

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Original Poetry.

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.  
A Tribute.

DELIA H. BARNEY.

Thou hast passed on, oh gifted child of song!  
Unto the clime where dwells nor sin, nor wrong,  
What thy heart yearned for, whilst thou lingered here,  
Thou dost enjoy, in realms celestial there;  
Poor, blighted one! thy earth-form's work is done,  
And thou hast gained thine anguish'd wish—a home  
Thy fond heart chanted, thy anxious life unblest,  
Shall know a sweeter life, a heavenly rest—  
Ah! all too true thy mourning spirit said,  
"Oh, for my narrow house and lowly bed!"  
Proud seer of thy noble English race!  
Thy upright soul could stoop to no disgrace;  
With warmest impulse and overflowing heart,  
Ne'er less afflicted all too deep a smart,  
And when at last the truth within thee woke,  
Thy saddened spirit could not bend, but broke!  
To all thy oneness of unfathom'd love,  
Oh, how could human feeling trencher prove,  
And make those wringing hands and bow thy head,  
And sigh for "narrow house and lowly bed!"  
Ah! who can picture with their mortal breath  
How thou wast driven in madness on to death?  
Thy anchor lost, thy loving ones grown cold—  
Thy prospects vanished, and thy young heart old;  
Thou didst sink in sorrow to despair,  
And deem thy native earth no longer fair,  
When dreaming of the loved one gone before,  
Thy hope was dim, to meet her evermore—  
Thou look'st not forth beyond the silent dead,  
But sigh'st for "narrow house and lowly bed!"  
How wonder reigns, when standing by thy side,  
Thou view'st her thou lovest—thy spirit's bride!  
How thy delighted soul shall soar above,  
To lay its tribute at the feet of Love;  
Together shaft thou blest the holy place,  
And prostrate bow to bless him for his grace.  
Her love shall soothe thee, and her kindness heal  
All the deep wounds thou hast been made to feel,  
And when love's crown she places on thy head,  
Thou'lt seek no more to find thy "lowly bed!"

Some time before his death, he published a piece of poetry, the burden of which was: "Oh, for my narrow house and lowly bed."  
Providence, R. I., July 17, 1858.

For the Banner of Light.

Translated from the German, by Cora Wilburn.

## ALAMONTADE.

BY ZSCHOKKE.

The following narrative was written in the winter of 1801 and 1802, at Bern, where, retiring from public duties, the writer felt desirous of dedicating his leisure hours to some useful purpose. He had met with many of those silent sufferers, whose illness was of the soul; had read their inner struggles, as, enveloped by doubt and scepticism, they had lost their God, and every joy in life. It was his earnest endeavor to inspire these souls with a holy faith, with the love and strength of virtue. The beautiful dream of a night encouraged him to proceed; he beheld an angel, passing swiftly before him, but he vainly sought to detain the heavenly visitant. However imperfect the following history, it failed not in its object, and was received with much attention by the world. May its perusal yet strengthen and refresh many a sorrowing, weary, and doubting soul.

### Part First.

#### CHAPTER I.

Abbe Dillon sat down upon a green bank on the sea shore, that was shaded by an irregular growth of trees, rising from the steep rocks above us.

"Here is room to the right and left," said he, and his smiling eye invited us to be seated. Roderic sat down, and I followed his example; we were all busy in following the thought-wanderings occasioned by our interrupted conversation.

On the other side of the sea, the evening's glory rested upon the mountains; the highest cliffs and the quiet Alpine huts were bathed in a rosy light; long lines of gold trembled amid the cerulean shadows resting on the glaciers' snow-crowned tops. In the dim distance, the mountains' summits were covered with a violet tinge, disappearing amid the gathering shadows.

"By heaven!" cried Roderic, who appeared deeply moved by the beauty of the evening landscape, "how little do we need to be happy, if we can but nestle closely, with a child's feeling, to the motherly breast of eternally beneficent Nature! she is without fault; she is holy; and whoever loves her she endows with holiness! And the troubled heart, agitated by gloomy passions, reposes well upon that mother's bosom; and its hundred hopeless wishes take their flight in one sigh of inner happiness!"

"This is beautiful, my friend," said I, to him. "But if this inner happiness be in itself an illusion? Whether it be the magic power of wine, or of music, or the beautiful colors of a landscape, that places us on an equality with the gods, what matters it? the intoxication is the same."

The Abbe smiled; Roderic's face darkened. He said after a lengthened pause: "Do you not believe that we can be happy, lastingly happy?"

"That we can be happy?" I replied, "oh, certainly, but lastingly happy? Well, if I must give way to you there, you must explain to me what you mean by what you call 'Mother Nature.' You are a poet, dear Roderic; I, unfortunately, am a wooden matter-of-fact man, who demands positive evidence. On this point we seldom agree; although our hearts beat harmoniously in unison. Let me speak to you openly. I take your enthusiasm on beholding the mild beauty and illumination of this sea view, as

the consequence of a happy frame of mind. But, are you always in this mood? Can you call it a lasting condition? Does it depend upon yourself, at your pleasure, to call forth emotions, or to take them? Even feelings, emotions that overcome our reason, belong to Nature. Now, you are young, you love and are beloved; a beautiful future unfolds before you; your fancy portrays sweet, magical pictures; you are happy. But a few years pass on, your blood runs slower, your hair turns gray, and the paradise that blooms before you, vanishes with the setting sun; we are not the same from one day to another."

The Abbe grew thoughtful. Roderic appeared somewhat annoyed.

"And what, with your permission, do you call happiness?" he said. I replied: "I call contentment, happiness, and if you will, pleasure by chance. The happy man is rendered so by circumstances that accord with his wishes. The poor man is made happy by a legacy; the industrious one through the blessings of his industry; the ambitious by fame; the lover by reciprocation of his feelings. But all this is the work of circumstances, of conditions; these change, and the fortunate man is the most miserable."

"I speak not of that," said Roderic; "I speak of a condition of the soul, in which there is lasting, undiminished happiness."

"There is," I replied, "upon earth no enduring happiness, and no lasting misery; for circumstances never remain the same, but change continually. But I know of a certain state of mind, which I call happiness; because, in that beautiful word, my consciousness dimly perceives two lofty ideas—those of soul and eternity united. This condition is independent of all outside circumstance, elevated above the change of earthly things; the soul itself prepares this condition, and it can be indestructible, eternal. Even all-conquering time, that bleaches our hair and withers our aged frames, confuses our senses, has no power there; no happiness can augment this inner joy, no misfortune assail it to destroy. It is without union for either; of itself it can augment its blessedness, and diminish an unhappiness. Is this the happiness, the indestructible contentment, Roderic, that you mean?"

"It is!" he replied. "Its source is virtue. Not every one on earth can be happy; but every one on earth can prepare for himself this happiness, for in the breast of every mortal dwells the moral law, with its attendant, living veneration. The man who has no need to blush at the remembrance of the past, the man with the pure heart, is elevated above all changes of earthly fortunes; he is blessed amid the depths of suffering, as upon the heights of happiness. We have nothing in our power beneath the moon; nothing belongs to us continually, except ourselves. But to be virtuous, depends upon the will of every individual; to be rich, famed, beloved, depends not upon ourselves. Destiny is our master in all things, but our virtue cannot be commanded by any destiny. For this happiness we should strive, and, Roderic, it is not so difficult; live and act so that you need never despise yourself! See, this is the thread that leads through the entire labyrinth. Goodness of soul bestows upon man the majesty and self-reliance that render him Godlike—make of him a citizen of two worlds. The crowns of earth fall unheeded to the dust before him, and death itself is disarmed of its terrors; with the love of virtue in my breast, I am in heaven upon earth. I wish for an eternity—a continued life of the soul beyond the grave, but I need it not towards my happiness below. The good man, independent of the world that surrounds him, exalted above the storms and sunshine of fate, expects naught of the future after death; he is free; so is God free. The wise man accepts what is given to him as a gift, as happiness, without regarding it as a recompense for the offered sacrifices. For that is no virtue that expects to be rewarded."

Roderic looked down, absorbed in thought. The Abbe Dillon, who had till then remained silent, placed his arm around me, and pressed me to his bosom. "Friend," said he, "your virtuous one is more than human; such an one has never lived on earth. Alas! where is the holy soul, that at the grave can renounce with smiles his hopes of the reward of eternity?"

"Your virtue is more terrible than lovely," said Roderic. I replied: "Dear friends, if I retain in my dying hour my calm, untroubled consciousness—if from this moment to the next were my last—so would I myself be the man to renounce the hope of recompense, although I am far from being one of the virtuous of mankind. I dare not ask a reward for my merits; therefore they need no eternity—and for my errors still less."

Roderic looked upon me with a doubtful gaze. "Truly," said he, "I cannot believe that you are in earnest. Your virtue is a terrible goddess, to whom I can render no homage. No man born of dust will ever embrace her; a virtue that is so self-sufficient, that it needs neither eternity nor God, is only fit for a God, and not for the soft human heart!"

"You judge too sternly," I answered. "We are speaking of that which is to give us lasting happiness, independent of the play of circumstances. I say it can be obtained only through the consciousness of having done the right. My house may be burned to the ground; a revolution destroy my property, and bring me on a level with the beggar; death may rob me of father, mother, sisters—all human relations. I should suffer deeply, keenly; I should be very unhappy; but all this is not enough

to destroy my inner contentment. Amid all misfortunes I would retain the one consolation. 'I have not deserved all this!' If my sufferings were so great, that I could not master the thought, 'why weep you over the fleeting things? can you expect aught else of the dust?'—could I not grasp this thought—time would do for me what my soul lacked in strength; it would bring healing to my wounds. A few years, and the mosses of forgetfulness would bloom above the ruins of my dwelling place, and the graves of my loved ones. With the feeling of virtue in my bosom, I fear not the tyrant's sword, I fear not the hemlock-bowl. I could accept alms as readily as I dispense them; I could go with the same tranquility to the grave as to my bed. What have you to say, dear Abbe? and you my Roderic? Name me any other source of happiness; I know only this one; as long as I live virtuously, so long is my inner peace secured, and I am happy. I need no other hopes; it depends upon myself to be good, and, in consequence, to be continuously happy."

The Abbe said, "You are almost right. Virtue can do much toward an inner tranquility, but it cannot do all. Do I err, my friends, when I believe that you both regard mankind too partially? One of you beholds only the earthly, yielding to all the storms of life, to every flattering breeze; the other beholds man only as a spirit, independent of flesh and blood. Ah, my dear ones, do not let us, because of a partial idea, ask, even of ourselves, too much or too little. Do not let us forget that we are not all spirit!"

I interrupted the Abbe, and said: "You declare that Virtue alone, and the consciousness of right, are in themselves insufficient to render us entirely happy?"

"I do, and I believe I am not wrong," replied Dillon. "You said that no misfortune could destroy the tranquility of the good man. Oh friend, I have, in the course of my life, seen so many noble beings, whose virtue gave them no consolation. Take an everyday instance; have you among your acquaintances no good man who is a sufferer from hypochondria?—the good-hearted, benevolent, who brings me new sacrifices for the welfare of his fellow man, daily doubts himself; he sees past errors floating before him like gigantic spectres, and of the good seed which he has sown, he knows not where it has fallen. I believe, in general, that there is in the world none so totally miserable and inconsolable as the hypochondriac, who prefers the unconsciousness of sleep—the annihilation of thought, to his waking moments—to the consciousness of highest rectitude. You will tell me he is ill. Well, my friends, he is a man without peace of mind, with all his virtues; they are not sufficient to make him cheerful."

Roderic gave his approval; I felt the force of his argument, for I knew one of the noblest beings, who, with all his self-denial, never attained that holy calm of mind that I considered the heritage of a pure heart.

Dillon continued: "Man is not only spirit; he is so intimately connected with the material that we can scarcely draw the line of demarcation. Therefore the virtuous man is not always accompanied by the remembrance of his good deeds, and the most honorable man may be thrown into circumstances where the consciousness of right and good renders his misery all the more intense, in place of exalting him above it. Yes, still more; we are not always strong enough to follow only the dictates of reason; we sink too often into the arms of our sensual nature. Here, my friends, there is need of another staff, with which the sufferer can uphold himself, if he would not become a victim to his misery."

Dillon was silent. I did not feel quite conquered, but my arguments had met with opposition—doubt had been cast upon them. My opponent had excited my expectations—not satisfied them. "There is need of another staff than virtue," said he, but he had not yet designated it.

I turned towards him, and observed that he seemed moved by some great thought or strong emotion. The venerable man leant with his arm upon the rock. His head had dropped upon his breast; a melancholy seriousness was on his features, which usually wore an expression of cheerful calm. My friend Roderic, too, could not behold without sympathy the growing pensiveness of the Abbe.

"You are sad," he said, and pressed his hand with friendly warmth. "Look up, dear Dillon! The evening is so beautiful—shall we purposely destroy its charm?"

"It is true," replied Dillon, and smiled again. "But I am not sad. Our conversation touched upon the loveliest mysteries and hopes of the human race. There awoke a thousand recollections in me; and I saw again in spirit that holy form that appeared to me in the days of my youth, and guided my erring soul unto a better path, as some saving angel would. Good Alamontade—calm and lofty sufferer! You already know this beloved name, do you not, my friends?"

"It is quite strange to me," said I, "yet I believe I heard it once before from your lips."

"Alamontade?" cried Roderic; "the galley slave, whose writings you once read to me from among a bundle of papers. Indeed, I am sorry for the fellow that with so much genius he brought himself to the galleys. He could have been useful in the world. But how is it; you appear to view him from another side—you give him such endearing appellations?"

"I cannot speak of him without reverence," said the old man. "He was the most remarkable man I ever met with. Through him I was returned to the world and to myself. Oh, he has done me unspeakable good, and not even a thank has he received!"

Dillon was deeply affected; from under his gray

eyelashes stole a tear; his lips quivered as if in thankful utterance. The sadness of this noble old man seemed to pass into our hearts; we were silent, following the course of our own freshly-awakened emotions. I shall never forget that moment; even surrounding nature seemed feelingly to enter into our dreams. We sat in the shadow of the rocks, but before us gleamed in half-transparent glittering vapor, the line of mountains, with their quiet Alpine world, their summits garlanded with the glory of the rose golden heavens. And the sea spread dark before our feet, between here and there; so was it believed that the grave separated from the paradise beyond, which we beheld sometimes in dim foreshadowings.

"The sweet breath of the evening breeze passed over the waves from the other side; played coolingly upon our temples, and lost itself in the trees above, like a sigh of music."

Dillon awoke. He took our hands, drew us toward him, and said, "You are young and happy, my loved ones! It is easy, when life is smiling, to smile again; to find order and goodness everywhere, and in leisure hours to build systems for mankind!"

"You have really troubled me, dear Abbe," said I, "and all that I hear from you convinces me, that, for reasons unknown to me, you differ from me in opinion. I entreat you, explain yourself more clearly; tell me, what is there in the world better, more consoling, than virtue, the sense of moral worth? What consolation can be sweeter than that which innocence gives to our souls? What strengthens the heart against a world of foes like the feeling of rectitude? I know of no other staff in the day of pain but this; nature proffers it to every one that lives."

"Well, my friends," said the Abbe, "the evening is lovely; we cannot enjoy it better than in confidential discourse, in which souls elevate themselves to holiness. When I spoke the name of Alamontade, I was ready for what you now demand. I intended to tell you who that noble being was, and how I became acquainted with him, and how he parted from me. These recollections always do me good, and uplift my soul in strength and love."

"Tell us!" cried Roderic. "A man, a galley slave, whom Dillon honors with so deep an affection! he must have been an extraordinary being."

"Before I begin the story," said the Abbe, "allow me to make one remark. You must become acquainted with the spirit of Alamontade before you hear his life-history; without this preparation you would not understand it. You would stand before a beautiful corpse and miss its soul, and look for it in vain."

"You, too, have already—and your happy youth shielded you not from the earnest thought, that sooner or later comes to every thinker, with overwhelming force—You, too, have already, as your conversations betray, thought upon the aim of your being; upon your destiny on earth. I call upon you to follow this thought; what have we of weightier import here below?"

Man is born, he grows towards his destiny, and learns that he lives. Without his will he has entered upon the boundless universe; an unknown power casts him into the turmoil of life, betwixt flowers and thorns—he smiles at the flowers; weeps, bleeding, beneath the thorns, and questions, "Who brought me hither? Who possessed the right to rob me of what I previously possessed—unconsciousness?" To these questions there is no answering voice.

No may console himself as regards the darkness from which he came; but he cannot remain passive at the changes of the present. "What am I?" he asks. "What is my mission here on earth?" "Why must I live?" Is it to learn a trade, an art, a science, by which I can obtain shelter, food, and clothing, and enjoy certain comforts of life? That is a pitiful object, unworthy the struggle of being and the many tears. And yet, all that live so strive, as if that were the aim and essential object of life. All toil, and accumulate, and press forward, to increase their store; they live in alternate hope and fear, and judge one another only from this standpoint. The world is like unto a desert, in which all seek, and strive, and spare, that they may not die of famine.

Or, have I been placed here to learn wisdom amid the flowers and thorns?—to cultivate my spirit?—to exercise the commandments of my reason? That were a nobler aim; but the aim that is mine should be the aim of all. And yet it is not so; care and trouble for the bodily necessities carries away the greatest portion of the time of life; solitary hours are alone dedicated to the spirit. Out of the millions of our fellow beings but few take heed for the cultivation of their spiritual powers; for the attainment of lofty virtues. Nations have arisen and disappeared without the consciousness of such an aim. And wherefore lived they? The thousand beings, who with bewildered ideas, with continued darkness, hasten from their cradle to the grave—are they not beings like myself? The nursing babe, that unknowing that he lived, died upon his mother's bosom, was he not human like myself? Is there a difference in his destiny and mine? They say, no, we are not created solely for this nether world; our destiny lies beyond the boundaries of earthly being. We must be worthy of a better life, through virtue; and hell awaits the vicious, a heaven the good and just. How is it, then, if I found already here that seldom does our virtue deserve a heaven; that our vices seldom deserve a hell? And not heaven and hell the inventions of a past ignorant time, that found no language wherewith to express the

divine within and without? Is it not a portraiture of the spirit, seeking for connection between itself and the eternal all? Who revealed to us heaven and hell? We Christians say: God, through his word. But the heathen, or those whom education, destiny and self investigation separated from the teachings of their fathers? I am destined for another world; why must I be in this? Perhaps that I may prepare myself for the next. But what preparations is there for the dying babe? Wherefore did he appear, almost unconscious of existence, to smile and weep? Am I destined for another world, why is its aspect veiled? Why does not a voice reply to me from the realms of the dead?"

Roderic arose at these words of Dillon's, with a pallid countenance:—"Alas, Abbe!" he cried, "even you, now even you. How unfortunate I am! I bore my sufferings in secret, and felt ashamed to reveal to others my hidden grief. In you, in you only, I felt confidence; I chose you for my physician. Ah! and with sorrow I beheld the physician uncover his own wounds, and I recognize them as mine also!"

I was at first considerably alarmed at the strong emotion he manifested. I took his hand and said:—

"How is it, dear Roderic, has our Dillon said anything so terrible? I am sorry that I turned the conversation on these subjects. But I have long been intimate with these thoughts; I have long since renounced my dearest hopes, and have submitted myself and all that lives to our common, dreary fate. Roderic, I, too, have suffered like you. But my determination is taken; I will be virtuous, and with this virtue I will grow old in the clasp of annihilation, without fear and without a murmur. And is there a God; and is the sweet word, recompense, known in his domain, as we know it on earth; and is it withheld from us children of the dust only—then will I go into annihilation, with the consciousness, the remunerating pride that says: 'Thou didst give me what I demanded not, a life of tears; but I bore it with courage and self-sacrifice, and felt myself worthy of imperishableness and of a better world. Thou dost not give it me. It be so! not a murmur shall pass my lips; so am I greater than the fate of mortal men!'"

Roderic looked gloomily to the ground; my speech did not appear to please him; he shook his head. "No, oh no!" he cried, with agitated voice, "I am not unfeeling enough to be great; I am human, and I would not be more. I only desire not to play the part of a madman in the world, who beholds every thing outside more beautiful than it is. I desire only that the outside world be in harmony with my inner world; that my reason be not deceptive, and my heart lead me astray. Woe is me, if I come not out of this winding path; if you have found truth, and I searched for happiness at the breast of a pious dream! I should vainly bid my illusions, and vainly offer for their return your truths; lost happiness cannot be bought at any price!"

The sorrow of Roderic affected me; I arose and threw my arm around him. "Dear Roderic," said I, "why are you so timid? Even in the lap of truth rests joy; and I am not one of the most cheerful, despite of all the convictions you find so terrible? Am I not a tender friend, a good companion, a friendly relative? Do I not find pleasure everywhere, and do I not gladly dispense it to others? Tranquilize yourself; Truth is the happiness of man, the aim of reason; illusions can only please in the dawning world of childhood."

"No, no!" cried Roderic, "I yearn for this dawning world; for your spring-time heaven. Your truth destroys all the blossoms, and takes the lustre from the face of Nature, and leaves the warm heart in wintry coldness."

### CHAPTER II.

The Abbe Dillon now arose; he had hitherto maintained silence. "Listen to me now!" he spoke. "You two, with your different ideas, fancies and reasoning, will hardly ever be of one mind, one faith, one conviction. And you, too, are that of all our brothers. I am sorry for Roderic; but perhaps he will not find me so wounded as he believes; in his first great terror; and I may carry some healing balm for him too. It was not unexpected by me that you came to speak upon the subjects of your destiny, and the worth of your expectations. Both of you bore wounds from your conflicts with Truth and Error; but the difference between you is not so great as you think. The wounds of the one are bleeding yet; those of the other, although crusted over, are far from healed; one blow, and their light covering falls off. You both have emerged from the beautiful dreams of childhood, and have seen, what you hitherto believed and hoped in, dwindle like a shadow before the light of growing knowledge. One of you would forcibly throw himself back into the past, lovely illusions, and offers therefore his feelings and the magic of his imagination; he struggles in vain. For as long as the light of better knowledge illumines there can be no darkness. The other arms himself with the pride of reason and endeavors to harden himself against the most glorious wishes of humanity; he, too, struggles in vain. For as long as his heart beats, it will beat time to those desires."

"Now, Dillon, would you rob us of all consolation, even the one that permits us to forget what miserable beings we are in the world, when we come to know ourselves?" cried I.

"Truly!" sighed Roderic, "most miserable beings, the most miserable in the Universe! The animal is to be envied, that it lives in happy unconsciousness, enjoying its moment of existence; then is destroyed, be-wailing not the pleasures of the past, fearing not the night of the future, knowing not its destiny."



Dillon smiled upon us; his eyes were filled with a gentle pity; he uncovered his head, and the wind played with his thin locks. "See here," said he; "my hair is snow-white; my life is almost spent; I wait each day the summoning angel that will knock at my chamber door. I await him without trembling; and when he appears I will cast aside my crutch and gladly sink into his friendly, outstretched arms. See, my loved friends, this I say not in consequence of my reasoning pride; not as the result of pleasant illusions; for my fancy is not as vivid, and my blood has long since been cooled. But there is yet something that gives us strength, and I have found it. I, too, have struggled and suffered, like you. I, too, have found myself in despairing moods, when, like you, all my hopes were overthrown. The angel who upraised me shall also heal your wounds; therefore, cry not against me, if I tear away the bandages and cause them to bleed afresh. You shall not bleed to death. But I am tired; let us sit down again here by the rock; the evening is pleasant; we can speak without fear of interruption."

We followed the invitation of the love-worthy old man, who spoke with so much confidence and cheerfulness, and he would have inspired the bitterest skeptic with better feelings.

"I know your condition," he said; "but do not think that you are the only ones who suffer with these doubts. All persons, who are thinkers, arrive at this point as soon as they have searched long and vainly enough around the borders of human knowledge. Few speak of it, through fear of making others as unhappy as themselves, by communication of their dreary experiences; or they bury their grief, fearing to be misunderstood—to be ridiculed and scorned. Many take this silent sorrow to their graves; others drown it in dissipation, and become vicious; in the endeavor to replace high and holy joys by low, groveling sensualism; they take their rough play upon the screen of their miserable lusts; many, again, feign a self-deception, wrap themselves in illusions, and become industrious church-goers, as they were before the most industrious church members. Yes, my dear ones, your illness is a more universal one than you believe. It rages in secret in darkness. I hear everywhere of the want of religion, because the churches are empty; and the host of those who attend them, are church-goers by custom and example. I hear fathers complain that their sons are ashamed of prayer; I hear mothers sigh, because their daughters blush to speak seriously of God. It is certain that the reading of many authors, and the awakening of thought, injures the common routine of church religion. But they are mistaken when they believe that with the church, religion is also forgotten; that and immortality are never forgotten. The maiden and the young man, in solitude, think upon these lofty objects; the church belongs to transitory things, and death there mounts the pulpit; but the untiring powers of the youthful spirit soon sink; the belief in revelation, once their stay, lies broken before them; to uphold themselves without this stay, they are too weak; they sink, therefore, into discouragement, that passes into a kind of silent despair, and grasps at the sad remedies of which I spoke ere while."

"Ah," sighed Roderie, "you have there related my own history." "And I have told you mine. But we have not come to the end; now, if you will listen, I will tell you the history of my return to health and faith."

Albe Dillon had excited our expectations to that point; we were anxious to hear his experience, for we knew him as a truly religious man, despite of his free opinions with regard to church-dogmas. He bore his weight of years gracefully and cheerfully; all around the country honored him; but none knew him so well as the children and the unfortunate, for those he loved best. He possessed the rare tact of finding out the hidden sorrows of those with whom he became acquainted; he read character at a glance, and in the course of a short conversation, often touched the hearts that revealed themselves before him. Every unfortunate found, in this extraordinary man, not only a compassionate friend, an earnest counselor, but the companion of his own misfortunes. He inspired with confidence; and when he spoke to teach, we heard our own thoughts and most secret aspirations, clearly defined and eloquently expressed, flowing from his lips.

He began his own history thus:—"I was a wild boy, and would gladly have become a soldier; youth is wild and boisterous; we feel our kindling powers, and arm ourselves against our Father's world, and think we can battle with supernatural or infernal beings. But my parents thought otherwise; they hated earthly warfare, but loved all the better the spiritual armament against the powers of darkness. They dedicated me to the service of Christ's Church on earth, and I, with filial submission to their wishes, fulfilled their hearts' desire, and gave myself to the priesthood. I gave myself up—that is, I gave my entire being; youth, with its glowing fancy and far-reaching hopes, leaves nothing half-way. My ambition—my desire for heroic deeds, that would fill the world with admiration, changed its character; I dreamed of spreading the lustre of holiness over all the churches of Christendom; I became a pious enthusiast. The solitude, and the quiet grandeur of the convent in which I lived—the pursuit of the church history—the persecutions of the early Christians—the sufferings of our saints and martyrs—all inspired me with a boundless, enthusiastic faith. I beheld the world as a great Church, in which God himself was the high priest. Then came love, and concluded my pious folly; I became acquainted with a young girl, whose beauty enchanted me—whose modest friendship brought a paradise around my solitude. I brought my love and my wounded heart as a sacrifice; and I believed I had taken the first step towards companionship with all the saints. While I saw Heaven smiling in approval upon me, I felt the tears of a loving maiden flatter my self-love. How green—how purified from all earthly dross—how holy I appeared unto myself! I wished to enter upon an order of monks, but my parents held me back. I obtained a handsome benefice, through the influence of my relatives, and left my cloister walls. I had not long left my solitude, to the ardor of my piety was abated; I found the bustle of a large seaport much more agreeable than the gloomy monotony of the sequestered walls. My ambition remained the same—it only changed its object; I soon determined to become one of the first authors and learned men of this, and every other century. My field should be the wide one of theology and philosophy; my first work was to be an overwhelming defense of revelation, that should silence all the attacks of doubt and skepticism. I read, and thought, and wrote; and

before I was aware of it, I stood with weapons turned against the sanctuary, which I had so bravely determined to defend. The growing abuses of the church rendered the church itself suspicious to me; and through the church I learned to doubt of religion. I was a lost son of the church! For my own peace, I endeavored to erect a new building out of the ruins of the fallen one. Vain endeavor! What were those ruins?—dark prejudices from the childhood of the race—dispelled illusions—buried hopes—my peace, my happiness was lost! I bewailed the freedom of harmless youth; I was in vain amid the recollections of my dreams; in vain I cursed my presumptuous endeavors, that sought to penetrate to the mysteries of the spirit-world. I lay there, miserable and stricken, like the giants underneath the rocks, who, discontented with earth, sought to find a path leading to the abodes of the gods. I had striven for the light, and I found myself in deepest darkness; I would behold God nearer, and he had disappeared from the chaotic universe. Where hitherto I had thrillingly felt his presence, I saw only the dead remains of self-consuming man. I had endeavored to draw aside the veil from the face of eternity, and I gazed upon a limitless grave, wherein lay the silence of annihilation—the darkness of all-surrounding oblivion. I left no means untried to save myself from the results of such despairing knowledge. I sought Truth. Truth only, full conviction, unlimited knowledge, could alone give me peace; not probability—not wavering opinion and unproved belief. I called before me all my experiences—my sad investigations—hoping to find some error that would overthrow my mocking wisdom; some mistake, that would lead me back to the lovely and familiar world of old. In vain! My dreadful certainty augmented—I must ever remain in darkness. "What is the world?" I asked, and I stood again at the narrow boundary of human knowledge. I see colors, forms, and changes; I hear tones; I feel the hardness and softness of things that I call bodies, but I know not the things themselves—only their outer—their effect upon my touch, my nerves. I see masks, but not the actors concealed within them; I behold phenomena, but not their source. Is the visible surface of things, a property peculiar to them? or do they appear so in consequence of the inexplicable structure of my senses? Again, I know not; for the least change in my organs changes the aspect of the world—one sense more, and a new world upsprings before me. And these, my senses, what are they? How can I, through these skins and tubes, fibres, nerves, come to the knowledge of that that exists without? How can we represent the material in the spiritual—how transform the earthly to the heavenly? Is the harmony, which speaks to me in the universe, a property of itself, of that which belongs to the appearances that I call forms, that I call by their effects upon me? or, is this harmony the result of the tubes and nerves and fibres, or the result of the organization of my perceptions, which I call now spirit—now soul? What is my soul? I feel towards myself as toward the material forms of the universe; I perceive my own being in the actions of all things. What I am, that can bring all these forward, I cannot again fathom. My spirit is an invisible source; I see streams of my actions flow, without knowing whence? I am the source, without a mirror; he knows the forms of all his friends—only his own he has never seen.

What confusion! I am, without knowing what, in connection with things that I know not of. And wherefore am I so? Why not different? How came I as a part of this universe? Was there a time when I was not? Who took me from unconsciousness—what shall I do upon this enigmatical plane? Questions, eternal questions, to which no answer comes; I cannot fathom my destiny—whether I am placed here for individual purpose, or for some strange, unexplained aim. I am incorporated with the joints of the universe, and must be there, and know not whether I can release myself with my own power. I can destroy the instrument, this body, through which I act; but I have no certainty that I thereby destroy that unknown might that prompted the action. I can burn the wood, but what have I destroyed?—certainly not the element, the essence that was in the matter I called wood; I only annihilated its form, its color, its coherence; and I am left after transformed color and form—ashes. Its first element remains—I have not destroyed it, or it could not bring forth a new appearance.

So there I stand—uncertain whether I can tear myself from the universe—whether I must continue. Continue to live?—and wherefore was I with the world from eternity—why know I not? And if I continue, will I be conscious that I am? I stagger through densest darkness, and everywhere I stumble against the narrow confines of human judgment. What land is there beyond those boundaries?

That the world appears as I behold it, is not, therefore, that it is so of itself; but because my senses are so arranged that I must so behold it. Must?—how otherwise? I follow in my judgment laws that I did not give to myself; I cannot place myself above them—I cannot destroy the order by which I enjoy all feelings and all knowledge. So I think all follows each other, or in time—time is as not outside of me—I cannot smell or feel, taste, hear, or see time. It is something within me; and yet not a mere idea, for that would admit of change; but a part of my organization—a law, a form, in which I am compelled to range my conceptions. Reigns there, as in the tumult of my thoughts and feelings, in the mysterious universe outside, a time? Is there, too, a past and a future, or do these find only a place in my mind? Is my beginning and ending of the universe, or only in the world of my conceptions?

Whence comes this world of ideas? Who built this strangely connected work; which, unknowing how and what and wherefore it is, only perceives that it runs, and works, and acts? Who was its author? How must it then be created? Who, then, is the Creator's creator? Is it necessary that all things have a beginning? What was before the beginning of the universe? Are not beginning, creation, cause, ideas, formed of the appearance of the material world surrounding us, or the results of the peculiar organization of my mind? May not things themselves be in far different relation to each other than they appear to the narrow boundaries of my conceptions? Wherefore do I cherish the idea of a God? Because I cannot explain the origins of the universe without this key. But this key itself is another enigma; how can I solve it without a second God—and what have I then? Where shall I end? I stumble again upon the boundary stone of my reason—I cannot overleap the magic circle in which I am bound.

So, my beloved ones! I staggered from doubt to doubt; I lost myself in a desert. I saw a world

filled with deified deceivers and deceived; the assembled race disappointed with itself. The deeds of kings and heroes appeared to me the dreadful actions of madmen; the works of philosophers and theologians the puny efforts of children. I saw millions of worshippers, before the altars, bending before an unknown Being, whose existence had not been proved by reason. I saw millions of hearts, dying beneath the hope, that the breath of the Almighty would gather and warm their scattered ashes, for a life in happier worlds.

And yet all these, that in their error smiled and did, they were perhaps happy! How gladly, cried I often, would I exchange my wisdom for your dreams! Once, nature bloomed for me in all her splendor, and her beauty was endowed with soul, and a loving spirit spoke to me amid her wonders. Not in vain spread the transparent canopy above me, and beamed from it the lustrous stars. Every star, then to me a beautiful world, sparkled full of mysterious significance upon the tears of the earthly dwellers; and a revelation of the Eternal waved through the firmament; over the thrilling earth, and to the glowing heart. And when the spring morning lighted up the heavens and the mountains, and awoke the sleeping valleys with the lark's sweet songs—when the song of awakened earth uprose to the heights beyond—my knees trembled for joy, and I longed to pray in the dust, while hundreds of flowers fell around my head, and my tears mingled with the dew-drops on the rose. Ah! then voices called from depth and height:—God is eternal love! In that time I strewn blossoms over graves, and called the grave the cradle of the second life. And the first fear of anguish that fell upon the face of the departed, was, at the same time, the first fear of love and longing, soon to be reunited, there, where no sighs are heard from weary hearts—there, where lasting happiness reigns forever!

"You see, my friends," continued Dillon, "I was very unhappy; but I strove to uphold myself, to meet my destiny with manly courage, since I could not change it. Knowing not whether God ruled, whether immortality was my portion, I honored the mandates of virtue, and felt some consolation in their fulfillment. I was in this frame of mind when I lived in Toulon, and there it was that I became acquainted with the man whose mission it was to bring peace to my bosom, to restore me to life and faith."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

#### From the Atlantic Monthly for September. THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE; OR, The Wonderful "One-Hoss-Shay."

A LOGICAL STORY.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss-shay, that was built in such a logical way, That it ran a hundred years to a day, And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay, I'll tell you what happened without delay, Scarcely the words were out of my mouth, Frightening people out of their wits,— Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five, GEORGETOWN SEASIDE was then alive,— Shufly old drove from the German hotel That was the year when Lisbon town Saw the north wind and gale her down, And Bradbuck's army was done so brown, Left without a scalp to its crown. It was on the terrible earthquake-day That the Deacon quaked, I tell you now, Now in building of churches, I tell you now, There is always somewhere a weakest spot,— In bulk, fire, felloe, in spring or thill, In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill, In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—barking still Find it soon where not must and need will,— Above or below, or within or without,— And that's the reason, beyond a doubt, A slight breakers down, but does it't wear out.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do, With an "I dew yam," or an "I tell you,") He would build one shay to beat the town (For the Deacon rode the kentry road,) It should be so built that it could break down:—"For," said the Deacon, "it mightn't plain That the weakes' place mus't stan' the strain; 'In the way 't will it, uz I maintain."

To make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk Where he could find the strongest wood, That could not be split nor bent nor broke,— That was for spokes and floor and sill; He sent for lanes wood to make the thills; The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees; The panels of white-oak, that cuts like cheese, But less like iron for things like these: The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"— Last of its timber,—they could not sell 'em,— Never an axe had seen their chips, And the wheels were from between their lips, Their blunt ends frizzled like eider-ty; Step and propeller, bolt and screw, Spring, the axle, and humpkin too, Stood the finest, bright and thin; Thoroughbrace beams, like thills, thick and wide; Hook, top, dasher, from tough old hide Found in the pit when the unner died. That was the way he "put her through,"—"There?" said the Deacon, "now she'll 'dow!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess She was a wonder, and nothing less! Cattle and horses, teams and wagons, Deacon and deaconess dropped away, Children and grandchildren—where were they? But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay As fresh as when Lisbon-quake-day!

Eighty years he lived, and found The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound. Eighteen hundred and thirty-four, "Hatsun's Kerridge" they called it then, Eighteen hundred and twenty came,— Running as usual; much the same, Thirty and forty at last arrive, And then come fifty, and fifty-five.

Little of all we value here Without the aid of the hundred year Without both feeling and looking queer. In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth, So far as I know, but a tree and truth. (This is a moral that runs at large: Take it,—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

First of November,—the Earthquake-day,— There are traces of age in the one-hoss-shay, A general decay, and a little decay, But nothing local, as one may say. There could not be,—for the Deacon's art Had made it so like in every part. That there was it was a chance for one to start. For the wheels were just as strong as the thills, And the floor was just as strong as the sills, And the panels just as strong as the floor, And the whippletree neither less nor more, And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore, And spring and axle and hub all alike. And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt In another hour it will be worn out!

First of November, "Fifty-five!" This morning the parson takes a drive: Now, small boys, get out of the way! Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-shay, Driven by a rattled, overworked lay. "Hullo!" said the parson,—"Off went they. The parson was working his Sunday's text,— Had got to FIFTY, and stopped perplexed At what the—Moses—was coming next. All at once the horse stood still, Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.— First a shiver, and then a thrill. Then something suddenly like a split,— And the parson was sitting upon a rock, At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock.— Just the hour of the Earthquake-shock!— For the wheels were just as strong as the thills, And the floor was just as strong as the sills, And the panels just as strong as the floor, And the whippletree neither less nor more, And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore, And spring and axle and hub all alike. And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt In another hour it will be worn out!

End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay. Logic is logic. That's all I say.

He who is always his own counsellor will often have a fool for his client.

#### Written for the Banner of Light. MY STEP-MOTHER; OR, THE DESTROYER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY ADRIANNA LESTER.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER V.

We were soon fairly established in a beautiful mansion, situated on Fifth Avenue; and here commenced a new era in my existence. Mrs. Lester, with all her old love for pleasure revived, plunged madly into the exciting scenes of fashionable life. To oblige my father, I had laid aside my sable robes, and was about making my debut in society. If beautiful, my beauty was of an entirely different nature from that of my step-mother.

From my mother I inherited the delicate complexion, golden curls and azure eyes, that had formed the outward charm of her loveliness. But the pale and lofty brow, that alone was my father's. The contrast between my step-mother and self, must have been a most striking one. My beauty was of the spiritual kind; her's was that of earth—rich and voluptuous in its maturity.

My father was proud of his gloriously beautiful wife, and his frail, yet lovely daughter. I could see it in the firm and stately step with which he entered the saloons of wealth and fashion, with Mrs. Lester and myself gracefully leaning upon his arms. And when the low murmur of admiration followed us, as we moved slowly through the dense throng, I beheld the deep flush that overspread his brow, and the consciousness of pride and joy that sparkled in his dark eyes.

Ernest Walters was now our frequent guest and companion. Mrs. Lester exerted herself to her utmost to fascinate and ensnare the heart of one, whose faith had long since been plighted to another. The varied and dazzling accomplishments of my step-mother, did not fail to excite the deep admiration of my lover. He was particularly fond of music, and in that art Clara Lester excelled. Her rich contralto voice was so sympathetic in its quality, as to thrill the hearts of all who listened to its divine melody.

That glorious gift, together with the rare beauty of Mrs. Lester, brought the heart of Ernest Walters low at her feet. To gain his love was all she craved. She well knew that his superior intellectual endowments would win for him the praise of the world wherever he went. To be loved by him—to be called by the endearing name of wife by Ernest Walters, was the only happiness on earth her sinful and passionate nature coveted!

Although I had never spoken of my engagement to Ernest Walters in his presence, yet I little doubted but that she was well aware of the fact, thinking, most probably, that my father had mentioned the circumstance to his wife. One thing she could not have remained ignorant of, which was my pure and holy love for Ernest. With my entire soul I worshipped him! Before him I bowed, as in the presence of a superior being! In him I lived; without his divine love, life were indeed worthless!

The jealous eyes of love were not long in discovering to me that Mrs. Lester was gradually winning the heart, which had so long been mine, to herself. Riding, dancing, or walking, Ernest Walters was constantly at the side of the beautiful but heartless Clara Lester. My father perceived the increasing interest which the latter took in the charmed and fascinated youth; but he spoke not of it as he drew me more tenderly to his breast.

My reader must by no means imagine that Ernest Walters was the only admirer that my step-mother drew to her side. On the contrary, her society was universally sought after by the most wealthy and distinguished gentlemen of the city. But Ernest alone, of all the gay throng of worshippers, had unconsciously elicited her strong love and unholly affection.

The deep tenderness which I now manifested towards my father, at once aroused the jealousy and suspicion of my step-mother. She could not bear that a weak and innocent girl should supplant her in the affections of him, whom the law only had made her husband.

About this time, business called Ernest Walters suddenly to Havana, where it was probable that he would remain several months. Mrs. Lester had heard the whispered words of love and constancy that he had breathed into my ear on parting, and it was then that she had deeply laid her fiendish plan for the destruction of my future peace of mind.

Among the guests that frequently visited our house, was a young man of gay and dissolute habits, and by name Clarence Renton. He had been formerly an earnest lover of Mrs. Lester's, and rumor said that it was the fact of his rejection that had caused him to seek for happiness in the wine-cup and at the gaming-table. Be that as it may, his company had been, from the first, particularly disagreeable to me. But as our acquaintance continued, I found that the more I avoided—and repulsed his attentions, the more earnestly did he persevere in them.

I did not then know that Mrs. Lester contrived to throw us constantly into one another's society, while she herself, serpent-like, fascinated my father's senses again, by her protestations of love and tenderness.

Meantime, strange stories were passing the rounds of fashionable society, concerning Clarence Renton and myself. It seems he had been excluded almost entirely from the circle of his former acquaintances, with but one exception—that of Mrs. Lester. She freely allowed him the license of her house and friendship. The reports which the tongue of scandal had been busy in circulating, were of the most alarming kind, inasmuch as they were supposed to have sprang out of my imaginary intimacy with Clarence Renton, and greatly concerned my maiden honor and purity.

The words of cruelty and falsity, over which gossip had gloated, were not long in reaching the ears of my father. They were as burning lava thrown upon his soul. When least expected, the storm burst upon my innocent head. Renton was denied the house, and in my father's eyes my pure and spotless brow was branded with shame and dishonor. The curse of my father was upon me! Not even my tears and repeated assurances of innocence, could move him from his stern purpose. Believing that I had disgraced forevermore my parents and family name, my father bade me seek a home elsewhere, among my co-partners in guilt and wickedness.

The idea of being disinherited by my only parent, was a crushing blow to my young heart. Boldly would I have asserted my claims to justice, in the

face of the whole world, but I well knew that my weak voice would have been unheeded amidst the din of wild tumult and strife.

Even my step-mother shrunk from me, as from the touch of a viper. The mask had at last fallen from her face, and left her revealed to me in the light of an evil and heartless wretch, unworthy the name of woman! The professed love which she had pretended to feel toward the child of her husband, was a cruel deceit—a base falsehood—which her cunning and artifice had so long screened from my eyes. The first being whom I ever had cause to abhor and hate—I cannot tell how deep—was the intensity of my hatred towards her!

With a heavy groan, I sank upon the stone steps, leading to the house, from which my father had rudely ejected me, at a late hour in the evening; and then I was conscious of nothing more until I awoke in the morning and found myself lying upon an humble couch, in a strange house. Dear, devoted Nancy had indeed been witness to my father's cruelty, and it was her hand who had rescued me from my perilous situation, on the steps of my father's mansion. The house to which I was conducted, was that of a married sister of Nancy's, where my wants were carefully ministered to, even as if I had been their own child.

The sight of Nancy recalled the events of the preceding night. She, faithful and noble-hearted woman, having become tired of her arduous duties, under the auspices of her imperious mistress, and greatly incensed at the treatment I had received at the hands of my father, had determined also to share my banishment.

Left, as I was, at that sad moment, without friends or money, I should have sunk into the earth, overcome with my weight of sorrow, had it not been that one true and loving soul was left me, who was willing to make any sacrifice to serve the child of her lost mistress.

One thing troubled and puzzled me exceedingly; it was, that since Ernest's departure I had received but one letter from him, although, on leaving, he had promised to write frequently, and had extorted the same favor from me in return. I had speedily answered his letter, but had heard nothing from him since. My once unsuspecting mind had been so painfully wrought upon, that to doubt and fear humanity, had become a part of my nature. Accordingly, I believed that Ernest, too, was false to me; and bravely I strove to tear from my heart the image which had been so long enshrined there.

The sister of Nancy, although in comfortable circumstances, was by no means what the world terms rich; consequently, I determined to seek at once employment, which should render me able to support myself. Nancy, and her generous sister, remonstrated, declaring that I was welcome to a home with them, if I would but accept it. But the proud spirit of Adrianna Lester, although deeply wounded, was not wholly crushed; and with tears in my eyes I thanked them for their kindness, at the same time declining their noble offer.

Help was nearer at hand than I had imagined. The evening paper contained an advertisement, in which a governess was desired to go South. I lost no time in calling upon the advertiser, at the Astor House, where he was then stopping. The interview that followed, was equally agreeable and satisfactory to both parties; the only fear expressed by Mr. Clifford, being that my frail health would not be adequate to the task involved.

I determined to go and try, at least, and as Mr. Clifford was to return in three or four days, I set about making preparations to accompany him. What was my surprise, on informing Nancy and her sister of my good luck, to hear the former express her intention of going also. Nancy had saved up a goodly sum of money—the result of years of hard labor—and it was owing to her generosity that I was enabled to obtain for myself a sufficient stock of clothing to answer my purpose for the time being.

It was with buoyant spirits that our little party set forth on their excursion to the South. Mr. Clifford was a gentleman of much intelligence and culture of mind, and proved himself a most pleasurable companion.

On arriving at the home of Mr. Clifford, which was in New Orleans, Nancy and myself were both cordially received by the lovely wife of the former. I was soon happily installed in my new situation as governess, to a bright-eyed boy and sweet little girl of Mrs. Clifford's. Nancy occupied the situation of general housekeeper, even as she had done in my mother's day. My new friends tried all in their power to lighten the burden of my labors, and if it were not for the sad remembrances of the past, which sometimes stole over my heart, I should have been comparatively happy in my Southern home.

Some three or four months after my arrival in New Orleans, I was taking an afternoon stroll through one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the city. A stranger passed me—an old man, with silvery locks, and slightly bent form. The look of intense scrutiny with which he regarded me, attracted my attention, but with a quickened step I pressed forward.

A few moments brought me into a more retired portion of the city, and slackening my pace, I dreamily pursued my way. A deep voice at my side, roused me from the reverie into which I had fallen. I turned and beheld the old man, who had previously passed me on the pavement, a few moments before.

"I trust you will pardon the boldness which has prompted a stranger to speak to you, upon a subject of near interest to my heart."

I gazed upon the stranger in perfect amazement; but seeing that he was waiting for a reply, I motioned him to proceed.

"Your close resemblance to my only sister, arrested my attention. May I presume to inquire your family name," he said.

"Adrianna Lester, sir," was my prompt reply. "Lester! Was your mother's maiden name Helen Rainforth?" asked the old man eagerly.

"The same, sir."

"Then you are my niece!" stammered the old man, with apparent emotion; "and the child of my long lost sister!"

The joy that I experienced on finding at last one human soul, who felt other than ordinary interest in the poor orphan girl, can scarcely be realized. After inquiring carefully into the state of my affairs, my newly-found uncle left me, though reluctantly, at the door of the Cliffords, with many promises to call and see me early on the morrow. To Mrs. Clifford, in whose friendship I could place the utmost confidence, I revealed the story of my father's injustice and cruelty, as well as the fact of my having found the brother of my deceased mother.

True to his word, Mr. Rainforth made his appearance at the residence of the Cliffords, on the succeed-



ing day. He had come, he said, to offer me both love and protection. My health, which was fast failing me, and the advice of my friends, at last prevailed upon me to accept the generous proposal of my uncle, to make my home with him. It was with regret that I parted from my loved friends, the Cliffords—to whom, and their children, I had become strongly endeared.

A few days after found Addie Lester comfortably established at the home of her uncle. Mr. Rainforth's children were all married, with the exception of a single son. Philip Rainforth was a young man of prepossessing exterior, and happily endowed by nature with a generous and noble heart. To live and be merry, was the motto of his life; and treating all kindly, he was almost universally beloved in return.

The welcome which my cousin gave me was that of a brother. My slightest wishes were anticipated, almost before they had been formed; while his constant presence at my side, told how deeply he appreciated my society.

But nature, that had been so long overtaxed, at last gave way. A violent fever preyed upon my vitals, and for weeks I lay confined to my bed, in an almost hopeless condition. Philip Rainforth was a constant attendant at the side of my couch. For several days, reason had been entirely dethroned, and it was with a countenance strongly expressive of hope and joy, that Philip beheld the old light returning to the blue eyes, that now glanced tenderly upon him, as he sat quietly regarding the emaciated frame and pale face, which disease had served to render still more spiritual in its beauty than before. "Come nearer, dear Ernest," I said, "that I may repose my wearied head upon your breast." The half-averted face told too plainly the emotion which the mention of that name had caused the heart of my generous and noble cousin.

Quickly recovering himself, he stooped over me, and imprinted a sacred kiss upon my snowy brow; then gently raising me in his arms, and pillowing my head upon his breast, he said, in tones of tenderness, the remembrance of which recalled me at once to my senses—"It is Philip, dearest Addie, that now holds you, and welcomes with joy your return to health." A feeble smile of gratitude was the only return I could then offer for his brotherly devotion.

My convalescence was slow but sure. I had been sick for months, as I afterwards learned from Nancy, who had been oftentimes a watcher at my bed-side. During my delirious ravings, I had unconsciously revealed the secret of my love for Ernest Walters, a name which had long since died out upon my lips. As I daily grew better, I perceived that Philip Rainforth was strangely altered. His joyous, sparkling eyes, now beamed with a subdued light, while a shade of melancholy rested upon the once sunny brow.

The avowal of Philip's love for me was an unexpected surprise to my weak and sensitive nature. Deeply as I loved my cousin, it was but the natural affection of a sister to one who had proved himself so truly a brother.

Freely I spoke to him of my love for another, whom though I had every reason to believe was false to me, I still deeply and passionately loved. Philip did not seek to pain my ear with heartfelt pleadings, or earnest importunities. With all that nobleness of heart which had so strongly characterized his conduct towards me since our acquaintance, he carefully avoided referring to a subject again, that brought to mind so many bitter memories of the past.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Some eighteen months had passed since the curse of my father had fallen upon my child, and she had been rudely sent forth, an outcast, from her father's house, to buffet with the world. No intelligence during that time had been received by me concerning either my father or Ernest. The death of my uncle's wife, which occurred a few months previous to the time of my taking up my residence with him, had caused a vacancy in the household, which, owing to my influence, Nancy now supplied. Philip was still the same tender and devoted brother as of old; while my uncle's kind care and guardianship, was such as I had never experienced from my own father.

My mother, as I learned from the lips of her brother, had in extreme youth insisted upon marrying one whom her proud and aristocratic parents had deemed far below her in wealth and position; and consequently unworthy of her love. The strong affection of my mother for Charles Lester had triumphed over all obstacles; the result of which was a clandestine marriage, and a disinheritation of the pair by the parents of the former. My father having removed to the North with his wife, nothing more was heard of her by the hasty, but afterwards repentant parents. In death they had breathed their forgiveness, which while living they had so long denied.

My uncle, after the death of his parents, a circumstance which had leveled at once his strong pride, had made a tour to the North, for the purpose of seeking out the abode of his still cherished sister. But all efforts on his part had failed, and, sorrowing, he had returned to his home.

Accident had thrown in my path at a most fortunate moment, and nobly had he made atonement for his past neglect of his sister, by generously protecting and befriending her only child.

It was near the close of a delicious day in June, that I was seated in a charming little summer house, which Philip's untiring hand had caused to be erected for my especial use and comfort. So thoroughly absorbed was I in my book, that I heeded not the entrance of a stranger at the gate, at the terminus of the long avenue leading to the house, until a hand was laid heavily upon my shoulder. I turned. The intruder was a man whom want and intemperance had probably rendered much older than he really was. I would have fled from him in alarm, but that he firmly detained me by his prisoner. A strange light gleamed momentarily in his dark eyes, and a flush passed rapidly over his brow, as he said in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Adrianna Lester, dost remember the father who cursed thee, and cast thee forth a wanderer from his side?"

"Who art thou, that speakest so strangely, yet truly, of the past?"

"Thy father, Charles Lester!"

My brain swam, my head grew dizzy, and my limbs trembled violently. I was conscious of nothing more, until I awoke a few hours afterwards, and found myself lying upon the couch in the parlor, with Philip—faithful brother—bending over me, and my long lost father at my side. The shades of evening had long since fallen; and, as I opened my eyes,

I gazed wildly about me, as if endeavoring to recall the scene before me. A low moan fell upon my ear. Instinctively I raised myself upon the couch. A tall and manly form rose slowly from the floor. As the large and sorrowful eyes were turned towards me, a cry of joy burst from my lips, and next moment I was clasped to the breast of Ernest Walters.

#### CHAPTER VII.

The mystery was soon explained. Clara Lester had proved to be, what I had supposed, a base and heartless woman. Having fascinated the heart of my father, she was not content with his strong love and devotion, but conceiving a passion for the beautiful and intellectual Ernest Walters, she set steadfastly about winning the heart which she well knew had long been given to another. Fearing, that despite her exertions, I had at last superseded her in the affections of her lover, she contrived to intercept the letters of Ernest, written to me, while at Havana. Not satisfied with the evil she had already wrought, my step-mother had caused stories to be circulated throughout the city, which were highly injurious to my hitherto unsullied reputation, and which finally led to the cruelty which my father was now deeply repentant of. A spurious letter, poisoning the ear of my lover, had been sent to Havana, the truth of which Ernest doubted not, when, on his return to New York, he heard the evil reports of the world, and the story of my disinheritation by my father.

Mrs. Lester had hoped on Ernest's return to the city, to enjoy, without molestation, the love and companionship to which I had so long been an obstacle. But, contrary to her expectations, Ernest Walters kept aloof from her, shunning her society on all occasions when they chanced to meet.

The arrival of Clarence Renton once again in New York, and his admittance to the same intimacy which he had previously sustained with Mrs. Lester, now fairly aroused the suspicions of my father, that he had long lain dormant. At this time, the news of my father's failure and utter ruin in business, rang throughout the city. The mortification of Mrs. Lester, on being at once reduced from a state of ease and splendor, to that of want and penury, knew no bounds. Infuriated by rage and desperation, she refused to retrench in the least, her present style of extravagance in living. One morning, in passing through the hall, my father accidentally discovered a letter lying in one corner, which had probably been dropped the night previous. The contents of that letter opened the eyes of Charles Lester to the deep villainy of his wife's character. It was indited to her paramour in guilt, Clarence Renton, and in which he had been bribed, by the promise of large sums of money, to forge letters to Ernest Walters, in Havana, and aid in the circulation of the infamous and false rumors respecting the honor of her husband's daughter.

My father did not hesitate to accuse the guilty woman of the crime which she had so coolly and basely perpetrated. Horror-stricken at being thus suddenly discovered, in the midst of her evil career, Mrs. Lester could say but little in self-defense. That night my father found a note lying upon the table, saying that she had fled forevermore from the home of one who had been cruelly deceived and wronged her, and whose love had been changed into hatred. Overcome by despair, my father had attempted to drown his grief in the exciting wine-cup; but Ernest's hand had saved him from a drunkard's grave. The former intimacy between my father and lover again renewed, the latter was made acquainted with the injustice and cruelty that had fallen upon my unfeeling head; and gaining the clue to my whereabouts, by means of Nancy's sister, both Ernest and my father had set out to discover, if possible, my abiding place, and repair in some measure the deep wrongs I had suffered.

A few weeks after my reunion with Ernest and my father, the old mansion house of Mr. Rainforth was the scene of a joyous wedding party, occasioned by the marriage of Ernest Walters and my humble self. In accordance with my desire, my husband purchased Glen Cottage, the home of my beloved mother, and the scene of so much happiness in my youthful days. My father now makes his home with his only child and daughter, Addie; and Philip, dear devoted soul, spends his summers with her, whom he still regards with all the tenderness of a brother. And Nancy, the faithful and long tried friend, is still with my Uncle Rainforth. When he shall have completed his earthly pilgrimage, which is rapidly drawing to a close, these arms will welcome her back once more to Glen Cottage.

A year from the time of my marriage with Ernest Walters, the morning papers announced the death of Clara Lester in a distant city. All hearts shuddered at the remembrance of her, who, by her own wickedness and crime, had proved herself "The destroyer of the household."

TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL—George S. Hillard says:—"I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven has been said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, and a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with the living poet, that 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men,' but there are forms of greatness, or at least, excellence, which die and make no sign: there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake;—heroes without the laurels, and conquerors without the triumph."

WEALTH.—Wealth, true wealth, is that possession which satisfies the heart. Palaces and lands may still leave a man miserable. To be satisfied in one's cell—to feel no aching void—to sleep peacefully, and awake without pain, regret or remorse—such is wealth. With those the hardest pillow becomes soft, the roughest way smooth, the darkest future bright, and their possessor stands up a man, without the canker which follows power and fame, independent of the exigencies which make and shiver crowns. For the promotion of the good, the beautiful, and the true—gold, goods and lands are a heritage from Heaven; but when wrapped in a napkin, and bound to the heart, they congeal human sympathies and blast human life.

The longer you keep a canary bird in a cage the sweeter it will sing, so the more severe the discipline of the good man's experience, the sweeter the song of his spiritual life.

#### Written for the Banner of Light. OH, LET US RAISE OUR VOICES HIGH.

Oh! let us raise our voices high to-day,  
For earth is glad, and blossoms in the hour  
Of joy, with fairest flowers of hope and faith;  
And anxious longing fills the soul with love,  
And bids the obsequious, fear, depart.  
Oh! let us raise our voices high to-day,  
Acknowledging the power of God alone—  
A Being infinite, on whom depends  
Our life, our faith, and that we realize  
Let us sing songs, glad songs of heartfelt joys—  
The voice proclaims no greater truth than this:  
That our rules and reigns a God of Love,  
Whose smiles of glory light our darkened world,  
And warm the heart through tears of sin and grief,  
As liquid sunbeams from the lips of morn  
Pierce through the shadows of retiring night.  
Religion hangs o'er earth a mystic veil—  
But God we sought to blind the eyes of men—  
And each succeeding generation strives  
To make the glory all its own, and gulf  
The nation's wayward steps to proper worship;  
But know, oh man, that can alone sustain  
Which bears the impress of our Father's hand.  
'Tis said, oh God! in vain man strives to seek  
Or reason out the mysteries of thy word.  
And hast thou formed him here for good or evil,  
To suffer for the wrongs his blindfold brings—  
Dependent on thy everlasting laws,  
Thy word the lamp to light his wayward feet,  
And left him still more helpless than a child  
Beside that which tells, and only tells  
What God is, and what unto him is due?  
We cannot feel it so, for thou art good,  
And just, and unto man hath reason given,  
That he may look on thee with knowledge, such  
As putteth fear to flight, and welcomes love.  
We feel, oh God! that thou would'st be no more  
To man, than the being of his highest  
Soul-conception.

Then listen to the hearts  
That raise the voice of their belief to thee,  
That may write upon the soul's pure page  
That peace with God, and goodness in one's heart,  
Is true Religion.

Give us power, oh God!  
To sow and reap the beauties of thy word  
In truth and wisdom, that mankind may know  
That goodness yields full store, when God doth aid,  
With little watching and with little care. Squina.

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

##### NUMBER TWO.

##### The Two Ghosts.

I might not this believe, without the sensible  
And true avowal of mine own eyes.—SHAKESPEARE.

Many years ago the good people of Boston were thrown into a terrible state of excitement by the sudden appearance of a kind of typhus fever in their midst, which medical men have since designated by the name of typhoid. We had experienced a long spell of damp, dull weather, such as we are now enjoying, (or rather glooming under), which in all probability bred the disease of which I write.

The events which I am about to relate to my readers occurred during the early part of my professional career, and some two or three years after my husband's death, which mournful circumstance led to the necessity of my seeking for myself the means of livelihood in the great and unfeeling world. Among the numerous boarders in the house where I dwelt, were a gentleman and his wife, belonging to the stock company of the old Tremont Theatre, then in its palmy days. Their name you must pardon me for suppressing; but suffice it to say, that by years of continued toil and industry, they had risen to considerable prominence in their chosen profession, to which both were heartily devoted, and what is still more unusual among that particular class of individuals, they had laid aside no small sum of money, from their joint labors in a profession at that time more lucrative than at the present period.

I had been only three months in my new boarding-house, when Mr. P.—r and wife became installed as members of our somewhat large and select family, as our landlady significantly termed her boarders in her card of advertisement. The P.—rs were evidently kind-hearted and amiable people, and for aught that I know, as purely virtuous, in a moral sense, as many others who made no hesitation in denouncing and condemning them as unworthy members of society, from the fact of their being engaged in a profession whose results were thought to be productive only of evil.

I noticed, with sorrow, the chilling reception which the newly-arrived boarders met with from their fellow-companions, as soon as the news of their connection with the Tremont Theatre was noised about. Mark you, however, the very same people who openly sneered at them in private, were also the first to applaud their performances at the theatre.

Like instances of deceit and hypocrisy are still to be met with among people of the present age, and only tend to lower the standard of moral excellence among the votaries of the drama, where it should be their aim to elevate and exalt it.

Perceiving the unpleasant position which Mr. P.—r and his wife, as strangers, were placed in, I often took pains to address some few words of conversation to them, whenever we chanced to meet at the table. By doing this, I brought upon my unoffending head the censure and disapprobation of the remainder of the boarders, who had hitherto treated me with extreme kindness.

The landlady, however, in secret smiled her approval of my conduct, though more from policy and self-interest, I was prone to believe, than from any innate or real sense of justice. The truth was, they were what might be called excellent boarders. They never grumbled at the high price charged them for board, and were always strictly punctual in paying their bills at the very moment they became due. To retain the P.—rs was then the darling wish of our shrewd landlady's heart, notwithstanding the existing prejudices of her other boarders, who evidently expressed in their countenances the contempt they dared not give utterance to in words.

Both Mr. P.—r and his good-hearted wife, seemed to appreciate the trivial attention which I bestowed upon them, and often urged my acceptance of tickets for the theatre, where both nightly performed. My feeble health, rather than any conscientious scruples which I felt in the matter, compelled me to decline their favors; but what was my loss, was, generally speaking, another's gain, for knowing my political landlady's love for the drama, I often transferred the same to her, which she always regarded as a great treat.

As I have before said, people were terribly alarmed at the fearful ravages which the typhus fever was making among the population of Boston. The panic was similar to that experienced during the rage of that dread scourge—the Asiatic cholera! That the disease was a contagious one, was believed, from the

fact of its rapid spread from house to house. In nine cases out of ten, the fever seemed to baffle the skill of even the most eminent physicians, whilst the list of mortality contained in the daily papers was startling and appalling to behold.

As yet, no signs of the fever had shown itself in our cleanly and well-conducted boarding-house. The several inmates were discussing the subject at dinner one day, at the same time congratulating themselves upon their providential escape from the clutches of so terrible a disease, when Mr. P.—r appeared at the dinner-table, looking unusually tired and weary. I had not seen him for three or four days, having been confined to my room with an ugly fit of rheumatism. He smiled faintly as he took his seat beside me at the table, but I started, as I felt the pressure of his hot and feverish hand. His wife joked him a little upon his lack of appetite that day, which had ever been so vigorous and hearty, and attributed it to the most supper he had indulged in at a late hour on the previous night.

That evening Mr. P.—r went to the theatre, accompanied by his wife, but returned home immediately after the close of the performance, complaining of terrible exhaustion and a severe pain in the head.

Two days after, Mr. P.—r was confined to his chamber with a violent fever, which the physician, on being speedily summoned, pronounced to be the much-dreaded typhus. The greatest consternation now prevailed throughout the entire house. Single gentlemen gathered up their light luggage and left immediately, while those families that felt themselves obliged to remove for want of more desirable lodgings, were loud in their remonstrances against allowing the invalid to continue longer beneath a roof where so many human lives were endangered. It was now that the cruel and unfeeling spirit of our mercenary landlady began to show itself in its true light. As soon as she had made sure that it was really the typhus fever that Mr. P.—r was ill of, she repaired at once to his distressed wife, and suggested her husband's removal to the hospital.

Mr. P.—r, in her great anxiety of mind, applied to me for advice. I talked with the doctor upon the subject, and he agreed with me, that to attempt such a thing would result in the immediate death of the sufferer. On communicating the physician's opinion to the cold-hearted landlady, she declared that she could not possibly retain Mr. P.—r and wife in the house a day longer, for her boarders were fast deserting her, and she should soon lose her entire custom. However, after much reasoning upon my part, and the assurance of Mrs. P.—r that she should be well paid for her trouble and inconvenience, Miss Biddings (the name of said landlady,) at last consented to the invalid's remaining, on condition that the fact of his illness should be kept secret from such fresh applicants as might present themselves for board.

The increasing illness of Mr. P.—r rendered it necessary for him to be attended by a nurse, as his wife had never been but little sickness during her life, and dared not take upon herself the entire care of one so ill as her husband. Besides, her services at the theatre were absolutely indispensable at times, and to refuse to perform when urgently requested to do so, would excite the indignation of the manager, and perhaps result in the discharge of her husband and self from the corps dramatique. My own poor health was the only thing that prevented me from offering my services to Mrs. P.—r on the first occasion of her husband's illness; but when, after a long and unsuccessful search, it was found impossible to procure a nurse for the sick man, I at once consented to share the duties of the sick room with his wife, to the best of my ability.

The lonely condition of the poor actress excited my pity, and the deep gratitude with which she received my slight offer, only nerved me to stronger exertion in the exercise of my labors for the relief of the sufferer.

For the first few weeks Mr. P.—r was more or less delirious. Being naturally a man of a strong constitution and the possessor of a powerful frame, it became at times almost difficult for me to manage him. Excitement lent me increased strength; however, and I soon hit upon an expedient, which soothed him in the midst of his violent ravings, and rendered him at times quite harmless and docile.

It was natural, the cares of his profession crowded so thickly upon his disordered brain. In order to calm him down, when unusually excited, I made it a point to gratify his desires as far as was consistent with reason and propriety. For instance, he would fancy himself at the theatre, and then I would be obliged to dress him up in the particular costume of the character which he believed himself performing. At such times his strength was of but short duration, and falling back upon the pillows, weak and exhausted, he would suffer me to take off his stage trappings and return them to their proper place without further remark. The appearance which he presented at times, was a most ludicrous one; and the great care with which he arranged his toilet for the evening performance was certainly amusing. He would call for his glass, his rouge and powder, and work away upon himself, until perceiving his extreme weakness and inability to faint, I would tinkle a small bell, which I kept for the purpose of completing the illusion. Then he would throw down his powder puff, lay aside his rouge saucer, and taking a last look at his person in the small mirror which I placed before him, declared himself quite ready to go upon the stage, the moment the call-boy should shriek out his name. His box of swords I was obliged to remove from the room one day, while he was sleeping, because I feared to trust him with any weapon in his hand. He often called for them, but concluding that they were stored away in the property room of the theatre, the remembrance of them would soon slip away from his mind.

One thing was a little singular, which was that he always made a point to inquire every day during his illness, what play was to be performed each night. On one occasion I had sat up with him for three successive nights. On the fourth, his wife, who had been performing the greater part of the week, insisted upon relieving me. Yielding to her entreaties I sought my chamber, which was situated on a flight above her room, to obtain if possible a night's rest, on condition that she should call me if anything unusual occurred.

The fever had turned, and Mr. P.—r was thought to be in a fair way to recover. That morning, as was his custom, the invalid had inquired of his wife what the play was to be for the coming evening. He was told that Hamlet was to be performed, for the benefit of Anderson, at that time very popular in this country. Mr. P.—r had often played the ghost with great success; indeed his rendering of the departed Dane, is said never to have been equalled by any one in our city, with the exception of John Gil-

bert, an old favorite among theatre-goers, and an artist of great ability.

It seems that while assuming the office of watcher, Mrs. P.—r had accidentally fallen asleep. Taking advantage of this, the invalid arose, and selecting his costume for the evening, quietly slipped out of the house and made his way quickly to the theatre. Watching an opportunity when no one was looking, he hastened to his wife's dressing-room, and arraying himself for the character of ghost, stood waiting the call-boy's summons.

At last it came. With slow and solemn step he strode upon the stage, entirely regardless of the presence of him who had been employed to assume the part for that evening, and to the great horror of Marcellus and Bernardo, who believed that the ghost of P.—r was certainly before them, if not that of the King of Denmark. The excitement which this doubly-spectral appearance created among the audience, together with the loud shriek of the substitute, who had engaged to perform the part of ghost for that evening only, soon brought the manager upon the stage, who, upon learning the cause of the alarm, soon explained the affair satisfactorily to the audience; after which, the curtain was raised, amid loud cheers from the audience, and the play again went on, to the great amusement of all concerned.

This freak of insanity upon the part of the enthusiastic and devoted actor, came near costing him his life. The great surprise and horror of both his wife and myself upon finding P.—r missing from his chamber, can be more easily imagined than described. In the midst of our fears and search throughout the house, he arrived in a carriage under the safe protection of a brother actor. A relapse was the natural consequence of P.—r's terrible exposure, from which, after several weeks' illness, he finally recovered, to laugh with the rest of his comrades over the spectacle of the "Two Ghosts!"

#### REMARKABLE CASE OF HEALING IN 1743.

Mrs. Entons—This I copy from the History of Connecticut. If you think it worthy of publication, please insert. I think that the power of spirits is signally displayed. Yours truly,

W. A. HUNT.

"A remarkable instance of healing took place in this town (Plainfield) in 1743, in the case of Mrs. Mercy Wheeler. The account was drawn up by the Rev. Benjamin Lord, A. M., evidently with a great deal of care and accuracy, and published in pamphlet form. The pamphlet contains the deposition of the physician, Dr. James Granda, and a number of respectable people, given under oath, certifying to the fact of her immediate healing. At the time, it was considered as an evident interposition of Divine Providence."

Mrs. Wheeler was favored with good health, till her twentieth year, in 1726; she was then seized with a nervous fever, and was reduced to almost unexampled weakness of body, so that for five years she could not turn her head on her pillow. Her speech failed, and her sight was also very much impaired. After this she recovered in some little degree, though for sixteen years she was not able to lift up a foot to take a step. The account states that "her ankle bones were exceedingly loose and separate, by reason of long and great relaxation of the nerves and tendons; that she could in no wise lift them up and use them, as persons are wont to do, that yet have no strength to walk without help. Yes, so loose and separate were they, that a string must sometimes be used about her feet and ankles, to keep her feet in any proper position, as she laid in the bed. And also her knee bones were so weak and loose, that after she was able to turn herself in bed, she sometimes put them out in doing so." Mrs. Wheeler, being of a pious disposition of mind, a sermon, at her request, was occasionally preached at her father's house. It was on one of these occasions (May 25, 1743), that she experienced her great deliverance. Mr. Lord was the minister who preached the sermon at the time she was healed. The account states, that no sooner was he (Mr. Lord) gone from her, but it turned in her mind, "The lecture is ended, and the service all over, and I am not healed. What is become of my faith now? 'Wont it be with me as it used to be?' Whereupon a cloud of great darkness came over her, for a minute or two, in which time she was led again unto herself, to see what a poor, unworthy creature she was, and had some such thoughts of the wisdom and goodness of God's will, that she felt a disposition to be as good as God would have her to be. Then those words were repeated to her, 'If thou wilt believe, thou shalt see the glory of God,'—by which her darkness was carried off, and, under the influence of these words, she seemed, as she expressed it, to be wholly taken out of herself into the hands of God, and enabled to believe that he could and would heal her. Immediately upon which, she felt a strange, irresistible motion and shaking, which began first with her hands, and quickly spreading over her whole frame, at which time she felt a kind of weight upon her—a sort of racking of her frame—every point, as it were, working, and as if she were, with hands, squeezed together in her weak places. As this trembling went off, her pains went with it, and she felt strong, especially in the seat of life, where she had been most remarkably weak, and from thence strength diffused itself all over her animal frame—into her lips, knees, ankles, &c. She felt strong and well, as if she had no disease upon her, and was under no difficulty. And as she had this sensation of new strength and freedom, she felt as if she was raising up, and must rise, and immediately rose up and walked away among the people, with evident sprightfulness and vigor, to the astonishment of herself and those about her. She went this time near sixteen feet, crying out, 'Bless the Lord Jesus, who has healed me,' but was soon damped with this thought, that she was only in a phrenzy, and not healed. And the more so, when Mr. Lord, surprised at seeing her walk thus, whom he had just before left impotent, and overcome, too, so that she could hardly talk, did observe to her that she was in a phrenzy, and accordingly took hold of her, and led her to the bed, and bid her sit down; yea, even thrust her down. But she could not be consoled there; feeling yet strong and at liberty, quickly rose up again, with these words in her mind, 'I have loved thee with everlasting love.' And with the high praises of God in her mouth, her soul being filled with such admiration and love, as she declared was inexpressible. Now she walked several times across the room, with strength and steadiness, which even constrained the people to think and say, 'Verily, this is the power of God.' And they wondered and praised the same; and it was about six o'clock in the afternoon, when the thing was done, at which they all marvelled; and having united in prayer and in praise on this remarkable occasion, they were dismissed to their several homes, still wondering and rejoicing at what their eyes had beheld, and their ears had heard that day.

May 25, 1743.



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## Banner of Light.

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## MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL WEALTH.

In an article on "Popular Sympathies," not long since, in a leading daily journal of New York, we find the following suggestive passage:—

"The drawback and, we might almost say, the only one, upon such triumphs as that which American energy and perseverance has just effected, and over which the whole country is rejoicing, is their tendency to foster the growth of the material side of our character, the great development of which has already excited serious apprehensions, and a great deal of regret among those who know America best, and love her most. It is our material prosperity and greatness which most strongly arouse our pride, and our material success which have so far supplied most stimulus to the national energy and courage. Our orators never cease the ebullience of popular enthusiasm to vilipend so strongly as by allusions to the enormous extent of our territory, the vastness and variety of our population, the prodigious rapidity of our expansion, the extent and value of our commerce, the speed of our ships, and the ingenuity of our machinery."

This is all very well in its place, but there is now something too much of it. Like all other good things, if made overmuch of, they clog and sicken very soon. It is conceded that wealth, and power, and enterprise, and industry, must lie at the base, else there can be no superstructure; but to fall down and worship the wealth itself, is an act of debasement by the soul. We have been, and still are, quite too much given to confounding our regard for the means with our regard for the end—to worshipping the instrument, rather than keeping our gaze fixed on the object. It is undeniable, of course, that a person, or a people, must be well fed and well clothed before he, or they, can devote much time and attention to inward culture; that there must be a certain secure condition, or accumulation, perhaps, of the material, before the spiritual can expect to receive its due share of care and culture.

But that is the point to which we, as a nation, arrived long ago. We have been making our boasts of it these twenty-five years. We have got enough, and more than enough; still we go on getting, as if accumulation alone was our destiny, and we were ordered on as by the whip and spur of Fate.

There are elements in abundance in our composition, as a people, to pledge us to a life and character such as the world never yet saw. Who are more ready to apprehend beauty, to proffer sympathy, to dare all that stands for courage, than we? What nation among all the nations possesses in itself such naturally large and generous spiritual gifts? We are brave, we are noble, we are practical, too, we are imaginative, we are sympathetic, we are filled with humane and tender impulses, we are large-hearted, we can forget and forgive readily, and we are aspiring and ambitious together.

Once bestow a proper directing power upon all these gifts of a people, or develop them by culture, or harmonize them by discipline, and there are no heights of spiritual glory on earth to which that people may not hope to attain. Educate such a nation after a style thoroughly correspondent with its endowments, and it will furnish an example of strength and beauty, which not even the harmonious development of the ancient Greeks could easily excel, because it would be permeated and infused with a genuine spiritual vitality. Such a people would adequately display an illustration of what is everywhere possible for man.

But this development and progress is to begin with the individual alone. It cannot be compassed by passing sonorous or smooth-sounding resolutions in assemblies and conventions, while the voters disperse and follow their old gods about the world. It is a personal matter. You must begin, oh friend, and aspire to-day. You must not wait for others to kindle the flame that you think is going to warm all the rest; it is for you to kindle it within your own heart, and so let its light and heat irradiate and attract those of your friends around you.

Mores than with the individual than he supposes, because the whole rests with him. What has been done thus far for the world, has been performed by individual men. Organizations agree to build up ramparts to keep out dangers that are forever disposed to leap over; but ever and anon, one person has, with serious self-determination, gone away from such bodies, and, carrying alone, has religiously awaited the descent of the God into his own soul. And that is the soul which has aided in turning the world thus far over on its right side. It is the really revolutionary soul. Such a soul we need all of us to possess.

## THE PERFECT PATTERN.

Once, in all human history, we meet a being who never did an injury, and never resented one done to him, never uttered an untruth, never practiced a deception, and never lost an opportunity of doing good; generous in the midst of the selfish, upright in the midst of the dishonest, pure in the midst of the sensual, and wise far above the wisest of eagles and prophets, loving and gentle, yet immovably resolute; his illimitable meekness and patience never once forsook him in a vexatious, ungrateful, and cruel world—Jesus in History.

## IT IS A SUCCESS.

No way can be more emphatic in which to speak of the great event of this nineteenth century,—the laying and successful working of the Atlantic Cable, than giving it a simple announcement. The naked intelligence that a telegraph wire has been laid across the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, and that to-day messages "are" going and coming over its magnetic track, is sufficient to wake a world from the deepest slumbers, and move the human heart with the most profound emotions.

The truth is, this is one of those grand events, in the treatment of which language does not show its poverty. No human rhetoric expresses anything, by the side of such a stupendous accomplishment. It so puts at fault even our wildest dreams, that the tongue is palsied, and the pen falls from the hand, as they attempt to scale the grandeur of the fact by the aid of their halting and inadequate endeavor. It is a time for calm and silent contemplation only; for sober and serious thought; for profound gratitude that man may progress at so rapid a rate; for dwelling at home with the heart, and hourly studying the vast and untold fields of the Future.

Our readers everywhere know by this time, that the Queen of Great Britain sent the first message over the submerged wire to the President of the United States; and that the President has returned a suitable reply. These were the first messages transmitted. It was eminently fitting that the rulers of the two foremost nations on the face of the earth should thus exchange congratulations on behalf of the people they represent, and pledge themselves to preserve that public peace in which so many of the highest hopes of the world are bound up.

We make no attempt to speculate upon the probable results which this new enterprise will secure for commerce, politics, or religion. Too many intervening circumstances conspire to make this all a grand complication, through which none but the eye of Omnipotence itself can see. Business men talk of it, some approvingly, some hopefully, and many quite despondingly; it may put up the manufacturing interests, or it may put them down; it may cut off the former chances of accumulating colossal fortunes suddenly, or it may work very differently; none can tell; it is all a speculation,—it is a path that no human mind can travel.

But it is not questioned that it is going to benefit the world at large. That is the great and emphatic fact. The nations are to be brought together, and fraternity of the peoples is not such a day dream as has been supposed. We repeat, that so grand an event needs no other comment than that which its own statement carries along with it.

## CONGREGATIONALISM VS. SPIRITUALISM.

In noticing the picnic of the Spiritualists, last Wednesday, the "Journal" says there were twenty-three cars from Boston, carrying six hundred people. The same paper, noticing the excursion of the Congregationalists of Lynn, says twenty-one cars started from the city, carrying fifteen hundred people.

We are not disposed to question the latter statement, but must correct the first. Over fifteen hundred people left Boston in twenty-two cars, for Abington, so that it does not take so many more cars to convey Spiritualists, than it does Congregationalists. This is a matter in which railroad companies are interested, and might be a hindrance to us Spiritualists, in obtaining an excursion train, if ever we want to go picnicking. The train stopped at only two way stations, to take in a few persons who had been left by the regular trains, from these places for Abington Grove.

The "Courier" gives altogether the most fair account of the gathering we have seen, and deserves praise for its liberality in this respect. It says:—

No picnic of recent date in this vicinity has drawn together so large a number of people as met yesterday at Abington. There were probably four thousand persons on the grounds. Many people estimated the number much higher than this, but it is difficult on such an occasion to obtain even an approximation to the exact number of the aggregate assemblage. Had the weather been pleasant in the morning, the crowd would have been much augmented.

A train of twenty-two cars left Boston at half past eight o'clock in the morning, filled with passengers for the picnic grounds. Trains of cars from other localities also brought large delegations, and there were hundreds of private teams also, which brought numerous accessions to the living multitude. Dr. H. F. Gardner, of this city, was the controlling and directing spirit of the general festivities. After the larger portion of the gathering had assembled, he bid them welcome in a few remarks, extending also an individual welcome to the reporter of the Boston Courier, who, he joyously remarked, had come to write the obituary of the Spiritualists.

The speaking continued almost all day, but the majority of the people were not listeners; rather preferring to seek their enjoyment elsewhere. Dancing occupied the attention of many, and the musicians were kept in constant exercise; the sail boats and row boats on the pond continually traversed its surface, carrying groups of merry passengers; and the fandangoes and swings on the grounds had no rest until after nightfall. But one of the most favorite amusements, apparently, was the game of "Copenhagen," with its promiscuous lalal delights for all who participated in it. There were other amusements besides, but enough has been enumerated, and it is only necessary to add that, so far as could be discerned, all were enjoying themselves. It was creditable to so large a crowd that no disorder or tumult occurred during the day. There was one accident, a girl of about fifteen years of age having fallen from a swing and broken an arm. The Boston delegation to the picnic arrived in this city last evening at twenty minutes past eight o'clock, in a special train.

## CONVENTIONS TO BE HELD.

A Philanthropic Convention, to overcome evil with good, will be held in Mechanic's Hall, Utica, Oneida county, N. Y., opening on the 10th day of September, 1858, at ten o'clock A. M.; and to continue three days. The following residents of Utica constitute a Committee of Arrangements—Calvin Hall, Emily Rogers, Caroline Brown, M. D., Louis Hanson, A. W. Brownell. We understand the proceedings are to be published in a volume.

We trust the Vermont Spiritual Convention will be well attended.—To be held on the 27th, 28th and 29th of August, 1858. This will be the third Convention held at Royalton. Half fare is to be charged on the Vermont Central Railroad. Seventy-five cents per diem at the hotel, fifty cents in private families.

## MRS. COOPER'S MEDIUMSHIP.

In our next paper we shall publish the history of this lady's mediumship, prepared by Dr. Child. Mrs. Cooper was the first medium for physical manifestations in Boston, and for writing, and is still exercising her powers with great success, as will be seen by the account we shall give.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

## SPIRITUALISTS' PICNIC AT ABINGTON GROVE.

Nature smiled not too illusive on the morning of the 16th—in fact, everything was veiled by a thick, heavy fog; but, mangle these inauspicious circumstances, hundreds had found their way to the Old Colony Depot at half-past eight o'clock, and the first train for the grove consisted of twenty-two cars, and probably carried out upwards of fifteen hundred persons. On arriving at the ground, hundreds of carriages were found standing near, which had brought hosts of people from the neighboring towns, who had cut the acquaintance of "dull care," to enjoy a day among their kindred Spiritualists. The number was constantly augmented by fresh arrivals of carriages, and crowded trains from other towns and cities in the State, till there were probably five thousand persons present.

Upon reaching the grounds, the different parties arranged themselves in accordance with the dictates of their own tastes and consciences; the gay and light-hearted ones sped towards the platform of the dancers, where they merrily passed the day, their feet and hearts keeping time to the witching melody of Halls' Quadrille Band; the venturesome stepped on board the yacht Alice, which spread its white wings, and glided about the pond, or were paddled across the waters in the romantic little Levithan; the lover of Nature sauntered off into the grove, to admire the perfect works of the Creator, and to commune with his own soul, unmolested. The heavy-browed, serious, solemn ones made their way to the speaker's platform, while others amused themselves by looking through the microscope, at the "busy world," inside of a drop of water; swinging, whirling up and down in the fandango, or playing "Copenhagen."

Mr. H. W. Noyes, the gentlemanly and accommodating Superintendent and owner of the grove, informs us that only two picnics there have exceeded this in numbers—one of these was the union of seven Universalist Societies, and the other was the picnic of the State Temperance Society, last fourth of July.

The exercises at the stand commenced in about half-an-hour after the arrival of the party in the grove. The meeting was called to order by Dr. Gardner, who congratulated them on the number present, and hoped that Prof. Felton's health would soon be restored, so that he might return from Europe, where he is now sojourning, to continue his good work for the cause of Spiritualism, which would, he thought, if continued with his former skill and perseverance, soon make so many Spiritualists, that Abington grove could not hold them. He called for a nomination for presiding officer for the day, and Edwin Yorke, of Quincy, was chosen.

Upon taking the chair, Mr. Young thanked those present for the partiality of the choice, and promised to perform the duties incumbent upon the position to which he had been elevated, to the best of his ability. The mass assembled then united in singing the good old tune, "Joyfully," after which—

Loring Moody, of Charlestown, was called upon to "break the ice." He said that Spiritualists, of all men on earth, should be the last to wait, at such a time, for the ice to be broken, or to allow any ice to be there to require breaking. He came there with no intention of making a speech, but only to "serve the Lord," as a tract distributor, and to unite with his brothers and sisters in a general "good time;" advised all to put themselves into a receptive condition—to open their hearts to the truths which might be there advanced, and, above all, be sure to thaw all the ice from their souls for that day. He bids somebody had characterized Christianity as the highest type of manhood, but he wanted no artificial partition to separate himself from the rest of mankind. It was enough for him to know that they all were of a common brotherhood, and children of the same great Father. He hoped these few remarks might crack up the ice of conventionalism, and that their burks could now smoothly glide along the stream of thought.

Mr. Wheeler, a trance-speaker, of New Bedford, was next introduced. He said, we stood upon the summit of the nineteenth century—the culminating point of civilization; we have just seen the consummation of that grand international enterprise which unites the old world and the new in a common brotherhood. But in the successes of each new invention, mankind loses sight of his immortal soul, of the angel spheres, and of the God which permeates them all; and now he must stop and reach forward for that realization of spirit-life, which natural science could never give him. We are now inaugurating a new era. While the electric current carries its messages from continent to continent, a higher telegraph carries its happy burden from the angel spheres to the children of earth; and man has but to put himself into a receptive condition, to receive from the skies that heaven-born truth which shall make him free indeed.

Miss Magoun was next presented to the audience. She prefaced her address by an humble petition to the Father of life. She said: "Truth, in great waves, like the breathing of the mighty ocean, is rolling over you, and bringing to you the glorious consciousness that the dear departed are ever around you. When you go away from here, may you carry with you to your homes some rare gems of truth sheltered in your souls, which never felt them before. She then improvised a poem of considerable merit.

Mr. John C. Cluer introduced himself, and gave an amusing account of his trials and persecutions, and observed that if Jesus Christ, of Nazareth, should venture to reprimand the scribes and pharisees of Boston, he would be soon conducted to the station-house by men with badges on their left breasts. Spiritualism was called of the Devil, and the Boston Courier says all who believe "in it should be imprisoned; but all the clergymen in Christendom, with their three thousand dollar salaries, brimstone and small-talk, will never make strong, earnest humanity take the back-track." He said, Do you think the people in Ann street are any worse than those in Beacon street? They are not half so bad. I believe, when the Eternal Father settles his account with the children of earth—when he weighs all the circumstances of their birth and life, the decision will be in favor of the poor, degraded ones, whose only lesson in human charity and universal brotherhood is read on the walls or through the bars of the cell, to which their crimes have doomed them. He related instances which had come under his notice in the courts of our city, where the rights of the poor had been deemed too small to be respected, and said that the man who didn't feel ugly at such things, was not a good man. It having been remarked that a few "fast" people were on the ground, he exclaimed, "God bless them; I'm glad they're here;

its just the place for them; they'll grow better by spending a single day in such a company as this, than they would in a hell-fire church in six years." He closed with an allusion to his mother in the angel-world, in language which touched a tender nerve in every bosom, and into many a noble man's and woman's eyes gushed the tears of sympathy.

Mr. A. C. Robinson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., followed, in a brief trance-address, congratulating the Spiritualists on the beauty and sublimity of their faith, in its purity; and urging them to gauge their lives by it, so that their opponents might find no flaw, at which to point scorn's slow, unmoving finger.

It was then, at half-past twelve, voted to adjourn for an hour, after which intermission, and the singing of another familiar air, H. B. Storer of New Haven, Conn., took the stand. He said he would gladly throw open the windows of his soul, that they might see what was struggling within for utterance. He alluded in touching language to his angel-mother. He spoke of her as the dearest friend he ever had while on earth, and now she was the guardian of his footsteps, and the being through whom he ascended up to his Heavenly Father. He dwelt with pathos on the early history of his childhood. When his mother died, he thought her best friend; but when spirits came back to earth, and man had learned to talk with them, he found heavenly consolation in her presence once again, and the satisfaction that he should never part from her more. He asked, What is salvation? Who would not suffer for a few years the miseries and sufferings of this earth-life, to enjoy an eternity in heaven. He would not have salvation for a select few, but would share with all what he asked for himself, and God, who is more of goodness than mortal can comprehend, will answer the desires of all.

Mr. Eben B. Wilson, of Toronto, followed Mr. S., and spoke of the usefulness of Spiritualism, giving many interesting items from his own experience—the bringing to life of a child, in answer to the prayer of a mother; premonitions of shipwreck and death; astonishing tests through Mr. Mansfield, etc., which partook, almost, of the marvellous.

Mr. A. E. Newton, editor of the Spiritual Age, next addressed the audience. He gave some interesting reminiscences of the first movement among the Spiritualists of Boston, a few years ago, and contrasted it with the present time, when he saw so many thousands around him, enjoying each other and themselves at a spiritual picnic. He said that when Mr. Mansfield was in Vermont, the people, hearing of his flocking to him by carriage loads. He read accounts of the prosperity of the cause from various papers. He said that the Boston Courier still characterized the movement as an imposition and a vice, and was reminded by a voice from the audience, that the Courier could well afford to call it a vice, considering the way it is getting squeezed.

The next speaker was Mr. J. A. Harris, of Abington. He called upon Spiritualists to make their belief practical, and live up to the standard of the highest humanity.

Mr. Gurney, of Hanson, was then announced, to explain to the audience a diagram which hung upon the platform. He labored, he said, under disadvantages, in addressing them, being but a mechanic, and unused to the rostrum. From man's centre there are three parts to the outside—first, procreation and fear, whose consequence is death; second, public opinion, the result of which was the loss of moral dignity and manhood; third, man's individual action, whose immediate consequence is persecution, but afterward comes the recognition of his faith—his martyrdom is followed by his canonization.

Mr. Lincoln, of Boston, characterized Spiritualism as the greatest work that ever engrossed the mind of man. Under its dispensation would wisdom and love be united. Christ was not above temptation, and what marvel, then, that mankind sometimes fall. Many place too much reliance upon the messages purporting to come from the spirit-land; let them weigh everything carefully, and judge truthfully, of what comes, and never take for truth, except from the most unquestionable evidence.

Mrs. Young, of Quincy, in the trance condition, delivered a short address, speaking for an immortal who once dwelt in earth life, and in a mortal form. She said Spiritualism was a great work, and mankind would yet thank God for His kingdom thus displayed on earth.

Dr. Gardner was then called for, and came forward, to recount the recollections of former times, when he sailed out, like Saul of Tarsus, to persecute the new dispensation, and like him, was converted into one of its warmest defenders. It was ten years ago that Spiritualism first made its appearance, and we see millions converted to the new truth within those ten short years. At this ratio, what would ten years more bring forth? Spiritualism has swallowed up death in victory, and we have no more need of ministers to scare souls into salvation. Spiritualism tends to open our souls to a true conception of ourselves, of the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. He prophesied that in ten years more, man would no longer need the telegraphic wires to transmit messages; but would have the faculty of conveying them on the wings of thought to the ends of the earth.

Mr. Newton then read further extracts from the Boston Courier, for the edification of the audience, after which the President of the day concluded the exercises by some appropriate and healthy remarks, and the audience again separated, to enjoy themselves elsewhere.

About an hour before the arrival of the train to carry the multitude back to Boston, the programme was varied by the introduction of a pleasant little slower, and hundreds took refuge in the town-house, near at hand.

It was nearly sunset when the train arrived at the grove, and when it reached the city again, the hour had come when

"Evening lets her curtain down,  
 And plus it with a star."

During the homeward trip we were entertained by "Home, sweet home," and other tunes, which welled from the hearts up through the lips of many a deep-eyed beauty, who caught inspiration from the golden sunset—

"Glorious, as if a glimpse were given,  
 Within the western gates of heaven,  
 Left, by the spirit of the star,  
 Of sunset's holy hour, afar."

and poured it out in song.

This day will no doubt be looked back to as a green spot in memory, drowned in between the days of toll, and care, and anxiety, and its repetition, on the 16th of September, will be ardently looked forward to by hundreds.

When a man is not liked, whatever he does is amiss.

## RELATIONS OF ART TO IRON.

They are not alone teachers who write books for the world. The public instructors do not all lecture to classes in the University, or listen to the recitations of the Common School room. There are noble teachers of humanity, who give utterance to living ideas in the ceaseless labor of the hands. Great thoughts and deeds of moral heroism assume their places and relations in the drama of our daily life. There are Sublime Orations, Airy Fantasias, Grand Marches, and Solemn Refrains, to be heard and seen along the highway of the nations; Impressive Lectures in the Locomotive and the Telegraph; and beautiful essays in the green slopes and fruitful vineyards that are spread out between the mountain and the sea. Irresistible logic and burning eloquence have oracles in the factory and by the forge. Intricate problems are solved by wheels, and shuttles, and spindles. Genius leaves instructive histories in the creations of Art, with illustrations on wood, and stone, and steel. Some men paint poems; others give music an enduring form in stately Gothic piles; and others still work out fervent prayers, and live, great gospels of Righteousness and Peace on earth.

In some of these particulars the accredited representatives of the New York Wire Railway Company are competent, teachers, who have already acquired an enviable distinction. They are employed to define the limits of the real estates of men, and thereafter no man presumes to dispute their solid arguments by breaking over the line. He should, indeed, be a strong man who even attempts to resist or to warp the forms of ideas which carry so much weight with them. The unbroken and unyielding lines of their pointed logic are so palpably and sharply defined, as to preclude the acceptance of any and all false constructions. When those men "put up the bars" we need not expect that they will be let down in a hurry. From every spear-head they seem to utter a sort of *epiphonema*, which, being freely translated, means, "You can't get over this fence!" and whoever tries the experiment will be sure to find himself emped.

I have intimated that Hutchinson and Wicksam are public teachers. They are numbered among the historians of the New Iron Age, whose works will inevitably endure. They are also poets and dramatists. That magnificent Iron Structure over the way, with its massive columns and Ionic Capitals, is an *epic*, with incidents, characters, and machinery, full of interest to the practical man. The principal acts and the more attractive scenes in the Iron Business, constitute their *drama* of "The Times," whose epilogue is the latest invention. In the great theatre of the Iron Workers everything has a place and a meaning. That fence is an emphatic protest, but the open Gate and the unoccupied Chair, are cordial invitations; the Cradle and the Crib are precious little episodes in the life-scenes of the nursery, while the "Lyre Bedstead" is a vesper hymn or a sonnet to Repose.

## THE TWO STUPENDOUS DELUSIONS: SPIRITUALISM AND THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR SKALL TO A FRIEND.

SWAMP COTTAGE,

August 20, 1858.

JACOB JINKE:

MY DEAR SIR—

You are perfectly aware that I have opposed spiritual manifestations, and have agreed with my learned friends at Cambridge in pronouncing what is technically called "Modern Spiritualism" to be a "Stupendous Delusion." It is not a most lamentable indication of the sad degeneracy of mankind that I, a man of philosophic mind and erudite acumen, having already demolished one delusion, proved most conclusively Spiritualism to be of the evil one, and, by my immense labors saved millions of my fellow-creatures from a hell of endless torment, should find it necessary to again lift up my voice and warn them of the danger of another delusion equally as great and damning. I refer to the *Atlantic Telegraph*.

The evidence I have already cited in proof of the falsity of Spiritualism is equally powerful in proof of the falsity of this new imposition.

First, let me declare that the Bible is our only guide. Oh, when I think of this, and see how niggled notions are leading astray not only our young men and maidens, but likewise our old men and matrons, I am constrained to cry, "Oh, Lord, how long." Since the first mention of a telegraphic communication between the two continents, I have diligently and prayerfully examined the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments with a view to know the truth of the matter. The result is, I find no countenance of it. Let me ask the devout Bible worshiper, with this fact in mind, how he can reasonably believe in the possibility of such a means of communication as the advocates of the Atlantic Telegraphic Theory say does now actually exist? The whole affair is a falsity, a delusion, a scheme of the evil one to decoy young converts from the true way and lead them unto death. It is true—the Bible intimates that knowledge shall be extended to the ends of the earth, but that passage refers to the dissemination of Calvinism by the going out of devoted missionaries, who, called of God, flee to the uttermost parts of the earth with Bibles and tracts for the souls of the heathen and abundant supplies of New England rum for their bodies.

Again, what proof have we that these communications, purporting to come from the other side, do actually come from there? Not any. Who sees the package on its way? Tell me that, ye whose brains are addled with this thing, forgetting what the pious King Solomon said, there is no now thing under the sun. The past has no mention of such communication. History alludes to signals placed at distances of a mile or so, but to suppose a communication to come eighteen hundred or two thousand miles, and that, too, under water, is more difficult to believe than that a dead man can speak, as these Spiritualists maintain.

The idea is preposterous! The other evening I met half a dozen eminent Professors at Cambridge, and I broached the subject of this much talked of telegraph. No sooner had I done so, than Professor Q. sprang to his feet and declared the whole thing impossible. Another Professor, distinguished throughout all Christendom for his astute reasoning and philosophical deductions from causes to effects, remarked, very coolly, that it was all a fabrication.

Now, were all the world to tell me this telegraphic communication is true, and produce positive evidence of its truth, I would believe these celebrated Professors, and deny the evidence. It is an easy matter for those who believe in the



reality of the telegraph, to prove that it is no delusion. Let a committee of eighty or one hundred eminent mathematicians, politicians and rhetoricians be appointed, and let them thoroughly test the subject.

These telegraphists persist in employing a wire over or through which to send their communications. I would have this committee oblige them to use a rope, (for what virtue is there in a wire, that a rope does not likewise possess?) and if they could not communicate through that rope, the committee, without further investigation, should declare the whole thing a most nefarious humbug. Then, again, these Atlantic Telegraph operators have their wire laid under the water, all out of sight. Does not this fact imply deceit? Do not the Scriptures allude very pointedly to these very men, at this very time, to this very subject, when they speak of deeds of evil being done in secret? Not only would I insist on having them use a rope for their operations, but also that the rope be laid on the top of the water, in full view of the committee, and not hid away thousands of feet below its surface.

There are other restrictions that I would impose upon the working of the telegraph, so called, but I need not mention them here; suffice it to say, that having the good of mankind at heart, I offer my services gratuitously to the committee, pledging myself to expose the delusion, by proving, in the first place, that the telegraph does not exist, because a communication cannot be transmitted over or through a rope; and, in the second place, that if it does exist, it is of Satanic origin, and should be discountenanced by all good men, because no mention of it is made in the revealed word of God, which word we adopt as our only guide of rule and practice.

I think it high time that an end should come to these monstrous delusions, or else, I greatly fear, an end will come to the world. Spiritualism and telegraphism are twin delusions—sisters of one family—two caps to one climax, and that climax, humbug. The one pretends to furnish means by which we can correspond with another continent; the other, equal facilities whereby to hold communication with the inhabitants of another world. Both pretend to be governed by certain fixed laws, without obedience to which, no communication can be had. Both ask us to comply with the requirements of those laws, if we would fairly, honorably and satisfactorily test the truth of their respective theories. Both are money-making concerns. The man who devotes his time to conduct messages from continent to continent, declares it to be impossible to live without the means of living, when one would suppose that if his occupation is approved of God, and for the good of man, God would provide for him—does not he provide for the sparrows?—and he, who, as a medium of communication between this and the spiritual world, also declares the same, and asks to be fed and clothed by those who avail themselves of his services. Oh, the avariciousness of man! The wickedness of this age! The depravity of the human heart!

That these stupendous delusions will have an end, and that right speedily, I have no doubt, for the Lord will not permit them to continue working ill against the elect. For a consummation so devoutly to be wished, let us all labor. Our colleges will nobly do their part; our distinguished professors, of whom I humbly admit I am one, will bring all their power of argument to the work, and destroy the idea even of an ocean telegraph—annihilate it from the earth, and from the minds of men as thoroughly, masterly, conclusively, radically and completely, as they did the theory that spirits, mere nothing, can rap on tables and write on papers.

The results of these delusions are unparalleled in the annals of atrocities and catastrophes. An evening paper has just been placed in my hands, in which I read of the sad death of a promising young man, by the Atlantic telegraph. It appears that in reaching from a stage, to hand to a friend a paper containing the Queen's message, he lost his balance, and was suddenly precipitated to the ground. This is but one of tens of millions of instances.

Sir! Spiritualism is filling our lunatic asylums! Telegraphism is filling our graves!

Yours, confidently,

PROFESSOR SNAILL,  
of Swamp Cottage.

REV. S. D. CHURCH, AND SPIRITUALISM.  
WEST BRIDGEWATER, Aug. 3, 1858.

Editors *Banner of Light*:

Sirs—Having left the noise and dust of the city for a short time, I find myself mid Nature's halls a welcome guest; friends greet me on every hand, and smiles are shed upon my spirit as dew upon the flowers. The cause of Spiritualism is rolling on in triumph—true, it meets with seeming obstacles, but in reality they seem, for Truth being mighty, it must conquer.

I have, in my travels as a lecturer, met many who oppose, but none more openly than a Rev. gentleman of North Bridgewater, and one in Taunton, both of our own State. The former remarked, a few Sabbaths since in his pulpit, that "if the Spiritualists have Miss Rosa T. Amey to guide them, they would never conquer;" thus you see, although he would consider it sacrilegious for me to enter the "sacred desk," yet my humble name served as an item to fill the vacuum in his sermon. I addressed him relative to the inatter, expressing my desire that he should, (if, after due investigation, he proved it a delusion,) do all he could to annihilate it, and also convince me that I was a false prophet. I have, as yet, failed to receive an answer, and must, therefore, conclude either that the Rev. gentleman has not investigated, or else, like the Harvard Faculty, he has discovered, but is not quite ready to present the result of the same. The latter member of the clergy referred to, presents himself to your readers in the letter I place at your disposal; it was addressed, as you will observe, to Harrison Tucker, of West Bridgewater—a gentleman who has just entered into the field of media-action, and one whom, from practical acquaintance, I can speak of as being honest, modest, and in every way worthy the public confidence. Were your readers to judge of him from the character given him by the Rev. S. D. Church, he would fade from the canvass of Truth—but they are doubtless accustomed to such misrepresentations.

Having received, from the intelligence controlling Mr. T. a statement of what was said under the circumstances referred to, I would correct a few of the assertions therein made. These also are at your disposal. Perchance, after an examination of the same, some light may be thrown upon the facts as they really exist.

Thus is the stronghold of Soul-Truth being assaulted; but, knowing in whom all true Spiritualists believe, it is as naught. May the "Harmonical Age" soon dawn, when all mankind shall awake, and list

the music from the Better Land, that, dethroning Death, welcomes Immortality to the home of earth's loved ones, and, whispering peace to the troubled soul, rises from the dust to the bright fields of spirit-life, where the flowers fade not, and progression opens the portals of her church, inviting in all nations of the earth to worship. Trusting your Banner may long float from the spire of that church, I remain, a willing laborer in the field,

ROSA T. AMEY.

TAUNTON, MASS., July, 1858.

Harrison Tucker:

DEAR SIR—I had the opportunity of hearing you deliver a lecture on the subject of Spiritualism. As the lecture was got up expressly to stop a revival which was in progress in our midst, and as you must have some Christian feeling, being yourself a member of a Christian Church, I think it proper to write you on the subject.

1. What evidence have you that spirits from heaven speak through you? Does not Andrew J. Davis speak in the same manner as you, through the power of clairvoyance? (and, let me add, you advanced but little in your lecture which cannot be found in his works.)

2. Are we to set aside the Bible because you and others think spirits speak through you and them? The Bible everywhere condemns witchcraft; Jesus Christ everywhere cast out devils and unclean spirits—and yet you, in your lecture at the Free-Will Baptist Church, said the Bible was a book full of Spiritualism, and Jesus Christ was the elder brother of the spirits.

You said that all spirits were good—that you had the same in you that possessed the bodies of men and women in ancient times. If this be so, can you so far set aside the authority of the Bible, and Jesus Christ, the "elder brother," as to allow yourself to be thus possessed? Jesus Christ cast out devils; you said there was no devil. Which can we believe, you, or the "elder brother"?

You claim to be possessed, when speaking, of five just such spirits as the "elder brother" cast out. Mary Magdalen had seven!

You said in the lecture, what the people of ancient times could not understand, they ascribed to spirits; in these times they call such humbugs. If the ancients were humbugged, and you have the same possession that they had, are we not humbugged also? You said that there was no devil—that Christ meant humanity, when he said devil; how, then, could he cast out humanities? Out of one he cast seven, and out of another he cast a legion of humanities! And you claim to be possessed of the same spirits which possessed men of ancient times—what, possessed of five humanities?

You said that the present revival was of God, and that those who opposed it were of God also. Now, the "elder brother" said, "Whosoever kingdom is divided against itself cannot stand."

The "elder brother" said repeatedly that the wicked should go away into everlasting punishment, prepared for the devil and his angels. You said that all should be restored. Sir, some may believe you, instead of Jesus Christ, and find, too late, that restoration is false. The Bible nowhere teaches restoration—the "elder brother" denies it squarely, as above. Or, if you say the devil means humanity, and his angels means whatever you please to have it mean, then humanity shall go away into everlasting punishment, just the same; all will be lost in one case; in the other, only the wicked.

In taking the positions you took when with us, you set yourself squarely against the Bible which you extolled, and against Jesus Christ, whom you called "the elder brother of all the spirits." You said you did not come to break up the revival, and yet none but opposers of religion desired to have you come, or believed your doctrine, nor can a revival be carried on where your doctrine is strictly adhered to.

At the Eddie Lincoln school-house, you affirmed that Jesus Christ died neither for a part, nor all, but because he could not help himself. This is flatly contradictory to his own words, as any man can see by reading them. Says he, "I could pray to the Father, and he would presently send me more than twelve legions of angels." "I lay down my life, and I will take it up again; no man taketh it from me." What manner of spirits must those be, who extol Jesus Christ as "elder brother," and then degrade him by contradicting all that he says? What would you think of me—a professed Christian—should I deny the Lord that bought me? As for me, though an angel from heaven should teach any other gospel than that Jesus Christ has taught, I would say, in Bible language, "let him be cursed."

Again, you said Spiritualism would swallow up the ministers of the gospel, as Aaron's rod swallowed up the magicians' rods. You sneered at their seminaries of learning, and called upon all who believed in Christ to come and cast out devils. All this sounded like Goliath, of Gath.

Your whole preaching is, when summed up, the same that we read of in the Bible, in a certain place, "And the devil said, thou shalt not surely die;"—a doctrine contradicted by both Bible and common sense.

Dear sir, Jesus Christ claims to be of divine authority; the Old Testament foretold of his coming; the New Testament claims that he has come. He claims to be the Messiah of God. He spoke as never man spoke—he lived as never man lived—he died as never man died—he rose as never man rose—he ascended into heaven as never man ascended, and he is not only "elder brother," but Lord of All. He is King of Kings and Lord of Lords—the Almighty. I entreat you to turn back again to him from whom thou hast backslidden—if, indeed, you ever knew him.

If you speak by clairvoyance, it cannot be believed when it so palpably contradicts itself. If it be spirits, they must be evil, for they deny the Lord, set aside his precious blood which was spilt for man. If you are conscious of what you are saying, you will have a fearful account to render to your God. If not conscious, beware what you do!

Yours, most truly, S. D. CHURCH.

Had some good in them, was the language used.

No personal devil.

Controlled by a circle of five spirits—not evil, however.

The house in which he lectured.

But because the Jews were afraid of his power in destroying their temple, or religious opinions.

False. Mr. T. said that seminaries of learning were not all-powerful, although very beneficial in their effects upon the community.

The man who plays at once on the trumpet of fame and the horn of a dilemma, got his first idea of music on hearing a hay-cock crow, while he was tying a knot in a cord of wood.

Why is a dandy like a venison steak? Because he is a bit of a buck.

## Correspondence.

### LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Mr. Tiffany's Letter in the Banner, and the New York Conference—Dr. Gray's explanation—Discussion thereon—A New Movement of the Conference—Tests at Munson's Rooms—Personal.

New York, August 21, 1858.

Messrs. EDITORS—At the last week's session of the New York Conference, Dr. Gray introduced a copy of the *Banner of Light*, containing Mr. Tiffany's recent article on said Conference, in which, you will recollect, the Ohioan handles Drs. Gray and Hallack, and some of their opinions, without troubling himself much about intensions to soften his hold. Dr. Gray read a large part of the article, interspersing the reading with comments; and a lively debate ensued, in which Drs. Orton, Massey, Coles and others, participated. Dr. Gray was courteous and kindly toward Mr. Tiffany, and, with his usual frankness, made the *amende honorable*, so far as he thought Mr. T. had any just grounds of complaint. He said, it had not been his habit to criticize men, but their opinions. In the case of Mr. Tiffany he had deviated from this rule, and had charged that Mr. T. was endeavoring to construct a new plan of authoritative interpretation of spirit communications. He therefore tendered a public apology to Mr. T. He had not at the time fully read Mr. T.'s article, and was vexed at the extracts given in the Oberlin paper, and the use there made of them.

This was very handsome on the part of Dr. G., and left a most favorable impression. He, however, contended that Mr. T. had misunderstood his views, and had put words in his mouth which he never uttered. He did make a distinction, and a wide one, between good and evil—virtue and vice. But this difference, while Mr. T. and the old school hold it to be an essential elementary difference in the love principle of our nature, he regarded as one of degree, as to the orderly unfoldment or growth. All our loves, in their germinal aspect, he considered holy; and their orderly manifestation, or the reverse, depending on the degree of comprehension one has, as to the proper methods of their gratification; and this in turn, depends on organization and evenness of balance. The difference between orderly and disorderly conduct, in this scheme, was as real as in the other. The difference was the same as that between infancy and manhood. He did not believe that vice was necessary to the virtuous, nor to the virtuous; and had never said this. But he did not believe in evil, in the sense of a positive creative source. Our highest ideas of crime and punishment are embodied in the teachings of the Man of Nazareth. But if we were perfect, what would there be left for us to do? Unfolding is our destiny forever. The essence within is divinely pure. The desire for happiness is the central motive with all. Dissolved conditions of body, and bad influences, make the difference between men. In infancy the animal part is only operative. The infant knows only enough to eat and drink. As he develops, he comes into the spiritual; and Adam and Eve, after what is called the fall, were more respectable, as specimens of humanity, than they were before.

As to the reliability of so-called spirit-communications, Dr. G. said no one had raised a voice of warning more frequently than himself. But here he and Mr. Tiffany disagree, for he believes that the false and foolish communications do not come from the spirit-world at all, but are produced by the action of mind on mind on this plane. He might be mistaken in this, but he demanded proof of those who claim that they come from the spirit-world. Nothing should be referred to spirits that can be accounted for on this plane.

I am thus particular in stating Dr. Gray's positions, both because he represents a large class of intellectual Spiritualists, in his views, and because it is due to him that the main points of his reply to Mr. Tiffany, should be placed before the readers of the *Banner*.

Dr. G.'s views, as thus re-awakened, were sharply criticised. Dr. Orton drew a distinction between impurity, and a simple lack of development. The one is rottenness, the other lack of growth. The infant, instead of beginning in the natural, and developing into the spiritual, begins in the celestial. It inhales an atmosphere of love, and draws its life from it. It begins existence on the highest and most interior plane of spiritual being. As it grows, it comes out into the natural, the animal, and its loves are contaminated and perverted; and while that perversion remains, no amount of development, of mental growth and knowledge, will rectify the evil. Its growth is not growth, but rottenness. Its mind may shine like a star, but its spirit stinks; and the further he develops in that direction, the worse it will be for him. He has got to become a little child again—go back into his loves, and set them right, and re-commence the journey of life at the point where he diverged from the path.

Several members of the Conference expressed the opinion that the position taken by Dr. Gray, with respect to false communications, giving them a mundane origin, destroys the reliability of all communications. He was asked for his evidence that any spirit communications, so-called, come from the spirit-world.

Dr. Gray replied, that Spiritualism must rest for its proof on the physical manifestations. The trance-stagis collateral evidence. An eye to see two hundred miles, when the external eye is closed, proves an internal organization; and this is an evidence of immortality; for this inner structure would seem to have been in vain, unless it is to have a continuous life. He had seen a human hand—a ninth hand—exhibited, when but four persons were at the table; he had also seen Henry Gordon carried sixty or seventy feet through the air, in his own parlors, at such a height that he could only touch him with the tips of his fingers. The Doctor was asked for evidence to show that he was not laboring under an hallucination, at the time, and replied, that he was not a psychological subject. The majority of the Conference, however, seemed to think that the evidence is just as good in one case, as in the other—that if good communications, claiming to be spiritual, are accepted as coming from the spirit-world, bad ones, under like circumstances, ought also to be.

An effort is now to be made to carry out more fully than heretofore, the purposes of the New York Conference. To this end a series of questions, relating to the philosophy and results of spiritual manifestations, are to be arranged by a committee, and published in our several journals. The list will remain open until the 20th of September; and up to that time, friends in any part of the world feeling an interest in our discussions, are invited to forward questions for the consideration of the committee. They

may be addressed to Dr. J. R. Orton, No. 6 Great Jones street. These questions will be numbered in their order; and the friends abroad are also invited to forward brief papers, on the several topics as they come up, to be read before the Conference, and an abstract of them to be embodied in the reports. They may be addressed in the same manner.

Munson's circles are still a centre of interest. We can well imagine the surprise of a skeptic, on calling at his rooms, and witnessing the marvels that occur there. Perhaps he sees only some of the minor wonders. Perhaps only this, that I heard spoken of there yesterday. He sits down, and Mrs. Hazen commences her beautiful communications through symbols. Among the rest, she mentions and particularly describes a female, whom he at once recognizes; and, at the same instant, Mrs. Ostrander writes out her name. The effect is magical, and the test conclusive.

Mrs. Hatch, I regret to learn, is in ill health. She, the Doctor and her mother, have been spending a few days in this city, or rather in Brooklyn; but now, I learn, she has retired to Hopedale for a time, for the sake of quiet and repose.

Dr. Hallack speaks to-morrow at Clinton Hall. Mrs. Coles fills the desk at Lamartine Hall. York.

## The Buss World.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER.—Poetry—A tribute to Herbert, by Lita H. Barney; Alamontide—a splendid story, full of purity and philosophy—translated from the German of Zschokke, by Cora Wilburn; Poetry—The Dancer's Masterpiece, from the Atlantic Monthly for September, and the conclusion of "My Step-Mother," Original Poetry; The Experiences of an Old Nurse, No. 2, of a series of Sketches; A Remarkable Case of Healing in 1743; Editorials, Correspondence, &c.; Messenger Department; Life Eternal, part eleventh; Answers to an Inquirer, No. 9; Miracles; Letter from Cincinnati; The Communications in the Banner; Letters from Franklin, N. H., and Providence, R. I. On the 8th page will be found a condensed Report of the Spiritualists' Convention at Plymouth—quite an interesting affair, judging by the report. Elder Brewster's 1650 Sermon is especially noticeable, as showing what progress there has been in religion as well as in all other things pertaining to, or intended for, man's welfare.

The balance of the cable remaining on board the Niagara has been bought by a firm in New York, and is to be cut up into small sections, and sold to those who wish to preserve keepsakes of the greatest enterprise of the nineteenth century. Specimens are to be sent gratuitously to all the college libraries in the Union, and also to each and every telegraph company now in existence.

We hope our readers will not overlook the article from Prof. SNAILL, an interested individual who labors unremittently for his adopted belief; whatever may be his ideal, he is sufficiently practical.

MONTHLY SYMPATHY.—The Evening Gazette speaks truly, when it says that there is too great a profusion in the community to expend a large amount of sympathy upon those whose repeated ill conduct leads to the finale of either disgrace or death.

Wednesday, September 1st, is the day set apart by England and the United States for the grand Atlantic Cable celebration.

On our third page—under the caption of "The Experiences of an Old Nurse"—may be found an amusing local sketch, entitled "The Two Ghosts."

Advises received at Curacao from St. Domingo, indicate another revolution at hand in that republic. Gen. Santana being opposed to the nominee for the Presidency.

Gold has been discovered in a stream in Northfield, Vt. Two Californians are reported to have collected in one week an amount valued at \$60.

What word is there of five letters, from which, if you take away two, six still remain? Sixty.

LARGE STEAMER ON THE NAHANT ROUTE.—To accommodate the large number of daily visitors to Nahant, the swift and commodious steamer Massachusetts, accommodating one thousand passengers, has been engaged to supply the place of the Nelly Baker during her detention for repairs. The evening trip from Boston at 7 1/4 o'clock will be resumed, and all the regular trips made as usual, including four trips on Sunday.

A New York physician states that not only have there been quite a number of cases of yellow fever on Staten Island outside of the quarantine limits, but that one case exists in a populous neighborhood in the city.

A report of the Picnic at Abington will be found on the 4th page.

FOREIGN.—By the arrival of the Anglo-Saxon at Quebec, August 22, we have four days later news from Europe.

There has been great anxiety in regard to the success of the Atlantic cable. The first regular message from Newfoundland was received at Valentia on the night of the 6th. The speed over the cable is said to be greater than was attained at the trial at Plymouth, and the current apparently as strong. Shares continue to be quoted at about £200. No messages, except from the two governments, can be sent during the electrical experiments, which are expected to occupy several weeks.

The London Times reviews editorially the lamentable condition of Mexico, and concludes as follows:—"It seems there is nothing left for the United States but to consummate the work they have begun, and annex the land of Montezuma and Cortez."

As the steamship Arabia was leaving Liverpool for New York, on the 7th, an abscorder from New York, named James Fitten, who was doubling on his pursuers, by returning to America, was arrested by the police, and lodged in jail. Nearly 130,000 American securities were found on his person.

The French papers teem with accounts of the Chourbafage, just concluded. At the banquet on board the *Brutagne*, Napoleon, in proposing Victorin's health, made a very amiable speech, to which Prince Albert responded, and expressed the most friendly sentiments on behalf of the Queen.

The news from China is to the 23d of June. The Peking gunboats had advanced to Tien Sin without meeting any opposition, and now command both the river and the great canal. The English and French ambassadors were located ashore near Tien Sin. The American and Russian ambassadors had followed the allies up the river. A Mandarin of high rank, the second officer in the empire, had arrived from Peking as a special commissioner to negotiate. Reinforcements continued to be dispatched from Hong Kong. Canton was much disturbed, and it was reported that several Europeans and Sepoys had been murdered.

From India the news is of but little importance. The rebels had returned in force to the jungles of Juglipoor. Gen. Whitlock's forces had captured Tiorouan.

## THE CABLE AND THE ENGLISH PRESS.

The sensation produced in England on receiving the intelligence of the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable was immense. The London Daily News of the 6th instant, says:

The 6th of August will henceforth be celebrated as the day on which the Old and New World were brought into instantaneous communication by the triumph of mind over matter. In an age of marvels the most marvelous work of all has been effected. The wildest imagination of the wildest poet never ventured to play with such a wonder as this. The despised men of science, the patient questioners of nature, have found the means of freeing the subtle lightning confined in a few drops of water or a few grains of metal. They have laid a pathway for it to travel through the lowest, stillest depths of the Atlantic, far below the influence of wave and storm. The imprisoned spirit, freed from matter by thought, conveys its commands with the rapidity of its liberator. The same subtle spirit which directed Columbus to the shores of the New World now becomes man's messenger to carry his thoughts from one world to the other. The same power which made the needle point to the pole to lead the mariner over the pathless ocean, now conveys man's messages below its abyss with a rapidity that mocks even the flight of time.

The Shipping Gazette remarks that "the pursuits of the student of nature's laws are often looked upon as not likely to be productive of any utilitarian result, and yet the power of thinking across thousands of miles of ocean has been added to our primeval mental capabilities, simply by the fact that such men as Franklin, Morse, and Faraday, were prone to inquire into the philosophy of the common things of the world. Copper, zinc, and oil of vitriol, are very ordinary substances, and yet by studying their properties the man of science can put a giraffe of thought round the world, and revolutionize all the affairs of civilization."

The Times of August 6th says:—"No event of ancient or modern times can vie with the importance of the great fact which we this day have the gratification of announcing to our readers—the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable. The announcement caused a great amount of excitement. Merchants, and every one engaged in trade and commerce, hailed the news with intense delight, and regarded the fact announced as more important than our Indian campaign, our offensive operations in China, or the naval and military demonstrations at Cherbourg. Properly conducted, the Atlantic Telegraph will exercise an influence more important and beneficial than the armies and fleets of an hundred kingdoms."

## ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR SEPTEMBER.

This popular periodical is before the public. Its contents are varied and quite interesting. The paper on "Eloquence" is a scholarly and entertaining production. "The Kinch estate, and how it was settled," is the finishing of a fine story. "Ann Potter's Lesson," a Yankee story, keeps up the interest in that department of the Atlantic. Whittier has a piece of poetry in his pleasing vein. "Youth," "Pantal," "Daphnides," "Hilouis in Springtime," "An Evening with the Telegraph Wires," and the paper on "Water Lilies," are all happy productions, and highly instructive.

The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is as lively as usual.

## MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak at Dover, Vt., Aug. 29th; Sutton, N. H., Sept. 5th; Stoddard, N. H., Sept. 12th; Nashua, N. H., Sept. 19th; Cambridgeport, Mass., Sept. 26th; Lawrence, U. S. Prof. Otis will take subscriptions for the *Banner*.

A. B. Whiting will lecture in Portland, Me., on Sunday, Aug. 29th. He will attend calls to lecture during his stay in that vicinity.

Miss R. T. Amey will lecture at East Bridgewater, on Sunday, Aug. 29th.

## SABBATH MEETINGS SUSPENDED.

Mr. Parker, whose sermons we have been reporting, has taken a respite from his labors, which he will resume on the first Sabbath in September, when we shall recommence our reports.

The regular Sunday meetings of Spiritualists in Boston will commence on the first Sunday in September. Mrs. A. M. Henderson will occupy the desk through September, Miss Emma Harding every Sunday in October, and Mrs. F. O. Hyzer each Sunday in November.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

True.—We have always been taught that spirits to have power to pass through material substances, such as "walls, buildings," &c. We have always been told by those who have passed to that state of existence, that material substance were no hindrance to spirit-organisms. Carry your thoughts back to the relation of Christ's appearance to his disciples after his spirit had thrown off its material clothing, and the statements made above are corroborated. His disciples, for fear of the Jews, while the terrible scenes of the crucifixion were yet fresh upon their minds, were assembled in an upper room, and the "doors were shut." From the peculiar circumstances attending the meeting, it may be inferred that the doors were fastened for safety. Yet the account says Jesus "stood in their midst." It seems by this that he had the power of entering a closed room, suddenly, unobserved. It does not say he appealed for admission, and was let in. However, there are spirits who are not aware of this power. Spirits who are earthly, and have never developed the spiritual man, but have lived to gratify the animal. These we sometimes see standing before a door, waiting to be admitted by the person living. They seem to be chained to earth. Still the power exists there, and needs only to be developed. We will reserve your question until we resume our sittings, and will then let those who ought to be better able to answer than we, do so. Our opinion, from what we have seen and heard, is given you above.

W. N. H. PHILADELPHIA.—We have little room for poetic effusions, and those who write take their turn. Facts are what we want more than poetry—facts are what the public want most—poetry serves to make up variety and exalt the soul, but we cannot occupy too much space in each paper with it. Perhaps it would be well for us to notice receipt of communications, but we have never done so.

## Special Notices.

### NOTICE TO SPIRITUALISTS.

The Spiritualists of Lowell and vicinity will hold a picnic at Harmony Grove, in Reading, on Wednesday, the 1st day of September next, and do most cordially invite their brethren and sisters in Boston and vicinity, and all others who feel disposed, to meet them at the above mentioned time and place, in one general gathering of the friends of Spiritualism, 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.

DYNAMIS BLEN, JR.,  
President of the Association.

MADAME DU BOYCE, MEMBER, CLAIRVOYANT PSYRICIAN, 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. The afflicted are invited to call.

8m Jy 81.







## Life Eternal.

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

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

## PART ELEVENTH.

I thought, when commencing this work, that there was a possibility of effecting an end. But the farther I go on, the more difficult—for when we find an end to truth and wisdom, then shall we find a terminus of life eternal.

I can only call the preceding pages a preface to "Life Eternal," and yet gladly will I contribute my aid of knowledge to you from the great store-house of God's truths.

Men, in the past, have been led to suppose that a truth was born of their own spirit. They forgot to recognize the established principle of Deity that runs through creation. A truth remains a truth forever, whether we see it or not. You have principles that are truths to yourself, which might not be so to one on a lower plane of thought. Yet it still remains a great principle of life, from the very fact that your soul absorbs it, and it refreshes you. I have thoughts of light and beauty that would be darkness unto some others; so we see that the advancement of the spirit lies in the adaptation of truths and principles made by God.

The eye for the beautiful is diversified. You would stand around a beautiful rose, and admire its tints and fragrance, while a low grub worm would feed on its sweetness. You see in that picture an illustration of the appreciation of beauties and truths; just as your spirit beholds in these truths charms unknown to the beginner—the first seeker of them. To you there is beauty and fragrance in its harmony of love. While to the mind of less progression, it would be but dark and angular waves floating around them. All that they can appreciate, they enjoy. You behold them, because your investigation has carried you further. You cannot make your truths others' truths, for the spirit of every one must make its own adaptations.

Oh, that man knew what fabrics their doubts were. I do not ask any soul to be too credulous, but a willing acquiescence to Divine attributes, I would most lovingly enforce upon all. He that regards progression, would never let his own surmises stand in the way of duty. Remember, that if the Universe is God's, filled with matter eternal, that there can be no negation to this ever-moving positivity to thought. It is God's mind that fills space—would you throw shadows upon Deity? We are the particles of that Great Godhead. Then let every soul stand willing and ready to take whatever flows from the word of thought—remembering that Deity filleth all space.

There can be no untruth,—only perversion of light. Things may exist as eternal and established truths of God; but man, by error, looks upon them as false, because he looketh through the medium of his own wisdom. An artist may paint a glorious landscape: men may gaze upon it through colored materials, and the result of opinion is variety, without truth. To see things as they are, should be the aim of man. Let him strive to see the shades and tints of every thought and beauty, and let him look on God's eternal landscape through no medium but the bright orb that he has given, and he will find the light of heaven reflected thereon.

Along the pathway of Life Eternal, how bright and multiplied are the visions of beauty that greet the eye of manhood. And we exclaim, Did this life from chaos spring? Was there once a shadowy realm, from whence that Great Creative Being sprang, and said, "Let there be light?" He spoke. The voice was never hushed. The words, to this hour, go pealing forth; and Night is swallowed up by Day. Still the light of eternity rolls on. Ancient lyrics have sung their songs, and passed away. Empires have faded. Sages, philosophers, have passed on to a higher existence. The citadels of Roman glory and pride have fallen. Nations have followed the dust of Demosthenes and Cicero; and the faint voices of these spirits say, "Where, where have they gone?" Still this mighty little world moves on, completes her orbit, her diurnal round, and the age of light and wisdom is but dawning.

Generations are rising and growing, so that the wisdom is not gathered in one spirit, as it was in times past, but is scattered and divided more throughout the nations. These giant spirits that sprang up in past ages, were the result of a natural moving law, because the mass was not enough enlightened for each one composing it to receive a portion, and circumstances combining favorable to produce spirits of advanced intelligence, the wisdom of ages was crowded into one, making him, as it were, a mental volcano. Every age, nation and generation must have its due amount of wisdom. And if it is not born in successive souls, it must be condensed, and lodged in one.

The laws of progression hold us, and the generations of the day are traveling in the paths of angels. Intelligence and wisdom come forth with multiplied voices, with myriad voicings, whispering—eternity of matter—progression infinite, limitless and without bound! It is the moving of the great and mighty Universe that brings these manifestations within your soul's comprehension. It is the motion of the Central Glory, drawing these planets unto himself in successive motion; that brings your footsteps into the tide of angels.

There are worlds beyond your planet, all undiscovered yet. They are floating like little specks on the surface of creation—and earth must move on in her glory, and receive the light of the coming life, that the rays may shine off from her unto those atoms of darkness. God lights the Universe; planet from planet radiates, as the light of love and happiness is caught from soul to soul.

Earth's children are soon to be in communion with the planet Mars, while their inhabitants will be holding converse with the planet above, not locally, but spiritually. Oh, this fathomless eternity! As we try to sail unto the borders, how faint and feeble grows the spirit. How can man learn of Deity, except as God manifests himself unto him day by day? "It hath been written, 'Day unto day uttereth speech.'" Therefore, must we learn of Divinity through the word of his spirit day-to-day—to-morrow we may see him clothed with a brighter radiance—for the finite cannot comprehend the infinite. We must gather up the remnants of bliss that fall on us moment by moment, and weave them into an eternal raiment, with which to clothe our spirits as we traverse eternity. We read God through the avenues of his immortal grandeur. We see him through the manifestations of his wisdom and glory; and he that would climb up some other way is a thief and

robber. The soul that would build unto himself any fabrication of glory and seek material in any way, save through the avenues of God's legitimate manifestations, is but a robber in the kingdom of eternal glory, idling the "sandy of life away—playing with phantoms and shadows.

The presence of Deity is made manifest directly to man through all his works. He loves thy spirit, through another soul—the same avenue carries back to him thy affections. He guides thee in wisdom, and crowns thee with peace and loving kindness, through souls of affection and intelligence. Never seek him outside of his eternal laws, for thou canst never find that point, oh man, as each atom of creation is a law acting from a higher law, and each particle is moving in obedience to a higher command. Thy spirit, with all its will and emotions that make up the soul, is moving in a circle to his high command. Never write despair upon the book of time. Eternity is the running title, and the leaves are written o'er with immortal truth. Do not despair, oh man! all thy spirit yearns for it shall have. The hungry shall be fed—the naked clothed—every craving soul shall be satisfied. If God hath created thee, knoweth he not all thy wants through creation onward? In the golden future are glimmering, bright, pearly crowns—thy legitimate crown!

Oh, man of sorrow! wherever thou art, thou art held in the arms of Life, and the throbbing, moving pulse, thy Father knows and sees.

The voice of knowledge saith to all, "Come unto life." Yes, come and penetrate; come and search, and thou shalt find Heaven's treasures yielding to thy investigations. Remember the finer metals and ores lie beneath the surface of thy planet, while the more useful ones are upon its surface within the grasp of man. So around thee lie truths for thy day-life, those that thou needest to use—like the coarser ore, more extensive, because more fitted to thy present wants—while the finer golden truths are running through a vein of life, hidden from the external gaze. Labor and manhood must bring them forth, as one brings forth the precious ore. As the miner delves for the sands of gold, so must thy spirit search and find out those treasures that live in the mental kingdom.

## ANSWERS TO AN INQUIRER.

No. IX.

## Follies and Fanaticisms of Spiritualists.

An Inquirer wrote to his correspondent denouncing the mad folly and vicious tendency of "affinities and free-loveism," and received the following in reply:—

Very likely there may be spirits ready to instigate men and women to nonsensical ideas, as we have reason to believe. They would likewise induce men to things not conducive to the stability of man's moral nature.

I am foolish enough about some things; but I am not so insane on Spiritualism as to tolerate "Free Love." But the existence of such a folly as free-loveism, tacked on to Spiritualism, does not communicate, in my appreciation of Spiritualism, any more odium than the existence of the thousand whisms in the various branches of the Christian church, communicate any taint to the pure teachings of Christ.

What man, having a wife and children, and feeling any affection for them and any respect for himself, could consent for a moment to regard as one of the principles of nature an indiscriminate mixture of affinities, which would give him the option of such opinions?

All animate nature gives the lie to free-loveism. We have only to consult nature, and there find the key to what man is and should be. True, we find exceptions in nature, the result of accident.

Free-love and Mormonism should have their proper place. They will have. Now, by the way, since you speak of free-loveism, in connection with Spiritualism, I will take you to the other end of the rope. About six years ago I visited the Slacker Colony, near Groton, Mass. I closely scanned the faces of the old and the young, to see if I could discover in the lines which nature draws there, any evidences of those passions which riot in free-loveism. I believe "purity" was written on every face. Well, I went to their church, to witness their means of worship, and silently moralized on the vagaries of human nature that should "dance before the Lord," because old David did in olden times.

After the exercises were concluded, the elders talked to the Gentiles, (myself one of them.) In the course of the remarks made by the elders, allusion was made to Spiritualism, which, according to the tenor of the discourse, seemed to be a hobby just at that time with them, and one which they adulated in support of the argument that theirs was a pure life.

Now, if Spiritualism exemplified only another condition of life, and men here are so opposite and so unlike each other in their opinions and practices, that one portion should form communities where all the passions which may be perverted, are wholly subdued, and another portion should organize in such a manner that the passions may run riot; may we not expect that in the spiritual world we may find types of these various classes, ever ready to sympathize with, and encourage, and even to prompt men in the direction their natural or acquired tastes would lead them?

Clear enough to me. Perhaps you can see it also. Man is a ball, and he rolls in whatever direction the impelling force moves him, provided there be a free passage. Some minds that are capable of taking a comprehensive view of the condition of society, or of the world, would generalize, and perhaps say that the present age is the dawn of a new era.

To me it looks somewhat like a familiar process in making beer or wine. The ingredients, a suitable mixture, has been attained, and now the temperature rises, and the process of fermentation takes place.

Some of the elements are wholly changed, and in their place we find perhaps an acid, or a volatile pungent flavor. On the surface are frothy matters, which are unfit to remain in the pure liquor, and at the bottom are dregs, which can never rise again, to be a part of the wine. The wine is eventually purified, and the impurities finally fall to the bottom, as dead matter, no longer useful, but still not without power to spoil the whole vintage, unless removed. Like wine, when the fermentation has taken place, a frothy element is needed in society. Let the froth rise, let the dregs settle, and when they have done all that is required of them, let us look for the conservative element, which shall render the wine stable, and yet permit it to improve with age. To me it seems yet a long time ere the process of fermentation shall cease. It must be run through the whole world. New things must be in the place of

the old. The dregs must be thrown down, and the froth must rise. Perhaps we need more of the froth than we do of the dregs, just now, as is usually the case. But when the old forms of government are changed for forms that shall give justice alike to the high and the low, the rich and the poor,—when there shall be no high or low, no rich or poor, but all shall be equal,—then shall we see the dregs, (dead governments.)

In all these things I see this—that the vices and follies of men shall for awhile impart their appearance to society; the passions shall run mad, yet subside. Then sober reason will seek to purify the elements still more, and in this effort will be the changes which shall give to every man that which the conservative elements, "Purity and Charity," shall give stability.

## Correspondence.

## MIRACLES.

HARTFORD, Ct., August 9, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—Since the first number of the Banner appeared I have been its constantly interested reader. The peculiar character of its contents, varied as they are, give it additional interest. Of course I do not coincide with every idea, or creche, that obtains an airing through its columns; yet I believe you are doing great good in many ways. No part of your paper have I enjoyed the perusal of more than the reports of Rev. Theodore Parker's sermons; they are full of solid, golden thoughts, worthy the consideration of every mind.

My purpose in this connection is to comment a little upon an article in your last paper, headed "Miracles," in which the writer takes exceptions to some of Mr. Parker's remarks upon the subject of the miracles of the New Testament. Now, if I understand Mr. Parker, he believes there can be no such thing as a miracle, (as that term is understood,) as a miracle presupposes the suspension of Nature's laws, for the time being, which he believes cannot take place, but that the wonderful things done in the days of Christ, when stripped of the imaginary drapery that envelops them, are nothing more than what is done in our own time, and that all is done in strict accordance with the great laws of Nature. I do not understand Mr. P. to deny that anything took place out of which grew the stories of miracles performed by Jesus. But your correspondent seems to think so, and says, "The Bible narrative of these miracles makes a part of the narrative of the life and history of Jesus, and his teachings are so interwoven with them, that they cannot be separated from them. Whatever tends to impeach the truth of miracles, &c., 'impeaches all the rest,' &c." And it would prove the writers were completely deluded in regard to the whole matter, or that they were impostors." Here I do not agree with W. S. A. I believe the Bible narrative of sayings and miracles are separable—that whatever tends to impeach the truth of the accounts of miracles, does not impeach all the rest, and render it unworthy of belief.

Your correspondent must admit that the actual language of Christ, could be preserved and handed down to future generations, while his deeds, or miracles, can only be described by another—that is, the historian may give Christ's exact words, while a description of his miracles must be drawn from his (the historian's) imagination; therefore there may be some exaggeration in the accounts given. And we have every reason to suppose there might have been; yet we have no right to deny that there were manifestations of some kind, that were looked upon by the people of that day as miraculous; which were no miracles, after all, but were performed in strict accordance with fixed laws, which have had an existence coequal with Deity. God is all in all; he is not separate from a single atom of his creation. He performs no special acts. Fixed laws govern all matter. Those laws are His unchangeable will. To say that God may do this or do that specially, gives the great harmonious author of the universe a vacillating, uncertain character. God has made a law, or wills, that under certain conditions certain elements combined together will result in wine. That is all he has done towards making wine in that direction. Based upon other laws, man is made to "seek out many inventions;" therefore, in combination with human agency, wine is made. By other fixed laws, man is developed—the mighty powers of his mind are made to bear, according to fixed laws again, upon all things that the finite mind can comprehend.

When I see ponderous bodies—such, for instance, as the Egyptian Pyramids—leave their ancient foundations and ascend skyward, I will be ready to believe that God may reverse the order of things, and destroy the grand harmony of all his laws; but not till then.

Your correspondent says that "to assert that God does not perform miracles," we only expose our own ignorance, &c.

Now I do not appear to defend Mr. Parker, as he needs no one to defend him; neither do I wish to dictate to another what he shall or shall not believe. But I have not yet arrived at that extreme degree of credulity, as to believe that God will, or even may, step one side from the grand system of laws by which he governs all things he has created, and is creating, to perform any special act to gratify, awe, or encourage any man, or race of men.

It is the easiest of all things for man, at the present day, in describing a phenomenon that is mysterious to them, to exaggerate. It is done unconsciously oftentimes, while language may be correctly transcribed. I think there is every reason in saying that "because God conforms to invariable rules, and always produces the same effect in the same way, that under extraordinary circumstances, for a special purpose, He may not deviate," &c., and produce the same effect by a different way. Now let me ask W. S. A., Is not God an Infinite and an All-wise Being? He is certainly supposed to be. Secondly, Is there but one best way? There is supposed to be none. Now would an All-wise Creator adopt any other than the best way to produce any effect? Having adopted the one best way to produce a given effect, is He to deviate from that way simply to produce a little wine from water? Would he need to do it, to declare more fully his greatness; or the glory of his power, than the heavens proclaim it?

No! God is not a partial being. He performs no miracles. "In Him there is no shadow of turning" from the paths his infinite wisdom has marked out for the performance of his work.

How stands the argument, that God can do this and that thing, that he has not done? When we admit his infinite wisdom, it refutes itself. Your correspondent asserts that God "makes ice sometimes by cold, and sometimes by salt." I admit that, in the

great laboratory of Nature, God has fixed a law whereby, under certain conditions, the absence of heat causes fluids to become solids. But where do we learn that God produces "ice by salt," except from your correspondent? The facts are, that the Creator has fixed a law that is as invariable as Himself, that when the temperature of water is reduced by any means to a certain degree, it becomes solid, or is converted into ice. Man has sought out means, based upon that law, whereby he can, in a small way, convert water into ice by a proper application of common salt. There is no miracle in either case.

D. F. RANDALL.

## THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

CINCINNATI, O., July, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—Miss Mary Thomas, of Pendleton, near this city, occupied the stand last Sunday. Subject: "The Omnipresence of God." The influencing intelligence claimed to be the Rev. John Wesley, and I can only give you a small part of this very interesting lecture.

"It is conceded by all Christian churches that God is omnipresent; but that he is omnipresently active, has not only been doubted, but positively denied. Men cannot comprehend that God can *come* among us, and enter into our actual affairs. Man forgets that God, the Great Jehovah, the pervading Spirit, the universal life, is everywhere, by reason of his universality. He is the head, and he is the King; as head, he is the director, the brain, (so to speak,) of the Universe, considered as a body. As a King, he is the grand ruler and mover of all—but in both characters he acts by means, and through agency. When man looks at the governments of the earth, and sees the heads and rulers of them, he observes that the laws of these nations, the rulers of these governments,—whether righteous, just, or otherwise,—are carried out by means of ministers. The brain of the man rules the motions of his body, and leads to good or bad results. Yet we do not recognize the brain work, only the acts of the members of the body, or limbs, &c. So the head of Government rules, but we see only the movement of the executive power. In like manner God's spirits come forth as ministering spirits, and act as powers to regulate the affairs of mankind. They are all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister; and it is said his servants shall serve him. But why, says man, is this world such a scene of confusion and strife? Why is wrong so often triumphant, if God rules? Thou forgettest, oh man, that Jehovah formed thee free—that thou hast power to choose good or evil—and surrounding circumstances lead man downwards. It has been denied that this world can ever become the abode of Divine order, and enjoy all the blessings of a perfect union of liberty and rationality. In the place of that belief has been substituted the dogma, that this world is simply a world of probation, a field of battle, where man is assigned the task of doing a certain amount of fighting, for the purpose of preparing himself for heaven or hell, according as he induces upon himself a state of goodness, or the reverse." (Here the world, as a state of probation, was argued, and the different theories spoken of and compared.)

The question of the *reprobation of some* was examined, and it was shown that the very meaning of the word, as it stands, *Reprobation, a trying again*, shows *not destruction* after failure here, but a future trial in a spirit state. The world was called upon to open their eyes to the fact that the spirit dispensation had opened,—that they were entering on the time spoken of by Joel, and referred to by Peter. The lecturer ended by saying that man, as a free agent, was able to receive much or little of this blessed influence. The spirit does not now descend in drops, but in a full, pouring shower, and you would feel it, were it not for the umbrella of prejudice which sectarian bigotry holds over your heads. Down with it at once, and open your spirits to the blessed influence.

Miss Thomas is an excellent medium, and many of her lectures are very intellectual, and greatly appreciated. She has obtained much of her mediumistic qualifications in the school of severe affliction, and she is fully capable of securing the respectful attention of appreciative audiences.

Yours truly in spirit, D. H. SHAFER.

## THE COMMUNICATIONS IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The communications furnish, to my mind, clear and convincing evidence that they proceed from a spiritual source, or an intelligence not now clothed with an earthly form. And they have this advantage over all the other species of evidence that have been produced to establish the truth of Spiritualism, that none of the theories which have been framed to account for the other phases of the spiritual manifestations, upon any other than the spiritual one, however ineffectual even for this purpose, can be brought to bear in any way whatever, upon these communications. They cannot be explained by clairvoyance or thought-reading on the part of the medium, or by any reflex action of the mind of those present, upon the mind of the medium. For the matter communicated in them does not exist in the mind of any one present, to be read by the mind of the medium, or to be reflected back from their minds to her mind. What other way, then, remains to account for these communications, besides the spiritual one, but to assume that they are entirely the fabrications of the medium, knowingly and willfully such. But how would it be possible for the medium to fabricate them? Not only the name of the spirit communicating is given, but often, also, his age at the time of his death, the manner of his death, his place of residence, his occupation, the names of his near relations, the number of his children, the scenes through which he has passed, and a brief sketch of his life itself. Now it would be utterly impossible for the medium to fabricate all these circumstances, without a certainty almost of being detected and exposed in many instances. And the medium certainly would not be foolish enough to expose herself to this risk, which might utterly destroy her reputation and future prospects.

But in addition to this strong mark of truthfulness, on the part of the medium, the style in which these communications are written, is such as befits the person from whom they are said to proceed. It expresses those peculiarities or idiosyncrasies which might be supposed to belong to his character, his education, and the occupation in which he was engaged. Just such sentiments, and just such views, come from him as might be expected. And the range of characters embraced by them, includes the greatest variety of persons, both in regard to their position in life, and to every other circumstance. The communications come from every class of persons—the ignorant and the wise, professional men, mechanics, merchants, sailors, laborers, clergyman,

&c., and these all having their peculiar idiom, their exact phrases, and their oddities.

Now I hesitate to say that it is not in the power of any person now living, or that ever did live, however diversified his talents, wonderful his imagination, or great his power of identity, to conceive such a gallery of portraits, and give to them their true features and expression. And the fact of any person being able to do this, and actually doing it, would be a greater prodigy, a more marvelous fact, and more incredible in itself, than the fact of their having proceeded from a disembodied intelligence. And if there were no other evidence of any description to establish the fact of spirit communications, these communications, in my mind, would of themselves prove it beyond a doubt, or even a cavil. For, in my judgment, there is no other way which can furnish even a specious, much less a satisfactory explanation of them, but the spiritual theory. W. S. A.

## ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS.

Messrs. Editors.—Being in Boston, a short time since, I went to the rooms of Mr. Mansfield, at No. 3 Winter street, and there, alone and unknown, (Mr. M. being in another room, and the door closed between us,) I addressed an interrogatory to the spirit of a deceased friend, and folded over the paper I had written upon several times, in such a manner that I knew it was impossible for any person but myself to know the contents. I then went to the office of the medium, and taking a seat close by him, submitted the note to him for an answer. Here I will state that a friend cautioned me to narrowly watch the operations of the medium, in order to be certain that no deception was practised upon me; and, mindful of this caution, I did not allow a single movement to escape my notice. The medium rested his left forefinger upon the paper containing my interrogatory, and after waiting some ten minutes, his right hand was moved to write, and, to my very great surprise, a pertinent and rational reply was given to my question. But what was stranger still, and perfectly incomprehensible to me, upon any other theory than that the spirits of our departed friends do communicate with us, the reply commenced with my own proper address, and closed with the proper and full name of the spirit to whom my question was addressed.

A second note of interrogatory was prepared with equal precaution, and I was as vigilant and cautious, while it was being answered, as before; but still it was answered with equal success. A third was written and answered, promptly and correctly.

I give the above as a correct statement of my own experience with Mr. Mansfield. It is very easy for persons who stand aloof from these exhibitions of spirit-power, to imagine that they are nothing but pranks played off by artful and designing men; but to those who seek a personal investigation, a more difficult question is furnished for solution. I went to Mr. M.'s rooms for the purpose of investigating the phenomena which his peculiar phase of mediumship furnishes, and I say frankly that I saw no attempt, or any indication of a desire to deceive me; and I do not believe that any person possessing common sense, and placed in the same situation I was, could be persuaded that they were deceived. I have always been in the habit of believing my own senses, when there were no conditions to interfere with their direct action, and it is within my own knowledge that J. V. Mansfield did answer my interrogatories, when he had no possible means, in his ordinary condition, of knowing their import. Moreover, the appearance and whole bearing of Mr. Mansfield forbids the imputation of collusion on his part. His personal appearance is good. His speech and manner show him to be open-hearted and frank; his deportment is gentlemanly and unaffected, and I believe him to be what his whole bearing indicates, an honest man. Consequently, I am convinced that a large majority of those who may form his acquaintance, will come to the same conclusion I have. It is but simple justice to Mr. M. to say, that his acquaintance should be made, and his manner of answering sealed letters carefully and critically observed. Until such knowledge is had, no man has a right to pronounce upon the wonderful powers with which he is unquestionably endowed.

JOHN L. COLBY.

FRANKLIN, N. H., August 19, 1858.

## LETTER FROM PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR BANNER.—I have long been threatening to myself to inflict the chastisement of another letter upon you, but in mercy to you, have forbore until now.

Spiritualism still continues to progress here, and to conciliate its adversaries by drawing them within its wide spread arms of love, and teaching them the better way, the truer light, and the greater happiness. May all its friends remain firm in bonds of peace, and no disaffection be known in our ranks. Brothers of one family should never quarrel; they may disagree concerning minor points, but I find the best way to get along is to "agree to disagree." Our minds are diverse, and may and must differ, in many things, but still agree upon the grand ultimate. Let us look upon our brother's good deeds, and let his had ones rest, knowing that we all have enough of the latter; "first plucking the beam from our own eye, that we may see clearly to remove the trivial mote that is in our brother's eye." Spirits have, at many times, pointed out to us divisions to take place in our own societies, which shall be harder to bear than the persecutions of our enemies. May we all strive to avert this peril, for although the motto, "United we stand, divided we fall," may not apply as the exact truth in our case, as Spiritualism can never really fall, yet it is certainly true, in part.

Since I last wrote you, our desk has been regularly supplied, and services well attended. We have had several fine speakers with us, among whom may be reckoned Mrs. Henderson, Miss Houston—who was with us two Sabbaths, and, as elsewhere, gave good satisfaction—Miss Martha L. Brink, of Manchester, N. H., a young speaker, who by proved very acceptable, was also with us two Sabbaths; Mr. Edward Wheeler, Miss Sarah A. Magoun, and, yesterday, Mr. A. B. Whiting; the poet trance-medium, from whom we received two excellent lectures, one upon "Applaudation," and the other on "The Object of Life." In the evening, the subject for his poem was chosen by the audience, and was "The Atlantic Cable,"—a fitting theme, truly, for the day and hour, and which was handled by the spirits in a masterly and beautiful style. After speaking of the glorious end to be achieved by the success of this undertaking, they pointed out our heavenly telegraph, "on which the white-winged seraphs go," through which heaven is brought to earth, and spirits commune with man. It was truly a poetical effusion, and I wish it could be copied. But I am extending my communication beyond what I ought, as I do not wish to occupy space that might better be filled by those at whose feet I may sit and gather wisdom.

LITA H. BARNES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., August 9, 1858.



