

# BANNER LIGHT.



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## Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
I'LL THINK OF THEE.

BY OUR JUNIOR.

When the silent stars are bonding  
Their sweet gemlike gaze to earth,  
And the murmuring breeze is blending  
With the vesper songsters' mirth;  
And the evening zephyrs flying  
Have cast shadows on the lea,  
And the beautiful sunset's dying,  
Will I think, blest one, of Thee.

When the silver moon is sweeping  
Through the dusky phantom clouds,  
And its dimmed light is peeping  
From those temporary shrouds;  
When the noisy world is sleeping,  
And this heart is saddest of all,  
I my lonely vigils keeping,  
Comfort find in prayer for Thee.

When the golden sun is throwing  
O'er the hills his sparkling light,  
And those gentle stars once glowing  
Dim—are weeping for the night;  
When comes the day, the soul alluring  
From the realms where 'twould be free,  
I'll seek some spot where peace securing,  
I may dwell in thought with Thee.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## PEARL NEVINS;

OR,

"THROUGH DARKNESS TO THE LIGHT."  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY CORA WILBURN.

### CHAPTER I.

They called me Pearl; it was a strange name to bestow upon such a dark, unlovely child, but well do I remember how my fair and delicate mother bent over me with looks of unutterable love; how she ordered my tresses, and her soft hands twisted the starry jessamine amid my dark, flowing curls. Oh, yes! I remember. I guard sacredly those memories of the by-gone; and though many years have passed since I last met her smiles, I know that often, upon my care-marked, weary brow, lingers the pressure of an angel mother's hand, falls the benediction of a mother's hallowed kiss!

I behold her yet, radiant with the light of youth, in the spiritual loveliness that charmed only the "pure in heart;" for to the superficial, the gross and the sensual, she was a drooping, pale and suffering invalid, with the occasional hectic glow upon her cheek, the attenuated frame, and strangely brilliant eye of the consumptive. How beautiful to me was the tender, melancholy smile that played around her lips! How my heart ached to see it fade beneath my dark-browed father's rebuking words, and stern, cold glances; how I felt the tide of bitterness swelling in my childish heart against him, as I saw the tear-drops gather in her mildly reproachful eyes, her slight frame shrink and quiver at his harsh and cruel words.

From my father's presence I shrank in undefined terror; and from his proud, stately mother's caresses, as from a serpent's touch; clinging to my mother's ice-cold hand, as if for protection and safety. And they called me cold, unlovely, and untractable, and I shunned and feared them both.

Alone with that angel-browed young mother of mine, I felt, child as I was, the deep inflowings of that diviner life, that comes to the hearts of all, with sorrows and experiences, with love and trial, with bereavement and joy, with prayer and aspiration, in the course of time's teaching ministry. On my heart rested a dawning, roseate glory, a sense of blissful peace, while in her presence. The flowers that twined around her chamber window seemed to me endowed with a diviner fragrance, with a beauty from the realms afar, where she told me they bloomed eternally, beside the ever-flowing streams, breathed upon by the life-bestowing smile of God! Athwart the veiled radiance of the summer's sky, while the sunlight played amid the curtain-folds of her couch, methought I saw, swiftly passing, unspeakably beautiful visions; forms of love and glory, scenes of Paradisean repose, glimpses of Elysian lands. Angel children, star-crowned, and robed in azure vestments; maiden brows enwreathed with amaranth and roses, with gloriously illuminated eyes, thin white hands holding gemmed chains, and flowery garlands, passed before my untroubled sight, smiling, fleeting, winging away. I saw lofty brows, crowned with undying laurel; and womanhood's form of grace and nobleness, attired in kingly robes; but on their faces lingered no touch of pride; the pitying smile was there, as they hovered around the sufferer's couch, and uttered low, sweet words of cheer. Then I beheld troops of song-birds, whirling in harmonious glee; glimpses of sun-kissed fountains, whose play was music; blue waves dashing aloft their gleaming spray, and leaves and flowers rustling in the melodious breezes that whispered the diviner knowledge of the lands beyond mortal ken. I saw and heard many things in these strange visions of my childhood, in my mother's room, and by her fixed eye and smile of ecstasy, I know she shared these visions; but when my father and grandmother approached, they fled, and dark clouds seemed to hover around, and strange vapors to taint the air, and the flowers gave forth a fainter perfume, and the music of the wind was hushed while they were nigh.

One day the summer rain was pattering on the gravel walks of the garden, dripping slowly from the

freshened leaves, murmuring regretfully on the little streamlet's bosom, that flowed beneath her chamber window. I had been watching the gloomy sky, and the flowers bent earthward by the falling showers; when, turning to look upon my mother's face, I beheld a dark, mysterious shadow settling on her brow, her cheek and lips. Her golden hair lay a floating mass upon the pillow; her hands were clasped over her bosom, where I had, a few moments since, placed a rose, with its rain-wet leaves. Her blue eyes were cast upwards, and a strange light was reflected in their tender depth. I stole toward the bed on tiptoe, my heart beating wildly, an unaccountable dread holding me silent; low murmurs were issuing from her lips—they were sweet music-breathings to me. Still that mysterious shadow floated and deepened upon her face, settling on her brow, modeling, as it were, her features into a strange and stern repose. I grew wild with terror, and, rushing forward, seized her hand, calling loudly: "Mother, oh, mother!"

The natural expression returned to her face, the shadow was dispelled, a soft color stole to the wasted cheeks, the curved lips glowed with the fullness of returning life; the light of motherly love illumined those holy eyes: "My child!" she whispered, "give me your hand;" (for I had withdrawn my fingers from the icy touch of hers.) "Call no one, darling! God bless my child!" Then her eyes drooped wearily, and closed; the same shadow returning, deepened upon the face I loved; I essayed to speak, to throw my arms around her, to waver off the chilling influence that stopped the healthful pulsations of my being, and thrilled me with so great a terror. But as I gazed, and felt the pressure of her dying clasp, there passed a veil before my sight, a mist of rosy and silvery lightness, enshrouding the suffering form, the changing lineaments, enveloping that couch of death; and I felt that my sleeping head rested once more on my mother's bosom, and I felt uplifted, borne far, far away from my childhood's homestead, my mother's dear, familiar room.

I saw strange things in that long sleep, or trance; about a flowing river, in the heart of a mighty forest; and rested beneath a sheltering canopy of leaves and gorgeously-hued flowers. Sunshine and music were there, and forms of beauty hovered hand in hand, star-crowned, white-robed and loving. I saw in the distance silver-gleaming temple walls, and banners white and golden, waving from the mountain heights; flowery vales stretching miles away, and crystal torrents gushing through forest and mountain passes, and universal melody oversweeping all. There I saw skies of mellow splendor, and stars and constellations unseen from earth; gems in the river's lucid depths, and jeweled blooms peeping from amid the lustrous beauty of that strange world's sunny fields! I saw my mother, erect in youthful majesty and beauty, in all the recovered freshness of health and joy; her garments white and azure, in each fold revealing the symmetry of her perfect form. A wreath of starry blue-bells twined around her brow, on which no earth-care lingered; her golden hair, falling in masses of living sun-light around the bare, white shoulders, and on her breast, surmounted by a lustrous star, she wore the rain-wet rose my childish hand had placed there. The rain-drops sparkled like costly brilliants, and I knew that the filial love-gift was immortal as her radiant self. I felt the life-warm touch of her lips, the benediction of her love-warm hands; I was pressed to her bosom, and felt distinctly the beating of her heart! I heard her voice, its sweet music wearing no tone of sorrow, tenderly soothing me, say: "Pearl, my beloved child!" then I closed my eyes, and felt myself speeding downward, borne back again to earth.

I was aroused, from heavy sleep by my father's hand, who, shaking me violently, with blanched face, and looks of horror and surprise, was gazing on my mother's face. The servants, all assembled at the door, were weeping and wringing their hands; my grandmother was on her knees, sobbing violently; my mother's pet dog was uttering piteous cries. They had found me sleeping, my arms twined around the dead, my head upon her bosom; it needed the repeated efforts of my father, strong man as he was, to untwine that clinging hold of my little fingers. I gazed around in bewilderment, from one to another. My father's face was stern, but there was a moisture in his eyes.

"Poor Eveline!" he said. "She died alone, without assistance; why was I not called?"

"Poor child! her troubles are over. God grant her rest and peace!" said my fanatical grandmother. And the women wept and prayed for the "dear young mistress in heaven!"

I know not what sudden impulse nerved me to speak; I said, resolutely: "Mother is in heaven; I know, I saw her there. And mother wanted to die by herself; she told me not to call anybody."

"You wicked child!" screamed my grandmother, "you know your mother was dying, and you did not call any of us? Oh, James, she is a depraved child! How could you be so wicked, Pearl? Oh, poor, poor Eveline! gone, gone, and forever!" and she sobbed anew.

I shrank from the old lady's eye, dimmed as it was with tears for my mother, but I felt no reproach within my soul. I had fulfilled my dear, gentle mother's command.

"Come here, Pearl," said my father, with a choking voice, and a dark and lowering brow. I advanced reluctantly.

"Did you know that your mother was dying?" he questioned sternly, and his dark grey eyes held mine under the supreme control of fear.

"I—I do not know, she looked strange, and there

was a grey shadow all over her face," I tremblingly replied.

"And she bid you not call any one?"

"She only said: 'Call no one, darling; God bless my child!'" I answered, and my pent-up tears burst forth.

"No word for me; no confession of past sin; no repentance at the hour of death! And you, little viper!" he cried, violently shaking me, "you dare tell me this!"

I glanced towards the bed; a heavenly repose dwelt on the still face, a smile of benediction was upon the closed lips, the fragrant air played amid her sunny ringlets, and uplifted them from the candid, sinless brow.

"Mother is an angel!" I cried, indignant at I knew not what. "She is in heaven, and I was with her when I fell asleep."

"You are mad, child!" said my father, and a look of fear overspread his face, though he spoke with biting sarcasm. "Your mother's fanciful ideas have descended upon you; it shall be my care to eradicate such notions. Mother, you must take charge of this child, or she will go to perdition."

"I must work for soul and body," replied the old lady; "she has been shamefully neglected."

A torrent of angry blood mounted to my face. I spoke hurriedly, indignantly, scarcely conscious of what I said; but I know that I accused my father of harshness and cruelty; that I called his venerable, pious mother a tyrant; that I vindicated the memory of my lost one, and, with a burst of despair, threw myself upon the lifeless calf, uttering piercing cries, and declaring that I would not move from thence.

Many years have passed since that day—but were I to live to the fabled age of Methuselah, I should never forget the terror and anguish of that moment, when, forcibly detaching my arms from the corpse of my mother, my cruel father struck me a blow, and turned me from the chamber. I looked upon him as I went, defenceless in his iron grasp; alas! I gazed upon him with bitter hatred, with angry passions surging in my childish breast; and he looked me up in a solitary room, and forbade the servants to molest me. And all that night my mother's spangled howled before the door, and I wept that I could not give him admittance. Then my angry feelings gradually calmed down, and I knelt and said my evening prayer, as she had taught me; no senseless traditional formula, but a child's spontaneous, heart-warm prayer, I offered to the loving Father, whom she had taught me early to revere.

As I turned into the little bed, and still praying with my heart, watched the stars twinging in to the casement, a feeling of pity and regret stole to that hitherto rebellious heart; and as I wept tears of sorrow for my father's cruelty, for his mother's harshness, a strain of Eolian music was borne upon the night air, and I thought I heard my mother's sweet good night, and felt her warm kisses on my brow once more.

I was released from confinement next day, and Mylo bounded into my arms, licking my face and hands, and uttering piteous cries. Alas! alas! in early life I learned the bitter lesson; my nearest friends were faithless to their trust—only my poor dog was faithful! In after years, orally forsaken, hopeless, houseless, and alone, have I wept upon the neck of some shaggy companion, and in my soul's bitterness called him my only friend!

My mother was buried in the village churchyard. I stole to her quiet chamber at midnight, and imprinted the last kisses on her faded lips, when no eye but the All-seeing one was upon me; but when, next morning, the numerous visitors arrived, I shrank from their strange, cold faces, and pressing Mylo to my aching heart, I remained in my chamber. And father and grandmother, strangers and servants, said I was a strange, hard-hearted child; that I had no love for the departed, or I would hasten to obtain the last earthly look at her shrouded face. Thus early was I judged by the superficially observant; my motives misconstrued, my heart misread, my affections thrown coldly back upon myself. But from my mother's bosom I had taken the rain-wet rose, and had placed it in a small ivory box, and it was to me a treasure and a talisman.

### CHAPTER II.

Weep no more; the shadow is of earth.  
Still her spirit lingers by the hearth;  
Still the love-lit smile, the prayer of yore,  
Casts its radiance from the upper shore.  
There is joy and hope in my wailers' flow,  
With a spirit message on I go!

Thus sang the streamlet that calmly flowed beneath her chamber window; but if the heavenly influences of nature and intuition warmed my heart into love and faith, the blighting influences of earth held potent sway above my aching heart and feeble will. My mother's chamber was looked up, and my grandmother kept the key. But twice in three years she permitted me to visit that to me so sacred spot; but I often purloined the key, and by stealth, when all the household slept, crept tremblingly into my mother's room, and there wept, and dreamed and pondered sadly. The roses no longer twined around the casement—the ivy and jessamine long since had drooped and withered; dust lay on the curtain folds, and the smoothed pillows gleamed dully from amid the crimson coverlet. The harp, and basket with needlework, her books, and favorite chair, all covered with dust and cobwebs, that no servant was permitted to brush away—they greeted me sorrowfully; did my father's neglect of her extend beyond the grave? It was his order, that the room she expired in should remain untouched, unswep, and unentered by any footstep save his own.

I was placed under rigid discipline in that old

country house of ours. For three years after my mother's death, I remained under the sole tuition of my grandmother, who took great pains to make me religious, as she understood religion. I scrupulously observed the Sabbath, appearing at table with lengthened visage and solemnly folded hands. I recited my prayers after the most approved fashion, with drawing utterance and due emphasis; received all the dogmas of church and creed with due humility and outward profession of faith; but my soul rebelled, sickened, and grew faint within me, as I beheld the intolerance of that aged woman; her denunciations of all other sects that differed from her in their belief; her cruelty and harshness to her dependents; her hatred of my angel mother; her complete domination over my usually self-willed father. I could not love her. I obeyed her through fear; and often, when thoroughly aroused, I spoke so boldly, gave her so clear an insight into my self-formed, self-gained religion, that she threw up her hands in terror and dismay, and shouted, "Infidel!"

My father avoided and neglected me. Once only he essayed to caress me, and I, remembering the blow in my mother's room, wailed him off and burst into tears. He never again attempted to conciliate me; but oh! with all his harshness and coldness, how my spirit yearned towards him! how I longed to throw myself upon his bosom, to wring a parent's love from his soul, to implore him with tears and eloquent prayer, to love me; to call me his Pearl, his child! But pride, and fear, and growing estrangement, forbade; and I grew up unlovely, because unloved; a careless, dreamy, passionate, and willful child; the only daughter of the rich Mr. Nevins, with scarcely any education; a neglected, prematurely saddened girl.

I shrank from visitors, was careless in my dress, heedless of my remarks, and not one in that great old house felt love or esteem for the daughter of the universally beloved Eveline. I never visited my mother's grave in company with father or grandame, but I stole there at midnight and alone; and they called me cold, unfilial, and ungrateful.

I was fourteen when Mylo died. He had been my constant friend and companion for seven long years. As I smoothed down his long fleecy ears, and kissed him for the last time, I thought my heart would break, that I would gladly lie down and die; for who was there now on earth to love me, to greet me joyously? Where should I meet such another steadfast friend? I was weeping bitterly over the dead body of my favorite, when father and grandmother entered. He held an open letter in his hand; his manner was flushed and excited; and his brow clouded as he beheld me, sitting on the floor, my hair streaming wildly around me, in the abandonment of my grief.

"Pearl!" he said sternly, "are you not ashamed of yourself to cry so over a dead brute? Get up this moment, you silly girl!" I arose with flushed cheeks and painfully throbbing heart.

"I never saw such a great silly thing!" said my grandmother; "crying her eyes out over that ugly little beast!"

I could not remain silent: "He was my only friend!" I sobbed; "no one loves me—and I must, I will cry for him! he was my mother's pet; he is doubly dear to me!" My father answered with a loud, coarse laugh, that thrilled painfully upon my ear: "The girl's a lunatic!" he said. "Mother, please call a servant to take away the carcass of that dog."

The old lady called, but when Ashwood, the old gardener, entered to fulfill her commands, I threw myself in his way, holding Mylo in my arms; and vowed he should not touch my favorite; that I alone would bury him. My father bade the old man leave the room, and advancing towards me, he bade me arise and stand before him. As I slowly and reluctantly obeyed, he placed both hands upon my shoulders; and fixing his dark, grey eyes upon my face, he exhorted me to obedience, to duty, humility, and self-control; to all but to love. Oh! had he but spoken one kind word, given me but one glance of encouragement, I know that I should have fallen at his feet, imploring forgiveness, and bowing filial gratitude. But he spoke so coldly—of his determination to break my stubborn spirit! with such a confident sense of power he reminded me of his authority; of my position as a weak, defenceless girl; he depicted so forcibly the contempt, poverty, and hardships I should meet with if deprived of the shelter of his roof, the safeguard of his name—that my proud spirit rebelled at his haughty tone, and I replied defiantly. I braved him to cast me forth; I challenged his cruelty, and taunted him with my neglected education, my fiery temper, my wild, undisciplined disposition. My father paled, and his brow grew dark and threatening. Alas! for the bitterness that prompted my utterance, though in it there was much of truth. Alas! for the rebellious heart that onceased itself in defiant armor, sending forth not "the soft answer," but the wildness of opposition and retort.

My grandmother was aghast at my audacity; she uttered broken ejaculations and prayers; and added fuel to the raging flames, by declaring that my wicked temper was all my mother's fault.

"This was my mother's home!" I shrieked, "and I have a right in it as well as you! My mother was an angel—you are all together wicked!" My father shook me violently, and severely boxed my ears; then he said, while his voice quivered with agitation, "We must have no more of this! Know that this house is mine, and mine only. It never was your mother's. I took her, a portionless girl, and you are a beggar. Do you hear? If I choose I can

make you a menial, a kitchen-drudge, to-morrow; will that bring down your pride and stubbornness? Reflect, and beware! and never show yourself before me as you have done this day, Pearl. Black, rough-unpolished Pearl that you are! A change is about to take place in this household. I am going to be married. My intended is a highly educated lady, accustomed to refinement and good society. Mend your manners before her, or you must quit this house. You know my determination; act upon it. Either control your bad temper, and be pleasant, or leave this roof. Come, mother, let us go to tea."

When they left the room I sank down upon the floor, and again clasped the dead body of my dog. Wild and sinful thoughts of self-destruction, of flight, passed through my maddened brain. With stealthy footsteps I sought my grandmother's chamber, and took the key of the sacred room from under her pillow. I returned to take a last farewell of Mylo, and then, creeping along the darkened passage, I unlocked the door, and in the falling darkness seated myself upon the familiar chair, and looked sadly around.

I was devoid of all superstitious fear; trammelled and checked as I was, they could not blind my free, aspiring soul to the narrow limits of popular and accepted belief. I longed, I thirsted, for a wider knowledge; I believed in immortality; I had a deep, intuitive reverence for Deity and His attributes, and I speculated vaguely as to the manner of that immortality. As I grew towards maidenhood, and admitted to my heart's sanctuary the bitter discords and warring passions that embitter life, and poison the fountains of love; my dreams, in childhood so clear and vivid, my visions of celestial mansions, my glimpses of the world's beyond, faded away, and left me with the bleak, unsatisfying, every day reality; and I wept, that life was so devoid of interest, that youth was to me as a heavy dream, and the future a blank, to me, to me only, of all earth's children! And I sat in my mother's chamber, weeping silently, crying in my heart: "A step-mother comes to take thy place, beloved one! a new tyrant for thy tortured child. Oh, mother! mother! that I could go to thee!"

I know that I wept long, that I fell asleep, and in dreams I beheld my angel mother, robed with exceeding glory, star-crowned; with immortal gems of truth and purity, decking her azure and snowy garb. But on her lips dwelt a saddened expression; holy pity, mingled with gentle reproach, gleamed from her star-bright, violet eyes. I knew that I had saddened the heart of an immortal spirit; that sympathy for me had thrilled her soul with sorrowing love, and drawn her earthward from the lily bowers of the Blessed Land. I know not what she said, or if she spoke at all; but I felt the soft reproval, and I vowed to subdue my temper; to suffer and endure as she had done. I saw a scroll unfolded in her right hand; in golden letters on azure ground was written, "Through darkness to the Light;" and though wondering and but half-comprehending, the motto inscribed itself on my memory, and I uttered a prayer for strength and succor.

The moonbeams were playing on the folded curtains, and the piled up cushions of the untenanted couch, when I awoke with a start, and gazed around; all was so calm and holy; the pure stars watching the slumbering earth; the little leaping stream, murmuring musically as it flowed. From the garden came the mingled odors of rose, heliotrope, and sweet magnolia, (for it was in the summer time, about the very time that she departed.) A low, delicious strain of melody was wafted through the silent chamber; it seemed to say:

I come!  
With the breath of prayer, and the music of Love,  
From the summer realms of the Land above.

I prayed long and fervently; then I slowly withdrew, and returned to my solitary chamber. I replaced the key next morning. My grandmother had not missed it.

The old gardener buried Mylo. I would go to the little flower spot where he lay, and think over his past love and tender adherence; and the servants said I cared more for my dog than for any living human being, and cried more for him than for my mother. My grandmother declared I "would come to no good." I disdained a reply; a vague, indefinite hope was glowing in my breast; perhaps my father's wife would learn to love me. Alas! for my wasted childhood, and sadly-opening youth! I read my fate in the first glance of Isabella's face,—that face so proudly beautiful, so haughty, repellent! At the first touch of her daintily-gloved hand, I felt the antagonism of her spirit. My father's love for her was a deep infatuation; she courted his proud and unbending mother; but I detected the mockery of her eye, the curling sarcasm of her lip. The old house was repaired and refurnished in handsome style; and frequent excursions to the city undertaken, on horseback, and in carriages. My step-mother dressed with extreme good taste, but was careless of expense; and my father was proud to deck his idol with the costliest laces and the newest jewelry.

She treated me with supreme indifference, and haughtily repelled all my advances, until I totally shunned her company, and to avoid her sarcastic remarks, took my meals alone, or with the servants. And my father saw and permitted it all!

I was reading a book one afternoon, when Mrs. Nevins, with my father, entered the room. My diminutive figure was concealed from their view by the book-case and an intervening screen. They sat down in a window embrasure, and opened, or continued, a conversation.

"James, I want you to have that room—you first



wife's bed-room—cleaned and aired, and nicely furnished. I want it for a sewing room."

"Can you not choose another room, my love? I prefer having that room locked up."

"But why, James, why?" eagerly demanded the lady. "Is there any mystery connected with it? Is it haunted?" she added, in her usual sarcastic manner.

"Haunted? nonsense! but there are disagreeable associations connected with it. Eveline was long sick, and died in that room."

"Disagreeable associations!" connected with my mother's chamber—with her suffering memory; her pure, angelic presence! I felt the old bitter feelings rising, but I controlled myself, and remained sitting quietly.

"What associations? Come, be quick, tell me all about it; surely I have a right to know," said the imperious Isabella. Poor, infatuated father! he could not bear to see a cloud upon her brow—to leave a doubt upon her heart; so he replied, "It is a painful subject, darling! but you, of course, have a right to know. I never lived happily with Eveline; she married me against her will, to please her mother. She loved another; her mother told me so on her death-bed. That accounted for Eveline's abstraction and coldness. But my mother heard, that once, during my absence, she received that man here—"

"My father paused, and I listened with throbbing heart and heightened color. "You know I have confessed to you, Isabella, that I am jealous of those I love. I questioned and reproached her; she replied with woman's usual weapons—protestations of innocence—tears. I could not be convinced. My mother, also, mistrusted Eveline. I married her, a poor girl—and thus she rewarded my bounty. She departed for a distant shore, and Eveline pined and mourned for him—and so she died, and I have foregone any one entering her chamber."

I was but a young girl, untutored, unsophisticated; a child in worldly knowledge—almost yet a child in years; but I felt that my mother was accused of something, and that the accusation was unjust. I longed to vindicate her—to tell them that she was one of God's glorified angels—but a sudden impulse drew me back. I remained silent and undiscovered.

"Well," coolly replied Mrs. Nevins, "I'm sorry for you, James; but men are usually deceived when they marry so early; it requires mature judgment to choose a fitting companion; and besides, when a man lowers his dignity, and degrades himself by marrying a poor girl, of whom one knows nothing, he must expect to suffer. If you had sought among your own class, you would not have been deceived, and your daughter would not have grown up such a puny, ill-favored, unintelligent girl. But come, I must have the room. I will alter its appearance so you will never know it. Come, James, where is the key?"

"In my mother's possession," he replied.

"Run and get it, or I won't speak to you for a week. The idea of having a room shut up in the house, because some one died in it—some one that never cared for you, too! Come, James, get me the key, or I shall think you a willful tyrant to deny me a favor so soon. I have my heart set on that room, and when I say a thing, I do it."

I heard my father's retreating footsteps, and I longed, oh, so wildly! to confront that woman, and upbraid her with defamation of an angel! But as before, a strange and soothing influence detained me, as if a gentle hand were placed on my shoulder, I fell back again into my seat, and strove to hush the tumultuous beatings of my heart. My father returned with the key, and with a merry, triumphant laugh, Isabella Nevins hastened to give her orders concerning my mother's chamber.

CHAPTER III.

Sweet Ethel Clare! Long since the cold sods were piled upon that still heart—stilled to earthly pain and sorrow—for is she not an angel? one of the love-spirits of a holy and beautiful land—a messenger of peace to many? Since the dawning of the new light, that draws souls heavenward, has it not been her glorious mission to redeem from error, to lead to a higher life, the struggling children of earth, warring with temptation and wrong? To me she came in her earth form—in her spiritual beauty, like a messenger from heaven—while I lived in the old country house, a sadly neglected girl. At the recommendation of my step-mother, Ethel Clare was appointed my governess; in place of the severe old schoolmistress to whom I was sent three times a week, sweet Ethel Clare was to be my instructor—was to live with me, to cultivate my mind, refine my manners, and teach me gentleness. I well remember how bitter I felt towards her; how my stubborn heart vowed opposition; and how all these resolves melted at the first glance of her sweet, blue eyes; how I yielded the submission of love to her sweet smile. Yes, one stray gleam of heavenly sunshine fell on my thorny path; for unlovely, untutored, rebellious as I was, sweet Ethel loved me! And I?—I idolized her! I would steal to her chamber at early dawn, and watch her sleeping, and pray for her with earnest fervor—with streaming eyes. Beneath her gentle care, I learned to know myself; to battle with the evil propensities of my nature; to strive prayerfully for the good; to appreciate more fully the beautiful; to worship purity and truth. I learnt, too—for Ethel's beneficent hand put aside the choking weeds—that in my soul dwelt large capacities; unlimited and holy aspirations; the burning zeal of an earnest faith and a noble ambition; that mine was the heavenly gift of genius, that boon of glorious advancement, so oft, alas, on earth, perverted to unholy uses.

From the deep sleep of years sprung up into sudden life and beauty the flowers of feeling, the gems of thought; the pearls of the spirit, that no loving hand had sought for. I wrote verses, and she read them with glowing cheeks, and kissed me with fond, approving smile. And I poured out my full heart to her—told her of my faith, my hopes, my dreams of the future. When I spoke of my mother—how I had twice beheld her glorious spirit, holding close communion with mine, she sighed and pressed me to her bosom, saying—

"I know it is true, though the world call it a visionary belief; I know that it is true."

Four happy years! oh, blissful hours of past love, of heart-communion, of soul-growth and intellectual advancement. Four years, and my figure had grown tall and rounded, and a happy rose-flush dwelt on my cheeks, and my dark hair curled around a brow that Ethel said, bore the impress of intellectuality. My complexion, too, was fairer, and my eyes were bright. My father looked upon me with a kind of pride, and spoke of marrying me well. I was an apt musician, sang well, and had passed through the

usual routine of study, learning much that could not be found in books; treasuring up bright gems of thought, lofty revelations, and strains of unpromised poetry, as they fell from the sweet lips of my young instructor—for Ethel was but six years my senior.

For a while, a dark shadow lay upon my heart; a shadow that I could not define; but it deepened and darkened, until a heavy presentiment of evil lay nightmar-like upon my soul, startling me from unquiet sleep, following me by day, clouding the sunshine, rendering the gloom more dense.

At last I recognized that shadow, and a mighty sorrow filled my being. I saw it play around the brow of Ethel, and mingle with the hectic glow upon her cheek. I saw it cloud the brightness of her smile, and wring her perfect features with the agony of pain.

One day, sitting at her feet, my head resting in her lap, she told me that spirit-voices summoned her home; that mother, and sister, father and lover, awaited her in the spheres; that in four weeks she would leave me; but she would return, if it were permitted, to guard, to love, to counsel me. Never shall I forget the inspired beauty of her countenance, while making this revelation, nor my wild and frantic grief on hearing it.

Sweet angel mother! pure Ethel Clare! ye are with me often now, aye, daily, hourly. I have seen the star-wreaths on their brows—have pressed their life-warm spirit hands, and felt their sunny hair. I know they live and love me—Ah, too; but then, my spirit was borne down to earth, and I cried in my bitter anguish that I, too, might be permitted to depart!

Even my proud, step-mother was won to love the suffering Ethel; she sat for hours by her bedside, and methought there was a subdued expression upon her haughty countenance, a shade of reflection upon her brow, after these conversations with the invalid. I always left them together, and retired to another room.

My mother's chamber, long since had been forgotten as such by the household; it had been sewing-room, library, and bed room, by turns; and when Ethel requested that she might be allowed to occupy it, there was no demur in granting the favor.

An easy couch was prepared for her, and I daily filled the porcelain vases with freshly-cut flowers, and sat and read to her, and smoothed her sun-bright hair, and gazed upon her face with that unutterable longing we only feel for those we are about to lose. Once, my father visited her; alas! his step was unsteady—the fires of intoxication beamed from his eyes—gradually, imperceptibly, the fatal habit had grown upon him. I blushed for shame; and as he stood there looking around him, a sudden recollection seemed to thrill his soul with terror, for he paled and staggered, and saying, "I cannot stay here!" he rushed from the room.

Ah, truly! the reclining figure of Ethel, the fever-flushed cheeks and strangely brilliant eyes, "so deeply, beautifully blue," the sunny hair, floating a tangled mass of gold upon the pillow, the meekly-folded, attenuated hands—all were so like his Eveline! Why did he fly from the remembrance, that was so sweet and holy—was it regret—was it remorse, that caused his cheek to pale so swiftly?

Strange coincidence! The summer rain was patterning on the gravel-walks, dripping musically from the freshened leaves, when Ethel died. I had forgotten that it was the day by herself announced for her departure; and as I looked upon her placid countenance, the rapt, ecstatic expression of her eye, the flushed brilliancy of cheek and lip, I thought her yet awhile my own. As I arose to kiss her, she beckoned me to be silent, and said in accents of thrilling solemnity—never, never shall I forget the look of prophecy—the inspired tone of that parting revelation!

"Pearl! yours is a life of trial—the world will seem dark to you awhile, but oh! to what heights of spiritual elevation shall thou attain, mortal struggler! toiling wayfarer! Faint not—fear not! Spiritual hosts encompass thee. There is a double safeguard given to the motherless! From the intoxicating cup thou shalt save thy father; many from vice and error. Thy trials endured, thy soul purified, thy affections hallowed, thou shalt be good and great. Thou wouldst leave thy earthly work undone to rest in the heavenly bowers? Thou mayst not; thou must not out-thine own progression. Look ever upwards for all glorious gifts. Bear life—one day thou shalt enjoy it!"

The strange light faded from her eyes; the rose-flush faded from her cheeks; wearily, wearily drooped her heavy eyelids.

"Dear Pearl!" she murmured, and those soft lids closed, and her sweet lips smiled. But she breathed as one in sleep, and long I watched that peaceful slumber, until my eyes grew heavy, and resting my head on the pillow beside her, I, too, fell into profound and peaceful slumber.

Then were pictured the visions of my childhood; the gorgeous scenes, the ascending pathways of a fairer land, and their beauty was vivid and distinct as then. I saw my angel-mother, and a crown like that of royalty was on her brow—but no earth gems sparkled there; its hues were formed of rainbow dyes, reflecting her pure soul's inner lustre; her silver garments swept the green swards of that fairy region of hill and dale, of mount and forest; and the final love gift on her bosom, flashed with a thousand rays of light. And by her side stood Ethel, arisen from earthly suffering, radiant, joyous, white-robed and star-crowned! Above their heads unfolded the mystic banner of my childhood's vision. In living diamonds sparkled the admonition, the consolation, the promise: "Through darkness to the Light!"

They found me sleeping, or senseless, on the couch of Ethel, and her features smiling and composed in death. I was ill for two weeks, and what they all considered the visionary fancies of illness, I know now to be a glorious certainty. I saw my mother, my only friend, hand in hand, smiling upon me—unfurling the azure banner to my gaze.

I mourned for Ethel. How long and deeply, yet only can tell, from whom a part of life has gone forth, its summer, better part! ye who have clung to the only true and tried one, finding aught else false and hollow! Oh, angel Ethel! often have I grieved thy happy spirit by my vain repetitions—my selfish grief. I brought to thy loving heart the pain of sympathy; but thou hast long since forgiven, and I know a better way.

An uncommunicated grief or a gnawing remorse must have weighed down my father's mind, to lead him to the fatal cup. There were loud dissensions, quick disputes, violent altercations betwixt him and his wife. She knew not the joys of maternity, and her unsatisfied heart found no relief for its cravings

in society, and her husband had become morose and changed. I longed to comfort the unhappy woman, to plead my father's cause with her; to urge her to gentleness, in place of menace and reproach. But, alas! that fatal pride. She could not bend that aristocratic head before me, nor bow her scornful heart to loving familiarity. How many hearts have been wounded, how many bitter tears have been shed, through this false spirit's influence; the destroying touch of its hand has blighted the fairest, warmest hopes; it has twined the oppress in love's garland, and implanted remorse in the souls of men. The yearning hearts of little children shrink in terror from the ice-cold look of pride. Motherless waifs are cast upon the whirling waters, cruelly consigned to infamy and death by pride! Perjured vows, and blighted lives, hatreds and animosities, wrecked souls and broken hearts, are the offerings piled upon its falsely gleaming altar; and widows' tears and orphans' sighs bear witness against its insatiate spirit—its destroying power. Oh, no! Isabella Nevins could not bend her pride to win love and confidence. She, the daughter of wealthy parents, could not stoop to win the affection of her husband's child—the child of the humbly born Eveline.

Oh, mother! sainted love-crowned mother! Could she have seen thee in thy regal robes of sanctity, thy spirit's royalty, she would have fallen in worship to the ground before thee!

My gentle Ethel had exercised a beneficial influence over that wayward woman. As a spirit, she could not approach her; and again the evil reigned within her soul.

Dark, dark are the life-pages that follow; and yet, they lead to glorious sunshine, to flower vales of peace, to mountain heights of contemplation and repose.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

MY WIFE.

Long years ago I met a child  
As through the world I pass'd,  
She was the first star of my life—  
The dearest, and the last.

An angel child, by some strange fate,  
To earth a dweller driven,  
Who brought her virtues to my heart  
And left her wings in heaven.

I dreamt not that this child of love  
Would mine forever be,  
That she had come to tread this world,  
This weary world, with me.

But as in kindness, side by side,  
We wander'd, day by day,  
The more I loved her, and the more  
She seem'd inclined to stay.

'Twas strange, that from that very hour  
I never knew a care,  
But seem'd, through some unearthly power,  
A pleasant thing to bear.

And if perchance her gentle eye  
For mark'd a tear in mine,  
'Twas turn'd to smiles by her kind heart,  
And treasure'd on the shrine.

Around my growing destiny  
Her hopes all centred were,  
For much I tried to make this world  
A pleasant home to her;

And still within'pale seem'd content  
To bear its swifter part,  
Together with the joys she found  
What's nothing at my heart.

And thus together, hand in hand,  
We trod this vale of tears;  
Our youth departing, but our love  
Increasing with our years;

Forgetting all that onward world,  
Made up of grief and sin,  
But loving more the world above,  
And a bright world within.

The check that closely presses mine,  
Is furrow'd now by years,  
For we have known the cares of life,  
And we have wept its tears;

But God was ever kind to us,  
Although the world was cold,  
And we are growing happier,  
As we are growing old.

There seems a brighter world in view,  
A home from sorrow free,  
A dwelling of eternal years,  
For my dear wife and me.

And oh! the angel of my youth,  
So good, and very fair,  
I know will take her wings again,  
And be my angel there.

MAUD LESLIE;

OR,  
LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

"Farewell, my own sweet Maud, we shall meet again ere long—our present pain amply compensated by our noble Prince's gratitude to those who have placed him on his throne. Oh, Maud! that will be a proud day, when I present my beautiful bride to our rightful Sovereign, after aiding to regain for him his rights."

Maud Leslie's dark eyes were full of tears as she smiled on the enthusiastic speaker—a fine, handsome-looking man, of some thirty years of age, with the unmistakable stamp of noble birth, and lofty, chivalrous spirit on his aristocratic features.

His eyes were fixed with a fond, inquiring gaze on the fair creature at his side, whose delicate loveliness seemed almost too spiritual for this work-a-day world. Maud saw his struggle between duty and his tender fear for her, and bravely summoned courage to meet the dreaded moment, and spare his suffering on her account.

"Farewell, dear Bertram; God bless and keep you, and prosper our Prince's cause. Fear nothing for me. I shall live on your letters, your fame, and loyal self-devotion, till we meet again, and my uncle's scrapes and doubts are silenced by your success. So now, dear Bertram, may heaven preserve you!"

Bertram Herbert saw that her firmness, as well as his own, was tried to the utmost; and with one long, silent embrace, he tore himself away; and Maud, when alone, gave way to the grief and apprehension which weighed so heavily on her young heart.

Maud Leslie was the orphan niece of a gentleman of fair property and unblemished character in the north of England, who, himself unmarried, gladly adopted his brother's only child, then a lovely child of seventeen years of age, and brought her up in his own house, under the care of a governess, who had only left her some twelve months before our tale opens, and her departure was the first real sorrow the young girl had known since she had wept her father's death, at that age when tears are so soon dried.

She now took the head of her uncle's table, and was formally introduced into society. More than one suitor soon appeared, in even that limited circle, for the hand of Mr. Leslie's lovely heiress; but either Maud's evident indifference, or her uncle's cold dis-

couragement, prevented any serious attempts to win her heart, till the arrival in the neighborhood of a family known in earlier years to Mr. Leslie, but who had deserted their country seat for a continental residence. Their name was Douglas, and the household consisted of the father, mother, and one son, the heir of that estate, and much wealth besides, the savings of a miser brother of Mr. Douglas.

Clement Douglas was polished in manner, and more than usually skilled in all the lighter and more elegant accomplishments which his continental life had given him facilities for acquiring. Moreover, he possessed, in perfection, the art of adapting himself to those with whom he was brought in contact, and soon became a great favorite with the gentle-folks of Drampton Regis and its neighborhood. Maud Leslie, however, while the object of his most strenuous and careful attempts to please, was almost the sole exception to the general homage and admiration bestowed on the fascinating, popular heir of Ashton Park, and her careless reception of his attentions was alike marvellous to the mothers and daughters of the county families round, and mortifying to the spoiled child of fortune himself. There was something in the expression of his handsome face, in the smooth surface of his manners, and carefully expressed opinions, which inspired the inexperienced Maud with distrust; and Clement Douglas, for the first time, found himself baffled; and, worse still, baffled, when, for the first time, he really loved with the strength of a nature whose passions had, till now, known no check. Too proud to risk a refusal, yet equally determined to accomplish his wishes, Clement skillfully directed his powers to the captivation of the niece, rather than the niece, while his manner, to the latter, took a pensive, deferential air, which seemed at once to regret, yet acquiesce in, her evident coldness to himself.

Thus stood matters when his cousin, Sir Bertram Herbert, arrived on a visit at Ashton Park, and he soon became the open and favored admirer of Maud Leslie.

Bertram was, in everything but fortune and family, a perfect contrast to his cousin; frank, manly, chivalrous, high-toned in his courtesy; yet, with no effort to please and captivate those with whom he was accidentally thrown, he was less popular; yet those who knew him best, bestowed on him a regard and affection rarely excited by the more versatile Clement. And when he sued in words for the heart and hand which his looks and manner had long spoken his desire to win, Maud Leslie, with sweet, womanly, though timid candor, confessed that the first love of her deep, earnest nature was indeed his.

Mr. Leslie could make no objection to so unexceptionable a marriage for his orphan heiress; and it was arranged that it should take place on Maud's twenty-first birthday—some six months from the time of the first engagement. Sir Bertram murmured and pleaded, but in vain. Mr. Leslie had a singular obstinacy in some few of his maxims; and one of them was, that no woman should marry under the age of twenty-one, and there was no appeal from his decision in this matter.

The lover was fain to console himself by lavishing every embellishment that money and taste could bestow on his ancestral home, and in making frequent visits to his fair Maud; while Clement Douglas watched, in deep but conscious bitterness, the happiness he was tortured in witnessing. But he had learned full early the lesson, "to bide his time."

"There is strange news this morning," said Mr. Leslie, laying down his paper at breakfast, with a troubled air. "The Chevalier has landed in Scotland, it seems, and the clans are up in arms, and flocking to his standard."

"God prosper him!" said Maud, fervently. "My earliest remembrance is my poor father's ardent wishes for the Prince's restoration, so often and openly expressed, to dear mamma's alarm. And Bertram has told me, more than once, that there were rumors of a fresh rising on his behalf."

"Hush, hush, my love!" said the timid old man; "better not allude to having heard of such a thing. And, Maud, my dear, be careful not to talk of the 'Prince.' Better do as I do—call him the 'Chevalier'—it is a safe name in troubled times."

The entrance of a servant with the post-bag prevented Maud's answer; and a glad flush rose to her cheek as she received a letter from her uncle's hand, and hastily tore it open.

"Bertram is coming to-day," she said thoughtfully. "I hardly understood his letter, it is so short and hurried; but I suppose he thinks he can make up for it by paying us an unexpected visit."

Mr. Leslie looked grave. He knew Bertram Herbert's personal and inherited loyalty to the exiled Stuarts, and drew ominous conclusions from this sudden advent.

Those fears proved but too prophetic. Bertram's errand was to announce his intention of at once joining Charles Edward, and placing his fortune at his service.

"My own noble girl," he said, as Maud tearfully, but firmly, bade him "Go, and God speed!"—"you are, indeed, a worthy bride of one whose inheritance is richer in a brave and loyal name than in the wealth and lands which accompany it. And you will be true to me, my Maud, amidst your good but timid uncle's fears and warnings? You will be firm and steadfast in your faith and pledge?"

"As I, too, have the blood of the brave and generous in my veins, I will," said Maud, solemnly; and her deep, earnest eyes, looked up unshrinkingly in her lover's face, with the clear, fearless gaze of truth and courage of heart.

And with many a warning remonstrance, and intreaties not to commit himself by word or deed, from Mr. Leslie, and earnest, inspiring words from Maud, Bertram Herbert departed a few hours after his arrival at Leslie Manor.

And soon the fiery cross was traversing the northern part of the kingdom, and each man of standing and repute hastened to take his part, with one side or the other, save some few timid waverers, who carefully abstained from declaring any opinions, except, perhaps, in praise of peace and order.

Amongst the strenuous supporters of the Government were Mr. Leslie and Clement Douglas, the popular heir of Ashton.

It might be with a laudable desire to insure the safety of his cousin's promised bride, that he so often visited Leslie Manor, thus averting suspicion from a house notoriously connected with the Jacobite party; and it might, still more probably, be from a timid anxiety on that very point, that Mr. Leslie welcomed him so eagerly on each successive visit, and chided Maud for her coldness and distrust.

And thus weeks passed on; and the first flush of success raised the hopes of those concerned for the

Chevalier to a wild pitch of enthusiasm; and the approach of the rebels towards Derby filled the north of England with terror or delight, according to the different views of the persons interested. Maud wept, and prayed in silence and secrecy—for the subject was a forbidden one at the Manor, and her careless word might be reported in dangerous quarters—and even when she received a letter from Bertram, written the evening before the battle of Culloden, she only dared speak of the impending crisis, and her fears for her lover's fate to her old nurse, who had brought her to her uncle's after the death of her parents, and had long been pensioned off and settled in a cottage not far from the lodge-gates.

"Keep up your spirits, my bonnie bairn," she would say, in her northern dialect, "and, trust me, all will go well with Sir Bertram, gallant gentleman; You have the blood of a brave man in your veins, my lassie—of one who ever preferred death to dishonor!"

And Maud listened and smiled, with a heart sick with terror.

The day but one after the receipt of Sir Bertram's letter, Maud was standing at the window, looking, with straining eyes, for the postman's approach, when the sound of a horse's feet rapidly approaching was heard, and Clement Douglas rode up, and, throwing the reins to the groom, ran up the steps, and came, unannounced, into the room.

"Excuse my unceremonious entrance," he said, "for my news is urgent. There has been a complete rout of the rebels, and it is even rumored that the Pretender himself, with every man of note around him, is either killed or taken prisoner."

Mr. Leslie uttered an exclamation of surprise—whether or not of pleasure, was somewhat doubtful. The next moment he saw his guest dart rapidly forward, just in time to catch the fainting Maud in his arms. She had listened, with blanched cheeks and fixed attitude, to each dreadful word, and then she lost all consciousness till she found herself in her own room, with the housekeeper and her own maid, busily engaged in restoring her to animation. She lay still and passive, apparently forgetful of the dreadful news which had thus overcome her; and the maid, deputed to sit by her after Mrs. Goodwin's departure to her functions, thought she slept.

"Mary, send for nurse; I should like to see her directly."

The girl obeyed, and, after despatching a messenger, again took her station by the bedside. An hour rolled slowly away, and Maud inquired several times whether nurse had arrived, and was always answered in the negative, till, weary and dispirited, she sank into a troubled sleep. When she woke her old nurse was sitting by her side.

"I could not come before, darling," she said, in answer rather to the looks than words of her nursing; "but I was busy for ye, nevertheless. And now, are you strong enough, my sweet bairn, to hear a message I have for ye?"

Maud started up in terror.

"What is it, nurse? Tell me, for pity's sake! let me know the worst."

"Nay, now, don't look so pale and scared, or I shall not dare to tell you what you will like to know. There is one man who ye loe weel, and who would lay down his life to save ye from suffering; and if ye were to hear that he was dead, ye would be very evenin'."

"Oh, nurse! is he—Is he here?—and safe?"

"Safe from wounds, the Lord be praised! but not safe from harm; though, as long as my poor roof can shelter him, they shall walk over my body that gets to him."

Maud's tears fell thick and fast, and relieved the dreadful tension of her heart.

"Oh, thank God!" she said, "I had such dreadful visions of him wounded, dying, or prisoner! Oh, take me to him, nurse, now directly!"

"No, no, my dear bairn, we must be careful; and if you were seen coming to my cottage after being so ill, it would make people suspect something directly. No, no; I tell you how you must manage, if you have the courage. Mr. Douglas is here, I am told, and you must let him go, if possible, before you come out; but if he stays to dine with your uncle, say you are too ill to go down; and while they are at their wine and your servants at their tea, steal out and come across the Park to the arbor just in sight of the Lodge, and I will meet you there and take you to his hiding-place. But you must cheer up, and take something, Miss Maud, darling, or you will never have strength to do this, or courage either."

"Oh, never fear, dear nurse; even this, such as it is, is so much better than I feared, that my heart is quite light, and I feel strong enough for anything."

Her pale cheeks and trembling limbs, however, told a different tale; and the good old nurse, summoning Mary to fetch some refreshment, fed and caressed her nursing, as in old days, and then left, promising to meet her at the appointed place in the evening.

The day rolled slowly away; Clement Douglas, as Maud shrewdly supposed, staid to dinner, and just before her maid left to go down to tea, a message came from her uncle that he would come up and see her as soon as his guest had left him, which would be immediately after dinner, his horse being ordered to meet him at the Park gates at seven o'clock.

Poor Maud! What was she to do? To disappoint her lover and herself was terrible, and yet to risk discovery by being found absent was equally to be dreaded. She seized a pen, wrote a few lines of explanation; then hurriedly throwing her garden hood and cloak around her, she stole noiselessly down stairs, and passing through a small side-door, fled, rather than ran, across the Park, intending to deposit the note at the place of rendezvous, if nurse had not arrived. She was compelled, however, soon to slacken her pace, and when she arrived, panting and breathless at the spot, she sank down on the seat faint with the exertion and the fear of discovery.

No one was there, and she sat with her heart beating tumultuously, and every sense strained, hoping to catch the sight or sound of approaching footsteps; but she was compelled to return to the house. The cloak had fallen off in her rapid course, and lay on the seat, covering the note; she had hastily deposited there in readiness for nurse; but she was hardly conscious of its loss till she suddenly missed the precious billet, and looked round in terror, lest she had dropped it on the road. She had just time to search for it, and determined to wait no longer at such terrible risk, when the sound of a footstep made her start with joyful expectation, and dart forward to meet the welcome visitor. A terrier dog, whose master she knew too well, rushed into the garden-house, barking with surprise at her sudden appearance; and ere she could shrink back, in the faint hope of concealment, the figure of Clement Douglas



appeared in the winding path which led to it from the house.

Poor Maud advanced towards the intruder with as much composure as she could command.

"Miss Leslie!" exclaimed Clement, in real or feigned surprise, "I have, indeed, been unnecessarily alarmed on your account. I understood you could not leave your room."

"I fancied the air would take off the tanager which oppressed me," said Maud, striving to speak calmly, "and came here to rest while you were at dinner; but I am now going to return, and must wish you good night. My uncle will be uneasy if he finds me absent."

"I fear he will," said Clement, with emphasis, "and with more reason perhaps than the case may apparently warrant. Allow me to escort you back to the house."

"Oh, no!" said Maud, terrified, lest he should meet the nurse, or possibly Bertram himself, on his return; "I shall be at home in a few minutes, and I am accustomed to walk alone at all hours in the Park."

"Nevertheless, you must excuse my persisting in attending you, after your attack of this morning. Allow me to place your cloak around you."

And seizing the mantle, ere Maud could reply, he lifted it from the seat, and the letter it had concealed fell on the ground. He picked it up, and quickly read the direction, weighing each word with cruel deliberation.

"Sir Bertram Herbert. A veritable love's post, Miss Leslie, but somewhat credulous on your part to trust Cupid's wings to carry it as far as I presume my knight-errant cousin is at this moment."

Maud read a cruel meaning in his look and tone, but she still made a desperate effort to save discovery, however hopeless.

"I thank you, Mr. Douglas; the letter must have dropped from my dress in sitting here. I will thank you to give it me till I know Sir Bertram's present abode."

Clement Douglas did not obey—he stood, his eyes fixed on the young girl, and a very disagreeable smile curled his handsome lip.

"Suppose I take charge of it? I doubt not I could deliver it ere nightfall."

"What mean you?" cried Maud.

"I mean, Maud Leslie, that I am not to be so easily deceived as you seem to fancy, and that the suspicions I before entertained are now confirmed past doubt. I know that Bertram Douglas is close at hand, and I can form a shrewd guess where he is to be found."

"But you will not betray him—you will not be so base, so forgetful of the ties of honor and of blood!" exclaimed Maud, clasping her hands in agony; "in pity, promise me to help him to escape to a place of safety, and I will bless you forever."

Clement looked on that beautiful face, even more lovely in its grief and alarm, and his eyes assumed an expression he had never openly divulged before.

"And why should I comply with your request?" he said, coldly; "why save the man who has crossed my dearest wishes, and snatched from me the prize I most coveted? Maud, you saw and scorned my devotion, though few would have despised the heir of Ashton save yourself; and you smiled on and became the betrothed of another—a man I never loved, but whom I now detest. He is in my power, and I will be revenged."

Few would have recognized the smooth, polished Clement Douglas in the dark, frowning face, the clenched hand, and the closely set teeth, on which Maud gazed.

"Oh, spare him! in mercy, spare him!" she cried, sinking on the bench from which she had risen. "I knew not—dread not that you cared for me—forgive me and him!"

"Never, save on one condition," said Clement; "the fate of your lover is in your hands, Maud Leslie, and you alone can save him. Give him up—consent to be my bride, and in three days he shall be beyond the reach of harm—refuse, and I denounce him to the nearest magistrate ere I sleep."

"Never!" exclaimed Maud, "you know not where he is, base man; I defy you. Bertram will be protected from your vengeance. I would die rather than be the wife of one so worthless, so lost to honor and generosity!"

"And condemn him your love, also, to death?" said Clement. "Is this your love—your disinterestedness? Do not deceive yourself. Ere I met you, I had some clue given me to his hiding-place, and in two hours' time he will be a prisoner, since you refuse to save him. I leave you to the pleasant reflections, and pleasant anticipations, which will, doubtless, be yours, since you decline every offer of service on my part."

"Oh, God, have mercy on me, for I am fearfully tried!" said poor Maud. "Give me time to think, to decide on such a terrible alternative!"

"And give an opportunity for his escape!" said Clement, scornfully. "Not so, fair Maud—once more, yes or no." And he moved towards the door, and Maud fancied she heard steps approaching. It might be Bertram, and all lost. Her resolution was taken in desperation.

"Save him," she cried, "and I will do all you wish."

"You swear it!" said Clement, his dark eyes flashing, "you swear to be mine in two months from this time!"

"Yes, yes, I swear it," cried Maud, her terrors increasing every moment, "only leave me, and be quick; he is in danger each moment we speak."

"Fear not, I will keep my promise; one word more, and I go to fulfill it. You will toll no one—not even Bertram himself—of the reason of your conduct."

Maud hesitated; but she knew full well that Clement would insist on every condition he thought necessary; and the conviction that Bertram would not accept safety, did he know its price, determined her to comply.

"I promise all—everything; only leave me," she cried, covering her face, as if to exclude the very sight of one so hateful.

"Then thus I seal our compact, my fair bride," said Clement, drawing her hand gently away, and imprinting a kiss on her cold cheek. "I go to obey your will."

And in another moment Maud was alone—alone with her misery. She knew not how long she remained there, but her nurse's voice first awakened her to animation.

"Miss Maud, darling! how pale and cold you are!—but I could not come before, for fear of that ill-looking servant of Mr. Clement's, who kept walking about near the gates. But I did him wrong, dear, for Mr. Clement himself came, a short time since, and has arranged everything for Sir Bertram's

escape to-night; and he will go with him himself till he is safe for the sea. Will you come and see him before he goes, dear? There is just a minute or two before dark, and I will go home with you afterwards."

"No, dear nurse—better not. I will return at once. I can go quite well alone."

The good woman was terrified at Maud's look and tone, so strangely rigid and calm, and saw it was indeed time she was at home; and though puzzled by her singular state, she asked no questions, but wrapping her cloak round her, and drawing her arm through her's, she supported her to the house, and merely saying to the astonished maid, "that her young lady had fancied the air would do her good, and had been taken ill while in the grounds," helped to place her in bed, and then hastened back to contribute her share to the fugitive's escape.

The next morning saw Maud in the first stage of a high fever, and it was days before she again left her bed; and longer still ere Clement Douglas was admitted to her presence—albeit received willingly by Mr. Leslie, as the future husband of his niece, in place of a proscribed man, whose connection with his family filled him with alarm.

When he was, at last, permitted to see her, he gave her a few lines written by Sir Bertram to himself, from Harve, where he had arrived in safety, in a fishing smack secured by Clement, full of brief but cordial thanks, and a few words of hope and affection for herself. Maud read it, and turned away with a cold shudder.

The sacrifice had now to be completed.

Weeks passed away, and the preparations for the marriage of Maud Leslie were nearly finished; a few days more, and she was to be a bride, at the very time, the very altar, where she had joyfully expected to speak her willing vows! But, oh, how different! how changed was all else!

She complained not—she made no effort to delay the sacrifice of her happiness, and calmly received each demonstration of Clement's affection, each congratulation on her brilliant prospects. Her uncle thought her "a most sensible and fortunate girl"—her angry rivals, "a heartless coquette." Only old nurse guessed and pitied her darling's self-devotion, and hated the man who could exact such a sacrifice at her hands. But when she once ventured to allude to it to Maud herself, that fair girl intreated her to forbear, with such a look of agony, that the good woman was silenced.

"Let me preserve my firmness, dear nurse. I know all your kindness, your sympathy, but I am better bearing my grief alone."

And in such dignified composure did Maud Leslie wait the approach of that dreadful day when, to love or think of Bertram, would be a crime.

It was her wedding morning, and a fit day for such a bridal—stormy, dark, lowering. Clement Douglas had left the manor on the preceding evening, just as the wind had risen to undue violence, and rain began to fall; but to stay all night was impossible; and he had received his bride's cold, calm "Good night," with the joyful whisper, "that it was for the last time he left her thus."

Maud's toilette was completed; and a beautiful and queenly, though pale bride, she was! The expression of her face was strangely changed since the day when she had parted with Bertram Herbert—a fragile, fearful, drooping girl.

She dismissed her maid and the good nurse, who had begged to assist at the wedding toilette of her she had dressed in her christening robe, and then locking her door, she drew out a letter from her bosom, and once more perused the few lines it contained.

"Maud, I hear strange things, which I cannot, will not believe, till I hear them from your own lips. Oh, Maud! they tell me you are false to me!—that you are about to wed another; and that other my own cousin! It cannot be, Maud! I dare not even think of it! My beautiful, my pure betrothed, forgive me for ever asking you to tell me it is not true; but pity me, dearest, for in exile and poverty men get fearfully suspicious and distrustful. Write to me, if it be but one word."

That letter had been found by Maud when she entered her room on the evening before; and had not long suffering blunted her very power of feeling, it would have killed her to read those lines—so loving, so trusting—at such a moment. And she must never welcome him—never tell him how tenderly she had loved him, and sacrificed her very life for his sake! He would curse her as false, treacherous, interested, and learn to hate her very name!

Maud slowly read, once more, that last letter she must ever receive from one she so loved, so honored; and then putting it in the fire, watched it gradually disappear in the flames.

"Thus is gone all earthly happiness!" she said, as it was consumed. "Bertram, I have saved you, but at what a cost for you and myself!"

A knock at the door startled her. It was her uncle himself, come to tell her the carriages were ready, and to conduct her down stairs to meet the assembled guests. Clement was to meet them at the church, and Maud begged to go at once to the carriage without seeing any one.

"As you will," said her uncle; but first look at this trifle I have reserved for your wedding present."

And opening a jewel case of large dimensions, he showed her a splendid set of diamonds.

"They were your grandmother's," he said; "and I have had them newly set for your wedding. God bless you, my child! You have ever been good and dutiful to your old uncle."

A tear rolled down Maud's cheek, but she repressed it; she knew that the slightest yielding to emotion would be fatal. She kissed her uncle in silence, and descended at once to the carriage which awaited them.

Mr. Leslie saw she was striving hard for composure, and forbore distressing her by speaking during the short drive to the church; and only expressed his sympathy by fondly pressing the hand he drew in his arm, to hand her to the vestry, where the wedding party was by this time assembled.

Maud looked fearfully round as she entered, but, to her relief, Clement Douglas was not yet there, and in answer to Mr. Leslie's repeated inquiries, the obsequious clerk said the bridegroom had not yet arrived, and he could not account for his delay to meet so fair a bride.

Mr. Leslie frowned, and his presence and Maud's silence the titter of the bridesmaids and the remarks of the elder portion of the company.

But when minutes rolled on, till half an hour passed away, the surprise of the bystanders could no longer be suppressed, and every one but the calm, motionless bride, began to wonder and comment openly on his absence.

"Surely, Mr. Douglas does not thus insult my

niece," said Mr. Leslie, a frown deepening on his brow. "I shall not permit her to wait his pleasure longer; but shall, at once order the carriages and return home, till his conduct is explained."

He moved to the door for that purpose, when a man, whom he at once recognized as a servant at Ashton Park, met him on the threshold, and delivered a letter, his pale cheek and shaking hand telling of some catastrophe his contents would explain.

Mr. Leslie read it, and his own face became white as the paper he held.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible? How dreadful! And at such a moment!"

Maud Leslie ran, like one waking out of a dream, and advanced to her uncle's side.

"What is the matter?" she said, with the same unnatural, calm tone she had preserved during the morning. "Tell me, dear uncle, is he—"

"Bertram!" hovered on her lips; but her uncle guessed a different one was in her heart, and answered such.

"Compose yourself, dearest child, and come with me. There has been an accident, but I will tell you more when we are at home."

"No, no, tell me at once, I intreat, I command!" cried Maud, losing that self-command she had striven so bravely to maintain. "Is he living, or have I killed him?"

"Darling child, no; you have had no part in the sad, terrible accident which befell poor Clement. Command yourself, dear Maud, and I will tell you all. The horse, it is supposed, took fright at the storm last night, and threw his rider near the gates of Ashton Park; he returned home this morning without his master; and on searching for the poor fellow, which they did before alarming his parents, they found him senseless, and—"

"Does he live?" gasped Maud, and read the answer in her uncle's melancholy sigh. The emotions she had so long borne in silence, the sufferings of the past weeks, the enfeebling effect of illness, did the work which the grief and misery of a bereaved bride might well have accomplished if the heart had gone with the hand; and with an exclamation of horror, Maud fell senseless in her uncle's arms, and was borne in that state from the scene thus mournfully terminated. It was but too true; Clement Douglas was a corpse; and his words were but too fatally accomplished for his guilty self. He had bade "farewell for the last time" to the bride he had so basely won.

We do not write for that dull elf  
Who cannot picture to himself  
The sequel of our tale. How Maud, relieved from her  
promise of secrecy, cleared herself in her lover's  
grateful eyes, and shook her good, though weak  
uncle, with the story of her suffering and Clement's  
treachery.

For the Banner of Light.  
TO MRS. —,  
On Hearing of Her Illness.

Sweet sister spirit! upon me from afar  
Thy blessed influence shines, like some bright star,  
At quiet eve, whose mild and gentle beams,  
With silvery radiance o'er the landscape gleams.  
They tell us that disease hath laid its hand  
On thy dear form—that a lovelier land  
Than this thou hast called "home"; 'tis wooing thee  
To leave our loving arms, and be an angel free.  
Oh, sister, dear! most tenderly and true  
Hast thou been loved on earth, which holds but few  
So worthy to be called to that blest home,  
Whence thou dost hear the angels singing, "Come."  
Pain would we hold thee longer in our arms,  
Nor have thee wooed by their celestial charms.

Would wishes kind, and hopes and prayers prevail  
With Heaven to spare thee, that I will avail  
Aught that we intercede with the beseeching host,  
Then would the friends who love and prize thee most,  
Circle around thee, in a phalanx grand,  
And, thro' the hearts of this devoted band  
Death should not reach thee—full well we know  
Thy soul is not to reach thee—'fore'er 'twill glow  
With the soft light which burns within,  
Already lifting it above the din  
Of earth's confusion. Oh, 'tis sweet to know,  
Thou bearest with thee, whither thou dost go,  
The increase of our hearts. Farewell, dear friend;  
We'll meet above, where joys will never end.

HARMONIA, MICH. LEXIA.

## The Lost Bridegroom. A TALE OF SAVOY.

It was in the summer of the year 1820 that, at the close of a fine July day, I found myself, for the first time, in the village of Servoz. This is a beautiful, quiet group of cottages, deposited, if I may use the term, in the bosom of the valley from which it takes its name, in part of the most romantic and secluded parts of Savoy. It is impossible for language to do justice to the delightful and varied scenery which surrounds it. That peculiar characteristic of Alpine views—the union of wildness and fertility—is here exhibited in surprising harmony. The valley seems absolutely saturated with the sweetness and the fecundity of Nature. Flowers of the most brilliant hues and enchanting fragrance, and fruits of the most delicious flavor, abound in every part. In the middle is seen the river Arve, in some places leaping and foaming over the rocks by which its course is impeded, and in others quietly watering the valley. All around rise gigantic hills, the bases of which are clothed with vines, whilst midway extend enormous forests, and on their summits is a mantle of everlasting snow. At the time at which I was entering the village, the whole scene was canopyed by a clear, blue sky, of whose glorious tints those who have never traveled out of England cannot have the faintest conception; and the setting sun had thrown its own radiant hues upon Mont Blanc, whose summit, even when I gazed upon it, became suddenly augmented by a brilliant white to a gorgeous red, an "Sun-set," as Lord Byron expresses it, "into those hues say it wrought." This gradually faded away, exhibiting, as the sun declined, the most exquisite variety of color, until the brilliant white, which can be compared to nothing so well as to molten silver, resumed its original dimension.

There is much truth in the maxim of Rousseau, that "On s'accroît d'un être, comme à sentir; ou plutôt, une exquise n'est qu'un sentiment délicat et fin." Certainly, the same scene excites very different emotions in different minds, and even in the same mind at different moments. Do that as it may, at the time of which I am writing, I felt as fully persuaded as ever Sterne did, that I had a soul; and, like him, could have defied all the materialists in the world to persuade me the contrary. On arriving at such a place, the fit objects of my research are the village inn and the churchyard, for from those places I gather the story of the spot; and get an insight into the mind and manners of the inhabitants. I

see them in the house of mirth and in the house of mourning; I mix with them in the pleasures and in the business of life; and I learn how they support the intrusions of death, and what are their hopes beyond the regions of mortality. On this occasion, not finding much to interest me at the inn, I merely took some slight refreshment, and, disencumbering myself from the staff and wallet with which I had performed my journey, proceeded to take a ramble among the tombs. They were many and interesting. Here rested the patriarch of the village, gathered full of years and honors to his fathers. There, a modest stone told a simple but melancholy tale of an unfortunate traveler engulfed in a glacier, as he was traveling these lonely but dangerous regions without a guide. Here, the soldier rested from the battle, and the chamois-hunter from the chase. The gay ceased to smile, and the unhappy forgot to weep. Death garnered up his harvest here, and methought that there was among it food that might be wholesome and invigorating for the mind.

Amongst these memorials of the dead, there was one by which I found my steps irresistibly arrested. This was a mound of turf, surrounded by beds of flowers. It was undistinguished by any stone, but a wooden cross, of the rudest workmanship, was raised upon it, on which hung a chaplet of lilies. The cross was evidently some years old, but the lilies were fresh gathered and blooming, and some young girls were watering the flower-beds which surrounded the grave. From them, and from others of the neighbors, I gathered the history of this tomb. It was a simple tale; but I saw tears raining plentifully at its recital from some of the brightest eyes that ever borrowed from southern suns their lustre, and their warmth, and big drops rolled down the faded cheeks of age, like juices forced from fruits which seemed withering upon their stalks.

If the rustic annals of the valley of Servoz may be credited, there never moved upon the earth a being more exquisitely beautiful than Annette de la Cluse. Her form was tall, and moulded to the finest symmetry; her eyes black and sparkling; and her hair of the same color, and almost of the same brightness. Some of the rural connoisseurs of the village considered her face too pale; as it has been described to me, it must have been beautifully fair, but the sun of that climate, which usually marks the daughters of the valley for his own, had so slightly tinged her cheeks with the rose, that it was only in moments of extraordinary animation and feeling that it was perceptible, and during the last year of her life it entirely vanished. Her disposition was pensive, but far from gloomy; and during the little village festivals, with which the Roman calendar abounds, a more gay and hearty laugh was seldom heard than Annette's. Still she loved solitude and seclusion; and, although literature had not at that time unfolded its treasures to the valley, yet her mind appeared to be informed by the beauty and sublimity of the scenes which surrounded her, and she—

Found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.  
To these qualities were added a sweetness and kindness of heart which endeared her to every one, and which continues to keep her memory piously cherished to the present moment.

With such attractions, it is not to be wondered at that, by the time Annette had attained her seventeenth year, her admirers should be numerous. Her course of studies not having included the science of coquetry, it was not long before she avowed that her affections were fixed upon Victor de St. Foix; and those worthy neighbors who, there, as in more polished districts, kindly took upon themselves the office of deciding upon the fitness of the match, were unanimous in their approval of her choice.

Victor was Annette's senior by only a few months, and his tastes and habits were, in most particulars, congenial with her own. It is true that he possessed the more masculine habits of enterprise and intrepidity; none could track the chamois to his haunt among the Alps with a keener eye and a surer foot; and in leaping from rock to rock, he was rivalled only by the mountain rivolet. The traveler who inquired for a hardy and intelligent guide was always recommended to Victor; and when circumstances of danger or difficulty occasioned the villagers to rally together, he was invariably among the foremost, and frequently filled the post of chieftain. Still his heart found room for the softer emotions; and when at evening he stole to Annette's side to tell her some melancholy tale of the traveler overwhelmed by the avalanche or lost among the torrents, or when he warbled, in "unison with her, some of those sweet Savoyard melodies which are often heard among the valleys, the tears would rush into his eyes, and the hardy mountaineer seemed metamorphosed into a "soft carpet knight." One song, which they used to sing most frequently together, and which the villagers have distinguished by their names, I transcribe as it was recited to me by the host of my inn. The words of the original, when accompanied by the simple and beautiful melody to which they were sung, are irresistibly touching and affecting. The following version sinks infinitely below its prototype, but I have endeavored to preserve the sentiment:—

For thee, Love! for thee, Love!  
I'll brave fate's sternest storm:  
She cannot deem nor chill the heart  
Which love keeps bold and warm:  
And when her clouds are blackest, naught  
But thy sweet self I'll see:  
Nor hear amidst the tempest aught  
But thee, Love! only thee!

My fond heart, Love! for thee, Love!  
The brightest spot that glimmers fills,  
And fortune's weakest mine;  
For pleasure's smiles are vainly,  
And fortune's fade or flee:  
There's purity and constancy  
In thee, Love! only thee!

For thee, Love! for thee, Love!  
Life's lowly vale I'll tread,  
And aid thy steps the journey through,  
Nor quit them till I'm dead:  
And even then, round her I love,  
My shade shall hovering be;  
And warble notes from Heaven above,  
To thee, Love! only thee!

In this manner they passed the morning of their lives until the day arrived which had been fixed upon for their union. In such a place as Servoz, this was an incident of considerable interest and importance; and almost the whole population of the village, young and old, contributed to swell the train, which proceeded, with decorous hilarity, towards the simple but very venerable church of St. Pierre.

A troop of young girls advanced first, strewing flowers in the path of the joyous procession: these were succeeded by some youthful peasants of the other sex, who filled the air with rustic, but by no means tasteless, music; the bride followed, a blushing like the morning," supported on her right by her aged mother, and on her left, by the bridegroom; their relatives and intimate friends came next, and a numerous party of peasantry brought up the rear.

This was one of those bright summer mornings, the splendors of which the inhabitants of more northern climates never behold even in imagination. It was the hushed and breathless hour of noon, and all nature seemed reposing from the meridian heat except the bridal party, who were protected from it by the shadow cast by a gigantic Alp across their path.

Suddenly a strange sound was heard above them, like the noise of an avalanche; and a quantity of stones and rock descended upon their heads, without, however, producing any serious consequences.

They were, nevertheless, induced to quicken their steps; but before they had proceeded ten paces further, a tremendous explosion, like an awful thunder-clap, was heard. The enormous Alp under which they were walking was seen rocking to and fro, like an aspen-tree shaken by the wind; and before the whole of the party could escape beyond its reach, it had precipitated itself into the valley, and choked up a little lake which lay immediately under its bow, while huge blocks of granite were hurled about in all directions, and the dust produced by rocks thus dashed violently against each other concealed, for a while, the extent of the calamity. Annette had instinctively caught her mother's hand, and hurried her beyond the reach of danger; but when the party had arrived at a place of safety, and the tremendous convulsion of nature had subsided, the wailings of distress at seeing their habitations crushed, and their fields and vineyards laid desolate, were many; though more were the exclamations of joy at beholding children and friends who had escaped unharmed. On a sudden a heart-rending shriek was heard, followed by a fearful cry of "Where is Victor?" These sounds proceeded from Annette, who, as the cloud disappeared, had cast a hasty glance around, and perceived, among the groups who were felicitating each other on their escape, all but Victor! Instantly the whole party was in motion; the cloak, the hat, and some of the bridal ornaments of Victor were found, while some mangled relics of his corpse told too soon, and too certainly, his miserable fate.

Annette, who followed as fast as her failing limbs would allow her, heard their exclamations of despair, and sank senseless upon the earth. Every effort that kindness and pity could suggest was used to recover her; but for months they could scarcely be said to restore her suspended animation; for the state of listless inactivity in which she remained was much more nearly allied to death than life. At length, however, she regained the use of her corporeal powers; but, alas! her mind had wandered from its dwelling. She would often, after remaining inactive for hours together, hurry suddenly to the church, and there, standing before the altar, repeat that part of the matrimonial service which is uttered by the bride; then she would wait for a few moments silently, as if expecting to hear another voice, and at length, looking round on the empty church, utter a dreadful groan, and hurry away.

At other times she would wander through the churchyard, count over the tombs one by one, and read all the inscriptions, as if she was seeking one which she could not find; while it was observed that she was always more cheerful after having been employed in this manner. "He is not dead! I shall see him soon!" she would say; but as her path homeward led by the ruins of the fallen mountain, the dreadful recollection seemed to rush upon her brain, and she was often carried away from the spot as senseless as at first. The only occupation which seemed to impart any tranquillity to her mind was singing, or playing upon her lute, those little melodies which she and Victor used to chaunt together. The song which I have translated was her especial favorite; and while singing the last verse she would look upwards, and, after she had finished it, remain silent for some time, as if she expected that the promise which it contained would be literally fulfilled; and that she should hear her lover's voice responsive to her own. In her wanderings she was continually penetrating into paths which were unknown to the villagers generally, and some of these are now among the most beautiful spots pointed out to the curious traveler. At length she found a little valley, composed of only one green field, and one gurgling rill which stole through it, and surrounded by picturesque rocks, which were clothed with a profusion of beautiful trees; larches, firs, pines, and others of every imaginable form and hue. She sat down by the margin of the little stream, and sang her favorite ballad. The first two verses she warbled, or rather recited, in a low mournful tone, but when she came to the last, she raised her voice to the highest compass; and her tones, which were always beautiful, were described by those who followed her unseen, at a short distance, to be, on this occasion, of seraphic sweetness. As she elevated her voice, all the echoes with which that romantic spot abounds were awakened; and every rock warbled, as it were, a response to her song. Now the sound rolled over her head deep and sonorous; now it became softened and mellowed among the hills; now it returned as loudly and distinctly as at first; and at length died away in a faint and distant whisper. Annette clasped her hands in rapture; her eyes were raised to Heaven; tears, but tears of joy, stole down her cheeks; her beautiful face, which sorrow, and sickness, and inanity had robbed of many of its charms, seemed now more beautiful than ever; and her whole form appeared animated by something which was more than earthly. "Thine is—thine Victor speaks!"

Thou warblest notes from Heaven above,  
To me, love! only me!

My love! my life! where art thou? I have sought thee long; my brain is strangely troubled, but now we will part no more. I see thee beckon me! Victor! my love!—I come!—I come! The echoes answered "Come!—come!" Annette lifted her hands once more to Heaven, than sank upon the earth, and her spirit departed!

Since that time the spot on which she died has gone by the name of "Annette's Vale." The villagers think it haunted, and never enter it but with uncovered head and naked feet, but more from reverence than fear; for who would fear the gentle spirit of Annette de la Cluse? The chamois which escapes into this place is in a sanctuary; and the flowers which grow there are never plucked but to strew upon Annette's grave. In every murmur of the wind, in every rustling of the leaves, are heard the voices of her and her lover; and, above all, the echoes among those rocks are listened to with awe, as the songs or the conversations of Victor and Annette!

EXAMPLE.—When a misfortune happens to a friend, look forward and endeavor to prevent the same thing from happening to yourself.







tion to sinners in this world; that it was inconceivable with His nature to entertain feelings that he never designed an eternal punishment for sin; that no good could be attained by such design, being carried out; that the idea of a hell would necessarily convey the presence of God there; for He is everywhere in the bounds of space; that God dwelt in the sunlight of His glory, and wherever He was, that glory was there also; that God was goodness itself and dealt with goodness; His nature being in man, the sufferings of man would touch Him; that the idea of a devil, supreme in power over the Almighty, was one inseparably associated with the Christian doctrine, but absurd and untenable; that nothing had been created by Him, animate or inanimate, but what was good; that the good in nature never died or was condemned; that, finally, the idea of eternal punishment was impossible, and a libel on the nature of God the Father, God the Mother, and God the Child.

Questions were now invited. "Come and let us reason together," said the medium—"we may be met on reasonable grounds. Let us meet man to man, in the spirit of angels, and think, act and converse as such."

A gentleman present asked an explanation of Matthew, Chapter 8, and verses 11th and 12th:

"And I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven: But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

It was answered—"We cannot get the idea of the writer, unless it come out in another form. The darkness is the result of error. He does not say what Kingdom. If it is the Kingdom of the earth, we can readily see what darkness should surround them. All men are in darkness, but when they attain a certain condition, they may sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Who knows that they were the holiest men? Consider their times and their circumstances, and also the period they have been in the spiritual world, and it may be supposed that they are now pure and good. It may also be presumed that, taking into view the superior condition and attainments of mankind in the present age, some have attained a degree of perfection which has enabled them to shine forth in spiritual brightness, and has procured them a place beside these patriarchal men."

There being no further questioning, the medium retired, after advising a calm and earnest review of the whole subject of the lecture—thinking and acting for themselves in regard to the truths it might contain.

Miss Hardings, of New York—the great and successful rival of Mrs. Hatch, in the opinion of not a few,—will speak next Sunday afternoon and evening in the same place: She is not a trance speaker, but is under spiritual influence when she addresses the public formally.

Dr. Gardner stated that there had been anonymous communications sent him relative to a little delay on commencing the meetings at the stated hours. This was a necessary one, and demanded by the imperative requirement of undisturbed silence, which had to be secured ere the proceedings could go on. This was impossible so long as the audience were entering behind the times stated; therefore the only ours for the evil would have to be a timely attendance of all parties on each meeting.

#### CONFERENCE AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET.

The following question was proposed by Mr. A. E. Newton: "What is the soul of man?"

Mr. Newton said, there is a very indefinite idea of what man is, in his interior; of what there is that lies deep within us, yet man has but little conception. The term, the soul of man, is very indefinite. The soul of man embraces all that belongs to man when the material body is thrown off. Next to the material body there is a spirit that has a body corresponding in every part to the material body; and when it is withdrawn it is still perfect and distinct. Man has a mind as well as a spiritual body, that is divided into internal and external; the internal is the will and intellect, acted upon from within; the external is the animal, acted upon from without. Beyond the mind is the celestial; in this is love, which must be manifested through wisdom; and a more perfect manifestation of love must come through wisdom and truth; then comes the divine, celestial influx into the superior portion of the mind, producing universal love. To hear the voice of God, we must turn our thoughts within; to know the divine, we must seek it in our interiors.

Mr. Newton's remarks on this subject were long, and some of them abstruse and seemingly hypothetical, and but a very imperfect idea of them is here given. Mr. Cushman made several objections to Mr. Newton's views, which elicited some debate between the two as to which was right in his opinion.

Mr. Goodrich made some pertinent and excellent remarks as to what the nature of these conferences should be. He thought they should not partake of the nature of debate; it was not their object to defend one's own opinion, and oppose that of another; to set one's self right and others wrong; but for each to speak his sentiments freely, without any one feeling under the necessity to set right by debate what he might think wrong in another.

It would have added interest to the meeting had there been time to have heard from many other gentlemen present; their definition of what the soul of man is; but the hour for adjournment had arrived, and the conference was closed.

A. B. C.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED.

"Oh, Worship not the Beautiful"—Song.  
"Where the Bright Waves are Dashing"—Duet.  
"Bippling Wave Waltz"—by J. W. Turner.  
"I Think of Thee"—Balled, by J. P. Haggarty, have been received from Dison & Co., No. 277 Washington street. They are very pretty pieces of Music.

#### CAMBRIDGEPORT.

Miss Rosa T. Amedy will speak at Washington Hall next Sabbath afternoon and evening at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock.

We learn from the New York Telegraph, that a Spiritualistic paper is to be published at Marysville, Cal., soon. A convention of Spiritualists is to be held in that State on the 15th of May next, for the purpose of providing the ways and means to establish it on a firm foundation. Such a paper, backed with capital, conducted in a manner worthy of the cause, and well patronized by the inquiring minds in that region, would doubtless accomplish much good, and we hope our friends will succeed in this projected enterprise.

## Correspondence.

### LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, May 1, 1858.  
Messrs. Editors.—The meetings at Dodworth's, as surmised in my last, are to be continued. Private parties have taken the hall, and will provide lecturers, morning and evening, for the public enlightenment. R. P. Ambler leads off to-morrow, and will be followed by A. J. Davis, who is to occupy the desk for several Sabbaths. It has been determined to collect a small entrance fee at the door, and dispense with contributions; but either course would leave a large balance to be made up by the two or three gentlemen, who stand pledged for the rent, and to pay the speakers.

The proposed meetings at Clinton Hall are also to be inaugurated, but in such a way as not to interfere with those at Dodworth's. The Tuesday evening conference will be held at Clinton Hall; and on Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, there will be a session, at which a brief lecture, or essay, will be given, and an hour or more be devoted to conversation, on the subject-matter of the lecture. You are aware that the New York meetings have usually dispensed with moderators, under the belief that man, at his present stage of development, ought to be able to moderate himself. This vexed question has, for the present, been settled by a compromise, by which it is provided that the lecturer on Sunday, and the person who furnishes the question for debate, at the conference, shall, on that occasion, hold the hammer of power. This is avowedly on the principle, that the speaker, or questioner, at the time, makes himself positive to the audience, and accordingly is the proper one to sway its proceedings. This branch is to be known hereafter as the New York Lyceum.

At the conference on Tuesday evening, the subject of meetings for the coming year was fully discussed. A. J. Davis was present, looking as hale as ever, and said some very good things. He expressed himself particularly pleased with the plan and scope of the Lyceum,—which, while it is spiritual, proposes to embrace in its programme every human interest,—but objected strongly to having the prefix of *Spiritual* in the title. Spiritualists place their own meaning on the word, but unfortunately they do not make the dictionaries. The world will have it that Spiritualism means table-tipping; to many it is a bugbear; and he thought it but common wisdom to make the door of the institution as wide and inviting as possible. He anticipated great results from it. Twelve minds, such as might be gathered in this city, acting in concert, would be able to furnish thought for the nation; brains for the government; and, within ten years, to hold the reins, and control the destinies of the land.

The question of the evening was, whether mediums may not be influenced to speak from a circle of embodied spirits, or from a general thought-sphere, as well as by disembodied spirits. Of course what was said on the subject was mostly in the form of opinion. Our powers are called into high activity by the demands of an occasion, when we are said to exceed ourselves. This is inspiration. To the world it is a mere mental effort; but to the Spiritualist it is an exaltation of himself into a rapport with mightier minds, and higher spheres of truth, than his own—whether in the body or out, it matters not; spirit being spirit wherever found. It follows that mediums may be inspired by a spirit, either in the form or out, or may make draughts on the universal fountain of thought for his supply; and such was the opinion of those who spoke to the question.

Mr. Harris's new work, to be issued in a few weeks, makes an octavo of some five hundred pages, and is wholly devoted to the *celestial sense*, in contradistinction to Swedenborg's *spiritual sense*, of the first chapter of Genesis.

The Rev. gentleman, on last Sabbath evening, gave one of his most splendid sermons; as such even he, in the opinion of his enthusiastic admirers, does not parallel oftener than twice or three times a year. The subject was the actual presence of Christ among men; and in the unfolding and illustration of the theme, fact, influence and argument, arrayed in all the graces of rhetoric, and jewels of poesy, were marshaled like flaming troops of angels, to do his bidding, and sustain his cause. His audience gazed, and listened, and quivered, with mingled rapture and awe, as though bound in a spell greater than mortal orator or musician hath power to command.

His positions were simple and clear. Christ, when first seen after his resurrection, had not yet ascended to the Father, and requested, on that account, not to be touched. Subsequently he returned in bodily presence, and mingled with his disciples many days. This establishes his ability, and the divine order of his manifestation, among the children of men. And lastly, he has shown himself bodily to believers, in this city, in these latter days.

This reminds me of a striking spiritual manifestation, which occurred in Brooklyn, several years ago. A lady of my acquaintance, a medium, was ill, and given over to die. She had passed through some persecutions, on account of her devotion to the new faith, and was surrounded by unbelievers, and those hostile to her pretensions and beliefs. While lying at death's door, her physician was called into an adjoining State by the sickness and demise of his father, which added still another drop to the bitterness of her fate. One day she was laying alone on her couch, her husband being absent, and nurse in an adjoining room, caring for her infant child, when she felt, as she supposed, the death struggle approaching. She straightened her limbs and composed herself for the event. She was aroused by a noise, followed by the screams of her child; and it was evident that the nurse had let it fall, and that its head had struck on the floor. At the same time the nurse said to it, by way of consolation, that she believed it had a devil in it!

All the mother's sympathies were aroused, and impulsively she sent up a prayer to the Father of All, that her life might be prolonged for her children's sake. Suddenly the door seemed to open, and a majestic stranger, bright with the hues of heaven, and with that brightness partially veiled, entered, and approached her bed. He told her to be comforted, that her prayer had been heard, and she should live. He raised her up in the bed, placed a white cloth upon her chest, and bent his head over against it, as though listening to the action of the internal organs. He then gave her several "light blows" with his fingers on the back; and once more bidding her be of good cheer, departed.

From that moment she began to amend; and in the course of two or three days, when her physician returned, was nearly well. Singularly enough, as he related to visit her, on entering the room, he went through, as though in pantomime, the same process

of examination with the celestial visitor. And whoever this visitor might have been, this parallel of action on the part of the two, seems to have been important as an evidence to her friends of the truth of the vision or manifestation, with the particulars of which she had surprised them. She believed that her good physician from the skies, was Christ. This impression was given her at the time, with all the force and reality of truth.

In conclusion, allow me to say, that that excellent clairvoyant, examiner, Mrs. Dorman, who is as well known in New England as in this city, where she has mostly been connected with Dr. Wellington's establishment, has removed to Newark, N. J. In her particular field, which is that of medical examinations, prescriptions, and healing, she has probably few equals anywhere, and no superiors. York.

### LETTER FROM NEWBURYPORT.

Newburyport, April 26, 1858.  
Last Sunday evening we were addressed through the mediumship of Mrs. Goodwin,—the spirit is unwilling to be known by any other name than that of the "Reasoner," and well he may be known by that appellation. The subject was, "The worship of the Bible as an inspired book;" commencing with the Moslem Dispensation; all the statements made in the first few chapters were torn to ribbons in one of the most acute trains of reasoning ever brought to bear upon any subject. The utter fallacy of all the statements there made, as being the result of the first week of creation, was fully shown, and the person does not live who can refute one single position taken by the spirit on this occasion. The subject was left unfinished on account of the indisposition of the medium, who had been laboring under a severe attack of the neuralgia, for the preceding week.

In the afternoon we held a conference meeting, at which all were invited to take part. We desire all denominations to take part in our conferences, leaving none, from the Roman Catholic through the whole range of Protestants, down to the most liberal of the day; and, in doing this, we claim to be the only denomination which admits free discussion. The Universalist Society hold conference meetings, and pretend to favor the freest discussion, but toward us they are no better than any other of the old sects. At one of their meetings recently, an invitation was extended to the audience to take part; a medium was present, controlled by the spirit of Rev. John Murray, the father of Universalism, who spoke for a length of time, and although very careful in what he said, being desirous of, as far as possible, agreeing with the audience; yet, so much opposed were the society, that they have notified the medium that they do not want her to trouble their meetings. This is the toleration of Universalism; but, thank God, we have a place of meeting of our own, where we can invite the Universalists to commune and discuss our principles. The course pursued has driven many of the members from the Universalist church to us; and I must in justice say, that we do not think the society, generally, are in favor of the manner we were treated.

The opponents, finding they cannot prevent the people from investigating Spiritualism by preaching against it, have adopted a new system by getting up ridiculous stories, and charging them upon us as spiritual predictions. The last, and most ridiculous, was the prediction of a fire, which was to burn a large part of this city. This was charged from one medium to another, until all had been disposed of. It is needless to say that the story was a fabrication from the beginning, and originated in the fertile brain of an Orthodox opponent. The night on which the fire was predicted, a small building was set on fire, and immediately a cry was made by our opponents, who "hoped that now the humbug would be stopped; it was time, when such were the results; we, alone, were responsible for the incendiaryism." But, rather, were they not responsible? No matter whether they employed a person to fire the building, in order to still further injure us—and we are charitable enough not to believe that they would go to such lengths, but they certainly were responsible for putting the thought into the person's head by originating and circulating the story. Many of the Orthodox, who pretend to believe we are humbugs, were so much afraid of the pretended prediction as to pack up the goods, and even watched all night. It shows that whatever they may say, they act a belief in Spiritualism, in showing a fear of such a foolish story. We need not such weapons to break down their false doctrines, creeds and dogmas.

We have given out a challenge to our opponents, which as yet they do not seem to dare accept; they are very free to call us "deluded men," and our belief "a humbug," but when we offer them an opportunity to prove their charge, they dare not meet us. We offer to meet any clergyman of any denomination in free discussion on any one point; or the whole of their peculiar belief, respectively, or will meet them on our own claim of Spiritualism; we will produce a medium, who has not been educated, who will discuss any point they may choose—the discussion will be held anywhere that our opponents may choose, and we only ask the same privilege in the discussion that we allow them. Is there one who dares accept?

### "BUFFALO."

We publish, by request, the following letter, in answer to a correspondent, who has written us over the above signature, in reference to the lady whose name will be found below. We had reason to suppose that our correspondent wrote with the sanction of the lady, or at least that he did not write against her wishes. We trust we shall never be the cause of any more suffering than already attaches to this state of existence, and we presume our correspondent did not write, intending to inflict any injury upon the lady. The facts of spirit phenomena are, in some degree, public property, so that an intention to injure, cannot really be charged against one who publishes an account of them in connection with the parties by whose agency they came.

BUFFALO, April 25, 1858.

Editors BANNER.—This only to day your paper—heretofore so welcome—reached me; and to-day, through gathering tears, I read my name in its columns. I have long ceased to be identified with Spiritualism, and was well content to find my accession unmarked, as the falling of a single leaf from a mighty oak.

Scores of talented women traverse the land, scattering broadcast the germs of truth and wisdom—happy in their faith—singing, as they labor, there are so many "wonderful mediums!" through whom something new is daily given, that I am confounded, and at loss to understand why your people, well-meaning—but certainly intensive—cor-

respondent, "Buffalo," should, at this late hour, widely disturb the quietly sleeping Past.

I am broken in health—admit my pyrrhonism—believe only in the reality of woe, because that alone is tangible to me—have no desire to aid the "occult cause"—in verity, have no time to devote to it—I am dependent solely on my pen for support; therefore I protest against this intrusion on my privacy—this dragging forth from my humble hiding-place, this annoying exposure to the renewed entreaties of "marvel hunters"—"investigators," &c., &c., for a "séance." Especially do I deplore that your journal, (which, with its enormous circulation, has even now, as I write, been read from one extreme of the Union to the other,) should have been selected as the Herald of my Fame (?) You are promised a communication for your next week's issue. I entreat you will not publish anything further in connection with my name.

I ask in life—that which will be surely meted me when dead—forgetfulness.

Accept my earnest wishes for your continued and increased prosperity.

HAGAR J. J.

## Political Items.

SETTLEMENT OF THE KANSAS QUESTION IN CONGRESS.—English's Conference Committee bill passed the Senate on Friday, April 30, by the following vote—yeas 31, nays 22. The House had previously passed it by a vote of 112 to 103.

Three reports have been submitted in the House of Representatives in relation to the sale of Fort Snelling. Mr. Hughes, of Indiana, introduced a resolution to censure Mr. Spinner, of New York, for his presumption in maligning the character and motives of Senator Bright, of Indiana. There was a very exciting debate over the matter. Mr. English, of Indiana, took part, and characterized any man who ventured to assail his patriotism, in the matter of locating and purchasing certain Government lands, as a coward, poltroon, and liar. One side of the House called out—"Good!" in reply.

A battle has taken place on the 17th of April—between the government and revolutionary forces of Peru, at Arequipa. More than two thousand men were slain in the engagement. The insurgents, or revolutionists, were totally defeated.

Mr. Kelly, of New York, has given notice that he will soon present a resolution to the attention of the House, calling on the President for information in relation to the tolls imposed by Hanover on the navigation of the Elbe, with a view to an entire abolition of the same.

Gen. Walker—the Fillibuster—will take his trial before the United States Court in New Orleans, on the 4th Monday of May. Several of his officers have already been surrendered to the authorities by their bail, and sent to jail for security.

Gen. Cass, the Secretary of State, has written a letter to the British Minister on the subject of the Slave Trade, and especially in relation to the efforts made on the part of the United States, in conjunction with France and England, for its suppression. He asserts that our Government does all it can do in the premises, and fairly performs its share of the contract.

Mr. Slidell has offered a resolution in the Senate that the President be empowered to suspend the operation of the neutrality laws, during the recess of Congress, if thought proper. This movement looks professedly towards our little difficulties with Paraguay. Yet it could also be made to work as well, if Spain and Mexico should fall out before another session of Congress commences.

Among the bills recently presented to the Senate are James C. Jewett's petition in reference to a non-fulfillment of engagements by the Peruvian Government. Referred. Mr. Yule presented a petition, asking aid to test E. D. Tippet's cold-water steam engine. Mr. Gwin introduced a bill for protecting the lives of steamboat passengers.

The terms of the sale of Mount Vernon to the Ladies' Association are publicly announced. The price to be paid is \$300,000; the estate including the mansion, tomb and two hundred acres of land. Eighteen thousand dollars are to be paid down, and the remainder in four annual installments. Mr. Washington promises to remit interest on the deferred payments in case the whole amount is paid on or before the 22d of February, 1859.

The London Morning Herald's Paris correspondent writes on the 7th: "The chief topic of conversation in political circles here is the growing hostility between the two great powers of Eastern Europe. The many Russians in Paris speak of the outbreak of a war as a probable contingency, and it is generally expected that the Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg will ere long take his departure from the Russian capital. It is no secret for any one at all conversant with the state of Europe, that for a long time past a feeling of bitter animosity has existed between the two empires, and it is now stated that Russia is eager to take vengeance on her quarrelsome ally for her selfish desertion during the Crimean conflict. The formation of a camp of 100,000 men at Warsaw is pointed to as a preliminary symptom of the bursting of the storm which has long been brewing, and the Austrian occupation of Montenegro is mentioned as a likely pretext for an open rupture."

The latest accounts from Utah render it extremely probable that the "Saints" will not fight the United States troops, if the latter go in force sufficient to be at all formidable. They have no powder, no cannon, no military stores of any kind, and all the stories of their having a large force perfectly drilled and ready for service are nonsense. The whole number of their men capable of being good soldiers does not exceed 3,500. It is young who will have a "special revelation," and run away as soon as he finds that the United States are in earnest. These statements are very unlike those with which the country has hitherto been amused and alarmed, and come from a source which is entitled to credit.

Senator Mellory, of Florida, made a speech defending the conduct of President Lopez, of Paraguay, and generally outcropping the character of our difficulties with that country.

Gen. Quitman has ready a bill, to be introduced into the House, at the proper time, relating to the introduction of new States for the future. Its main feature is, that no State can make application for admission until it has sufficient population to entitle it to one Representative in Congress.

The Paris correspondent of the Manchester Guardian states that another plot to assassinate the Emperor of the French had been discovered, and that this was the cause for the great military display at the inauguration of the new Boulevard de Sebastien.

pol. The ceremony was originally intended to have been a purely civil and municipal one.

A meeting of the members of the Cotton Supply Association was held in Manchester (Eng.) on the 9th ult. Strong resolutions were adopted in favor of having Cotton supplied from other parts of the world besides the Southern States of the Union. Sir James Brooke, of Borneo, and other distinguished persons were present and made speeches.

The Grand Jury, impaneled in London to investigate the charges against Bernard and others, accused of being implicated in the attempt of the 14th of January, against the French Emperor, found true bills against the defendants. The charge was delivered by Lord Chief Justice Campbell to the Grand Jury, instructing them in their duties and defining the prisoners' offence under English law. By reference to the foreign news, in another column, it will be seen that the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty" in this case.

A large number of Democratic members of Congress have united in requesting the President to confer on Judge Loring, of Mass., the position of Judge of the Court of Claims, made vacant by the death of Judge Gilchrist.

The Navy Committee have agreed to recommend that steam power be furnished to the frigate Franklin, now at Portsmouth.

The question on the admission of Minnesota will be immediately brought up in the House by Mr. Stephens.

A letter has been received at the State Department, from our Charge d'Affaires at Constantinople, enclosing one to him from the Grand Vizier, showing that Amin Bey was accredited as an agent to this government—thus setting at rest all doubts in relation to that subject.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. T. R. ELMENDOR.—We wrote a notice in answer to your letter, and supposed it had been published. The article was rather long for us.

CIRCLE "A." MARLBOROUGH.—Your skeptical friends are very much mistaken in reference to the manifestation you speak of. Do you not remember the story of a colored woman, who told so much about her that she said? We believe that manifestation is true.

H. P. B. NEW LONDON, CT.—Probably the gentlemen are reliable so far as a proper use of their power goes, but they might not be able to psychologue in this particular case. When a subject is presented, exactly calculated for their operation, no doubt they would do so with effect. They are first rate dentists.

G. M. L. GROVELAND.—We know of no place in Boston where likenesses of departed friends are drawn. If so it must be private. There is no such name in the Directory. We think there must be some mistake in communicating. J. S. H. O'BRIEN.—E. Rodgers' address is Gardington, Ohio. G. E. WALTON's, Columbus, Ohio. Some of their efforts are successful—others failures, as in all spirit manifestations. We have a case in point. A lady medium, a puro-minded, Christian woman, sent for a portrait of her father, and received one she did not recognize; she returned it, but it was again drawn and sent. This led to correspondence, when the artist medium sat a third time and the same spirit presented himself, insisting upon his portrait being drawn. The name of the spirit was given, who turned out to be an influence which had manifested through the lady to her great distress, being a disorderly spirit—or a clear case of obsession. She had for a long time been annoyed by this spirit, who had caused her to entertain thoughts of suicide. Having resisted his temptation, he manifested in other ways, always to her annoyance, as in this case. Here is one of the mysteries of spirit communion.

C. R. C. SHEBOYAN FALLS.—We will send the back numbers, or continue your present subscription to July, as you wish. Please write.

L. M. B. TEMPLE, MA.—No doubt, your child is near to you and knows your wish—and if it were possible for him to communicate through our medium, would undoubtedly do so. Her conditions may not be suitable for him at present—he may not be sufficiently master of the laws of matter and mind to control her satisfactorily to himself; the Great Spirit may not yet have said to him "Return." Undoubtedly your prayer will be answered, but perhaps for wise purposes that answer is withheld for a season. We never insist upon responses to letters—the wish is made known—man proposes, God disposes. The channel is open and clear for all who can, to come, but there we have done our work, and if those called do not respond, we feel it is still right. In patience, possess your soul—hope on, pray on, and in proper time your child will undoubtedly speak. We will aid all we can, but it is not our work to dictate.

### MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—The desk will be occupied at the Melrose on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock P. M., as usual. Miss HARDING, of New York, a superior trance-speaking medium, is announced as the lecturer on this occasion.

Mr. CHARLES H. CROWLEY, trance-speaking medium, will lecture in Newburyport on Sunday next, May 9th.

Miss ROSA T. AMEDY, the trance-speaking medium, will lecture in South Easton on Tuesday, 4th inst.; East Foxboro' on Thursday, 6th; and in Cambridgeport, on Sunday, 9th.

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

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Wednesday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Speaker, Rev. D. F. Goddard. 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.

The LADIES' HARMONICAL BAND will hold their 80th weekly meeting at the house of Mrs. A. H. Nash, No. 9 Phillips Place, on Thursday, May 6th. All interested in this benevolent work are invited to attend.

J. H. CHANNIS, trance-speaking medium, is engaged to lecture in West Amesbury, Mass., Sunday, May 9.

SALEM.—Meetings are held in Salem every Sunday at the Spiritualists' Church, Seval Street. The best trance-speakers are engaged. Circle in the morning form.

Meetings at Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 1-2 and 7 o'clock. The best Lecturers and Trance-speakers engaged.

## Special Notices.

### LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM, IN NEW YORK CITY.

On or about the first of May, an additional room will be fitted up, adjoining the one now occupied by the subscriber, as a LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM. It will be arranged with a regard to neatness and comfort, and well supplied with Spiritual and Reform Literature, as well as a choice selection of works on Religion, Science, and the Arts, together with the best class of light literature of the day.

The want of a place of this kind has been unmistakably indicated by the many inquiries instituted, and the general anxiety expressed on the subject, both as regards the Spiritualists of New York, and those coming from a distance.

The subscriber, in entering upon this new enterprise, feels the fullest confidence that he will be sufficiently well sustained to compensate him for every additional risk he may incur (in the shape of rent, &c.), in the inauguration of the "Spiritualists' Library and Reading-Room."

### CIRCLES.

A portion of the time—day and evening—will be occupied at the Spiritual Rooms, No. 5 Great Jones street, in holding Circles, at which it is intended to have the services of the best Trance Mediums in the country—so far as may be. The advantages of this arrangement are that while it will not interfere with mediums at their homes, it will give investigators an opportunity of consulting them at certain hours at a central point. Established rates for communications will not be interfered with, but remain the same. The names of mediums engaged, and the hours for holding circles, will be announced at the proper time.

### ORAL DISCUSSION.

The Oral Discussion at Hartford, between Professor Brittan and Dr. Hanson, will be published on Saturday, the 24th inst. It will contain 148 pp., 8vo.—bound in muslin, 60 cents; paper, 35 cents; postage, 2 and 10 cents. Orders will be promptly attended to.

G. T. MUNROB.

April 26

5 Great Jones st., N. Y.



# STARTLING PHENOMENA IN HAMILTON, N. Y.

TRINITY BUILDING, No. 111, Broadway,  
New York, April 29, 1893.

DEAR SIRS—In the accompanying paper you will find two articles, which I think it will be worth while to republish. They show at least how the cause goes on. And to that effect, I have to-day a letter from Hudson, giving me an account of the recent development of an excellent rapping and tipping medium in that place.

My correspondent writes:—"Sunday night, we went to see Mrs. — the new medium here. She is quite poor, but so sweet, and mild, and holy in her looks and expression, that I was at once won by her. She is sincerely itself, and though she lives poorly, everything is as neat as wax about herself, her children, and her home. She is a plous Methodist, and is a rapping and tipping medium of great power."

Yours truly,  
J. W. EDMONDS.  
Editors Banner of Light, Boston.

The following articles are those alluded to by Judge Edmonds, in the above note, and ourselves and our readers will feel under obligations to him for placing them within our reach. They are taken from the Waterville Times, published in the town of Waterville, N. Y., the first being copied from the Hamilton Republican—the last, from the pen of a correspondent of the first named paper:—

MISSISS. EDITORS—Having heard, some time since, of certain remarkable phenomena occurring at the house of a Mr. Adin Ely, in the town of Marshall, Oneida Co., I visited the place a few days since to ascertain the truth of the matter. As some of your readers may be interested by an account of the circumstances, I will give a brief relation of the facts that have come to my knowledge.

Mr. Ely is a farmer, apparently in comfortable circumstances, living about two miles from Deansville. He and some other members of his family have been members of the Methodist Church, and if they are not so now, it is on account of their maintaining an opinion of their own in regard to the origin of the manifestations at their house. They are said, by those who know them, to be persons of excellent character, and upon whose word implicit reliance can be placed. I saw none of the phenomena, and was unable, from circumstances which it is needless to detail, to spend more than an hour and a half or so, there.

They told me that the first they knew of the phenomena occurred two years ago last August. Three ladies, two sisters of Mrs. Ely and a daughter of hers by a former marriage, occupied a room on the second floor of the house. After retiring to rest one night they were startled by noises in the room, as though hard substances were being thrown about. They commenced making inquiries of each other, but without eliciting anything satisfactory; after which they arose and lighted candles. The noise ceased, and they failed to discover the cause. On extinguishing the light, they again commenced; but finally ceased for the night. The next night, however, in the form of raps, as of persons seeking admission. The examinations of the previous evening were renewed, and with a similar result. Mr. and Mrs. Ely were then called, and they failed to discover a cause for the mysterious sounds. Questions were then asked, and were responded to by the raps—which claimed to have a spiritual origin, and to be made by the spirits of deceased friends of the family. Tests of unequivocal character were given, and it seemed impossible that the manifestations were capable of any other solution.

These things continued for some time. A daughter of Mr. Ely by a former marriage, who had been spending some time away from home, returned, and she commenced communicating with the mysterious agency by means of the alphabet. Long messages were spelled out, purporting to come from her deceased mother, and every way characteristic of her, and from others of their deceased friends they received equally satisfactory proofs of identity. These things have continued until the present time, and there seems sometimes to be present many others, whom none of the family ever knew on earth.

About the time of the occurrence of the circumstances above narrated, physical demonstrations of an extraordinary character commenced, and also speaking with an audible voice. On one occasion, as a demonstration of the fact that these things were beyond the control of the family, a green cheese, weighing upwards of thirty pounds, was taken, just after it was moved from the press, and carried a distance of forty or fifty feet, into another room, and placed upon a bed—and what is not less singular, newspapers were found carefully spread on the bed, to prevent injury to the bedding. On several occasions, clothing belonging to different members of the family, has been found stuffed with pillows and various other articles, to make images—and so artistically has this been done that it has been difficult to tell, at a little distance, that it was not really a living being. Clothes and pieces of cloth have been taken and hung up around rooms, as a sort of scenery, repeatedly; and very frequently members of the family find letters directed to them and purporting to come from their deceased friends, pinned to their clothing, or lying in conspicuous situations. On many occasions, various articles have been moved and thrown about the room before their eyes and without mortal contact. Once after the family had sat down to dinner, the table was turned completely round. At other times it has been raised from the floor, by an invisible agency, before their eyes.

These manifestations seem to have been given them for the purpose of demonstrating the reality and the authenticity of the communications, and to afford them an opportunity of communicating again with such of their friends as have passed beyond this sphere. They have exhibited the peculiar characteristics of the persons from whom they purport to come, and have answered every test that in the nature of the case it was possible to give. The narrative of even a small part of the circumstances would extend this letter to an inconvenient length; therefore I shall not attempt it. Although the physical demonstrations have been so numerous and violent, not the slightest injury has been done to the furniture or any other article in the house. They came unthought by the family, and were received with doubt and disbelief at first—but the overwhelming array of evidence they furnished, drove away the last misgiving from their minds.

The family showed me every courtesy while I was there, and in their narrative of the facts, showed every appearance of candor and honesty. They seemed to be people of intelligence and character, and to have no ends to serve but the dissemination of the truth. Their accounts would seem incredible, were it not well known that similar occurrences, well attested, had taken place in different localities all over the country.

Yours, &c.  
ALVIN STURTEVANT.

UTICA, April 10, 1893.

MISSISS. EDITORS—In the Hamilton Republican of the last, is an article, relating to the "remarkable phenomena" which have occurred at the house of Adin Ely, in Marshall. By perusing this letter, I am convinced that the writer has not detailed such phenomena as will tend to impart character to the doctrine, or weight to the testimony of the truth of Spiritualism. Material manifestations—the removal of a cheese from one room to another, the tipping of a table, the stuffing of garments to make images, the hanging up of clothes in imitation of scenery, the writing of letters, or rather the finding of written letters—although, possibly, incapable of explanation on any other theory than the one assigned, are not, of themselves, convincing proof of the truth of this fast-spreading doctrine. Indeed, the most of people would at once exclaim: "Is this, then, the grand object of our creation; to toll and struggle in

this vale of tears, to labor unceasingly, and, after running the weary race, obtain this great reward, the inestimable privilege of revisiting our friends, carrying green cheeses about their houses, tipping their tables, manufacturing grotesque images to please their fancies, and to induce levity at the artistic merit of a disembodied friend?"

Having visited the house of Mr. Ely, with a view to a candid investigation of the so-called spiritual manifestations, I am induced to give you the results of my researches. I write this for your paper, knowing that everything pertaining to these manifestations possesses a local interest, not shared by your contemporaries. "I went there a confirmed skeptic, although much, in this city, had come under my observation, which seemed marvellous."

It requires the best of evidence; testimony of the highest and most undoubted character must be produced to overthrow the teachings, prejudices, and demonstrated philosophy of nearly two thousand years. As a general proposition, there are but very few things which man knows, beyond doubt, to be true. Very few of the long list of received truths, are capable of demonstration. No man must be expected to believe a doctrine at war with his preconceived idea of the laws of Nature, without a mathematical demonstration of its truth. The highest form of evidence is that obtained by the senses. I see a man, and thus know that he is before me. The next best testimony is that obtained, in like manner, by a credible witness, and by him communicated to us. Without expatiating, it will be apparent that no man can be expected to believe that "a green cheese, weighing upwards of thirty pounds," can, without human agency, be carried more than forty feet, and deposited upon a bed, &c. I should consider a person extremely, and unwisely credulous, who did not ask for something more than hearsay evidence on that point. Why, the opportunities for deception are so numerous, the liabilities for frail humanity to err are so constantly occurring in our path, that before actual belief can be produced, in deeds so marvellous, a man must see for himself.

I have heard an "audible voice," at the house of Mr. Ely, apparently issuing from the ceiling overhead, on an occasion when the entire family were with me in the drawing-room, when there was no possible chance for deception, excepting on the theory of a most skillful use of exceedingly perfect and well-trained ventriloquial powers in the possession of some member of the family. This voice purports to be the spirit of Joshua P. Knight, of South Carolina. It related acts committed by me, unknown to every person in the room, save myself, and the relation was as correct, in every instance, as I was able to give it. I understood but few words of this conversation, which was interpreted, so to speak, by two of the ladies present, but distinctly heard the voice, which, to me, sounded like the noise produced by a sharp, sudden concussion of the atmosphere, as is heard when violently swinging a stick in the air, or swiftly hurling a large nail from you. The information was such as no one but myself could have known.

One afternoon, this voice began talking with Miss Charlotte Parmelee, and stated that the spirit of Wm. L. Crandal was present, and desirous of communicating with his wife, Mrs. Cornelia C. Crandal, so well known to all your readers. Mrs. Crandal sat down beside Miss Parmelee, and recorded every word which the latter heard spoken by the invisible agent. The conversation lasted several hours, and Mrs. C. wrote down sixteen pages of letter paper, purporting to be dictated by Mr. Crandal to the spirit, and by the latter spoken to Mrs. C. This communication is now in the possession of Mrs. C., and is, of itself, well worth the attention of every person of literary attainments. Mr. Crandal was an editor for many years, and it is an easy matter to distinguish between his style of composition, orthography and punctuation, and that of any person in the house when this was written. This invisible directed the italicizing line to be drawn under certain words, commas, and colons to be inserted in the proper places, periods at the end of sentences, paragraphs at the beginning of new subjects, certain marks, the significance of which is known only to the craft, were interspersed here and there, and each sheet, after being written over, was caused to be carefully reviewed, and directions were given regarding the correction of every error. Now, as to its subject matter. Remember this was spoken by Miss Parmelee to Mrs. Crandal. A succinct history was given of Mr. Crandal's married life. Incidents were related, known only to himself and wife; incidents which were as strange and new to the young lady who related them as to any of your readers; it is detailed private conversations occurring between him and his wife, in their room at Stanwix Hall, Albany, while he was suffering from a complication of disorders which caused his premature decease, and even narrated, faithfully, the words of comfort and consolation spoken by his partner as she held his pulseless wrist, and wiped from his brow the chilling dews of death. Here can be no deception. Conversations were referred to which occurred years ago, and which had never been thought of since by Mrs. C., unequivocally proving the presence of an intelligence beyond that possessed by any living person in that house. Some of the teachings of this communication are of the most beautiful character, and, in point of literary excellence, the production is an honor to its reputed author in his palmist days.

On the occasion of my visit at the house of Mr. Ely, while sitting at the breakfast table, loud raps were heard beneath the table. At my request, every person withdrew a short distance from the table, and I inquired if a spirit was present. The table, laden with dishes, food, &c., was immediately raised, by an unseen power, clear from the floor, and came down violently. This was repeated three times. I endeavored to hold it down, but could not. No person was near it but myself. In answer to my inquiries, it was repeatedly lifted up a foot or more, and all my strength was unavailing in the effort to prevent it. There were no censors on the table, and when I asked the spirit to move it towards me, it was shoved violently in the direction I had requested. I propounded interrogatories, the answers to which I could not give correctly, and the replies, I afterwards learned, were truthful. The mere tipping of this table is no evidence to me of the truth of Spiritualism; but whence came the intelligence so powerfully manifested in these movements? An intelligence was displayed far beyond that possessed by any person present, but not at all incompatible with the theory of spiritual presence. Let me suppose a case. You are alone in your closet, and a voice says: "I am the spirit of John Mason, and my body was destroyed at the burning of my dwelling, No. 51 Mobile street, New Orleans, on the 24 day of October, 1812." You have never heard, read, or imagined of such a street in that city, or of anything else so narrated; but desirous of further investigating the truth of these particulars, you make diligent inquiry, and learn that, on that precise day, No. 51 Mobile street, New Orleans, was destroyed by fire, and that its owner, John Mason, was buried in the ruins—to what conclusions are you irresistibly led? I have seen, at Mr. Ely's, as remarkable, and truthful data given by which to investigate the truths of these teachings. A large bound volume of the Onondaga Democrat, edited by Mr. Crandal in Syracuse, in 1846-47, was sent to Mrs. Ely by Mrs. Babbott, of Waterville. Before any one in the house had opened this book, this voice said, "Upon the Onondaga Democrat, turn to No. 30, and read the 'Richmond Tragedy.' I have finished it." Upon turning to the No. 30, a long story of love and murder was found, entitled the "Richmond Tragedy." Not a member of this family had before known of the existence of such a story. This voice tells the whereabouts of absent friends, their health, employments, and other minutiae, and the information is almost invariably ascertained to be correct. Whence this intelligence?

Letters are frequently found, addressed to members of this family, purporting to be written by the spirits of deceased friends. Here, I admit, are opportunities for deception; but let us look at their contents, and see if anything is disclosed that would probably spring from an unworthy motive—a desire

to impose upon those who are addressed. Here is one, pretending to be written by an Italian girl, who acts as amanuensis for Mrs. Ely, directed to Thomas A. Ely. This letter was found, by one of the family, on the floor, and the chirography, I firmly believe, cannot be imitated by any one in that house. See it for yourselves, and my reasons for this declaration will be apparent. This letter relates incidents which transpired previous to the birth of any of the children in the household of which she was once the ornament, and head; facts which are known only to her husband and herself, and which convey an intelligence superior to that possessed by Mr. Ely or any of his family, unless you include the absent mother. This letter, and all the communications from the same source, teaches that family circle that to be happy in the spirit land, they must live virtuous and Christian lives here. The best of advice is given the children, and words of comfort and solace are spoken to her former husband. "My children, love one another, never forsake virtue's path, be good, and you will be happy." My husband, toil on a few more years, and your labors will cease, and your reward shall be a home of joy and unalloyed happiness—your heaven shall be one of rest. We meet in groves of heavenly beauty, overspread with bowers teeming with flowers of rarest loveliness, while one of our number discourses music, only equalled in melody and sweetness by the angelic host. "No other teachings of duty or reward have ever been received by this family, and yet men say, 'What good do these manifestations produce?' They teach us that as man makes his exit from this sphere, so shall his entrance be 'into that happy land' that he who desires to enter the other world, on an advanced stage, must make his spiritual progression here. He can progress hereafter, but here he can, in one year, make greater spiritual advancement than can be accomplished hereafter in a century. No special theory has ever been advanced in any of the teachings at this house, but in almost every other place spirits teach that every soul is an emanation from Deity, and was destined, in its creation, to be holy and happy. Here the objection is interposed, 'If man is a part of God, why does he not act more God like? Why does he not perform miracles, &c.?' A missionary found the doctrine of Pantheism firmly rooted in the minds of his heathen congregation, and, one day, determined to convince one of the most learned of the sect that everything was not a part of God. 'If so,' said he, 'why cannot man work miracles, and otherwise act as God does, the other portion of himself?' The heathen dipped up a cup-full of the water of the Ganges, by whose banks they were standing, and said: 'The Ganges floats navies upon its bosom, moves, when excited, with tremendous power, in its majesty causing all to behold it with veneration and awe; but this little portion of the Ganges, although a part of the mighty river, you do not expect to possess its attributes, or a tithe of its power. Why, then, exact so much of man, a mere drop, the smallest portion of that great, omnipotent, and omnipresent Deity, from which he emanates?' I confess the proposition is an ugly one to answer, 'the first time trying.'

The one great objection urged is, "What good does all this do?" What good does the Bible do, although full of wise sayings, and good teachings, if we heed not the doctrines it inculcates? The manifestations at Mr. Ely's ever have this ultimatum in all their teachings: "Be good and true; live holy lives, and happiness hereafter shall be your reward." Does no good arise from such injunctions? Were one to arise from the dead, appear to you, face to face, and say, "Be good or you never can be happy," people, seeing your ungodliness, might say, "He certainly did not see his absent friend, or if he did, we advise him not to see him again, for what good does it do?" Christ came, he says, to be "a ransom for all," and in view of the wickedness surrounding us, and of the doctrine which popularly obtains that not all, nor one-tenth of the human race can be ransomed, why, not say, "I do not believe he came at all, or, if he did, what good did his coming do?"

Mr. Ely is one of your citizens, a man who has lived in your midst for more than fifty years, without ever meriting, or causing, a breath of reproach to be heard against him. His testimony would be taken, I dare say, in any court of justice, on a question of life and death, and there is not a man among you who would hesitate for a moment, where your own life depended upon the testimony, to have Thos. A. Ely, unsupported by other witnesses, uncorroborated by other circumstances, testify to the facts, in your case, as he saw, and knew them. And yet, without investigation, and in an unwarrantable and wholesale manner you deliberately reject his testimony in the great case of "Spiritualism against the world," and cry, "Mon and brethren, he must be mistaken; he certainly does not know what he affirms." Again, I say, go and see; and the only fault you can find with the evidence is, it may be adjudged of a "cumulative" character.

Truly yours,  
B.

## Correspondence.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
A WORD OF TRUTH.

"It is not the place that maketh the person, but the person that maketh the place honorable."—CICERO.

"We think they want only sewing women, whereas they want only domestics—women and girls who know how and are willing to make themselves useful in household operations."

Speaking of "Females at the West," in an article from which the above is an extract, in a late number of the Banner, emboldens me to make audible, or readable, my thoughts upon the same subject.

What is the cause of the objection of so many girls better fitted for the multifarious duties of house-work, and who, many of them, should they give their candid opinion, would say they far preferred it to sitting still and "pinching hem," or sewing long seams from early morn till evening comes? It requires no argument to prove that the exercise that house-work requires, is far more calculated to bring the glow of health to the cheek, and strength to the frame, than to

"Sitch, sitch, sitch, till the eyelids grow heavy and dim." And as to the pride and prejudices against it, permit me, as one of their own sex, and with the greatest humility imaginable, to say that seems to be the foolishness of all things possible.

Is it degrading to eat well-cooked food? It is said, that "a delicate, appreciating palate, is one of the essentials to a delicate, well-appreciating mind," and it is certainly necessary to the continuance of perfect bodily health. By that I would not be understood as meaning food prepared in epizurean style, but comfortable and home-like—and don't think me personal, my fashionable friends, who desire to be "mere parlor boarders" in their own houses, something which is quite too rare in the majority or real homes, but always forms an item in the "Reveries of Bachelors."—My word for it.

To continue my queries. Is there anything objectionable in having good health?—in looking around upon a tidy, well-ordered house? Anything humiliating in making those we love comfortable, or whose kindness to us should prompt the gratitude of kind offices in return?

In short, would it detract from the soul, beauty or inner-life glory of any, to be useful, or "do good as we find opportunity?" No; far from it. Nothing is degrading ever, or should be, to those who take a right view of life's duties and requirements, for which a necessity exists, or a fitness for it on the part of the person doing it.

Picking stones upon a highway, if there is nothing

else in the way of employment; to be obtained, is better, both mentally and physically, to every right-thinking person, than folding the hands in inglorious idleness.

"Whose'er with single purpose,  
Be his object wise or vain—  
Perseverance through every trial,  
May at length his aim attain."  
Be ye wise, nor labor vainly—  
Make each passing moment tell—  
Let each day you leave behind you,  
Bear the record—"all is well."  
CARRIE WALTON.

## THE GOLDEN BIRD.

MISSISS. EDITORS—"Tribute to whom tribute is due," &c., is a divine maxim that should be a governing principle. Without waiting for some great occasion to call attention, and nurse my own pride, I remark that all are interested in the character of spirit mediums, that they should be good, pure, cultivated.

My husband, clairvoyant and psychologist, came home with a card containing the name of Mrs. E. L. Fonda, No. 6 Warren square, a trance, seeing and healing medium, remarking that he had subjected her to a severe test, at the request of her friend; that, conversing with the physician who entranced her, as well as herself before entrancing, he found his and her pretensions well founded.

On Tuesday, of last week, I called with two lady friends, and we were favored with the most satisfactory evidence that she was worthy of the high commendation alluded to. My husband saw the spirit physician who entranced her.

One of the ladies had a daughter in the spirit world, who put off the form at ten years of age, whom the spirits named "Golden Birdie." This spirit daughter came to her at this interview, and uttered the following stanzas, through Mrs. Fonda, who was an utter stranger to her at the time:—

The sunbeams' golden cage of light  
Hath dawn'd a rainbow bow,  
And sweet therein a golden bird  
The whole bright morning sung.  
The winged forms around it flew,  
And chanted as they heard—  
It was the bird of Hope, mother,  
It was Hope's golden bird.  
And ever of the coming dawn,  
The music song began;  
Ah! what on earth so beautiful  
As Hope and Love to man.  
I pondered, thinking full of thee,  
And of God's holy word:  
It was the bird of Hope, mother,  
It was Hope's golden bird.

Mrs. C. ROBINSON.

CHARLESTOWN, April 18, 1893.

## THE FRUITS OF SPIRITUALISM.

EAST TAUNTON, April 25, 1893.

DEAR BANNER—The cause of truth is daily increasing here. Mrs. F. H. Huntley has been laboring with us, and I must say, with others, that she is one of the best mediums I ever heard; as freely as she receives truth, so freely she gives it to others; and let all those who hear her eloquence, freely give of that which clothes and feeds the natural body, as she gives that which feeds and clothes the spiritual. Her efforts here, as a trance medium, have reclaimed the rum-drinker, the gambler, and the profane swearer, and brought them from their dark ways to the paths of Spiritualism, lighted by truth; and, in this new light they rejoice, and learn that God has a work for them to do, and that work is, to do unto their neighbors as they would their neighbors should do unto them.

Thus Spiritualism here is doing good among those that need it most; and may it, with its blessed influence, spread all over the land, is the prayer of your brother,

CHARLES R. MAXIM.

## 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.]

## The Heart's Mirror.

Gaze into the heart's mirror, and see thyself as thou art—let all covering of dress or ornament disappear when thou would'st see the spirit as it truly is, with its virtues and failings. Take a peep thus at least once a day—do not let the spiritual toilet suffer in consequence of material things—let its dress be pure and stainless, of modest material, and dimensions, and keep its body cleanly and healthy, and the fragrance coming from it shall be like new mown hay, or the fresh opening flower—let no stench of slander or falsehood arise near thee, nor the chilly atmosphere of suspicion and jealousy pervade thee; but the hardihood of honesty, the frankness of health, and the smile of love be ever with thee, so that each day as thou gazest upon thy spirit self, thou shalt find thyself more beautiful, more pure, and more holy—even dazzling to gaze upon. Let thy heart be like an open book—guileless and truthful, having no deceit or falsehood, consequently nothing to conceal. Then shalt thou go thy way among men, softly as the virgin snow-fake or the perfume of flowers, teaching by thy life a lesson of love from Heaven.

LAURA E. TRASK.

## Frances Hall, to her Husband.

My Dear Husband—Though I want not for opportunities to communicate almost directly to you, yet this way pleases my fancy, and will surprise you. I sometimes think I could talk to you forever, and still have plenty to say, I am so happy. Everything is so beautiful, so joyous, so lovely, what bliss it is to live, and to feel that this is to last forever, and that those we love are to be united with us in the enjoyment of God's bounty! that we go on together progressing, learning, and enjoying! Oh, my heart is so full when I would speak of this, that I can say nothing; but you, my husband, know how I feel—what I would say. The veil that separates me from your vision will in time be rent asunder, and you will rise above all trials and temptations of earth. But these things have their use; men were but children unless tried in the furnace of affliction; you cannot tell what the soul can bear, until put to the test. Let thy principle of right and truth grow stronger with each temptation, and you will be amply rewarded for all suffering.

I shall not say much to you to-day; but I am pleased to think this will surprise you, as you do not expect anything from this source, as a child is more pleased with a new toy when it comes unexpectedly.

Yours ever,  
FRANCES.

## The Suicide.

My Dear Brother, I am not drawn to you because I have anything to say that will interest you particularly, but it is because I feel a sympathy for you, and I have been drawn to you before, when you needed my sympathy; but you could not at the time feel that it was me. There are some things connected with my past life, and more especially the last act, which does not harmonize with the teachings of that sublime philosophy, of which I was a believer, and also a medium; but when you, dear brother, with the rest of the human family, shall understand all the influences which go to constitute the basis of human action, you and others will be enabled to judge differently concerning some of the incidents which often occur in human experience.

I committed suicide; and for this act the world would have me lower in the scale of spirit development than is really the case. When you shall be fully ac-

quainted with every incident in my past earth life, which went to influence me and bear with their weight upon me, you will find that the world in which I was placed, the society by which I was surrounded, the customs and fashions of which my spirit often was found at variance, because of the sympathy which I often felt for suffering humanity, and which custom's rules and fashions, were often detrimental to their progress and prosperity. The consequences arising from my last act are not alone meted out to me, but to those who formed a battery of influences against me. Who were these? I reply, those who help to pander to such wrongs as force the spirit of men to act contrary to the full and free purpose of God.

I have too much sympathy to speak against any individual member of the human family, but I do wish that you, all who are here on this occasion, would allow your sympathy and love to find some one particular individual to whom you may exercise these God-given faculties upon. Do not seek merely to express a sympathy, without by your act doing something which shall, by its exercise, convince the world that it is not in vain that you are possessed with these faculties. Perhaps by doing so, you may be the means of saving one who was ready, as was and as I did, to leave the world because of that sympathy.

I have something to say to you personally at some time; but I cannot now. If you will give this medium your address before he leaves, I will, when I can approach, say what I wish to.

Towards the close of life on the earth, I was often obliged to make a meal upon one cracker, and none scarcely to express sympathy. Had I received any sympathy, I should to-day have been with my family in the flesh; but I cannot now complain—I cannot find fault. Learn by my sad experience to alleviate the sorrows of mankind, and pour consolation into the bosom of the afflicted. I will now say, be kind and affectionate and loving to all, and thus save mankind from a suicide's grave, and the condition of the suicide in the spirit world. I was to blame, and society was to blame; and as I form a part of God's humanity, I wish to be one with you to form this resolve, to carry out at all times, and under all circumstances, these loving attributes of the soul.

C. HUONEN.

## The Messenger.

ADMISSION TO OUR CIRCLES.—A desire, on the part of our readers, to make themselves acquainted with the manner in which our communications are received, has induced us to admit a few persons to our sessions, for several months past.

Those who attend, will not receive communications from their friends, as we do not publish in these columns any message, which could be possibly, so far as we know, have for its origin, the mind of visitors or medium. Such would not be of value to the skeptic.

Persons who desire to avail themselves of this privilege will 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 admission must be made at this office.

HINTS TO THE READER.—Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the medium of Mrs. J. H. CORNANT, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light. They are spoken without she is in what is usually denominated "The Trance State," the exact language being written down by us.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything more than *Pietera* beings, liable to err like ourselves. We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is still as well as good in it, and not expect 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. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives,—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things 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.

## Henry Clay.

I have been called upon by some of my friends to give my ideas since I have become a spirit, without mortal form, in reference to slavery. I would say to those friends, what I said to them in earth life, I consider slavery a necessary evil, which time and good judgment will overcome. I am now more satisfied of this point than I was in earth life, although I have had ample means to inform myself on slavery in all its phases.

I consider slavery at the South no more an evil than in the North. I would to God I could say, and say truthfully, that you take as good care of your Northern slaves as your Southern brethren take of theirs.

The Southern slave is rarely ever overtaxed. I know there are many large estates in circulation, but the greater part of them are got up to create an excitement, and by some individual who is an enemy to his Southern brother.

Now I know this to be true, else I would not state it. I have lived long enough in spirit life to understand this thing morally, and physically; and if your Northern men could see the slaves at the North, and yourselves, as we see you, you would blush, every one of you. You all claim to live in a land of liberty, and yet there is not a spot of ground where a freeman can "plow his foot." There is a mental slavery among you, more deplorable than any physical slavery. Find, if you can, one of the South that does not will tell you they have not enough to eat, drink, and to wear. Can yours, of the North, say as much? It were far better, then, that your white slave were in bondage, as are their colored brethren, than to be in bondage under poverty. Go with us at noon-day, when the twilight is covering the earth as with a mantle, and when the gray light of morning is peeping into the portals of day, and see the poor seamstress, still toiling for a small pittance, to support her animal life, while her master, revelling in luxury, grudgingly pays her the pittance she earns. Then look at him as he dares to pry in God's temple. Oh, it were a pity Jehovah could not strike him dead, while there he stands. It were a pity, I say—yes, as I see things, it is.

If the Southern slave is visited by disease, he is cared for; the Northern slave must languish from day to day, and wait until the angel of death liberates him. Who cares for him? Who administers to his wants? Not you who cry out so loudly against slavery. I do not uphold slavery as it is. I would have the slave educated. I would have his spiritual welfare attended to. These things have been neglected, and, in the future, as the master progresses and learns his duty, the slave will be educated. The master now, no doubt, lifts up to his highest conceptions of right; and he does not think it right to educate his slaves, and you cannot say he does wrong, because he knows not his duty. But when the glorious light of Spiritualism shines in his part of your land, as it now does in yours, and warms his heart with its genial heat, how quickly, seeing his duty, will he obey the whisperings of spirit voices! How much more quickly than your coldly calculating Northern hearts!

You find bigotry and light here, and that is worse than slavery and darkness; we can excuse the former, when accompanied by the latter. But when we find bigotry springing up with so much "light," so many God-given blessings, we cry out against it as we do.

To be sure, the masters at the South have privileges you have not, but in this light you are far before them. You have madmen at every corner of the streets; they must wait until the light floods your







## Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels are words-long,  
That on the stretched fore finger of all time,  
Sparkle forever."

The lark may well forget his lay  
The welkin blue beyond his ken;  
Devoutest Moslem fall to pray,  
When echo yields no fond amen.  
The silver chord will lose its tone—  
The golden bowl be broken,  
If loving heart give answer none,  
Nor would be fitly spoken!

I have long had a notion that many of the heart-burnings  
that run through the Social Whole, spring not so much from  
the distinctiveness of classes as from their mutual ignorance of  
each other.—WILLIAM THOM.

God pity them both, and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall—  
For, of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these—"It might have been!"  
"Ah, well! for us some sweet hope lies,  
Deeply buried from human eyes;  
And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away!"  
WHITTIER'S "MAUD MULLER."

The opinions of any or all men are like an empty eggshell,  
and as easily broken. Live to do by wisdom, and you are  
wise indeed.—JOHN MORRIS.

Thoughts! what are they?  
They are my constant friends;  
Who when harsh fate's dull brow bends,  
Uncloud me with a smiling ray,  
And in the depth of midnight force a day.

FLATMAN.

"All, all who fulfill their mission on earth are like flowers  
broken from the parent stem and trampled upon; yet you en-  
joy their fragrance long after natural death.—Hood." [Given  
April 25th, through a medium.]

Marriage!  
Thou art the nurse of Virtue. If thine arms  
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,  
Heaven-born and destined to the skies above,  
Thou art not known where Pleasure is adored,  
That reeling Goddess with the zodiacal waist  
And wand'ring eye, still leaning on the arm  
Of novelty—her neckle frail support;  
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,  
And finding in the calm of trust-tried Love,  
Joy that her stormy raptures never yield.—COWPER.

An honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputa-  
tion speaks for him.

## The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

We have commenced upon our First Page the  
publication of a fine story, from the pen of the talented  
author, CORA WILBURN, to which we call the especial  
attention of the reader. It will be concluded in our  
next number.

On our Sixth Page will be found a succinct ac-  
count of startling spiritual phenomena which oc-  
curred in Hamilton, N. Y.; Correspondence, Spirit  
Messages, &c. Seventh Page, continuation of his  
sages.

It will be seen by reference to our advertis-  
ing columns that Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike has connect-  
ed himself in business with Dr. S. Guthrie, elec-  
trician, No. 17 Tremont street, who has performed some  
remarkable cures of acute and chronic diseases. We  
have reason to know that these gentlemen are com-  
petent and reliable in their profession, and we cor-  
dially recommend those who may be physically  
afflicted to call as above.

We have a communication in type from R.  
H. W.—"Advice to Parents"—which we are obliged  
to postpone till our next. Also a spirit message  
from our esteemed friend, Bro. Coffinbury, which will  
appear in our next issue.

We are authorized to inform our friends in  
Portsmouth, N. H., that Brother Crowell, the trance-  
speaking medium, will visit their city the first of  
next week, when they can have a convenient oppor-  
tunity to engage his services, if they feel so disposed.

Mrs. Hyzer, the trance-speaking medium, has been  
engaged for a season in New York. We have pub-  
lished several fine poems, which were given through  
her instrumentality, and shall print another in our  
next. We hope measures will be taken to secure  
the services of this lady for a time in Boston.

The celebrated Benjamin West related that his  
mother once kissed him eagerly when he showed her  
a likeness he had sketched of his baby sister; and,  
he adds, "That kiss made me a painter."

A new Post Office has been established in South  
Reading, near Melrose, called Greenwood, and Joseph  
Eator, Esq., appointed Postmaster.

The man who builds a house, and does not provide  
for it sufficient drainage and ventilation, entails  
the generation and propagation of many diseases,  
especially of fever, on children yet unborn.

Trueman, the mail robber, has been sentenced  
to the State Prison for twelve years.

A person below the middle stature, observed he  
could boast of two negative qualifications, viz., that  
he never wore a *great coat*, nor ever lay long in bed.

The fire early on Sunday morning in Federal  
street was one of the most extensive we have had  
for many years. Four buildings were destroyed,  
two firemen killed, and other persons injured. Es-  
timated loss \$225,000, mostly covered by insurance.

Why is a hen sitting on a fence like a cat? Be-  
cause there is a head on one side and a tail on the  
other.

Capt. Josiah Cole, an aged and highly respected  
citizen of Dedham, committed suicide on Friday  
morning by hanging himself. No cause is assigned  
for the act.

A PROPHET BY THE LATE LADY LOVELOCK.—The  
late Countess of Lovelace, the daughter of Lord By-  
ron although distinguished by success in deeper  
studies, was not destitute of those inspirations which  
made the name of Byron illustrious. In some verses  
which she made on Florence Nightingale, several  
years before the Russian war was dreamt of, occurs  
the following remarkable passage:—

In future years, in distant climes,  
Should war's dread strife its victims claim,  
Should pestilence, unchecked befall,  
Strike more than sword, that cannot maim,  
He who then reads those truthful rhymes,  
Will trace her progress to undying fame.

FIRE BRIDGES.—Charlestown bridges were opened to  
the public on Friday last at 12 o'clock, as free  
bridges, and our neighbors "on the other side of the  
water" were extremely jubilant on the occasion.

The Navy Department has dispatched from Com.  
Tatnall on board flag ship San Jacinto, at Manila,  
Island of Luzon, Feb. 20. He reports the San Jacinto  
and Portsmouth off that city, and expects to be  
joined by the Minnesota and Mississippi by the last  
of that month. He left the Mississippi at Hong  
Kong, about to take her departure, with a commu-

cation from the American Minister. In conformity  
with instructions from Mr. Reed, Com. Tatnall had  
chartered the screw steamer Antelope, and she was  
to be devoted solely to the uses of Mr. Reed's mis-  
sion. Mr. Reed wishes to touch at Manila on his  
way to Shanghai, and of this arrangement Com.  
Tatnall approves, as it will give him an opportunity  
to display a larger force off that city than he will  
be able to do again for some time; for he supposes  
the squadron will necessarily be in the vicinity of  
the operations of the Allies at the North after  
March. The whole French force was in the vicinity  
of Canton, at which place all was orderly and quiet.  
Com. Tatnall had no official information of the in-  
tended movements of the Allies.

When men who profess purity and honesty of pur-  
pose in their daily walks of life, practice deceit so  
transparent that the most superficial observer can  
penetrate the flimsy veil of hypocrisy which such  
vainly imagine conceals their deformity, we can but  
feel constrained to pity, rather than despise, them.

The Banks of Augusta, Ga., have just resumed  
specie payments.

The third volume of Allison's continuation of the  
"History of Europe" has been issued by the Harpers  
and received by A. Williams & Co.

When flowers are full of heaven descended dew,  
they always hang their heads; but men hold theirs  
the higher the more they receive, getting proud as  
they get full.

A Chinese maxim says:—We require four things  
for woman—that virtue dwell in her heart; that  
modesty play on her brow, that sweetness flow from  
her lips, and industry occupy her hands.

The first of May—being for once a delightfully  
pleasant morning—was ushered in by festivals all  
around us. The "little ones" enjoyed the occasion  
hugely—while the "old uns" seemed to have for-  
gotten their age for the time-being, and were as  
bountiful as their progeny. It is a pity that "May-  
Day" didn't occur oftener than once a year.

John J. Gilchrist, chief justice of the Court of  
Claims, who died in Washington city on Friday, after  
a few days' sickness which commenced with a cold,  
was fifty years of age, and a native of Medford,  
Mass., though he had passed most of his life in  
Charlestown, N. H., where he married a daughter of  
the late Henry Hubbard, formerly governor, senator,  
and U. S. treasurer.

Letters from Havana state that the boarding and  
seizure of the American brig Cortes by a British  
gun-boat has caused some excitement there. British  
ship Tasmania, ninety-one days from Hong Kong,  
arrived at Havana 22d, with 260 Asiatics on board,  
contracted for eight years' labor. She reports 163  
died on the passage. Spanish ship Julian, 118 days  
from Swatow, China, arrived same day, with 270  
Asiatics, and reports 117 died on the passage. This  
is worse than the African slave trade.

VENEZUELA.—Advices from Caracas are to the  
18th ult. The country was quiet, and the Provisional  
government were carrying out with vigor the  
various measures of reform. Senor Rodriguez had  
been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the gov-  
ernments of Europe. General Castron, Provisional  
President, had invited leading exiles to return home,  
and appointed a special commission to wait upon  
General Taz in New York, and accompany him on his  
return.

## Late Foreign News.

News from Europe to April 21st has been received,  
and is of more than usual importance.

Steamship Fulton arrived out on the night of the  
17th; the steamship Niagara at 8:30 A. M. on the  
19th, and the steamer Vanderbilt about noon on the  
20th ult.

The U. S. corvette Cumberland was at Madeira  
April 10.

GREAT BRITAIN.—On the 19th, in the House of  
Lords, Malmesbury said the opinion of the law offi-  
cers of the crown had just been received in regard to  
the seizure of the steamer Caplari by Naples. Two  
of them pronounced it legal, and the third declared  
it entirely illegal. Under these circumstances the  
government did not think it desirable to take any  
strong measures in the premises at present.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli made his  
financial statement. The estimated ordinary expendi-  
tures of the year are £68,000,000, but as two mil-  
lions of exchequer bills were falling due, and a mil-  
lion and a half had to be paid as a sinking fund to-  
wards the war debt, the total expenditure would  
amount to £67,100,000, being about four millions in  
excess of the estimated revenue, taking into account  
the reduction of the income tax, which government  
had no intention to interfere with, and the fact that  
three and a half millions were extraordinary expendi-  
tures. Mr. Disraeli showed there was no diminu-  
tion in the resources of the country, and that, but  
for the above reasons, there would have been an ac-  
tual surplus. He recommended a postponement in  
payment of the sinking fund exchequer bills, and  
the imposition of a tax on Irish whiskey and a  
penny stamp on bankers' checks to meet the defi-  
ciency. After some slight opposition, resolutions, on  
which to found bills for carrying into effect these  
propositions, were agreed to.

Sir de Lacy Evans and Palmerson complained of  
the removal of Lord Howden from the embassy at  
Madrid, and Mr. Fitzgerald defied the action of  
the government.

The verdict of not guilty in the case of Bernard,  
was received with great cheering in and out of the  
court, and greeted with general satisfaction through-  
out the country. Bernard was discharged on bail.

An application for a new trial of the directors of  
the British Bank, was pending in the law courts.

The London money market is unchanged; the  
supply extremely large, and the demand grown  
slacker.

Roberts Brown & Co., of London, engaged in the  
Australian trade, have suspended; liabilities about  
£40,000.

FRANCE.—The acquittal of Bernard produced a  
great sensation. The Paris Monitor did not pub-  
lish the result when first received. Several journals  
confessed that they dared not publish the speech of  
the counsel for the prisoner, while others gave garbled  
extracts. The Paris correspondent of the London  
Post says the Emperor and his advisers do not re-  
gard with indifference the encouragement the result  
will give conspirators, but no exciting language will  
be employed by the French press to create indigna-  
tion. It was rumored, but not credited, that Victoria  
will meet Napoleon at Cherbourg, at the great rail-  
road fete, to take place there. There has been a  
slight improvement in trade in Paris and the de-  
partments. Breadstuffs continued to decline. The  
three opposition candidates for Paris are Messrs.  
Lorville, Jules Favre, and Picard. It is said that  
orders have been issued for the organization of the  
companies of sappers and miners in the island of  
Kenion and the French West Indies. Also that the  
French fifteen men are to be armed with double barreled  
guns. The Paris Constitutional says: "James's  
speech in Bernard's case was generally circulated in  
France, it would be difficult for the government to  
stay the effect of public indignation."

ITALY.—It is seriously contemplated by the Nea-  
politan government to form a camp at Gaeta.

The conspiracy bill was being warmly debated in

the Sardinian chamber of deputies. Count Cavour  
declared the measure was introduced irrespective of  
external pressure, and the ministry had made it a  
cabinet question.

Russia.—All import and export duties are to be  
increased by five kopeks a ruble, from July 1, the  
additional revenue to be employed on the frontier  
railroads.

INDIA.—Details of news via Bombay to March 24th,  
have reached England, but there is nothing of much  
importance to add to the telegraphic advices. Nana  
Singh and many other rebel Zemindars had sub-  
mitted to British authority. The rebels had passed  
into the northward, but a large body had pressed  
into Rohilkund, which was still unscathed. Proba-  
bly were in not pursuit. The trial of the Ex-King of  
Delhi was concluded on the 9th of March, but the re-  
sult was not known. Nana Sahib was at Calcutta,  
preparing to penetrate the Deccan, in hopes of being  
joined by the Maharras. The British would soon  
attack Calcutta. Executions at Delhi and other cities  
continued.

## Children's Department.

Prepared for the Banner of Light.

[NEW SERIES.]

## ENIGMA—NO. 20.

I am composed of 86 letters.  
My 34, 3, 24, 15, 18, 23, 29, 33 are very industri-  
ous insects.  
My 35, 4, 21, 5, 31, 26, 6, 34, 8 is a city in Athens.  
My 11, 21, 36, 82, 7 is a bridge between Wales and  
Anglesea.  
My 11, 29, 4, 4, 35 is the birthplace of Mohammed.  
My 33, 26, 13, 22, 1, 14 is a mountain 25,000 feet  
high.  
My 2, 32, 15, 31, 8, 20, 34, 24, 29 is a town in  
Massachusetts.  
My 16, 29, 13, 10 is a town in Illinois.  
My 35, 1, 17, 8, 36, 8 is a town in Georgia.  
My 4, 24, 3, 23, 14, 33, 8, 29 is dangerous in Loui-  
siana.  
My 33, 22, 36, 16, 35, 19, 24, 7, 4, 18, 5 is a town  
in Texas.  
My 16, 29, 13, 15 is a town in Russia.  
My 2, 10, 6, 6 is a town in England.  
My 33, 1, 31, 14, 10, 6, 30 is a cathedral in Eng-  
land.  
My 35, 7, 24 no one will ever see.  
My 27, 34, 1, 21, 3, 36 is my name.  
My whole, please ascertain.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA. JOHN CARNER.

## ENIGMA—NO. 21.

I am composed of 18 letters.  
My 1, 2, 4, 9, 6 is one of the seasons.  
My 2, 4, 8, 15, 11, 12, 12, 16 is also one of the sea-  
sons.  
My 3, 5, 6, 14, 11 is a bird.  
My 10, 16, 15, 5, 8, 13 is a species of bird.  
My 17, 16, 15, 11 is to diminish.  
My 17, 5, 6, 16, 14, 15, 6, 17, 18 is a distinct part  
of a discourse.  
My 5, 17, 6, 7, 12 is one of the months.  
My 4, 16, 7, 8, 9 is one of the United States.  
My 18, 16, 7, 6 is a beautiful ornament for the  
head.  
My 3, 5, 6, 8 is a store-house.  
My 10, 18, 16, 4, 9, 1 is a river in England.  
My 10, 7, 14, 11, 6 is a force animal.  
My whole is one of the greatest undertakings of  
the present day.  
LONG POINT, ILL. J. F.

## ENIGMA—NO. 22.

I am composed of 10 letters.  
My 4, 9, 8, 6, 7 is common on railroads.  
My 2, 7, 1, 5, 3, 4 is to bring an action.  
My 1, 8, 10 is a space of time.  
My 6, 7 is a proposition.  
My whole is what we cannot well get along without.  
WORCESTER, MASS. VINCE G. BARNARD.

## ENIGMA—NO. 23.

I am composed of 21 letters.  
My 16, 3, 15 is something everybody uses.  
My 9, 14, 6, 21, 13, 8 created quite an excitement  
about a year ago.  
My 4, 1, 17, 7, 8 can be seen on exhibition day or  
night.  
My 10, 18, 19, 6 is a proper name.  
My 2, 20, 11 is the name of a beautiful bird.  
My 12, 21, 10, 4, 8 is something we all like to look  
upon.  
My 5, 13, 17 is the name of a beverage.  
My whole is dear to every true American.  
WEST ROXBURY. J. C. N.

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

NO. 13, 14, and 15, (additional) solved correctly  
by Mary Lizzie Stiles, of Middleton, Mass.; Benj. H.  
Rogers, Newport, R. I.; 13 and 14, by E. G. Kent  
and Katy L.  
Answers to those in the Banner of May 1st will  
be given in our next.  
Our young friends must wait patiently. We de-  
sire to give all a hearing.

## ENIGMA.

A WORD OF THREE SYLLABLES!

My first and my last read precisely the same,  
My second said twice is always the same.  
Little children are first in the habit of saying,  
Which, when 'tis defined, my mother's the meaning.  
My whole grows in gardens, is eaten for food;  
Most every one thinks me exceedingly good.  
The doctors all say I am healthy to eat,  
And I give a nice relish to all kinds of meat.

J. T. C.

## LIST OF MEDIUMS.

Under this head we shall be pleased to notice those per-  
sons who devote their time to the dissemination of the truths  
of Spiritualism in its various departments.  
Miss M. MURPHY, Medium, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium,  
No. 3 Winter street, Boston. See advertisement.  
Miss K. KNIGHT, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery Place, up  
one flight of stairs, door No. 4. Hours from 9 to 1, and 2 to 5.  
Terms 30 cents a session. April 17.  
Miss M. R. EMMY, healing and developing medium, may be  
consulted at No. 211 North street, New York. Terms for  
each sitting, 10 cents. April 17.  
Mr. SAMUEL UPHAM, trance-speaking medium, will answer  
calls to speak on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired.  
Will also attend funerals. Address, Randolph, Mass.  
March 13.  
Mrs. L. S. NICKERSON, Trance Speaking Medium, will an-  
swer calls to speak on the Sabbath, and at any other time  
the friends may wish. She will also attend funerals.  
Address Box 310, Worcester, Mass. Feb. 27.  
Miss ROSA T. AMERY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speak-  
ing Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath  
and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her  
at No. 32 Allen street, Boston. Feb. 27. She will also attend  
funerals.  
Miss B. BART, Trance Speaking, Writing and Trance Medium,  
Boone No. 31 Kneeland street. Hours from 9 A. M. to 1 P.  
M., and from 7 to 9 P. M. April 17.  
Miss SARAH A. MACDON, Trance-speaking Medium, will  
answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, and at any other  
time the friends may wish. Address her at No. 310 Main  
St., Cambridgeport—care of George L. Gade. April 17.  
J. J. MANNING, Boston, answers sealed letters. See ad-  
vertisement. April 17.  
Mrs. W. B. HAYDEN, Rapping, Writing, and Trance Medium.  
See advertisement. April 17.  
Mrs. J. W. CONNOR, trance-speaker, will answer calls to  
lecture on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. Mrs.

C. is a Clairvoyant, Test, Healing, and Rapping Medium. Ad-  
dress: J. W. Currier, Lowell, Mass.  
CHAS. H. CHOWELL, Trance-speaking and Healing Medium,  
will respond to calls for a lecture in the New England  
States. Address Cambridgeport, Mass. April 17.  
Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium,  
Bridgeport, Vt.  
Mrs. J. S. MILLER, Trance and Normal Lecturer, clairvoyant,  
and writing Medium, New Haven, Conn.  
JOHN H. CHAMBER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium,  
No. 120 Newbury street, Lawrence, Mass.  
Mrs. B. NORTON, Clairvoyant Healing Medium, will re-  
ceive callers at her residence in West Randolph, on Thurs-  
days and Fridays of each week from 10 to 12 o'clock. On Thurs-  
days sitting for tests, 10 cents per hour. 3rd Jan. 18.  
Wm. R. JOHNSON, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Phila-  
delphia, Pa.  
H. B. STORER, Trance Speaking Medium. Address New  
Haven, Conn.  
C. H. FORTY, Rapping, Writing and Healing Test Medium,  
No. 4 Turner street, Salem, Mass.  
GEORGE M. RICE, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium,  
Williamsville, Killbuck, Conn.  
Mrs. H. P. HUNTLEY, trance-speaker, will attend to calls  
for lecturing. May be addressed at Paper Mill Village, N. H.  
H. N. BALLARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burling-  
ton, Vt.  
L. K. COOLEY, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this  
office.  
A. C. STILES, Independent Clairvoyant. See advertisement.

## Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS BARRY, Lessee and  
Manager; J. B. WRIGHT, Assistant Manager. Parquet,  
Balcony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Dress Boxes,  
25 cents; Amblett Boxes, 15 cents; Circle, 10 cents; Orchestra  
Chairs, 75 cents; Upper Boxes, 25 cents; Gallery, 15 cents.  
Performances commence at 7 1/2 o'clock.

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—Sole Lessee and Man-  
ager, JACOB BARROW; Stage Manager, HENRY WALLACE.  
Doors open at 7 o'clock; Commences at 7 1/2. Dress Boxes,  
75 cents; Circle Boxes and Parquet, 50 cents; Orchestra  
Chairs, 75 cents; Upper Boxes, 25 cents; Gallery, 15 cents.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Doors open at 6 1/2 o'clock; per-  
formances commence at 7 1/2. Admission 25 cents; Orches-  
tra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Satur-  
day Afternoon performances at 2 1/2 o'clock.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly oppo-  
site Old South. Ninth season. Manager, J. P. Ordway.  
Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price.  
Doors open at 6 3/4; commence at 7 1/2 o'clock.

## Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—A limited space will be devoted to  
the wants of Advertisers. Our charge will be at the rate of  
FIVE DOLLARS for each square of twelve lines, inserted thir-  
teen times, or three months. Eight cents per line for first in-  
sertion; four cents per line for each insertion after the first,  
for transient advertisements.

DRS. GUTHRIE & PIKE,  
Eclectic Physicians, and Medical Electricians,  
Give special attention to the cure of all forms of Acute and  
Chronic Diseases.  
Office—17 TREMONT ST., (opposite the Museum), BOSTON.  
S. GUTHRIE, M. D. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D.  
May 8.

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST,  
NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.  
May 1.

MISS M. MUNSON,  
Medical Clairvoyant and Trance Medium,  
No. 3, Winter street, Boston.  
MISS M. will devote Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays,  
from 10 to 12 o'clock, to the cure of all diseases for medi-  
cal examinations.  
Terms.—Communications in trance, or by writing, one hour,  
\$1.00; examination of patients in person, half an hour, \$1.00;  
examination of hair in the hands of another person, \$2.00;  
if by mail, requiring the examination to be written out, \$3.00.  
Medicines, conveniently put up, will be furnished if  
desired. 3rd May 8.

PURCHASERS OF GLOBES will do well to compare the  
FRANKLIN GLOBES with others, before purchasing.  
In a word, an examination will convince any one, that the  
Franklin Globes are the only ones in market, but what are  
20 years behind the present time in Geographical data. Con-  
sider the length of time the Globe has been in the market, and  
that they should be modern when purchased. It is important  
for Catalogues describing our 30, 18, 12, 10 and 6 inch  
Globes, address  
MOORE & NIMS, Troy, N. Y.  
May 8.

## NOTICE.

MRS. E. BROWN, (formerly at 244 Washington street) has  
taken rooms at No. 111 North street, where she keeps for sale  
Spiritual Books and Papers, Stationery and Fancy Articles.  
CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—Historical and Spiritual Books and  
Romances, to let by the week.  
Purses received to be dyed or cleaned at Wall's  
Purifier's Dye House.  
Business hours from 2 to 6 o'clock P. M. Feb. 27.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!  
DR. A. NEWCOMB, having removed his office from  
23 Suffolk Place, and taken a room at the  
UNITED HOUSE, 23 Elliot street. Patients will continue to be  
treated with the same successful plan of "action" hitherto  
pursued by Dr. N. under the direction of his higher intelli-  
gences. In addition to this, the benefits of a quiet and health-  
ful home may be secured to those who, with personal  
treatment, may desire pleasant rooms and board at a moderate  
charge. Patients will confer a favor by giving notice in  
advance of their coming. April 24.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—LOCAL AND TRAVELING  
Agents, in a business which is sure to pay from \$20  
to \$25 per week. Particulars free to all who enclose a stamp  
or three cent piece for return postage, and address  
S. M. MYRICK & CO.,  
Lynn, Mass.  
April 24.

MRS. HATCH'S DISCOURSES.—First Series, 572 pages,  
12mo., just published, and for sale by  
S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones street,  
Agent for New York.  
April 24.

WANTED—GOOD AND RELIABLE TEST MEDIUMS,  
with whom permanent and satisfactory arrangements  
will be made. An interview may be had by calling upon, or  
a line may be addressed to, S. T. MUNSON,  
April 24. 5 Great Jones st., N. Y.

SMUEL BARRY & CO.—BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND  
SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS, the BANNER OF LIGHT, &c., STA-  
TIONERY AND FANCY GOODS; No. 330 Race street, Philadel-  
phia.  
Subscribers Beware! With Periodicals without extra charge,  
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N. C. LEWIS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.—Examina-  
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JAMES W. GREENWOOD, HEALING MEDIUM. ROOMS  
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