

# BANNER LIGHT.



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A Beautiful Sketch,--Written for the Banner of Light.

## LEAH HEBBARD;

### THE ANGEL-TAUGHT CHILD.

BY MADGE CARROLL.

VII.

THE DYING GIFT OF LOVE.

To-day another interview was held with the invisible powers.

Betty retired to her chamber to read a chapter in the Bible, and Phil was already off among his plants and flowers. So father and Tabitha had it all their own way. Neither believed in the spirit-origins of the sounds, nor did either disbelieve, but both were strangely interested.

I sat by, a quiet spectator. The following questions and answers will give an idea of their mode of proceeding:—

"Is the spirits present?" asked Tabitha.

Yes, was received.

"How many?" inquired father.

Four raps were given.

"Will you tell us your names?"

An assenting reply led to the calling over of the alphabet. Rather a tedious way, it seemed to me, of obtaining information.

James Hebbard, Susan Smith, and Francis Ladore were the three names given, for the other, Incognito was received. I was not impressed as to who this was, although I longed to know.

Father did not appear to understand the word, and it was evident Tabitha did not, for he asked:—

"Mr. Incognito, is it?"

I prefer not to be questioned, was the reply spelled out.

"Mighty touchy, whoever you are!" remarked Tabitha.

Susan Smith was next questioned. She is the sister of Tabitha, and was present yesterday.

"Susan, is Tommy with you?"

Yes, was returned.

"When did Tommy die?"

January 10th, 1848, was spelled.

"Is that right?" asked father of Tabitha. She said yes, and then inquired—

"What did he die of?"

Measles, was spelled out after the letters.

"Was he sick long?"

No.

"How long?"

Two weeks.

"How old was he when he died?"

Four years, was the reply.

"Is that right?" asked father again.

"Yes, ain't it queer?" What place did he die in?"

The correct name was given.

"Did you die first, or did he?"

The communicating spirit had first departed.

"How long, then, was it before he died?"

Three years.

Francis Ladore was next questioned. And so far as was known by the interrogators, answered satisfactorily.

"What do you want us to do?" inquired my father.

Right, was the answer.

"What is right?" asked Tabitha.

Ask your own reason, was the response.

"Must we go to church?"

Do as you like about that, was the reply received.

"Is it right to go to church?"

Yes, if you think so.

"Must we believe what the minister says?"

Betty had just now opened the door and was listening.

So far as he adheres to truth, was answered.

"Oh, let's stop!" interposed my father, "it'll be getting methodistical soon."

"Methodistical!" exclaimed Betty, "I shouldn't think it was getting methodistical, advising us not to believe what the minister says."

"It did n't advise us such thing," replied Tabitha, and a storm of contradiction followed, during which I made my escape.

This last account was penned three days ago, since which time, father wrote to an old friend of his mother, who resided in the small village where he was born.

She searched the parish records, and learned that the first child of Isaac and Ann Hebbard was called James. She said that the mother insisted on having the child named Isaac, and as it died so young, she always remembered it by the familiar name, but the father had had it christened James. Father was surprised on receiving this intelligence, and echoed Tabitha's "Ain't it queer?"

Betty left the house this morning. The following conversation explains her reason for so doing. Mrs. Ladore descended the kitchen stairs, and gathering her elegant morning robe about her, sat down for the purpose of giving Betty directions about dinner.

"Please let Tabitha come in, and tell her what you want," said Betty.

"Why so? Are you unwell?" asked the young lady, looking in surprise upon the hardy figure and healthy face of her favorite cook.

Betty drew a long breath, as though with the resolution to retain a great deal and say but little.

"No, ma'am, I'm very well; but I can't stay here no longer."

"Why? What is the matter, Elizabeth? You have been with me a number of years, and there has been no cause of dissatisfaction that I am aware of."

"I can't stay where there's such goin' on," replied Betty.

"What goings on? explain yourself."

"Ma'am, you must excuse me if I say a bad word, but really the devil's in this kitchen."

"I do not understand you," said Mrs. Ladore coldly.

"Such doin's I never seen in my life before. It's the rappings, and Jim and Tab that does it!"

"The rappings! What rappings?"

"Spirit-rappings! they call it."

"Spirit-rappings! Surely such nonsense has not been introduced here!"

"Yes, but they be, though; and Jim and Tab's at it!"

"And who is the medium?"

Mrs. Ladore's blue eyes met mine, and I felt my heart thrill.

"Him that I said before."

"Who?"

"The devil, ma'am," said Betty.

"No, no, you do not understand me. Who do they pretend is the medium through whom the sounds come?"

"They come on the floor sometimes, sometimes on the table."

Giving up the idea of making her comprehend, Mrs. Ladore next inquired who they supposed communicated.

Betty knew nothing about it, and summoned Tabitha. This personage was examined and cross-examined, in relation to the origin of the sounds, but nothing satisfactory to her interrogator was elicited. So requesting Betty not to leave until after dinner, and saying she should see her again, she gave Tabitha the necessary orders, and turned to leave the room.

"Is that Leah?" she inquired, pausing at the stair foot, and feigning just to have noticed me. My face was turned from her, but looking round I answered—

"Yes, ma'am."

She requested me to go up stairs with her, and filled with astonishment, I did so.

She took me up to her own superbly adorned apartment, and, opening a drawer, commenced searching for some article which it appeared difficult to find. Her white hand trembled as it fluttered about, and presently she drew forth a bundle of well-worn books, and placing them on the tiny stand near her, she asked:—

"Leah, have you ever received education?"

"No, ma'am," I answered.

"Not any?"

"Betty learned me to read a little, and I can write a little."

She looked at me a moment thoughtfully, then said, half-inquiringly:—

"You loved my little girl very much."

"Oh! dearly," I replied, all the blessedness of that affection swelling up in my heart.

"And she loved you?" said the mother, a tremor stealing into her voice. Her false pride was leaving her for a little time. The womanhood, the motherhood was melting into the usually cold blue eyes, softening around the proud-trained lips, unbending the haughty figure.

"She loves me very, very much," I replied confidently.

Mrs. Ladore said nothing for a few moments, then taking up the books, she said:—

"She requested me to give you these, her school-books, as she was very anxious you should learn all that she herself knew. Here they are, you may go now."

I took them and turned to depart. I was alone with her in her private room, with the soft refinement of its atmosphere. She had spoken gently to me; there was a lonely sadness in her manner now, and her blue eyes seemed looking upon me with yearning in their liquid depths. Had not the time come for me to speak? I felt a wild torrent of eager joy and doubt, leaping in my breast and brain.

"Do you wish to say anything more?" she asked, the veil coming over her face again and hardening to its usual aristocratic boldness.

"No, ma'am," I replied, and ran hurriedly from the room.

How long it has been before the sweet request of

Love has been complied with. Dear little volumes I torn and blotted, scribbled over, careless fingers, but their price was above rubies. I felt that they were grudgingly withheld, grudgingly given, but how could it well have been otherwise? Were they not sacred things in that mothering mother's eyes? And I felt that she doubted my capability to appreciate the gift. I laid them away behind the loose board in my chamber, where I store all my treasures.

VIII.  
EMBLEM.

Blue mists were rolling down from the morning-lighted hill-tops, and the dew yet glistened the velvet carpet of our garden on the valley slope, when I strolled out to take my early walk, and be the first to say good morning to the flowers and kiss their silken-soft lips as they smiled upon me. I walked, but not alone.

Not alone, though others gazed  
Could not my companions see.

Mary, with my little Love, went hand in hand with me. And Mary, our earnest teacher, read us beautiful lessons from the brightened sky, the sun-crowned hills, the rippling river, the blooming flowers and the singing birds. Then she painted a sublime scene unfolded directly over the Ladore mansion. Two birds, small, and with somber wings, sat upon the roof-peak, and over them hung a huge thunder-black cloud, casting the whole house in dense shadow. Then there descended a soft bright haze, resembling the rain that sometimes falls at a distance when the sun is shining through it. It flooded the night-dark cloud with a glory, penetrating every gloomy fold, and glancing brilliantly on the drooped wings of the brooding birds. They flashed back the lustre, fluttered, outspread in radiant beauty, quivered a moment in the light filled air, and then soared heavenward.

"Can you read the emblem?" asked Mary, turning her smiling face toward me. I looked up, and saw, rowfully within those walls, rise through the darkening clouds of earth, and soar toward the heavenly glory.

We sat down by the river's side, and within the sound of its bubbling murmur I was entranced and my spirit wafted away to other scenes.

Mary wished to impress upon our minds the error of judging a person by their outward appearance, or by the circumstances in which we found them placed.

So, from the elevation of a purple-shrouded cloud, we looked down into a lonely valley. There we saw, upreared the graceful columns and gleaming roof of a blue-veined marble palace.

Not then understanding the lesson meant to be conveyed, we gladly followed Mary, who bade us visit with her the splendid edifice. We entered the pearl-laid portal, and passed through the superb halls. All within was calmly pure and beautiful. Pictures dim and undefined, but lovely in their harmonious blending tint and form. Statues half veiled in rosy shadow, but gleaming out with exquisite lifelikeness. Elegantly fashioned instruments, whose golden chords trembled to divine melody 'neath Mary's reverent hand. Gloriously shaped flowers breathing out delicious fragrance as we passed. Silver-raining fountains, soft flushed shells, and thousands of namelessly beautiful things were strewn around in brilliant confusion, yet all seeming in place and in perfect harmony, but so unstudied in their graceful grouping.

"Whom do you suppose dwells here?" asked Mary.

"A queen," said Love.

"A princess," I had remarked in the same breath.

"Yes, a queen; but not of earth's crowning. A princess, but not by earthly birth. We have lifted the veil from holy places, children, but not with aristocratic hand. You have seen an emblem of the interior condition of an immortal spirit. Come now, we will visit this queen,—this princess."

Mary waved her hand, the fairy castle faded away, and we descended earthward. We stopped in a sunny southern vale, where, close beside a tall-tale stream, a colored woman stood washing clothes. "Here in this dark outside frame, dwells in living beauty the sweet reality of those beautiful forms we saw pictured on the overhanging atmosphere." She laid her hand on the quiet breast, and added, "Herein is shrouded those glowing dreams, those soft-breathed melodies. Herein is garnered up in golden store those rich treasures of the mind, unknown to the outer world, because unspoken. And though this poor outside may be purchased for so many pieces of money, all the wealth of the world could not obtain one pearl from the inner temple."

We gazed in bewildered wonder. A little comfortless cabin, all overhung with great tree-boughs and over-wreathed with rose vines, topped on the stream's brink as though with half a mind to drop into it, and was only withheld by the vines' green clinging arms.

"Who is she?" asked bright eyed Love, as a mystery seemed to hang about the woman.

"A bondswoman," replied Mary.

Still we gazed, thinking out the answer to the enigma.

"Can you not read the lesson?" she asked. Just at that moment it stood in diamond-bright characters before us. We both answered yes, with one accord.

"Yes, but with difficulty. Children, the brightest

pearl lies deepest 'neath the wave; the rarest gem dwells darkest under ground. And yet flowers smile in sunny places, and stars spangle the open sky.

"Life's lessons are often hard to understand, and often appear contradictory. This is why we should never sit down in self-satisfied ignorance, when we have studied one side of the page. And if, when we read the other, and it seems to be in direct opposition to that which we have learned, it is our duty to labor on; proving all things, holding fast that which is good. If I had shown to you a young woman of regal beauty, with broad brow, proud eyes, and scornful lips, you would have chosen her directly as the queen of our glorious palace, mistaking the haughty bearing, the dark pride of the eyes and the scorn-curved lip, for nature's true royalty. Would you not?"

"If she was handsome, I should," said beauty's beautiful admirer.

"And you, Leah?"

"If she was kind, I should," I replied.

"And do beauty and kindness dwell together?"

"Not always, I believe," I answered; never feeling free to assert anything in Mary's pure, all-reading presence.

"Not always," repeated Mary; "but kindness manifests itself in various ways. Men often endeavor to destroy one another in professed kindness to the race. True kindness knows but one way."

"You are kind," said Love, twining her white arms around her.

Sweetly and harmoniously the golden moments glided away. My time for returning to outward life arrived, and I woke up.

As I passed the front portion of the haughty walled house, and gazed longingly up at the mourning-draped windows; I yearned for the time to come speedily, when the glory of heavenly hope and joy should break like sunrise over it.

IX.

of spirit presence heard within these walls. Some hours have been occupied daily in communication with the invisible ones, but I have taken no part openly in the scene, although I sat silently one of its chief actors. Nothing of great consequence has been elicited; the intellectual capacities of the interrogators are not sufficiently elevated to receive great truths, and the questions put are frequently very trivial. This afternoon I remained in the house, as I now very often do, for the purpose of obtaining the manifestations, though it is not yet known that I am the medium through whom they are received. Father was away; only Tabitha and myself occupied the cool back kitchen. Tabitha was pairing some peaches; I had been helping her; but father made me stop, saying he paid my board to prevent my doing kitchen-work; so now I was mending a dress for Tabitha. As I sat there with busy fingers, my brain would still more actively. I wondered how long it would be before those bright electric touches would steal up from these humble apartments into the splendid rooms above, and the soft child-voices of my darling Love whisper in sweet scripture language to the mother's heart. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Ah! the spirit-rappings may seem to the unbelieving but little things,—common things,—for the shining angels to come down from heaven to accomplish. But listen. When we have parted from a dear one, who goes out a wanderer to strange places that we know nothing of, at the home-coming does not that dear one first stand at the door and knock? Oh! is it a little thing to recognize that familiar sound? Do not our very heart-throbs echo it? Open your hearts, then, sad earthly pilgrims; know that angel-feet are on the threshold when those first faint sounds vibrate in your homes. Open your hearts,—angel-guests will come in to thee, and sup with thee, and thou with them.

Tabitha had just interrupted my musings by some commonplace remark, when, to the surprise of both, Mrs. Ladore came down, clad in soft, cool robes. She looked very lovely, very glad.

"Tabitha," she said, speaking as sternly as one naturally so gentle could speak, "Philip informs me that you still encourage the dangerous delusion that the unaccountable sounds heard here are produced by supernatural agency, and that daily, almost hourly, you hold what is termed communication with them. He says that if these proceedings are not checked by some one who has authority, he cannot remain in my employ. I have already lost one valuable servant by this imposition, and cannot lose another. The practice must be stopped."

Clear, soft, and with a sweet ringing sound the rappings commenced, in open defiance, at her very feet. A singular paleness overspread her face; with compressed lips she appeared to be listening.

"Who is the pretended medium for these manifestations?" she inquired.

"I believe it's me, replied Tabitha.

"Stop it, then; I shall not endure it any longer!" Her small foot gave an impatient stamp, and her face flushed crimson. I never saw her so irritated.

Tabitha said not a word in return, and the rappings continued, now running over the floor like the tripping of a child's tiny feet, now rapping in a circle on the spot where Mrs. Ladore stood.

"Tabitha Smith! If you do not stop this immediately you shall leave my service." The lady was singularly agitated. Tabitha appeared to leave the room, as a last resort, feeling her utter inability to comply with the unreasonable command just given.

"Do so," said Mrs. Ladore.

Just as Tabitha went out, a Miss Myrtle—a lovely, lively young creature, who is visiting at the house—came tripping down stairs.

"I came to hear the rappings," she said, laughing. "I was coaxing Phil for a slip the other morning, and growing communicative, he told me that they were to be heard here. Where are they?"

They sounded directly at her feet. She uttered an exclamation of surprise and delight, and said, roguishly, "Why, Del, I charge you with being chief instigator of the humbug; the raps are right by your side!"

"Nonsense, Carrie; I do n't feel like being teased; it's altogether too serious a matter."

"Oh, it's not. Who is the medium? It must be you. I insist on forming a circle!"

"Come, do n't be foolish! Come, go with me back to the parlor."

"Not until I've had a peep into the mystery. Who's the medium? Bring him out, or her, whichever it may be. I invoke the ghostly presence! Where is the medium?" She was flying about the room, apparently unaware of my presence, tapping with light fingers on every article of furniture she passed. Mrs. Ladore departed, thinking she would follow, but she did not. Suddenly, in the course of her wanderings, she discovered me; a large chair had before partially shielded me. "Are you the medium?" she inquired, looking scornfully upon me.

"Yes," I replied.

"Give me a communication, then," she said.

"You must ask for one," I answered.

"Did n't I just now ask?"

"You must question the sounds, I mean," I explained.

"Call the alphabet, &c. I know all about that; but that is too much trouble; I want one without that."

"I do not think you will be gratified," I replied, feeling emboldened by her freedom.

"Who are you?" she inquired.

"No, I repeat."

"I thought not; she told me the person's name was Tabitha. How do you know that you are the medium?"

"I was told so."

"Who told you?"

"That I cannot tell."

"Why not?"

"I prefer to keep it a secret," I replied.

"You're a saucy child," she remarked.

Child! there is but little difference in our ages. Presently she inquired in a sweet, grave tone, but with a merry sparkle in her eyes:

"Have I a guardian spirit present?"

Three raps came in reply. Roguish spirit, she called a sportive party around her, and she received such apt and brilliant replies, that she laughed until the tears ran down her rosy cheeks.

"Follow us," was spelled out for her.

"Whither, good spirits?" she inquired.

Then running rapidly over the letter, "Whither we lead," was responded.

"Follow your leader!" she exclaimed, as the sounds went like human footfalls toward the stairs.

"Come, medium Leah," she said, and catching my hand, she made me go with her up the stairs, through the richly carpeted hall, and to the parlor door, on which three raps were given so distinctly that one of those in the room came and opened it.

There was a party of some eight ladies and gentlemen assembled there. An exclamation of astonishment ran round as Miss Myrtle introduced: "Spirits' medium," and herself—then leading me in, closed the door. A quiet confidence took possession of me, and I stood unshrinking amid that fashionable, strange group. The request of Miss Carrie that they should attend the manifestations, was readily acceded to by all except Mrs. Ladore, but as her husband was present, she unwillingly yielded the point. All was confusion for a few moments. Carrie related her experience amid peals of laughter, and every eye hailed this new and rare amusement. No one had offered me a chair, so I remained standing.

"Miss Leah, will you please to commence the performance?" inquired Carrie.

Strangely enough I did not feel vexed. I knew they only meant to make light of the affair, but a firm spirit bore me up. I took a seat by a small table of exquisite workmanship and airy lightness, then replied to the merry Carrie:

"Give me paper and pencil, and I will."

Mrs. Ladore gazed in amazement at what no doubt appeared to her the boldest affront, and several of the ladies moved further back, lest a soft fold of their splendid dresses should touch my coarse, callous frock. I heard one indolent-looking young man say languidly, that I was very pretty. Carrie came flying back with the paper, and gave me her own, fairy, gold pencil. I felt a strong impression that I was to write automatically, and no one must look on while I did so.

"You must go away," I said to Carrie, who had taken a position that would enable her to see. She laughed, and withdrew to whisper gaily to the indolent youth who lounged on a sofa.

Controlled by a strong will power, I wrote with astonishing rapidity. So fast did the pencil pursue its gleamy way over the paper, that I had scarce any knowledge of what was penned; I could not follow the words. That which was written appeared to be letters, each in an entirely different style—some beginning "Dear Sister," others, "Dear Child,



Brother," and some addressed to the Christian name, as "Dear William."

Of those present I knew nothing—not even the names of the majority were familiar to me, and I also knew nothing whatever concerning their spiritual friends. When completed, I distributed the communications to those into whose hands I was impressed to deliver them, and then resumed my seat.

Mrs. Lodore's paper rattled, fluttered, dropped. "It is the handwriting of my little girl!" she exclaimed. "She's an impostor!" and her flashing glance turned on me. "She imitated it!" and here she burst into tears.

"This is my mother's own writing!" said the astonished Charles Lodore. "This surely is not imitated! How could it be? That child never saw my mother's writing!"

"This is from my sister! Oh, how can such things be done?"

"This is from my brother! What does it mean?" were the broken ejaculations that ran from lip to lip, and pain, joy, consternation or horror, was expressed in the wonder-struck faces.

"Friends," said a fine looking gentleman, whose eyes grew beautiful with feeling, after reading his communication, and who had listened to the discord of intermingling exclamations, "Friends, either Spiritualism is now a confirmed fact, or this is a revival of olden witchcraft. Let us ask this young lady some questions."

Gentleman and lady instantly forgot fashionable foolishness and pride, and came thronging around my chair. I was astounded as well as they, and knew not how to answer the questions that were now poured upon me. I grew strangely agitated; a deep, harmonious sea had seemed to envelope my soul; now it was lashed in tempestuous wildness before the discord this scene produced. I entreated them to let me depart, and rising would have darted through the open doorway, but Mr. Lodore seized me and pushed me back into my chair. My friend, I know him as such, although he had never spoken one word to me—now interposed in my behalf. He lectured the thoughtless, excited party, made them stand back, and taking my two hands in his, spoke pleasant, soothing words to me. I was soon calmed, and then, with my consent, a circle was formed, which all joined with the exception of Mrs. Lodore. Questions were asked, some being answered through the raps, others in writing, both at one and the same time. Mr. Lodore was intensely interested, and if those clear, distinct sounds had been the rich music of his lost child's voice, he could not have listened more eagerly for their coming. And if the answer to his question was written, it was ever in those little straggling characters, so familiarly dear to us both. Perhaps it was for this reason that he preferred the raps. I know Log's writing so well, it might be that I imitated it; therefore it was more satisfactory to him than the other mode.

Many ingenious test-questions were put and answered; names, dates, places, were so accurately given, that had their spirit-friends appeared visibly in the apartment, there could not have been much greater astonishment manifested. I shall never forget the scene, or the varied emotions excited in the different minds. Mr. Myrtle, the gentleman who was so kind to me—Carrie's father—was thoroughly convinced of the truth of the manifestations. He had before received much proof, now he needed no further evidence than that he had received.

Mr. Lodore spoke of magnetic forces, electricity, the influence of mind over mind, and other vague probabilities, saying it was best not to be too hasty in forming an opinion. Another gentleman positively denied the influence of spiritual agency, and declared vehemently that no proof that could be brought forward would be strong enough to convince him to the contrary. "Sir," he said, very much excited, "it is utterly impossible for spirits to return and communicate with us. Impossible, now! How are you going to get over that?"

No one tried to "get over" so stupendous an argument.

Two of the ladies expressed their entire belief in the fact that the replies they had received really came from their spirit-friends. Another required still further proof, and again another was violent in her opposition to the subject. "It is wicked to trifle with such things," she remarked indignantly to Mrs. Lodore, who perfectly agreed with her. "Do not the Bible tell us our departed friends can never return?"

Three hours were passed in this most interesting manner. At the close of that time the influence departed, and as soon as possible I stole away, but my consent was obtained that another circle-meeting should be held next Friday afternoon.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

# THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

As watchers from the upper sky  
Looked down upon a child,  
Laid in its mother's arms to die,  
The babe looked up and smiled.

And then he raised his tiny hand  
And looked with angelic air,  
As he beheld the white-robed band  
Upon the balcony.

But what the hovering spirit said,  
Or what the babe replied,  
Before he bowed his little head  
And, sweetly smiling, died.

I cannot tell—I never knew:  
Some joyful news they told;  
For soon the child's young spirit flew  
To them on wings of gold.

But afterward the child returned,  
And sought its mother's ear,  
With spirit-thoughts and words that burned  
Her bleeding heart to hear.

Softly he sighed—"Come, mother, come!  
Oh, come and live with me,  
In my bright, happy, blissful home,  
From every sorrow free!"

And then the mother wished to go  
And soar with him away;  
The gentle spirit answered "No!  
A little more delay!"

But often from his spirit home  
Returned the happy child,  
And called the mother still to come,  
With such reproaches mild.

And still he came, and still he tried  
To call the mother home,  
And thus unceasingly he cried,  
"Come, mother—mother, come!"

For melodies, as ravishing  
As heaven is to behold,  
Awaits you here, and you shall sing  
To angel hosts of gold!

And then he went—one look of love  
On us he calmly smiled,  
And the pure spirit soared above—  
The mother with her child.

## THE RIVAL MOTHERS.

### CHAPTER I.

It is a quiet lane, which has now become a noisy street, in one of the new suburbs of Manchester, (England), there stood, some quarter of a century ago, one of the prettiest and most poetical looking of cottages. The grey-flag roof thickly covered with moss, the broad eaves which sheltered the tender creepers that clung to its walls of rough hewn stone, the old lattice windows, the deep rustic porch—made up a charming and picturesque exterior. While the most casual glance within, told distinctly the refinement, the comfort, the happy love of its inmates. Everything was very simple, but everywhere might be detected the touch of taste and the hand of affection. In the abundance and the selection of the flowers, which were the principal decorations of the one sitting-room; in the purity, the tender sentiment of the few but choice works of art which it contained—relics of richer but not happier days; even in the graceful folds of the spotless white curtain, which fell almost across the window, as if to shelter from profane eyes the felicity within, you could not help recognising outward and visible signs, that here, at any rate, "love in a cottage" was no idle dream, no sentimental fancy.

The history of the young couple who inhabited this pleasant retreat is soon told. Robert Livingstone was the only son of one of those merchant princes, whose enterprise and daring commercial combinations were even then fast raising Liverpool to the pre-eminent position which it now occupies amongst the ports and cities of Great Britain. Destined by his father to succeed to his immense business, to inherit his large landed possessions, and to wed some scion of an ancient house, whose long descent might cover his own *parvenu* origin, Robert had dashed all these hopes, and forfeited all these brilliant expectations, by loving and marrying Edith Blair. Edith was the daughter of a poor, but gallant officer, who fell at Waterloo. She resided at Liverpool with her widowed mother—her sole remaining relative—and it was while endeavoring to eke out that mother's slender pension, by giving drawing lessons to the younger branches of the Livingstone family, that she and Robert met. They knew the old merchant far too well to imagine that he would ever sanction their union. They resolved to wait—for what, they would not have been puzzled to say—but lovers, if they do not despair, (and ours were too young for that,) are always able and willing to hope. Their prudent resolutions were not, however, destined to be kept. The sudden death of Mrs. Blair left Edith without a friend and protector in the world. Robert at once felt that his path of duty was clear and single. He told his father all. The old merchant's answer was in few words, but those were sufficient—

"Marry Edith Blair, and you are no longer my son."

This was said as quietly as if he were merely declining a mercantile transaction, but the son felt that those calm, cold tones embodied a final and unalterable determination.

On the very morning he led his weeping bride to the altar, he quitted Liverpool, and took her to the cottage I have already described.

Edith, it must be confessed, was a being, to gain whom a man might be proud, and glad to sacrifice much—anything. She was a delicious blonde. To the figure of a nymph, she united the grace and the airiness of a fairy, while the broad, open, delicately pencilled brow, over which the golden hair fell in thick tresses; the sweet, candid mouth; the deep, tender blue eyes, half veiled by their long silken lashes, spoke a true-hearted, devoted woman.

Robert was not handsome, but his face was one of those most fascinating to the opposite sex. It promised a strong character and a tender heart.

Through one of his father's correspondents, he easily obtained a clerkship in a Manchester warehouse. During the long hours of his absence, the young wife employed herself in water-color drawing. A connection of her mother's, who was a print-seller in London, willingly undertook to dispose of her sketches. Nothing could be more charming than the little air of pride with which, from time to time, she brought to her husband the produce of her industry. Never was industry a more willing tool.

But if the day's labor was sweet, though separate, what shall I say of the evening's reunion? If anything could be perfect on earth, it was their happiness. No regret for the past disturbed them; no anxiety for the future. Their thoughts never wandered beyond the present, nor out of each other's presence. Edith's whole being was devoted to her husband. In whatever little feminine occupation engaged, she always took care to place herself so that when she raised her eyes, they should meet Robert's. She read no books but those which he read. Then, her head reposing caressingly upon her husband's shoulder, her glance followed the lines on which he rested. She was not content unless they shared even the same ideas. But why dwell upon a scene too soon to change?

One day, while Robert was engaged in superintending the receipt of some goods in process of delivery at the warehouse, the rope by which a parcel was being hoisted to an upper story broke suddenly; the package descended upon him; he was crushed beneath its weight. When it was raised, he was perfectly insensible, but life did not seem to have quite deserted the body. He was immediately conveyed home. Edith received the shock with a calmness that was more terrible than the wildest cry of grief. She had him laid upon the sofa of their little room. So bent over him without a word, without a motion, without even a quiver of the delicate lashes, that no longer concealed the distended stony eyes, during the few moments that elapsed before the surgeon arrived. When he entered the room, "Doctor!" was all she said.

That one word meant, "Is he still alive?" The surgeon felt the pulse of Robert, placed his hand upon his heart, and remained silent. As his silence grew from moments into minutes, Edith drooped, bowed, bent; and then, still without a word or a cry, she fell apparently lifeless upon the dead body of her husband.

For many hours she lay upon her bed perfectly insensible. Even when consciousness returned, no tears, no lamentations came with it. She just opened her eyes, then closed them—and remained motionless. Only when the medical man presented to her lips a draught which he wished her to take, she turned away her head, and refused the medicine by a gesture.

"Think of your infant," whispered the other. Edith opened her eyes, raised herself upon her el-

bow, drank off the potion, and as she sank down again, she murmured to herself—

"Ah! I must wait until another life no longer depends upon mine."

She spoke no more; she remained upon the bed; she appeared as if in a trance; but she obeyed mechanically all the directions of her medical attendant, and of the nurse to whose care he confided her.

Robert's employers wrote to inform the old merchant of the death of his only son. But the letter remained unanswered, and strange hands laid the young man in his early grave.

A month after the death of her husband, Edith gave birth to a son. When her infant was presented to her for the first time—

"Robert," cried the poor young widow, still herself almost a child. And the tears long denied to her fell fast and hot.

The boy was christened by the beloved name of his father. His little cot was placed by the side of his mother's bed. And Edith, who had at first only consented to live until her child's existence was separated from her own, now wished to live, that she might protect it with her love. She passed whole days and nights by the side of his cradle. Her every thought was absorbed in him. Everything was a source of fear to her on his account. She would hardly allow any one to caress or attend upon him but herself. One thing only she did not do for him herself. She would not sing the nursery songs with which happy mothers lull their infants to rest.

Poor child! he was beautiful; his face had the sweet expression of his father's. But there was a sadness, too, about it—as if his mother's grief had fallen upon him even before his birth. He did not cry often; but he never smiled. He was quiet—unnaturally so. When the kind-hearted and skillful medical man who attended Edith, looked at the child, his face was almost as sad as its; and often, as he glanced from the son to the mother, he was unable to restrain a tear.

### CHAPTER II.

Although the elder Livingstone had taken no notice of the letter announcing his son's death, and had even refused to wear mourning, his pride, and perhaps his heart, too, were wounded deeply, though secretly, by the loss of the sole heir to his name. The ambition to found a family is more common than is generally supposed, amongst the higher grades of the commercial class. His strong will, and the habitual coldness and sternness of his manner, enabled him to suppress all external signs of suffering; but his health gradually gave way, his attention to business relaxed. They said on "change," that the old merchant was "breaking up." His medical advisers recommended relaxation and change of scene. In the season of 18— (about two years after the death of his son,) he took for a few months a furnished house in the then rising quarter of Belgrave, and came to London with his daughter, Mrs. Archer. She also was now a widow—and she had, moreover, one son, about the age of young Robert.

With all his faults, Mr. Livingstone had a redeeming point in his character. He was a genuine lover of art; a generous and even a considerate patron of artists. Released from the cares of business, he was able, while in London, to indulge freely in his favorite taste. Happening one day to be in the shop of a well-known print-seller, he observed two exquisite water-color drawings of scenes in the neighborhood of Liverpool. He immediately bought both. While the shopman was attending him to the carriage, he mentioned casually that they were the productions of a young widow, who supported herself and her infant son by her brush. Mr. Livingstone's sympathy, which flowed freely for artists, was interested. Hastily giving the man his card, he desired him to beg the lady to wait on him at his residence, in order that he might have the pleasure of confiding to her the execution of a commission. It was not until his carriage had rolled away from the door, that it struck him he had forgotten to ask her name.

That name would have startled him if he had heard it. For it was no other than—Edith Livingstone. A few months after the death of her husband, the young widow left Manchester; and since resided in a quiet street in Soho, patiently and laboriously winning a narrow income by the practice of her art. At first, indeed, the remuneration she received for her drawings was scarcely sufficient to supply a bare subsistence for herself and her child. But Edith had genius, as well as courage and heart. While painting for bread, she still contrived to carry on her art education. Her drawings, at first remarkable for elegance and nicety of finish, began to show real power and originality. Artist friends encouraged her by prophecies of still further improvement; and, what was a more satisfactory and substantial testimony to her progress, her productions were more sought after, and brought higher prices. So she worked bravely on; and though the shade which her husband's death cast upon her young soul had not passed away, earnest work had its reward in increased cheerfulness and content. Besides, had she not a woman's greatest consolation in her child? It is true that Robert was still silent and sad. But then he was so gentle, and clung so closely to his mother, and seemed to find his happiness so entirely in being near her, that Edith only noticed his difference from other children, to think how much better, more beautiful, and more loving he was.

It was while Edith was sitting one afternoon at work, with Robert perched upon a high chair by her side, that the print-seller's shopman came to tell her that a wealthy merchant, who had already bought two of her drawings, desired to see her on the following morning. Edith could not help a passing impulse of pride as an artist—a more permanent and deeper feeling of thankfulness as a mother—at the opening prospect of being able to bring up and educate his child, in a manner not unworthy his father.

But both feelings were forgotten when the assistant handed her Mr. Livingstone's card, and told her, at the same time, that her own name was unknown to her new patron. The past rose before her in all its bitterness. For a moment she yielded to the first promptings of her passionate grief. She would not enter the house of him who had discarded and renounced her dead husband—but quick came the thought of her child; for his sake she must smother her resentment; for his sake she must nerve herself to a painful experiment, which might, if successful, restore him to his father's inheritance.

Pale, trembling, but with a high and noble courage in her heart, Edith next morning took Robert in her arms, and presented herself, at the door of Mr. Livingstone's residence. She was at once admitted to the room where the old man was seated, reading; while Mrs. Archer was engaged in needlework, and her son Charles—a fine, animated little fellow of three years old—played on the floor with his childish toys.

As soon as the door was opened, Edith rushed, or rather staggered, up to her father-in-law. Her resolution almost failed her, as she placed the infant on his knees, and murmured—"It is his son!" That was all she said. Her tears told the rest. There was a dead silence. Both Mr. Livingstone and Mrs. Archer had recognized the Edith Blair of former days, the moment she entered the room, but neither of them had time to speak before the grandchild was on his grandfather's knee.

Mrs. Archer did not now dare to interrupt the long, silent scrutiny with which her father examined little Robert's face. As he gradually recognized the features of the son he had lost, his eyes moistened with a tear, and his iron features softened into an affectionate expression. At last, forgetting his age—the lapse of time—the struggles and sufferings of his life—he seemed once more restored in imagination to the happy day when he first pressed his only son to his heart.

"Robert, Robert!" he murmured; "my daughter!" added he, giving his hand to the weeping woman at his feet.

Edith had gained a protector, a family, and a fortune, for herself and her child. Her heart was too full—too glad—for utterance. She could only cover with kisses her father's hand.

In the meantime, Robert remained placidly upon his grandfather's knee, without showing any marks either of pleasure or fear.

"Will you love me?" said the old man. The child just raised his head, but made no answer.

"Do you understand me? I will be your father."

"I will be your father," softly repeated the poor boy.

"Excuse his shyness," said his mother; "he has always been alone; he is still very young; strangers frighten him; in a little time, sir, he will understand your affectionate words."

All this time Mrs. Archer had been watching the child, in whom she saw the rival of her son. Her looks were fixed upon him, and it almost seemed as if they would penetrate to his heart. As she watched, her eyes sparkled, her mouth half opened, as if to smile, her breathing became short and oppressed, like that of a person who feels on the point of making some great and joyful discovery. She looked and looked again. Hope, doubt, expectation, were by turns visible on her face. At last the strength of her hatred seemed to give cleanness to her perceptions. A burst of triumph filled her heart, though it did not pass her lips. She rose, let fall one unperceived glance of disdain upon Edith, as upon an enemy already vanquished, and then resuming her former cold impenetrability of manner, she came forward, and welcomed with the most faultless politeness one whom she felt was, after all, no dangerous antagonist.

Edith tried to smile; and answered her with the affection due to a sister. How, indeed, could she, whose life had been an education in love, divide the hatred of her courteous antagonist?

Mr. Livingstone shortly afterwards left home to fulfill an engagement, and the two ladies and their children, spent the remainder of the day by themselves.

### CHAPTER III.

On the following morning, when the two boys were brought after breakfast to see their grandfather, Mrs. Archer took Robert upon her knee. It was the tigress and her prey.

"What a pretty child!" said she; "look, sir, at his fair, silky hair. How it shines in the sun! But, my dear Edith, is your son always so silent? He has not the natural liveliness and gaiety of his age."

"He is always sad," said Mrs. Livingstone. "Alas! from me, he could not learn to laugh."

"We will try to amuse him; to put life into him," said her sister-in-law. "Come, child, kiss your grandfather! Throw your arms around his neck, and tell him that you love him."

Robert did not move.

"Do you not know how to kiss? Charles, dear, do you kiss your grandfather, and set your cousin a good example."

Charles jumped on the knees of Mr. Livingstone, and lavished upon him the lively caresses of a bold and warm-hearted child.

"Now it is your turn, Robert," persisted Mrs. Archer.

Robert, however, remained motionless, without even raising his eyes towards his grandfather.

A tear coursed down the cheeks of Edith.

"It is my fault," said she; "I have brought up my child badly."

And taking Robert upon her lap, her tears fell fast upon his forehead, while he, apparently unconscious of her distress, went to sleep calmly upon the breast of his mother.

"Try," said Mr. Livingstone, "to make Robert less shy."

"I will do my best," said Edith; "and perhaps I shall succeed, if Mrs. Archer will tell me how she has rendered her son so happy and so gay."

The unhappy mother looked, as she spoke, at Charles, who was playing about his grandfather's arm-chair, and then her glance reverted to her own poor sleeping infant.

"No sufferer," she went on, even before he was born. We have both of us been very unhappy; but I will try to weep no more, that Robert may become as lively as other children."

Two days passed away—days full of anxiety and disquietude, of concealed hopes, and unwarmed fears. On the third morning, Mrs. Archer brought in a parcel of toys of various descriptions, which she presented to the two children. Charles instantly seized a little sword and ran about the room with it, with a thousand exclamations of delight. Robert, on the other hand, sat immovable and silent, holding in his hands the playthings which had been put into them, but without trying to amuse himself with, or even looking at, them.

"Stay, sir," said Mrs. Archer to her father, "take the scrap-book, and give it to your grandson—perhaps his attention will be aroused by the pictures."

So saying, she took Robert to Mr. Livingstone. The child was perfectly docile. He allowed himself to be conducted to his grandfather, and remained like a figure where he was placed.

Mr. Livingstone opened the book. His face, while he did so, wore a grave, and even serene expression. He slowly turned over several pages, stopping at each picture, and looking at Robert, whose fixed eyes were not even directed towards the volume.

The old man still turned over a few more leaves—

then he stopped—the book slid from his knees to the ground, and there was a dead silence in the room.

Mrs. Archer was the first to break it. In a low, but firm tone, which betrayed her exultation, she said—

"That child is an idiot!"

A piercing cry answered her. Edith sprang up, as if she had been bitten by a serpent, and seizing her boy, whom she pressed convulsively to her bosom—

"Idiot!" cried she, while her eyes shot fire; "idiot!" she repeated, "because he has been unhappy all his life, because from his birth he has seen nothing but tears, because he cannot play like your son, who has always had joyful faces near him! Ah, you insult the wretched! Come, my child, let us leave those who have no heart—who have no sympathy for our misfortunes!"

The unhappy mother, with her child tightly clasped in her arms, ran up stairs to her room. There placing Robert on the floor, and kneeling before him—

"My child, my child," she exclaimed.

Robert went towards her, and laid his head on her shoulder.

"Ah!" she cried, half joyfully, half despairingly, "he loves me! he comes to me when I call him; he embraces me! His caresses have hitherto been sufficient for me—have made me as happy as I could ever be again! But that is not enough now! Speak to me, dearest! Find one consoling word for me—one word to save thy mother from despair! Until now I have only asked you to reflect your father's image, and to leave me quietly and tranquilly to weep his loss. But now, Robert, I must have words from you. Do you not see my tears—my terror? Dearest boy, so beautiful, so like him, speak, speak to me!"

Alas! the child did not move. He remained utterly unaffected by his mother's passionate appeal. But a ghastly, imbecile, unnatural smile distorted his lips.

Edith concealed her face in her hands. Her form convulsed with grief, was bowed almost to the ground.

She could no longer conceal the truth from herself. From that day only one child went down every morning to Mr. Livingstone's room. Two women were there, but only one seemed alive; the other spoke and moved mechanically—that was all.

One said—"My son;" the other never spoke of her child. One carried her head aloft; the other let her's droop upon her breast, the better to conceal her tears; one was more beautiful and brilliant than ever, the other was pale and woe-begone. The battle was over; Mrs. Archer had triumphed.

Charles was allowed to play about under the eyes of Edith. This was cruel enough. But her rival did even worse. Without caring for the suffering thus inflicted, she made her son repeat his lessons in the presence of his grandfather and aunt. She dwelt with exultation upon the progress he made. Artful and calculating, she omitted nothing to consolidate her success; and while she uttered fair words of mock consolation to Edith, she tortured her heart every hour of the day. Mr. Livingstone, disappointed in his dearest hopes, resumed the cold impassibility which was natural to him. Strictly polite towards his daughter-in-law, he had no word of affection for her. The poor artist could only find a place in his heart as the mother of his grandson. But that child he already regarded as if it were dead. He became more sombre and taciturn, and seemed only to regret that he had allowed the repose of his old age to be disturbed by a painful and useless emotion.

A year passed thus. One day Mr. Livingstone called Edith to him, and signed to her to sit down by his arm-chair.

"Listen to me," said he. "Listen to me with fortitude. I wish to act honorably towards you, and to conceal nothing from you. I am old. My health is infirm. It is necessary that I should settle my affairs and arrange the disposition of my property. It is an unpleasant duty both for you and for me. I will say nothing now of my resentment on account of your marriage with my son. Your misfortune disarms my anger. I desired to see and to love in your son Robert the heir to my fortune. Alas! Providence has been cruel towards us. The widow and the child of my son shall have all that is necessary to assure them the comforts and the luxuries of life; but I have a right to designate the successor to a fortune that I have acquired by my own industry. I adopt Charles as my heir. I am now about to return to Liverpool to look after my business. Accompany me there, Edith; my house is yours. It will give me the greatest pleasure to see you a member of my family."

Edith, for the first time since the death of her husband, felt her despondency vanish in this new demand upon her courage and firmness. She confronted her father-in-law with an unmoved gaze, and if her bearing was not marked by the pride of Mrs. Archer, it had, at any rate, the dignity of misfortune.

"Go, sir," said she, "go; I will not follow you. I will not witness the downfall of my son's just hopes. You have, indeed, been in haste to condemn him for life. Who can predict the future? Is it not too soon to despair of God's goodness and mercy towards him?"

"The future," said Mr. Livingstone. "At my age my whole future is comprised in the passing day. If I am not at all, I must act in the morning, and not wait to see what the evening may bring forth."

"Execute your intention, then," replied Edith. "I shall return to the dwelling where I lived before I knew you. I shall return there with your grandson, Mr. Livingstone. Of your name—his sole heritage—no one can deprive him."

A week afterwards Edith descended the staircase of the Belgravia mansion, bearing her son in her arms, as she did on the day when she entered that lordly residence.

Mrs. Archer accompanied her to the door. An affection of concern and grief thinly veiled the secret satisfaction with which she saw the departure of her and her child's rival. The genuine sorrow painted upon the faces of the domestics showed how soon and how deeply Edith had made herself beloved.

### CHAPTER IV.

In quitting that house, Edith quitted the only beings she knew upon earth—the only persons whose pity she had a right to claim. The world lay before her, a desert and a blank.

Shortly after her departure, Mr. Livingstone returned to Liverpool.

It is impossible to conceive a life more noble, or



me pervaded by a calmer strength than that which Edith Livingstone led from the day on which she returned to her poor lodgings and her artist's palette.

She worked laboriously and successfully in her vocation; but she did not forget to pray often and fervently to him who had so mysteriously visited her in her child, in whose presence revive the hopes whose accomplishment no earthly means can compass. While she prayed, a look of ardent faith often rested upon the face of her son, as if she waited to see it light up with the soul whose advent she invoked.

It is impossible to describe her patient efforts to dispel the cloud from Robert's mind. She tried every method by which a slumbering intelligence could be awakened. She read to him; she played to him; she placed before his eyes pictures and figures of every kind; but all that he did was to repeat, like an echo, the last words that were addressed to him. She spoke to him of those above; she sought to teach him to pray; but, although she joined his hands, she could not make him raise his eyes to heaven.

One day she made what must indeed have been to her a terrible effort. She recounted to Robert the death of his father, expecting that this, at least, would draw from his eyes a tear. The child went to sleep even while she spoke. Tears were shed, but it was from the eyes of Edith that they fell.

The child, nevertheless, grew apace; and, as he grew, he became exceedingly beautiful. If you had only seen him for a short time, you would have called the immobility of his features calmness; but, if the perpetual and mechanical smile which his countenance wore, those who knew him, recognized the sign that he was, as they called him, "the poor idiot." Mothers hardly think what happiness it should cause them to see their infants weep. In every tear is a regret, a desire, or a fear; it is a sign that conscious existence has begun. Alas! Robert was always placid. If, indeed, he were long separated from his mother, he betrayed a certain anxiety and restlessness; but, when he was again taken to her, he showed no joy—he merely became tranquil.

In this feeble manifestation of love, however, lay the life of Edith. It gave her the force to work, to hope, to wait.

So passed the first years of Robert's infancy. But when he was eight years old, a sad change took place in his mother—at last she ceased to hope. She began to despair. She abandoned the practices of all those affectionate arts by which she had sought to awaken the intelligence of her child. She became still more sad and silent than before—but, at the same time, her love for him increased, if that indeed were possible.

Robert completed his eleventh year. Then commenced the last phase of his mother's life. Talked stout for his age, he had no need of the constant care and attention which his infancy demanded. He walked about the garden of a neighboring square by himself. He would willingly accompany any of his mother's few friends. The enforced activity of the nurse no longer distracted her grief. Her occupation was over. The fatigue and exhaustion of her efforts, continued without result for so many years, now fell upon her. She declined rapidly. Consumption seized her for its prey.

I draw a veil over the anguish she felt at the thought of leaving Robert alone in the world, without friends, without means of subsistence, without a protector. Oh! how hard she tried to live! But all was in vain. The piteous disease made constant and even rapid progress.

As she felt herself approaching her end, she grew more reluctant to allow Robert to quit the house. She could not bear him out of her sight.

"Stay with me," she would say, beseechingly.

And Robert, always happy near his mother, never refused to sit down at her feet. She would look at him, without once taking off her eyes, until she was blinded by a torrent of tears. Then, pressing him to her heart, she would exclaim, in a kind of delirium—

"Oh! if the soul, which is about to leave my body, could become the soul of my child, how happy I should be to die."

Edith was too deeply imbued with religious feelings entirely to despair of the divine pity and mercy. As she sank towards the grave, and drew nearer to heaven, the dreams of other days again visited her. There were times when she still seemed to hope that Robert would pass out of the cloud which shadowed him. Still, it was indeed sad to see that poor mother dying slowly before the eyes of her son—of a son who did not understand her, and who even smiled when she embraced him.

"He will not regret me," said she: "he will not shed a tear over my grave; he will not even remember me."

One morning, she sent, at an early hour, for the clergyman of the parish, who had attended her with the most constant and affectionate solicitude. She had not been able to leave her bed, and with her poor wan hand, she pointed to a sheet of paper, upon which some lines were traced.

"Mr. Aton," she said, softly, "I can write no more; will you finish that letter for me?"

The letter, so far as it was written, was as follows:—

Sir—It is the last time that I shall write to you. While health is restored to your old age, I am ill—am on the point of death. I leave your grandson, Robert Livingstone, without protector. Before I die, I wish to recall kindly your recollection. I ask for him not so much a share of your fortune as a place in your heart. During his whole life he has only understood one thing—the love of his mother. And yet I must now quit him forever! Do love him, sir; he only understands love!

She had not been able to continue. The clergyman added—

Mrs. Robert Livingstone has but a few days to live. What are the wishes of Mr. Livingstone in regard to the child which bears his name?

#### CHAPTER V.

The letter thus completed was dispatched. The dying woman anxiously awaited the result. She was now confined to her bed. Robert, seated near her, held her hand in his whole day; his mother every now and then made a faint attempt to smile upon him; she even began to speak to him once more in the old way, as if she thought that after her death the words which she spoke might return to his memory. She gave him the advice and instruction which she would have given to one in the full possession of his reason.

"Who knows, sir?" said she to Mr. Aton; "perhaps one day he will find my words graven on his heart."

A week elapsed. Death gradually approached; and, submissive as Edith was under the blessed guidance of religion, it was still impossible that she should not at moments feel bitterly the anguish of

separation, and despond at the uncertain future of her son.

The last day of Edith Livingstone arrived. The sun had set. She sat by the open window in the lingering twilight. Her son was folded in her arms. She kissed his forehead and his hair almost every moment, weeping sadly as she did so.

"Poor child!" at last she exclaimed, "what will become of you? Oh! listen to me, Robert, I am dying. Your father is dead also. You will, in future, be alone. You must pray to God. I leave you in His hands who watches over the least of His creatures; He will surely watch over the poor orphan. Dearest child, look at me, listen to me!—try to understand that I die, in order that you may one day remember me."

And then her voice failed her; she could only press her son convulsively to her heart.

At that moment a carriage drew up to the door. Mr. Livingstone and Mrs. Archer got out and went into the house. It would have chilled your heart had you seen them. There was no sympathy with the poor withered flower within, on the part of that calm, cold, austere man, or of the proud, selfish woman who followed him, and who came there to witness what was to them a happy event—the death of an ancient rival. They entered Edith's chamber—so simply, so neatly, though poorly furnished—so different from the apartments which she abandoned in Belgravia. They approached the bed, under the white curtains of which Edith, pale, but still beautiful, held her son to her heart. They stood, one on each side of that couch of death, but neither of them found an affectionate word to console the poor woman, whose glance was raised appealingly to them. Some cold phrases, some meaningless words, dropped falteringly from their lips. They turned away their eyes, and persuading themselves that Edith neither saw nor understood them, they contented themselves with waiting until she was dead, without even endeavoring to impart to their countenances an expression of affection or regret. Edith fixed her dying looks upon them, and as she did so, a sudden terror seized her heart.

She understood for the first time Mrs. Archer's real feelings—the profound indifference and egotism of Mr. Livingstone. She understood, in fact, that they were the enemies and not the protectors of her son. Despair and alarm were painted upon her countenance. She did not even try to implore these pitiless beings. With a convulsive movement, she drew Robert still more tightly to her, and summoning all her remaining strength for one final effort—

"My child, my poor child!" cried she, with a last kiss, "you have no support left on earth; God alone is good! Oh, assist and protect my child!"

With this cry of love, this last prayer, her life exhaled; her arms relaxed, her lips rested motionless on Robert's forehead. She was dead—dead under the eyes of those who to the last refused her one word of affection—dead without alarming Mrs. Archer even by an attempt to obtain a revocation of the sentence which deprived her son of his inheritance—dead, leaving to her antagonist a victory which seemed complete.

There was silence in the chamber. No one spoke or moved. The proudest and coldest feel awe in the presence of death. Mr. Livingstone and Mrs. Archer knelt by the bedside of their victim. In a few minutes the former rose and said, to the only attendant of Edith—

"Take that child out of his mother's room, and follow me. I will explain to you my intentions with respect to him."

The servant immediately approached Robert, and gently tried to raise him, and lead him from the chamber. But the boy resisted, and only held the dead body of his mother more tightly pressed to his heart. The woman renewed her efforts. Then Robert yielded: he moved away. His beautiful face was suffused with tears. Before that day he had never wept. All present were thunderstruck. No one opposed him, when he again threw himself upon the body of his mother.

"Take him away!" again said Mr. Livingstone.

"Ah, sir, he is crying," said the woman; "let his tears have time to flow."

Then leaning over him, and taking hold of one of his hands, which he relinquished to her—"why are you crying, dear?" she said.

A second time Robert turned his head. Then, while his countenance expressed the most intense grief, he answered, in a low voice—

"My mother is dead!"

His eyes were full of intelligence. His tears did not flow without a cause. His voice was broken, as it is when the heart suffers.

"Ah! my poor mistress was, indeed, right," said the servant, "never to despair of the goodness of Heaven!"

Mr. Livingstone started. Mrs. Archer became pale as the dead Edith.

"My dear mother!—my dear mother!" exclaimed the poor child.

Then, repeating these words of Edith, which, as she had truly said, he would find some day graven on his heart, he went on—

"I die, my son; your father is already dead; you are alone upon earth! You must pray to God."

So saying, he knelt by the bedside of his mother, joined his little trembling hands together, and raising to heaven a look, in which there was no vacancy now, he murmured—

"Oh, Lord have mercy on me!"

Edith, dead at the feet of Mrs. Archer, was still victorious over her rival. It was not the servant who now led away Robert. Mr. Livingstone carried his grandson out of the room in his arms.

But little more remains to tell. Robert perfectly restored to his reason, became the idol of his grandfather, whose tenderness for him was increased by the remorse which the recollection of the past brought him. The old man lived many years, during which his only pleasure was to watch over the education, and anticipate every possible want of his son's child. On his death, Robert inherited the whole of his vast fortune.

The records of medical science contain more than one example of slumbering intelligence, aroused by a sudden and violent moral shock. The facts which we have just narrated are, therefore, susceptible of a natural explanation. But the poor whom Edith's charity had succored, even when she was herself but little more rich, always retained the belief that what they had often heard her ask, was granted, and that the soul of the mother had passed at the moment of death into the body of her son. It is a touching and beautiful faith.

One of the toasts drunk at a recent celebration was—*"Woman! she requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself."*

#### STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY OUR JOURNAL.

All day I wandered through the rustling grove,  
Where trembling leaves made music on the air—  
No melody of grief, no song of love—  
But tinkling notes of thankfulness were there.  
Fair flowers rose in perfume from the sod,  
And blent their richness with the praise to God.

The brooklet rippled past the moss-clad cave,  
Whose hollow stillness echoed back its mirth;  
The swallow dipped his wing within the eave,  
And wheeled and chirped above the grateful earth;  
The startled wren swift through the grasses fled,  
And sought her secret corner in the shed.

The wild deer treads upon some wasted limb,  
And terrified, starts off in rapid flight,  
And seeks the distant wood, whose shadows dim  
And clustering leaves, enhance continuous night;  
In whose romantic scenes contentment reigns,  
All undisturbed by mankind's griefs or pains.

Up through the bed of green above the rest,  
A towering pine-tree pierces through the day;  
A raven slowly flapping from the west,  
Wings awkwardly towards its lonely spray,  
To watch above its nest with ready tongue,  
Careless for self, calm patience for its young.

I listen to the language of the breeze,  
And long to quirk the haunts of peopled din,  
To live within this wilderness of trees,  
Where nought but God and self could enter in—  
But not! Society was made for man—  
His being cannot thwart the heavenly plan.

Here thought supremely reigns, affection's throbs  
Fill all my being with a wondrous spell,  
And heart is gay, no limits here to rob  
My joys, and leave a grief too sad to tell;  
And nature's lessons stand the test of years,  
Engraved upon the heart through sorrow's tears.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### My Aunt's Coiffeur.

BY KATE KEITH.

My father died before I could remember him, and my mother, left with a handsome independence, was induced to request his unmarried sister to reside with her, partly for the sake of society, and partly with a view of affording a comfortable home to Miss Vavasour.

Several years my mother's senior, this lady had attained in single blessedness to that outward period of life known as "the shady side of thirty;" but although her charms were somewhat on the wane, her vanity was as flourishing as in the bloom of sixteen, when the credit of youth pictures a conquest in every glance, and a suitor in every beam; and perhaps her want of success in matrimonial angling, instead of depressing her perseverance, piqued her to continued exertions.

In consequence, her wardrobe was "the gayest of the gay," and the milliners of — who constantly ransacking their stores to supply her with the choicest and most attractive specimens of their skill. Half the day was invariably spent in the mysteries of the toilette, and the remaining moiety was devoted to the exhibition of her attractions.

Young as I was, I can well remember contrasting her showy, ostentatious appearance, her heavy face and form, and her faded juvenility, with the shadowy attire, the slender figure and pale countenance of my mother, rendered more interesting by the slight touch of sadness in her features.

In disposition, my aunt was, coarsely kind; her mind was business, and her wit was always too violent to please me. In company this roughness was, however, entirely discarded, and my good relative thought fit to replace it with a mingled delicacy of manner, and an affectation of sentiment diametrically opposite to her real character.

Of course, she presumed that the susceptibility of Lydia Languish was more captivating than the rude spirits of the romp; but truth demands this confession, that, with the exception of a supernumerary Colonel who lived *vis-a-vis*, and used to smoke an immense hookah in his verandah, in the hot days of August, no individual wearing male attire was suspected of harboring tender designs against the maiden heart of Miss Eleanor Vavasour.

Eleanor! the name sounds too romantic by half, and I must clear myself of any imputation of favoring the cognomen, by admitting the fact of having once peeped into an old silver-clasped prayer-book of my aunt's, which I found under the cushion of her chair, sadly thumbing at a particular ceremony; in the bright leaf of this relic, I contrived to make out, in a somewhat venerable hand—

"Miss Ellen Vavasour, born January 17th,"—the original year had been sedulously erased, and in a much fresher ink, "1812" smiled its untruth upon the eye.

Plain Ellen was, however, refined in Eleanor, for, like many others, my aunt fancifully supposed that an additional syllable or two would increase the harmony and polish the rusticity of the appellation which she had received at the baptismal font.

Having, in some way or another, recommended myself highly to the good graces of my relation, I was one afternoon permitted to accompany her to her chamber, where she was about to try the effect of a new cap, adorned with a variety of flowers and ribbons, and, according to the *marchande de modes*, "the very ditto of the one worn by the Duchess of D— at the last *déjeuner-a-la-fourchette* at Carlton House."

The cap was a nonpareil, imitable by Herbut himself; it had been just consigned from one of the first houses in town—it had been seen by no one, actually not touched; and was submitted to Miss Vavasour as an article of supreme ton, peculiarly adapted to her style.

Such was the specious insinuation of Mrs. Green; and triumphing in the acquisition, my aunt complacently proceeded to take the precious deposit from the bandbox, in which it was enshrined, and to disencumber it of the tissue paper that protected it from profane eyes.

It was tied on—adjusted in a thousand ways—now placed upon the right side, then upon the left—this moment perched upon the back of the head—and the next stuck forward upon the brow; it was the same of perfection—

"Charming! Delightful! Elegant! Fascinating thing! What would the Colonel think?" and as she uttered these exclamations of pleasure, her eyes rested with supreme satisfaction on the mirror.

The superstructure of lace and ribbons was at length taken off, and carefully placed upon the table, but now my aunt discovered that an extra sprig of jessamine, tastefully inserted close to the left ear, would leave nothing to be wished for, and in great haste she quitted the room to despatch a messenger to Mrs. Green, for the requisite addition, as the cap was to be displayed that evening.

#### And now the catastrophe approaches.

Among the curiosities, animals and inanimate, which my aunt's military admirer had imported from the Indies, was a long, brown, impudent, and maliciously inclined monkey, that the fondness or the carelessness of its master permitted to range at large.

This creature, at once my terror and aversion, after having for some time reconnoitred our premises, had gradually insinuated itself as a kind of visitor to the garden; and finding that Miss Vavasour viewed its approaches with a glance of indulgence, it presumed to pillage the fruit trees, rob the hives of their honey, and commit several other depredations in the place.

Respect for the Colonel restrained by mother from ordering the animal the chastisement it deserved, and the result was, that, fondled by my aunt, the creature became so daring as frequently to jump in at the windows, and play a thousand antics, while its hideous grinning, and uncouth resemblance to the human shape, filled me with apprehension, and usually banished me from the circle of its gambols.

It so happened, unluckily for me, that this very afternoon, the Colonel had fallen asleep in his verandah, and the nimble favorite, escaping from attendance, made an excursion to our garden; tired with scampering over the flower beds, it drew near to the open casement, and, unperceived, had doubtless watched the whole proceeding of my aunt, while she was trying on her cap.

The first notice that I received of the animal's vicinity, was the velvety chattering which it made as it sprang in at the window, the moment that my protectress quitted the apartment; in an instant the cap, the glory of the milliner, the exultation of my aunt, the "counterpart of that worn by the Duchess of D—," was clutched in the vile paws of the monkey, and oh! profanation upon profanations, forced upon its loathsome head, while, with many a ludicrous imitation of my aunt's movements, the creature sidled to and fro before the glass, simpering, smirking, and chuckling most abominably in its glee.

Actual consternation tied my tongue. I stared with incredulity, scarcely believing that there was aught so daring upon earth, as thus unceremoniously to tread the snare appertaining to my aunt, whose wardrobe I had been taught to behold with the most religious veneration.

Many minutes were not allowed me for the indulgence of my wonder; footsteps sounded on the staircase, the invader took the alarm, and with one bound cleared the window. My aunt entered.

"The cap! the cap! the cap! where is the cap?" Speechless with terror, I could only point to the open casement, from which the monkey might be seen scudding down the gravelled pathway, with the coiffeur upon his head, and the delicate ribbons fluttering like streams in the air.

A scream of passion burst from my aunt, and brought my mother to the spot; the alarm was given, the servants hurried in all directions after the plunderer, but its natural agility enabled it to escape, and after scrambling over the wall, it jumped in at the verandah, where the Colonel was napping, ensconced itself beside him, and gibbered down exultingly at its pursuers.

The nabob awoke—a fit of laughter brought on a cough, which threatened to terminate together his silent courtship of my aunt and his existence; but, recovered from the attack, he corrected the wilful animal with his rattle, for its breach of propriety, and sent a black servant over with the cap, torn, soiled, and rumpled as it was, and a note to the following effect:—

"Colonel Pillchoddy's compliments to Miss Vavasour; regrets that so untoward an accident should have taken place through the rambling propensities of Squatta; and asks some acknowledgment of his concern. Colonel P. begs Miss V.'s acceptance of the accompanying trifles."

These trifles consisted of a piece of veritable India muslin, sufficient in quantity to make some two or three dresses for my good aunt; a huge necklace of amber, and a teapot, as ugly as invention could make it, with a hideous little idol carved upon the handle and lid.

My mother smiled, my aunt was in raptures; the muslin, the necklace, the teapot, all were "beautiful! exquisite! invaluable!" and the Colonel's generosity, delicacy, and gallantry, were applauded to the skies.

But, unfortunately, my aunt's visions of domestic enjoyment faded into air; the verandah was deserted, the Colonel (Colonels are not more constant than other people,) departed for Cheltenham, and Miss Eleanor Vavasour seemed likely to vegetate as a lone evergreen, to the end of her days.

Still, in spite of all appearances, in spite of the ominous taciturnity and willful absenteeism of her white-headed admirer, my aunt dwelt fondly on her anticipations of wedded harmony.

The silver-clasped prayer-book was often hastily consigned to the cushion of her chair, when an unexpected *entree* took place; a new and complete "lotter-writer," elegantly bound in rose-colored morocco, found its way into the polished ebony escrutoiro of Miss Eleanor, and sundry tastefully-chosen sheets of tinted vellum paper, significantly enriched with marginal designs of cupids, hearts, wreaths, and true love's knots, reposed in the same mysterious sanctuaries, awaiting the moment when their mistress would draw them forth, to trace her replies to the ardent epistles of the Colonel.

Beside these certain indices of my aunt's "malden meditations," there were others comprised in various obscure hints, and pleasant insinuations, in which she indulged, accompanying them by a smile, and a pretty flirting of her fan, which, on these occasions, she usually held before her cheek in the manner of a bashful and blushing girl.

But alas! for these tender dreams of her imagination! Alas! for these brilliant fabrics of her own creation—one fatal paragraph in the newspaper destroyed them in a moment, and forever.

"At Cheltenham, on the first of April, after a courtship of ten days, Colonel Pillchoddy, aged sixty-four, to Mrs. Bridget Bloomed, aged forty-two, late house-keeper to the gallant officer."

On reading the above, my aunt shrieked, kicked, and fainted,—salt, hartshorn, and cold water, were plentifully applied; and at length the fair deceived recovered, to rail eternally against the perfidy and inconstancy of man, and the fond credulity of woman.

"Is a man and his wife both one?" asked the wife of a certain gentleman, in a state of stupefaction, as she was holding his aching head in both hands.

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply.

"Well, then," said she, "I came home drunk last night, and I ought to be ashamed of myself."

#### CORA HATCH'S LECTURES.

We have received advanced sheets of a part of a new work, which is destined to mark an era in Spiritualism. Mrs. Hatch has acquired a wide celebrity as a trance-speaker of extraordinary beauty of style and purity of diction, and has drawn to her lectures many of the first minds in the country, who have eulogized her performances, while doubting the origin claimed for them by herself. The public, too, have heard much of her, and have always flocked to see and hear her, and now that the lectures which have been given through her by the band of spirits controlling her are to be published in book form, may we not hope they will be read by thousands who never think of looking at other books on the subject of Spiritualism? We imagine they will find a resting-place in many hearts, who will obtain their first glimpse of liberty of conscience and true Natural Religion, which is now at war with Science, and which admits of man's exercising his judgment and reasoning faculties upon every subject connected with Revelation or the Great Revealer.

In the Introduction, Dr. Hatch says:—

The intercourse which is now carried on, to such a great extent, not only in this country, but in many other parts of the world, with minds which have laid aside the external form of earthly body, is believed to be the result of the growing maturity or manhood of the race. It is not claimed that it is new, but only far more general than at any former period. There were individual minds with whom spiritual intelligence could commune; but it was only here and there one in the history of mankind. So, in other departments, there has been individuals whose gifts have been so rare, that they have caused them to stand out in bold relief in contrast with their contemporaries. So the inspiration which caused David, Isaiah, Jesus and his apostles, to act a prominent part in religious history, is now becoming a general characteristic with all who have matured to that plane of life. It cannot be denied that, if it has ever existed in one individual, it proves the principle; and what is a principle in Nature, must be universal. Therefore, if Moses and Jesus ever communed with angels, it proves that all can do so, when their mental and physical powers will enable them to comply with the conditions. There are no special dispensations of Divine Providence in behalf of individuals; but all the laws instituted by our beneficent Creator are universal and unchanging in their operation.

It is believed by a large class of the most intelligent and observing persons, both in this country and in Europe, that the present spiritual communion is the result of our having reached a higher condition of life, mentally and religiously; and that a portion of the world are prepared to receive higher and more ennobling ideas of God and our future home than were mankind while in a closer proximity to the brute creation. We have only to look over the history of the past, to learn that men's conceptions of the character of the Deity have kept pace with their own progressive development. The crude and uncultivated savage, whose intellect is but feebly exercised, sees in all Nature a God of power and wrath, whose vengeance is manifested in the destruction of human life, and made visible in tornadoes, tempests, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions; and, to appease his direful wrath, is to Him the great duty of life. But the enlightened Christian, who has awakened to the realization of the beauty and harmony of Nature in its every department, sees in all these manifestations which the barbarian deifies, a wise plan, instituted by a beneficent Creator for the purification of the material elements; and that the like seeming incongruities in the moral and social world will work out a higher and purer condition for mankind. He is satisfied that God alone reigns throughout His Universe, and has planned all things according to His will; and, though at times His ways may appear incomprehensible to us who can see their effect only for a day, yet to that Omnipotent Mind all is beauty, harmony, and grandeur.

The difference in *theology* between the Spiritualists and the various denominations of professed Christ of this country, is only such as would naturally grow out of a more enlightened and elevated condition of mankind. But this improvement has called forth angry declamations from those who are trying to disprove what they will not learn, and are wedded to prejudices which they cannot defend. Such has been the relative position of the church with the progress of knowledge in all ages of the world; and Christianity itself has offered no exception to this rule. The Greeks and Romans charged Christianity with impiety, and novelty. In Cave's "Primitive Christianity," we are informed that the Christians were everywhere accounted a pack of atheists, and their religion demoralizing. They were denominated "mountain impostors," and "men of desperate and unlawful faction." The same system of misrepresentation and abuse has been carried on in all ages of the world, and in this respect there is but little improvement with the more crude and unenlightened portion of civilized society. They anathematize doctrines of which they have no conception, and are prodigal in their denunciations of what they believe would be the result of their own depraved natures, were their fears of endless tortures removed. It would be difficult to convince this class of persons that there are those who are not actuated by fear, but who love goodness for its own sake, and practice virtue because God has so arranged the social order that it yields them pleasure.

Christianity is founded upon a belief in the immortality of the soul, a history of pretended miracles, and an intercourse with intelligences beyond the grave. But when its advocates are told by their contemporaries that man's immortality and communion with higher intelligences can be demonstrated, they obstinately close their eyes against the truth, and then anathematize what they are too superstitious to comprehend. It is true, they cannot justly claim that their opinions are of any value, or entitled to the least respect, until they have investigated the subject which they denounce; nevertheless, they ostentatiously give their hearers to understand that their own uninformed judgment is superior to that of better minds, who know whereof they testify. Such is the deplorable mental infirmity of this class of persons, whose minds are too material to comprehend a spiritual truth, and whose consciences are too low to give credence to the testimony of others.

It is evident that the spirits have realized this fact, and, therefore, have adapted themselves, as far as possible, to the material condition of men. Raps are heard, furniture is made to move from place to place, persons are carried about in the room, musical instruments are played upon and made to discourse most beautiful melody, etc. These are simply the *phenomenal phases* of Spiritualism, designed only to appeal to materialistic minds, and may be called the alphabet of the sciences. But there are higher phases, adapted to the most spiritual minds which now exist on earth, and these will improve as men become capable of comprehending them; for in this, as in everything else, there must be a progressive unfolding. These present demonstrations must be comprehended, before the world can reasonably ask for any higher truths.

If the views expounded in this work be untrue, the proper answer to them is a demonstration of their falsity; for the accusation that they are infidel to the popular theology of the day, will have but very little influence with the reflective part of the community. The intelligent mind will recognize the fact, that they are not infidel to God, or humanity, or the principles of Nature. But they are not published so much for their infidelity, as to give an expression of the opinions of a class of those who have passed into the realities of spiritual existence; not that they are the most important truths which may ever be uttered, but the highest which the world is capable of receiving at the present time; and which the majority, for the want of more light upon the subject, will pronounce visionary and heretical.

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH, who was the means of co-



vaying to the world the thoughts contained in this volume, was born in the town of Cuba, Alleghany county, N. Y., the 21st day of April, 1840. Thus a part of these discourses were delivered before she was seven years of age. Her literary or scholastic attainments are such as she was able to procure in a rural district of the country antecedent to her tenth year, at which time she became an entranced speaker. Up to that period she had no knowledge of spiritual intercourse. One day, with slate and pencil in hand, she retired to compose a few lines to be read in school; and while seated, lost her external consciousness, and on awaking she found her slate covered with writing. Believing that some one had taken an advantage of what she supposed to have been a sleep, she carried her slate to her mother, and it was found to contain communication from Cora's maternal aunt (who had departed this life some fifteen years previous), addressed to Mrs. Scott, the mother of Cora. During her eleventh and twelfth years she was controlled by a spirit calling himself a German physician; and her success during that time, as a medical practitioner, was very remarkable. Although she has never given the science of medicine a moment's reflection, the most philosophical, general, and at the same time the most minute, description of disease, its cause, pathology, and diagnosis, which I have ever listened to, have been given by her; and my experience in this department is not very limited.

At the age of fourteen she became a public speaker, and even at that early period of life manifested powers of logic and elocution which would have done honor to mature minds, and to which but comparatively few ever attain. She married in August, 1856, and removed to New York city, since which she has spoken from three to four times a week, mostly in New York, Boston, and Baltimore. She has been brought in contact with the most powerful minds in this country, in both private and public debate; and I believe that no one has even pretended to have successfully sustained an argument against her. The variety of subjects treated will be sufficient evidence that her inspirations are not confined to any particular class of ideas, but are as universal as Nature; and as her discourses are entirely impromptu, if she is not inspired, she must be regarded as the most remarkable intellectual youth who has ever inhabited the earth. "In private life she is simple and childlike to a remarkable degree; but while speaking before an audience, her flights of elocution are bold, lofty, and sublime, beyond description."

B. F. HATCH, M. D.

New York, April, 1863.

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## Banner of Light.

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#### THE BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

If people are not satisfied, nay, delighted, with the bounties which Spring has so far scattered broadcast over the land, it is fair to presume they never will be. Here we are, at least four or five weeks in advance of the usual season; the birds singing as blithely in the morning, in the hedges and trees, as if they had all come back in a body together; the grass sprouting under the walls and fences, and all along where the sun lies in warm strips; the peepers are shouting in their shrill voices at the edges of the pools, and down on the wet meadow-lands; the air is balmy and bland, yet sensuous and invigorating; the buds are swelling and bursting on the trees,—elms, and maples, and birches; and the cattle wander farther off from their yards, where they have stood all winter, and patiently chewed the cud of contemplation.

These things are not Spring in themselves, but they are such common signs of it to him who loves nature as an attentive student, and with the heart of a child, that they always stand for the season itself, as soon as they present themselves to his delighted vision. A running brook in an open meadow, is as much the real spring itself as any mere symbol of the season can be. The young heifers just over the wall, frisking in their new joy, and idly bulking their silver horns, tells the truest tale of bucolics that sun or sky could hope to depict together.

Many men and women, especially those who more than half fancy they feel the burning of a lava stream of poetry within them, are in the habit of going into hysterics and biflutin over these beautiful changes of the seasons. But it is very often apt to turn out a wretched delusion at the best. For the sake of the subject, we sincerely wish it were possible to say it was otherwise; but truth is better than poetry, and it is necessary that we should tell the truth, and "shame the devil." We unfortunately have it in our power to say, that more people are struck with the madness of the Spring, as its gentle and languid warmth attacks the system, than with the true poetic influences of the season. Those who love to revel in the woods and meadows, and paint pictures by the brookside and on the hillside, are generally not the ones to spoil the delicate appetites of their breakfast table acquaintances by talking much about it.

But we may be getting a little off the track of the subject. When we sit down to chat cozily with our readers about these pleasant matters, we are very apt to do so. It is not our wish to drive off any simple and humble heart from its pure love of nature, at this particularly enchanting season; but to explain how it is that so many of these very same hearts are deterred, not to say disgusted, by the over-zealous way in which pseudo-lovers of nature, who forever live and talk in spasms, and gaudy impetuosity, persistently set forth their half-sick sentimentalities.

Let us all go out into the open fields, as the grass spreads its green carpet for our feet, and be children together once more. Let us thread the old cattle-trails and wagon-tracks through the woods, and watch the swelling of the buds on the sprays all around us. Let us wander silently down the banks

of the little silver brooks, that wind in and out through the meadow-grass, and clasp their hands to the accompaniment of perpetual laughter. These deep blue skies, too,—they will open and inspire the soul of him who gazes into them. These bland and genial airs,—they are as stimulating as rich old wines, and intoxicate only to make the heart's joy complete and lasting. He that does not confess that he has a soul in Spring, may be certain that he need not put himself to the trouble of inquiring whether he has a soul at all.

It is not necessary for us to make any apology to our readers for appending to our own fancies of the seasons in better language than we could hope to employ, if we labored a life-time, the verse of Gerald Massey. Here is the pretty picture in little, of Spring:

The breath of dawn brought God's good-morning kiss  
 To bud, and leaf, and flower, and human hearts  
 That like pond-lilies open heavenward eyes.  
 Sweet lilacs of the valley, tremulous fair,  
 Peep through their curtains clasp with diamond dew  
 By fairy jewellers working while they sleep;  
 The arch labourer drops her budding gold  
 From emerald fingers, with such taking grace;  
 The fuchsia fires her fairy chandelier;  
 And flowering edraunt crimson the green gloom:  
 The pansies, pretty little puritans,  
 Come popping up with merry, elvish eyes:  
 At summer's call the lily is alight:  
 Wall-flowers in fragrance turn themselves away  
 With the sweet season on her precious pyre;  
 Pure passionate aromas of the rose,  
 And purple perfume of the hyacinth,  
 Come like a color through the golden day.  
 A summer soul is in the times; they stand  
 Low murmuring honey'd things that wing forth bees;  
 Their busy whisp'ring done, the piano trees hush;  
 But lo! a warm wind winnowing odours  
 Goes breathingly by, and there they curtsy meek,  
 Or lose their locks in frolic wantonness.  
 While a great gust of joy runs silvery through them;  
 All the leaves thrill and sparkle wild as wings.  
 Voluptuously rippling in the sun,  
 The meadows swell their bosom plump with life,  
 To pasture-scaping sheep, a flaming line;  
 And bluejays spread their tiny lips to take  
 The lavish largesse shower'd down from heaven;  
 And, garnering the warm gold, nod and laugh.  
 The birds, low crooning o'er their sweet spring tunes,  
 Roll touch them with a riper luxury.  
 That blackbird with the wine of joy is mellow,  
 And in his song keeps laughing, 'tis so jolly.  
 To think how summer pulses the fruit for him.  
 His apple-tree hath felt the ruddying breath  
 Of May upon his yielding lady lips,  
 And broken in kisses trembling for delight;  
 Look how her red heart blazes warm in white!  
 Deep after deep the generous heart of Spring,  
 So golden-full of glad days, drenches in bloom,  
 Lips with all sweetness.

#### INSANITY STILL ABROAD.

We do not see that there is any particular lull in the cases of insanity, in these times; the only noticeable thing about it is, the newspapers that once charged such cases to Spiritualism, now that the recent general religious excitement has sprung up, are not so ready to charge them to the true cause, which is nothing but the heated excitement of the revival. In looking over the columns of a single exchange, the other day, our eyes fell upon the following extracts, and we could add to them by the foot, if we had the same charitable inclinations which the papers in the interest of the churches betray towards ourselves:—

We learn with sincere sorrow that the wife of a well known and highly respected gentleman in a neighboring village has "gone crazy" through the intensity of feeling caused by the late revivals, in which she has been a participant. On one occasion, we understand, her despondency has been such as to lead her not only to contemplate but to attempt suicide; and notwithstanding this, she is a lady of more than ordinary mental balance, intelligence, and cultivation. We do not mention this fact to expose private sorrows, for most gladly would we do anything in our power to relieve and cover them. Nor on the other hand do we wish to cast reproach upon any movement connected with the extension and advancement of religion. The fact only reveals the lesson that reason is a gift too priceless to be trifled with, and that when we undertake to dethrone it and substitute a different control, we may too effectually and fatally succeed. Accident, on sea or land, shows no such melancholy wrecks as that mental chaos into which we plunge when reason is overthrown.—*Winsten, Con. Herald.*

The wife of Mr. Henry Peck died in Providence on Tuesday, having been made insane by religious excitement about ten days before; and Mr. Peck himself is in the insane hospital from the same cause, without signs of recovery.

A worthy citizen of Winchester, Mass., was last week conveyed to the insane asylum in Somerville, religiously crazy.

It is not necessary that we should assure our readers that a record of this kind furnishes us with no degree of satisfaction, much less of pleasure. We should weep for our lost humanity, were we to chuckle over these sad narratives with that show of malicious delight which betrays itself whenever certain self-styled religious papers have chosen to charge home similar misfortunes upon Spiritualism. We most sincerely hope and pray that our more exalted spiritual belief, enlarging our heart and our characters as it takes more complete possession, would never permit us so to degrade the holy cause which all who style themselves Spiritualists hold dear.

There is much to be learned in these delicate matters; and especially a better feeling one towards another. The fine checks and balances of the human mind, the subtle connection of soul with matter, and the various imperceptible and indescribable influences which may from time to time be brought to bear upon these matters, are all to be considered, when one seriously brings a charge against a particular form of faith for operating to overthrow the reason, and wreck the hopes of the human heart. But we are not backward in asserting, and certainly shall not fall likewise to insist, that as between the two modes of conceiving a religious faith—Orthodoxy and Spiritualism—the former will send ten persons to the asylum and the retreat, where the latter will but one.

It is time, however, that in matters like this, all the cries of partisanship were done with. They are out of date, and out of place. This habit of calling names, people must sooner or later overcome. It settles nothing, but rather tends to unsettle everything. There is neither sense, naivete, nor religion in it. What if one form of religious belief does excite a certain class of minds unduly, so that reason loses its guidance? Does it follow that the religion itself is to be denounced on those grounds? Not at all. It rather shows that there is all the greater necessity that we should learn to lay faults only at the doors of their true causes, and that we should have the courage and good sense to call things by their right names. And while we believe that Orthodoxy has a tendency to over excite the mind, in a time of protracted revivals like the present, we simply record our honest testimony that it will send ten times as many persons to the asylum as what Orthodoxy. In its turn so persistently charges to Spiritualism. It is even so.

#### NO. 1.

We are unfortunately short of No. 1 of the present volume. Any of our agents who may have them, will oblige us by returning them to us by mail, or otherwise. Those new subscribers who have not received No. 1, will receive them soon.

## Political Items.

The Senate of the United States having voted to disagree with the House on the Montgomery-Crittenden amendment to the Leocompton Bill, the House have voted to adhere to their former vote, which thus cuts off all chance for future amendments and conferences. Unless, therefore, the Senate recedes, the Leocompton Bill will fall through entirely. The vote on adhering, in the House, was exactly the same—in point of majority—with that on the amendment itself.

The Constitutional Convention of Kansas, convened by the present Territorial Legislature, have framed a Constitution, which will be submitted to the people, and so to Congress by the next session. It is styled the "Leavenworth Constitution."

The Deficiency Appropriation Bill has finally passed the House of Representatives, after that body had taken special pains to see that the army appropriations for Utah covered none but legitimate and necessary expenses.

The Delegates from New Mexico to Congress has introduced a bill for the construction of a wagon road to New Mexico.

In the Senate there has been another discussion on extravagant printing—a subject which appears to be a fruitful topic for criticism. Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, moved to amend the Public Printing Bill of 1852, in a manner which, he said, would put a stop to abuses.

Mr. Gwin, of California, reported a bill for conveying the mails, troops and stores from the Missouri River to California by railroad. Mr. Broderick supported the object, and favored a Northern route.

The Senate has passed the bill to restore retired naval officers.

Mr. Douglas has reported the Arizona bill, with an amendment.

The vote at the recent election in Connecticut was 76,000, the last ever cast at a State election. Of these, Mr. Buckingham, the Republican candidate for Governor, has 36,009; Mr. Pratt, Democrat, 33,215; scattering, 261.

Senator Slidell made an elaborate speech looking to the acquisition of Cuba and Central America. The pretext for the speech was the resolution to bestow a medal upon Commodore Paulding for breaking up the Walker Expedition. He opposed individual and private filibustering. Mr. Slidell's opinions derive special interest from the general expectation that he will go abroad in an important diplomatic capacity with a view to the purchase of Cuba. He said that Congress should suspend the neutrality laws, so far as they related to Spain, during the approaching Congressional recess.

Last Friday morning, an assault was made in Washington upon the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Thompson, by a man named Peter Besancon, who some months ago was discharged from the Department, together with about thirty other clerks. He had recently made several unsuccessful applications to be restored, and used violent language towards the Secretary in the hall of the Department, and struck him as he was entering the door. Mr. Thompson immediately turned and discovered Besancon in the act of drawing a pistol upon him. Mr. Thompson thereupon seized Besancon and threw him upon the floor, dislocating one of his arms. He was then secured.

The Washington Statesman has a highly significant article on the acquisition of Cuba, and the duty of the South in the premises.

The remonstrance against the removal of the Post Office in Boston has been signed by some 6500 persons, all doing business in different parts of the city. It will go on to Washington, to the Postmaster General. Mr. Postmaster Capor, of this city, has already gone to Washington upon the same business. Mr. Crampton, formerly British minister to this country, will represent his own country at the Court of St. Petersburg.

The telegraph reports that the President "has sent, by a special agent, a proclamation to the people of Utah, tendering an amnesty, if they will return to their allegiance; otherwise the whole power of the government will be used, to reduce them to submission. Gen. Harney will leave on Saturday for his command in Utah, accompanied by the commissioners, McCulloch and Powell, Mr. Hartnell, Secretary of the Territory, and others connected with the military and civil service."

Mayor Tiemann, of New York, has closed the Street Commissioner's office, and suspended Mr. Devlin from duty, until the charges developed against him in the fraud investigations, shall be thoroughly investigated, and his name cleared of reproach.

Col. Benton died on Saturday morning last. He had finished his work, and was ready to depart. The deceased, just previous to his death, addressed a note to Senators Houston, of Texas, and Jones, of Tennessee, requesting them not to take any notice in either House of Congress of his demise, inasmuch as he was not a member of the national legislature. He has brought his Abridgement of the Congressional Debates down to the year 1850. The Union says that the interview between Col. Benton and the President, on Friday night, was protracted, and that the latter afterwards expressed exceeding gratification at his visit. Col. Benton spoke of his extreme solicitude for the condition of public affairs, and his pain ful sense of the imminent dangers which threatened the country, and exhorted the President to rely upon Divine support and guidance, and not on that of men, who would deceive him.

Additional volunteer regiments have been offered to the War Department, but none have yet been accepted. There is much competition for the preference.

The bill reported by Mr. Wilson, for a telegraph to the army in Utah, came up on Monday noon.

By recent orders from the Department, army officers are requested to wear "soft hats," with a plume. They will be much more graceful and becoming than the stiff things they have been wearing.

#### A GRAND TIME IN PROSPECT.

The second Levee of the Ladies' Association for the Relief of the Poor, will take place at Nassau Hall, corner of Common and Washington streets, (entrance on Common street,) Tuesday evening, April 20th. Tickets \$1, admitting a gentleman and lady—50 cents admitting a lady; to be purchased of members of the Association only. Music by Hall's celebrated Quadrille Band.

The Levee which was held in the above hall on Friday evening, March 20th, was pronounced by all who attended, as the most quiet, orderly, and pleasant party they had ever attended. This is a guaranty that the second Levee above announced will be worth the attention of Spiritualists and others who wish to aid a charitable ladies' association, and at the same time pass a pleasant evening. Exercises commence at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M.

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#### Written for the Banner of Light. SPRING MUSIC.

BY CORA WILSON.

From the mountain summits gilded by the vivifying rays  
 Of the sunshine's benediction, sweet and dreamy music plays.  
 To the valley it descends, borne upon the breeze' wings,  
 'Mid the upspringing grass it lingers, to the opening violet  
 slings.

Whispers 'mid the leaves and blossoms, jollers where the  
 early flowers  
 Bloom beneath the springtime glory, bathe in April's passing  
 showers—

Thrills that strain Zephyr passing, where the waters murmur  
 on,  
 Where the flower-crowned dreamer sitteth, when the light  
 of day is gone;

When the twilight glory lingers—when the silver moonlight  
 falls—  
 And the star of Eve is beaming o'er the fragrant garden  
 walls.

With the ocean murmur blendeth, low that sweet and dreamy  
 strain,  
 With the falling cascade mingles, whispers in the passing  
 rain.

In the voice of childhood lingers of that music's depth a tone,  
 Borrowed from the lips of angels, such as once we called our  
 own.

To our longing souls it whispers of some dear, familiar face—  
 And in eye's azure gladness, angel likenesses we trace:  
 'Till the melody fades o'ersteph with a rush of sadness  
 sweet.

And the heart its hoarded sorrow castleth at a fair child's  
 feet.

'Mid the deep blue of the noonday, passeth swift that music  
 strain,  
 Floating o'er earth's flower-docked bosom, hovering o'er the  
 sun-kiss'd lawn.

Freighted with the inspiration lifting souls to realms above,  
 Trembling with the prayerful knowledge of the seraphims of  
 love!

Deep imbued with intercession for the longing souls of earth,  
 Fragrant with the breath of gladness, greeting Truth's celestial  
 birth.

From the mountain summits gilded by the vivifying rays  
 Of supernal benedictions, sweet, angelic music plays.  
 To earth's valleys it descends, borne upon the breeze' wings.

Fraught with joy and love it lingers—to the heart of faith it  
 slings;

Whispers of the heavenly meeting, of the nearness of that  
 shore,  
 Where the rose-crowned angel standeth, smiling welcome  
 evermore!

PHILADELPHIA, April 12, 1853.

#### LET EVERY ONE ATTEND TO HIS OWN PURIFICATION.

A cotemporary who has of late charged us with concocting communications from spirits, and with publishing them from improper motives, quotes, as he says, for our especial benefit, Tennyson's beautiful Poem, "The Angel Guest," which we published in our paper of March 6th. The lesson he intends to read us was learned by us probably before he thought of it; still we do not complain if it is thrust upon us every hour in the day, even though it be done by those who evince in their writings and in their conversation, the spirit of the Pharisees and self-appointed judge of other men. When we see a man so unwilling to allow a particle of honesty to another,—or, crying knave, impostor, cheat, against his brother man in one breath, and in another giving such advice as this, we are apt to ask if he is not doing violence to the principle that "charity begins at home," and whether he had not better relieve his own eyes from some of the dust which the winds of bigotry and intolerance have blown into them, and cultivate in its stead that Christian spirit which does not judge another harshly, and without cause.

We do not care a straw about these ill-natured remarks; we expect such—we know that the course we have marked out for ourselves, must make us a target for the venomous fangs of those who trust to creeds for salvation, instead of the spirit of the word of God. Their prejudices are against us—we are running contrary to their faith, and the consequences must be a breeze every little while, which we are strong enough to bear, we can assure them. People may judge us, and of us, as they please, and express their opinions freely, but we know our foundation is able to withstand all the feeble bubbles our opponents may angrily waft to destruction upon the rock of Truth.

We are all going to heaven as fast as we are individually capacitated to travel, and if this party likes the road he is traveling, it is all right for him, although it would be hell to us, to keep his company. We wish him a pleasant journey, but as we can't keep such company just yet, we wish him good bye for the present.

#### MR. PARKER'S LECTURES.

Rev. THEODORE PARKER again lectured in Music Hall, on Sunday last, on Revivals. Long ere the services commenced, the hall was literally packed with people, and thousands went away disappointed in consequence. The lecturer was listened to with close attention. In the course of his remarks he alluded to Modern Spiritualism, as a new light of the present age, destined to wield a powerful influence on the affairs of the world in coming time. He said it had done much to shatter the belief in the old miracles, and in setting men loose from the old theologic den will do no small service, even if it establish a new one.

These two lectures, which should be read by every lover of freedom, were reported by Mr. Yerrington, are published, and for sale at the bookstores. Theodore Parker is the strongest opponent of past and present theology, in this country, and is doing a vast deal of good in dealing destruction to slavish ideas of God and man. He is just the man for his position, and we are pleased to see the people hanging upon the bread of life he dispenses. However people may sympathize with his politics, or disagree with him, all progressive minds must acknowledge his fitness for the position of an enlightener of mankind in regard to true religion.

#### DISCOURSES BY CORA L. V. HATCH.

Volume No. 1, with the above title, to which we have alluded on our third page, has just been laid upon our table by Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield street, where it may be found for sale. Price \$1.

#### BOUND VOLUMES.

Nos. 1 and 2 of the "Banner," comprising the first year's issues, are for sale by us at \$3 per volume, bound in half-tan binding.

A party of destitute children left Boston on Monday for the West, under the auspices of the "Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute." The prayers of all good people attend them.

## Meetings in Boston.

#### PROFESSOR S. B. BRITTAN'S LECTURES.

Two lectures were delivered to large congregations in the Melodeon, on Sunday afternoon and evening last,—the first, "On the Philosophy of Worship," and the second, "On Ancient and Modern Spiritualism—the evidence of its ancient life—the proof of its death—and the demonstrations of its resurrection." We append a brief notice of the substance of each.

A charge had been made against Spiritualism, that it had no system of worship, and that it tended to irreligion. It ought, however, to be understood, that it was not the office of revelation, or of a religious institution, to make man a religious being,—that object having already been accomplished in his creation. Religion was a fundamental part of man—integral in him—and non-dependent on any form or method for its manifestation. There was an innate prompting in man to worship a greater Being; for wherever man may be found, and under whatever circumstances he might be placed, he has always in him the idea of a God. This was religion; for true religion is the natural aspiration of the soul towards God. Mere outward religion could not establish the relation between the soul of man and God; for, not through external show, but through a direct communion, could that relationship be brought about. The silent act of constant sympathy with the angelic host in adoring the Almighty, is to be in part in heaven, and is preferable to prayer at specified hours and days, for the former was unceasing and much more pure than the latter could be. This innate proneness toward worship characterized the lower world as well; for the more subtle elements of everything in being had a tendency to a more etherealized sphere. The meanest thing in nature had a craving for light—for greater elevation—and as the organized creation sought its natural element, so did the soul thirst for light and truth. As all organic forms ever reach upward and onward to higher spheres, in so doing they utter constant praise.

Worship, as it related to man, was defined to consist of love, reverence, gratitude and aspiration, which should be regulated by intelligent reason, otherwise it would lead the soul astray. Ignorance and superstition had fashioned for themselves many gods, and led many poor devotees away from truth and reason. Wherever religion has not been properly enlightened, it has wedded itself to the animal faculties, and made itself a destroyer instead of an angel of peace. War and rapine have tempered their swords in its name, and bent their way to ambitious and selfish objects through its potency. Passions ungovernable, and the most unholly depravities have been excited and perpetuated in the name of religion; and it requires the godlike attribute of reason, always, to imbue religion so that it may be made lovely. Spiritualism kindled those sacred fires which warm the heart to love, and give it capacity for divine excellence to enter and dwell.

True religion is the natural aspiration of the soul towards God, and outward worship could not establish it. To sympathize with the heavenly host (which is Spiritualism) is to be partly in heaven; and in such condition, prayer at certain days and hours was unnecessary, for the profession of a spiritual sympathy was an unceasing prayer, in itself. All formalism was objectionable in a religious sense, in particular as it was associated with prayer—that more particularly as it tended towards irreverence in too familiarly addressing the Divine Being. God was everywhere—always bending his ear to listen. Whence, then, the necessity for much and loud importunity, and why should men dare to use human language to express what it was not competent to utter in relation to God, and to His eternal designs? Every external association and means ought to be shut out during conversation with the Deity; for to come into proper contact with Him it is essential that the idea of every earthly thing should be abandoned, as any division of the human faculties must be fatal to this communion. Whoever would enjoy it must make the exercise engross every feeling, thought and action. When men worship, if they do it at all, it should be in this shape; for the feelings are too deep, the reverence too intense, and the aspirations too high to permit noise. Empty minds babble; but when the soul is full, the tongue is charmed and the lips are sealed up.

The forms of worship generally used are no more than the gaspings for breath of a decayed spirituality. Whenever the idea of a spirit is not exclusively worshipped, the not partakes of idolatry. Religion was not dependent on temples and imposing forms. It would remain deathless, when they were crumbled into dust; for it is immortal, and only hears the sound of the resurrection in their destruction, and goes out to a higher worship. All that is visible is not in the highest sense; all that is not seen is. All forms and creeds, and solemn sounds and sacred places are less than the religious sentiment which dwells in the precincts of a consecrated heart. The form of prayer is frequently irreverent. Divine Omnipotence is sometimes instructed by beings who know not what they do. He is informed of what He is—what He has done—and told what He is expected to do. The demands and wants of the people are not forth. Instead of petitioning, the tone assumed by those who thus address the Deity, is that of a presenter of a sight-draft, or the demand for a loan—as is often seen to be the case at revivals—and men who will not recognize such irreverence are called infidels, because they will not blaspheme. Men do not worship by looks or tones; and all worship to be genuine, is spiritual, silent, real. Christ, when on earth, did not go to a public meeting and demand inspiration. He went, as he recommends others to do, to his retirement, and besought the Divine aid, which imbued him with strength, beauty and victory in his great trial. Personal experience will teach any man the superior value of such quiet communion. Great and lofty thoughts have no voice of earth. Nature—ever uttering praise—teaches silence, and the idea of a constant heart-worship. It is high time that men should begin to pray with their souls, for we require a more liberal, spiritual, and practical religion, which, it is to be hoped, Spiritualism will inaugurate. Salvation is yet scarce. The people are not yet saved—the rich from their avarice, and the poor from their poverty. The foul demon is not yet banished forth from the human heart; and the cause of all is that the Church shuts out the light in which it cannot dwell. She exists—so far as she does live—on externals, and will remain and prosper just so long as she disposes themselves to feed on shadows, when they might have the substance. It is, indeed, high time that men should begin to pray with their



souls when the people call, not for long sermons, but for bread—when the prisoner pleads for liberty, and not that the bars of his cell should be gilded with gold—when the slave calls for freedom, not for passive sympathy—when the ragged beggar blocks up the church-porch, while the worshipper passes in—when there is no proper distinction made between godliness and gain. Prayers uttered under these circumstances will not save the soul. Sprinkling the body of a gross sensualist every day in his life will not purify him. We need a new baptism—the baptism of fire for the cleansing of the Church. God is a spirit, and they who worship Him must do so in spirit and in truth—not with empty formalities and hypocritical professions. The words of Christ are opposed to the use of all such, and professing Christians, who are skeptical, have only to consult them, and find it so. That man prays best and most effectually, who prays in deed—as many interesting illustrations were quoted by the speaker to show.

The evening lecture was of a less metaphysical cast, and was listened to by a very large audience. Professor Brittan commended by demonstrating that there was a universal spiritual idea among all humanity, from the foundation of the world—no matter under what conditions it was placed. It pervades all nations and every religious system, and as they recognized it, in proportion became their vitality. All men believed, more or less, in spiritual invisible influences, and that these invisible agencies possessed the capacity of acting, under the established laws of matter and mind, in producing great and startling results. All heathen nations believed in inspiration, and that there were states of the human mind when its internal channels were thrown open, and that men spoke things directly prompted by the invisible powers. The Greeks believed these things; and if it was objected that this was no evidence of Spiritualism, it served at least to show the universality of the spiritual idea, and that it must have one great unitary and central source. The Hebrews were all Spiritualists, and believed that the faults, purposes and judgments of men were operated upon by invisible beings. Judaism rests forever on this spiritual element; for if it is abstracted from it, it is robbed of all vitality. Inspiration with them was a spiritual science, and they believed in the possession of invisible gifts, and possessed extraordinary powers. [Some instances were quoted in proof.] Christianity is founded on Spiritualism. The visions and prophecies in the sacred record, and the fulfillment of the latter, showed that a sympathy with angelic natures was known and recognized among the earlier Christians, and also a living inspiration. Take from the New Testament this element of Spiritualism, and every illustration of the agency of invisible beings in matters of earth, and its claims on man's credence would be effectually weakened. The character of Jesus, the great miracle-worker, could not be an invention of man, for its description does not bear the impress of any power of description belonging to the Greek or Jewish standards, and stands clear and distinctly apart from any worldly invention. He was a great Spiritualist, acting according to the confirmed laws of matter and mind, and his disciples, all of them, in some degree, possessed a portion of his gifts, and produced results out of the common course, as he did. Some had the gift of healing, some of wisdom, some of tongues, &c., &c.—all had special manifestations of some kind or other.

Some objected to the doctrine of the perpetuation of these gifts, and argued that their possession was confined to the apostles of Jesus alone. But it was not so; for Christ himself said that whosoever believed on him, should work miracles as he had done; and it was certain that, the possession of spiritual gifts descended to the Christian world after the death of the disciples, until three hundred years after Christ, and were only withdrawn when the church grew so gross and materialistic as to crush out the truth—when it took up the sword instead of the cross, and wedded the church to the visible world and its affairs. Then the church died; for it crucified Christianity as truly as was its founder crucified. It ceased to be a Spiritualism, and became a mere external institution, and Spiritualism has almost slept until now. Only a very few in the church have possessed spiritual gifts in the intermediate time—the major part becoming mere external worshippers, who had lost sight of the vital principles of religion. Thus has it been, until now, when the angels have come down—rolled the rock from the door of materialism, and spiritualism has come forth. No one would deny that persons now possessed and exercised gifts such as were had by the prophets and apostles—and alike sacred with theirs; for no man could scoff at modern spiritual gifts, who believes the Bible record of precisely similar ones. [Some of those occurring exemplifications of the ancient and modern spiritual gifts were here enumerated.]

It was strange that the church would uphold the facts stated in the sacred record relating to the exhibition of these spiritual gifts, and refuse to acknowledge the demonstrations of the same power which were given every day, and which they might witness with their own eyes, and had frequently seen but to repudiate. Clergymen and church members held up the former and accounted the latter of no moment whatever, and insignificant and worthless—thus impudently trampling on the most sacred revelations of the present age. Surely, it is not enough that men should only believe in the power of the God of the past. Should they not also believe in the God of the present? The old gifts of the spirit were revived beyond all reasonable controversy, and among them that of tongues. The lecturer said he had in his possession documents written, while under spiritual influences, in all the Oriental tongues, by persons who never knew them, and whose education was not such as to ever give them a chance to understand them; and if these could be accounted for on natural grounds, why not apply the same objection to those demonstrations of similar description in ancient times. The great natural principles, and natural forces, were precisely the same then as they are now. But Christianity and Spiritualism are identical; and instead of holding the Bible up to derision, Spiritualism only confirmed and illustrated its truth.

The Bible is full of Spiritualism, and modern Spiritualism proves its truth, and the integrity of the men who wrote it, in stating what were facts, and what are considered miracles. The churches, to the contrary, assert that all Spiritualism has been dead for eighteen hundred years—assumes that all spiritual communication has ceased—and that there is now no inspiration. If this is so, no wonder that Christianity declines; for separated from Spiritualism, it can do no man any good. They also declare that Spiritualism is at war with revelation, and opposed to the Scriptures, and quote the Bible to that effect; but there is nothing in that book, condemning

of Spiritualism, but only of a tendency to idolatry, which occasionally associated itself with spiritual communications. [Evidence of the truth of this statement, was presented.] Whatever lowers the character of the Bible in connection with the spiritual movement degrades it in a similar degree; and no one but superficial students of spiritual principles would dare to attempt such depreciation.

It has been objected by some that the modern evidences of inspiration are not so elevated as the ancient ones; but it should be understood that men were generally inspired in accordance with their intelligence and mental gifts. Moses exhibited his inspiration in the shape of law—David in that of music and psalms—Isaiah in prophecies, and Jeremiah in Lamentations. Every man stamped his own peculiar mental characteristics on his expressed inspiration. It cannot but be so when it rises through a human channel. True, some remarkable instances have transpired where no traces of mental or other characteristics had touched the inspiration as it was given forth; but this has been in instances when the parties acted merely as media of greater intelligence.

The lecturer here stated that he would read extracts from published works of communications from Sir Walter Scott, and Shakespeare, which, although they came through media who possessed no poetical genius, or knowledge of poetical literature to lend them the faculty of imitation, completely exhibited the marks of the peculiar minds of the celebrities named. These extracts were read, and certainly showed a wonderful affinity in style and manner of expression with the published works of Scott and Shakespeare.

These concluded the lecture, of which a very imperfect sketch is given above. Professor Brittan is a very eloquent speaker, and lends impressive emphasis to the well-conceived and beautifully constructed language he uses. No hearer present on Sunday, we believe, but would be anxious to listen to him again.

## Correspondence.

### LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, April 10, 1858.

Pascal Beverly Randolph, Judge Edmund's Soiree—Lectures by Mrs. Hatch and Mrs. Hardinge.

MR. EDITOR—Pascal Beverly Randolph, the composite man, in whose veins flows a mingled current of Saxon, Aboriginal, Spanish and African (and I know not how many more) bloods; and whom the Tribune, several years ago, placed by the side of Frederick Douglass, as an illustration of the capacity of the colored race, and whose whole, had been a balance-wheel equal to his intellect and meditative powers, would make him a light of the age, has again turned up in New York. During his absence, he informs me, he has visited Spain, and various parts of Europe, Egypt, Asia Minor, Jerusalem, etc.; and his observations and studies have, of course, been more or less in the channel of the occult. In particular he would seem to have cultivated the acquaintance of Egyptian and Persian wonder-workers, and Indian Brahmins.

The Brahmins, he says, deny that the intermedium with invisible beings, claimed by American Spiritualism, is with the spirits of the departed of this earth. They say that our apparently spiritual visitors, are simply the natural inhabitants of refined planets belonging to our system, on tours of discovery, fun and pleasure among us. In proof, they call fitting figures, of a small race of beings, upon a marble table, visible to the naked eye, who, they declare, are not spirits, but native inhabitants of those refined material spheres.

The Brahminical theory is this: Our solar system contains twenty-four planets, the one nearest the sun being the most gross; and thence they refine in the ratio of distance, to the outermost or last. The thirteenth of the series is too refined to obstruct rays of light, or to be visible to our organs of sight. And the intangible beings pouring in on this earth so thickly at the present time, according to the Brahmins, are the natural inhabitants of those worlds.

Mr. Randolph, I presume, will occupy the lecture hall, more or less, as heretofore. He spoke last Sabbath to the friends in Brooklyn, much to their satisfaction; and is to address them again next Sunday.

Judge Edmund's soiree, on Monday evening, was fully attended. His house is not of the largest size, but is elegant in its structure and furnishing. It was thrown open from basement to attic; and the guests rambled at pleasure; or chatted, in coterie, as best suited their inclinations. It was emphatically a soiree, characterized by the absence of all artificial restraint, and the presence of vivacity and enjoyment. It had been intimated that the ladies should appear in calico dresses, but this was only complied with on a level. At ten o'clock, Madame Lola Montes made her entree, having been occupied in a lecture during the earlier part of the evening, which gave a certain point and finish to the entertainment.

But the chief feature of the week has been a couple of lectures, delivered at Clinton Hall, the one by Mrs. Hatch, and the other by Miss Hardinge. Both were remarkable in their way, but as distinct from each other as possible, in subject and manner. Mrs. Hatch, as a speaker, is discursive, quiet and chaste; while Miss Hardinge is compact, stirring and strong. The contrast is striking, and they fill one with equal wonder. Both are such miracles as the world has not witnessed probably in many long ages, if ever, until the culmination of the marvels of this latter day.

Mrs. Hatch, in her lectures in this city during the winter, has been in the habit of speaking exclusively on subjects selected by the audience at the time. Now it is proposed, in order to secure a wider range of investigation, that the selection, on alternate evenings, be left to her spirit guides. The lecture, to which I refer, was thus chosen; and the theme was Intelligence and Intellect.

At first blush, any method of treating this subject, so as to be likely to interest a promiscuous audience, is not very obvious; still Mrs. Hatch made of it one of her best and most instructive discourses. Intelligence, she defined to be knowledge accumulated from the stores of the past; Intellect, the power to use knowledge in the present, and for the future. The man of intelligence, simply, lives in the past, and is always mourning over the deterioration of his own times. If religious, his thoughts are with the early; and, as he imagines, pure days of his church. If a politician, he is sad that we have no longer any Washingtons or Jeffersons among us. On the other hand, the man of intellect gathers what wisdom he can from the past, but centres his action on the present, and pushes on into the future. Some are all past men, and some are all future. The true balance is to unite the two. Of this order was Franklin. He knew how to gather from the past, and to act in the present and for the future.

Nations, like individuals, are subject to the same division and classification. Some of them live in intelligence, and some in intellect. The former are approaching their end, while the latter are still building the fabric of their greatness. To the former belongs Great Britain, to the latter the United States. England is living in the past. In all her acts, her effort is to conform to her own precedents. Not so with our Commonwealth. She has outgrown from the past, and is pushing ahead; not loosely wisely and well; but if she slips, all her powers are at hand, untrammelled, with which to right herself; and of such a government there is no danger.

The subject of Miss Hardinge's lecture was, Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft. These she embraced in one fold, as meaning substantially the same thing. She inquired: Is magic an art? Has it existed? Does it still exist? Is it a crime? All these interrogatories she answered in the affirmative.

Communication with the spirit-world is in accordance with natural law, and man's birthright. In early ages, before men were bound down by creeds, they looked up into the heavens, and interrogated them with the full force of their spiritual natures, for a reply to the ever recurring question, Who and what is man—whence comes he, and whither is he bound? The responses were commensurate with the freedom and energy of the inquiry; and hence, in those days, spiritual phenomena, of a similar character to our own, were exhibited, of a compass and power to which we can show no parallel.

The favored mediums of that period were anachorites, simple and pure men, who retired to the forests, lived abstemious lives, and there communed with Nature, the Great Spirit, the Father and Creator of all things. As marvelous works were done by these men, and prophecies uttered, the people regarded them with awe, and kings sent for them to counsel. Power and eminence were forced upon them, whether they desired it or not, and thus was founded a priesthood.

But these holy men could not endow their successors with their gifts; and still each member of the priesthood, in order to maintain his authority with the people, must be able to exercise a super-human power. From this sprung magic rites—the use of drugs and incantations, and human sacrifices, in order to set free the forces of a human body, and provide an atmosphere in which spirits could manifest themselves—and thus had ambitious men drew to their help spirits as bad and cruel as themselves, to aid them in psychologizing and subjecting the people to their purposes.

At the time of Christ and his apostles, magic was expelled from the world, but was again, at a later period, revived. It still exists. But shall we look for it among Spiritualists, who, in accordance with natural law, which is God's law, come in communion with the spirits of their dear departed ones—a sainted mother, or sister, or wife, or child—and receive in return, messages of sweet affection, and counsel to love one another, to love God, to purify their lives, and do good? If all these messages could be written in a book, we should have a Bible of such volume and purity of aspiration, as to rejoice the very angels. No. We must look elsewhere for the sorcery of our day—among the sects, where large masses are psychologized to give their allegiance to heartless forms and vitriolic creeds; among politicians, who psychologize the masses to do their selfish and wicked bidding; among monopolists and oppressors of all sorts, who continue to live on the labor of others; among the licentious, who make a prey of innocence; and all, of whatever grade or position, who make use of their stronger wills to subjugate the weak.

YORK.

NORTH BRIDGEWATER, April 5, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—The following article is at your disposal, should you deem it worthy a place in the folds of your Banner.

In North Bridgewater, March 27th, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Perry Marshgate, left this life, after a long and painful illness, to her soul's vision by loving friends, who waited to wait her through the portals of her home. Her last words, "I am more anxious to go," echo to her family, and should to the world, the glorious truth that spirit-communion in its unfoldings, will sustain through life, and support in the hour when shuffling off the mortal coil, the spirit finds freedom.

By her request, Miss Rosa T. Amegy, of your city, was the channel through whom the higher powers paid the last tribute to her sleeping dust. Mid much opposition from those "who know not what they do," we assembled in church; all was quietness, though the house was crowded to its utmost capacity; and the controlling spirit, in an invocation to Deity, open the doors of inspiration's Temple, and we could but say, "It is good to be here." The subject commented upon were words of the sacred writer, "Oh, death, where is thy sting! Oh, grave, where is thy victory!" And in connection, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Yes, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. In holy eloquence were the words applied to the departed spirit, and brought home to mourning friends, as the waters of consolation. After remarks to all assembled, and the Father's blessing had been craved, and the requiem chanted by nature's warblers and the tolling bell, we moved on to the city of the dead. The casket being placed in the lap of Mother Earth, the medium was again controlled, and from the ocean of deep feeling came gentle waves of poetry, on whose bottom drops of diamond gems were glittering. The sorrowing ones could but smile through tears, for immortally portrayed in never-to-be forgotten eloquence, the triumph of humanity.

That poem will linger for years in the memory of those who were present to listen, and my prayer to heaven is, that many such tributes may be paid to the remains of those who pass on, and when my spirit lists the echo of that voice which bids me "come up higher," may spirit-love welcome, and through medium-powers breathe, a prayer in poetry over the dust of one who in earth-life desired

TRUTH.

Messrs. Editors—Please strike from my advertisement in the Banner of Light the words, "If by a look of hair, if a prominent symptom is given, &c.;" if a prominent symptom is not given, &c. Also, the words, "For answering sealed letters, &c.;" I find that my business is so arduous that I am obliged to stop at this which I cannot attend to without depriving

my system of its necessary rest, and that from overtaxing my powers I am rapidly wearing out.

The cause of spiritual truth is still on the increase in this city.

Yours, for truth and harmony,

A. C. STILES.

BRIDGEPORT, Ct., April 8, 1858.

DR. J. O. WARREN;

Messrs. Editors—A spirit, purporting to be Dr. John C. Warren, of Boston, has manifested at a private circle in Charlestown for two years past, and has prescribed for members of the circle and others with much success.

A. L. C. B.

CHARLESTOWN, April 9, 1858.

## DEATH AND FUNERAL OF HORACE SEAVER'S WIFE.

Mrs. Seaver died on Friday, April 9th, of a lingering bilious affection, from which she had experienced long and severe suffering. The funeral was attended by a large number of sympathizing friends on Sunday afternoon. Laroy Sunderland made some remarks indicating much sympathy, kindness, and love; after which Mr. Seaver, the bereaved husband, breaking over the stiff formalities of society, rose, manifesting deep affliction, and in a subdued and plaintive voice, spoke as follows: "My peculiar belief has caused many to shrink from the presence and society of my family, but on this occasion of affliction I see before me a large number of sympathizing friends and neighbors, and for your presence and sympathy I return my sincere thanks; and for the great kindness manifested by our immediate neighbors, during the few last weeks, I feel a gratitude that words do not express. Of my wife, my deceased companion, I can say that she has been an example worthy of imitation and love; prudent, industrious, correct and devoted; and, in a word, her life has been one to make her home happy. For many years she has been a great sufferer from disease, yet she has ever been faithful in the performance of all her duties.

She made no profession of goodness, yet to the poor and unfortunate she was practically good, kind and generous. But I would suppress expressions of her good qualities, for they live in the hearts of those who knew her.

If it happen that we meet again beyond the grave, we shall renew the relation and intimacy that death now severs.

The views of Mr. Seaver on the subject of life and immortality are well known to the public from the "Investigator," a paper which he has edited for many years. His wife believed in, and entertained the same views.

In her last sickness she has been many times in a trance state, of which she was herself, at the time, perfectly unconscious. In this state she has, or spirits through her have, spoken upon religious subjects eloquently and beautifully. Neither herself or Mr. Seaver are believers in Spiritualism, which philosophy alone could account for this singular manifestation in the last hours of her earthly life.

Mr. Horace Seaver, from his peculiar views, is a man that the Christian world shrinks from, it is true, but he is sincere in his belief; he advocates what he himself seems true; he is honest in his purposes, large in his manifestations of charity and benevolence, self-sacrificing and persevering in the defence of open, honest and undisguised manliness. He is a man that can be trusted with uncounted gold. Why should Christians stop to judge and find fault with others, when none are any better than they should be?

A. B. C.

## The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.—A town meeting was held at Adams, Berkshire county, April 6th, when it was voted—yeas 583, nays 187—to take \$60,000 of the stock of the Troy and Greenfield Railroad. As the vote stands, the town is to hold stock to the amount of \$60,000, and to issue their scrip therefor when the road is completed and the cars are running on the same between North Adams and Troy.

Capt. J. W. Macy, formerly of Nantucket, who was arrested in New Bedford for forging a draft on a New York house, and carried to Mobile, Ala., for trial, has been found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment in the State Prison for ten years.

The bark Swallow, recently arrived at Salem, experienced two very perceptible shocks of an earthquake at sea, Feb. 11th, in lat. 31° 53' S., lon. 43° 46'; but the crew, although somewhat startled for a moment, had no idea of being swallowed just then.

The man that ran the fork of a road into his eye has since died.

Quite a discussion has recently been going on in our city papers in regard to the "Grand Firemen's Muster." "Hold on," gentle—firemen have as much right to be grand as other classes in society.

"THE SPIRITUALIST REGISTER AND POCKET COMPANION" is published, we understand; but Bro. Clark having omitted to send us a copy, we are unable to notice its contents.

The bark Hyperion, at New York from Trinidad, reports having touched at St. Croix about the 2d inst. and that a schooner had just arrived there from Antigua, full of passengers, flying from an insurrection in that island. An English war steamer left immediately for the latter place.

The weekly receipts of the London Times, for advertising alone, exceeds \$25,000.

Friend "Progress," please to mail us a copy of the "Moral Sayings of Confucius;" "Seneca's Morals," also.

We should not injure a friend even in sport. The Virginia Banks will resume payments on the 1st of May next.

An exchange paper states that it has been discovered that feathers unskillfully cured and put in beds are deadly to persons of weak lungs sleeping upon them.

Gov. Banks has appointed the 16th inst. as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer in this State.

The visible marks of extraordinary wisdom and power appear so plainly in all the works of the creation, that a rational creature, who will but seriously reflect, cannot miss the discovery of the Deity.

GRANT THORNBURN.—On the 18th ult. he wrote as follows from New Haven:—"I have lived another year in this falsely so-called miserable world. I verily believe it is the best world, terrestrial, that God ever made. I have never felt head, heart or toothache during the year just gone by; and this day I enter upon my eighty-fifth year. I walk with-

out a staff, and eat my food without brandy or biters. I never was drunk in my life, and never had a rheumatic pain. I voted three years when Washington was President. I lived twenty-two years under George III.; saw the whole reign of George VI., William IV., and Victoria thus far. I was intimate with Hamilton, Jay, Morris, old Governor Clinton, and other prominent actors in the revolution."

GRATIFYING.—The HOWARD ATHLETIC, under its present judicious management, is attracting good houses, and consequently "making it pay."

The freshest in the Mississippi was never known to be as high as it is at the present time.

Capt. Dunham, of the bark Adriatic, was to appear before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations on Monday, to make a statement of the facts connected with the seizure of his vessel in France.

FOREIGN.—The news from France by the last arrival is unimportant. We subjoin a few items:—

Gen. Peel announced in Parliament that it had been determined to grant a medal to all troops serving in India, and to give a clasp for Delhi and Lucknow. The appointment of Pellissier as ambassador from France gave very general satisfaction. In England, The Times believes the English nation may fairly be gratified by the appointment. The Emperor is said to have declared that he selected this distinguished soldier as a tribute of respect to the alliance with the English people, and to the two armies. The log of the frigate Niagara shows that on several occasions, during her late trip to England, she ran over 300 miles in 24 hours. She arrived off Plymouth at 10 o'clock on the night of the 22d, and would have made a quicker run but for the bad quality of her coal. It was reported that Allport, Orsini's accomplice, had offered to surrender, provided the government would be at the cost of his defence.

The Paris Constitutionnel of the 25th has an article in large type, on the alliance between France and England, in which the most friendly sentiments are expressed throughout. It says the Duke of Malakoff personifies the alliance as a living memorial of common glory and common perils; and the Emperor could not make a choice more significant for the Queen and the English people. The Minister of the Interior had ordered all the artillery in the several towns of France to be dismantled and deposited in the arsenals, on the plea that they are in such a state as to be dangerous to use, and promises that they shall be replaced by artillery in better condition. An impression prevailed, however, that the guns were to be removed lest they should fall into the people's hands in case of a rising.

Great agitation prevails in Russia in consequence of the opposition of the nobility to the emancipation of the serfs. Many great proprietors have fled to St. Petersburg, in fear of their lives. A letter from Warsaw states that a camp of 100,000 men will be formed towards the middle of May. This is considered a manifestation against Austria.

Accounts have been received from Bosnia, stating that the Ottoman commissioners charged to inquire into the grievances of the Christian population is proceeding in a manner calculated to exasperate rather than pacify the province, while at the same time the Sultan's liberal views appear to be but little taken into account.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LADY READER.—We were aware that the charge had been made against Dr. Fox, which you complain of, but materialists always have scoffed at any violation of spirit, except such as bear the charm of centuries and the Bible to shield them. We are not inclined to believe the Magazine in question would have lent its aid to such a scheme—still it is a mooted question. As to the "Revival," we have frequently spoken of them, and of individual actions coming therefrom. We believe that the mass of mankind have failed to reap that comfort from the material world that they expected to, the crisis having broken their faith in the power to save, of worldly things, hence they seek for spiritual food, and they run for it to such organizations as their own development tells them they will find it in. This is taking one step from the material plane, and as we know that the church cannot satisfy the cravings of the progressive minds of our young men, who cannot be yoked to cold, dead creeds, so we know this must work good in the end. For they will, as soon as they become dissatisfied, look for something higher, and ultimately swell the ranks of Rational Religion—or Spiritualism. "Agitation of Thought is the beginning of Wisdom," and we should be pleased to see the people calling for spiritual food, even though they are at present content with the milk of the word, which would not satisfy the more developed mind. Anybody can "get Religion," but it takes a spiritually developed mind to be able to embrace the meat of the word of God, which Spiritualism furnishes. It comes to those who are not satisfied with the forms Religion is wrapped in, or cramped up in, who are looking for something higher, and who have prepared themselves to receive it, by spiritual culture. This church is weakened by every convert she makes in the revival. The ultimate will be a complete breaking up of creeds and sectarianism, and the inauguration of a new era of brotherly love, and a putting off of belief for a practical life of charity and usefulness.

F. S. F., SPRINGFIELD.—The communication you refer to, was given to three persons, who were present at our sitting on that day. There are many, no doubt, it would apply to, at least we hope so. The spirit may be the same as the Stranger who communicates to you.

T. R., FAIRBORN MINN.—We want our subscribers everywhere to act as agents, and send us the money for our subscription, when we will send receipts. God up a club.

## MARRIED.

In Harborside, Erie Co., Penn., on the 7th inst., by Ira Sherwin, Esq., Mr. Charles G. Miller, of Columbia, Warren Co., Penn., to Miss Lillian M. Cowden, of the former place.

## OBITUARY.

Died in Concord, N. H., on the 30th ult. Mrs. CAROLINE WELLS, aged 44 years. It was our privilege to visit the departed twice during her protracted and painful sickness; and though we found her "poor in this world's goods," yet she was "rich in faith," feeling confident that there was a higher and holier mission for her freed spirit, when the mortal tabernacle "in which she dwelt," should no longer imprison her. I doubt not that she believed she should die "to be deathless," that her eyes would "open when they seemed to close." This is the blessed reality with her now. May great grace rest upon those who mourn her departure from the earthly home.

Com.

## MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—The desk will be occupied at the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M., as usual.

J. H. GARRIER, trance-speaking medium, is engaged to lecture in Amesbury Mills, Mass., Sunday, April 18; Concord, N. H., Sunday, April 25; Franklin, N. H., Sunday, May 2; West Amesbury, Mass., Sunday, May 9.

A weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spiritualists' Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Thursday evening, commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Speakers, Rev. D. F. Goodard. Admission free.

A CIRCLE for Medium Development and Spiritual Manifestations will be held every Sunday morning and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings in Evening Star Hall, No. 66 Main street, every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. The morning will be occupied by circles, the afternoon devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and the evenings to speaking by Loring Moody. Hours of meeting, 10 A. M. and 2-3 and 7 o'clock, P. M.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at Guild Hall, Wintham street. Dr. F. Goodard, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

CHARLES J. GOWEN, the excellent Trance-Speaking Medium, will lecture Sunday next, March 21, in the above hall.

BALCON.—Meetings are held in Balcon every Sunday at the Spiritualists' Church, Bowditch street. The best trance-speakers engaged. Circle in the morning free.

J. N. KERRY, Esq., Meetings at Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2-3 and 7 o'clock. The best Lecturers and Trance-speakers engaged.



## Poetry.

[From the Age of Progress.]  
ALONE WITH DEITY.

BY MRS. F. C. MYERS, MEDIUM.

Alone with Deity! Oh, thought  
Divinely grand, sublime, intense!  
Gleams every ill thy power is fraught  
With an almighty awe defence!  
On every billow of life's sea,  
Buoy'd by this thought, I'm blest and free.  
The lip I've with affection press'd,  
May change its smile to curl of scorn,  
The brow I've tenderly caress'd  
And with my heart's bright flowers adorn'd,  
May, by its frown of dark distrust,  
With the wreath to mould and dust.  
The hopes I've nursed and taught to twine  
Around my ideal, may desert;  
The hand I've tightly clasped in mine,  
May point the dagger to my heart:  
But Father, thus I'm made more free  
By being driven unto Thee.  
Yes, driven home to Thee, to learn  
By Thy instruction deep and pure,  
That I with skill the day must turn  
Of my life's journey, secure.  
And that I'er may keep in range  
Of the Philosophy of Change.  
To learn by this communion deep  
The great lesson, how to guide  
My barque, and how the watch to keep,  
That weeks may not my voyage baffle,  
And that, if I'd clear the way,  
I must keep balance with the wave.  
That the great universe of mind  
Is but a liquid, surging sea,  
Whose waves, stirred by a pulse divine,  
Must rise and fall eternally;  
That we must study harmony  
With all that is, if we'd be free.  
Free from that weak distrust of God,  
That makes us fearful of His works—  
Learning that 'er within ourselves  
The golden-chained serpent lurks,  
And that is JOKUNDA alone  
Of laws that must by all be known.  
Oh! selfish heart! Oh! traitor soul!  
Oh! falsehood, treachery and scorn!  
Through you man finds Truth's gem-paved goal,  
By three you cause, man will be born  
To angel freedom, and to be  
Communicant with Deity.  
Ye form, oh, train of sorrows dire,  
For scenes of life a rich back-ground,  
And though I'd not ask you to err,  
That greater glory may abound,  
I've ever found the darkest cloud  
The brightest rainbow-hues enshroud.

## Correspondence.

## LETTER FROM H. B. STORER.

DEAR BANNER—"Long may you wave." (This I take to be the Yankee for, "Oh, king, live forever.") Since my last communication to your columns, I have entered upon a home circuit, and the sphere of my present labors is in good old Connecticut, my native State. I have been among dear friends in the Western land, and enjoyed a hospitality broad and rich as their own prairies. Their kind welcome I shall never forget, or the happy hours of spiritual communion which we shared together. I have looked off upon that land of promise, stretching far away in gentle swells to the distant horizon, on whose black billows the nodding plumes of grain shall wave like golden foam upon the sea, and emotions of gratitude have swelled my bosom as I considered the bountiful provision here made for the physical needs of humanity. I have rejoiced in the thought that from this abundance the hungry nations shall be fed, and on these broad acres the poor may find a home and competence; but with equal gratitude to the kind Father, I have turned to the sterile hills of New England, rejoicing in the pure, invigorating air, the bold, free inspirations of her scenery, and the mental discipline which the poverty of our soil has compelled.

'Tis neither kind or wise to make invidious comparisons between one portion of our country and another, but we may profitably study the influence of physical conditions upon the development of human character, whatever those conditions may be. A true harmonical philosophy requires the use of all conditions, and looks upon the geographical peculiarities of each and every country, as tending equally to subserve the development of man. I accept such a philosophy, and, at the same time, rejoice that, as individuals, we are permitted to love best of all "our own, our native land."

This circuit, upon which I have entered in connection with sister Tuttle, is wide awake with interest in the gospel of the angels. At Hartford, the Union Hall is filled, often to overflowing, particularly in pleasant weather, with inquirers concerning these "good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." A revival is in progress here, as in so many other places, in which the Spiritualists seem to participate. To be sure, as a general thing, our spiritual friends do not participate in the extra meetings—the "business men's prayer meetings," and the "firemen's prayer meetings," and the "young men's prayer meetings," and the "little children's school prayer meetings," the necessity for which seems recently to have been discovered—but there is a general disposition, I hope, to "pray without ceasing," for the unfoldment of man's higher nature, that his spiritual perceptions and affections may unite in their influence upon his life, producing love to God and man.

I am happy to report that "there is also a remarkable absence of anything like fanaticism in this removal" among the believers in Spiritualism. I find no anxiety among them to compel others to think as they do, but a deep conviction that in due time "all will come to a knowledge of the truth." They seem usually to rejoice with an abounding joy in the light which they have received, but do not seem to fear that all the light of the spiritual world has been exhausted on them, and that there will not be sufficient to enlighten every man that cometh into the world. I have not heard among them any estimates as to how many God proposed to "add to the number of those who should be saved," during his present visit to the earth, but have heard it confidently asserted as their conviction, by many, that He was constantly adding to that number by birth, and that He was "not far from any one" of His children at any time. You may well believe such a conviction produces exceeding joy, and that seasons of thanksgiving and prayer are held by many every hour of the day.

I have spoken two Sabbaths in Hartford, "as the spirits gave me utterance," and have reason to believe from the testimony of others, that immortal truths were presented in "words fitly spoken." My spirit-guides are numerous, and they often present their individual peculiarities through me in such a manner as to be recognized by the audience, and to excite general interest.

During my last visit to Hartford, I enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Mettler. The reputation of Mrs. Mettler as a medical clairvoyant is almost world-wide, her remarkable successes having called forth spontaneous testimonials from all parts of our own as well as foreign countries. I had heard re-

more that her wonderful powers had ceased, but was rejoiced to find that her clairvoyant perceptions were never clearer than at the present time, and that there are hardly any exceptions to the beneficial results which attend her treatment. It does indeed astonish the experienced mind, to witness these wondrous interior examinations. It was my privilege to be present at several of her examinations, and familiar as I am with the modern manifestations of spiritual power under different conditions, I was deeply interested in the peculiar clearness of her perceptions.

When the hour for commencing the examinations arrives, which is usually about eleven o'clock, a few passers by the Doctor induces the mesmeric condition, and her interior perceptions are opened. A handkerchief is tightly bandaged about the eyes, and one after another, the patients who have assembled in the reception-room, are brought in and subjected to her scrutiny. The hand of the patient is held in hers for a short time, until rapport is established, and then a rapid review of the whole system takes place. Soon the most prominent difficulty is discovered, and in a clear, distinct tone, with no hesitation either in perception or choice of words, she enters into a statement of the original causes of the disease, often running back to some accident in early childhood, which is minutely described, and tracing from the causes the whole progress of the disease. The habits of life are criticised, and advice which could only come from the purest source, is frequently given. Then, to assist nature in her efforts to build up the decaying temple of the body, prescriptions are made, the elements made use of being generally from the vegetable kingdom, although a liberal eclecticism is adopted. The reason why these prescriptions are made is given, and the effect intended to be produced—so that the patient can judge for himself whether that effect is being produced. Exclamations of delight and surprise attest the correctness of these interior discoveries, as well as the results of her treatment. Often the tears gush fast and free, as the past life of the patient is brought in review, and some sympathetic cord is touched by the kind admonitions of the illuminated seeress. I need say nothing of Mrs. Mettler's personal character. Her grateful friends are, everywhere throughout the land, restored to health through her instrumentality. And though bigotry and superstition, in their insane efforts to destroy all evidence of an interior spiritual life, and to prove that the body is more real than the spirit, have cast reproach upon her name and upon her beneficent mission, yet among those who know her as she is,

"None know her but to love her,  
Or name her but to praise."

Excuse this rambling epistle, which would come just as it is, or not at all, and if desired, expect more in regard to our spiritual condition in Connecticut in my next.

Fraternally,  
H. B. STORER.

## SPIRITUALISM.

MR. EDITOR—No cause, however just, no reform however beneficial to the human race, but what, in its incipency, has had its opposers; and those opposers have been from among men of every variety of talent and profession. One thing is certain, no scheme of reformation ever entered upon has been denounced to the extent, and whose supporters have been more vilified and maligned, than Spiritualism and its supporters. Men in authority and "under authority," men standing high as teachers and leaders of the public mind, clerical gentlemen, men of all grades of society, have united to crush this worm which is said to be gnawing at the vitals of Christianity. But notwithstanding this unity of sentiment and anxious care lest this pernicious doctrine should get a foothold among the people and scatter the germs of infidelity and irreligion, as Galileo said at the time of signing his recantation, "It moves." Yes, this doctrine of Spiritualism with mortals "moves," is gaining ground, is making progress and converting scores from the doctrines of eternal damnation and hell fire to the philosophy of a better life.

Dr. Mowbray, a traveling "expositor of Spiritualism," has been, for the last week, giving a course of lectures against this new philosophy near this place, for which grand entertainment the sum of thirty-five dollars were raised. Yes, thirty-five dollars expended to convince the people of this section that Spiritualism is a humbug! What philanthropy, what devotion to Christian principles. I only attended the last lecture, in which the speaker summed up the arguments of the previous lectures. He recounted the origin of Spiritualism with the Fox girls, the investigation at the Phelps House, in Buffalo. Reviewed the works of A. J. Davis, Prof. Hare, Dr. Dexter, and Judge Edmonds, calling them all infidels, and the whole thing a delusion. His whole lecture abounded in assertion and strong denunciation, lacking one important item, proof. He closed by giving experiments with a psychological subject he had previously chosen, and had well trained for the purpose of ridiculing the theory of Spiritualism and the theory of electrical psychology. He deceived the audience, who thought his subject under psychological control. He went through numerous experiments, and his last was an imitation of a trance-speaker, which was very successfully carried out. But his whole lecture, experiments and all, only taught one good lesson, that mankind could be most egregiously humbugged.

He failed altogether in his exposure of Spiritualism, and his lectures have only served to strengthen the minds of believers in the truth and beauty of their doctrine. The time has passed when ridicule and denunciation will be potent to convince, for nought but sound argument and true philosophy is sufficient for the intelligent and thinking mind.

Men may imitate the spiritual phenomena, and thereby bring down upon the heads of the supporters of the spiritual theory scorn and ridicule, but they are powerless, and cannot shake the confidence of those who have seen the genuine, and known "wherein they have believed."

B. SMITH LAMKIN.

FIVE CORNERS, N. Y., 1858.

## LOST!

"I escaped all knowledge of God, except that I was lost!" I was reminded of this significant expression of a spirit, by reading an excellent article in your paper by Dr. Child, under the head of "HELL." At a private sitting with my esteemed friend Francis H. S., an unhappy spirit presented himself, (through the dial) bitterly lamenting his condition, and depicting his position as horrible in the extreme.

After fully identifying himself as belonging to one of the oldest families in this State, and stating facts which we subsequently found correct, we questioned

him as to his surroundings and teachings while in the form. His statements and answers were substantially these:—"I died fifty years ago. I had no love for God or man. Believed in total depravity and endless punishment—escaped all knowledge of God, except that I was lost! Intolerable darkness has prevailed with me until this hour, when I discovered a ray of light—pursuing which, I perceived my angel mother, when I saw the dawn of returning love. She pointed to your quiet circle for advice. I am here with many thanks!"

This is one of the many instances of happiness produced by the spiritual progress of the day.

Here was a poor, despairing mortal, evidently brought up in the Calvinistic faith, but never having been actually "gathered into the fold" of the church—died under the assurance and belief that he was eternally lost, and until permitted to see the face and love of a mother, he was suffering according to the teachings implanted in him from his youth up. He represented himself some seventy years old when he left the form, fifty years ago.

If this is a correct view of the effects of what Spiritualists believe to be wrong teaching, what can compare with the joy of all who witness the rapid advance of our glorious philosophy?

In another instance came the spirit of a suicide, whom we well knew among us. His condition was awful beyond description. We think we have relieved him by pointing to a God of love and mercy.

I could quote pages of the bitter lamentations and shocking language of this spirit in his early communications. He now claims to see light, and is comparatively happy.

M.  
BALTIMORE, MD.

## LETTER FROM L. K. COONLEY.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, April 3, 1858.

BROTHERS COLBY & Co.—I have lectured here three Sabbaths to large audiences—larger than usual for this city. I go to Dayton to-day—expect to speak there on Sunday, and return again on Monday. I go to Dayton mainly for healing purposes, and return here for the same object. There are, comparatively, no good healing or test mediums in this part of the country. There are some good speaking mediums here, but they are not sufficiently encouraged. Eastern mediums, generally, have rather forsaken Cincinnati, from the fact that they are directed to go to a public house to stop. Only think of a sensitive creature, such as a medium must necessarily be, stopping at a Western hotel.

I will give you one night's rest, by myself, at the Walnut Street House, Cincinnati, (by the way, a hotel of the very first class.) I retired at 11 P. M., my room being first rate, and bed unsurpassed in any public house, I thought to have a rest from the weary labors of the day. There were travelers and boarders passing to their rooms until between 12 and 1 o'clock, with incessant tramping and opening and shutting doors. At 1 A. M. the outer doors are closed—fresh air ceases—tobacco-smoke now enters through the crevices around the door, and together with the confined air, becomes oppressive in the extreme. I try to raise the window, but it slips out of the sash slide-frame, and comes down with a crash that causes the lodgers to throw up their windows, and a general stir ensues. I shrink away in bed, resolved "to do or die." Just then, a child in the next room is taken sick, (now 2 A. M.), and after a brief rest, vomiting is the result. This, of course, purifies the feelings. A half hour passes away—when I hear in the next room that a man "comes home late." A gentle, female voice chides; the man evidently "wells to do," does not speak very mild, and a "matrimonial breeze" gently dies away on the morning air, sending back the echoes of woman's strongest weapon, the sighs that speak with tears.

Half past three A. M., the world is oblivious. Half past five, gong sounds, and the servants are astir; then commences a down stairs rush from nearly every part of the house. 6 A. M., rise and perambulate the streets. Sunday morning, depended upon to be controlled by "superior intelligences," to give three lectures before critically investigating audiences! Friends, take care of your sensitive public mediums. Bro. N. R. M.'s house has since been my home—thanks to his (and his family's) generosity—a place of rest.

I am somewhat amused here, with the expressions concerning the lectures through me. A powerful believer in "Plenary Inspiration," says, "That is just what I believe; never heard it so plainly explained before." "A believer in Swedenborg's revelations," exclaims another; "those are the sentiments I have been used to for twenty years; how beautifully the laws of correspondence are explained." The Jewish Rabbi—Sillendall, the great high Priest of the West—attends the lectures—gives the subject for a discourse—"treated admirably—must have read very deeply—nothing new! Pure Judaism! The learned Jews recognize the teachings of Jesus as the fulfillment of the Messianic dispensation!" By the way, this Rabbi is one of the most liberal thinkers I have ever met. He attends circles, and is deeply interested in the investigation of our holy cause. I remain here a few days, and then go on farther West.

Yours, truly,  
L. K. COONLEY.

## TO THE FRIENDS OF HUMANITY.

LOWELL, MASS., April 5, 1858.

FRIEND BANNER—I much desire to pen a few lines in favor of justice, for the perusal of your readers. I know that the true Spiritualist favors the right, but often forgets that physical slavery exists, while battling for the abolition of spiritual tyranny. This is one excuse I have for inditing this communication.

In this city, as in many others in New England, we have a large class of people who live by hiring away their labor. They are more or less dependent upon our manufacturing companies for a livelihood in this manner, even in the best of times. And, moreover, long before the present time, we have heard complaints that the directors and agents of our mills have endeavored to oppress their help by reducing wages, and increasing the amount of work to be performed. And, at the present moment, when the operatives are least able to bear it, there seems to be a united move among the different corporations to again reduce the pay and increase the hours of labor; and about the only excuse that they attempt to give for this oppression, as far as I can learn, is, because they can do it. They think that people will be obliged to work for them under any circumstances, because of their necessities.

Tell me not of Southern slavery, until the abolition of war is effected in the free States of Massachusetts. We have hundreds of families in our manufacturing towns, who are driven to work from the exigencies of the times. It is not horrid that

they should be oppressed now? They have no means to help themselves, and they cannot remove to more favored localities in the far West. What must be done? Must they calmly submit, and become more and more enslaved?

As for the people of Lowell, I can say that they have resolved not to submit to the monopolized power of the corporations. Those who can, are emigrating to other places; but they do not design to give those up to the power of tyranny, who remain.

A weekly paper has just been started here, to advocate the rights of the laborer; and the one who conducts it editorially is no "faint heart." I can assure you. This journal, the *Spindle City Idea*, is to be widely circulated in every manufacturing town in New England, in order that an influence may be brought to bear in favor of the oppressed. Every lover of the rights of humanity should help circulate it. Everybody can take it; its subscription price is so low, that no one will hardly feel the expense of it; nor need it interfere with the circulation of the Banner, or any other paper that your readers may take. It is published every Wednesday morning, at 60 cents a year; 25 cents for six months; 13 cents for three months; invariably in advance.

I would especially urge that every Spiritualist use his influence to circulate the *Idea* far and wide, not only because of its noble advocacy of human rights, but because it sympathizes with the progressive advent of spiritual truth.

I need say no more upon this point—"a word to the wise is sufficient." Those who desire to aid the good work can address, "Editor, *Spindle City Idea*," Lowell, Mass.

Yours, for the Right,  
LABORER.

## Communications.

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

[Emma A. Knight, medium.]

## To Salathiel.

DEAR SIR—I respond with the greatest pleasure to your kind note, given me through one I often visit. The effusion that pleased you, was one that most people would not comprehend or like, but they were my sentiments—and I know and feel that there are many hearts who appreciated them. If you love Music, then you will not tire of my rhapsodies, for they are never of anything else. I think a lifetime of devotion but a small and weak tribute to pay at Music's shrine. I love her with my whole soul, and in her I love everything that is beautiful, holy and divine; all that is lovely, godlike, I find in Music; all the beauties of Nature I find in her portrayed; all the feelings and aspirations of man are by her breathed, and coming from her, they go to the inmost chamber of the heart.

Oh, God! who cometh unto us in all ways—in the most grand as well as humble creations of nature—who giveth us everything most charming to please the eye, to taste, touch, smell, and hear—we thank Thee most for Music; for in it Thou speakest to us! We hear Thy voice, and falling down worship Thee—we give everything for this, Thy Art Divine, for Thou and it are one, ever reaching and never attaining. We oftentimes lose ourselves in Thee, but we care not, only that we may draw nearer. What is earth to us? It is only a temporary home. What are forms or fashions, or the society of men? Can they give us more happiness, or teach us more, than Thou? We find Heaven, where Thou art, though in a garret, for Thou comest unto the soul, and when that is satisfied, the body knows no want.

The sentiments expressed by me, and echoed by you, are not rare, only being holy, are concealed for fear of ridicule. How many true artists are there in the world, who have these same feelings! Allow me to say that unless they had, they could not be artists; for if the true feeling is not in the soul—unless the spirit is tuned to harmony—no true musical sentiment can be expressed.

Music as a trade, as a means of gaining a livelihood, and Music as an Art, are two separate things, as much so as the freed spirit and the mundane; the one is calculating, cold, and without feeling. Such, prosper, become rich, respected, &c.; the other, a slave to his profession, caring not for the honor of men, living in a world of his own—uncared for, despised, and rejected; but the Heaven in his soul cannot come of man, or be taken away.

If possible, I will visit and impress you, according to your wish.

Very truly yours,  
HANNAH SONTAG.

## Mrs. G. H. Barrett, to her Friend.

FRIEND K.—Whether you believe in the communion of spirit with mortal, or not, I am going to write you, hoping that good advice, coming from whatever source, will be received for what it is worth—knowing, as I do, the temptations to which you are subjected—feeling, as I do, how little our true character is appreciated—I may have more sympathy for your faults than those who do not understand the life we lead—forced in our profession to associate with those who are repugnant, and coming in contact as we must, with a class of people more sensual than intellectual, breathing the atmosphere of social degradation, and seeming to be, what we are not, who can wonder that we lose our identity—that we are not ourselves—that we cease to be—and when at last we do fall, morally, what is the difference in the eyes of the world? Who would believe we were truthful and virtuous? We act our part, and acting it well, "there all the honor lies." But acting our part does well enough in the eyes of the world, if this were all. The earthly life is but the commencement of the play, and before we are aware of it, we are ushered upon a different stage, and stand before scenes so transparent that we are shown to the audience as we truly are, without feigning or seeming. Then the truly great must be those whose hearts are most pure, whose moral worth and true nobility of soul shine forth clear and beautiful.

Ah, my friend! let these few words, coming from me, find their way to your heart; let my experience serve to guide you; care for yourself, not the world, and though you go on in your profession seeming, yet let there be something substantial for the spirit to rest upon when the curtain shall have fallen on the last scene, and the soul gone to its home.

[J. D. S. Medium.]

## Polly Kilborn, to B. Marsh.

My Respected Friend,—I manifested myself to your home circle the other evening, through the interior perceptions of the medium, and when I fully realized I could make myself visible to the inner light, I was doubly anxious to control his hand, and write out a test of my presence. I have been seeking to control his manual forces, that I might dictate a message, and present something that would convince you of the truth of what the spirits have so often told you, that you are surrounded by a host of angelic friends, who are desirous to contribute to your earthly comfort and pleasure.

When on earth, the power of hearing and speaking was denied me. Long years rolled away, and the pleasant sound of friendly voices no longer greeted my "pent up" ears in that long season, nor was it in my power to give utterance to any words, thoughts and feelings, except by outward signs; and yet I could not call myself unhappy, for if hearing and the power of speech were not given me, I possessed that other gift, seeing. I could look forth into the beautiful world, and see the magnificent scenes which the infinite hand of God had painted therein for the enjoyment of His children, and hear Nature speaking with her thousand voices to the inner ear of the soul, which is never closed, and never can be.

It was not till my spirit traversed the green fields of the Spirit's Paradise that I realized the worth of the blessings I was deprived of in the earth life! Then I knew what it was to hear and speak! The first sound that welcomed me was a delightful strain of music, which broke upon my soul's awakened ear with charming melody, enchaining my spirit, and wrapping it in a halo of the most ecstatic delight. Then spirit forms glided before me, clad in their snowy robes, with golden-stringed harps in hand, from which emanated the most ravishing music. Then they spoke to me their welcome messages, and my own soul echoed a response. I knew then I had passed beyond the confines of earth, and found that better shore, where all the lost and dimmed faculties of earth will be restored to a vigorous action, to shine through all eternity.

Oh, there are many who would like to address you when they have the chance; some similarly situated as myself. They will manifest in due time, presenting such tests as will establish the conclusive proofs of their identity.

Ah! brother, could your spirit eyes  
But cast a furtive glance above,  
You then would truly realize  
How many anxious friends you love,  
Awaiting the privilege to write  
To those who linger on Time's shore,  
About their world of Truth and Light,  
Where glory's sun shines o'erglow.

But soon the privilege will be  
Given them to communicate,  
Soon will they truly write to thee,  
From their celestial, joyous state,  
And reassure you of the care  
They feel for you on earth below;  
And that in hours of dark despair,  
Their loves united round the glow.

I left earth in Milford, many years ago.  
Yours, for time and eternity,  
POLLY KILBORN.

MESSRS. EDITORS—The above communication was received from an entire stranger, but I have since ascertained that she has brothers still on earth, who have confirmed the facts as herein stated, relative to her earth life.

B. MARSH.

## SPIRITUALISM AMONG PRINTERS' DEVILS.

The Cape Giraud, Mo., Eagle, seems to have an imp in its office. The editor says:—

Our Devil is a medium, and by holding a pen loosely in his hand, it will, involuntarily on his part, write answers to questions—turning his eyes from the paper he knows not what is written till he examines. Though sometimes correct in replies, he frequently makes mistakes. He made our little writing table perform some wonderful feats a few nights since. It went anywhere about our sanctum that it might be directed. It traveled about with a boy seated on the top of it, and when required to career and slide him off, it did so, notwithstanding a youth of considerable strength tried to hold him on.

The table was told to shake hands with a certain man; it went to a place where he was standing, and diagonally held up one of its legs. It was required to get into the lap of another, when it approached him and placed one leg on his knee. Now these are facts, which our best citizens can testify to, and who are still incredulous with regard to their spiritual origin. We know not what motive power caused the table to move about as it did. The youth cannot have been in collusion with any other person, and that, to us, renders the whole thing so much the more mysterious. The youth inquired the name of the spirit, and to his utmost surprise, wrote down the name of his father, who died a great many years ago.

## The Messenger.

HINTS TO THE READER.—Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given as through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. CONANT, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light.

The object of this Department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth.

These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted—only the answers given to them.

By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to this beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything but finite beings, liable to our like ourselves. They are published as communicated, without alteration by us, as we believe that the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, instead of expecting that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. They all express so much of truth as the spirit communicating perceives—no more. It can speak of its own opinion with truth, while it gives opinions merely relative to things it has not experienced.

The Spirit governing these manifestations does not pretend to infallibility; but only engages to use his power and knowledge to the best advantage, to see that truth comes through this channel. Perfection is not claimed.

## ADMISSIONS TO OUR CIRCLES.

A desire, on the part of our readers, to make themselves acquainted with the manner in which the communications published under "The Messenger" head, are received, has induced us to admit a few persons to our sessions, for several months past. But as this fact has gained notoriety, it has become necessary for us to have some order and regulation in reference to the admissions.

Persons who desire to avail themselves of this privilege, will hereafter not be admitted, except on application at our office, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 1 P. M., each day. This is absolutely necessary, as we can only admit a limited number, and must know in advance the number to be present. No charge is exacted, but all applications for admissions must be made at this office.

## Dr. Kittredge—To a Patient in Woodstock, Vermont.

I have a patient in Woodstock, Vt., and it is very difficult for me to find a medium suited to his wants. I did find one a short time since and succeeded in benefitting the patient in some degree. Since that time the medium has been called away, and my patient is very much annoyed in consequence, and somewhat alarmed, and I take this method of conveying this intelligence. He has nothing to do but to make himself as happy as possible; take plenty of good air and exercise, and thank God for what he has received, and pray to Him for a continuance. He will understand this. It is what I should say to him if I were with him. Good day.

April 6.

## Dr. Paris Browne.

I have approached you through your medium quite a number of times, but it seems what I have given you has only misled you and rendered my approaching my friends more difficult. I have been in the spirit-world high seven years. I died of typhus fever in Lowell, Mass. I was 80 years of age; and my name was Paris Browne. I told you I was connected with the Worcester Insane Asylum and you would not ascertain the fact. Probably a change of officers in that institution has operated against you in this, as I was not of much consequence. I was sick near 17 weeks there, and underwent the operation of trepanning the skull. One of the unfortunate struck me while I was looking at some animals in the yard. He had been authorized to do so because I had at times told some monstrous stories to confuse him, which I was obliged to do for his own safety, and that of others. Now, I have many dear friends in Vermont, and I



desire to commune with them. I do not wish to do so in a direct manner, because they do not understand this; so I have approached your medium to step near them. I expect to come forth publicly, that I may approach my own privately hereafter.

I left a very dear female friend,—yes, more than friend—and she is a medium. But I dare not approach her, because she is nervous, and she might not be likely to comprehend if I should come direct to her at first—thus I come here. I have something to give my brethren and friends, of importance, and I think I can do so through her, if I can manifest through her. My family, I thank God, are all good, moral people; but as far as Spiritualism is concerned, they are in the dark; never having had an opportunity to investigate it, they are, as it were, afar off from me. They have heard of it—but understanding and hearing are two things. I can see no reason why a mortal who has become a spirit, cannot commune with his mortal spirits. I am well convinced that our Good Father, by placing the two worlds in so close communion, intended to have their inhabitants commune more readily together. It is only by reason of the darkness on your earth that we have not been doing so. When man loses hold of material things, he grasps hold of spiritual. As men now, having difficulties to contend with in the material world, run for spiritual food.

If man attended to the laws of his physical nature, his spirit would hold communion more freely with us; but mediums are generally unhealthy, owing to the oversight of parents, or their own.

Oh, I so long have desired to commune with my friends, that I sometimes feel like making great efforts to open communion with them. They look upon me as far off; but on the contrary, I am quite as much interested in their affairs as I ever was, and have as strong a desire to aid them. I am not afar off, and the only boon I ask, and the only thing I have now to say is, God grant that the way to commune with my friends may be speedily opened. April 7.

This spirit communicated, as is said in the above message, but the persons in charge of the Asylum at Worcester could not remember such a party. It was many years ago he was there, and then only an assistant, but eighteen or twenty years of age; so it is not strange they should have forgotten him. The other assertions are true; so we publish the communication, notwithstanding the Superintendent of the Asylum does not remember of his having been there.

#### Wilkinson, Cal.

I don't know but what I am intruding. At your last session, my friend Gooding spoke of me to you. He gave my name as Wilkins; it is Wilkinson. I don't know well how to control your medium, although I have been trying to initiate myself into the mysteries for the past four hours, and you will pardon me if I do not do as well as others. I shall give you facts, if nothing more. I am desirous to communicate, not for myself, but for some one else, who was my murderer. I was one of the unfortunate party my friend was of, and fell almost at the same moment with my friend Gooding. I feel very anxious to communicate with my friends, but am most anxious to come to the man who suffers more hell than he knows what to do with. I was shot at Springers, Stockton, Cal. I feel as though I had much to do on earth, yet I don't know how long I shall be obliged to work ere I find myself in a happy state. I did not expect to be so soon hurried into the spirit world. I was prepared to dwell in earth-life, but wholly unprepared for the spiritual world. Now, if the authorities will look at the whole matter and probe it to the bottom, they will deal leniently with the poor unfortunate—my murderer. I do not yet see him in their power, and to-day I come to set him free; as free as I am able to do. He will suffer enough, and God has undoubtedly sent a good angel to inform him of his sin, ere now, and I do not wish him to suffer by law. I always was against capital punishment, and I am still against it. A friend once said to me, Wilkinson, if you were to be murdered you would feel differently about this. But I have been murdered, and I have not altered in my opinion. It looks like taking God's work in your own hands, and saying to Him, God, you are not competent to award proper punishment. I do not think he should be allowed to go free, until he can restrain his passions,—but his life should be spared him.

I was a hard case on earth, but I have determined since I came here to do differently. I can do so, for I find things different with me. I have no temper now. I have no desire to do wrong,—that seems to have passed away with the conditions which surrounded me on earth.

Now I have some friends in Dayton, Ohio. I don't know whether they believe in this thing or no. I know they did not when last I saw them. But if they wish to hear from me, and will call for me, I shall be happy to meet them, if they give me an instrument such as now I have to operate upon. I do not want them to call upon me from mere curiosity, for then I might not be able to give them the truth, without a mixture of error; but if they ask me to come honestly and for good purposes, I shall be very happy to do so. If they sincerely ask for truth, I can give it to them.

The circumstances of my death were these: I got into a quarrel with several people, and my friend Gooding undertook to defend me, and we both got shot, and several others were wounded, for I saw them fall at the time. I do not know how to go to work to make you sensible of the truth I have given you, but it may have been chronicled in the Sacramento Daily Union, of which I was a subscriber. I'll come to you again. Good day. March 7.

#### Robert Stanwood, London.

I come because requested to. It is now high unto ten years since I went away, and it seems to me, I might have been called for ere this. My kindred are not believers in that which seems to be creating so great a sensation in the old and new world; but they have said this much:—if I would come here and state facts in relation to my death and life, giving my name, &c., and stating that I was requested to come, they would believe, without a shadow of doubt; therefore I am here.

Something like thirty years ago I was in Boston in body, never but once. My native place I shall call London. From that place has come up the call to me. Little did I think, thirty years ago, that I should be doing my best to speak through some other body than my own at this time, in this city; but strange and mysterious things are every day occurring. Now if you are ready for my facts, I will give them.

My name was Robert Stanwood. I was a silversmith by trade—worked many years at the business and derived much of this world's goods therefrom, and am well known in London. I was seventy-two years of age when I went away. It was supposed I died by reason of grief occasioned by loss of property, but it was a mere supposition and no reality, for such was not the fact. My illness was what you New Englanders would call consumption, and doubtless it was induced by inhalation of metal while I worked at my trade. I have relatives of the same name carrying on the same business in London. They requested me to say whether I died at home or away. I died at home in London, but not in my own house. The number of my children was four, number on earth, one—three with me. Their ages range all the way from forty-eight to, I think, thirty-one—I believe—that is to say they would have been, the youngest about thirty-one, my oldest forty-eight or forty-nine. I have long wanted to satisfy my friends in regard to this thing, but never could. When the medium, Mrs. Haydon, was in London, I sought hard to do well through her, but never could. My family visited her, many of them without success, although I consider her one of the finest instruments in your land, and am unable to account for my failure. My friends say, tell us if we ever went to a medium. That I have already answered. I will go further, and say the number who went were four—not at one time. I know this, for I was there and saw by the aid of the lady medium.

I believe I have answered all I was requested to answer, and I will make way for others who wish to speak to their friends. My people have a servant in their family who has medium powers, but I can do little there except to hear the questions they ask of me. March 7.

#### —Smith Robinson.

I thought I'd drop in here to see what you were doing. Never was here before. You seem to be very solemn individuals. I don't care if I do talk to my friends; for I have got some, I believe, some ways from here. There is nobody so poor in heaven but what they have some friends in earth-life. I don't come to give much of an account of myself, and I don't suppose you care to receive it. They ought to identify me by name—Smith Robinson, of Texas. I lived forty-one years in an earthly life, and I find that all I gained in that forty-one years, is a cypher, a mere nothing. However, if a man never begins, he certainly cannot expect to find any place of peace. Talk about your Hell! Hold it up in as many positions as you please, and you know nothing about it. Let a man come here without a clean conscience, and he will experience enough of it.

I used to wonder what souls were made of, when I was half inclined to believe that those who had done ill in life, were raked up in fire and brimstone, and burned eternally. Well, that is the silliest doctrine man ever preached, and those who believe it will certainly be damned here and hereafter—for they will damn themselves by believing it. Once, in the early part of my life, I almost believed it; but in the latter part, I did everything I could to oppose it, and I am just as much against the religion you have on earth as I ever was. Your Orthodox minister never thinks his family is going to hell. Oh no, somebody's prayer saves them. But if his neighbor has a child not belonging to their church, lying at death's door, he will be damned—no prayers at the eleventh hour will save him. Well, if there ever was a personal devil, he was created for the especial benefit of such church-people. I went among the evangelical churches and I saw more crime among them than anywhere else, and I do say, the man who goes to church and acts the hypocrite, is worse than the vilest scoundrel who acts openly.

Well, damn such ministers, I say, and if I can push them into the fire I shall do it—must do it. They build the fire, and if I can push them into it, they will get purified the quicker. Oh, you need not object to this; I am talking just as I feel—I'm no hypocrite to smooth over my words, and I oblige, I talk at all, show my own colors.

About ten years ago I lost my wife and child. My wife was an Atheist; she was brought up so; her father and mother were so before her, and they were charitable people, always doing good—but they were Atheists—and my wife inherited all their virtues. While she lay sick, a great many church people visited her. She had given very freely to the church, because they called upon her for charity. She had as much money as was necessary, and gave them in charity; therefore she had plenty of callers, for they wanted to bring her over to their faith. But she told them she had always done proper and had done nothing to merit such a doom as they promised her; that she did not fear for the future, and they could do her no good. Well, what do you suppose I heard the next Sunday after she died? Why, the minister warned people to flee from the hell she had gone to, and they even went so far as to say that my little infant, which never knew sin, had gone with its mother! My God! if I ever wanted to wring anybody's neck, I wanted to that minister's. I always after that did all the harm I could to the church, and when they came where I was sick, I told them to go away from me or I would get up and put them out if I had strength; and I return with the same hatred to all such people. I have found I was in error in regard to my own belief; and I consider myself a fool for not investigating nature, and finding out by her what was the nature of life after death. But the church put a damper on all my aspirations, and hindered me from doing what I would have done, in time, had it not been for her.

I have no near relatives on earth; I was born in England—came to this country when quite small, and I died in Galveston, Texas, after having lived there some time. All I have to say in conclusion is, that my wife is not waiting in hell nor singing in heaven, but is one of the brightest angels in the wisdom circle. She is far above me. I am traveling on towards her, and the only thing which keeps me from her is this old grudge I owe the church. The only way I can rid myself of it, is to come back and fight it out. I knew my wife possessed all an angel need possess, and then to have her publicly sent to hell, and I must hear that sentence! I did not look at it calmly; I was told something was going to be said concerning my wife, and curiosity led me to go there. My sorrow was enough without such a sting as they added to it. As I said before, if there is a personal devil, I believe he was made especially for them—they deserve it, and I hope they will get all the punishment they merit. Now, if there is one of the rascals dare say a word against this, I will do all I can to answer him. I have thrown off the top of my feelings against those who are willing to damn everybody but their own friends, but never sent one of them to hell. If they don't trouble this, perhaps I'll come again and give something different. March 11.

#### Jackson Leonard.

Prayer may be said to be one of the channels through which a superior power oftentimes sends blessings to the dwellers in an earthly sphere. Prayer is the uprising of the spirit—the superior part of man going out to its Creator and asking certain blessings of that Creator. The soul of man is the altar, and his thoughts the incense. If they be holy and true they shall come up as an acceptable offering to Jehovah. But if they are fashioned in the crucible of selfishness, then shall they fall back to the altar from whence they came, and be consumed by the embers of self-righteousness. Prayer, at the present time, is a mere form, cold and dead, unanimated by the spirit—unlike its Creator. To-day a thousand prayers are going forth and falling back again, from whence they came, bringing no message, bearing nothing to tell they have been higher than man's own mind. Now if man would pray in spirit and in truth, he must lay aside all self-righteousness; he must cast out all that pertains to unrighteousness; he must offer that prayer in all humility of soul and in the full belief it will be answered.

We who have once dwelt upon earth, to-day return to find many thousands at prayer, and out of the many thousands we find a little few whose prayers will save those thousands. Yes, in the great modern Babylon there are enough holy and true to save the whole. Darkness seems to be hovering around your city; and man must seek to purify himself as an individual ere he can expect to find peace; ere he can expect to quell the raging tempest. Therefore let each one commence the work at home. Let no soul reach out the hand to save his brother's soul, until each one's heart is secure. For God in His wisdom hath placed a mirror in each man's soul, whereby he can see all that is impure. When he finds the same face pure and clear, then let him go forth to save his neighbor, but not till then offer that which he deems cometh from his God, but which comes only from his own soul.

Near 100 years ago I was on earth; I dwelt in a darkened temple. There were no windows in that temple, and my soul never saw the sunlight, until it had fled from that earthly temple. I have many times sought to return to earth and send some message to those I bear relation to. I consider myself a relative, of not only a few, but of the human family in general, and I owe that family a debt, and I cannot rest until it be paid. God and his angels in my earthly life said unto me, Go forth and feed nothing, and save all the souls you can. I said, Lord, I will go, but I must go in mine own way; I must preach my own way, and go to heaven in my own way. But God would not accept my way, and I saved no soul; and thus I owe the human family a great debt, which God helping me, I mean to pay. I suppose I was a medium, for the very manifestations

you have to-day, I had in my childhood, my youth, my manhood, and in my old age! Yes, in my natural life, I was in the habit of daily communicating with the dead, as you mortals say. They often sought to turn me from my purpose and make me come out before the world and tell of what befel me. They told me if I would, greater things should I do, and greater light should come with me. But I was stubborn and self-willed, and altogether an unholly man. They requested me at one time to go forth and put myself under certain conditions, and I should be controlled to speak to the multitude. I would not go, and my visitors left me; but I assure you I was anything but happy when they withdrew from me. I tried to pray that I might bring back those I loved to commune with, but my prayers went no higher than my lips, until I said within myself I will do whatever I am bidden. The power came again, but alas, I was as unwilling as ever. I was told that in less than a century what I then saw, thousands would see and would bless God for. But I could not understand it then, for I could not believe it. My unknown visitors often made me acquainted with matters that were to transpire in the future. They often sent me miles away to attend some sick person. I always found them true, and even then believed they were messengers of God, but had not the moral courage to declare it. Wherefore I am convinced that multitudes were kept in darkness who might have had much light. I was told the precise hour of my departure, who was to meet me, and a great many things which I do not remember at this time. I lay down to sleep one night without being visited by one or more. I was called by some insane, by others eccentric, because I ventured to tell, at times, what I had seen and heard, but dare not communicate to the public. All my near family connections are here; therefore I have no message to send to earth, except I give something to mediums, they who have been appointed as laborers in the vineyard of their Master, God. They should first prove those who come to them, and when satisfied they are good and true, they should do whatever they are requested to do, and never disobey. They know not how many thousands are lying in darkness because of that disobedience. They know not how many thousands are suffering for the balm from the spirit life, which this disobedience will deprive them of. I pity them, for I know well how much they will suffer when they come to the spirit home. They who perform their work cheerfully will receive a crown of rejoicing; they who perform it grudgingly will find this country a dull one. I speak from experience, knowing that God will not deal partially; and as I suffer, others must suffer also. They should also take care of their physical forms, knowing that power is first given to the form, before it can be given to those around. You have a crowd of spirits here to-day, many who dwell in the spheres of wisdom, some in the spheres of love, and some who are in spheres of unhappiness. I am neither happy nor unhappy. To-day I come here to receive my first lesson in communing with earth's children. I have long been wishing to come to earth, but could not, because I had not power. It was a blessing withheld me, because I withheld blessings from those in earth life.

I had a name in earth life, that name was Jackson Leonard. I belonged in a town which bears another name than it did when I was here. Then it was called Waukegan, and was in the southern part of the State. March 11.

#### Solomon Peelo.

Do you care who comes? I don't know what to say much; they asked me to come, and there was plenty of help here, so that a body who can't do what they want to, can get help. I had to get help before I got here. My name was Solomon Peelo. I used to live in Boston, in Belknap street. Last summer I died there—in 1867; got sick with a fever. My folks believe spirits come and I been there, and they asked me to come here. You sell a paper—they buy it every new one that comes. My wife takes in washing; I used to saw wood, shake carpets, and was handy at anything. Tell her she better stay there; she won't get no better place. She wants me to get a medium to go there, but I can't; they won't go with me—somebody can do it. I am happy as I can be now—everybody round me thinks I'm just as good as they be, and I'm happy—can't see no more happiness. I got a chance to come here to-day—I prayed to God the last thing before I died—to be happy. God knows how to take care of folks better than they know how to. I had to work hard sometimes, and was sick sometimes. Never went to school in my life—had no learning—had everything to hinder me—could n't learn. I can remember back thirty years; never lived anywhere but in Boston. I want my folks to be happy—to have them know about me, and that I come to them, and try to make them know it. Tell them to be happy—that they'll get along well enough. I've got a black skin—God gave it to me, and everybody treats me well here; they didn't use to treat me well on earth always, but it wasn't my fault that I was black. I'm happy here, though. Good bye, now. March 11.

#### William Cady.

Well, I suppose you'd as lief have me as anybody else, seeing as you can't help yourself. Now I don't know but I've as good a right to come as anybody, and I don't know but you'd as lief have me as anybody. Do you know me? Well, I don't think you ever did. I've got something to do, that's a sure thing.

—Oh, Jordan is a hard road to travel!

Did you ever know that? So do I! When I get so I can run your machine, I'll talk big enough. The fact is, I was particularly requested to come here to-day. Now if you will let me not myself, I shall prove myself; but if you don't, I shall make a bad job of it.

Well, my name is William Cady. That's it—write that down. Some of my friends said, Bill, go to the Banner of Light, and talk, and if you do that, we will believe you come here. My friends live in Lowell; go anything to say about that? I don't mean to have you understand my relations are all in Lowell. They are scattered round here and there—some of them are there. Now I've been dead seven years next July, if this is 1868. I suppose I must tell you how I came here. I got drunk; how does that suit you? It was a coat of my own making, and I did not like it after I made it. I died of delirium tremens; folks said it was fever, but it was not so, it was a long way off. A fellow has something said of him three times—when he is born, when he gets married, and when he dies. When he dies he ought to hear the truth of himself.

I don't find things here as I expected to. I can't do exactly as I wish here; somebody holds a check-rein up above. I never knew what it was to be sick much; but when I came here, I felt a little sick in the upper region; but if I had got run out of me, I should have been all right.

Well, the folks said if I would come here and give my name, &c., they would believe it. Now there are people there of the same name—put that down, will you? Now I'll pack for home. March 12.

#### Charles H. Davis.

I am a little disappointed at not meeting my friends here. They are in New York, and I have just learned this is Boston. They don't know anything about my coming, but I have been very anxious to come ever since I went away. You see I had a cancer on my hand; they took it off, and I don't like to see it where it is. I can go see it, for they keep it in a large glass globe, and I don't like it. You see the difficulty commenced on the back of the hand, and I was told if it was taken off I could live. I had it done, and in one year another commenced in my throat. I told them to bury my hand with me, and I want to know why they have not done it? I'll tell you why it troubles me; I have got a mother, and she is constantly reminding me of my trouble by seeing that hand; and there it is now just as much a source of trouble as ever, and I don't like it. I am well enough off in point of sickness, but when I come to earth I see that, and I don't like it. Now

if there is anything whereby that can be remedied, I should like to have you do it. The doctor who took it off, was a skillful doctor, but he could not see that I was so full of humor as I was. He did well for me, and if he had not, I should have come here quicker than I did. He thought I should have a long life—that's what he said—but we are all liable to be mistaken.

I should like to know what has become of him; I should like to know if there is any chance of my talking with him. The chances are, that he does not remember me, but I remember him, because circumstances compel me to. His name is De Wolfe, and he is a good man. He was as kind to me as he could be, although he was a stranger, and I was poor—and he understood my case as well as mortal could. All the trouble seemed to be in the hand, and he thought he could save me. He had a father, and I think his father had a cancer. I wonder what became of him; I think I heard him say he had a cancer—it was just where mine was, if I am right. He said he was going to take it off, although the old man was sixty years old. I should like to know if he made a hit or a miss of that? If anybody wants a good doctor, go to him; he's good, inside and out. I never had an education, so you must take this for what it is worth. He's a tall, dark-complected, good-looking man. I have a half-brother in New York. I always thought I struck my hand with a hammer, and injured it, and it formed a cancer. I should like to tell the old lady I am well off, and if she would only mourn a little less about me, I should be very happy and thankful for it. I don't know whether Dr. De Wolfe is in Brooklyn or New York. It's most four years since I came here, and I have never got a chance to come before. I feel as I did when I went away—don't know any difference. I had not been in New York a great while. My native place was Bangor, Me. My name was Charles H. Davis. I could talk more if I saw anybody here to talk to—that is, friends, but it's hard to talk private matters to strangers. Don't forget about the hand, or the doctor, will you!—Well, good bye. March 12.

#### Benjamin Trefethen.

I, too, come to prove there is a life beyond the grave! Years have passed away since I was here, but I have children in your city—children to whom I am often drawn, and to whom I have often sought to manifest; to-day conditions, thank Him who rules, are fit for me to come—and oh, if I give them but one word, may it give them light; may it save them a world of sorrow. I bear the same surname as the one you have just spoken to. Benjamin—yes, that was my first name. I left a wife and children, and a large circle of friends. Oh, I would gladly commune with them all, but I cannot. I can only send them a key—they must take it, unlock their souls, and let me in. I have long been standing by their doors, but have not had the power to knock. I would have my children give me opportunity to speak to them alone. I can give them counsel—I can guide them over this rough sea. I long to lift their souls above that which I know will bring them death. But I must prove myself—they must know who I am ere they believe me—that is well. A few years ago I considered I had much time to live on earth. But alas how little man knows about himself—to-day he is well, and to-morrow he has passed on, where mortals see him no more.

Thus you see how necessary it is for man to be always preparing for heaven—to be always ready to leave this mortal form.

My children are failing to do it—my children are devoting their whole time to this life; and I would have them give a small portion of their time to truth, which will guide them home! How sweet that word sounds, even on earth! But how much more sweet, when the spirit goes to its home, where there is peace. Here a man is placed that he may prepare himself with a light to guide him home. Knowing that this is not their home, how necessary it is that they should notumber themselves entirely with things of this world.

Thus I view my children. I would not have it so. They have medium powers; tell them to go alone and sit, and I will give them proof of my coming. I can tell them many things I cannot give you. Pardon me in my manner, for this is my first time of coming. Good day. March 12.

#### Levi B. Trefethen.

I really cannot tell why I have been called here this afternoon. I have no disposition to return and commune, none at all. One who seems to have been confounded in regard to my name has called me here to-day, for what purpose I scarcely know. To be sure, I have dear friends on earth—those whom I would gladly benefit, were it in my power; but I see no way by which I may benefit them. However, the time may come when I may see my way clear, and then I shall doubtless do my duty. My name was Levi B. Trefethen. I have been in spirit-life about nine years, and as I said, I have had no disposition to return to earth until to-day. An old man I used to work for came and importuned me to come this afternoon. He told me it was my duty so to do; but why I cannot say. I served an apprenticeship with him. He told me he had communed with you. His name is Charles Harby. I cannot say that I have no wish to benefit my friends on earth—I cannot say I have forgotten them, but my time to return and commune with them has not yet come. I am satisfied of this, for I assure you, my dear friend, I am wholly unprepared to come here to-day, but I shall give you truth, as far as truth is. It seems they simply wish me to come here and give some facts relative to myself, and state why I have not been to commune. I have given my reason. The time will doubtless come when I can give positive proof of my coming, but the time is not yet. I do not find things as I expected here—nothing is as I expected it. I might give many things in regard to my earth-life, for I see many things I did not like; but the time is not yet. Now I am here to satisfy curiosity.

There seems to be a mixing up of things—a cloud passing over my natural life, and it seems I am to raise that cloud, and stand forth as I am and as I was. That I am willing to do, but I am satisfied my time has not yet come to commune. I have given you proof enough of me, but I will give you more. I worked for Harby in 1840—call for him, and he will tell you I am true. He has made himself acquainted with the matter, and said here, Go there and give it, and no more, if you feel it is not your duty to do more. He was in Portsmouth, N. H. I served a long apprenticeship there. You understand me? That is all I see fit to give at present, for names I have given you. Good day. March 12.

#### Eliza Sheldon.

Some months ago I came to you, or rather to a friend who was present here with you. To-day I have been permitted to return again to commune with those dear to me. My name was Eliza Sheldon. You will remember I came with my friend Phillabel. Do you wonder that I return again? I have children, dear children, who are waking in darkness—who know not of this light which is now ready to burst upon them. And a husband too—to him I come in the still hours of night, when all nature is hushed in slumber, and strive to make myself known, but he fails to put himself in a condition so that I can do so.

Oh, tell him to cast away all that which troubles him. Tell him to believe in an age of light; fifty years ago this light was not seen, and those who passed away, went down in ignorance of it, but you have the great blessing, and should not despise it. Tell him to guide in love his children; to exercise that power over them which is love, and never think to guide them in any other way. They are surrounded by temptations on every hand, and if they are to be saved, love must be their saviour. And Ellen, dear Ellen—she who stands where I used to tell her to be faithful and true; that no unkind word she hears is unknown to me—that she does not lie down, nor rise, but some kind angel stands near. Tell her to overcome her sorrows, that in time they may be crowns of joy to her in the spirit home.

Years ago, that dear child was with me; years ago, she was one of my best friends. Oh, little did I think I should return and commune as I now do; little did I think she would stand where I did! But, ah, man is ever changing. Oh, may those who are coming up hither cast off the garments of earth, and be robed in the garments of righteousness. March 12.

#### Margaret Phinney.

Oh, I have come, and I am miserably unhappy—I am wretched—I am in hell! They brought me here to-day, and told me to talk. I know how to, but I do not want to be here in the spirit world; I came too quick. I have no time to say a word. Oh, to be knocked out of existence in a moment like a cloud. Oh, I don't see why I was ever born. I do not see what good I ever did on earth, and here I am taken from my friends and don't know whether I am going to heaven or hell, or where I am to stop. I was drowned at sea. I do not see through it—if you can take me home and let me talk, you never could do a better thing. I want to go to New York, or to Philadelphia.

I was a fool for going. I went as servant with Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Lewis—they were coming home, and I was coming with them. I don't know whether they were lost or not—they stood as good a chance for it as I did. We were coming from San Francisco to New York. The steamer was the George Law, but her name was changed. When I got there I ought to have stayed. Oh, if I could talk to my friends! I have met with friends in the spirit world, but they died when I was young, and I do not care for them. Oh, I was always doing wrong. I knew it was wrong for me to go there, but some people never mind what their own souls tell them.

You never saw such a sight in all your life—it was horrible; some of them were screaming, some praying, some crying to their friends. I feel to-day just as I did that night—that was horrid! The sea looked so black, it was one vast grave to me. I thought I should be ory; I screamed as long as there was life in me, and I meant to. Oh, dear, I did not know as a soul on board got saved. What became of the captain? He came along to me, and I said, is there any danger? He said, we are on the verge of eternity, but trust in God. Oh, dear, how sweet those words sounded. I got hold of a chair, but it sank at once, I don't know why. The next moment I stood right over the water. I didn't see anything of the wreck except pieces floating, and I said, Oh, dear, dear, here I am without my body, and that is in the water! I always hated being drowned. I'm going away after I leave here, but I have been on earth ever since. I know I can't talk to my folks, I know it—I wish I could.

There was one perfect old devil I saw; she seemed to be thinking she was going to be saved, and she was getting all the money she could get hold of. She got all I had, and she picked up all she could, for the rest were throwing it away, and died it round her. She had no fear of death; all she cared for was to get money. But I saw her sink, for she had so much about her.

I have relatives in Boston, folks in New York and Philadelphia; they were poor. I always worked out for a living, had plenty of money and clothes, and when I wanted to work I did.

Well, tell my folks I've come, and that I suppose I shall be better off some time. March 13.

#### George Currier.

My name was George Currier; I lived in Amesbury. I've got friends there that I am anxious to manifest to. I have been from earth some time, but cannot tell you the exact time, or year either. I was young when I left, some twenty-two or twenty-three years old. Now if you want to do a fellow a good job, you will please publish this in the paper.

I suppose the old folks at Amesbury would think the devil had come, if they should see me walking about. A great many of the people never went out of the smoke of their own chimneys. They are good people, but they form opinions, and its hard to turn them. I have been there, and tried to manifest. I spoke once through a child, a little girl, and other times I have tipped things over—that's what you call communicating. There are three or four places there where spirits do come. I think I could do good to the people there, if they could let me come. I was one of those straight individuals who always do what they undertake to do. I believe I could have sealed a meeting-house, if it had been necessary. You are a printer, are you? I want to the printer's trade once, and they called me "the devil." I don't know but what you printers are good fellows, but they used to play some jokes on me. They used to eat my dinners for me, (I used to carry them in a pail then) and make me cry—but I was young then; when I got older I did not allow people to act so, unless they let me knock them over.

I did not live in Amesbury all the time—I was in Newburyport, and I lived in Troy, N. Y., a while. Tell the people there is plenty of chance for me to come there, if they will give me a help. Just a I came here, I saw old Joe Morrill here—he used to live in Amesbury, and was a mechanic. March 13.

#### Mary Dill.

Seven months ago I came to you; since that time I have never been able to see you, and now I want to know why you passed by me, when so many others are cared for? I told you who I was, and what I wanted, and you wrote it all down, but I heard nothing from you. I told you my body was under ground, in a part of your city, called the Granary burial ground. Directly at the head of my grave you will find a small willow tree, so low that the branches kiss the grave. I go there often, and I ought to know of it. I have been past that ground many times, and I am sure of the place. I saw the message I gave you when you were looking over some papers the other day. I think it is seven months ago to-day that I came. That's the time. Will you try to find it. Then good bye. Jan. 30.

The assertion that this spirit came to us seven months ago, and gave us the story she alludes to, is correct, but the person we sent to discover it has not been able to find the grave alluded to. Time may have thrown a mantle of moss above it, and we publish the message at our own risk, thinking it may meet a response in some heart.

#### MESSAGES RECEIVED.

Which will be published in the order in which they are placed below. Our readers will see by the number we publish each week, that we are some four weeks behind reception in publication. As fast as we print them, we shall erase the names from the head of this list, and add to the end those we receive each week, up to the time of going to press.

James Finlayton, Richard H. Crowningshield, John Moore, John Saunders, Andrew Wain, James Smith, — Inches, Wm. Robinson, Joseph Leonard, William Henry Clark, Aut Ruth, Jonathan, to his friend Winslow Rev. Dr. Benjamin Langworthy, Wm. King, Joseph Emerson, William Burrell, Harriet Lusk, Addison Phillips, William Gray, John Gillespie, Charlotte Howard, Henry Clay, Reuben Willey, Adas Elias Smith, William E. Thayer, H. Wright, William Rebecca Rice, John Pratt, John Pemberton, Homans, Robert to Mass Pratt, John Pemberton, William Parsons, Mrs. Macomber, Robert Graham, Ellen Beck, Capt. John Coffin, Fred Barker, Mary Peake, James Tabetts, Capt. John Hanson, Elder Bishop, John Hubbard, Samuel Rachel, Elizabeth French, James Billings, John Serratt, Nancy Burke, Daniel Ann Carl, Capt. James Bell, Nancy Burke, Dix, Goss, John White, Deacon David White, Charles Dix, Danforth Nowcomb, Charles H. Davis, Wm. DeClare, Laura Simonds, William Gordon, John Sheldon, John Torr, Wm. Bent, — Merton, Father Durand John H. Barker, Wm. H. Harkins, Father Durand John Williams, Peter Goode, Levi Woodbury, James B. Thorne, Elias Smith, James Pogue.



## Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words-long,  
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time,  
Sparkle forever.

With Paradise the world began—  
A world of love and sadness;  
It's beauty may be marred by man,  
With all his crime and malice;  
Yet 'tis a brave work still. Love brings  
A sunshine for the dreary;  
To fold o'er hearts a weary  
The sun, in glory like a God,  
To-day climbs up heaven's bosom;  
The flowers upon the jeweled soil  
In sweet love lessons blossom,  
As radiant of immortal youth,  
And beauty as in Eden. Then  
Believe me—'tis a noble truth—  
God's world is worthy better men! MARY.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies,  
We should learn that each man's life is sorrow and suffering enough  
to disarm all hostility.—LOVELL.

By the field or by the hearth,  
City, street or mountain road,  
Rise among the tribes of earth  
Fearful witnesses for God;  
Your man, let not life's oppressions  
Bend thy soul to craft or clay—  
Rich man, let not great possessions  
Send thee sorrowful away  
From the covenant of thy youth  
Made with liberty and truth.  
True man, wherever thou art,  
In the Senate, in the throng,  
Up and do thy dauntless part  
Now against the nearest wrong—  
For the days of generations  
That must bear what we have done—  
For the heritage of nations  
Promised long, but still unwon—  
For that kingdom all victorious  
On whose coming faith depends—  
For the rest that shall be glorious  
In its shadow—forward, friends!

FRANCIS BROWN.

In the height of your prosperity, expect adversity, but  
fear it not; if it come not, you are the more sweetly  
possessed of the happiness you have and the more strongly  
confirmed; if it come, you are the more gently disposed, and  
the more firmly prepared.

Olive me the man as a friend and a neighbor,  
Who tolls at the loom—with the spade or the plough—  
Who wins his diploma of manhood by labor,  
And purchases wealth by the sweat of his brow.  
Why should the broadcloth alone be respected?  
And the man be despised who in fustian appears?  
While the angels in heaven have their limbs unprotected,  
You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears.

As he that can revenge an injury, and will not discover a  
great and magnanimous fool; so he that can return a kindness,  
and will not, shows a mean and contemptible spirit.

Unit for greatness, I her snare defy,  
And look on riches with untainted eye;  
To others let the glittering laurels fall,  
Content shall place us far above them all.

CHURCHILL.

If it is not permitted us to believe all things, we can at  
least hope them. Despair is infidelity and death!—WAT-  
TIE.

When cheerfulness controls the human heart,  
It more acceptably enacts its part—  
Serves flowers along a path all else too sad,  
And makes the thorns of life not half so bad!

SHILLABEER.

## The Passionate Boy.

MARY BENNETT.

A passionate boy was Johnny Armstrong. The  
slightest contradiction, or the least difficulty, threw  
him into a rage. His violence distressed every one  
about him. When an infant, one could not wash  
him, dress him, or feed him, without angry scenes.  
Every one had advice to give as to what they would  
do if he was their child; and one nurse after another  
tried to master and to manage him, and gave up the  
task as too difficult. I am inclined to think that  
some of their mismanagement had made him worse;  
for sometimes they excited his passions for their  
amusement, often provoked him without necessity,  
or roused fierce resistance by weak efforts to over-  
come. Johnny's father was with his ship at sea,  
and his mother was an invalid, quite unequal to the  
task of curbing such a spirit. Here is a scene from  
the passionate boy's early childhood:—

## THE QUARREL.

Now now, Johnny! Can a child  
Speak so fiercely, look so wild—  
Scarcely four years old, to show  
Eyes that flame and sparkle so?  
Stamp imperious on the floor,  
Cheeks with crimson blood flushed o'er,  
Defiant gesture, breathing hard—  
A pretty picture, on my word!  
All because your elder brother  
Took one marble, gave another;  
Took a marble that you prize,  
With handsome markings, rose dyes;  
Gave you one of common gray;  
'T was unfair, but all in play,  
As you would have seen anon,  
If you had but patience, John.  
No kind boy, had bought for you  
Other playthings—marbles, too!  
If he teased you, it was meant  
All in love and merriment.  
Johnny hung his curly head:  
"Are we friends?" his brother said;  
Johnny in his arms he held,  
Faction choked, and fury quelled.  
Repentant, lovingly they wept,  
Played together ere they slept;  
Closed their eyes in faith and peace—  
Thus should every quarrel cease.

So you see Johnny was loving and forgiving, and  
quick to repent. But as he grew older, his fiery  
temper nearly destroyed the good qualities he pos-  
sessed. He soon discovered that his amiable, gentle  
brother, was more beloved than himself. His mother  
kept George near her under a tutor, but sent John  
to a public school, where he might be kept in check.  
This greatly wounded the sensitive feelings of the  
passionate boy, who soon quarreled with his school-  
fellows, and defied his teachers, and was returned  
home in disgrace.

Another school was found for him, where his un-  
ruly conduct led to a severe whipping, after which  
he ran away.

In great grief and distraction his mother sought  
him, and, after two days' absence, he was brought  
to her by a farmer, in whose barn he had slept  
the night before. Hungry, cold, dirt, and despair  
had changed him considerably, and with tears he  
promised to behave better for the future. By the  
kindness of an uncle, he was now placed in a mer-  
cantile office, as a commencement of a life of indu-  
stry, and enterprise, and good prospects opened before  
him; but a boy of his own age entered the office at  
the same time: at first they were particular friends,

but soon quarreled, and Armstrong's intemperate  
language drew upon him the reproof of his employer;  
this so incensed the passionate youth, that he re-  
turned to his mother, and refused to enter the office  
again. She was in despair, her means were quite  
inadequate for his support, and his father had per-  
ished with his ship at sea. John had offended all  
his best friends.

But worse was to come. Happening to meet the  
young man, whom, in his heated fancy, he blamed  
for the failure of his mercantile prospects, John  
Armstrong accused him in gross terms of slander  
and falsehood; and when his charges were indig-  
nantly repelled, he, with sudden fury struck a blow,  
which the next minute he would have given a king-  
dom to recall. Armstrong was a powerful youth,  
his friend was in ill-health, and the shock of that  
blow, levelled at the side of the neck, brought on a  
stupor of the head, which ended in death; the agony  
of remorse and grief in which Armstrong was sud-  
denly plunged by this event, is not to be described.

The scales fell from his eyes. He saw, too late,  
the danger of passion. A prison—a silent, solitary  
cell—forced labor, and all the horrors of penal ser-  
vitude, formed this young man's entrance to life, while  
his brother was beloved, respected, and prosperous.  
And when the term of his sentence was expired, and  
John Armstrong came forth again a free man, the  
remembrance of his fatal violence was still as a  
ghost by his side, and walked with him wherever he  
went. Happy, he never could be more. But he re-  
solved to be wiser; and gradually, through the years  
that followed, he conquered the enemy within, until  
he became as remarkable for self-control, as he had  
formerly been for the contrary. Dreading now all  
temptations to wrath, he met the irritations, disap-  
pointments, and impediments of this mortal life, with  
humility, remembering his crime; with dependence  
on Divine strength, recalling his own weakness; with  
patient firmness and composure, reflecting that every  
evil is light, compared with the stings of a troubled  
conscience, and the memory of wrong done that can never  
be recalled.

And so the passionate boy became a sorrowing  
man, and wandered lonely from country to country,  
all over the world—as a seaman, a hunter, a back-  
woodsman, and in various other characters, even  
living sometimes with the wild Indians as one of  
themselves. But nowhere found he rest for the sole  
of his foot, and at last he died unknown, unwept,  
in an obscure village in Italy, leaving no other name  
or title inscribed in the district register, but "A Wan-  
derer."

## WINTER AND SPRING.

An old man was sitting in his lodge, by the side  
of a frozen stream. It was the close of winter, and  
his fire was almost out. He appeared very old and  
very desolate. His looks were white with age, and  
he trembled in every joint. Day after day passed  
in solitude, and he heard nothing but the sounds of  
the tempest, sweeping before it the new fallen snow.

One day, as his fire was just dying, a handsome  
young man approached, and entered his dwelling.  
His cheeks were red with the blood of youth, his eyes  
sparkled with animation, and a smile played upon  
his lips. He walked with a light and quick step.  
His forehead was bound with a wreath of sweet grass  
in place of a warrior's frontlet, and he carried a  
bunch of flowers in his hand.

"Ah, my son," said the old man, "I am happy to  
see you. Come in. Come tell me your adventures,  
and what strange lands you have been to see. Let  
us pass the night together. I will tell you of my  
power and exploits, and what I can perform. You  
shall do the same, and we will amuse ourselves."

He then drew from his sack a curiously wrought  
antique pipe, and, having filled it with tobacco, ren-  
dered mild by the admixture of certain leaves, hand-  
ed it to his guest. When the ceremony was con-  
cluded, they began to speak.

"I blow my breath," said the old man, "and the  
streams stand still. The water becomes stiff and  
hard as clear stone."

"I breathe," said the young man, "and flowers  
spring up all over the plains."

"I shake my looks," retorted the old man, "and  
snow covers the land. The leaves fall from the trees  
at my command, and my breath blows them away.  
The birds get up from the water, and fly to a distant  
land. The animals hide themselves from my breath,  
and the very ground becomes as hard as flint."

"I shake my ringlets," rejoined the young man,  
"and warm showers of soft rain fall upon the earth.  
The plants lift up their heads out of the earth, like  
the eyes of children glistening with delight. My  
voice recalls the birds. The warmth of my breath  
unlocks the streams. Music fills the groves where-  
ver I walk, and all nature rejoices."

At length the sun began to rise. A gentle warmth  
came over the place. The tongue of the old man be-  
came silent. The robin and the blue-bird began to  
sing on the top of the lodge. The stream began to  
murmur by the door, and the fragrance of growing  
herbs and flowers came softly on the vernal breeze.

Daylight fully revealed to the young man the char-  
acter of his entertainer. When he looked upon him  
he had the visage of Peboan, (Winter.) Streams be-  
gan to flow from his eyes. As the sun increased he  
grew less and less in stature, and anon had melted  
completely away. Nothing remained on the place  
of his lodge fire but the misshapen, small white  
flower with a pink border.—Henry H. Schoolcraft.

## COVETOUSNESS.

Covetousness pretends to heap much together for  
fear of want; and yet after all his pains and pur-  
chase, he suffers that really which at first he feared  
vainly; and by not using what he gets, he makes  
that suffering to be actual, present, and necessary,  
which, in his lowest condition, was but future, con-  
tingent and possible. It stirs up the desire and  
takes away the pleasure of being satisfied. It in-  
creases the appetite and will not content it. It  
swells the principle to no purpose, and lessons the  
use to all purpose; disturbing the order of nature  
and the designs of God; making money not to be  
the instrument of exchange or charity, nor corn to  
feed himself or the poor, nor wool to clothe himself  
or his brother, nor his oil to make his countenance  
cheerful; but all these to look upon, and to tell over,  
and to make accounts by, and make himself con-  
siderable and wondered at by fools, that while he  
lives he may be called rich, and when he dies may  
be accounted miserable, and like the dish-makers of  
China, may leave a greater heap of dirt for his  
nephews, while he himself hath a new lot fallen to  
him in the portion of Dives. But thus the ass  
carried wood and sweet herbs to the bath, but was  
never washed or perfumed himself; he heaped up  
treasures for others, while himself was filthy with  
smoke and ashes.

## Children's Department.

Prepared for the Banner of Light.

## ENIGMA—NO. 8.

[NEW SERIES.]

I am composed of 20 letters.  
My 19, 8, 3, 7, 5, is a philosophical recipe to grow  
fat.

My 15, 6, 11, 13, is that to which the worlds un-  
ceasingly journeying.

My 7, 17, 19, 20, is the chief aim of man.

My 19, 17, 2, 20, is a creature of aristocracy, and  
cannot exist in democracy.

My 1, 17, 10, 7, 3, 15, is a mighty agent for good and  
evil.

My 12, 15, 8, is the Asiatic element in our war of  
Independence.

My 18, 3, 4, 14, is a lovely heroine of sacred his-  
tory.

My 16, 6, 13, 4, 11, is the name of a sacred poet.

My 18, 3, 11, 12, is an atmospheric or chemical ef-  
fect on metal.

My 20, 16, 6, 13, 5, is a phase of creation that is, and  
yet is not.

My whole is a Spiritualistic Motto.

My whole was a distinguished American states-  
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