

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. IV.

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NO. 2.

Original Poetry.

GONE.

BY THEODORA.

A young artist, yet unknown to fame, was cheered by the beautiful face of a school girl who passed by his studio daily, and whose name he accidentally learned. At length he missed her, and believing her to have left the searoad, endeavored to preserve the recollection of her features by introducing them into a historical piece. Sometime after, hearing suddenly of her death which had occurred several months before, he composed the following lines:

Oh, can it be!
She, whom I saw each day
Pass smiling by this way,
I never more shall see?

That step, at morn
And noon, so light and fleet,
That tripped adown the street,
Silent and gone!

I scarce can trust
The pictured thoughts that press—
Fair brow and silken tress
Mould'ring to dust!

Oh, is it true—
That when the body dies,
A subtler essence flies
Far up beyond the blue—

Where angels keep
A watch o'er regions blest,
Where the weary rest,
And they that weep?

Which shall exceed
Our brightest dreams, as far
The sun outshines a star—
Can this be true indeed?

Do I believe?
I do. Her gentle soul
Ere this has reached its goal,
God's welcome to receive.

Is she not blest?
Her place is on the right—
Her hair as black as night
Is lit up with a crest—

For lo! a crown,
Upon her brow it glows;
Whiter than unclouded snows
Her robes that flow around.

Brighter than day—
Thou angels by the throne;
No change when years are flown,
And ages rolled away.

Such grant we be!
To all the key is given,
Unlocks the gates of Heaven,
And sets us free.

For the Banner of Light.

Translated from the German, by Cora Wilburn.

ALAMONTADE.

BY ZSCHOKKE.

CHAPTER IX.

It was Palm-Sunday of the year 1703. The Marshal, who had recently returned from Montpellier, had invited me to a festive banquet at the palace. I did not feel well, but I resolved upon going.

"To-morrow I demand my discharge," said I smilingly to Clementina, that morning; "let your mother say what she will; to-morrow I demand it! And then, Clementina?"

"And then?" she repeated.

"No more delay, but our union before the altar! We can now be joyful without a violation of decorum, for you have to-day laid aside your mourning. In eight days, therefore, you will be my wife."

"And then," I continued, "away from here! away from this gloomy Nismes, to our new country-seat near Montpellier. Spring is approaching with its beauty and freedom; we must live amid the freedom of nature."

So it was determined, and sealed with a kiss.

Some one summoned me away. I went into the other room, and found my uncle Etienne, who had demanded to see me alone.

"Colas," said he, "to-day is Palm-Sunday, you must come with me."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed; "I am invited to dinner at the Marshal's."

"And I," he said solemnly, "I invite you to the Lord's supper! The great ones of the earth will not sit at table with us, but we shall be assembled in Jesus's name, and he will be in our midst. All of us, numbering a few hundreds, with wives and children, will assemble for prayers at my mill, near the gate of the Carmelites."

I drew back in alarm.

"What imprudence!" I cried. "Do you know that the Marshal is in Nismes?"

"We know it, and the Almighty God is there, also!"

"Are you then determined to invoke destruction and imprisonment? All meetings of that sort are strictly prohibited by law; death threatens you!"

"What law? the law of a mortal king? Thou shalt obey God more than man!"

My uncle replied to all my objections with quotations from Scripture. I could not convince him of the danger he incurred; when I portrayed to him the risk attending such meetings, and the consequences that might follow, I only kindled anew his religious zeal.

"When Jesus was betrayed," he cried eagerly—"when the betrayer stood beside him, and he knew they were preparing to take him—surrounded by the terrors of certain death, oh Colas, he instituted the holy sacrament! And we, who desire to be his disciples, shall we tremble? No, never! not if all outwre were armed, we would not fear!"

It was impossible to dissuade him from his pur-

pose. He called me an apostate, a hypocrite, and a Papist, and left me in anger.

I returned to Clementina; she had caught a glimpse of my uncle's face, clouded with vexation. She inquired the cause, but I ventured not to tell her. Her innocent caresses gradually dispelled my fear and disquiet; she told me of her mother's consent to all my wishes, and I felt all my cheerfulness return. We spoke of the happy future, retired from the bustle, the conflicts of the great world; surrounded by the blooming charms of nature, by the side of my young wife, I would live for love, and friendship, for goodness and knowledge. How happy we both were in those fleeting moments!

"Oh, Clementina," I said, "it needs no thrones to make others happy; the will only is needed. We can be great, even in a seemingly contracted sphere of usefulness; we will visit together the abodes of poverty. I will again defend accused innocence, and a kiss will reward me, when I have done good. Our books will yield us an inexhaustible fund of wealth; our harps will give forth the melodies of two living souls, by our own hearth, in the pleasant twilight hour. We will feed the hungry at our table, and console the afflicted who come to us for relief. Indeed, Clementina, we shall not long for the cold glitter of these palaces!"

Dreaming blissfully of the future, tenderly pressing her to my loving heart, what foreshadowings of earth's highest blessings filled our souls with thankfulness too deep for utterance!

My servant entered hastily, white with terror, and breathless.

"What ails you?" I inquired.

"Sir!" he faltered out, "the Huguenots are outside—by the gate of the Carmelites—in Monsieur Etienne's mill—at forbidden prayers."

I was greatly alarmed; they had been betrayed.

"What more?" I cried.

"The mill is surrounded by dragoons. All inside are prisoners. Only think, sir, the lord Marshal de Montreuil is there in person. The preacher and several others of the heretics tried to save themselves through the window; the Marshal gave a sign, and the dragoons gave fire."

"They fired?" I cried; "was any one killed?"

"Four of them are lying dead on the spot!" replied the man.

Without waiting to question him further, I seized my hat and cane. Clementina wept and trembled; she entreated me not to leave her; she turned deathly pale, and clung to me in speechless terror.

Madame de Sonnes entered at this moment. I told her of the fearful occurrence, and of my resolution to hasten to the scene, and endeavor to induce the Marshal to be lenient and forgiving. She praised my resolve, and entreated me not to lose time; she spoke soothing and encouraging words to her daughter.

I went; at the door I turned to look once more at Clementina; pale and trembling, she was resting her hand upon her mother's bosom; I returned to press a kiss upon her lips, and then I hastened to the scene of action.

I came to the gate, and with difficulty made my way through the vast multitude that, with burning curiosity, fear, expectation and fanatical zeal, swayed to and fro, like the waves of a stormy sea.

With shuddering fear I looked upon the numerous dragoons, who, with glittering weapons, had surrounded the mill of my beloved uncle with a triple circle. Towering above all, on horseback, and attended by several noble and influential persons, I saw the Marshal de Montreuil; he appeared serious, gloomy and thoughtful.

"Most gracious sir!" I cried, as soon as I approached him.

He turned his head, saw me, and pointed to the mill, without relaxing a feature.

"The wretches! now they are discovered!" he said.

"What is your intention, gracious sir?" I meekly interrogated.

"That is what I have been thinking over, for a quarter of an hour," he replied, in the same manner.

"Oh, merciful sir!" I cried, "it is true these mistaken creatures have acted against the law; but, indeed, they are rather objects of your contempt, than of your anger. Be generous, gracious sir! and the erring ones will fall in repentance at your feet, and never again—"

"What!" interrupted the Marshal; "these people are inconvertible; they are rebels—furious, fool-hardy rebels! Shall I allow the accursed weeds to flourish until they serve us to another Michelade?"

"No, your excellency!" I said, and I seized his hand imploringly. "You are all too just to punish these unfortunates for a deed of cruelty that was committed nearly a century ago."

"It is time to give a severe example!" said the Marshal, who had hitherto remained undecided as to the course he would pursue. He drew his hand away from mine, and rode some paces forward, without taking any further notice of me; and cried with a loud, commanding voice: "Set fire to the mill!"

Half-bereft of sense, I staggered after him; I seized the bridle of his horse and cried: "For God's sake! mercy! mercy!"

"Out of the way there!" he shouted with a terrific look, and he swung his cane as if to strike me; I let the reins go, and fell upon my knees before this loyal-hearted demon, and cried "Mercy!" still, "mercy!"

I heard the rustling and crackling of the flames, and saw the thick clouds of smoke winding over the

roof of the mill; I heard the anguished cry of the imprisoned. Again I arose from the ground, and clung to the Marshal's knees; God alone knows all I said, all I prayed for, in my extreme terror; but he heard me not—he had no human sympathy—the pious tiger only gazed upon the burning mill.

My voice was soon lost amid the wild tumult around; beneath the death-cries of the doomed, the thunders of musketry; if any one attempted to escape the flames they were shot down by the dragoons.

I collected myself and rushed to the mill; at that moment a young girl threw herself out of a window; I caught her in my arms; it was Antonia, my uncle's youngest daughter. "You are saved, Antonia!" I said, and I bore the fair girl through smoke and musket shots, and came, I know not how, before the Marshal.

"The dog!" he thundered; "I always thought he was one of them!" I knew not that he alluded to me.

"Down with them!" he cried again; and two dragoons tore the fainting Antonia from my arms, and as she lay upon the ground, they shot the innocent creature at my feet!

"That is right so! a fitting reward for the blasphemous heretics!" quite coldly said the voice of de Montreuil behind me. "Oh, thou abominable monster! how will you answer for this deed before your and my king—before thy and my God?" I shrieked, having lost all thought of self, of fear, or danger.

He spurred his horse toward me, struck me with his cane over the head, and rode me down. I believed, in my confusion, that he had given orders to destroy me. I raised myself again, snatched a musket from a dragoon beside me, and prepared to defend my life. No one ventured to touch me, although the Marshal called out several times: "Take him! take him prisoner!"

As I gazed fearfully around, I beheld—oh, horrible sight—upon Antonia's corpse, prostrate and bleeding, the body of my beloved uncle; I recognized him only by his stature and his dress; he raised himself for a moment, uttered a piercing cry, and throwing his arms toward heaven, fell beneath the shots of the brutal enemy, beside his beloved murdered child.

I endeavored to speak to the Marshal; but my tongue was paralyzed! I raised my eyes and my arm with the weapon to the beaming skies; and then I felt a heavy blow, and I sank to the ground in utter unconsciousness.

Until then I had retained my faith in humanity; until then I had blindly believed and trusted. Living upon the master-works of the greatest spirits of our time, I had lulled myself in happy illusions. I believed humanity to be more humane—that it had outgrown a savage barbarism. I was the subject of the much-praised, highly-famed monarch. France called the reign of Louis the Fourteenth its golden age! Alas, and Montreuil was the viceroy of Louis, and the Palm-Sunday of the year 1703 was a day of that golden era! About two hundred human beings were burnt alive that day, or shot most wantonly; even the babe upon the mother's breast escaped not! And all the property of the murdered was confiscated—and Montreuil's cruelty rewarded with laurels from the royal hand!

When I regained my full consciousness, so that I could clearly behold the objects surrounding me, I found myself in a strange place, in strange hands, and my wounded head was bandaged. Now and then, arousing from insensibility, I had vaguely felt that some one was occupied in dressing my wounds. I had indistinctly felt pain; but the sense of feeling soon fled. I fell back into darkness—into a deep lethargy of sleep.

"Thou hast, upon my soul, a tough life, thou hast!" these were the first words I again heard. An old, dirty fellow stood before me, and offered me medicine. I saw not Clementina. I was in a narrow chamber, lying upon a hard, coarse bed.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"With me, of course!" replied the old man. "I now remembered the past, unfortunate events, to which I probably owed my sojourn in the uncongenial hut."

"Am I then a prisoner?"

"Of course, and that rightly so," replied my keeper.

"Does Madame de Sonnes know of it? Has she not sent here? Can I not speak to her?"

"Dye know the people here? Where does she live?"

"In the Martin street, in the house Alberts."

"Thou art a fool, thou! In all Marseilles there is no Martin street. Thou hast fever yet, I do believe; I tell thee thou art in Marseilles."

"In Marseilles? How—I am in Marseilles? Am I away from Nismes? Since when am I here?"

"It may be about three weeks, thou poor devil! Until last night, thou hast lain and raved in a burning fever. Must have a tough constitution. We thought to bury thee to-day."

"What am I to do here in Marseilles?"

"When thou art well enough, thou wilt put on the blouse. Know what I mean?"

"The galley-uniform? How is that? Tell me—am I then—I will—I cannot believe it—hast thou condemned me?"

"Of course! as they say, for twenty-nine years to the galley oars."

The fellow told the dreadful truth. As soon as I was sufficiently restored to health, they read to me the fearful sentence. I was condemned to the punishment of the galleys, for twenty-nine years, for uttered threats against, and murderous assault upon, the

life of the Marshal de Montreuil; also, I was convicted of being a secret Protestant—of using the influence of my office for the benefit of the heretics, for whose sake I had often baffled justice.

I sighed; but with the pride of innocence, I put on the garb of degradation. My tears flowed not for myself—they were shed for Clementina's fate. I endeavored to send her a few lines; with a borrowed pencil, upon a half-torn sheet of paper, I wrote her my farewell. Alas! I was too poor to bribe my keeper; he took my letter, read it, and laughingly tore it up, saying: "This is not the post office for love-letters."

They put chains upon me, and conducted me, with other unfortunate companions, to the harbor, and on board the destined galley. It was a beautiful evening; the city unfolded its splendor in the beams of the setting sun. From the dark green of the hillsides, that environed the bustling harbor, teeming with ships of all nations, glistened in snowy whiteness the innumerable farm-houses; and between the almond and olive trees floated, with all the colors of the rainbow, the thousand silken pennons. Through the mouth of the harbor, the eye lost itself over the limitless surface of the ocean.

The beauty of this scene dazzled me, and filled my heart with the deepest anguish. The shores of my fatherland spread all their glory before me, that I might feel all the deeper the greatness of my loss. All around me breathed of joy; I alone was joyless forever, and I saw the term of my misery only on the borders of the grave.

I passed a sleepless night; at early dawn the galley left the harbor. When the sun rose above the glowing waves, Marseilles had disappeared from before me. I was chained to a seat, to a bench, on which sat five other slaves.

What a fate! separated forever from all my friends—forever from the companions of my youth! Oh! Clementina, Clementina! forever from thee! From the lap of wealth, hurled to the galley seat! Forgotten by all happy ones, dishonored, among criminals, who address me familiarly as one of themselves, with the hallowed *thou* of friendship and of love! In place of Clementina's angel speech, the curses and profane conversations of miserable thieves, murderers, smugglers and highwaymen. Without books—without information of the progress of science—my spirit left to itself without hope; the terrible rattling of my chains for the enchantments of music, the soft touch of my beloved one's fingers on the harp! No, death is not as bitter as this horrid change!

"I will bear it!" said I then to myself. "There is a God, and my spirit is from him! I have not lost myself; I remain true to virtue, and bear with me over the sea, although mistaken by the world, the respect of all pure, true souls—the consciousness the pure soul cherishes. I have only been compelled to forsake what never belonged to me, and what I suffer is only the pain of a body hitherto unused to renunciation and adversity."

So, after many days, my spirit gained the victory. So have I lost the better half of my life in solitude and joylessness—I have grown old in misfortune. I have never heard from those who once loved me. I had no feelings of pleasure, except, when in an hour of leisure, I paused my thoughts on these stray pages, and gazed back with tears upon the long-vanished paradise of my youth. Often, to the monotonous dip of the oars, rose the pictures of the beautiful past, vividly distinct before me; then it appeared as if Clementina floated above the waves, and smiled encouragement, as a consoling angel would; and I gazed with tearful eyes upon the beloved shade, and felt all the wounds opening afresh; still I despaired not, and rowed unceasingly on.

I should sometimes have deemed all the happiness of my youth a dream, were it not for the sad farewell letter of Madame de Sonnes, which a strange chance had preserved for me. I guarded it with reverence; it was the last, holy memento of all I had once possessed. I read it often; on distant seas, and on the glowing strands of Africa; and I invariably gathered a nameless consolation from its perusal, and I rowed fearlessly on toward the aim of my life.

Twenty-nine years have thus passed—what are they?

Death, my oft invoked, long looked for friend, comes to deliver me. You, dear friend, have shown so much mercy and sympathy towards me, you have warmed and illumined with joy my last hours! Our spirits are congenial; perhaps they will meet and blend again."

Here the Abbe Dillon laid down the manuscript. "This was Alamontade's history," said he. "The history of his long captivity, I know only from the pages that he wrote at different times in solitude; these pages, rolled up in a bag, a tin spoon and a knife, were all he possessed. I heard from Captain Delaubin, who had long commanded the galley, that Alamontade had won the esteem, even the reverence, of all his fellow slaves. He was their arbitrator in all disputes, and they yielded to his decision. The officers of the vessel all thought well of him; they allowed him more freedom, and often a better supply of food than was granted to the rest. He seldom made use of their clemency; the food he always divided with his companions. When rebuked for this, he invariably replied—

"There must be no preference among us; every favor shown to me exclusively, augments the pain of the others."

The priest tried long and vainly to convert him, but he remained obstinately wedded to his heresies,

and that was his only fault. He seldom smiled, yet was he seldom sorrowful. He was without fear of death. In the wildest sea storms he rowed calmly, on, as in the fairest weather; and when in battle the balls rained around him, and the danger was greatest, he never, even stooped. Some thought he was crazy—others, that he was bullet-proof. It was universally believed that he came of a good family, for he betrayed this by his knowledge and choice of language—by the order and cleanliness apparent even in his coarse garb. When his arm was shot off, in the last skirmish with the Corsairs, he said: "Why not a few inches higher?" and he never heaved a sigh nor showed sign of pain when the arm was amputated.

When he was carried from the galley to the hospital, all the prisoners bewailed his loss; some of the rough fellows cried like children.

"That is all," continued Dillon, "that Captain Delaubin told me, concerning our Alamontade. Everywhere he was the same great, virtuous, manly sufferer, who with self-reliance spirit, with looked fixed upon God, walked calmly amid the heavy storms of life. So he always appears in the pages penned by his hand, where a charming mixture of penetration, pathos, sublimity and imagination, irresistibly attracts and elevates the reader. I will read them all to you some future day."

We were silent—our souls were all too busy with the misfortunes of the noble martyr.

"Unheard of cruelty!" cried Roderic, vehemently, "to condemn such a man unheard, undefended, to the galleys? The history of civilized nations cannot bring many such examples!"

"Alas, only too many!" replied the Abbe Dillon. "Who knows not that martyr of filial love—the good Faber de Ganges—who offered himself to the Governor of Montpellier, in place of his aged father who was sentenced to the galleys? Was the offer accepted? It was; and Faber lived the life of a galley slave, until his beautiful sacrifice became known in Paris, and compassionate souls obtained his freedom. Does not Faber yet live in poverty in his secluded hamlet? While he is applauded as hero in the operette on the boards of the Paris theatres? Alamontade was right—live in barbarous times—virtue is only admired upon the stage, in the popular romances—in real life it is scorned, unacknowledged, misconstrued."

"But, dearest Abbe," said I, "you must tell us one thing more. Did Clementina de Sonnes come to Marseilles? How happy must our Alamontade have felt at meeting with this loved one, after such a long, dreary parting?"

"When I informed him," said Dillon, "that Clementina had no sooner heard that he was living and in Marseilles, than she resolved upon seeing him, and would undertake the journey for that purpose, he was deeply agitated. He remained silent long. 'She has not forgotten me,' he cried, with much emotion. 'Now I only desire that I may live until I have seen her once more. Oh, Clementina! perhaps, the Great Ruler of the universe will care for our noble feelings—we know so little of the nature of immortality! And as we observe in the earthly that the related particles ever attract one another, so perhaps, will congenial spirits find each other—then, Clementina, I have not forsaken thee forever—then will my spirit fraternally embrace thee in distant spheres. The imperishable love will lead the imperishable spirit throughout eternity—and God dwells in that joyful eternity!'"

The meeting with his beloved Clementina appeared to the pious sufferer the most beautiful preparation for his past sorrows and trials. He hoped, longingly, for her arrival—he, who with so much virtue had known so little of joy, was not to have this last blessedness awarded to him!

He died. I was sent for early in the morning. When I entered the room, his spirit had departed. Over his pale face lingered a gentle smile; he appeared to have fallen asleep with the thought of Clementina, and to have thus passed to a better life. I threw myself upon my knees at the foot of the bed, and wept with a hopeless sorrow, as we weep for a beloved father.

The day after his interment, Clementina arrived. She was very ill, and accompanied in her carriage by a physician. I was called to her; she was weak and wasted, but bore unmistakable traces of a holy, wondrous beauty.

When she heard of the death of the beloved slave, she raised her eyes, silently, with a longing look to heaven. I showed her Alamontade's portrait; she kissed it, and ordered a copy to be taken for her. I gave her, too, his knife, and his tin spoon, from which she thenceforth took her medicine, and her small portion of food. She spoke very seldom, yet she appeared cheerful—it pleased her to hear me speak of him. Her eyes turned incessantly to his picture; till the film of death overspread them. Complying with her express command she was buried by the side of her friend, to whom she had been true, and whom, deceived by false reports, she had long mourned for as departed.

Now, nearly fifty years have passed, since all this occurred; but Alamontade's memory ever remains holy and fresh to me.

Let us, my loved ones, let us live like him! Let us acknowledge the self-reliance of our spirits—its freedom from the power of the earthly and the evanescent, as its lofty destiny—and in the hour of temptation rescue its wavering majesty with the glance upon eternally, with the thought—*Be pure as God is!*"

In the year 1787,

The opera is called The Honest Criminal.

Written for the Banner of Light.
AN IMPROMPTU.

BY STELLA M. MARTIN.

Oh, the agonizing aching
Of the heart when it is breaking!
The burden there,
Ever harder, ever pressing,
With a weight far more oppressing,
And a sorrow more distressing,
Than heart can bear.

Oh, that weight the spirit craves!
Oh, those thoughts and feelings rushing
Through the brain—
Waking there a helpless madness,
Carrying there their own dark sadness,
Chasing out the light and gladness
With the pain.

Oh, that heart to joy awaking
From its helpless, weary slumber,
Till the shades of death draw near,
Making spirit vision clearer—
And to heaven than earth far dearer
O'er the door!

WOODRIDGE.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY MARY.

BY L. M. T.

This is a beautiful day, and, to my mind, there is no better place to come to, to enjoy a beautiful day, than this little K— Island, with its one solitary house, its clumps of thick, willow trees, and this smooth, soft lawn, stretching close down to the edge of the creek at the rear of the house. How I love to lie here on the grass in the shade, and with closed eyes, listen to the dashing of the open ocean, as it rolls on the white beach yonder, and beats, and foams, and whirls round the east side of the bluff. It is altogether a sweet, wild, lonesome spot, and it is the sweet, wild, lonesome memories which cluster around K— Island, that for so many summers have drawn me hither. I said there was only one house—there is only one large house—a farm-house, with a fabulous number of jets and gables, and queer alleys and archways; with little diamond windows that hide under the overhanging brown roof, and latticed doors which stand open all day long, giving you a glimpse of snow-white floors on a level with the smooth, flat, daisies, fringed with green grass, and planked on either side by bunches of pansies and mignonette, pinks, camomile and sweet clover; while just in front stands a crimson hollyhock, in his best suit, looking very smart, and very stiff and uncomfortable, like a country beau, walking out with his pretty city cousins.

Just beyond that group of thick willows, which hide the turn of the creek there, is a small cottage, surrounded by a low railing and a sort of shrubbery, or what once was such, but is now little more than a few stunted cherry-trees and beach plum bushes, and a struggling wild vine that has slumbered over the waste of the backside of the cottage, and hangs in festoons from the edge of the roof, and is now gorgeous with its deep scarlet flowers.

I remember Arthur's cottage, in years gone, as the nearest little paradise in the world—in my eyes. There were garden-beds all neatly tended, and the vine was not left to clamber over doors and windows as now, but gently ornamented and shaded the house, and crept on a trellis from it to the well, covering the arch, and making the well like a summer-house; the trellis is broken now, the arch is torn down, and the vine trails along the ground.

In the summer of 1839 it was, that I sat in my box of an office in the city of S—, thinking of the years that had fled on, and on, and yet had not left their mark in gold on my fortune; true, I had graduated with highest honors, and had commenced the practice of medicine in S—, under flattering circumstances. I had had enough of hard practice—enough of sleepless nights, and tired days; but here I found myself an old bachelor, and only a few hundred saved for a wet day; I owned my office, and the parlors and sleeping rooms back of it, but my neighbor, Dr. Fuller, owned a splendid brick house in Essex street, and a beautiful wife and four children into the bargain; and he two years younger than I!

I grew solitary—a something made me sick of the sight of the city streets—a something seemed calling me away from there was worse space, freer breathing room, and I determined to shut up my office and be off. I had heard my housekeeper tell of K— Island, and what nice butter and fresh eggs she got for my table, of the K— Island market-man, and I made up my mind that I would go to that island of golden butter—perhaps marry the farmer's daughter, and bring round my boat-load of butter and eggs and squashes, and hawk them about the streets of S—. At any rate I would go; so I told my faithful Mrs. Jenkins to see the island farmer next time he came, and send him into the office.

In a few days my arrangements were made, my office shut up, with the sign on it, "Away on account of ill-health," and I was seated in farmer Philbrick's boat, speeding to that much-longed-for shore.

For awhile, after my arrival, I gave myself up to the delicious feeling of solitude and rest; not caring to go much beyond the little parlor assigned me by dame Philbrick; contenting myself with watching, the tide come and go, and the mowers that were making hay on the piece of meadow-land at the head of the creek. Finally I began to wonder if there were others on the island beside the inmates of the farm-house; and where the colored girl came from, or went to, whom I saw every morning in the kitchen; and at last I asked dame Philbrick if there was no other house on the island but ours.

"Why, yes, sir; there is Col. Arthur's house, round the turn of the creek; have you seen it? That is their servant who comes here every day, after milk."

I stayed to hear no more, but soon found myself discussing in my mind the relative becomingness of various vests and cravats; but never mind all that—I was a man who, albeit wanted to look well, but yet prided myself on higher claims to respect than the out of a vest, or the tie of a cravat.

That afternoon I took a long walk on the seashore, and, returning by the bluff, spent some hours in collecting curious shells and rocks washed ashore there, and making a crayon sketch of the farm-house and the willows, and was altogether so busy that I found myself still there at sunset, and I resolved to return by Arthur's cottage, and, if possible, observe what sort of people its inmates were.

How very calmly we walk, days after days, by the side of our destiny, and never know it—how near we approach our joys, and turn aside without recognizing them—how unconcernedly we touch the brink

of the grave of our happiness, and shed no tear. I came by the cottage in the early dusk, and though I heard the tinkle of a guitar, intermingled with the pleasant sound of conversation, yet I suddenly lost the wish to enter the house, or know more of its inmates than I knew already—viz., that this house was built by the rich Col. Arthur, and that he spent some weeks here every summer. I passed on without knowing that that place held the ashes of my heart—that every coil of that wild element would hereafter hold in its grasp some sad memory of the sweet long ago.

The C— river empties into the ocean on the right of the high bluff, at the extremity of K— Island; and, as the tide runs up river for six or seven miles, when it flows back, it goes with terrible force as it nears the bluff; and when there is a storm, and the wind sets strongly from the east, the waves of the open ocean meeting the strong current from the river, whirl and dash against the bluff, sending the white spray high in the air; and though farmer Philbrick assured me that it was perfectly safe navigation for sail-boats from K— Island round to S—, yet I always felt fearful when I saw Col. Arthur's man take his boat off in that direction, for I felt that he was not enough of a boatman to come in from S— safely, when the tide was flowing down river.

It was one sultry afternoon, the last of July; I was stretched at my ease on the grass under the trees, with a newspaper over my face; and I lay half asleep, listening to the cheery conversation of Mrs. Philbrick and her daughter, as she chattered in the porch, while the farmer sat on a bench near by, repairing some of his farming utensils. The great Newfoundland dog, Commodore, had stretched his shaggy length by my side, and, had, in the spirit of imitation, insinuated his nose under the newspaper. Suddenly a quick, gentlemanlike tone brought my eyes open, and I sprang up, and was introduced to Col. Arthur; he had an anxious expression of face, and made known his errand at once.

"Capt. Philbrick, Markham has taken Mary and her maid up to S— in the boat this afternoon. There is a heavy black cloud yonder, and we shall get some wind. Do you believe he can come in, especially as the tide is running but now?"

Capt. Philbrick looked anxiously at the cloud, and answered—

"Maybe he won't try to get round to-night, but if he's coming, it'd be well for him to come quick. Go, Jim," added he to his hired man, "get the glass, and run top of the bluff, and see if you can make out any sail-boat toards S— light."

I had joined in the conversation, and was watching the heavy mass of cloud with a fearful presentiment, when I thought of that fair and happy girl out on the ugly waves in a frail boat; and, without staying to talk further, I entered the house, attired myself in my oil coat, and ran down to the foot of the bluff.

The cloud was momentarily growing blacker and blacker, and when I reached the shore a long low growl of wind came round from the south-east, which threatened a sudden and furious gale. The sun was now obscured, and night seemed coming rapidly on, and I paced up and down in deep and terrified thought; I remember reproaching myself for manifesting so little interest in Col. Arthur's family—as if that could have made the case any better now—and I thought how many times I had passed coldly along, at nightfall, within the sound of her guitar, and her sweet, pleasant voice, and made no effort to secure the acquaintance and friendship of one whom all the people of the island loved for her sweet manners and kind heart. I remembered it all with a keen pang, and, as I turned to look at the pale face of her father, (for by this time he, with all the people of the farm-house, were collected on the shore,) I fully resolved that if it needed a life to save one so young and beloved from the hungry waves, she should have mine freely.

It was growing rapidly dark, and the wind was blowing fearfully, now coming in long, angry puffs, and then dying away, and leaving to our ears the sound of the sullen splashing of the waves as they rushed against the current of the river; I stood near Col. Arthur, and it seemed as if we could hear the beating of each other's hearts in the hush of the wind, so rigidly still were we.

All at once Jim shouted from the bluff, that he saw a small sail, and it must be Markham, as they were trying hard to come in shore. At this, all but Col. Arthur and I ran to the top of the bluff; a fire was speedily kindled, and Jim and Capt. Philbrick ran back towards the life-boat house, and in the space of fifteen minutes they had got the boat into the stream, and were coming to where we stood.

Captain Philbrick leaped ashore as the boat grounded, and grasping Col. Arthur's hand, said in a husky voice:

"If you craft is your'n it'll never get in, with that lubber to manage her, and I've brought round the life-boat, so that when she dashes round Cliff's Point yonder, we'll put out, and under God I hope we may get 'em safe ashore."

I shall never lose the memory of the next two hours. The night came on in a pitchy darkness; the tide was now fully out, and our only hope was, that the fierce wind might blow them ashore.

We still kept up the blaze of the fire, that they might see us, and feel that we were trying to save them. A fierce flash of lightning' how lit up the heavens, and revealed the boat, with the sail down, in the surf, right off those black rocks! Oh, God! the anguish of those few moments. We hurried out on the rocks, the surf beating over us every moment, and shouted to Markham to keep her head to the shore, and we would save them.

A moment more, and a wild scream rose above the din of the breakers, and another flash showed the little boat, borne on a mad wave, coming on to the rocks, and then all was darkness again. It was the work of an instant to strip myself to the waist, and throw myself forward in the surf, to catch any one of them who might be left on the rocks; and my heart turned sick, physician as I was, and used to all manner of suffering, as I thought it might be only the mangled form of his daughter that I could restore to Col. Arthur. A glare from the fire showed me something white among the rocks, and I knew that if I did not reach it before the next breaker came, that my chance was good for nothing. Out on the rocks, the surf beating over us every moment, and stunned by the howl of the wind! I forced my way. The voice of Col. Arthur reached me.

"Here are Jane and Markham, but oh, God! where is Mary?"

Two or three leaps more—a frantic cry to heaven for strength; and I had the poor little drooping form of Mary Arthur in my arms! Clasp her right in my left arm, I groped my way with my right hand,

and though I know that she was totally insensible, yet I could feel the beating of her heart; and in the fierce storm, with the hungry sea raging behind me, came the consciousness that my arms held my destiny.

I cannot describe the joy of her father, nor the haste we made to convey her home to the cottage; but it was many hours before we could fully restore her to consciousness, and many days before the exhaustion and terror left her. The only injury she sustained was a slight fracture of her arm, above the elbow; and how I thanked God that my profession gave me the sole right of watching over her—of bathing and taking care of that beautiful white arm. Was she not my Mary? Had not the covetous sea given her up to me, in the midst of wind and lightning?

How can I describe Mary Arthur? how convey an idea of the charm of her sweet presence, which smile and breathes around me even now, after her bright golden curls are dust! Gleeful, smiling, joyous—yet sober and thoughtful Mary Arthur; my pen lingers over the name, and my heart wanders back to that summer by the seaside. This is summer—this is K— Island; the breakers keep up their steady beat, beat, out there on the beach, as they did then; the willows are softly green and shady; the waters of the creek still lap the green grass at my feet, and all around K— Island is unchanged; but in my heart is no more any summer airs—no more any joy in the sunny sea or the purple headland.

I was constantly at the cottage; I could not live a day without the magnetism of her joyful nature, and her sweet, childish ways. There seemed none of that shy disguise about her which I have observed in all other girls; she said or did nothing, which she would not say or do in the presence of her father; and the idea that she was unmanly to tell the "dear old doctor" that she loved him dearly, never entered her bright head.

She was always full of some great wonderment, and it was not complete until I had been let into the mystery of it, and then she would search my countenance with her great miraculous brown eyes, to satisfy herself that I was as much impressed by its magnitude as she was.

"Oh! dear marvelous old physician," cried she one day, as she ran to meet me with a little covered basket in her hand; "you will never guess what pretty things I have got here," and she hurried me into the cottage, and undid the basket with great care.

"What is it, my charmer?" said I, with an affectation of eagerness.

"Bank swallows!" said she impressively. "And you'd have laughed till you died, if you could have seen how hard Jen tried to clamber up under the bluff, to get at the nests. She would dig her hands into the sand, and toil up about six feet, and then tumble again ingloriously, and then up and at it again. Oh, dear! I expected to burst a number of blood vessels, and have to send in a hurry for the best and most skillful, and handsomest old Dr. Marvel in the world, to come and join them again."

I sat smiling at her prattle, my whole soul delighted by her beauty and innocence, while she displayed her treasures—three little bank swallows, with bright golden-brown breast, snugly nestled in a soft cotton nest in the basket. These are little things to remember or to tell, but they make a sweet, soft foreground at the background of my dark life.

"Is your arm well, Mary?"

"Yes; see, there is only a scar where the rock cut me," said she, as she uncovered her arm.

"You will always keep that scar, Mary; you will have that to remember K— Island by," said I.

"Yes," said she, while tears dimmed in her eyes. "But I have my life to remember the blessed tall giant of a Doctor by. Oh!" and she shuddered and turned pale—"when it began to lighten, and Markham said he could not control the boat, how I prayed that my poor father might be comforted under my loss; and when that wave threw me among the rocks, I thought I was going, and as I lost myself I saw my mother leaning over me, all dressed in white, and I thought I was in Heaven with her!"

"Do you know that I am leaving the island next week, Mary?"

"No, indeed; why do you go before us? we might all leave together, and it would be so nice; and besides, I don't dare go round Cliff's Point again unless you are with me," answered Mary.

How hard it was to keep from pouring the story of my love into her ear, as I sat there so close to her—her white arm resting on my knee, her long curls bowing over my arm, and the glorious light of her eyes flooding my soul; but I did not. A thought of the little office in S—, and the narrow parlors behind it, and the constant toil of my profession, rose up in contrast to Col. Arthur's princely wealth; his aristocratic soul, and his splendid mansion in Hollywood street, kept back the words I would utter. Mary saw my downcast looks, and quickly inquired the cause.

"What is it, dear Doctor John? You are pale as ashes; do not you want to leave the island, and go back to life again?"

"That is not it, Mary; this is life; when I leave here, I go back to care and trouble again, and you go to admiration and gaiety."

"But you will come to Hollywood street, certainly, and see us; you must come; I'll use this scar as a charm to bring you," said she, pointing to her arm.

From gay to grave, our conversation had turned as we sat, and as the night deepened I could not resist drawing that little form close to my side, as we talked. I had not rested once on my bosom, when clouds and terror were all around, and did not the spirit of her mother give her to me in that hour? She was my Mary, and yet I dared not claim her, nor tell her I loved her.

I left her, and went to take my leave of her father—for I had decided to leave in the morning. I found him on the shore near the bluff. We sat together on a log of drift wood, and I talked of the pleasure I had had in his and his daughter's society. He expressed his great gratitude for my services in rescuing his daughter from death, and concluded with an invitation to Hollywood street, on the return of the family. I seemed to have existed in some enchanted land for a few weeks—to have been clothed with enchanted trappings, and now the time had come for me to loose my gaudy robes, and take a farewell of the isle of sunshine forever!

I could not sleep; I lay listening to the rustling of the trees by the window; and the gentle splashing of the tide rising in the creek, until the east was streaked with red; and then I arose and left the house.

I took the path to the bluff, and, passing under the overhanging cliff, I was seating myself on a rock—one of the ledges on which Mary was thrown on that

night, when, looking around, I saw her coming along the path I had left. I hastened to meet her—she was pale, and evidently had not slept; I passed my arm around her, as we met, and walked towards the rock together.

"Why, my white lily—my pale morning glory," said I, "what calls you forth so early? Surely your youth and quiet mind ought to invite gentle sleep, and yet I know you have had as little as I."

"None at all, great, old, dear doctor," said she, leaning her head against my arm, and crying outright. "I am so sorry you are going away, and so much afraid we shall never meet as we are now again, that I almost wish you had let me go under those frightful waves that night; I am not worth saving, if you did but know it."

I could not answer her, and she went on: "You must promise to come and see us, you know. You will miss me ever so much, for a time—I know you will. I forgot to tell you that the bank swallows are all dead and buried, and I made Jen put up a grave-stone for them."

I knew her heart was not in her words; there was a tremor on her sweet mouth, and purple spots under her tender eyes; that told me she had wept long and bitterly. I knew there was some reason why she and I could not converse unsreservedly this morning. I had gathered it from hints of Col. Arthur's, the day before; but all thought was swept away for a moment, as I caught her to my heart, and kissed her lips and eyes, and called her my Mary, again and again, and then left her and walked rapidly up the path.

I encountered Col. Arthur just outside the gate, and one glance at his majestic countenance told me that he divined my secret. Then I felt that though I was poor, yet I was the peer of any man who could not bring into the account nobler principles and purer morals than I, and in a straightforward manner, I told him I loved his daughter, and would fain make her my wife.

He answered me as a noble man should answer another, but he said that Mary was engaged to a young officer in the navy. "But for this," said he, "it might have been."

I re-opened my office in S—, and attended with energy to my profession. I saw Mary for a moment one day, as I was crossing the street; she was sitting in her carriage, in front of the Merchants' Bank, awaiting her father.

She greeted me with a smile so sad and sweet, that my soul faints with its intensity of pain. I looked at her closely, and observed the same tremor of the lips, and the same purple spots under her eyes, that were there the morning I bade her farewell.

"I am going to Cuba, dear Doctor John," said she, in her incomparably sweet voice; "perhaps I never shall see you any more; perhaps the waves will hunger after me again, and there won't be any dear old giant there to save me."

I took her hand—I looked in her eyes. I saw that a wave was indeed hungering for that pure being—but one more inexorable than those that beat the rocks at K— Island.

"You are sick, Mary; you shall not go to Cuba; it will do you no good," said I.

"Yes, I am sick, dear friend," said she, "but I am not afraid."

Here her father joined us, and I left them; I had not conquered my wild love for her; it started up anew at the sound of her voice; and now she was going away to die! I could have no right to be with her, to exert my skill to avert the dreaded blow—and the thought unmanned me.

Two weeks after this, Markham came for me in great haste, with the intelligence that Col. Arthur wished me to hasten there, and see Miss Mary, who seemed rapidly sinking.

When I arrived, I met Col. Arthur in the parlor, and, with much emotion, he told me that Mary grew so ill since I saw her, that she was unfit to undertake the voyage, and he wished me to take charge of her case, but added—

"I know well enough that there is no hope; the disease which carried her mother in her youth and splendid beauty to the grave, is fastened upon Mary, and I must submit."

"Does Capt. Gale know Mary is ill?" asked I.

"I presume he has heard of it," said her father, gloomily; "but Mary has never seen him since we came home; she gives no reason for her course, and I infer that the engagement is broken off."

The blood mounted to my forehead, but this was no time to indulge thoughts or hopes, and I asked to be conducted to Mary.

I found her seated in a large crimson velvet chair, the warm color of which imparted to her cheek a tinge of health. She greeted me with the sweet, sad smile, which had wrung my heart at our last meeting.

"I am going to see my mother, Doctor John," said she, looking out her hand. "Please don't say I am not, for it is best as it is. She comes to me every night, and when I am restless, she leans over and smooths my hair, as I remember she used to lean over my crib, when I was a little girl. I am glad father sent for you, for I prefer to have you near me, rather than any other person, but, dear old, kind doctor, your skill cannot save me this time."

Her father was kneeling beside her chair, kissing and weeping over the little white hand that lay in his; and I, I was smoothing her bright hair, and inly supplicating heaven to spare her to me.

"Mary," said he, at last, "I ought to have told you something long ago; but God knows I thought it best not to. Dr. Marvel loves you—loved you ever after he saved your life. He acted a perfectly honorable part in coming to me with his story. I told him you loved another, for I supposed you did; forgive me, darling, if I was mistaken; I would yield up life, and every other blessing, for the priceless boon of your sweet company to cheer my lonely age!"

Mary turned to me with that sweet, earnest, scrutiny in her eyes, which used to so delight me, and, bending forward in her chair, leaned her head on my breast, and wept; my Mary!

A few weeks passed; a few weeks of sad and earnest love, in which I walked by my fading flower, close by the shadow of the unseen world. I could not go with her on the final voyage across the mystical river; pray I ever so madly. Her sweet vivaciousness never left her again, but she always had some tender childish word for the "good John giant," and never was without a pure and angelic trust in the truths and glories of immortal life; and so she faded, day by day.

It was Sunday morning, the last of March; a beautiful, soft day. Mary was reclining on the sofa, and I was reading to her.

"I wish you would bring me my guitar," said she

I brought it, and she struck a few chords of an air she and I used to sing by the seaside, and then commenced the sweet words:

"I'm a pilgrim—I am weary."

"Sing with me, dear friend," said she; "this is our last song here, but I will be waiting for you there," and she pointed to the sky. We sang—

"I shall tarry—I shall tarry
But a night
I shall pass beyond the darkness
Into light."

Her guitar fell from her hand. I saw that the hour had come, and caught her to my heart; mine was the last kiss of her guileless lips, mine the last look from her holy eyes; and the small hands, the shining hair, and sweet, calm brow, were all that was left me of my Mary.

No wonder I haunt K— Island; for here is the spot where her voice first charmed my ear, and led away my heart; but no wonder, also, that with the memory of sweet Mary Arthur in my heart, I turn from earthly pleasant places, and sigh that there is no more for me any joy by the summer sea, or on the purple headlands. Life is to me a dream—a dark night—and I long to pass into the day.

THE DEAD CHILD.

The room, then, was made ready; and though I took some pains not to speak of the arrangement too suddenly to Mary, yet there was no need of disguise or hesitation; for when at last I told her—"Is that all?" said she, and took my hand with one of her blessed smiles, and vowed that she and Jimima would keep the room as pretty and neat as possible. "And I will cook your dinners," added she; "for you know you said I make the best rolly-polly puddings in the world." God bless her! I do think some women almost love poverty; but I did not tell Mary how poor I was, nor had she any idea how lawyers', and priests', and doctors' fees had diminished the sum of money which she brought me when we came to the Fleet. It was not, however, destined that she and her child should inhabit that little garret. We were to leave our lodgings on Monday morning; but on Saturday evening the child was seized with convulsions, and all Sunday the mother watched and prayed for it; but it pleased God to take the innocent infant from us, and on Sunday, at midnight, it lay, a corpse in its mother's bosom. Amen. We have other children, happy and well, now round about us; and from the father's heart the memory of this little thing has almost faded; but I do believe, that every day of her life the mother thinks of the first-born that was with her for so short a while; and many and many a time has she taken her daughters to the grave, in Saint Bride's, where he lies buried, and wears still at her neck a little, little lock of gold hair, which she took from the head of the infant as he lay smiling in his coffin. It has happened to me to forget the child's birth-day, but to her never; and often, in the midst of common talk, comes something that shows she is thinking of the child still—some simple allusion that is to me impressively affecting. I shall not try to describe her grief, but such things are sacred and secret; and a man has no business to place them on paper for all the world to read. Nor should I have mentioned the child's loss at all, but that even that loss was the means of a great worldly blessing to us, as my wife has often, with tears and thanks, acknowledged. While my wife was weeping over her child, I am ashamed to say I was distracted with other feelings besides those of grief for its loss; and I have often since thought what a master—nay, destroyer—of the affections Want is, and have learned from experience to be thankful for daily bread. That acknowledgment of weakness which we make in imploring to be relieved from hunger and from temptation, is surely wisely put in our daily prayer. Think of it you who are rich, and take heed how you turn a beggar away. The child lay there in its wicker cradle, with its sweet fixed smile in its face (I think the angels in Heaven must have been glad to welcome that pretty innocent smile); and it was only the next day, after my wife had gone to lie down, and I sat keeping watch by it, that I remember the condition of its parents, and thought, I can't tell what a pang that I had not money left to bury the little thing, and wept bitter tears of despair. Now, at last, I thought I must apply to my poor mother, for this was a sacred necessity; and I took paper, and wrote her a letter at the baby's side, and told her of our condition. But, thank Heaven! I never sent the letter; for as I went to the desk to get sealing-wax, and seal that dismal letter, my eyes fell upon the diamond-pin that I had quite forgotten, and that was lying in the drawer of the desk. I looked into the bed-room—my poor wife was asleep; she had been watching for three nights and days, and had fallen asleep from sheer fatigue; and I ran out to a pawnbroker's with the diamond, and received seven guineas for it, and, coming back, put the money into the landlady's hand, and told her to get what was needful. My wife was still asleep when I came back; and when she woke, we persuaded her to go down stairs to the landlady's parlor, and meanwhile the necessary preparations were made, and the poor child consigned to its coffin—THACKERAY.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

The following curious epitaph is on a tomb-stone in Lydford Churchyard, near Dartmoor, England:—
Here lies in horizontal position, the outside Case of
GEORGE HOUTLEIGH, WATCHMAKER;
whose abilities in that line were an honor to his profession.
Integrity was the Mainpring, and prudence the
Regulator,
of all the motions of his life.
Humane, generous, and liberal,
his hand never stopped,
till he had relieved distress.
So nicely regulated were all his motions,
that he never went wrong
except when set a-going
by people
who did not know his Key.
Even then he was easily
set right again.
He had the art of disposing his time so well,
that his hours glided away
in one continual round
of pleasure and delight,
till an unlucky Minute put a period to
his existence.
He departed this life
Nov. 14, 1802,
aged 67.
Wound up
—in hopes of being taken in hand
by his Maker;
and of being thoroughly Cleaned, Repaired,
and set a-going
in the world to come.

The faculty of Genius is the power of lighting its own fire.

Written for the Banner of Light.
LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY LILA H. BARNEY.

Choose this Friendship; for its ray
 Sweetly lights up sorrow's day—
 'Tis enduring, and will last
 Till all time with thee is past!
 Choose ye Friendship's gentle gem
 Rather than king's ducal
 For that glory shall decay,
 This shall never pass away.
 That was bought with wondrous pains—
 Dying men, in clanking chains,
 Delving deep earth's rocky breast,
 Patient suffering, and no rest;
 Hearts that perished, full of worth,
 Hopes that crumbled in their birth,
 Love and joys forever fled,
 Numbered with the silent dead!
 This, gained by no tyrant's will,
 Freely got, lives with thee still:
 This was gained by modest worth,
 Not by searching in the earth—
 Gained by sympathetic tear,
 Or a smile, the heart to cheer,
 Or a trivial word, dropped where
 It raised a soul from dark despair.

Ask for Friendship; it shall be
 Redolent of good for thee—
 Not for Love; for, though its smile
 Sweetly won thy heart beguile,
 When shall come thy bitter gloom,
 It may leave thee to thy doom—
 In adversity's dark day
 Take swift wings and fly away.
 Love is false and fickle, frail—
 On Life's sea tossed without sail,
 With no rudder, compass, chart,
 Guard well from it thy young heart!

Seek for Love and Friendship, too;
 Time shall bring them both to you.
 In the world's unceasing round
 Ofttimes is the union found.
 Friendship shall keep Love from change,
 Blind to thee the thoughts that range;
 Hast thou found the wished-for boon—
 Has it come to thee so soon?
 Dost possess it to thy mind?
 Happy thou of human kind!
 Tender back the fullest measure,
 Words can never count the treasure;
 Never weak or wavering prove,
 Never doubt thy friend's true love;
 If thy faith in him grow dim,
 Think, 'tis thou that swerest, not him.

So then, Time shall show thee how,
 When there's wrinkles on thy brow,
 Love and Friendship, as they come,
 Gently mingle into one!

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 1853.

Written for the Banner of Light.

**THE BROTHERS;
 OR,
 THE SECRET OF A LIFETIME.**

BY OPHELIA MARQUETTE CLOUTMAN.

On the banks of the beautiful Arno, stood a small cottage, in which had lived Michael Borani and his two sons, Antonio and Francesco. In close proximity to the little farm, (which afforded our happy and contented trio a comfortable support,) was another dwelling similar to their own, out of whose vine-wreathed porch looked forth each morning the bright and glad face of Elise Torano, the fairest flower in all Pisa.

Michael Borani had been for long years a widower—a circumstance which led him to sympathize deeply with his neighbor, the widow Torano, whose husband had been accidentally drowned in his own native stream, a few weeks previous to the time of the opening of my story.

Elise, at the time of her father's death, (a mere child of twelve years,) could not readily understand the nature of a sorrow so great and inconsolable as that which was fast weighing down to earth the heart of her beloved mother.

It was whispered among the peasantry, that Michael Borani would gladly have made the widow Torano his wife, after the decease of her husband, could her consent but have been obtained in the matter. Whether this be true or not, I cannot say, but one thing is certain, which was that the kind-hearted old cottager became suddenly most assiduous in his attentions towards the fair mourner, which were also the means of promoting an intimacy between the youthful Elise and the brothers Borani, whose respective ages at that time, were sixteen and eighteen years.

Weeks crept on. The mother of Elise was fast losing her strength. The usual symptoms of consumption were soon manifest, and the young girl beheld, with horror, the terrible change which grief and disease had wrought in the person of her once healthy and robust parent. All that the hand of love and friendship could do to alleviate the sufferings of the poor invalid, was cheerfully and promptly done by the little Elise, and her kind friends, the Boranis. With the close of the old year came also the close of the invalid's life pilgrimage; and when the morn of a new year was joyfully ushered into existence by millions of hearts throughout the world, the spirit of the widow Torano had left the orange groves of her own sunny Italy, to bloom and flourish forevermore, amid the unfolding beauties of paradisaic bowers.

In the fond arms of Michael Borani the mother of Elise had breathed her last. Tears had stood in the eyes of the devoted old man, as he pressed his lips to the hand which was fast growing chill in death; while she besought him in trembling tones, to extend to her orphan child the protection of a father, when God should have taken her soul to himself.

The funeral rites over, and the weeping Elise returned, not to her own vine-clad cottage, now silent and deserted, but to the abode of the noble-hearted Borani, whose hospitable roof was henceforth to shelter her fair and youthful head. The motherless child at once became the pet of the entire household. Sorrow had deprived her spirits of much of their natural elasticity, but in so doing, it had by no means lessened the beauty of her spiritual face, which, as she matured in years, grew daily to resemble that of Dante's Beatrice.

From the hour of her beloved mother's death, Elise became a changed being. She seemed to feel the utter loneliness of her situation, and her entire dependence upon the bounty of strangers. To prove her gratitude to one whose kindness and liberality had known no limits during the long and severe illness of her deceased parent, the young girl at once assumed the management of the domestic affairs of her guardian, Michael Borani. To lighten his labors seemed her especial care; his smile of approbation for any duty well performed, was the only stimulus to exertion which the mind of the faithful Elise required.

The brothers Antonio and Francesco, who were now the daily associates of the young girl, might

have been thought twins by a stranger, so close was their resemblance to one another; in dispositions, however, they differed widely. Antonio, the younger, was warm, impulsive, and impassioned in his temperament; while Francesco, the elder, and favorite son of his father, was cold, and at times strangely reserved in his manner.

Elise felt towards them the affection of a sister. Both were equally kind and solicitous of her welfare, and she often endeavored to solve in her own mind, that important question which of the two she really loved best—but without success.

Elise had been a resident in the family of Michael Borani two years, when one day the old man called her to him, and told her plainly that he had long cherished the hope of seeing her united in marriage to Francesco. He believed that God would not grant him many more years of life, and it was on that account that he felt desirous of seeing his young charge comfortably established in a home of her own, previous to his death. He had fixed upon Francesco as the more suitable person of the two, to assume the office of husband, because of his superior judgment and more mature years.

This disclosure was a source of great surprise to Elise, who had never yet dreamed of marriage, much less of wedding one whom she had begun to consider in the light of an esteemed brother.

That night, when weary from his labors, Antonio returned to the cottage, Elise met him as usual with a tender kiss, but her eyes were red, and swollen as if from weeping, and Antonio commenced chiding her, for having hugged to her heart a sorrow, in which he was not permitted to become a sharer.

She made a strong effort towards gaiety, and even took from its accustomed nook, at the request of Antonio, the light guitar with which Francesco had presented his dear sister, as he fondly termed her, a year previous, on the occasion of her fourteenth birthday.

She essayed to sing one of those touching and impassioned ballads, which have rendered the memory of Ariosto so dear to the hearts of the peasantry throughout all Italy; but the words trembled on her lips, a choking sensation filled her throat, and the next moment she was weeping violently upon the shoulder of her companion.

Alarmed at the sudden emotion of the fair Elise, and being as yet entirely ignorant of its cause, Antonio pillowed the drooping head of the young girl upon his breast, and stroking her dark hair caressingly, besought her, in tones of earnest entreaty, to confide in him the secret of her deep and uncontrollable sorrow.

At length Elise Torano raised her head, and drying the tears which had stained her delicate cheeks, proceeded to inform him of her recent interview with his father, and the earnest desire he had expressed that she should marry Francesco on her sixteenth birthday. Antonio grew pale in the face as he listened to the strange words of his lovely partner.

Francesco marry Elise—his own dearly beloved one! Such a thought was madness, and involuntary the agitated youth fell upon his knees before her, and, covering his face with his hands, sobbed aloud in all the wildness of despair.

It was now the young girl's turn to assume the office of comforter. Tears stole into her eyes, as she stooped and kissed the noble brow of Antonio. Her tenderness seemed to recall him to a consciousness of his exposed situation, and, rising, he pressed the gentle Elise passionately to his heart.

"Tell me, my own loved idol, that you will never wed other than Antonio, and I will be content to die for thee, nor think the sacrifice too great a one, if thou shouldst require it of me;" and the infatuated youth looked earnestly into the face of his fair companion, as if expecting to read his destiny there in a single glance.

That moment was a painful one to Elise Torano. Love and duty were the conflicting emotions that seemed struggling for mastery in the breast of the now strangely agitated girl. Her deep love for Antonio soon rose uppermost in her heart, and with those dark and penetrating eyes still keenly fixed upon her countenance, the trembling lips of Elise gave forth the desired response, "I promise thee!"

The word had scarce gained utterance, when Francesco and his father suddenly stood before them. Covered with shame at the thought of being discovered in the arms of her lover, Elise quickly released herself from his embrace. After kissing the old man affectionately upon both cheeks, the mortified girl quickly extended her hand to Francesco, as a token of welcome. A forced smile stole over his handsome countenance, so cold and statue-like in its repose, as he quietly raised the dainty hand of Elise to his lips. The confused maiden would have addressed some words of welcome to him, but her tongue seemed for the moment paralyzed, and in awkward silence all four entered the cottage.

Days glided by, and still Elise could discover no trace of love in the attentions which Francesco seemed to bestow upon her more from a sense of duty than from any natural impulses of his heart. Now more than ever, the young girl shrunk from the thought of uniting herself in marriage to one whom she sincerely believed could never entertain towards her other than the most common sentiments of friendship. His native coldness and seemingly studied indifference wounded her pride, and her heart turned fondly to meet the undisguised admiration of her boy-lover, Antonio.

One night Francesco came not home to the cottage with his father, as was his custom. Michael, when questioned upon the subject, carelessly remarked, that Francesco had gone to the city on business of his own, which would probably detain him until late in the evening.

Nothing more was said upon the subject, and after setting aside the supper, intended for Francesco, Elise joined Antonio and his father at the tea-table. Michael and his son were unusually merry that evening; but a sad foreboding that all was not well with the absent one, seemed to impress the mind of the young girl, and prevented her from entering with warmth and animation into their lively conversation. The clock from a neighboring steeple chimed out the hour of midnight, when Elise rose from her doze before a small crucifix, in the solitude of her own chamber, and sought to stifle her fears for the welfare and safety of the wanderer, by seeking a few hours repose.

Morning dawned, and Elise had not slept. Tossing restlessly upon her couch, she had counted the weary hours which intervened between midnight and daybreak, listening each moment for the well-known footstep of Francesco. But he came not back again, even with the close of another day. For a long time Michael Borani was hopeful of the return of his eldest and favorite son, but when weeks sped rapidly

by, and not a line of intelligence was received at the cottage concerning the fate of the absent Francesco, Elise perceived with alarm that a deep melancholy was fast settling upon the mind of the hitherto active and vigorous Michael. He having lost all interest in out-door affairs, Antonio at once assumed the management of the farm, and was only cheered in his hard labors by the sweet smile of the beautiful Elise.

A year passed, and still not the slightest clue had been gained in regard to the whereabouts of the lost Francesco. His father mourned him as one dead; and although such was the common belief of both Antonio and Elise, they still refrained from giving utterance to it, lest the expression of such a thought should lead to increased melancholy upon the part of the old man.

It was night, cloudy and starless, in Venice. "The Council of Ten" held their secret session in a large and dimly lighted apartment of the ducal palace. Beneath the porticoes situated at the top of the grand staircase, might have been seen the gaping mouths of lions, the grand receptacles of anonymous letters, informations of treasonable practices, accusations of magistrates for abuses in office, etc.

Upon that memorable night, six of the proudest nobles of Venice were suddenly dragged from their beds, and immured within the damp walls of the State prison. Among that number was Altani, the only surviving heir of an illustrious family. He had been wrongfully charged with treasonable practices against the State, and, together with two of his servants, had been arrested and thrown into prison.

One of the latter was Antonio, the son of old Michael Borani, now deceased. Having shot a young and profligate nobleman of Pisa—a villain at heart—who had attempted to decoy the innocent and pure-minded Elise from the path of virtue, he had fled under cover of the night, from the fumes of his birth, to escape the avenging sword of justice.

Arriving at Venice, he immediately enlisted in the service of Altani, under the assumed name of Gu-betta. After many months absence, he had contrived to apprise Elise of his situation, and, in return, had received the startling intelligence of his father's death, and the illness of his beloved Elise.

He was just on the point of setting out for Pisa, in the disguise of a courier, when he was seized and thrown into prison, and condemned to share the same fate as his master.

Evil tidings travel rapidly, and it was not long before the news of Altani's confinement reached the ears of Elise, who at that time was lying dangerously ill at the cottage of a kind neighbor. She had accidentally overheard the conversation of some peasants, who were seated in an adjoining room, and had distinctly heard them mention the name of Altani, as one of the number doomed to death by the horrible brutality of "The Council of Ten." Something seemed to tell her that Antonio was also a victim to such cruel and unrelenting barbarity, and she secretly determined to set out for Venice, in order to prove the truth of her convictions.

Against the entreaties of her friends, the young girl embarked at once for Venice. The journey was a long one for a weak and unprotected girl to undertake, and while the brave and determined Elise is steadily pursuing her way, I will ask my readers to go with me, in imagination, to the State prison in Venice.

In a miserable dungeon, from which all light and healthsome air is excluded, may be seen the pale and attenuated form of the once handsome and vigorous Antonio. His bended knees and clasped hands, betoken prayer. It is the eve previous to his execution, and he is calmly commending his soul to the mercy of God.

A grating sound falls upon his ear, and the next moment a tall and darkly-muffled figure is before him. Fear takes possession of his soul, at the unexpected appearance of so dread and mysterious a visitor. "Antonio Borani!" said a low and deep voice, which the prisoner vainly endeavored to recall, "I offer thee the chance of liberty. Accept my disguise, and make the best of your way out of this place, by means of a subterranean passage directly beneath the floor of your dungeon, to which I have gained entrance."

"But my chains?" said Antonio, despairingly. "I will unloose them!" and the next moment the arms and legs of the prisoner were unfettered and free. Garments were now speedily exchanged, and taking a small package from the hand of the stranger, which he was specially enjoined not to open until he had reached Pisa in safety, the young man prepared to leave the prison.

Pausing a moment on the threshold of his cell, he said, "And if I go, what will become of you, my friend?"

"Not a word!" returned his companion. "You have not a moment to lose, therefore take no heed of me. The sleeping potion which I have administered to the sentinels will soon have lost its power. Again I implore you to begone and live!"

A silent embrace, and Antonio was soon groping his way through a long and narrow passage, which after some minutes of tedious wandering he at length found led into the open air. His disguise was that of a monk, and hurrying through the streets he succeeded in procuring a conveyance which took him at once to Padua, from which place, he proceeded directly on his way to Pisa, without molestation.

Early that morning the square, known as La Piazzetta di San Marco was crowded with people. Every face present was shrouded in gloom, while the groans of men and cries of women, were heard on all sides. Six heads had been recognized by friends, and taken down from the Stone of Proclamation. One more remained, whose distorted features and blood-matted hair, made all eyes turn from the sight in horror and disgust.

Through a dense crowd on the right side of the Piazzetta, a pale and beautiful girl was rapidly forcing her way. The multitude, as if divining her mission, at once opened to let her pass. On, on, she sped, until passing through the lofty pillars, she reached the base of the Stone of Proclamation. One glance she gave at the mangled and disfigured face before her, and then, with a wild shriek that vibrated long in the ears of all present, she fell senseless to the ground. When, three days afterwards, Elise Torano awoke to consciousness, she found herself in an apartment of the cottage of the deceased Borani. A tall figure rose from his seat at the foot of her couch, and the next moment Elise was held faint and trembling to the heart of her lover, Antonio Borani.

The sealed document which the latter still retained, soon told the entire story. Finding that his

brother Antonio was deeply in love with the beautiful Elise, and that she also returned his affection, Francesco secretly left Pisa for Venice, in order that he might not stand in the way of his brother's happiness. While there he accidentally learned of his brother's arrest, and confinement in prison. He determined to save his beloved brother from death, if possible; this, however, could only be done at the expense of his own life. Feeling that his existence would be useless and incomplete without the love of Elise, whom he had secretly and fervently loved for years, he determined to procure his release, and in his stead make sacrifice of his own life.

In the disguise of a monk he gained entrance to the prisoner's cell, and there, undiscovered by his brother, he unloosed his chains and afforded him the means of flight. His fate was like that of Altani. Upon the giant staircase he met his doom without a murmur.

The head which Elise had recognized as Antonio's proved to be Francesco's, whose close resemblance to one another, I have before mentioned.

Elise and Antonio were soon united in matrimony, and left Italy immediately for France, where the lived happily for long years—never ceasing to revere the memory of the noble and self-sacrificing Francesco, whose sad fate and concealed love has given rise to my story of "The Brothers; or, The Secret of a Lifetime."

Written for the Banner of Light.

"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE,"

BY LILLA N. CUSHMAN.

"No night!" how blissful is the thought,
 To those who long have striven
 To walk the darkened paths of earth,
 That "there's no night in Heaven!"

"No night in Heaven"—no sorrow there,
 No death and no more pain—
 No weary longings after joys
 That thine can never again.

"No night in Heaven"—they need no sun,
 To light those streets above;
 For the Lord God will give them light,
 And he will give them love.

"No night in Heaven"—and there no tears
 Shall ever dim the sight;
 For God will wipe away all fears,
 And he will be the light.

Correspondence to the Banner of Light.

A PRESENTIMENT;

OR, THE

Quaker Doctrine of the Influence of the Holy Spirit.

Christian sects, without exception, acknowledge the existence of spiritual influence, by sundry dogmas implying that the Holy Spirit of God acts on the heart of man, according to the words of Jesus—"Your Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." The "Society of Friends" have been remarkable for claiming that the Holy Spirit sheds on their minds an influence "immediate and sensible," teaching them by revelation how to act and what to speak. Hence they have regarded their ministers as speaking the very words of God by direct inspiration from him! Their polemical writers have maintained this tremendous assumption by long trains of scripture argument, and the Society have professed to live in the faith of it for over two hundred years. Reading, however, by the light of modern Spiritualism, we are able to understand, that their preachers may, many of them, have been mediums—influenced, not indeed as they apprehended, but by good spirits; a theory which admits of the acknowledged gradation perceptible in Quaker discourses—ranging from poverty-stricken, common-place sentiment up to exhibitions of sublime truth—without impeaching either the piety or the sincerity of the speakers. A medium, who sometimes attends the Friends' religious meetings, has remarked to us, that he usually perceives a very elevated and powerful influence there.

With these preliminary observations, we present to our readers, a remarkable narrative from the "Journal" of Thomas Chalkley, a Quaker minister, about one hundred and fifty years ago. Lest there should be any misgiving as to the veracity of the writer, it may be proper to state, that after his death in 1741, the "Monthly Meeting of Friends in Philadelphia" issued their "Testimony" concerning him, in which, after relating that he had traveled and labored as a minister upwards of forty years, they add, "Much more might be truly said of his integrity, faithfulness and worth, but we do not think it necessary; our chief intention being to assure those, to whom he was not personally known, of the truth of what he has himself wrote of his life and travels." The narrative relates to a voyage from James's River to London, in February, 1699:

"About this time our doctor dreamed a dream, which was to this effect, himself relating it to me: He said—He dreamed that he went on shore at a great and spacious town, the buildings whereof were high, and the streets thereof broad; and as he went up the street he saw a large sign, on which was written, in great golden letters, SHAME. At the door of the house to which the sign belonged stood a woman with a can in her hand, who said unto him, 'Doctor, will you drink?' He replied, 'With all my heart; I have not drunk anything but water a great while.' (Our wine and elder being all spent, having had a long passage) and he drank a hearty draught which, he said, made him merry; so went up the street reeling to and fro, when a grim fellow coming behind him, clapped him on the shoulder, and told him that he arrested him in the name of the governor of the place. He asked him for what, and said, 'What have I done?' He answered, 'For stealing the woman's can.' The can he had, indeed, and so he was held before the governor, which was a mighty black dog—the biggest and grimmest that ever he saw in his life—and witness was brought against him by an old companion of his, and he was found guilty, and his sentence was to go to prison, and there to lay forever."

He told me this dream so punctually, and with such an emphasis, that it affected me with serious sadness, and caused my heart to move within me, (for to me the dream seemed true, and the interpretation sure.) I then told him he was an ingenious man, and might clearly see the interpretation of that dream, which exactly answered to his state and condition, which I thus interpreted to him: "His great and spacious place, wherein the buildings were high, and the streets broad, is thy great and high profession; the sign, on which was wrote SHAME, which thou sawest, and the woman at the door, with the can in her hand, truly represent that great crying and shameful sin of drunkenness, which thou knowest to be thy great weakness, which the woman with the

can did truly represent to thee; the grim fellow which arrested thee in the devil's territory, is Death, who will assuredly arrest all mortals; the governor which thou sawest, representing a great black dog, is certainly the devil, who after his servants have served him to the full, will torment them eternally in hell." So he got up, as it were in haste, and said, "God forbid! it is nothing but a dream." But I told him it was a very significant one, and a warning to him from the Almighty, who sometimes speaks to men in dreams.

In seven weeks after we left the land of America, we saw the Scilly Islands, and next day we saw the land of England, which was a comfortable sight to us; in that God Almighty had preserved us hitherto, and that we were so far on our way. We drove about the channel's mouth for several days for want of wind; after which, for two days, the wind came up, and then an easterly wind blew fresh for several days, and we turned to windward, but rather lost than got on our way, which was tiresome and tedious to some of us.

Now about this time—being some days after the doctor's dream—a grievous accident happened to us. We met with a Dutch vessel in Line Bay, a little above the Start, hailed her, and she us. They said they came from Lisbon, and were bound for Holland. She was loaded with wine, brandy, fruit, and such like commodities; and we, having little but water to drink, (by reason our passage was longer than we expected), therefore, we sent our boat on board, in order to buy us a little wine to drink with our water. Our doctor, and a merchant that was a passenger, and one sailor, went on board, where they staid so long some of them were overcome with wine, although they were desired to beware thereof. So that when they came back, a rope being handed to them, they (being filled with wine unto excess) were not capable of using it dexterously, inasmuch that they overset the boat, and she turned bottom upwards, having the doctor under her. The merchant caught hold of a rope called the main sheet, whereby his life was saved. The sailor, not getting so much drink as the other two, got nimbly on the bottom of the boat, and floated on the water till such time as our other boat was hoisted out, which was done with great speed, and we took him in; but the doctor was drowned before the boat came. The seaman that sat upon the boat saw him sink, but could not help him. This was the greatest exercise that we met with in all our voyage; and much the more so, as the doctor was of an evil life and conversation, and much given to excess of drinking. When he got on board the aforesaid ship, the master sent for a can of wine, and said, 'Doctor, will you drink?' He replied, 'Yes, with all my heart, for I have drunk no wine a great while;' upon which he drank a hearty draught, that made him merry (as he said in his dream); and, notwithstanding, the admonition which was so clearly manifested to him, but three days before, and the many promises he had made to Almighty God, some of which I was a witness of, when strong convictions were upon him, yet now he was unhappily overcome, and in drink when he was drowned. This is, I think, a lively representation of the tender mercy, and just judgment of the Almighty to poor mortals; and I thought it was worthy to be recorded to posterity, as a warning to all great lovers of wine and strong liquors. This exercise was so great to me, that I could not for several days get over it; and one day while I was musing in my mind on those things relating to the doctor, it was opened to me, that God and his servants were clear, and his blood was on his own head, for he had been faithfully warned of his evil ways."

Friend Chalkley's narrative, if a little modified, not in its facts, but in the representation of them, would appear to inform us that the Doctor had a spirit friend—perhaps the identical "old companion of his" who appeared in evidence against him. This friendly spirit, perceiving, beforehand, the danger of his meeting so melancholy an end, endeavored to alarm and warn him by impressing him with a dream of obvious interpretation, adapted, perhaps unavoidably, to the current religious ideas of that day respecting the devil and future punishment. Thomas Chalkley, in his interview with the Doctor, is impressed, either by the same spirit, or by his own guardian spirit, to give the dream its proper interpretation, and to send it home to the fears and the conscience of him it was intended to save. And, though the well-meant and well-planned effort of the spirits was unsuccessful, it is not the less interesting to us, as an example of their solicitude to protect and benefit men by such means as are at their disposal. We may note too, how the powerful spiritual influence continued to linger round our worthy friend. "It took him several days to get over it," till "it was opened to him," (a further spirit intimation), "that God and his servants," (the spirits and Thomas, their medium), "were clear." Well might the poet say,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform."

BROOKLYN, L. I., Sept. 17, 1853. H. HAWLEY.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA.—"Ah, Pat!" said a schoolmistress to a thick-headed unchin, into whose muddy brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet, "I am afraid you'll never learn anything. Now what's that letter, eh?"

"Shure and I don't know, ma'am," replied Pat. "I thought you might have remembered that."

"Why, ma'am?"

"Because it has a dot over the top of it."

"Och, ma'am! I mind it well, but sure I thought it was a fly speck."

"Well, now, remember, Pat, it's I."

"You, ma'am?"

"No, no!—not U, but I."

"Not I, but you, ma'am—how's that?"

"Not I, but you, blockhead!"

"Och, yis, faith, now I have it, ma'am. You mean to say, that not I; but you, are a blockhead!"

"Fool! fool!" exclaimed the pedagogues, almost bursting with rage.

"Just as you please," quietly returned Pat, "fool or blockhead—it's no matter as long as yer free to own it."

It is a hard matter for a man to lie all over, nature having provided State's evidence in almost every member. The hand will sometimes act as a vane to show which way the wind blows, when every feature is set the other way, and the knees will smite together and sound the alarm of fear under a fierce countenance.

"No man," said a wealthy, but weak-headed barrister, "should be admitted to the bar, who has not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," said Mr. Curran, "how many acres make a vice-acre?"

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 9, 1865.

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CONVENTIONS FOR REFORM.

There would seem to be as much danger for Spiritualists as for other people, in losing sight of the fact that Reform can begin and end, and must begin and end, only at home. The old Caucus system in politics would appear to have flowered out into the Convention system with those who are not politicians; and hence people generally are inoculated with the virus originally taken from the political plan, and think that nothing can be done, nothing can be permanent, and nothing may be imposing, unless it is backed by an array of numbers and kept up by the force and vigor of loud sounding resolutions and manifestoes.

We deem that Spiritualism comes on purpose to dash all conventionalisms, whether professedly of religion, of politics, of society, of reforms, or of anything else, to the ground; not necessarily to work only havoc and destruction, but to tear away the mask and show the presence and worth of the reality; to disclose the true pulse and centre of all things, which is the heart of the individual man; to break down the constraints and barriers of formalism everywhere, and substitute the reality for which those dead formalisms so long have stood. Hence any measures that owe the least degree of their vitality or value to the mere force of numbers, or the authoritative emphasis with which public declarations are made, may be set down as so far worthy of the frost and severest criticisms.

It is so very natural for masses to assemble in convention. In this country, scarcely anything has of late years been attempted, unless the countenance and favor of crowds were first secured for it. The tendency of this is obvious enough—it has helped the individual to rid himself of his individual responsibility, and throw it off on the shoulders of the multitude. Men have thus learned to trust, not themselves, but the party, or clan, or faction, or society, with which they were associated and identified. As a necessary consequence, they have labored rather for the success and numerical increase of their own party, or faction, than for the perpetuation of the divine principles to which they professed their attachment.

This becomes partisanship very soon; and on this account the holding of conventions, especially with the hope of strengthening the position of the individual, becomes permanently and radically mischievous. It is one thing, we confess, to come together and exchange social and spiritual sympathies; to match progress with progress, and growth with growth; to compare experiences, and call forth friendly rivalry, and stimulate the spiritual faculties; but it is a very different matter when people meet for the sake of laying down a platform of theories, or views, on which it is expected to make everybody else stand; or when they come together to set up their personal convictions as final authority. Like some new-made God for others to worship; or when it is proposed to erect a conventional stupa, a fall from which would be likely to dash the unfortunate ones from a position of security to a condition of despair.

In these latter respects, it is difficult for some persons to see that all conventions are not alike. And yet they are, and it may be predicated that they always will be, just so long as human nature is anywhere near what it is at this present. The same love of authority—the same overweening desire for a high and strong position—the same undisciplined anxiety to make proselytes as fast as possible—the same feverish effort to outdo, to overreach, and at the last to overthrow—these distinguishing traits are all to be found in one body as well as in another, and therefore drop the hint to reflecting minds that the body into which they do enter as elements, or characteristics, should take especial care that these do not become the only characteristics they possess.

The centre of all reform is with the individual. Here it must begin. There is nothing greater than a human soul—no, not even an assemblage of souls; for each separate one is a sphere—an entire creation of itself—the epitome of the world. Then how can numbers bring strength or efficiency to the qualities, or faculties, that are to work, not with crowds of other and strange faculties, but with themselves? What has the integrity of one single soul to do with the superior number of many souls? Nothing can be really superior to the one, not if it was multiplied by billions. We are not born, we do die, relying on the companionship and sympathy of others; we come and go alone.

We believe this disposition to assemble in public bodies, and turn existing things upside down by the sheer power of public proclamations and resolutions, is peculiar to America. It would seem, in fact, to be indigenous to our own soil, and like all the other fashions of our people, no matter whence it is borrowed, in good time it must be expected to go by. It will ere long have served its legitimate end. Even shrewd political managers already accept the hint which necessity appears to throw out, and cast about for a better way of organizing than by the caucus plan—namely, by falling back again on the primary assemblages of the people. Napoleon overthrew all the scientific rules of warfare, and ordered that each man should rest on his own resources and his naked valor. He held, and held truly, that in warfare there was nothing more powerful than the man, and that he alone was superior to and the master of all machinery.

The lesson we may profitably take home to ourselves. And it is especially adapted to those minds that see no strength but in numbers, and to whom the pure spiritual truth comes with emphasis only when it comes with the rushing winds of annual, or semi-annual conventions.

One of the great and most crying faults of the Convention system is, that certain merely unquiet spirits think to use its very convenient machinery to advertise certain theoretical wares, to which they are jealously anxious that their own names should be attached. They hope to use the Convention, to speak plainly, either to gratify their own vanity, or to advertise themselves. And even admitting that, on the other hand, they are the sincerest of reformers, so much of a desire for position, or influence, or authority, is mixed up with other motives, that too often the original impulse becomes deadened and inert, and the speakers become, even before they know it, the merest hobby-riders of the day.

We admit that the Convention possesses a certain projectile force, which is of very great efficiency in all merely partisan operations. But no true Spiritualist expects to assist in building up a party, or a sect; our work is for a world. The proper influence of Spiritualism may be compared to that of the sun, as it slowly comes up over the eastern hills; its golden light steals silently, and with no other herald than itself, into all the nooks and recesses of nature, giving to all, and blessing all, with equal freedom. It makes itself a necessity, and men never think of it as a power. They believe that life would go for nothing without it, though they never would consider it as a force, or anything different from the very air that imperceptibly sustains their existence.

A CURIOUS FACT.

So universally acknowledged are the truths of Spiritualism, and so general the occurrence of its manifestations, that even those who are professedly its opponents, unconsciously, at times, become its advocates. This is unavoidable, as the chief features of Spiritualism characterize to a greater or less extent every faith and every practice, throughout not only that portion of the world denominated Christendom, but that other, and far greater portion, which Christians designate as Heathen.

We have been led to make this observation from seeing in the "Zion's Herald," of this city, the following article. We give it as we find it, with its caption and introduction. All persons cognizant of the facts of "Modern Spiritualism," are perfectly familiar with such cases, and had our Christian contemporaries "investigated" the truths which God is making manifest all around them, instead of fighting, with far more zeal than prudence against them, they would not, at this day, chronicle this as "most extraordinary" and "wonderful."

GIFT OF INTERPRETING.—A correspondent of the Christian Observer [Philadelphia] furnishes the following most extraordinary statement:—

"During the ministry of my venerable predecessor, who served the congregation to which I was called for more than thirty years, there lived about three miles from the meeting house a pious woman of Dutch extraction, a native of Holland, who could neither speak nor understand a single word of English. And yet, strange as it may seem to many modern churchgoers, she attended upon all the ordinances of the sanctuary with the same regularity and conscientiousness, as if she understood every syllable that was uttered. She was a woman of devout and eminent prayerfulness. In the course of Divine Providence it happened that a strange minister, who was traveling through the country, was invited to preach. Her family informed her of the fact, and she prepared to go. The appearance of a strange minister in those times, when the country was new and sparsely settled, was an event of rare occurrence. She went to hear him, but before entering the vehicle which was to carry her thither, she retired for secret prayer, and while there on her knees she prayed earnestly that God would enable her to understand but one word, *only one single word*, of the sermon. She entered the house of God as usual; all the introductory exercises were performed as usual, and as usual she understood nothing. But when the minister opened the Bible and named the text, she all at once understood it. From the text she found that she understood the opening words of the sermon, then every word of the sermon itself; and ever afterward, when she frequented the house of God, she understood each discourse without difficulty, whether from the lips of strangers, or from those of her own pastor.

These facts, which by many may be regarded as wonderful, occurred in the town of Il—, D— county, State of New York. Her name, if my memory serves me, was Montfort. All the church and neighborhood resounded with the fame of her piety. She lived some years after, within the bounds of the congregation, and died a few years before I was called to minister in the place. The elders of the church, who related the facts to me, were men of most worthy and upright character, highly esteemed in the church and by the world."

THESE AUTUMN DAYS.

They are arrowy flights of brightness, fresh from the skies. By and by, the forests will put on their gaudy robes, red, and purple, and golden, and orange,

"Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand," and the pomp and splendor of the ripe year will begin to show in most attractive colors. The atmosphere now is delicious—it is so balmy, so pure; it so bathes one, like water gently poured from invisible urns; the thin veil drawn all around the landscape lends a new beauty to the world, through whose gauzy medium the delights of earth and water exhibit themselves at their season.

On these calm October days, we long to be off in the woods. There the partridge whirs by on none too swift a wing, or sits and drums with that deep, rumbling sound, which strikes the imagination with such a peculiar appeal. There the rabbit leaps out of the brake, and flies, startled by the intrusion, directly across your path. The yellow October sun lies in bars and flecks of gold all along in the little wood-vales, and upon the mosses of the rocks, and across the old chestnut rail-fences. The air is so very still, it seems holy.

Now across the intervening meadows, you can catch the sound of the fall, as the industrious farmer whips out his oats on the threshing floor. The poultry huddle about under the fences, to lay in the warm sun. The vines in the garden are killed by the frost; and only stout cockle-weeds, or hollyhocks, stand up and assert their supremacy over the little garden domain. The fire feels good on the hearth at evening. The flies buzz more lazily, and bump recklessly against the window-pane. And as the harvest comes in, all nature rejoices in her silent way, and the heart is filled imperceptibly with gladness.

Shooting never did any good. It hurts the child—it hurts the parent—it is evil every where and always—in short it is like a spark dropped on gunpowder, on the magnitude of the heap depending the result of the explosion.

EMERSON ON FARMING.

On Wednesday last, the 29th ult., Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the poet and philosopher, delivered an address before the Old Concord Cattle Show, which is well worth sketching in the columns of the BANNER. Whatever Mr. Emerson says in public, as all men know, is worthy of especial attention. He is so profound, and so clear; he sees things in their true relations; he is without prejudice, and without partisanship; and, above all, his style is so terse and invigorating, that it affords one a satisfaction to read or hear him, such as few other writers or speakers can produce. Mr. Emerson said of the farmer:—

"He has no enemy. All are loud in his praise. Every wise State has favored him, and the best men have held him highest. The farmer is a person of remarkable conditions. His office is precise and important, and it is of no use to try to paint him in rose color. You must take him just as he stands. Nothing is arbitrary or sentimental in his condition, and, therefore, one respects rather the elements of the seasons, and the weather, and the soils, as the sails of the ship bend to the wind. He makes his gains little by little, and by hard labor. He is a slow person, being regulated by time and nature, and not by city watches. He takes the best of the seasons, of the plants, and of chemistry. Nature never hurries, and, atom by atom, little by little, accomplishes her work. The lesson one learns in fishing, yachting, hunting, or in planting, is the knowledge of nature; patience with the delays of wind and sun, delays of the seasons, excess of water and drought, patience with the slowness of our feet, and with the littleness of our strength, with the largeness of sea and land. The farmer, or the man with the hoe, times himself to nature, and acquires that immense patience which belongs to her. Slow, narrow man—he has to wait for his foot to grow. His rule is that the earth shall feed him and find him, and in each he must be a graceful spender. His spending must be a farmer's spending, and not a merchant's. But though a farmer may be pinched on one side, he has advantages on the other. He is permanent; he clings to his land as the rocks do.

The farmer has a great life, a great appetite and health, and means for his end. He has broad land in which to place his home. He has wood to burn, great fires. He has plenty of plain food. His milk at least is not watered. He has sleep, better and more of it than men in cities. But the farmer has grand trusts confided to him in the great household of nature. The farmer stands at the door of every family, and weighs to each their life. It is for him to say whether men shall marry or not. The farmer is the board of quarantine. He has not only the life, but the health, of others in his keeping. He is the capital of health, as his farm is the capital of wealth. And it is from him and his influences that the worth and power, moral and intellectual, of the city comes. The city is always recruited from the country.

Concord is one of the oldest towns in the country—far on now in its third century. The selectmen have once in five years perambulated its bounds, and yet in this year a very large quantity of land has been discovered, and added to the agricultural land, and without a murmur of complaint. By drainage we have gone to the subsoil, and we have a Concord under Concord, a Middlesex under Middlesex, and a basement story of Massachusetts more valuable than all the superstructure. Tiles are political economists. They are so many young Americans announcing a better era, and a day of fat things. There has been a nightmare brought up in England, under the indigestion of the late supporters of overgrown lords, that while the population increases in a geometrical ratio, the crops increase only in an arithmetical ratio. The theory is that the best land is cultivated first. This is not so, for the poorest land is the first cultivated, and the last lands are the best lands. It needs science to cultivate the best lands in the best manner. Every day a new plan, a new theory, and this political economy is in the hands of these teachers. It is true, however, that population increases in the ratio of mortality, and the crops will increase in a like ratio.

I congratulate the farmer of Massachusetts on his advantages. I congratulate him that he is set down in a good place, where the soil and climate is so good. We plant more than in any northern or southern latitude. We are here on the northern boundary of the tropics, on the southern boundary of the arctic regions. We can raise almost all crops, and if we lack the orange and palm, we have the apple and peach and pear. In Illinois, it is often said, although it is more the voice of their scorn than of their pity, that they reckon it a singular leading of Divine Providence that Massachusetts was settled before the prairie was known, else unproductive soils would never have been settled. I congratulate you on the new territory which you have discovered, and not annexed, but subjoined, to Middlesex and Massachusetts. And then I congratulate you at being born at a happy time, when the sharp stick must go out with the arrow; when the steam engine is in full use, and new plants and new culture are daily brought forward. I congratulate you on the fact that the year that has just witnessed successful employment in the mill room, on the plains and prairies, has also witnessed the laying of the Atlantic cable. The cable is laid, and the courage of man is confirmed. The cable is a smiling land. All that used to look like vagary and castle building is to be solid sense henceforth. Who shall ever dare to say impossible again? Henceforth, if a thing is really desirable, it is in that degree really, practically, and the farm you have dreams of—go instantly and begin to make it. I congratulate you lastly on the new political economy which takes off the craps and lets in the sunlight on us, and which teaches that what is good for one human body is good and useful for us all."

EVANGELICAL SELFISHNESS.

We again adopt this head to call the attention of our readers to the spirit manifested by the newspaper organs of evangelical Christianity, on the passage of the act which enables Jews to become members of the English House of Commons. The New York Churchman says:—

"The 21st of July, 1855, will long be remembered in England and throughout the world—will be long remembered to England's shame and disgrace! One can hardly believe that Christian England has really invited to a seat in her highest councils one [Baron Rothschild] who if Jesus Christ were now on this earth, as he was eighteen hundred years ago, would cry: 'Crucify him! crucify him!'

England has given the life to her high profession, and now presents herself before the world as a mere whitewashed sepulchre. All her boasted Christianity has turned out to be a mere sham; the alliance thus formed with the enemies of Christianity—with the Jews who crucified our Lord and Saviour—proves it to be a sham.

A most outrageous act of national treachery to the cause of Christ and his church has been consummated, and the wrath of God hangs over England and England's church."

We could comment at length on this paragraph, but will forbear, for we feel that every soul, in which the sense of justice and humanity is not entirely crushed out, by such selfishness, misnamed religion, will look on such sentiments, flowing from the acknowledged mouthpiece of the proudest sect in Christendom, with feelings of pity and sadness, and will pray to the great Father of all souls that the coming light may melt the cold encasement beneath which such religion has buried the ghost of strangled humanity, and lead its followers:

"To show their manhood, as they deal with man."

Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truth.

MANUFACTURING A RELIGION.

One great trouble with the would-be rulers of India at this day is, that they are not willing to let the natives alone with such consciences as they have got; they must needs tinker up something for them—something which has no root in their own being, and of course something that will never bring any result but mischief.

A penetrating writer for the public journals says with great truthfulness—

"The statesmen of Europe do not show sagacity in withholding their sympathy from the rebels. Nor do the religious sects manifest wisdom in standing aloof from their crude Christianity. With a little encouragement the rebels would succeed; with even strict non-intervention, they would probably succeed in time; they may possibly succeed, notwithstanding the countenance of foreigners to the Tartars. They are certainly very strange Christians, but not more strange than some of the barbarous tribes of Europe when first received into the Church. They are as good, probably, in all but outward show, as the native converts, Catholic or Protestant, who live under the eye of the missionaries, and try to seem to be what they are told to be, but in fact, so far as they are anything but mere milk-and-water people, are the same in morality and spiritual life as their countrymen around them.

Asiatics will continue to be Asiatics, whatever form of European religion they may put on. The essential character of the converts, with rare exceptions, will remain unchanged, until the whole mass of society shall be slowly elevated by the united working of various ameliorating influences. The crude Christianity of the rebels seems to have this advantage over that of the missionary converts; it is a natural, and probably a healthy, development from within, not a theological application from without, and is more likely therefore to live and come to something, especially if encouraged, without being overshadowed and overhelped, by European fostering."

There is a sound philosophy in the above remarks, which is too apt to go unconsidered by those who would like to reform the heathen world; nor, indeed, is it altogether inapplicable to the world not popularly termed heathen. That philosophy is, to express it in brief, that no person, or no people, can become a new person or people, by religious applications from without; the process must certainly come from within. That is just what Spiritualism is laboring to enforce in the case of the individual. All that comes from the outside, is apt to be partisan, or ambitious, or a strife for power and authority; what grows and expands at the centre of the being, however, is sure to belong there, and, for good or bad, to produce at least a healthy and natural development. In reformatory movements, this cannot be too steadily kept in sight. The individual is always to be considered before the success of a party, a church, or any kind of an association.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! and down the cheek a tear-drop fell,
And quivering lips took and gave the kiss,
And saddened hearts went on their way to tell
How separation shadows years of bliss.

How many flowers have opened within our souls—
How many joys have blest their hours of bloom,
O'er which the tide of disappointment rolls—
Sad separation, or an early tomb.

No heart that beats with human sympathy,
Or lives 'midst change like unto this of ours—
No soul that mourns earth's lack of charity,
That does not daily walk o'er broken flowers.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Lyon will respond to calls whenever his services may be required. The following are some of the subjects he will discuss:—The origin of spirit—its relation to matter, and final destiny, embracing the question of mortality and immortality. Origin and history of the Old Testament; history of the New; miracles; internal and external evidence of the Bible; morality and philosophy of the Bible, and its influence on the Christian world, as contrasted with those nations who never saw it; the Orthodox doctrines of Trinity and Vicarious Atonement—the Orthodox churches, together with the church of Rome, shown to constitute the Babylon of the Apocalypse, of Nathaniel, Paul and Jesus. The first beast of the 13th chapter of Revelation, shown to be Popery; the second beast which came up out of the earth, having two horns like a lamb, but speaking like a dragon, shown to be Protestantism.

E. S. Wheeler, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture wherever the friends of spiritual reform may desire his services. He may be addressed at New Bedford, Mass.

MISS HARDINGE.

This highly talented medium, will occupy the desk at Melodeon, next Sabbath. Those spirits who control her have been using her to give a course of lectures on Spiritualism as seen in all religions in the past and present. Next Sabbath the subject of the lectures announced are "The Spiritualism of Egypt and India," in the afternoon at 3 o'clock; and "The Fire Worshipers" in the evening, at 7 1/2.

These lectures have attracted marked attention in New York, and have created much interest among Spiritualists, as well as opponents. Indeed, "the press" has given Miss Hardinge more notice on account of this course, than has been awarded any previous lecturer in the field.

BOOK NOTICES.

AGNES, a Novel, by the author of "Ida May." We have received this book with much satisfaction. The scenes are laid in America, and the time chosen is during the war of the Revolution. Frontier life is well pictured, and the character of the early settlers is vividly portrayed. The incidents are not exaggerated, but are well drawn pages of life, with its mistakes and successes. An Indian girl, who figures largely in the plot, gives us an insight into Indian life, which appears to be as truthful as it is interesting. The religious element is strongly portrayed in the character of Mrs. Grey, and if we could only engraft it upon our own character, the novelist would have done a good work. Frank Grey is a bold, truthful, and merry companion, and gives a fine humor to the story. Clarence and Agnes furnish the love incident to the story, and their styles are as varied as possible, while both are fine specimens of human kind. The book is one which may be read with profit, as well as for the purpose of beguiling a leisure hour. Its mechanical execution is excellent. OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC.

From A. Williams & Co., publishers, 100 Washington street, we have received this valuable annual for 1866. Aside from its merit as a calendar, it contains a large amount of statistical information, useful to every citizen of New England, as well as several pages of poetry, anecdotes, mathematical puzzles, etc. It is sold for six cents.

To err is human—to forgive, divine.

Sabbath in Boston.

THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL.

[Abstract Report for the Banner, by Dr. Child.]

Sunday Morning, Oct. 8.

A voluntary from the choir was followed by singing the immortal hymn, beginning,

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an idle dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

PRAYER.

Oh, thou who art everywhere, and needest not to be entreated by our prayers or psalms, we would see unto thee; we know thy infinite love is not far from us; we would draw near to thee, and worship thee in faith, keeping thy law of love. May we draw nearer and nearer daily unto thee, so the words of our mouths, and the meditations of our hearts may always be acceptable in thy sight, oh Lord, our strength and our redeemer.

Our Father, who art in heaven, we thank thee for thy causal power, thy purposes, ways and means that thou hast given out in perfect love. We thank thee for the beautiful world in which we live, for the handsome days and the serene nights, glistening with many stars. We thank thee for the budding beauty of spring; the flowering fragrance of summer; and the ripened bounty of autumn. We thank thee for this body of dust, so curiously and wonderfully made; for the undying soul, the spirit that takes hold on eternity. We bless thee for the still small voice within the soul, which is more powerful than the whirlwind or the lightning flash. We thank thee for the power thou hast given to man, by which he is able to make the elements subservient to his purposes; the waters, the winds, and the lightning obey his commands. We thank thee for the great accomplishments of the mind and the conscience, of which the material world is the basis for operation. We thank thee for the hands thou hast given us to till the ground, by which we not only gather bread for the body, but understanding and knowledge which is food, for the soul. We thank thee for truth, which, though it slowly spreads, treads down error, and conquers at last. We bless thee for conscience given to man, which, attended with toil, subdues and overcomes the passions, leads us to serve thy commands, and helps us upward and forward still. We remember before thee our own transgressions; we mourn before thee that we have turned away from right; but we thank thee that we have confessed thy justice, and have been turned to right. We pray that our faculties may be used for the highest good, conquering error in the great fight of life; that day by day we may come nearer and nearer to thee, so as the night of death approaches, our spirits may grow brighter and brighter, as the stars when the frost deepens. As the tree, touched by the autumn night, drops the handsome, ripened fruit, so may it be with our spirits, ripened in the autumn of life, when the fruit of worthy deeds, touched by the frost of death, falls into the arms of love, and so thy kingdom come, thy will be done. Amen.

DISCOURSE.

Text—Romans, 12th chapter, 21st verse. "Be not overcome by evil."

Sunday before last I spoke of faith in God, confidence in his motive, in his purpose, and the means to achieve his purpose. Last Sunday I spoke of the need of keeping the moral law. To-day I ask your attention to the transiency of all evil. In my boyhood I heard the minister preach the doctrine, that good is transient; evil is everlasting; man falls quicker than he rises; that men are naturally evil, and love evil more than good; and in the next world it would be so; there would be a preponderance of evil—a few would be good, but the multitude would be cursed with everlasting evil; this was a necessity in humanity—the decree of God. I did not know but this was true. Even now a shudder returns to me when I think of the influence I received from such teachings. I lived as well as I could, and I thought if things were so, it would be no fault of mine. As I grew older I could not reconcile the teachings of the minister with my experience and reasoning.

The minister's statements ill accord with the facts. In the town of my boyhood there were more good than bad boys; more industrious than idle men, and people were more honest than dishonest; there was but one murderer, one fool, one dandy, two liars, and two sneaks. Most of the people were good; no word was spoken in favor of drunkenness, lying, or dishonesty; but the voice of the people went for goodness and uprightness. So I concluded that the minister was mistaken; and I thought if he was mistaken about the present, he might be mistaken about the future; the limited, contracted gardens of heaven; and the unlimited howling wilderness of hell. This is not Jesus' doctrine, but is the doctrine of the churches. The churches teach that hell is larger than heaven; that evil preponderates in God; that he did not make the world as he meant to make it, and hence comes the atonement to correct the error. This doctrine is false. I shall divide evil into, first, physical—the consequences of which is pain, and premature death; second, intellectual—the result of which is falsehood—a want of truth; Third, moral—which is hatred and injustice. All these forms of evil are fleeting; humanity hates all three. The consequence of physical evil is pain and premature death, both of which the human race hates, and makes efforts against these evils, and time makes the efforts successful. The wild, ferocious beasts are made to cover down before the savage. The rattle-snake is destroyed. It is a rare thing now that a bear, a tiger, or lion, tastes a drop of human blood; but in the past they have committed their ravages among men. Even in New England a woman has trembled when a wolf prowled around her humble home. The evil of savage beasts is destroyed on the civilized portions of the earth, and there is now scarcely a woman or child who fears this evil. Cold and hunger is another evil; but to-day industry and improvements have made absolute want exceedingly rare. The store-houses of the civilized world are full of the necessities of life, though in some countries they are but illly distributed. In the past, great famines have occurred—men have dropped dead from starvation. Ignorance, war, and wicked policy, were then common. Now a field of corn is more valuable than an army of soldiers. The people love agriculture more than war; they seek improvement in stocks more than in arsenals and navies—hence cattle-shows instead of wars. So vice is industry, that if the heat or drought destroy a crop, another is grown already in store; famine is not known. Commerce is so wide-spread, that one nation supplies the wants

others. You may say that Ireland had a famine; it is true it sprung from immoral policy. But as soon as the potato rotted, on the same spot the more certain wheat takes the place of the more precarious potato.

Disease is another physical evil. Plague, black-death, leprosy, small-pox, have desolated cities. Man once lived in ignorance of the cause of these evils; now he knows the antidote. Cleanliness, pure air, and industry, with medicinal preventatives, have driven them away. The intellect of man prevents disease, and produces strength, beauty, and long life. Every disease known to the doctor to-day is losing something of its painful character, and its hold upon the body; and one day, all the diseases now most dreaded by humanity, will be put under the foot of man, as have been the most formidable diseases of past ages. There never was so little physical disease and evil in the world as now. I know this statement is true. Second; intellectual evil is ignorance. Look at the increase and spread of education. I do not mean book education; I mean the education in the various operations of industry. The mass of native laborers in New England have more positive knowledge than the clergy of England had five hundred years ago. All false ideas in science are getting broken down. Once a comet was believed to be a fiery messenger of God's wrath. Who believes that now? What monstrous errors have prevailed in regard to the sun, moon, and stars; now these errors have fled. Four hundred years ago the Roman church was believed to be the institution of God. See how this belief fades away. Error is fleeting; no institution of man can save that false doctrine.

Now have been taught that the Bible was the only revelation from God, and that God was no better than he is described to be in the book of Joshua. See how this doctrine is going from the minds of those who see God in the world of matter and mind, and recognize a God of love, not of hatred. No error can ever stand. A lie is an empty bubble—it may be held up, but it cannot be made to stand up. Little by little truth gains on darkness. Individual reformers offer new truths, for which they are called fools and infidels; at first the classes of the people learn them—at last, all humanity. A false doctrine, as runs the story of the devil, may offer a whole kingdom to you to believe it, when not a foot of the kingdom is its legitimate possession. Third—moral evil, injustice, intemperance, abuse of yourself or your neighbor. This form of evil is hateful to mankind. Everybody sets their face against drunkenness. I never heard a word said in favor of drunkenness. Laws are made to manufacture good with human, intellectual and moral. Compare the safety of property and life now with that of five hundred years ago; hatred and violence caused insecurity of life and property—now violence is overcome by love. Even the savage sets his face against war. War is one of the most painful evils, which evil continually abates. Civilization lessens the chances of war. War that exists now is less ferocious than in times past. Wars are hateful to all wise legislators. The people hate wars, for they produce injustice, pain and premature death. War is obviously going down hill.

Five hundred years ago all servants were held as slaves, counted as property, and held in bondage. Now this hardly exists in Christendom. Slavery has prevailed on earth—the wisest and the best men have sanctioned it. Now only two nations protect and cherish it. Spain openly and America secretly. No political party in America now dare say a word in defence of slavery. All who connect themselves with it embrace their ruin. It is very clear where this evil is to go.

What does mankind think now of the evils of the Catholic church, burning our fathers—of the Protestant English church against the Puritans—of Puritan laws that hung the Quakers because they thought conscience superior to the written laws? Who are the men that mankind hates? Men identified with good? No. Men identified with great wrong. Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, Bloody Mary, Judas. Such as these human race counts vermin, and it is right, it hates them. This shows the way the stream of humanity is setting. It seems a great evil to have foolish, dishonest men in office. The consequent suffering is enough to put down the evil in time. Where would industry be if men had not sufferings enough to make its fruit redound to comfort? The advancement of humanity has not been made by miracles or by prayers. No prayer has ever abated a famine or a war, poverty or injustice. God gave man means to accomplish these things, and he made the proportions so nice in the favor of good that the scale has ever been turned against evil, and it goes down. What we term evil is not absolute, but serves the purpose to raise humanity. When its use is ended it shall go down, for it has man, God and nature against it.

SERVICES AT THE MELODEON.

Rev. John Pierpont, who was announced to speak, occupied the desk on Sunday. We condense his remarks below:

He said he feared he could not make his voice heard in this great and most inane hall—the most difficult hall in Boston for a man to fill with his ordinary power of voice, and his was far from being strong enough. He had used it too much for its integrity, and begged that the audience would make as little noise as was consistent with convenience.

He said: My subject is based upon that book (Bible) which I cannot do without, when discussing the subject of Spiritualism. This is the first time I have visited Boston to speak on the subject of Spiritualism. It occurs to me now that this month—this very month—makes forty years since I first opened my mouth in Boston to preach the gospel of Jesus. I beg you to excuse me, when I say that in those forty years I have never lifted up my voice in favor of anything I did not believe to be true and right. There is comfort in that, now, to me, at the end of those long years. So I now request a favorable hearing from you to what I shall say to you on the doctrine of Spiritualism.

It rests on a single proposition; if that proposition is sustained, the doctrine is true, and if it is not true, the proposition cannot be sustained. The question is, if the spirits of our departed friends do, under certain conditions and at certain times, hold communion with those in the flesh. This is the fundamental fact of Spiritualism.

The New Testament, as it has been translated for us, says Christ "brought life and immortality to light;" but, strictly rendered, it would read: Christ "shed light upon life and immortality." The doctrine which lies at the base of all religion, is the immortality of the soul—a doctrine of future exist-

ence, and of future awards and punishments. It is not identical with the Christianity of the present time alone, but moved the minds of the philosophers of Greece and Rome, and tinges the religious belief of the Orientals; but Christ shed more light upon it than it had had before, and if Spiritualism is true, it will shed more light still. And I must say, that all of Spiritualism I have seen, goes to strengthen, rather than shake, my belief in Christianity; so let not those who have heard me from a Christian pulpit, say that Mr. Pierpont has run away from his belief. It is not so. I have added much to my stock of faith, and can read my Bible more understandingly, and know better what it means, since I have seen these manifestations. There are passages which I have always doubted, but which are now plain to me. The narrative of Saul and the Witch of Endor, I never believed a word of; but now I see it only as an ordinary phase of seeing mediumship. You will recollect, the incident very well. Saul went to a woman of Endor, who was said to possess a familiar spirit. He had before forbidden all persons consulting familiar spirits, but, wanting to know the result of the battle, he went himself to consult this woman. (The compilers of the Bible, in their running-tide over the chapter called her "witch," but the Bible does not call her so. It calls her "woman," and I have yet to learn that it is any disgrace to be a woman.)

A woman came to my house the other day—she was a clairvoyant medium, not a witch—and I determined to test her power. I asked her if she had any psychometrical power. She did not understand the technical term, and I informed her that it meant one who could read a person's character by their handwriting. She consented to test her power. I placed letters, written years ago, in her hands, and she identified each individual through those letters, giving his characteristics and name—they were Adams and Channing. Now, if these impersonations were done by chance, it was a pretty good guess!

In my investigations I have sought for truth; and I thank God that he has made me so that I am not afraid to investigate anything, to arrive at the truth at the bottom of it—for I believe that truth there is nothing stronger.

My friends, I do not come here as an advocate of Spiritualism; I do not come here as a lawyer, to make out a case, but to state such facts as have come under my own observation, and base, perhaps, a few arguments upon them.

This doctrine lies at the bottom of Spiritualism—that spirits disembodied do come to persons in the flesh, and make intelligible communications to them. This is probably the only point upon which Spiritualists all agree. Religion consists of a statement of facts. "Believe in God, the everlasting Father of all, and I believe in Christ, his son, born of the Holy Ghost, and conceived of the Virgin Mary, crucified by Pontius Pilate, and ascended into heaven three days after." To the religious mind who believes these, they are separate, individual facts, though they may not be such to us. So is it to the Spiritualists a fact, that the soul does not die when the body falls to pieces; or, as the apostle says, "If our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

When you believe the soul lives forever, you instinctively ask who made it. The child sees the phenomena of nature, and asks who made them; the philosopher sees them to be the result of a combination of laws and conditions; what causes the tree to grow from its germ? who made it? The philosopher sees no intelligence there; and, as he sees no intelligence in matter, he is driven to the ground that the intelligence is in spirit. All seems to indicate one controlling spirit, and that spirit is God. No one has seen God at any time; but we see his works in all the material creations of the universe. Now we can say, I have seen tables tipped, and rapped upon, and I cannot find any material cause to produce like effects. Electricity won't explain it. I have tried to account for it through galvanism, through biology, and through Prof. Mahan's odylie force, but they do not in the least account for what I have seen with my own eyes.

We have the word of Rev. Mr. Higginson, that musical airs have been played on a melodeon which he has held in the palm of his hand, with no living thing in contact with the keys. Now whence came that air? Was it played by chance? Some may claim that chance made the whole world; but I think the chances are very much against that.

Autographs have been written so exact that they would be received at sight at the bank, while a man may exert himself for a month, and yet not accomplish that result so it would not be detected. Page after page has been written and shown to the man who sells autographs, and pronounced to be the writing of J. Q. Adams—and whoever has seen his handwriting once would always remember it. We have the respectable testimony of Joshua R. Giddings that this has been done time after time through a young boy in Ohio. Whence came that writing? Was that done by chance, too?

Some weeks ago, while looking at a chart of the Atlantic cable in the window of Williams's Book store, on Washington street, a man came across the street and introduced himself to me, and among other matters, he said he knew he had "communion" with his daughter, and that at a recent circle in his house, he placed some paper and a pencil on the floor, in broad daylight, and, when the circle formed around it, the pencil, without mortal contact, was raised up, and wrote a communication from her in her own characteristic hand-writing, signed it by her name, and in it narrated facts which none but she could know. Now where did this come from?

The point to be sustained is, is this communication possible—is it possible for a disembodied spirit to return to earth? When I see the phantoms moving in their order, and ask who holds them in their courses, I am answered, an infinite spirit; so if infinite spirit may move worlds through realms of space, a finite spirit may perhaps rip on a table or move a chair. If it is impossible, we may go home and say no more about it. But you may say it is not impossible, but very improbable. Is it improbable that God manifested himself through the spirits in the olden time? If that is probable, we see not that it is improbable to-day. I cannot see that the world is so morally elevated that it has no further need of help from God.

If it is possible, is it desirable? The one who says it is not, would be looked upon as hardly human. God never planted a desire in the human soul which is not to be satisfied. This I have made the strongest argument in favor of the immortality of the soul. Merely wishing won't make wealth, I suppose, but he can have it who is willing to pay the price. The rich man who died here the other

day had wealth. He was willing to pay a greater price than I was for it, though.

The popular mind has always had its conception of the converse of spirit-existence with mortals. Job, in the oldest poem in the world, says:

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before my eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

Then, if it is possible, reasonable and desirable, is it capable of proof? We think that whatever is, can be proved to be. The kind of proof required is historical proof, and we think we have it in the narrative of the apostles, who, clothed in spiritual vision, oversaw the meeting of Jesus with Moses and Elias on the mountain, as well as in the developments of to-day. Paul recognizes the difference between the animal and the spiritual body. Has anybody ever seen a spirit? I have known examples where spirits have been seen. [The lecturer gave cases from his experience.] On the ground of chance, how many chances are there of success in giving the names and describing the persons of individuals who have been dead twenty and thirty years? Why shall we doubt such tests?

There are so many facts of Spiritualism, that it must be admitted that all who believe them are either false or deluded, or else they are true. I speak with all due reverence of Christ's resurrection from death, but yet where there was one witness to that, there are five hundred to these manifestations to-day. We must either renounce human testimony, or admit these things to be true.

The lecturer detailed various tests given through Mr. Mansfield, among them that of Charles Ar. Showe, of which an account was given in the Banner last April.

In the evening he proposed to answer some of the objections against the theory of Spiritualism, as urged by opponents. The lecture was the same in substance as we reported in the Banner of September 11th, slightly varied, however by facts—as was that in the afternoon, in a degree. It will be needless to publish it again, as our readers may refer to the paper, and find the same already in print.

Correspondence.

INDIVIDUAL SOVEREIGNTY.

At the present time this subject is much agitated. From various speakers in all directions we hear, in substance, the teachings that the soul is its own authority, its own law-giver, its own governor and its own penal executor; its own recording angel and its own judge. It possesses individual, inherent, independent powers, by which it grows. Such teachings as these are directly opposed to the teachings of all the Christian churches, and yet, we may say, are in keeping with the precepts of Jesus Christ.

The practical effect of such teachings must be to make men leave off teaching, finding fault with others, condemning and punishing them—to leave off the restraint of evil. Under such teachings all judgment passed upon others for their vices and crimes, for smoking, drinking, swearing, stealing, licentiousness and murders—all evils of lesser and greater degrees of magnitude, will cease to be. Evil will not be opposed, and judgement will not be dispensed. Under such teachings the precepts of Christ will rise up with new meaning to our perception, and we shall admire their beauty, and in practice know their real value.

The idea of individual self-perception of right being the true authority for the souls of men, seems to burst out all over the land at the same time. It comes like an epidemic, without contagion, contact or any external influence. We quote a few paragraphs from different speakers:

Rev. John Pierpont: "It is often asked, 'What does Mr. Pierpont believe?' It is none of your concern. I do not believe for you; I believe for myself; you must do your own believing. The whole idea of authority is thrown up by the text—'Why, even of yourselves, judge ye not of what is right?'"

Mr. Place: "There has ever been a tendency to look externally for authority in creeds and written laws; but it seems to me that nothing can be superior authority to the individual perception, for the human soul is the only discernor of truth existing in the universe."

Mr. Edson: "All authority to the soul is truth perceived by the soul."

A. E. Newton: "There is a voice in every soul that whispers what is right and what is wrong. In this voice is the true revelation of God, and from this voice the soul may find its government—its true authority. It is impossible to accept anything as authority that our reason does not approve. Those who believe in the full inspiration of the Bible, believe (if I believe it) from the approval of reason."

Mr. Greenleaf, entranced: "The highest sense of right and duty may be found within each individual soul, which if obeyed will lead to the living waters of eternal life. There is nothing that will bring the long looked-for millennium, but the spiritualized-life, the effect of which is the true practical individualized life."

Mr. Whenton: "The Bible of the universe is individual sovereignty."

Loring Moody: "Spiritualism comes up a religion that teaches us, and shall compel us, to be our own masters, our own teachers. Our appeal for instruction and government is made to individual authority—each one is his own master, his own governor."

Dr. E. L. Lyon: "In Spiritualism, this new revelation of truth; individual sovereignty must be the only government for man and woman."

John H. Currier, entranced: "There is a voice within you, which if listened to will make you happy; heed this voice and reject the teachings of creeds and doctrines."

Henry C. Wright: "This obedience to external authority underlies most of the evils of the world. You cannot mutilate or destroy my soul. Incarcerate it in prison, suspend it on the gallows, do anything with it, but you cannot injure it; and I cannot respect my own soul when it bows to external authority. I must not in obedience to what my soul thinks is right, not to what some other soul thinks is right. There is no authority for me except my soul—that authority is supreme."

Mrs. Hatch, entranced: "Each thought of the brain, each emotion of the heart, each pulsation of the soul, in its search after truth and knowledge, becomes a power within and not without, manifesting itself in every human being—not in any sect, dogma,

creed or prejudice. In every case intuition precedes positive knowledge."

Mrs. Adams, entranced: "Each pure desire is a wing on which the spirit mounts. Every holy aspiration is a chariot inviting the soul to fly upward. Each loving thought is a wave of progression, and every longing, throbbing emotion a golden arrow darting the spirit on and on through space infinite, eternal and sublime. Oh, unfeeling faculties that war with beauty, dim that this God within us. We are building for ourselves a towering dome of wisdom when we are cultivating the inner man."

The above quotations may convey some idea of the sayings on this subject, uttered by thousands at the present time—speakers both normal and unconscious in their utterance. In this subject is a deep yet undiscovered fountain of living truths—truths which when comprehended by the souls of men shall make them approve the spirit of Jesus and accept his precepts, not as they have been accepted, but as they read, in simplicity and truth.

A. B. C.

A TACIT ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF WEAKNESS.

Messrs. Editors:—Your journal of the 4th inst. briefly notices the fact that Rev. Dr. Adams, of the Essex Street Church, gladly availed himself of Rev. T. S. King's invitation to repeat his sermon on "Endless Punishment" in the latter's church, and yet so far disregarded the dictates of common civility as not to invite Mr. King to reply to it in the former's church; also that this same Dr. Adams consented to discuss the same dogma with Rev. Mr. Cobb in the columns of a Universalist paper, instead of doing so in those of his own paper—"The Puritan Recorder." Now, if Dr. Adams had any reason to believe that he could meet and overthrow the arguments of his liberal antagonists, he would be exceedingly anxious to achieve such a triumph before his own congregation, and in his own paper. Hence his illiberal course is a palpable admission of his inability to cope with those who repudiate the blasphemous and demoralizing dogma upon which these controversies are founded. Such an admission, in direct terms, would not have been more conclusive than this practical admission, as any one possessing the ordinary knowledge of human nature must be aware.

I am confident that there is not in Christendom, a Universalist or a Unitarian clergyman, who would hesitate to permit any champion of "orthodoxy" (what a misnomer!) to occupy his desk for the purpose of delivering a doctrinal discourse, knowing its arguments could be demolished with facility. Why this difference between the two classes of profound "spiritual guides"? Nothing more nor less than this: Liberal clergymen know that their own views are founded upon eternal Truth, while their "orthodox" antagonists are conscious of pronouncing a string of absurd dogmas which must inevitably melt and dwindle into insignificance, should the light and heat of reason be permitted to beam upon them. Who can help pitying one who is necessitated to keep not only his "light" but also his congregation "under a bushel"? But the latter should learn to use their own God-given reason. LOUISIANA, NEW ORLEANS, LA., Sept. 10, 1858.

DR. HATCH, TO WARREN CHASE.

EDITORS OF THE BANNER.—Dear Sirs:—In your last issue I notice an article in reference to me, over the signature of Warren Chase, which is personal in its nature, and unwarrantable in its character. At a future time I may notice both the man and his statements, but at present will give him opportunity for reflection.

I have purposefully avoided any personalities, and shall continue so to do, as far as possible, but with due regard to self-defence. It is principles with which I wish to deal, not individuals, and if others differ with me, let them have the manhood to meet me on my own positions, for personal insults cannot supply the place of sound argument.

Respectfully, B. F. HATCH, M. D.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1858.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

Miss Munson will speak at Quincy, Sunday, Oct. 10th, and Cambridgeport, Oct. 17th.

Hon. Warren Chase will lecture in Wells Hall, Lowell, on Sunday, Oct. 10th and 17th.

Miss Rosa T. Amedey will speak at Washington Hall, Cambridgeport, Sunday, Oct. 10th, afternoon and evening; Woburn, Wednesday, Nov. 10th.

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.

A. B. Whiting will speak in Providence, R. I., Sunday, 10th; New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 17th; Waltham, Conn., Oct. 24th and 31st. Those desiring lectures during the week may address him at either of the above places.

Miss Emma Houston spoke in Cambridgeport last Sabbath, and will speak at New Bedford next Sabbath and at Quincy the second following. She will answer calls to lecture either Sundays or week evenings in Boston or vicinity. Address Fountain House.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank 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 can address Willard Barnes Felton, care of Asa H. Rogers, Hartford, Conn.

Prof. J. A. D. Otis will speak as follows:—Oct. 6th, at Rochester, N. H.; Oct. 7th, at Exeter, N. H.; Oct. 10th, at Stoddard, N. H.; Oct. 17th at Waltham, Mass.; Oct. 23rd and 24th, at Fitchburg, Mass.; Oct. 31st, at Sutton, N. H.; November 21st and 23rd, 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.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Providence, R. I., Wednesday, October 6th; in Boston every Sunday during October; at Salem every Tuesday, and Woburn every Wednesday. In November, she will lecture at Portland, Me., for the first two Sundays; at Montreal, Canada, the 16th, 17th and 18th; and at Philadelphia, Pa., the 23th. Miss Hardinge will spend the month of December in St. Louis, and be happy to receive applications from Western cities for a part of January and February. Address, during October, to the care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, Fountain House, Boston; during November to 194 Grand street, New York; and during December to the care of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.

The philosophy of a thousand years has not explored the chambers and magazines of the soul.

The Busy World.

Snowiness.—There is an immense sight of Mr. Thackeray's commodity "laying around loose" in our republican democracy. Videl the following account, which we take from an article in an inland paper, describing the style in which Lord Brougham went through his duties in cutting the first sod of the Eden Valley Railway, a few days ago:—

"Lord Brougham received from the brawny navy who stood by him, a neat epaule, with which he cut the first sod, and threw it in a handsome mahogany barrow, which had been provided for the occasion. His lordship then, with a vigor as remarkable as it was characteristic, wheeled the barrow along some planks that had been laid for a distance of some ten or twelve yards, emptied its contents, and then, in a truly navy-like manner, turned his back, and pulled the barrow to the point from whence he started. His lordship appeared to be much amused with his own performance."

PHANTASQUE'S PHILOSOPHY.—Never despair of living to some purpose. Though there can be but one Socrates, one Shakespeare, or one Washington, still you can be yourself. But even if the muse of history does not stoop to jot down your name onto her record-book—though you live as unknown, even as the humblest shepherd of the mountain, still you have the cheering consciousness that, while

Imperial Caesar died, and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away,
Even your mortal tenement, when the soul bursts from its embrace, may enrich the earth from whence its nourishment came, and make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

An Italian girl, named Giannini Milli, is taking the aristocracy by storm with her wonderful improvisations. Florence and Vienna are rivals in contending for her presence. On these occasions subjects are proposed in writing by the audience, and lodged in an iron urn, when the number agreed upon, usually half a dozen or more, are drawn by lot before her appearance. When she enters, the music, which fills the intervals of recitation, ceases; the theme is presented in the midst of the general salutation, and then, after a moment's pause, her charming voice runs into an easy flow, like an endless river, without obstruction—never weary, rarely hurried.

MILITARY AMBASSAD.—The Boston Fusiliers will, on the twelfth of this month, start on a visit to Montreal. They will be accompanied by Halls' Boston Brass Band, one of the first bands in the country, led by the celebrated bugler, D. C. Hall, assisted by R. Hall, who is second to no performer in the country. They will give a concert at Northfield, Vt., on Tuesday evening, 12th inst., and one at Montreal on Thursday, 11th. We would advise all lovers of good music to go and hear them.

A NICE DISTINCTION.—If a poor fellow becomes "hard up," and in consequence takes from another man's door steps a few loaves of bread to appease the hunger of his family, he is sent to prison as a thief; but if a bank officer steals from a bank \$40,000 his is merely called a default, and, in consideration of his "respectability," goes unwhipped of justice. Dignity thinks society is "progressing" backwards.

Emerson says, "The power authors communicate is not theirs. Whence are exalted by ideas, we do not owe it to the author, but to the idea, to which also the author was debtor."

The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter. And those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

The Boston Courier announces its intention of issuing an evening paper in a day or two. We are pleased to know that this journal "still has its readers."

In next week's paper we shall publish No. 9 of Dr. Child's series of papers: "The History of Mediums." It will be devoted to Mrs. Jennie H. Foster, of Lowell.

G. P. R. James, the novelist, and ex-consul, was among the passengers of the Persia, which sailed from New York last week, for England.

NEW MODE OF TRANSPORTATION.—We see by the papers that fish have been brought from Newfoundland to this country on a large scale.

If you would converse profitably, you must endeavor to be among those who either may be made better, or else make them better.

A SILLY PARAGRAPH.—When Cæsar was asked by Brutus how many eggs he had eaten for breakfast, he answered—"As in Brute."

Men want restraining as well as propelling power. The good ship is provided with anchors as well as sails.

We have a test given through Mr. Mansfield to a gentleman in New London, Ct., on file for our next paper.

An interesting letter from "Veritas," our Newburyport correspondent, will be printed next week.

A woman without poetry in her soul is like a landscape without sunshine on its face.

The man who is without an idea, generally has the greatest idea of himself.

Reason is the test of ridicule—not ridicule the test of truth.

Special Notice.

All persons interested in the Harmonical Colony Association, and desirous of becoming members, are requested to send in their names as suitable persons to become members of the Association. We would say to our friends that our Constitutional compact is printed, and is ready to be sent to those wishing to become members of our Colony. Our friends are politely invited to send us small contributions in postage stamps, or otherwise, to defray incidental expenses. All persons wishing a Constitution, or other information relating to our movement, by remitting postage stamps and addressing the undersigned, can receive such information without delay. Yours faithfully, D. C. GATES, Recorder of the Harmonical Colony Association.

P. S.—Will all editors, friends, or our movement, please copy the above.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY SERVICES IN BOSTON.—Miss Emma Hardinge will speak at the Melodeon, Washington street, Boston, on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M. Subject in the afternoon—"The Spiritualism of India and Egypt" in the evening—"The Fire Worshipers." Admission ten cents.

MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BROADWAY STREET.—A Circle for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1/2 o'clock; also at 3 o'clock, P. M. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINGS AT CHURCHES.—On Sundays, morning and evening, at Quin Hall, Washington street, D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

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

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the BANNER, we claim was written by the spirit who uttered the words, through Mrs. J. H. COLEMAN, the medium, who allows her medium powers to be used only for this purpose.

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

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

We have the public's right to see the spirit world as it is, and should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to exercise his or her own judgment in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives, and more.

Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted. In order to prove to the public that these messages are received as we claim, our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend, and no charge is made for the use of the sittings, or for the use of the BANNER.

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regard to spiritual things; it troubles me and I feel I am to blame for a portion of their darkness. Would to God I had power at this time to remove all the obstacles in the way of their progression, that they may not wait a long time to pass the shadow.

It would be well if all were to listen to the monitor each has within—then a great portion of the sorrow that afflicts humanity would be taken away.

If I had ever listened to the voices that came to me at morning, night, and at noon, I should have been situated far different. I shall offer my prayer to God, who alone has right to upbraid me. I have many sins to take up to review, and it is my province to do it—not another's. It were well that every one should stay at home in spirit, and attend to his own spiritual welfare, instead of seeking after the faults of others.

I might speak of many things with which I have become acquainted since I left earth, but this is no time or place. I would humbly beseech all those who are my enemies on earth, to cover my sins with a mantle of charity; not seek to blaze before the world the sins of one who cannot speak for himself, except through a borrowed organism. Oh, that man would take care of himself; then, methinks, he would cease judging harshly of others.

I have been induced to offer these remarks, in consequence of certain strictures made upon me by some of my friends since I have been a spirit. It renders me unhappy in my spirit-home, and I would have them first look within, and see if they cannot find something there to censure, and if they see I have done wrong, profit by the lesson.

My name was James Fitzgerald. All day to you. Sept. 20.

Samuel Foster. I'll talk as soon as I get over my bad-feeling. If I had known this, I would not have come—it's like death to me. Oh, my side—my side! You see I had a cancer in my left side, that was the cause of my death—for you must know I'm dead. You don't know me, do you? Well, my name was Samuel Foster. I, always had this pain when I woke up before I died. Tell me what year it is? Then I've been dead two years. I died in 1856. In 1850, I came to Boston to Dr. Warren; he operated—under-took to cut it out, but made a bad job of it. I suppose I lived a little longer for the operation, but I might as well have died in the first place, as to have gone through what I did, and died in the end.

I am anxious to talk to my friends, and let them know where I am. I have been thinking of it some time, but I have not done it till now. I was born in Burlington, Vt., died there—was sick there—suffered there. I was sick in all above five years. Was always troubled with a humor, and worked too hard, I suppose, and strained my side; and the humor, old Warren said, was a cancer—he had a queer name for it—called it a sarthous cancer; but I always thought it was nothing more than scrofula, only he wanted to give it another name.

After the operation, it acted worse—went to the inside, and I coughed terribly. It affected the heart at last, and I died invariably.

I would not come again if I could gain heaven by it. I was thirty-seven years of age—was a butcher. Suppose I first hurt my side by lifting. For a long time I had pain in the side, and after a while all the humors seemed to go there. Warren told me it was cancer, and if operated upon, I had seven chances out of ten to live and get over it; but oh, it was inside of me—it was scrofula. My mother died with a kind of scrofulous consumption. He never did a bit of good—he was a good man, but could not see inside of me. Oh, he gave me some drops to quiet me. I'd take them a week, and then leave off a week. I have no family to speak to, but I have friends, who, I think, will be glad to hear from me.

Well, say I'm pretty well off, and am happy. I'm not happy here, though, and I'm going to get into my own quarters quick as I can. I'd rather carry round the body of an ox than this, and I've killed a good many of them. It affects me all over this side (left), but it was not so cutting as it is now, by half. I'll try and carry these troubles all away with me. Sept. 20.

The pain he felt, was in consequence of his thoughts recurring to his last illness; had he banished memory of sickness from his mind, he would not have been troubled when coming in contact with materialism.

James Callaghan. Indeed, and this is a queer place, any how. Faith I see no confession, and I was to come to that. By the holy Virgin they're all Yankees, every one of them. I might as well confess to a churchman, as you talk as to a priest. I confess to the priest, and the priest to the Bishop, and the Bishop to the Pope, and the Pope to God. I'd like to get prayed out of purgatory, but I'd not confess to a Protestant. My name was James Callaghan. You say confess, and you are no confession, and this is no place to confess in. Be glad, one would confess to all the world!

Faith, I know this is an earthly place, and that I have got a body that is not my own. Faith, I don't want to confess to you, for you know the Protestants don't trust the Catholics, and they don't trust the Protestants.

I died, I suppose, of fever, in Boston, in 1853, in August. I lived in Broad street, at the beginning, where the most respectable Irish live.

Father McCann was here a long time ago. I worked round, and did anything I found to do. I unloaded vessels that came in with corn and iron. Faith, I was not beholden to a Protestant for a cent, no more than they to me. I am not happy. I had a child that died much as nine years ago, and I have not seen her, and I want to see her much. She was five years old when she died. Faith, she's happy now—didn't I spend money enough to pray her out? I drank too much, and I feel bad about that. I only left money enough to give me a wake, and a decent funeral. I spent all I had on the old woman, and myself, and I give to the priest what I wanted to. She has to work all the time, now—that's the way of it. I went all round here, and I found a priest, and tells him I cannot be happy until I confess, and he sends me to you, and tells me to confess.

You'll print this, will you, and will you send it to her? Faith, she can't read at all, but Jimmy reads. I've been in America ten years, and Mary has been dead nine years. The priest tells me to come here and confess, and I may get better, and she come to me. I did not do much wrong, only drink and fight a little; but the sickness took all the fight out of me. My father and mother died in Ireland, and my sisters, one before, and one since I left, and I have a brother there now.

Oh, be glad it's a queer place, any way. Sept. 20.

James Fitzgerald. Confound the luck! I'm in the wrong place! I think I am. If you'll tell me where I am, I'll tell you who I am, and what I came for.

I've been in a good many parts, but never got so deceived. I've been in Boston a hundred times, I dare say. I was told to come where they published the spirit's paper, and say what I wanted to, and be off.

Go ahead, my hearty, don't you talk too fast. You do not mean to say I am right, do you? Well, I am glad of it. Just wait a minute, and let me look round a while. I suppose you've been in New York; there's where I died. I came into New York in the bark Charlotte, the first week in July, 1858. I was sick on board ship, and was carried ashore with two other shipmates. I was sick only a week, and died without giving any direction about myself. I went to the hospital there—the place where they shove all the sick. I've a mother living in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; have a father with me; it's him that tells me how to come. My mother don't know I'm dead—she is looking for me to come home every day. God

help her, she will look in vain! Tell her I died in New York the second week in July, 1858. If I'd stopped a while longer, I should have been twenty-seven years of age. My father says twenty-eight, but I always had it twenty-seven, and I'll have it so now.

Part of the time I was out of my head, and part myself. I had about \$300 and a month's pay when I came ashore, and my chest—I don't know whether that came ashore or not. I had a watch and some trinkets, that might have gone to my mother, but God knows where they are. I had been on a two year's voyage. I went to London, from thence to Havre. I left ship at every port, and finally came home in the Charlotte. I felt as though I would like to go home, and I started. When about eight days from shore, I was taken sick, and the one that did duty for me, and helped nurse me, is dead. God help him, he's gone, too! If I knew where his folks were, I'd tell him he is dead; he was a German. My mother used to want me to write at every port I went to, and tell her what I saw. I don't think she will expect to hear from me from this port—don't know much about it, for I have not cause to tramp about much.

My name was James Fitzgerald. All day to you. Sept. 20.

Samuel Foster. I'll talk as soon as I get over my bad-feeling. If I had known this, I would not have come—it's like death to me. Oh, my side—my side! You see I had a cancer in my left side, that was the cause of my death—for you must know I'm dead. You don't know me, do you? Well, my name was Samuel Foster. I, always had this pain when I woke up before I died. Tell me what year it is? Then I've been dead two years. I died in 1856. In 1850, I came to Boston to Dr. Warren; he operated—under-took to cut it out, but made a bad job of it. I suppose I lived a little longer for the operation, but I might as well have died in the first place, as to have gone through what I did, and died in the end.

I am anxious to talk to my friends, and let them know where I am. I have been thinking of it some time, but I have not done it till now. I was born in Burlington, Vt., died there—was sick there—suffered there. I was sick in all above five years. Was always troubled with a humor, and worked too hard, I suppose, and strained my side; and the humor, old Warren said, was a cancer—he had a queer name for it—called it a sarthous cancer; but I always thought it was nothing more than scrofula, only he wanted to give it another name.

After the operation, it acted worse—went to the inside, and I coughed terribly. It affected the heart at last, and I died invariably.

I would not come again if I could gain heaven by it. I was thirty-seven years of age—was a butcher. Suppose I first hurt my side by lifting. For a long time I had pain in the side, and after a while all the humors seemed to go there. Warren told me it was cancer, and if operated upon, I had seven chances out of ten to live and get over it; but oh, it was inside of me—it was scrofula. My mother died with a kind of scrofulous consumption. He never did a bit of good—he was a good man, but could not see inside of me. Oh, he gave me some drops to quiet me. I'd take them a week, and then leave off a week. I have no family to speak to, but I have friends, who, I think, will be glad to hear from me.

Well, say I'm pretty well off, and am happy. I'm not happy here, though, and I'm going to get into my own quarters quick as I can. I'd rather carry round the body of an ox than this, and I've killed a good many of them. It affects me all over this side (left), but it was not so cutting as it is now, by half. I'll try and carry these troubles all away with me. Sept. 20.

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Benjamin Whitehouse.

I come here for knowledge—have you any to give? In my early life, I was taught to place confidence in the Christian religion, and the Christian's God. Finding all things different from what I expected, I have looked around in this land wherein I live, to see why it is that what I learned in my life on earth is seemingly of no avail. Wherever I wander, I find all things I meet apparently much like those I saw on earth. Now I find no God; no New Jerusalem, no City of the Living God can I find.

My dear good friends, all of whom I make inquiry here, point me back to earth, and say you received erroneous impressions on earth. Go back, and have them blotted out.

If it would be of any service to you, I can tell you who I am. In the year 1831, I became a spirit, free from an earthly body. Since that time I have been wrapped in mystery, as regards my God—my heaven. When on earth, I lived in Northfield, Vermont State. I was a member of the Christian Baptist Church. I lived there many years, and passed from thence to my present state. The religion I embraced on earth was sufficient, to carry me through earth—that is all I can say about it. It left me then, and I have never progressed one step since that time.

I was seventy-three years of age when I died. I lived a good, moral life. I tried, to serve God, and deal justly with all mankind. Now, why is it I do not realize what I expected to? If you are honest, tell me is there any God anywhere in this wide universe? I was taught to believe him a superior spirit, and one whom all might see when they left the mortal body, and one before whom all mankind should be called and judged according to their works.

I can assure you I have taken up a heavy cross, in coming here to-day, and I pray I may not go away as benighted as I came. Was there ever such a person as Jesus Christ, and was he equal to the Father?

I have met with my mother, my father, and many of my personal kindred, and they tell me they are as much in the dark as I am. I have met with many who seem to be happy, and I ask them how they obtained their happiness, and they refer me back to earth.

I have grandchildren on earth—do you tell me I can talk with them as I do with you? I speak with you as well as though I had the body I once laid down, although it seems strange to me; I was startled at the sound I first made through the medium, but presently it revived old memories, and I became quiet.

Why is it I have never been able to come to earth before now? In truth, I have been disappointed. Oh, that I could talk to some one I used to know. I did not wish to do so before I came here. Tell them my name was Benjamin Whitehouse. I owned a little strip of land—not much of a farm. I was not called much of a farmer. I was a poor man; during the last years of my life I made shoes.

All my hopes were crushed the first moment my eyes were open to the light of my new existence. I was crippled with rheumatism, and I suppose that, and old age, carried me off. Oh, I would be glad to talk with any I know, but I have nothing to offer them. I come as a beggar; instead of having blessings to offer them from the hand of the blessed, I have not one to give—not one. If I knew it was the will of the Father that I am in this situation, I would be content; but can I have faith in a being I cannot see? I am talking longer than they told me to, and I must leave.

James Brownlow. It is a blessed thing to realize one's condition, and to be perfectly satisfied with it. Oh, the old fellow who just left you, is trembling in the dark. Religion is at the bottom of all his sorrow. When I left, I went away without it. When I was sick, they were very anxious I should become religious, but they were not accommodated.

Now you will see by my talk I had no idea of a God. I did not believe in a heaven or hereafter. I thought there might be one, but I cared nothing about it.

I believe it is customary for you to receive the name, and something about the spirits who come to you. Well, to begin with, I was born in Bangor, State of Maine. My mother was an Englishwoman, my father was what you term a Yankee. I have no clear recollection of anything that happened previous to my seventh year. I then remember of losing my mother, and of becoming blessed with a step-mother, the memory of whom will never leave me. I don't suppose I lived with this father and step-mother more than twelve or thirteen years. Then, becoming too high spirited for my step mother to get along with, I went to sea. My father was a member of the Baptist church—as another old fellow was who came to me. My step-mother went to the English church. My own step-mother was slightly connected with the step-mother. I saw so much hypocrisy at home, that it set me so against Christianity in all its forms, that I was a downright disbeliever. I considered one-half of the Christian world deluded, and that the other half were being deluded by them.

It is no matter about going through the little minutiae of my earthly life, I suppose; so I will tell you what I did. I went to Montreal on some business for a friend. I was sick before I went away, and grew worse when I got there, and died of inflammation of the lungs.

The people I stopped with were also church people; and just before I died the old lady who fixed things around me, prayed for me. I thanked her for the prayer, but I told her that it was no purpose, for God would take care of me if there was a God, and if not, I was well enough off. When I was dead I hardly realized I was away from earth.

I asked those I saw if there was a God. Some said yes, and some said no. "Just like earth," said I. For the past few years I have been in the habit of coming to earth, and I have learned to believe in a Principle of Goodness. You are as much of a God as anything, and you are as much a devil as anything. God dwells in everything, and so does evil.

Now I should like to approach a man on earth who calls himself half-brother to me. My father was his father, and my step-mother was his mother. He is a pretty fair man, and I have learned he does not believe in the religion this old man who first came does. Now if he wishes to speak with me as much as I do with him, he will call for me.

I am told this is 1858; then I have been dead eleven and a half years if this is September, as I am told. I may be a little out of the way, but I cannot get it nearer unless you give me time. My name was James Brownlow. I never went to school after I was twelve years old, so all I have gained I have picked up as I have been along; but they told me the way was open for me, if I chose to come; so I am here.

Sept. 26.

Botsey March. My dear children in mortal life—To you I come, long have I waited for the blessed opportunity to tell you that my spirit has never ceased to be with you, since you looked for the last time on my cold mortality; but you will not realize it, as you do not know of this thing. Yet I cannot wait for you to open the door for me by believing, so I will try to open it by my own exertions. Oh, bid me come again, and nearer, and I shall be made much happier in my home in spirit-life.

From the spirit of Sept. 21.

William Burkley. I don't know much about speaking in this way. I should prefer to use my own body, if I could. I've come to earth for a strange purpose, and if I do not mistake myself, I shall come off victorious. I am a native—or rather I was—of Buffalo; I was born in the year 1819—died in the year 1850. To be sure I am sure of those dates; who would know better than I? Sure of the dates? I am sure!

When I was fourteen years old, I went to New York city to get work. Obtained it, and remained there, except occasionally, when I went on a cruise,

until the year 1816. Then I took it into my head I would go to London. I thought I could find more friends at that place than at home. Not liking the treatment on board ship, I left, and went to California, where I was shot, in 1820. Now my object is to get something to those who were so fast in getting me away. Yes; I am bound to be revenged—have you any objection? My time was not half out on earth—therefore I am miserable where I am. I suppose you will want to know what I was shot for? They said I was shot for stealing. I never did plead guilty to that charge, and I shan't now. I am just as innocent now as I was then—just as innocent then as I was before I saw California. You see there was a company of five of us, who went up to the mines. We all clucked together, and worked together. All but myself came off without anything. They charged me with stealing, and because I got mad and showed fight, and whipped one of their number, they chose a judge, and tried me, and shot me.

Well, I have been making my way through darkness since then, until I have got here. I do not find anything in spirit-life worth speaking of. Yes; I've a great desire to come in near communion with one particular individual on earth, and I think I shall be smart enough to do it; and when I do meet him, I shall not be likely to get whipped. His name is Ned Rogers—his right name is Charles, I have found out. Most all the boys take false names. My name was William Burkley; they used to call me Bill. There were two Charles's in the company, one went by the name of Ned, and the other was called Chuck. I've nothing to say about the others, but Ned I am after, and if he and I meet—and I know we shall—we'll have a fight, and I can fight better from my side, than he can from his.

Perhaps he thinks he was all right, and that I stole the money, but I think he had a grudge against me, and that was the reason he put me out of the way. He thought he had got rid of me, but what will he say when he hears from me from t'other side of Jordan?

Perhaps it will be well for me to give you a bit more about our transaction out there, so that if this should fall into other hands they could say I was true, so far as to identifying myself. Well, we used to take turns about cooking things to eat, and the one who stayed at home was expected to take care of all that was in the cabin. This gold was taken on the day I was cook. Now the fellow who took the gold came to the cabin, said he had walked a long distance, and was sick, and wanted me to fix him up something. He looked bad enough, and I could not turn him away, and I fixed him up something to eat. Well, after a while, I took my gun, and went out to get something to eat for supper, and when I returned he was gone. I told the boys this story, but they wouldn't believe it, it looked so dark on my side.

Now, if that chap is within reach of this, I hope he will own up.

I have no mother on earth, nor father, but I have a brother, who has felt bad about me, and says he could not believe I was ever guilty of the crime of theft, and that he would give much to hear from me. He and I parted when quite young, and he knows little about me, nor I about him. We were located in different places, and did not meet often. He lives in New York city; his name is George Burkley—he is in the rope business—that is, he was in New York the last I heard from him, and was likely to be there for twenty years—he had rope manufactured for him, and kept a store to sell it in New York.

Now, if the man Charles will speak to a medium, where I can have a chance to speak to him, I'll fight him—perhaps not very hard—only in words. I know as well as I want to, that he will get my message, without your taking any trouble about it.

Well, stranger, I'll bid you good afternoon; if we meet again, you'll know me better.

Sept. 22.

Correspondence.

A LETTER TO ELDER JAMES HEMMENWAY. Dear Sir—I listened to your address, in this place, the 22d inst., on the subject of Spiritualism, with feelings of almost unmingled pleasure, because you uttered your convictions in a true Christian spirit; and, though you were enunciating doctrines which I think erroneous, I believe that God will overrule for good the efforts of his servants to do good, even though those efforts are misdirected. If the adverse influences of public discussion caused any harshness of manner on our part it was not due to any feeling of personal opposition. Differing as I do in opinion from you in matters of vital interest to us both, I feel constrained, by this method, to set forth to you, in as clear and simple a manner as I can, my opinions.

You seem to believe that man needs an external standard of faith—a written revelation of God's will; that the Bible furnishes that standard, and that the study of the Bible is the only way man can learn divine truth. But in order for a man to really receive a truth—in order for it to be vital within him, outworking itself in his life—it is not necessary that he should have a faculty wherewith to discriminate between truth and error? Very well; man has this faculty—call it what you please—conscience, inspiration, intuition, power, or moral nature. But are not the laws of the moral and intellectual nature analogous? Are not both progressive in their nature? Does not the moral nature—that faculty by which we perceive and realize divine truths—like the intellectual differ in the comprehensiveness of its vision, the acuteness of its perception—in the vigor of its action, in the degree of its unfoldment in different men, and in the same man at different periods, and that too independently of the development of the reasoning powers? You may teach the child some of the simple laws of numbers, but he cannot comprehend the laws of the higher mathematics. So, too, you may teach him some moral principles and their bearings in a limited way, but you cannot impart to him a comprehensive view of God's government. You may talk to a tender-hearted person of the sin of using unkind words, but the Indian understands not when you upbraid him for scalping his foes. He would shrink from stealing—from his friend—but exults in slaughtering his foes, and it is only by a systematic education, leading out, enlisting forth the development of the germs of his moral nature, that he can comprehend the law of loving his enemies. These propositions being true, it is impossible to have an external standard of truth, however much we may talk about it. The real standard of each man is in himself. You may nominally accept the Bible standard, but the Christian of one latitude will be guilty of acts which would be morally impossible for the Christian of another latitude. The real standard of truth in each individual is his perception. His comprehension of truth, and the degrees of appreciation of the law of love and as various as the individuals intending to be guided thereby. The measure of every man's realization of truth must be its actualization in his life, and if the converse is true, the acts of a man's life must afford an infallible index to the strength of his moral convictions, the height to which his standard is elevated. Even the teachings of Jesus can be a standard of truth only to those who are developed morally to that lofty standpoint where they can fully comprehend them, and realize their divine origin, then they will receive the spirit of truth, which will guide them into all truth. Whatever men profess, they believe only those truths which are perceived as such by their reason, or are impressed upon their moral nature so that they are felt to be truths independently of reason. As long, then, as men differ in the development of their moral nature, will they differ in their perceptions of the law of love, and its proper application in the treatment of others.

Again: you say Spiritualists deny the inspiration of the Bible. This is a very sweeping assertion and positively untrue. When questioned, you said the Bible contained the best revelation of God's will to man. I suppose every Spiritualist acquainted indifferently well with the Bible will agree with you. But consider the nature and the laws of inspiration—

Sept. 23.

Dr. Whitney. Your first communicant you are to pass for a time. I do declare your session closed till to-morrow at half past two, P. M.

The Doctor refers to a communication we had received from Joshua Peckham, formerly of Salem, Wm. Vaughn and Frances Carson also refer to him.

for if we do not define it, we cannot be understood. There are several definitions of inspiration, as there are many kinds. The following, from Worcester, is the one under consideration: "The infusion of supernatural influence or ideas into the mind. Plenary inspiration; that kind of inspiration which excludes all mixture of error." You say there are two spirits working through men; a good, truthful, divine spirit and an evil, false, and devilish spirit; I grant it. All truth is from God, but he communicates it to men in accordance with fixed laws, and in two methods, by external education and by inspiration. But divine inspiration is something more than the infusion of truthful ideas into the mind; the Holy Spirit also prompts to action. Now, I maintain, that it is a universal law, that all men are prompted to act, and all are inspired with true ideas, by their Father in Heaven. If this is not so with any individual, he is not a man—he is not a morally responsible being. I also maintain that if any individual is wholly guided by the divine influence in all his acts; if his moral nature is so developed, that he rises superior to all evil influences, all his ideas will be truthful, divine; but the converse is true if he does not choose to be guided by the inner light, and yields at times to influences which he knows to be evil, he will not always receive power to resist evil influences when he may choose to, nor will his ideas of truth be unclouded or his moral perceptions unimpaired. The measure of light which every man receives is graduated by his conduct. The more we strive to obey the inner voice, the closer will be our communion with God, and the better receptacles shall we become for the reception of divine ideas. You say that no bad man receives the divine spirit. I agree with you, probably, though I should express my idea differently. No man receives more light within than he needs at the time. Let each man be true to the light he has and he will be abundantly blessed. We may and should judge of every man's inspiration by his conduct. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

What, then, is the Bible? A collection of books, each one of which is to be judged of by us, in all its details. The Pentateuch and book of Joshua, as we now have them, were compiled or written by nobody knows who, and nobody knows when. As far as historical evidence goes, they were not known to the Jews, in their present form, till after the Babylonian captivity. They abound in narratives at war with the teachings of science, and lay down principles repudiated by Jesus. They ascribe commands to the Deity, (as interpreted by theologians of the past), not only repulsive to our moral sense, but that of almost every prophetic writer of the Old Testament. Ps. xl, 6, and l., 8-14, and ii., 16-17; Isaiah l., 11-17, and lxvi., 3; Jer. vi., 20 and vii., 23; Ezek. xviii., 3-20; Hos. vi., 6; Amos v., 21-25; Micah vi., 6-8. What can be more explicit than some of these passages, endorsing portions of the Pentateuch (not then compiled), and repudiating others. Jeremiah and Micah, to use a cant phrase, did not believe the Bible. These books, as infallible records, have neither historical nor internal evidence in their favor. The claim in those books is that Moses was guided by a messenger of the Lord—a spiritual being, who claimed to be the God of Abraham, the God of Israel, &c. Not to discuss the question here, whether the angels of the Bible were spirits of men—which I believe, can be proved by the book itself—I will say the God of Moses was not the God of the universe; (By their fruits ye shall know them.) not the God of all nations, not the God of the ancient prophets, not the God of Jesus, who never, save through faculties of mind, spoke to the fathers." At the command of Moses' God, the most savage deeds were committed, such acts as have ever branded their authors as fiends. Whatever enlightened minds may profess, it is a moral impossibility for them to feel, that the omnipotent Creator, their Father in heaven, who guides unnumbered millions of worlds in their course through boundless space, ever "spoke unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend." Ex. xxxiii., 11; or, condensing himself in the fulness of his glory, showed his "back parts" to any man—v., 18-23. It is a moral impossibility for men of science, the depths of whose souls are stirred with admiration and love; at realizing the harmony in nature's laws, the wisdom and love of the father, to believe that he in person, or by proxy, directly commanded thousands of women and children to be slaughtered by men in cool blood, who had mercifully spared their lives. The man whose internal sense of right is so darkened—whose conceptions of the Deity are so narrow—as to feel that the God of Moses and the God of the universe are one, can have but faint conceptions of the deep significance of the words of Jesus. The narrative of the Pentateuch not only libels the Creator, but the Jewish nation. Had the wonders there recorded been performed, no nation was ever so sunk in barbarism as to be inhuman to them. The assumption that those books were written by Moses, before alphabetic writing was known, or the slaves from Egypt knew how to read, calls upon an enlightened, intellectual, and moral nature, to believe what is morally impossible, while it is no tax upon reason to suppose that those books were compiled centuries after Moses, from oral traditions, and hieroglyphic and other writings; and that, while they contain historical and religious truths, there is much of fable. As to other historical books of the Bible, they will be judged by the light within us. Anything which shocks our moral sense we cannot believe. I never knew a Spiritualist, or read the writings of one, who denied the inspiration of David, Solomon, or the prophets. But some (not all) deny that all they said or wrote, was by inspiration from God. David, Solomon, and Saul, were bad men. They were not always controlled by divine influences; how, then, can all their writings be divine? The divine spirit cannot shine in its fullness into such souls. If they denied at times, the immortality of the mind, they only asserted a negative, which showed they were not inspired on that subject. It was left to the great Teacher to bring life and immortality prominently to light. But if I can understand the meaning of language, David does not deny immortality in the 39th psalm. He teaches that the thoughts of the wealthy are with their treasures. Envy them not, for at death the vanity of riches will be evident to them; their hopes, their expectations, will be cut off; it is literally true *their thoughts will perish*; and new and unwelcome ones crowd their minds, as taught in Luke xvi., 23. But David says: "God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave, for he shall receive me." When? If he has been asleep two thousand years, what an ignominy he will be when he wakes up, somewhat behind the times, surely! In the age in which David lived he was a model man—a light shining in darkness—but viewed from our standpoint, his crimes loom up in vast proportions. His style, as a poet, is simple, beautiful, sublime; but the contrast is almost painful between the spirit breathed into almost every psalm, and that of the Gospel. The 109th psalm is a prayer which, if the like were offered by one of our clergymen to-day, would doom him to everlasting infamy, and the spirit of most of the psalms seems to be, Lord spare me, but pour out thy wrath on my enemies. As to the inspiration of the prophets, what Spiritualist denies it? But does the gift of prophecy make the receiver infallible? Then we have men among us now who are infallible. It matters not how long a time elapses between a prophecy and its fulfillment, in order to constitute it true prophecy. Men of the present age have uttered prophecies, when under a "supernatural influence," predicting events beyond the power of man to foreknow, which prophecies have been fulfilled. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, no doubt were holy, not perfect, men. They submitted themselves to the promptings of the living God within them, without regard to consequences, not suffering either the traditions of the past or the utterances of spirits, when not in accordance with the living word within, to influence them, or turn them from the path of duty. Nor could the persuasion of their most intimate friends—their families—deter them from obeying that word which was in their hearts as a burning fire. They walked in the full presence of the Deity

"that first the righteous, and seest the reins and the heart."

As to the authors of the books of the New Testament, I know of no ground for considering them infallible. The disciples certainly were not so before the crucifixion, and though Jesus could inspire them more readily after he passed to the spirit-world, I know not that any such change took place in them as to render them perfect mediums for his spirit. As to the narratives of both Matthew and John, I know no reason for doubting the genuineness or authenticity of any portion of them which are universally undisputed by Christians. The acts of Christ, as there recorded, illustrate a character so spotless, so grand, so beautiful, so altogether lovely, that I am not surprised at finding all his words—with the exception of some three or four verses, which I do not clearly comprehend—commanding themselves to my heart as eternal truths. Would that all could understand fully their deep significance, and realize their truth, that they might be within us "wells of water, springing up into everlasting life." But Jesus nowhere sanctions the idea of the infallibility of the Old Testament. The ideas entertained by many, in regard to that collection of books, find no sanction in his teachings. He reiterates some of the beautiful truths enunciated by the prophets, but in the same discourse condemns the false teachings of the priests, and sets forth doctrines of love, which condemn the spirit often exhibited by David. He nowhere sanctions the idea that God directly, with human voice, ever communed with any man, but says of the Father (John v., 37): "Ye have neither heard his voice at any time, nor seen his shape." Nor does he intimate that divine inspiration and communion with angels were confined to any nation, age, or climate.

He says he came not to destroy the law or the prophets; but when we find him violating the law as recorded in the Old Testament, and setting forth doctrines contrary thereto, but afterward saying, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets," which is the most rational conclusion, that he was amending laws, uprooting principles, established by the All-wise Creator, or did he deny that God had ever set forth such doctrines? (Jeremiah vii., 22, 23.) Christianity is no more responsible for all parts of the Old Testament, or for Paul's conceptions of Jesus, than it is for the ecclesiastical histories and theological teachings of men of the present time.

Brother, do you lament over the infidelity, and lack morality of the times, and would you know the cause? Do not attribute it to the fact that our literature abounds with proof that the presence of spirit friends will be felt in the heart, notwithstanding the infidelity of the head. Do not attribute it to the fact that the church of to-day is constrained to believe in the immortal nature of the soul, and does not deny that our spirit friends may be cognizant of all we do. What was the religious condition of this people, previous to the advent of Spiritualism? The assertion that we were a nation of infidels, had a wide basis of truth. The clergy had, to all intents and purposes, taught that the whole Bible was the word of God, as much so as if it had grown on a tree, and that we could not accept a portion of it without accepting the whole. The masses, as a necessary moral consequence, in their ignorance have rejected the whole. In this town, in the heart of orthodox, not one quarter of the legal voters habitually attend church, to say nothing of the motives of those who do go.

The ridiculous efforts of creed-makers to harmonize the teachings of the Bible by "fantastic solutions of knotty texts, murdering syntax and etymology outright," have led to the proverb that the Bible is a fiddle, on which any tune can be played. The clergy have taught that God once talked with man, both personally and by his angels, but that he had withdrawn himself and his ministering spirits. But enlightened moral natures felt that if God would guide the Jewish nation directly, or by his angels, he would visit the nations to-day; that if his angels did not disdain to take an interest in the comparatively pretty private affairs of the Jewish patriarchs, they would visit the earth to-day to enlighten us on unsolved questions concerning our eternal welfare. The Bible was not a revelation to the masses, but to many a forbidden—to all a sealed book, till angels hands broke the seals and shed a flood of holy light over its hallowed pages.

Jesus clearly teaches that those who shall believe in his teachings, and actualize them in their lives, shall attain to spiritual powers like unto his. The clergy have ignored completely the promises of Jesus and the teachings of Paul, on this subject, so manifest to every reader. The signs have not followed, and men have become skeptical. The prevailing opinion of the masses, in our country, was that God works in accordance with laws which he never violates, and they felt, and with reason, too, that if angels came not now, they never came—if inspiration had ceased, it never had existed. The proof of his mission in after times, which Jesus had based upon the spiritual powers of his disciples (the result of their holiness), was not set forth. They were taught to distrust the light within, for inspiration had ceased; they were taught to rely on external evidence, ever fallible. Unable to sift the wheat from the chaff—having failed to attain satisfactory views of their duties and destiny as immortal beings—having very limited conceptions of the powers and capacities of their spiritual nature, and feeling that it was intended that they should be enlightened in these matters, they turned their thoughts with energetic and restless activity upon the material world, and the chief end of man seemed then to be, to lay up "treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal," and where his treasure was, there his heart was also. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." The inevitable consequence—moral degeneracy—followed. The wise maxims of the past were regarded as practically false. The proverb, "Honesty the best policy," and "Do as you would be done by," might be good in theory, on Sundays, but were lies on week days; and "Each one for himself," "Believe every man a cheat when trading, and cheat every one you can, or they will cheat you," were substituted. It was almost impossible for a young man, destitute of capital, to preserve his integrity in any department of business, so corrupting were the influences around him. But God does not design to develop the faculties of the race inharmoniously. "Light in regard to the destiny of the soul—our spiritual powers—and the proper rule for interpreting the Bible, had become a necessity of the age. A world looking to the external for light, could receive it from that source only at first. You say you had never known a man made better by embracing Spiritualism. What is the inevitable result of moral causes? Spiritualism had led many who disbelieved, and millions who doubted a future existence, to cherish a vital faith in spiritual visions, in prophecies or inspiration, to believe in them. The Bible is longer formally read, like a column in the spelling-book, but is carefully studied with the spirit, and the understanding, also. The teachings of Jesus, for ages obscured by the dogmas of a false theology, are blazing forth with their original purity and power. Spiritualism hath "re-established (spiritual) death, and hath brought (spiritual) life and immortality to light through the Gospel." 1 Timothy, i., 10. For, with the Christian "death is swallowed up in victory," for "he that believeth in me, though he were dead, (physically and spiritually) yet shall he live" (spiritually) "and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?" John xi., 25-6. Millions, whose purposes of life were based on false principles, who lived for time, are struggling for regeneration—"The dove of peace is nesting in many a pure, but hitherto troubled soul, and the fire of love to God and love to man, fanned by the breath of angels, is sweeping o'er the world. "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God." 1 John, iv., 2.

GEORGE G. OGDEN.

EXETER, N. H., August, 1858.

Time is a file that wears, but makes no noise.

NATURAL LAWS.

Messrs. Editors—I will resume the consideration of this subject. All the phenomena of the physical world have been referred to what are called *natural laws*, and the operation of these laws is said to account for them. By natural laws, as I have said before, is generally meant an energy of power imparted to matter, which enables it, of itself, to produce all the effects that take place in matter, without the agency of any intelligent power foreign to itself whatsoever, for this purpose. As, for instance, in the production and growth of a plant, it is maintained that there is in the seed, and in the plant itself, the power of converting all the elementary and chemical properties of which it is composed, into the materials of its production and growth, without an application of them by any intelligent power, external to the plant itself. It is true, it is admitted by all but the atheist, that the Deity himself, in the first instance, imparted this self-acting energy to the plant, but it is said, that then his action in regard to it ceased, and that afterwards all its operations proceed from this self-acting energy, without the intervention of his power for the purpose. This is the belief entertained almost universally upon this subject.

Now it seems to me that this is an entirely erroneous view to take of the subject. And that the true explanation of these physical phenomena is that they are produced by the immediate and direct agency of God himself, or of other intelligent beings, whom he has endowed with the necessary power, and made his instruments for this purpose. And this can be made clearly to appear, I think, from an examination of the following considerations:—

All organizations, whether animal or vegetable, are composed of the elementary and chemical properties which enter into their composition, in a certain combination, and in certain proportions; and these organizations may, by a chemical process, all be resolved back again into these elementary properties. Thus the gases, as oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen, and also carbon, and other chemical substances, go to compose all vegetable and animal organizations, mixed in certain proportions, and in certain combinations. Now these chemical properties, before they enter into the composition of the vegetable and the animal, are diffused through the atmosphere, the earth, and the water, and they must be brought together just at the right time, and in the right place, in the right combinations and the right proportions, to form the plant and the animal. The same chemical properties that go to form the potato will not go to form the apple, and the same that go to form the bird will not go to form the fish; but there must be different ones, and in different proportions.

Now these chemical properties are altogether devoid of intelligence, of design, of adaptation, and of contrivance. They do not know in what combinations and in what proportions they must mix, in order to form the potato, the apple, the bird and the fish. And they are also diffused through the earth, the air, and the water. How then can they bring themselves together for this purpose? It may be said, perhaps, that it is done by an attraction or affinity towards each other, with which they are endued for this purpose. But there cannot be an attraction or affinity between them, scattered, as they are, everywhere, that shall draw them to each other, just at the right time, and in the right place, to form these substances. There cannot be an attraction between certain particles of oxygen and nitrogen, hydrogen and carbon, and other chemical properties, diffused everywhere, that shall not upon just such particles as are necessary to form a potato or an apple, a fish or a bird, and bring just such particles together, and no other, at the right time, and in the right place; and that one set of particles, mixed up, as they are, with another set of articles, should, of themselves, separate themselves from them, and each set go precisely to that plant and that animal where it is necessary that they should go, to form the plant or the animal. How then can they be brought together? plainly in no other way, than by the action of some intelligent being who understands exactly what chemical properties are required to form the potato, the apple, the fish and the bird, and in what combinations and proportions they must be mixed, and who exercises his power and intelligence for this purpose. Blind, senseless, unintelligent, and undiscerning matter cannot do this. It can only be done by an intelligent, discerning, contriving and powerful being—and this being is God himself. He is the immediate and direct agent in the production of all organized matter, whether animal or vegetable, by making use of the chemical properties and forces existing in matter necessary for this purpose.

Take now the case of the electric telegraph. Here are certain properties of matter—viz., those which compose iron—that are necessary to constitute the channel, through which the electric fluid may pass. Here is necessary, also, a certain force—viz., electricity—which shall pass through this iron channel for this purpose. God himself created both of these substances. But this force will not pass through this channel, until it is applied for this purpose by some intelligent being, and when it does pass through it, its office is done. It can, of itself, do no more. It will, of itself, carry no intelligent message. In order that it may do this, some intelligent being must first devise some way, in which the one shall become the channel, and the other the bearer, of an intelligent communication, and then act upon it for this purpose. *Natural law*, as it is commonly understood, when applied to the telegraph, will not produce this effect; but it can be done only by some intelligent agent, making use of a process suitable for the purpose. It is the act of the being controlling the telegraph, and not the act of the telegraph itself.

Now apply these remarks to the *Spiritual telegraph*—or the *Spiritual manifestations*, which is the same thing. A certain substance, as a table, is necessary to constitute the channel through which a certain force, be it a refined kind of electricity, or another and unknown force, shall act. But this force, of itself, in acting upon the table, will not produce and carry an intelligent communication. In order to do this, some intelligent being—a disinterested spirit—must first devise some way, in which the table shall become the channel of an intelligent communication, by the application of some force known by the spirit to be adequate for the purpose. *Natural law*, as commonly understood, when applied to the table and this force, would not produce this effect; but it can only be done by some intelligent being, as a disembodied spirit, making use of a power for this purpose.

So in regard to the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, these can be caused only by the immediate and direct action of God himself, by impelling them in the orbits in which they move. An intermediate physical agency may, and probably is, employed by

him, as the impelling force for this purpose. This is probably electricity, or some other impalpable force, which is made by him to act upon these bodies, while this motion is going on, not self-acting of itself, but employed by him for this purpose. This force is probably, reasoning from analogy, of the same kind, as is employed in the moving of tables and other physical substances, in the spiritual manifestations so called, and is made to act in the same way. These planetary revolutions have been ascribed to the centripetal and centrifugal forces, the former acting by attraction, and the latter by impulse. But the impulse can continue only so long as the impelling force is applied, and supposes an intelligent being constantly employed in the application of this force. And the attraction is a power both inconceivable by us, and also how it can be made to act through empty space, at such an immense distance from the sun. A physical connection of some kind between the cause and the effect, seems to the human mind to be a necessary condition of the action of the one to produce the other. And this connection seems to be wanting, where a long extent of space intervenes from one to the other. *Natural law*, as it is commonly understood, cannot produce the revolutions of the planets, but the action only of an intelligent being, who understands precisely how they can be produced, and makes use of the necessary physical forces for this purpose.

W. S. A.

Boston, Sept. 23, 1858.

"OBSESSION" CONSIDERED.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, the Lexicographer, once said to a very zealous friend, "My dear sir, whatever you do, get rid of *cant*!"—advice which might be serviceable in many cases, provided one were willing to take it at a fair valuation. The article in your paper of Sept. 25th, on "Obsession of Evil Spirits," brought the remark very forcibly to my mind. I, with the writer of that article, "deeply deplore being under the painful necessity of saying what I feel that I must." To come to such conclusions he must have been very unfortunate in his experiences, (my own observations have led me to a contrary way,) and as he so very recently has occupied a prominent position among those who have sought to disseminate ideas that they term Spiritualism, it were well to consider the relation of things in reference to himself. We may, possibly, find explanation of the singular and sudden change in his philosophy.

Man is a vain animal, and though he be created to look upward, yet at times will unwittingly cast down his eyes on those whom he supposes occupy a lower strata of being than himself.

Theology for a succession of years has dinned the doctrine of "innate depravity" into his ears, until he must of necessity, or want of reason, accept a debatable point as an established fact. The fault is probably not his, but in the constitution of things. Spiritual believers are made up of all sects—from the atheistical (if there be any,) downwards. I say downwards, for I imagine it were better to believe nothing than error—taking, of course, my own estimation as my standard; yet I cannot see why the fanatically devout should burden a national philosophy with old-time absurdities. Let the vast brotherhood of man enter into the spiritual temple if they list, but for heaven's sake, ye sectarians, leave your dogmatic vagaries at the door thereof.

The idea of obsession of spirits for evil can be traced back to creed. It is just as old as the Christian religion, and, were antiquity of avail, should be universally adopted. Yet is there one grand obstacle. Reason, which is common sense, disputes the fact. Believers point to what they consider proof. Common sense urges in reply—"Mediums are merely men and women—very often, in fact always, human beings." Humanity has always been noted for aberrations. Is it strange that the human should continue to be human? The case seems often to stand thus: A certain class of persons, often deficient in the governing principles, are suddenly overcome by the desire to fill what they consider an elevated position. They are heralded forth, through the length and breadth of the land, as angels in form, feature, and expression. Sometimes they have sense—often not. Then when nauseating adulation develops the region of vanity and self-approbation, they may act as though they were under the influences of those faculties. Is not this natural? Could they, so organized, give forth any other mode of action, in conformity with natural law? I think no rational mind will expect perfection from imperfection.

I do not intend to go into an elaborate argument to prove that the writer's ideas on the subject of demonism are positively incorrect. It were about as foolish a thing as attempting to disprove the divine authenticity of the Bible, to those whose organizations will rest upon it as infallible. The burden of substantiation belongs to those who feel inspired to do it—my object in this being to address the rational minds of those who read the article in question—they will of course form their own conclusions on the subject.

In the adaptation of the sexes, in the conjugal relation, it seems possible that physical law might successfully be observed. Most of us agree in saying there is always a course of action, in which we may be secure to a greater extent than if we adopted others, which are not characterized by thinking people as correct. It is a settled fact that disparity of ages alone has often been the cause of inharmoniousness. Moreover, when two individuals, after a few weeks' acquaintance, suddenly gravitate towards marriage, we often hear the remark, "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure." Again, when one party to a marriage contract imagines or supposes that the executive power of both are concentrated in himself, and insists on controlling the free action of the other, there is every reason to expect a jar. This is all very natural, and has its foundation, not in "psychology," not possibly in "demoniac possession," but in the immutable law of effect following cause. Its action has been felt by religionists of all sects, and possibly will be experienced by Spiritualists. The idea of shuffling off violations of physical and mental adaptation and laying it on the shoulders of those mythic devils—"demons"—is not only irrational but absurd in the extreme.

Why should we fly to other spheres to explain effects, when the causes lie open before us? A very pertinent question—answer it who may. We think that the articles of the writer in question drift, if they do not go straight to that point. His private affairs were of course the business of none, save himself, had he not occupied the responsible position of Reformer, and taken his ground in public. As they have a bearing upon the case, they may be alluded to. When we step forward, and throw the burden of our wrongs on a stated cause, that very many disbelieve in the existence thereof. When we

ignore disparity of years, and seek the one solution—"Obsession," we must not complain if others have a few remarks to make on the same subject. We consider the course of your correspondent, in the article alluded to, to be a direct attack on rational Spiritualism.

The explanations he has offered to substantiate his charge of "Obsessions of Evil Spirits," in our humble opinion, were creditable to the superstitions of the middle ages, or might have characterized the pen of Dr. Cotton Mather, in Salem witchcraft days. All old German ghostology "pales its ineffectual fires" before his luminous exposition. Rational minds, weigh his words well, and then consider whether his recent domestic troubles have anything to do with them. If not, why in the name of common sense have we never heard from him before on the same subject?

Why did he not think of this when, here in Philadelphia a few months back, he uttered before an audience, the most fulsome adulations in praise of a medium, whom he absurdly styled "the Daniel Webster of her sex"—"the most wonderful woman in the world?" Has he changed his mind already? If so, may not his present conclusions be precipitate? In this city the gentleman's course was much criticised. He was accused of seeking to make money out of Spiritualism, as many others have.

National Spiritualists here protest against the gentleman's philosophy. The "hell" that "is yawning" exists possibly as most hells do, in the teeming and fruitful brain of the conceiver thereof, who will possibly meet with much opposition ere he can substantiate his demoniac theory. The effort to foist personal matters on Spiritualism, seems childish in the extreme to those who disbelieve in *the whole* philosophy or fable of "dark spirits," which has been introduced into Spiritualism from other beliefs, not born of it.

MORRIS B. DICK.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 30, 1858.

PROF. GRIMES IN MANCHESTER.

DEAR BANNER—Spiritualism has received something of a shock in our city, recently, from that Prince of Humbugs, J. Stanly Grimes—or, Professor, as he styles himself. Of Mr. Grimes' lectures and experiments, it was said that he was cutting up Spiritualism, root and branch; of course this was the opinion of those who knew nothing of it. And yet, strange as it may seem, after all the mistakes, misstatements, and falsehoods uttered by that very scientific gentleman—and they were many—Spiritualism still lives! As samples of his style, I give you some extracts from his lectures:—

"Wherever there is a rap there is a rone." "All rapping mediums are dishonest wretches." "If I had not lectured in Poughkeepsie, you never would have heard of A. J. Davis, or modern Spiritualism." "Spiritualism is opposed to science." "Spiritualism cannot be proved; the only evidences we have is, they say so, and, therefore, it must be so." "If you bind their (the mediums') hands and feet, they cannot rap." "Spiritualism is at war with science." "Professor Hare was the only scientific man who had embraced Spiritualism in this country." The great majority of Spiritualists are dupes, but, honest. "I oppose Spiritualism, because it is a miserable falsehood." "Mrs. Coan advertised to hold forth in a certain town. I dispatched two men, with certain instructions what to do, and the result was, it was an entire failure on her part." "More evil and miserable doctrines were never taught, than are now by Spiritualists."

Several pages might be filled by such falsehoods as these, but enough. I am sorry to say there were plenty found here to cheer him on in his course. But he is doing his work in his own way. Spiritualism still lives, notwithstanding thirteen lectures have been leveled against it by this very scientific gentleman. The immediate result of all this is quite an awakening here of Spiritualism. Many were so anxious to learn more of it than could be given by this Professor, that Dr. H. F. Gardner, and Mrs. A. M. Henderson, of Boston, were sent for. Mr. Grimes left the city, as it happened, on the day of their arrival!

Dr. Gardner lectured at our City Hall on Monday evening last. His lecture was a plain-spoken, common-sense one, addressed to the reason and judgment of men and women, to an audience twice the size Mr. Grimes had on any evening of his lectures. His lecture was mainly on the phenomena of Spiritualism, prefacing it by relating something of his experience in Mesmerism, Psychology, &c. Perhaps I should have said that he devoted a few minutes to Professor Grimes, that being all that seemed necessary. He spoke to a very attentive audience, two hours and more, to their great satisfaction. He is evidently a man of strong powers, and a good exponent of Spiritualism.

At the close of his lecture, it was announced that Mrs. Henderson would follow him on the next evening. She announced her subject after becoming entranced: "The Origin and Ultimate of Spiritualism." She spoke to nearly a full house. To attempt to give an idea, or even a faint conception, of her lecture, as a whole, would but mar the beauty of it. Suffice it to say, that for conception, and utterance, it excelled anything I ever heard from mortal lips. She spoke more than an hour, at the close of which, the audience voted unanimously to invite her to tarry longer, and speak again, which she consented to do on the Thursday evening following.

A committee of three was chosen to select each a subject, and the medium, after becoming entranced, selected from one of the three, "The Identity of Mesmerism and Spiritualism;" which was most ably discussed, to the entire satisfaction of the audience. The committee were all editors and skeptics, who have the power to spread this glorious truth. Whether they will, or not, remains to be seen. After this, Mrs. H. gave a brief exposure of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus—which, by the way, was one of the three subjects presented by the committee. This exposition did not by any means run riot with reason and common sense.

Afterward, Dr. Gardner read from Nature's Divine Revelation, some extracts—showing that Professor Grimes was not the first who mesmerized A. J. Davis, as stated by him during his lectures.

Thus Spiritualism is on the increase, in spite of opposition. We have quite a number of good speaking mediums at this time, among whom are Miss Emma Houston, Miss Martha L. Brink, Mrs. J. B. Smith, Mrs. Wilson, and others.

Mr. Grimes' effort here was not thought enough of, even by the clergy, to second his efforts—to their praise be it spoken.

D. M.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Sept. 25, 1858.

Truth never ought to be a sealed fountain.

Pearls.

And quitted, and jewels the world-long,
That on the stretched finger of all Time,
Sparkle forever.

I lie upon the clover bank,
And shiver in the rain;
The roses start to see me there,
And then drop back again.

I see beneath the clover bank
The ugly earth-worms crawl,
The knotted roots, the rotted soil—
And this is Beauty's fall!

She lies beneath the clover bank;
We're almost heart to heart,
Only a little mound between
That keeps us long apart.

What is this world? A dream within a dream—as we
grow older, each step has an inward meaning. The youth
awakes and he thinks from childhood—the full-grown man
despises the pursuits of youth as visionary—the old man
looks on mankind as a foolish dream. Death the last
sleep? No; it is the last that awakens.—WALTER SCOTT.

The world is growing older,
And wiser, day by day;
Every body knows beforehand
What you're going to say.
We used to laugh and frolic—
Now we must behave;
Poor old Tim is dead and buried—
Pride and his grave.

The virtues and graces of Christianity, should always meet
us, just as the noble Moguila exhibits both strength
and beauty.

Where are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains—where the mighty ones—
Who flourished in the infancy of days?
All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame,
Exulting, mocking at the pride of man,
Satan grins forgetfulness.

Live on no man's favor; what bread you do eat, let it be
the bread of independence; pursue your profession, make
yourself useful to your friends and a little formidable to your
enemies, and you will have nothing to fear.—WALTER

Man is a pilgrim spirit, clothed in flesh,
And tending in the wilderness of time.
His native place is near the eternal throne;
And his creator, God.

We cannot help believing that the man who floats with
humanity questions the wisdom of the Great Father of
Humanity, God.

How men would mock at Pleasure's show—
Her golden scepter—if they knew
What weary work she is to those
Who have no better work to do.

He only is great who is what he is from Nature, and never
depends on others.—LUTHER

Facts and Tests.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

Mrs. E. CURRIER. I noticed a call in a late number
of your paper, for test facts, and was much struck by
the truth of your remarks in regard to the untold
experiences of private individuals, in relation to
spirit communion.

Almost any one of the thousands who have, during
the past ten years, endeavored to meet, by upward
flight, the descending choir of the hosts angelic, could,
were but the treasure-houses of their experiences
opened, furnish us with multitudes of test facts which,
transpiring through the agency of some brother, son
or parent, beside the family altar, and vouched for
by all the little band that composed that domestic
circle, would come to us with a force and power of
sincere and disinterested attestation which, above
all other external evidences, must convince the mind,
and point the way to that higher life towards which
we are moving forever onward.

Such facts can do much to awaken inquiry, to sub-
stantiate the speculations of investigators, and to
furnish data for the conclusions of all.

Some three years ago I was at work in a machine
shop, at my trade, in Norwich, Connecticut. I was
then somewhat advanced in my inquiries, but still
was not fully satisfied as to the reality of spirit-life;
my own health was quite poor, and every dollar
earned was wrung from the very sources of life; and
a feeble mother depended on my exertions for the
support of our little home. I had just partially re-
covered from a severe and expensive sickness, and
was somewhat in debt. I had labored for a long
time at this shop, and had some money due. Upon
the receipt of this I was wholly dependent for even
food. At this juncture, through a young woman—a
medium of that city, now Mrs. S. Palmer—I received
a communication, said to be from my father, who
died at my fourth year, which advised that I should
secure, in the best manner possible, my claim on my
employers, as he had doubts of their solvency. I at-
tempted to do so, and was surprised that I had any
trouble in so doing. In a short time the concern
failed, and all the rest of the men had to wait for a
settlement of their affairs, before getting their pay,
which delay would have been very disastrous to me.
None but one who can fully understand my condi-
tion at that time, can know the extent of the benefit
conferred on me by my father's plain and practical
advice. To me it was a test of spirit intercourse,
and was certainly characteristic of a kind parent
and sagacious man of business.

It has been urged that spirit intercourse has failed
to develop to any extent the element of practical use.
I think I am able to furnish some facts that will
not fail to commend it as of use to the most utili-
tarian. About eighteen months ago, I think it was,
at the house of Bro. C. Williams, where I was
then stopping, resided a young woman, an inmate of
the family, and sister of Mrs. W. She was alarm-
ingly ill of a sudden attack of sickness, resembling
the first stages of cholera. So severe was her ill-
ness, that she became very weak and cold; but yet
she refused to take anything of a medical nature.
She had been but a few weeks developed as a me-
dium, and was at this time, when severely suffering,
thrown into terror, and in that state acted as if tak-
ing nauseating medicines. She soon returned to con-
scious condition, and declared that a physician
had given her an awful dose out of a strange bottle,
with a spoon which seemed as if formed of green
stone. However, as we saw neither bottle, spoon,
medicine, or man, we supposed she had a vision.
At all events the disease was checked, nor was any-
thing further done to assist nature. In less than
three days she was quite well, as far as those symp-
toms were concerned, though still weak. This looks
to me like a test of the presence of some wise, judi-
cious, benevolent intelligence.

Last evening a small party of gentlemen and
ladies—of whom I was one—called, by invitation, at
the house of a gentleman in this place. He is a
seeing medium, and saw and described different
spirits, giving, with their exact descriptions, the

names of those persons, to the complete satisfaction
of all. Some of the names were those of almost for-
gotten friends, and all of them totally unknown to
the gentleman himself, who was, to all appearance,
in a perfectly normal state. One person was de-
scribed by the name of Jack, who showed himself as
a tumbler, driving a large sleigh. The sleigh was
described at the same time by another medium, and
the nature of the party, while another gentleman
gave as his impression these words—"Not a drop of
rum." None in the party knew exactly what to make
of it. Although one recognized the person, none
knew of the circumstances. To-day, making in-
quiries of persons to whom the influence thus con-
trolling these mediums directed us, we found that
the description was a correct one, of a stage driver,
John H., familiarly known as Jack, and that he
drove a sleighing party, of which our informants
were part, one very cold night, out of town; that
the sleigh was such as described, and that on start-
ing, he forgot his overcoat, and refused to return for
it. He nearly froze on the way, and on arriving,
one of the party was deputed to get some liquor to
give him. None could be found, and he returned,
saying, "not a drop of rum," which passed into a
by-word among them for some time after; further-
more, that he, the driver, that night caught a cold,
which laid the foundation of a disease which caused
his death.

Now let any one examine the communication given
partly through three persons, and then compare it
with the statement of facts by one who knew, and
was not of the circle, and does it not furnish a per-
fect test of identity on the part of the spirit, and of
ability to communicate to those who shared with
him the sufferings of that time?

These are not astounding facts, but the common
quality of thousands on thousands of test facts oc-
curring everywhere; but they are none the less sig-
nificant on that account. If they are such as you
wish, you shall have more like them.

I am yours cordially, E. H. WHEELER.

New Bedford, Sept. 11, 1858.

[We have been obliged to curtail Bro. Wheeler's
letter, but have related the tests in his own lan-
guage. We shall be happy to hear from him again,
and trust his prompt answer to our call will stimu-
late others to send forward their experiences in
Spiritualism.]

TESTS THROUGH MRS. FELTON.

Mrs. E. CURRIER. We are enjoying the kind hos-
pitalities of Mr. and Mrs. Howland, where all friends
are cordially welcomed, and such messages and tests
as the spirit friends see fit to give, are by Mrs. Fel-
ton freely communicated.

On Tuesday evening there was a little gathering
of the friends, to whom came many little tests,
which were very interesting and touching to those
to whom they were given. To one lady, never before
seen by Mrs. Felton, there came a little girl with a
rattle-box and a rubber-ring. Mrs. F. said the little
girl was brought by a female spirit, and then de-
scribed her general appearance and characteristics.
Violet then controlled Mrs. Felton, and said: "Ida
tells me to say that her teeth don't ache now—she
didn't have to cut her teeth up in heaven." The
lady asked what she meant by cutting teeth. Violet
answered: "Aunt Nancy says you know what it
means." In the above you will perceive there are
several distinct tests—remembering that Mrs. F.
knew nothing of the lady or her spirit friends—first,
"Ida" was the name of a little girl whom this lady
buried fifteen years ago, at the age of nineteen
months; second, she died teething; third, the last
things she played with were those described—
rattle-box and rubber-ring; fourth, Aunt Nancy,
I understood, was with her sister when little Ida
died; fifth, the description of the female spirit was
pronounced correct of her sister Nancy.

The lady, who had never before seen anything of
spirit communion, said that what she had received
could not have come from her mind, for she was
thinking of friends who had passed away more re-
cently. The question is, where did they come from,
if not from those who said they were there, and gave
their names, and other incidents of their past life,
to prove their identity?

During the evening there were several apparently
ineffectual attempts on the part of some spirit, to
identify himself, and by perseverance he at last suc-
ceeded, to the satisfaction of all present, in proving
the identity of Governor Dorr.

First, Mrs. F. said she felt some one whose limbs
were swollen and stiff, and whose arms and hands
troubled him; then she described a man—short
and thick-set, with a high forehead and dark hair;
but not being recognized, he made Mrs. F. call for a
fun, and through her he imitated painting fans,
and then held up her hands as though mangled,
when he was at once recognized, and all present
who were acquainted with him in his last years, tes-
tified to the correctness of all the representations,
which they would have recognized sooner had they
not been looking for personal friends. Governor
Dorr was imprisoned for life, for advocating prin-
ciples of reform, and died a martyr to the cause.
While in prison he was greatly troubled with the
rheumatism, which afflicted his limbs and arms. He
was short, thick-set, and had a high forehead and
dark hair, as described. While in prison, his occu-
pation was painting fans. He was never mangled,
but did that to represent a prisoner.

Mrs. Felton was ignorant of all the facts given
through her—in fact she never wishes to know any-
thing of spirit-friends, for she says they can come
much better if she knows nothing about them.

Tuesday afternoon a lady came in, to whom came
an old lady, who described herself so that the lady
recognized her as her mother. She then described
the chairs she and her husband used to sit in, the
kitchen where they used to sit, and several little
articles of furniture, all of which were recognized,
except one or two—when, as though to apologize for
not telling them better, she said: "Well, Polly, I am
not used to coming in this manner." The lady's
name is Mary, and her friends always called her so,
except her mother, who always called her Polly.
She said she was saying only the day before, "that
she didn't see why, if Spiritualism is true, her
mother had never come to her."

The mother, seeing the desire of her daughter's
heart, thus responded upon the first opportunity.
A lady who was in yesterday, asked Violet what kind
of a heaven folks found. She answered:—

"When one's heart goes paty, paty for good, they
find a great big Heaven—but when it goes paty, paty
for bad, they find a little small Heaven."

Hoping that our hearers may go paty, paty for
good.

I am yours truly,
WILLIAM BARNES FELTON.

Providence, Sept. 11, 1858.

MRS. CURRIER IN MIDDLEBORO.

Mrs. E. CURRIER. In a late number of your paper
I noticed a letter of inquiry, in regard to certain re-
markable manifestations alleged to have taken place
in Middleboro', through Mrs. Currier's mediumship,
and of which an account was given in the BANNER,
some time since. From what source that statement
came, I know not; and it matters not, for I pro-
nounce it to be in substance a true and correct nar-
ration of the facts, as they transpired.

Your correspondent suggests that such a state-
ment should be supported by the affidavits of a num-
ber of the citizens of Middleboro', and also proved,
or disproved by some minister of the gospel. I am
not aware that any clergyman attended Mrs. Cur-
rier's lecture, when the table so unceremoniously left
the rostrum. Be that as it may, I have yet to learn
that the testimony of a clergyman is worth more
than that of any other man. However, the table, sur-
mounted by a heavy desk, did leave the platform, without
any visible agency, Mrs. C. having no physical contact
with it at the time.

It is certainly strong presumptive evidence in fa-
vor of this statement, that it has appeared in your
paper, and others, and has never been denied.

Doubtless there are those in Middleboro' who will
vouch for the facts; yet I can only recollect the name
of one person, although quite a number of intelligent,
whole-souled Spiritualists reside in that town. Mr.
A. Washburn is a well-known and highly respected
citizen. He owns the pew in which Mrs. C. sat,
when the mysterious rappings were heard in the Ba-
ptist church; and he was present with his family in
the Town Hall, when the unfortunate table became
"disseised." I have every reason to believe that he
would, if called upon, substantiate what has been
stated.

A great number of the most stubborn skeptics
have visited Mrs. C., and have been convinced, by
the evidences of their own senses, that heavy tables
were moved violently in broad daylight, and without be-
ing touched by the medium, or by any other person.
If human testimony is good for anything, then
hundreds of persons in different parts of New Eng-
land can prove these things.

In North Brookfield, recently, at a circle, a musical
instrument, weighing 250 pounds, with a man
upon the top of it, who weighed 200 pounds, was re-
peatedly rocked and moved about, as if it had been
but a child's plaything. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lyon
and Mr. J. Burdick, of that town, will verify the
above. Some of the time Mrs. C. touched the instru-
ment, and part of the time she did not.

If your correspondent is laboring under anxiety of
mind in regard to what occurred, he had better write
to Middleboro', or go personally, and investigate the
matter; in case he does, the truth will not probably
suffer.

JAMES W. CURRIER.

Waltham, Sept. 30, 1858.

Some one says of a certain congregation, that they
pray on their knees on Sunday, and on their neigh-
bors the rest of the week.

OBITUARY.

Passed on his happy spirit-home from Lowell, Sept. 24th
Miss Susan A. Vane, aged 17 years 3 months, daughter
of John and Susan Cutler. Always patient, gentle and kind,
she gained the friendship of all, and in the last moments
of her earthly life she took a parting hand with those by her
bedside, and with signs and soft whispers seemed to say she
was welcomed to the loved ones above.

At the funeral, after singing by the friends from the
"Psalms of Life," the beautiful hymn—
"One sweet flower has drooped and faded,
One sweet flower's voice has fled,
One fair leaf from the grave has shaded,
One dear daughter upward led."

Brother J. D. Otis spoke eloquently and cheerfully from
the words, "A little while and ye shall not see me. And
again a little while and ye shall see me." Also words of con-
solation were spoken by Brother Currier, of Lawrence. The
services of the day will long be remembered, and many could
feel and say, it is better to go to the house of mourning than
the house of feasting.

Passed on to the morning land from Watertown, Sept. 27,
Nellie M., youngest child of John Brigham, Jr. and Mary E.
T. Brigham, 11 mos. 16 days.

This early loss in mother's first hour
Passed, and left the little flower—
From father and from human view,
To join the lovely and the true.

This thought ne'er stills a mother's heart
The wound still rankles—there's the smart,
Her heart demands—where's the life,
The tiny lips, the smile, the kiss.

These all have fled, have passed away
Shrouding in gloom life's fleeting day.
Yet she will come on no less wing,
Stealing again, sweet notes sing.

CHARLESTOWN, Oct. 1858.

Passed on in Crofton, N. H., Aug. 10, 1858, Esther Emery,
aged 68. The angels spread their silent wings and bore her
to a happy home.

This early loss in mother's first hour
Passed, and left the little flower—
From father and from human view,
To join the lovely and the true.

This thought ne'er stills a mother's heart
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CHARLESTOWN, Oct. 1858.

THE PSALMS OF LIFE.

A Compilation of Psalms, Hymns, Anthems, Glories, &c.,
(Music and Words) embodying the Spiritual, Progressive,
and Refractory Sentiment of the Present Age. By JOHN S.
ADAMS.

"It contains the living poetry of the day, treating upon
living subjects, to operate upon the hearts of living men."
—Evening Gazette.

"For social and refractory gatherings it supplies a want
long felt."
—Cambridge Chronicle.

"As a 'Hand-book of Poetry' it is worth four times the
price at which it is sold."
—Boston Herald.

"It contains much that is valuable, and is one of the most
complete specimens of musical publication we have ever seen."
—Boston Courier.

"We have never met with a more complete or beautiful
collection of Sacred Melody. It is the very thing that was
wanted, and the public will extend to it a liberal patronage."
—Anglo-Saxon.

"It contains evidence of good taste, and a just appreciation
of the wants of the community. One glorious recom-
mendation to it, is that it is entirely free from sectarianism."
—Salem Register.

"Good music feathers the arrow shot at evil, and steals its
flight."
—Last Refractory.

"Five hundred of the choicest selections of poetry from
the poems of the most celebrated poets and reformers of an
ancient and modern times. We have no hesitation in pro-
nouncing it superior to anything of the kind now published."
—Christian Spectator.

"Every way far better adapted to the present wants of
Spiritualists and Reformers than any similar work which
has come to our notice."
—Spiritual Telegraph.

"We would urge its constant use upon every individual,
family and school, to recognize the ministrations of
angels and the principles of Eternal Progression."
—Banner of Light.

The third edition of this indispensable volume for every
family, is now ready. Price 75 cents. Postage 14 cents. Co-
pies will be sent by mail, from this office, on receipt of these
amounts, to any place within three thousand miles. Beyond
that distance the postage is double the above rate.

Sept. 18

CONSUMPTION CURED.
The following letter from a gentleman who had been af-
flicted in the last stages of consumption, will be read
with interest by all who are suffering with that insidious
disease:—

Messrs. B. O. & G. C. WILSON, Botanic Druggists, No. 20
Court Street, Boston.

Gentlemen.—In 1848 I took a violent cold, which soon re-
sulted in chronic bronchitis; with the continuance of the
disease, my constitution was falling, and in the winter of
1853 I was confined to my room. I had recourse to every
kind of medicine, but all failed. I placed myself under the
care of a physician. In February, 1854, I was much emaciated,
my bed had night sweats, hectic fever, copious bleeding
from the lungs, &c., &c.; these my physicians checked, but
could not cure, and expressed strong fears of a fatal issue.

At this juncture, I received from you a bottle of your
"Cherry Bitters," and placed myself under the care of a
physician. In February, 1855, I was much emaciated,
my bed had night sweats, hectic fever, copious bleeding
from the lungs, &c., &c.; these my physicians checked, but
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NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS.

CIRCLES AT MUNSON'S ROOMS.

M. C. H. FOSTER, of Salem, Mass., has been employed
by the undersigned, and will give sittings day and evening.
Other mediums will be constantly in attendance. On
Tuesday and Thursday evenings, in place of the large circles
held heretofore, it has been deemed advisable to limit the
number of sittings to eight persons at \$1.00 each, for the evening.
Circles will commence at 7:12 o'clock, and close at 10 pre-
cisely.

Nothing extensive, nor set down ought in malice."
"THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE INQUIRY AND CONVENTION,"
photographically reported by Mr. J. M. W. Tarrington, is
just published. This is a very full report, in the reading of
which the public will be able to gather how much of false-
hood and misrepresentation has been promulgated and sent
abroad throughout the land by the secular press, claiming
to have a tender regard for, and in some sort the guardian of,
the public morals. This book contains a most interesting and
valuable, and will be furnished at the very low price of 50 cents,
in paper, or 75 cents bound. The object not being to specu-
late, but to get the facts before the people, it has been con-
cluded to make the price at the lowest possible figure. Or-
ders sent to the undersigned will meet with prompt at-
tention. Address

S. T. MUNSON,
aug 14 11 5 Great Jones street, New York.

MEDIUMS WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE CONSTANTLY
day and evening, at Munson's Rooms. S. T. M. has the
pleasure of announcing that he has engaged the services of
some of the best mediums in the country; the hours will be
from 10 o'clock A. M. to 2 o'clock P. M., for the evening
circles from 8 o'clock to 9 o'clock. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings
the circles will be public, at an admission fee of 50 cents.

S. T. MUNSON,
aug 14 11 5 Great Jones street, New York.

TIFFANY'S MONTHLY.
THE SUBSCRIBER continues the publication of this Mag-
azine at No. 6 Fourth Avenue, New York. It is just
entering upon the publication of the Fourth Volume. The
Magazine is devoted to the investigation of the principles of
moral and every department thereof, physical, intellectual, moral,
and religious. It investigates the phenomena of Spiritu-
alism without partiality or prejudice, giving "tribute to
whom tribute is due."

It solicits the patronage of all who wish to become ac-
quainted with the philosophy of spiritual intercourse, its dangers
and its uses. The Magazine is published monthly, each
number containing from 48 to 64 octavo pages.

1 Vol. (12 Nos.) \$2.00
5 " " " 1.00
10 " " " .50
20 " (one address) .25
Extra for sale at the Bookstore of BELA MARSH, 14 Broadway
street, Boston.

THE FOLLOWING ARE NOW READY—ADDRESS delivered
before the late Convention in favor of extending to
Women the Elective Franchise, by Geo. W. Curtis. Price 10
cents, or to the trade at \$7 per hundred.

THE DEMAND for these reform tracts is constantly in-
creasing. More than 20,000 have already been sold. Price for
the three Discourses 24 cents, or \$2 per hundred.

Beside the above, the subscriber has a general assortment
of Spiritual and Reform publications, and whatever points
of the elevation of humanity independent of creeds, but recog