

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Original Poetry.

FOUND.

BY GOSIA WILBUR.

I sought thee, Spirit, Mother, Angel, Thought!
I sought thee 'mid the world; its crushing throng
Gave way to transient glimpses of thy face,
To preludes of thy song.

I followed o'er the ever-sounding sea;
I felt thy pinions fluttering on the air
Of ocean's sunset; and I caught the gleam
Of Eden on thy hair.

I found thee in the woods;
Thy regal brow deep peering in the shade
Of densest forest silence, where the "linds"
The summer's requiem played.

I found thee, holy Mother! and I cast
This glowing heart, with all its hoarded store
Of love and longing on the sacred shrine
Of thy celestial lore.

I saw thy garments sweep
The forest greenward, and the rainbow hues
Of inner life illumine the floweret's soul
That all unheeded grew.

Amid thy dwelling arms
I heard the utterance of truths sublime,
The solemn whisper of the warning past,
Breathed to the ear of time.

Thronging, and sweet and grand,
A mighty host surrounded me, and taught
My seeking life submission's greatness; strength,
With duty's love-light fraught.

'Twas when the falling leaves
Betokened summer's farewell, that I stood
Spirit to spirit, with my inmost thought
In the deep solitude.

The memory lingers yet:
A powerful spell lies on my yearning soul!
Home-angels call me; stars and clouds unite
With ocean's ceaseless roll—

To call me hence—away!
To the green forest's depth, where I can hold
Communion with my angel, while the dreams
Of Heaven my heart enfold.

I found thee, Spirit, Mother, Angel, Thought!
Thy mighty arms enfolded me with love's love,
Thy glimpses of thy Eden treasures flashed
A gleam from above!

I cannot weary here,
Sweet Mother! for I miss the chiming sea,
The rocky grandeur, and the pine-woods' depth,
Skirting thy sanctuary.

Upon thy overland lap
I fain would rest my weary head again,
And list, in reverent silence hushed,
To thy soul's deepest strain.

Thought angel! lead me hence,
Into the realms of Nature, grand and free!
Where inspiration, beauty, music dwell—
Close by the sounding sea!

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 23, 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"ROCKY NOOK," A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

Every pure and seriously-disposed mind must acknowledge that marriage is of God. It is one of the divine arrangements, a sweet and silent harmonization of the many discordant elements that enter into the conditions of our existence.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a fine, sunny morning, when I stood by the side of my husband, on the deck of the steamboat, as we entered New York Bay by the Narrows. The wooded shores of the bay, the highly cultivated farms, the pretty villages, and the more imposing country seats, with the spires of the city in the distance, formed a picture rich and rare to my eyes. It was exhilarating, and as John pointed out places familiar to me by name, but never seen before, I felt almost as if a new world were opened to me.

The crowd, the running and commotion on shore, almost took my breath away, and I whispered to John that I was sure we should lose our luggage; he could never find our trunks amid that confused mass. He smiled, and bade me not to leave his side, while the crowd of porters and draymen would, I thought, get possession of us in spite of all the resistance we could make. John was very calm, and either elbowed intruders away, or took so little notice of them, that to my astonishment, I soon found myself seated in a coach, and could hardly believe my eyes, when I saw a porter actually bringing my trunks to place upon the rack—my identical trunks, that contained my precious little wardrobe. It seemed magic to me, but John said, quietly, as he took his seat at my side—

"No need of losing one's trunks. Driver, stop at No. 10 B—street."

We rattled over the pavements at a rapid pace, but were soon obliged to go more slowly for awhile, so great were the number of vehicles we met—and then again we came into a more quiet street, and were landed at my brother's, where a warm welcome awaited me.

For a week I was in a sort of maze, and dared not venture out, save with my husband or brother at my side. I was delighted with Broadway; the width of this fine avenue—eighty feet, John said; and its length, then about three miles, with its stores so rich and gayly drooped; was my wonder and admiration.

"Is not it delightful, John?" I said, as each day I discovered some new object of interest.

"It is destined to be a great city," my husband said; "come here ten years hence, and these three miles will then stretch away, till the City Hall and the Battery will be left far in the rear. I thought

then that I had never seen so imposing a building as this same City Hall, with its white marble front. The temple of Trinity Church seemed to pierce the clouds, and in my eye "St. John's" was a marvel of architecture. But, most of all, the University pleased me; I was never tired of gazing at the octagonal turrets and lofty windows of the chapel. Day after day new sights and pleasing scenes met my eye, and I was tired, but only to fall asleep and live in gorgeous dreams my day visions over again. New York was very different then from what it is now—every year has added to its wealth and its splendor, but never can it again afford to me the delight of this, my first visit. I was very willing to stay longer, when John had completed his business, though my heart yearned for a sight of the baby, as we still called little Mark.

Some days after my husband's departure, my brother said to me—

"You have examined the city outwardly, and have a pretty correct idea of its length and breadth, its public buildings, and its streets; will you dare venture a little farther, and see something of its poverty?"

"Ah!" said I, "John did not forget that. He said that the picture was incomplete without its shadows, and with him I entered some of the narrow streets and lanes, where poverty and vice went hand in hand, and did not even seek to hide themselves. My heart was sick within me, and for once I felt thankful that my home was where no such contrasts could daily meet the eye."

"Then," said my brother, "as one such walk is sufficient, we will take you to hear our distinguished public speakers."

And thus we visited the various churches, and heard lectures and poetic readings; but, most of all, the opera delighted me, for I had musical powers to appreciate and admire, but not enough to criticize. This time I fled rapidly, and I was still too busy to be homesick, when one evening Frank said at the tea-table:

"Sister, I have a rare treat for you this evening. Be dressed, if you please, and the carriage will be here at seven."

I did not ask whether he was taking me, for he often gave me an unexpected pleasure, and enjoyed my delighted surprise.

That evening the carriage stopped, with many others, near a large and well-lighted building, and I did not look to see where we were, till, on alighting, my eye fell on a large transparency, on which, in flaming letters, I read "Park Theatre." There was a dense crowd at the door; Frank seemed in haste, and drew my arm within his; there was no time for remonstrance, no opportunity for withdrawal, and in a moment more I was seated amid that gay and brilliant assemblage. There was a sea of heads in the pit, and tier above tier in the boxes was filled with richly dressed ladies, while every gallery was thronged. I thought of those lines of Byron—

"And bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men,
A thousand hearts beat happily, and then
Music arose with its voluptuous swell."

It was a scene of wonderful enchantment to me, and every sense was wrapped in a sweet intoxication; it was a sudden transport to an enchanted land, an elysium where the dull routine of daily life was forgotten. The footlights and the gorgeous painted curtain gave promise of something beyond, and, after a few moments, I became conscious of an all-absorbing curiosity to see that curtain lifted.

All this time Frank had not spoken, but, as he said afterwards, it was better than a play to watch my face. There was a pause in the music, and he whispered, "Anna, I brought you here to see the star that has suddenly risen upon us in such beauty. Mrs. Mowatt plays to-night; she has appeared but twice before, but the whole city is wild with delight at her marvelous acting."

His voice, and the sudden rush in the music recalled my thoughts; a strange pang shot through my heart.

"Frank," said I, in a voice that must have sounded almost sepulchral to him, "what will Aunt Martha say?"

His lip curled, and, with a slight tone of contempt in his voice, he asked, "Is she your conscience?"

I was silent, for I felt condemned. Had I not made her my conscience, instead of learning to guide myself? There was no time to discuss the matter, or even for self-reproach—the curtain rose, and "with eye and ear attentive bent," I turned to the stage. The play was "Romeo and Juliet." There are perhaps none of Shakespeare's plays with which I was so familiar, or which had given me more delight in the reading, and now, for two hours, I was spell-bound, entranced. The balcony scene in the garden was beautiful beyond my powers of description. Juliet appears above at a window. Romeo has been watching for her, and when he perceives her, says—

"But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun."

The mingled sweetness and sadness of Juliet's first words—"Ah me!" win your interest at once in the young and beautiful actress, and when she slowly retires, with her looks backward bent, you think with Romeo—

"How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears."

She comes back again, and when wishing that her lover were like a bird, that she would

"—let hop a little from her hand,
And with a little throw, pluck back again,"

you need no text to anticipate Romeo's cry—

"I would I were thy bird!"

But the sweet, girlish frankness of the answer, so artlessly uttered, is a pleasing surprise.

"Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much chiding.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow."

The interest is wonderfully sustained, for as the artist proceeds, she seems so thoroughly to identify herself with Juliet, that you forget that the play was ever written, and when she takes the sleeping potion, what a cold chill runs through you, as Juliet exclaims—

"Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again,
I have a faint, cold fear thrills through my veins
That almost freezes up the heart of life!"

and, with her, you shudder to have her laid in the cold vault,

"Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all her buried ancestors are packed."

But even here your emotion is not at its height, and, with half suspended breath, in trembling fear you gaze, till Juliet, on awaking from her trance, finds her lover dead, with the cup of poison in his hand—then she says to the old friar—

"Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup, closed in my true lover's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end;
O, churl! drink all! and leave no friendly drop
To help me after! I will kiss thy lips;
Heavenly poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warm!"

That kiss, and then the snatching of Romeo's dagger, with which she stabs herself, saying, as she does so—

"O, happy dagger!
This is thy sheath; there rust, and let me die."

brings the spectator to the highest point of interest, and you weep over the dead-lovers, with not one thought of the deception.

Such was my first scene at a theatre, and perhaps there are some who remember those palmy days of the old Park Theatre, and can understand my enthusiasm.

I left immediately at the close of the tragedy, and I think that I spoke no word on going home; and when my brother bade me good night, and said, "That was a theatre, Sis," I made no reply, but "Good night, brother, we'll talk about it in the morning."

At breakfast, Frank gave me the history of Mrs. Mowatt—of her father's family, her former wealth, and the pecuniary losses of her husband. Her motives for becoming an actress were known and appreciated, while her youth and the purity of her character excited an interest which was seldom felt for an actress by a New York community.

Even then I forgot that I had a conscience of my own, and kept thinking within myself, "what would Aunt Martha say to all this? Surely she would appreciate the motives of this young wife, and not condemn too harshly. If Uncle Mark were living! yes, if he were here, I know well how he would praise the beautiful actress, and wonder that he could be so stupid as to condemn a theatre—she would redeem it for him." The prestige of her name, the purity of her character, overcame my scruples, and I went again and again; indeed nothing afforded me so much amusement; everything else seemed tame in comparison.

One evening, as I sat talking with my brother in an interval between the scenes, a tall gentleman, with a Spanish cloak thrown gracefully over his shoulders, approached us, and bade my brother "Good evening." That voice struck me at once like some rich strain of music heard long ago. I looked up—that voice could belong to but one person, and I needed not that look to assure me that Sydney Blake stood at my side. The black hair was rich and wavy as formerly; the moustache as carefully cut, and the mouth had the same haughty curve. Men improve in looks till they are past middle age, while woman fades younger. Blake was no exception to this rule; his figure was more finely developed, and the added breadth of his chest only gave to his tall, erect figure, a better proportion. As he stood there with his rich cloak partly falling from his shoulder, he was a model for an artist.

Our looks met, he bowed low, and offered his hand. Perhaps I shrunk back a little—surprise, at least, if no other feeling, might have kept me mute a second. He smiled, and quoting from the play, he said—

"My name, dear sister, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee."

All this passed in a second, and my brother, who seemed rather absent-minded just then, did not perceive it. The latter turning quickly, said—

"My sister, Mrs. Hooper, Mr. Blake." Again the hand was extended.

"I see, I see, Mrs. Hooper," he said, in a low voice, "that I am fallen in your estimation; give me but a chance to defend myself—the veriest criminal at the bar has one such chance before sentence of condemnation is pronounced."

Perhaps my looks showed no relenting, and indeed I was trying to steel my heart against the influence of that voice and that smile, which reminded me of nothing else so much as a sunbeam suddenly piercing a dark cloud, and flinging one ray of brightness athwart a gray, dark sky. He bent over me a moment, and his voice took a lower key, but distinctly did every word enter my ear, and my heart, too.

"You have suffered, Mrs. Hooper, from the same cause which has made me in your estimation an outcast; if suffering has purified you, while it has at times made a demon of me, it has been because your nature was purer, while mine was almost all dross; but sympathy in suffering should at least make you pity while you condemn."

I looked up wonderingly into his face—a stern, harsh expression rested there, but it passed as quickly as it came, and a smile again lighted his features as he met my look of earnest inquiry. The play commenced, seats were resumed; but my mind dwelt for awhile on real tragedy, for the form of Mary Blake

as I last beheld her was before my mind's eye—so savage towards me, so yielding and gentle to John! Can it be possible that yonder dark, mysterious man has read my heart?

The thought of meeting him again was terrible, and yet an intense curiosity took possession of me to know what his words implied.

"Frank," said I, almost as soon as we were seated in the carriage, "are you acquainted with Mr. Blake?"

"That question was on my lips for you, as you spoke," was his reply.

"Why, is it possible that you did not know that he married Mr. Scott's daughter, of M—? Mr. Scott, you know, is John's partner."

Frank smiled at my earnestness. "You forget, Anna, that I am not acquainted with your good neighbors. I have been in M— but twice in my life, and then to spend a day with you. I know Mr. Blake only as a Spanish gentleman who spends some time in this city every year. I have met him a few times, and consider him quite an accomplished gentleman, a little dark and mysterious, perhaps, as the Spanish are apt to be, but honorable, I believe."

"Why, Frank, he is a pirate. Uncle Mark once met him on the high seas!"

"Well, did he murder Uncle Mark and all the crew, and seize the vessel?"

"No, I believe not."

"Did they suffer any damage at his hands?"

"Not that I remember; at least Uncle Mark did not say they did."

"A very remarkable pirate, then; but I think he was accused some years since of being in command of a slave, and running from the coast of Africa to Cuba under American colors, but though there was an effort to bring him to trial, it failed because evidence could not be procured—at least, I think so, though I have no definite recollection about the matter. You Yankees, are very notional about some things, Anna, and have exaggerated the bringing a few slaves to this country into a terrible piratical expedition."

"They are both bad—very bad, Frank."

"We'll not dispute the point, Anna; but Blake was not even proved guilty of the lesser offence."

It was not strange that Mary Blake haunted my dreams that night.

I resolved that I would not go to the theatre again, and kept my resolution for a few nights; but "The Lady of Lyons" proved too strong a temptation, and I again found myself there. We went early, to avoid the crowd, and were sitting on a lounge in one of the ante-rooms when Blake came in, and in his self-possession, easy way remarked, that he was hoping to meet me there, and was only too delighted that his coming was early.

"I have a wife," he said, turning to my brother, "who is well known to your sister. She was once the most beautiful flower that ever bloomed in a New England village; but alas! she is but a sad wreck now, for a great misfortune has befallen both of us in the loss of her reason. Mrs. Hooper has seen her since I have been permitted that pleasure, and it was natural perhaps that I should wish to make some inquiries which our short interview a week since would not permit."

My brother rose, gave Blake his seat, and turned to examine a picture which hung upon the wall.

"Mr. Blake," I said coldly, "you have not been so far away from your wife that you could not gain information of her personally."

He smiled. "Are you sure, Mrs. Hooper, that I have not done so?"

"I have not seen you in M—," I replied.

"It does not follow that I may not have been there; your husband has never welcomed me to that village, and from the time when I first met Mary, he has sought to destroy my reputation and my peace. No doubt he has had his reasons."

"I think John never condemns without reason, Mr. Blake; he is just, even to an enemy."

"I did not blame your husband, Mrs. Hooper; I merely stated a fact. Had I been in his place, I should have acted with less judgment, and have had more warmth of temper in my resentment."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Blake, and would be glad if you could explain yourself more clearly."

"Alas, Mrs. Hooper, can you not understand the misery of a heart that has lavished the wealth of its love upon one whom it has found false? Can you not imagine how miserable that husband must be who finds that the wife whom he so fondly trusted has neither love nor faith in him? The errors of the unhappy are more excusable than you are willing to admit. When you met me last I saw at a glance that your husband had taught you to look upon me as an outcast from society, a faithless husband, and, perchance—I hesitate to speak it, but such is my information—a murderer! Now I value your esteem too highly not to wish to redeem my character in your estimation—allow me to do so."

"If it can be done without any insinuation as to the purity of my husband's motives in judging of you from what he supposed were facts."

The haughty lips curled a little, and by the expression of those penetrating eyes, I felt that Blake knew more of my heart history than I supposed it possible any mortal could have learned.

"We will speak principally of myself, Mrs. Hooper, and of your husband with as much gentleness as you require. When I first met Mary Scott she was a more school-girl, but her beauty made me a captive at first sight, and I had the vanity to believe that the interest was mutual. Our courtship was short, and though your husband was a member of Mr. Scott's family, I seldom met him, and when invited to act as

groomsman at the marriage ceremony he made some excuse, and was not present. I was proud of my bride, of her beauty, and the homage paid to her charms in the circle in which we moved. But my happiness was of short duration; it does not take a husband or wife long to learn whether their marriage is a union of hearts, or simply of hands. Mary became gloomy, though surrounded with all that love or money could procure for her. I was then in a lucrative, mercantile business, and if, Mrs. Hooper, I have wandered from right since then, hear my story and pity while you condemn. In the ball-room, at the gay party, always in public, she was to appearance, the same light-hearted beauty, entering into pleasure with all the zest of a fresh, young heart; but no sooner were we in our own home, than she became silent, abstracted, and shrank from me as if my presence poisoned the atmosphere. I bore with it patiently, for she was so young, and I thought mourned for her early home; but when I proposed taking her there, she shuddered and said, 'No, no, not there—let us go farther away.'

I thought she must be ill; but she said her health was good, and her looks confirmed her words.

Once I surprised her in tears; a little desk was before her, and she had evidently been reading a package of letters. I should have attached no importance to the circumstance, but a deep blush suffused her cheeks, and she hid them hastily. Two years passed in this way, and you may judge of my disappointment, when, as time wore on, Mary's melancholy increased, and her aversion to me strengthened. Her mother urged a visit home, and she consented. During her absence we had an alarm of fire, and I moved some of our more valuable articles. In the confusion, her desk fell and was broken. I picked up the contents hastily, and threw them into my own. The next day, as I was replacing the articles, my eyes fell upon that package of letters which had so often caused her to weep. It was wrong, perhaps you would say dishonorable, but the super-scription of some in her own handwriting, directed to a gentleman whom we both knew, proved too strong a temptation to me. I cannot describe to you the feelings caused by these letters; I knew, now, why Mary avoided me—her heart was another's—but why she had of her own free will and choice given me her hand, I could not explain. Indignation and astonishment struggled together in my heart; I knew not what I might have done, had not a letter that very day summoned me to my wife, who was ill. I arrived there just in time to welcome my first born child—a fine boy. That new love drove all resentment away, and Mary seemed for the time to have a new and sudden love for the father. Hope for the future sprang up in my heart, and when I left her, the warm kiss she pressed upon my lips, seemed the seal to my happiness. I learned in a few days that she had named my boy, not for its father, but for the writer of those letters.

You are faint, Mrs. Hooper; let me bring you a glass of water."

"No, no, proceed," I said hastily; "it is only the heat caused by the gas light."

"I wrote immediately and remonstrated, but her mother said it would not do to thwart her wishes in her feeble state. I was patient, thank God that I was so. That persistency was but the beginning of derangement. For many months she was deprived of her reason, and during that period—ah, Mrs. Hooper, even at this distance of time it makes my blood run cold to tell it—she took the life of her child—my child—my first born! In the absence of the nurse, she gave it a powerful opiate, so that 'it would never cry again,' she said. Oh, how suddenly went all the light and hope from my heart, and how dark was the future in store for me!

You have told me of a faith that will sustain the soul under all the trials of life, and I believe if there is such, you possess it; but such a true peace, or such a blissful delusion, was never mine. Business called me to the West Indies, where I remained a year. Here I one day rescued from the tyranny of a brutal master, a beautiful quadroon girl. Her gratitude was unbounded. I taught her music, and never had master a more apt pupil; her rich voice would have thrilled your soul. Her mind unfolded gradually, and I found her mental endowments equal to her personal charms; before I was aware myself, I had inspired her with a love such as I had never met in woman before. For me, disappointed and sick at heart, it was the wine-cup of life, and (remember, I am at the confessional,) I followed the customs of the country, and forgot the stern teachings of my New England home. Lisette is no more; but her love was the only sunshine to my darkened life, and if my sin was great, her loss was my bitter punishment.

The recent history of Mary Blake, you know; but perhaps you do not know that I am fully aware of her jealousy of you in her hours of impaired reason. We can sympathize at least in this, Mrs. Hooper, and permit me to say, if I had met you years ago, you might, perhaps, have led me to a higher and purer life. I confess to much which might pain a heart like yours."

"Sister, the curtain has risen—do not lose the first sight of Mrs. Mowatt as Pauline," said Frank.

We entered; but my poor, sick heart was in no mood to enjoy the play. The real sorrows of life need a better opiate than an acted tragedy.

Was it strange that my feelings softened towards Blake? Ay! I did not understand, then, how much the confession of error, from a man like Blake, will win a woman's heart. I was walking toward the Battery one day, when I met him. I was alone; he turned and accompanied me. I expected a contin-

ation of our conversation at the theatre, but he did not once refer to it, but gave me a description of an opera singer, whom he had heard the night previous; from that the subject led to painting, and he proposed to go with me to see some gems of art. I had an engagement then, I said, but would go after dinner. My sister accompanied me, and when we returned, she said to Frank:

"We have had that elegant Mr. Blake for a companion to-day, and he talks like an artist. I learned more about painting than I should in going to the Academy alone every day of the season—and then he's such an accomplished gentleman!"

"Anna differs from you," said Frank, smiling; "I wonder my sister should walk the streets with a pirate!"

I made not reply, for a sudden sadness had seized me, and a strange homesickness. I thought I heard my little boy crying "Mamma, mamma!" That night I had a singular dream. Some one seemed to whisper in my ear: "Eve was led away by the fascination of the serpent, but she had no power over him." It was strange, and I awoke with the words still ringing in my ears.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Mamma—mamma!" I heard a little voice repeating those words all the next day, and a sweet childish face was turned towards me, as if imploring me to come home, and home I went. There are sometimes angels in our pathway here—angels in human form—that win us from danger, and many a mother has been kept from wandering by the sweet influence of an infant's love. Bright and fair seemed the face of my child; full of smiles was the round, healthy face of Hanny, and sweet and grave looked Aunt Martha. John's voice was cheerful, and his step buoyant as ever when we met, and he received me from the hands of his friend, in whose care I had traveled; but they awoke no response in my heart. Suspicion had become too deeply fixed, and what I called a sense of womanly dignity, kept me from expressing any pleasure at our meeting, and yet there were moments when this coldness and reserve weighed most heavily upon my spirits.

Aunt Martha remained a day or two with us, and during that time I often met her eyes looking earnestly in my face, as if she sought to read my heart. "You can't do that, Aunt Martha," I triumphantly said to myself; "you are so attached to John, so full of faith in him, that you can never comprehend the sorrow that devours my life."

"How contracted and plain our little house seems, Aunt Martha; the furniture is mean, the walls low, the rooms small, and sometimes I feel as if I could hardly breathe!"

The good lady smiled. Ah, she had found out now what troubled me!

"Just what I have been waiting for you to say, Anna; I understand it all—and remember that I felt just so after passing a winter in the city, many years ago. Mark heard me speak of it, and he proposed at once that we should board one winter in the city. We did so, and he chose a fashionable boarding house, where we engaged to remain till spring. It cured me, and I guess there never was a happier child than your poor Aunt Martha when she came back to the little red house on Barbary Lane, and it has been a little heaven below ever since. You will soon learn, my child, that happiness is not in outward circumstances; it must have its seat in the heart, and then a narrow house will be a palace, and a simple meal a feast. I could tell you some stories of families in Boston, who have lived in the richest residences there, that would make your heart ache; they are tales of misery caused by marrying for money. Ah, my child, how little you realize the richness of your own daily life—with a husband who loves you wholly and truly, and a child high in intellect and perfect in body. Be grateful and prize these blessings, or they may be taken from you, and then the dower of a queen would not fill your poor, empty heart."

Oh, how those words went home! Was it not, after all, that very love which my poor, aching heart craved? Was not its absence that which made my home look desolate and narrow?

Aunt Martha went home. For the first time in my life I was glad to have her leave. I could not bear those mild, reproving eyes, bent so earnestly upon me. I found myself growing moody and thoughtful; sometimes I was irritable, and my temper, not naturally harsh, was fast becoming so. Once or twice I spoke pettishly to Hanny, and when I did so, she would turn her pleasant face so wonderfully at me, as if she thought her ears only were in fault, that I was brought to my senses at once.

I had heard my father say that nothing was so good for a mind out of tune as active employment, and I therefore determined to commence teaching my pupils again. Olive, Lucy and Hanny were only too happy to recite as formerly, and two of them were hard, patient students. John had become so interested in Hanny from hearing her lessons in my absence, that he had resolved, with my consent, to adopt the child, and bring her up as his own; if the mother would renounce all claim to her. This object was soon gained, and we henceforth looked upon Hanny as one of us. Joseph was already united to John by ties of blood; he was the only child of his mother's brother, all the relative that he could claim in the world.

Lucy had never ceased to claim John as a brother, and thus we were but one family circle. As for Lucy, she, with her usual volatility, complained that she was tired of French, and should exchange it for Spanish. Spanish and music were all she wished to learn. In the latter, she had gone far beyond me, for she had taken some lessons in the city, and her new mode of fingering the manner of sitting, and the way in which she carried her head, and the "bravado" I might almost call it, with which she ascended to the high notes, and her profusion of the low, were all new to us in M—. Poor Hanny was lost in astonishment and admiration at this fashionable mode of playing and singing, and once, when the door was ajar, I found her trying to imitate it. Her little round head went bobbing about for awhile before she could get the position—then it was thrown back, and her short, dumpy fingers stretched out to their utmost, and a wonderful solo executed, that only lacked a crowd to admire; then the head drooped to one side, the music took a softer strain, and died languishingly away. I had to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth and run into the kitchen, when the door happened to be open, our little Bantam rooster had placed himself before it, and was trying to crow. He had just entered that glorious period of rooster-life, and was very vain of his abilities. The resemblance between the two musicians, only increased my mirth, and I laughed till the tears ran.

To return to Lulu. I was surprised at her perseverance in the Spanish language; she studied and wrote incessantly, and seemed never weary. Before the summer was out, she had gone beyond her teacher in the grammar of the language. This perseverance and application were not natural to her, and I often wondered at it. Ah, that summer! shall I ever forget it?

"Lucy," said I one day to her, "what makes you so capricious with poor Joseph? Sometimes you are very kind and gentle with him, and perhaps the next day very rude."

"I merely act as I feel, Mrs. John. Do you know—I guess you do, for you treat Joseph just like a brother—that he has asked me to marry him when I am old enough, and I have promised that I would? You see that plain gold ring—not that diamond, that was Sydney's gift—Joseph gave me that the day before I went to New York, and we pledged ourselves to be true to each other for life. Sometimes I think I never shall like any one as well as Joseph, he is so true, so faithful, and loves me so much better than I deserve; and then, again, Mrs. John, he is not at all fashionable, like the gentleman I met in New York; he has not a moustache, and only little bits of whiskers, and he does not carry any cane, nor wear any gold bosom studs, or jeweled wrist buttons, and, in fine, he has not a 'grand air' at all about him."

"But he will improve in this respect, Lucy. I see he has already bought some 'pomade,' to make his whiskers grow, since you said that you liked them; and I am sure when Joseph is older he will make a fine looking man, and will be almost as good a husband as John. I have heard you say that he was a model."

"Yes, I know it; but I think my ideas have altered a little since I went to New York. Don't you think Sydney a handsome man, Mrs. John?"

The question took me by surprise. At once I was transported to the theatre, and he stood before my mind's eye as then, with that graceful Spanish cloak upon his shoulders; and I heard again that low, musical voice: "You, too, have suffered, Mrs. Hooper!"

"Ah, you'll not answer, Mrs. John; you are like father and mother, and your husband—very severe upon Sydney. Now I know poor Mary has suffered very much, but her husband has perhaps suffered, too."

"What makes you think so, Lucy?"

"Will you never—never tell, Mrs. John, if I whisper a secret to you?"

"I think I can keep your secrets, Lucy."

"I should have told you before, (for you are the dearest friend I have,) if you had no husband; but I suppose wives tell their husbands everything."

"If it is something John ought to know, do not ask me to conceal it from him."

"No, no; it is nothing that concerns him at all."

"Very well; I will not tell him, then."

"I met Sydney in New York, Mrs. John. He is living there, and they do not think him the bad man that father and John say that he is. He took me to the theatre, and to hear some fine music. To be sure once went with me; but I had a chance to talk a good deal with Sydney, and he had so much to say about our dear Mary. I think he loved her once very much, but he told me that she married him while loving another, and that was what made them so unhappy. Who that other person was I don't know. It could not be John, because—because I guess she might have married him; you know—I mean before he saw you."

"You need not hesitate so, Lucy. Mary married her husband of her own free choice and will."

"Yes, yes; I suppose so; but father always said she was a mere child, and completely dazzled by Blake's beauty and accomplishments. Father still thinks he is a very bad man; but if he could hear him talk as I have, he would alter his mind. Only think how lonely he must be! There is no hope of poor Mary's recovery—so the physician says—but her husband thinks that her insanity is owing to her unfortunate marriage with him. Did you know that he came to see her two or three times, and that they met in the 'Mermaid's Cave'?"

"I suppose she wished you to go there with her to meet him. She had a strange idea in her head that you liked Sydney, and once she told me that you were going off in a vessel with him. I can't imagine why she should all the time be wanting to have you go away. Yesterday I went to the Cave, and found some books which Sydney had left there for me, and a little box which he charged me in a note to deliver to you; it is some music, I suppose. I will bring it to you this evening."

"Lucy, I will keep your secret for you; but you must promise me one thing—that you will not go to the Cave alone."

"Why, I have been there a great many times; there is not the least danger, excepting in a severe storm."

"Nevertheless, you will promise me, will you?"

"Why, yes, if you are anxious about me; but I assure you, I am not afraid to wander all round the coast, and I can row a boat, if necessary, as well as Jim Brown, the pilot."

"Joseph will go with you to the Cave, if you wish for company."

"But sometimes I do not want him, Mrs. John, her pretty lips pouting a little."

"Ah, Lucy! you are a coquette, I see; you will have trouble."

Evening came. I sat in my room by the side of my little boy's crib. John was in Boston that day. The sun was setting, and I watched it as it sunk below the western hills; gorgeous clouds of crimson and gold made the western sky glorious as the gates of heaven—but gradually they became fainter, and in their place came a cold, gray sky that saddened me. I thought of what one who had known sorrow has said: "The disappointment of a great hope in life is like the setting of the sun—all is coldness and gloom." Suddenly a gentle tap at my door. Lucy brings the box, and, seeing that Mark is asleep, hastens away. I opened it carelessly. A package of letters is all it contains, with a simple note on the top:

Mrs. Hooper—These letters are your property—perhaps I should say ours. Such knowledge is bitter, but ought not to be refused.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. BLAKE.

I opened the letters. They were stained with tears. There were five or six from John to Mary, and as many from her in return—letters written in the ardor of first young love. John's were so like himself that they needed not his signature; an honest, frank avowal of love—there were no romantic expressions, not a line of poetry quoted, not a particle of flattery, and yet every word spoke of a love that was deep and true.

Mary's were girlish letters, full of pretty sentences, very delicately worded, and she often addressed him as brother; but in one I found two tresses of hair braided together—one was a brown lock from John's head, and one a dark curl from Mary's. Underneath was written: "When the heads from which these were taken shall be white with age, our love shall be strong and pure as now."

I read each letter carefully and deliberately, nor did I shed one tear while reading. I bound them up again and laid them in my desk, nor did I turn the key upon them. I could not weep, but sat in a sort of stupor till midnight; then I took my child in my arms, pressed him to my heart, kissed him again and again; and then came tears. I believe those tears saved my reason. "Oh God, I thank thee that thou hast given me this love, pure as that of the angels in heaven."

Towards morning I thought I heard low moans in Hanny's chamber, and went in to see what caused them. The child was ill. She had not slept at all. Her head was very hot, and her skin dry and feverish.

"Why, Hanny, my child, did you not call me?"

"I thought I would not disturb your sleep, ma'am; and if I could only live till morning, then you would cure me; but I am burning up, and my head is most crazy with the fire in it."

"I applied the usual remedies, but the disease baffled my skill. The fever increased rapidly, and the physician pronounced it a violent form of typhus. For many days we despaired of her life; but her patience and gentleness made nursing an almost agreeable labor. I found help for the kitchen, and devoted my time to the patient—at least as far as John would permit. He sat up with her always till midnight, and insisted upon my taking my regular rest. Joseph, Olive and Lucy did not forget her, and seemed to feel it a privilege to aid me in taking care of her."

When Hanny became aware of her disease, she called me to her side.

"Please, Mrs. Hooper, send little Mark away. He may take the fever; and then I would be sorry you were so kind to me."

"He is safe with Aunt Martha."

"Oh, yes; I might have known she would have thought of that—she is always an angel of deliverance in trouble."

As the fever neared the crisis, we all of us became aware how much we had become attached to the little girl, and we hung eagerly upon the doctor's words as he came twice and thrice each day. Joseph ran in from the store once an hour during the time of our greatest anxiety, and if I was weary, or called out of the room, he installed himself there as nurse. At last she was pronounced out of danger, and the joy of the household was great. Then Olive, our retiring, gentle Olive—took my place in the sick room, aided by Lucy. One day the latter was left alone with Hanny.

"Come close to me, Miss Lucy," said Hanny. "I am very weak, and cannot speak loud; and I want you to promise me something."

"What is it?" said Lucy, kindly, as she drew her chair to her side.

"Joseph loves you, Lucy; oh, yes—better than anything else on earth. The world is bright only because you are in it, and your smile is the best sunshine for him. You love him too, Lucy—I think you do, but you are a bit too proud to show it. Please let him look a little more into your heart, and do not try his patience so much. Joseph is good, Lucy, and will suffer a great deal for you. Do not tread upon such love. I wanted to say this to you when I was so ill, and thought I must die; but I had not strength to speak."

Lucy's tears fell fast, but she only said: "I'll try, Hanny."

Hanny's illness was to me almost a providence; it diverted my mind from myself, and for many weeks I forgot everything else in my anxiety for her. But, after awhile, things went on in their accustomed way. Lessons were resumed; the household seemed happy.

I alone nursed a stern, unspoken sorrow.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE PHANTOM WITH SILVER HAIR.

BY CHRISTINE.

Gleefully drawn around my pillow,
Like the night-dew o'er the willow,
Shutting out the fading light,
Hanging the curtains of the night;
Yoking care and labor dreary
Made my heart and brain so weary.
Sleep, at length, like spirit kind,
Came, my drooping lids to bind,
While let loose my fancy roved
Through olden scenes with those I loved,
And beneath the moonbeams pale
I gambolled in my native vale.
The little cot, the troilied vine,
Of Virginia's Bower and White Woodbine—
The old elm-tree—the pond's swing,
And playmates bright, a merry ring—
While sitting up the oaken stair,
Through the old porch, the kitchen bare,
Came a phantom with silver hair.

Though its hollow cheeks were thin and white,
The sweet blue eyes were dimmed in sight,
The tender voice no longer rung—
No fire blazed bright, no children swung;
Yet I wept, as I fancied a vision so rare—
It soothed my pain, it eased my care,
That phantom with the silver hair.
On my pillow I turned, and in dreams again
That form of the past in my fancy did reign;
It came to my couch, o'er my pillow it leant,
But now it was pale—its form was bent;
I sought to clasp it—to stay it there,
But it passed from my arms like yielding air,
That phantom with the silver hair.
In the churchyard lone I wander, in sleep,
And close to a tomb in my dream I creep;
A flood of tears o'er the sod I shed—
I sorrowed long for the lost and dead;
For a mother's sainted form lay there,
That phantom with the silver hair.
That night-vision hath passed away,
And given place to the tolls of day;
But though I seek the dream to forget,
It lingers in my memory yet;
And my heart shall faithfully wear
The vivid shade of that silver hair.

Kind words are looked upon like jewels in the breast, never to be forgotten, and perhaps to cheer, by their memory, a long, sad life; while words of cruelty or carelessness, are like swords in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars which will be borne to the grave by their victim. Do you think there is any bruised heart which bears such a mark from you? If there is a living one which you have wounded, hasten to heal it; for life is short—and to-morrow may be too late.

Heaven hath no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell no fury like a woman scorned.—Cowper.

Written for the Banner of Light.

My Adventure upon the Boulevards.

BY AN OLD MAN.

I am an old man. My frame is bent, my brow deeply lined and wrinkled, and my hair white with the frosts of seventy winters; yet for all this, I have still left one weakness, of which even age has no power to divest me, it is—love for pretty women.

Notwithstanding the admiration which I have ever professed for the fair sex generally, and the years which I have spent in entering to their fickle tastes, and in laboring to excite in their hearts a similar degree of love and affection to that which has so often actuated my own, I am still what the world would call an "old bachelor," if in the minds of many I have not already out-lived even that stigma.

In short, my experience with Eve's lovely daughters has been, through life, a painful, rather than an agreeable one. They have held out to me the forbidden fruit, of which I have eagerly partaken, to my sorrow. One would think that the many deceptions which have been practised upon me, and the numerous instances in which, to speak figuratively, I have cast my bread upon the waters without even the hope of a return, that as years rolled over my head, I would have found my confidence in woman considerably shaken, and instead of wasting the remnants of an old man's affections upon the desert air, have turned towards my fellow men, for that love and sympathy which are so dear to the heart of maturity and old age. But no; as I have lived the slave and dupe of woman, so shall I die; and it is to warn others, the young and inexperienced, against the fate which has been mine, that I now relate to the readers of the Banner of Light, an adventure, which though productive of temporary pleasure for a short-lived season, yet in the end came near costing me the sacrifice of my life.

It was quite early in the fall of the year 1850, when I arrived in Paris, after some six weeks' sojourn in busy, bustling London. Pleasure rather than business had called me abroad, and having heard so often of the gayeties and delights of a Parisian winter, I resolved to spend the ensuing one amid the exciting scenes of the great French Capital.

Letters of introduction had been kindly furnished me by friends, when on the eve of my departure from home, to several eminent and distinguished American gentlemen residing at that time in Paris, but having failed to deliver them, partly from neglect, and partly from lack of inclination, I somehow or other found myself at the end of a month's stay in the French metropolis, quite as much of a stranger, and as little troubled with acquaintances, as I was on the second or third day of my arrival.

My rooms were in the third story of one of the finest hotels of the Faubourg St. Germain; and although surrounded upon all sides by the families of aristocratic noblemen, and at least a score of wild and mischief-loving medical students, I was nevertheless conscious of a sense of exclusiveness and retirement, when comfortably seated before the large open fire-place of my spacious parlor. People in Paris mind their own business, and there is no city in the world where a man can make himself so much at home as in the great French Capital. There we have two worlds—the domestic and the social; and he who cannot find true enjoyment and happiness within the limits of Paris, had better give up the search, and close the remainder of his days in a convent. But to my story. Being naturally of an adventurous spirit, and a profound believer in destiny, I awoke each morning fully impressed with the belief that sooner or later I should meet the glorious ideal of my dreams, who for long years had so haunted my slumbers and disturbed the current of my every-day life. Earlier than I had anticipated, my bright hopes were destined to be realized. Strolling carelessly along the Boulevards one bright October morning, I perceived on the opposite side of the street a young and lovely girl, leaning gracefully against the walls of one of the most fashionable theatres of that brilliant thoroughfare.

Struck even at a distance with the spiritual beauty of her face, and the slight but perfect symmetry of her form, I hastily crossed the street to the spot where she was standing, apparently unconscious of things passing around her, and of the deep and lasting impression which her wondrous loveliness of countenance had made upon an old man's heart. Her dress was evidently that of a grisette of humble birth—by occupation an orange-vender.

I stood regarding her in silent admiration for a moment or two, during which time the lovely girl stood motionless as a statue before me with downcast eyes, and her small hands meekly folded upon her breast.

I had seen hundreds of grisettes before, but none so purely beautiful and lovely as this one; had encountered orange-girls at almost every corner of my frequent walks, but their dark beauty and coquettish manner had pleased only for the moment, while hers would charm for a life-time. Lightning-like, the thought flashed across my brain that the beautifully spiritual creature before me was my destiny!—the ideal of my dreams, and the one constant and devoted woman for whom I had sought for long years, yet never found until then.

I could have stood there all day, lost in contemplation of her sublime and holy beauty of face, so like that of Faust's Margaret, in its angelic sweetness and spiritual calmness, had it not been for the rough and insulting language which a fellow of the corps dramatique of the establishment addressed to her in passing by, accompanied by a simultaneous movement of the foot, which sent the oranges in her basket rolling here and there upon the pavement. The dream was instantly dispelled, and the soft beaming glance of the blue eyes, which the orange-girl uplilt to my face, were irresistible, and, shall I say it—made me her slave from that moment henceforth.

It was but the work of an instant to replace the fruit in the basket of my companion, and spring after the villain who had offered such insult to a female. The reckless fellow paused a moment upon the stairs of the theatre, to witness the assistance rendered in behalf of the injured one, and then with a loud and mocking laugh, and an expression of countenance which plainly said, "catch me if you can, old man," dashed rapidly out of sight before I could reach him.

I smothered my anger as well as possible, recovered my hat, which had fallen off in my unusual velocity of movement, and after addressing a few words of sympathy to the fair fruit-seller, and the purchase of half the oranges which her basket contained, I hastened back to my lodgings with a feeling of joy at my heart in having at last found one

woman in the whole world whom I might with safety trust and love. Sleep visited not my eyelids that night, for my mind was too much occupied with thoughts of the fair orange-girl, and anxiety for her future welfare, to woo the drowsy goddess; and it was with a sense of relief that I beheld the morning sunlight faintly struggling in through the heavy crimson curtains of my windows.

Without waiting for my customary breakfast of chocolate and rolls, I seized my hat and hastened to the spot where the day previous I had first beheld and met my fair charmer. There she stood like a fresh piece of sculpture, in her cold and seemingly unimpassioned beauty.

At my approach, however, her calm blue eyes grew suddenly bright, and taking a bunch of violets from her bodice, she quickly pressed them to her lips, then placed them in the hand which I extended to her, saying with a sweet smile, "Will Monsieur please accept these flowers from one whose heart can never be insensible to the kindness which a stranger so freely bestowed upon poor Henriette yesterday?"

As she spoke, the tones of her silvery voice grew tremulous, and tears filled her azure eyes. I felt the moisture rising in my own, and turned away my head to avoid the exhibition of emotion which swayed my soul.

My companion's voice aroused me from the reverie into which I had temporarily fallen.

"Will Monsieur purchase some oranges this morning?"

"No, ma belle," I answered quickly, "not to-day; but promise me that you will call upon me at my hotel, No. 130 in the Faubourg St. Germain, at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and then you shall find in me a ready customer."

The young orange-seller nodded her assent to my request, and giving her my card, I raised her fair hand impulsively to my lips, and without uttering another word, hurried from the spot.

Agreeably to promise, the porter ushered into my room, at the appointed hour, the following morning, the beautiful fruit-seller. I had purposely delayed my breakfast until her coming, and it was after considerable effort upon my part that I at last induced my fair companion to become my guest for the morning meal.

During our lengthy conversation of an hour, I learned that the name of the lovely grisette was Henriette De Riviere, and that she was an orphan, with no living kindred or relative in the world, beside a brother, who, for some trivial offence, had recently been discharged from the Emperor's service. The simplicity of the young girl's manner, and the ethereal loveliness of her face, fascinated and enthralled my senses.

Day after day found me the best and first customer of the orange-girl, who rarely left my lodgings without an empty basket, and heavier purse. Mustering up a sufficient degree of courage, I asked her one morning, during her customary visit to my hotel, if she would not like to renounce her life as a fruit-seller of the Boulevards. She replied that she would, if better and more remunerative employment could be found than that which she now pursued.

I raised my eyes timidly to her face, but the holy and spiritual expression, which it wore at that moment, checked back the guilty proposal which trembled upon my lips, and sinking down into a chair near by, I buried my face in my hands, murmuring inaudibly, "Thank God! there is at least one virtuous grisette in Paris!"

When I recovered myself, Henriette was lavishing my temples with water, and bending over me with all the anxiety of a fond child. Yielding to the impulse of the moment, I caught her slight and girlish form in my arms, and covered brow and cheeks with burning kisses. At first she appeared frightened at my stranger conduct, but in a few minutes became quite accustomed to my caresses, and allowed me to twine her soft brown curls about my fingers, like a pet child.

Twilight was fast settling upon the great city, when the beautiful orange-girl escaped from my embrace, and, gathering up her little basket, returned to her home.

Each morning Henriette De Riviere breakfasted with me, and each day I felt my love for the beautiful grisette strengthening and increasing. That she reciprocated my deep affection I doubted not; but there was, at times, a shyness and reserve about her manner, when in my presence, which I attributed entirely to her maiden delicacy, and which, I doubted not, marriage would soon dispel—for, to confess the truth, reader, I had fully made up my mind to make her my wife, and return with her to my native land, America.

At my request, Henriette had consented to sit for her portrait at my apartments. Being totally unacquainted with the master-artist of Paris, I left it to the young girl to make choice of a painter.

The person whom she introduced to my service was a man apparently about twenty-eight years of age, of a rather prepossessing appearance and exceedingly gentlemanly in his deportment.

A month passed by, and the portrait was at length completed. It did not strike me as a good likeness of the beautiful orange-girl; but as Henriette herself seemed pleased with it, and the artist declared that he had never before executed so faithful a likeness, I began to share in the general satisfaction, and after paying the young painter (who had given his name as Horace Dernier) handsomely for his work, I suffered him to depart without making the alterations to the picture which I had at first proposed to him.

The very night succeeding our last interview, Henriette and I occupied a stage-box in that spacious but somewhat unfashionable theatre known as the Oden. The play was a dramatic version of the opera of Der Freyschutz, called "The Free Shots."

Henriette seemed highly delighted with the performance, and I was but too happy in the possession of her love—for that very evening she had reluctantly given her consent to become my bride, and return with me to America.

All of a sudden my companion turned deadly pale in the face, and, starting up from her seat, threw herself upon my neck, exclaiming,

"He will kill you!"

The next instant the loud report of a pistol fell upon my ear, and the ball which a man who, but a moment before, had entered the opposite box, had aimed at my heart, grazed the arm of Henriette.

A few minutes later, and the artist Derplier entered the box where the young girl was lying; faint and senseless, and, after procuring medical assistance, insisted upon conveying her to her residence in a carriage. I would willingly have accompanied my charge to her home myself; but the young girl, suddenly recovering, declared that the wound which she had received was but a slight one, and that, with my

permission, she would accept the escort of her friend Darnier, and bid me farewell until the morrow.

When I returned home, I discovered that I had been robbed of my watch and all the money I had upon my person.

The next day Henriette called upon me and asked me a large sum of money for the purchase of her bridal wardrobe. This I granted her without hesitation, and again we parted, to meet two days later on board the steamer bound for America, where I had engaged a double passage, and the services of the attendant Chaplain to marry us.

Arriving at an early hour on board the Steamer "Persia," I was soon joined by Henriette, who met me with smiles, although her countenance bore marks of long weeping, probably at the thought of leaving gay and exciting Paris forever.

I noticed that my fellow passengers regarded me and my fair companion with keen scrutiny, but attributed the fact to envy on their part, of my being the possessor of the heart of so lovely a flower.

The first bell struck, and Henriette appeared nervous and worried at the non appearance of her brother, who, she said, had promised to meet us, and whom she desired to present to her future husband.

A minute or two later, Henriette left my side, exclaiming,

"There he comes!"

And before I could call her back, she had left the deck, descended the ladder, and was soon conversing earnestly upon the wharf with the artist, whom I had last met at the theatre.

In vain I called to her from the deck, but she heard me not; and, just then, the second bell struck, and the steamer pushed off from the wharf, leaving Henriette and her artist-friend on shore, and me a disappointed bridegroom.

"Can you tell me, sir," I asked of a fellow-passenger—a Frenchman, who stood at my elbow, "who yonder couple are that are hurrying off the wharf?"

"That, sir, is Captain De Riviere and his wife—a couple who are strangely notorious throughout all Paris. You know them, I presume?" he said, looking at me with a cunning expression of face.

"I have met with his wife," I replied, carelessly, for at that moment the mask fell from my eyes, and I saw, alas! but too plainly, that I had become the victim to a fresh and gross piece of deception. He whom Henriette had called her brother, and introduced to my lodgings as her friend, the artist Darnier, was her husband, and a base impostor. It was he who would have killed me at the theatre, but, missing his aim, wounded his own wife, and robbed me of my purse and watch while ministering to her wants.

An hour later, I discovered that my baggage had not come on board. Upon making application to the freight-master, I was told that a gentleman had claimed it as his own property, just five minutes before the steamer set sail. I now remembered that Henriette had playfully extracted the check for the same, soon after her arrival on board, and undoubtedly had given it into the hands of her husband on shore.

I am still unmarried. And can you wonder, kind reader, after my unfortunate adventure upon the Boulevards?

Written for the Banner of Light.
LINES TO MRS. C. P. S., OF MELROSE.

BY SARA HYATT.

Why is your heart so sad, my friend,
And with deep sorrow riven?
Why do you mourn your darling dead,
When he is safe in heaven?
That little form that was so fair—
The youngest of the three,
Contained the spirit of your child,
Who cometh oft to thee.
Oh, sorrow not that he has gone,
Your lovely, blue-eyed boy—
Ere sorrow came to grieve his heart
Which was so full of joy.
I know you often feel alone,
Though the other two are left;
You miss the darling, lovely one,
Of which you are bereft.
But oh, my friend, there is a land!
Where our dear loved ones dwell,
Midst scenes of beauty we have not—
Nor earthly ones can tell.
Then wipe thy falling tears away—
"Thy God that called him home;
You should not mourn about him so,
For you are not alone.
Ah! no! our spirit ones with love
Come to us evermore,
And gladly whisper in our hearts—
"Not lost, but gone before."
Yes, gone before to that best home
Unknown to sin and pain;
Our footsteps they are hastening on—
We soon shall meet again.
Then, oh the rapture of that hour
That clasps them to our heart,
In life eternal we shall meet,
And never, never part.

HAPPY HOMES.—Few secrets are so important as that of knowing how to make home happy. Beauty of features is not necessary. Ordinary features, when lit up with the sunbeams of sensibility, generally excite the same passions which they express; and the winning attraction of their smile invests them with peculiar charms, like the variegated hues with which a brilliant rainbow tints the gloomy clouds. The proud and dangerous gift of genius is not necessary. Let a woman possess what is infinitely more valuable—good common sense, and Intellect sufficient to direct it in the most appropriate manner to all the practical purposes of life. Let there be truthfulness and integrity in her nature, strengthened by a thorough course of mental discipline, and it will not fail to give beauty and power to her thoughts and character. It does not consist in the ready flow of conversation, captivating in its vivacity, brilliant in its fresh conceptions, charming in its polished sentences, dazzling in its wittoisms, and instructive in its solidity.

YOUTH AND AGE.—Why was I so happy then? I consider well, and nothing is sensibly changed in my condition. I possess, as I did then, health, and my daily bread; the only difference is, that I am now responsible for myself. As a child, I accepted life when it came; another cared for, and provided for me. As long I fulfilled my present duties I was at peace within, and I left the future to the prudence of my father! My destiny was a ship, in the direction of which I had no share, and in which I sailed as a common passenger. There was the whole secret of childhood's happy security. Since then, worldly wisdom has deprived me of it. When my lot was entrusted to my own and sole keeping, I thought to make myself master of it by means of a long insight into the future. I have filled the present hour with anxieties, by occupying my thoughts with the future; I have put my judgment in the place of Providence, and the happy child is changed into the anxious man.—*Emile Souvestre.*

THE HUGUENOT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY MARTHA WHARTLEY BENTON.

Amid the magnificence of Versailles, surrounded by the most illustrious in beauty, bravery, and wit, sat the grand monarch of France, Louis; but from the usually mirthful and brilliant face of the handsome king the smile had vanished, and a look of deep concern usurped its place, while all within the presence likewise seemed to partake of the same anxiety. And any one, to have marked the deep severity which pervaded the tone of Louis, when he turned to give commands, would easily foresee that a storm was gathering over the battlements of France. Mazarin stood at the right of the king, with an unfolded scroll in his hand, upon which, from time to time, the monarch cast his eyes, and then allowed them to wander among the courtiers at his side. Then he would start nervously, call some messenger to his side, and dispatch a hasty commission of no importance, and again settle into seeming tranquillity.

While these trivial precursors of faction and disquiet were holding sway amid the glories of Versailles, throughout the streets of Paris, within the prison of l'Abbaye, and the dungeons of the Palais de Justice, the brave, the beautiful and the loyal were being tortured by the rude hands of Catholic tyrants, or forced to recant their creed at the dagger's point. Popery had made a bold strike at the living pulse of Protestantism, and bleeding thousands bowed their heads before it.

At length into the presence of the royal Louis there was ushered a graceful youth, whose piercing eyes, and noble mien, seemed to proclaim him one born to command. Heavy masses of curls were gathered above his bold brow, while the negligent ease with which he tossed the drapery of his cloak from his shoulders, showed that his attention had also been turned toward the gay scene.

Every eye was fastened upon the stranger, who approached the king, and knelt at his feet. A frown gathered on the brow of the sovereign, at first sight of the intruder; but, meeting his open yet haughty countenance, he bent carelessly towards him, and exclaimed,

"Whence come you, Frenchman, and what is your business with myself?"

"I am come from the valley of the Garonne, Monseigneur. The earth is red with the blood of the poor Huguenot. Our quiet homes are broken in upon, our villages burned, our loved ones murdered, and those who are allowed to escape are hunted like wild beasts by the Pope's minions! My father's castle rested in the valley of the Garonne, and from ages past the right of speech, and liberty of conscience have been vouchsafed to its possessors, whose arms have ever been at the service of their king. My honored sire, as well as your humble servant, dared, however, to question the clemency of that edict, which a prejudiced monarch has forced upon his subjects; and the insatiate revenge of your blood-thirsty commissioners has fallen upon our heads; and our castle, the heritage of our fathers, is laid in ruins, and the proud blood of Bordeaux is flowing over its crumbled walls. Is there no remorse, no sympathy, no spark of humane feeling left within the sovereign heart? Will you, can you, withhold your protection from the suffering and persecuted?"

The first part of the stranger's speech was uttered with a haughty and measured accent; but, as he proceeded, and reality and retrospect, growing upon his thought, increased his enthusiasm, he lost his proud look and tone, and, ere he concluded, his voice had sunk almost to a whisper, while the perspiration stood in melting drops upon his pale, noble brow, and the tears glistened in his bright, sad eyes.

Louis listened impatiently and disdainfully to the reproachful complaint of the stranger, and when he had ceased, rose, tossed his head, stamped his foot, and exclaimed,

"Hell and furies! the cursed heretics again? Ho! captain of the guards! take this intruder where he can be taught better manners than to question the divine right of Louis le Grand!" and instantly the gallant, handsome and fearless stranger was dragged from the presence chamber, by a half score of *gens d'armes*, and another hour found him immured within the dungeons of l'Abbaye, shut out from sympathy and protection, and holding his life upon the slender tenure of a fickle, prejudiced, and irascible king.

This young prisoner was Francois Waldbourg, the eldest son of the Count of Bordeaux, and he had been urged to take the injudicious and rash resolve of laying the cruelties and wrongs of his family before the relentless king, when the Catholic butchers had pierced the heart of his sire, murdered his gentle mother, and carried his lovely sisters to be tortured into conversion. And now he had, by this one desperate, generous endeavor, deprived himself of all means to succor or avenge.

Bowed down in sorrow at the failure and overthrow of his schemes, Francois gave himself up to despair, and refused his food, believing all attempts to live, and hopes of the future vain and impossible. Days and weeks passed over the head of the noble Waldbourg, and death had become the only thing he prayed for. His beautiful black curls were disheveled, and his noble features grown haggard and tear-stained.

One evening, after a long and weary day of regret and sorrowful meditation, his attention was arrested by the sobbings of a female prisoner, whom a corps of *gens d'armes* had within the last hour placed in an adjoining cell. Her mourning was not vehement—it seemed like the overflowing of a once happy heart, now breaking beneath a weight of grief; and sympathetic sorrow at once filled the heart of young Waldbourg. He drew near the grated window that separated the apartments, and by the dim light that streamed through the dingy window-pane, he caught the shadowy glimpse of a young and lovely maiden, pouring out her soul in prayer and lamentation; while over her bowed head her luxuriant golden hair was ringleted in quivering beauty, and her delicate form, half-suppliant and half-fatigued, made picturesque the barren view within the damp and obnoxious prison cell. In a whisper, Waldbourg addressed the girl, weeping girl. The sound echoed through the cold stone walls, and she started up and looked wistfully and wonderingly about her. Again he breathed:

"Gentle one, I, too, am a prisoner, as wretched as yourself; but tell me, have you, too, been the victim of the insatiable hands, who, in the name of their religion, torture, and destroy? One so lovely and so pure, can surely do no harm."

Upon this, the tearful girl turned and bent her

gaze towards the grated window from whence the sound proceeded, and Francois was not only surprised, but almost dazzled by the exquisite and faultless grace and brilliancy of her features, mingling all that was noble and heroic with the exquisitely delicate and feminine. Recovering himself, he said:

"Had you parents the victims of the slaughter? Speak! tell me whence you came, and what is your grief?"

"I came from the Valley of Piedmont to the banks of the Seine with my father, who sought a refuge in foreign lands from the persecution that overhung the Alps and the valley of his home and heritage," replied the blushing maiden; "but our enemies, under the garb of friendship, beguiled us into their toils, and they have carried my father—the dear old man—to torture, and dragged his wretched child here, to die alone, in misery and grief. I was called the Alpine Violet, and my father's tower was overshadowed by the snows and skies that spread above the mountains of Switzerland. La Vallette Tower never shunned a stranger, nor its lord the cause of his country or his king."

"Poor, persecuted one!" exclaimed Waldbourg, "your blood will not be poured out in vain. If there is merit in human arm, or mercy in the Divine, your persecutors will be humbled; but until deliverance comes, believe that your fellow prisoner, though until the present hour a stranger to you, is bound by the ties of mutual sorrow and mutual helplessness."

From this time the lonely solitude of Francois seemed greatly beguiled by the presence of the young female captive.

Weeks and months wore on, the sky and the turf of France were growing dim, and threatening. The gentle Swiss maiden had meanwhile been withdrawn from the dungeon cell by the redeeming gold of one, who, at sight of her had longed to possess, and, in wondering delight, the gentle Plaquemine bade adieu to Waldbourg, after promising never to forget, and to be his good angel of deliverance. Alas! to find herself in a worse thralldom, as the slave of a capricious and stern-hearted noble!

With what energy she repelled his advances, it is needless to detail. Enough that the heroic spirit that had been born and nurtured among the mountains of Switzerland, gave her strength in the hour of need; and, after baffling his endeavors for a long while, she made her escape, fleeing, she knew not whither, through the streets of Paris, with her mind fixed on the generous purpose of effecting the escape of her prison-friend; and, amid the lowest and poorest quarters of the great city she abided her time, and made sure her means to release him. It was the festival of Easter, and Catholic Paris was aroused to its most glorious and magnificent jubilee, while beside the usual brilliancy and attractiveness of the Fete, the cruel and eager taste of the populace was gloated by the inhuman torture of the imprisoned heretics. Among the crowd who assembled before the prison-gate was an old man, seemingly bowed beneath a weight of years and infirmities. In his hand he carried a crucifix, while his eye seemed to beam with meekness and submission. As the boisterous "bravos" of the multitude pierced the air and shouted for renewed atrocities, the meek old man seemed to look with saddened pity and wonder upon their bloodthirsty merriment, and withdrawing silently within the courtyard, he presented himself to the guard as an apostle of the Holy Virgin, come to absolve the unfortunate prisoners, and prepare them for the doom which they must inevitably meet.

Once within the walls, the pseudo priest, after a reconnoitre to ascertain the secrecy of his visit, with the solemnity of the absolver of dying men, gained entrance to the cell of young Waldbourg. After endeavoring to dissuade him from his despair, and arouse him to hope in the future, and finding him still settled in despondency, he threw aside his cowl and robe, and the gentle Plaquemine, the delicate prison-friend of months before, stood before him. Waldbourg, at first, was confounded and surprised, and then alarmed at the rashness of the beautiful girl. But when she told him of the plan she had conceived for his escape, and the long time she had been maturing it, and watching and waiting for the opportunity, he was overpowered with admiration and gratitude.

Wait not a moment, dear friend, but fly while you have time. Quick! take these priestly robes, which gained me entrance here, and with which you can reach the confines of Paris. Waste no time. Seek again your native valley, and shield and succor, if you wish, and then leave bleeding, benighted, blood-thirsty France. There are forest homes in the New World—there is peace there for the oppressed. Why do you linger? An hour may be too late! And with urging hands and rallying words, the heroic maiden aroused him to the undertaking. Reluctantly, young Waldbourg arrayed himself in the garments, and, after pressing the beautiful, the resolute, yet defenceless Plaquemine, to his heart, vowing eternal fidelity and instant relief, passed out under his disguise. But instead of seeking the city suburbs, he loitered near l'Abbaye, determined to rather perish than allow one ringlet of the gentle head to be harmed. While Plaquemine, till now nerved to her mightiest resolve, as soon as she had accomplished the escape of Waldbourg, gave herself up to an enervating feeling of loneliness and inaction, distressed for the safety of her beloved sire, anxious about the welfare of the wanderer, and undetermined in what manner she was to finish the drama she had so heroically commenced; and at last, overwhelmed by contending feelings, she sank fainting into a sort of lethargy on the cold stone pavement of l'Abbaye.

While the grey mists of morning were still enveloping the streets of Paris, the dead cart paced solemnly through the Boulevards, and stopped at the low stone door of the prison, and a peerless female form, with disheveled ringlets, was laid within it, then swiftly borne towards the Potter's Field. Just as the remains of the beautiful Plaquemine (for it was her) were being interred, the figure of a priest approached the tier of the beautiful one, and, with the most reverent and devotional mien, knelt beside the prostrate form, and supplicated the Holy Virgin. The prison-undertakers crossed themselves; then, remembering other important duties of the morning, they left the uncovered corpse with the holy man, and returned the way they had come. Left alone, the priest bent low over the fair face, and in deep tones of sorrow thus soliloquized:

"Broken-hearted, beautiful one, can it be possible that Heaven allowed her enemies to wrest the vital chord from life—and yet there is no mark of violent or profane hands upon her—and I not allowed to make one endeavor to avert her doom? Oh, then,

there is nothing left but to kiss these cold lips, and pile the inhuman sod of France above them. Yet softly—there is a glow on the sweet, cold face, that is unlike the pallor of death. There have been such things as lethargic slumbers heard of ere this. Let me breathe a warm breath in the nostrils! Oh, gentle Plaquemine, live to be loved—live for the joy to come!"

With this half-distracted exclamation, the priest placed his warm lips upon the cold, still face, and chafed the pulseless hands in his. The life once more returned to the inanimate form, and ere long the pale maiden sat up and looked around in amazement. Instantly the cassock and cowl were thrown aside, and Francois Waldbourg, the beautiful and proud-hearted, stood before Plaquemine La Vallette.

It needed but very little explanation or urging to reveal the fearful interlude of the future of the two friends—nay, lovers they might be called—for mutual sorrow, sympathy, and interest, had grown into something dearer than friendship.

Waldbourg now looked forward only to some quiet refuge for himself and Plaquemine; yet with regret he looked upon the mouldering embers of his home, and the ruins of the household happiness, that had once been his portion in the valley of the Garonne. After long, weary rambles, along the rocks and cliffs, they fell in with a band of persecuted Protestants, who were seeking an asylum in the New World; and Francois and Plaquemine bade adieu to France, and joined the pilgrim band.

Not far from the shores of the Mississippi, far to the south, stood the rude log hut of an emigrant. The family consisted of one with sparkling eyes and noble mien, who evidently looked back to a sunnier and a nobler career than the one that had fallen to his lot; while a gentle being, with sunny hair and heavenly blue eyes, sat by his side, the consoler and companion; and yet another, with gray locks and subdued countenance, and a form bent by suffering and privation, formed the centre of the household group. He had come to their cabin door long since they had rolled its logs into a habitation, and, with quivering lips, had told of suffering, persecution, and bereavement, and in the tearful eye and pitying voice of Plaquemine La Vallette, now Waldbourg, he found his child—the Alpine Violet—and, in the apostle of righteousness—the great medicine man of the Indians of the south-west—Plaquemine found the lost parent she had so deeply lamented.

The great change in the dynasty of France, on the accession of a new monarch, recalled the wandering Waldbourg to his own again; and, as the Count of Bordeaux, he exhibited the same fearlessness and nobility of character that had characterized him as the suppliant of Versailles, while in the New World a namesake village was left in memorial of the beautiful and heroic Plaquemine.

RUTH.

[Knocking, and knocking the cradle.]
What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt,
Unwritten history!
Unfathomable mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and grows, and tees and whines,
As if his head were full of kinks
And curious riddles as my spinnix!
Punished by colic, and wet by tears,
Wounded by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
Where the summers go;
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.
Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the possessor's link
By which the mannikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and walling, and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony.
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the harks of little souls—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from Heaven on an oblong tide!
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast—
Best and beautiful, smooth and white,
Sucking it ever with fresh delight—
Cup of his life, and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart's blood sinks and swells
What tenderness she can never tell
Though she murmur the words
Of all the worlds
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep?
I can see the shadowy crew
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow, and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! down he goes!
[Rising, and carefully retreating to her seat.]
See! he is tucked in sweet repose!

THE COMPANY OF HEAVEN.

It is pleasant, amid the jars and discords of this lower world, to meet and mingle with the great and good and noble spirits that are to be found among us, and to refresh the weary, world-worn mind by association with the pure and holy-hearted: after the busy cares and petty trials of this work-day world are over, to sit quietly down by the fireside, or among the two or three who have met together, and converse of that home to which each closing day is bringing us nearer, and toward which our united hearts and hopes are tending.

And if the communion of spirits on earth is so sweet—if the society of the good and lovely is so to be desired—what must it be to mingle in the grand assemblage above? Heaven has been gathering to itself through countless ages whatever is congenial to its nature, and enriching itself with the spoils of earth. Whatever we look upon as holy and excellent, elevated and worthy to be loved in the character of man, is found gathered and still gathering in that multitude which no man can number in the city of the living God—the heavenly Jerusalem.

From every century, every generation, out of every people, and nation, and kindred, and tongue, since the world began, a long procession has ascended, and still passed onward, comprising all that is best, and noblest, and brightest in man, all that is holy, all that is true, all that makes earth safe and pleasant to dwell in, and joining itself to that church of the first-born which is written in heaven, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. There are those whom we have known and loved. The hoary head walking among us for so many years in the ways of wisdom, the soldier of the cross, who had learnt to live not unto himself, but unto him who died: the gentle, pure-hearted, loving ones—the tender infant—all taking their place in the ranks of the army of the Lord. Nothing but holiness, and happiness and love bind together the family of heaven. Is this the companionship in which we trust to spend our eternal years? To be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for, and hastening unto the day when we, too, shall join in that innumerable multitude, and unite with them in the ever new song of praise to him who hath covered us with a righteousness, and made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

Queer Stories of Queer Characters.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"Is that true?" How often do we have that interrogatory put to us after relating one of the many anecdotes which originated in that peculiar settlement, Newburyport. So very curious and remarkable are these legends that they bear the stamp of marvellousness upon them. However, any one who understands those things, and is well versed in the old and occultic folk that whilom inhabited that singular place, will never doubt any story that can be told of it, providing it is in character with the general run of tales extant there.

Everybody has heard of old parson Milton, who once did the preaching for the Presbyterians that worshipped at the Prospect street meeting-house. Manifold are the anecdotes afloat concerning this peculiar man, which almost every one has heard about. One day we were telling a friend of ours about the huge pocket-handkerchief which the old clogger always carried—we could not tell the exact size, having never measured it, but by our eye, and at some distance; but according to our best judgment and recollection, we pronounced it to be about the size of a common table-cloth. Our friend doubted our statement, thinking that we drew rather a long bow in the matter. We appealed to another friend present, who had often seen the article in question, who at once, not only substantiated our statement, but set it much larger; it was as ample, he declared, as a big sheet. Not feeling entirely satisfied with the testimony, yet, the doubter applied to another gentleman who was to the "manor born," and who always "spoke by the word." He set it much larger than any of us. "It was nearly as large," said he, "as a schooner's top-gallant sail!" Once more the indomitable doubter appealed. He asked a man who had been brought up under this parson's preaching, the size of the old clogger's handkerchief. "I could not give the exact measurement," said he, "but can tell you truly, that when he took it out of his pocket, in the pulpit, and flourished it about, as was his custom, that it darkened the whole house with its extensive and deep indigo folds!" The doubter doubted never after any of our stories touching that peculiar locality or those eccentric people.

One evening, in company with a few friends, a fellow-townsmen making one of the party, we were telling about an eccentric individual who flourished in Newburyport when we were a boy, who went, by the name of Fiddler Noyes. He was a queer specimen of human nature. He looked like a one-candle lantern—a second Calvin Edson. One peculiarity about this son of Apollo, was his apparent ubiquity. Go to any country muster and he was there. And particularly, said we, whenever we went to Plum Island, we were always sure to see there the erratic fiddler. "That was so," returned our friend and townsman. "We have always remarked that phenomenon; we went vent to Plum Island every summer, and never failed in finding the fiddler there. One winter's day, after a severe storm from the northeast, we rode down to that island to witness its effect upon the seashore. When lo! and behold! upon the farthest end of the island, where the foot of man scarce ever treads, upon the troubled beach we met the gaunt and ghostly form of the fiddler, trudging along, solitary and alone, listening to the

"Wild sea music!"

A queer way, too, many made their money in that ancient town. Old Bill B., as he was familiarly called by the people, got into his position as the richest man there, by curious circumstances. He began business as a shoemaker, and by dint of the greatest stretch of economy, occasionally verging into meanness, he managed to scrape money enough together to buy a crazy old hulk of a brig, which should have been condemned years before, and filled her with a cheap kind of fish, that are taken with a seine in abundance from the Merrimack river. The fish cost him but four dollars the hoghead. The brig set sail with her "valuable" cargo, for one of the West India Islands; but a hurricane which she was so fortunate as to encounter, blew her into a different port to which she was bound; the consequence of which was, that the cargo of fish happened to prove a God-send to the half-finished inhabitants, who bought the fish greedily at four times the cost, and paid in molasses, at the low price of twelve cents the gallon, which was sold immediately on its arrival at home, at nearly four times that amount. And, moreover, this old miser's eldest son, who commanded one of his ships, took the liberty once to run a blockade, contrary to orders, by which he made seventy thousand dollars for the "old man," who, to show both his gratitude and authority for the act, never would let him go to sea again in one of his ships.

A funny incident once happened to this old clogger in his own counting-room. He being somewhat concerned in the Andover parson factory—thinking, perchance, that might be his only chance of getting into heaven—bought up a lot of bedsteads, cheap, of a poor mechanic, whose family was starving for the money—and, in order to carry his economical ideas fully out, hunted up some veridigris from amongst his returned ship stores, and hired, at very low wages, an old, broken-down painter, Uncle C., as thirly, a soul as ever handled a brush, to lay the color upon them. It was the universal custom in those days to furnish grog, cider or beer to the workmen, at least twice a day. It was in the afternoon that the artist took hold of his job. He worked on until the "old South" clock hammered out four, when old B. sent the painter up to his house with a big pitcher, to be filled with cider, of which he had a plentiful supply in his ample cellar. Be it known, however, that the old fellow had two kinds of this luxury; one quality was plain as it run from the press, of which he was wont to regale his workmen with, whilst another tap had a bountiful addition of Cognac added to it—the which he reserved for his own use, and that of his very particular friends. The maid-servant, thinking that the cider was for her master's special use, filled the giant pitcher with the "gruel, slab and good." The painter did not wait for ceremony, but took a powerful pull at the pitcher as soon as he left the house; and another, and yet another, ere he reached the store. After taking another drink, Uncle C. then went to work, and so did the cider, which, from its potency, soon overtook him, and began to play strange tricks in the old man's weak brain. The bedstead posts would not seem to stand still, but the tops, turning into human heads, did appear to dance and hop about right merrily; he could scarce keep the run of them, giving some of them two coats of paint, whilst others he would skip over.

Old B. was standing at his desk near by, busily engaged in running up a long column of figures—he

was never idle for a moment—many a good voyage has been planned in sermon time—his two shanks encased in white woolen stockings, surmounted with knee-breeches, as was his customary attire—when the tipsy artist having finished, or thought he had finished, all the bedstead posts but two, and there they stood, as he thought; with a good flowing brush he went at the old man's legs, and in a twinkling gave a good big tick upon each of them, ere the proprietor thereof was aroused from his mathematical reverie.

C.

Banner of Light.

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RELIGION AND SPIRITUALISM.

The religious element has been implanted by the good Father in every human heart. A sense of dependence on some independent being, is a feeling to which all men, of whatever race or nation, equally confess. And the great differences observable in human character are primarily to be referred to the different degrees of development of this very religious sense, or quality. The man who is most deeply and truly religious, is of course the man furthest on his way to the golden goal at which all true souls equally aim.

Hence, a person to be particularly spiritual, must, of necessity, in the first place, be indisputably religious; not, as a matter of course, after the demands of the creeds, the formularies, and the patented dogmas that rule as yet in the recognized portion of the Christian world—but in his soul, in his way of looking at life, in his faith, in his conduct, and in his aspirations. In truth, if we stop and consider the matter calmly and thoughtfully, it will have to be admitted that there can exist no genuine Spiritualism without the religious element. She latter is the basis, the foundation, the substratum for the former.

Unless the soul first feels its deep and abiding trust in God, how can it know anything of the sweetness of humility? Or without faith, clearer than the eye, and stronger than the wing of an eagle, how can it aspire? Or without a pure perception of the close and eternal relation between itself and the Creator, how can it hope to gain a perception of those intimate and loving relations that subsist like an invisible spiritual network, between itself and all other souls that are co-related, or that belong, in fact, to the great family of souls created?

And it is just here, and in consequence of not first understanding this perfectly natural and necessary condition by which alone the spiritual faculties are allowed to grow, that so many are led in their unreflecting impatience to believe that Spiritualism is, after all, no reality to them, and must be in itself an idle and an empty pretension. The fault is with themselves, and not with Spiritualism. They approached it without first knowing themselves, or what they wanted. Without being religious, they vainly expected they could become spiritual. They seized with thoughtless eagerness upon the revealed truth of spirit-communication, as they would have rushed on to any other bewildering novelty; and, when the heat of haste was over, they turned around and wondered why Spiritualism had not the power of itself, and without their own co-operation, and even against their soul's wish or desire, to make them suddenly and miraculously religious.

Some such disappointed ones, who should have known that nothing but disappointment awaited them, have subsequently proved their lack of a truly religious development, by seeking to take their revenge upon Spiritualism; charging it with all manner of baseness and falsehood, with being a philosophy, but in no sense a religion, with being a covert for all the foul birds of infidelity that fly the air at night, and with seeking the overthrow of all religious order, and the subsequent reign of unbridled sin and licentiousness. Those who labor to gratify their revenge in such a way, need not have put themselves to so much trouble even as this, to show that Spiritualism had nothing for them, and could possibly do nothing for them. They turn from it, thinking to reveal to the world some of its wonderful mysteries, some of its terrible secrets; and yet the world, or the hostile portion of it, is none the wiser for such revelations still, but goes on as before, and gazes and stares at the mysteries, and declares, since it can see no religion in it, that it must all be the work of the "very devil."

Now a man does not limit other objects, but himself, when he undertakes a definition. If he describes another, he unconsciously sketches out the outlines of himself; if larger than he, then his own comparative littleness only is set forth on the more ample background of the other. This law is fixed. And let a person but undertake to tell what he has found, or even failed to find, in Spiritualism, and you may at once know what he previously had, or did not have, in himself. If he seeks in Spiritualism only material good—wealth, power, position, ease, or worldly consideration and comfort in any way—by proclaiming his disappointment, he simply betrays the very object of which he went in quest.

There is no falsifying facts like these. They tell their own lamentable story. They show us too truly how low is yet our highest religious development, when we accept such a vast blessing as spirit-communication, principally as a means of getting rich and powerful, rather than of becoming purer and nobler men and women. The fault is not to be laid at the door of spirit-communication, many as are the errors that have been committed by the impure and irreverent instruments of so heavenly a doctrine; but rather at the door of those very persons who come

and ask for unspiritual and earthly gifts from Spiritualism, and, of necessity, go away at last disappointed.

Now nothing, we insist, is more evident than the very simple but very important fact, that there can be no Spiritualism unless it is infused and permeated with genuine Religion. The two must, in the necessity of things, go together, and work together. Religious aspirations ask to be nurtured, to be gratified; and Spiritualism comes forward and cherishes them. Religious needs crave to be fed, and fed daily—and Spiritualism hastens to kindly and plentifully feed them. The religious element of the soul is ever craving something which hitherto it has not been allowed to enjoy; and in this time of dawning light and spreading freedom, Spiritualism readily offers to supply its need; yet in no mysterious or supernatural way, but only after the old and simple laws of Nature, which are the outness of God.

If here, then, is where people are at fault, the sooner they pause and understand the true relations, the better will it result, both for their belief and their happiness. Let it be stated as plainly as need be, and at once, that Spiritualism comes to help a man hunt up no long forgotten treasures, to search him out no thieves, to point him confidentially to no chances for taking an unchristian advantage of his brother, to lift him into no places of emolument or power; but to bring only the holy teachings and the everlasting sympathies which the soul chiefly needs, to break pride, and beautifully humility, to make selfishness appear ten thousand times more hateful than ever before, and kindness and brotherly love ten thousand times more desirable, to sweeten the nature with love and charity, to inculcate the divine forgiveness of Christ, to repose a surer, a firmer, and a gladder trust in God, and to live every day as in the very living courts of angels. This is Religion—this is Spiritualism. They are thus one and the same, and of kin from the foundation of all things. They cannot be dissociated nor disavowed. The religious soul cannot be otherwise than spiritual, and the spiritual nature must, of very necessity, be religious.

A CAPITAL BOSTON NOTION.

One of the best Boston Notions we have had our attention called to lately, is the project to flow the level portion of the Common, known as the Parade Ground, with water from the Cochituate pipes, and freeze it for the purpose of giving a chance for the boys of Boston to enjoy their annual skating without danger. The project is a capital one. It originated in the lively columns of the Daily Ledger, which sheet is entitled to all the credit of so popular and rational a measure. A monster petition was put in circulation for signatures, asking the Board of Aldermen to give the matter their kindest possible consideration; and after a brief time they made answer that they should be most happy thus to extend the winter pleasures of the juveniles of Boston, and made an appropriation of a thousand dollars from the city treasury to carry out the plan proposed.

We suppose indeed there are very few cities in this country whose governments would have acted thus thoughtfully for the welfare of the young folks within their limits. Boston, therefore, has again, as she may take the credit of often having done before, inaugurated a new notion which all the other cities that can will soon begin to copy; for this matter of providing healthy sports and innocent amusements for the young, is quite as much of a necessity imposed upon the government of a civilized city as is the establishment and support of excellent schools. If the children want teaching, they want play in the open air quite as much, if not more. And that city shows itself niggardly and unworthy of its trusts, that refuses to put itself to unusual pains to provide for the health and physical well-being of its newly rising generations.

This subject of out-door exercise, and games, and healthy sports, we are glad to see, is commanding quite a good share of public attention. In the "Educational Meetings" that are held in this city every Sunday evening, and in which some of our most cultivated minds interest themselves, there is very free talk held about the excess of book instruction for the children, and the necessity that exists for paying more attention to their physical development. Exercise and play are coming back into their right place again. It has cost us the health of two or three generations of men and women to arrive at the conclusions that just now begin to show themselves; but it is better so, by all odds, than that the evils of narrow chests and bulging foreheads should thrust out their hideous proportions forever. For children, girls as well as boys, there is no better winter exercise than skating; and we are therefore glad that the city government of Boston has shown to the governments of the other cities of the Union what it honestly thinks of the health and pleasures of its now thoroughly grateful young people.

IN ABSENCE.

When two hearts that truly love are temporarily separated, it makes some difference which remains at home and which goes away. The difference may strike an unsympathizing person as mere fancy, but it is, for all that, too sadly real to be denied. The one who goes, has much to occupy his attention, changing scenes to come before the eye every day, business engagements perhaps on his hands to help fill up his time, and new excitements continually arising to help him in bearing up the load of sorrow. But the one who stays behind is bereft of all these floats that assist her in keeping her spirits on the surface of the daily sea. She sits and broods. She has nothing and no one to think of but the loved one now gone out of her sight, separated by a long array of dull and silent miles. She applies herself to her usual avocations, perhaps, but she does it mechanically only; her heart is in nothing that she does, and nothing that she makes such an effort to say; she curls solitude, for in solitude can she nurse her sadness and give her thoughts entirely to the one she loves.

We always thought that the one who was left behind had the harder time of it. For her, or him, there is no sort of consolation. The very room in which they have exchanged so much of their precious inner experiences, speaks out the absent one's name in tenderest voices from its dumb walls. Every trifling token tells its own sad story, and will not be put aside. The mutest evidences of the mutual love—those that lie around at every turn of the eye—the very chair in which the loved one sat, the table on which he leaned his arm, the door through which he went after taking his tender farewells—all these are the most eloquent, and stir the heart with the deepest sadness and sorrow.

None of us know how much we do love another heart that has fully answered to our own, until cruel absence interposes its barriers. Then, when the face

of the ender one is shut out, it seems as if the sun was blotted from the heavens. The other heart moans to itself in its self-chosen solitude, and roams about its lonely realm of life as if it acknowledged that its halved life could not, and wished not to exist. There is no suffering in life more poignant than this, because it reaches down to the very centre of the being. It is not a little disappointment, merely, such as any sentimental person may feel, like a three hours' fever; but with the submission that is already acknowledged, it is a silent and speechless sorrow with which no other heart can feel any sympathy.

Absence, however, is a valuable discipline and teacher. It soonest serves to tell us how much or how little we love those from whom circumstances have separated us. It is the magnet that unconsciously draws the truth out of us all.

REMARKABLE CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

Many of our readers will doubtless recollect an account of the loss of the clipper ship Wild Wave, Capt. J. N. Knowles, published in the New York Times not long since. Capt. Knowles left San Francisco with his ship in ballast, on the ninth of February last, for Valparaiso. Although forced out of the usual course by strong easterly winds, nothing of importance occurred until the night of the fourth of March, when the ship struck a reef surrounding a small island called Jeno, about seventy-five miles north of Pitcairn's Island. The ship held together until the captain and crew were able to land, and subsequently to save their instruments, \$12,000 in specie, and a stock of provisions.

On the fourth of March, Capt. Knowles with his mate and five men, landed on Pitcairn's Island, where they expected to find aid from the descendants of the mutineers of the British ship Bounty. Their boat was stove in landing, and they found no inhabitants or means of relief.

In course of three or four months, however, they contrived, by the aid of a few old tools which they found in the deserted buildings, to construct a frail boat about thirty feet in length, in which the captain and three of the men set sail for Tahiti. The other two men were left on the island, not daring to trust themselves afloat in such a vessel. A severe storm set in, and forced our navigators so far out of their course that they concluded to make for the Marquesas, about 1300 miles from Pitcairn's. On his arrival at the Marquesas, Capt. Knowles found the U. S. Sloop of war Vandallia, which proceeded at once to rescue the missing men.

He arrived at San Francisco on the 28th of September, with his specie and the colors of his little schooner, and left for his home at Brewster, Cape Cod, on the fifth of October, taking with him the first news of his ship, which as well as himself and men had been given up as lost.

It should be stated here, in justice to Capt. Knowles, that he found by careful observation, that the island where he was wrecked was laid down on the latest English charts too far east by about sixteen miles, and that he had no reason, from an observation taken but a short time before the ship struck, to suppose he was near any land.

We can readily understand that the family and friends of Capt. Knowles should begin to feel anxious for his safety after some months had elapsed beyond the time they should have heard from him, and none need be surprised that they should readily catch at any hope of information.

It was with some such hope, though slight, that the father of Capt. Knowles, about the first of July, called on Miss Munson, No. 13 Lagrange Place. She described his son accurately, and said he was captain of a vessel which had sailed from San Francisco for some Southern port. The ship was also correctly described, said to have been driven out of her course, and dismasted. She said the men, who are all saved, could be seen at work about the ship, and that four or five, with the captain, were going to another place, not far distant, in a smaller craft. She said the captain would return, and also that a letter would be received from him in a few weeks, accounting for his absence.

These circumstances were stated to Miss M. by the gentleman, after she came out of the trance, and he added that although he had no faith in clairvoyance, it was at least a remarkable account, and she should be informed if it proved to be true.

In about six weeks, another gentleman called, and wished for a similar service, but without any intimation of his connection with the other party. After the examination had been made, she asked if she had not seen the gentleman before. Upon being answered in the negative, she said she had certainly seen the same parties before, when entranced, and the impression on her mind was quite strong.

The facts stated were substantially as before, though there had as yet been no letter received; but she had insisted that a letter had been written at a certain time, and, although delayed, it would yet come—and that they might be sure that the person they were asking for was safe, and would return within two months from that date.

Within one week of the expiration of the time specified, two gentlemen called at Miss Munson's residence, and, as she met them, she said to one that she presumed he was one of her patients, and that she had seen him before. It seemed to her at first that she had examined him for disease, by means of a look of his hair; but, upon a moment's reflection, she said, "You are the gentleman about whom so much anxiety has been felt, and so much inquiry made. You are the person who was shipwrecked, and I have seen you before, though very far away." He replied, "Yes, I am, and I have returned, as you predicted." He added that the account given to his friends by her, and related to him, was correct in almost every particular, and that he had written a letter, as she had said, which, though delayed, would yet arrive.

As the facts from which the foregoing statement has been made are derived mainly from the friends of Capt. Knowles, we presume those who have any desire to do so, can refer to them for further details, or a verification of those already furnished.

We believe the account quite within the pale of truth, and that it goes to show that there is a power which enables us to annihilate space, and satisfy the friends of absent ones of their whereabouts and condition. It is true that there are many failures, and that the most reliable mediums are not always correct; but the important truth remains, that, under favorable conditions, satisfactory results have been, and can again be attained. The Atlantic telegraph is not yet a success, nor is it a failure. Neither can we expect perfection of our spirit telegraph; but we know it has succeeded many times, and we hope much from the future, when our operators are better instructed.

CONGRESS.

The last, and short, session of the present Congress is held in Washington, this week. It is highly probable that subjects of more than common interest will be brought forward, before the session is over, relating not merely to our own domestic concerns, but to the foreign interests of the country. It is said, and with authority, that Secretary Cobb, of the Treasury, will shortly go out of the Cabinet, and fill the important and responsible position of Minister at the Court of St. James. Mr. Cobb's views on the tariff question are reported to be totally irreconcilable with those of the President, and the rumored design of resignation is thought to have grown naturally out of this radical difference of opinion.

Central American and Mexican affairs are likely to occasion Congress as much discussion as any other topic that can at this time be mentioned. Mexico has fallen into a wretched state of internal dilapidation, the government being no better than a football to be kicked and scrambled for by this party and that; and our citizens complain that neither their personal rights nor liberties are respected on that soil. This government, furthermore, would strenuously oppose any plan of interference with Mexico by England, France, or Spain, and consequently it is urged that we should interfere ourselves, to the extent of securing the people of that country from anarchy, and assisting to establish a government of sufficient stability to afford protection to our own citizens who may chance to be thrown within the reach of their power.

Political parties at Washington are likewise greatly divided up among themselves, and one is hardly able to tell to-day what shape things will probably take to-morrow. On the whole, it is possible that the present session of Congress will prove as prolific of excitement as the notable one of last Winter.

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

The hand of time hath oped the mystic gates
Which history had closed and locked together
Wide open, they shall close no more forever,
While the great God a thinking mind creates.

The world too long has knelt to bigot zeal,
Too long the mind has yielded up its splendor;
The past is dead; to-day its own defender,
Writes out a truth the shadow cannot conceal.

Power long has ruled, instead of common sense,
And in the halls of otterproofed towering steeples,
Free thought, suppressed, is mourning for the people;
And ignorance has been its best defence.

A law of love hath burst the bands of fear;
Though men are clannish through their weight of sorrow,
The Almighty never smiles on those who borrow
Through cowardice, a love they claim sincere.

Fear now is dead, and love will stronger prove—
And coming years shall find in cherished story
The history of a people great in glory—
Who lived by love—because 'twas joy to love.

Love pens a living language in the face,
Love lights the soul with deep and heavenly fancies,
Love looks its very life in all our glances,
Love gives the thought expressed a newer grace.

Then preach no more that men are craven-fell;
Regarded love would save a sinful nation—
And love creates a deeper adoration
Than pictures, highly wrought, of dismal hell.

God loves us as his children—unto Him
His love invites us, and in life's December
He will, through loving, his offspring weak remember,
When we are broken, and our eyes are dim.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL ITEMS.

The benefits of Messrs. Fenno and Setchell have been the principal points of attraction at the Boston Theatre during the past week. Both are gentlemen of worth and talent in their respective positions at this house, and richly deserved the liberal patronage which their Boston friends so recently conferred upon them.

Ullman's opera troupe commence a short season at this theatre, on Thursday evening, 9th inst., when the high-bred and youthful Piccolomini will make her first appearance in this city, in her popular role of "Violetta," in Verdi's "Traviata." This opera is but a lyrical version of Dumas' "Camille; or the Fate of a Coquette," and, although greatly inferior as a work of art to Verdi's earlier productions, is, nevertheless, quite popular with American audiences. "The Huguenots" is announced for Friday evening.

"Sinbad the Sailor" continues to draw crowds at the Museum, and please the old folks, as well as the young ones. The scenery is superb, but we hardly think equal in many respects to some of the former spectacles of the Museum.

Nixon and Co.'s Circus Troupe at the Howard Athenaeum are drawing good houses. Having personally witnessed the wonderful horsemanship of Mr. Melville, we are fully prepared to speak in the highest praise of his superior equestrian abilities. The pantomime of "Cinderella," will, doubtless, delight the children of Boston quite as much as it did those of New York, whose juvenile laughter and shouts made the walls of the Broadway Theatre to ring with delight. We understand that Dan Rice, with his ponies, has been engaged, and will soon appear.

Ordway's Tollans continue to draw good houses at their elegant little saloon, where a choice miscellany of the melodious, burlesque and comique is nightly served up to the public by that eminent enterer and manager, J. P. Ordway.

HOWARD HOUSE, LOWELL.

Moses Collins, late superintendent on the Lowell Railroad and formerly occupant of the same office on the Eastern—and thus well-known to the traveling public—has taken the above hotel. It is situated near the Northern Depot, is a good house, and, under the management of such a man as Mr. Collins, will offer a comfortable home for all who patronize it. Whatever his guests need to make them feel at home in his house, Moses will see that they have.

LEVEE IN MILFORD, MASS.

The Leviteists of Milford will hold a "Levee" at the Town Hall on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of next week, December 8th and 9th. The first evening will be devoted to speaking and singing, etc. John Pierpont, Adin Ballou, and others, will be present. The second evening will be devoted to music, recitations, dancing, etc. Refreshments of all kinds will be for sale in the Hall, the proceeds of which will go aid the cause. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

F. B. RANDOLPH IN BOSTON.

The Courier devotes two columns nearly, to this gentleman's recantation. In order to give the editors and others an opportunity to hear Mr. R., Dr. Gardner has sent for him to lecture at the Melodeon. We hope he will accept.

Sabbath in Boston.

THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL.

[Abstract Report by A. B. Child.]

Sunday Forenoon, Dec. 5.
After a voluntary the choir sang the hymn, beginning—

"O thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me!"

PRAYER.

O thou Infinite Spirit, who art always present, we know that we need not ask thee to remember us, in the weakness of our spirits we entreat thee; we call upon thee, and we know that thou rememberest us forever and ever. We thank thee that thou hast us ever under thy perfect care, in the day when we are active and in the night when we lie down to rest; that at all times thou dost constantly watch over and take care of us. In prayer we would seek to draw nearer thee for a moment and feel more of thy infinite power, and thereby be made better and stronger to serve and love thee. We bless thee, O infinite Father, for thyself, and for the world of matter and life thou hast prepared for us. O Lord, who art our Father and Mother too, we thank thee that thy love never fails; that it is with us always. Our earthly father and mother may forget us, our friends may perish and depart from our sight, while thou, our Father and our Mother, will never forget or leave us. We thank thee for the world of beauty around us; for the autumn that has past, leaving its rich harvest for our use, and for the winter, that is now with us with its snows and frosts that cover the earth, for use in a new harvest. We thank thee for all the blessings of the past, for the noble institutions our fathers built, and for everything good in past governments that has been handed down to us for use. We thank thee for our household blessings; for domestic peace and happiness. We thank thee for all the good there is in the churches. We bless thee for all the various religious denominations on the earth that have been and are; for all the truth we may have gathered from each, we thank thee. We thank thee more for the still unuttered communion of our own hearts with thee, for the sweet piety that beautifies and adorns the inner man. We thank thee for the work thou givest us to do; for all the duties of life which are blessings for man. We thank thee for the bread we eat—the fruit of honest labor—the garments we wear, woven by the hands of industry; for the houses that shelter us and the dear ones bound to us by the bonds of love—bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. We thank thee for those who have gone—gone before us, to be made perfect. We know that thou leadest them still upward, and still onward forever. O Lord, we remember before thee with shame our transgressions, our folly and our pride. We pray that we may put away every transgression. We know that by thy chastening hand we become better; it is thy hand that leads us through suffering, to peace, gladness and joy. We pray not for this world's goods—for riches or poverty—for these we dare not pray; but we ask thee to make our natures better—the noble natures thou has given us—that in our humble lives we may magnify the good within, and be ever growing nearer and nearer unto thee; so thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

DISCOURSE.

Text.—Luke, 12th chapter, 23th verse: "Unto whom much is given, of him much will be required."

The last Sunday I spoke to you, I spoke of the growth of the Anglo-Saxon race, of its increase, of riches, literature, science, its improvement in the arts, its advance in liberty, piety and love to God; and of philanthropy, which is love to man, the chief thing taught by Jesus.

To-day I ask your attention to the elements of progress in the American people, and our duty to do the work set before us. During the three hundred years since Queen Elizabeth, some people have stood still, others have moved backward, have less liberty, less religion, less morality. I find three causes of the Anglo-Saxon growth; first—geographical—four sons of Britain are four archangels that have guarded her. Second—good stock to begin with; having more force than ninety, more strength than delinquency. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles; this saying holds good of men and nations. Third—the Saxon always kept up some form of popular government. They knew the price of liberty; the Teutonic knew this more than any nation on earth. The Saxon could have done little without his government, blood, and his favorable geographical situation. These three are the chief causes by which the Saxon has worked out his progress.

Now the spirit that makes us seek the better out of which blossoms the good, is as great, and greater to-day, than in the past, and will continue to increase for future ages. This instinct of progress is yet feeble in the savage and the barbarian, but it will increase with the growth of civilization. We in America have all the special elements that helped Britain; the geographical advantages are more favorable, we have not a neighbor that is dangerous, or can be; we have not an enemy in the world. Our fathers had bears and wildcats to contend with—these have been subdued; in Europe pagans and priests are worse obstacles in the progress of men than these. Our thirty millions of territory enables and invites us to push off in the woods—creating industry and enterprise, producing big limbs, red blood, large and healthy men; while a sheltered, inactive life causes men to be pale and feeble, prematurely developed; and premature death. The woods were the best friends to our fathers, and they are good for us, for our health and development.

The character of the stock is the same. The mingling of four million of Dutch is good for our country. Out of one thousand blue-eyed Germans, are nine hundred in favor of freedom. The four million Celts, chiefly Irish Catholics, in our country, are ruled by a tyrannical priesthood.

After many centuries will the four million Africans in America mingle their blood with the Teutons, and be absorbed and extinct? Will this help or injure the progress of the race? Or will the African be banished from America, as has the Indian from civilization?

In the Northern States, free schools are opened to all, which opens a highway of knowledge, running by every door. There is no distinction here of color; he that runs fastest gets the prize. Let a black man, a millionaire, settle in Boston, and his color is never mentioned. The Northern States are well fed, well clothed—are intelligent, and desire progress. A strong love for riches and position causes this, and this is right. Our advantages are now greater than ever before, and our dangers less. No people

on earth have the advantages of progress that we have to-day. It is plain, that before many years the Anglo-Saxon will possess the northern half of this continent, and perhaps the southern. There is something more in the kind and quality, than in the bulk of a thing. Every slave must be set free. Shall we have slavery and despotism everywhere? If not, why shall we have it anywhere?

Next we must remove obstacles from the freedom of woman, and have respect for her rights. This is more important than the abolition of African slavery. Our institutions do not give to woman a fair chance. To advocate, and give to woman her rights, will be a step in progress from which evil will, of necessity, come—like the malaria, which, at first, is baneful to health, but is soot past, and a fruitful harvest, from a rich soil, is the reward. The great chapter of woman's rights shall not be written on parchment, but shall be the exuberant fruit of willing hearts.

At present half the drunkenness and prostitution, half the crime in Massachusetts, is compulsory, not willful; is, of necessity, not of choice. To remedy these evils is a greater work than the abolition of slavery. Our criminal law is based, not on love or mercy, but on vengeance. One day now laws and new forms will come forth that we dream not of. Two hundred years of education in New England, how profitable appear the benefits of her institutions of learning; in the true sense of the teachings of Jesus, they are the most Christian institutions of the people. It will be thought as much a social wrong to leave any one ignorant, as it has been to leave any one naked. How many a thief might have gone to Congress, were it not for ignorance. How many a degraded girl might have been an ornament to society, had some early and kind words of instruction been given to her. Learning shall be the great means used to out of the sources that supply State prisons and common jails. But this education must be wiser; instead of the mind, the conscience must be cultured. The college is lower in morals than the country school-house. The class that gets intellectual education, has not moral; such education will not cure the evils of society.

There must be an improvement in industry. Three hundred years ago, in England, the higher classes despised work—thought it a shame to be born to work. One hundred years ago, in Boston, men of eminent caste treated Franklin with insult for being born of a tallow chandler. They were grandsons of tallow chandlers. We have learned to have respect for all kinds of honest labor. Industry is now the nobility of the people; and with this advance will come higher forms. The more a man can think, the better he can work.

The wealth of New England runs out of school-houses. Yankee hands and Yankee brains have produced in two hundred years ten million dollars. Yet many men have no education; in early life their fathers were poor, and they kept the boy in the "haymow," or "riding horse to plow," away from school. Poverty is a hindrance to progress; it is a fruitful cause of ignorance, sickness, and premature death. The miser is an uncommon animal in New England; when a Yankee sees a miser, he appreciates him only for what he is. I never knew a miser to be honored in New England.

The Irish immigrants, so wasteful at home, no sooner touch our soil, than they begin to accumulate for use; and I thank God for it.

The greatest change of all, the one most needed, is in religion; it has never yet done its greatest work. Man will no longer think that he is deprived; he will respect mankind, himself, and others. The idea of a revengeful, angry God, who created humanity for eternal damnation, will pass away. All existing church errors will pass away, and man will come to the study of Nature; he will learn of God, and worship him in every little flower; in every star; in all life and all matter. Then religion will be natural and elevating; and its ceremonies will be complied with; it will be an increase to the real happiness of life; we can trust in the perfect justice, wisdom and love of God; we shall know his love, that it is for all his children, is greater than the fondest love of a mother for her infant. This religion will, develop itself in health, strength, and beauty. What a change will be produced in this religion of the people. What a new hope it will give to man! By it he will be elevated; he will love the law of justice, love and charity; it will elevate the humblest classes, and all will be brought on the level of one brotherhood; it will raise the criminal, the oppressed, the down-trodden, and universal love for God and man shall pervade all classes. This shall be the work of this religion.

H. F. FAIRFIELD AT THE MELODEON.

Sunday Afternoon.

Dr. Gardner, before introducing Mr. Fairfield to the audience, stated some of the leading incidents of the medium's life. He was left fatherless at the age of five years, and was "bound out" to a cruel master. His friends interfered in the boy's behalf, and at the age of fifteen he was sent to school. Here he became, on account of his orphanage and poverty, the jeer of his schoolmates, and, at length, he ran away from home to sea, and followed the fortunes of a sailor's life till within the last ten years. Seven years ago he first showed symptoms of mediumistic power, and has since then been developed up to the position of a trance speaker.

Mr. Fairfield repeated the first to the fourth verses of the thirty-first chapters of Deuteronomy. He then offered up a prayer to the Spirit of Inspiration. "Not for the sake of Jesus, but for our own sake, we pray."

He adopted, as the basis of his remarks, the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the third chapter of second Timothy: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

He said, we shall not agree with the tenets of earthly theology. We who speak to-day through this medium have had a two-fold experience—an earthly existence, and a Spiritual one, and can speak from the combined experiences of both. Those wise in theologic lore, teach us that the volume of inspiration is closed, and the canon of Scripture is full; but we take the opposite ground—that it is not full, nor never will be. As the Scriptures were given by inspiration from God in the older time, so are they now. We now read the Scriptures of God in nature, in science, and in history.

Nothing in nature is isolated. The plant enfolds the leaf, the leaf the bud, the bud the flower, and the flower the seed; day comes from the bosom of the night, and night follows the day. Men and women are children grown up, and the thoughts,

instructions and surroundings of youth leave their impress on the matured intellect.

Knowledge is rolling up as an ocean of inspiration. Jesus received the living inspiration, and spoke as never spoke man before. His revelations differed from the Mosala Dispensation. When inspiration comes, it is measured by the vessel through which it comes. God's inspiration to Moses, was on Moses's materialistic and sensual plane; Jesus was on a mental, spiritual plane, and God's inspiration took his form and capacity, and thus his inspirations were high-toned and beautiful, while the world was stilled, and the sensual rabble wondered what this "babbling" would say next. Yet the divine revelations through this medium Jesus proved a glittering star of truth in the sky overhead, and the world beheld, admired, and loved.

Even our bodies are susceptible to these inspirations of the spirit. When we take a pen in hand to write down our thoughts, the muscles of the brain contract and expand, and the arm moves in obedience to the will of the spirit. The revelation is written as well as our condition and organization will give power for the great source of inspiration to act through us.

When this great spiritual movement is understood, and is freed from all bigotry, grossness and sensuality, the narrow, incomplete and inharmonious relics of the past will be swept away by the nobler and higher revelations of the present, or left only as landmarks, to note the progress the world has made since. The revelations of the present are not so full of blasphemy and profanity as those of the past, nor can they be, unless humanity to-day crucifies its own intelligence and experience before the idol of the past.

The ear is never satisfied with hearing, the eye with seeing, nor the mind with knowing new truth and receiving new inspiration; and as we receive this knowledge, we become more useful in our spheres. Man is an immortal being, and has an unending existence in the world where angels dwell. The idea that God's inspiration has ceased long ago, and is needed not in the present age of learning and science, is vain, for the science and learning of to-day, are his revelations, and the highest the world has ever known. The human soul is, of necessity, related to the divine being, and to deny the likeness in any of his children, is to break that relationship, and leave mankind without a God. By virtue of that relationship, there is a channel of communication between them, and every individual soul must be more or less inspired, according to the impress of the Divine Mind.

Man, to-day, in his degraded and depraved state, may not be able to read the revelations to him from Deity, but his heart is opening beneath those inspirations, and the bud spreads its petals, fed with the falling dew.

Measur discovered that a positive mind might influence or control a negative one, by the exertion of the will. Spiritualism to-day is the practical carrying out of this science.

Inspiration is, after all, nothing but the antipode of aspiration. Seek to know, and your demands shall be gratified. All Scripture has been given by inspiration from God, but has been adapted to the age in which it was given. God has made no mistake, either in the revelations of the time of Moses, Abraham, Jesus, or the present.

Sunday Evening.

The hymn on the fifty-ninth page of the "Psalms of Life," commencing:

"The dead are like the stars in day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky."

was sung by a quartette. Mr. Fairfield followed with a prayer, and then took his text from the third chapter of Colossians—"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."

Man has fallen far short of his mission. Superstition and bigotry have had their way over his soul and chained his intelligence down. But angels are helping him, and beings of redemption—mothers, wives, children in the spirit-land—are coming back to lead him to a higher plane. For accepting the kind inspiration and glad tidings of these angel visitors, the Spiritualist has been subject to the taunts of the followers of a bigoted religion, who have ever stood in the way of progress.

It is necessary that man's spiritual being should be better understood. The world has been poorly instructed. Its spiritual education has been most defective. It has been based on the superficial foundation of crude facts and speculative theory, kept alive only by oppression and the abuse of power. This theology has never sympathized with the mass of God's children, nor ever can. But the coming to earth of spirits of our departed loved ones, and their intercommunion, has brought "life and immortality to light," and joy unknown before to those whose intelligence would not let them become the scyophants of creed, but forced them to doubt the truths religion conveyed so poorly.

The teachers of theology know nothing of the truths of immortality, except as a theory; but Spiritualism makes it practical in life. Theologians have ever taught us to be pure in heart, and follow Christ; but when we do, they charge us with being under Satanic influence. If the people take the king's highway to heaven, the priests turn off on to the back track, and protest that they won't go. They stand like guideboards at the meeting of two roads, pointing travelers which way to go, but staying behind themselves.

When we first stepped out into existence, we did so to ever be; and earthly existence is but the first degree of an immortal one. We know of but one life, and that is an eternal one. The New Testament says the wolf (not the lion) and the lamb shall lie down in peace. This is typical of the blending together of man's animal and spiritual natures in harmony.

Spiritualism is like the stone seen in the vision of Daniel; the small stone was cut from the mountain, but rolled on till it filled the whole world. So the little rap, and the little tip, though in themselves insignificant, have fastened the attention of the whole thinking world. Spiritualism rolls on, and none can resist it. They may deny it, though, till they are crushed by its weight.

Spirits can assume any form they choose. We have the record in the story of Christ, that the spirit descended in the form of a dove, at the time of his baptism.

There is more darkness within the church than out of it. Man has sought to find out God in externality, but has not been satisfied with what he has found. Fear has been the power used by the church as an instrument of salvation. But the fear of God

is a mistaken fear, because the love of God casteth out all fear.

He who brings you a gospel, brings you glad tidings; but is there any glad tidings in evangelical theology, made up of "Hell" and merciless "damnation," with just enough of heaven and salvation to hide its grossness and deformity, and make it go down? But the more you know of angel-teachings, the more peace, and joy and gladness you will know. Christ forgave the sinner, and bade her go in peace, and sin no more. But Christianity says, "God will damn you—the Devil is after you."

Christ was, by his example, the Saviour of the world; he was the son of God—as are each of you; he was with God before the creation of the world—as were each of you; he lived a natural life, and died a natural death, and was governed by natural laws. He foresaw the coming dispensation of knowledge and harmony, and said that greater works than he had done would the world do after him, when he had gone to his father.

Man may be led, but he will not be driven. The religions of the world have sought to drive him, but have failed.

Man is as much a production, or a growth, as a potatoe, but the elements are nobler, and more perfectly blended. The spirits of animals have not an individual immortality, but pass off into the atmosphere, to seek their affinity, and strengthen and develop man's animal nature—and thus we see men sometimes acting more like brutes than human beings. Spiritualism comes to strip off the horns and hoofs, so that there will be less looking and kicking in the social and moral world.

If your souls love here, they will love hereafter, and ten-fold stronger. If love is of God, the nearer you draw toward him, the more will your soul contain. Nothing has ever been more beautiful than this manifestation of spirits to mortals.

God has given us a gospel. We are told in Genesis that "God created the heaven and the earth," (not the Bible). This was his first revelation. Let us go to these and draw in his inspiration, not moldy with the decay of ages, but ever fresh, and ever new; make life one unending Sabbath-day, of holiness, purity, and love.

At the close of this discourse—purporting to come from the spirit of Sylvester Judd—the medium was entranced by the next Lorenzo Dow, who said he should speak on the next Sabbath on the subject: "What and where is God? What and where is Heaven? What and where is the Devil? What and where is Hell?"

BOSTON REFORM CONFERENCE AT 14 BROMFIELD STREET.

Monday Evening, Nov. 28.

The time of the meeting of this Conference has been changed from Thursday to Monday evening; and its character has been somewhat changed, so that it is not exclusively for Spiritualists—all reformers of whatever name or sect have free and equal rights in it. Jacob Edson, President; Richard Burke, Treasurer; J. Wetherbee, Jr., Secretary. These officers are chosen for the season. Questions for discussion are to be given out one week previous. The speaker who opens the question is allowed fifteen minutes—other speakers ten minutes each. The subject for discussion was *Individual Sovereignty*.

Mr. Bradley, a colored gentleman, spoke quite lengthily with eloquence peculiar to his race. Mr. Pike said, Spiritualism had given rise to the doctrine of individual sovereignty. He thought there should not be any hesitation in defining the meaning of the term; Spiritualists were present who had spoken and written on the subject, and why will some one not explain what is understood by it?

Mr. Wilson said he did not know as he understood what was meant by individual sovereignty; but his idea of it was this: put your hand into your neighbor's pocket, take his money, run away with his horse, and do what you are a mind to do.

Mr. Edson thought that individual sovereignty was something like well-defined individuality, which, as he understood it, abrogated no law, either of God, man, church or the state; it was independent, individual government, a consciousness of which would create a harmonious life.

Mr. Newton said, it was a pleasure, after some months' absence in the South and West, to again stand before his friends in Boston. He said that he was never an advocate of individual sovereignty; did not believe there was any such thing, for it implies all power given to an individual. Our lives are governed by laws which we cannot control. Yet it may be said, in regard to what we shall believe, that there is a certain degree of sovereignty in each, for no human being has a right to dictate to another what he shall or shall not believe. In this respect man is supreme; he is his own master. But there is a power that lies behind this; that man has not power over. By laws is man governed, not by himself.

Mr. Trask said he was not a Spiritualist, and did not come here to split hairs, or to discuss metaphysical points, but to get instruction; he wanted to get at the meaning of the question. He did not adopt opinions that ignored the forms and customs of society, the statute laws, or the rights of his neighbor; he did not see that the doctrine of individual sovereignty did this. Before his God man stands or falls—of, and by himself; for his own belief—for his own deeds—he is responsible, and his responsibility is of necessity of his own independence. He thought that evil had cursed the race, because we had in the past ignored the doctrine of individual sovereignty.

Dr. Gardner said: For myself, I cannot conceive of individual sovereignty, unless an individual has supreme power. I recognize the sovereign right of every individual to possess the power, and judge between right and wrong, without the control of others. No man, or set of men, can, or shall, control the principles that judge of right and wrong, which are planted in my own soul. For myself, I am a sovereign to decide between right and wrong. I may be forced to yield to decision external to my soul, but the yielding shall be from the necessity of the case. I am not governed by the church or the Bible, and yet I am not responsible for my belief; evidence presented to my judgment makes my belief, and I cannot help myself.

Mr. Dunth said: I admire your liberality; each has defined the question to suit himself, and no two alike. I believe in the old doctrine—the right of individual judgment. The exercise of the faculties of the mind enables us to acquire a knowledge of the laws that govern us. The greater man's knowledge of these laws, the happier he is; and as he grows in knowledge, he approaches the state of individual sovereignty. Subject next week, "Fate and Free Agency."

AN HOUR WITH MRS. GARDNER, AT THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION, IN PLYMOUTH.

On Sunday, November 21st, with a few friends, I spent a very profitable hour in conversation with Mrs. Gardner, now under sentence of imprisonment for the remainder of her earthly life in the House of Correction, in Plymouth. Mrs. Gardner has been arraigned, and has passed the tribunal of human judgment and condemnation—the decision of which, convicts her of the murder of her husband by poison, in Hingham, over two years since. It is not the design of this paragraph to plead her innocence, or her guilt of the charges brought against her; it is only to speak a word of the present condition of her soul, (for she has a soul), which is truly pitiable, and demands the sympathy and love of other souls more favored in life. Souls of philanthropy and love for humanity cannot know her bondage and suffering without dropping tears of sympathy—tears which never fall on barrenness.

Since Mrs. Gardner's sentence, which is recent, there has been in her disposition a wonderful change. Before her sentence she fully indulged in the hope that she should be set free; but now her hope is gone—her spirit is crushed; perhaps out of the darkness of affliction to spring forth like the humble, fragrant flower, filling the air around with sweet perfume. I believe she is a powerful medium, and in a certain degree of her medium developments she had no control over the influences that obsessed her; and the deed she committed was the result of this obsession over which she had no power. It is said, and I believe it a reasonable saying, that all mediums, and all humanity in spirit growth must pass a degree of faculties beyond the power of the individual to resist.

This awful crime, as we call it, may be the means with others of like nature, of developing new light, which will crumble the walls, and weaken the iron bars that now hold in bondage our brothers and sisters; brothers and sisters that we should love as brothers and sisters. So as we would be done by? It would be a serious matter for any one of us to make Mrs. Gardner's bondage our own bondage, even if we had committed murder, and ask the authority of State to do by us as we do by her. In the name of the freedom of the human soul, would man thus trifle with his own liberty? If we love another as Christ loved men, why will we do to others what we would not have done to ourselves?

The conclusion to which we inevitably come is, that in the Church and State, both of which claim to go hand in hand, there is no love yet developed, save the love of self. It is folly to profess Christian love, when we have it not.

In the conversation with her, the following sentences were written down, which fell from her lips, accompanied with a profusion of tears falling from her eyes, she said:—

"My condition needs sympathy and pity. It is hard to give up all, and be placed here for the rest of my life. Oh, my condition! Can I be reconciled to it? I cannot help what I have done; I would if I could. I hope God will forgive me; I wish every one would pray for me. I have no rest day or night; my life is continued misery. Oh, God, can I avoid this dreadful confinement? It seems to me that it cannot be God's will that I should be here always; but if it be—if I deserve to be here the rest of my days, may God reconcile my mind to submit; but it is hard; I will do the best I can. I feel that I am an outcast from the world; as if every one despised me; I am a miserable being; no one but God knows how much I suffer. My children! my children, near and dear to me, I am torn away from; it is hard; it is too hard. Oh, shall I remain here in this prison all my days? death is preferable to a life such as I must live in confinement here. Oh, what can I give for my liberty? If I had worlds I would give them all. I read in the Bible of Peter's being set free from prison by prayers—oh, if it could be so with me, I should be glad; but if I must be here, oh, God, reconcile me to my fate."

A. B. C.

The question of obsession is here opened. It is difficult to grant Dr. Child's position in full. Mrs. G. was placed under peculiar conditions in her marriage life, which her spirit rebelled against, and sought to free itself from. Love and Charity told her to endure those conditions; but Self-love bade her free herself from her husband. The latter was more strong in her than the former, and in suffering self-love to gain ascendancy, she laid the foundation of all her misery. Then came dark thoughts, more the offspring of her own self-love, than spiritual impressions, and, instead of shutting them out, they were fostered. She may thus have attracted evil out of herself to herself, for like attracts like. We think that the human mind can resist and rise above such temptors, by the exercise of the Will in the channel of Right. But persons suffer themselves to be ruled by self-love, instead of that love which goes out of self, to seek the good of husband, brother, sister, friend; and if they lose control of themselves after that, it is because they have willed it so, and they are responsible for it. We believe in man's power to do right, in spite of all the spirits in the universe, if he will to do right.

We sympathize in Mrs. G.'s present condition, and hope the time will come when the repentant criminal shall be received with open arms by men and women who are truly Christian—when the prison-door shall be loosed to those who show that they have conquered the evil in themselves, and, of course, have power over all evil outside of self, whether in spirit or mortal; and when our prisons will not be places of punishment in any such sense as at this day, but rather institutions of education and religious cultivation. Now they are nurseries of hell, in the strictest sense, though much improvement is manifest from the past. In their government, if any doubt our last assertion, let them look at the case of showering a negro to death, in Auburn Prison, and the revenge it aroused in the hearts of other prisoners. There can be nothing but hell in that institution—hell in the prisoners' hearts, and hell in the hearts of the overseers.

LORENZO DOW.

This spirit will speak next Sabbath at 2 1/2 P. M., through H. P. Fairfield, medium, at the Melodeon, on the following subject—"What and where is God—what and where is Heaven—what and where is Hell? and what and where is the Devil?"

GEORGE A. REDMAN.

Mr. Redman, who has no superior, perhaps, as a writing medium and medium for physical manifestations, writes that he intends to visit Boston soon after Christmas, when the friends will have an opportunity to see him.

The Busy World.

CONTENTS.—First page—Poetry, by Cora Wilburn; two chapters of "Rocky Nook." Second page—The Phantom with Silver Hair (poetry); an original sketch, by an old man, entitled "My Adventure upon the Boulevards." Third page—Lines to Mrs. C. P. S., of Melrose; a fine story, entitled "The Huguenot," by Martha Whartley Denton; "Ruth"—Lines by Dr. Robinson, of England; "Queer Stories of Queer Characters," the points of which our Newburyport readers will "C." at a glance. Fourth and fifth pages—Editorials, Reports of Meetings, Correspondence, News, etc. Sixth page—Five columns of Spirit Messages—those in the first column are worthy of serious consideration. Seventh page—Miracles, No. 3; The Mission of Spirits; L. K. Conley in Cincinnati; Is the Christian Soul or Cheerful? What is this Healing Power? The Progress of Spiritualism in Oswego; Letter from St. Anthony, Minnesota. Eighth page—New York Correspondence; Movements of Mediums, etc., etc.

"Mediums" are at a discount. People now think there is no medium about Spiritualism—it is all humbug from beginning to end.—*Boston Post*.

Who was the wise (?) man that said this? It reminds us of the story of the great farmer, who threw away all his wheat because it contained some chaff.

The conjugal troubles between Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch and her husband have brought the parties into court in New York, and a preliminary injunction has been issued by Judge Sutherland, restraining Mr. Hatch from entering any house where Mrs. Hatch may reside, and from directly or indirectly interfering in any manner with her, says the New York press.

A SIMILE.

As Sol, descending from his azure throne,
Tinges the clouds with beauty all his own,—
So when death calls the good man from this sphere,
With holy radiance glitens every tear.

C.

IMMIGRANTS AT NEW YORK.—75,310 immigrants have arrived at Castle Garden, New York, during the present year to November 24, which is a decrease of 100,605 as compared with the number of arrivals to same date last year.

THE DUTCH EAST INDIES.—The government of Holland have decreed that the ports in the islands of Java, Sumatra, Borneo, &c., shall be open to the trade of the world from the first day of May, 1859.

"LIFE ETERNAL," Part Seventeenth, will appear in our next.

Although we do not "exchange" with it our better-half has it, and agrees with us that Ballou's Pictorial is a beautiful and well-conducted paper. We understand that Mr. B. intends making several material alterations, however—a change of heading, etc.—on the commencement of the coming year. We sincerely hope there will be no "Line-of-Battle-Ship" arrangement about it, as the day for such things has passed away. Nonsense has given place to sense.

Potatoes are selling in Vermont at a very low figure. In Brattleboro' they can readily be purchased at twenty-five cents per bushel; and in the towns back as far as Windham and Jamaica, they sell for eighteen and twenty cents.

The twenty-third annual report of the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism has been made, from which we learn that during the year the total number of applicants was 5283, viz.: 1202 males, 4023 females. 2056 were supplied with places, viz.: 255 males, 1801 females—places in the city, 904; in the country, 1162.

A colored convict was showered to death in the New York State Prison on the 3d inst. The convicts became greatly excited in consequence, and a general rebellion at the time was feared. Those in the shop where the colored man worked, went to their cells shouting.

The barque E. H. Yarrington is now loading at the Navy Yard with stores for the Mediterranean squadron, and will sail soon.

Twelve of the Boston Banks have withdrawn their special deposit of \$5000 from the Suffolk Bank, transferring the same to the Bank of Mutual Redemption. No woman is so insignificant as to be sure her example can do no harm.

An immense meeting was held in New York, on Saturday, on the subject of the youth Mortara.

A despatch from Halifax, N. S., reports that the "brig Brill, at Port Medway, has brought in the captain and crew of the bark Elizabeth Hall, of Portland, Me., abandoned at sea. They were taken off the vessel by the B. Brig Maggie, from Boston, for Charlottetown, P. E. I., was totally lost, no date, in Fisherman's Harbor; materials and part of cargo saved."

Mexican affairs are growing worse every day. The common soldier has become the common robber, and the generals of the contending factions are little better than the men they lead. An English merchant was the other day thrown into prison, with orders to be shot within a few hours—because he refused to pay one of Zuloaga's captains \$16,000, and the sentence would have been executed had not the man's friends given the money. Other acts of equal atrocity are reported by newspaper and mercantile correspondents, and foreigners are appealing to their respective governments for protection and redress. Business is entirely interrupted.

We call the particular attention of our readers to a notice in another column of the Fair and Love to be held by the ladies of the Cambridge Spiritual Association. Its object is a noble one, and we trust and hope that ample success may crown their efforts.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

L. H. YANMOUTH, MR.—Your communication will be printed in our next number. We have several other test facts on file, which will appear soon.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY SERVICES IN BOSTON.—Mr. H. P. Fairfield, trance speaker, will lecture in the Melodeon, Washington street, Boston, on Sunday next, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M. Admission, ten cents.

A CHURCH for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning at 10 1/2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINGS IN CHILMARK, on Sundays, morning and evening, at Guild Hall, Wamsutter street. P. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Well's Hall, speaking, by medium and others.

NEWBURYPORT.—Spiritualists of this place hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Essex Hall, Essex street, at 2 and 7 o'clock. The best of trance speakers engaged.

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the BANNER, we claim was given by the spirit, whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Cowart, Trance Medium, who allows her medium powers to be used only for this object.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than FIRST BEINGS.

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 purely alone shall flow from spirits to mortals. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted. In order to prove to the public that these messages are received as we claim, our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend, on application to us.

They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at half-past two, after which time, no one will be admitted; they are closed by the spirit governing the manifestations, usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

W. BERRY.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will every Spiritualist, who reads one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false? By so doing, they will do as much to advance the cause of Spiritualism, as we can do by their publication.

Oct. 29—William Jones, Charles H. Healey.

Nov. 1—Edward Tucker, Margaret Clements, Nathaniel Jones, James Campbell.

Nov. 10—Stillman Howins, Thomas Blake, Wm. Hathaway.

Nov. 17—Benjamin Young, William Louder, Dr. Henry Kirtledge, Sarah Barnard.

Nov. 18—John Robinson.

Nov. 24—Joseph Young, William Shapley, Deacon David Oakes, Mary Ripley, Alexander Clark, Elizabeth to Henry Woodward, Benedict Baker.

Nov. 22—William H. Miller, Benj. Adams, Charles Wilson, Ann Paul, Nancy Seaward, Moody Dodge.

Nov. 23—Emma Barr, Joseph Fernan, Capt. James Martin, Mary Clenden, Rev. Dr. Burroughs.

Nov. 24—Charles W. Matthews, William Hall, Hugh Maloney, Louis Pazzolotte, Samuel Woods, Caroline Mason.

Nov. 26—Samuel Buck, Harriet Falls, Henry Harwick, Rev. John Moore, Abner Kneeland, Chas. Hutchins, Joseph Grace.

Nov. 26—Alfred Mason, Patrick Welch, George Olson, Nancy Judson Cleveland, Light, Charles Clark, Robert to Fanny Wells.

Nov. 30—John Gage, Joseph Wiggins, Samuel Dow, Sally Reed, John Stewart.

Dec. 1—Helen, the Eastern Belle, to Julia, William Herbert, Eulalia, Dr. George Rich, Baltimore.

Dec. 2—Eliza Cook, Samuel Lodge, Nathaniel Weeks, James Barrett.

Dec. 3—Charles Morse, John Mills.

Andrew Ludwig.

I, Andrew Ludwig, was born in Philadelphia in the year 1819, and died in Louisville, Kentucky, in the year 1896.

I died of a disease of the liver—do not know what you would call it. I have a great desire to speak to my friends, but I do not wish to stand afar off—but prefer to go nearer. I have friends and relatives in Philadelphia, in Boston, New York, Louisville, St. Louis, New Orleans; and possibly my communication will reach some of them, if not all.

In the first place, I want to inform a certain class of my acquaintances that I have not taken up my abode in Hell. Circumstances which occurred to me on earth, have given my acquaintances reason to think that I have gone to hell. But God has not seen fit to consign me to such a place, or else there is no such place. Perhaps there may be such an one in the future; if it comes upon me, I shall shake hands with all that happens to come. Perhaps God has seen fit to permit a part of my punishment.

In the year 1840 I opened a drug store in Philadelphia—kept there a short time—I do not recollect exactly the time. I kept on Chestnut street. I find myself about the same as I was on earth—cannot see that I have changed much.

A great portion of my friends are strangers to this subject, and I might as well wake them up to it as anybody else.

Some people are very anxious to believe in a doctrine that seems to me to be dreadful absurd. I do not know that I committed any heinous sin on earth; to be sure I had no particular love for a class of theologians; I might have said many hard things against them; I feel the same now as I did then, and say the same. I think they are a class of cut-throats—although I never mingled with them, yet I know of them. The Bible tells something about the prayers of the righteous availing much. I do not know much about that book—do not care anything about it. Well, I knew one old man who used to pray frequently for me; he was called a righteous man—perhaps he was; but I do not see as his prayers amounted to anything to me. Now, if the Bible is true in one case, why may it not be in this? I think the set of theologians on earth are outthroats; one commits a sin, and all shield him, and the whole church are a set of demons, who are afraid to expose another's sin, because they are guilty of the same things themselves. From the moment they enter into the circle of theologians they become perfect demons.

Now, if my friends see this—as I suppose they will—and want to hear more of me, if they will only say, Andrew, give us more, I will endeavor to accommodate them. Good day.

Oct. 28.

Hosea Ballou.

Our good brother who has last communed, in my opinion has advanced some great truths; yet it would have been full as well if he had modified his sentiments somewhat. Now I know there is quite as much sin committed beneath and within the pale of the church, as there can possibly be outside of it; yet it is not well to denounce any class of beings in quite so strong terms, for it seems to show a lack of charity, which all should have. The clergyman, from his position, incurs a great many temptations to the world, as a general thing, knows very little of. And again, his position renders him more negative, and thus more liable to be drawn into temptation; yes, it is true that many a clergyman would fall if he were not upheld by the arms of his congregation. A few of them, at least are faithful to him: disciples—true disciples, who, instead of blazoning his faults to the world, seek to cover them with the mantle of charity, and, therefore, do some wrong to effect good.

During the course of my natural life, I was blessed with a very good opportunity of understanding the clergy, as a people. Yes, I think I understood them, privately and publicly. The brother speaks of their sinning, and says that one will sin, and another will not dare to tell of it, for fear he, too, will be exposed. There is a great deal of truth in his remark, more than I wish there was. It is now high time for the clergy to look at themselves, to purify themselves. Why, instead of being lights, they are stumbling-blocks. There is scarcely a day passes but we hear of some disembodied spirit returning and complaining of the clergy, because of their evil doings. I well know that any member of any certain profession, will, as a general thing, be upheld by all members of that profession. This is not right; I know it is, if we look at it in the light of charity, yet it is not right. I know that I had rather atone for my sins on earth, than to have them to pore over when in the spirit-land. The great trouble is, there is not love enough on earth. They profess to love their neighbors, but that is all profession, and little practice. When man has learned to love in every sense his enemy, then indeed will he be free from all guile, all sin. Yes, it is true. I have often been made to blush at scenes I have witnessed among the clergy. I am sorry to say it, at the same time it is right for me to speak the truth. I beg of them, as lights to the world set upon a hill, to be careful what they do, for they cannot do aught in private. They are surrounded by millions of spirits, who have the power to see what they do. Therefore, seeing they are compassed about by such a cloud of witnesses, it becomes them to see that they do good, and not ill.

I will pass now to you now, sir, as I think I have nothing more to say. My name was Hosea Ballou. I lived here, my good sir. My body was carried from your church, and deposited in its last resting place.

Oct. 25.

Lawrence Robbins.

Nothing is gained by hurrying, nothing lost by working slow. If I have been correctly informed, you exact to receive my name, my age, and other facts, whereby I may be recognized. Well, my name was Lawrence Robbins; I died of consumption in Franconia, New York. I was learning a trade when I was taken sick. I heard about Spiritualism—used to talk about it some, but did not believe anything in it. I was eighteen years of age. I have one uncle living in Boston; his name is John Robbins. I have a sister married, living in California. I have a father somewhere upon earth, but I don't know where. My mother is with me. My sister married a man by the name of William Daniels, four years ago, I think, and went to California. He was engaged in a store of some kind on Front street, San Francisco; but I do not know much about him, for I never met him before I died, with the exception of twice. I suppose he is a fine fellow. Almost the last thing I thought of before I died, was that if I could come back, I would, so I have been persevering. I have been dead near two years. I took cold, I suppose, about six months before I died; was out on a fishing party—it came up a very hard rain—I got wet in the morning, remained so all day, took a very severe cold, and was kept in the house some weeks, and thought I was better, but it settled on my lungs, and then I knew I was a goner.

I am anxious to communicate with my sister; I wrote her something about Spiritualism in a joking way, before I died. She wrote me she never saw anything of it, but would like to. I made a sort of bargain with her to come first if I died, and she was to come to me first if she died. So I come to keep my agreement, although I did not agree to come here.

I hardly know what to say, because I don't know as she'll get anything from me. She knows I'm dead, and may be looking out for something of the kind. I should think she would. Don't know what Daniels is—whether a Spiritualist or not. Suppose he is something, though. I should like to have a medium to go round to talk to folks. I happened to get in at this place all right. I started for it, but did not know how to bring up all right. I was born in New York city, and died in Franconia, New York; after mother died, she scattered.

I suppose I am getting along his well as the average. I never had any exalted idea of heaven. Suppose I've got as good a place as I deserve; strange, though, I can tell you. Anybody would think, after you got away from earth, things would be different, but it is not so—being very much like it.

Mother died in New York city. I never went to school a day after I was ten years old; so much for losing your mother, you see. Mother died, and that just knocked father the wrong way. I have found out, since I have been here, that he ain't dead, and I am going to look him up as soon as I find time, and if I find him, I'm going to communicate with him, sure as you live.

Do you suppose my sister will get my communication? Well, I hope so. I think I'll go, then.

Oct. 26.

James L. Clark.

"The Lord is in his holy Temple: let all the earth keep silence before him."

These words I have been requested to speak upon. Now, should I attempt to discourse thereon, I can only give my opinion as an individual spirit in the great mass of souls.

"The Lord is in his holy Temple: let all the earth keep silence before him."

In the first place, let us consider what is the temple of the Lord. I consider it to be the natural body of man. Yes, that moving monument of intelligence—that structure formed of the dust of the earth, I conceive to be the temple of the Living God—I know none other. I well know the theological world has drawn a far different picture. They have erected a temple in the New Jerusalem, and a great, white throne therein, and upon it sitteth the Lord God of Hosts. We may ask where is that New Jerusalem—that holy city of the Lord God. Where is the throne—where is the Almighty? Nowhere in the universe can we wander and find such a picture. 'Tis but a fable drawn by imagination, and the sayings and doings of olden times.

Let all the earth keep silence before the God that dwelleth within this holy temple—the human form. There is not an atom in the universe that man, as a creature, may not fully control—man, as a creature, may not silence by the power of his own individual will.

Let us go back and travel a short distance with Jesus—we will not place too much confidence upon the records of his sayings and doings; but let us go back by the light of truth, and stand by the side of Jesus, the God. Let us listen to him, and mark well his words. He, in early life, gained sufficient power over the grosser elements of nature to control them, to hold them in perfect silence by his will. Every atom in the universe might have been said to have been subject to his will. And may not the souls of to-day—the gods of the present age, do the same? May not they, with their strength of mind—their power—be able to understand all that is placed before them upon nature's map, and when they understand it, control it? I verily believe they can. I verily believe that all you see before you, and all you can conceive of, can be controlled by man. Yes, even the subtle element that passes through the natural body, and causes the union between the natural and spiritual body, man may control. One man had the power to do it, another may have—all may have the power that one of eighteen hundred years ago had.

When death had set its seal upon the form—when action had ceased, and life in the outer world had ceased to be, and the spirit had fled, then came the all powerful Jesus, and cried: "Come forth." Then the monster, Death, stood still, and the body was reared again in health—and by what? By the power of Almighty God, through his temple of flesh.

Man gazes into the atmosphere, and he draws from thence knowledge—he sees the electric current playing in mighty power before his material vision, and he says: "Can I not control that element—can I not grasp it, and make it my servant?"

For a time, and a time only, it seems impossible; but as the wish grows stronger, the power to control becomes mighty, and man grasps it, through and by the power of God dwelling in his temple of flesh.

Well may the one of old cry out: "The Lord dwelleth in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him."

From the time these temples became imbued with wisdom, God has reigned here, and man, instead of looking abroad in space, picturing out some New Jerusalem to find out God; should turn within, and learn that this glorious principle of truth is God. Truth is mighty, and holdeth all that is in her grasp—and man, as he overcomes the grosser elements of his nature, may become strong; and by his own strength he shall soar on from one point of glory to another, bidding all obstacles be still—silencing all sounds of discord.

The theologians of the past and present age have much to do away with that they have built around themselves. They have a high wall to pull down, that their own souls, which have builded it, may go free. Each soul must labor for himself. Would you or I enjoy the blessings of wisdom, we must seek for ourselves—must grasp for ourselves—for he that sendeth a messenger to gather truth for him, will be poorly fed; but he that goeth forth himself, shall not go forth for nothing.

The whole earth, I say, may keep silence before this temple of the Living God. I know no other God, and if I go on to brighter spheres, as eternity rolls on and on, I shall find no other God. I read his name in every one of these temples of the Living God. Here, then, is the throne; here is the New Jerusalem; here is the temple, and here the God. We earnestly ask that our friends who have sent us here to-day, will give this a candid consideration: if they do, the star which abides within them shall become brilliant with truth; now darkness reigns within the temple.

We would not ask them to offer up prayer to some

far off God, for any blessing that he has to bestow; but we earnestly call upon them to seek for themselves, and find within the temple of the Living God.

You ask my name. Names are of but little avail; however, if you are particular about it, you can receive it. Mine as an individual, when on earth, was James L. Clark. I passed from this sphere of life some twenty-two years ago.

Oct. 26.

William Collins.

Oh, what a hard time I have to get here. It's very much like the song; "A long pull, a strong pull, and pull away boys, and soon off we'll go." Well, you want something to identify me to my friends, do you?

I was born in Williamsburg, Pennsylvania, and I cruised all around until I cruised to the other side of Jordan. I was thirty-four years old when I died of fever, on the coast of Brazil. I was on board the ship Asia. Some four or five of the crew were sick at the same time. I have or did have, some folks living in Williamsburg and in other places, and do not know but I'm just as good to talk as anybody. I think I'd have to come a dozen times before I got the right hang of everything.

I was the second officer on board ship. I believe I was taken sick the first man aboard. If I'd have turned in three or four days before I did, I might have saved my life. But it's the duty of the second mate to take care of all aboard the ship; the mate don't do it—the Captain don't do anything, and the second officer has to do all the work.

You better believe I opened my eyes wide when I got on the other side and saw what a place it was. The chap—that was talking of the New Jerusalem and white throne, told of something I ain't seen yet. I have no distinct notion of the after life, but I prayed to have a fair wind and a pleasant port when I left, and I have had, so far.

Now the principal thing that draws me to earth, is to get an opportunity to communicate in private. I'll try my hand at anything I can manage. There's our old Captain, who was a pretty clever man. I sailed with him two voyages three years before I died. I should like to come to him. I'm not sure about the name of his ship, but rather think it was the Charlotte. He was always talking, especially during storms. One time he asked me if I thought that the spirits of people that had died watched over us after they died. "God knows," I said, "I don't think I should care about coming back after I'd hauled up anchor." Now I think Scott is just the man for me to go to. I think he is cruising in the Mediterranean, so I suppose I've got to wait awhile; but they tell me that one is pretty sure to get a message, sent through your paper. So, Scott, if you ever get on shore again, just give me a call, and I'll let you know whether spirits can come back or not. I'll talk different from what I did when I last talked to you. I think he was a medium. One night he came to me and said, "My God, who is that? There's a man standing at the wheel, do not you see him?" said he. Williams was at the wheel but the Captain said, "There's another man there, and he's guiding the ship, sure as you live." I said, you're sick and had better go below; but he stuck to it that there were two men at the wheel and that the spirit was an old salt who sailed with his father, and was the best navigator he had. Now I think he was a spirit, and I think that he was guiding the ship. Then I laughed some, but pitied the Captain, because I thought he was sick.

One night I was on deck—we had a pretty good blow—I didn't feel very well and was walking deck pretty fast; he said to me—

"Who the devil have you got walking by your side?"

"What the devil is the matter with you?" said I,

"another of your crazy fits coming on?"

"No, no," said he, and described the man.

"Well," said I, "let him walk."

"Now I've found out that man was my father—he says he used to walk with me often."

Now I think I'd fare pretty well to find out Scott and make him see me, and I don't think it would be very hard work to do it, seeing he has got such sharp eyes. My name was William Collins—Bill, or anything you please to call it. The ship Asia, I heard from New York, bound to Rio, when I died. Now I wonder if I'll have a fair wind to sail out? I had a contrary one to sail in—against wind and tide.

Oct. 26.

While we were reading proof of the above, the spirit requested us to explain what he meant by asking Scott to give him a call, viz.: to ask him to go to a medium when he arrived.

Charles A. Vinton.

I made certain agreements before I left earth, during my sickness, in reference to returning again. I should I have power so to do; but I find myself wholly incapable of doing what I wish to do to-day.

This is the first time I have spoken through a medium as I do now, and I think I had better remain silent until I can speak to my better satisfaction. I have much to give. I am obliged to use much power, in order to speak to-day, and I am told that I, in common with all the spiritual family, must learn how to produce these wonders, in order to succeed. Now, sir, I am going. You may know me by the name of Charles A. Vinton.

Oct. 27.

James Henry Willoughby, Eng.

I have kindred on earth, to whom I would manifest. I have been informed it will be my duty to give certain facts whereby I may be recognized. I was born in Manchester, Eng., on the 10th day of February, 1809. I remained subject to the control of my parents, living in my birth-place fourteen years.

In the year 1831 I graduated at Oxford. In the year 1835 I commenced the practice of law at Portsmouth, Eng. I there continued in the practice of my profession, something like seven years—then conditions rendered it necessary for me to remove. I next found myself in Derbyshire, Eng. I there remained, receiving blessings from the Divine Source of All, to the time of my passing from earth to undertake the realities of a second life. I died at last event took place in the year 1851. The known cause of my death was called consumption of the liver; however I am not satisfied myself as regards my disease. That is a matter of small importance in this case. I simply wish to state certain facts which may serve to identify me to my kindred.

Some two years previous to my death, matters of a business nature called me to London, and while there my attention was directed towards the phenomenon of Spiritualism. I will not here state how much I believed or disbelieved; but I will say I saw enough to wake me from the lethargy nearly all the inhabitants of earth are reposing in. But the press of earthly affairs precluded the continuance of my investigations, and I saw but little more of the light after my return home. A short time previous to my death I held frequent conversations upon the subject of Spiritualism with some of my friends, and I believe I made a promise to return, should it be possible for me so to do, after I left the mortal.

Since casting off disease and the body of death, my desire to return to commune with my friends has at times been very intense, but I have not found opportunity so to do, until to-day. I have been told one of my friends has thought it strange, if the phenomenon was what it purported to be, that I did not return and make some demonstration.

I would now state that I find everything here far different from what I anticipated. Indeed, I never conceived of anything half so beautiful as I am permitted to behold. Yet, at times I seem to be enveloped in a very dense cloud of mystery. The present I have, but the future I have no control of, and I am anxious to know what my future is to be, and I have also been told I shall gain strength in my progress, by returning to this, the first state of existence—the earth-life. And as such is my position, I feel very anxious to commence my work, that I may be at rest, and not be beset with so many dark thoughts respecting the future. I feel that I am a stranger here, but I have understood that the stranger receives the same attention as the friend, and thus I hope that my words may be attended to,

and may reach, in due time, my kindred, and produce a change in my peculiar state, and in theirs also.

Now I trust I have sufficiently defined myself to be understood, and if my friends feel the same toward me as they professed to while I was in the body, I do not anticipate a great amount of trouble in gaining access to them.

The name which seems to be indispensable in this case is James Henry Willoughby. I am under obligation to you for the present interview, which obligation I will endeavor to overcome at a future time.

Oct. 27.

Harriet Fuller.

I wish you'd give me somewhere else to sit on. I don't like to sit here. I'm afraid something will happen. I wish I could go home, instead of coming here. Oh, look here! I'm dead to everybody else but myself. I was sitting in a place very much like this, when I was killed—I wish I had n't come. I used to live in Trenton. I'd been to Boston, and I was going home, and I was killed. We had got most to Newark, I think.

My name was Harriet Fuller. I was killed on board the cars. I can't stay—it's no use—I can't. I wanted to talk with some of the folks, but I feel more as though I was on board the cars. I must go—would n't stay here for the world. I was struck on the head. This seems like living over again. I am afraid I'm going to die every moment.

Oct. 27.

It is told us that the thoughts of the spirit form its conditions and surroundings. Thus this spirit, on reanimating a human form, was reminded of her last days on earth, and formed a picture which, to her, was real—in which she lived for the moment. A proper control of the mind, shutting out thoughts of one's last sufferings, is necessary to control with pleasure.

Betsy Davis.

I am very desirous of speaking with my family and friends. Tell me what I had better do to make myself known. If I tell you my name, will that suffice?

My name was Betsy Davis; I died on Harrison Avenue, near one year ago, in 1857. I do not care to commune here, but will you please say I am very desirous to commune with those I love so well. I have a husband, children, and many friends. My husband manufactures pianofortes.

Oct. 27.

Richard D. Winne.

Ah, my good friend, how do you do? You see a fair wind and a good craft has brought me back to this port. My name is Richard D. Winne—or you may call me Dick, or Davis, or anything I shall be recognized by.

I am here for the especial purpose of saying something—not much. I want here to inform my good mother that I have not attended to her wishes, because I could not. She never calls for me, but I hear her, and understand what she asks. I thought it would not be amiss to come here to-day, seeing there is a fair wind, and straighten out things. Now you see I feel as much attached to my friends as I ever did, and a little more so. I think I have got one of the best mothers on earth. You see she has not forgotten her boy, if he has gone to the spirit-life, and if he was a little rough, and went to sea, she likes him just as well, perhaps a little better. If I talk too fast, just say, drop anchor. And as regards that brother of mine, Tim, tell him, when he thinks it all right, to come round this way. Poor William! I should like to help him. I wish I could come in communication with him. He's a strange boy, but he'll see clear one of these days; he has to take the path of life on the rough side now.

Tell my good mother that all I can do for her I shall do, and tell her that when she thinks of me I know it, and when she calls I know it, but I have not the power of answering always. Well, say I'm happy, and I'll be off.

Oct. 27.

Zephaniah Caldwell.

My name was Zephaniah Caldwell. I died in Auburn, California, of lockjaw, in 1857. My native place was Clinton, Mass. I have a father in Michigan. I went to California in 1851. I want the old gentleman to know I am dead, and have come. I supposed my lockjaw to be occasioned by the bite of a rat. This rat is somewhat larger than the common rat, and is called the kangaroo rat. I may be mistaken in regard to the cause of my death. I was bitten about two months previous to my sickness. I took cold about ten days before I died, and then I discovered that my right foot was badly swollen and inflamed. I did anything I found to do—had no trade. Auburn is six miles below Vernon. I was in the mines while able to work—on the North Fork of the American River, when I first went out. Tell the old gentleman I am happy and well.

Oct. 28.

John Glidden, England.

You're waiting for me? Well, there's a good many people have waited for me—a good many times, I suppose.

Oh, this is a hard world, and it is very strange to me that we spirits cannot be permitted to rest. For my part, I don't want to come back to earth; but they will call for me. What do I want to come here for? Nobody cares for me; I care for nobody. But they will not let me rest—they will draw me here. This makes the fifth time I've been called for, the fifth time I've come to earth, and the fifth time I have answered their call.

Now I have been told if I would come here and give certain facts, I should be permitted to rest; so I'm going to give them. Four times I've been called to a circle in Bond street, London; and now, if I'll come here and give what I gave there, and a little more, I'll be permitted to rest. Consoling intelligence!

Yes, I did murder Charles Burke. I have owned it before, and I own it here. Nineteen years ago he went to the spirit-world by my consent. Well, now, here goes the old story, the fifth time repeated. I was born in Nottingham, Eng. I died in the Mediterranean, by violence, ten years ago. I was then master of my own vessel, and my own business, besides. Charles was on board my ship; he refused to do duty; I murdered him—and he was not the first I murdered, by three. But I'm called upon to speak particularly about him. He was seventeen years of age—so he told me—and was the son of one who bids me come here. So the old man wants me to tell him the last words of his boy. I'll tell him. They were these: "You old cuss, I'll sooner die than obey you!" The last he ever spoke on earth. He died—brave boy!

And now they want to know to what family I belong. Well, my father's name was John Glidden—mine was the same. I had three brothers. One died in youth; one lives on earth; one died at the age of somewhere near thirty—they can ascertain, if they see fit to do so, by going to Nottingham and inquiring of one Chauncey Glidden.

A great amount of good it will do these individuals for me to come back and repeat this story. Must have a taste for literature. So they want to know the name of my vessel. Nice name that! My own—my own—John Glidden!

Good God, how mad it makes me to come here and repeat this story I have told so many times; but I do it to obtain rest. To be a servant to anybody was what I always despised; but it seems to be so now.

Well, John Glidden, how did you do? Here, again, I tell them I was out in the throat, lost my arm, and received a deep wound in the thigh, and a pretty severe one on the side, near the back of my neck—that finished me. All these were with the outbreak.

Well, John, tell us your size. Six feet and three inches; measured around the waist fifty-four inches. They want to be sure I'm the veritable John.

Tell us, were you married or single? I answer that question as I did before; that's my private business—And put if you can, where you can.

The next question is, does your wife reside in Lon-

don? My answer is, that is my business. This is the fifth time I have refused to answer these two questions, and I shall do so to all eternity; so ask them, and be denied.

Another question: Were you ever tried for arson ere you left home? Yes, I was. Were you punished? Yes, I was. Were you punished? No—because they could not control my legs and my brains.

Now, John, if you go to America, request the scribe

ing to that spirit, and to all who seeketh the good of their fellows I would offer homage, knowing, as I do, that it is not a personal God I am to praise, but a Principle of Godness, that lighteth up the souls of all men.

I stand upon no Bible. I grasp no preconceived belief. I have scattered the chaff I received on earth to the four winds of the Universe, and I live for the present. The past is dark and unpleasant to me, and my feet shall not be swift to travel those dark places over. Go seek your truth from the fountain of Truth, that flows for thyself; and when thou canst no longer draw truth from thence, reach forth and draw from above you. Pray no longer for blessings, but reach forth and receive them, and praise the Higher forces for them.

I suppose it is necessary for me to leave the name I bore on earth. Rev John Moore; you may add to what you are now writing, this:

Whatever appears to be true, you may rely upon it as true, but where doubt rises in your mind, it is no longer true to you. The morals of that book were for the past. You have better morals to-day. They are flowers that bloomed in the past; for those of the past; you have sweeter flowers that bloom for you—cult them, and use them; do not stray for the wild flowers that bloomed for the man of less knowledge than you.

Oct. 28.

The Public Press.

[This page is opened to the public for a free expression of opinion on the phenomena of Spiritualism.]

MIRACLES.—NO. 3.

One of the strongest arguments that has been brought against the truth of Christianity, is the *limited reception* it had in the world, anterior to the death of Christ. It is asked, if the publication of the gospel was accompanied with such wonderful displays of Divine power as was exhibited in the miracles said to have been wrought by him, how was it possible for the Jews, among whom it was proclaimed, to resist the force of this species of evidence? They must, all of them, both rulers and people, have been either witnesses themselves of these miracles, or received accounts of them so well attested, as could not fail to carry conviction to their minds. How dare they, then, as it were in very defiance of Omnipotence itself, not only reject the system he revealed to them, but treat the messenger of it, his Son, with scorn and contempt, and finally put him to the ignominious death of the cross. This is a seeming enigma in human conduct, which justly requires explanation.

The objection hits, however, I conceive, been satisfactorily answered already. It has been said that the manner of his making his appearance in the world, his lowly origin, the humble associates he then chose, his manner of life, the mode he selected for propagating his religion, its great novelty, both in precept and doctrine, the nature of the miracles he wrought, being in all instances acts of benevolence, rather than an exercise of mere power, were circumstances so revolting to the expectations that the Jews had formed of their promised Messiah, that they would not listen a moment to his pretensions. They had formed, in their own minds, a certain standard, according to which they were determined to judge the claims of any one who should offer himself in this character, and if he did not conform to this standard, he was to be rejected at once. His life and conduct, the code of morals he inculcated, so admirably adapted to promote the happiness of mankind, the stupendous truths he revealed or confirmed, had no weight with them, when set in opposition to their own preconceived notions. They saw in him all their hopes of national grandeur and conquest blasted at once. And his religion, instead of promising them such temporal blessings as they expected, prescribed a course of conduct calculated to wound their pride, and produce severe mortification. Their prejudices being thus strongly excited against him, by reason of the foregoing circumstances, they made everything bend to them. His life and conduct, they considered mean and degrading; his rules of duty as leading to pusillanimity and weakness; and his miracles they were disposed to ascribe to some demoniacal being, the existence of whom was to them a received opinion among them. They did not, as many do at the present day, deny the facts of the miracles, but only their source. They admitted the facts.

The force of this national prejudice in blinding their minds to the powerful evidence of every description, which was afforded in attestation of the Christian system, is to us, living at the present time, almost inconceivable. But it is inconceivable merely because it relates to *another age and another race* of mankind; because we ourselves are not actors in these events, and can view them with the calm and impartial eye of disinterested spectators. But does not the conduct of mankind, even in the present enlightened period of the world, present us with cases of obstinate prejudice and incredulity parallel to this? Do we not, even now, under our own free system of government, where there is the most uncontrolled circulation of opinion upon every subject, see the sentiments of the community and of individuals influenced by the same causes? Do we not observe the same narrow and selfish views operating upon the human mind, and the same determination to examine every question of importance, according to its shall affect our personal interests, or our preconceived opinions, and not upon its intrinsic merits? Do we not often notice individuals' distorting facts, reasoning falsely and inconclusively, and resisting the whole weight of evidence upon a subject, to gratify their personal feelings, or promote their particular views? The instances are very rare, in which persons have attained that complete mastery over their passions and their prejudices—have subjected their moral and intellectual nature to that high degree of discipline, as to leave self entirely out of view in their conduct. Few, very few, have made themselves capable of such an act of self-denial and sacrifice, as this course will require of them, to seek truth for its own sake, persuaded that this will eventually conduce, in the highest degree to their own happiness; and that even the consciousness of being under the influence of such exalted motives, is, of itself, reward enough for the effort it costs them.

The history of Spiritualism in this country, since its origin, now but a few years, will abundantly prove the truth of the preceding remarks. For the manner in which it has been treated by theologians, and particularly those of the Orthodox stamp, and scientific men generally, is a perfect counterpart and parallel to the manner in which the miracles of Christ were treated in his day; and, if those persons had lived at that period of the world, under the barbarous code of morals which then prevailed, they would probably have persecuted the Saviour, and put him to death in the same manner, as did the Jews. They entertain the same opinion of the spiritual manifestations that the Jews did of the miracles of Christ. They either deny the fact of

their occurrence, and ascribe them to imposture and deception, to a newly discovered action of the brain, to the od force, or to the Devil, in whose existence and omnipotence they seem to believe—and this they do, although they are entirely unable in a rational way thus to account for them, and through their attempts to do so have thus far proved to be entire and signal failures. So completely are they under the influence of prejudice and preconceived opinions, that the most convincing evidence, and even demonstration itself, are thrown away upon them—and though Spiritualism, in its facts, its philosophy, and its theology, presents the most rational, and the only rational system that ever has been presented to the human mind of all merely human systems, it is received by that class of Christians who are termed Orthodox, and whose own system is but a compound of contradiction, absurdity and nonsense, alike revolting to the understanding and the heart, with the same scorn and incredulity, as the Jews received Christianity in the place of Judaism, to which they were bigotedly attached—and if they wish to see their own moral likeness, all they have to do is to look into the mirror, which the Jews at the time of Christ presented.

We see, then, that the conduct of the Jews, in rejecting Christianity, may be satisfactorily accounted for by the operations of the same principles which are perceived extensively to influence human conduct at the present day, in regard to other matters of a similar character, and of which our own age and country afford striking examples.

But further, the national hostility of the Jews to Christ and his religion, was a circumstance converted by Divine wisdom into one of the most powerful kinds of evidence in its favor, as has also been the case with the spiritual manifestations. In consequence of this incredulity, the conduct of our Saviour was more narrowly watched than it would otherwise have been, and the force of his example in favor of his religion, was more clearly made manifest. The very persecution to which he was subjected, was the means of bringing out those traits of character which he came into the world mainly to inculcate, and which constitute the peculiar moral beauties of his life.

His claims to miraculous powers became a more rigid subject of scrutiny, as has been the case of Spiritualism, from the disposition that existed to overthrow them, and which, though it prompted to every expedient that malice, aided by ingenuity, could devise to effect this purpose, entirely failed. Though the Jews would not admit that the hand of God was visible in the miracles themselves, they could not disprove it, by proving the miracles false. These circumstances, then, together with the rapid propagation attending it, through all parts of the then civilized world, after the resurrection, are in themselves most conclusive evidence of it being, what it claimed to be, a religion proceeding from God himself.

The progress of Spiritualism, thus far, has gone on in the same way with Christianity in its early stages, though with a vastly more accelerated impetus. It has now penetrated into all parts of the civilized world, and multitudes of intelligent, acute and cultivated minds, have embraced it; and it bids fair, at no distant day, in its triumphant march, like the cloud that was at first no bigger than a man's hand, to cover the whole moral heavens, and to shed its benign lustre upon the whole race of man.

W. S. A.

THE MISSION OF SPIRITS.

That spirits do communicate and influence the affairs of mortals, is now an established fact of common acceptance. That the unbeliever still denounces, and the cavalier disputes, is also true; yet in the depths of thought, reason demonstrates the question, and at the foundation of hope, affection and desire, this truth holds unlimited control.

It is the voice of God, sounding above the restraints of formality and education, asserting its native, in-born truth in his goodness and power. It is the uprising of the spirit of God in man, declaring its own individuality and immortality, saying to the worm, "thou art no longer my brother," for the instincts of the butterfly are aroused, and with that I mount, I fly to the ethereal realms of thought, and with a glory that that emblem forth, live in the living presence of God and his angels.

Death, the shadowy monarch of the tomb, no longer shrouds existence with its pall of darkness, silencing every affection, and chilling, with its fiat of irreparable doom, the God-given elements of truth and progression within the soul. Death now sits in our midst, not as at the ancient feast, robed in the garment of fear, but as our brother and sister, ready to unloose the bonds of mortality, and clothe anew with the resurrection of life. Eternal hopes bloom around its pathway—"I am the resurrection and the life," is ever sounding through its portals. Life, beautiful, varied and loving, now rises from the grave, to animate and purify mortal hope, to be entered upon with all the experience of the past, to demonstrate with purer motives and higher incentives all things, pertaining to the philosophy of being. God becomes a principle, life a reality, not passing with the fading leaf of Autumn, but a treasury of his love, truth and beauty, to be outwrought through the elements he has given in the temple of the human soul.

Accountability to duty is recognized as a fundamental law. No outward influence of Church or State is requisite to incite its noblest effort. It lives now, it lives forever, and is now painting the hues which shall linger around the dying couch, and brighten its resurrection morn.

Its self-existing energy of immortal principle ever urges it onward to act out its own nature, free and untrammelled before God, and the peace of his holy law is rest and reward. Though the approval of those it would serve is sweet, it rises independent of that, for it has left the plane of earth, and measures itself by the everlasting realities of God's law, as defined to its understanding, embracing all time and eternally as one field of action, merging into each other as naturally as day into night. The same love protects, the same power upholds, the same justice governs; perception varies, but not the eternal principles which influence and guide it.

Spirit communion is defining and establishing these principles in the human heart. Its influence is invigorating every sphere of thought; the current of feeling, devotion and praise, is heavenward; amidst the bounties and the beauties of our loving Father's care, the spirit aspiration is toward that eternity; his own life prompts, and spirit-whispers bring it peace. Not only does the awed believer lend the listening ear, but the great heart of society throbs with a new joy, as this renovating influence is breathed upon it. It matters not how reserved, sectarian, or bigoted the faith, this flood-light of truth

and love rests upon it, to mellow and soften with its divine rays the hardest structure the human will can rear. Affection's pleading tones will vibrate through the melting rock, and as its waters lave the smitten brow, it becomes whole with this living baptism of life. Hope and desire realize fruition; the prison doors are unloosed, the soul is free, and unto God the glory flows.

A little heaven has been thrown into the great lump of humanity, but it is silently and thoroughly uplifting the whole mass. The power of God is in the work; his seal of acceptance has pronounced it good. His blessing is with the sowers of the good seed, and the reapers shall gather the harvest of his beneficence. Let the doubter murmur, and the laughing mock of scorn speed on—a breath can subdue, or a vapor silence them.

What is man, when the wind rages, or the ocean roars? or the power of man, when it resists the elements of God? The reason and intellect which he has given, may control and subdue them, but it is in harmony with nature's laws, and his divine will, the outworking of his own great problem of thought, upon which his rich blessing descends. Thus, who can limit the powers of man. They never yet have been defined, and the highest archangel could not bound his attainments as man. Thus far he has been the creature of circumstance, the child of fortune's smile or frown. Angelic ministers bid him arise, be manly and God-like in the strength and purity of principle—throw off the shackles that so long have pampered to prejudice and pride, and be true to himself and his heaven-born destiny.

The everlasting hills, the ocean and the land, are sending forth their tributaries of greatness. Shall they be received only in their natural and physical acceptance, forgetting the great principles involved in their development, or shall the whole work of creation go gloriously on, and the anthem of progression and praise which the rock, the ocean, and the flower ever live, sound its truest, highest notes in the life of man? And the inspiration of the Almighty, breathed through all his works, also inspires the great heart of humanity, that it throb spiritually, in harmony with the natural creation, ever true to the highest and best instincts of its being.

Spirit communion is opening great channels of instruction for mortals, not constructing them—for the mighty finger of Jehovah had traced them in the chaotic confusion of earth's first existence, to be as fully demonstrated, and as amenable to the laws of science, as gravity or attraction. Time, which has mellowed the atmosphere, and purified the land, making each fit for the sustenance of man, shall unfold his spirit-nature also, and its intimate connection with all the spiritual universe. God is the God of the living, and not of the dead, and the spirit-nature of man has been long enough dormant in its perceptions. The voice of God is heard in its deepest depths, and the soul perceives the glorious excellence there is hid for it, from the foundation of the world, to be made manifest in God's own time.

The trumpet of salvation is given to the herald of the nations. So they are coming from the North and from the South, seeking the presence and peace of God's holy law.

They who slept in their graves have seen a great light, and are awakening to the resurrection of truth—that God may be justified in all his works. Spirit and mortal thought is active, aroused in all its noblest elements, and the dry bones of error and superstition are shaking in their emptiness. The goblet of salvation is given to all who seek, without measure, and the soul shall know itself and be at peace.

From whence proceeds this great influx of light, knowledge and truth upon the planet earth? Is it the natural growth of past centuries, unaided by spiritual developments? Has man wrought and achieved the great problem of experience, and passed on, forgetting the past in the long sleep of silence, or awaiting an imaginary awakening which should decide the future, by the testimony of the past? Is there no connecting link in the thought of past centuries with the action of the present? Is the oral or printed record all that has treasured the labored thought or cunning device?

Believe me, the brain that labored and thought in time, still in eternity has mused upon its loved theme, not always with success in its immediate results, but ever active for the ideal beyond, ever aiming for the exultation of its ambition. This thought is reflected upon minds of similar construction in the form, and through them are outwrought for the good of humanity. Minds receptive of new ideas, arrange and reconstruct them according to natural law and expediency, and thus the originality and individuality of each are preserved.

The noble works of man's invention stand to-day as monuments of the past, as of the present progression of his spirit. The immediate agency of spirit-power and influence in all this is just dawning upon the mind. It feels the electric throb of thought—is moved to action—and its secret wires vibrate to spirit touch. Man feels the inspiration of desire and the promptings of devotion. The moving cause of all this is, as yet, the unsolved mystery of his thought.

We, the disembodied spirits of earthly forms, come to tell him it is the divinity within moving responsive to the divine spirit of the universe—acted upon by natural and spiritual causes—through the vibration of spirit-life—governed by the same laws and principles as when in the form. Moving ever on in its own natural and spiritual orbit, it must of necessity vibrate through man's sphere, awaking to activity according to its own given impulse. This is spirit action upon mind, and mind has become so sensitive to and receptive of it, that it echoes back the spirit-thought; and here lies the mystery of spirit communion. Visible, audible communication is a still further advance of mind, both in the earth and spirit sphere. It is the marvel of the nineteenth century, but it will be the reality of the next, when mind and matter are more in harmony with their highest received laws, other and new influences will the stream of life disclose. Active, observing minds, both here and in the earth-sphere, will catch the rays of the rising sun of thought, treasure its beauties and transmit them to future generations. Look at the past—is not this its history? Why then doubt the present or the future? The unfolding of God's power and will with mind, must be ever onward. Stay not then his hand by blindness and bigotry of thine own soul—trust his love and goodness—believe the messengers' warnings, whether the rock, the leaf, or the voice and tones of thy loved departed. Are they not all wax in his hand, to be moulded to his pleasure? With reverence to his holy will, in justice to his spirit within thyself, accept the teachings of wisdom, and peace; and knowledge shall fill thy soul with understanding,

and thy heart with joy. The beams of our love are burning deep into the heart—it echoes back our loved refrain—let not fear, doubt or unbelief so shade the spirit, that it feel not the divine warmth of this spiritual blessing. God is in all and through all, and unto him be all the praise and glory. Mortal recipients of this truth, to whom are made known the riches of the mercy of our God, let every thought and action be in unison with so divine a heritage—leave the surface of earth's babbling streams and lave in the waters of eternal life—that the truth, purity and self-sacrifice of great and noble deeds, may hallow your glorious faith in the hearts and minds of this generation, embalming it the seed of future good. The past and present in you are combined to achieve a glorious future. If you would place the laurel-wreath of victory upon your sons and your daughters, be true to the watchword of your faith—the truth against the world.

West Roxbury, Nov. 20, 1858.

L. K. COONLEY IN CINCINNATI.

DEAR BANNER.—On last Sunday (21st) L. K. Coonley occupied the usual lecture hour in the morning and evening, at National Hall, with his usual ability. The subject in the morning was, "The fullness of the earth with the emblems of future glory." In the evening—"The progress of thought and the new language to be spoken." His audiences were small, owing, no doubt, to the disagreeableness of the weather. Both lectures, however, were of very pleasant interest. Many of those who are in the habit of attending our lectures were in attendance at the First Universalist Church to hear the Rev. Mr. Flanders discourse on the "Future Condition of Suicide."

Mr. Coonley has been instrumental of effecting some remarkable cures. He is laboring to effect others, and I hope he may be eminently successful.

To-day Mrs. Anna M. Carver gave us her last beautiful lecture, previous to her departure for Boston to spend the winter. She is one of our true Spiritualists, and an amiable and beautiful medium. I feel strongly impressed that our Boston friends will be pleased with her acquaintance, as well as her lectures. We are loth to part with her, for she has done much for the good cause here; but good and lovely and harmonious spirits will accompany her.

This coming week, and next Sunday, we shall be animated and enlightened by the visit of Mr. Davis and his excellent lady, and Mr. Stebbins. We anticipate a delightful Spiritual feast. I shall communicate in a few days through the columns of your excellent and worthy BANNER.

THE DAWN OF THE MORNING STAR, or the origin, rise and glorious prospects of the Morning Star Sunday School of this city—being the first Spiritual Sunday School ever established by order of the intelligences from the spirit-realms, through Mrs. Anna M. Carver, and its brief history, I feel, will awaken an interest in the souls of true Spiritualists which will never die out, but which will kindle a flame that shall burn to a bright, deep fire of love to the young, pointing them to the beautiful path of progression up to the Heaven of angels.

Yours, devoted in the cause, D. H. S.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 20, 1858.

IS THE CHRISTIAN SAD OR CHEERFUL?

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Your ever welcome sheet comes to us weekly, laden with the good tidings of the spread of truth in all parts of the land. It is now one year since I became acquainted with the beautiful and rational philosophy of spiritual intercourse, and I must say that it has been a year of more real happiness to me, than I ever before knew.

Perhaps some of our theologians would say I was happy, "cos I's so wicked," as I heard Elder Burnham proclaim some weeks since in a sermon, in the most positive and emphatic manner, that a person who was always happy, was certainly not a Christian. He said that the true Christian was often overshadowed with clouds, doubts, perplexities and fears. If Elder Burnham is correct, then the converse is true—the sad countenance, the gloomy, dejected appearance, the sour and repulsive exterior, is an evidence of the perfect Christian.

The Elder said, the Spiritualists claim to be very happy; and added, that as the drunkard, at his cups, was cheerful and happy, so the Spiritualists had been drinking some of the Devil's wine, which made them happy for a time, the more surely to lure them on to destruction.

Rev. I. N. Tarbox, in the New Englander, for August, in reviewing Theodore Parker's sermons, says he once, for the first and the last time, went and heard Parker preach, and expresses his astonishment, at seeing the vast crowd leaving Music Hall, at the close of the services, at the look of seriousness and solemnity. To see people leave a meeting, and on Sunday, too, cheerful and happy, shocked his sense of propriety; some of them even dared to laugh, and appeared as though "death and the judgment, whatever bugbears they might be to others, had no terror for them."

I cannot see where our theologians in the Bible get their idea of long faces, solemn conversation, and all their striking peculiarities, on occasions of religious meetings. Jesus (if reported correctly,) certainly spoke pointedly and repeatedly against the "sad countenance," and against disfiguring their faces, and frequently tells his disciples to rejoice and be exceedingly glad; and Paul and other apostles often speak of their "exceeding great joy," "rejoicing evermore," "always rejoicing," &c., &c.

I truly feel that there is a "joy and peace in believing," since I have been brought from theological darkness into the blissful light of natural and rational religion.

"Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead."

There is a very strong prejudice in this village against Spiritualism. There is one Congregational, and one small society of Advents; most of the members of the church are very intolerant and bigoted, and refuse to read, or otherwise inform themselves, and condemn whatever their clergymen oppose, without daring to examine for themselves. I presume the same state of things exist in a greater or less degree in most places. The great cry is, it is the work of the devil. Rev. Mr. Underwood, in one of his denunciatory sermons here, some months since, said that Spiritualism would more properly be called Devilism.

There are a few in this place who have embraced the new philosophy, and who dare to think, and even speak of "the hope that is in them," and their desire to live up to their highest conception of right, as embodied in the life and teachings of Jesus; when in the form. Many more are anxiously inquiring for truth, as they fail to find it in human theology, and

when they heard Mrs. Tuttle's lectures, it set them on a new train of thought, and, like "Oliver Twist," they are calling for more, and we hope to have more lectures here this winter.

With many fervent aspirations for the spread of truth and true religious freedom, I remain, as ever, Your friend, D. B. HALE.

COLLINSVILLE, CONN., Nov. 20, 1858.

WHAT IS THIS HEALING POWER?

In the last BANNER, under the head of "Human Effort," Mr. Sunderland has contributed an article in answer to the article published in the BANNER November 20, reporting the extraordinary cure of Mrs. Thomas Wells, by the laying on of the hands of Dr. J. W. Greenwood, of this city. Mr. S. thinks it is not exactly right to say that the cure "was an extraordinary manifestation of an unseen power—a power that transcends the power of human effort, skill and science." He thinks "it is difficult, if not impossible, to prove that there was any power existing, except human." I have much respect for Mr. Sunderland, and for his convictions, too, which have been gathered from a long experience in matters relating to the spirit of man. But I have no knowledge of a visible power that man possesses and controls, which will effect a cure like that of Mrs. Wells, or those referred to, effected by Mr. Sunderland. I cannot do less than attribute the causes of these extraordinary cures to an unseen power, little known or understood by man; no less in the cases Mr. S. relates, than in the case of Mrs. Wells.

If it lies within the power of human effort, skill and science to produce such cures, why did not Dr. Lewis, by such means, produce a cure in Mrs. Wells' case? He had ample time, and his skill and science is unquestioned, and his willing efforts to relieve human suffering, we cannot question. Why did he not produce the cure which was effected through the hands of Dr. Greenwood in thirty minutes, by a power we say is unseen, and transcends the power of human effort, skill and science? What was this power? The same question may be asked in relation to the cases cured by Mr. Sunderland. There has been in the past, and there appears to be in the present, a power made manifest for the healing of diseases that is above human skill, science and effort. Science, in the future, may teach us how to make this power subservient to our use, but it does not now. Were we now to go to Harvard or Yale, and ask about the philosophy of this power, all we should get would be sneers and scorns; the Professors would laugh at us. They have no books that teach the philosophy of an unseen healing power. It seems to me that this power is above the physical, visible world, and its philosophy that is taught in our schools. The afflicted woman, who had been lame twenty years, and was cured in five minutes by Mr. Sunderland, exclaimed, when cured, "Glory to God, you have wrought a miracle!" Where did Mr. S. get his knowledge or his remedial agents, that did this? Not in scientific schools, or from any known human effort, but from a source and a power that is not defined. Where do we find a scientific record that explains how, by pathosism, or any name by which to call this power, a fibrous or cancerous tumor can be driven away from the breast like unto that of Capt. Watson's daughter, mentioned by Mr. S.? No human skill, science or power explains these mysteries of healing; therefore we see no impropriety in calling the cures above-mentioned extraordinary manifestations of unseen power, transcending that of human skill and science.

A. B. C.

THE PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM IN OSWEGO.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I noticed with a good degree of pleasure, the communication published not long since in your valuable paper, over the signature of "Day Book." Since that time, I have been confidently hoping that some one more competent than myself would communicate with you, relative to the progress of Spiritualism in Oswego, in order that the friends of human progress throughout the land might have the gratification of knowing that this beautiful commercial city, located upon the southern shore of Lake Ontario, with a population of some eighteen thousand, and second to none in point of enterprise, intelligence and moral worth, is not wanting in devotion, not only to her commercial, pecuniary and local interests, but has nobly and magnanimously entered the arena of investigation, relative to the mighty developments of this nineteenth century.

For some time past we have been holding regular public Sunday meetings at Mead's Hall. The attendance has been uniformly large, and deeply interesting. We have had, as speakers, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis, Mr. Stebbins, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, and Miss A. W. Sprague, all of whom have done good service. Of the latter, however, I would speak more particularly, from the fact of her having remained with us some three weeks, during which time her real worth was fully appreciated. Kind, generous, intelligent and unostentatious in social life; in the desk firm, logical, argumentative, pathetic, eloquent, and truly sublime, she united in one solid phalanx the friends of spiritual freedom; and, by her deep-toned inspiration, aroused the slumbering energies of the most stupid and superficial listeners, carrying conviction home to the bigot, and the glittering steel of truth to the tyrant's heart.

On next Sunday, the 14th, Henry C. Wright, of Boston, will occupy the desk, upon which occasion Miss Libbie Higgins will be present, to lend enchantment to the scene, by her heavenly and angelic music. And on the 21st, S. B. Brittan, of New York, is expected to be with us.

J. R. PIERCE.

Oswego, Nov. 12, 1858.

FROM MINNESOTA.

ST. ANTHONY, MIN., Nov. 16th, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I presume you would like to hear from the land of Minnesota, which has indeed been "the home of many a traveler, and the theme of many a traveler's story."

Here the beautiful works of nature fill the soul of man with grandeur and sublimity, teaching him to look "through nature up to nature's God."

Here, only a few years ago, "lied and loved another-race of beings"—they worshipped the "Great Spirit"—they saw his smiles, the beams of his countenance, in the rising sun—they beheld him in the silver-faded clouds of summer—they felt his breath in the fragrant breeze of morning—they read his love and goodness in the setting sun, and in the beautiful landscape over which they roamed.

For me, as I read their history, I learn a lesson, thinking at times that God taught them many truths that religious men—those who profess to enlighten the minds of men at the present day—cannot appreciate, neither comprehend.

Spiritualism is progressing here. Some two or

