr. Milton, and present Rev. Dr. Dimmick of this city, have repeatedly, in times past, preached and prayed of the myriads of spirits of departed friends, who were then present, seeing and hearing all that was going on. And that was called
