

# BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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## Poetry.

From the Galveston News.  
**SOLITUDE'S CHARM.**

BY J. BOLLEN M. SQUIRE.

Oh! solitude, I court thy wondrous power  
With the stillness of this lone glow;  
Where all is silent, save the wind and shower;  
I hie to thee, to shun the haunts of men.  
Life, life is gay indeed, but unto those  
Whose heart outpourings find an answering tone;  
I've trusted long, but reaping no repose,  
I hie to thee, surrounded, yet alone.  
Oh! this is peace, such as the lone one hath,  
Not called to share with some unfeeling one.  
When men have ta'en what joy you felt might last,  
And lo! you mourning for the wrong they've done.  
Before me float rich argosies of thought,  
Revealing all that blest time's earliest year,  
When men were kind, and their actions wrought  
The rule, of smile for smile and tear for tear.  
Above the West a cloud of mystic form  
Was awaying, tinged with sunset's dying glow,  
Vast homestead of the lightning and the storm,  
Still slowly sinking over all the scene.  
A little more, the mighty curtain fell  
Just as the sun sped on that chart of light,  
Which dropped in gold the forest and the dell—  
'T was gone, and star-beams flooded down the night.  
My soul was glad, as when one lost descends  
Upon the boundless waste a place of rest—  
The stars upon the bosom of the skies  
Grew bright, and hope was welling in my breast.  
A mound of violets, dancing in the breeze,  
A pillow seemed, which all my pain might keep,  
I sighed to be as innocent as these,  
Laid low my head and fell to quiet sleep.  
A newer life was mine, an hour of bliss—  
I saw the world in all its tinsel glow,  
And paled as one who sees a wild abyss,  
And fears the frowning rocks that lie below.  
"And must I mingle with the world again?"  
A voice replied—some hearts there are still true,  
"And shall I waste my years in grief and pain,  
In seeking sympathy amid that few?"  
Around my form the flowers breathed perfumes  
From sighing zephyrs, stealing softly shed;  
An angel stood beside me near the blooms,  
And gave this golden rule and smiled and fled:  
"Require of men, what men require from you,  
And let thy heart its own fond secrets keep;  
Give like to like, give sympathy its due,  
And life will be as peaceful as thy sleep."  
I give the world all sympathy and love,  
And seek the same from out its bustling stream;  
My duty done, though scorned, I'll not reprove—  
Remembering well the angel of my dream.  
GALVESTON, APRIL 6, 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## PEARL NEVINS; OR, "THROUGH DARKNESS TO THE LIGHT."

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY CORA WILBURN.

### CHAPTER IV.

It was my father's wish that I should wed with Ellwood Ingelton, because he was wealthy and influential. My grandmother, now grown very feeble, yet hard and determined as ever, seconded his suit. I detested, I abhorred Ellwood Ingelton! All that was womanly and true and pure within me, revolted against him; the voices of spiritual intuition uttered their protest, and bespoke him false and calculating, cruel and selfish. I read sensualism in every lineament, and craft and falsehood in his small, black, glittering eye. I know that pitying angels bent over me protectingly, and filled my soul with a stern resolve never to become that man's wife, through fear or counsel, threat or intimidation. I endured my father's revilings, my grandmother's anger, my step-mother's stinging sarcasms, and the daily visits of my pertinacious suitor, until my brain maddened, and my heart was filled with all the bitterness of the olden time. Slowly I formed a strange resolve; and as it grew clear and defined to my purpose, I gathered strength for its fulfillment, and strange melodies seemed to float around me, and spirit voices to whisper, "Go!" Yes, I would flee from the home that had become a prison-house, from the father who would sacrifice his only child to Mammon; from the infirm and cruel old woman, whose hardened heart felt no pity for my youth and innocence; from the haughty step-mother. Yes, I would fly—seek employment, servitude, out of their reach. I had fully matured my plan, and only awaited the absence of my father, who was going to the city for a week. When he returned, his "coarse, black Pearl," as he once called me, should be far, far away. One afternoon I entered the dining-room; father was standing before the sideboard, a tumbler of liquor in his hand. I knew not what impulse nerved me to spring forward and snatch the glass from his hand. "Hallo! what do you mean?" he exclaimed, bewildered and surprised, at my audacity. "Oh, father!" I cried, and my heart leaped in overwhelming flood of love towards him, as I thought that I was soon to leave him, never, never again to behold him on earth. "Do not drink any more, it injures you; dear father, do not drink," I entreated, and tears rose to my beseeching eyes. He surveyed me from head to foot. I knew by his glassy stare of his eyes, that he was not sober. I felt the strong desire to wean him from this, his besetting sin. "How do you know what injures me?" he replied. "Your disobedience and Isabella's temper injure me more than liquor. Mother's always sick, and there's no peace or comfort in the house. What can a man do but drink? Go away, girl! go away!" I wound my arms around his neck, despite of his resistance—I kissed his flushed and heated brow, and whispered fondly— "Oh, father! I am neither wilful nor disobedient. Let me love you, father; I will be so good, so faithful, so obedient; dear father, only love me!"

Strange words from one, reserved as I usually was; strange resolve, and glorious hope that filled my soul! He looked at me steadily for a moment:—"See here, Pearl," he said slowly and with marked emphasis: "do you really love me?" "Oh, I do, indeed I do! dear father!" I joyously replied, and the quick tears gushed to my eyes. "And you do n't like to see me drink?" "Because it injures you, my father; because it undermines your health, and destroys your intellect; because I would see you happy." I held both his hands, and was fearlessly reading his countenance. "Marry Ellwood Ingelton, and you prove yourself a true daughter—and I promise to forsake drinking." "I cannot! oh, I cannot, my father, anything in the world for you, but I cannot marry that man!" "Why, not?" he demanded, releasing his hands from my grasp. "Because he is not good, not pure, not noble-minded; because he thinks woman a plaything, a slave; because his very presence is abhorrent to me; it taints the atmosphere as with the presence of sin. My father, let me live for you. I do not wish to leave my home; oh, indeed I do not!" He folded his arms, and regarded me with a gleaming, threatening eye. I felt my courage sinking—a doubt, a fear, a fluttering was at my heart. "You are a fool!" he burst forth; "a silly, romantic, notional fool. You shall marry him, and here, on this spot, you shall give your consent." "Never, never!" I cried. "Can my own father urge me to destruction?" "You shall not drive me to destruction!" he responded furiously. "Say, will you marry Ellwood Ingelton, and so keep me from drink—from despair, for know, girl, I owe him money! he requests your hand in payment." "The mercenary, selfish wretch!" I cried, indignantly, and a last resolve swelled my breast. "No, father! I cannot, I will not marry him. You have your manliness, your free-will, your sense of moral duty to restrain you from wrong. You have conscience and intellect to guide; and ah! my father, the angel eyes of your wife are upon you, my own true mother hovers around and warns you, and yearns to save you! Pay that man by other means, not by the sacrifice of my soul! Sell all—take my trinkets, my dresses. I will toil for you willingly. I cannot perjure myself, I cannot sin for you!" "You will not?" he cried, and grasped my arm. "I cannot," I replied, firmly. Then, oh, watching angels! the hand that should have blessed and protected me, was uplifted in ungovernable anger, and descended heavily on my cheeks and shoulders. I stood silent, unresisting, beneath his random blows. I heard not his curses and invectives. I saw him take the glass with the other hand and drink off its contents, then fill it, and drink again. A dull pain darted through my temples; I uttered a piercing scream and fled from his grasp, along the wide passages, never stopping till I reached my chamber. The star of filial love was extinguished in my heart, and that night I resolved upon flight. It was usual for me to take long rambles in the woods and fields; even in the bleak autumn time I loved to wander in the solitary places, and muse amid the rustling leaves. I sat in my chamber, arranging a few trinkets, folding up a few dresses for my use, when Martha, my grandmother's waiting woman, came in with blanched cheek and tearful eyes, and told me that my grandmother was dying, and requested to see me. I heard her with perfect calmness and followed her in silence to the sick chamber. I watched beside the dying woman all night, and at early dawn her spirit winged its flight. I issued from the chamber with a triumphant heart, for my pure mother's fame was vindicated; her innocence proclaimed! With dying hand my grandmother wrote a confession of her wrongs, and implored her son's pardon. My father was absent, and I was entrusted with the delivery of the letter. She had overheard the conversation between my mother and him who once had been her affianced lover. He came to bid her a sad and brotherly farewell, to look upon the man who was her husband, give him the right hand of amity, and bless them both. This was the purport of his conversation with Evelyn; and she, regretting my father's absence, spoke words of sisterly comfort; never betraying a moment's weakness, shedding no tear of regret; but holding her babe for him to kiss, blessing him solemnly, bidding him farewell for ever! This interview, at which unseen angels wept for sympathy; she, the jealous mother, the patrician dame, had misrepresented to the suspicious son, who well knew that he possessed not the priceless gift of Evelyn's love. With coarse and cruel taunts he met her day by day; with unjust reproaches, with studied malice, he spoke of her first love and accused her of clandestinely meeting him. No wonder the pure heart broke beneath such cruel treatment, and the spirit winged its flight to a happier clime. At the approach of death, conscience awoke in the bosom of the guilty woman and she sought to repent the wrong by a full confession. Oh, blessed influence! ever guiding, ever prompting to the right. I forgave the trembling sinner; forgave her in my mother's name; and as she wildly clasped my hands, and called upon God for mercy, I felt a warm breeze upon my brow, that seemed a messenger from my mother's divine abode; and a low strain of melody floated upon the air, its sweet refrain murmuring "well done, my child!" My father returned from the city to attend his mother's funeral. Next morning I gave him her

letter, and the same evening, while the stars were out and all was still, I stole to his room, and placed another letter beneath his pillow. Then I returned to my chamber, took my little bundle, and concealed it under my large brown cloak; I passed unobserved down stairs, into the garden, and out of the gate. The night was clear and cold—a lovely autumn night. Without a sigh, as a prayer, I left my childhood's home. Two years elapsed, and under an assumed name, toiling for my livelihood, I wandered from place to place, going even farther from home, meeting with many hardships, eating the bitter bread of dependence, feeling all that loneliness of spirit, that utter desolation that falls to the lot of the orphan, and the toiler for daily bread. Ethel's prophecies regarding the unfolding and recognition of my hidden talents, remained unfulfilled. I saw her oft in dreams, with my angel mother; and she smilingly held a book towards me, and above their star-crowned heads and golden flowing tresses waved the mystic banner, blazed the encouraging motto: "Through darkness to the Light!" I was teacher and seamstress, companion and waiting maid, all by turns, and nothing long. I could not adapt myself to the coarse, overbearing, purse-proud people that employed me. I lacked worldly wisdom and worldly calculation; and I knew not the use of flattery, that mighty instrument in mercenary hands. With all my faults, with the pride that so often revolts to command and oppression, I was frank and truthful, laying claim to no virtue I felt myself deficient in; and bowing not my head in mock reverence to church or worldly idol. And for this I was unloved, and coldly looked upon; and because I refused to speak of my home and parentage, I incurred suspicion and misconception. It is sweet to me now, the haven reached, and the islands of the Blest in view, to look back with grateful heart upon those years of discipline, and feel that they gave birth to lofty energies, to noble purposes, to gleams of future happiness and peace. I have wandered through the wintry snows, seeking for employment, and my brother man has turned coldly from my appeal, and sent me forth to starve and die! And my sister woman, robed in silk and velvet, has grudgingly allowed me a menial's place in her household; and waved me off with a lofty scorn, as if I, the humbly clothed, sorrow-bowed one, were a being of another mould. And yet, in downy church-pews, these knelt and invoked the Father's mercy, and called upon the humble name of Jesus! Yes, I learned many a bitter lesson; I learned to doubt and distrust, to look from earth to heaven, for Love and Truth and Friendship. And I felt the growing strength of that powerful attraction, drawing my spirit upwards, through pain and gloom, and disenchantment, to the loving, pitying Father, to the spirit worlds of beauty, to my mother's soul, my Ethel's heart! Spiritual communion was mine, long before I recognized its visible manifestations. Angels moved my hand to write, impressed their glowing thoughts upon my brain, and drew strains of heavenly melody, songs of love and charity, from the anguish and the struggles of my soul! I have slept upon a rude, bare couch in midwinter; I have lacked food and clothing, and have wandered, knowing not at nightfall where to lay my head. I have rebelled against my fate; in stern defiance have turned upon my oppressors; I have uttered seething words of hatred, when the human misery grew all too strong; when frowning palaces, gorgeously robed women met my view, and I found neither shelter or repose from care. I have poured out my indignant feelings in burning words, that almost seemed another spirit's utterance; have proclaimed the downfall of tyranny, the punishment of the oppressors; have asserted my God-given rights of justice and womanhood;—where was the responsive echo? silent ever, silent all. So I toiled on mechanically, hoping, praying fervently for rest in death, vowing to be pure and honest, though I should starve amid plenty, and die amid the wintry waste. I could find no employment for my musical talents; I was an unknown girl; others had recommendations, influential friends. Parents hesitated to commit their children to my care, as they knew nothing of my past life; I might be an adventuress, a doubtful character—I could not become the teacher of their innocent little ones. But I could be a house-dutiful, child-nurse, seamstress—there no contamination of mind could take place, and I would be limited to my proper sphere, banished from the realms of refinement, the gaze of society. Oh, bitter farce of life! acted out by fashionable men and women, debasing immortal spirits, crowning triumphant vice, trampling modest merit, humble virtue under foot! Again I felt the dark shadow, the gloomy presentment settling upon me; and I vainly strove to solve its purpose. I was to accompany the family I lived with, as a kind of companion and nursery-maid, to a distant part of the country. We should pass very near my home, perhaps stay in the adjoining city a week or two. I did not fear discovery, for who would search for me in the station I occupied? Would my father search for me at all? But, an unaccountable restlessness possessed me. I could not sit still, I could not sleep; something seemed urging me on; I dreaded, yet longed to catch a glimpse of my dear old homestead. After many delays, that sadly chafed my impatient spirit, we started for D—, and arrived one lovely autumn evening. So near my birthplace, (D— was but nine miles distant,) a flood of tender recollections

bathed my heart with returning love, with pity and forgiveness. Ah, memory! turn over the sunny and darkened leaves, and with the fear and the sorrow, the surprise and regret, return to me the blessed self-approval of that hour, when I vowed to return to my childhood's home, to fulfill my duty, and Ethel's prophecy. The lady I served had retired to her room, fatigued with the journey; her husband had gone out for a walk. I sat in a narrow bed-chamber, holding baby Lucy on my lap, and watching the slumbers of Frank and Ellen. I had taken the newspaper from the parlor of the hotel, and had read it nearly through, when my eye fell upon the following paragraph:—"For sale, Primrose Hill." (How my heart throbbed—it was my own home!) "There is a spacious dwelling house upon the grounds, a large garden, orchard, &c. It will be sold cheap, as the present proprietor is in ill health, and desirous of leaving this part of the country. Apply at the office of this paper." Our house for sale, my father suffering! how painfully throbbed my heart! I looked over the paper again; no farther comment to be found, I felt the uncontrollable impulse urging me on; I would question some of the servants; I must hear news from home! But I could not leave the sleeping children, the wakeful baby. I had promised their mother that I would never leave them alone. I walked the floor in an agony of excitement; just then the chamber-maid came in, sent by the lady to see if the children required anything for the night. I thanked her, told her they were very comfortable, and asked her to be seated. She was a pleasant-looking, gentle-spoken girl; she took the proffered chair and said:—"Thank you; can I do anything for you, Miss?" "Yes," said I. "Please tell me whether you know anything about the family at Primrose Hill?" "La, yes, Miss. I knowed the old gentleman very well. I once lived there." "When?" I inquired, in scarcely audible tones. "About a year ago, Miss; and they wanted me to go back when the madam died." "The madam? what madam?" "Mrs. Nevins—Madam Isabella, as we girls all called her." "Mrs. Nevins dead! my—are you certain?" I exclaimed. "And he—Mr. Nevins, my poor—he is alone and feeble. Oh, please, please, tell me all you know." Mary looked at me anxiously. "Certainly, Miss, with great pleasure," she replied. "Well, you see, I went to live there, and Madam Isabella was very cross, and she and Mr. Nevins quarreled every day; and he called her extravagant, and she said he was a miser. Ah! he said she caused his daughter to run away, and she said it was all his fault, and he drove her to it. They kept but two servants, and I could n't stand the work, and the madam's crossness; so I left, and three months ago the madam died, and they say the old man raves for his lost daughter; but he drinks hard, Miss." I buried my face in my hands, overcome with the sudden tidings. My proud old step-mother dead! my poor father alone! "What ails Mr. Nevins?" I asked, as calmly as I could. "Why, Miss, they say he's melancholy, in a kind of decline like; it comes of the drinking, and he's so feeble he can hardly walk." A sudden gush of tenderness flooded my heart, and dimmed my eyes with tears. The cry was wrung from the inmost depths of my soul. "My father! my father! I will return to thee!" I placed the babe in the crib, and I threw myself upon the floor in my anguish, and wept like a very child. The kind arms of the servant girl were around my neck, a fear of human pity fell on my brow, the first that had been shed for me since Ethel departed. That girl in her humble garb of servitude possessed all the refined tact, the delicacy of feeling, that fashionable, high-bred ladies often lack. She guessed who I was, and though I cried, "My father is calling me!" she asked no questions, and when I whispered, "Tell no one, Mary," she wiped her soft brown eyes and said— "Never fear, Miss, trust Mary Lowe; and is there anything I can do for you, Miss?" "Yes, call me with the first stage that leaves for Elmfield Village." "I will, Miss," said Mary, and she quietly left the room. I hastened to my lady's chamber and knocked for admittance. Her proud eyes flashed with astonishment, as I told her of my resolve to leave her service next morning. "Where are you going to?" she said. "To Primrose Hill, madam, nine miles from here?" "Have you taken another situation?" "No, ma'am." "Have you relations there?" "I have; it is my home." "Why did you not tell me this before, that I might procure another assistant? You cannot leave until I have another girl. Who is to take charge of those children, I wonder?" "Yourself, madam," I replied. "I must leave you in the morning—a sacred duty calls me; I would not stay for a thousand worlds!" The lady gazed upon me in speechless astonishment. Such boldness from a hired girl she had not been accustomed to meet with. She called me a bold, deceitful, and ungrateful girl, and bade me send one of the chamber-maids to her. I went in

quest of Mary Lowe, found her, and sent her to the lady's room. I left the city at early dawn; how slow the movement of that old lumbering stage coach was to my excited feelings; how I longed to fly, to cleave the air, at once to be kneeling at my father's feet, folded to my father's heart! Elmfield village is half a mile from Primrose Hill. I ran, rather than walked, the distance. I found the gate unbolted, the garden deserted; I knocked at the door; an old woman, whose face was unfamiliar to me, opened it. I asked for my father in a trembling voice; she directed me to a chamber on the left side of the wide passage on the upper floor. She left me alone, and I followed her directions; pausing for breath as I ascended the well-known stairs, striving vainly to hush the tumultuous beatings of my heart, I passed along the dusty passage; I paused, trembling and overcome with emotion, at the door of my mother's room! I knelt and prayed for strength; and then I arose and knocked at the door; I did not recognize the voice that bade me enter, and when I stood within the room, I saw that the glorious sunshine was excluded by heavy folds of dark green damask, that furniture and couch were in disorder, that the dust lay on the mirror's face, that a gloom and a discord reigned within that summer room, and I turned to the bent and shrinking form, sitting there in an arm-chair, and a cry escaped my lips, as I saw the vacant stare he fixed upon me, the thickly silvered hair that hung around his brow; the wasted hands, the pale, remorseful countenance, the convulsive twitching of his muscles as he bade me be seated, in a feeble, husky voice, recognizing not his child! I went to the window and looked back the heavy curtain, and the golden sunshine streamed lovingly in upon that disordered apartment, revealing, alas! more fully, the ravages of disease and intemperance upon the face and form of my once proud, handsome father. I took off my bonnet, and my long curls streamed down my shoulders, half veiling my fearful face. With the close of my servitude I had arrayed my hair as I wore it when I was called Pearl Nevins. I saw my father tremble and clasp his hands:—"Who—who are you?" the same feeble, husky voice inquired. I could not speak—oh, for worlds I could not utter a syllable! but I sank upon my knees before him, and pressed those dear, wan, trembling hands to my lips and heart. He essayed to rise, to put back the veiling tresses from my face. I pushed them away, and lifted my eyes to his. With a loud, wild cry of joy, he fell back in his chair, opening wide his arms, and I arose, and fell upon my father's bosom! Oh! beautiful foreshadowing of the eternal reunion! I felt the love-beats of his heart, the holy expansion of his repentant tears; and my soul expanded beneath the powerful influence, my spirit sang for joy! "My child! my Pearl! my lost one! oh, forgive—stay with me, leave me not again!" he cried, showingering kisses on my brow, my lips, my cheeks and hands; raining tears upon my hair, folding me anew to his feeble breast, that was so strong with love. And I wept heart-floods of joy and vowed never again to leave him, and I knelt at his feet and implored forgiveness for my desertion. And he, forgetting his pride, casting aside the dark memories of the past, called me his "darling Pearl," and wept for his long-lost Evelyn. I saw that he was pale and feeble, and I strove to win him from his self-upbraidings; to grieve the communicativeness of his sorrow and remorse. "Let me speak, my child," he entreated, "for it does me good. Oh, Evelyn, how have I sinned against thee!" and he bowed his head upon his bosom, and related anew the story of her sufferings. "I taunted her day by day," he said; "I accused her of unfaithfulness every time I entered her room; I called the innocent man who had loved by the vilest names; I threatened him with death, if ever again he passed my threshold. And she bore all so meekly!—lifting to my face those heavenly blue eyes—flushing swiftly with the passing indignation, the eloquent remonstrance of her soul! I knew that she was delicate and sensitive, and I tortured her to agony! I shortened her days—I, I only caused you to become motherless so young. But when my mother was buried, when you brought me the letter intited by her dying hand, when I read that my Evelyn had been falsely maligned—oh, I sought to make reparation! I would have folded you to my bosom, and sheltered you there against the world! But you were gone—and the written words of your sorrowing farewell, burned deep into my brain and heart! I vainly sought you, my child, while Isabella taunted and defied me; I drowned my sorrows and remorse alike, in the fatal glass. Pearl! my wife learned to hate me; and I, alas! I treated her with cruelty and scorn. She had no gentle word for me, and I rebelled against a haughty woman's domination. She went to D—, mingling in society, dressing extravagantly—utterly disregarding my remonstrances. Yes, child, for weeks she has left me to the care of hirelings, and I flow to the bowl for refuge, for oblivion! Oh, daughter! often before, my heavy eyes, stood the angel form of my wife, with finger uplifted in warning, with saddened looks. And I saw you, writhing beneath my cruelty, escaping from my frenzy. Oh, Pearl! the reproachful glance of your eyes that day, will haunt me till I die!" "Forget it, dear father—forget all the past!" I whispered, fondly pressing his hand to my lips. "Oh, Pearl," he continued, "hear me yet. Isa-



bella returned after a lengthened stay in the city—returned to die. Her naturally weak constitution had sustained a shock, from which she could not recover, by constant dissipation, and exposure to the heated air of the ball-room. Yes, she, the successor of Eveline—that should have been the staid matron, was as eager for pleasure and excitement as the youngest and most ardent coquette. Suffice it, that she repented—that she forgave my harshness, and I her unfulfilled, wifely duties. Alas! these tardy repentances! coming only with physical suffering—with the near approach of death. She called on you in her last moments. Pearl, say that you forgive her neglect of you; it may ease her unquiet spirit; say so, my child!

"Willingly, gladly, dear father," I replied. "As I hope to be forgiven of God, I freely forgive my step-mother!"

Strange, inexplicable occurrence! strange to me, then; three loud raps sounded near me—were they on the table, came they from the floor? I started and looked around.

My father was trembling, yet a smile played around his lips—a pleased yet mournful smile. "It is her spirit," he said in solemn tones; "she recognizes your forgiveness—is rendered happy by it."

I had never heard of spiritual manifestations. I looked in alarm upon my father, fearing that his reason was deserting him.

"She comes often in this manner, yes—yes," he murmured, dreamily; "spirits return to earth!"

"Father," said I, desirous of turning the conversation into another channel, "is Ellwood Ingletton yet in the neighborhood?"

A sudden and fearful change came over my father's face; the swollen veins stood out from his forehead like adders—his cheek turned livid—he clenched his hands, and shook from head to foot with violent, uncontrollable agitation, at mention of that name.

"The tempter! the fiend! the persecutor of the innocent! Why did you name him, Pearl? Why name him now, when we were so happy by ourselves? Oh, child, child! you will yet hate your lost, unhappy father; you will return to the world and forsake me, and I shall have merited it!"

Again I wound my arms around him, and vowed never to forsake him, come what would. And there, in my mother's chamber, on his bended knees before me, that poor father told me that Ellwood Ingletton had been his evil genius—that he was the first to entice him to the bowl—to lure him from home. Beneath that evil guardianship he had learnt to frequent the gambling table—the society of the refinedly vicious; he had squandered his wealth; and the house I had been born in—the home of many memories—was pledged to him—was his by right of law for my father's debt to him!

I heard all calmly; this confession wrung from his heart with bitter groans and self-reproaches. I shed no tears, but promised to consecrate my life to him; to work or beg for him, if need be.

How my soul leaped up in ecstasy—how my bosom thrilled with the unselfish joy that is not of earth, in the hour that made me again homeless; that spread the thorny vista of toil before me, that told of dependence, hardship, humiliation; gladly, cheerfully endured for my father's sake! The voices of my soul—the forgotten echoes, that so sweetly had spoken of fame and reward, awoke and whispered consolation, peace, fulfillment.

I soothed his self-reproaches; smiled in the face of our threatened poverty, and with an eloquence not mine own, with glowing cheek, and hope-bright eye, foretold the rest and happiness of the future.

We remained four weeks in the old homestead, and I learned, with sorrow and pain, that my poor, heart-broken father, was still the slave of his besetting evil. In the foaming glass he would drown the recollections that thronged upon him—forget physical pain and mental anguish. It was but occasionally that he would resort to the poison draught, but oh! how it pained me to behold the glassy stare of his eyes, the feeble wanderings of his hands, the shaken frame, the tottering step! There were but two servants in the old house, and whenever I went out for a walk in the dear, familiar woods, I left old Nancy in attendance upon him; but he managed to send her away on some pretext or other, and then he would resort to his favorite stimulant. How unceasingly I labored to free him from this evil, thou, my angel-mother, knowest! I employed the fondest persuasion, prayers, tears, entreaties, by turns. I bore his anger often, his menaces, his wild reproaches, but he never again lifted his hand against me. At last I took forcible possession of the liquor he kept concealed. I prayed for strength, and it was granted; after long, unwaried, painful effort, I triumphed; I won my father's soul from sin—I led him "from darkness to the light!"

## CHAPTER VI.

I saw Ellwood Ingletton once before we left the old homestead. With confident assurance he presented himself before me; urging his claims to my hand; offering me the home he had gained by fraud, as my dowry.

I indignantly accused him of my father's ruin, and scornfully repelling his offer, I pointed to the door, bidding him never again appear before me. When he entered the room, he wore a self-satisfied, mocking, triumphant air; he left me, with a pallid face, and abashed and guilty manner; and though my childhood's home was his, I felt that forsaken and outcast as I was, the victory was mine!

We left one bleak November morning; gray clouds overhung the gorgeously varied woods—a cold wind moaned around the house, and sent masses of fallen leaves athwart our path. We took the stage-coach at Elmfield village and proceeded to D—. Never shall I forget that gloomy ride; how my poor, weak father, wept upon my shoulder, and how I strove to smile and reassure him, although with a breaking heart! It was for him, not myself, I felt the bitterness of our altered fortunes; he, so accustomed to ease and luxury, now an outcast from society, a penniless wanderer, dependent upon the feeble exertions of a woman! But, still loudly sang the encouraging voices, that urged me on to effort for his sake; and a glowing hope, arose within my breast, and as I gazed upon his wan and suffering countenance, I prayed; "God grant me success!"

We took obscure lodgings in D—, and at my father's earnest desire, changed our well-known, aristocratic name—and called ourselves Hunt. With the few remaining dollars in our possession, I bought some furniture, the cheapest and most useful—a stove, and some wood; and arranging the room as comfortably as possible, I left my father with a kiss and a blessing, and set forth to seek employment.

I sought to obtain a situation as visiting governess or music-teacher, for I could then attend to my father, and devote to him a part of the day. I dreaded to leave him so long alone, and I could not pay a servant to be with him.

I met with the usual reception of the poor and friendless, that first morning of my endeavor; five ladies scrutinized me closely, bewildered me with questions, and coldly dismissed me. I had no recommendations to bring forward as to capacity and character; they might have heard of Pearl Nevins, of Primrose Hill; the humble Miss Hunt was unknown to them—what claims had she or her suffering father upon their hearts or purse-strings? I returned home sad and weary.

But I had better luck next day; I obtained two music pupils, and in the course of three weeks, as many scholars as I could attend to. My remuneration was scanty; for it is a part of the world's creed to take advantage of the necessities of the toiler, to impose the heaviest burden upon the needy; to obtain the greatest amount of labor at the lowest price. We know that religion does not sanction such a usage, but custom does; and power issues forth a mandate that centuries have cried out against in vain!

I arose at early dawn, and while my poor father slept, I took pen and paper and essayed the first flight of my imagination; gave expression to the floating thoughts, the rose-hued visions of my childhood—the sorrowing and salutary experiences of later years, in prose and verse. I remembered the quaint and mystic legends sweet Ethel had related to me; and I wove them into fairy tales and moral essays. I penned a poem, burning with the aspirations of the wearied spirit, longing for home and rest and reunion in the sinless realms; and I dedicated this heart-wall of love and sorrow to my angel mother. I breathed not a word to my father, but worked diligently, at early morn, and when the tolls of the day were done; when he slept peacefully, till long past the midnight hour. When I had given form to many of the thoughts that floated through my brain, and pressed golden and dark-tinged against my heart, I offered them, with beating heart and wildly flushing cheek, to several newspaper editors in the city; they glanced at my humble attire and trouble face, with surprise and coldness, and said I might leave the MS. and they would look it over at their leisure, although they thought they would not need it, as they had hundreds of contributions on hand. How wearily passed the weeks in alternate hope and fear until the answer came! I was successful, although the remuneration was but a mere pittance. In a few months, sketches, tales, and poetry, bearing the signature of "Pearl," appeared in the leading newspapers of the city. My father was overjoyed; he embraced me, and called me his pride, his darling. And when I read my stories to him, in which I forcibly depicted the evils of intemperance and the miseries it entailed, he would bury his face in his hands and cry: "too true, too true, my child!" I had much to attend to—almost too much for my strength; my literary labors took from me much of the time that should have been spent in sleep. I know, now, how injurious, both to mind and body, is protracted mental labor, especially at night. But I worked for a holy purpose, and surely unseen angels, guided, impressed, and strengthened me. I have laid down my pen with weary fingers and aching head, to snatch an hour or two of rest, and resumed it with freshened energy and renewed vitality. I prepared our humble breakfast; tidily arranged my father's and my little bed-room, and set forth upon my daily rounds—going home to prepare our frugal meal at mid-day, and closing the day's toils at dusk. Then, oh, sweet memory! I sat and chatted gaily with my father, poured out his tea, and placed some tempting nicety before him. And he looked on me with so much of gratitude, of love and pride, that it caused the tears to start to my eyes, and I would rise from my seat, and fling my arms around him and whisper: "We are happy, are we not, dear father?" And he returned my embrace and said: "Yes, yes, my blessed child!"

Ever more glorious and radiant in her seraph beauty my mother appeared to me in visions of the night, and angel Ethel smiled; and the azure banner was unfurled with its diamond-lettered motto. And sitting by my father's side I often heard the mysterious rappings, and I felt strange, electric-like touches upon my forehead, but I could not solve their meaning, and I lived and labored quietly on. My father was weaned from his besetting sin; but disease had made fearful inroads upon his weakened frame. I tried the healing remedies of nature, water, air and exercise; and when they failed, I called in a physician, a truly noble and enlightened man, who was an honor to his exalted calling. The snow lay deep upon the ground, and a piercing north wind howled around the house, and scattered the drifting clouds, when he told me that soon my father would depart—perhaps ere the violets bloomed; that my care and nursing had prolonged his life, but could not save him. Intemperance had done its work; his spirit was released from its thrall, and the diseased and shattered system must pay the penalty of violated law. What I replied to the physician, I know not; I believe I spoke loosely, and then, I remember kneeling before my little bed, imploring God to prolong my father's stay on earth. But when I entered his presence, I was calm and self-controlled. I kissed him, and read my story to him, a new one I had that week written; but when he fondly smoothed my hair, and said: "My Pearl will be rich and famous some day," I thought how useless would be the wealth, how empty the fame, without his love and approval, and I burst into tears and left the room!

A few more dark pages, and the sunlight falls upon the opened book of life, and the clear glimpses, the green pathways leading to the mansions of everlasting joy! the stone is rolled away from the sepulchre, and the loved and the departed brighten with their love-lit smiles the daily, plodding toll of life. As the consciousness of approaching death dawned on him, he grew so mild and loving! the spirit's foreshadowed glory played around him, broke in flashes from his eyes, in ecstatic smiles from his lips, and soothed me with a promise and a joy unfeigned before. The mists of theology, the cringing fears of superstition fled—he dreaded not the sinners' doom, for he felt there was redemption, hope, for all. "There!" he said, pointing to a sun-lit space opposite his easy-chair, "I see her stand, and she says I am forgiven. Years of eternal reckoning may pass, ere I shall reach that land; and be admitted to the heaven she dwells in! But she comes to comfort—to console—to teach me. Pardon! it is your angel mother. Child! there is no God of wrath and vengeance; He is all mercy, goodness, love and pardon!"

Then I knew that my father had adopted my own self-formed faith—the beautiful faith that came to me in my lonely childhood, and stirred my heart against the denunciations of bigotry, and warmed it to a higher consciousness. Holy and sweet, were these communings of our souls, with my head upon his faintly beating heart, with my hands clasped in his, we prayed, and reverently responded, "God is Love!"

I employed a young girl to assist me to watch with my father, during my absence. She was to call me immediately if he were taken worse. With what trembling apprehensions I left him every morning! how eagerly did I fly home at midday, and rush to his room at night!

He lingered on; and the first violets came, and the spring breezes lifted the whitened locks from his forehead, and I brought the May roses to his room. I was slowly gaining fame and a better compensation. The kind physician who attended my father, generously offered me pecuniary assistance, but I gratefully declined acceptance of his bounty. No stranger's hand should share my labor, none but myself bear the toil, and receive the recompense. I was enabled to dispense with my morning duties, and only gave lessons in the afternoon. I sat with my father, and read to him, or we conversed upon high and glorious themes, upon the goodness of God, the beauties of immortality, the certainties of spiritual guardianship and communion. The mysterious rappings were often heard, and my father knew it was the spirit of his second wife, imploring and receiving forgiveness of the past.

He died on the last day of June, while the earth was teeming with beauty, and the blue skies showering warmth and radiance. With his head upon my bosom, his hand in mine, the name of Eveline upon his lips, his spirit departed without a struggle. And on his pale face rested an expression of fulfilled triumph, a spiritual light, a smile of ineffable peace! Calmly, very calmly, I laid that dear head back upon the pillow, and folded the quiet hands upon the hushed breast, and kissed the brow. The pain, and the fear, and the anguish had departed, and from my lips broke the accents of prayer, the prayer of thankfulness and submission. I could not weep; a deep calm, a blissful sense of security nestled close to my soul. Upon my knees, before my father's lifeless lay, methought I fell asleep; and the deep yearning of my being took wings and led me far, far aloft, to the flower-vales of reunion, to the forest sanctuaries, the mountain heights of spirit-land, and there I beheld my mother, so transcendently beautiful, so inexpressibly radiant, with the gained love-light of that holy realm, that I, the mortal seeker, veiled my eyes, and bowed my knees in worship to that lofty presence. My angel instructor, too, sweet Ethel (Clare) I could not look undazzled upon the sun-rays of her diadem, the flashing of her lily-wand of power!

I saw the ardent spirit of the prostrate body; my father's look of joyous, awakening surprise. I saw my seraph-mother stoop to whisper music words of consolation and encouragement; I saw the guiding hand of Ethel outstretched towards him; the azure banner unfolding from the leafy canopy above. Far, far below, in a dreary valley, enshrouded with mist and shadows, I saw the spirit of Isabella, and her garments were of dusky hue, no flower-wreath crowned her wildly flowing locks. From the sun-rays of my mother's diadem, from the radiant hand of Ethel, I saw streams of light, rosate and golden, descending to the distant plains; lingering with a vivifying glory on the altar fanes, playing 'mid the forest's leafy canopy; kissing the uplifted, rainbow-tinged flowers; beautifying all wherewith they rested with the kindling power of love. On the head of the lone, weary, and remorseful wanderer, that glory rested, pale and faint indeed; yet warming, sanctifying, elevating that erring spirit. Isabella turned her longing eyes to the streams of heavenly light, and on her sight, too, flashed the azure banner, and unseen angels sang its motto, and bade her speed, "through darkness to the light!"

I awoke from that long trance, to find the day declining; the kind physician knocking loudly for admittance.

I buried my father, and smiled when they committed his body to the earth; and when the officiating clergyman delivered his lugubrious speech, I turned away, and in spirit communion with the freed one, and felt the sacredness of conviction within my breast, that he would yet return to me, with looks and words of love; ay, even here on earth. I said something to that effect, to which the minister gravely and reprovingly replied, that such thoughts were sinful, the earthly sinner stood before the judgment seat, where nothing but faith and penitence atoned for the sins committed in the flesh. Your smiles are unbecoming the place and the occasion," he said, almost angrily; "I very much fear, young lady, that your departed father entertained infidel sentiments. Beware, beware for yourself in time! The day of grace is short!" I turned away without deigning a reply; thus was it my fate to be misunderstood; to suffer for the utterance of my truthful sentiments.

How lonely was the room in which I sat alone and wrote; and the aspect of strangers brightened it not. I occupied my father's easy chair, and wrote upon his table. Sweet, poetic fancies, quaint, weird old legends, touching stories of heart and home; came to me then, quick and thronging, and inspired my ever-varying pen, and brought me applause and fame. I passed a year thus, and my name was extolled, and my efforts lauded, and many sought to know me personally, to behold "the graceful, pathetic writer," as they called me in their flattering letters, which the smiling editors delivered to me so complacently. But I warded off all these approaches; there was in my soul no thirst for mere worldly fame, for popular applause. While my father lived, I felt proud of my success, for his sake; now, I toiled for a livelihood, sacredly guarding my pen from profane utterance, yet, in the garb of fiction, presenting to the hypocritically religious, and proudly fashionable world, many a homely truth, many a stinging reproof, and heart-wrung accusation and reproach.

I wrote in song and story the beautiful glimpses awarded to me of a higher life, and an ever progressive unfolding. And what the world deemed pretty and fanciful, mystic and poetical, I felt was the revelation of glorious truths and existing realities.

A year passed, and I often saw my father in visions of the night; and he told me that he was *telling*, not *praying* for happiness; that he labored for light, and truth, and perfection, exercising charity and forgiveness. I caught glimpses of my mother's face, but it was too bright and dazzling to be looked upon. So with Ethel; but I saw not Isabella! I heard no more the mysterious rappings, and my father's spirit visited me not by day.

I received an advantageous offer to write for a paper in another city. Giving up my music scholars, I removed to L—, some thirty miles distant, ever keeping up a correspondence with D—, still contributing to their papers. I carried with me my humble furniture, and ever sat in my father's easy-chair to write.

## CHAPTER VII.

Did I need the trial that came to me in the midst of growing contentment and rising fame? Was it needful that my longing spirit, wandering in ideal realms, should be drawn to earth by the pangs of grief and bitter disappointment, passing through the ordeal of life? Surely it was needful for the purification of my heart, the elevation of my soul. Yet one dark heart-page more, then, reader, rejoice with me,—the light is attained to, the haven reached in safety.

I met Gerard Winslow, and I learned to love him. I confided to him the history of my past sufferings, my real name and station, and he tenderly vowed to be all in life to me; he praised my genius, was proud of my success, and named me his "Pearl of song," his "ocean fairy." His was a superior mind, a cultivated intellect; he appreciated profoundly the beautiful in art and nature, and was the votary of poetry and music. Ah! little did I dream that such a mind could harbor the grovelling propensities of the sensualist, that so brilliant an orator, so sweet a poet, could descend to flattery and deceit, to premeditated treachery and cruel wrong.

I write this passively; not a pulse throbs with pain at the awakened memory, but triumph and the consciousness of right fills my being with a flood of joy; joy for the victory achieved, the spiritual conquest gained. I write this that the young, and fair, and loving, the inexperienced and the impulsive, may learn a lesson, and beware of the false attractions of perverted intellect, the wiles of the unholly schemer. Young girls! bending over these pages, resist the attractions of eye and sense, when the warning voice of intuition or friendship calls. Pure, holy love, is the archangel's boon of life and blessedness, perverted from its heavenly nature to vilest aim; it is the punishment of tortured souls, the burning evil of remorseful spirits, haunting, searing and blighting the sunniest spots of earth.

I believed him true and noble, pure and good; looking upon his handsome face and princely form, I thought it the fit dwelling-place of a lofty, aspiring, angel mind. We were to be wedded soon. He had no parents of whom to require consent. They left him, an only child, in early youth, for the upper realms; alas! for the need of a mother's checking hand, a father's loving example. The world had wooed him with its thousand charms; he had yielded to its call. I had never seen him yield to intoxication; I never heard an utterance from him that could startle or surprise the purest. I knew that he was gay and fashionable; I was loving and confiding; never thinking that vice is not always gross and visibly hideous, that it could clothe itself in robes of grace and beauty, and borrow the sentiments of truth and purity. I knew it not; until one evening there was a timid knock at my parlor door, and when I said, "Come in," a slight and girlish figure, attired in mourning, glided in with the noiselessness of a spirit, and when I questioned her of the object of her visit, she burst into tears, and kneeling at my feet, told me a simple, pitiful tale of unrequited love, and bitter wrong. When she ceased, and I interrupted her not, though my heart ceased beating, and my eyes were wildly bent upon her, striving to read the face she concealed in shame, I knew that Gerard Winslow was false, and cruel, and treacherous; that he was the betrayer of the innocent, the fiend that gloried in his triumphs over woman's weakness; and I was stunned, bewildered, bereft of all power of thought while by the astounding revelation. Then I raised the poor young creature from her humble posture, and kissed her pallid cheek, and bade her go home, still return to me on the morrow. It was a lovely summer day, and I sat before my opened window, hours after the warning, wailing voice had ceased to speak; the fiat of disenchantment had gone forth. There was a feeling of self-abasement within me, and the sudden lifting of the veil revealed the intensity and depth of the love so unworthily bestowed. For a while all was darkness, and I longed to close my eyes upon the world, to flee from its deceptions and falsehoods to eternal rest! But I never wavered in my purpose; through the darkness and the sorrow, my determination stood unshaken; and when the hour drew nigh of his coming, I bathed my eyes, and arranged my dress, and, calm to outward seeming, waited for his familiar step. I heard it at last, and my heart throbbed painfully, a mist obscured my sight, but silver-clear and distinct, the voices of my soul urged me on to duty—to justice—to conquest!

I lifted not my eyes to his face as he entered; I rose not from my seat to greet him. He sat down beside me, and took my hand; then I looked upon him; his face was flushed and animated, beautiful, with its tender expression, its winning, fascinating smile; but for me the charm had fled,—I felt repelled—I shuddered, and withdrew my hand. "What ails you, dearest?" spoke those dulcet tones; they fell discordantly upon my ear; I detected the ringing falsehood amid the melody. I looked steadily upon him; why did he flush and quail beneath my gaze, ere I had spoken a word? There was a long silence, and he felt that I was reading his soul; he knew that I had gained a fatal knowledge. "Go to Ellen Boyd," I said, and my voice trembled not; "go and repair the wrong you have done her. Lead her to the altar; you won her love,—she has the first claim upon you. Upon me you must never look again."

"You cannot mean it, Pearl; you would not desert me! you will not believe the vile fabrication of a—"

"Stop!" I cried, vehemently, and I looked down upon him in withering scorn. "I know that young girl's family; dare not to malign her; add not false hood and defamation to treachery! You have led her to sin,—you shall not lead to remorse. Know, Gerard Winslow, that success has not stole my heart; nor custom and fashion moulded me to their caprices; nor exemption from like temptations rendered me the severe judge of a sister-woman's error. No, no! I have been guarded from wrong, from sin, by angel hands; she, weak and unprotected by the worldly safeguards that surrounded me, fell into the blinding snare. I pity her, I scorn and detest you. Were every virtuous mother to frown down the triumphant libertine, every young girl to deny her presence to him, society would not be the artificial thing it is; pure hearts would not be ensnared, and men would be compelled to be honorable; truly so, not in the fashionable acceptance of the term. Society

spurns the victim of man's treachery, and extends to him the smiling welcome. I protest against the wrong, with scorn, and speech, and pen. God's moral laws are binding upon both sexes. Go, repair the great wrong you have committed; marry Ellen Boyd,—it is your duty."

"Oh, Pearl! I cannot love another woman as I love you," he cried, and he knelt at my feet, and entreated me to revoke my sentence, to forgive his fault, and not doom him to a life of misery without me.

Strongly, eloquently plead the voices of affection and memory; the struggle in my soul was great, but amid the warring tumult, the still, small, powerful voice of duty whispered; and I neglected not its timely warning.

"I cannot be happy at the expense of another," I replied; "I could not live with a remorse upon my conscience, a guilty dread upon my soul. I believe you no longer; I cannot love where I can no longer respect. But would you win heaven's pardon, and the approval of your conscience, return to Ellen Boyd. She only should become your wife."

"But tell me, Pearl, how know you,—how came this knowledge to your ears?"

"She was here to-day; here at my feet, in despair and anguish; vowing self destruction if you wedded another. She told me the sad story of your treachery, and her bitter wrongs. Go, Gerard, if there be one spark of feeling in your bosom, hasten and comfort that unfortunate girl!"

"You demand an impossibility, Pearl—I cannot love Ellen as I love you. I cannot wed a seamstress."

"Dare not to repeat that you love me, vile wretch!" I cried, indignantly; "betrayer of the innocent! pursue proud aristocrat that you are! What gives you the right to oppress the poor, and ensure the weak? Your wealth? it is a curse, and will prove a trouble course to you ere long! Your handsome face and figure? they are hideous and repellant when your soul is unveiled, your grovelling propensities revealed! Your intellect? are you proud of that? It will prove a far greater bane than your wealth, even, for the visions will pursue you, the mocking, brilliant visions of what you might have been, of what your soul might have attained to, were you pure, and true, and just! Go, leave me! never come here again! The dream is over; you know me too well, to think that I could vacillate or change. Do your duty,—it is my parting injunction—and now leave me!"

He looked at me a moment, and read the immovableness of my purpose in my face and manner. He turned deathly pale, and suddenly kissing my hands, he fled my presence.

I heard his descending footsteps, and I buried my face in my hands, and the pent-up sorrow of my heart gushed forth; I wept long and bitterly; but amid the environing darkness of that cruel ordeal, even then, through the first agony of its infliction, streamed a ray of heaven-warm light, and low, sweet voices sang approval.

I left L—in a few weeks. I spoke as friend and sister to the poor, betrayed young creature. I told her of Heaven and of God, as I believed, and as my father had accepted the beautiful doctrine. I gave her money to shield her from want and temptation, exacting a promise from her that she would write to me, and trust me implicitly.

I pursued my literary career in another city, gaining a few tried friends and many laurels. The consciousness of right upheld me, and my first great disappointment passed, leaving no traces of sorrow upon my brow, no vain regrets upon my heart; only deep thankfulness that I was rescued in time, from life-long misery, from a union with one whose spirit would have been no resting place for mine. I suffered deeply, keenly, awhile; the treachery was so great, it overwhelmed me so suddenly! But, I thought of my angel-mother, hovering unseen around me; of Ethel; of my father; and I strove for, and gained the victory. My daily labors called me; and to the pages of romance I confided the sad story of my misplaced love; and I urged gentle hearts to strength, and called upon woman to battle nobly for the right, to wield her prerogative of power and example, by enforcing the law of equity that places man and woman on the like footing in the eyes of society, as well as in the sight of God! So, I shed no useless tears, indulged in no vain repinings; but I grew strong and brave and happy, in the discharge of my duties; and returning to all my earlier dreams, admitting anew the blissful foreshadowings of youth and love, the fairy hopes, and high resolves of life, I placed their complete realization and entire fulfillment above and beyond this earthly sphere. Again I felt the strong attraction drawing me upward, the blessed consciousness of the nearness of those angel-realms; again the breezes were laden with love-fraught messages, and the waters sang intelligibly; a deeper tint dwelt on the roses' cheek, the flowers came "with a voice of promise," and spirit voices uttered greeting, and dewy eyes, and sunlit tresses, flashed athwart the onsetment, and while robes fluttered amid the darkness, a mighty expectation filled my soul.

Then, before the Rochester Knockings, or the advent of Spiritualism in its present varying forms, I knew that spirits returned to earth,—and walked familiarly with men. The impressions of my childhood deepened, and the thoughts of angels flowed from my pen; and much of the life above and within was revealed to me. One day, I saw my father smiling familiarly, as of old; but the furrows had disappeared from his brow and cheeks; the drooping form was erect with manly triumph, the once sunken eye illumined with supernatural love-light; all traces of disease and feebleness gone forever; the hair untinged by a single line of silver. In his hand was a crystal goblet, filled with the living waters of Truth, which he extended towards me. Slowly the vision faded, but I had gazed upon it with open eyes, in my own familiar chamber.

Often I saw my angel mother, but I could not gaze upon her face—it was too bright, too dazzling for mortal eye to look upon. I saw but the lily-wand in Ethel's fingers, the silver gleaming of her snow-white robes. But the azure banner shone upon me, so near I could have touched it with my hand; and its star-bright motto sparkled as if instinct with life and joy:

"We come! we come! we waiting heart to thee, With the songs of love, with the strains of the free; With the dawning wreaths we have won from time; With the joy-bells sounding their welcome chime; With the joy-bells, with the smile of joy, We come, from the spirit's sun-bright shore; We come! from the leaping waters that play beneath 'Mid Eden bowers of endless day; Where messenger birds wing their lofty flight; And seraphs of Knowledge and Love alight; From the boundless realms of the spirit's world, We return to this, 'longing heart' thou wouldst say."



We come from the heights of Thought and prayer,  
From the blessed Isles and their summer air,  
From temples of worship, whose portals unclosed  
At the touch of the humble, whose blissful repose  
Folds in motherly arms, the long-waiting that rove  
In search of fruition, that bright land of Love.

We come from its homes, from its thousand fauces,  
From the joy and the wealth of its vast domains;  
From the ocean hymn, from the welcome song,  
Of the star-crowned, white-robed, festal throng.

We stand at the open, household door,  
We bring rich gifts from the Spirit above!

These words, sung low and sweetly to an accompaniment of a lute-like melody, floated around me one afternoon, and was followed by a soft, liquid humming, as if of fairy bells. Then wafted upon the breeze that came sweeping in at my lattice the mingled odors of strange, sweet flavors; and a bright light flashed before my face, and a warm breath fanned my forehead. I guarded sacredly these beautiful visitations, for I dreaded the ridicule of matter-of-fact and primly pious people, who would have regarded my revelations as the vagaries of lunacy; and have consigned me to the endless perdition for my beautiful belief. So I lived on, quietly, writing much; receiving occasional glimpses of the life beyond, and when the public advent of Spiritualism was proclaimed, I felt that my spirit guardians placed the azure banner in my hand, and I knew that I had attained to the light—that a high and sacred trust was mine.

My hair was slightly turning grey, my eyes had lost much of their youthful fire, but my mind was vigorous, hopeful as ever, when I first heard of the angel in our midst, the humbly born child of the manger. I needed no proof of the genuineness of this mission; had I not harbored the same loving, saving faith, years ago? And when they told me I was a medium, was I not more grateful than surprised? In daily communion with my angel mother, and the excellent spirit of Ethel Clare, I learned lofty lessons of Truth, purity and progression. I often see my father, and he will soon reach my mother's dwelling, which is shared by the true partner of her soul, her first and truest love. In my father's breast there is no earth taint lingering, no enmity, no discord finds admittance there. Each time I see him his garments are brighter; the flowers upon his brow are changing to gems of star-light lustre. From the toil and the effort for purification, Isabella is emerging to the light; and my grandmother, slowly advancing from the gloomy state to which her intolerance and ignorance had bound her for many years, beholds the sunrises of eternal love, and longs for sympathy and affection, for the Heaven of the soul!

I have gained fame and a modest competence; but far dearer to my heart is a heavenly sunbeam from those worlds above, than all the showered wealth of earth! Dearest to me those spirit messages, nay, one word of love from the guardian angel hearts, than all the eulogies and admiration of the world. And here, if a sweet child smile on me and call me fondly, it is to me a richer award than studied praise could ever bestow; I know it is a pure heart's utterance, a true soul's spontaneous gift of love.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," Ellwood Ingletton died the death of the inebriate, and the old house passed from one hand to another for several years. Once, a wild longing possessed me to revisit it, to sit once more within my mother's chamber; but the desire has passed away. I behold that angel mother daily, and I have visited the "mansion not built with hands," wherein she dwells, which I shall one day share.

I met Gerard Winslow once, at a spiritual circle in the country; he looked pale and haggard and careworn, and flushed deeply when he beheld me. I was calm and unmoved, and met him as I would meet a stranger. Whether he ever became a firm believer in our holy philosophy, I am unable to say, for I heard that he went to California, and I have never heard of him since. Ellen Boyd married, and is the happy and respected wife of a good husband, who, informed of her first and only error, generously took her to his bosom, never upbraiding her with the past, loving her worthily and purely. Both are believers in the communion of angels.

I have met in society with those who, in former years, regarded me with haughty scorn. They now greet me with fawning politeness, as the famed authoress, the spiritual medium; may even who do not accept the truths of Spiritualism look on me with a kind of deference. I know how to value their demonstrations of regard. I know that it is not me they love, but the evanescent glory, the earthly distinction surrounding me.

I am one of that much-abused class, for whom society at large harbors so strong a prejudice; I am, an old maid; and the gay and fashionable say I dress queer, because I wear sober colors, and plainly comb my hair away from my face, and use a small umbrella in place of a toy parasol, and wear large bonnets and no hoops. But my spirit is youthful, joyous and buoyant. I sing as gaily and as well as ever; I love a healthful romp with the little ones, and am the tried friend of every stray dog and wandering cat in the neighborhood. I have a little favorite spaniel, resembling very much my lost Mylor, and a pet canary that sings strains of Paradise to my music-loving ear. I am happy, contented, cheerful; and I strive to make others so.

It is not because after the fashion of sentimentally heroic ladies I would be faithful to my first dream of love, that I have chosen a life of single blessedness. I have long since forgotten and forgiven Gerard Winslow; and my ideal of manhood has become ennobled, purified, exalted, an hundred fold! And it is because this ideal is so exalted, so spiritually beautiful and harmonious, that I seek not to find its embodiment on earth. I know, that souls are born wedded, that the law of Love extends throughout Creation; that not one pure aspiration, one holy desire, shall remain unfulfilled; and I wait, calmly, resigned, and cheerful, till in the spirit realms I shall meet "that other me," where no discord shall intrude, no passion mar, no fear invade.

Take home to thy heart this simple story, thou reader; and think, when trials encompass thee, thou art passing "through Darkness to the Light!"

PHILADELPHIA, PA., APRIL, 1868.

FREEDOM OF MIND.

Call that mind free, which jealously guards the intellectual rights and powers, which calls no man master, which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith, which opens itself to light, whenever it may come, which receives new truth as an angel from heaven, which, whilst consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instruction from abroad, not to supersede, but to quicken and exalt its own energies. — CHARLES

Insist on yourself—never imitate.

## WHERE IS DEATH?

We are gratified to be enabled to present our readers with another beautiful poem from the spirit-life through the instrumentality of the excellent trance-speaking medium, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer. We copy it from a late number of the Age of Progress. In reference to it the editor says he received the following brief but interesting history:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Bradley, of Sturgeon Bay, Wis., had an only daughter, who was removed from them by early death, at about ten years of age. When it became evident to the mother that her child had departed from the physical form, she turned to a friend and exclaimed, in the bitterness of her grief, 'I have no daughter now.' The father and mother were here last week, and visited Mrs. Hyzer, at the residence of Capt. Gardner. Whilst there, Mrs. H. was influenced to play and sing, when this poem was improvised by the inspiration of the spirit daughter. What is strikingly remarkable about it is, that the exclamation of the bereaved mother, quoted above, was embodied in the poem, the medium never having heard the circumstances mentioned."

Oh! tell me, mother, where is Death?  
I cannot find it here;  
I only find still more of Life,  
Each moment in this sphere.  
Firm up here, mother, where the flowers  
Four forth their fragrant breath,  
And no one, in these angelic bowers,  
Can tell me aught of Death.

Though when thy burning tear-drops fell  
Upon my pallid brow,  
I heard thee cry, in agony,  
"I have no daughter now!"  
Hast thou not seen the angel throng  
That bore thy child away?  
Thou dost not have to drop another tear,  
Upon my pulseless clay.

They said, dear mother, I must die,  
And slumber "neath the sod,  
Until at some far distant day  
I find the trumpet of God;  
But such sweet tones of melody  
Are falling on my ear,  
I know this must be Heaven, and  
Our Father must be here.

Oh! thou wouldst never say again,  
My child is in the grave,  
Couldst thou but see the fountains bright  
In which thy soul is lavished;  
Couldst thou but feel upon thy brow  
My warm, seraphic breath,  
Thou dost know that I had never felt  
The fearful chill of Death.

But list again! I hear the harps  
In the celestial bowers;  
Their tones are falling on my soul  
Like dew upon the flowers;  
And as they play, my senses steal,  
I almost hold my breath,  
Lest thou, dear mother, shouldst not hear  
Thoum sing "There is no Death!"

## The Fight in the Fen.

A ROMANCE OF THE REIGN OF KING STEPHEN.

The sun was setting broad and red, dimpling the wide expanse of mere and bush and glade with a thousand dancing lights, as a mailed horseman emerged from the deep wood, that, like a rindling night, hemmed in the sylvan waste, and drew his gemmed and glittering rein on the oozy verge of the swamp, that, half merged, half rising from the stagnant water, looked through its glistening tears like some whelmed island bursting from an ocean deluge. Doubtful of his situation, and ignorant in what direction to cast his eyes in search of the object he sought, the rider, after a few minutes' indecision, placed a small horn to his lips, and, with the facility of one well conversant with the use of the instrument, wound on it a strain of singular harmony and significance. The effect of these notes as they floated on the summer breeze and woke a far off echo in the woods, was singular and startling. A dozen horns rang out an instant challenge, filling the air and near with sounds at once martial and defiant, while, almost before the eye could contemplate the change, every tree and bush of the wooded island, so lately the abode of the wild fowl and stork, became alive with steel-clad men, bristling with spear, gisarm, and mace, banner and flag, which, catching on a thousand glittering points the setting sun, seemed to wrap the weedy island in a sheet of flashing flame. Uncertain yet of his reception—for in those days the utmost precaution was necessary to distinguish friends from foes—the horseman brought his rosary and cord girdle to the front, and displaying to easy inspection the gold mitre worked on his horse-cloth, grasped the spike-headed mace that hung from his saddle bow, for the religious decorum of the time, though sanctioning ecclesiastical soldiers, did not permit them to carry out or thrust weapons, their use being supposed inconsistent with the peaceful profession of the clergy.

The bishop for such, by the soap-suit and stole that were visible beneath his surcoat, and, by the other insignia of his rank, he evidently was, after a moment's indecision, drove his jeweled spurs into his horse's flanks, and at once boldly plunged into the lake, and after much toil and considerable swimming, succeeded in landing his dabbled steed on the destined island.

A loud and triumphant shout of welcome greeted the arrival of the new comer, as the armed bands recognized in the bishop one of their foremost and most esteemed leaders, and craved from him a hasty benediction.

"Well met, my Lord of Ely!" exclaimed a tall, powerful man of middle age and commanding features, who, approaching the horseman, pressing through the unheeded and eager throng who gathered round the holy visitor. "What urgent tidings or new disaster has brought your grace alone to the flats and floods of Lincolnshire? Speak, my Lord Bishop, what of my royal sister—what of the Empress? And how comes it that your relatives, his Grace of Sarum and the Bishop of Lincoln—our hope and comfort in the coming struggle—come not with your reverence? Resolve these points, my Lord of Ely, for rumor makes us fear some dire misfortune to Matilda's cause."

"Rumor is a shrewd prophetess, my Lord of Gloucester," cried the bishop, leaping from his war-horse, and grasping the mailed hand of the powerful chief. "By holy Church, Lord Marshal, you say well, it is a dire misfortune of which I come the solitary herald. Stephen—that arch traitor, on whom may all the anathemas of Heaven fall!—growing covetous for the holy treasures of the Church, made sudden quarrel with our sacred Order, the better to disguise his sacrilegious theft, and from some difference with the followers of the Earl of Brittany, made a pretext to seize the persons of my uncle, cousin, and myself, and leading us with ignominious chains, cast us into separate dungeons, while his Brabants, free-lances, and mercenary ruffians, possessed our strongholds and castles, and gave up to pillage the holy treasures and saintly relics of our several churches. A priceless ruby on my episcopal glove, my bishop's ring, which had escaped the notice of my captors, served to bribe my surly jailers, and I escaped, and, posting night and day, reached my castle of Newark, closely beleaguered by the arch-dead himself, remorseless Stephen. Inspired by my pretence, my vassals resolved to perish rather than yield. Enraged by my escape, and baffled in all his

assaults, the royal tiger swore that neither food nor drink should pass the lips of Roger of Salisbury or Alexander of Lincoln while Newark remained uncapitulated, and daily placed my poor uncle and cousin in front of the walls, that I might see their gaunt and wasted forms, and note their famished and imploring looks as bent on me for mercy and for life. I could have borne Lincoln's distress, and seen him die rather than yield my trust; but my uncle, with his white beard and tottering steps, his famished looks and sunken eyeballs, woke all my pity and revenge, and to save their lives I yielded up the castle and its wealth, and fled eastward, bearing that you had gathered head here in the marshes, and that Lincoln was still faithful to the Empress, to which point the impetuous monarch moves his power, hoping to storm the place ere you or I can muster power to cover or relieve it. The Empress has taken post at Gloucester, and, supported by stout Talbot, Lacy of Chester, Mohun Fitzalan, and other valiant barons, keeps well her own, and daily swells the muster of her troops. But now, my Lord of Gloucester, break up your marshy fortress, quit these dangerous fens, where any sudden fall of water or rise of tide would whelm your power in instant ruin. Give the word, my lord, and let us march at once to rescue Lincoln."

The speaker had scarcely concluded his hasty address, when the solemn stillness of the scene was abruptly broken by the loud clangor of martial music, and the wild shouts of a tumultuous army, as, without any previous intimation of the fact, and as if by magic, the vast host of Stephen debouched from every glade and alley of the deep wood that, for three-fourth of a circle, surrounded the expanse of water that separated them from the hastily fortified island. And though the greater part of the scene was already wrapped in the deep shadow of evening, bleeding tree and lake in an indistinct gloom, yet the glint of armor and the flash of steel, as man and horse pressed onward, forcing the foremost ranks breast deep in the bog, looked like confused and waving brands through the deepening gloom of night. The shouts of men, the constant splash of water, the neigh of foundering horses, and the loud bray of the trumpet, as it called stragglers to their parted standards, told the watchful ear and martial bishop that Stephen, in person, was making preparation, by a bridge of boats and floating stages, for the cavalry to cross the lake, and carry the island by storm.

"We have them, my Lord Bishop," exclaimed Gloucester, as he took his helmet from his esquire and prepared himself for battle; "this impetuous king has sealed his own doom: before he can near our woodland fortress, darkness will have enveloped the scene, and make their bewildered columns an easy prey to our bows and slings; or, should they, from their numbers, gain a footing, our troops know all the fords and shallows that lead to the mainland, and can draw off unperceived; and while Ralph Lovel defends the passes with his archers, we can push on for Lincoln and relieve the fortress, while the king is kept besieged upon this barren island, whereague and famine will do the work of vengeance and the sword, and eat the heart out of his puissance. Hark! they near us, and push further out their doubtful bridge. You may trace them through the darkness, not a dozen rods from our salient breastwork. Pass the word for the slings to line the shore, and plant the archers in the trees," cried the earl, in a subdued voice to his esquire. "Load the catapult with flints and javelin heads, and see the archbats well fitted with a shower of feathered steel. We'll rain a storm upon their serried lines, my Lord of Ely, that shall make you bridge a floating hearse. Rush foul! a gleam of sunlight were at this moment worth thy crown and kingdom," he added contemptuously, as, with a mocking smile, he observed his slingers silently extend themselves among the rush and undergrowth at the margin of the island, and the bowmen stealthily climbing into the trees, draw home their pointed shafts, and patiently wait the preconcerted signal.

Though Robert, Earl of Gloucester—Matilda's general—was unquestionably a bold and judicious leader, and a man of great military abilities, and constituted the main strength and dependence of his sister's cause, his vanity made him often under-estimate the capabilities of his antagonist and military rival. Stephen was a commander of consummate shrewdness and capability, and if he did not possess the calm, passionless endurance of Gloucester, he surpassed him in expedients, rapidity of action, and boldness of execution; and, on the present occasion, showed himself every way a prudent and daring leader. The feat he was now attempting—that of storming an enemy in his island fortress—had been accomplished by the Conqueror on the routed Saxon, in the same spot, nearly a hundred years before, with this difference, that William led his Normans over their bridge of boats in the light of day; Stephen, in his impatience, commenced the attack the instant of his arrival, and for the darkness of night, found an expedient, that at once crowned the enterprise with success and confounded his antagonists, disconcerting every precautionary measure they had arranged to cover their retreat and overwhelm their baffled enemy.

Scarcely had the taunt escaped the lips of the over-confident Gloucester, than, through the darkness, the last series of platforms rudely constructed of blocks of wood, small boats, and even trees, covered with planks, brought with the army for that purpose, were hastily floated and propelled forward almost to the margin of the island, where a column of densely packed men-at-arms, on foot, took instant possession of its entire length, looking through the darkness, as here and there a glint of armor flashed in the gloom, and through the thick exhalations that rose from the miles of tranquil water that extended on every side, like some spectral host, guided to their fate by mocking will-o'-the-wisps. Scarcely had the mind time to comprehend the indistinct and shadowy mass of human life that loomed so ominously through the shade, than, leaping up in long, tortuous tongues of flame, such a flood of fire and light burst on the scene as woke the remotest darkness into sudden day, revealing to the startled eye every leaf and bough and threatening form with the distinctness of the noon day sun.

On his extreme right and left Stephen had fired the forest, and as the crackling flames leaped and hissed up the tall trees, and flung their blazing light across the water, the royal troops, dashed on their ashore, and made firm their hold of the island shore before a bow-string twanged, or the signal could be given, to pour on the bold invaders those appliances of war that Gloucester had so lately posted to encounter them. When, however, the huge catapults and archbats were at length discharged, their terrible missiles were idly spent upon the wild, and roared and whistled through the empty air, tearing

down boughs or rattling through the trees like some terrific hail-storm, bearing down all before them. With a heaving shout that, coupled with the terror inspired by the roaring conflagration, spread perfect panic among Gloucester's troops, Stephen himself, tall in stature, and of commanding presence, with his hauberk of twisted mail and his curved shield, held before his head, bowing his way with the flashing glissard, led on his men at arms, and taking advantage of the enemies' surprise, poured in such a tide of men, and followed up each success with such alacrity, that Gloucester in vain attempted to rally his disheartened followers and present a front to his triumphant enemy; for such was the force and impetuosity of the king and his adherents, that every opposition was swept before them, and the earl himself forced, pell-mell, with his discomfited troops, fairly off the island.

All night long, by that fearful torch that lit the heavens, far as to Newark and Lincoln, Stephen pursued the foe, leaving along the line of his flying march a bloody track of death and suffering. The impetuous king, more bent on scattering than destroying his enemies, paused not to pursue those larger bodies that diverged right and left of his march; but, content to drive a few straggling troops before him, gave no thought to the possibility of their rallying, but contented himself with pushing on with all expedition to take Lincoln, under whose walls he, on the succeeding day, encamped his army, and, planting some huge catapults and battering-rams, prepared to invest the place, having, as he fully believed, destroyed, in Gloucester's army, the only opposition he had to fear, having swept over the face of the country for twenty miles like a destroying whirlwind.

Gloucester, on the other hand, though enraged by a defeat where he had looked for victory, like a prudent general, took every opportunity to rally his scattered forces, and strained every means to enable him to renew the war, and wipe away the disgrace which both his pride and military reputation suffered. On the other hand, Stephen, with the burghers, who were staunch adherents of his party, was venting his passion on the walls of Lincoln, and spending his rage in fruitless attempts on the Bishop's Castle, which had been built but recently, on the king's accession—when, to ingratiate himself with the turbulent barons and the proud military chiefs of the Church, Stephen had granted permission for each feudal lord to erect himself a fortress.

Bent on carrying the place and punishing the imprisoned bishop's contumacious followers, Stephen redoubled his exertions; but so powerful were the defenses, and so brave and obstinate the garrison, that, after a considerable delay, finding no further advanced than when he first invested it with his army. In this situation he was suddenly called upon to encounter his former foe.

Gloucester, having crossed and re-crossed the country, once more joined his defeated bands, and with a fresh army of nearly ten thousand men, abruptly marched on Lincoln, thus placing Stephen between himself and the resolute garrison in his rear, and offered, or rather commanded, battle.

The engagement that ensued was characterized by one of those acts of treachery and desertion so frequent in those turbulent times, and so significant of the low tone of general morals, where the false service of the vassal was only a reflex of the broken oath and perjured allegiance of the baron to his suzerain, or the monarch himself to his people.

On the approach of Gloucester with his army, Stephen hastily drew off his troops from before the Castle, and, drawing up his forces in order of battle, placed his cavalry, or men-at-arms, on either wing, and his foreign mercenaries, who constituted the main strength of his infantry, in the centre; and, having made this disposition of his power, led his army forward on the enemy with his usual impetuosity and daring.

The shock of the two contending hosts was, for a moment, as they encountered in battle, fearful, each party recoiling from the concussion, like waves dashed wings of Stephen's army wheeled their horses from the press, and, with a loud shout, passed over to swell the ranks of Gloucester's battle. At the same time, the earl led forward his whole strength, as if to surround and overwhelm the unprotected infantry of the King, when an encounter of singular obstinacy and carnage followed, every man fighting hand-to-hand, and standing in a confined space, back to back, dying where they stood, and covering the ground with heaps of slain.

Upon the desertion of his men-at-arms, Stephen saw at once that all hope of saving the battle was at an end, and all that remained was either to draw off his infantry before overpowered and put to flight, or, by a desperate effort of valor, to cut his way through the opposing lines, or perish bravely in the attempt. But so surrounded was his little army by the outflanking enemy, that nothing remained but to sell their lives dearly, and die upon the ground they occupied.

Upon this occasion Stephen performed many heroic deeds of daring: at length, spurring his horse into the midst of the foe, he dealt a death with every sweep of his weapon, and had already cleared a space around himself and charger, when Ralph Lovel and the Bishop of Ely rushed upon him at once. Receiving the knight's lance on his shield, he felled him to the earth, as he swept by, with a back stroke of his gisarm, and instantly bringing it down on the helm of the prelate, the weapon shivered to pieces, as horse and man rolled over on the field. Before he could recover his sword the Earl of Gloucester assailed him in front, and twice pierced his habergeon with his lance. Goaded by his horse to the quick, the King rushed, sword in hand, upon his hated foe and perjured rival, but, grasped by twenty hands, he was dragged from his horse, his hauberk torn from his neck, and the point of a lance already placed at his throat, when Gloucester, dashing the weapon aside, sprung from his horse, and stretching out his hand to Stephen, raised him from the ground, exclaiming, "Prisoner Sir King, yield!"

Two hours later the vanquished monarch was loaded with felon chains, and before the expiration of a week was cast, like the most ignominious captive, into one of the deepest dungeons of Bristol Castle.

Matilda, now seated on the throne by Stephen's captivity, began quickly to show her arrogant nature and the indifference of her promises; and so disgusted many of her warmest partisans, that her staunchest adherents fell off in numbers, or, withdrawing from the court of the imperious woman, kept secluded in their castles in moody discontent.

Meanwhile, the solitary tenant of the lowest and foulest dungeon in Bristol Castle was loaded with

every indignity and insult which Matilda's malice or triumphant vengeance could conceive.

Unable longer to endure the sufferings to which her husband was subjected, Stephen's queen, Matilda, setting her dignity aside, resolved to seek the haughty Empress, and, as a suppliant woman, implore the boon of some mitigation in the rigorous custody of her beloved husband. For this purpose, the beautiful and affectionate wife of the fallen King sought the Empress, where she kept her court in the Tower, and where, surrounded by her flatterers and parasites, she sat in regal pomp, and only bent on the glories of the morrow's coronation, had no thought of present danger, no apprehensions of alarm.

"Who is this beggar of our clemency?" cried the arrogant Empress, as Matilda the Queen entered the royal presence between two of her sorrowing women, and, with trembling steps, approached the dais on which, wrapped in Eastern silks, and lounging on piled cushions, the imperious woman sat, resting her white hand on the spread wings of the golden sceptre.

"A poor suppliant for thy mercy," cried Matilda, throwing back her wimple and hood, and exposing, as she fell on her knees, the well-known features of the wife of the immured Stephen.

"We are amazed," replied the Empress, coldly, "that a traitor's wife has such audacity as to brave our royal anger by this enforced intrusion! Know you, minion, that we can have you scourged!"

"Oh, speak not in your wrath, but in pity hear me!" cried Matilda, interrupting the Empress, and unheeding the insulting tenor of her words. "As you are a woman," she continued, with supplicating hands, and in a tone of such deep feeling that it might have moved any heart but one so cold and obdurate as that of the Empress-Widow, "pity my sufferings; as you are a wife, feel for my hapless plight, parted from him I love; as you are a mother, and here her voice grew tremulous and low, "have compassion on a forlorn woman and a fatherless boy; and, as you are a Queen, great in your dignity and mighty in your power, pardon, and extend thy mercy to my prayer; and let the memory of my husband's generosity to you plead for him now," she added, with imploring eagerness.

"To me? Out, minion! What act but of blackest treason against our throne can Stephen allege?"

"Oh, how ill does it become the donor to remind the cooling friend of benefits conferred," Matilda rejoined, with a momentary burst of pride and indignity. "When first you sought those shores in hostile arms my husband, with the kingdom at his back, besieged you in Arundel Castle; but, scorning, as all beneath his knightly oath, to war on women, he set you free—nay, more: gave you safe conduct through the bristling land, to you and all your foreign friends, who by the right of war were captives, and never left your side till to your rebellious brother Gloucester he delivered you in safety." Does conduct such as this merit the indignity of claims, the felon's doom? Oh, by your hopes of mercy!" she cried vehemently, and throwing herself at the foot of the dais; "by all you hold most dear on earth and heaven, by your sweet son, by your dear lord, and by your holy trust hereafter, pity my tears, pardon my noble husband!"

"Take hence this termagant!" cried the Empress, rising; "and if she again presume—Stay!" she added, suddenly, as her whole frame swelled with vindictive pride, while the joy-bells from a hundred steeples rang their glad music through the city, and the far-off shouts of the people rose and fell, and mingling with the bells, came wafted through the lofty and thick-ribbed walls of the royal lodgings in the Tower. "Harken, thou traitor's wife, to those rejoicing sounds! hear how my glad people triumph in my coming coronation! and let the knowledge that to-morrow's noon will see my brow gird with England's crown, strike despair into thy heart, and be my refusing answer to every claim advanced for traitors. Begone! or smarting rods shall teach thy most unmannered tongue obedience. Away!"

"Insulting Queen! unnatural woman!" exclaimed Matilda, rising proudly to her feet, and scornfully surveying the imperious sovereign; "the time may yet come when every tear that I have shed in vain to move thy callous heart, will yet revert in tenfold bitterness and woe to you. Rather than owe to you the mitigation of one pang my noble husband bears, I'd share his noisome dungeon, and seal my love and truth beneath the axe that severs life and hope in gallant Stephen's end! False-hearted thing! thou art beneath a virtuous woman's scorn!" and with a firm, majestic tread, the Queen swept out of the chamber.

The populace, enraged at the unsuccessful issue of the wife's intercession with the Empress, and always strongly attached to Stephen, rose suddenly in tumultuous bands, reversed the bells, and instead of notes of joy, they pealed from every belfry discordant sounds of strife, and wild appeals to arms. Instantly from every house rushed forth men armed to the teeth, and bent on deadly conflict; and where, but an hour before, all was smiling confidence, the wildest anarchy reigned, and once more were the streets filled with blood and slaughter.

So sudden and universal was the insurrection, that all Gloucester's power was insufficient to overawe or check it. The Tower was carried by assault, and the Empress had the greatest difficulty in escaping from the city with life—her brother and his Brabants hewing a passage for her, till the enraged citizens and maddened soldiery, still, finally reaching the fields, she mounted a horse, and, after immense danger, and riding all night, in the midst of a few followers, through a fearful storm, ultimately reached Oxford, the day after that she had assigned so confidently as the one of her coronation.

Gloucester, in following with his army, fell into an ambush in the night, and his forces being routed in the obscurity by the Londoners, he himself was taken prisoner, and brought back to the city. With Gloucester's captivity, the hopes of the Empress rapidly declined, and an exchange of prisoners having ultimately been effected, Stephen was taken from his dungeon, and once more ascended the throne; while the Empress and her brother Gloucester finally took shelter in her husband's government of Anjou and Normandy.

After a civil war that had invaded every part of the kingdom, and which was carried on with singular malice and bloodshed for more than sixteen years, an arrangement was at last ratified between Stephen and Henry, the son of the Empress (his own son Eustace having died in the interim) by which the throne was secured to the latter, after the death of Stephen, and the distracted country was once more blessed with peace and order.

Matilda, the only remaining child of Henry the First, after the shipwreck and loss of Prince William and his sisters, was married to Henry the Fifth, Emperor of Germany. On his death, in 1156, she returned to England, and was again appointed by her father to succeed him. But in the following year she was married to Geoffrey, Duke of Anjou. The eldest son of this marriage was Prince Henry, afterwards Henry the Second.



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## Banner of Light.

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## THOSE AROUND US.

It is no new thing to be told that spirits are continually hovering around us; it is as old as the most ancient records are able to attest. We find the Scriptures full of such accounts, showing that from the very twilight and dawn of history it has been a common matter for angels, and messengers from the worlds above us, to make frequent visits to those who still dwell in the flesh.

Among polite writers, it is a confession which may not be chargeable to the pleasant play of the imagination alone, that guardian angels are all the while about us, keeping close and blessed companionship with us, sharing our most secret thoughts and our most wandering sympathies, strengthening us with the most comforting and holy assurances, and imperceptibly building up within our natures a spiritual structure, of whose indescribable perpetuity and value we can have no possible conception.

Addison touches on this most interesting subject in one of the earliest numbers of the Spectator. As the passage is so exactly to the point in question, the space could not be as well occupied with any remarks of our own in place of it:—

"For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits; and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, when we think ourselves most alone; but instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society, in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same consort of praise and adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in paradise; and had doubtless his eye upon a verse in old Hesiod, which is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage:—

—Nor think, though men were none,  
 That Heaven would want spectators. God want praise!  
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk on earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;  
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
 Both day and night. How often from the steep  
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
 Singing their great Creator? Oh in bands  
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,  
 In full harmonic number joined, their songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n."

It is a delightful assurance this. Thus we feel that we are among friends and companions every hour. They take silent note of our very thoughts; they interest themselves in all our purposes and plans; they entwine their own sympathies closely with ours; they temper our secret joys, and assist to assuage our most violent griefs.

It is no new doctrine, as we before said. Thanks be to Heaven! it is as old as man. From the beginning we had need of such aids to existence, which thus doubled and enlarged our enjoyments, and they were granted. The history of the patriarchs and the prophets is filled with the encouraging and delightful records. We read of messengers on almost every page. The world has been illuminated with their messages from the birth of man. Angels, have always been around us, to offer their aid and sympathy in earthly affairs.

Because their manifestations for a time were not as vivid and striking as they are recorded to have been in the earlier days, it argues nothing at all against the possibility of their approaches. If they came once with their messages to man, they could come again. If it was in obedience to a natural law that they entered upon a close and constant fellowship with men, we nowhere have any proof that such a law of nature has ever been repealed, or that spirits out of the body were denied further communications with the spirits within the form.

It is as the polished English essayist so feelingly says; we cannot refuse to believe these things, especially with so many proofs accumulating upon us from one day to another; we accept those multiplied assurances, with the long train of blessings that flow out of them, with grateful hearts; we rest in peace to think that we are all the time surrounded with throngs of sympathizers and counselors; it exalts the very homeliest duties of life, to know that they do but tend to our own ennoblement, and that there is no office which falls to our service, however humble it may be, but aids in the work to which we are all devoted—the spiritualization of our whole nature.

## THE MAILS.

Reports from many of our subscribers reach us, which are commendatory of the promptness of Uncle Sam's mails, while a few complain of irregularity.

In order to avoid the possibility of blame being rightfully attached to this office, we have taken much extra pains for the past six months with the business of our mail department, and hence we are obliged to place the blame on postmasters and clerks at the various places of distribution away from Boston.

We have known one instance where a family in a country town took the Banner, weekly, for some time from the post carrier, knowing that it was not theirs, but as the carrier left it there, they could not see any obligation on their part, to restore it to its lawful owner, or correct the error of the carrier. People who wish to read the paper do not think it worth the while to get it, in this way. It is only a paper, and will frequently think a subscriber's mail.

when he discovers the little fraud and takes measures to check it. This is undoubtedly the way many of our subscribers lose their papers, and by resenting the fraud at their own post-offices, the difficulty would be obviated.

We trust if one of these newspaper embezzlers reads this, it will cause him to form a correct opinion of his meanness and that he will go and sin no more, and that our "subscriber," whose complaint is before us, will not be annoyed by petty theft.

We have copies on hand of almost all our book numbers and will always send them free of charge to subscribers who have been made victims by these "irregularities of the mails," if they will write to us for them. He says, "people do not purloin other papers, but the Banner of Light is out of the ordinary course of paperdom, and people will steal it."

## LONGEVITY OF LITERARY MEN.

We have always had an idea that men who followed letters for a living—if, indeed, they could live by it—and who knew enough besides letters to know how to take care of themselves, were apt, as a class, to inherit length of days. Recently, a lecture has been read before the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, upon this very topic. The lecture was by Dr. Wynne, and the report of it is very interesting, treating his subject, as he did, in a truly thoughtful, if not scientific, manner.

His examples, with which he illustrated his remarks, were drawn from English records, embracing that class of people among the English nobility which, on the one hand, is placed above all necessity for labor—and, on the other, are entirely freed from those healthy stimulants which incite men in the ordinary walks of life to exertion.

The lecturer stated that until within the last few years, the members of the nobility were supposed to be most favorably situated for long lives; but carefully collated facts, derived from the highest and most authentic sources, showed that with very rare exceptions, the duration of life was less among them than in any other class, and far below the average duration among those societies which are made up altogether of the working classes. The member of the ranks of the nobility who is known to have attained the greatest age, was Sir Ralph de Vernon, who is said to have died one hundred and fifty years old. The three Misses Legge, descendants of the Earl of Dartmouth, died at the ages of 105 and 111 years respectively.

Of the members of the privileged classes in England, kings lived the fewest years, next peers of the realm, then expectants of titles, and highest on the list those noblemen whose grade of title brought them nearest within the reach of the masses of the population. The inference from which was, that labor was a necessary condition for the man who would live to enjoy many days, and that none ought to be so grateful as they who feel obliged to make regular exertion.

Among those who were embraced in the literary class were some who, like natural philosophers, generally attained great length of days, and others as poets, in which the duration of life appeared to be short. Between these two classes were many grades whose position in the scale was generally defined by the absence or presence of the imaginative faculties in the production of their works. As a general rule the calm and exalted studies of the philosopher, although often severe, were found to be favorable to longevity, while the development of that imaginative faculty by means of which the poet was enabled to weave his conceptions into verse, was found to abridge its duration.

In addition to the effect produced by different species of literary labor upon their posterities, there was no doubt that individual peculiarities had much to do with inducing a favorable or unfavorable result. This was especially the case with poets, who were, as a class, men of irregular lives. The instances of Burns, Cowper, Bantline and Byron were cited as examples of this position, and many of their personal peculiarities were detailed, showing them to have lived either in a state of great excitement or of the deepest melancholy.

## THE SPIRIT WHISPER.

Surely some spirit told me thou wert near!  
 I saw thee not—thy voice I ne'er heard:  
 Thy step was noiseless, and no rustling sound  
 Came from thy garments, neither on the ground  
 Were traces of thy feet. How could it be  
 Thy shadow had not been there?—Oh, how not see?  
 Thy shadowed form did not to me appear—  
 Surely, some spirit whispered thou wert near?  
 Surely, some spirit told me thou wert nigh—  
 Told me thy will known form was passing by;  
 How else should I have felt that thrill so sweet,  
 And yet so sad, into my heart's recess?  
 What caused my frame to tremble, and my cheek  
 To change my hue?—muse eyes a form to seek  
 To them invisible? I can but sigh.  
 Surely, some spirit whispered thou wert nigh!  
 Surely, some spirit told me thou wert there—  
 Thou, with the eagle eyes and soft, dark hair—  
 Thou, with the noble form so full of grace—  
 Thou, with rare genius beaming from thy face—  
 Thou, for whose presence I so long have sighed,  
 Thou, only thou, my friend, my heart's best pride;  
 Why did I feel thy presence fill the air?  
 Surely, some spirit whispered thou wert there!

## MISS HARDINGE AT THE MELBAON.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture upon spirit influence in the Melbaon (Tremont Temple) on Thursday evening, May 13, at 7-12 o'clock. Subject: An explanation of the sayings of Christ, as recorded in the New Testament, which are considered as proving future endless punishment. Matthew: chap. xxv, v. 46—and kindred passages. Admittance 10 cents. There can be no doubt that this subject will be handled in a manner to attract the scientific and theological minds of our city, and as Dr. Gardner invites the clergymen of Boston and vicinity to attend and present any questions which may be suggested by the subject, we trust they will avail themselves of the opportunity. This is an invitation, not a challenge, the object being to arrive at Truth, and to present this momentous subject in its proper light.

## YOU WANT SOME FLOWERS IN THAT WINDOW.

They will make it look like a cheerful home; they will delight you with their beauty, and lead you to holy thoughts of the beautiful and pure. They will gladden the heart of your neighbor; even the passer by will inhale a soul-fragrance as he gazes upon them. Nothing gives stronger evidence of a person having good taste, and being good and kind-hearted, than a good selection of plants, enjoying the air and laughing in the sunshine, which in its turn dances in at the window, to look upon them and refresh itself.

Now if you want some of these little angels, just drop a line to Mr. Thaler, Medford, or visit him at his Nursery. He sells fine plants at reasonable prices. Also, bouquets of all kinds.

## WHAT MAKES US AFRAID OF DEATH.

Heretofore, man has thought but little of the spiritual economy; he has preferred to exercise his thoughts, and set his affections on earthly things, for the reason that the spiritual world has been presented in a way to create in the mind uncertainty, doubt and fear. For the sinner, which every one is conscious of being, there has been presented a prospect at death of eternal banishment from all the tender sympathies of love and forgiveness, with no hope, no heaven.

The tendency of the teachings of the past, in relation to immortal life, have had the effect to repel and turn the thoughts from it. The thought of death has produced unpleasant and painful anticipations; apparitions of the departed have filled the soul with terror; to be in the presence of the corpse of a departed friend, alone in solitude, has been productive of silent fear; to walk among the graves in a churchyard, at the hour of midnight, has filled the mind with timidity, anticipating the appearing of ghosts, at which the soul shudders and recoils with horror.

In relation to life after death, we have not acted in a way to signify a belief that life is a real and a better life; and if real, that the intelligences of the departed are still identical intelligences, as they were before death. Our belief in immortal life, reading and judging from the great volume of human actions, has been vague and uncertain. We have been almost dead to the consciousness of invisible realities, to the immense hosts of human spirits, freed from their earthly bodies, inhabiting every inch of atmosphere that encircles the earth. The tendency, in a word, of the teachings of the religions of the past, have been to make us dread and fear the invisible world, a world to which the spirits of men proceed at death, still in possession of a conscious existence, to be retained forever.

If the soul live after death, that life inevitably must be, from the nature of the case, a better, a higher life than this; for the spirit is above matter, and the conditions of the spirit are above the conditions of matter.

When we begin to contemplate the anticipated beauties of spirit life, in the exercise of reason, we are lost in admiration; for all the beauties of the physical world afford not so much soul satisfaction as one well perceived truth pertaining to spirit life; for what is of the earthly endures but for a little time, while what is of the spirit endures forever.

Our souls have been turned away by repulsive pictures from these beauties of the spirit, and our efforts and energies have been directed to the physical world, and there is in the human race an inexpressible poverty of spiritual intelligence.

Freedom is coming, chains are falling off, fear is fast fading away, and spirits are being recognized. Opinions are dying out, and truths are flowing into individual souls direct; immortal life is no longer a conjecture, but it is a tangible truth to the soul, it is a part of the soul's intelligence; and for this tangible assurance of immortal life, of a better life, thanks shall be added unto thanks, in silence; for, what utterance of the soul can speak the ecstasy of life, life forever! The first demand that Spiritualism makes upon its followers is a practical, common sense, philosophical belief in immortality. The first truth that Spiritualism plants in the human soul is the sure knowledge of eternal life. Spiritualism has banished, already, from many hearts, all fear of death, and when its work shall be more advanced, the fear and dread of death in all hearts shall be lost in oblivion, forever, and death shall be anticipated, and hailed as the welcome messenger to bear our souls through its narrow portals to a more real world, a better world, a happier and a higher world, whose beauties are enduring and fresh forever.

Spiritualism implants such convictions intuitively, in the hearts of its disciples; and these convictions are indelible and steadfast, no teachings or doctrines of men, however powerfully or eloquently presented, can alter, one jot or tittle. When the soul intuitively perceives the truth and beauty of immortality, which intuition is the only true evidence, there is a silent whisper within beyond, all utterance, that speaks reality, that whisper speaks life, love, truth eternal; and in fearful joy the soul reverts to the cherished fear of death in the past as existing no more, and turns to the unmeasured future and says, "Why talk of death, when God has made these countless worlds and all the life that teams within, and placed them in eternity? Why talk of death?—Oh, call it life in varied phases, and let dread death grow mould with age." "We know not death; all, all is life."

"Bright rays of hope come flowing in,  
 To raise our souls from fettered sin,  
 And sin is but the darkened night,  
 That comes before the morning light."

A. B. C.

## TEST OF SPIRIT PRESENCE IN HOPKINGTON, MASS.

Messrs. Editors.—At a circle held in this town during the month of March, a spirit, giving the name of J. V. Downing, manifested through Nathan L. Coburn, medium, and stated he was pastor of the Bromfield street church in your city, in the year 1838. That the church was erected in the year 1806, the principal men interested and engaged in its founding, being A. Binney, T. Ratten, D. Patten, T. Minott, G. Sutherland, J. Ingalls, and John Clark. That in 1806 there were two preachers there, Peter Jones and Samuel Merwin, and from that year to 1829, the church had listened to forty preachers, as their own pastors, and from 1829 to 1857 to seventeen more. That J. N. Maffitt was pastor in 1827, J. Horton in 1837, C. Adams in 1839, the last of whom was now on earth.

Being investigators, we wrote to Boston for a copy of the list of founders and pastors, with dates of their settlement, and received the enclosed report, which we send you, together with the original answers, received from the spirit of the circle in reply to our queries.

We think this a very successful Test, inasmuch as dates and names are given without a mistake occurring.

Yours truly,

P.

## PERSONAL.

Mrs. Ada L. Coan is giving sittings at the Fountain House from 10 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock. Terms \$1 per hour for one or two persons. Mrs. C. is the celebrated rapping and writing test medium.

Mrs. Henderson may be addressed at the Fountain House, care of H. E. Gardner, by those persons in the vicinity of Boston desiring her services on week evenings and Sabbaths, during the ensuing three months.

Miss Emma Hardinge may also be addressed in the same manner during the month of May.

RHEODORE PARKER'S LECTURES. In future, we intend to publish brief reports of Mr. Parker's Sunday morning lectures.

## Meetings in Boston.

## MISS EMMA HARDINGE'S LECTURES.

Crowded audiences assembled in the Melbaon on Sunday afternoon and evening to hear the celebrated spirit medium, Miss Emma Hardinge, of New York, whose fame has been great in the mouths of Spiritualists in that city, and whose rivalry with Mrs. Hatch has excited the opinions of many. Much interest had been experienced the previous week to hear this celebrity; and we believe, while people are divided in their appreciation of the talents of the two ladies, none are found to deny either a high standing in the media ecnacy.

There can be no just comparison instituted between the two which is not founded on mere taste; for their style and manner furnish as strong a contrast as could be set up. Our own opinion would lean in favor of Mrs. Hatch's superior power and manner of persuasion. Miss Hardinge is the more striking, but not the more convincing speaker. Her discourses manifest a prompting intelligence of no common character, and her prelections are in consequence, to our belief, much in advance of the range of even the best human intelligences. They constitute a garland of beautifully expressed truths so mathematically interwoven as to make the abstraction of one vitiate the character of the whole. This feature in her discourses hinders us from giving more than a mere notice of them. She is very beautiful and attractive in form and general appearance.

"Psychology, or the Science of the Soul," was the subject chosen for remark—not the description with which the public is familiar—the psychology of quackery, as it may properly be called; but its treatment was managed so that no abstract could, in any satisfactory shape, give an idea of its quality. It embodied the philosophy of creation; exploded the common opinions relative to it; exhibited the active creative principle to be of a psychological nature in its causes and effects; and that a recognition of this fact ramified all nature and professed religion, and every form of adoration and worship.

Having proposed to answer any question which might have arisen out of the subject of the lecture, or any other suitable one, the following were handed in:—

Question.—What peculiar condition of organism is most essential to enable spirits on earth to hold communion with the more perfect spirits in the higher spheres?

Answer.—There is in every human being the germinal principle of divinity; and yet you see around you those who say it is not so. The question, which is directed to discover what are the conditions, or degrees, in which these germinal principles stand in relation to spiritual communion. The highest degree or condition is that of the soul, which is most susceptible. The licentious, ignorant, uninformed cannot understand the communications of a purer spirit. The lips may speak, but the germinal principle within must be the seat of the communication, and of the understanding.

Q.—What is meant by Christ's praying—"Lead us not into temptation?"

A.—"Lead us not into temptation!" Does God ever lead any man into temptation? Never! What is temptation? It is the attempt to draw down what is already high to a lower standard. Interpreted literally, it charges God with attempting to abstract: makes Him sport and toy with His creatures by making them descend through presenting them with a bait—an inducement. Take the expression in a spiritual light—read it as you are called upon to interpret Scripture, in a spiritual sense, and you will find it will mean something else. It refers to man's insufficiency to sustain himself. Christ felt this insufficiency of his nature when he prayed that if it was his Father's pleasure the cup should be removed from him. If to drink the cup was fore-ordained in the eternal councils, how could this be temptation? It was humanity that spoke; for Christ was a man, and it is clear that in his prayer, he had relied not on God, but on man, who was not able to sustain him. [The latter portion of this answer was spoken in such a low tone as to escape the reporter's hearing.]

Q.—Is Christ now interested in the welfare of the human race?

A.—You are looking back, I find. Eighteen hundred years ago, and now, men went (and go) to the Mount of Calvary, and to the deserts of Palestine to search for faith, and you do the same. Oh! human nature! human nature! we still behold men always looking back. Christ has ascended; and if he is doing his Father's will, he is busy in the world, with which he shall remain for ever and ever.

Q.—What did Christ mean when he said—"The wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal?"

A.—When Christ spoke these words concerning eternal punishment, he spoke to the Jews, whose ideas were mixed up with that of future reward and punishment in such manner that he could not have spoken to their understanding in any other than the figurative manner he adopted. There is no necessity for the entertainment of the idea of eternal punishment as it is literally expressed in the passage quoted.—Christ never meant to preach any such doctrine. He was too good to put forth such a monstrous libel on the goodness and wisdom of the Father. We think it would be much better for those who are Spiritualists to look forward, to progress in knowledge, and not to go back on those things which belong to eighteen hundred years ago, and which do not aid them in the search after perfection.

Q.—Will you speak from this text at any future time in this place?

A.—It is our province and our wish to instruct in every instance where information is truly required. If it should be the desire of the audience at a future time to have an exposition of this subject, we will give it.

Q.—(By a gentleman in the audience.) When Christ had said that the wicked should go into everlasting punishment, and did not mean to say so literally, he is also said to have gone to preach to the spirits in prison; if there was no punishment, why did he go to preach to them?

A.—If Christ had thought no benefit would have accrued from the act, he would not have done it. Had spirits been annihilated, there would have been no requirement to do so; had they not been progressive in their condition, no necessity would have existed to preach to them; so it must be evident that the spirits of the departed are in active existence, and also that they are in a progressive condition, as Spiritualism represents them truthfully to be.

The evening lecture was announced to be on "The Practical Application of Psychology"—the art of the soul reading the soul—the power by which souls are read, and which represented man, not as he seemed, but what he really was. In a really eloquent strain the medium went on to show what the nature of the new element of reform was; that the morning of revelation had dawned, and that an early noon-day light would soon lay bare the motives of all men, so that he who runneth might read the most intimate secrets of their hearts and motives. The effects of this faculty, as they were associated with earthly affairs and interests, were graphically described; and warning given individuals, for the sake of self interest, and for that of their posterity, to govern themselves, and train their children, to a recognition of the doctrine, that an insight into their own hearts, motives, and actions, and an assimilation of them all to the standard of purity, was the great end of humanity. Nothing but a verbatim report of the lecture could do it even a modicum of justice, hence we thus very generally allude to its features.

At its close the medium announced that such questions as might, or might not, connect themselves with what had been said, or which were propounded with the sole desire to receive such information as the influencing intelligences could furnish, would be answered. Those who knew the composition of the audience could hardly doubt that seekers after miscellaneous knowledge were numerous present, and the result proved that it was so. The following questions were put, and answers given; but, in some particulars, the latter are not full, and may have been misapprehended by the reporter, who was obliged to take a seat in the gallery at too great a distance from the platform to make correct hearing possible. In this connection we beg to hint that, in future, the questions put should be distinctly repeated by the superintendent, or by some one acting for him, as more than a half of the audience do not understand them, and, of course, cannot comprehend the answers:—

Question.—Did Christ exist before the world was?

Answer.—Surely! Did not all exist before the world did? Did not every atom exist before the world was? The elements of matter must have existed; how much more, then, those of mind? Every spirit that has been, or now is, in the human form, had an existence before this earth in its present shape, in elemental form; but Christ never subsisted in any other shape before he was incarnated. The question touches the incarnation of a spirit not considered a human one, but a divine one. There is no evidence to show that God ever descended to this earth as an individual. Christ, as a principle, existed from the beginning, and before the world was created.

Q.—Will there ever be a time when the individuality of the soul will be lost?

A.—Will there ever be a time when the greatest work of the great Creator will be destroyed? Will it be crushed out from the mere pleasure of that Creator? Will man, who is the most perfect and complete of all creative works, be annihilated? Will anything which thinks be utterly destroyed? No! Insensate things—the moon and the stars which dot the terrestrial brow of night, may pass away; but man, who reasons—man, the demi-god—will never be lost. He will never be merged in unconsciousness, or swamped in annihilation. No theory of this extravagant sort has ever been rationally entertained or upheld. The ancients held the idea of the absorption of mankind, spiritually and bodily, in some manner never associated with eternal annihilation; but they never went farther than that. It remained for modern, unthinking, unteachable infidelity, to suggest the idea of annihilation, without a tenable support in reason. Think well—think strongly—and your thoughts will carry you easily to the full recognition of the impossibility of the consequence the question involves—and to the assurance that the soul ever preserves its identity.

Q.—Does psychology explode the common theory of Spiritualism?

A.—It may in the case of mesmerism or animal magnetism. Mesmerism has its operation upon the grosser of the spiritual functions, among which psychology makes distinction, and outreaches beyond them, and consequently cannot be influenced as they are by the theory laid down to-night, although it includes them in its operation. But the nerve-spirit is superior, and independent in action of them all. It is well to ask such questions as those which involve points of difficulty; but the spirit influences can only answer in a manner which can be best understood—although that manner may imperfectly demonstrate what the answers ought to be. Instruction is a material feature of their duty, which they must follow out as they can, and as they may be best understood.

Q.—Why is it that disembodied spirits can produce raps, and cause tables to move about, and that these things cannot be done by the embodied spirits on earth?

A.—Because the disembodied spirits are better chemists, and can better use the forces of the air than those in human forms. They can see and use what to you is unseen and intangible, and through its medium produce raps and move tables.

Q.—I have seen the form of a human hand, without the arm, and taken it in mine, and felt it substantially. Others, perhaps, have done the same. How does this come?

A.—Did you ever perceive in chemistry, or in pertaining experiments, a revolving wheel, running with rapid speed? When it was still, you could count the spokes, and tell the color it was marked with. Put it to speed, and you lose sight of the spokes, and cannot discern the color. By the power the spirits can exert on electricity, they can produce an effect out of what may be only as a mote in the sunbeam, and make it produce the quality of substance, as in the case of the hand mentioned, or making it act as a knife or a piece of steel, or in other manner. [The medium went into a long description of the nature of this power, which we confess we could not understand.] The residue of the reply went to demonstrate that the sense of feeling such a hand as that described was only a momentary one, and that the explanation, for reasons which could not be furnished through an earthly medium, was not a satisfactory one.

Q.—Will the spirit explain the principle of the gyroscope?

A.—No. You wish to know why a certain power can sustain itself in the air against all the forces known to the science of mechanics. It is the momentum of force which produces the effect. The world is sustained on its axis in the same manner with no apparent levers. It conquers the inertia of the atmosphere, although men say it is sustained by



heat. Go behind the cause and look, and the fact will be found different.

Q.—(By Rev. Allen Putnam, of Roxbury).—There was mention made in the lecture—a declaration made, I think, that Swedenborg, and others who thought they had seen the heavenly world, did not do so. What, then, was it which they saw, and what the condition of mind they were in when they thought they saw it?

A.—We will tell you cheerfully. If you are a Spiritualist, and recognize what is called the truth, you are aware that what the spirit intends to communicate must pass through a human medium, and must partake of the nature of the mind of the medium—must come through them tinted with what they are. The human spirit does not take hold on that which does not belong to its comprehension and power of analysis. There are veils or barriers between the earthly spirit and the purer which can be removed, or broken down, when the former is disembodied, and not till then, and even then there exist hindrances which apply to all kinds of spirit manifestations. The condition of mind of the parties you allude to was 'subject to these disadvantages, and hence the imperfection in what they thought they saw, or were told, and believed to be, a perfect view of the spiritual world.

Q.—(By Mr. Putnam).—Am I to understand that what is seen by a spirit, actually seen, can be communicated to us?

A.—Certainly; but it comes through an organization not capable of appreciating the realities as they exist. Everything must come through a variety of veils and shadows, which modify considerably its extent and character. Clairvoyance has gone to a great height; but mortal foot never yet trod on the land of souls, or taken proper cognizance of by human vision. It is not the same to the earth spirit as it is to the higher one witnessing the reality in the spirit land.

Sundry questions were put by a gentleman present, but we could not overhear them; consequently the answers would not be interesting. The medium then retired.

Miss Hardinge will lecture next Thursday evening in the Melodeon (Tremont Temple), on the subject of "The sayings of Christ, which seem to indicate the idea of everlasting punishment of the wicked." Clergymen are invited to attend, and ask questions for information—not for merely controversial objects.

On Sunday next Miss H. will speak twice in the Melodeon.

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

##### QUESTION: What is the Human Soul?

Dr. Child said:—The human soul is the life that exists in every atom of the physical human form. It is this life, which we may call the soul, that gives the body form, sensation, consciousness, intelligence and duration. This is evident from the well-known fact, that when life in it ceases to be, action, sensation, consciousness, cease to be there, too, and the physical loses its form, is dissolved, and returns to matter, and the elements from whence it was attracted.

All the manifestations of human life and intelligence are manifestations of the soul of man; thus every manifestation of human life is a *spiritual manifestation*, acting through matter.

The soul of man is something we know exists, from its effects; physical eyes never saw it. Electricity, we know, exists, but we never saw it; we have only seen its effects; and we know, too, it is more powerful than the more ponderable, tangible substances of the material world, the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, that exist in subordination to its unmeasured, inconceivable power. Take electricity out of the material world, and it becomes dead and chaotic. It may be that electricity is to matter, what the soul is to intelligent beings, to man.

The power of electricity is superior to the power of everything existing in the physical world, which our eyes can see. It is a reasonable inference that the power of the soul is superior to the power of electricity, for electricity is, or may be, controlled by the intelligence of the soul. To define what the soul is, in its duration, seems impossible; we can make but the faintest approach to the reality; we know of it externally, by its manifestations, which, independent of spirit communion, give us but a feeble, if any, evidence of its immortality, which immortality is involved in the question before us. In the past, the greatest evidence that the soul lives forever, has been a desire implanted within it for its immortality. By spirit manifestations, tested beyond a question, as coming from intelligences who have lived on earth with us, there is satisfactory external proof that the soul lives after that period we call death. Yet still there is an intuitive, longing desire in the consciousness of man, that amounts, I doubt not, in many, to a sure conviction of the soul's immortality, that acts more powerful than all outside proof. In this many feel an abiding trust, a sure confidence, in which they can repose without fear or anxiety, and to which the testimony of departed friends can add nothing; though we know not how much such testimony has done in making this sure belief in immortality.

The human soul is a spark of Divine Intelligence, a germ of eternal life, dropped into refined matter; like a seed sown in the earth, it germinates and grows, attracting unto itself particles of matter for protection, and it expands and unfolds, until it comes to the stature of a full grown spirit; then it drops its earthly covering, and is born into real life; and of that life, its laws and conditions, its endless duration and eternal beauties, we can know but little, comparatively nothing, while we sleep here with but spasmodic quickenings, in the dark womb of physical nature.

Mr. Burke said:—The cool, calm, collected and peaceful manner which Spiritualists talked upon this interesting and exciting question, led him, from courtesy, if not from conviction, to give their opinions some credit. He thought he could not throw light on the subject, for the Maker of the soul had hidden it from our observation. The everlasting and universal desire for immortality, felt more or less by all, has brought us to the conclusion that the thinking, reasoning part of man is the soul. By argument or logic we cannot discover and define the soul. By searching, we cannot find out God, nor by searching can we find out the human soul.

Mr. Bradley, a colored gentleman, said, that the soul and the spirit were distinct from each other; he thought that the Bible taught it. "The spirit corresponds with God, differing in us only in quantity; the soul is the effect of the union of the spirit with the body, which union produced intelligence and thought, and this constituted the soul; consequently the soul and thought were synonymous."

Mr. Edson said: The question before us is deeply interesting; it opens to the mind's eye a field of thought as broad as the universe. In contemplating the question, we find ourselves launched in a frail bark, on the great ocean of eternity; storms of passion, and waves of prosperity and adversity, beating around us; and if we are in harmony with ourselves, we feel the fact, that our Father is at the helm, and no absolute evil can befall us.

The soul, launched into existence, is the embodied principle or essence of life; the cause of motion, the phenomena of life; the manifestation of mind in matter; it is an offshoot, or outbirth, embodying the essence that beget, in the body, begotten. The soul is perfect, in essence, but imperfectly embodied, because of the gross, inharmonious and unprogressed condition of the matter in which it is identified. Physical or mental pain is the voice of the soul speaking through the senses, declaring its discordant conditions, obstructions and needs, demanding a harmonious condition of existence. If these demands are not heeded, the essence of life is dammed, prevented, or hindered from flowing, renewing, purifying and blessing the soul. If they are heeded, new desires and aspirations spring up, to receive, digest and assimilate the infowing supply which unfolds the embodying principle, progresses the embodied substance, and develops the image that reflects the Divine spark within. Man is a complex condition of mind and matter; a trine being, existing in God; consisting of soul, spirit and body, blended or bound together by the electric coil of life, which is severed at death; the material or natural body returning to its mother earth, becoming food for worms, and sustenance for vegetation; the spirit continuing the journey of life, going to its Father, God, like Him to live forever, perfect in essence, progressive in manifestation. The soul is the product of itself, the essence or soul of the universe, the only producer; it cannot be lost, or injured, but must, from its nature, be perfected through fear and trembling, perhaps, into that perfect love and harmony which is above and beyond fear, pain, death, or decay. The difference in souls is not difference in essence or principle, it is a difference in condition of unfolding—degrees of progression. Those differences constitute our identity, make us individuals, and give to each his peculiar tastes, desires and attractions, qualifying each for service, and all for worship. A. B. C.

### Correspondence.

#### LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, May 8, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—I learn from Munson, the Publisher, that Brittan and Hanson's Discussion, just issued from the press, meets with a ready demand, and promises a large sale. This is well; for of all the published discussions we have heard, it is the ablest and best; and its circulation will do good. The difficulty in such rencontres, where Spiritualism is the subject, is, to find a foe worthy of one's steel. Its opponents usually enter the arena, armed only with bigotry and ignorance; and are demolished, if not silenced, by the weight of the first battery that is opened upon them; and after that are only able to maintain an insecure foothold, for a time, by avoiding all serious collisions, becoming guerrillas—more sharpshooters, skipping about from one sheltered point to another—and directing their fire, from time to time, at such tags and buttons and feathers, as they may happen to imagine are not securely fastened in the garments of their adversary. Dr. Richmond was particularly a guerrilla knight. Dr. Hanson is more consecutive, and in so far, abler; but he is also more bigoted and churchy. He is orthodox, whether the Bible is or not; and meets Spiritualism most *pluckily*, from that venerable standpoint. He is overturned by Brittan, but remounts; he is slain, but comes to life again—loses limbs and head, but continues to fight without them. Courteous and self-possessed, his antagonist meets him at every point, with an array of principles, facts and illustrations, drawn from science, and sacred and profane history, and covering all ages, which finally subdues him to silence, and causes him to retreat from the field. The work will be found not only convincing in argument, but rich in facts; and altogether a most interesting and instructive volume.

The Spiritual Telegraph, which may be regarded as the father and mother of our spiritual literature, has entered on its seventh volume. Six years of the present, reckoned by the succession of events, are equal to as many centuries in some periods of the past. Notwithstanding its great age, in this point of view, it is still vigorous, the head of the hard-shell school, or of those who outlive everything in the defilement of man, where it seems likely to remain. May its shadow never be less. The office of the Telegraph is about being removed to more commodious rooms, at 390 Broadway.

Harris's Magazine, The Herald of Light, has also just entered on its second year. Thus far it has barely sustained itself; but even this, considering the financial posture of the times, and the unpopular side of Spiritualism which it represents, speaks well for its vitality. It is, at least, well printed and inviting in its externals, and scholarly in its articles. It also abounds in thought—grand, startling thought.—to challenge our attention; and clothed in "words of Tyrian dye," and the golden draperies of Heaven. The May number, which begins the new volume, contains several charming papers; whose importance in point of statement, if true, it is impossible to over-estimate. Several of them relate to the relations of the sexes. The first article is entitled "The Children of Hymen," and is to be continued. It gives an account of the intromission of the seed to an orb, occupied by former denizens of this earth, who are in the celestial and conjugal relation.

The new Lyceum held its first session at Clinton Hall last Sabbath, when an essay was read by Dr. Hallack, who continues the same subject—Spiritualism considered as a Scientific Problem—to-morrow. The Conference, on account of a difficulty in having the room, has been changed to Friday evening. Lamartine Hall, corner of 29th street and 8th Avenue, has been handsomely refitted and taken by Asa Smith, a liberal Spiritualist; and Sunday meetings for the convenience of that part of the city, will continue to be held there—Conference in the afternoon at half past three o'clock, and a public circle in the evening. Mr. Davis is holding forth at Dodworth's. Mrs. Hatch has closed her lecture in Brooklyn, and now speaks on Sunday afternoons, at Dodworth's. Her weekly lectures at Clinton Hall are still continued. Miss Hardinge, now in your city, is advertised to speak at Balon on the 23d. Mr. Partridge lectured at Clinton Hall, Brooklyn, last

Sunday. Mrs. Hyzer has completed her engagement at Philadelphia, and gone north. She drew overflowing houses, and was much liked in the city of brotherly love. She speaks at Glenn's Falls to-morrow, and goes thence to Vermont.

Since engaged writing this letter, and only an hour or two ago, I was in the office of Drs. Orton and Redman, on 12th street. Capt. S. and Mr. C. of the St. Nicholas were there; and as they left, we were startled by a blow against the wall, and a bone of a human skeleton, what is known technically as the *sacrum*, fell on the floor. It was replaced in the closet where it belonged, the door of which at the time was shut.

There is a curious history connected with these bones. They originally constituted the frame timbers of an athletic negro, whose body, at his demise last winter, found its way to the dissecting room of one of our medical universities. During the dissection, and in the presence of other members of the class, as Dr. Redman was cutting the hand, it suddenly grasped the knife. Raps were heard, and in reply to questions, the body would roll from side to side—three movements for an affirmative, and one for a negative. It was then spelt out by the alphabet: "I can handle my old body about as well as ever." The invisible then gave several particulars with regard to himself, and among the rest said that he had died of delirium tremens; and that his principal objection to his present condition was the difficulty of procuring *drink*.

The skeleton came into the possession of Dr. Redman, and most of the bones are now at Hartford, Ct. Recently the Doctor undertook to transport them in parcels to this city, and visited the attic where they were deposited, to select such as he could conveniently stow in his carpet bag at the time. The bones moved away from him as he approached them, and he was obliged to *corner* them under the roof, in order to secure what he wanted.

After their arrival here, the first movement discovered, was one evening when the two doctors were about retiring. As the gas was turned off, a mischievous of some sort flew across the office, and struck with great force against the wall. It proved to be one of the large bones of the pelvis—the hip-bone. The closet where the bones were kept, was then under lock and key, but had been opened not many minutes before.

"You here, darkey?" inquired Redman. Three loud raps affirmed it. "I believe," said Dr. R., "if we had those bones wired together, that he would walk them across the room."

Three raps also came in reply to this. From that time, various other little incidents, of some interest, connected with the bones, have occurred. They rattle about on the shelf; and on several occasions, and when least expected, one of them will drop in the middle of the floor. This is the more singular as, whenever it occurs, the closet door is always found shut; showing that the bone must have remained, for a longer or shorter period, concealed in the room, and probably suspended in the air.

One day, in full light, as company had just left the office, one of the bones of the fore-arm struck Dr. R. gently on the back, and fell to the floor. The "darkey" announced his presence, and made the following communication:

"Well, Doctors, I'm in an odd country, and I kind o' like your place here. Don't be alarmed. I was thinking, as the old preacher used to say, how wonderfully we're made, when I let the old arm drop.

Your servant,  
CORNELIUS WINNE.

They called me Winne." Cornelius, could you bring the balance of the bones from Hartford?

Cornelius—I'll play h— with them yet. They're mine, ain't they?

D.—Yes; but you're willing we should use them, are you not?

C.—Yes. Oh, I wouldn't have them under the soil for a ten-spot.

D.—Well, could you bring them on from Hartford?

C.—Yes.

D.—And not drop them by the way, and lose them?

C.—I'm off. Good bye!

And so, gentlemen Editors, I will also conclude this long letter.

Yours,  
YORK.

#### DOCTRINE OF OPPOSITION.

In all religious denominations, men have been taught that the material world stands in opposition to the spiritual; that the love of this world is hostile to the love of the spiritual, while in truth the love of the material world is only a love of the spiritual in matter, for spirit pervades all matter, giving it solidity, form and animation. The love of the spiritual, without the material, is a higher love; the love of the spiritual, existing in matter, is a lower love. The love of one is not opposed to the love of the other. The love of the material gives pleasure; the love of the spiritual gives greater pleasure. The love of the spiritual does not lessen or destroy the love of the material; but in the spiritual the soul unfolds and grows into a deeper, stronger love, which commands its stronger and higher efforts and energies.

God made the world and the universe, and He fills all space, and all matter, and He is not at enmity with His own existence, and His own life, is He? And if God is not, why should man be?

Miss Martineau says, that "this world is not only the home of each man's personal affections, but the native country of his very soul; where first he found in what a life he lives, and to what heaven he tends; it is the abode of every ennobling relation, the scene of every worthy toil; the altar of his vows, the observatory of his knowledge, the temple of his worship, and whatever succeeds to it will be its sequel, not its opposite; and man is not set in this world to live as an alien, passing through an enemy's camp, but as a citizen, pledged by honorable memories to nurse yet nobler hopes. It is the proper wisdom of the affections not to escape the one, in order to seek the other, but to flow forth in purifying, experience on both."

The man who aspires after spiritual things, is advanced; his soul-attainments are more excellent than they were before such aspirations of his soul were awakened; but he merits no approval, neither when he loved earthly things alone, did he merit disapproval or condemnation.

To love God is not to fight with, or oppose anything that He has made, or, as my good Christian brethren would say, that He has permitted to exist. Christ has commanded us to "resist not evil;" and cannot we see a beauty in this command, which teaches us to live a peaceful life, to be passive to evil, which

condition of soul alone enables us to receive the influx of truth, and pour forth true love?

It certainly seems to be a great mistake of Christianity, that we are to get to heaven by fighting with the world, with evil, or the devil, for love in the soul is heaven in the soul, and in love there is no fighting, no contention, no hostility, no enmity, but all is peace. "A church militant" is the property of the devil; for there is no fighting in the church of God. To be forever aiming blows of destruction at the devil, or somebody that we believe worse than ourselves, does not command or impart goodness; the teachings of Christ, the purer desires of our hearts, and the true philosophy of Spiritualism, forbid this, for in this lies this sophism and heresy that kills the church, and makes its preaching of so little effect. Salvation is ready, and waiting for the soul, and we may receive it, if we will, and be happy. We need not fight for it, work for it, or earn it; our good Father does not need our weak and feeble efforts to be made for Him, for He is all-powerful, and all-wise. He has provided salvation, for us in all the plenitude of His benevolence, and He has sent His Son to tell us this: to seek first the kingdom of heaven, which is happiness within; and become as little children,—passive, harmless, peaceful, trusting loving and beloved.

Spiritualism imbues its followers with new conceptions of God and His purposes; it teaches us that the coarse granite has germs of eternal life sleeping in it; the grains of sand we tread upon contain the elements of angel-life; the thorn that grows beside the fragrant flower has use, though we cannot see it. The volume of Nature is opened for our instruction, and in it we learn lessons of charity and love for all. Some souls are like flowers of beauty, others are like thorns and thistles, but all are in their order, all are for good; there is nothing that God has made that merits man's opposition or condemnation. Malefactors may be in Paradise to-day; publicans and harlots may go into the kingdom of God before the priests and teachers of holy things.

Spiritualism leads us away from the doctrine of opposition and fault-finding, to peacefulness and love. A. B. C.

#### MESSAGE VERIFIED.

RANDOLPH, MAY 2, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—I was somewhat surprised on reading the Banner of yesterday's date, to find in it a communication purporting to come from the spirit of my departed wife. I have for some time been a believer in the great facts of Spiritualism, and am extremely pleased with the additional evidence that this communication gives me, that those of our friends who have passed through the change called death, are not dead; but that they live and love us still.

Eleven years ago last June, in sorrow which seemed too much for humanity to bear, I followed to the grave the form of my dear wife, little thinking that I should ever have the pleasure of communing with her in time, and doubting, perhaps, whether eternity would afford me that unspeakable happiness; but I rejoice that I have had reason to change my mind, and that the great light which men have so long stood in need of, has, to some extent, forced itself upon me.

The names given in the communication, as well as the allusions made to circumstances that surrounded my wife while in earth life, are correct; and the whole thing appears to me to be so characteristic of her, that it leaves no room to doubt that it is what it purports to be, and that my dear one speaks to me from beyond the grave.

Oh, when will men cease to turn their backs upon their dear friends who have been called upon to pass through the "dark valley" before them, and who are constantly and kindly returning to urge upon their notice truths, which all men and women feel in their souls they need, and which cannot be derived from any other source?

Yours truly,  
DANIEL HOWARD.

#### LETTER FROM HAVERHILL, MASS.

HAVERHILL, MAY 8, 1858.

DEAR BANNER.—Though seldom heard from hitherto, through your columns, the town of Haverhill is hardly behind the rest in the agitation of thought which gives birth to truth. Spiritual circles are held in several places in the village every week, each having its regular attendants, and a general desire is felt to understand the singular phenomena. The investigators include among their numbers many of our most prominent citizens. There are two or three mediums here, of great power, and many others are being developed. One medium, Mr. Menter, it is said, possesses such strong mediumistic power, as to be able to suspend a table in mid-air, without touching it—which feat has been witnessed by many whose integrity is not to be impeached. He will also cause a table to move across a floor, untouched, and defies any two men to hold it in its place when the spirits attempt to move it.

Some months since, the Banner contained a brief extract from a sermon preached by Rev. Robert Hassall, on retiring from the pastorate of the Unitarian society in this place. Since that time, Mr. H. has preached in the Town Hall, to large audiences: Last Sabbath he preached a discourse on "Honesty in Business," which contained many points worthy of more notice than I can give them in the brief compass of a single letter. He spoke of the intuitive love of trade as one of the individualizing features of the Yankee,—"progressing from trade in jack-knives at school, to trade of souls in manhood." He spoke of the necessity of commerce, but thought that, like the individual sinner, it needed regeneration. He said that honest men were in every business community, and by Diogenes' lantern they might be found; but nowhere are they so thick as to stand in each other's way. Under the present system "our shoes are half paper," our medicine is half poison, our sugar is liberally sprinkled with sand, our coffee is mixed with bean, and other commodities are made at home, but labelled London, Holland, &c." He made the remarkable statement, based on statistics in the Merchant's Magazine, that not five per cent of all those who go into business in Boston become wealthy! He said, "The man who, failing in business, refuses to pay his laborers, is a highway robber, dressed in black."

Mr. Hassall was for two years pastor of the Unitarian Society in this place, but, being too radical in many of his views, and "kicking his traces," rather too often, some of the more timid souls insisted upon his vacating the pulpit. Upon bringing the matter before the church, five votes were given, against his remaining, and he accordingly left, he having previously announced that he should not remain, except by unanimous consent. He is preparing a

series of sermons on Spiritualism, which are looked for with considerable interest.

As a proof of the awakening interest in Spiritualism, I will give you the fact that *seventy-five* copies of the Banner of Light are sold every week by the periodical vendors in town, and the number is constantly increasing.

Efforts will soon be made to have regular lectures on Spiritualism, from standard speakers. This enterprise would have been started long ago, but for the great demand for first-class speakers elsewhere. Any assistance you can render the faithful in this channel, will be kindly reciprocated by them.

Yours,  
W. M. R.

#### "ETERNAL LIFE."

We commence next week the publication of a series of communications on the above subject, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams.

### Political Items.

Senator Hamlin delivered in the Senate an able and thorough speech against the abolition of the Fishing Bounties, a few days ago, in reply to Mr. C. Clay, of Alabama. It is evident that much feeling exists in Congress on this subject, and some of it is said to be based on sectional antipathies. It is peculiarly unfortunate, if it is so.

The passage of the English Compromise Bill by both Houses of Congress caused considerable joyful excitement with the friends of the Administration in Washington. On Saturday evening, the 1st of May, the President and others were serenaded, and afterwards called on for speeches by a crowd who had assembled to offer their congratulations. The President made a speech, and rejoiced that this Kansas question was finally got out of the way.

Mr. T. L. Clingman has been transferred from the House of Representatives to the Senate, by the Governor of North Carolina, to supply the vacancy created by the resignation of Senator Biggs. The latter gentleman was appointed by the President to a Judgeship of the District Court.

It is stated that the money that has already been spent in futile attempts to forward the Utah Expedition, would have paid the expenses of our entire ocean mail service for years. And yet the noblest line of steamers the world ever boasted has been suffered to fail on account of wanting a little government aid.

Gov. Buckingham, the newly elected Governor of Connecticut, has sent in his message to the Legislature. The debt of the State is \$85,000. The last year's expenditures were \$29,470. The number of banks in the State is 76. The Governor declines to recommend to the Legislature to prohibit the circulation of small bills, until New York shall have adopted a similar policy.

In the English House of Lords, Earl Derby declared, in relation to the telegraphic communication proposed between Europe and America, that no exclusive privileges would be conferred upon any one company.

There seems to be a decidedly strong disposition in Congress to do away with the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty altogether.

The case of Minnesota is still before Congress. Her admission into the Union seems about as far off as ever.

The General Treasurer of Rhode Island officially reports that the State expenditures for the year ending April 30th, were \$212,332, and the receipts \$196,292. Deficit \$16,040.

Oregon asks admission into the Union, but she is opposed by several of those from whom opposition was hardly expected. Her Constitution has some peculiar features. It denies citizenship in any form to the natives of China, and also prohibits free negroes from entering its territory. Senator Seward expressed his disapproval of the latter provision, but said that he should vote for admission nevertheless.

The Tariff Investigating Committee have recently had before them a witness who was connected with the firm of Lawrence, Stone & Co., and who, in his testimony, has accounted for most of the \$87,000. Among other facts, he states that he paid a certain Albany editor \$5000 for his services. This editor has been subpoenaed by the Committee. The Committee have also pretty strong evidence against a Mr. Corbin, who for many years has been a clerk to the House Committee on Claims. This gentleman addressed a letter to the Boston firm, telling them it would take at least \$25,000 or \$30,000 more than he had already received, to pass the Tariff Bill. His letter is in the possession of the Committee.

The death of Senator Evans was the theme in Congress on Saturday. In the Senate, Messrs. Hammond of South Carolina, Benjamin of Louisiana, Hale of New Hampshire, and Wilson of Massachusetts, pronounced brief eulogies on the deceased; and in the House, Messrs. McQueen of South Carolina, and Boock of Virginia, spoke the praises of the departed. Mr. E. was in the 74th year of his age.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. B. F. SALISBURY.—In our last number you will find some remarks under this head, relating to the subject you inquire about. No medium can guarantee proper responses to communications, neither can the artist positively assure you of a spirit portrait. He can agree to use his power to the best advantage for you; but nothing more. "One spirit may be able to control the laws of matter as to answer the requests of his friends for a portrait—another may not be able to overcome the obstacles in the way of his doing so. You must therefore consider, if you are poor, whether you can afford to spend your money, with a chance of not obtaining any equivalent. The artist charges you \$1 for sitting—if the sketch then made is acceptable to you, he will finish you a crayon from it at a subsequent sitting; if you wish to have a more elaborate drawing than the sketch, for \$3; and if you wish a painting from the sketch, a further charge is made.

Prof. R. ELDRIDGE, N. Y.—The article was received, and your letter inquiring about it, date of March 14th, but no other. We want communications, but we desire them short, if possible, that all may be heard. This is too long to use at present.

J. P. S. CATHARINE.—We had occasion about a year since to inquire about the same spirit, and learned that she had a husband in Alabama at that time. Probably this is not the party you speak of. If being away from mediums, probably this second message was sent to "cheer him on the way."

#### MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—The desk will be occupied at the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M., as usual. Miss HARDING, of New York, will lecture on both occasions.

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

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Speaker, Rev. D. F. Goddard. Admission free.

Rev. JOHN H. CURRIE, trance-speaking medium, will lecture in Newburyport, Sunday, 10th inst. at 7 o'clock. Sunday, 23d, Concord, N. H., Sunday, 30th; Orange, Mass., June 6th and 13th.



## Correspondence.

## THE CAUSE AT THE WEST—L. K. COONLEY, &amp;c.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, May 8, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—Our mutual friend, L. K. Coonley, leaves us to-day, for a time, to try his healing powers in Maysville, Ky. He came among us an entire stranger to us all, after the convocation at Richmond, Indiana, and departs with the kindest wishes of many friends. As a trance speaker, he has labored with satisfactory acceptability, and though his development, as a speaker, was not mature at the beginning of his efforts here, there has been manifest improvement in every succeeding lecture. Some three weeks ago a social festival was gotten up through his auspices. Some of our devoted and sincere friends feared a failure. The matter was finally left to his direction—which resulted in one of the most agreeable gatherings it was ever our privilege to enjoy. National Hall was well filled on that occasion, while the exercises consisted of instrumental and vocal music, speaking, social conversation, and dancing, which continued till 12 o'clock, when all retired highly gratified. The pleasure of the evening was enhanced by the exercise of the vocal powers of the Masters Holding, (the eldest about twelve years of age), who certainly are gifted with great capacity of voice, and whose sweet, angelic songs thrilled upon the ears and hearts of those present, who manifested their delight by an agreeable contribution. They are now attached to our choir, which Mr. Coonley informed us last evening, at the close of his lecture, was second to none in the country. It is known as the Harmonical Choir, and conducted by My Barlow, a gentleman well qualified to direct the musical exercises. The instruments consist of piano, flute, several violins, double bass and cornet, accompanied with a sufficient number of male and female voices, which adds materially to its efficiency of character, and which attracts increasing attention and interest to their regular Sunday exercises. And here I take pleasure to inform our spiritual friends generally, that National Hall is free for all intelligent lecturers on the great harmonical philosophy, who may be impressed or influenced to come this way. A few friends have united together to meet the expenses, monthly, for this year. On next Sunday (May 9), the place is expected to be occupied by Mr. Wadsworth, who, no doubt, will meet with a welcome reception.

The cause is progressing, and the number is constantly increasing of true believers in spirit-intercommunication. The Banner of Light is spreading out its bright folds to catch the gaze of wondering and doubting thousands, and for the past three Sundays I had not sufficient copies to meet the demand. (Send more to Mr. Pease.) Your article on "Bible Spiritualism" was read, yesterday week, before the audience, and elicited so much attention, that every number of that date was demanded, and many more wanted, and where none could be purchased, recourse was had to borrowing.

Permit me to give you a synopsis of the discourse delivered through Mr. Coonley, yesterday morning, on the "Trinity of Manhood": 1st, Utility of man, relative to his usefulness in this life; 2d, Affectional; 3d, Intellectual. The intellect, like the great God of the Universe, brings everything to bear to his physical and social relations. Yet among humanity some exist who prevent the flowing of the milk of human kindness, and who are lost to all the practical uses of manhood.

There is more Gospel truth to a suffering family in one loaf of bread, than all the Gospel sermons which have ever been preached in the world. Without the material food of the universe, God could not exist, no more than man could exist without his proper food and clothing—but thoughts like these reach not the capacities of man in his present condition. He only grasps the earthly dross. Man calls for, because he requires, physical sustenance; this is his nature's fundamental principle. He necessarily requires the practical conditions of life. Man may draw from surrounding Nature the beauties as well as the harmony of his social condition. Man, at first, was like a dry tree in a forest, an isolated being. Look at the beautiful apparel that nature puts on; this beautiful manifestation of nature awakens in man a condition to provide for his social and physical relations; this makes him a trinitarian being. Some contend that Nature sprang up from Chance. What would be the condition of that child, on entering the world, if its social relations were not superior to its sustenance? Man is a being worthy of contemplation.

The most perfect man was the medial line between the God-nature and humanity. Thus, in speaking of Christ, we mean the whole human family. Physical nature requires physical surroundings. The unity of nature's glories sustain his physical, social, and intellectual nature. The most struggling exists among those who thought themselves inspired. Man requires healthy food, his home, his abiding-place, above his other social relations. He seems farther advanced than the tree; he grasps more of the air—but he is a slave to his passions—and is degraded by surrounding prejudices. The same conditions exist in physical nature. Transformation improves by exoteric transpiration. Man, as well as vegetables, should never be stationary. Angels ministrations, with their hallowing influences, are constantly striving to elevate man. The trinity of manhood is not understood; look at the conditions of the mental world, carried through purification and suffering, to bring the mind to tower aloft. Man, your destiny is immortality. Go on and on; behold the mountain tops rising above almost the atmosphere, and were it not for these outpourings of burning lava from these towering mountains, you would not behold the fertile conditions of the valleys.

This lecture occupied an hour, and was listened to with marked attention. The lecture in the evening was on the statement and special mediumship; a large audience was in attendance at the evening lecture. At the close, the Masters Holding sang the "Loves of the Angels." You may probably hear from me again.

Yours, in the unity of the spirit,

DAVID H. SNAFFER.

## FROM AN INSANE MEDIUM.

Messrs. Editors—You may be a little surprised at the caption of this article; but having heard that it was reported in this city that I, through the cause of Spiritualism, had become insane, I have thought a few words upon the subject might not prove wholly uninteresting to you and your readers, and as I am to you a stranger, I will give you a little of my history; not wishing to make a lengthy article, I will commence with my religious experience.

Some five years ago I connected myself with the Universalist church, since which time I have striven to walk with them in true sisterly love and friendship. Six months ago I attended the lectures given in this city, through the mediumship of Mrs. Hatch. From that time, I became interested in the doctrine of Spiritualism, and I resolved to investigate it. I attended what few lectures were given here from time to time, and commenced attending private circles. The first time joining hands in the circle, my hand was influenced; soon after, my hand was controlled to write communications; I, at the same time, receiving impressions of what I was to write. However, I did not give myself up to the influence, for I wished first to have it proved to me from what source this influence came. About the fifth time I attended the circle, being in a harmonious condition, and having my eyes closed, I said to my friends: "I see many persons standing around this little circle." I was asked to give a description of them, which I did; each one being recognized in their turn as being a departed friend of some one present. I then gave a description of what purported to be the Indian called Red Jacket; I saw him in the act of throwing an healing influence around a medium.

From that time to the present, I have been enabled to describe spirits. I have listened to lectures, saw the spirits controlling, and with my eyes closed, lost sight entirely of the medium; seeing only the spirits, and hearing the words which came forth from them. At one time, while sitting alone in my room, there appeared before me a beautiful female spirit; placing her hand upon my brow, she called me daughter. I then knew it was my mother—she had been nineteen years in the spirit land, I being a little past seven years old at the time of her death; therefore, I had no remembrance of her looks. For awhile we held sweet converse together, and many times since I have spoken in the circle under the inspiring influence of her angel spirit. The family group have been shown to me, presenting one grand tableau of eight brothers and sisters, with the mother at the head of this beautiful scene. I, at present, am the only one remaining on the earth of nine children to which she gave birth, and it is a wonder, then, that my thoughts should oft revert to the loved ones, and that I should thus easily receive their impressions? But it does not do to tell these things to our opposers—if we do, they say it is all imagination, and from that they go on to pronounce us insane. If this is insanity, then I say: "Welcome! welcome! thou glorious insanity; I will clasp thee to my heart, and from me thou shall never be taken!"

Yes! the loved ones are here, and on now as I write  
I feel their soft breath on my brow,  
And each in strange beauty their love would unfold  
To impress their pure thoughts on my now.

MRS. SARAH E. COLLINS.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

## THE LAST CASE OF INSANITY.

New Bedford, Mass., May 8, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—I do not know whether you have received the enclosed facts, or not. I send them to you, as they may, perhaps, present a fair representation of the manner in which absurd fabrications, without foundation, are urged against the onward progress of spiritual truth.

The following communication appeared in the New Bedford Standard, and has been extensively copied: "The Effects of Spiritualism.—A woman in this city, who has been a Spiritual Medium for the last few weeks, was yesterday taken with a derangement of the mind of the most shocking nature. The first that was noticed of this aberration of the mind, was the attempt she made to burn her daughter to death, (a child four years old). Not succeeding in this attempt, she next tried to smother her, by putting her between two feather beds. The father of the child came just in time to save her. The woman, to-day, is a raving maniac. I would now ask the followers of this delusion what good thing they ever knew to come from this belief? For my part, the only thing that I have ever witnessed of its effects, is that hundreds of its followers, who were men and women, holding a high station in society, have been rendered unfit for any other situation than subjects of the insane Asylum." OBSERVER.

New Bedford, April 25.

This elicited a reply, in the same paper, as follows:—"Mr. Editor.—Reading the untruthful assertions of 'Observer' as to the effects of Spiritualism, I beg leave to make known the truth through your columns, and correct our interested friend, as most of his statements are wholly false. 'Observer' says the woman has been a spiritual medium. This is false; she is not developed a spiritual medium. He also says that she first attempted to take the life of her child by attempting to burn her to death. This statement is also false. Had she wished to take the life of her child, she most certainly could have done so, as there was no interference made by any individual; no other hand than her own (the insane woman's) extinguished the flames that were consuming the garments of the little one. 'Observer' says the maniac, not succeeding in this attempt, next tried to smother her child by putting her between two feather beds, and that the father of the child appeared just in time to save her life. This is not true, as the woman did not make any attempt to smother her child. Being the husband of the insane woman, I will, through a sense of duty, and a desire that the truth should be made known, say that, on Saturday night last, on returning home, I found that my wife had been taken with a derangement of the mind, and in all candor will give my humble opinion as to the true cause of the derangement. My opinion is, that the little one, through some means, supplied herself with matches to play with, and set her own clothes on fire. The mother seeing the danger of her child, was wholly overcome; and the result was, my wife was trying to smother her child to sleep, (I had not the slightest idea of any derangement of mind up to this time), and said to me, 'I have been correcting her, for she has been very naughty.' I asked her what she had done. She then showed me the clothes that were burned. That one act, in my rational man or woman, that the child set her own clothes on fire. I leave the most rational portion of the community to judge for themselves.

Our worthy citizen, 'Observer,' takes great pleasure in exposing private sorrows, solely through a disposition to cast reproach upon Spiritualism. In my opinion, our friend has much to learn: first of all, love to God and man—that love which will take away the pleasure of bringing that which is not true before the mind of the public, through the newspapers of the day. What I have said has not been in the spirit of controversy, but through a desire that the truth should be made known. My wife is much better to-day, and in a fair way of a speedy recovery.

New Bedford, April 27.

I am well acquainted with the parties mentioned, and was active in the care of the lady spoken of, after she had been pronounced (as I am informed) incurable, and after the urgent wish of her Christian friends had been to some extent acted upon, the necessary authority having been procured to convey her to Taunton Asylum as an unmanageable insane. How is it that, after a formal M.D. has pronounced a person incurably insane, only to be a tenant of

Bedlam, and had found it necessary, in his management of the case, to use such violence that the effects of his brutality were visible for days after? How is it that, after all this, two mediumistic youths, untaught and ignorant of the first idea of that pretension that marks our M.D., should, with the assistance of good nursing, have brought her forth with great pleasure, "dressed, and in her right mind," in less than forty-eight hours after the attack?

Conscious that the false libel of "Observer" would, unlike its refutation, find a great circulation, it has seemed to me that the cause of Truth called for the publication of all the facts. Please insert, and oblige many friends in New Bedford.

MIRRO.

## 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.

[S. D. Coffinbury, Medium.]

## To do Good—Man's Mission.

The medium, after going into the trance state, partially, said:—"I see a man that I was acquainted with a long time ago, precisely as I used to see him. He was called John Chapman, but was not generally known by that name. He was known by the name of JOHNNY APPREHEND. He was a Swedish-borgian minister. He was a man of very singular habits, and was supposed by some to have been insane."

After this the medium became fully controlled, and the spirit said:—"In the spirit land, as upon the earth, I am still engaged in the endeavor to do good. This is the basis of a few remarks I desire to make. When you were a little boy, at your father's fireside one evening—a snowy evening—you sat upon my knee, and asked me, 'Why I went around in such cold weather?' I told you that my mission on earth was to go about doing good, and that I was in the discharge of my mission. I continued in my mission as long as I remained upon the earth—and when I entered the spirit world I found that my labors were not ended, and that I had to continue them even after my entry there. It was pleasure to me to learn this important fact, which had not been embraced in my philosophy. It had been my pleasure on earth to go about doing good, and I had supposed that my intercourse with earth would cease, and, with it, my mission to humanity, upon entering the portals of the New Jerusalem. Like a silly man that I was upon the earth, I believed that no one could communicate with the spirit land without a supernatural interposition of Divine Power, as manifested in the case of Emanuel Swedenborg. And, although I can now perceive many instances of Divine communication from the spirit world to men on the earth, by natural means, still I did not realize them as such then, and continued to labor under this error until the hour of my separation."

To go about the earth doing good was my mission; and upon entering the spirit world, it was my pleasure to continue my labor in that sphere. It is also your mission—it was the mission of Christ. It was all that distinguished him from the rest of mankind in his day. It made him wonderful in the age in which he lived. It was for that he did live. He only differed from the rest of mankind, in that while they were going about doing evil, he was going about doing good. And when each of you, my friends, shall have so purified your souls, as to make that a paramount mode of existence—I mean that of doing good to your fellow-men—then shall you receive the gifts and powers which he exercised. And it is in accordance with the laws governing your being, for you to so develop your Divine nature, as to exalt your being to that plane where you will have but one motive, as Christ had—that of doing good. Then will you become indifferent to worldly honors and worldly wealth—indifferent as to whether you will have a place whereon to lay your head, or whether it rest upon a pillow of down; indifferent whether for Truth's sake you will suffer martyrdom on the cross, or be elevated to a golden throne, and robed in purple and fine linen.

These gifts which Christ exercised, commonly called his miracles, are sure to follow; or, are rather the perquisites of the good man. Blot out of the history of Jesus of Nazareth, that he went about doing good, and what is he? Replace it, and that he lost his life a martyr to his mission, and what is he not? He becomes a God! So may ye, even, become as Gods. These remarks I have made to impress upon you that it was not an immaculate conception—a Divine, although an humble birth,—that has impressed upon the mind of the world, and filled it to overflowing with the greatness of Jesus; but that it was being born of a woman, of humble paternity, under tyrannical laws, in the bosom of a hateful and bigoted Sathadhrin, by going about and doing good, he impressed the human mind, even to overflowing, with the greatness of his goodness.

To sum up, then, Christ differed not from the rest of mankind, except in his goodness, and what grew out of it; and he, therefore, stands as a glorious example before all mankind to be good in like manner, and to be blessed in like manner with the same divine gifts. My friends, I wish to shake hands with you both, and leave you. J. L. HACKETT, Scribe.

[H. R. W., Medium.]

## Advice to Parents.

NO. IV.

In our previous articles we have assumed the position that the physical and mental deformity of children was directly attributable to their parents; that, of necessity, according to the operation of the laws of Nature, must the offspring of such parents be marked with their most prominent traits of character and disposition, as well as their likeness.

Now, as it is not alone the province of the physician to inform the patient of his disease, but also to prescribe a remedy, so in our present remarks do we wish to give such advice to parents, touching this subject, as the experience of two spheres of existence would indicate to us.

We think it will be conceded that it is utterly impossible for intemperate or vicious parents to give birth to healthy and well developed offspring. They must first reform themselves from their vicious habits, thereby purifying their natures—as it is a positive fact, that pure water cannot proceed from an impure fountain. The same law operates with equal certainty when applied to any species of vice, and particularly that of promiscuous intercourse and its attendant evils; but yet we do not mean to be understood to say that the stain is indelible, else do we give our advice in vain.

It can, by a return to the path of virtue, at least be modified, in the present generation, and by a continuance in such virtuous course, be eventually eradicated; yet it is far better to avoid the punishment, by not transgressing the laws of Nature. Now we will first look at the intemperate parents, who have imparted to their children the appetite for strong drink, which would seem a curse sufficient; but they have done more than this.

It is well known that the indulgence in strong drink necessarily tends to increase and strengthen the animal passions; consequently parents who are addicted to such indulgence, and who necessarily impart to their offspring, not alone their appetite, but a gross and sensual nature, and a stubborn and reckless disposition. You generally find the offspring of such parents, with pathological developments, which indicate strong animal passions, such as combativeness, animosity and destructiveness, to the entire expense of their moral and intellectual faculties.

Now we ask, how can such parents wonder, when they see their children leave home for the haunts of vice and iniquity?

Yet such is the every day experience of thousands. The father of such children is assumed to behold how

readily they follow in his footsteps, despite the great caution which he has used, when visiting his favorite haunts, to keep it from their knowledge.

He is struck with astonishment when he visits the bar-room, (accidentally, of course,) and there beholds his fondly-loved child, on whom is centered the hopes of future years, step up and deliberately pour the liquid poison down his throat. He says within himself, This must not be.

Every expedient is revolved in his mind to prevent the formation of this habit. He says, I must use my authority. He hies himself home, and oftentimes does use such authority, not guided by reason, without any perceptible improvement. True, he seizes, I use strong drink myself, and occasionally visit the dens of infamy. This is a privilege I claim, but yet for worlds I would not have my child associated with vice, or even know of my shortcomings.

Oh, mistaken father! cease, in this enlightened age, to flatter your God-given reason with such hypocrisy. For know that there is an influence, unseen and subtle, yet most powerful, which has caused that child to imitate your vices, as well as possess your image.

There is nothing more sure, than that unless some influence is brought to bear upon your child, which shall prove an antidote, and thus counteract the effects of the disease you have imparted to him, he will as surely lead a vicious life, which shall terminate in an untimely death, as that day is succeeded by night. Now, then, do you ask, what you shall do to save that child from such a fate?

We answer, in the first place, when you have discovered the evil, and traced it to its fountain-head, go there and apply the remedy.

Instead of using authority, commence to reform yourself. Resolve that, henceforth, although you have imparted the disposition and habit to him, yet the flame shall not be fostered and fed by an influence which is eliminated from your vicious habits. The moment you have reformed your own habits, and commenced to live in harmony with the laws of Nature, then it is you become a fit adviser for your child; a living illustration of practice, as well as precept.

Your counsels, backed by the influence thus thrown around him, together with the mental impressions which you would impart to him, strictly adhered to, would prove the salvation of your offspring.

Do not play the hypocrite, and seek to disguise your actions, but rather seek to gain the confidence of your child by making a clean breast to him; showing him that although you have wandered in by and forbidden paths, and proved by your bitter experience that sin in its most alluring forms leaves a sting behind, yet you have resolved, not only to save yourself, but your child. It is by such appeals that you may kindle the fire of parental feeling in his heart. Then will the whole scene be changed. The influence and circumstances which control your family circle, will be of an entirely different character.

There will cease to be urgent business every night to call the father away from that circle where he is so much needed; the deception and artifice which has always been used to secrete his degradation, will be totally unalloyed; and a family circle which has never been united, but a picture of disquietude and misery, will be transformed to one of harmony and peace.

Do you ask what will produce all this? We answer, the entire reform from your evil habits, which is your own individual salvation.

But this is not all. You have not only, by such course of action, created harmony where discord reigned in your own circle, but individuals will affiliate with you, thus receiving from you that influence which shall induce them to go and do likewise.

Thus do you become not only a saviour to yourself, but to many; and, at least, have checked, if not entirely prevented, the propagation of evil to your progeny, thereby saving them from the misery and unhappiness which must inevitably follow the transgression of the laws of Nature, and Nature's God.

Our next subject will be, The Home Circle—what it is, and what it should be.

## HUME, THE MEDIUM, IN PARIS.

The interest in Hume, the American medium, is still unabated. We copy from the Transcript one of his latest "wonders," which has caused much remark in Paris:—

A few evenings since, a select company of Russians and Parisians were assembled at Madame la Comtesse de T's. The conversation was on spiritual manifestations, when M. Hume entered. Then followed a serious discussion regarding the manifestations of spirits—if it were possible to obtain from them useful service, salutary information, counsel, advice, or even recompense or chastisement. M. Hume declared that these manifestations permitted by Supreme Power could not be considered as frivolous experience by any one in possession of reason; that he had never known of a spiritual manifestation which had not produced good results; and he was convinced that the Supreme Power often employed such supernatural agency to punish the sins of men. This assertion quieted the objections of some, but was received with credulity by many of the company.

Suddenly M. Hume arose from the couch on which he was seated and said—

"Madame la Comtesse, you are expecting a visit this evening from a stranger."

"It is true," replied Madame de T.; "but how came you to know it?"

"It matters little—you expect him?"

"Yes! Lord R., a young man of much merit, who arrived in Paris. He has not seen any one as yet, and leaves to-morrow morning. How, then, did you know he was coming this evening?"

"I know only he is coming, I have never seen him; I did not know his name; but it has just been revealed to me that an extraordinary event has recently occurred in a chateau belonging to his family—an illustration of chastisement by spiritual agency. He has arrived—he rings—let him relate the event."

The door opened, and the servant announced Lord R.

Madame T. presented M. Hume to Lord R., and related the previous conversation and assertion of the American medium. Lord R.'s face expressed the greatest surprise.

"I have never related to any one," he said, "that which I shall now tell you, on account of M. Hume's curious revelation. He is right; a strange and fearful event has recently occurred in my family; but you shall judge for yourselves."

"My elder brother had been married six years to the daughter of Lord M., when he became acquainted with an actress of Drury Lane Theatre—Miss E.

The Union of my brother and Miss E. being soon known, did him the greatest injury, and was a cause of deep grief to his wife. Blinded by this passion, my brother braved the world's opinion, and became indifferent to his wife's sufferings; he obliged Miss E. to leave the theatre, gave her an elegant house in London, and during the summer took her to Scotland, that he might not be separated from her. His wife died with sorrow, and in dying committed her two sons to my care. My brother's unhappiness at this event was mingled with remorse, but he refused to separate himself from Miss E. A year since she was in Scotland at his chateau near Edinburgh. Miss E. was there also.

One night he had a dream that his wife appeared to him. He saw her figure bending over his bed, and heard her sobbing bitterly.

"Why do you weep, Anna?" he asked in his dream. "Weep, because the actress who robbed me of my husband's love, will also deprive my children of their father's affection," replied the spirit.

"You are deceived, Anna; nothing can weaken the tender affection I have for my children."

"Alas! you think so; but she will prove stronger than your will; yet I am come to protect you from her arts. Here is the veil I wore on your wedding day—keep it always—it shall save you and my chil-

dren from the snares of that woman!" Saying these words she folded the veil and placed it round my brother's neck, then kissing him on the forehead, she disappeared.

On feeling the icy tears streaming over his brow and face, he leaped from his bed, and gazed around him to assure himself he had been dreaming—but suddenly a piercing cry broke from his lips—the veil was about his neck! This vision, mingled with the reality, touched his heart; he was rousing against the bed lost in thought, when Miss E. entered the room. Seeing traces of violent agitation on his features, she demanded the cause.

"My dear Helen," he replied, "our life is culpable, it must change—God ordains it!" He then related the dream, and showed her the veil.

"Is that all?" said Helen, laughing heartily. "You have, indeed, lost your wits! Do you not see that this is a trick played on you by some member of your wife's family?—but stay. I will destroy at once the charm with the talisman!"

She tore the veil from his neck, ran to the fire and threw it into the flames. In the swiftest of her movements, her dress, which was very ample, displaced suddenly a large volume of air, drawing the flames out from the chimney into the room. A tongue of flame swept round the young girl, instantly enveloping her light, free robe, and, in spite of immediate succor, she expired in the most horrible sufferings. You will remember, the journals of the day announced the fearful death of Miss E.; but the singular history connected with the event has remained until now a secret."

It is needless to add that the persons present were deeply affected and impressed by the story of Lord R. All Paris is at present occupied with its details. Unfortunately, I was not present at that soiree, but, as a faithful reporter, I repeat to you that which the Count N. has told me, who was not only present, but has since become a faithful disciple of Mr. Hume.

## WHO IS THE GREATEST MAN?

He who chooses the right, with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is the calmest in storms, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue and on God, is the most unflinching.

## 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 print in these columns any answers which could be possibly, so far as we know, have for its origin, the mingled 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. The hours of 9 A. M., and 1 P. M., each day. The admission 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 mediumship of Mrs. J. H. COXART, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light. They are spoken while 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 communication 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 the Powers belonging to our like ourselves. We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

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.

## REUBEN WILLEY.

In the communication, which appeared in our paper of May 1st from this spirit, we were guilty of making a mistake. The spirit spoke of Star Island; and we asked where that was located. In reply, he asked, "Do you know where Whalesback Lighthouse is?"—saying it was near that. We got so much interested in finding out where Whalesback Lighthouse was, that we forgot entirely the other Island, and wrote that there was a circle on that Island, instead of Star Island, near Whalesback Lighthouse.

It is seldom we make such mistakes, and we regret it, not for ourselves, but because the poor fisherman, who gave us this message, will probably be called a lying spirit. This was slightly amended in the last part of the message where it says, "I shall push straight out for Star Island, and tell them I have been here."

## MESSAGES RECEIVED.

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

James Finlayter, Laura Simonds, William Gordon, John Sheldon, John Torr, Wm. Bent, Merton, Mary to Mary Wilson, John H. Barker, Wm. H. Huskins, Father Durand, John Williams, Peter Goode, Levi Woodbury, James E. Thorne, Elias Smith, James Pogue, James Bates, Wm. Sands, Joshua Davis, Johnny Cilley, John L. Brower, of Liverpool, Geo. Mann, Albert Booth, Augusta Sprague, Mary Beale, Chas. Huthorne, Rev. William Miller, Hannah Kimball, Dr. Emersons, Robt. Kidd, Edmund Perry, John Clary, Dr. J. W. Chapman, Rhoda Stevens, Wm. Atkinson, John Atkinson, Rosalind Kidder, Henry Foss, Woodhouse Wheeler, Wm. Anderson, Mary Brown, James Gline, Stephen Wallace, Caroline Lee, Henry Woods, Robert Williams, Wm. Woodbridge, Rev. Samuel Woodbridge, Rev. Benjamin Reed, Robert Beebe, Henry Elliott, Charles Cheever, (M. D.) Ruth, Chas. Holmes, Mary Wells, William Brown, Stephen Bigelow, Dr. John Roberts, (N. Y.) Charles Wainwright, George to Dr. Wainwright, Washington Goode, Dr. Dwight, Lafayette and Charles Mowatt in answer to "C." Hattie Stevens, Rev. Dr. Sharpe, Washington.

John King, John Howe, Isaac a slave, David Hooton, Harris Owens, John Harvey, Charles Edwin Green, Abner Kneeland, Rev. Dr. Emerson, Samuel Joy, Margaret Wilcox, Elizabeth Shaw, Caleb Reed, Geo. Kent, Thos. Campbell, John Seiple, John Carr, John Barron, James Tykendall, Mary Gardner, George Corbett, James Ferguson, Botsey Davis.

## John Hubbard.

Great God, how high Thy wonders rise,  
How wide Thy glories shine!

How true it is that the ways of Jehovah are not the ways of men! Man fashions, but God decrees. Many years ago I lived on earth; I passed through many sorrows, and I could also bless God for many joys. I passed a goodly length of time in an earthly state, and I always found it was best to rely upon God. Whatever is, is right, and if man will only live in accordance with his highest knowledge of right, he will not have cause to mourn so often. But poor, foolish man disobeys the laws of his nature, and then charges God with the folly thereof! Eighteen hundred years ago there went forth a cry like this: "Blessed be God in the highest, peace and good will be unto all men." Yes, so sang the messengers of God, and why did they sing? Because one pure in spirit and well developed physically, was about to walk the earth; and God was to manifest through him, and through him was to promulgate a doctrine which was to extend through all time, and be a blessing to all children of the earth. Now God said through this beautiful vessel, I come to give you a new commandment—Love one another. Now I'll







## Pearls.

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

Within this green and wooded little dell,  
I hold communion with the trees and flowers,  
While thoughts and feelings, that I could not quell,  
Arise, and sweeten life's few fleeting hours.  
Here, 'mong the overhanging boughs, the wind  
Weaves a peculiar music of its own—  
A music heard by him alone whose mind  
Can comprehend its spiritual tone.  
Around unnumbered flowers, of every dye,  
The verdant sward and sloping banks array,  
Whose sweet forms, seldom viewed by human eye,  
Of bloom and fade unseen, from day to day;  
Rave by the leafy choristers that make  
Unceasing music, e'en for music's sake.

No who would stir up the soul, must have a calm, sym-  
pathizing heart. It is this which vibrates through the human  
heart, leaps in the warm pulses, and urges us on to deeds of  
mercy.

What is the blooming tincture of the skin,  
To peace of mind and harmony within?  
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,  
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?  
Those—those at first thy unwary heart may gain;  
But these, these only, can the heart retain!

Did men but take as much care to mend, as they do to con-  
quer their failings, they would but spare themselves that  
trouble which dissimulation puts them to, and gain besides  
the commendations they aspire to by their seeming virtues.

They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,  
Dim ghosts of men that hover to and fro,  
Hugging their bodies round them like thin shrouds,  
Wherein their souls were buried long ago;  
They trampled on their youth, and faith, and love—  
They cast their hope of human-kind away;  
With Heaven's clear messages they madly strove,  
And conquer—and their spirits turned to clay!  
Lo! how they wander round the world, their grave,  
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,  
Gibbering at living men, and lily rave,  
We only truly live, but ye are dead!"

Alas, poor fools! the animated eye may trace,  
A dead-soul's epitaph in every face.

There is a policeman in every man's conscience, even  
though you may not always find him on the beat.

Woman's soft hand my infant cradle spread,  
Her gentle love bedecked my bridal bed;  
By woman let my dying hours be nursed—  
Her love the last fond solace as the first.

Some characters are so symmetrical that their real mag-  
nitude is unperceived, even as the old colossal statues, the  
very perfection of whose proportions dwarfed them from  
magnificence to the stature of common men.

## The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

The reader's attention is called to the Sixth  
and Seventh Pages of this number of the Banner,  
where may, as usual, be found many interesting  
Messages from spirit-life.

**GRAT BUSINESS.**—The church papers in England  
are waging a fierce controversy relative to the sort  
of gloves it is lawful and expedient for a Bishop to  
wear. At a religious meeting lately, the Bishop of  
London stood on a platform wearing a pair of bright  
yellow riding gloves, an act which has scandalized the  
disciplinarians.

We learn from the Herald that the wife of one of  
our citizens, having occasion to have a troublesome  
tooth extracted, called on a dentist in this city for  
that purpose. The knight of the forceps, who prides  
himself on his unrivaled skill, performed the opera-  
tion, but unfortunately lacerated the tongue of his  
patient to such an extent as to cause the services of  
Dr. Webster to be brought into requisition. This  
same operator is the one who administered belladonna  
to a patient, whereby she came near losing her life.

We know of a similar case. A person calling him-  
self a dentist, undertook to extract a front tooth, re-  
cently, for a friend of ours, and, after making four  
attempts, literally butchering his patient by tearing  
away a portion of the gum, gave up the job as a  
bad one. People should be extremely careful who  
they employ to extract their teeth. There are more  
quacks in this business than any other, it seems to  
us. But, notwithstanding, there are many dentists  
in this city, who are thoroughly proficient in their  
business; and among them we may mention particu-  
larly Dr. A. B. CHURCH, No. 16 Tremont street.

A gentleman at a tea-party, overhearing one lady  
say to another, "I have something for your private  
ear," immediately exclaimed, "I protest against that,  
for there is a law against private earring."

The reinforcements for Utah are pushing forward  
with alacrity. Maj. Gen. Smith has issued elaborate  
orders relative to the movement of the trains and  
troops. These trains are to be divided into divisions  
of two hundred and twenty-six wagons each, and the  
troops will be organized into columns, each column  
constituting the escort of a division. There are six  
columns (so called) which constitute the first brigade  
of Utah forces, under command of Gen. Harney.  
The first column have already been ordered to march;  
the second will start on the 16th inst.; the third, on  
the 20th; the fourth, on the 25th; the fifth, on the  
30th; and the 6th, June 4th.

**FASHIONABLE WOMEN.**—"Read the biographies of  
our great and good men and women," says an ex-  
change: "not one of them had a fashionable mother.  
They nearly all sprang from plain, strong-minded  
women, who had about as little to do with fashions  
as with the changing clouds."

Judge Loring's commission reached him on Satur-  
day.

A young stock broker, having married a fat old  
lady worth \$100,000, says it wasn't his wife's face  
that attracted him so much as the figure.

The New York News says that Mrs. Cunningham  
has "adopted" that bogus baby there was so much  
excitement about some time since.

The People's Saving Bank in this city is in a flour-  
ishing condition. The Treasurer's report states that  
the Bank now has on deposit \$329,465 84, from 8914  
depositors. A dividend of 2-1/2 per cent. has been  
made, and there is now a surplus fund amounting to  
\$1,848 29. Over 60 per cent. of the investments  
made by the Bank are in mortgages of real estate.

**STEAM ELECTRO MOTORS.**—We learn from the Her-  
ald that an interesting experiment is now being tried  
on the Fitchburg Railroad—that of increasing the  
tractive power of an engine by electro magnetism.  
The driving wheels of a common locomotive are sur-  
rounded just above the rail by a coil of insulated  
copper wire, with a powerful Grove's battery at-  
tached. The battery is placed on the tender. The  
experiment, thus far, show that the tractive power  
is increased one-third. The engine was chained to  
a stump the other day, and it required thirty-five  
pounds pressure of steam to make the wheels slip

with the magnetism on, but with that off they slipped  
with twenty pounds. The principle is, that the  
wheels, when magnetized, attract the rail. The ex-  
periment, thus far, has been satisfactory, and the  
promise is that lighter engines may be made to do  
the work of heavy ones by this means. The cost of  
maintaining the battery is not great. If the matter  
is practicable, it ~~will~~ not be long before we shall see  
steam electro motives on our railroads.

Within thine own bosom are the stars of thy des-  
tiny.

**MUSIC.**—The Boston Brass and Concert Band, (D.  
C. Hall, leader,) will give concerts next week in Mil-  
ford, Nashua and Lowell. Our friends in those  
places should patronize this Band, as it "discourseth  
most excellent music."

Upon the marriage of Miss Wheat, of Virginia,  
an editor hoped that her path might be *flowery*, and  
that she might never be *thrashed* by her husband.

**LAUDABLE.**—The members composing the Germania  
Band have tendered their gratuitous services in aid  
of a benefit for the widows and orphans of the two  
firemen who were killed at the late fire in Federal  
street, and Chief Engineer Bird has called a meeting  
of the engineers and officers of the several engine,  
hose, and hook and ladder companies, to see what  
action they will take in the matter.

Compositors often make ludicrous blunders. Re-  
cently a Southern paper was made to say, in allud-  
ing to an article in a contemporary print, a "very  
filthy" instead of a "very pitiful" production.

**A DISCIPLE OF MARX.**—The Transcript says that  
the large amount of money on deposit in the Boston  
banks at the present time, reveals the great wealth  
of this community—and adds, "The largest individ-  
ual depositor has no less than one million nine hun-  
dred and fifty thousand dollars to his credit in State  
street. It is in three of the best banks."

What gentleman can, with any sense of propriety,  
ask a fat woman to lean on his arm?

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what  
the people think.

If you wish to make a pudding in which every one delights,  
Of six pretty new laid eggs, you must take the yolk and  
whites.

Beat them well up in a basin till they thoroughly combine,  
And be sure you chop the suet up particularly fine;  
Take a pound of well stoned raisins, and a pound of currants  
dried.

A pound of pounded sugar, and some lemon peel beset;  
Rub them well up together, with a pound of white flower,  
And then set them to settle for a quarter of an hour;  
Then tie the mixture in a cloth, and put it in a pot;  
Some people like the water cold, and some prefer it hot.  
But though I don't know which of these two plans I ought to  
pursue.

I know it ought to boil an hour for every pound it weighs.  
Oh! if I were Queen of England, or still better Pope of Rome  
I'd have a vast plum pudding every day I dined at home.  
All the world should have a place; and I may die to-morrow,  
Next morning for my breakfast I would fry it up again.

## THE HORSE TAMER.

A Paris correspondent of a New York paper tells  
what a queer genius they have at present in that  
gay capital, and how skillfully he applies his mys-  
terious powers to the training of the noble animal  
whom every man loves next to himself—the Horse.  
The writer says:—

"Rarcy, the American horse-tamer, is performing  
such wonders here that only those who see believe.  
Horses that can only be fed through a hole cut in  
their cage, others that are only handled blindfolded;  
in fine, horses so vicious as to be worth absolutely  
nothing to their owners, are tamed by Mr. Rarcy in  
fifteen minutes' time—so that he mounts their backs,  
beats a drum and fires off a pistol over them. A  
young horse, notorious for his viciousness, was  
brought all the way from Caen; Rarcy shut himself  
up with the horse fifteen minutes in a stable-box,  
and came out on his back with the animal perfectly  
docile. What he does to these animals no one knows;  
their owners are perfectly bewildered at the result.  
Before the Commission appointed by the Emperor for  
the purpose, and the members of the Jockey Club,  
Rarcy performed such extraordinary feats that they  
not only congratulated him, but actually cheered him  
with loud hurrahs. The Commission have reported  
favorably to the Emperor; but it is not yet known  
what will be his Majesty's conduct in the matter.  
Mr. Rarcy offers to disclose and teach his secret to a  
club of five hundred subscribers in England and  
France, at fifty dollars each—a total of \$25,000."

## WHITEWASH.

The following receipt many of our readers will be  
pleased to see, doubtless, at this time, especially  
those who are improving their premises, and wish  
to do so as economically as possible:—

Take a barrel and slack a bushel of fresh burned  
lime in it, by covering the lime with boiling water.  
After it is slacked, add cold water enough to make  
it the consistency of good whitewash. Then dissolve  
in water and add one pound of white vitrol (sul-  
phate of zinc) and one quart of fine salt. To give  
the whitewash a cream color, add one half pound  
yellow ochre, in powder. To give a fawn color, add  
one fourth of a pound of Indian red. To make a  
handsome gray stone color, add one half pound  
French Blue, and one fourth pound of Indian red.  
A drab will be made by adding one half pound of  
burnt senna, and one fourth pound of Venetian red.  
For brick or stone, instead of one bushel of lime, use  
a half bushel of lime and a half bushel of hy-  
draulic cement.

## Late Foreign News.

The arrival of the steamship Vanderbilt at New  
York on Monday morning last, from Havre and  
Southampton 28th ult., brings four days later dates.  
The Vanderbilt brought two hundred passengers,  
and \$128,000 in specie; also, special mails made up  
in Paris and London offices. The regular mails are  
on board the steamer City of Baltimore.

In the English House of Commons, on Monday, in  
reply to a question, Gen. Peel stated the entire ex-  
pense of the India war would be defrayed by the  
East India Company. On Monday night, Disraeli  
moved that the House, on Friday, consider the India  
bill, and supported the motion in a speech attacking  
the bill of the previous ministry. Palmerston re-  
plied, characterizing Disraeli's speech as a funeral  
oration on the former bill, and opposing the elective  
principle of the Council for the government of India,  
which Disraeli had advocated.

There is a general stagnation of business through-  
out England.

It is said a private French mission has been de-  
spatched to Canton.

Reports are current of disputes between Persia  
and England.

It is rumored that an inquiry into the relation  
between Spain and the United States revealed a pro-  
jected expedition on the part of Spain to go to war  
with America.

In the Eighth Electoral District of Paris, there is  
little doubt of the election of Jules Favre, of the op-  
position. The government candidates were success-  
ful in the other districts.

Austria and Prussia have agreed as to their policy  
in the Holstein affair.

The Bordinian Chambers have adopted the prin-  
ciple of the Conspiracy bill, by a large majority.

## Children's Department.

Prepared for the Banner of Light.

[NEW SERIES.]

## ENIGMA—NO. 24.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 26, 24, 12, 2, 8, 28, 23 is the motto of "Young  
America."

My 26, 19, 24, 20, 1 is that at which the simple laugh  
at midnight, and tremble at midnight.

My 22, 10, 25, 17 is that at whose presence the  
strongest, and weakest, alike, quake.

My 3, 8, 5, 15, 2, 12 is one, the bare mention of  
whose name was only bearable to children.

My 13, 28, 18, 24, 8, 17, 21 is one of the most  
astute and commanding minds of the day.

My 15, 12, 6, 22, 13 is the author of the most mag-  
nificent bribe of corruption ever offered.

My 16, 20, 28, 6 is connected with the discovery of  
vaccination.

My 18, 25, 4, 18, 11, 1 is especially the clergyman's.

My 7, 11, 14, 27, 9 is that which should be pure  
and clear.

My whole is the name and cognomen of a famous  
statesman. CORAM.  
New York.

## ENIGMA—NO. 25.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 2, 26, 18, 14 is a quadruped found on the Alps.

My 3, 38, 11, 25, 8 is a quadruped, native of South  
America.

My 6, 19, 7, 15, 29, 5, 12, 4, 21 is a quadruped, na-  
tive of South America.

My 1, 6, 28, 10, 25, 27, 8, 19 is a quadruped, native  
of Britain.

My 28, 13, 7, 24, 19 is a quadruped, found in Mad-  
agascar.

My 26, 19, 11, 23, 25, 5, 16, 26, 24, 12, 3 is a quad-  
ruped, native of Southern Asia.

My 1, 5, 20, 18, 19, 9 is a fabulous animal.

My 16, 22, 30, 18, 8, 30, 13, 19 is a quadruped, na-  
tive of South America.

My 23, 21, 24, 9, 17 is a quadruped, native of  
Britain.

My whole is the name of two celebrated travelers.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA. DOR.

## ENIGMA—NO. 26.

I am composed of 40 letters.

My 2, 3, 4, is an herb.

My 8, 9, 10, 11, 20 have been seen on Boston Com-  
mon.

My 16, 36, 38, 37, 6, 6, 1 is a fruit.

My 19, 3, 34, 3, 40, 3, 35 is a boy's name.

My 34, 27, 25, 7, 18, 38, 26, 36, 39, 18, 24 is a flour-  
ishing town in Michigan.

My 17, 6 implies negation.

My 27, 6, 13 is an animal.

My 15, 9, 19, 38, 20 indicates grief.

My 22, 28, 40, 11, 22, 21 is not large.

My 26, 16, 33, 18, 39, 13, 24 is what most children  
love.

My 23, 30, 29, 13 is an instrument of music.

My 31, 19, 14, 18, 22, 4, 20 is used in some coun-  
try towns to give light.

My 12, 32, 22, 9 is a measure of length.

My whole constitutes real happiness. BERTHA.

## ENIGMA—NO. 27.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 2, 7 is a proposition.

My 5, 6, 7 is a metal.

My 3, 6, 1 is an intoxicating drink.

My 10, 5 is the sixth syllable of Guido's scale.

My 11, 6, 8, 4, 5 is a number.

My 9, 10, 11 is another intoxicating drink.

My 8, 9, 2, 7 is profane.

My 4, 2, 7, 8, 11 is something belonging to a door.

My 4, 9, 10, 10 is a portion of a house.

My 10, 9, 7, 11 is a passage way.

My whole is a bird, celebrated for its song.  
LACONIA, N. H. WINSLOW M. LINDSAY.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS PUBLISHED  
MAY 1.

No. 16: "Gulf of Mexico and Gulf Stream." Solv-  
ed by E. G. K., Montpelier, Vt.; Convert, of Phila-  
delphia; Frank De F. Miner, Laconia, N. H.; Annie  
M. Brown, of Boston; Coram, of New York.

No. 17: "Gunpowder." Solved by J. G. K., of  
Roxbury; Convert; Frank De F. Miner, E. G. K.;  
W. A. Ludder, Jr., of Brooklyn, L. I.; Annie M.  
Brown; Coram; Marietta Mellen, St. Louis, Mo.

No. 18: "In the lexicon of youth, which fate pre-  
serves for a bright manhood, there is no such word  
as fall." Solved by N. P., of Medford; Convert;  
Annie M. Brown; Coram.

No. 19: "Advertisements." Solved by Convert;  
Frank De F. Miner; E. G. K.; Annie M. Brown;  
Coram; Marietta Mellen.

NOTE.—To the question of E. G. Kent, we answer,  
yes, certainly. We inadvertently omitted to state  
that Coram, of New York, solved correctly Enigmas  
Nos. 9, 11 and 14. We are sorry you met with so  
sad a mishap in your rush to Munson's for the Ban-  
ner.

## 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. MUNSON, Medical, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium,  
No. 5 Winter street, Boston. See advertisement.

Mrs. Dickinson, Trance and Healing Medium, 88 Beach  
street, Boston.

Mrs. Kirtland, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery Place, up  
one flight of stairs, door No. 4. Hours from 9 to 1 and 3 to 5.  
Terms 60 cents a session.

Miss M. E. EMMY, healing and developing medium, may be  
found at No. 20 Pleasant street, Chelsea, Mass. Terms for  
each sitting, 50 cents.

Mrs. SAMUEL UPRAS, 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. B. NICKERSON, Trance Speaking Medium, will an-  
swer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, and at any other time  
the friends may wish. She will also attend funerals. Ad-  
dress, No. 10, Worcester, Mass. Feb. 27.

Miss Rosa T. AVERY, 28 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.

Mrs. J. B. MILLER, Trance and Normal Lecturer, clairvoy-  
ant, and writing medium, New Haven, Conn.  
Mrs. H. QUARRE, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium,  
No. 120 Newbury street, Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. R. NEWCOMB, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, will re-  
ceive callers at her residence in West Randolph, on Thurs-  
days and Fridays of each week. Terms, for Examination, 50  
cts. Sitting for tests one dollar per hour. Jan. 18.

Wm. R. JOCKLEY, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

H. B. STORER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Address New  
Haven, Conn.

George W. RICE, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium,  
Williamstown, 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. COONLEY, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this  
office.

A. O. STILES, Independent Clairvoyant. See advertisement.

## Amusements.

**HOWARD ATHENEUM.**—Sole Lessee and Man-  
ager, Jacob Barnow; Stage Manager, Henry Wallace.  
Doors open at 7 o'clock; Commence 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 first  
time, or three months. Eight cents per line for first in-  
sertion; four cents per line for each insertion after the first,  
for transient advertisements.

**A MOST STARTLING DISCOVERY.**—The original Gospel  
of Jesus translated from manuscripts in Latin, found in  
the Catacombs of Rome! Edited by the Rev. Orison Smith.  
This Gospel is compiled by Matthew from his own memo-  
ries, and those of Peter, Mark, Luke and John, and is  
revised by Peter. Also, the Acts of the Eleven Disciples,  
Epistles, Epistles of Peter to the Churches; The Acts of  
Paul and the Jewish Sanhedrin, and the history of Jesus,  
by Peter. Hence the real New Testament, admitted by  
divines to have been lost in the early ages of the Christian  
era, is found, and free from all interpolations, and here  
presented to the world. Price, \$1.00. For sale by S. T.  
MUNSON, 5 Great Jones street, N. Y.; BELA MARSH, 14  
Broadfield street, Boston; GIBSON SMITH, 8 Shattbury  
Vt., and A. ROBE, No. 11 Central Row, Hartford, Conn.  
May 15.

**MRS. M. A. LEYON, M. D., MRS. M. W. LADIES'**  
PHYSICIAN, No. 30 Beach street, Boston. Mrs. L. has  
engaged, as a medium, a superior Trance Medium, for the  
examination of diseases and for spiritual communications.  
Persons sending their names must enclose \$1, with two stamps.  
Information given upon other subjects by letter, \$2. Medicines  
for every ill, carefully put up, at the spiritist direct, and sent  
by express to every part of the world.

N. B.—Persons in indigent circumstances considered.

**SPIRITUAL TRACTS.**—Now ready, a series of SPIRITUAL  
TRACTS, by Judge EDMONDS, No. 1, Appeal; 2, Letter  
to Bishop Hopkins; 3, Newbury; 4, Uncovering of Spiritual  
Intercourse; 5, Certainity of death; 6, Speaking in many  
Tongues; 7, intercourse with Spirits of the Living; 8, False  
Prophecy; Price to the trade, or for distribution, \$1.50  
per hundred. Published, and for sale by

S. T. MUNSON,  
5 Great Jones street, N. Y.

**ORAL DISCUSSION.**—Just published, an Oral Discussion  
of Spiritualism, between S. B. BARTON and Doctor  
D. D. HANSON. 8vo. pp. 145. Price, bound, 63 cts; paper,  
38 cts. For sale by

S. T. MUNSON,  
5 Great Jones street, N. Y.

**AGENTS WANTED.**—A NEW BUSINESS—Light, pleasant  
and profitable. No capital required. For full particu-