

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Original Poetry.

AGNES.

BY CORA WILDER.

Faint and gentle flow' ret standing
Mid the ruder band,
Like a soul-lit vision gleaming
From the spirit-land—
With thy brown eyes speaking wonder,
With the pensive grace
Mingling with the fervent promise
Of thy tender face—
With a spiritual glory
Crowned that golden hair;
With a cloud of early sorrow
On thine aspect fair—
With deep thoughtfulness reposing
On that childish brow;
With sweet, strange, and thronging fancies
Uttered soft and low—
I beheld thee, lone and silent,
Pining for thy home;
Voicelessly for love-tones calling,
Praying love to come!
Invocations in thy pleading—
Mute, yet eloquent;
Answering angels of affection,
From high heaven are sent.
Still I feel the lingering pressure,
Of thy little hand;
Faint and gentle flow' ret standing
Mid the ruder band.
Angel-child! sweet, trusting spirit!
Wait and pray for me;
With thy true eyes' lustre,
Guide me o'er the sea.
Will thou dwell apart and lonely,
Trusting one with me?
Where the forest depths are ringing
With the wild-birds' glee?
Where the sunshine's benediction
Gilds the humble cot;
Where the radiance of affection
Cheers the orphan's lot.
Will thou come, pale flow' ret standing
Mid the ruder band,
To the lovely haunts of Nature,
Waiting for thee long?

Written for the Banner of Light.

"ROCKY NOOK," A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

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

CHAPTER I.

When I was married—and that seems a great while ago, to my nephews and nieces, who look sadly at the silver thread in what was once my bonny brown hair, but to my memory it is only a very short time, and to-day it seems shorter than it ever has before. Perhaps because I have been recalling events of that time, and they come up before me as vividly as if some artist were sketching them rapidly before my eyes.

As I was saying, when we were married, John, (that was my husband's name), and myself thought it would be a fine thing to board awhile, but my father said, "No, it is time, my daughter, that you should understand that life has its duties and cares, and be willing to take them upon you. A boarding-house life is an indolent, easy way of passing time, and will unfit you for the cares which will come upon you in the future. Go directly to housekeeping, and see how neat and cheerful a home you can make for your husband."

I did not relish this advice very well, but I loved my father and knew that he desired my happiness, so I reluctantly consented to give up the pleasant rooms which we had thought of taking, and turn housekeeper at once. The next question was, where should it be? We could not afford to buy a house, and we were, perhaps, a little too critical in our desire for a pleasant home. John had lately gone into partnership with Mr. Scott, a trader in the village of M—, in the eastern part of Massachusetts.

Mr. Scott was between fifty and sixty years of age, a very agreeable, kind-hearted old gentleman, and much attached to my husband, who had been in his store as a clerk for many years. When Mr. Scott learned that we were looking for a house, he came at once to John and said—"You may have half of mine, and I shall be glad to find such a tenant. Charles has gone West, and will probably settle there; Mary and her husband are living in Boston; Edward is in college, and will be at home but seldom. We are left alone with our little Lucy, and the large house will seem all the pleasanter for the presence of a young, married couple. There is plenty of room, if you are not too ambitious. You can have one of the large front rooms for a parlor, and a snug little kitchen back of it, with a dining-room opening upon the porch; then there are two pleasant chambers above. We shall have as much more left, besides Edward's room."

When we told my father, he said, "That will do nicely, with a few alterations. Before you go in I will ask Mr. Scott to bring the water into the kitchen, and make a stairway into the cellar which he has appropriated to your use. We will make you particularly distinct, so that there will be no need of passing through each other's rooms."

John smiled, and asked my father if he thought Mrs. Scott and Anna would quarrel.

"I do not intend they shall have any occasion for

it," was the reply. "If you would keep friendship with neighbor, avoid borrowing, and too much familiarity."

I found this good advice, and attribute my lifelong friendship with Mrs. Scott to my obedience in following the prescription. Mr. Scott's house had been built many years, and like many other houses of that period, had four large square rooms on the ground with a broad entry running between them. The room back of our parlor had been made into two—a little kitchen and dining-room. Mr. Scott added a wood-shed and wash-room, and acceded to my father's request about the water and cellar. Moreover he divided his garden, which was large and full of fruit, giving us one row of currant bushes, two or three apple trees and one fine pear tree, beside room for garden vegetables. My father gave me plain, substantial furniture for my rooms, and came over on purpose to see that the cooking-stove was rightly set up and that I had all the kitchen utensils necessary.

"Nothing adds more to the happiness of a housekeeper," he said, "than to have plenty of pails and dippers and kettles, and all things handy in the pantry," and he busied himself one whole day putting a book here and a shelf there, and then he hired a man to whitewash the cellar, and put up low shelves for our barrels of vegetables to stand upon, and the last thing he did was to put up a box with a wheel to draw in the clothes-line.

When everything was ready John took me over in the chaise. I remember we arrived just at ten-time, and Mrs. Scott had set the table in our little dining-room and left the tea-kettle steaming upon the stove. "I thought you would prefer," she said, "to be by yourselves a little, in your new home, but tomorrow I expect you to dine with me."

This was very considerate, for I was tired, and it was so pleasant to say "This is our home," and then how happy and womanly I felt to sit down by the server with my new cups and saucers before me, and John opposite. I waited a little, a very little; I did not know; I was afraid, and yet I hoped that John would ask a blessing. And he did, though his voice trembled a little, and the tears came into my eyes. I do not know why the tears should come, for I was very happy, and thought of what father said—"My child, no household is truly happy where God is not honored."

Early the next morning I went out after breakfast with John to look round a little before he went to the store. We entered the garden first; it was a bright morning in mid-summer; the apples were ripening on the trees, and under the early apple tree we found enough to make pies and sauce. There were a few currants left, which we picked for the tea table. Then we walked on to the back part of the garden, which was rising ground, and a little path led up to a ridge of rocky land. Indeed, there were rocks on the north and east of the house, rocks full of little cavities and mossy knobs, and basins where the water yet remained. These rocks looked as if washed by the sea, and, indeed, where we stood, we could see the sea, which was only a mile distant, and with a glass we could watch vessels coming in and going out of Boston harbor.

Mr. Scott's house and garden, with one smooth cornfield adjoining, lay in a little hollow almost surrounded by the rocks, and so it had received the name of "Rocky Nook." Though the house and grounds were lower than the ridge on which we stood, yet they were on high ground, compared to the village itself, and it was considered one of the most eligible spots in town. From where we stood we could not only look upon the ocean on the east, but could see distinctly the village street, the little white church with its tall spire, the school-house, the town hall, and the one store—a long, yet low building—with the sign, "Scott and Hooper," in large gilt letters. This was a new sign, and I thought John was a little proud of it. Directly from the main street was a narrow lane leading to a small, red house with white trimmings. I am sorry it was not painted more in accordance with a true artist's taste, but red it was, and as that color is said to be very durable, resisting the east winds and sea breezes better than white, it was sometimes adopted. There was an orchard and a garden near the house, and on the whole it was a very quiet, cozy place.

"Ah! I see what you are looking at," said John, "and I thought it would add to the attractions of your home, if you could have a view of Aunt Reed's every day."

"Yes, indeed, John; how many happy days I have passed there! Do you see that large rock near the house? There, in one of the hollows, was my first baby-house. It was carpeted with moss, and had a neat little fire-place, and was furnished with all the appliances of housekeeping. I was never tired of playing there, when I came to see Aunt Reed, and the only thing that would win me into the house, when the wind blew or the sun beat fiercely, was auntie's great wax doll, which her husband brought from Liverpool. It could open and shut its eyes, and that was, over an unsolved mystery to me, for I was never allowed to handle it—only to stand by and look on when aunt opened the bureau drawer in which it was kept. I shall look for aunt to-day. I know it was her who put that nice loaf of cake in my cupboard, and that copy of Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying' in my bed-room. 'It is just like her.'"

"Is that her?" said John, handing the glass to me. I looked a minute. "Yes, that is her own precious self, on that high rock, looking through her spy-glass out to sea. Upole Reed is expected daily, and she is trying to get the first sight of his vessel. I hope,

for her sake, he will arrive in safety. How is the wind, John?"

"Due west; he'll hardly get in to-day. Anna, the first time I ever saw you, you were standing on that very rock, dressed in white, with a large spy-glass in your hand, not looking through it, but holding it at your side, as if, leaning upon it, reminding me of the picture of 'Hope' which I had somewhere seen engraved."

"Your fancy converted the spy-glass into an anchor, I suppose?"

"Yes, and I had a strong curiosity to examine the picture nearer." "I am afraid you will never view me in such a picturesque attitude again. Come, I must go down, now, and wash the dishes; I shall not make a very interesting tableau then!"

"You need not be in such haste to 'perform your duties,' as your father would say. See, I have half an hour yet before I must be at the store. Sit down here and enjoy the scene; we shall not have many such delightful mornings at this. Do you see that old, moss-covered cider-mill yonder?"

"Yes; I was thinking it corresponded well with the gray rocks around. Is it used now?"

"Not much; but I remember the time when Mr. Scott made five hundred barrels of cider in a season, and more than half of it would be turned into cider-brandy, and stored in the cellar of the store. There were apple-trees all over this ridge—many of them have been cut down, now—but I have heard Mr. Scott say that he had made more money from the sale of cider, brandy, and other liquors, in one year, than from all the rest of his goods for five years together. I know, now, of three farms that were owned by intemperate men, on which Scott held a mortgage, that have come into his possession, by the poor fellows drinking their land up."

"But you do not sell spirits now?"

"Oh, no; Mr. Scott gave it up when he became a Christian. When I asked your father's permission to visit you, he said: 'John have you sold any liquor since you became Scott's partner?' 'No, sir.' 'John, have you made any money since you have been in business?' 'Only about two thousand dollars, sir.' 'John, will you advise me how to invest it?' 'I have no objection, sir.' 'Very well. I know, John, you mean to be honest and faithful. You may have my daughter, if you can win her.'"

"That sounds just like him. He is peculiar—quite abrupt, sometimes—but he means well. John, is Mr. Scott a rich man?"

"Yes, he owns the most property of any man in N—; but he is liberal, and public-spirited. I know of no man who would be so much missed in our village, if he should be taken away."

"How kind he was to give me that parlor carpet! Do you know, John, I think we are very fortunate in our home? I already begin to love 'Rocky Nook,' and am so glad we did not board."

"If you do not have too much to do, Anna, I shall be very happy in my home."

"Can I do anything before I go to the store?"

"Yes, you may carry in those pie-apples, and you must remember to be very punctual to dinner. We are to dine with Mr. Scott you know."

I remember very well that I watched John that morning till he was out of sight, and then I went in and busied myself in the kitchen. I washed the dishes, made two apple pies, and then went into the parlor to look at my carpet and furniture. I sat down upon the sofa a minute, and all at once burst into tears! For the life of me I could not have told why; but if any young wife, who reads this, never did the like during the first week of her marriage, then she may call me very "weak and silly."

CHAPTER II.

While I sat there, a gentle hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I felt a kiss pressed upon my forehead. I knew who it was at once.

"Oh, aunt, I am ashamed of myself. I am sure I do not know what these pars mean."

"I do, my child; and you need not be at all ashamed of them. Let me see. You are happy—your heart just now is full of gratitude and love, and you feel unworthy of these blessings, while mingled with these emotions is a fear lest sorrow may come."

I laid my head upon her shoulder.

"Why, auntie, how do you know all this?"

"My child, I was married when I was just your age, and I would not change Mark Reed, not even for your John. Do you know he is telegraphed in Boston Harbor? I run over this morning on purpose to tell you, and beg of you not to come over to Barbary Lane till your uncle comes home. The house is gloomy without him, and I wish your first visit there to be very pleasant. How delightful it is here at Rocky Nook this morning! You will enjoy housekeeping here. Have you all that you need—every little thing in the kitchen? I sent over some soap this morning, for your father told me he had forgotten that important article."

"I believe I have all that I need, Aunt Martha, and if you will only give me advice, now and then, I shall get along nicely. But are you going?"

"Yes, for the captain will be here to-morrow, and I always spend the day before he comes in praying for his safety, and praying everything for his comfort. As soon as he arrives, I will put a signal on 'Prospect Rock,' and you and John must come right over."

She went as suddenly as she came, and I, who knew her habits so well, would not have detained her a minute. Aunt Martha had been married

twenty years, and her greatest trial seemed to be lest she should love her husband more than her Maker. They had no children, and were consequently dependent upon each other for happiness; and no home was more agreeable than their cottage when the captain, a bluff, hale and hearty old sailor, was in port.

Aunt Martha had scarcely left, before there was a tap at my kitchen door, and, on opening it, I found little Lucy Scott with a bowl of yeast, new and foaming.

"Please, Mrs.—Mrs. John, mother sent some yeast for you to begin with, and says we dine at twelve."

"Thank you, Lucy; come in, I want to see you."

She stepped—hesitated.

"I did not do my errand quite right. I meant something beside Mrs. John, but we always call him John, and I could not think of the other name."

"It is just as well as it is, Lucy. 'Mrs. John'—I like that very much, and let it remain so."

She came in and sat down in a low chair in my room, while I changed my dress for dinner. She was a delicate, fair child, about ten years of age, with large dark eyes, and soft, brown hair.

I knew she was the youngest, and a great pet. John had frequently said to me that they would spoil Lucy, and that it was almost a pity, under the circumstances, that she had so pretty a face. I could not agree with him as I looked at her now, and thought what a precious gift beauty was to woman. How it wins your heart at once!

"I am glad you are here, Mrs. John. We heard you singing this morning, and mother said it seemed as if Mary had come back; and then she sighed and looked very sad, and said what a foolish girl Mary was to marry Sydney Blake, instead of John; but I am not sorry, for I mean to love you as much as I do Mary."

I turned quickly round; my face was flushed, I knew, for I felt the hot blood pouring into every vein.

"And so Mary Scott had refused to marry John—my John—and he, he had loved Mary Scott?" I was about to say this, but a second and better thought restrained me—she is but a child—how foolish I am!

"Lucy, where is Mary now?"

"Why, don't you know she lives in Boston, in a great, nice house; and, oh, she has such beautiful dresses, and such a plenty of jewelry. When I am a little older, I am going to stay a whole year with her."

I was ready for dinner, and looking out of the window, I saw John coming at his usual quick pace. I did not go to meet him, but awaited his coming in the hall.

"Ah, Anna, all ready? You are always prompt."

"Mrs. Scott, I believe we are your guests to-day," he said, as that lady opened the door of her parlor to admit us.

She was a pleasant, motherly woman, and a good housekeeper. Her roast meat and vegetables were, no doubt, very nice, but I was not inclined to do justice to them, and John eyed me a little anxiously, while I well knew there was a cloud on my brow. We had fruit from the garden for dessert, early pears, plums and peaches. As Mrs. Scott passed around the latter, she said—

"These are from the tree you and Mary planted, John; do you remember it?"

"Yes, very well; Mary was just ten years old that day, and I remember her saying: 'Oh, John, we shall be old folks when this bears fruit!'"

"She is twenty, now," said Mrs. Scott, "and the tree has borne fruit for three years."

I declined tasting the peaches; I thought they would certainly choke me.

"I am not sorry if you are," said Lucy to her mother, that Mary did not marry John, because I will have one sister more, and I mean to love Mrs. John as much as I do Mary."

There was an awkward silence, my own heart was full, and I pushed back my chair, and was about to leave the room, when John, who, by a glance, understood the whole, now said: "Wait a minute, Anne. Lucy, what have you been saying to 'Mrs. John,' as you call her?"

"Oh, I was only telling her that pa wanted Mary to marry you, but I was not a bit sorry she didn't."

Good old Mr. Scott came at once to the rescue.

"Ay! ay! your little piece of mischief," said he, turning to Lucy, "what will you do next, I wonder? The truth is, Mrs. Hooper, that John and Mary were brought up here, children together, and used to call each other husband and wife, and I must acknowledge that it was my hope that the play was a prophecy of a future reality. But while Mary was a mere child—only fifteen—and when marriage was in the distant future to John, Mr. Blake, from Boston, saw Mary, and won her from us."

She leads rather a gay life now; and sometimes could not have settled down, and have been a comfort to us here in our old age. But, as for John, he has no confessions to make, for I venture to say he had never thought of Mary as a wife, and was as much surprised as myself when Mr. Blake asked for her. Betsy, dear, pass those peaches. Take another, Mrs. Hooper—they are very fine."

I did take one, and as I looked slyly at John, I saw that there was a roguish look in his eyes, and just the faintest ripple of a smile around his mouth. There was a side-board in the room, and decanters and glasses glittered upon it; but I noticed they were empty. Mr. Scott turned towards it as if from the power of habit, but recalling himself, said: "Five years ago, John, I should have thought it strange to have a bride and bridegroom in the house, and not

offer them a glass of my best wine—but I suppose you will consider it no compliment."

"She will not wish any, I am sure," said John; "she has too much respect for her father."

"And too much principle herself," I added.

"It seems, strange to me now," said Mr. Scott, "that I should not have seen the evils of rum-selling before. Why, my dear madam, for forty years I sold three thousand dollars' worth of liquor in a year, and never once dreamed that I was doing wrong."

"I wish there were none as blind now, Mr. Scott."

"They are willfully blind now, madam, for there has been too much light upon the subject for any to be ignorant. By the way, John, we must fix up the old cider mill, and make a few barrels for vinegar. What a story the old mill could tell if it had the power to speak!"

We sat so long talking at the table, that John had to go back to the store without my seeing him a moment to make any explanation. As he was going out he said, "It is a very busy day at the store, Anna, and I shall not be at home till eight o'clock—do not wait tea for me."

I sat an hour or two with Mrs. Scott, and then went to my own rooms, but the afternoon wore away very slowly, and, as I had no idea of taking tea by myself, I let the usual hour pass without any preparation. As twilight came on I was very lonely, and, after arranging the tea table, I determined to go down to the store and walk home with John. It was a mild September evening, and the walk down the hill was very pleasant—though I could not help thinking how glad I was that we lived on high land, as I descended to the village, which seemed to lie in shadow, and afforded no glimpse of the gorgeous sunset which a few minutes ago I had gazed upon with so much pleasure.

The store stood in the centre of the village, next to the tavern, and did not look very inviting to me; it had a long, low porch in front, which was partly filled with flour barrels, potatoes, one or two ploughs, a hoghead of sugar, which had just been rolled from a loaded team, and various other ceteras of country trade. On one window-shutter was printed—"Mackerel, Salmon, Haddock," on the other, "Extra Superfine Flour," "Cash paid for Rags." As I entered, there was a smell, compounded of tobacco smoke and fish, not at all agreeable. I saw that now John could like to stay there, or now no man. I aged to keep muslins and silks in such a place. One old man, with a very ancient hat, was smoking a pipe at the door, and a woman, who I thought to be his wife, was trading with the clerk, exchanging a few eggs for a pound of snuff. At the further end of the store John stood at a high desk writing. I made my way towards him, and he laid down his pen, and said he had just been wishing that I were there to walk home with him.

"How glad I am, John, that you have such a pleasant home as Rocky Nook for you to come to at night! Do you not get very tired here?"

"Oh, no; I like my business very much. I was a clerk on Washington street, in Boston, one year, and I was not as happy as I am here. There is so much variety in our trade, and such an opportunity to study human nature. And what is better still, this is a good place to make money—not a great fortune in a few months, or even years—but a good country trade, that is steadily increasing. Then just see what a museum you are in. I had often thought of the variety collected in a village store, but never saw it so well expressed as in something which I met this very day. All parts of the world have contributed to fill this place. There are muslins from India looms, silks from sunny France, linens from despotism Russia; here is tea, raised in the shadow of the great wall of China, taken to market through the Grand Canal, older than any European monarchy, shipped in sight of grotesque temples raised in honor of a religion older than Christianity, and at length brought over many thousand miles of ocean. Here, in these little compartments, are cloves, and cinnamon, and allspice, from hot Sumatra, fragrant Ceylon, and exclusive Java. Near by is Mocha coffee, and gums from Araby the blessed; dates, gathered by wandering Arabs from the oases of the desert; figs from the land of the Moslem, raisins from Smyrna, currants from Zante. Here are nails and glass from Pittsburgh, a wooden comb from Connecticut, and cheese from Holland. There is a kind of cheese upon the floor; the red anatto with which it is colored has been gathered by Indian girls, in the deep shades of tropical forests, far up the Madeira, or perhaps at the springs of the Amazon, and under the walls of ancient Cuzco."

"You have a brilliant fancy this evening, John."

"I was quoting, though the writer has only clothed my own thoughts in words. There is in every employment some bright tints for the eye of fancy to dwell upon. But I am very willing to leave my museum for our home. Here is some sage cheese from one of our best farmers' wives—let me take some home."

He walked slowly up the hill, and I was rather silent, expecting every moment that John would speak of Mary Scott, but he said nothing, and we were almost at the top of the hill when I asked him if he did not think Lucy Scott a very pretty child.

"Yes, she bids fair to be almost as handsome as Mary."

"Was she very beautiful?" I asked, my heart beating faster.

"Yes, one of the most—I think I may say, the most beautiful girl I ever saw. Blake's fascination, was no marvel to me, though I was surprised that Mr. Scott consented to so early and so hasty a mar-

riage. Mary was a mere child, younger in character than her years—an impulsive, potted child. "But if she is well married, why should you all regret it? I see no reason, only that Mr. Scott wanted you for his son-in-law, and you lost your only choice, and the most beautiful girl you ever saw."

My words were hastily spoken, and I regretted them as soon as uttered. John looked grave, and for a moment made no reply. When he spoke, every word seemed to have been weighed and measured.

"What might have been, Anna, it is useless to speculate about; but when a man has selected from all others the object of his choice, and she has returned his love, it seems to me that a true woman's heart will repose with confidence upon that mutual affection, and allow no foolish fancies to disturb her peace."

We were just entering the door as he completed the sentence. It was the nearest to a reproach that I ever received from him, and my heart, for a moment, leaped to my throat, but I made no reply.

"Come, wife, let us having the tea-table looks! I am hungry as a bear. How long will it take the tea to steep?"

CHAPTER III.

The next morning, as soon as I was dressed, I ran into the garden, and up the little path to the rocks. Sure enough, there was the signal flying! Uncle Reed had come—probably by the mail stage in the night, from Boston. I hastened back.

"John, uncle has come. He is safe at home, and I know what Aunt Martha has said a good many times this morning."

"Did she telegraph her words?"

"No, but can't you see her, clasping her hands together, while a pleasant smile lights up her face? Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name! And then I know just the hymn they will sing at family prayer."

"You seem to be chattering this morning."

"No, but Aunt Martha always selects this one when uncle has been to Calcutta or the West Indies. I can see her now, with her hands clasped in her lap, and one of her feet up on the sofa, always wears her best cap when uncle is at home and looking so placid and happy, as uncle, seated in his great chair, with the Bible before him, and spectacles pushed back to the top of his head, while he sings. Just hear them—her, with his strong, bluff voice, and she, very softly, for her voice is weak. The tune is 'Devizes'."

"How are the servants, John?"
"How are the children?"
"How is your health?"
"How is your business?"
"How is your family?"
"How is your health?"
"How is your business?"
"How is your family?"
"How is your health?"
"How is your business?"
"How is your family?"

"There, I have repeated every word for Aunt Martha to hear. I am sure she will be satisfied."

"Are you in great haste, Anna, for I see your feet and hands are moving as fast as your tongue?"

"Yes, indeed I am going to 'Barberry Lane,' as soon as I can get ready."

"Let me help you, and I will walk with you when I go to the store, if you can leave at that time."

"That depends upon how good my help proves."

At that, John went to work, and the neatness and celerity with which he laid the table, while I made the coffee and laid the cloth, proved his efficiency.

"Here you are," said Uncle Mark, as I opened the door, while he gave me almost a bear's hug. "I was afraid, now that you had secured John the beloved, you would forget all the other apostles, and poor Uncle Mark would have to march to the fore-castle. Your aunt made me hoist signals at two bells this morning, but I told her it was no sort of use, now you were married. I felt, child, almost as if you were lost overboard, but here you are, just your own little self, and John, too!"

"Ay! you forget, what business had you to board my vessel, and carry off this prize in my absence?"

"It was no capture, only a voluntary surrender; Capt. Mark and she struck colors and sailed into port as gracefully as ever your brig 'Silver Arrow' shot into Boston harbor."

"Why, John, I hope!" I exclaimed, a little poutingly, "now I am going to take off my things and stay here all day, and perhaps ever so much longer."

"That's it, Anna," said Captain Mark, "we'll have it all done over again, and if you say so, I'll send John as a supernumerary to Calcutta in the ship 'Memnon,' which sails next week. It will be a grand berth for him, and he'll make a grand deal more money than he will selling tape and molasses in the store yonder."

"Why, Mark," said Aunt Martha, who took the matter very seriously, "do not think of such a thing. I would not have the poor child suffer such sleepless nights and anxious days for the world. John is doing very well here."

"Why, wife, day-day I think the pleasure of coming home repays for all this anxiety. I have visited many cities since I have been gone—Calcutta, with its pagodas and gilded temples, the spicy island of Ceylon, Paris and Havre, but 'Barberry Lane' is pleasanter than all. Ay, yes, children, there's no safer port for the young than matrimony. Seriously, I am glad that you are married, and let me give you an old sailor's advice. You'll have a good voyage, if you'll remember always to 'hull' when the wind blows."

I did not understand this exactly, but I saw that John did, and I thought I would ask him about it at home. He had to leave to attend to his business; he promised to come to the red cottage to dinner.

In the meantime aunt and myself had business enough in looking over uncle's trunks, while he gave himself to a cigar and the newspapers. The tables were soon strewn with jars of choice preserves, curious shells, and specimens of Indian ingenuity and labor. One box was labeled 'for Anna,' and in that we found a small India cabinet of inlaid work, most beautifully wrought, and a pocket handkerchief very richly embroidered—my own name in flowers. I was surprised and delighted, and ran to thank uncle, but I found him with the newspaper

over his face, asleep, so I just kissed his brown forehead, and darkened the room a little.

"Only think," said Aunt Martha, as she arranged the articles on a large table in the parlor, "these people, so ingenious, so patient of labor, so skillful with the needle and brush, are heathen—poor, ignorant heathen! Just see that gilded piece of marble, that keeps the door open. That is an idol, brought from one of their temples, and has been worshipped by crowds of devotees. I never look at all the rare and beautiful things which your uncle brings from India, but I pray for those poor natives, and for every article bought I lay aside a little sum for Foreign Missions."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light. REJOICE ALWAYS.

BY ELISHA THAYER.

Gaudete in Domino semper, iterumque inquam, gaudete—
Psal. IV. 4.

Rejoice when the sun, the bright fountain of light,
Dispels the dark shadows and gloom of the night,
Rejoice when the moon-tide of day blazes high,
Rejoice when the night-stars bespangle the sky.
Gaudete in Domino semper.

Rejoice with the forest, when winter is gone,
And the buds and the foliage appear one by one—
Rejoice with the summer, as clad in her green,
Her blossoms and fruit in their beauty are seen.
Gaudete in Domino semper.

Rejoice with the autumn, the crown of the year,
Rejoice with a harvest, enough for our cheer—
Rejoice with the winter, whose fit-tinging blast
Now seals up the fountains, when autumn is past.
Gaudete in Domino semper.

Rejoice as years roll through the ocean of time,
And lead us all on to a happier clime—
With all that is living, in one eternal voice,
Rejoice in the Lord, forever rejoice!
Gaudete in Domino semper,
Iterumque inquam, gaudete!

BRAINSFIELD, Sept. 24, 1855.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY MOTHER'S STORY; OR, THE HERMIT OF NIAGARA FALLS.

BY ADRIANNA LESTER.

Through the shadowy past,
Like a tender mother's memory ran,
Lifting each thought that time had cast
Over buried hopes—Mourning.

It was the eve previous to that of my intended marriage with Henry Herbert. The latter had gone to the city of New York on business of importance, which would detain him till early morn, and we were alone—my mother and I—in the solitude of our cottage home, with the exception of an aged female servant, who had accompanied my mother to this country, and who had performed the double office of nurse and general house maid, since the days of my earliest remembrance.

As we sat together in the deep shadows of our cozy little parlor, I noticed that my mother seemed unusually sad and thoughtful. I could not wonder at it, however, since the following night was to see me the young and loving bride of Henry Herbert, a promising lawyer of twenty-five, whose practice in his native city—New Orleans—was already extensive, and who was the only son of one of the most opulent merchants of that place.

It was true that mother and child were not doomed to a lasting separation, as in transporting his northern flower to a southern clime, Henry Herbert had not omitted to extend a warm and pressing invitation to his future mother-in-law to become a sharer in our domestic happiness, which she had thankfully accepted, promising, at the same time, to join us at New Orleans as soon as she should have settled up her business affairs at the north—for my mother was still in possession of a handsome property in her own right, which would have enabled her to live comfortably, if not luxuriously, during the remainder of her days, even had she not seen fit to avail herself of my husband's generous offer.

Though flushed and radiant at the thought of the happiness which was so soon to be mine, and upon whose inexperienced brow the seal of a husband's love—the crown of manhood—was about to be placed, I could not help feeling a secret pang of sorrow, as the time drew near for me to part (even for a brief period) with one who had been thus far the guiding star of my short life. I was about to exchange the pure and hallowed love of a mother's heart, for the new and untried affection of one whom I had known but a few short months. This thought momentarily oppressed me, but did not shake me from my resolution. I had pledged my faith to Herbert, whom I loved with all the strength of my passionate nature—every look, word and act of his showed that he reciprocated my deep and ardent affection—what more, then, could I possibly ask to complete the sum-total of my earthly happiness?

Naught.

As I have before said, my acquaintance with Henry Herbert was but a brief one—ill health had compelled him to seek a slight respite from his professional labor. Coming North he had, by the advice of his physician, fixed his residence, with a friend, (a near neighbor of ours,) in one of the numerous cottages studing the green banks of the beautiful and picturesque Hudson.

Chance had thrown us together. Our eyes met, and the language which their first glance expressed, more eloquent than words could have spoken, was—Love! My mother had reluctantly consented to my union with Herbert, not from any selfish motive, but because her own experience had been a bitter one, and with a mother's natural forebodings, she inwardly shrunk from the dread thought of her only child's incurring a similar fate.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening of which I write, that I sought my chamber, my mother having lingered below a few minutes, for the purpose of communicating some slight orders to Betsey, our faithful servant, in reference to her duties upon the morrow. As I entered my little room, in which I had passed so many happy hours, and there slept for eighteen years the sweet and untroubled sleep of innocence, my eye fell first upon two heavy traveling trunks, carefully packed and strapped for the morrow's use. I went to my wardrobe, and there hung my bridal dress, with its delicate lace and shining folds of satin, waiting patiently to encase the slight form of her who was so soon to exchange her maiden robes for those of a wife.

With a strange feeling at my heart, I threw myself upon the couch. I was weary with my day's labors, but I could not sleep. Nervous and restless I awaited my mother's coming. For years we had shared one bed, and I now found it difficult to close

my eyelids in slumber, without the impress of her pure and hallowed kiss upon my brow. A half hour passed, and still she came not. Resolving to end all further suspense, I arose, and hastily enveloping myself in a wrapper, descended quietly to the parlor. I pushed open the door, and beheld my mother pacing the room with a rapidity of motion that quite astonished me. Her countenance bore marks of extreme agitation, while her large blue eyes were intently fixed upon a small miniature which she held in her hand.

My abrupt entrance seemed to surprise her, for she suddenly stopped, and thrusting the picture into her bosom before I could obtain a view of the features painted upon the polished ivory, said, with a degree of forced calmness, "Ada, my child, I thought you sleeping, long since; pray what has driven you from your bed? Are you ill?"

"No, dear mother," I replied, as advancing towards her, I laid my hand upon her shoulder, which shook with the excess of her deep emotion, "I am quite well, but growing nervous at your long delay. I began to fear that something had happened to you, and accordingly started to find you."

My mother made no reply to my remark, but, with averted face, seemed struggling to quell the wild tumult raging within. I stood regarding her in absolute silence for several minutes, until I perceived the tears slowly trickling down her pale cheek. I could bear it no longer, and clasping my arms tightly about her neck, I exclaimed, in a voice almost husky with emotion, "Do not grieve for me, dear mother; or, if you must, let me be a sharer in your sorrows!"

Drawing me gently to a seat upon a sofa, my mother bade me dry my tears, (for out of very sympathy I had also wept,) and listen to the story of her early life, which she had several times been on the point of disclosing to me, but had never yet succeeded in mastering her own feelings sufficiently to enable her to do so with ease.

I thanked my only parent for the confidence she was pleased to repose in her child, and nestling my head closely against her heart, I awaited the recital of "My Mother's Story," which ran as follows:

"I was the only daughter of a respectable tradesman, of London—by name, William Hinton. In the year 1789, upon the breaking out of the French revolution, which not only convulsed all Europe, but also threatened the overthrow of all established governments upon the continent—my father, then a young man, and fired with the natural spirit of the age, at once took up arms in his country's cause, leaving my mother (but a twelvemonth wife,) with an infant son, to lament his absence."

For years my mother continued to support herself and child very comfortably, by her labors in the little shop of her husband. At an unexpected moment, however, the hand of sickness was laid upon the little William. A few days severe illness, and Mary Hinton sat alone and alone by her bedside, having given her first-born child to God's sacred keeping in heaven!

With a strong heart that affliction could not entirely prostrate and low down, the wife of William Hinton resumed again to action. Duty's call was loud and peremptory, and she hastened to obey its summons.

Years passed on, during which time a noble woman toiled cheerfully on, with only a single ray of light illumining her path—the hope of a reunion with the absent one. That day came at last, after twenty-five years faithful watching. The British had gained a long list of splendid victories under Nelson and Wellington. The battle of Waterloo, which sealed the fate of Bonaparte, and made the Duke of Wellington. From that time forth, the fate of the English people, also terminated the war.

Peace was declared, and among the returned was William Hinton. By the side of Blucher and Wellington he had fought bravely. He was no longer the young and vigorous man, that a quarter of a century before had led the blushing Mary Wales—then a beautiful girl of eighteen years—to the hymeneal altar, yet to the fond heart of the noble and constant wife, William Hinton was as truly welcome, with his bruises and scarred countenance, and the loss of a leg, as if he had returned to her with the glow of health tinging his cheek, and the happy possessor of sound and elastic limbs. He had still both arms left, with which to embrace her as of old, which was enough to satisfy an affectionate heart like Mary's.

Time, too, had wrought its changes upon the person of the gentle wife, although the touch of his pencil had left but slight furrows upon the still smooth brow. Threads of silver were, however, thickly mingled with the once golden hair, but the light of the clear blue eye was still unquenched, while her naturally full form had lost none of its native roundness and graceful symmetry.

One thing only saddened the heart of the soldier on the occasion of his first interview with the partner of his bosom, from whom he had been so long separated; it was the remembrance of a fair-haired babe, whom his loving wife, in her pure and deep affection for him had insisted on calling—Willie—after his dear father.

Checking the uprising tear, William Hinton drew his wife unconsciously to his breast, and lifting his eyes heavenward, fervently thanked God for having still left him in possession of so great a blessing as the gentle and devoted Mary had thus far proved to be.

The following year I was born. Many a time my dear mother has told me what infinite joy the knowledge of my birth awakened in both their hearts. I was the child of their old age, and looked upon by them as an especial gift from God, to be the light and comfort of their declining days.

Five years of childhood, in busy, bustling London, fitted by, and then came a shadow across the pathway of my hitherto bright existence, which changed the whole current of my after life, and transformed me from a joyous and frolicsome child, into a pensive and thoughtful girl.

My father was dying, and I, who had been greeted with so many smiles and blessings upon my advent into the world, had left my gay companions in the midst of their holiday sports, to take a farewell kiss from lips upon which the cold seal of death was already set, to hear him repeat once again the little prayer he had so carefully taught me, as soon as my infant tongue had learned to lip his name and frame a sentence.

You may think strange, Ada, that one so young in years should remember with such painful distinctness, every incident connected with that mournful event. Yet such is the case. The fond, yearning look, which he turned upon mother and child as, clasped in one another's arms, (as we are now,) we knelt at his bedside, a moment before the frightful

death-rattle rang in our ears, is as plainly daguerrotyped upon my mind, as if I had seen it but yesterday.

This blow was a terrible one to the heart of my mother. The cup of happiness, which she had but just raised to her lips, seemed suddenly dashed to the ground. Another heart than hers would have sunk to earth, beneath the chastening rod of God. My mother had still something to live for. I was left to her, to love, cherish, and protect. This thought influenced my parent in all her future actions, and made her the brave, self-sacrificing woman, that she was through the remaining years of her life.

A few months after my beloved father's decease, we removed to Hertford, the native place of my mother, where a few of her relatives still survived. In consideration of my father's services during the late war, his widow received from the hands of government a small pension, which, together with her labors in the skillful art of embroidery—in which my mother was quite a proficient—enabled us to live comfortably, but frugally.

The cottage which my mother rented, was belonging to the estate of Sir Charles Lester, a proud and haughty man, who, with his two sons, Charles and Francis, lived a quiet and secluded life, amid the precincts of a large and gloomy looking old manor house, which, with its thick forest surroundings, looked more like some feudal castle of ancient times, than a modern structure, reared during the reign of George II.

Soon after taking up our residence in Hertford, Francis, the youngest son of Sir Charles Lester, (then a boy of fifteen years,) was sent to Germany, for the purpose of completing his education at one of her most celebrated universities. I had seen him once or twice pass by our cottage door, and now remember him at that time, as a pale and thoughtful looking youth, with dark, mournful eyes, that seemed in striking contrast to the general pallor of his countenance, and a broad, smooth brow, over which hair of a rich chestnut hue fell in thick and heavy masses. Once, while pursuing his walk, whose only companion was some favorite author, he stopped, and, in a gentle tone, inquired of me my name.

To my childish reply, that it was Mary, and that my father was once a great soldier, he laid his hand caressingly upon my head, with its wealth of golden curls, and said, "it is a sweet name, and one which, together with the beautiful face of its possessor, will ever live in my memory." I did not then, at that early age, fully comprehend the language of my boy admirer, and after I had watched his slight and graceful figure until it passed quite out of sight, I ran into the house as quickly as my little feet would take me, and looking up into my mother's face with an eager, questioning look, repeated to her, as nearly as I remembered, the unintelligible words of Master Francis, and stood patiently awaiting an explanation of them.

But my mother still continued her embroidery, over which she bent, and without pausing to kiss the small red lips which were so temptingly upturned to hers, said in a careless way, "Never mind now, child; when Mary is older, mamma will explain many things to her, which she is now far too young to understand." With this rebuff I started off to my sports, and soon forgot both Master Francis and his remark. As I grew up, my great love for reading became almost a passion with me. By the time I was eight years of age, I had fully exhausted the contents of my mother's small library, besides faithfully pursuing my studies under the parish rector, a simple-minded, yet learned old man, who, becoming interested in me, on account of my constant attendance at the little village church, had kindly offered to take me under his especial care and tutorage. Having spoken to Sir Charles Lester of my precociousness in learning, and of my extreme love for reading, I was surprised one day on returning home from the rectory, to find Sir Charles quietly seated in our cottage, and conversing with great earnestness upon some important matter to my mother.

Chancing to hear my own name mentioned, I soon perceived that I was the subject of their remarks. Timid and abashed at the thought of one so proud and great as Sir Charles Lester, interesting himself in my studies, I would have shrunk away, to avoid observation; but his quick eye had caught sight of my floating curls and swinging hat, and the next moment I was standing prisoner at his side, with a degree of gravity and ease of manner that would have done credit to one of maturer years.

From that time I became a frequent visitor at the manor house of the proud and distinguished landholder. Every minute that I could conscientiously snatch from study and home duties, was spent by me in poring over the valuable and musty books of the old library, which filled a large space in the dwelling of my patron and friend.

When I was ten years of age, Sir Charles suddenly sickened and died. How the sight of that mournful pageant brought back to my mind the bitter remembrance of my own father's death. During my brief acquaintance with one whom the world called proud and overbearing, I had learned to love and respect him who now lay cold and motionless in his windingsheet.

A day or two before the funeral, his eldest son, Charles, came down from London, where he had been spending the winter season, to give orders concerning his proper interment. His manner was always cold and repulsive to me, and I always dreaded the severe glance of his piercing black eye, which seemed to read the human mind through at a single look.

My mother and I were present at the funeral, anxious to pay our last respects to the dead, whom we had so honored while living. I know not what it was that so strangely impressed the proud her of Hertford House in my favor, unless it was the observance of the deep grief, which a sensitive heart like mine could not refrain from exhibiting, at the grave of one who had proved himself so kind a friend to the fatherless girl.

From the time of Charles Lester's succession to the estate and property of his deceased father, the current of my existence seemed suddenly changed. For two years not a wish of mine remained ungratified. Charles Lester, a man, many years my superior in point of years and knowledge, became the companion of a child of twelve, the humble daughter of a deceased soldier. At his request, my studies at the rectory were suspended, to be continued henceforth under his especial supervision; for Charles Lester was an accomplished scholar, as his father had been before him. He even desired my mother to allow me to take up my residence at Hertford House, but to this the latter would not consent, and so we lived on in our little cottage, as contented and happy, with its humble surroundings, as if we had

been enshrined within the gorgeous depths of a palace. Suitable tutors were now employed by my munificent patron, to instruct me in music and drawing, in which sciences, to the great delight of Charles Lester, I soon made rapid progress.

The attention which I constantly received from the wealthy proprietor of Hertford House, soon made me the envy of the entire village, while sage matrons and babbling old maids, shook their heads prophetically, declaring that no good could possibly ever arise from such an unnatural friendship as Sir Charles professed to feel for the humble daughter of one of his tenants. Such remarks stung my mother to the heart; but, knowing the sensitive nature of her child, she bore her own pride-wounds in silence.

Whenever I chanced to speak to Charles Lester concerning his absent and younger brother, Francis, I noticed with surprise that a troubled look swept across his brow, and a cold shudder perceptibly pervaded his frame. I spoke to my mother upon the subject, but she adroitly turned the conversation upon some other theme, and left me to solve the intricate problem in the depths of my own wondering mind.

It was the anniversary of my thirteenth birthday. Upon repairing to the castle for the purpose of taking my customary lesson upon the harp, I found that new and elegant instrument had supplanted the place of the old one, on which was engraved the inscription: "A birthday gift, from Charles to Mary."

Dazzled at the beauty of so rare a gift, I stood contemplating it in silence, when the door of the music-room suddenly opened, and thinking the intruder none other than the generous donor of the harp, in the excess of my gratitude I threw myself upon the neck of Sir Charles, as I believed, and began to weep with very joy.

A stern voice, which I recognized as that of Charles Lester's, pronounced the name of Mary! and lifting my head quickly from the shoulder of my companion, I found myself in the arms of a stranger! A second glance convinced me that he, from whose embrace I so suddenly recoiled, was the long-absent brother of my benefactor, the pale and thoughtful boy, whom I had years before met in the vicinity of my mother's cottage, and recognized as Francis Lester!

My mortification at being caught in so strange a dilemma, may be more easily imagined, my dear Ada, than spoken. Charles Lester was perplexed and wounded, while I, myself, was so thoroughly mystified at the strange coincidence, that it was with extreme difficulty that I could stammer out an apology to the new-comer, who, strange to say, seemed the least horrified of all, at so terrible a dénouement.

Francis Lester had arrived, unexpectedly to his brother, the night previous, bringing with him his beautiful cousin, Blanche Mountford, a brilliant girl of eighteen, who had resided for the past five years in France, and was thoroughly imbued with Parisian arts and graces. Her dark and voluptuous style of beauty was in strange contrast to the blonde and spiritual expression of my face, which neither resembled my mother's or deceased father's. That she was a woman of artifice, I soon divined, and that she was determined to win the heart of her cousin, Francis, for her own, was plainly evident from the great pleasure which she took in his society. I often wondered at her partiality for Francis, thinking Charles Lester a much more suitable mate for her, little knowing then, as I afterwards learned, that my patron had bribed her largely to use her influence with me in his favor.

To accomplish her designs, she professed to entertain a strong attachment for me, which, for a time, I believed sincere. When in my presence she was always prating of the great wealth and charms of her cousin, Sir Charles, and underrating, upon the other hand, the merits of the modest and unassuming Francis, for whom, it seems, that she herself entertained a strong penchant.

Francis and I often met, although both keenly felt the restraint of Charles Lester's presence when in our company. Francis was my ideal of all that was noble and exalted in mankind, and child as I was, with my womanly instincts and judgment, I soon learned to love him with my entire soul. Our tastes assimilated—he loved the same books, the same pursuits as myself. He had traveled extensively over all Europe, and regaled my listening ear with vivid and glowing descriptions of places and persons he had seen while abroad. In short, he loved me; not with the idle passion of a passing hour, but through life, age, even to eternity!

Our love, however, was a secret, which neither dared to trust to another's ear. Charles Lester was even more assiduous than ever in his attentions towards me, which I accepted with the same feeling of gratitude that had always inspired my breast. My mother's health, which had been gradually on the decline, at last gave way. Two weeks confinement brought her, like my poor lost father, to death's door. She died in the presence of him, whom she regarded as the best of earthly friends, Charles Lester and her child. Her dying request was, that I would consent to become the bride of Charles Lester, who had told her, a few months previous, of his deep love for me, and had asked of her my hand in marriage.

How could I refuse her the last request which her feeble lips would ever utter, crushed down as I was with grief at the thought of parting with this who was dearer to me than even life itself! I tremblingly spoke my consent to become obedient to her wishes, and was carried faint and senseless from the room by Francis, who had arrived just in time to bear my answer.

Those words, Ada, sealed both our dooms. My extreme sorrow made me an easy instrument in the hands of those who were seeking to destroy my heart's happiness and future peace of mind. I was passive, even subservient to their slightest will. After my mother's death, I was removed to Hertford House. There, Charles had fitted me up a splendid boudoir, to which I closely confined myself, shunning, ay, even refusing, all company but that of the family.

Charles was constantly at my side, striving to alleviate my mental sufferings, and bidding me hope for future happiness and joy. I did not repulse his proffered kindness and sympathy, although his words of tenderness and comfort awoke no echo in my heart. Under the auspices of the artist Blanche, preparations for our wedding were progressing rapidly.

It came at last—that dread and eventful night! More like a statue than a living being, I suffered myself to be dressed in a satin robe, whose snowy folds were not whiter than the color of my face, while the wrenth of orange blossoms that gracefully

enrolled my head, seemed like a crown of thorns pining my aching brow.

All things at last were ready, when of a sudden the cry was raised that Francis, who was to perform the part of groomsmen, was missing! A look of anxiety and distress overspread the face of the waiting bridesmaid, Blanche Mountford, who began to fear the ill-success of her artful scheme; but I, in the very depths of my bleeding heart, thanked God that I should at least be spared the congratulations of one, whom I might never more meet on earth, except as the loved, but unloving wife of another!

An unsuccessful search having been instituted for the absent Francis, the marriage ceremony at once proceeded. A few short minutes, and I was the wife—would to God I might say happy wife!—of Charles Lester!

For weeks following that sad event, I was confined to my bed with a violent fever. At length I slowly began to recover, and my husband, in his extreme love for me, proposed taking a sea-voyage, for the more perfect restoration of my health.

To this I consented, and embarking in a steamer bound for America, we landed in New York the first day of May. Blanche, who had also accompanied us, by invitation of my husband, was exceedingly anxious to behold the chief beauties and wonders of the Western Continent. In the early part of the month of June our little trio started for Niagara Falls. My husband was entirely devoted to his little child-wife, as he fondly termed me, and beheld with feelings of intense delight, the glow of health returning once more to my cheeks.

After visiting numerous places of interest at the Falls, such as Iris and Moss Isle, it was proposed by Charles that we should visit the hut of the Hermit of Niagara Falls, which still stands, about thirty rods from the main fall, on the bank of the river. Arriving there, we found the cottage quite deserted. A faithful dog guarded the door, while a profusion of music-books, together with a flute, violin and guitar, lay scattered around the single room within, in glorious confusion. We looked in vain for his name, (which we had been told was Francis Abbott,) upon the fly-leaves of the several books there collected, but they were perfectly blank.

On our return to the hotel, the greatest excitement prevailed. A crowd of people were collected about some object on the piazza. Leaving on the arm of my husband, I pressed through the dense throng, anxious to catch a glimpse of the object of so much curiosity. At length my eye caught sight of a mass of dark drapery. I advanced nearer; the body which lay there wet and motionless upon the rough floor, was that of Francis Lester! A wild and unearthly shriek escaping from my lips, as I fell forward upon the dead body, announced to Charles and Blanche that the searching eye of love had recognized the familiar face of one they had failed to discover.

All, my dear Ada," said my mother, rising from her seat and moving towards the door which led to her chamber above, "are familiar with the death of the Hermit of Niagara Falls. His body was found floating in the river, where he was accustomed to resort for the purpose of bathing. It is the opinion of many that he came to his death by accidental drowning; but it was my firm belief, as well as that of my husband, that finding me about to become the bride of another, he had fled to America, where, becoming infatuated with the scenery of Niagara Falls, he had determined to close his days in quiet and seclusion.

That he knew of our arrival, is more than probable, as it was his daily custom to watch the list of new arrivals each day at the hotels. I have sometimes felt that he must have caught sight of Charles and myself during our frequent walks upon the bank of the river, and impelled by the sudden impulse of the moment, determined upon ending his woes by consigning himself to a watery grave. That he was too expert a swimmer to come to his death through any carelessness upon his own part, is an idea which such of the inhabitants at the Falls, who knew him best, could never possibly entertain even for a single moment."

My mother's story was now ended. Agreeably to her wishes, Charles Lester had taken up his future residence in America. The city of New York had been fixed upon as their home, where my mother remained until after my father's death, when she purchased a cottage upon the banks of the Hudson, our present home, which was so soon destined to pass into the hands of strangers upon the occasion of my marriage, and the removal of our small family to the South.

I had never known what it was to possess a father's love, being only two years of age at the period of the former's death. But I had been blessed with a mother's love, which I may safely say that I cherished and appreciated to the fullest extent.

I was married, dear reader, as I had anticipated, and, with my husband, started for Niagara Falls the following morning, previous to embarking for New Orleans.

I now knew the reason of my mother's refusing to accompany us upon our bridal tour. It was because we were to visit Niagara Falls, the scene of a sad and never-to-be-forgotten event in the history of her early life. I respected her feelings, and did not urge her further upon the subject. While viewing those wonderful Falls, in all their grand sublimity, I related to my dear husband the story of "The Hermit of Niagara," as it fell from the truthful lips of my mother, who did not hesitate to sacrifice her own heart's happiness upon the shrine of filial affection.

FORBEARANCE TO "OLD NICK."—Rev. J. Johnson, late of Newburg, New York, somewhat noted for his fun-loving propensities, while walking one day out back of his house, where a new street was opening, saw an Irishman at work with his crowbar, striving to dislodge a huge stone from the ground, where it was held fast by the roots of a tree. His patience was fairly exhausted by the vain struggles he made, and at last he exclaimed, in a passion:—

"The devil take it! The devil take it!"

The old pastor approached him, and quietly remarked that he ought not to make such free use of the name of the Evil One; and certainly not wish to throw such a big stone at him as that. The Irishman was quiet in a minute, and striking the crowbar into the ground, and leisurely leaning on it, he turned up his face at the Doctor and the sunlight, while over it roguishly played those indescribable forerunners of genuine Irish wit, he replied:—

"Ooh, thin, and yourself that's findin' fault with me for sayin' the same, when it's yoes, and the like of yoes that's paid in the year for abusin' the old gentleman all the time!"

Written for the Banner of Light.
MY DYING CHILD.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

I am going, going, mother,
From your soft and warm embrace,
From the scope of earthly sorrow
To a brighter dwelling-place;
I am going from the sadness
And the scenes of earthly woes,
To the higher joy and gladness
Which the angel-life bestows.

I am passing, passing, mother,
And my mortal vision dies,
But a brighter is unfolding
To my spiritual eyes,
And I see the angels waiting;
Mother, dear, they're bringing flowers,
And I know I shall be welcome
In their never-fading bowers.

I am passing, passing, mother,
To the purer, better land;
Fold me softly on thy bosom;
Hold me gently by the hand.
Call this dying? No! 'tis rapture!
See! the crown is on my brow,
And I'm clad in snow-white raiment—
Mother, I'm an angel now.

For the Banner of Light.

Translated from the French, by Cora Wilburn.

The Fatal Compact.

A MUSICAL LEGEND.

It was the marriage-day of Ugolino, the famed musician, and the lovely Gioia, the fairest maiden of that fair Italian village that bloomed amid its vintage fields, skirted by deep forests, and enfolded by a chain of hills. Its name has been lost, and not a vestige of its once picturesque habitations remains, for the legend tells that all fled from its unhallowed site when the dread events took place which we are about to narrate. Now a dense forest path leads to a woodland shrine, where the Holy Mother smiles benignly, and the mild Saviour stretches forth his hand with infantile grace toward the votary kneeling there—where once the demon held his seat of power, and lured unwary souls to swift destruction.

But the skies smiled serenely beautiful upon the nuptial feast of Ugolino, the enthusiastic musician, the secretly loved one of many girlish hearts—for in form and feature his was the perfection of manly beauty and grace; his step was that of one born to command; his eye flashed with the fires of genius; his black hair swept back from a brow that bore the unmistakable impress of power; and on this day, arranged in his new wedding suit, with the smile of quiet happiness illumining his face, all gazed upon him in admiration, tenderness and reverence.

The beautiful Gioia, with love-illumined eyes, and blissful smile, regarded him most affectionately; but, as she gazed, her large, dark eyes were shadowed with tears; the rosy blush upon her cheek gave place to a sudden paleness; she threw back her clustering ringlets with an impatient gesture, and softly spoke his name.

He heard her not; his eyes, rapt and distended, were fixed upon vacancy; with upraised hand, as if invoking silence and attention, he seemed listening to sounds unheard by all that assembled company; his countenance was overspread with the flush of an ecstatic joy; his being seemed exultant in some strange trance. Again the gentle Gioia spoke; but he heard her not. She arose, and placed her hand upon his shoulder; he remained immovable, in the same attitude of fixed contemplation, his hand upraised, his body inclined, listening intently to the mystery that called him forth from the sweet realities of life and love.

Gioia cast a timid, searching glance around; no watchful eye was upon them; they were all busied with their sports, with merry songs and enlivening dances. She took his unresisting hand, and said:

"Dear Ugolino, what art thou? What is it so engrosses thee, that thou canst not behold thy poor Gioia?" and her love-laden voice trembled with its burden of affection and regret; two large tears fell upon the hand she held. Slowly her husband appeared to arouse from his stupor; her loved and familiar voice struck pleadingly upon the chords of reawakening memory. He drew a deep sigh, and firmly clasped her little hand; but his eye remained fixed in the direction of the forest.

"What is it, Ugolino, dearest? Tell your Gioia!" pleaded the young bride.

"Hush! hush! hear you not those divine melodies?" he whispered.

"No," she replied, tremblingly. "I hear them not; oh, come away, beloved! I feel cold shudders all over my frame! Come away! let us rejoice in company—it is not good for us to be here."

"Hark! that is an angel's singing; none but a spirit of melody could give forth such heavenly strains! Listen, Gioia, love! listen to that prayerful invocation! Now it is a love-song, pensive and entreatingly passionate; now changed to a triumphant hymn of victory. Hear you not yet?" he cried, with still wilder enthusiasm, as he passed his arm around her, and held her trembling and pale with undefined apprehension, to his breast.

Then Gioia, too, heard those marvelously thrilling strains, those varied harmonies, so changeable and alluring; and while she listened, spell-bound, breathless and intent, a voice, low, clear and silvery, a warning, sorrowing voice, spoke amid the loudest tones of the invisible band, and cried: "Beware! beware!"

"Oh, come with me, Ugolino; let us fly this spot!" she cried, clinging to him in terror. "Oh, do not leave me—for the Holy Mother's sake remain! Go not! follow not those demons, my Ugolino; leave me not!"

But he forcibly unwound the tender arms striving to detain him; he put back her pleading hands; with joy-illumined face, with wildly outstretched arms, and quickly flying feet, he rushed from the scene of innocent festivity, to the dark waving forest; where Gioia felt senseless to the earth.

Her young companions gathered around in astonishment and dismay, and carried her to Ugolino's humble cottage, and remained with her until consciousness returned, while the young men went in quest of the strange bridegroom. They sought for him the whole length and breadth of the forest, but found him not; and at dawn they returned sorrowing and discouraged to the mourning bride, who sat upon the floor of her modest dwelling; as one without hope.

All the next day Gioia wept and waited hopelessly; but, when the shadows of night had fallen over the quiet village, and only companion only remained with her, the door was suddenly burst open, and Ugolino passed the threshold.

With a loud cry of joy, Gioia arose, and cast herself into his arms. He kissed her tenderly; gently soothed her fears, and spoke in his calm, usual manner. The loving wife saw that his face was pale, and his hands and clothes were torn, as if in some violent conflict; but his eye wore its expression of tenderness and solicitude; his voice betrayed no inward excitement; his looks only bespoke weariness—the delight of again reaching home.

When the young girl who had watched and prayed with Gioia had left them alone, Ugolino told how, allured by the mysterious harmony, he had followed, until they led him through the thickest forest passes, into the distant hills; how he had torn his hands and his garments, passing through the almost impenetrable thickets, to find himself lost and bewildered in an unknown region, far away from home, from his loved Gioia's smiles. And, loving and confiding, she believed all he told her, and forgot her fears in his increased tenderness, in his promises for the future.

They lived awhile happy and contented with their humble lot—Ugolino gaining money and praise for his unrivaled playing of flute or violin; the kind-hearted neighbors pressing upon them many little acts of charity, supplying them with fruit, and wine, and vegetables; showering blessings and presents upon the pious and gentle Gioia.

But mothers and daughters noticed soon that the sweet young face of the musician's wife wore, at times, an expression of vague terror; that a deepening shadow, as of some mysterious grief, dwelt on her brow and lip; that her merry laugh was hushed, and the songs she sang were mournful ballads and sorrowful romances. Ugolino often absented himself from home; at his return, he would caress his wife with redoubled affection, but she shrank from him with undisguised terror; a dreadful secret, at which the soul of Gioia vaguely guessed, lay between them.

The face of the musician has grown haggard and pale, as with some fierce internal warfare betwixt alluring demon and restraining angel. His eye wore a wild, startled expression, his hair hung matted and neglected upon his brow; his body had shrunk fearfully; his long, white hands assumed the look of talons; the neighbors crossed themselves when he passed, and shook their heads as they heard his strange, wild laughter, and the sobs of Gioia issuing from the cottage door.

When it was known that Gioia had given birth to a child, the pitying matrons, and the warm-hearted maidens once more crossed the darkened threshold of the musician, and spoke soft words of blessing and comfort to the pale young mother, who replied with a grateful smile, and, pressing her baby to her bosom, wept and prayed fervently over him. Ugolino was from home; but when he returned, and beheld the lovely boy, he, too, knelt by Gioia, and wept over and blessed his child.

He grew apace, and his fond smiles and intelligent looks almost weaned the unhappy father from his nocturnal and mysterious expeditions. For hours he would sit and gaze upon the boy, his lips moving as if in prayer, the light of paternal affection in his eye; and the innocent young mother, won to confidence and pity, leaned her head upon his shoulder, and whispered of love, of peace, and happiness.

But the restless spirit returned; again he left home for the forest solitude, and his absence became more and more protracted. Then, when he returned, he would push the anxiously inquiring Gioia rudely from him, gaze upon his son with a blending of horror and affection, and, refusing food, retire to his couch, where he would toss all night, as if possessed of a hideous nightmare, and utter words so strange and fearful, that his wife's heart quaked with dread, and she hurried her infant from the room, to pray and read elsewhere.

But few now crossed Ugolino's threshold; the neighbors shunned him as a thing accursed; the pale face of the suffering wife met with much pity, as silently and pensively she wended her way to the market place, but they pointed to the strangely altered musician, and shook their heads, whispered ominously, and crossed themselves.

Thus passed three years, and the tender, drooping mother had taught her son to say, whenever Ugolino caressed and gazed on him so strangely: "Father, do not hurt your little child!" which the little sleeper repeated so prettily.

More and more restless grew the unhappy Ugolino; his white face grew corpse-like in its pallor; his dark eyes glowed like a consuming fire; long threads of silver mingled with his jetty, unkempt locks; he became still more careless in his attire, still more abstracted, wild and vehement in his utterances. Gioia quailed before him; little Annetto felt crying to his mother, when the tall shadow of the unloved father darkened the threshold.

One night he fled from the cottage with a loud cry of mingled rage and ecstasy, saying to the affrighted wife: "They call me; those delicious sounds! This night I must be the victor!" and he sped with the fleetness of insanity toward the dark, mysterious forest.

While Gioia rocked her child to sleep on her bosom, and implored the Virgin Mother's intercession, Ugolino was fast pursuing the invisible harmonies, and frantically imploring the demons to stay; but on they led him through by-paths and marshes, far into the deep recesses of the wood, until he was many miles from home. Then the mysterious music ceased, and he beheld before him steep, mossy-covered rocks, peering like gigantic phantoms from the surrounding thickets of the forest trees; a dark pool was at his feet, on which a few glimmering stars were reflected with uncertain ripplings of the sluggish water. Naught was to be heard but the sighing of the leaves. Faint with his rapid course, oppressed with impatience, awe, and vague remorse, Ugolino knelt upon the dew-wet grass, and grasping his forehead with both hands, cried imploringly:

"Oh, let me hear them again, those delicious, heavenly melodies; let me look once more upon the Master holding that divine instrument! Once, once more! I will not shrink, I will not deny his demand. Oh, angels of harmony! send! let me behold you again. I will swear allegiance!"

The breeze rustled softly amid the tall, bending spectral trees; the dark pool seemed alive with a tremulous motion; its wavelets gave forth dulcet tones of music; low, sweet preludes to some coming, powerful charm. Flashes of lurid light played across the fantastic rocks; then came a volume of sound, rich, grand and powerful, that bowed the steepest crags in answering homage, and lashed the wild pools' blackened waters into dancing life and joy! Upon his knees, with brow upraised, with hands devoutly folded over his bosom, Ugolino listened as one in a trance; his dark eyes brightening

with an answering inspiration, his cheek flushing with triumph, pride and wonder.

As the last rich notes died away, the swaying boughs retained their posture of listening-humility; but no breeze swept o'er the listless, drooping leaves; the tremulous stars reflected their uncertain light in the black, lifeless water, and the darkening sky o'erhead, the silence of nature; all preanged the coming storm. Still Ugolino, the fated and the spell-bound, knelt, murmuring inaudibly, calling upon the Master-friend to give to him the power of like music; to take his soul in forfeit!

Wild, ringing, unearthly laughter alone replied, until the musician grew frantic in his supplications, until he piteously implored for one more look at the Master, one glimpse of his magic instrument.

Again the lurid flames played over the summit of the highest hill, and flashed adown its sides. Then, distinct to the shrinking gaze of the impious invoker, there appeared a monstrous form—combining in gigantic outline the mingled semblance of man and beast, the hideous conjunction of the lowest humanity, with the vilest animal form! Over his robe of changing colors, loosely cast around him, and displaced by every motion of the rising wind, played the forked lightnings, and flames of crimson and grey darted from the diadem upon the fierce and threatening brow. In his long, bony claws, he held the magic violin, and as the trembling mortal bowed his head in fear, he touched the instrument, and, at its tones of angelic melody, the pale invoker dared to look untroubledly into the tempter's hardened face!

"Give me the instrument! oh, give me the power!" he cried, clasping his hands, while big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Submit to the conditions!" replied the dread, mocking, icy voice, and the violin sounded a ringing, merry, laughing strain, as that of some buffed child or maiden, vexed, and yet alluring her companions to some fresh freak of youth and play.

"I cannot! oh, I cannot! Take my own soul!" cried Ugolino, and his white face grew still paler, and his hands were clutched in the agony of supplication.

"Thy soul?" laughed the demon—and the violin laughed aloud in its musical irony, peal upon peal of such clear, ringing laughter! The power of resistance was fast forsaking the unhappy mortal; a cold moisture stood upon his brow, and desperation nerved his heart. Once more he called aloud, and his voice was hollow and unnatural.

"Will naught else satisfy you? I will do all you bid me, but spare me this! oh, Master musician!"

"Thy child, Annetto!" replied the dread voice; and by the icy chill that coursed through his frame, the man knew that the decision of the fiend was final.

"I consent!" he cried, with a shriek wrung from the human depths of his soul; and there arose a shout of victory, as from innumerable voices, and the fiend laughed a loud ha, ha! and the delicious music swept over the forest stillness, and stirred the dull, sleeping waters, and bowed the tall trees with a magic mandate of potent witchery. From his rocky throne the fiend beckoned to his newly-won vassal, and the trembling slave of an impious ambition obeyed the signal. The magic instrument was delivered into his hands; and, as the tempest broke, and the light of the friendly stars was extinguished, the demon king had vanished, and Ugolino wended his way home, carrying his dearly bought treasure, as a tender mother would her precious child.

In prayer and thought, the gentle, innocent Gioia had passed the night. As the tempest rose and howled around her dwelling, she pressed her child to her bosom, and entreated the Virgin's intercession for her sinless one. A presentiment, dark and terrible, weighed on the young mother's spirits; but her faith was strong. Could not the holy angels guard her child? Distinct, as on her wedding-day, a low, sweet voice, that seemed the far-off counsel of some guardian spirit, whispered, "Watch well thy child; trust him not out of thy sight." The trusting, maternal heart vouchsafed obedience.

When Ugolino returned at dawn, his mien was triumphant, his step was that of a conqueror. Completely absorbed with his violin, he drew from it strains no mortal skill could give, and he caressed it—talked to it as if it were a sentient being. But Gioia gazed upon him with a troubled heart, and with a mortal terror upon the strange instrument, and little Annetto, clinging to his mother's skirts, cried wailingly, "Mamma, mamma! Annetto is afraid!"

All day Gioia watched her child with redoubled solicitude—with that instinct of danger that warns the soul. When night approached, Ugolino strove, by caresses and promises, to entice the boy to his side, but Annetto cast fearful glances upon the violin in his father's hands, and repeating the lesson he said so often, he cried, raising his hands imploringly: "Father, do not hurt your little child!"

The face of Ugolino was corpse-like in its pallor, his lips quivered with intense agony, his brow was bathed in a cold perspiration, and with sighs and groans burst from his heart the words: "I must! I must! the compact must be fulfilled!" Since he had given himself to the control of the evil one, poverty had visited his abode, for he neglected his calling, and his neighbors shunned him. That night the suffering wife could not prepare the usual dainties, although frugal, meal; she determined to place before her erring husband the remnants of the last scanty dinner, and call some of the grapes yet hanging on the arbor in the little garden.

For one moment little Annetto was left with his father, but Ugolino only kissed his brow, smoothed his dark-brown hair, and wept over his only child. When the affrighted mother returned, pale and breathless, she beheld him unharmed, standing by his father's knee, still eyeing askance the redoubtable violin. With a sigh of relief Gioia prepared the supper table, and soon after, with her child, retired to rest.

In dreams, she was again the fair, rosy, happy Gioia, and Ugolino the attentive, devout, and Christian lover; she listened again to the tender love-words he had composed—the plaintive romances, the beautiful hymns. The music deepened—grew louder; the measure faster; the tones were strangely blended; harmony and discord, love and hatred, joy and revenge, prayer and mocking skepticism, laughter and tears, loud notes of triumph and wailing echoes of despair! It was strange, wild music that, played by Ugolino's hand! Suddenly, as if awakened by some warning touch, Gioia started from deep sleep, and gazed in bewilderment around; and listened breathless to the weird sounds issuing from the adjoining room. With a loud shriek she arose from the bed and rushed to the door—for where was Annetto?—her darling boy, was missing! She entered the chamber from whence the magic sounds

proceeded; but Ugolino was not there. By the faint light of the lamp left burning on the table, she saw the accursed instrument, as if endowed with life and power, moving across the floor, uttering the sounds so strangely mingled, although touched by no mortal hand! But, as the mother gazed, a loud wail of agony burst from her lips, for in the violin's fiercest grasp she beheld her child struggling—battling for life against the infernal enemy! The strings, all loosened, were wound around his slender neck—entwined around his waist, crushing the pure young life with serpent clasp, that gave the fiends power to the harmless chords! The infant vainly contended with the demon; it could only utter smothered cries, that pierced the mother's bosom with pangs far worse than death. Suddenly, as if inspired by Heaven, the pale Gioia grasped the violin, and held it firmly, by the power of faith and prayer. Then to the throne of grace ascended that mother's anguished prayer, and angels heard, and demons cowered in fear, as the lowly woman prayed to God! With a fierce wrench the demon instrument escaped her hands—its magic cords burst asunder with a sharp, discordant sound, and the infant lay upon the floor, pale, helpless, panting, but unharmed by the fiend's power!

On his mother's bosom the little Annetto returned to consciousness; and when he was fully restored, with a prayer and a thanksgiving she passed the three-hour, never to return to the home once trodden by the footprints of the evil one.

She told her story, and was believed and sheltered, and the aged priest showered benedictions upon her; matrons wept over her, and called her daughter, and young wives and maidens admired and blest her, while men gazed upon her as on some maternal saint. The little Annetto was the pet of all; but for many days the child shrank and trembled when his father's name was mentioned, and clung closely to his mother's side.

All the next day Ugolino returned not home; but at midnight the inhabitants of the quiet village were aroused from sleep, by cries and groans that issued from the musician's dwelling, and when they assembled before it, they beheld it wrapt in flames, and on the burning roof the dread figure of the arch demon, holding the magic violin, which gave forth its mocking and triumphant strains, above the crackling of the fire, the groans and cries of the tortured victim within. Ugolino, pent in by the destroying element, cried aloud in vain for pardon, help, and pity. The fiend was inexorable; the horror-struck villagers were impotent to save the self-doomed, miserable man. Gradually his cries and shrieks grew fainter, the demon's form grew indistinct, the music died away, and the walls and roof of the fated dwelling—once the abode of love and innocence, fell down with a stunning sound, and the sinner had paid the penalty of his impious daring, and laid himself to be offered a sacrifice to the vengeance of a defeated foe, baffled of his diabolical plan by a mother's heart and a woman's faith.

The simple, pious villagers, looked upon the spot with horror; and the good priest pronounced it accursed, and decreed that its name should be lost; that no place might ever be named after that unhallowed region, trodden by Satanic steps. Gathering up their household implements, their few worldly goods, the peasants sought another home, and following their venerable leader, soon found a pleasant, fertile plain, where they renewed their lives of easy toil and ample leisure. Gioia and her child accompanied her friends, and found a pleasant home among them. She dedicated her life to pious exercises, to prayers for the soul of the lost one, whom she incessantly invoked the blessed Virgin and the holy saints to intercede for and reclaim from direct misery, and lead to eternal happiness.

In course of time, a shrine to the honor of the Virgin mother was erected on the site where the musician dwelt—where the demon gained the victory. The Madonna's sweet face smiles, and it resembles the description of the beautiful and faithful Gioia, and the infant resembles the mother in grace, and pensiveness, and holy innocence.

SOUL COMMUNINGS.

BY C. F. CRANCH.

Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never reach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communings fail
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are solitudes left alone,
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gleam the sky,
Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie,
All is thus but star-light here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought—
Only when we live above
What the dimmed world hath taught;

Only when our souls are fed
By the Fount which gave them birth,
And his inspiration led,
Which they never drew from earth;

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall the all absorbed again—
Melting, flowing into one.

THE POETICAL PREACHER.—"The last thing we should have fancied, is to have heard within the pulpit, echoes of the form and fashion of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha.' In the forepart of the season, down at (then fort crowded) Ramsgate, an acute Dissenting preacher, to attract a numerous gathering, advertised his fixed intention, twice (D. V.) on the next Sunday, sermons twain then to deliver, in majestic blank verse uttered. And he did it! they who listened, had a weary, weary season; season very weary had they, listening to the man who did it! man obese, obese his wit, too. To describe we will not venture, how the pump went onward working, at each lifting of the handle, dribbling forth its stunted measure. Very painful 'twas to hear it, very pleasant to the speaker; love was the all-gracious subject; quite unlovely was the treatment. But 'twas with a moral pointed; moral pointed very sharply; sharply pointed to the pocket; and it showed how if our bosoms glowed but with the love he painted, we should prove it by a liberal coming-down at the collection."—*London Athenaeum*, No. 1610.

LIFE'S RECORD.—Every morning when we go forth we lay a moulding hand upon our destiny, and every evening when we have done, we have stamped a deathless impress on our characters; we touch not a wire but vibrates in eternity, we utter no word but rolls on with us to the throne of God.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 16, 1858.

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LIBERAL IDEAS AND LARGE MEN.

This continent and this large men strip of the continent lying between certain zones, or parallels, is the destined field upon which the human race is to attain to its highest conditions most rapidly, seems to be the general conviction of reflecting minds. America was kept virgin for ages. Not until the civilization of Europe had grown edict and corrupt, did Providence send the man across the waste whose discovery was to give a new aspect to the world. And even then the objects for which the early discoverers came, they were not suffered to secure and enjoy. Columbus made a vow that, if he were successful in his long cherished enterprise, he would furnish and equip a splendid army of foot and horse, which he would himself lead on to assist in the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels. Others—and nearly all of the original discoverers and settlers, in fact—came, thinking they were going to find untold treasures of gold and silver, and with these treasures they were only to pamper themselves and their families in the luxury that was the rule everywhere at that day in Europe. As for gold, leading, naked ideas, in connection with the work they took in hand, they were exceedingly scarce; none of the adventurers rose above the contemplation of a way by which they might suddenly become as rich as their neighbors, or their rivals and enemies.

But how wonderfully has God overruled all these unworthy purposes! Not by directly thwarting the discoverers themselves in their efforts, but by silently and steadily turning their aim; bending it in another direction; forcing them, by new and increasing necessities, to seem to drop their first plans, and of their own suggestion. The settlers at Jamestown expected sudden wealth; but, through famine and fire, through disaster and saddest experience, they were driven back from the needless pursuit of their dreams, and finally assisted to found the greatest nation the sun ever saw led forth to take possession of a new continent.

So with the Plymouth settlement. The Western man to-day, standing and running his eye over the rich prairies that stretch out almost without limit before him, is inclined to twist the New Englander with the poverty and hardness of his inheritance; and tell him, in his peculiar way, that if his (the New Englander's) ancestors had happened to settle upon the prairies first, the Eastern States would have gone begging for a population till this time. In this view of things we are able to discern, Providence. The Western man is more than half right in his pleasure; but he forgets that it is not the New Englander whom he thus condemns, but mankind in the mass. It is so true that none of us would be inclined to take the hard land—the discipline, first, if we knew very well what was coming so easily afterwards.

Here on this large expanse of variable soil, with mighty lakes and rivers lacing and interlacing the surface, and wheat-fields and corn-fields standing as they stand nowhere else on the face of the earth, every circumstance being large and limitless, the land being laden with none of that sad oppression which tyranny fastens like a nightmare upon everything with which it has to do, man himself left free and untrammelled to develop his divine faculties in all possible directions, and with none of the constraints and inconsistencies of a long and dreary history to lie like obstacles in our path—here, we say, is such a field as Providence would seem to have selected for the fair trial of the real progress of the human race.

Doubtless progress is made, and is making in other places and directions; but it seems to us more like an emerging from the darkness of imprisonment, or the escape from chains and bondage. Here, however, there are no such painful associations, and the work is rapid in the same proportion. It is no escape with us; it is a growth—one of the most natural processes in all nature. Here it goes on with the fewest and the least obstructions. Here there is room, and that very thought, of itself, acts as a powerful stimulus. Here we have no kings, no monarchs, no tyrannies over us; nothing that is extraneous to the soul to crush the soul's aspirations.

That this is the dawning of a new era in the progress and development of the race, is primarily evident from the fact that until now all these rich and vast possessions, all these immeasurable facilities for progress, all these favoring circumstances and co-operating influences, have been kept back. Not until the spiritual vision is ready for it, do we see truths that have lain before us always in open day. And not until the race had been disciplined, and cultivated, and prepared for the field, was the field thrown open to us, as it has been, by a generous overruler and benefactor, and we made recipients of these splendid hints which point the way along to our final destiny.

We say, then, that this continent furnishes unparalleled facilities for the growth and expansion of the individual man. Nothing in all history has ever yet been known as its equal. And still there are plenty of souls that go groping about in the twilight of the past, as if in search of the lamp which is all the while shining steadily before them. All this, in time, will be corrected. The disadvantages of what is popularly styled Learning, will soon come to be discussed quite as freely, if not more freely, than the other side has been. And then the pivotal idea, the spirit and significance of all learning, and so of all

the past, will come to be better seen and understood.

The vision of this splendid future for us is almost too dazzling to contemplate. Not in material wealth, but in the spiritual. Here, on this virgin soil of the Western world, man is to be a sovereign, and what is more, an individual. This is the direction in which all history points—this the realization of all human hopes and dreams. Freedom—the largest freedom for the human soul—with no conventional limits of a decayed society, or an unspiritual law, to hem it in and check its aspirations—with the greatest range for the thought, because of the release from the old burdens of dead governments and dying formalities—with perpetual expansion and growth, after none but the strictest natural laws—with all things in society, in the State, and in nature, to stimulate the faculties to the highest point of development—where is the field larger or wider than this, and where can men and women be developed in such truly great and noble proportions? As yet, human eyes can fall upon no such prospects, and no such inheritances for the race, as Providence generously offers up here. The next inquiry that most naturally arises is, are we doing what we can, and the best we can, to enter upon the real enjoyment of our right royal inheritance?

SPIRITUALISM—RATIONALITY.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: A reader of your paper, a Spiritualist, desires to express his high appreciation of the very candid, manly and able article in THE TRIBUNE of yesterday's date, which, however hostile to Spiritualism as such, is in every essential particular, nevertheless most righteously and perfectly just. Let all Spiritualists, we would say, diligently read, mark, learn and inwardly digest THE TRIBUNE's remarks, for their souls' health.

If editors of newspapers and learned men in general would but freely grapple with this new philosophy, as with other subjects, only as its merits deserve, instead of shutting their eyes, and putting their fingers in their ears, and crying "humbbug," we should soon find the marvellousness of these "new unfoldings" gradually but certainly losing their hold upon the public mind, and their deleterious consequences abated.

New York, Sept. 24, 1853.

The Tribune having indulged in free and frank comments on the subject of Spiritualism—its characteristics and its tendencies—and having, quite as a matter of course, interlarded its editorial comments with such straws of fat-and-leaven humor as are usual in articles of that description, and on that subject—the writer above took this mode of expressing his gratification—on the whole—at what was done, and hoped in all candor that believers in Spiritualism would read it and profit by it.

The suggestions of the writer are worth serious and timely heeding; nay, if they are not heeded ere long, they will only come home to the minds of believers in a still more pointed and practical way. Let believers resolve to put away the "humbbug," and take hold on the reality. Let them purge away the foolishness of the system, so far as it has at present assumed the character and proportions of a system, and resolve to try all things and know where, and upon what, they stand.

The fact is, about all the effective opposition that is now made to Spiritualism, is made on the strength of its follies and frivolities. With the principles and laws that underlie and permeate the system they have nothing to do; they do not venture to grapple with them; or when they do, as in the case of a late writer in the New Englander, they are obliged openly to admit the existence of the manifestations, and decline to deny any of their apparent peculiarities. It is right here upon the external, the non-essential, and in fact the frivolous, that the prejudiced and passionate enemies of Spiritualism plant themselves, and do what execution to the cause itself they can.

Now it is time all this was ended. And it can be done in no way so effectually as by the energetic effort of the friends of Spiritualism themselves. They must take this matter in hand, and begin a reform where a reform is chiefly needed. They must show to the world that this is indeed a new faith to their souls, and a true and lasting one, by the serious manner in which they treat its daily and hourly manifestations to their souls.

The philosophy of Spiritualism is yet to be grappled with by human thought. But it will never be circumscribed by bigots or partisans. It is nothing like a narrow creed, to be nailed down as flooring for popular or party platforms. It extends to the realms of the Infinite, and in its embrace it steadily holds all the wonders of Creation.

VERY LIKELY.

An Orthodox paper, in a recent notice of a volume entitled "Spurgeon's Gems," comprising selections from the sermons of this noted preacher, says, "Every page is a flame of glowing fire." The publisher also remarks, "He blazes and burns along the pathway of his subject." Every one who has looked over Spurgeon's Sermons will at once see the truth of these puffing notices, for the gates of hell are thrown open at the close of nearly every paragraph, and graphic pictures of our fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters and children going through the primary stages of external torment, are delineated with a hand that seems to love the work it is engaged in. We should think that a book that so blazes and burns might be deemed an incendiary publication, and we would advise its readers so far to consult their own personal safety as to handle it with a pair of tongs.

DANIEL SWAZEY.

On Saturday, Oct. 9th, we received, through Mrs. Conant, a message from Daniel Swazey, of Derby, Lower Canada, who stated he died in a piece of woods about three miles from that place near an old tree, where he was wont to sit. He was on his way to transact some business, and is missed by his friends who are searching for him in the wrong direction, they supposing he is drowned in Deal's pond. We shall publish it in due course, but desire to put this on record to satisfy his friends that this news came in advance of human conveyance.

MUSIC HALL.

Miss Hardinge will lecture in the Music Hall on Friday evening, 16th inst., at 7 1-2 o'clock. The audience will select the subject for the lecture.

MISS AMEDY IN PORTLAND, ME.

This lady, who has acquired much celebrity as a trance medium, will lecture in Portland, Oct. 24th and 31st.

The Collins steamer Atlantic has been bought by the California, New York and European Steamship Company, and will be put on the Niagara line immediately.

KATIE.

The morning comes in splendor, Katie,
And night's dim shadows flee—
Soft sunlight floods the vales and hills,
And dillies o'er the lakes and rills;
His song, the lark in heaven-trills,
And all the air with music fills.
Thou'rt with me when I slumber, Katie,
Blest dreams are those of thee—
When gently, down the airy steep,
Bright beings come their guard to keep,
Beneath the stars, in azure deep,
Which burn above me while I sleep.

All through the weary daytime, Katie,
My soul thine image rears—
Though none are near, I'm not alone,
My happiest thoughts are all thine own,
High hopes to harvest's hour have grown,
And I shall reap what thou hast sown.
I'll think of thee forever, Katie,
Through life's long line of years,
When death, God's messenger, unbars
Heaven's ebony gates, all set with stars;
Oh, may we, free from sin's and scars,
Unite where sorrow never mars.

MORAL HEROISM AND COWARDICE IN MATTERS OF CONVICTION.

That moral attribute, which most of all furthers the cause of truth in this world, is heroism. The fortunes of no faith nor enterprise in all human history were ever made without it; for this is the beginning and the end of success. The proverb says that "truth is powerful and must prevail," which is even so; but not without the agencies and machinery of triumph. God himself cannot work without means adapted and executed to his ends; neither can man. It is the law of all work that the agency shall be adequate to the proposed execution; and lacking this, nothing is possible but failure. With heroism, however, everything is possible—and whatsoever has been accomplished by men in religion, morals and politics—in government, art, science, and warlike tactics, is indebted to this virtue for its prosperous achievement.

Heroism is the endowment of all noble natures—the seal which God stamps upon character to give the world assurance of a man. I know my brothers, though they speak no word to me—though they come into my presence without introduction, or the prestige of ability, and the blaze of popular applause. They need not these things to speak for them; for the soul knoweth its own, and recognizes by spiritual, inscrutable laws, the souls which belong to it. I am not to be cheated, for around my precincts flash the flaming swords which guard me from the false, and open their glittering ranks to the true sons of battle alone—to those who are worthy to be intimate and inward with me.

And I love only heroic men, who carry their swords in their hands, ready to do battle for the right, and that which their consciences approve of. A timorous, weak person, a coward, who cannot, or dare not speak his conviction, and defend it to the death, I pity and despise. He is carrier upon the virtues may devour; fit for nothing better, nor higher. And yet there are many such in the world—far too many for the world's good—as if "Nature's journeyman had made men, and not made them well—they imitate humanity so abominably." How is this? How comes it to pass that men should voluntarily forego the title and rights of the true nobility, and pass by on the other side of the sphere, sinking into mere vassalage and inanity? Alas! I know not, nor can I account for it with any probability of truth, except by referring it to an innate baseness of nature.

He who possesses the truth, or what he, in his conscience believes to be such, is bound by the highest of all statutes to proclaim it boldly, and without fear of pains and other consequences. For truth is so precious a thing, and affects so immensely and profoundly the happiness and destiny of the race, that it is given to no man to withhold it, and no man can withhold it without loss to himself, both temporal and eternal.

And yet the truth is withheld. Again, I ask, how is this? We are not living in the days of witchcraft, and that gross and vulgar persecution which distinguished Boston and Salem a hundred and odd years ago—but our lot is cast at least upon the refined and scientific days of Professors Felton and Agassiz—which is something, considering what the Salem persecution days were, and what the revelations of this nineteenth century are, and what they augur for the future.

Why, then, do those who know the truth—the truth more especially, for example, as it relates to Spiritualism—hide it under their bushels, and refuse to acknowledge themselves its confessors? Is it so bad a thing, so immoral in its revelations and tendencies, that they dread to call themselves its converts and disciples, lest the evil which it is, and inculcates, should be chargeable to their accounts and character? Or, are they actuated by fear and superstition, the terror of popular denunciation—or the scorn of popular contempt, and the sallies of its laughter? We fear they are actuated by some or all of these. For it is certain that men of rare ability and judgment in these States are convinced Spiritualists—convinced that communications from the spirit-world are not only possible, but actual achievements—and yet they are so timorous—and shall we speak it bluntly?—cowardous—that they dare not acknowledge their convictions, through fear of the venerable Mistress Grundy, and the still more venerable priesthood. I know this to be the fact. I know men and women of high position—of great culture and attainments, in these New England States and elsewhere—who are daily experimenters and firm believers in Spiritualism, and who are yet so weak and fearful of popular opinion, and especially of the opinion of those of their own rank and station in society—who have never investigated this subject—that they have not the courage and manliness to speak for themselves, and confess their adherence to the spiritual phenomena.

Such things, to earnest, sincere Spiritualists, are hard to hear and bear, and are indicative of a moral depravity which might almost justify the sweeping and overwhelming dogmas of the ultra-orthodox priesthood. Perhaps the fashion of the times will change before many years go by; perhaps it will become fashionable for the *savants* to believe in Spiritualism—as they now, all through Europe and America, disbelieve in the orthodox Christianity, and dare not publicly acknowledge it! Perhaps, we say, this phenomenon may occur, and then we shall have the fine gentlemen and ladies of the land, suddenly swearing by its name, and professing allegiance to its cause.

No thanks to them! No thanks to any coward, shuffler, platoon, time-server! Spiritualism is true and its facts are attested by thousands, and tens of thousands of witnesses, and it needs no "respecta-

ble" suffrages to give it countenance and position. Its place is in the human heart—its theatre this American continent—this civilized and polished and scholarly Europe!—this great globe itself! And those who aid and further it now, in its struggle for supremacy—not the supremacy of temporal power and dignities, but of spiritual power and the enlightenment of man with respect to spiritual themes and conditions—shall have the reward and crown of heroes, and the men of battle; and the rest—the dilettanti!—shall have that fate which history, and the Nemesis of mankind have awarded from the beginning, to all cravens and cowardly persons.

J. S.

SEALED LETTER ANSWERED.

The following is a copy of a sealed letter sent to Mr. J. V. Mansfield, for answer by the spirit to whom it is addressed:—

To BETSEY THURBER—DEAR SISTER—I have not heard your name mentioned for some time. I thought I would try to meet you in spirit, through J. V. Mansfield, of Boston. Please communicate to me some news from the spirit-land.

Your brother, JOHN DANFORTH.

New London, Ct., Aug. 10, 1858.

This letter was received Friday, September 30, and the following answer written through the medium. It is said to be characteristic of the person whose spirit claims to have written it. She was, at one time during her earth-life, editress of a paper in Plymouth, Mass., and is well known by residents of Massachusetts and Connecticut. We publish it at the request of Mr. Danforth.

MY DEAR BROTHER JOHN—I am more than happy to find you calling after me in spirit, August 10th. I did impress you to write me—but at that time I had not gathered strength sufficient to communicate fully, or as I would, through the medium whom I now control. But at last I find myself able to say a few words, though imperfectly. Yet it rejoices my soul to come even so. I am safe, and with him who was my mortal mate and husband; not only with him, but with that noble body, or company of pilgrims who left Plymouth (my last earth-home) long ere I was an inhabitant—or prior to my earth-existence. Yes, John, I have passed the boundaries of time, and now am I a spirit, in full possession of all my reasoning faculties; and not even bodiless, for though my mortal body lies in the cold, cold grave—that is, that which was my mortal body—yet I find I have a spiritual body, resembling that of the mortal body, only brighter, more beautiful, more refined. When I have more strength, I will give you much of the glory and magnificence which surrounds me in this my new home. Yes, brother John, I am among that company of pilgrims who early settled in Plymouth; the records of whose lives have been, and ever will remain, a lasting monument of patience and Christian fortitude. Yes, with them I mingle, and in this my prayers were answered—for my prayers often were, while traversing over that hallowed spot where rested the mortal remains of those patterns of Godly piety—let my body moulder there; then let my spirit mingle with theirs. Yes, my brother, though their bodies have long since mouldered to dust, yet their spirits hover over that which is to them the most blessed of all places below. Often, often do I hear them say, let us go to our Pilgrim home.

Dear brother, I passed quietly away like the candle, as it nears the socket of its holder—slowly and calmly I passed on. Yes, I was cognizant of all till the last glimmer or spark remained—then in a flash, all was silent; my body was lifeless, and, for the first time, I was conscious of spirit-existence. I stood over my body—I knew it was dead, in the earth acceptance of the word. I looked about, saw them sorrowing over me—one dear brother to witness the extinguishing of the last remaining spark. I looked into the streets, and saw them as ever, with here and there a traveler. I remained some three hours, and then was told by an angel voice that my husband awaited me. I looked about—here and there—but no one could I see. I was then told again my husband awaited me. My response was, where? I was then told he was on the opposite bank of yonder river. At that time my spiritual vision was opened, and I saw a beautiful river. I was told that was the river that divides the mortal from the immortal. I made my way to the bank, and there I not only saw, but heard the voice of my beloved husband say, "Betsey, my beloved, come quickly to me." I stepped into the boat that plies from shore to shore. Soon I was in the fond embrace of him who was to me a friend and companion in earth-life.

I find my strength fast leaving me, now—soon I will come and say more, but, dear brother, be faithful to the light given you of late. Let nothing dissuade you from pursuing it—for in its pursuance is life eternal.

Your once mortal, but now spirit sister,

BETSEY THURBER.

Boston, Sept. 6, 1853.

There are several points made in the spirit's answer, of which no hint is given in the letter from Mr. D. to his sister in spirit-life. First—an allusion to his having written her on the 10th of August. Second—mention is made of her husband; and the fact stated that he, too, was a spirit. Third—she gives the place of her residence on earth, and alludes to a strong desire she always had to join the Pilgrim Fathers in their spirit-home. Fourth—the manner of her departure is spoken of, and described to have been quiet and peaceful.

Of these particulars, there is good reason for believing that the medium could have known nothing. Whence, then, the intelligence?

BOOK NOTICES.

DAVEPORT DEAN, A MAN OF OUR TIMES, by Charles Lever. Published by T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia.

The first volume of this humorous novel, by one of the first writers in this vein, will cheer many a poor fellow who has the blues this winter, for the low price of 50 cents. For sale by A. Williams & Co., No. 100 Washington street.

WEBSTER AND HAYNE'S SPEECHES.

The memorable speeches of these Senators, delivered in the Senate on Foot's resolution, have been neatly printed, and are for sale by A. Williams & Co. THE OPERA DANCER, by G. W. M. Reynolds.

The writer enjoys a wide popularity as a writer of fiction, and this book is fully up to the former issues of his ready pen. Published by Peterson, of Philadelphia, and for sale by A. Williams & Co.

HOWE'S COMPLETE BALL ROOM HAND BOOK, containing upwards of three hundred dances, including all the latest and most fashionable dances; by Ellis Howe, Boston. A. Williams & Co.

This book will be found very acceptable for families, who want to get up a dance on their own account. It gives the figures, and calls for changes, in cotillions, quadrilles, contra dances, waltzes, polkas, mazurkas, etc., etc.; etiquette of the Ball room, and other interesting matter bearing upon this amusement. It is well illustrated, and makes a handsome appearance.

"A PORTO LECTURE ON WOMANHOOD," by Wm. W. Karlsruher. Moore & Co., publishers, Cincinnati, O. It is a scholarly production of a high moral tone, worthy a re-perusal.

It is said that Mr. Hume, the medium, is not yet married to the Russian helress to whom he has for some time been engaged.

New York Correspondence.

RELIABILITY IN MEDIUMSHIP—MR. FOSTER, OF SALEM.

New York, Oct. 9, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—I do not seek herein to compete with the peculiar system of advertising proceeding from your New York correspondent, but simply design to give expression to certain carefully ascertained conclusions in respect to the character of the intelligible phenomena evinced by means of Mr. Foster's mediumship.

As Mr. F. has not, heretofore, in the course of his mediumship, courted popularity and patronage, as an end, by the usual practices—that is, by frequent mention in the newspapers of the spiritually originated phenomena transpiring with him—I may, without impropriety, and without any invidious purpose, state, that in my intercourse with mediums during the recent seven years, I have never met with any other, the phases of whose mediumship can be so properly and justly entitled *reliable*. Indeed, it is but simple justice to state, in respect to Mr. F., that what is manifest with him as spiritual, is more perfectly than with any other medium I have known, calculated to induce a state of confidence on the spiritualistic conclusions, and to satisfy the thoughtful inquirer.

This attribute of mediumship, namely—*reliability*, I had in vain sought for hitherto; but a number of interviews with the medium in question attested that it does exist—at least to the degree sufficient to overcome the strongest incredulity on that point.

Although the mechanical effect, or "physical manifestation"—the most rare and curious of them, are never absent from Mr. Foster's circles, they do not constitute the most striking or remarkable portion of the phenomena.

It is in the phenomena evincing obvious intelligence, or mental procedure—the characteristic signs of intelligence of the so-called "dead," or "departed," by means of which their unimpaired personal identity is made out to the satisfaction of their friends or intimates, that consists the chief portion of the facts occurring in conjunction with Mr. Foster's mediumship.

In this respect I do not think that any mediumship could exceed that of Mr. F., nor can the facts constituting this portion of his mediability be fairly construed by any ingenuity into anything but manifestations of the presence of invisible personalities. I need not detail the related tests in my own interview with Mr. Foster—for to do so would be but to repeat in another form examples and accounts of cases which not unfrequently appear in the BANNER or LION; but would simply record, by this means, the fact that his *reliability*, in this respect, has induced in me a new and strengthened confidence and trust in the possible results of mediability. RUYLER.

N. Y. CONFERENCE.

New York, Oct. 9, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—At the Conference last evening, the question of *proofs* was continued, and some very interesting and convincing ones were adduced, in answer to the fashionable cry of *psychology*. Mr. Partridge related the following: He had shipped some goods to California, which were consigned to a house in San Francisco, that he believed to be not only safe but rich. At this juncture he received intelligence of the death of a brother of his in California, but without any particulars. Through a medium he came in communication with a spirit claiming to be his brother, who informed him minutely of the circumstances of his death; and then went on to say, that the house to which the goods had been consigned had suddenly failed; that the failure was a bad one; that he (the spirit) did not believe that it would pay a cent on a dollar, nor that it would even do so much as to render an account of sales; and, furthermore, that his own effects—trunks, clothes, letters, etc.—were in the hands of this house, with directions to forward them to New York, but had neglected to do so; and for certain purposes of their own, would probably not send them at all. These statements, the speaker said, he could not credit at the time, and stoutly denied them. But the spirit assured him they were true. So it turned out—they were true. He had been unable to obtain from this house even an account of sales, and though they acknowledged that his brother's effects were in their keeping, and promised to forward them, they had never done so. This intelligence, at the time it was communicated to him by the spirit, could not possibly have been known to any one on this side of the Atlantic; and he very pertinently inquired how it was possible that psychology could have had anything to do with it. The supposition was ridiculous.

The desk at Dodworth's is to be filled to-morrow by the Rev. John Pierpont. Mr. Stewart, of Newark, speaks in Brooklyn; Mr. J. F. Coles at Lamartine Hall, New York; and Mr. Baker, a week from to-morrow, at Clinton Hall. YORK.

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 spirits—their 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, constitute the Babylon of the Apocalypse, and the Anti-Christ, of Daniel, 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.

George Atkins, trance and medical medium, writes us as follows:—"I start this present week on a lecturing tour about Cape Cod, and will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. During my travel I may occasionally give you a few notes by the wayside."

H. F. Miller writes us that he will answer calls for lectures to be given by Mrs. Miller, trance speaker, in New-York, Pennsylvania and the Western States. Address, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Mrs. Elizabeth Clough, No. 14 Wall street, Charlestown, will receive calls to lecture in a trance state.

The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue.

Sabbath in Boston.

THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL.

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

Sunday Morning, Oct. 10.

After a voluntary choir sang the following:

I cannot always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move,
But I can always say,
That God is love.
When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to Heaven above,
As to her native home, O'errings,
For God is love.
Yes, God is love—a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss,
For God is love.

PRAYER.

Oh, thou who art everywhere, who no man can measure and no finite thought can fully comprehend, we would draw nigh unto thee—nearer and nearer unto thee—yet we know that thou livest and movest and hast being in every one of us; and for thy life given unto us many our hearts are opened with gratitude. We would remember before thee with sorrow the sins we have committed, but with the powers thou has given us may we ever turn to thee and worship thee with grateful hearts all the days of our lives. Oh, our Father, who art wisdom, justice, goodness and love, we thank thee that thou hast created all things in perfect love—thy motive, purpose and adequate means. We thank thee for the serene days and tranquil nights thou hast given us, and the coming, protracted, handsome days that lengthen out the years. We thank thee for the rich harvest that drops into the arms of toil and industry. We thank thee for all the means of blessedness—for the continued growth of power that man has over the material world—that we can make the ground feed and clothe us, the mountains and the quarries furnish us with our houses, and that the forces of fire and metal is slowly added to our means—that by thought and intelligence we put toil under our feet. We thank thee for thought, knowledge and wisdom—for all the truth which other men have discovered and handed down to us. We thank thee that the fires of genius are never quenched. We thank thee for the hand of justice that moves in the common practice of men—justice comprehended by a single eye kept perfect forever. We know thou dost watch over all things—not a sparrow falls to the ground unseen by thee. We know thou keepest watch over piety, goodness and love, so no particle known to man is ever lost, and by them mankind grows wiser. We thank thee for the unmentioned millions of wise men who have spread abroad so much light and truth. We thank thee for the bread we eat, and the clothes we wear, and the houses that hedge and fence us in. We thank thee for the dear ones thou hast given us, who are near and distant, who are the benediction of our own daily love and prayer. We thank thee for all who have passed forever from the earth into the glory of the kingdom of heaven, where they will shine in thy love forever. We remember with shame the wrong things we do, praying that day by day we may use our efforts to build for ourselves noble heights of human excellence; and thus, day by day, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

SINGING.

Spread, O Spirit, spread thy growing wings!
Gather thy scattered ones from every land.
Call them to the Father to the King of Kings—
Whom thou hast loved from the beginning.

DISCOURSE.

Text: *God is set against evil. Last Sunday I spoke to you of the transiency of all evil, dividing evil into physical, intellectual and moral; showing how evil's getting continually worse; that from the nature of man and God it must be so; that all evil with its effects will vanish away and good will triumph. Next, let us look at the positive. This morning I ask your attention to the everlasting permanency of all good, which I shall divide the same as evil into physical, intellectual and moral. All these forms of good are permanent and eternal—what is for one is for all, and is never lost. The milk teeth of the child are better for the child than the permanent teeth of manhood. Once man husked the cocoanut with his teeth, and but one in a hundred had tusks strong enough for this, so one was made to husk cocoanuts for many. At length man discovered that a sharp stone would do this better, and after this discovery nobody who used the stone ever went back to husk the cocoanut with their teeth. As it is with the stone, so it is with all tools. First the teeth, the fingers, the nails are used; then tools are made for use, first of wood, then of stone; of copper, then of iron. Each of these tools displaces its inferior predecessor, and men never go back from a greater to an inferior good. And what is given for one man is given for all. No one ever abandons wheat and bread for acorns and peanuts—no greater physical good is to be abandoned for a lesser. Each and all the arts once learned by humanity are never forgot. It would not be possible to disperse the improvements and comforts of civilization—the improvements in the arts—and go back to the condition of the wild man, whose skin is his only coat and a hole in the rock his house. So good drives bad out of the market.*

In South Africa, travelers build fires to dry their clothes. The monkeys see them, and after they are gone, the monkeys imitate them—dry themselves by the fire—but they cannot make new fires; they are monkeys—not men.

In the thirteenth Henry VIII. it was a command to set targets, to be shot at with arrows, forty-three rods distant; to-day, no man has an arm strong enough to throw an arrow forty three rods, but he can throw a bullet that distance, and hit the size of a man's head, nine times out of ten.

Sometimes, by war, a nation is driven from, and loses the arts of civilization—but mankind loses nothing. A nation may go backward, but this can never be true of humanity. Mankind never lets one useful art slip away till it has a better. The physical good which one man invents, is for all.

The savage invented a saw, made of animal's teeth, set in wood, bound in with the skin of beasts or bark of trees. That man died—but the human race took possession of the saw, improved it, and carried it into a thousand forms of use. Needles and thimbles, griddles, pans, pots and kettles, with all useful inventions, will never go out of use till something better crowds them aside. What one nation drops, humanity picks up, and nothing useful is ever lost. The science of medicine is the most unsatisfactorily developed of all the arts; yet many diseases are stayed by it, and one day we may hope that no consumption or fever doctors will be needed. Swift does the better follow the good. Many writers, and ministers above all, say that all good things are

transient; but one thing is certain—a good thing can never be given up for a poorer. Steam cars will never be given up for dog-wagons.

And as it is with physical good, so it is with intellectual good. Men look out for what they shall eat and drink and wear, and Christ comes and says God will feed you as he feeds the crows, and clothe you as he clothes the lilies.

All men love scientific truths. What crowds of men and women rush to hear the "Lowell Lectures." These lectures bring nothing to feed and clothe the body; but they feed the intellect. How much is said about the comet, now visible in the heavens—the love of knowledge causes this. We ask where it came from—where it is going. We search after truth, which adds nothing to the physical necessities of life. Now the fact is known that the earth is round, revolves every day on its own axis, and once a year spins around the sun; this knowledge will never be lost. If a Lowell lecturer should preach the contrary, the common people would know better, and laugh at him. Franklin said some silly things—these are forgotten; but every truth that Franklin taught is remembered, and will live forever. Great men have great whims, and their whims perish, but their truths live forever.

Sir Isaac Newton left many manuscript pages that have never been printed, and never will be, but the truths he left are a heritage forever. Careful men ransack the records of ages; they let errors slide, but truth is held on to. Many a minister who follows all authority, still cherishes some error. Some unpretending man reads a truth in a rock; for which he is derided by ministers. A scientific truth is never lost; this is true in morals and religion, as it is in science. Through the dark ages of the world, the continuity of science was never broken; good men have ever gathered and held on to all truth in science and the arts, and those truths have been made the property of all mankind. It seemed for a time as if the truths started by Wickliffe perished with him—for so great was the opposition—to more effectually destroy them, his bones were dug up, burned, and cast into the Avon, and from the Avon they ran to the Severn, from the Severn to the narrow sea, and from thence to the broad ocean. Thus it was thought an end was put to his teachings; but from a little stream they have widened into a great ocean. Now his doctrines are spread the world over. Not a single truth is ever abated. Not one accent of the Holy Ghost in moral good is ever lost. What is gained in moral good is forever, as is what is gained in physical and intellectual.

In all governments there has been some good, and all the good still lives. The worst government of to-day is better than the best, one thousand years ago. The fables of the Hebrew laws are put up in meeting-houses, and Protestants and Catholics cherish them. All that is true will live, and the false will go back and be lost.

Rome did much for mankind, but the legacy is not hers now—the moral good is transferred. The Roman law could not be put down by barbarism; it contained so much of moral goodness that humanity would not let it perish.

There are thirty-two States in our Union; each State makes its own laws; fourteen out of the thirty-two seek injustice—have monstrous, hideous exceptions to right; they cherish evils contrary to nature; but things will bear fruit of their kind, and with bloody feet shall these States retrace their footsteps.

See how the Northern States vie with each other—if a wise movement is started by one State, it is carried on by the other. A sister State (New York) has founded an asylum for the drunkard. If this be successful, it will be started by other States.

What we call Christianity will one day perish; it will go down like Judaism; but not a particle of its piety or its goodness shall fade, no more than a ray of the sun shall fade away from God's universe.

Since Shakespeare, no poet has trod the earth like him; but what a development of this element is there in manhood. America has no second Franklin, and never will have—nature never makes two men just alike; but what was once shut up in Benjamin is infused in millions. Just such another man as Christ was never born, and never will be again; but what a humanitarian growth has his influence brought into the world! Jesus! Every fugitive slave-kidnaper would crucify him; but his good influence can never die.

There comes up in a little New England village the fragrant, humble, beautiful flower of philanthropy and benevolence; how it grows; it is found taking root and springing up in many places—it spreads. Some benevolent woman has planted the seed, while the finger of scorn has been upon her. This flower will never die. Humble men and humble women set going moral good.

How we love to tell of the good deeds of our fathers, and their faults we let go to forgetfulness. On Franklin's and Adams's tombstone we know what will be written. On Senator Mason's too, we know what should be written, and over the sepulchre of great Christians, who have grown rich in the slave trade, there will be no inscription that will fill the soul of the reader with grateful memory.

On the tomb of Robert Rantoul it is said is written, "He favored the freedom of mankind." The tenth generation shall read this with pride.

Tell me how fleeting good is, how permanent is evil, and I will believe not; but tell me how transient evil is, and how everlasting is good, and I believe. This is true; it is profitable for mankind to know; truth will spread for the race, and will last forever; gradually, at first, it advances; it affects an individual first, then a neighborhood, a town, a State, and the world. And when we have gone home to our rest, we have not taken it away, but have left it to bless mankind forever.

SERVICES AT THE MELODEON.

To the fullest house of the season, Miss Hardinge lectured last Sunday at the Melodeon. Her lecture in the afternoon—the first of a course on the religions of the past—was over an hour and a half in length, and so connected in all its details that a fair report of it would extend much beyond our limited bounds. It was abundant in ideas, thoughts, and gems of fancy—enough to last an ordinary person the balance of his lifetime. It was on the "Spiritualism of India and Egypt." We give but a mere skeleton of her remarks:—

Religion is either a science of life, or it is nothing. Its mission is to guide man over the shoals and quicksands of life, and if it fails in a single point, it is not what it claims to be. Can the great Creator have made a system of truth not within the grasp of the mind of man? Has he given the universe to man an open page, and not given him the intellect to understand its machinery, nor the key to unlock its mysteries?

Why do we call up the religions of the long past?

Why seek to exhume from the past those ideas which can be of no utility in this nineteenth century? Only because of its bearing in the march of progress to the religions of all coming time. Modern Spiritualism, if it be a truth, why should it not stand on the basis of its own simple, evidential system?

We have to do with a primitive people, who were not bound by the chains of theology, not confined to any creed, with no temple but the chanting groves and booming oboes, and with no mediator but conscience. They asked, what was truth, and it was unfolded to them by the winds—the breath of God—it was light to their souls.

It is enough to find all religious blending together in a common recognition of Deity. There are but two evidences of the existence of these conceptions of Divinity among the early, materialized nations of the world. The first is in the sculptured marble and monumental emblems—now relics of pride, and a great decay—and the other is the written record which has come down to us, crude and venerable with age, and full of interpolations and modern amendments.

The early minds felt that the world had an existence, must have had a beginning, and, so, a creator. Their conception of that creator was necessarily a grossly material one. They lived by sense, and through sense must wisdom reach them. They saw that material existence was a continual development, from the blade of grass up to the higher conditions of animal life, the beautiful and elaborate forms of human life. They saw that death was but another form of reproduction, and failed not to typify a God as its master-worker.

But they soon found a power of antagonism—of malignant evil—and they must solve that problem. Was it consistent with the love, wisdom, and power of the Creator? Then came the dogma of Moïseus, the fallen god. They saw that all was subject to a design—that light was a positive principle, and good was equally so; and evil was but a necessary power. We shall find the whole paradisaic theory—since plagiarized into the religion of Judaism—in the religion of India.

Man cannot create thought. It is not intuitive, for we know not what it is. When a man says—"I know," he but repeats his observations and experiences. In his chart he has noted down his impressions, and the first image of the God power he has ever associated with the sun and stars. They observed that the phases of life and death were associated with the heavenly bodies, and they saw the changes of the planetary constellations, and soon associated them with their own world's fate and fortune, and then followed sacrifices to propitiate the wrath of the twinkling terrors of the sky.

We will simply assert, and give the proof when it is demanded, that every rite and ceremony which are held sacred in the religions of the nineteenth century, they are indebted for to the religions of India and Egypt—the great ideas of trinity—the all-wise, all-powerful, and all-loving power; the idea of antagonism, of incarnation—of man's primal fall; the idea of God's first great mistake in the creation of his children for total and eternal destruction—and in fact all the history of the creation of the world in the book of Genesis, we find to be a plagiarism from the religious history of the Brahmins—a creed old, when Genesis was unthought of.

In vain by a mere astronomical quibble the Christian world strive to place the advent of the Christ Jesus before Vishnu; in vain they attempt to blot out the symbolic records from the monumental records of the Orient. The world is too old and wise to be duped longer. Men—free, liberal, unprejudiced—are unfolding those records, and dark religion shrinks before the light thrown onto the religion of the past.

In the evening, her subject was, "The Spiritualism of the Fire Worshipers."

"The light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."

The religion of the Persians—termed for expediency, fire-worshippers—was in its time the highest idea the world had yet had of Deific Omnipotence. They had searched throughout space in vain for a creative source, till they had found God to be identical with the great principle of light. Then why did they shrink from symbolizing the image of God? Standing on the symbol of science, and seeing the mass striving upward, guided by the spirits of those who had passed before them, the Persians had found upon this elementary condition the grasp of the Deific presence, illuminating from the higher spheres with glimpses of truth.

It needed but a thought to find a positive principle called heat, and wherever latent heat existed, there was a source of life. Latent heat exists everywhere, because the philosopher cannot find that degree of cold in which it does not exist. Matter is scattered into the forms of nature in the vegetable world, and latent heat permeates them all; and in the animal kingdom the grade is higher still, until when the spine becomes horizontal with earth, instead of parallel, that left of instinct becomes reason. So he found that wherever there was heat, there the life-power was manifested; where the life-power was not, there was cold, followed by disorganization and decay. He found the trinity of love, wisdom and power in heat, and he was weary of bowing down to India's notions—wary of worshipping a book, and the forms and symbols of beautiful religions. He would break the seventh seal, and find an equivalent conception of Deity; and so he spiritualized fire—not worshiped it—for it gave to him the most scientific conception of his God.

It is well known to the poorest scholar in history, that Zoroaster's name has been invariably connected with the idea of typifying God by fire. We do not stand to ages, dates, or times; but it is enough to know that popular history gives to him an existence ages before Moses received from heaven the laws for the government of the Jews. The Divine laws of each were claimed to be received in the self-same way—from the summit of a cloud-capped mountain—to point the people higher by a nobler teaching.

The love of God became merged in the love of mankind. He asked his followers to identify in their own natures the spirit of love; but it must be bounded by wisdom. Zoroaster taught his followers that light-life was the evidence of God; and Mithra was the angel who descended from the light to the realm of darkness.

Can you in science claim ought to be original? Behold, your steam-engine, which can be controlled by the finger of the little child, while if a giant of the olden time were to become entangled in its machinery, ignorant of its laws, he would be torn to pieces. Trace thought, if you will, back to the much despised past, when man fell down and worshiped their priests as magicians, because they could tell them the movements of the stars. We doubt not

that the poor fire-worshippers were permeated by the spirit of truth, and did not bow down before a hidden thought. Now, with the wisdom of the nineteenth century about us, we cannot explore these things which held the thought of Zoroaster.

After the lecture, a number of questions were received from the audience, and answered through the organism of the medium:

Q.—What is the attribute of genius?

A.—Power. No matter in what direction it elaborates itself, it is power. In every human mind this power is manifested. In some it is higher than in others, yet it is the great characteristic of humanity.

Q.—What was the origin of the inhabitants of the new world?

A.—A tribe of men, as different from the present inhabitants as the blacks from the whites—or as differing as any two separate races of men. The question would require a lecture from us on the different races of man.

Q.—Why are the Christians of America superior in knowledge and power to those of any other nation?

A.—They are superior to those of any other land, because they are nursed in spiritual and intellectual freedom. They dare speak, think, and record their thoughts, and then comes that power which communicates them to others.

Q.—Do men see God face to face?

A.—Elaborate him a million fold, and yet man can have no sensual conception of him.

Q.—Do spirits commune with angels, as men do with each other on earth?

A.—The distinction you have drawn recognizes the idea of two separate orders of beings. The angels of God are simply his messengers—spirits are the same, each of whom converse with each other as spirits do with mortals. One plane of spirits can compass all below, but cannot reach those who are higher than themselves. [The medium hesitated a moment, and continued:] But your thought is not yet answered. Thought communes with thought, and mind reads mind. There is no artificial language made to disguise thought, rather than to elaborate it.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

Miss Munson will speak in Waltham, Sunday, Oct. 24th, and in New Bedford on the 31st.

Mrs. C. F. Works will speak in the trance state at the hall No. 14 Bromfield street, on Thursday evening, 14th inst.

Hon. Warren Chase will lecture in Lowell, Sunday, Oct. 17th; in Quincy, Oct. 31st, and in Bethel, Vt., the second week in November. Address, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

A. B. White will speak in New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 17th; Williamette, Conn., Oct. 24th and 31st. Those desiring lectures during the week may address him at either of the above places.

Miss Emma Houston will speak in Quincy, Sunday, Oct. 17th. She will answer calls to lecture either Sundays or week evenings in Boston or vicinity. Address Fountain House.

Miss Rosa T. Amey will speak in Middleboro', Sunday, Oct. 17th, and in Portland on Sundays, Oct. 24th and 31st. She will make engagements to speak on week evenings during the last week in October in Portland or its vicinity. Please address No. 32 Allen street, Boston, previous to the 22d inst.

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. L. D. Otis will speak as follows:—Oct. 17th, at Waltham, Mass.; Oct. 24th and 31st, at Fitchburg, Mass.; Oct. 31st, at Sutton, N. H.; November 21st and 28th, 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.

H. B. Storer will speak in Providence, R. I., on Sunday, Oct. 24th and 31st; Manchester, Conn., on Sunday, Nov. 7th. He will lecture during the ensuing season upon every evening that his services may be required, and requests friends in Connecticut, who may desire him to lecture among them, to address at New Haven, Conn., from whence all his letters will be speedily forwarded. He will probably labor in Connecticut during most of the winter, but may occasionally visit Massachusetts and Rhode Island, in answer to applications, which he has heretofore been obliged to decline.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture 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 28th. 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. Mittenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE FROM DR. LYON.

DEAR BROTHERS.—October 31 I lectured in Concord, N. H. The brethren have just organized for the season; this was their first meeting. The meetings are well attended, and a manifest desire to hear. Professor Grimes has just closed a course of lectures in this place. His course, while there, was the same as in Massachusetts and other places. The friends are few in numbers, but they have warm hearts and generous souls, and a disposition to labor unitedly for the spread of truth among men. May their praiseworthy efforts be crowned with abundant success.

Respectfully,
[Will Bro. L. inform us where he may be addressed?]

A HARK AFTER THE CHOWS OF THE COCHIN.—The Boston News of Oct. 9th contains a caustic article, entitled "The Great Men of the Press." We make a brief extract:—

"Among the many gentlemen connected with the press of Boston, we have a few of the lordliest and most egotistical who ever soiled white paper with a dark substance—sometimes called ink. These gentlemen know everything, from the length of an actor's part to that of the tail of Donat's comet. They arrogate to themselves the right to judge, to criticize, and to condemn everything and everybody."

There is no prospect whatever that the Atlantic telegraph cable will work for months to come, if ever.

The Busy World.

READ EVERY PAGE OF THIS WEEK'S BANNER! On the first page is the commencement of a fine story, from the pen of the well-known authoress, Mrs. ANN E. POWERS; on the second page, an original tale—"My Mother's Story, or the Hermit of Niagara Falls"—written for the Banner by ADRIANNA LESTER; on the third page, "The Fatal Compact," translated from the French by CORA WILBURN; on the fourth and fifth pages, editorials, correspondence, reports of the Sunday lectures of Theodore Parker and Mrs. Harlinge, together with a great variety of other interesting matter; on the sixth page, five columns of spirit messages; on the seventh page, a well written communication on "Natural Laws," one from Warren Chase on "Home," and letters from Newburyport, New York, &c.; on the eighth page, Foster, of Lowell, the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie H. Foster, of Lowell, Facts and Tests, &c., &c.

"LIFE ETERNAL."—Part Fifteenth—has been received, and will appear in our forthcoming issue.

The great exhibition of horses commences at the South End Park on Wednesday of this week. Many entries have been made, and the exhibition promises to be the best of the best of the season.

The Post states that letters have been received from the Paris Prefect of Police by Mayor Lincoln, inquiring what could be done to stop the sale of the Napoleon pamphlets. He had better pass the letter over to the editors of the Oracle. They will answer for him.

John J. Dyer & Co., wholesale and retail periodical dealers, No. 35 School street, have all the most prominent publications of the day for sale. Orders from any part of the world promptly answered.

The "creed" ministers are sorely afraid that the rapid spread of Spiritualism will leave them without a calling. Several alluded in bitter terms to the subject from their pulpits in this city on Sunday last.

The freight steamer Hercules, running on the St. Lawrence River from Montreal—a new and very large boat, owned by Calvin & Breck, of Kingston—blew up last Saturday morning while passing up the St. Lawrence Rapids, eighteen miles below Ogdensburg. Eleven lives were lost.

The Journal says one firm of this city, interested in the Texas trade, gave a thousand dollars to the Howard Association, for the relief of sufferers by yellow fever in Galveston. The fever there has been raging violently, particularly among persons from the North.

The comet is estimated to be only eight millions of miles distant from the earth at the present time.

Said Dicky to like a few days after the destruction of the Crystal Palace by fire, "Do you know why those twelve pianos of the Messrs. Chickering could not be saved?" He replied, "No, unless it was that the fire was too fierce for any attempt that way." "Not so," said Dicky; "it was because the firemen couldn't play on them."

The Washington correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer says Gen. Jarez has been received as Envoy Extraordinary from Nicaragua, having previously engaged to exchange ratifications of the treaty of 1857, unconditionally, and to pay an indemnity for the lives and property destroyed by the allied army during the filibuster war. He also repudiated the Helly contract.

CHRISTIANITY AND CRIME.—A clergyman named Turley was recently hung in Kanawha Co., Va., for the murder of his wife. Initiating the opponents of Spiritualism, we might say, See the horrid fruits of that terrible delusion, Christianity! Yet could anything be more manifestly unjust?—Spiritual Age.

The deepest blasphemy never finds spiritual acceptance. It is the light seen which gushes from the mouth. It is less sinful than honest to speak an oath, rather than to nestle it in your soul and nurse it on your passions. It is better to exhibit the condition of the soul than to keep it hid.

The Masonic Fraternity have finally disposed of the Masonic Temple to the United States government, and it will be immediately put in order for the accommodation of the U. S. Courts, which it is expected will move into the building in November.

"What are you about, sir?" said a passer-by to a man who was engaged in coining a second coin who had insulted his daughter. "Oh, I am only cutting a swell," was his quiet reply.

St. Louis, Oct. 10.—The overland California mail arrived here at 9 o'clock last night. A large number of prominent citizens assembled at the Pacific Railroad depot, on the arrival of the train from Jefferson City. Mr. Butterfield was greeted with a hearty welcome, and formally received in a brief, but highly complimentary speech, by John F. Barry, Esq., on behalf of the citizens of St. Louis. Mr. Butterfield responded in an appropriate manner, returning his warmest thanks for the unexpected demonstration, and the cordial approval of his labors by the citizens of St. Louis. The mails were escorted to the post office by a long procession, accompanied by bands of music.

The President has a telegraphic dispatch from John Butterfield, president of the overland mail company, dated St. Louis, Oct. 9, informing him that the great overland mail arrived there from San Francisco, in twenty-three days and six hours, and that the stages brought through six passengers. The President replied as follows:—

"John Butterfield, president, etc. Sir—Your dispatch has been received. I cordially congratulate you upon the result. It is a glorious triumph for civilization and the Union. Settlements will soon follow the course of the road, and the east and west will be bound together by a chain of living Americans, which can never be broken."

The news brought by this mail is unimportant. The water at Frazer's River is still too high for successful mining purposes. The dates from Oregon are to the 8th Sept. Major Garnett had a skirmish with the Indians on the O'Kanagan, in which Lieut. Allen and six Indians were killed.

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—"Spiritualism of the Jews." In the evening—"Spiritualism of Greece and Rome." Admission ten cents.

MEETINGS AT NO. 11 BROMFIELD STREET.—A CIRCLE for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1/2 o'clock; also at 4 o'clock, P. M. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINGS IN CHURCHES, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Westminster 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 Well's Hall, speaking by mediums and others.

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

of speaking truth as our friend is, and I hope if I am wrong, I shall be made right in coming time.
Sept. 24.

John Robinson, England.

If man would be wise at all, he must receive his wisdom in a natural way. A voice from the great deep of humanity is almost constantly calling for wisdom, and yet man is unwilling to receive wisdom by a natural way—by natural means. He wishes God to break the laws that govern nature to subserve his desires. One wishes to see the Lord Jesus Christ come in the heavens with power and great glory, and he would not be satisfied with any other Christ.

I well know the Bible says he shall come in the heavens with great power and glory, and that every eye shall see him, and so on. But the inhabitants of earth have yet to learn that all the sayings of Christ had their material and spiritual meaning. The material was understood by those to whom he spoke; the spiritual is not understood by them—was not understood by the people of this day, although there are a few who are beginning to understand the sayings and doings of Christ the medium. Now nearly all the inhabitants of earth-life are disposed to cast aside their friends, who have entered spirit life. They look no longer on the mother as the mother, the sister as the sister, the child as the child. "He has gone," say they, "to be an angel; to sing praises before the throne of the living God." But if one chances to pass down in sin, "he has gone," say they, "to hell, to suffer during an eternity, damned by the Father, and cursed by all humanity." Yet, in spite of all the dense darkness that fills the earth, there are some bright spots—some souls who are ready to receive light, and in a natural way. Now skeptics call upon us to give them particular proof of our presence; and yet, instead of calling upon us to propose something in our own way, and in the way in which we are permitted to manifest, we are called upon to do something that would overturn nature's laws. This we cannot do.

We are often called upon to make certain manifestations at a certain time, and if we do not produce them, we are charged with inability, or our subjects are charged with imposture, because we cannot suspend the laws which govern us, govern them, govern the universe, to suit their desires. However gross their desires may be, they do not consider we are but finite beings, subject to the great laws which govern all things; and if they would only understand these laws, they would not expect us to trample upon them.

A short time since I was present at a gathering in the city of Liverpool, England. I saw there that which caused me to wonder, and yet I gleaned a wise lesson from thence. Our friends who were there gathered wanted to know if we, as spirits, had not power to raise that building to its foundation, and cause it to vibrate to the sense of all present. We at once told them that our force was not adequate to the task; and what did we receive for our truthful ness? We were told we were not the spirits of their friends, but spirits of demons, who had come to trifle with them. One of the number was more just than his fellows. He said, "I have heard that one or more have been sent across the ocean to manifest, giving proof of identity, and have given it. Now, if you be what you profess to be, in the name of all that is holy, go and tell them what has transpired here, and I will believe, and I am sure my fellows will, if they be just to themselves and to God." And our power is sufficient to enable us to come here, and we now ask faith—faith to believe that this power is sufficient to work seeming miracles, and to enable spirits to give positive proof of identity. Friends, you will see why I am here to-day. I am not used to controlling mediums; yet what I have given you is true. Say I have come at the request of a friend who was present at a circle held in Liverpool, England, on the 27th day of June last. Give my name as John Robinson.
Sept. 24.

Mary Foster.

My dear children, you shall no longer wait for me to come here. For to-day, thank God, I have the power to write a few lines through the hands of this strange medium. You wish to know if I am often with you. Oh, yes; I am. You wish to know if I am happy. Yes; very. You ask if I am pleased with what you do. My dear children, if you are satisfied with yourselves, I shall not find fault with you. I am glad to see you seeking. Seek on, and you will be happy. Oh, strive to be happy on earth, that you may be when you leave the body.
Your spirit-mother,
MARY FOSTER.
Sept. 24.

Correspondence.

NATURAL LAWS.

NO. 11.

Messrs. Editors.—In continuation of this subject, I will draw an illustration of my views upon it, by an examination of an egg. And as Sir Isaac Newton, from the mere dropping of an apple from a tree, was led into a train of reflection, that convinced him of what he called the power of gravitation, as applicable to all the movements of matter in the planetary system, as well as to all descending bodies, so I will endeavor, from the examination of an egg, to prove the immediate and direct agency of the Deity in the production of every form of animal life.

The supporter of natural laws, in the sense in which they are commonly understood, would state his explanation of the phenomenon of a chicken or other animal being produced from an egg, in this way. He would say that thousands of years ago, probably, the Deity created an animal, and gave to this animal the power of producing an egg, which, by the application of heat alone, without the immediate agency of God himself, could produce again a chicken. And that this process has gone on, from that time to the present, and will probably ever continue to go on, and that the succession of animals produced from the egg will always be continued.

The supporter of this theory must admit that this power of energy imparted to the animal or the egg, is wanting in intelligence, in design, in adaptation, and in skill, and is, in itself, utterly senseless, blind, and unfeeling. And yet that in the production of a chicken, it produces something, which can only be produced by the exercise of intelligence, design and contrivance, which bears the marks and the evidence of these qualities in the strongest manner. Its organization, its physical life, its instincts, its senses and its appetites, are all evidence that these qualities were exerted in its production. Now take the egg again. It is a dead, inert, senseless mass of matter, in which there is not a single quality enumerated above, necessary in the production of a chicken. Yet the mere application of heat, in which neither is there intelligence, design, or contrivance, to this egg, will produce a chicken with all his capabilities. Now as it must be admitted that there is neither intelligence, contrivance, or design in the egg, nor in the heat by which the chicken is produced; and as it must be also further admitted that the chicken could only be produced by the exercise of intelligence, design and contrivance, it follows, necessarily, that some agency in which this intelligence, design and contrivance existed, must have been employed for the purpose. And this agency could be no other than God, or some other intelligent being employed by him for this purpose. And further, that this agency must have been employed at the time when the chicken was being hatched, that

is, that it must have been a direct and immediate agency.

And if such a solution can be applied to the chicken, it can also be applied to every animal in existence. And the immediate and direct agency of God be demonstrated to be the producing cause of them. And if of the animal, so of the vegetable. And if of the vegetable, so of the mineral. Wherever in any of the changes that are produced in matter, there are marks of intelligence, design and contrivance discoverable, these changes only could have been produced by their immediate and direct operation, whether it be in the mineral, vegetable or animal world.

So also in the planetary system, in the revolution of worlds, and in the descent of all material bodies, in which there is evidence of plan, design and intelligence displayed, there must have been an immediate and direct agency of God, or of some intelligence under his control, to produce these phenomena.

The theory of natural laws, as they are commonly understood, which has been embraced, and maintained almost universally by mankind, and particularly by the scientific portion of them, seems to me but a system of *atheism in disguise*, though unperceived in most cases by them. And when it is thoroughly examined, will be found to be utterly absurd and untenable. And it is a matter of special wonder, that thinking men so generally and for so long a period of time, could have brought themselves to adopt and repose in a theory, which is totally unsupported by reason, observation and philosophy, and whose fallacy may be made to appear as clear as the noon-day sun.

Nothing in the universe, which bears the mark of intelligence, from a blade of grass, up to the revolution of a world, could be produced without the immediate and direct action of an intelligent mind, or God. And his hand is as visible in the production of an apple, or of a bird, as in the revolution of the earth round the sun, or in any of the planetary movements.

It is often said that God is a principle, and not a person, and particularly in communications which come from some spirits. Now by a principle, I understand, according to any known meaning of the word, in its present application, a power that is entirely devoid of will, intelligence, design, contrivance, plan or adaptation—a mere physical energy. But the only rational conception we can form of God from his works, is, that he is possessed of all these qualities or attributes in the highest degree, and that he has exercised them all in his works. We ascribe to God, justice, wisdom and benevolence. But it would be utterly absurd to speak of a just principle, a wise principle, and a benevolent principle. The doctrine that God is a principle is *pantheism*, which, as it is generally understood, is no more nor less, in my view of it, than another name for *atheism*. And therefore that he is properly a person, according to the meaning that we give to this term. Of the mode of his existence, it is true, we can know nothing, nor of the mode in which he exercises his powers. But that he has and exercises powers that can only belong to a person, in the sense in which this term is understood, and not to a principle, it appears to me clearly evident. And as I do not consider spirits any more infallible than minds in the body, nor that they are more likely to have correct theories than the latter, I, for one, am not disposed to accept their views in this, nor in any case, when they conflict with the deductions of my own reason. W. S. A.
Boston, Oct. 6, 1853.

HOME.

This sacred name cannot be properly applied to every house, nor to every village I have visited in my travels—nor is every home a home for every person.

This word and allusion is suggested by a short visit I recently made to a little settlement of reformers on Long Island, by railroad about forty miles from New York. In the midst of a large tract of what has been considered barren land, is a pleasant little village with cottage homes, and cottage gardens without fences, on lots of from one to four acres each. The lands around them are mostly covered with dwarfed pitch pines and scrub oaks, from one to five feet high, mixed with sweet fern, whortleberry and other bushes, with a light soil under them, free from stone and clay, and without manure adapted to strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, etc., and with manure grains, roots and grasses, and especially to the cereals, and no doubt to the fruit, although the winds of the ocean and sound somewhat interfere with tall tree fruits. Lands at this settlement are cheap, and from their quality and the vicinity of market, offer great inducements to industrious persons and families with small means and great ability to labor. The place has run through several degrees of fanaticism and folly, such as are incident to most new settlements, especially those started by reformers, and have outlived them—the idle curiosity-seeker—the vicious, misdirected by lies and newspaper slander—the foolish fanatic—the theory speculator, who expected to live on his theory—the air castle-builders, who could build no other—the angular, eccentric, inharmomious affinity-seeker, who "never is but always to be blessed" have each and all been there and gone away satisfied they had better stay in the cities, where there is some chance to live without labor and some chance to find what they seek. This leaves the honest, industrious and permanent citizens with fair prospects and in good condition to invite others who, like themselves, are willing to work out their own salvation, to come and settle near them and aid in developing the resources of the earth, and to carry out that social harmony, religious freedom and intellectual growth so essential to true happiness. It is a settlement of true reformers—few others stay there, and not all who would be glad to be with them, are able to start a living themselves. It is the poorest place for idlers, loafers and vagabonds I have ever visited, and one of the best for true, honest, earnest, industrious reformers with little pecuniary means. The inhabitants—perhaps two or three hundred in number—are particularly noted for minding their own business—a quality seldom found in small villages. They have a fine school-house, but no church—which, perhaps, in part accounts for the above quality. It is the most truly religious settlement I have ever found, as their religion consists in efforts to make each other happy and to do good, be kind, industrious, prudent, etc.; it is practical, not theoretical. They display taste, refinement, skill and industry in a superior degree to most small villages. Rum, tobacco, coffee, tea, wine, and flesh and the vices that accompany them—profanity, licentiousness, ignorance, etc., are generally left out of their bills of fare. They are mostly vegetarians of the water-cure practice—reformers in life as well as theory. Their homes are neat and tasty, but not extravagant. They are not all Spiritualists, but are liberal and free-thinkers on religious matters, and

all others. I was much pleased with my short visit and had a good chance to know something of the people, as many of them gathered around me in a pleasant grove to listen to my words, and I to their songs and music, and also, as I met them in social parties, and found a better and truer social harmony than I often find, although I am constantly meeting such parties. These people do not seek notoriety; they ask no notice of me, or other beings, and may not thank me for this; but when I find an oasis in a desert, as this truly is in more than one sense, I cannot refrain from giving a word of promise and encouragement to the thousands who, since the days of the Harbinger and the Fourier socialistic excitement, have been looking and waiting for some practical signs of social reform. An industrious family, or person, with from three to five hundred dollars, to secure one or more acres of land and a little house, could, by industry and economy, work out more than a subsistence in raising berries, etc., for market, and have the advantage of being among quiet, honest reformers, slowly growing into a true social life and brotherhood. Restless and unhappy spirits, who are out of harmony with themselves and consequently with others, had better stay in the city cesspools and scour off the rust or filth by rubbing and conflict with others; and the idlers and the vicious, who have sometimes been sent there by the lies and slanders of the press and pulp and bar-room, and who go away cursing and abusing the place, will give it, thereby, a good reputation and confirm what I say in this, as will also the testimony of the honest and industrious visitor. Our friends who are tired of the conflicts of society and wish to retire and live a quiet and truly harmonious life in themselves—living to let live and doing as they would be done by—can find here a good place and society, and a chance to purchase a home already fitted, or the land to build one on, and would find it about four miles north of Islip on the south shore of Long Island and near Thompson's station, on the Long Island Railroad. If good, honest, industrious reformers go there and settle, and join those already there, the place will grow up and be what such people would make it and desire it to be; but if loafers and idlers go there they will have to go back to the cities to feed, as will the vicious to find congenial companions. General tracts of land in the vicinity are for sale, offering great inducements to capitalists to improve them.
WARREN CHASE.

LETTER FROM NEWBURYPORT.

NEWBURYPORT, Oct. 6, 1853.

Messrs. Editors.—On Sunday last we were addressed through the mediumship of Miss S. S. Philbrick, of Lowell. Subject—The Reformation. She gave great satisfaction. We have held meetings in the Essex Hall, since the first of this month. The speakers have been J. C. Clever, Loring Mooly, and Miss S. Magoun. The attendance increases every Sunday, and the interest felt is far ahead of any previous time. The Greek Professor is entirely mistaken if he judges according to the interest taken in the subject of Spiritualism in Essex County, when he says it is "dying out." I have recently visited Groveland, and there, as well as in this vicinity, is a decided increase in the number of believers. Rev. Mr. Richardson, of New York, a Spiritualist, has been speaking to them, and he will be invited to settle over the church instituted by Rev. Mr. Wesson. Some inquiry has been made as to the whereabouts of the "Davenport Boys." A letter has recently been received here from them, stating that they are in the town of Bradley, Me.; the summer has been spent by them in the Eastern country, and I am glad to say their receipts have been tolerably good. They are soon to return to Massachusetts to give sittings; as usual, they have been strongly opposed, and have met with some hard knocks, but have triumphed over all opposition.

Many comments have been made upon the developments in regard to Mrs. Hatch. She has the sympathies of the whole public, who know of her circumstances. The Spiritualists are combated on all sides; one would think that never, before Spiritualism became noted, had there occurred a case of separation. As to what is vulgarly known as "free loveism," if it has a location, it must be somewhere other than with us; so one will say but that the Spiritualists of Newburyport are as respectable a body as can be selected from any church in this or any other city. A young couple who were converted in the late spring, have separated on free love principles, but no one for an instant thinks of charging Orthodoxy with being responsible. Why cannot they be as reasonable with us?

An elderly gentleman was recently induced to attend one of our meetings. He had always attended the Orthodox church; and he told me he heard more truth and common sense in that one discourse, than during the forty years he had attended Orthodox churches.

A manifestation was recently given here of a test nature superior to anything I have before met. A spirit was seen by a medium, very anxious to communicate with one in the circle, but could not. He (the spirit) said he died at sea, and gave some circumstances attending his death; but, as "no one" recognized him, he at last gave his name, and the person to whom he wished to communicate recalled the fact that a person of that name died some years before; but those present at the circle had never seen him. He called himself a young man, and the person who recalled him to mind said he must have been forty years of age when he died; but he answered that he was not so old. The circumstances were noted as stated, and found to be true. He was but twenty-four years old, had been dead fifty-five years, and died in a foreign port. At the hour when he died, he presented himself to a relative in this city, and called his name audibly, saying he was dead. This is distinctly recollected by aged relatives, who are disbelievers in the spiritual phenomena. They also say that they noted the circumstance at the time, and when the news (?) of his death came, they found the time of his demise to have been at the hour they heard the voice. Rays were also given at the time on the door. The family have always received raps, and have considered them death-signals, as it has been invariably the case that some member has died soon after the raps were made. This has caused a good deal of talk among the friends of the family, who are Orthodox; yet they are unwilling to believe there is anything in it such as we claim.

I have heard of a few cases of (to say the least) a strange nature, which occurred some years since in New Hampshire, and will, in my next, relate them; they were wholly unexplainable then, but are perfectly plain now.

Elder Burnham has not, as yet, given his promised lecture against Spiritualism. He was announced to

lecture in the City Hall during the first part of September. I conversed with him at that time, and told him we should discuss with him at the close, with some of our best mediums, and he acceded. Recently I asked him why the lecture had not been given, and he said he could not tell—that he had left the matter with his friends, and they were responsible. I have no doubt the reason is they are afraid to appear before us, knowing we have the power to utterly use them up. It was our intention to engage Professor Brittan, but as he is now engaged to go West, we shall not be able to have him provided. Mr. Burnham's friends should show courage enough to attempt to floor us.
VERTAS.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

About Cornelius Winne's skeleton—Modern Miracles—Conference on Sunday Evening—Personal, etc.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1853.

Messrs. Editors.—I have still so much that is new and wonderful to lay before you and your readers, in connection with the skeleton of Cornelius Winne, that I scarcely know where to begin. It is now three o'clock P. M., of Friday, the 1st of October; and for the last eighteen hours there have been a succession of showers of human bones—believed to be parts of the skeleton of Winne, deposited in the city of Hartford—at the office of Doctors Orton and Redman, on the Fourth Avenue, such as, I think, is without parallel in the annals of the world. The previous arrivals, in a mysterious manner, of parts of this skeleton—which parts have disappeared from Hartford at or before the time of their reception in New York, and so far as it is possible to determine, are the same—have been from time to time duly chronicled in your journal; not the least remarkable of which was recorded in the Banner of September 30th. But whatever has occurred before, however astonishing, or complete the evidence of spirit agency, sinks into comparative insignificance by the side of the occurrences of the last two days.

At the rear of Orton and Redman's office is a piazza, enclosed with Venetian blinds, sections of which are usually open. The piazza is nine or ten feet wide, and some eight feet above the flagging which skirts the back yard. The yard is surrounded with a paling twelve or fourteen feet high, and corners on the rear of Dedworth's Hall. Last evening (Thursday) was the time for one of Redman's select circles, and a little before the scene was to have commenced, I was standing on the piazza in question, in conversation with Dr. Redman, when a small bone, with a strong blow and rebound, struck on the floor near us. This was followed by another, and another, when I called to several persons in the office, who had come for the purpose of attending the circle, and notified them of what was occurring. They came out on the piazza and witnessed the arrival of the bones, which continued to fall at intervals for about half an hour, on the piazza and in the hall, through which it is necessary to go in order to reach the piazza from the office. The bones were the small ones belonging to the hands and feet, including one patella, or knee-pan, and one rib. Several of the party were hit by them in their descent.

At the apparent conclusion of this strange demonstration, the persons present subscribed the following statement:—

"We certify that on the evening of the 30th of September, 1853, we were present at the office of Drs. Orton and Redman, on Fourth Avenue, when a number of small bones, apparently human—sixteen in all—fell in the hall adjoining said office, and on the piazza in the rear; that they came in parcels of two or three at a time, apparently from a direction above, and some of them on the piazza, when all of us, including Dr. Redman, were standing at the table in the office examining those already received.

Mrs. M. R. TRACY,
Mrs. J. HAYWARD,
Mrs. J. W. BOW,
A. N. RICHMOND,
J. R. ORTON,
G. A. REDMAN."

It was now intimated by the attending spirits, who seemed greatly to enjoy the success of this novel enterprise, that the circle had better be given up, to which Dr. R. assented; and although other parties came in soon after, no public circle was held. But between the departure of the first party and the arrival of the second, there was a fresh shower of bones. These came in the office, thrown across the piazza, and through the windows, with great force, or dropping gently down in a direct line from the ceiling above. This second installment, which occupied fifteen or twenty minutes in the delivery, consisted of fourteen bones, making thirty in all for the evening. At this juncture I took my departure, and nothing further occurred that night.

This morning I arrived at the office at about ten, and found Dr. Redman engaged with a large party of sitters. Between eleven and twelve, these having departed, we found ourselves alone; that is, Dr. Redman, A. N. Redman—a brother of the doctor, whose name is subscribed above—and myself; when we were surprised by another manifestation of bones, and the most remarkable of all.

This last demonstration was scattered over a period of more than three hours, in broad daylight, in the middle of the day, with every opportunity and wish on my part, to detect trickery or imposture, had there been any. But there was none. It was impossible. There was no tree or shrub in the yard where any one could have concealed himself; and with the doors of the office closed, aside from the windows opening onto the piazza, there was not a crevice where a mouse could have well effected an entrance, and no place of concealment within. Still, under these circumstances, the bones began again to fall all around us—some on the floor, some in the chairs, and some on the table—some flying very swiftly and forcibly from the direction of the windows, while all three of us were at the other end of the room, and some falling perpendicularly from the ceiling above. In this manner came the large bones of the heel, an additional patella, another rib, and various bones of the hands and feet; and at last, during a cessation of the shower, as all of us were standing around the table, examining this fresh arrival, suddenly there dropped down on the table, in the midst of us, a bag containing sixty-one of the smallest bones in the human body. This bag fell in a perpendicular line, as though from the ceiling, directly before my face, and much nearer me than either of the others, and struck with a force sufficient to mar the table. Dr. Redman recognizes it as the bag in which the smaller bones were contained. It is of muslin, about fifteen inches in length by seven or eight in breadth.

There was now a cessation of the phenomena for a time, during which I wrote one or two brief letters, and stepped out on the street for a few rods to drop them in a letter-box. On my return I passed in at

the front door of the house, and down the hall leading to the office, a distance of about twenty-seven feet to the office door. No one else was in the hall, or on the stairway, which was wholly passed by several feet before reaching the door. As I turned the knob of the door, in the act of opening it, the thigh bone of a man, the *os femoris*—the largest bone of the body—came down as though dropped from the ceiling, directly into my arms. It came swiftly, knocked an apple which I was eating out of my hand, which flew into the office, and fell on the floor. Still the blow on the arm-plate of which were up at the time, one hand held of the knob of the door, and the other holding an apple which I had just been biting, did not hurt me in the least. At this time Redman was lying on a sofa in the office; the young man was also within; and, as I have stated, there was no one but myself in the hall. At this startling arrival, all of us gathered around the table, on which I placed the enormous bone, more than eighteen inches in length when a crash was heard in the extreme corner of the office, and the tibia, the next largest bone of the lower extremities, lay there on the carpet, having first evidently struck the wall, or a clothes-press standing near, and thence fallen on the case of a musical instrument, before reaching the floor. This was in the corner of the room furthest from the windows and the doors, and no one was near it at the time. This finished the programme for the day, one hundred and one bones having been delivered within some eighteen hours.

Hitherto I have restricted myself to a bare statement of the facts in connection with the skeleton of Winne, as they have appeared to me, leaving it to others to make up their minds as to their leisure, as I have intended to do myself; but I feel now free to assure all those who may value the assurance, that as it seems to me, by no possible contrivance could human powers or human ingenuity, under the circumstances, have produced the phenomena I have described. I am fully convinced that they are, as they claim to be, the work of the invisible immortals.

During the arrivals of the bones, Cornelius had frequently announced himself, and manifested his pleasure by loud raps and brief conversations. Now I sat down at the table to have a little chat with him. His first explosion, writing through Mr. Redman's hand, was as follows:—

"Ha! ha! ha! No more doubts now! The world will believe by and by. Oh, this is a holiday to me." I inquired if, in the delivery of the large number of bones, any had been overlooked—if we had found them all. He replied that we had found them all, and then added:—

"I cannot bring any more to-day. I have done the best day's work since I came to the spirit land. They tell about dry bones-pity, they are nothin' to these." Ye see I was mighty kind not to hurt you? I asked if any of the bones had been brought from Hartford to-day. He replied:—

"Ye know I've had the thy (thigh) bone sometime. Yes, some of the small ones."
"When did you start with the bag?"
"Yesterday morning."
"When did you bring the thigh bone into the house?"

"I brought the thy bone in with you."
"What, when I came in from the street?"
"Yes."
"Did any one see it in the street?"
"Yes, but they tho't some one throwed it, it came so quick."

"Did you bring these bones alone?"
"No. There were one hundred and two of us, all interested. And we a happy party now, hey? But only about twenty three of them really worked."
"Did you bring the bag alone?"
"I'll bet I did. I wanted the extreme of the thing."

"Did you bring the thigh bone alone?"
"Two of us; one on each end—for it's a mighty big thing, and I can't store it alone. Well, I'll leave now, and let ye think it over. Good bye. I'm going to rest a few days. Your servant, CORNELIUS."

At the Conference last evening (Friday) the question as to reliable proof of the intervention of spirits was continued. Dr. Orton made a relation of the facts contained in this letter, which furnished the principal theme of the evening. Dr. Gray related some parallel cases of the transportation of ponderable bodies through the air by spirits—the throwing of wooden blocks about his own house, and the transit of Henry Gordon through his own parlors—a distance of some sixty feet—under circumstances precluding the possibility of human power in the production of the phenomena.

Alexander N. Redman, a brother of the Doctor, and a promising young medium, has opened rooms for himself at No. 109 Third Avenue, and will doubtless do well.
Yours,

QUESTIONS FOR THE CLERGY.

1st. Is God something? If so, must he not be substance or matter? Does he occupy all space, as taught by theologians? and is not space the only condition requisite to the change of matter?

2d. Is it true, then, that there was a time and place for the creation of the universe of matter; all time and space being occupied by the infinite substance called God?

3d. If matter had a beginning, will it not also have an ending?

4th. If all individualities have forms, and all forms limits, can God be a person and yet be infinite?

5th. Is it true that the finite body of Christ did contain the infinite body of God?

6th. If man's capacity to decide between good and evil, is all that distinguishes him from the brute; was not Adam's fall a blessing? Did not Satan tell the truth when he bade Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit, saying, "Ye shall not surely die?" and did not God speak falsely when he said, "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt die?"

7th. Is it not false to say, the Devil was a liar from the first?

8th. As we are commanded to love our enemies, are we not obligated to love the Devil, and pray for him? Does not God violate his own law, by being angry with the wicked, every day?

9th. Is it not a contradiction of terms, to say the Bible is a mystery and, at the same time, a revelation?

10th. If children are born in sin, is it a fact that of such are the kingdom of heaven?

11th. Does not the system of vicarious atonement pre-suppose the violation of an infinite law? and would it not require an infinite sacrifice to atone therefor? If so, should not God have been sacrificed, instead of Christ?

12th. If David and Solomon were men after God's own heart, who had so many wives and concubines, does it not follow that the Mormons are God's chosen people?
DR. LYON.

