

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Original Poetry.

LIFE!

BY J. HOLLIS M. SQUIRE.

Life is, indeed, naught but a transient dream,
A few short hours of mingled bliss or pain—
A chain of days, where in its bustling stream
We meet with men, and part and meet again.
And Memory, who walks by Reason's side,
Carries the wand that brings our joy or grief;
She speaks at morn, at noon, or eve, and
Awakes regret, or gives our hearts relief.
When sorrow lays its hand on youth's full years,
And o'er his dreams a cloud of sadness lowers,
Memory, kind angel, through his blinding tears,
Brings back the past, still bright with opening flowers.
And in his day-dream of a happier time,
He leaves awhile his sorrow and his sighs;
What has been yet may be—and more sublime
He hopes the future for his sacrifice.
As youth looks back, so manhood turns to youth,
And quits the cares and troubles of the hour,
While Fancy, with no strict regard to truth,
Leads him away, a subject to her power.
He lives anew, has all his soul desires—
Soft eyes look lovingly into his own;
His heart grows warmer with its hidden fires,
And all is bliss, where bliss had sadly flown.
He prattles at his mother's knee, and looks
Inquiringly, child-like, into her face;
He plucks the flowers that hang above the brooks,
And joins the gaudy butterfly in race.
He loves again, and 'neath his sweetheart's smile
He spends the days and hours in fancied ease,
And softly sighs for some lone "ocean isle,"
Protected from the sun by vines and trees.
And this sweet picture lingers in the mind,
Still brighter seeming, viewed through sorrow's tears,
Which yield a strange, deep influence, undefined,
To guide us through the gloom of other years.
And old age, sitting in the blaze of noon,
The sunlight stealing through his silver hair,
Heeds not the perfume from the wealth of June,
Nor Summer's glory, flooding all the air.
Life's Winter holds a sway within his breast,
Death's footsteps echo on his verge of snow;
He sighs to quit the world, to be at rest—
To realize what death alone can show.
He looks beyond the darkly-flowing stream
Nor cares to scan for joy, the by-gone year;
He rightly reasons life is but a dream,
And heaven alone is what it doth appear.
Full many throbs our inner natures feel,
Which 'gainst our will have still been unexpressed;
Till men learn what time does not conceal,
And keep all pure for God will read the rest.
How rich, then, is the time in our poor life—
Crowded with years through which the soul hath striven,
And reaped of joy, to battle with its strife—
When earth is but a little less than heaven?

For the Banner of Light.

Translated from the German, by Cora Wilburn.

ALAMONTADE.

BY ZSCHORKE.

CHAPTER VII.

The utmost consternation reigned in the household; several of Bertallon's friends stood before me, and all questioned me eagerly. "I could not easily shake off their importunity; but, succeeding at last, and as soon as I had somewhat collected myself, I threw on other clothes, and ordered a sedan, that I might be carried to the court-room.
The news of Bertallon's suicide had spread over the city; a mass of people surrounded the house; but as soon as it was known that I was going to the court-house, I was followed by the inquisitive throng.
Madame Bertallon's sentence had been given in a private sitting of the judges. At the very moment that she was conducted into the room to hear her sentence before the assembled people, I entered by another door.
I requested permission to speak, as I had to communicate some important discoveries. The permission was given, and a silence pervaded that vast assembly, as if life had fled from every breast.
"Judges!" I said, "I stood here once as the nuncio of the innocent; I come now to save her, to prepare for her the triumph that is justly her due. I was deceived by the might of appearances; deceived, misled by my friend, and accomplice of a great cruelty, although I knew it not. The unhappy woman, whose sentence you are waiting to speak, is not guilty of the crime with which she is charged!"
I now clearly related the events of the past night. I gave the account of Bertallon's suicide, and of his attempt to take my life. Beside me stood the police-officer I had summoned that morning, as witness; and lame Jacques, who remembered having seen his master the evening before he took the poison, coming out of his wife's room with a burning taper in his hand.
Such a conclusion of the trial, in which I had gained so signal a victory over my skillful opponent Menard, was indeed unexpected by all. While I spoke, I saw astonishment and horror depicted upon the thousand faces around; but when I was silent, there arose a murmur, and the murmur changed to loud applause. The people called my name with enthusiastic joy, and the eyes of all present were filled with tears.
There was no order to be thought of; Madame Bertallon had fainted amid the congratulations of those thronging around her. The Vice-Governor of the province, a relative of the Marshal of Montreval, whom chance or curiosity had brought to the hall of justice, descended from his elevated seat, and cor-

dially embraced me. Monsieur Menard followed his example, accompanied by the loud, deafening cheers of the enthusiastic crowd. I allowed myself to be conducted to Madame Bertallon; but when I approached her, my strength failed me. I fell upon my knees before her, and pressed my tear-wet eyes to her hand.
"Can you forgive me?" I faltered.

With a look of pure and unspeakable love, with a heavenly smile, she looked down upon me.
"Alamontade!" was all she replied; tears prevented her further utterance.

The court adjourned; the judges embraced me. I endeavored in vain to reach Madame Bertallon; the crowd was too dense. I was led through the swaying mass, that cheered me, and loaded me with marks of respect as I passed down the steps of the judicial palace.

Just as I was about stepping into the sedan, I was addressed by a young, well-dressed man.

"You cannot possibly," he said, "return with pleasant feelings to a house, sir, that contains the body of the suicide, where you will everywhere be reminded of the shocking occurrence. Grant me the honor, I entreat you, sir, of offering you the hospitality of my house."

This invitation, given with so much warmth of feeling, came to me totally unexpected. The young man's eyes glistened with tears; he pleaded so earnestly, that I could not refuse. When I accepted his friendly offer, he pressed my hand in joyful gratitude, gave his orders to the sedan bearers, and vanished.

Still followed by the joyous cheers of the multitude, I was carried slowly through the streets, until I reached the home of my unknown friend. I remarked that it was in the neighborhood of Bertallon's house, and on the street in which Clementina lived; confused and weak as I was, this was an agreeable discovery to be.

The sedan was lowered, and I saw the friendly unknown awaiting me at the entrance. I found myself before a large, splendid building; two attendants conducted me up a broad flight of marble stairs.

All that human life contains of terrible and beautiful, concentrated itself for me in the narrow confines of that day. The folding doors of the saloon were opened; several ladies advanced to meet me. The eldest among them addressed me:

"I am very grateful to my nephew for obtaining me the honor of welcoming the noble deliverer of the innocent to my dwelling!"

Who can describe my astonishment! It was Madame de Sonnes, and Clementina stood beside her mother. I endeavored to frame a reply, but I was devoid of strength; the painful emotions of the night, the loss of blood that morning, the varying and painful agitation I had undergone, had entirely prostrated me; and now Clementina's appearance—it was too much! I saw only her; I gazed speechlessly upon her, until forms and colors grew confused and melted into darkness.

For several weeks I was confined to my room and bed. The pain of my wound had caused a fever. The young Monsieur de Sonnes never left me; he had ordered my few things to be brought over from Bertallon's house. The harp had been brought, but the wretch was gone; they knew not what value I attached to it!

In the meantime, Madame Bertallon was acquitted. Monsieur de Sonnes told me that the lovely sufferer had immediately left Montpellier for a distant convent. He gave me a letter, which had arrived for me, directed to the care of Madame de Sonnes.

"Undoubtedly Madame Bertallon's thanks to her deliverer!" said the young man.

I took the letter with a trembling hand; as soon as I was alone, I read it. It has since accompanied me in all my weal and woe.

She wrote thus:—

"ADELPHY ST. G.—AT B.—
11th of May, 1702.
Farewell, Alamontade! these lines—the first I have ever written to a man, will also be the last. I have forsaken the stormy life of the world; the solemn stillness of consecrated walls surrounds me. I have separated without regret from all that I once loved, and deemed most needful. I have taken nothing out of the world, except the wounds it inflicted.
Oh, if I could have left these wounds, and my memory outside! but they remain to render more loving and welcome the last of my friends' death!
In the bloom of life I wrap the black veil of widowhood around me; I reveal by it to the eyes of others a sorrow that I do not feel, and it conceals the grief that is secret and silent. Yes, Alamontade, I blush not, even yet upon this holy spot to acknowledge what I would not conceal from you—that I loved you. You knew it—and, oh! you could raise the dagger against the heart that upon earth only beat for you. Oh, man! you have deceived me—you have never loved me! I have not sorrowed because my unhappy husband accused me of the foulest crime, but that Alamontade should think me guilty—that he should be my accuser—he, for whom I could have died so willingly! That struck at the roots of life, and destroyed them!
But, not a reproach; dear and noble, and even beloved, you were guiltless. Deceived by appearances, you sacrificed your feelings for friendship and justice; you would be willingly unhappy, but never ungrateful. I feel it was the wife of another dared not love you, and my sinful affection was unworthy of thy pure heart.
In a moment of despair, I determined to choose a voluntary death, rather than incur the fear of dishonor. Then it was that I bought the poison; I had destined it for my own use; here, now, you have the confession, which womanly shame would have guarded, even under the torture. And you could question me before the judges!
You have never loved me! my absence will not sadden you. I deceived myself, and must suffer for the bestowal of my affection. The world commiserates me, but its pity leaves me without consolation; even your pity, oh friend, can only augment my pain."

Within these convent walls, I beheld the term of my short pilgrimage; the lindens, before the grated window of my cell, cast its shade upon the spot which will be my grave. See, that is my consolation!

Alas! it is sad to stand alone in the world—and I am alone, for no one loves me! My friends have already forgotten me—they are cheerful and happy—my tears disturb not their festivities. I fade away, like the solitary flower upon the mountain, unknown and unseen—like it, giving and receiving no joy—leaving no traces of its life.

And you, whom alone I have loved, take these lines—my parting words. A breaking heart dictated the words—a dying hand penned them; I have only fulfilled my last duty. Do not disturb my repose with a reply; I shall receive no letters, and I will never behold you again. I will pray to God for thy happiness—will dedicate my best thoughts to thee; with the thought of thee, death shall lead me to the better life.

AMALIE BERTALLON.

I never saw the noble woman again. With a virtuous heart she submitted to a blighted life. Often have I wept, recalling her memory.

Madame de Sonnes, and Clementina, visited me often during my illness. Not as a stranger, but as a son and brother they met and regarded me.

Madame de Sonnes was a very noble woman, of cultivated mind, refined manners, and benevolent heart; she seemed to live only for others—always occupied in giving joy to others, in serving her fellow-creatures. Her benevolence bore the impress of a delicate tact; it rendered her so happy to confer favors—she appeared so grateful in dispensing happiness.

Clementina was worthy of such a mother—she was the pride of her house. Innocence and cheerfulness were her never-failing attendants, and none could approach her without awe. She was more beautiful than I had ever imagined. Her smile was an inspiration; her glances reached the soul; the grace of her movements was idyllic. She was distinguished among the beauties of Montpellier for her love-worthy gentleness, and of them all she was the humblest, unconscious of her superiority, and enthusiastically acknowledging the gifts of others, rarely ever to award her praise; it would appear as if she had never beheld herself in a mirror.

Since I became an inmate of the house, she no longer played the harp; she was more reserved, too, than she had been in the distance; she came seldom to my room, and spoke but little when she came, and yet she cared for my comfort more than all the rest; she waited upon my slightest wishes, and I read a smiling friendliness in her eyes.

As time passed on, I saw more clearly the thousand obstacles in my path, that threatened to destroy all hope of happiness with Clementina. I was poor—possessed of nothing but a good name, and the confidence of all just persons. How little that is in the eyes of the great world! I had, it is true, gained a reputation by the circumstances attending the trial of Madame Bertallon, so that the number of my clients increased daily; yet how long would I have to labor ere I could amass a fortune, with which I might venture to approach Clementina. I saw her daily—in her apartment, in her garden, alone and in company. Oh, life must have known how deeply I loved her! My silence and my speech, my coming and my going, all betrayed my heart.

I grew more and more oppressed and disquieted each day; nothing remained but to abscond myself, that I might not become unpeppably wretched. I resolved upon this plan: rented a house, and communicated my intention to Monsieur de Sonnes.

He strongly opposed me—so did Madame de Sonnes; but in vain. I remained proof against their wishes and entreaties. Clementina urged me not to stay, but she grew serious, and, I thought, sad.

"You are very cruel!" said Madame de Sonnes to me one day. "What have we done, that you will punish us so severely? You take the peace of our once happy house with you. We all love you; do not leave us, I entreat you!"

All the reasons I could give to justify my departure, were insufficient to Madame de Sonnes. The only true, and most important one, I dared not discover to her. She looked upon my refusal as the result of obstinate determination only.

"Well, then," said she at length, "we must submit to your wishes; we are more indifferent to you than I expected. Why is not the power given to all persons, of restraining friendship from taking a deeper hold upon the heart than there is necessity for, so that at any hour it can be uprooted without pain? Clementina will once feel very unhappy for this. I fear her health!"

Her words struck me painfully; I turned pale and trembled. "Clementina?" I faltered.

"Come with me to my room," said Madame de Sonnes, unsuspecting of the feelings that oppressed me.

I followed her to the door of her room, which she opened. She said to her daughter—

"He will not remain—try to persuade him," she left me alone with Clementina.

What a lovely and melancholy picture was presented to me! Never can I leave my memory. The terrors and miseries that environed me in foreign lands, could not dispel that recollection of its life and charm. She sat there in a simple robe, graceful as a child of Eden, and the falling blossoms of the blue alder dropped from amid the veil that floated around her shoulders from the golden gleam of her hair, as if they were the symbols of what her soul needed most—glumbers, repose.

As I approached her, she looked up, and her friendly eyes smiled through her tears. I took her hand—I knelt before her, and sighed, "Clementina!"

She was silent and smiled no longer.

"Do you, too, desire that I remain? Only com-

mand, I will willingly obey, though it render me more wretched than ever."

"Are you unhappy with us?" she responded, and she looked at me inquiringly.

"You cannot understand it! You desire only to dispense happiness around you; but, Clementina, you accustom me too early to a heaven. If I must sometime, sooner or later, lose all this—your society, Clementina—and that time may come—how could I then live?" and I pressed her hand to my throbbing heart.

"Do not leave us, and then you will not lose us," she replied.

"Would that I might never leave you until death!" I cried with fervor. She looked towards Heaven, sighed, and a warm tear-drop from her cheek, fell on my hand.

"Do you doubt my friendship?" she said.

"Have I a right to your friendship, Clementina?"

And your loving heart—say, will it not once beat loudly for another? And then, Clementina, then?"

"Never, Alamontade!" and she arose hastily and turned away, her face glowing with a rosy light.

I followed her, and drew her gently towards me; the roses on her cheeks, the bright light of her eye, named the word her lips ventured not to speak.

Silently, heart to heart, we solemnized our betrothal. Our vows were spoken by the inner voice of the spirit; and a realm of glory opened to our sight as the veil was uplifted from long silent, loving hearts.

What boundless happiness has the hand of the eternally-loving Father, prepared for his children of earth! and how sweetly the spirit receives its fate, in being allied to dust!

When, awaking from the holy silence of our feelings, I whispered Clementina's name, and she softly replied, I felt that all around me was changed; that the world wore a solemn aspect of beauty; that the lifeless room appeared a temple; that a beautiful spirit spoke from all things, even in all inanimate objects, from the ornaments around. The whispering of the leaves was significant—in the flickering shadows of the vine arbor dwelt a secret, loving charm.

"I remain!" I whispered fondly.

"And for ever!" she added.

CHAPTER VIII.

In a few hours, I met Madame de Sonnes; I felt a secret fear. She approached me smilingly, and said: "What have you done with Clementina? She is like one inspired; she speaks in poetry; she seems to float, rather than walk, as if she were possessed of wings! And why, Alamontade, why do you blush? I am grateful to you—but how shall I thank you?" As she said this she took me in her arms and kissed me.

"You are a good man!" she continued; "I well knew the secret reasons you had for leaving us."

I was so confused, that I could not utter a syllable.

"Singular enough; and you think I could not have guessed it? You will always be the knowing one, Alamontade, and you always are, except this time. Do you believe, I had not observed that you loved Clementina? Wherefore did you wish to keep it a secret from me—the mother of your beloved one?"

"Madame!" I stammered, still more confused and bewildered.

"I think you would yet deny it, if you could!" she said right merrily. "I stood beside you both; but in the fullness of your happiness you forgot me and all the world, and I felt that my presence was not needed at your betrothal. My daughter lives for you—make her happy and I am happy, too."

What a noble, glorious woman! I fell at her feet, and kissed her beneficent hand, without the ability of uttering a word.

"Not so!" said she; "a son need not kneel before his mother."

"Madame!" I cried, "you give more than my most daring hopes ever—"

"I give nothing," she replied; "nor my son; you give us the return of peace. I am a mother, it is true, but without rights over my daughter's heart. Clementina has known you longer than I have; for your sake she refused many an offer. She waited and hoped for you; to seek my daughter's happiness is my duty. Since I have known you better, I bless her choice."

"It is too much—too much!" I faltered. "It was my purpose once, if I had amassed sufficient wealth—I am poor—Madame—"

"What has wealth to do with this matter?" was the reply of the generous lady. "You have an honorable profession, and Clementina, with a fortune of her own, is my heiress. You cannot be troubled with pecuniary cares; and even if, through some unforeseen calamity, you should lose all, you can limit yourselves accordingly; you possess knowledge, industry, and rectitude; you can never come to want."

I vainly strove to raise objections; she was exalted above all mercenary calculations—she could not feel the weight of my resistance.

"No," she answered; "I am aware that you loved Clementina independent of her wealth. And, indeed, she is worthy of being loved for herself alone; your pride, my son, will receive no wounds. If you can desire and wish Clementina's heart, you need not blush if she brings you a wealthy dowry. That heart which you sway, is worth more than the miserable gold from which you turn as from 'top much.' My daughter would be unhappy wedded to a million, if it bound her to an unloved husband;

she can be happy only through the mind, the nobleness—the true love and care of the beloved one for her."

"And?"—said Clementina, who, innocent and happy, now entered the room, and, gracefully taking my hand, she looked trustfully up to her noble mother's face.

"You have chosen well," said Madame de Sonnes, as she embraced us both; "you always strive for your mother's happiness more than your own."

Clementina was my betrothed; the entire family idolized me; I was looked upon in the Palace de Sonnes as the beloved son of the house. The esteem of all was tendered to me. I had attained to the summit of my wishes, and it would be tedious if I attempted to portray the varied emotions of joy and gratitude that filled my soul.

At this time a letter was received from London, directed to my departed father, giving account of an inheritance left to him by a brother, who died in America. The letter was in the care of the Marshal de Montreval; as governor of the province, I received his command to appear in Nismes. I hastened to obey, and the Marshal admitting me to his presence, gave me the letter of the London banker, and a copy of the will, but he could give me no further information. The money had been paid over to the Paris banks, and from thence had been delivered to the government of Languedoc. I was the only heir, so this placed me in receipt of an income of four thousand livres per year. Although I had heard my father speak of a brother, who in his early youth had gone to America, and who never had been heard from, I could not believe that he had amassed so large a fortune. There was a mystery about the London letters, that caused me to suspect the source of this sudden gift of wealth; I doubted that it could be a legacy, and yet it was too much for a gift. I wrote to the banker in London, and to the magistrate of the province in America where I had been told my uncle had lived; but I never discovered aught more. I could not rid myself of the idea that it was Madame Bertallon, and a relative of mine, who had sent the gift.

The Marshal de Montreval seemed almost vexed with my scruples. "Enjoy your unencumbered property, and have a dozen success said for the soul of the uncle," said he; "and that you may not quite idly enjoy your wealth, come here to me, and take charge of the first place in the government chancery. But I make one condition: you must live in my palace; I must see you every day. My time is occupied, and your advice is very necessary to me."

I thanked the Marshal for the honorable proofs of his favor, and only requested time to reflect upon his offer; for I feared I had not the necessary qualifications to be fitting so high an office. The great man over-whelmed me with politeness, and dismissed me with friendly admonitions of soon resolving myself to fulfill his wishes.

Monsieur Etienne, my good old uncle, was beside himself for joy, when he heard of the offer the Marshal had made to me.

"When you came to me in your linen blouse and your wooden shoes," said he, "oh, Colas, and as you stood before me in your poverty, and touched my heart, I felt they were as if I heard the inner voice of the spirit, commanding me, to take you as my own child; for you would once become the guardian angel of the oppressed and faithful believers. See, Colas, the Lord has worked wonders with you; you stand upon the same place in the humble miller's house, and you are an influential, honored, learned and wealthy man. Do not waver any longer in accepting the offer of his Excellency. It is not his will—no, it is the will of God. It is not his call—no, it is the call of heaven, that has gone forth for the consolation of the Evangelical church."

My uncle, and his loving family, from whose circle a daughter had gone to be married; all his friends, who were secret Protestants, ceased not to press urgently upon me the acceptance of the offered post. I was compelled to give them a half promise. I waited to know the opinion of Clementina and her mother.

Both agreed, when I had made them acquainted with the Marshal's gracious offer, that I ought not to let such an opportunity pass of enlarging my sphere of usefulness.

"We will accompany you to Nismes," said Clementina. "You remember yet the amphitheatre, and the house of Gilbertos? But live with the Marshal? no, that grace you will decline."

I followed their advice—we travelled to Nismes. I took possession of my place, and in Clementina's arms I rested from the fatigues of business.

All the happiness that could fall to the lot of man was mine; wealth, influence upon the affairs of the province, the public esteem, and the joys of love and friendship. In the picture of my life there was almost too much sunlight—too little of shadow; all glittered before me in bright, rosy hues of hope and blessedness.

The death of Clementina's grandfather caused a family mourning, and our marriage was postponed for half a year. This did not sadden us—we saw each other daily, and nothing in the world could separate us.

The Marshal de Montreval treated me, in the first months, with especial favor, but I could never bring myself to meet him with confidence—to reply cordially to his gracious advances. His friendliness to me, was fearfully repelling; his smile seemed threatening; he was a man of cultivated mind and perceptions, but darkened with prejudices which he doubtless owed to his education; his childhood had been passed in a cloister—to these prejudices he clung tenaciously, as to holy things. Weakened by past,

excesses, he was sickly, troubled with gloomy fancies, suspicious, and with a great dread of death; his conscience smote him not for many acts of despotism, severe even unto cruelty; he sacrificed many a welfare to his caprice—committed many a deed of injustice. But with all this he was strictly pious; the monks were his favorites, and awayed him without his own knowledge; he missed not mass, and passed for one of the most devout men. He seldom smiled, was usually serious and odd, and there was extreme haughtiness in his manner.

My secret repulsion grew stronger as I became better acquainted with the Marshal. Bertholon, with his irreligious views, living without a God, without a hope of immortality, without moral principles or sense of honor—noting only by the dictates of worldly prudence—that could egotistically and smilingly behold the destruction of a world for its benefit—Bertholon was not more dangerous, more terrible, than this bigoted, worldly man. The atheist and the bigot, both acknowledging not the existence of eternal principles and moral rights, in the scales of justice have equal weight, and are equally dangerous to society. But, without the innate sense of worth, without feeling for humanity, why cast their nets among the millions of society, and rob and kill with impunity? Neither fear God, for the one denies his existence—the other tribes him with prayers and masses, and in the temple cleanses himself from the sins committed outside.

Even in the first days of my stay in Nismes, I found myself surrounded by a holy crowd of monks; they feared I would oppose myself to their influence with the Marshal, but they soon discovered that I cared not to exert any influence, and they gradually ceased to molest me. They pretended much friendliness, however—I praised me to the Marshal, and only bewailed that I was unfortunately a man, without religion.

The Protestants of Nismes looked upon me as their chief and protector; they demonstrated their affection and esteem so openly and extravagantly that it could not fail of arousing the suspicions of the Marshal. They grew bolder in their words and actions; more than once I succeeded in obtaining pardon for their imprudences, but in place of taking warning by these occurrences, their fanaticism augmented, and they looked with silent assurance to my protection. I soon argued with them upon the danger they were wilfully preparing for themselves.

"No," cried my uncle, "where God is there is no danger. Our only danger is where God is not, for the Lord is with us, and whosoever acknowledges him before man, he will be his witness before God also. In France, too, will the grain of mustard seed come forth, and will upon the rocks of Switzerland and in the forests of Germany. But we must have men like Luther and Calvin and Luther—men that tremble before the principles of this world. Alas, too late, for these men, and God is your shepherd!"

"You are not a Huguenot, I hope?" said the Marshal to me, laying on me a piercing look, as I passed, and looking on to interfere for the offending Protestants. He refused my petition, and from that time his manner was marked with restraint towards me.

I bore a severe trial of the awkwardness of my position, under the existing circumstances, and that my presence in France could be of no avail to the followers of Luther, was trusted in my protection with exaggerated confidence. I determined to demand my discharge, but Madame de Sannes and Clementina dissuaded me from it during the winter. The Marshal was to Montpelier, and although his absence relieved me, it rendered the Protestants more bold and daring.

TO BE CONSIDERED IN OUR NEXT.

BY THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

POOR AND PROUD:

OR,

A SUMMER AT NAHANT.

BY CHARLES M. LUTHERMAN.

"I tell you, Mr. Atkins, there's no use in talking; I must, and I will, go to the sea shore for the summer!"

This remark was made by a rather stout and middle-aged woman, who in a showy wrapper and lace cap, with flowing ribbons, presided over the breakfast-table, one cold and drizzly morning in the latter part of May.

The person to whom such emphatic language was addressed, was none other than the husband of the lady just mentioned, and a man of some forty-five years, whose tall and gaunt appearance was in striking contrast to the plump and rounded form of his wife. As usual, Mr. Atkins was busily engaged in devouring the contents of the morning paper—for Lemuel Atkins was by trade a grocer, (although a wholesale one, and consequently felt a peculiar interest in the rise and fall of sugar, molasses, and such like articles.)

"Lem, Atkins, I suppose you don't hear what I say?" reiterated the somewhat unamiable Mrs. Atkins, in a louder tone than before. "I do wish you would devote a little more time to your meals and less to the snatching at the paper—the very moment it comes into the house, like a hungry cur."

It was evident that Mr. Atkins, heard this time, for he started, dropped the newly printed sheet which he held in his hand, and slipped away vigorously at the fast-cooling Mocha in his cup.

"What were you saying, Nancy, about the sea-shore, just now?" he at length inquired, perceiving his wife's indignant glance, and terribly injured air.

"Only that I am determined to go to the sea-shore, and Angelina thinks Nahant would be the best place, because the greater part of her young lady friends, such as the Greys, the Loringes, and the Millers are to be there."

"Friends, did you say? why their names are, for the most part, unfamiliar to me," replied Mr. Atkins.

"Why, yes—that is to say, they're not exactly intimate friends, but then they have all called upon her once, which shows their anxiety to commence an acquaintance with Angelina, who probably dresses as well as the best of them, if her father is a grocer."

Mr. Atkins's humble, though profitable business, was a perpetual source of annoyance to his ignorant, but would-be aristocratic wife, whose former had married with only a poor tailor's girl, devoid of parents and friends, and entirely dependent upon the use of her needle for daily support. For the first ten or fifteen years of their married life, Lemuel Atkins and his thrifty spouse had lived pretty economically, Providence having bestowed upon them five of those interesting articles of household furniture known as "poor men's blessings," or more properly called chairs.

As time wore on, however, fortune began to favor the man of sterling integrity and noble perseverance. From the humble proprietor of a small tenement, used for the double purpose of dwelling-house and store, for the retail of West India goods, Lemuel Atkins gradually arose to the position of senior partner in one of our largest wholesale grocery establishments in Boston.

People thought it was quite a step for the Atkins's to take, from their five or six rooms over the grocery store, to an eleven thousand dollar house, located upon one of our most fashionable squares at the south part of the city. This sudden and unexpected move, upon the part of Mr. Atkins, was made at the instigation of his would-be aristocratic wife, who often declared that she always knew that she should die rich, though not born, like some folks, with a silver spoon in her mouth.

There was one thing that troubled Mrs. Atkins sorely, even after her newly-erected pride had been temporarily gratified, by her removal into a fashionable neighborhood. It was the fear that Angelina would be despised in society, and looked down upon with contempt by the fastidious daughters of our merchant princes, because she was only a grocer's daughter. This was a foolish thought of Mrs. Atkins, and one which the train of a true lady could never have originated. Her practical and plain-spoken husband often laughed at her absurd, or, as he called them, high-strung notions, knowing, as he did, the history of her early life and sudden rise to fortune. Like a sensible man, Mr. Atkins lamented his wife's weakness on certain points, particularly upon his children's account, who, from the very nature of their intimacy with one whom they affectionately termed mother, could not fail to imbibed in a greater or less degree, many of the native principles and traits of character belonging to the parent stem.

But to return to my story. The conversation at the breakfast table between Mr. Atkins and his wife, was rather abruptly broken off by the early and unexpected appearance of a business friend, who took the former away from his family, to talk over matters of special importance to both parties, leaving the somewhat grumpy Mrs. Atkins to finish her breakfast in sullen silence.

An hour later, and Miss Angelina Atkins (a pretty girl of eighteen years), languidly entered the dining-room. At sight of her, Mrs. Atkins's face, which had looked dark and wrinkled, resumed again its wonted smile—because for Angelina was her mother's especial pet, and always made it a point to retain the favor of her adoring mamma, even at the expense of incurring the censure and displeasure of her less indulgent father.

"What did papa say about our anticipated trip to Nahant, this summer?" inquired the fair Angelina, as she slowly took her seat at the breakfast table, directly opposite to where her admiring mother still sat, fastening her eyes upon her daughter's personal charms.

"His remarks, as usual, were far from being to the point," replied Mrs. Atkins; "it really seems to me as if the man's brain was stored with nothing but business. It is business! morning, noon and night, without cessation! He even dreams about it in his sleep. It was only last night that I heard him muttering something about inevitable ruin, and dread failure! What he means by such language, I really don't know, for the hard times of last winter did not seem to affect him in the least, when people, for the most part, were unusually anxious and perplexed."

"Are you sure that he was asleep when he gave utterance to such strange words?" interposed the young girl.

"Sure! yes, perfectly sure; for being at first a little frightened, I shook him violently, to waken him. I possible, from what seemed to me to be a fit of the nightmare, such as grandpa Atkins often tells about. But in vain; he only groaned heavily under my rather rough treatment, and slept soundly on, until daybreak. It was my intention to have spoken to him about the matter this morning, but I had hardly time to get in a word edgewise about Nahant, before that bore of a Charles Sylvester rang at the door, and took your father at once down the street, without even giving him time to finish his breakfast."

Angelina blushed deeply at the mention of this last name, although she made no reply to her mother's decidedly sneering remark. Charles Sylvester was a young man of great nobility of character, besides being the possessor of a greater degree of energy and perseverance, than is commonly met with among the youth of the nineteenth century. When a mere boy of only sixteen years, he had taken his stand behind the counter of Mr. Atkins's grocery store, for the retail of West India goods. For five years Charles Sylvester remained in the service of his master, discharging his duties with so much alacrity and faithfulness, as to ensure him not only the respect and lasting friendship of his employer, but the kind regard and esteem of all who chanced to meet with him in daily life.

From the time of their earliest acquaintance, when both were comparatively speaking, children together, Charles Sylvester had always shown a decided preference for the daughter of his master. Angelina, naturally a child of warm and generous impulses, soon learned to reciprocate the attachment of her youthful lover. Five years flew by, and Charles Sylvester, a handsome and manly youth of twenty-one, commenced business for himself. Following the advice, and close in the footsteps of his worthy predecessor, he began his new and uncertain career, with but a small capital, partly gathered from his own industry, and partly from a slight loan of money, which an interested relative granted him.

With Mr. Atkins's good fortune, however, grew also his wife's ambition; a mean ambition, too, that had its origin in false prejudices and paltry distinctions. Perceiving that Charles Sylvester's affection for her idolized daughter also increased with his years, and that he was encouraged in his attentions to the then innocent and unsuspecting Angelina, by Mr. Atkins himself, she determined to break off an acquaintanceship between the two parties, which she terribly feared would sooner or later ripen into love. Their removal to the south part of the city had a tendency to diminish the number of visits of the young man to the elegant residence of his faithful friend and former employer. When there, he felt himself but ill at ease, for Mrs. Atkins, who had never shown him much favor, treated him now more coldly than ever. Angelina's manner towards him had also changed. She was no longer the frank and warm-hearted girl, whose society he had so courted and enjoyed but two years before. It was evident to the clear-sighted vision of Charles Sylvester, that the fair and once unaffected girl, was fast becoming metamorphosed into what the world terms "a fashionable butterfly," and that, too, mainly through the

powerful influence and instrumentality of her weak-minded and foolish mother.

By degrees, the visits of Charles Sylvester to Angelina grew perceptibly less, until, at the time of the commencement of my story, they had ceased altogether, with the exception of an occasional business call made upon Mr. Atkins himself, whose friendship and counsel the young man still valued highly as of old.

The early part of July found Mrs. Atkins and her lovely, and now marriageable daughter, Angelina, finally established at their long-coveted watering-place—Nahant. The Greys and the Loringes were there also, as anticipated, and Mrs. Atkins, fearing lest she should be outdone by people of such reputed wealth, had taken an elegant suite of rooms for her daughter and self at the Nahant House, for which an exorbitant price was demanded, and when small and less elaborately furnished apartments would have answered their purpose quite as well.

Poor Mr. Atkins, however, was not permitted to become a sharer in the pleasures which he labored to provide so lavishly for his family. All day long, Lemuel Atkins toiled hard at the store, and at night, fully returned, tired and hungry, to the solitude of his cheerless and deserted home—say rather gilded prison—while his wife and daughter flourished grandly, in costly silks and satins, among the devotees of wealth and fashion, peopling our celebrated summer resort.

Even the society of his younger children had been denied him, for the expense being too great to take them to Nahant, they had all four been placed in a farmer's family, some fifty miles distant from Boston, where they were boarded at a low rate, without causing their pleasure-seeking mamma a moment's care or uneasiness. The pretty face and reputed wealth of Angelina Atkins, (who was currently reported an heiress at Nahant,) did not fail to attract to her side many of the opposite sex, who, chameleon like, fed upon the perfumed air of such fashionable retreats.

Among the large number of her admirers, which Mrs. Atkins, rather than her daughter, prided herself upon, was an Italian count, by the name of Stefani. His dark style of beauty, together with his great ease of manner and broken accent, soon gained for him the popularity which he so much desired, among the American belles of Nahant; whose peculiar weakness is a strong love for everything foreign. He professed to belong to one of the most ancient and distinguished families in all Italy; declared himself an intimate friend of the patriot Mazzini, and spoke quite hopefully of the day not being far distant, when Italy—glorious Italy!—should throw off the Austrian yoke which had so long chafed her proud neck, and appear to the civilized world once more in the light of her former glory!

Thus Count Stefani raved over the sad fate of his beautiful native land, while infatuated daughters and admiring mamma, soon enlisted all their sympathies in the cause of the unfortunate Italian exile. The attentions which Count Stefani bestowed upon Miss Angelina Atkins, at once excited the jealousy and displeasure of those of her own sex, whom nature had endowed with less physical beauty.

Mrs. Atkins was delighted beyond all measure, at the victory which her daughter was hourly achieving over the rest of her female companions, in captivating, as she believed, the heart of the noble and accomplished foreigner.

Amid the whirl of fashionable life, in which Angelina engaged at Nahant, the memory of Charles Sylvester was quite forgotten, and she rarely, if ever, now pronounced his name. Mrs. Atkins very naturally concluded, that whatever penchant her daughter might have had in former years for her boy-lover, was now among the things that were, but are not.

Singing, dancing, riding or fishing, the enamored Count was constantly at the side of the no less bewitched and delighted Angelina. Mr. Atkins, who spent only his Sabbaths at Nahant, had but little idea of the new romance which was being so skillfully wrought up in his absence, under the especial surveillance and encouragement of his scheming wife.

The highly affected and presumptuous air of the Count Stefani quite disgusted the naturally sensible and practical Mr. Atkins, on the occasion of their first interview. He even cautioned his fair daughter to be carefully on her guard against the intrigues and designs of a foreigner, of whose early career society could give no definite information.

Mrs. Atkins's will, however, was supreme in love matters, as also in all the affairs of domestic life which came within her powerful grasp. Business and politics were the only two things in which Mrs. Atkins did not condescend to dabble. The time was once when Mrs. Atkins knew to a cent the income received by her hard-working husband, as well as the exact sum of money expended by him for the yearly support of his family of seven. But now, since her rapid rise to good fortune, she had made it a point to banish such trivialities from her mind, as related particularly to the pecuniary interests of her too indulgent partner. For the past year, Lemuel Atkins had been conscious of living beyond his means. His frequent and earnest entreaties for his wife to retrench her personal and incidental expenses, met with no favorable response from the heart of the purse-proud and over-ambitious Mrs. Atkins. If she trembled a little for her husband's fate, during the particular season designated as "hard times," she now felt entirely relieved when the winter months passed, and the name of Atkins & Co. had not been found among the long list of failures in the mercantile world of Boston.

The crisis came at last, however, when least expected. Mrs. Atkins was horror-stricken and overwhelmed with mortification. The news of Lemuel Atkins's failure was freely buzzed about in the drawing-room of the Nahant House, where the fair Angelina had for the last few weeks held her undisputed sway as queen of fashion and beauty. The engagement which had been contracted between the Count Stefani and Miss Atkins, under the auspices of the mother of the latter, was now speedily severed. A double blow was thereby inflicted upon the heart and pride of the fair Angelina, who beheld with sorrow the transfer of her lover's suit to a distinguished Southern belle, whose fiery glances had more than once betokened jealousy towards her Northern sister.

The arrival of Mr. Atkins at Nahant, pale and excited, one Saturday night, told all too plainly the sad truth of his ruin. Mrs. Atkins mourned over her misfortunes, and inwardly cursed the hour that had given her birth. It was at this time that the native virtues of Angelina shown forth with peculiar lustre. The dissuaded mask of fashion had fallen from her face, and she now saw, with regret the life

of extravagance and folly into which she had been led, by her rash and indiscreet mother, during the past two years.

She did not murmur at their sudden departure from Nahant, now that her eyes had been clearly opened to the hollowness of worldly wealth, and the base deceit of man. A sense of duty supplanted pride, and raised her pure soul above the depths of the abyss of despair, into which her spirit-crushed mother had fallen. Mr. Atkins's removal to humbler quarters was a dagger-thrust to the pride of his wife, who grieved and fretted her life away in a twelve-month from the time of her husband's failure.

Angelina now applied herself to the duties of her father's family, and endeavored to supply the place of mother to the four little children whom God had seen fit to deprive of a counsellor and protector.

At first, Mr. Atkins seemed likely to break down under his double affliction, but Angelina's noble faith inspired him with fresh courage, and the ruined man again hoped for brighter days. Help and good fortune were nearer at hand than anticipated. At this time appeared Charles Sylvester, who, with his old feeling of respect for his former master still lingering in his heart, now proved to both Angelina and her father, the truth of the old adage, "that a friend in need, is a friend indeed."

A new firm was soon established under the name of "Sylvester & Atkins," whose business facilities increasing yearly, soon enabled the persevering and honorable Mr. Atkins to pay off his old creditors in a manner highly satisfactory to all parties concerned. The old affection, which, when a child, Angelina Atkins had felt for her father's faithful apprentice, Charles Sylvester, now returned with redoubled strength. A year from the period of her mother's death, Angelina Atkins became the happy bride of the now enterprising and wealthy Charles Sylvester. Mr. Atkins, now an old man, still lives prosperously and comfortably with his remaining children, though less luxuriantly and showily than when his wife's was alive.

Count Stefani, the professed admirer of the fair Angelina, proved to be not a real count, but a poor Italian barber in disguise. Clad in fine clothes, he presented himself at Nahant, where he played his cards skillfully and won what he most desired, a fortune in the shape of a Southern heiress. A few months after his marriage with the New Orleans belle, he decamped with her money for foreign parts, leaving his beautiful bride to regret her own folly, and the summer which she spent at Nahant.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THERE'S NEED OF LIGHT.

BY DR. LYON.

There's need of light—there's need of light,
To scatter the darkness of error's night—
To cheer this gloom and world of woe,
Where ereas are many, and few the flowers;
Hence partizan oath and bigot zeal
Would force belief by the aid of steel.

Since the banner of peace is rolled in dust,
And the cannon's thunder for power and lust,
And the orphan's wail and the widow's sigh
Are heeded not by the passer-by—
Since right is crushed by the heel of might,
Who cannot see that there's need of light?

Since the rich as one all close their door
And their heart to the cry of the starving poor—
Since human beings are bought and sold,
And churches built with the blood-stained gold,
And the Bible is quoted to prove it right,
The church, the priest, and the world needs light.

Written for the Banner of Light.

VIOLET JOYCE;

OR,

DREAM AND REALITY.

BY CORA WILKINSON.

She was a strange, imaginative child, dreaming strange dreams in the broad daylight—with eyes that sparkled with a mysterious joy as they rested upon the sunlit ocean, the distant mountain peaks and smiling valleys surrounding her free and beautiful home. An only child, she grew up wild and untrammelled by the forms of society—a pure and truthful spirit, on which the holy attributes of Nature were impressed by angel hands. The majesty and grandeur of the encircling hills inspired her soul with prayer, with a lofty ambition, far reaching, glowing, pure and beautiful—a desire for goodness, holiness, perfection. The swaying trees, bending reverently beneath the exulting or the sorrowing winds—the music of the whispering foliage—the merry dash of living waters—the sudden gushes of molloy issuing from the interlacing boughs—the unnamed lovely flowers, blooming beneath the deep, azure skies of that world-apart solitude—all filled her earnest soul with longings, intense and vague, for some mighty realization of unbidden dreams, and hopes so beautiful.

With timid solicitude Violet guarded her strange, wild thoughts, nor ever named them to her stern and worldly-minded father, nor to her fair and suffering mother, whose daily paling cheek lay languidly against the crimson cushion of her carved oak chair. And when from the neighboring mansions and outcrops the children came to play with her, she told them not the secret of her flowers, nor revealed to them the oracles of forest-tree and moss-crowned rock. With intuitive wisdom she judged thus early of the realities that opposed her dream-life, but she sought in eye, and voice, and gesture, for the kindred spirit that would meet her own upon the territories of the beautiful, with her to explore its secrets, and float down the golden waters leading to the realms afar—the sanctuary upon the topmost height."

From the clouded face of her father, Violet turned with a despairing sigh; he loved her as he loved his house and lands—his costly furniture—far less than the gold acquired by years of labor. He loved her with a worldly pride, for her beauty and unconscious grace, her voice of melody; but her spirit was as a sealed book for him—her thoughts and feelings never found a response in his breast. She felt the void, and it placed a restless longing in her soul, to the wild sky and ocean, not human sounds or glances, gave the fitting answer. The young, frail mother, fading, dying imperceptibly, almost painlessly away—she was used to the sight of her strangely brilliant eyes and hollow cheeks, and though she gazed upon the wasted face and thin, transparent hands, with tenderest pity and anguish, yet somehow, on her soul's vision gleamed a counterpart of the face and form before her, and that other face was radiant with joy and health—the form was lithe and dancing, the brown hair waved abundantly around a serene, fair brow—and the blue eyes were filled with the answering tenderness of a mother's heart. This hope

ful, radiant image often clasped Violet to her bosom, and then she felt that her spirit had found an echo—that her mother's soul responded to the demands of an affection exceeding all outward demonstration, all earthly explanation, all need of words. But on the sad, pale face of her who, day after day reclined in the cushioned chair, there rested only an expression of querulous suffering, that often broke in weak complainings from her lips, in moans that no faith and fortitude repressed. Deeply pained and agitated, the child often strove by affectionate attentions and sweetly-spoken consolations, to soothe and calm the sufferer. It was with tears, and a deep pain at the heart, that she retired from that mother's presence, repelled and chilled by her cold voice—by the impatient movement that bade her "go away and leave me!" With pale, sad face and tear-filled eyes, she silently obeyed, passing quietly the portal, and hurrying quickly down the broad, high steps—then, fleeing into the waving, inviting wood, stretched herself upon the cool, green carpet, and wept her sorrow to the listening trees, that melodiously and soothingly responded, while afar, the ocean hymned its eternal refrain of solemn promise, and sunlight and shadow, wind and water, flower and hill-side, whispered: "Peace—peace!"

Thou beautiful gift of foreshadowed power—thou holy knowledge that we call dream! what is the ideal but the soul's glimpse into the coming, awaiting Eden—the realization of hope, and love, and joy, denied us here? From the coldly-averted glances of her father, Violet turned with a sinking heart to the green, inviting, dreamy solitude—and there she met the Father of her longing soul; standing with outstretched arms of welcome, with beaming smiles, and eyes of unutterable love. There she was clasped to a bosom, beating with the might of affection, strong with aspiration, hope and faith. There she communed with him, her soul's guide and teacher, and listened with a reverential ecstasy to his words of encouragement and love.

Thus amid loving dreams and chilling realities passed her childhood; and the pale mother passed away. On her dead face rested a smile of peace, and the features were lovely and composed—no more disturbed by the soul's inharmony, the body's suffering. As Violet gazed upon her thus, a flood of tenderness filled her being, welled in sorrowing tribute from her eyes, and when her grief was spent, as days and weeks and months passed on, she felt that the departed was high to her—that, nearer than in life, that mother now understood and loved her—and she deemed that her voice, now low-fraught, or sweetly prayerful, aided the burden of the breeze's music, intermingled with the calm wavellet's sighing, whispered from the rustling branches, called her from the sunset clouds.

The stern and worldly father mourned for the departed, as the selfish and conventional mourn; then, when the appointed time for sorrow was past, he calmly laid aside his mourning badge, and from the neighboring city brought a bright-eyed, stately lady to his mountain home. In Violet's untutored mind, there was no antagonism to this new mother; she had found her own. Wild, and free, and thoughtless, she feared not the stranger's influence; nay, she even dreamed of loving her—of meeting with affection, care and tenderness.

She was a widow, with one son—a boy about Violet's own age—so her father had told her, and the busy dreamer wore many a pleasant dream of the future; of love for the new mother, of fraternal friendship for the coming brother.

Alas, poor dreamer! the rain and fashionable woman, with her artificial graces, was no companion, no guide for thee. With true intuition, and instinctive dread, she read the imperious tyranny stamped upon the boy's forehead; the mocking irony of his smile, and she turned away her eyes with a sigh of heaviest disappointment—with a gloom upon her spirits, and a sinking weight upon her heart.

As time sped on, their characters developed rapidly, and the free, proud spirit of Violet was often crushed beneath the despotic rule of strangers. Often she turned upon the coldly malicious woman, the taunting boy, with flashing eyes, and cheeks all crimson with her soul's rebellion. Then, with a bound like a wounded deer, she sped away through hall and chamber, never resting till she reached her mossy mountain seat, or her favorite spot beneath the fragrant pines, there to weep out her sorrow, and feel the healing touch of nature's varying influences—her magical breath, and low murmuring lullabies, soothing, cheering, reanimating the fainting heart. There, truly, angels ministered unto her, and the spirit of resignation bade her repeat the holy words: "Not my will, but Thine be done!" and, armed anew for the unequal contest, she issued forth, strong and undimmed, from her communings with love and holiness, to meet the stern realities of life.

Her father died, and as the shadows gathered upon his face, and the summoning angel whispered in his ear, his stern heart yielded to a momentary impulse of love. His fading lips murmured a blessing on his watching child, and as, obeying his signal, she bent her head to listen, a kiss and a tear fell on her brow; signs of reconciliation and affection, that thrilled her heart with an outbreak of sorrow, wild and deep. The father's eyes fixed upon her pleading countenance, were full of entreaty and promise; Violet's full, deep, entire soul was in the answering gaze. With his eyes still fixed upon her face, the death-film settled on them, and the clinging pressure relaxed; the mysterious shadows deepened and settled, and the smile of victory illumined the still and pallid lips. A loud wail of grief arose from that chamber, and was echoed by the waiting attendants without, but Violet was calm and still; with one lingering, earnest look upon the departed, meekly folding her arms across her breast, she walked slowly from the room, silently passed through the ranks of the wondering servants, to where the steep path led to the mountain's solitude; and there, amid the surrounding stillness of the autumn eve, Violet felt that her father's love was gained—that her spirit was understood; that the wild-birds sang there for her his requiem, and the tall trees bent in reverential salutation to her grief; and the remaining water-fated flowers, the waving grass, the gushing waterfall, the distant ocean, all joined in nature's universal prayer—the solemn, joyful thanksgiving for the freed spirit passed from earth!

From her calm and reflective childhood, Violet passed imperceptibly on to maidenhood, unconscious of the loving, glorious spirit that beamed so radiantly victorious from her large, blue eyes—unconscious of the mighty intellect enthroned upon her massive brow; the power and the gentleness mingling in her pensive smile; the willowy grace of her queenly form; the elastic step, betokening life, and strength, and vigor. She knew not that abroad in the great world, that face would win her fame and fortune—

that princes would be proud to twine their coronets amid those golden-brown tresses, and enfold with costliest gems those rounded arms. Angel-guarded, she admitted not the forms of vanity and folly to her bosom; filled with the worship of the beautiful, living more in an ideal realm than in an unloved home, she knew not of her own regal beauty, her latent powers and slumbering energies of soul.

The taunting manner of Edwin Lare had long since given place to courteous deference and respectful assiduity—for love had usurped the place of petty malice. The tyrant bent to a higher power; the proud spirit to a loftier mind, a purer influence. Timidly, fearfully, the aristocratic Edwin Lare loved the mountain maiden, the world-unseen violet. But she loved him not; for her standard of excellence reached far beyond his noblest power, even beyond mortal pre-eminence; his worldly pride revolted her humble, trusting faith; his worship of the world's idols repelled her from his side; for he could not share her dreams, her aims and prayers; he worshipped not her God! His deity was the world's opinion; had it enthroned Satanic power in lieu of a God of love and mercy, he would have worshipped with the throng, and offered up accepted prayers, that never found source or resting place in the heart—that receptacle of spontaneous adoration, of life-bringing faith and joy.

Violet turned with undisguised contempt from her lover's pleadings—from his mother's threats. In her trust, she defied their malice; and in her self-reliance she rested, unconscious of danger. Then, when, humbly suppliant, Edwin pleaded for her affection, she was often moved to tears, and reasoned with him as a sister might, hoping to gain a sister's influence over him; but when all the pride and bitterness of his fiercer nature was aroused, he turned to accuse her of cruelty and deception; when, forgetting courtesy and deference, he dared to threaten, then her lip curled with scorn, and her deep, blue eyes flashed fire, as she replied to his menaces: "The world is wide!"

They told her it was her father's dying wish that she should wed him, but she smiled incredulously, and remained unshaken in her firm resolve. They persecuted her in many ways, to wring consent from her; but although her cheek lost its rose tint, her step its springing lightness, she was true to her own soul, to the registered vow of her spirit.

One night she stood upon her favorite spot in the dense pine woods, and sent her soul aloft in voiceless prayer. The stars of midnight glistened in the cloudless vault above, and the full moon showered its beautifying radiance over the dear, familiar scene, softening the rugged outlines of jutting rocks, and fantastic mountain peaks, playing over and amid the forest thickness with the light of a benediction—sinking deeply into the sorrowing heart of the solitary maiden, bidding a long farewell to home.

The moonbeams played upon her dusky robes, and rested on her uncovered head, that bent as if in reverence to that last, home-blessing; then shadows flitted swiftly across the retreating form—shadows formed of swaying boughs and intercepting hedges—and the stars beamed calmly on, and the ocean mingled its solemn voice with the wailing night-wind's sound, as Violet fled away from home—fled to the wide, opening, unknown world. Henceforth how changed was the life of the dreamer—how overwhelming came the sad, stern, unbending realities of toil and effort—how wearily passed the days—how cruel was the self-imposed lot of the stranger!

Many bent in admiration to her beauty, who would not for worldly pride have offered their names; yet awed by the power of purity pervading her face and form, dared not utter their unholy wishes. Others offered her their love and hearts, but Violet's strange heart was closed to the pleadings—the ideal of her worship dwelt not among them. In vain the world displayed its vast array of temptations—the offerings of wealth and splendor—the quietness of home—the respite from toil and anxiety. Violet could not perjure her soul, nor stain her lips with falsehood. She toiled bravely on, bearing humiliation, neglect and poverty, though her spirit pined for the breath of her mountain home—for the voice of the ever-answering sea—with such intense a longing, it paled her cheek, and stole the lustre from her eyes, and bent her majestic figure as with a heavy burden of woe. Her wild, untutored mind, had stored itself with gems of poetic thought—her skillful fingers possessed rare musical power—but in the world there were so many poets—so many imitators of the sublime and the simply beautiful—could she, the unknown stranger, compete with high and glorious names? Music, led by science, exercised its magic influence over the millions—where could she find a place, amid the throng? So, from the realms of the ideal, barred and lotted fast by prejudice, she turned away with a shuddering sigh to the cold, stern duties before her, and with brave heart took her station amid the humblest toilers, and bent her slender frame to unused labors, and hardened her gentle hands, and whispered to her oft-rebellious spirit: "All will be well—there is a land beyond! There, father, mother, beloved one of my spirit, we shall meet!"

Even this hard life was not one of absolute suffering. Among her humble companions, many looked up to her with deference and delight—little children always smiled upon her, and great, fierce watch-dogs crouched at her feet and licked her hand submissively. Still, as in her childhood's days, the trees and flowers greeted her with a language all their own; and sweet forebodings—dreams of delight and reunion—visited her with joy. So years passed on, and her sweet heart-poems, timidly, wistfully uttered, found their place to the waiting hearts of thousands—to the humble homes, to the fireplaces of the laborer and the souls of the oppressed—to the bereaved and the wronged, bringing to them an angel's promise of consolation and redress. Years had matured thought, and she had overcome with patience and faith the world's prejudices; and it repaid her tenfold for the patient waiting, and showered its laurel-wreaths upon her, bent and humble brow—its wealth to her timidly outstretched hands. The dream-land of the beautiful was never barred to her longing sight—its flowery portal never closed to her willing feet. Sometimes it was clouded by the mists of earthly suffering—that veiled its sun-lighted beauty—from the weeper's eyes. But even amid toil, penury and privation, its angel-guarded gates unclosed to the accompaniment of soft and plaintive music, and led the earth-weary one to the Elysium of faith and hope; where her angel-mother awaited her with rapturous smile and outstretched arms of welcome—her father smiled as he had never done on earth—and the kindred spirit, long and wearily sought for, unfound amid the sons of mortality, then stood with recognized brow and love-lit eye, to welcome her to the spirit's resting-place.

From these high communions, with lofty thought

and elevated feeling, the dreamer returned not, moody and discontented to her humble avocations—her life of mockery and labor—oh no! she returned with renewed strength, and hope and energy, with reawakened soul, and trust in the Unseen, that is so true, so beautiful, so real. And when fortune smiled, her golden gifts had not the power to estrange that loving heart from its customary worship—to lead it to vain, worldly festivity—to render it oblivious of the life within and above.

Violet never returned to her mountain home—it remained in the possession of the stranger—but she found a quiet resting place amid the wild beauties of Nature, where, from afar, she still could hear the ocean's greeting—where fragrant pine woods send their deepening shadows, inviting to repose—where wild flowers grow luxuriantly beautiful—where the dove-like spirit of prayer and peace, blends with the matin song of birds, with their vesper eline—where the sweet realities of home, blend with thoughts and dreams of Heaven.

For the Banner of Light. HIDDEN EXISTENCES.

In vain we plead the air,
The day floods through the dawn,
The star's soft light is gone—
And yet the star is there.

The winter blights the green,
The brightest flowers are missed—
And yet the germs exist
Things which are unseen.

Stars, like souls forgiven,
Grow lustrous with the change,
When Night's dark shadows range
Upon the fields of Heaven.

So with our short life, and
Then death comes silently
And sets our spirits free;
And thus our souls expand.

And bright stars gem this sphere;
In Death's dim light is lost
The child we loved the most—
And yet the child is near.

This change is but a screen—
Our souls can never part.
Hearts beat for aye to hearts—
The unseen with the seen.

R. W. E.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TWO WORDS.

BY MARTHA W. BENTON.

In a beautiful little village in the north of France, lived an unobtrusive and taciturn old gentleman named Leroy; but from the latter characteristic predominating, he had obtained the cognomen of "Two Words." He lived on the outskirts of the village, tended by an ancient housekeeper, as chary of speech as her master.

Every one who saw the old man, deemed from the remembrance of the gentleman, that he had seen better days, and though his means were straitened, his heart was large, and his countenance always expressive of benevolence.

Notwithstanding his brief mode of speech, the advice of Mr. Leroy was sought upon every subject whereon it was presumed advice could be profitable, and the simple rustic of Rochdale valued his words the more because, devoid of pomposity and filled with decision, they left an indelible impression, which long sermons failed to do.

Mr. Leroy had always lived upon intimate terms with the family at the old Hall—an intimacy that was cemented by early association; for Edgemont, the proprietor of the baronial domain, and Mr. Leroy, had been school-fellows, and when the old Squire was attacked with the incurable disease which was destined to carry him to the still land, old Leroy was the confidential friend of the invalid father, and the counselor of the young, handsome and sensitive daughter, Eleanor.

Rochdale was of noble structure, and its interior was adorned with both the antique and the modern—for the Edgemonts were an old family, who traced their descent from Conde, and the most illustrious names in France, and had inhabited the old baronial mansion for a hundred years.

Its broad green lawns spread out along the Seine, perfumed with roses and musical with birds, while just beyond, the quiet hamlet of Rochdale rested like a sheep-fold just within the protection of the shepherds. But now, although the nightingales sang and the roses bloomed, there were serious faces looking from the cottage doors, and the young forgot their pastimes, while the old conversed apart in whispers, glancing towards the old Hall, as if the sufferer within those thick walls could be disturbed by their solitude. Edgemont's fortune was somewhat impaired, and the rustic inhabitants who had so long shared his benevolence and solicitude, felt anxiety as well for the future of the hamlet of Rochdale, as for the sufferings of its last heir.

There was not a peasant in the hamlet who had not always sympathized most fully in all the joys and sorrows of the "Hall folk," and now that there was a certainty of losing them forever, it seemed not like the parting of tenants and landlords—of the rich and the poor—but of endeared friends.

They sat at their doors, and watched for the passing to and fro of old Mr. Leroy, and hung upon his words as if life and death were involved in that short bulletin.

"How is the Squire, to day?" asked one.

"No better," would be the reply.

"How's dear Miss Eleanor?" another anxiously required.

"Very patient," responded the old man, moving slowly on by the aid of his staff.

"Patient! Master Leroy means a deal, when he says patient! Bless her young, sweet face!"

So, without wasting words, Leroy satisfied the affectionate solicitude of his humble neighbors in his own quiet way, never paraphrasing, yet perfectly understood.

The summer was waning into autumn, and the Squire of Rochdale faded gradually with the autumn leaves. One evening a stranger stopped at Leroy's cottage, and requested permission to take a draught from the well before the porch.

"Most welcome!" said Two Words, scanning the stranger, much pleased with the outward appearance. An air of gentle breeding could be discerned, despite his travel-stained garments; and there was a dash of habitual recklessness in his manner, that gave an additional charm to all he did and said.

Old Leroy gave him a hearty welcome, and when the hour arrived when it was his custom to visit the Hall, he exclaimed, "Back soon; get supper, Kate!" and stepping out his door, turned once more to the stranger, and said, "Do n't go!"

"No, that I won't," replied the young man, frankly; "I like my quarters too well; I'll wait till you come back, governor; I hope you won't be too long, for my mouth fairly waters for the supper you spoke of!"

Leroy smiled, and walked away more briskly than usual, and, after sitting for some time with Edgemont, bade him "Good night," and said, "Bless you," to Eleanor, and again hastened home, where the young stranger was awaiting him.

"Keen air," remarked the host.

"Fine evening," replied the stranger, in a jocose manner.

"An artist?" inquired Leroy.

"Rather an indifferent one," replied the youth, bursting into a loud laugh, unable to contain his mirth longer. "But are you always as economical of words, sir?" "Do n't you find it difficult sometimes to carry on conversation in this strain?"

"You don't," replied the old man, in remarkably good humor.

"Not I," cried the youth, "and I want to ask you a half-dozen questions; will you answer me?"

"I'll try," replied Leroy.

"I've not long to stay, and I diverged to Rochdale, as I was anxious to see the old Hall, and, falling in with you, could not refrain from a quiet hour of conversation."

"Most welcome!" said the old man, courteously.

Ah! ha! if that's the way you pursue your discourse, I do n't think I shall learn much from you. I hope, however, that Lady may get a wife who will follow your example—a woman of two words, in short! She'll be a rare specimen of her sex?"

"Ah! ha!" ejaculated Leroy!

"Come, tell me, for time presses," said the young stranger, "all about Rochdale, and the Squire; for my friend, whom I left yonder, is vastly interested in the place and property."

"The heir?" whispered the old man.

"Well, well! suppose we say he is; he is not a bad fellow; perhaps a little bit wild," was the young man's rejoinder. "But he has heard of the beauty of Miss Edgemont, and he feels great regret that so lovely a creature should be turned out of the old Hall, to make room for him. He is anxious to know what will become of her when her father dies. It is a pretty place, this Rochdale—a paradise, I should say, I know what I'd do if I was ever lucky enough to call it mine." The youth rubbed his hands gleefully.

"I should be a happy dog, then?"

"And then?" said old Mr. Leroy, smiling.

"Why, then I'd pull down the rickety old house, and build a palace fit for a king. I'd have lots of prime fellows to stay with me, and I should sport the finest horses and dogs in the country!" Here the young man paused to take breath.

"And then?" said Two Words, gently.

"Why, then, I'd hunt, and shoot, and ride, and drink, and smoke, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life to the full, feasting from year's end to year's end."

"And then?" said the old gentleman, more slowly.

"Why, then, I suppose in time I should grow old, like other people, and cease to care for all these things."

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose I should have to leave all the pleasures of this life, and, like all other people, die."

"And then?" persisted Two Words.

"Hang your 'and then's!' But the moon is up, so I'm off. Good night, and thank you!" And, without further parley, he started off on his walk over the hills, and left Mr. Leroy standing at his little gate, gazing after him.

In the moonlight, in the darkness, in the valley and on the hillside, these words haunted the wayfarer, and he kept repeating to himself, "And then?" Thoughts took possession of his mind that never before had gained entrance there—or, at least, they arranged themselves in a new significant. His past life presented itself to him for the first time, as a coherent chain of events exemplifying cause and effect; and if his plans for the future did not receive any determined change, he still kept repeating anxiously the two, strangely suggestive words, "And then?"

During all his after-life that young man never forgot the solitary night walk when he lost his way beneath a beautiful spangled summer sky, and the stars seemed to form, and the night breeze to whisper, the wonderful words—"and then?"

He had gained no satisfactory intelligence respecting the inmates of Rochdale Hall, but he had had bare his own folly for the inspection of old Leroy, and in return had received a reproof in two words, which had penetrated his heart, and set him thinking seriously. Mystic life words—"and then?"

At length Mr. Edgemont died, and for nearly three years the old Hall remained untenanted, save by the domestic life in charge.

Miss Eleanor, had found shelter with a distant relative, though her memory was still fresh, and warmly cherished among the humble friends in her beautiful native village. Mr. Leroy, if possible, was more silent than ever, and still remained the village oracle, and more cherished than of yore, as the only remaining memento of the Edgemonts—the old familiar faces now seen no more. At length it was rumored that Mr. Clare, the new proprietor, was soon expected to take possession of his property at the old Hall, and moreover, that he was on the point of marriage, and that his young bride would accompany him; and all reports gained ground that this same new comer had been in former times wild, extravagant, careless of others, and profligate in the extreme.

Two Words had not contradicted such reports, and they were believed to be substantiated. With heavy hearts the inhabitants of Rochdale commenced their rural preparations for the reception of the new Squire and his bride. Green arches were erected, and wreaths of flowers were hung on the spreading branches, beneath which the traveler's road lay. It was the season of nightingales and roses, when Rochdale was in its glory, and never had the chorus of the groves been more full than on that summer evening, when the old and young of the hamlet, arrayed in their holiday attire, waited to greet their new landlord and benefactor.

Old Mr. Leroy stood at his cottage door—which was just beyond the bridge, over which the heir to the Hall was to be conducted through an avenue of garlands, while a band of maidens, dressed in white, were to line this picturesque approach.

Just as the sun was setting, a carriage drove quickly up, and stopped at the humble dwelling of the old gentleman. "Two Words" stepped forward on seeing the lady alight, while the evening wind lifted lock after lock of his silver hair, and in a moment more he found himself embraced by the fond

arms of his pet and friend, Miss Eleanor Edgemont, who exclaimed—

"Our first greeting must be from you, dear—dear Mr. Leroy. I need not introduce Mr. Clare; he is known to you already!"

Speechless from astonishment and emotion, the old man could only say—"Miss Nellie!" as he gazed from one to another, recognizing in the gentleman the young stranger who had departed so abruptly over the moonlight hills more than three years before. Seizing the hand of the astonished old man, young Clare said with deep feeling:

"It is to your instrumentality, venerable sir, that I owe my happiness!"

"How so?" was Mr. Leroy's reply, looking with pleased surprise into the open face which, on a former occasion, had won his confidence and admiration.

"Two words, spoken in season, wrought a change in me, which all the preaching of friends and guardians had failed to effect," returned Clare, "and without which Eleanor never would have blessed me with her hand. These years of probation have proved my sincerity. These two little words—"and then"—convey a deep and mystical meaning to my heart; and they are of such significant importance, that by inserting them whenever I paint the future, I trust to become a wiser and better man."

Eleanor gazed proudly and fondly on her husband; and the news of her arrival, having spread through the village, a crowd collected, whose joy and surprise found vent in tears and blessings, to say nothing of numerous *arides*, purporting that Miss Eleanor never would have married a bad man, and that Mr. Clare must be a worthy successor of the ancient race.

The prophecy proved correct; and the pathway strewn with summer roses, over which Eleanor trod on her bridal day, to the ancestral home where she was born, was indeed emblematical of the flowery path which marked her future destiny.

The old Hall at Rochdale is still extant—a fine specimen of venerable decay, surrounded by ancestral groves, still famed for sheltering innumerable nightingales, when the Rochdale roses exhale their delicious fragrance. In the old churchyard on the green hillside, a white monument gleams in the sunshine, whereon may be traced the name of Joshua Leroy, specifying the date of his happy death, while below is engraven this inscription, of two words:

"AND THEN."

"AND THEN."

"AND THEN."

"AND THEN."

"AND THEN."

"AND THEN."

"AND THEN."

"AND THEN."

"AND THEN."

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"AND THEN."

"AND THEN."

"AND THEN."

of imagination, and ideally grasps it, in her fairy fingers, and quickly pictures the brain of man with glowing animation, with an eternal revolving life-principle on the wheel of time; and that he is to live through eternal ages. What lives? The thought—the mind. But is this thinking atom to float in some great ethereal space, without a tangible object wherewith to clothe its never dying thought? Would it then be transplanted to a heaven ethereal, where only sunbeams flutter around thy brow, with never a shadow to lay beside it in leanous relief? O, no! This deep, unlying thought, with its strong attractions and repulsions, will find forever those eternal attributes. The spirit will be eternally necessary to grief and happiness; for sunshine and shadow are the two great poles of the battery of life. We must have negation. The picture is written so plainly upon your planet of day and night, that they are synonymous of the truths of the universe. The night and day of the eternal mind must come—alternate, successive, and eternal.

The life of eternity, as long as eternity exists, must be tangible, concise, and material. If the spirit, clothed in the immortal body, can exist on air and space alone, the same deduction may be made of the spirit disembodied. It is this ethereal part that we feel. It is the mind that devises the habitments of the body. It is the mental that selects and dictates the food which serves to keep the physical and spiritual in harmony, as well as to nourish the mortal body. Every particle of food that is taken in this body, hath its component parts of spiritual life, that go to the nourishment and harmony of the physical with the spiritual. It is this immortal mind that is encased in this tenement—this house of God—that thinks, that fashions, and plans—that moveth the tenement or body where-soever it wills. It is this that planeth the manufacture of the garments to be worn. Then why, for a moment, question the immortality of labor? The growing out of this very necessity for the mortal covering, are the rich diversities of man's desire in the mental range. The body would never call for a shield; 'tis this animated life that clothes it. There is in the positive no evil in the principle of the body's necessities and wants. It is only the result of man's eternal thinking power, traceable unto that great universe of thought, where the united powers of the brains of myriads form a perfect whole, making up the Godhead.

Invention is the parent of art and science. Man's curiosity and restlessness, to be grasping more of the world, is only a chariot of thought that goes riding over the rough places of the planet. It is to be forever doing, forever acting and thinking, that brings us into the life that is eternal.

Death and annihilation are synonymous. Life and activity are the motive powers—the inherent qualities of these embodiments of soul. And far on in the ages of eternity, we shall be found thinking, acting and inventing, with the same volence and vigor of life, as the brain both now invents the rapid motion of travel, and the lightning-speed of the telegraph. But even now man grows impatient, and watch for more accelerated speed. Within and around the planet are deposited elements for man's inventive faculties to be perfected. The elements of more rapid motion are yet in end, numbering till the birth-hour, when the Great Physician of the spirit shall be called to bring it forth to power and life. And these rapid motions will bring communications of this planet, as it were, in one day—nation can talk with nation, and civilization will fast unfold her banner over the land of barbarity. The great commercial trade of thought is not yet begun. Each spirit is a glorious harbor, that smelteth the freighted large into the voyage of life and eternity. The sooner the mingling of the nations on earth are begun, the sooner the chain of sympathy will flow round in the spirit world.

In the early manifestations, spirits were confined to their own localities and home associations. But now as the commerce of thought is beginning, we find them coming from foreign lands—from all nations and all tribes—speaking and communing with you, with almost the familiarity of a friend of many years. The red man comes from his Great Hunting Ground, only to awaken sympathy within your bosoms for their tribes. Spirits of the past, versed in ancient history and science, approach you only to teach the truth that heaven and earth are mingling, that the spiritual life is only a little circle around the globe, and that every mind in the spiritual world is fastened to the material with an invisible cord of love.

Kings, queens, and princes of the past come, not to reign over, but to dwell with you—to teach you of higher kingdom and sovereignty. These subjects acknowledge but one power above—the power of God.

So conclusive must be the evidence to man of the immortality of mind and matter, that incredulity must tax her utmost power to conceive of retrogression or annihilation. Self-evident to all must the truth appear, that we live in the present world, and that all things tend to and flow into the spirit. The body has not of itself a sensation. It is the spiritual part that feels and recognizes a wound.

To the mind that sees not through the veil of philosophy, the elucidation of principles in the spirit-life are mere statements, without thought or analogy; but he that follows the natural reason of his own soul, will not be tardy to perceive that without this eternity of material things the spirit could never grow or progress. As nature abhors a vacuum, so the mind repulses the thought of existing on an airy space, without external surroundings, recognizable to the spirit.

These material things, of which we are in daily converse, are types of the spiritual kingdom, for every atom of inanimate nature hath its spiritual growth. Every flower hath its spirit essence, which is unseen fragrance. So is thought invisible, but more eternal than the elements that surround them.

The life-germ in an undeveloped brain is to the passer-by constantly throwing off its aspiration. Some mind above it takes the thought, and it passes on through creation. Yet, not leaving him unblest, for the ascendant thought that struggled for light, will, in its adoption by other minds, be put to usury, and he will receive it again in gentle teachings of love and wisdom. Thus all life, both animate and inanimate, is forever upward and spiral. The flame curls upward—the vapor rises from the earth—the blade of grass is ascending—the soul of man is mounting forever—his pinions are hom

and yet deny to others what justice demands? Go forth, sowing seed, instead of holding it selfishly in your hands to rust and decay, and it shall bring you forth an hundred fold in time. No longer say you are free to worship according to your own conscience and yet deny to others that right.

Not one thought goes up from humanity which is not reciprocated in the spirit-world. It is often asked why spirits do not tell men something new. We answer, because man has not yet made the best use of the old.

Questions were asked and answered; but most of them were not of sufficient importance to merit publication. Many of them have been answered time after time at previous lectures through this medium; and they are better suited to the fluctuating audience of a lecture room, than to be placed again on record.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, Sept. 25, 1858.

Cold weather in New York—Wonderful Picture-painting—Tests at New York Circles—Cornelius Winne again—Question at the Conference—Lectures and Lecturers.

Messrs. Editors—Cold and chill the equinoctial is upon us, a fit illustration of the selfishness and conflict which characterize the moral and mental atmospheres of the last half of the nineteenth century. Will the great questions which perplex our time ever reach a settlement? They will, when men learn to be wise, and take justice, mercy and love, not only as their duty companions, but as their bedfellows by night.

Meanwhile wonders are increasing upon us. I had the pleasure a short time since of examining a large number of spiritual paintings, which, although in the habit of seeing very remarkable productions of this sort for several years, has added greatly to my stock of astonishment. These pictures are the work of a lady past fifty years of age, and in the higher ranks of life. In youth she made some attempts at drawing and coloring; but by the advice of her friends gave it up, as a field in which she had no talent. Suddenly, however, since the advent of Spiritualism, the faculty has been developed; and she finds herself able in an astonishingly short time, to produce pictures, especially of flowers, birds and insects, of surpassing truth and beauty. Her productions number hundreds—almost thousands—and would be acknowledged by any connoisseur as choice specimens of art; but the greatest wonder connected with some of them, is only revealed by the microscope; which establishes the fact that by no process known to artists could they be produced at all. Besides, in any imitation which might be attempted, it is evident that the labor of days would be required to execute what this involuntary artist produces in a single hour.

Among the pictures I examined were some of common and some of rare flowers, simple mosses and bunches of forest leaves, with their autumnal dyes; and known and unknown birds, as the robin and the humming bird, and others of the richest oriental plumage; and insects—all of them colored to the smallest point or speck, and to the most delicate tint, with the purest truth to nature. The effect of shading, of blending color, and of contrast, I never realized more fully than while looking at these pictures. There is scarcely an artist in the world who could equal them in this respect alone. But what will be said of the *drawing*, when I allege that though in this respect these pictures seem perfect, they are nevertheless, made without any drawing at all; simply by the rapid application of color by the brush, without any previous outline or sign to indicate what the picture is to be, until its form is gradually thus developed? Still they do not look as though a brush had touched them—at least, in the best specimens there is no mark or indication of the tool; but the leaf, or bud, or flower, looks rather as though the thing itself in the full perfection of its beauty, had been compressed and placed upon the Bristol-board. Furthermore, the glass, in several leaves I examined, showed that they would bear magnifying like a photograph—the internal structure of the leaf, the fine network and fibers which no pencil could successfully imitate and no hair is fine enough to draw, were all there.

This same lady artist one day, while convalescing from a period of illness, requested to be bolstered up in bed and to be furnished with some tissue paper, scissors, etc. Her wish was complied with; when she proceeded to clip the paper with great rapidity into shreds. Then she gathered bunches of these shreds in her fingers, twisted them into form, gave them a few hasty touches with her brush, fastened them with wire, and in a little while produced something like a peck of artificial flowers, of such rare workmanship and truth to nature, that it is almost impossible to distinguish them from the natural ones.

As I find myself, though quite unexpectedly, so deeply engaged in the never-tiring field of facts, I will relate one or two more. On Thursday evening at Redman's circle, by request, the table, with a delicate vase and heavy bouquet of flowers in it standing in the centre, was twice raised up without moral contact, and held suspended for a brief period in the air, without disturbing the vase; though the table, while thus suspended, kept up an oscillating motion, like the gentle flutter of a bird, as it sustains itself in a particular position in the air.

On Tuesday evening, at Redman's, not only was writing performed under the table without human hands, but two of the sitters received notes from this source, duly signed by their spirit friends, without either pencil or paper having been provided for the use of these invisibles.

At Munson's, the other day, an English gentleman, accompanied by one of our citizens, Mr. Foster being the medium, had a name written on a piece of paper, which was placed under the table, in red, while his companion, at request, obtained the name of his father in blue. What is very remarkable in this colored writing, which I have carefully examined, is, that there is not the least impression made on the paper by the process employed. Even the microscope fails to reveal any sign of pressure.

The other day, this same English gentleman, who is a man of some eminence, connected with an English University, while sitting with Redman, was informed of a fact new to him, viz: that a brother of his who died several years ago, in the East Indies, and whose widow married soon after an English officer and remained abroad, left a son. The communicating intelligence purported to be the spirit of this brother, who not only informed him of the existence of this son, but also that he had been sent

home to England; and requested him on his return to take charge of him. All this within two or three days was confirmed, by letters from England.

Last night, on my return from the Conference, at between ten and eleven, I requested Redman to sit up to the table a moment. As he had his coat off in preparation for bed, he at first objected, but finally complied. Our old friend Cornelius Winne at once announced himself, with loud raps and a considerable clatter. Suddenly there was a sound as of something striking the floor, and he at once declared,—"writing through Redman's hand—that he had delivered another bone. There were two bright gas-jets burning immediately over the table; and passing around to the opposite side, I picked up from the floor the long small bone of a man's leg, known, technically, as the *fibula*.

This brought me facing an open window, at about sixteen or eighteen feet distance, which opens onto an area in the back yard, surrounded by a high fence not easily scaled. Beside myself, there were only two persons in the room, Redman, who sat with his arms on the table squarely before me, and the office-boy, who was sitting on a sofa at my right, in front, and fully within my vision. At this juncture another bone was hurled through the room, in the direction from the window, passed the gas burners above the table, and very near my head, and fell on the floor, apparently by a curve quite too short for its momentum, for it fell almost at my feet. This bone proved to be the large bone of a human arm, and matches perfectly with the parts of the skeleton before received. Cornelius then announced that that was all for "to-night," but he had more under way.

At the Conference last night, the question, What is evidence that spirits communicate, was continued. An account of the pictures, as related in this letter, was given by Dr. Orton, which brought out several other interesting facts connected with spirit painting. The question is continued to next week.

Our Sunday lectures are well attended. Miss Hardinge is still speaking at Dodworth's. Harris holds forth with increasing power, if possible, at University Chapel. To-morrow Mrs. Coles speaks at Lamartine Hall, and Mrs. French in Brooklyn. A week from to-morrow, the desk at Dodworth's is to be filled by the Rev. John Pierpont, and no doubt the house will be crowded, and the venerable poet will be greeted by an audience worthy of his name and fame.

B. F. HATCH AND THE MEDIUMS.

DEAR BANNER—An article in the Banner of September 25th, over the signature of B. F. Hatch, entitled "Obsession of Evil Spirits," seems to require some notice from other persons. Were all your readers acquainted with the writer of that article and his experience in life, no notice of it would be needed; but as many are no doubt entirely ignorant of the causes that called it forth, and the excesses which he has for tracing a great and respectable class of the mediums of our country—those in conjugal and domestic life—it seems to be necessary to hold up the other side of the picture, and a word from me on that subject will seem appropriate, because I have lectured on spirit-life and intercourse since 1845, and for nearly six years have given my whole time devotedly to the subject. At that time I have traveled from New Orleans to Canada, and repeatedly from the Mississippi to the Penobscot; met with thousands of mediums, and lectured in more places than any other speaker on the subject; visited hundreds of families in which are mediums, many of them husbands and wives, who live in domestic peace, quiet, and harmony—many of them superior to their religious or skeptical neighbors in social happiness—and have the acquaintance and confidence of nearly all the public-speaking mediums of the country.

With this acquaintance and experience, I can say with positive knowledge, and the fullest assurance of sustaining it, that mediumship does not disqualify a person for domestic, or social, or conjugal life. Were it necessary to prove this by facts, I could refer to the author of Nature's Divine Revelations, and his happiest of lives with his happiest of companions; to another of our earliest of mediums, R. P. Ambler; to another in Isaac Post; another in S. J. Finney; another in Hudson Tuttle, and scores of others of the husband mediums whom I could name, were it necessary; but these few, all authors, and well known as early among the mediums, may suffice to direct attention to the fact that mediumship does not render men unqualified for husbands. Now, for wives, we have in the most happy and harmonious domestic relations among my own acquaintance hundreds, many of whom have been blessed with such happiness by becoming mediums—a few references to domestic happiness in mediumship of long standing must suffice for instance and reference: Hattie A. Adams, whose life is the living reality of her beautiful "Lily Wrenth," because her companion is harmonized, and is neither a tyrant nor a sensualist, with either of which conditions delicate female, whether medium or not, could live happily. Mrs. Townsend, long and favorably known as a beautiful trance-speaker of Vermont, whose "daily domestic life is a sunshine of joy and gladness, because she has a good, pure and honest companion. Mrs. Mettler, whose value and excellent qualities as a wife and a mother have increased during her long course of mediumship. Mrs. A. E. Newton, who scatters flowers and sunshine over the weary brow of her companion—to soothe him in his toilsome struggles—to do good to his fellow beings. Mrs. Tuttle, well known both in the West and East as one of our best trance-speakers, has abundantly proved to all who know her her superior qualities as a wife and a step-mother and is now proving, them as a mother, also—and last, but not least, Cora L. V. Scott Hatch, with whose early mediumship I was well acquainted, but whom I had not seen since her marriage till the present month. I am informed by many families, where she has sojournd in her travels, she has displayed the meekness and forbearance of an angel in her domestic relations, so much so as to gain the esteem and admiration of nearly all who have entertained her and her husband at their homes in her lecturing tours.

These few names, taken for their public notoriety out of the multitude, must suffice for the female side of my picture—that mediumship and spirit influence generally render the subject more sensitive, more ardent, more affectionate, more spiritual, and less sensual, and, usually, more refined, more ambitious, and more truly religious, pure and devoted, is true, and that these conditions do often render less harmonious unions with persons of sensual, tyrannical, vulgar, or animal conditions, is also true, and that such mediumship renders the subject an unfit companion for persons of opposite conditions; cannot be denied, and

that this unfitness has manifested itself in many mediums of both sexes, is also true, often as might be expected, calling out all manner of attacks and excesses from the sensual, or tyrannical, or selfish and corrupt opponents to spirit influence, who could not control the higher and holier love of the spirit-world, nor its expression through mediums, because they ought, in their own sphere, to seek companionship, and there they could find it. It is not strange that persons on a lower plane should attribute to demons and obsession the want of love and companionship in those above them. It was long ago said, "who looks through maddening eyes sees everybody drunk," and it may be not less true that who looks through sensual and devilish eyes, sees everybody sensual or devilish. I have known some cases where men have tried one, two, or three experiments at conjugal life and companionship, and failed to find happiness in either trial, without mediumship on either part; and when the wives had all retired in misery to the grave, or to their friends, a still further attempt would be made to find affinity with a medium, which the very nature of mediumship renders less likely to succeed than others. I do not know that these unhappy geniuses are to blame. I feel rather to pity than to blame them. They must be ignorant of the true nature and mission of mediumship, or they would never seek companionship there, especially if they believed themselves pure, and good, and true, and devoted, and most mediums obsessed, or liable to be so by evil spirits. I should advise all who entertain the views of Mr. Hatch, as expressed in the article referred to, to free themselves as soon as possible from all connection with mediums, and keep out of all "entangling alliances" with them, allowing them to support themselves by the aid of the evil spirits from the other sphere, and go themselves and wash in the theological pools of Satan and ever after keep good company and let evil spirits and mediums alone, and see how quickly they will come to naught! I know many cases where both husband and wife are mediums, and both happy. Probably, in these cases, both are obsessed and the others, where only one is a medium and both are happy, it is because they are harmonious and on the same plane of development. But I know some cases where neither husband or wife is a medium, and some where neither is a Spiritualist, and yet misery and wickedness are in the family both day and night. Wonder what kind of obsession will account for this? In fact, I know only one competent remedy for all social and domestic troubles and inharmonies, and that is, for each person to obtain a condition of harmony, purity and love, in him and herself, and then all will be harmonized—there will be no more obsession. Most mediums are much nearer this condition than others, and those are further from it who are always seeking and never finding affinities, and are ever in domestic and social troubles. The harmonized man seldom fails to find and create harmony at home, and never, if his companion is a well developed medium. The inharmonious man finds all out of place, and everything wrong.

WARREN CHASE.

Windsor, Conn., Sept. 25, 1858.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

Miss Rosa T. Akeley will speak at Quincy, Sunday, Oct. 3d; Woburn, Wednesday, Nov. 10th.

Miss Munson will speak at Haverhill, Friday, Oct. 3d; Quincy, Sunday, Oct. 10th, and Cambridgeport, Oct. 17th.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Woburn on Wednesday evenings, the 13th, 20th and 27th of October.

Mrs. A. M. Henderson will lecture in Portland the three first Sundays in October, and will answer calls to speak in that vicinity week evenings during that time. Address, during September, at the Fountain House, Boston.

A. B. Whiting will speak in Providence, R. I., Sunday, Oct. 3d and 10th; New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 17th; Williamstown, Conn., Oct. 21st and 31st. Those desiring lectures during the week may address him at either of the above places.

Mrs. Fannie Barbank Felton will lecture in Hartford the five Sundays of October, and will receive calls to lecture in that vicinity on week evenings of that month. Those wishing her services subsequently, can address Willard Barnes Felton, care of Rufus Reed, Providence, R. I., until September 26th—after which, care of Asa H. Rogers, Hartford, Conn.

Prof. J. L. D. O'js will speak as follows:—Oct. 3d, at Lawrence, Oct. 4th, at Dover, N. H.; Oct. 5th, at Great Falls, N. H.; Oct. 6th, at Rochester, N. H.; Oct. 7th, at Exeter, N. H.; Oct. 10th, at Stoddard, N. H.; Oct. 17th, at Waltham, Mass.; Oct. 23d and 24th, at Fitchburg, Mass.; Oct. 31st, at Sutton, N. H.; November 21st and 25th, at Portland, Me. He will answer calls to lecture at any other time, as his school has, for the present term, passed into other hands. Address him at Lowell. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner.

MRS. HATCH.

The public are very much in the dark in reference to the immediate cause of the separation of Mrs. Hatch and her husband. Yet this result of the marriage of a girl but sixteen years of age, of pure, benevolent disposition, with a man nearly three-fold her years, of an avaricious, mercenary cast of character, has been anticipated.

We, in common with Spiritualists in every portion of our land, have much confidence in Mrs. Hatch, as ever, believing her to be what she has shown herself—a kind, pure, religious, open-hearted and benevolent woman.

Of her husband we desire to say nothing of a harsh or derogatory nature. We could not add to his unpopularity, if we related all the stories we hear of his ungenerous conduct to Spiritualists and others, in every place he has visited. He is disliked, for his sordid, money-grasping disposition, and we believe that not only will the public uphold Mrs. Hatch in the course she has taken, but will rejoice to see her free from the influence of her husband, which has been most assiduously injurious to her popularity and influence in this section. He has made great mistakes, to say the least, in his management with Mrs. H.

In the present state of the case, so little has transpired in reference to it, that it is impossible to give our readers any reliable information upon the subject. As we have published two letters for Dr. Hatch, which seem to have an indirect bearing on this case, we take the liberty of expressing, in as mild a manner as possible, our convictions, from a knowledge of both parties and their reputation among us New Englanders.

Integrity, however rough, is better than smooth dissimulation.

PERSONAL.

From a letter from Mrs. M. S. Townsend we extract the following, dated Montpelier, Sept. 1, 1858: "On Sunday last I spoke to a large and attentive audience in the little town of Chelsea, and am to speak in this place this evening. To-morrow I go on to Hardwick, where I am to speak next Sabbath, and I presume some evenings, before that time. I find the cause as steadily marching on as ever, in all places I visit, and, I think, a more earnest desire in the hearts of the people generally, to receive its consoling truths for their own individual benefit. My most earnest prayer is, God give them a knowledge of the truth. I should be very happy to do anything in my power to assist in the progress of your paper, which I consider to be a valuable sheet, and one which meets as much the universal wants of the mind as any within my knowledge."

Loring Moody is ready to answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism, and kindred reforms, on Sundays and week-day evenings. Address Boston, office of Spiritual Age. He will also take subscriptions for the Spiritual Age, and Banner of Light.

NONMOUTH, ILL.

We have a letter from Bro. Snyder, from this place, in which he informs us that the philosophy of Spiritualism is gaining ground in the hearts of the people there. They have two large halls which will seat from six to eight hundred persons, under the control of the Spiritualists of that city, and they cordially invite traveling lecturers to pay them a visit, for there is enough for them to do.

NO. 1.—VOLUME IV.

We have just enough room to call the attention of our friends to the fact that this issue is the first number of a new volume of the BANNER, and of course a capital time to subscribe for it. Those whose subscription terminated with volume three, will receive no more than this number, unless they renew, or special arrangement is made with us to the contrary.

Facts and Tests.

VERIFICATION OF MESSAGES.

Messrs. Editors—I see in the last number of your paper, (No. 23, Vol. 3,) a communication purporting to be given through a Spiritual medium, by the spirit of Edward Cobb, formerly of this city.

Mr. Cobb, a young man about twenty years old, son of Captain Edward Cobb, (formerly of this place, now residing in Kansas,) left Salem on the 24th of June last, in the schooner Laura Frances, Captain Bullock, for England. The schooner was captured the same night near Cape Ann. The Captain, together with Mr. Cobb and another man, succeeded in getting into the boat, but the two latter perished before morning, so that the Captain was the only one saved out of the ship's company, which consisted of four people.

Yours truly,

CHARLES W. SNOW.

Rockland, Sept. 23, 1858.

By referring to the message, our readers will find this one of the best which could be given.

Last week, a gentleman living about one hundred and fifty miles from Boston, came here to satisfy himself in regard to a message we printed in our paper of August 28th. The message was true in its statements and being given through strangers, who knew nothing of the circumstances, to a person who was miles away from the party to which it was sent, it was proof to him of spirit communion. The spirit who gave it for publication, met him at Mr. Mansfield's, and at an interview with Mrs. Conant.

B. J. Sperry, of Claremont, N. H., writes us that the message from Samuel Locke, published by us, is correct. He also has the impression that the message of William Wheeler is correct.

A CHILD TO ITS MOTHER.

Messrs. Editors—A few days since I called on a medium to receive some tidings, if possible, from a dear little boy who left me about one year since, to dwell with the angels. The medium being influenced to write, I received first, a communication from a spirit purporting to be the guardian of my child. The few lines consisted mainly in some consoling words to me, and also alluded to the progress the child was making in spirit growth, and closed by saying that she thought the little boy would be able to write a few words. The influence then changed, and the medium wrote, in a slow and childish manner, a communication, of which the following is as perfect a copy as I can make:

MY MAMA I CAN JUST SAY A WORD

FANCY IS GOIN TO LERN ME TO RITE.

GOOD BY.

How clearly this little childish message proves to me that my child still exists, and was then present, none can know so well as a mother. But to me, alone, the mother of that child, is the proof doubly convincing.

This dear boy had not learned to write, but many hours has he spent in his playful, prattling manner, at my side, writing words, and sometimes sentences, just like the above little simple message. Yes, it is simple, and the ideas few, but it is the silver lining, clearly seen at last, to that cloud which has hovered over me in doubt and darkness for so many months.

MRS. MARY M. NEAL.

ANDOVER, N. H., Sept. 13, 1858.

REMARKABLE DREAM.

Under this caption is published the following case, which looks to us like the visit of the spirit mother to her children, after she had left the form. Is it not more than a dream?

The following statement I have lately had from the mouth of Mr. L., a clergyman of the Church of England: "One evening, some two years since, my brother, an officer in the army, residing at Westminster, surprised me with a late visit at my house in Holloway, just as we were retiring to rest. 'Brother!' exclaimed he, in an excited manner, 'mother is dead!' 'When and how did you hear?' I replied; as she was living some considerable distance from town, and was, as far as we both knew, although aged, in good health. 'I have seen her pass me twice this evening, in my room, with her head banded up, and I could not rest till I saw you,' was his answer. In consequence of his conviction and entreaties, it was determined to take the first train in the morning to the locality where our mother resided; and, upon our arrival, sure enough we found, to my surprise, that our mother had died suddenly the previous evening, at the exact hour my brother had witnessed the apparition." I said this without the knowledge of Mr. L.; I do not, therefore, feel myself at liberty to give his name, but substitute my own as a voucher for the truth of it. T. J. Allman, Talbot Road, Tufnell Park.—Notes and Queries.

The Busy World.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER. First page—a poem by Spenser, and a continuation of Alamoutine, which will be completed next week. Second page—"Poor and Proud," a local sketch; a poem by Dr. Lyon; and a sketch by Cora Wilburn, headed "Violet Joyce." Third page—"Hidden Existence," a fine poem from a new contributor; "Two Worlds," an interesting story with a moral point; "The Hours," a selected poem of sterling merit; part fourteenth of Life Eternal." Fourth and fifth pages—Editorial, Reports of lectures, Correspondence, Busy World, Obituaries, etc., our usual variety. Sixth page—Five columns of Spirit messages. Seventh page—a beautiful poem by John S. Adams. Letters from Willard B. Felton, Dr. A. B. Newcomb, Warren Chase, G. E. Rockwood, Louisiana, A. C. Robinson, E. V. Wilson, Bay State, S. T. L., etc. Eighth page—Pearls, Correspondence, advertisements, etc.

PREFACE.—The following lines are from an "Essay on the Stage," which appeared in the Boston Courier several years ago, and were attributed to Rev. John Pierpont:

The kindest man that bounds along your streets,
And wags his tail at every child he meets,
Let us beware, lest some day, when we are old,
And feel "Mad Dog" beyond him and the fold—
And every eye can let him lead the yell,
And let him lead such a respectable yell,
He will go mad, that was not to be feared.

Boston. MISS SUSIE GEORGE ABBOTT, Hall's Boston Brass Band are to be in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 23d, 24th and 25th days of November, to furnish music for the anniversary parade of the Cleveland City Grays. The Band are also engaged to give a concert in Cleveland. Let our readers in that vicinity go and hear them. We opine they will be amply repaid in harmony for their pecuniary outlay.

Miss Susie C. Chur will recite poetry next Sunday evening, at No. 28 Elliot street. Her recitations are very extraordinary for a child of her age; by excellent judges they have been pronounced faultless—above criticism. It must be admitted, although she is always in a perfect normal condition, that spirits are the cause of her precocious development. Spiritualists are invited to hear her.

EXTRAORDINARY UNUSUAL CASE. A gentleman named Mr. Abel Matthews, advertised that he would, on successive evenings, at St. Martin's Hall, recite the whole twelve books of Milton's "Paradise Lost," from memory. He recited on Tuesday evening, the first and second books, the task occupying two hours and twenty minutes.

The London Christian Times says: The following notice was lately past to a church-door in Hertfordshire, and read in the church: "This is to give notice, that no persons are to be buried in this church-yard but those living in the parish; and those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to the parish clerk."

A cute Yankee in Kansas, sells liquor in a gun-barrel instead of a glass, that he may avoid the law, and make it appear beyond dispute that he is selling liquor by the barrel. Of course, the "cute Yankee's" customers are liable to go off half cocked.

A portion of the inscription upon the tomb of that strange mortal Lorenzo Dow is as follows: "A Quaker in the last days of his life."

A slave in the city of New York, who was sold to a person who was miles away from the party to which it was sent, it was proof to him of spirit communion. The spirit who gave it for publication, met him at Mr. Mansfield's, and at an interview with Mrs. Conant.

In preparation as our mind is enlarged, we discover a greater number of men of originality. Common-place people see no difference between one man and another.

Pure love is the sunshine which steals slowly and silently up the morning hill of life, and stays to bless us with its presence through all its weary way.

A Nebraska paper gets off the following: Why is a Nebraska shipmaster like an impatient singer? Because it does not know that its reciter liveth.

A fat candidate for office in Alabama, who is said to weigh 375 pounds, asked the people of his district to "try" him.

We are happy to notify our readers that Rev. John Pierpont will speak at the Melodeon next Sunday.

A letter from W. B. Felton is in hand, and will appear next week under the head of "Facts and Tests."

There's some difference between your bark and mine, as the tree said to the dog.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

J. H. asks, "Why it is that so many mediums are persons of weak minds and little energy of character?" Such minds being negative, are easily controlled by positive minds, both in the head and out of the body. The more negative, in regard to receiving influence from a mind is the better medium is the person, inasmuch as it is capable of judging truthfully of the character of the matter communicated, and positive enough to obey the right in all things. But a medium easily influenced by other minds not possessing judgment, but without power to do what he knows to be right, is not to be relied upon.

R. W. L., Farmington, Iowa.—We will endeavor to find the lock of hair you sent us, and have it examined by some one we know. Our impression is that it is safe with Mrs. C., who has not been able to examine it as yet. We send you the BANNER as your last letter suggests.

SOUTHERN.—S. Burr, of Southford, will please give us the name of his sister; he gave us the town only.

OBITUARY.

Gone to the spirit-land! Mrs. Mary L. Willis departed, for the happy spirit-land, on the 9th of September, leaving a husband and five children to remain yet a little while longer in the earth-life, and mourn that a mother and wife is no longer to be recognized by the outer eye, but tormented that they have an angel to watch and guard them, whose affection remains bright and strong. She left the earth form in Plymouth, Vt.

May the tender watchfulness of an angel mother rest upon and comfort the little one whose feet cannot yet support the little forms entrusted to its angel sister's care.

Yours for truth and right, M. S. TOWNSEND.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY SERVICES IN BOSTON.—Rev. John Pierpont will speak at the Melodeon, Washington street, Boston, on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M. Admission ten cents.

MELROSE.—At No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, A CIRCLE for trance-speaking, &c., will hold every Sunday morning, at 10 1/2 o'clock; also at 3 o'clock, P. M. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Admission 5 cents.

WATERBURY.—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 Wells's Hall, speaking by mediums and others.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

From Dwight's Journal of Music. COTTAGE SONG.

BY JOHN G. ADAMS.

We've a cottage clothed with roses,
Near a wood
Where the singing birds of summer
Snest and brood;
There in early spring the daisies
Glean the sod,
Looking up to heaven above them,
And to God.

There in holy calm we worship
One above,
Through his works that all around us
Speak his love;
Heed we there his will in every
Word and deed,
While his blessings fall upon us
Rich and free.

Beautiful the morning sunlight
Cometh there,
Crowning Nature at her early
Morning prayer;
And at evening, when the twilight
Gleams round,
Still, devoutly at her worship,
Is she found.

We are not alone, for angels
Come and go,
Walking often through our cottage
To and fro;
Promising to guide and guard us
With their love,
Till we go to live among them,
Up above.

Simple life is ours, we follow
Nature's way,
Learning of her truthful lessons
Day by day;
Striving to fulfil our mission,
Doing good;
Living happy in our cottage
Near the wood.

Correspondence.

MRS. FELTON IN RHODE ISLAND.

Messrs. Editors—The friends of Spiritualism in Northampton have, the past month, received much strength in their faith. Prof. Britton gave them four of his most beautiful and highly instructive lectures, which were followed by six lectures through the mediumship of Mrs. Felton—the spirits allowing the audience to choose their own subjects and ask questions, which created much interest.

The clerical brethren became alarmed, convened in holy council, and sent abroad their decision, anointed with divine grace, whereby all who seek for light outside of their synagogues, are by them pronounced infidels—thus, through fear, striving to close the windows of the soul against the light of the rapidly-rising spiritual sun. But, leaving them, and their decree, to do their work, I will give you, as perfectly as possible, a series of tests given through Mrs. Felton to an entire stranger. On Sunday, August 29th, Col. Harwood and Mr. Read came from Whately to hear Mrs. F. lecture. After the afternoon lecture, they were invited to tea. While at the table, Mrs. Felton was controlled by Violet—a little spirit-girl—who communicated to Mr. Read what his spirit friends told her—the following, of which is the substance. Violet says:—"While Blue Bell was lecturing, I saw around you a little girl, and we commenced playing together. She is between four and five years old, and says she has an Aunt Mary. I took her down to see a colt and kitten papa has. She was very much pleased with them, and said she used to have a colt and kitten, when she lived down here. The kitten was black and white, and a stripe ran over the head down the nose. She says she loves her papa, and used to be with you when you were riding nights; and when you used to get tired and put your feet up, she used to soothe your head. She used to like to play with those little red, white and green things you used to keep in the little trunk. She says she was with you when you had that smash-up—one car *bulbed* up higher than the rest.

Here comes a *Pat*. He says he used to dig gravel. He is not very tall, but has square shoulders and deep wrinkles across the forehead. He says something about spilling oil; says you will recognize him by that. Your little girl has got a man by the hand. He is tall and straight, with grey hair, which he used to push back from his forehead. He was a man of strong feelings, but he seldom expressed them, except when some one died or went away. I see him in a large room, with a row of children, teaching them the catechism; the room is longer than it is broad; the fireplace is as large as one half of one side of the room. There is something in it which swings out, and on one side the bricks are worn smooth by sharpening knives. A beam runs through the centre of the room."

These tests were rattled off at the table by Violet, in a manner that convinced Mr. Read that, although among strangers, some power or intelligence was there, which was thoroughly familiar with his past life and associations.

The confirmations given by Mr. Read, which were as follows, were not given till after the facts were told by Violet.

Mr. Read said the horse he had with him was a colt when his little girl died. The kitten described is now a cat, and the description is a perfect one. He said: "I was conductor on a railroad out West, and used to ride nights; the last eighteen miles, used to put my feet up on the seat and try to sleep. The things in the trunk were checks. I have had several smash-ups; have had but one where one car was higher than the rest, and that one run over the brink of a precipice so far that it balanced, and there it did bob up and down. We were obliged to use great caution to keep it from going over. *Pat*, I did not recognize till he spoke of the oil. He was first on a gravel-train, then brakeman on a passenger-train. In lighting the lamps in the car, he once spilled some oil, which ran down on some one. The man described was my father; the characteristics given, were marked points in his character and appearance; he was Orthodox, and had a class of children to whom he taught the catechism in the kitchen—the description of which is perfect as it was thirty years ago."

Many of the above things Mr. Read had forgotten, until incidents were narrated by Violet, which brought them back to his memory. He had never before received any very satisfactory personal tests, but after receiving such, as he said, to use a Western phrase, "heaps" of tests, he could not but believe that his father and little girl had been conversing with him through the spiritual air-line telegraph, which is in full operation between the two worlds.

Violet described to Col. Harwood a spirit—light complexion, blue eyes, and golden hair, who was very fond of singing; her name was Violet. He

recognized her as a sister of that name, who answered perfectly to the description given.

They came to tea, expecting nought but nourishment for the body; they received that higher food which nourishes the soul and bids it turn its wings heavenward, and soar among the dearly beloved who have gone before. Strengthened and buoyed up with their love and care, it returns to perform earth duties with greater love and cheerfulness towards all.

Mediums visiting Northampton, will find a good field for labor. A good test medium is much needed. Mrs. Felton is lecturing in Providence, this month. Any tests, coming under my observation, which I think will interest and benefit the public, I will forward to you.

Yours, in the cause of truth,

W. B. FELTON.

P. S.—Violet is a little Southern girl. She says her father don't believe she comes back, and she wants some father to love, so she calls me "father," and Mrs. Felton "Blue Bell." My father, in Northampton, has a colt and kitten, to which she refers.

W. B. F.

PROVIDENCE, September 6, 1898.

LETTER FROM DR. NEWCOMB.

My DEAR BANNER—In this little town, situated about five miles from Fall River, on the road to Newport, I have been passing a fortnight very pleasantly. Wearied as I was with almost incessant labor in other directions, I could not give myself entirely to leisure, as had been my intention, for the people here are anxiously inquiring for the right and the good, and desiring to know if these things, about which the whole world is in a blaze, be really so. During my stay four lectures have been given, through my organization, upon the general principles of the harmonious philosophy—the ultimate destiny of man—the miracles of the New Testament—and, lastly, the Creation. It was with much reluctance that the people released me even then, as these are the first and only lectures that have been given there on spiritual subjects. The audiences were small at first, but gradually increased to the end—which speaks well for the interest felt in the cause.

The BANNER is taken here by a few persons, and from them it is borrowed and loaned all over the neighborhood; for many have not yet got strong enough to sustain spiritual papers, with the "sinews of commerce," but find them capital things to get hold of and read in a corner. I hardly expected to find one copy of it even, in this rather out-of-the-way place, but like the Harmonious Philosophy itself, it is being manifested everywhere. In addition to lectures I have given free sittings almost every evening, and can but believe the cause has received an impetus which it will long continue to feel.

Tiverton is one of the pleasantest and most romantic spots in all New England, and if there are any localities designed by Nature to give the inhabitants spiritual tendencies, surely this must be one of them. But the people plot on, unmindful of its beauties, just as some people live, all their lives, within seeing distance of some beautiful work of art, or Nature, and never visit it, while others come thousands of miles to look at the same formations, and feel themselves well repaid for their time and trouble. A fine, shore road runs from Fall River to the village, within a few rods of the surf and foam of the ocean, the entire distance, and from the lower side of the town stretches across the stone bridge, connecting the island of Rhode Island (so-called) with the main land, and from thence passes on to Newport. Lofly hills in some places slope gradually up, and in others rise precipitously from the sea, and from their summits may be obtained a most enchanting view of the surrounding country. Over these miniature mountains I have had many an inspiring ramble, and lying down on the ruins of an old rampart created by the Revolutionary heroes and the scene of some hard struggles in the olden time—

"Have drunk the soft, sweet beauty of the scene around,
And held communion with angel-voices there."

I shall be in Boston in a day or two, preparatory to a tour to the Western country. Very truly,
TIVERTON, R. I. A. B. NEWCOMB.

NEW GRAEFENBURG WATER CURE.

HERKIMER COUNTY, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1898.
DEAR BANNER—In a snug little glen among the hills that surround Utica, and about five miles from the city, is situated this delightful home and retreat for the patients, who, worn out by the chafings of business, or cares, or vexations, or dissipation of social or commercial life, can find the conditions, care and nursing, that will restore to normal and healthy action such systems as have recuperative energies, with proper aid and surroundings sufficient to restore them.

This establishment was founded by Dr. R. Holland, about eleven years ago, and was one of the first in the country. Certainly it has one of the pleasantest localities and situations for its object and purposes, that could be selected. The buildings are large, commodious, and very conveniently arranged to accommodate a large number of persons. The water is abundant, and of the purest and best quality. The hills, covered with berries in their respective seasons; the groves of overgreen and summer green shades; the food and treatment, with the magnetic and medicinal aid of Dr. Holland and Dr. William Thomas—all unite to aid the mind of the patient; to restore the body to health and harmony.

Of all the establishments I have yet visited, this combines more advantages, at less cost, than any one, and I can certainly recommend it—both for its advantages, and the kind and gentlemanly treatment of its proprietors—to all our friends who, in sickness or health, need the rest, and treatment, and fare of a well regulated water cure establishment in the country, and is easily accessible by railroad.

WARREN CHASE.

A QUESTION ASKED.

Messrs. Editors—I see in your columns an advertisement, headed, "The Book of Life, opened," in which Mr. H. L. Bowker proposes, by a new method, to delineate the character, and tell the principal events of the life of any one who calls upon him, or sends him either a daguerreotype or specimen of hand-writing. I have given Mr. Bowker some twenty-five or thirty tests of different kinds, and have become convinced, beyond a shadow of doubt, that he can do all that he advertises to do. I might give several of the most remarkable cases which have come under my observation; but my object is not to show what Mr. Bowker can do, but to find out how he does it. He denies the agency of spirits, (though himself a Spiritualist) and professes little faith in phrenology—laying us in the darkness to the *modus operandi* by which he accomplishes such wonderful results. But how does he do it? What is the philosophy? Can this now power be explained?
NARROW, Sept. 13, 1898. G. E. ROCKWOOD.

THE UTICA CONVENTION.

DEAR BANNER—This convention, searching after the cause and cure of evil, opened its session on Friday, Sept. 10, at 10 o'clock, A. M., with about four hundred in attendance, when the objects and inquiries of the convention were stated by A. J. Davis—the author of the call and the leading genius of the whole movement, both in its inception, birth and development—and closed Sunday, Sept. 12, at 10 P. M., with a story told by H. C. Wright—who could tell it better, than any one else—which contained the answer to the great inquiry of "How shall we overcome evil with good?" The story was of a little girl who gave her angry brother a kiss for a blow, and that overcame his anger and brought him to penitence and tears. But I doubt whether this policy would answer for the orthodox God, as it would soon depopulate hell; and might even send the devil back to heaven; yet, it may do in this world, and, for one, I should like to see it extensively tried—and if it works well, we might suggest it to our Christian brethren, and through them to the heavenly world.

The audiences continued to increase till Sunday—and on Sunday, when many laborers were released, it was augmented to near fifteen hundred, some of whom were rather noisy, turbulent, excitable and impatient persons, who seemed to be so much under the exciting stimulants of liquor, tobacco and coffee, as to require more sound and nonsense than philosophy or good sense. But these were not a great (in any sense) portion of the audience, and were mostly from Utica and Rome, and, as we learned, were sent there by the false character, motives, object and teachings of the reformers who went there, and by these falsehoods they made many of the hardest cases in the city believe it their duty to come and drive it out, and thereby protect the morals of the city (not their own, for they had none). But the civil authorities of both country and city were ready in case of need to protect the convention, and prevent the vicious from disturbing the steady, sober-minded and earnest persons who assembled there to compare notes and proclaim thoughts. A little hissing like serpents, and stamping like horses, spitting tobacco, and swearing in whispers, were all the evil we saw in the actions of those assembled to be overcome with good, and I believe a kiss for a blow would have cured even this.

Two or three speakers were offended at the reporters for their mistakes or blunders, but I thought the reporters did as well as could be expected when it was required of them to make the convention appear from their reports, to be what the pulpit and press had declared it would be. This they failed to do, whether they tried or not, and I often feared they would be censured by their employers, and the religious patrons, for not saying more hard words for us, if we did not utter them.

The language and essays of the speakers were, with two or three exceptions—and those on the side of the pulpit and the Bible—of the most chaste, charitable, philosophical, moral and truly religious character, and although no great new truth was brought to light, or general plan of future action agreed upon, yet in the comparison of ideas, the declarations of sentiments, the personal acquaintances and general latitude and longitude of different reformers, gained by the convention were great advantages, and will, in the future, be of great importance.

The business arrangements of the convention were easily and readily dispatched, but not, perhaps, in the very best manner, owing to contracts and promises made before the assembling, for, by these, several persons whose ideas were not "crystallized" into resolutions or essays, had no chance to speak there, because most of the time was taken up in reading the beautiful and philosophical essays which were prepared with great care, and best in the style, and with many of the best and most important principles, to be put in the report, and published in the papers. These might have been—even if not read to the convention (except as speeches often are in Congress) made the basis, and had their influence and full force and value to the country; while many valuable thoughts, which might have been uttered through inspired mediums and extemporaneous speakers, were shut out, and lost to both the audience and the readers of the proceedings, and reports. This was not, however, an intentional mistake, for the whole of the design and proceedings were certainly conducted with the strictest integrity and impartiality, so far as I could discover, although several persons, as is usual in such cases, felt aggrieved at what themselves could not have made better.

The essay and speech of Mr. Davis are fraught with important historical and philosophical truths, beautifully arranged and expressed. The essay of Mrs. Davis was an embodiment in a most graceful style—of some of the greatest and most important acts and principles of the great reforms of our time, and it should be read by everybody. The essay of Mr. Plumb was made up of such truths and comments as every true reformer can accept, and every other person ought to read till he or she can. The essay of Dr. Hallcock was freighted with philosophical truths and logical deductions, such as I am sure to find only a few people can appreciate and understand, for want of rational and intellectual development, and metaphysical reasoning. The essay of Mr. Newton ran in the same channel as his philosophy, so often, so earnestly, and so truthfully set forth in his paper, and was full of moral beauties, based on both true and false premises, as flowers grow on fine, delicate, moss-covered stems, and on thistles and thorny bodies. Mrs. Branch told in her brief essay, or speech, some truths it is painful but important to hear, and pictured some miseries and their causes, with a calmness, earnestness and honesty I should like to see used in our pulpits. No person, however fastidious, could have detected in her speech any defence of that sensual and odious phase of *free love*, that she has been accused of by a merciless pulpit and licentious press. It is almost a sure guaranty of her honesty and virtue, to find every reckless and abandoned scamp in the land use her name with a sneer, or an oath—for Satan is not more divided against himself in our time, than in the days of Jesus. H. C. Wright, Parker Pillsbury, S. S. Foster, Mr. Walker, and several others, talked in good style and strong language, of evil and its remedies; but I cannot stop to comment on them, or the resolutions, as most of your readers will see other and more extensive accounts, if not the originals. Mr. Hitchcock, of Oneida, presided with success and general satisfaction, and most of the visitors and many citizens of Utica were pleased and benefited—so I believe.

WARREN CHASE.

SCIENCE AT FAULT.

The dogmatism or doggedness which professional men oftentimes use to give force to their *deceit*, equally to the wonder and admiration of the *profane vulgar*, who are always disposed to reverence ignorance, when joined to arrogance and self-conceit, is happily set off in the following paragraph in a post-prandial speech delivered by that intelligent, noble-hearted, and unobtrusive gentleman, Captain Hudson, of the steamship Niagara:

"Gentlemen—We talk a great deal here of science. It is to be honored, and I honor it. It adds to the happiness of mankind, and to the improvement of the age in which we live, and is well worthy of all our homage and praise. But we must not stop there. Look at what has been done in the scientific world. In London, previous to our leaving, the savans assembled at a yearly meeting gave to a member who read a paper—the best that had ever been read before them—a gold medal. Do you imagine now what the contents of that paper were? It was a demonstration of the utter impossibility and impracticability of ever laying the telegraph cable down. (Cheers and derisive laughter.) Scientific men are too apt, in their investigations and discoveries, to forget Him who is the great architect of the universe, and claim for themselves what is due to Him. (Applause.) I would take occasion here to say, that while we have simply done our duty, we owe our success in laying this cable—and I wish I could send it trumpet-tongued throughout the universe—to an almighty and overruling power. (Cheers.) We had evidences in and around us while we were at the work, that we had God with us, and I hope we will say on all occasions that 'Unto Him, and not unto us, be all the praise.'"

The Captain's closing words were taken up, in anticipation, by persons near him, and rang through the building as he resumed his seat. Loud and prolonged cheering followed.

I clipped the above from one of the most dignified and high-toned journals in the Union; the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin, in order to suggest to the Solons of Harvard that they have a fine opportunity to add their scientific brethren in London, by making that long expected "Report" upon a certain "Stupendous delusion." The latter savans having awarded a medal to one of their number for demonstrating "the utter impossibility and impracticability of ever laying the cable down," are of course bound to prove scientifically the accuracy of that demonstration, since many deluded persons, on both sides of the Atlantic, are unscientific enough to imagine that such an impossibility has actually been achieved! Does it not require an infinite amount of credulity to convince one's self that such credulity as that is possible? There can be no doubt of the ability of the "Edison" Committee to sustain the *fact* developed by their protracted and thorough investigation of the alleged "spiritual phenomena," viz.: that they are produced partially by mental hallucination, and partially by "jugglery." The sound and unanswerable logic with which the committee will, of course, sustain their position, will doubtless be very valuable to their London brethren, as a means of demonstrating the apparent success of the absurd scheme of establishing instantaneous communication between the old and the new world, is attributable to like hallucination and "jugglery."

Captain Hudson's above quoted remarks were evidently dictated by praiseworthy motives, but I regret that some of them exhibit a degree of *ignorance* and unbecoming an officer in the service of the United States. He says: "I would take occasion here to say, that while we have simply done our duty, we owe our success in laying this cable—and I wish I could send it trumpet-tongued throughout the universe—to an almighty and overruling power." I would ask the worthy Captain whether such a sweeping assumption as this can be *scientifically* proved? If it cannot, I would respectfully inquire whether it is not wholly unworthy of the consideration of those who know everything else, and would have known that also, had it been true? Why, the Captain might have gone a step further, without rendering his ignorance more glaring, and admitted that the Almighty may have established a law, by the aid of which the spirits of the departed are enabled to commune with their brethren still in the mortal form. Such an assumption would not have been more *unscientific* than that which I have criticized. Besides, the speaker on the occasion referred to, should have been otherwise more guarded in his remarks; for example, instead of "our success in laying this cable," he should have said, our apparent, or our alleged success, &c.

I, however, disclaim, most emphatically, any other than the kindest feelings for the noble Captain, and would warmly congratulate him, that in this enlightened age ignorance is not deemed criminal, as it was some centuries since, when one Gallileo was cruelly tortured for promulgating a grossly unscientific—not to say abominable—theory. LOUISIANA.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 14, 1898.

TRUTH CREEPING INTO A UNITARIAN CHURCH.

DEAR BANNER—It is something of a sight to see gathered in a church a congregation to listen to a discourse from one who is known to entertain views directly opposite to those cherished by them. It seems to indicate a spirit of tolerance, which is a rare thing to behold in these times, in the churches generally.

I attended, this morning, the services held in the Unitarian Church, on Second street. The speaker was no less a person than B. Davis, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., an avowed Spiritualist. He announced for his text the first and a part of the second verse of the twelfth chapter of Hebrews: "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." He thought he entertained different views concerning the text from most present; it was plain, to his mind, that the preceding chapter gave a clue to the meaning of the cloud of witnesses. It has long been thought that mankind, in the race before them, only struggled with a devil as a power outside of themselves, but he thought that the experience of the past did not warrant this belief, or the text enforce it. He thought the weight and the sin referred to, were those lusts and sensual appetites which we sought to gratify and nourish. He hoped that all would look unto the bright example of Jesus, in company with that bright throng who were hovering around us. Not only, said he, are Moses, Abraham, Jacob and Isaac, and all the ancient prophets, watching humanity, but there were nearer to us than we were aware our fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters who have entered upon their spirit-life. Let us all heed, then, the truths which this innumerable company are presenting to us—looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

Yours, for the cause of truth,

A. C. ROBINSON.

FALL RIVER, September 12, 1898.

THE FOUNTAIN HOUSE.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

I wish you to give the following communication a place in your columns. It is in reference to the change of ownership and management of the Fountain House. I also wish to let the public know where I stand in reference to all of the great moral reform questions of the day and age—assuming my position without reference to others, or platforms occupied by others.

1st. I am a temperance man, and have been for many years the uncompromising enemy of the liquor traffic in all and every of its varying features; and fully believe that if there is any *dubium* manifested in anything under heaven, it is in the trade and traffic of ardent spirits.

2d. I am a faithful, honest, practical Spiritualist, and an imperfect medium. The Bible is my text book—the truth in all things spiritual, aiming at the greatest amount of happiness in this life, preparatory to entering into spirit-life.

3d. I am the uncompromising enemy of free lusts, as associated with free love; also of crime in all its phases—from the thief that would steal a pin, to him or her who would force into the world an unwelcome child.

4th. And last, for I consider it the least of all these great truths I am, in political matters, a Republican, and the enemy, to the death, of slavery, in any form whatever—from that principle in our Northern homes, which makes wives the chattels of husbands—men or brutes—as the case may be, to that other in our Southern States, which gives the body and soul of a man's sable brother or sister for so many dollars.

With these principles, Messrs. Editors, as a basis for the future, I come before the public as the manager of the Fountain House for the proprietors. Our table shall be furnished with the best that the market affords, and our patrons will always find our rooms, beds, and bedding clean and tidy, our servants attentive, respectable and honest, and your humble servant ever ready to attend to the wants of those who may stop at the Fountain House.

Fraternally yours,

E. V. WINSTON.

SPIRITUALISM STILL LIVES!

DEAR BANNER—Notwithstanding the late tremendous effort of the Rev. E. Barnham to "break its back," "kill it out," "destroy the damnable delusion," and also of a later attempt of Prof. Grimes to show how all mediums are made, and that the whole thing is a perfect piece of deception and imposition upon the public, Spiritualism still lives! Here in Lawrence, and there never was a more earnest inquiry into its great truths than at the present time. Many of the leading minds in the city are becoming deeply interested in its phenomena and teachings. Private circles are held in various parts of the city, at many of which may be found such as I have named "secretly investigating."

Our Sunday meetings are well attended. Yesterday (Sunday) we had the pleasure of listening to three discourses by Dr. E. L. Leonard, Ohio. Our hall was well filled during the day, and in the evening many went away, unable to find seats, or even a comfortable standing place.

Prof. Lyon is a powerful and eloquent speaker, and a sound reasoner, and to back up with ample testimony any and every statement which he makes. We would recommend all spiritual associations to secure his services, at least for one course of lectures. Speaking of Prof. Grimes, I should not neglect to say that the gentleman announced himself to give a series of lectures against spiritualism in this city, a few weeks since. He engaged a hall, circulated papers, etc.; but as his first and only audience consisted of some eight or ten persons, he concluded "it was no go," so he turned off gas, "shut up shop," and the last we saw of him was, in company with one of our prominent Spiritualists, making rapid headway towards the railroad depot. It is due to the Prof. to state, that among his audience were included some six or seven *dubious*.

We understand our prominent Spiritualist is in secret correspondence with the Professor, and has promised to post his bids and engage a hall for him, if he will but return. Whether the Prof. will accede to the proposition or not I can better state in my next. Truly yours,

RAY STATE.

LAWRENCE, MASS., Sept. 20, 1898.

OUR NEW CORRESPONDENT.

Messrs. Editors—I am very glad that you have opened your columns to so valiant a defender of old theology as Professor Snail professes to be. There is one good feature in his writings; he talks right out without evasion or equivocation of any kind. Our ministers, usually cover themselves up with so many *ifs*, and *buts*, and *supposings*, that it is difficult to know what they say, much less what they mean. But your new correspondent is not ashamed of his creed, and has no delicate scruples about saying "hell," "damnation," "eternal burnings," and similar euphonious phrases, with which the clergy of a quarter of a century ago interlarded their discourses, but which the clergy of today, with the same creed as a basis of doctrine and reproof, very adroitly avoid.

I think Professor Snail must belong to the old school theologians most decidedly. He's got the true Puritan pluck and gumption in his style, and we may expect to hear great things from him in the way of his profession.

Spiritualism is rapidly diffusing its genial influences throughout this section of the country; and one after another of the strongholds of bigotry, superstition, and intolerance, falls to rise no more. We have many mediums, in whose presence the most astonishing and convincing proofs of spirit power are given, and, at the same time, the most pleasant tokens of a loving recognition between those who have passed on and those who remain are interchanged. The beautiful words of Gerald Massey can, in view of these events, be repeated with strong emphasis:—

"It is coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter."

Your paper is received here with much favor, and read with great interest and profit. Wishing you that abundant success which your labors so justly deserve, I remain Truly yours, S. T. L.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 3, 1898.

A curious freak of nature has been discovered at Hightstown, N. J., in the shape of a log, containing three different kinds of wood—white oak, maple and hickory—all grown together in the most perfect manner.

