

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Original Poetry.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY J. HOLLIS M. SQUIRE.

Though far from thee and those I love, dear mother,
A transient from thy side and long away,
How great my pleasure, deep my joy, none other
Can fill thy place or absence debt repay.
The great world, ruled by selfishness and fashion,
However true its transient friendships prove,
Can never yield that pure, that holy passion,
Traced in a father's care or mother's love.

My path has lain through scenes of pain and pleasure,
Been blessed by social joy, by nature's gleam,
And yet I have no single hour to treasure
That equals any I have spent with thee.
And though the joys of life may fade in sorrow,
And shadows cross my path where'er I roam,
From out the Past a solace sweet I'll borrow,
And walk the Future by the light of home.

Where sunset, in its dying hour of splendor,
Weaves skeins of light within the orange grove,
I've watched the smiling face, the look so tender,
Which more than words bespeak the wealth of love.
I've lingered where the waves from out the ocean
Rolled up the pebbly shore and kissed my feet,
And listened to love's tale of deep devotion;
One word of thine were far more dear, more sweet.

But I'm returning now to that affection,
Which all thy life thou hast bestowed on me;
One smile of thine will soothe my past dejection,
And I be crowned from thine own sympathy.
How rich the balm a mother's care bestows,
Let angels sing who tune their harps above;
It lives for aye bright, beautiful and glowing,
As one rich link in God's great chain of love.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 1st.

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 V—CONTINUED.

"It was a clear night in summer; the ship was headed southward with the breeze, and the moon, rising large on our larboard bow. 'Sail, ho!' cried the sailor on the foreyard. 'Where away?' sung out the Captain. 'Broad' abeam,' was the reply. She was less than a mile from the 'Silver Arrow,' and they could see her sharp, black bows dip into the water, and rise again. Well, Uncle Mark took a good look at her through his glass, and I remember his description, word for word. 'I overhauled her well, for though she hoisted the American flag, I had my suspicions by the cut of her jib—a beautiful, long schooner model she was, with sharp bows, and a fine easy run, hull, from stem to stern, but dreadfully dirty, and spoiled with top bulwarks, as if they meant to make her look as clumsy as possible. She was painted a light color, with a red streak round her hull, but she had no port-holes, or they were closed. The Captain, being a little suspicious, crowded sail and tried to get out of her way, but she was schooner rigged, and built for speed, and was soon within speaking distance.' Captain Mark hailed them, and they, in return, demanded the name of his vessel. The Captain of the schooner was a tall, commanding-looking man, and walked his deck like a prince. When the answer came, 'Silver Arrow,' Mark Reed, from Massachusetts, bound for home."

"Ay, ay! all right," schooner Esperance, Fernando Gomez—from Havana to Oporto, for wines."

"The deuce! What do you sail under American colors for?" Captain Mark was about to reply, but, looking up, he saw the Spanish flag flying from his mast-head, and rubbed his eyes, wondering if he could have been so much deceived. Captain Gomez invited Captain Mark on board his vessel, and the invitation was accepted, and they parted friends. 'But for all that,' said Mark, 'I know she was a pirate. She was full of men, well armed, and had her port holes closed.' True enough, she was, and was captured by a British vessel soon afterwards, and proved beyond a doubt that she was rigged out for that special purpose. But the gallant Captain, who was so polite to Uncle Mark, escaped in a boat, and, for aught we know, is on the high seas now, following his profession."

"What made him so kind to Uncle Mark?"

"That is the puzzle. Captain Mark had a large quantity of specie on board—Spanish doubloons—and a valuable cargo; and he says it puzzles him to this day, how he got off so easily; but Aunt Martha folds her hands and says—'I know, my dear, it was in answer to prayer.' She keeps a journal, and is very correct in her dates. 'Why, only think, it was on Friday, Sept. 16, 18—, a day of fasting and prayer set apart by our church, to pray for sailors; and, husband, you and your vessel were special subjects of prayer.'"

"How strong is Aunt Martha's trust in God?" I said. "If one could not have her faith, how beautiful would life be! No perplexities annoy her—no trials mar her peace—because she feels that God orders every event for good."

"I sometimes think," said John, "that Captain Mark and Aunt Martha realize what poets call the true marriage, and yet how unlike they are. He is impulsive, hasty—full of animal life and spirits; a genuine sailor—rather rough—but with a heart as—as—yes, I'll say it, for it expresses what I mean—as big as a whale."

"Ha! ha! John, you are original!"

"Aunt Martha is just the reverse of this picture

—she is almost nunlike in her quiet, gentle ways; but they are one in heart."

"Why, John, my teacher in chemistry used to tell me that opposites combine—perhaps it is so in the married life."

"I think it often is. Do you go to Barberr Lane to-day?"

"Yes; I go every day now, to practise. Mr. Blake has given me some music to learn—some of the sweetest songs I have ever seen. What a fine voice he has; and if you could only hear him read poetry, you would be charmed!"

"When do you hear him?"

"Oh, often, in the afternoon when I am sewing. I take my work into Mrs. Scott's room; and yesterday it was so mild that I went out in the arbor, and he came there with a book, and read to me extracts from a long poem—he only read parts, but it was delicious music to hear him read; and then the poem itself—it was about the sea, and of a lone isle where two fond lovers lived and died. There was a fine description of a shipwreck in it, commencing—

"'T was twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters."

I hope he will read more to-day."

John smiled. "Well, Anna, if you enjoy poetry I am glad; but I like it only in small quantities—a precious little at a time; and how any one can read ten pages of it, passes my comprehension. There are a few simple songs that I love very much; and some of my mother's favorite hymns are very precious to me. We will go down to Aunt Martha's Sunday evening, and sing them with her. When I can read my title clear, and 'Once on the raging seas I rode'; and these, which she used to sing to a very ancient tune on Sunday evenings, when I sat on a little stool eating my bread and milk—

"We're marching through Immanuel's land,
To fairer worlds on high."

"That is as old as the hills. Uncle Mark and Aunt Martha often sing it together; but you shall have it, John. Let me see—today is Friday. I will practice Mr. Blake's pieces to-day, and to-morrow I will hunt up all the antiquities in Uncle Mark's old singing book. Are you very busy to-day?"

"Yes; quite hurried—getting off a load, to send by a coaster to Boston. I'll take ten by myself; never fear I get along nicely, for I notice you are always sure to prepare a very nice supper for me when I am left alone. I love to think of you with Aunt Martha."

The dear, good woman was waiting for me. She had her own little work-table and sewing chair near the piano. I played and sang at first some old, familiar pieces, and then I took out the sheets of music given me by Mr. Burr. They were new, and somewhat difficult, and for an hour or more I practiced upon the notes of one, without the words. It was that exquisite song of Moore's—

"I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on."

Aunt Martha listened very attentively; not a word, I think, escaped her, and as I sang the last verse she drew nearer to me.

"Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life thro' his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame."

She took up my music, and examined it very carefully, sheet by sheet.

"That is by Moore," she said—"Here is another of his—and here one of Byron's. Anna who gave you this music?"

"Mr. Blake—Sidney Blake—May's husband, you know."

"Yes, I know there is such a person, but I have never seen him. Is he staying here?"

"Only for a little while. I wish you could see him, Auntie. He is the handsomest man I ever saw, and very accomplished. He can play on the piano and flute, and his voice is very rich and musical. You must hear him read poetry; John can't appreciate it, because he don't like poetry, but you would. Such a treat as it was yesterday to hear him read parts of a long poem."

"What was the poem, Annie?"

"I don't know, but it was about a Moorish girl named Haidée—and now how sweetly the last lines linger in my ear—

"No one is there to show—no tongue to say
What was; no dirge except the hollow seas
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclopes."

Aunt Martha looked very grave; again she examined my music, and laying it one side, said—

"Let us go out in the garden, Anna, and after tea will you play some of Mark's favorite tunes?"

"Yes indeed, Auntie; where do you suppose he is?"

"His vessel was spoken a few days since, all well—but just think, Anna, he will not be home till spring. It will be a long winter to me."

I thought how long it would seem to me to live a whole winter without John, and I could not say much to comfort Aunt Martha. I sang all Uncle's favorite songs, and she sang with me, her low, sweet voice rather tremulous, but full of feeling. We sat talking till twilight gathered round us. Aunt Martha went with me to the corner of the lane, and I thought that John would come to meet me, and I walked on, expecting every minute to see him. But he did not appear, and I was sorry then that I had not gone round by the store, and I slackened my pace, expecting every minute to hear his short, quick step behind me. But not a solitary traveler did I meet, nor did one pass me. I went in at the side gate and along the narrow path that led directly to our little kitchen. There sat John by the table where he had eaten his

supper—and near him in my low chair—Mary Blake! They were very much absorbed in their conversation, whatever it was, and there was a deep flush on Mary's cheek, just as I had seen once before when I thought she had been weeping.

John started when he saw me, and turned to the clock. "Why, Anna, I had no idea it was so late. I intended to have met you."

"I had no trouble in coming alone," I replied.

"I am to blame for detaining him," said Mary. "I hope you will excuse me, but I saw your kitchen door open, and I thought I would run in and have a chat with my brother John. He is such a busy man now—a-days that I have scarcely spoken with him since I came home."

There was sweetness and delicacy in her manner that should have disarmed all jealousy. Only the day before we had sat together in the arbor listening to Sidney's reading, and she had excused herself on the plea of headache, and left me to enjoy the poem with the reader.

Ever since she came, she had been gentle and kind to me. Sometimes I thought she sought my confidence and love; but I avoided her. It seemed as if her beauty and the richness of her dress built a high wall between us; that was not it. The real secret lay in the little bitter seed which Lucy had so carelessly flung into my heart.

I replied to her remark coldly that I thought John "almost too devoted to business, and wished he had more time for the society of ladies."

"But he was never much of a lady's man—a shocking beau, we used to think, sometimes, for he would forget an invitation to a party or a walk, if business was pressing," she replied.

"He has not been very forgetful since our marriage," I said.

"Ay, Ay, Anna, you have been married only a few months—wait awhile."

This was said playfully, and should have been taken so, but I was not in the mood. "Wait awhile!" it sunk into my heart like lead. I little thought how short a time I would have to wait!

I have spoken of the arbor. I will here describe it; I have said that the "rocks" were on the north side of the house, and that we ascended to them from the foot of the garden. Of course the slope was southward, and John, who if he did not like to read poetry, had a great deal of plain, practical, common-sense poetry in his head and hand, had conceived the idea of converting this slope into a tasteful little vineyard. He had succeeded admirably, and this summer he had constructed a trellis-work leading to a little summer house upon the rocks. It was a rustic place, full of wild beauty, for he had left things to nature as much as possible. The wild vines that grew on the spot were trained over the roof, and so arranged as to shade the smooth rocks that formed the seats. There were one or two trees, oaks which had been carefully guarded, and the roots enriched by soil from the garden. Upon one of these a frost grape-vine had flung itself, and hung in graceful festoons from the branches. It was now loaded with ripe fruit. Aunt Martha had told me that they made a most delicious jelly to eat with roast meat, and I determined to secure them that very Saturday afternoon. It was a bright October day—one of those days which make you think of heaven—the sky was blue, the air soft, and filled with fragrance, and the woods glorious as kings in royal apparel. I had told John that I should go to Aunt Martha's and practice awhile, but would be at home to tea. I had forgotten about my jelly then, and after he went out, which he did by the garden way, as was customary with him to pick an apple or a flower, I remembered it, and concluded to defer my practicing till afternoon. I put on my sunbonnet and with my basket in hand walked merrily along the trellised path, and thinking as I gazed at the vines now drooping with the first frosts of Autumn, how much taste John had displayed "When we get rich enough to have a cottage of our own," I said to myself, "how prettily he will arrange the garden, what nice fruit he will have, and what pleasure I shall take in helping him about the flower-beds! Yes, John is a noble husband. I think after all I wouldn't change him for the elegant Mr. Blake. Now I think of it, it seems to me Sydney don't look quite so handsome as he did; sometimes there is a fierce expression in his eyes that almost makes me shudder. I noticed it this morning when he sat talking with John about slavery. John is anti-slavery, and his arguments were very strong, I thought, though he talked mildly. But Sydney's brow lowered as if a thunder-cloud shaded it, and he rose up and flung his cigar aside, and a great, round oath escaped him. How he cursed the abolitionists!"

John sat, calm as a clock, and never yielded a hair's breadth. Sydney's look almost frightened me—but then he has such whistlers, and walks with such a grand air—ah, yes, he's one of a thousand!

I wish John's hair was darker, and that he was an inch taller—but never mind he is my own kind, precious husband. Everybody likes him—father, and Uncle Mark, and Aunt Martha, and they have known him from a boy. "Walked while!"—what did that haughty beauty mean? I'll fling her words away, and I made a motion as if I had flung them into the little brook near me. When I came to the grapes, I sat down in one of the little shaded seats to rest, and, being warm and tired, I must have fallen asleep for a few moments, for I was awakened by some one talking beside the arbor. I was completely hidden from view in the spot where I sat, and thinking it wrong to listen, was rising to leave, when I heard a voice, which I knew to be Mary's, saying—

"Oh, John, I have told you all—to whom else could I go? With us it must be a secret, hidden as if our hearts were graves."

I made no effort to rise, then; I lay like one petrified—turned to stone—yes, thus my body lay; but my heart, oh, my poor heart! it was in agony, as if suddenly pierced through and through. How I waited for the answer! My breath was suspended, and my nerves of hearing roused to their greatest power. John was always slow and cautious in speaking, but it came at last—that reply—loud enough and clear enough, and simple as it was, made that poor wounded heart quiver again in its pain.

"I will never betray your secret, Mary—never! you know me too well for that."

"Oh, John, what should I do if I had not your friendship—your noble heart to trust in now! Here, take them, John; but conceal them carefully for my sake."

It would seem that she handed him something—I could not see where I lay, and I dared not move; but I heard John say: "This is very valuable, Mary. This watch is set in diamonds, did you know it? They are genuine diamonds, too,—no mistake about it."

"Yes, John, I suppose they are, and I am glad they are so valuable; the ring, you will observe, has a larger diamond than any in the watch."

"This must be very valuable, Mary."

"I suppose so, John; so much the better. But we must not stay here. Where is Anna?"

"At Aunt Martha's."

"Do you know that Sydney admires her very much?"

"No—does he? I did not once think of her being attractive to him, or that Anna would fancy his style." It is merely to while away time, I fancy, that he reads to her, and practices with her."

"Men of his peculiar temperament like to be viewed with awe and admiration, and such, I think he believes, are Anna's feelings. She is not suspicious, is she?"

"Not in the least. She is open as the day herself, and does not read character very profoundly."

These words were said as John left the arbor, hurrying down the hill, as I could hear by the sound of his footsteps. Mary remained awhile, and I thought I heard heavy sobs, as if she were weeping. It was strange that I could not weep; my eyes were dry, my throat was parched, my head throbbled violently, and, for a few minutes, a fever seemed consuming me; then I was cold, deathly cold, and shivered as if it were mid-winter. I heard Mary leave the arbor, and saw her go down the hill. In a few minutes I followed her, and going to my own chamber, I darkened the windows, and flung myself upon the bed. I buried my head in the pillow, and tried to stop thinking, but my head throbbled and ached almost to bursting. I could not shed tears—even those would have been a relief.

CHAPTER VI.

While I lay there, longing to sleep awhile and forget forever the last hour, I heard Lucy's step in the rooms below, as if looking for me; the parlor, the sitting-room, the garden, were all searched.

"Mrs. John! Mrs. John! oh, Mrs. John, where are you?" and then she came flying up-stairs, singing, "Mrs. John!"

"Oh, what shall I do,
If I can't find you;
Aunt Martha will cry,
And so shall I."

How it grated on my ears, and how I dreaded the knock at my door! I looked round—there was no escape. Knock she did, but I made no response. This did not satisfy her, and she opened the door very gently and came in. The room was dark, but the persevering child came to the bed.

"Ay! here you are; it is too bad to disturb you, but Aunt Martha has sent a note, and Joseph is waiting at the door with the chaise."

She threw open the blind that I might see to read. The light annoyed me—I thought I never wanted to see the light of day again. But Aunt Martha's message must be attended to:

"DEAR ANNA—I have just heard that my only sister, your Aunt Lyman, is very ill, and near to death. I must go to her to-day. Come back with Joseph, if you can."

There was no time to be lost. I rose, but I was so faint that I found it difficult to stand. I dashed cold water upon my face and head, and asked Lucy to bring me a glass of iced water. It was well for me that Aunt Martha was busy, otherwise she would have wondered at my strange appearance. There was no bustle about her—there never was—but her heart was full of sorrow.

"Oh, Anna, only think how God has blessed me! For twenty years I have not buried a near relation. Twenty years I laid my first-born, my baby boy, in the grave, and since then God has permitted me to rejoice in my friends. I feel that my sister must die—from what they write, there is no hope, and I have a strange, sad feeling that I am now at an age when I must look for my friends to fall around me, as leaves in autumn; but I had thought to fall among the first."

"Isn't Aunt Lyman older than yourself, Aunt?"

"Yes, child; but she has always been robust and healthy, while I have been bound to life but by a slender thread. There, dear, that is nice; you have folded that dress very neatly; now, if you will pack my caps, I shall be ready. You must not expect me for some weeks; here is the key of the house, as you will need to practise. Send what cake and pies are in the house by Joseph to widow Lang, at the corner.

Good by, darling. I shall see your father, of course, and can have the pleasure of telling him how happily you and John live at Rocky Nook. John will see to my dividends at the bank, due next week, and send them to me, and of course he will forward any letters from the captain. John is always prompt and kind. It is delightful, Anna, that you have a husband on whom I can lean with so much confidence—in whom I can place such implicit trust."

I turned away, and tried to seem busy with Aunt Martha's traveling-bag, but I felt that I was suffocating, and that tears must flow. Fortunately the carriage came, and Aunt Martha kissed me tenderly, and her parting "God bless you, my child—may it be long before you will know the sadness of parting with those you love," brought down the tears that I had tried to restrain. How glad I was to shut the house, lock myself in, and seeking Aunt Martha's chamber, give vent to my feelings. It was a great relief.

Towards evening I went down to attend to some little business preparatory to leaving the house, when, happening to cast my eyes out of the window, I saw John coming in the chaise to fetch me. He was at the head of the lane, but I knew "Old Whitey," and John's rapid driving. It was the work of a moment to unlock the side door, turn the key again on the outside, and run up the path to "Prospect Rock," and from thence across a wood lot and field by a path which would lead me home. I could not ride with John just then; perhaps I should be calmer in a day or two.

But I was strangely calm after I got home. My tears seem to have washed away the foam and debris of my first violent passion, and though I felt the storm raging within, I had more control of it. Very quietly I prepared tea, and more like a statue than my living self, I sat and poured it for John. He thought I was feeling sad, because of my aunt's sickness—an aunt I had seen but few times in my life, and who, wholly absorbed in her own large family, had little interest in her brother's children. After tea, John went into the parlor, taking a little trunk, which he usually brought from the store with valuable papers and money in it, and kept over night in our sleeping-room. My heart gave a leap, when I heard him unlock and lock that trunk, placing the key in his vest-pocket.

The next day was Sunday, and I told John I should not go to church.

"Then I'll stay at home and read to you. We will have a fine time with the 'Life of Chalmers'; it will be quite a treat."

"No, John; I do not want to hear Chalmers to-day. I have a headache, and I am going to darken the room and lie down."

"That is right, Anna; nothing is so good for a headache as perfect quiet. I'll go right away and put up those green shades in our room. Those white curtains and blinds do not darken it enough when one has a headache," and away he ran up stairs. I washed the dishes while he was gone; but when he came back and found a bargain in my hand, he took it from me, and said tenderly:

"Go right away and lie down. The room is ready for you."

I found it cool and dark. The bed was made, and additional pillows for my head; while on the little stand, within reach, were my cologne and camphor bottles.

"Oh, John! did you think all this could cure the heart-ache?—but I mistake; you do not know that my heart does ache. Anna does not read character very profoundly." You will find out, perhaps, how well she can read it," I said to myself.

An hour afterwards he came into the chamber to dress for church, when, in accordance with his usual neat habits, he folded his vest and laid it in his drawer, I watched to see if he took away the key of his trunk. No; it was left in the drawer. I do not know as I should have put the resolve then formed into execution, had I not looked out of the window a few minutes afterwards, when the family went to church.

Lucy had gone to Sunday-school, and there were only Mr. and Mrs. Scott and John and Mary. Mr. Blake never attended church. The old people were a staid, pleasant-looking couple in broadcloth and black satin. But how superbly Mary looked in her moiré antique, and her fashionable hat! Her dark brown curls mingled with the lace and flowers, while the roses upon her cheeks rivalled the skill of the artist in artificial beauty. John was with them. He offered his arm to Mary, and they walked on slowly, and, as I fancied, as if it were an old, familiar habit.

"In every trouble turn to God, and not to any human creature," Aunt Martha used to say. But all that long, dreary Sunday I do not now remember as I once thought of God. I was struggling in deep waters, but clouds and darkness were around me, and I did not look up to see if there was any ray of light—one blue spot in the North. When the house was still, I rose, and with my lips pressed firmly together, and with limbs that trembled like those of an old man, I opened the drawer and took out the key of the little trunk. I hesitated a second—but one second—then with a quick, sudden motion, I turned the key and raised the lid. A large, and beautiful jewel box lay before my eyes; near it was a gold watch, encrusted by diamonds, and attached to a chain of rare workmanship. Near it, in a tiny box lined with purple satin, was a ring with a large diamond that shone in that dark room for a moment like a brilliant star.

"Ah, me!" I said, "it was no dream. I hoped it was—an awful dream!"

I fell back, and I think I fainted, for I found my-

self some time afterwards, lying upon the floor with the ring in my hand and Lucy's voice at the door.

"Please, may I come in?" I laid back the jewels, returned the key, and admitted the little girl.

"Mother sent me home to stay with you; she did not like to have you sick and alone in the house."

"I do not need any one, Lucy. I have a headache and would like to be alone."

"But you do, Mrs. John; see—you are almost falling, now; you do not walk straight. I will bathe your head if you will lie down."

I was fain to do as she bade, for I was sick in heart; and the gentle child bathed my head till the motion of her hand produced a feeling of relief.

"There; now go, Lucy. I will try and sleep."

"If you really do not want me," said she, "I will go and stay with Sydney. He is up in the arbor, with a cigar and a book."

I most willingly released her, and then, burying my head in my pillows, I tried to stop thinking. Oh for an hour of total forgetfulness!

About noon John came home, and I heard him ascend the stairs, two at a time. How should I meet him? The next second my head was turned away, my eyes closed, and I lay as if asleep.

"All right," he said, in his low, pleasant voice, and quietly left the room. I heard him at the cupboard below. John was not the one to forget his lute. But in a few moments he was back again, moving very still, and he seated himself in the easy chair, with a book, as if he were a fixture for the day.

I groaned inwardly—"I cannot tell him; and yet how can I live and have this awful gulf between us?"

In a few moments he went out, and returned with a cup of tea.

"Ah! you are awake. Take this, Anna; it will do you good."

Strange that when John was speaking to me—when I was obliged to look at him—I felt sure then that I had only dreamed. He was my own true John—my noble husband still.

I drank the tea. It revived me; but I laid my head down again, for I did not wish to talk—I dared not, lest I should tell what was in my heart. John threw himself down upon the lounge, and was soon asleep. The house was still for some time, when suddenly strains of music stole up to my ear.

I rose softly and opened the door. The sounds came from Mr. Scott's parlor, and as I listened, I knew a master-hand touched the keys. It was a Romanza—Torquato Tasso, by Donizetti. I had heard Parodi give this, and my whole soul had been stirred within me; from that time I had associated the music with the poet's sad life, that every note was like a sweet requiem. I stole part way down the stairs and sat down to listen.

I could just get a glance through the crack of the half-open door of the tall, dark man, whose touch upon those keys moved me so. There was certainly some mystery about him, and in my heated fancy I thought of Bruno and his organ-music in the dark old castle at Pramu. I remembered, too, his words, "Music is a glorious thing; it is an enchantment—an intoxication; a world in which to live—to repose; a sea of painful delight, boundless as eternity. In this flood of sound, painful recollections are drowned." Like him, the deeper the fugue descended, the more calm I felt, and above this sea of sound arose, too, in my heart, a sweet hope like a mildly beaming star. Again all was still for a moment, and then came floating upward, like a seraph with spread wings towards me, the *Casta Diva*, Numa. I had often tried that myself, and, in despair at my own want of success, had as often turned away from the piano with a sigh for my imperfect performance. Now without thinking—without knowing what I did—I sang, and my own voice, borne up by the deep bass of the performer, had more power than usual.

I felt all at once as if sorrow were gone; the seraph had borne it away. On it floated, and I seemed no longer my own self, but lost in the spirit of music. When the last sounds died away, there was another hush, and I was calmer than I had been for many hours. With my head bowed upon my hand, and wrapped in a loose white wrapper, over which I had carelessly thrown a crimson crape shawl, which had lain in my way, and with cheeks which burned with excitement, I sat upon the stairs, waiting breathlessly for the music to come again. Instead, I was startled by the figure of Sydney Blake at the door.

"Oh, come—please come, Mrs. Hooper, and we will sing that last again."

I went without demur, at once. I could not have refrained. His own dark face was lighted up as I had never seen it before. I sat near him as he played, and sometimes I could accompany him; and then again his music was too difficult—such as I had in some moments of my life heard, but had no skill for a distant imitation. But how my soul was refreshed, and how I gazed with mingled admiration and wonder upon the performer. He must have noticed my enthusiasm. I felt my cheeks burn, and I knew, though I spoke not one word, that my pulse beat high.

Once or twice he turned to me. "How glorious is this love of music! It will do you good. You have been ill. Let me drive sickness away with this most soothing of all arts." He drew the great easy chair near, placed me in it, and then played and sang till I felt the tears falling upon my cheeks. "Ay—ay; this is too much for you. Let us play now and sing some simple airs. And give me the aid of your voice. It is very sweet, and by cultivation might be made strong. You have great talent, but it needs training. If you will allow me to give you a few lessons, it would afford me great pleasure."

"Oh, I should like it exceedingly," I said.

His fingers were running carelessly over the keys, making snatches of some song. I caught a strain of the "Messenger Bird." "Let us sing it," I said. My voice trembled as I sang—for that little song always moved me:

"But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain,
Can those who have loved forget?
We call—and they answer not again—
Do they love—do they love us yet?"

While we were singing, Mr. and Mrs. Scott and Mary returned from church. She heard the music, for the doors were open, and they came in very quietly, standing near till we should finish. Mary stood by my chair, with one arm around it, and when I stopped, she stooped and kissed me.

"Why, sister Anna, how lovely you look to-day; you are already crowned, as you deserve to be."

I put my hand to my head. Ah, I had forgotten; Lucy, when she bathed my head, had parted my hair, which was very abundant, and brought one braid round, forming a sort of crown. I had not looked in

the glass at all, and when I came down, had carelessly thrown the shawl over my wrapper. Mary still lingered near.

"There is a bright spot on each cheek, and your eyes are like twin stars. Play, again, Sydney; Anna loves music."

"No, no," I said, "I cannot sing any more. I must go and get John's supper; I have been very forgetful."

"You have been ill with a headache all day," said Mary, "and must not go into the kitchen; I'll go for you—stay here, and see what a nice supper I will prepare for you and John;" and before I could answer, she ran up stairs to lay aside her church dress. I felt my lip curl, and my heart swell with indignation, and, throwing my shawl aside, I ran into my kitchen; but John was already there before me, and the fire was burning, and the tea-kettle steaming.

"You look better, wify; what grand music Sydney and you made! The sounds came rolling round my pillow like ocean waves in a storm; but such music does not suit me like simple songs. I do not love the tempest—the summer rain is more pleasing."

Mary's face peeped in at the door; "I am coming, John, to make some cakes for supper; Anna is not well enough to do much."

"That is right, we'll have some waffles like those we used to eat years ago, when you took your first lessons in cooking."

"Wait a minute, till I get an easy chair for Anna;" and she brought out a chair and a pillow, while I, not knowing what to do, feeling angry and grieved by turns, sat down and hid my head in the pillow. John and Mary were like two happy children; but both of them were very tender and kind in their care of me, and a plate of dry toast was made for my special benefit, and some nice jelly from Aunt Scott's cupboard, as a relish. How I groaned in spirit, and wished that I had never seen Rocky Nook. How could they deceive me so?

And John, oh John! how could you take the Bible, and after reading a chapter from the blessed gospel of St. John, kneel and pray with such an appearance of fervor and sincerity? I could not help weeping, but I dried my eyes quick enough, when I saw tears on Mary's cheek, as we rose.

"Are you tired, Anna," said John; "would you like to go to your room?"

"No, I am well enough, I believe, only a little weak; I shall be better in the morning."

"I have put off going to Boston for a day or two, till you are better."

"Why, John, I remember now that you were to go to the city for goods, this week. I forgot entirely, (no wonder, I said to myself) you must go—I shall get along quite well."

"I will take good care of your wife, John," said Mary; "she must stay with us. She can practice with Sydney, and we will have a feast of music. How long will you be absent?"

"I must go to New York, which will take time. I may be detained two weeks."

I had never been separated from John so long before, and had looked forward with pain to this time; but now I was willing he should go, because it would take him from Mary. Yes, he might go and stay till he went to the West Indies; I had no objection.

But I felt differently when he was really gone, and I sat alone next day. Notwithstanding the conversation I had overheard, and the rich gifts I had seen, down in my heart was a rooted faith in my husband. I was struggling to pluck it out, and hence arose my troubles.

It was unfortunate for me that Aunt Martha was away. Those two weeks would never have passed as they did. Alas! as I look back upon them now, I see myself standing on the brink of a precipice, ignorant of my danger, and saved only by a merciful Providence.

During that time I was much with Sydney Blake. One mutual sympathy for music drew us together, and when we were of singing, he read. His reading was such as he had brought with him. Byron's poems he read again and again to me, and I thought I never knew their beauties, till they were made known to me through the rich, deep tones of his musical voice. Moore's luxurious imagery was before my mind's eye, vivid as pictures drawn and painted by a gorgeous colorist. Day after day followed in quick succession. I lived in a charmed and fairy land of music, poetry and romance. My Bible—Jeremy Taylor, that I used to read as regularly as my Bible—even the course of history which I was pursuing, were all given up. One thing useful only I learned—Sydney could talk Spanish fluently. I had studied this some at school, and I now practiced a little reading and conversation with him daily, and was astonished at my own progress. Our enthusiasm will sometimes aid us in overcoming greater difficulties than this.

Sydney, Blake was an enigma to me—sometimes gloomy, almost to moroseness, always chary of his words—treating his wife with politeness, but never with affection, and seldom entering into conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Scott. I was at first careful to avoid him; such a plain little body as myself would be overlooked by the tall, haughty gentleman; and had it not been for music, I should perhaps never have said a half dozen words to him. That thawed all reserve, but not my fear of him, for I could never approach him but with a tremor, and yet there was a wonderful magnetic power in him when he smiled, which was seldom, and when he was singing some of that glorious music which stirs the heart like a trumpet.

Once I stood with him by the sea. It was just after a violent storm—the waves were foaming still, and, with their proud crests, marched in angry haste to our very feet, and, as if furious that they were balked at their prey, broke there, and then sullenly retired.

"Thus far shalt thou go, and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed," I said. "How delightful to feel that Infinite Wisdom controls all nature. He weigheth the mountains in scales, and holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hands."

"You have faith in God," said he, and an expression almost like a sneer passed over his handsome features.

"Faith in God!" I exclaimed; "why, Mr. Blake, what would life be without it?"

"What is life with it?" said he, bitterly. Is not all confusion, disorder and misery? No, no, the perfect God in which you believe never made a world like this; we are creatures of chance."

He sat upon the sand; he was carelessly writing his name.

"Let us move back," he said, "and watch the wave."

It came, and every trace was washed away—the name was no more.

"Thus is it when we die," said he; "our lives, ourselves are all lost in the great ocean of death."

I sat like one stupefied—my eyes were opened wide—fixed upon him. He turned to me and smiled.

"Ah," said he, "I love religious faith in woman—it is a very pretty delusion, adding a strange charm, and an enthusiasm which is pleasing. Sometimes I have had moments when I have wished, for such a faith for myself—for what they call repentance and hope—the hope of a happy future beyond the grave."

"Oh, Mr. Blake, let me assure you it is no delusion! Let me beg of you to turn away from the cold, gloomy valley of skepticism, and come with me to Calvary. Surely the story of Christ's life and death will lead you to believe!"

He looked at me as I spoke, with a strange expression, which I could not interpret. It was not anger, nor contempt; but, while respectful and kind, I could see that "Calvary" had no charms for him.

"You shall read to me to-morrow in the Spanish Bible; perhaps you will make a convert of me; will you try?"

"I wish I could, Mr. Blake; I never saw a person who did not believe in God before."

"Ah, then you believe me some monster. You will not sing with me any more; perhaps you will not read with me again, and then how dull! Rocky Nook will be—to me, at least."

"To me, too," my own heart responded, but I did not speak—I only rose and walked away.

A vessel was in sight, and I climbed a rock to get a better view. He threw himself upon the sand, and smoked a cigar.

Thus we sat; till I saw the little schooner ride safely into port, and I thought how happy the crew, that they had weathered the storm of yesterday by standing out to sea, and were now safe.

Blake threw away his cigar, and came to me.

"There," said he, "I suppose you would say the Captain of that schooner should go down on his knees and thank God for his safety. But I tell you I saw that same little vessel yesterday, putting boldly back from shore, and then keeping close to the wind. Ah, said I, that old fellow knows how to luff when the wind blows—he'll save his craft."

"But, Mr. Blake, God never helps those who will not try to help themselves. If you will not study God's word, you must not expect to have faith miraculously imparted."

"But I will study it, if you will be my guide. To-morrow morning you shall read a lesson in the Gospel, and then I have a book for you to listen to—one of Eugene Sue's works; do you know this author's writings?"

"Not at all; they are just out, I believe."

"Yes, you will be delighted with them, and also with Madame Sand's works, which I also have."

[Heaven be praised, I escaped hearing the works of both these authors.]

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

"BY-AND-BY."

There's a little mischief-making elf, who is ever high,
Tawling every undertaking,
And his name is BY-AND-BY.

What we ought to do this minute,
Will be better done, he'll cry,
"If to-morrow we begin it."

"Put it off," says BY-AND-BY.
Those who heed his treacherous wooing,
Will with faithless guidance rue;
What they always put off doing,
Clearly we shall never do.

We shall reach what we endeavor,
If on now we more rely;
But unto the realms of NERVA,
Leads the pilot BY-AND-BY.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ROSA BONHEUR.

BY OPHELIA MARGUERITE CLOUTMAN.

"Rosa my child, draw nearer to me, for I am dying."

These words issued from the fast purpling lips of a middle-aged but still beautiful woman, whose emaciated frame and sunken eye told a tale of long suffering, which was about drawing to its close.

The little girl addressed was a child of some seven years, who rose quickly from her seat at the foot of the white curtained couch, as the words of the invalid fell distinctly upon her listening ear, and moving closer to the loved form that was already struck with death, twined her delicate arms gently about the neck of the sinking woman, whose dark and glassy eyes were turned with a yearning and affectionate gaze upon the darling child that had watched constantly and uncomplainingly by her bedside for fifteen long weeks.

"Shall I not send for papa?" the child hastily asked, as she perceived with alarm the terrible change which a few minutes had wrought upon the pale face of her mother.

"Where is he, my daughter?" the invalid faintly inquired.

"Close by, dear mamma, at the chateau of the Marquis D'Orney. Little Augusta is also with him."

"Poor Raymond!" murmured the dying woman, half-audibly, "when will success crown thy labors? It is a hard thing to work night and day at the pencil, merely to keep starvation away from the door of the dwelling that harbors the manifold objects of thy love and care. Oh, my dear husband, in heaven thou wilt receive thy just reward, if not on earth!" and tears gushed freely forth from the strangely brilliant eyes of the sufferer.

"Oh, mamma, do not weep for him! God, that takes care of the little sparrows, will watch over papa and his children, when you are gone!" and the look of sublime faith which overspread the countenance of the child Rosa at that moment imparted an almost heavenly glow to her naturally expressive and beautiful face.

The sufferer had hardly dried her eyes, before Isidore, a handsome boy of nine years, and the elder brother of the little Rosa, quietly entered the chamber where sickness had so long reigned, and the merry laugh of childhood then carefully suppressed through fear of disturbing the gentle spirit that was daily winging its flight heavenward.

Rosa advanced to meet him, and placing her finger upon his half open lips, whispered:

"Run, Isidore, to the chateau of the Marquis D'Orney, and tell him that the wife of Raymond Bonheur is dying, and wishes to see her husband."

The words of the anxious and excited child reached the quick ear of the young woman, who, raising herself with difficulty upon her pillow, begged Rosa not to send for her father, lest the request should excite the displeasure of the old Marquis, whose tenants they were, and whom, withal, a hard and severe taskmaster to the poor man whom stern necessity compelled to enter his service.

The united entreaties of Isidore and the little Rosa, however, at last prevailed over the dying wife, and a few minutes later found the former hurrying through the streets of Bordeaux, on his way to the residence of the Marquis D'Orney. Fifteen minutes had elapsed, and Isidore had not yet returned. Rosa watched patiently for his coming, still maintaining her accustomed place beside the couch of her beloved mother, who was apparently sinking into a gentle slumber. At the end of a half hour Isidore again entered the room, but the one for whose coming the faithful Rosa had so earnestly longed, was not with him. The boy was alone.

In the absence of the Marquis from home, his son, Louis De Orney, a proud and imperious youth, of fourteen, had refused to admit him to the presence of his father. In vain Isidore plead the cause of the dying woman. The self-willed boy was inexorable, refusing even the delivery of Rosa's message; and, disappointed and grieved at heart, the poor boy hastened back to his humble home to relate with sorrow the non-success of his errand.

But the cruel words of which the innocent youth was unwillingly made the bearer were all unheeded by the slight form that still slept calmly on in that peaceful and unbroken slumber that knows no awakening upon earth. As Isidore approached to kiss the pale cheek of his beloved mother, he started back with affright, for the face which his warm lips had pressed was cold as marble, while the thin and delicate hands that had so often returned his childish clasp, hung chill and listless at her side. Death was a stranger to the home of those fond children. The loud shriek of Isidore told the little Rosa that all was not right with the sufferer. She flew to the couch over which the poor boy still bent in speechless agony. She called her by all the endearing names which her childish heart could suggest, but no answering words of affection broke from the lips which were already hushed and sealed in death.

At length, after repeated efforts to warm the chill limbs fast to life again, Rosa sank down into a chair close by, and, burying her face in her little hands, murmured sadly, "Isidore, mamma is dead! Oh, cruel Louis De Orney, you have killed my dear mother. Papa may forgive you, but I never can!" and the dark eye of Rosa flashed with a strange fire, while the compressed lips and pale olive cheek, from which the crimson tide had wholly receded, showed that the remembrance of the wrong inflicted would never be forgotten until death.

The shades of evening were fast settling upon the earth, when Raymond Bonheur, accompanied by his youngest son, Auguste, directed their steps homeward. At the door they were met by Juliette, a child of four years, who had been placed in an infant school during the last few months of her mother's illness, in order to relieve the little Rosa of all unnecessary care and anxiety.

She had returned from school only an hour previous, and, child-like, had watched eagerly for her father's coming, in order to be the first to communicate the evil tidings, which her infant lips could only hush, without comprehending in the least their meaning.

"Mamma is dead!" The words fell like a thunderbolt upon the heart of the poor painter. Marie Bonheur dead! the dear and devoted partner of his life-pilgrimage! The thought was terrible. Yet he had known for weeks that she, the faithful mother of his children, the sharer of his earthly toils, must leave him! Ofttimes in the night, when lying by her side, with her fair head pillowed upon his breast, he had dreamed that white-robed angels were bearing her gentle spirit heavenward. Starting up from his troubled sleep, he would draw her slight form closer to his heart, and, with streaming eyes, thank God that what he had seen in imagination was only a dream, and that his dear Marie was still left to him. But now the dread reality had come, and, heart-stricken, the agonized man entered the chamber of death. Like a statue, the faithful Rosa still kept her solitary vigils beside the couch of the fair and inanimate sleeper.

Raymond Bonheur's fingers tremblingly drew back the snowy curtains, and gazed in silence upon the beautiful vision before him. A smile of ethereal sweetness still lingered about the exquisitely childlike mouth; the long and darkly fringed lids still swept the pearly cheek, as they were wont to in hours of repose; while the folds of dark wavy hair lay damp and heavy upon the smoothly polished brow. No traces of suffering disturbed the serene beauty of the marble face before him, and while the eyes of the humble painter lingered lovingly upon all that now remained of his faithful and affectionate wife, a silent prayer of gratitude rose from his heart to heaven, that the Divine Father had made her last moments, though bereft of his society, yet peaceful and happy.

A day or two later, and a sorrowful group of mourners were standing beside the grave of Marie Bonheur. Many strangers were there collected, who gazed with unfeeling coldness upon the tearful children and violent grief of the husband of the deceased. Louis De Orney was there also, and the look of keen and bitter reproach which Rosa turned upon him, as the funeral train were about leaving the churchyard, struck to the heart of the proud boy, like a dagger-thrust, and haunted him, sleeping or waking, for weeks after.

Three months after the decease of his wife, Raymond Bonheur removed his little family to Paris. His marriage with the beautiful daughter of a wealthy print seller of that city, to whom he had been apprenticed in early youth, was a clandestine one, and being from that time disinherited by her father (her only parent), the erring yet devoted Marie had been suffered to languish and die amid strangers, and in poverty, in the town of Bordeaux, where the young artist had fixed his abode upon their sudden flight from Paris.

Having procured a faithful and trusty woman to act in the capacity of housekeeper, Raymond Bonheur at once placed the little Rosa (whose education had been somewhat neglected during the past year, on account of her mother's serious illness), in an excellent boarding-school. There she remained until the age of fourteen, although it was with great difficulty that her father kept her in school at all, so sensitive was her nature to the sneers and insults of children whose parents, being wealthy, were enabled to dress better than the daughter of an humble painter.

The progress made in her studies during her sojourn at the boarding-school of Madame Bouve, was far from being satisfactory to her teacher, and her anxious father would fain have kept her there for two or three years longer, although, in order to defray her expenses at so fashionable and high-priced a school, he was obliged to labor unremittingly at his easel, for his children were all too young to be of much assistance to him, in his efforts to obtain an

honorable support for his by no means small family. At her earnest request, Rosa was now taken from school, and apprenticed to a seamstress. A few months proved, however, to her father, that Rosa loved the use of the needle even less than her book; he therefore wisely concluded to keep his daughter at home, for the purpose of instructing her in the art of drawing, for which she had ever shown great taste. Raymond Bonheur was inwardly delighted at the facility displayed by one so young in sketching animals—although he dreaded to think of the severe struggles and bitter privations which would necessarily fall to the lot of his beloved daughter, should she decide upon painting as the means of procuring a livelihood.

For four years Rosa Bonheur studied the works of the great masters at the Louvre. At the age of eighteen she entered upon her chosen profession, although her anxious father did all in his power to dissuade her from her purpose, remembering, as he did, the fruits of his own bitter experience. True genius is innate. Rosa was conscious of her own abilities, and resolved to carry out her proposed scheme of action, which, if steadily persevered in, she felt would eventually lead to success.

Unlike most female artists, her taste inclined towards that particular department of her art which relates to natural history. The study of animals now absorbed her entire attention, and a great portion of the young girl's time was now spent in visiting the butchers' shambles in Paris, instead of prom- enading upon the Boulevards, like most ladies of her age.

To assist her father in the education of her younger brothers and sisters, was now the main incentive to exertion, on the part of the ambitious girl. Already her fond parent began to paint, in imagination, a bright and glorious future for his faithful and devoted daughter. Her opinion was now frequently consulted on important matters relating to their now common art. The barrier between youth and maturity seemed fast being swept away, for father and child were conscious of that true sympathy which only souls similarly endowed with genius can ever know.

Rosa was in the habit of visiting the gallery of the Louvre as often as two or three times a week. Her father, who generally accompanied her, being ill one day, the young girl set out alone, anxious to finish her copy of a pair of rabbits, the work of one of the finest modern French painters. Her bright eye and flushed face attracted the notice of her admiring parent, upon her return, (who was proud of the energy and originality which his daughter exhibited,) and as she carelessly threw aside her hat and shawl, preparatory to making him his customary cup of chocolate, which she always persisted in doing, even in her business times, he inquired the cause of her sudden happiness.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, while the light of enthusiasm kindled in her full dark eyes, "you cannot think whom I met at the Louvre this morning, nor how much he praised my feeble efforts, and encouraged me to persevere with my painting!"

"I am sure, my daughter, that it must have been some extraordinary personage, else you would not have felt yourself so much complimented and flattered by his attentions."

"You are right, dear papa, for Horace Vernet is, generally speaking, a man of few words, and rarely bestows notice upon those persons who have neither wealth nor genius to commend them to public favor."

"I am glad, Rosa, that so great an artist as Monsieur Vernet has shown towards you sentiments of so friendly an order, for the influence and regard of such a man in Paris, is invaluable to the young aspirant for fame."

"I shall cherish his words of advice, and strive to make myself worthy of his esteem in future years, and you, too, papa, may yet live to be proud of your daring and wayward child," said Rosa, stooping to impress a warm kiss upon the slightly furrowed brow of her adoring parent.

The young artist was now fairly started upon the toilsome road, which leads at last to fame and distinction. From her earliest childhood, she had displayed an intuitive love of nature, and her success may be attributed in a great measure to her close adherence and faithfulness to nature. The boldness and independence of her own character seemed to inspire her pencil, and free her pictures from all conventionality.

Her rapid rise to success was now the means of extricating her beloved father from his pecuniary embarrassments, by procuring him the post of director of the free school of design, in 1847. Ill health, however, soon compelled Raymond Bonheur to relinquish his labors, and after a lingering sickness of a year or more, the poor painter was laid in his grave. His last request was, that his body might be placed beside that of his idolized wife, whose memory, through long years, he had never ceased to cherish. In the churchyard of Bordeaux may still be seen a monument, bearing the names of Marie and Raymond Bonheur, together with the simple, yet touching inscription of, "Here sleep my loved ones." This was Rosa Bonheur's last tribute to those fond parents, whose earthly career had been one continued scene of suffering and misfortune.

Upon the death of her father, which occurred during the year 1849, the title of directress was conferred upon Mlle. Bonheur; but the real head of the school at the present time is her younger sister Juliette, Madame Reyrol, whom Rosa has thoroughly instructed in the art of drawing. Once a week Mlle. Rosa pays a visit to the school of design, of which she is the honorary directress, where she exerts a beneficial influence by her ready co-operation. In 1848, the latter exhibited a bull and a sheep, modeled by herself, in bronze, at the annual exhibition of Paris, and received in return a first-class medal, together with a splendid silver vase, presented by Horace Vernet, her constant friend and admirer. Her master work, "Le labourage Nivernais," attracted universal attention at the exhibition of 1860, and afterwards received the honor of a place in the Luxembourg.

"Pray tell me, Monsieur Vernet, who that distinguished lady in black is?" said the Marquis De Orney, a gentleman of elegant address, and prepossessing countenance, who had but recently returned to Paris, after an absence of eight or ten years in the south of Europe, and who was on this occasion the particular lion of attraction among the fair sex at the brilliant soiree of Madame Montaigne.

"That, my dear fellow, is the great female painter, Mlle. Bonheur, whose works in the Louvre you so much admired yester morn."

"Indeed! Then, as a friend, I must take the liberty of requesting an introduction to so great a celebrity."

"Certainly, Monsieur; nothing would afford me more pleasure than to present you to a lady, whose rare genius is the admiration of all Paris."

Arm in arm the two gentlemen sauntered down the saloon, and Monsieur Vernot, the elder of the two, watching his opportunity, at last presented the Marquis De Orney to his prodigy, as he called, Mlle. Rosa Bonheur.

The ready wit and genuine originality of the latter in conversation, charmed at once the heart of the hitherto cold and unimpressible Marquis. His attention to the beautiful artist, throughout the remainder of the evening, attracted the notice of all present, and sent a pang of jealousy through many a fair heart, who, by their physical beauty, had hoped to captivate and infatuate the senses of the elegant and extremely fastidious Marquis.

Rosa Bonheur, and her new and earnest admirer, often met at the Louvre, which was now a daily resort of the latter, who wandered up and down the long galleries, hour after hour, in the hope of seeing the chosen object of his heart.

When in her charming society, the Marquis De Orney declared himself never so happy. Monsieur Vernot watched with a father's pride the apparently growing intimacy of the two, all the while congratulating himself upon his success in match-making as well as painting, for he, with all Paris, believed that the daughter of the late Raymond Bonheur would be only too happy to contract an alliance with the proud and wealthy De Orney, whose position in the great French metropolis was all that could be desired.

Time passed on, and every hour but tightened the chain which bound the heart of the bewildered Frenchman to that of his fair innamorata. For her sake he deserted his once favorite haunts, shunned the society of boon companions, and even absented himself from theatres and operas, because Mlle. Bonheur gently but firmly refused accompanying him thither.

To owe so deep in love as the Marquis, a person like Rosa Bonheur was a strange problem. The longer he knew her the less acquainted he felt himself to be with her true character. Her manner towards him, at different times, was so varied that he often found himself in a query, as to whether the young artist really reciprocated his love or not. In such moments of doubt, however, pride would come to the rescue, and, impressed with a new sense of his own worthiness and importance, he would fearlessly push his suit with all the zeal and fervor of his passionate nature.

One day the Marquis missed the fair Rosa from the Louvre, her daily place of resort. When she was absent, the rare paintings there exhibited to view seemed to have lost their brilliancy. Each picture seemed to have a dark ground-work, which no flashes of sunlight could even for a moment illumine. For a whole week the Marquis went daily to the Louvre, with the hope of beholding once again a face whose indescribable beauty had haunted his soul from the moment of their first interview. Perhaps she was sick—dying—away from one who would gladly have soothed her aching head, and banished disease from her presence. The thought was unendurable; and, resolving to free his mind from further suspense, the Marquis indited an epistle to Mlle. Bonheur, requesting leave to call upon her at her place of residence.

To his surprise and delight an immediate answer was returned, expressive of that lady's willingness to grant him an interview at a specified time. The hour arrived for De Orney to wait upon the object of his choice—the idol of his soul—whose great genius was the theme of every tongue in the fashionable circles of Paris.

The particular purpose of his visit was, however, to disclose the story of his deep love for the young artist. With a brave heart and faultless costume the Marquis stepped into his carriage, and was soon at down before the door of Mlle. Bonheur's dwelling.

A servant announced him, and the lady soon made her appearance in a dress half masculine, half feminine in its style, which set off the charms of her graceful person to peculiar advantage. In his eyes the gifted Rosa had never seemed half so lovely as at that moment. The cordial welcome which she extended him seemed to inspire him with fresh confidence, and, suddenly sinking upon his knees before her, he poured forth in words of rare eloquence the fervid and all-absorbing love of his soul.

At his conclusion, a moment or two of silence intervened. Those moments were eventful ones, for they were to decide his fate. The ripe and dewy lips parted, as if to speak, but the words which fell from her mouth surprised, rather than delighted him. In a gentle tone, Rosa Bonheur arose, and requested her lover to follow her to her studio.

The Marquis obeyed, thinking that the fear of their conversation being overheard had induced the lady to conduct him to her own private apartment.

It was a cosy little room to which Rosa led the way; the walls were hung about with paintings, and on the thickly ranged shelves lay heavy portfolios, containing sketches of her own, together with a fine collection of old engravings. Upon the easel stood a fresh painting, representing cattle grazing. But not before this was he allowed to linger long, for moving to a remote corner of the room Mlle. Bonheur drew aside a dark curtain, and left exposed to sight a picture, which, as he gazed upon it, made the proud and haughty Marquis to tremble and shrink away, as if some horrible vision had dawned upon his senses. The picture represented a dying woman, surrounded by her children—the faces of the latter were true to life, for they were those of Rosa and her brother Isidore. The lady applied her fingers to a small spring and the painting slid aside, revealing another one of equal size, representing the mother of Rosa, lying dead in her coffin, while her husband agonized and heart-broken, hung over the inanimate form of his beloved wife, in all the wretchedness of despair. Beneath the figures, in letters of white which gleamed clearly out from the dark canvass, were painted the words, "I do refuse and scorn thy suit! Mother, thou art at last avenged!"

In those bitter, burning words, the Marquis De Orney read his doom. Now the remembrance of the past flashed vividly across his mind. Rosa Bonheur, the daughter of the poor fresco-painter of Bordeaux, whom his old father had so often employed, and the great female painter before him, were one and the same person. Without uttering a word the conscience-stricken man left the dwelling of Mlle. Bonheur. Rosa had never forgotten his cruelty upon the occasion of her mother's death. In the Marquis De Orney she had readily recognized the haughty and imperious boy, who had refused to deliver her message to her father when the wife of his bosom lay dying in poverty and solitude. She had never loved him, but she had the satisfaction of bringing him to her feet—of humbling his proud soul by refusing,

through the medium of her pencil, his brilliant offer of marriage.

Rosa Bonheur is at the present time thirty-six years of age, and is still unmarried. She is Mlle. Bonheur from choice rather than from necessity, for men of genius and wealth have knelt, thus far in vain, at her shrine; in short, she is wedded to her art. In person Mlle. Bonheur is what an artist would call a beautiful woman. Her complexion is of a clear olive color; her mouth small, and very expressive. Her hair, of a dark chestnut, is parted on the side, and thrown off from a brow which bears upon it the impress of true genius.

Her most recent success is a picture which attracted the admiration of the London public, at the French exhibition of that city. It is also well known throughout New England under the name of "The Horse Fair." This picture cost Mlle. Bonheur eighteen months' hard labor, during which time she visited the horse market in Paris regularly, twice a week. Her chief forte seems to be in her successful painting of animals, in which department of her art she is at this moment a formidable rival to the world-renowned Landseer. Rosa Bonheur is a severe student, working regularly eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. It is her custom to paint from six o'clock in the morning until night-fall, when she draws until past midnight. She owns two horses, five goats, an ox, a cow, three donkeys—sheep, dogs, beside birds and poultry, which she uses as models.

Mlle. Bonheur resides in a little, secluded cottage in the Rue D'Assas, near the Rue de Vangirard. Her studio is the resort of the great and intellectual of both sexes, and no tourist from America should think of visiting Paris without spending at least an hour or two at the studio of Rosa Bonheur, one of the few great female geniuses which the nineteenth century has produced.

Written for the Banner of Light. SWEET SARA LYNDE.

BY LITA H. BARNEY.

Where sounds the city's busy hum,
Where honey-bee, nor bird may come,
Where Nature's child is cramped—confined,
'Twas there I met sweet Sara Lynde.

Within a home, where full disease
Caused stricken ones to gain its ease,
With hope, she sought relief to find,
And there I knew sweet Sara Lynde.

When sickness wasted her young form,
The heart within was soothed and calm,
With patience rare and act-unkind
She won my love, sweet Sara Lynde.

The friendship that we made that day,
Has never failed, or passed away,
And time no barrier shall find
To make us two, my Sara Lynde.

The distance parts our bodies here,
The angel-hands we know are near;
The electric telegraph of mind,
Connects us still, my Sara Lynde.

And when, to happy spirit-home,
O'er me before the other room,
That one shall seek her friend to find,
For love does not, sweet Sara Lynde.

MELROSE, MASS., OCT. 7th, 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light. The Viceroys and the Abbess.

BY NED ANDERTON.

Donna Vigilante Cerubina, the lady abbess of the Monastery of San Sebastiano, at Naples, was taking her siesta in a roomy arm-chair, in her quiet and comfortable cell. The nuns, the novices, the teachers and the lay sisters were all dozing like herself, with this difference, however, that all save one argus-eyed old woman of the last class, who acted as portress, were fairly in their beds, according to the salutary practice of the South. The portress, like the lady abbess, was sleeping in an arm-chair, which was placed in a little recess near the convent gate; for continual attention to the concerns of the establishment, and vigilance, became these two important personages.

The church bell tolled the seventeenth hour, which, at that season of the year, answered to one o'clock, according to our mode of counting time so that the sisterhood, having dined, as was their wont, at half-past eleven, might have been asleep for about half an hour. All was so still in the monastery, that you might have heard a mouse trotting along the corridors, the cats gleaming their crumblings in the refectory, the clock ticking in the school-room; and as for the portress' snoring, that might have been heard through the closed door of the farthest garret of the lay sisters. Of a sudden, however, the repose of the lady abbess—who was dreaming of a confession of Spanish bread, for which the monastery was then famous, even as in our days—was disturbed by a humming, buzzing noise, that now seemed to rise, and now to fall—was now near, and now far away. The good lady yawned—then opened one eye, and then another, and then flapped her hand about her ears, for the weather was very hot, and she had left her cell window open to admit any breeze that might blow from the Bay of Naples; and, half asleep as she was, she fancied—the noise had only proceeded from some of those troublesome large flies, and Brobdingnagian wasps, and mosquitos, which "do most abound" in the sweet South, and which might very well have intruded on the lady abbess' solitude. But by this time the noise had ceased, and Donna Vigilante, thinking she had given away the intruders from her immediate vicinity, and being too somnolent to rise and drive them away, with her paper flapper, out of the cell altogether, fell back into her easy-chair, and was soon fast asleep. She had not, however, reclined thus many seconds, when the same humming, buzzing noise roused her again.

"Oh, what a calamity! what bores of flies!" said Donna Vigilante Cerubina, and this time she started up from her chair, wide awake; and again the noise ceased. She listened with all her ears, but all that she could hear, was the cadenced "rouf! rouf!" of the old portress. She looked about the room, but not a wasp, nor a mosquito—no, not so much as one little humming mosquito could she see—there were only a few flies on a fragment of nicely-sugared spice cake that lay on her table, and they, like the holy sisters, seemed to be indulging in a siesta after a hearty meal. She was marveling what the noise could have been, when hist! it was again repeated. This time it was perfectly intelligible—it was the confused murmur of many voices, that seemed to be approaching by the very long and very narrow street in which the convent of San Sebastiano is situated, and which could be very well heard, for at that hour, of repose the street was as still as the convent. The sounds came nearer and nearer, and, mixed with them, the lady abbess could now distinguish the

measured fall of many footsteps, as of a regiment of soldiers marching. She was pitying the fate of those, whoever they might be, that were obliged to trudge about like dogs, at such hours, in the dog-days, and was just going to repeat a prayer to a saint of credit, that they might be saved from such strokes, when the noise of the marching suddenly stopped, as if it were immediately under the convent walls, and in the next instant, the portress' bell was rung with extreme violence.

"Jesu Maria!" exclaimed Donna Vigilante Cerubina, turning as pale as the sugared coating of her spice cake, "what can this mean? have we another tumult in Naples? is Massanello come again?"

Ding dong! ding dong! went the bell, while she uttered these exclamations.

"San Sebastiano to our aid!" rejoined the lady abbess, "what can it be? and at this hour? and where is Sister Orsola? Here's a pen to awake the dead, and she fast asleep yet! Wake up—hear—"

She was rushing to the sleeping portress, but she had scarcely opened her cell door, when she saw Sister Orsola, breathless and pale, with her eyes starting out of her head with fright. The lady abbess made an attempt to recover her self-possession, and maintain her dignity, but her voice faltered as she said:

"Who is it that disturbs the repose of our holy sisterhood at such an hour as this?"

"A thousand armed soldiers at the very least!" replied the portress, with a tone of voice still more trembling.

By this time the corridor was crowded by nuns, novices, and teachers, startled out of their sleep, who all added:

"A thousand armed soldiers! Blessed Virgin! what is to become of us all?"

The lady abbess, though still trembling, tried to command herself in the presence of all the establishment.

"This must be some mistake, Sister Orsola," she said; "the men of arms, may be, indeed, passing in the street, but quite one else hath rung the convent bell."

"No!" replied the portress, "they rang it themselves—the soldiers rang the bell—I saw them through the lattice, and there were three cavaliers, with satin doublets and Spanish colors, at their head."

"And didst thou not ask them what extraordinary business could bring them here at such an hour?" inquired the abbess.

"At the sight of the host of soldiers, I was overmuch afraid for speech," replied the portress, "and ran to ask! but hark, they ring again! they will break down our bell!"

The bell, indeed, went ding dong! ding dong! more violently than before.

"Hie thee to the wicket gate," said the lady abbess, "and do you, Sisters Agnes and Peppina, go with Sister Orsola, and speak to those without, and bring me word what is their pleasure. Our convent is under the protection of our royal master, the King of Spain, as well as of San Sebastiano—neither of them will let our holy sisterhood come to harm or insult!"

The portress, and two staunch old sisters, though sore afraid, hurried along the corridor, and down the stairs, and across a lobby to the gate, where, speaking through a small iron grating, cut at the top of the wicket, they asked, as well as they could, what the lady abbess bade them.

Donna Vigilante Cerubina was astonished, indeed, when one of the sisters returned and told her that the three cavaliers were the three regents, and that there was, moreover, a fourth cavalier—no less a personage than the Secretary of the Kingdom, who formally demanded, in the name of the Viceroy, Don Innico Lopez Urtado di Mendoza, Marquis de Mondejar, the representative of his most Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain, etc., entrance into the convent, and the immediate delivery into his hands of the person of Donna Anna Clarice Caraffa.

But the emotion the lady abbess betrayed, was nothing compared to that of a young lady who was one of several placed in the convent for her education. Before her name was all pronounced, this lovely creature threw herself at the abbess' feet, and begged most piteously that she would not give her up to those who would separate her forever from the husband destined her by her dying father.

The abbess raised her up, and tried to comfort her, but still the fair creature wept and wrung her hands, and supplicated that she might not be surrendered to the Spaniards. Donna Vigilante Cerubina seemed divided between a dread of the Vice-royal authority, and a desire of protecting her lovely young orphan inmate.

"I would save you," said she, "if I could. Your parents, now no more—pence to their souls—placed you under my care, and I know their wishes, which pointed where your young heart had fixed its affections—it were my duty, as my wish, to serve you, but the Viceroy is an arbitrary man, and the Secretary of the Kingdom is not a person to be trifled with, and—"

Here the convent bell rang again furiously.

"This intrusion on a holy convent is most iniquitous," continued the lady abbess, "but I may not resist it—a thought, however, strikes me—yes! it shall be so with San Sebastiano's aid! We will admit the Spaniards, but you shall be saved!"

The grateful girl embraced the lady abbess, who continued:

"You, Donna Anna Clarice, will not object to wear, for once, that religious veil and garb, which you would do well to wear for life, as a virgin spouse of our blessed Lord. You must dress yourself as one of us, and mix with our numerous sisterhood, who have taken the vows, and veiled like them, you cannot be found by those who come unmannerly and sacrilegiously, to tear you from my protection."

"Perhaps, moreover, we may so meet these men of sin, as to strike them with awe. I have formed my resolution."

She then turned to one of the sisters, and said: "Go thou to the gate, and announce to the Secretary of the Kingdom that ann it shall be opened to him—that we but prepare ourselves for his reception."

Donna Anna Clarice readily submitted to all her superior proposed, and was soon dressed as a nun.

The rest of the lady abbess' plan, which the Neapolitan historians qualify as being "whimsical and generous," was this: She took from the sacred treasury of the convent all the relics, and distributed them among the nuns, and then, placing herself at their head, with an ivory crucifix in her hand, she led them on in two long lines, in one of which was the fair Donna Anna Clarice, towards the gate, all singing psalms in a chorus most beautiful and touching.

At a sign given by the abbess, the lay sisters threw open the convent gates to those who intruded in the name of the Viceroy, but no sooner did they meet this imposing procession in the cloisters, and saw the sacred relics, and heard the heavenly harmony of the voices, than, overpowered by their feelings of devotion, the Secretary of the Kingdom, the regents, and the soldiers, who, be it said, were a hundred and fifty, and not a thousand, as reported by Sister Orsola—all fell down on their knees before the nuns, and, instead of obeying the Viceroy's orders, began to say their prayers.

The spirited old lady abess giving the key, the sisters of San Sebastiano now chanted a higher—a more imposing strain; and, in short, such was the effect of the scene she had got up, though on so short a notice, that the Viceroy's party presently withdrew from the convent, without so much as asking again for Donna Anna Clarice Caraffa.

The motives that led to these unusual proceedings, on the part of the Viceroy, may be explained in a few words.

Donna Anna Clarice, as heiress to the late Duke of Mondragone, would confer with her hand the richest estates in the kingdom of Naples; had she been poor, it is not likely that the worthy representative of his majesty of Spain would have interfered with the marriage, and left own, and her parents' inclinations. But as it was, he determined to marry her to his eldest son, Don Luigi Urtado Mendoza, Count of Tendiglia; setting at naught her betrothal to the young Neapolitan Count of Soriano, and the indignation of her own and her destined husband's powerful relations.

He played a daring game in attempting to invade the sanctity of a convent so conspicuous as that of San Sebastiano, but had he succeeded, and got the young lady into his hands, his plan was to declare that he had only removed her from control to ascertain her actual inclinations, and to leave her at liberty to take the husband of her choice, which, however, he had fully determined should be only his son. He had, indeed, been considerably encouraged in this project by a feud that had lately arisen among the different branches of the great Caraffa family, to which Donna Anna Clarice belonged; and he fancied that while they were quarreling among themselves he might profit by their dissensions, and that, possibly, when the wealthy heiress had been secured by marriage to his son, one party of the Caraffas would overlook the irregularity of his proceedings, or even espouse his cause, out of sheer opposition to the other.

Some slight, uncertain whispers of the Viceroy's wishes had been caught and carried into the convent of San Sebastiano, where no one, however, could suspect him of the almost impious measures to which we have seen him resort.

The dismay of the good lady abess did not quit her with the disappearance of the soldiers and the Viceroy's ministers; she dreaded a second visit, and, to save her beautiful young charge from his tyranny, she smuggled her out of the convent that very afternoon, and had her secretly conveyed to the house of Don Giovanni di Cardona, an old and tried friend of Donna Anna's father.

Don Giovanni did instantly what was his duty under such circumstances; he summoned some members of the Caraffa family, and the Count of Soriano; and while the mortified Viceroy was revolving in his mind some new and iniquitous plan to gain possession of the wealthy heiress for his son, she was that night privately married to the husband she loved, and whom her own father had chosen.

The attempt of the Spanish ruler, though thus frustrated, was not forgiven; the powerful Caraffas, notwithstanding their feuds, were united in sentiments of indignation, which were shared by all the nobility and the Neapolitans generally, who could not pardon an insult offered to a convent.

A deputation was sent to Spain, in consequence of which the Viceroy was recalled and disgraced. This disgrace he had merited before by numerous acts of folly, oppression and tyranny; yet had it not been for his attack on the convent of San Sebastiano, like many of the Spanish Viceroy's before him, Don Innico Lopez Urtado di Mendoza, Marquis de Mondejar, might long have been permitted to grind the Neapolitan people.

In the house of one of the descendants of the heroine of this brief but most true tale, I have often sat, and pleasantly mused away a half hour at a time, looking at her placid, aristocratic face, and recalling the adventure of her early life.

If this picture be a correct likeness, independent of her wealth, she was worth the stir that was made about her, and a lovely creature, as I have styled her, must have been Donna Anna Clarice Caraffa!

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

High hopes that burn'd like stars sublime,
Go down the heavens of Freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterlest need them!

But never sit we down, and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness to-day,
The promised land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now—
There are no flowers blooming;
Yet life beats in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's spring is coming!

And Freedom's tide comes up a-way,
Though we may stand in sorrow;
And our good barque, aground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow.

Through all the long, dark nights of years,
The people's cry ascends,
And earth is wet with blood and tears;
But our meek suff'rance endeth!

The few shall not for ever stay,
The many moil in sorrow;
The powers of Earth are strong to-day,
But Heaven shall rule to-morrow.

Though hearts bleed o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling features glisten!
For, lo! our day bursts up the skies:
Lend out your souls and listen!

The world rolls Freedom's radiant way
And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart! who near the cross to-day,
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

Oh, Youth! flame earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire,
Our yearning opens a portal!

And though age wearies by the way,
And heart break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
And harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabbre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
Oh, chivalry of labor!

Triumph and tell are trunks; and eye,
Joy suns the clouds of sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day,
Brings victory to-morrow.

Written for the Banner of Light.

PRIDE.

BY AGNES CARRA.

Sad and lonely! Who has not, at some period of their lives, felt sad and lonely? All this day long, hour after hour, I had sat watching for my lover, but he came not. For a long year we had been parted, and when he came how eagerly I welcomed him. He left me again the next day, but as he pressed my hand, in parting, he said, "I will be back to-morrow." The morning came, but not my love, and as hour after hour flew by, I became angry at his delay. Night drew on apace—the last boat had arrived—one long hour, and still I was alone. 'Twas plain now, he could not come. I fled to my room, and amid a storm of passion and tears, vowed never to speak to him again. Only the day before I had bowed my head upon his bosom and whispered, "I love you so much," and now I was determined never to see him again. At length the long night wore away—morning dawned—and ere the sun was three hours high I beheld my love standing in the doorway, holding his arms towards me. I drew back, and coldly asked, "Where were you yesterday?" I had often put on this air of offended dignity "for fun," and he would sometimes answer in the same way; so now, thinking me not in earnest, he folded his arms and drawing his slight figure to his fullest height, he proudly answered—"I do not deem it necessary to explain, Miss Mary."

Alas! alas! how could I know that he was jesting? "Very well, sir," my words fell like icicles from my lips, so cold they seemed, and as my engagement-ring fell like a glittering dew-drop on the carpet at his feet, I spoke again, quickly, for I felt my courage failing me, and he should not know how much I loved him; I said—"You make a great mistake, Mr. Patterson, if you think Mary Creighton is to be neglected and trifled with. You refuse an explanation—'tis well—good day, sir." And then once more I sought my room. In vain he called to me again and again, and when he rapped at my door I only left my seat to lock it. He spoke to me, and I clasped my hands over my ears. At last he went away, and then, as I wiped away the blinding tears, I murmured—"So a year's hope, a year's dream is over," and assuming a cheerful air, lest I should sadden my dear Aunt Fannie's heart, I left my room. Again my lover called—I would not see him—he wrote to me—I returned the letter unopened. Oh! how wildly my heart throbbed as I gazed upon the dear, familiar hand, but *Pride* laid a heavy, icy weight upon it, and cried, be still! I obeyed, and the letter was returned.

Another sought my hand. Oh, how different was he from my other lover; the first was so kind, so affectionate—but Mr. Warner was cold and stately. How coldly beautiful he was. We would look upon a lofty iceberg, and admire its cold and stately beauty, even while we cared not to approach too near, lest its chilling influence might benumb our hearts, and so I felt toward Charles Warner. His beautiful blue eyes never looked lovingly into mine; his soft, exquisitely shaped hand pressed mine, but not affectionately. Alas! At length I promised to marry him, and I kept my promise. As we stood before the one "vested with the right to unite" us, and while the "Yes" trembled on my lips, I saw a pale face flit like a shadow before me, and then all was dark. I leaned heavily on my husband's arm for support, and in a few moments his sweet voice, and yet so icy cold, restored me to myself, and I received the congratulations of my friends. My pride was quieted, when Mr. Patterson wished me all happiness, in an agitated voice. I smiled serenely, and calmly answered, "I cannot but be happy." Oh, my poor, tortured heart was full to overflowing, and I longed to throw myself into his arms, and weep; but it might not be. I had a husband, and henceforth the man I loved could be nothing to me. And that husband! I would as soon have thought of throwing myself on the bosom of the Alpine snow, seeking sympathy, as to cast myself into his arms, and ask for it. It would have offended all his ideas of propriety; he "hated scenes," and thought "no woman should so far lose her self-possession as to weep." I repeated, but alas! it was too late. I had thrown away a priceless jewel; which I might never hope to find again—a true, manly heart. Aye, *Pride* was satisfied; but was I happy? No! far from it. I was flattered, caressed, and envied, but I was very unhappy.

Oh, young maidens, take warning! Oh, take heed—be not too hasty; and, above all, let not *Pride* hold dominion over you, lest you repent when it is too late. I drew the picture of a happy home this evening, but my heart so sadly cried, "It might have been," that my tears flowed fast and washed it away. Ah, my heart sings a sad requiem for dead joys, and the refrain is ever, "It might have been."

DELANCO, N. J., Oct. 16, 1858.

A HAPPY DEATH.—We extract the following from the columns of the Boston Post. It is almost needless to say that it is from the quaint pen of "Cymon," whose generous and sympathizing heart has won for him hosts of friends:—

"In what a variety of forms and shapes cometh the last summons to us, for this body to separate from the soul—for this corruption to put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality!

'Tis better in battle than in bed, said uncle Toby. He is very faithful in a house, quoth Obadiah. I never mind it myself, said Jonathan, upon a coach-box. It must, in my opinion, be most natural in bed, replied Susannah. And so each one has his or her particular desire, touching the mode and manner of their departure from earth to the "undiscovered country," although it cannot always be gratified.

We, with a party of friends, were discussing this matter one evening, when one of our number, a physician, remarked that if he could have his choice of exit from this world, he would prefer to go off in a consumption. "My wife," he said, "died that way. So gradually and so gently was her demise, that she seemed to steal imperceptibly away; and when the hand of death was really upon her, I leaned over her and asked her how she felt. She opened her bright blue eyes, radiant with a most happy expression of joy, softened with tranquillity, and whispered, 'Do not speak, dear husband; I pray you, but fold your arms around me, darling—it will be as well. I am changing worlds, and oh, how beautiful! Good bye!'"

If we can still love those who have made us suffer, we love them all the more.

Absence is to love what wind is to fire; the weak it extinguishes, but the ardent it extends.

Banner of Light.

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EVENTS AROUND US.

Whether we accept the fact or not, it affects the truth of it in no degree, that events are rapidly occurring around us which are going to give an altogether fresh and new shape to the future. We can see it, if we look thoughtfully, in our churches, in our politics, in our society, and, of course, in our literature. Everything tells us of a change. And the change will be so sudden, and yet so perfectly after the natural law of things, that many people will only wonder afterwards they did not see and recognize the meaning of the events as they passed by.

These results are to be wrought out, unquestionably, through political agencies primarily; for our whole social and religious system seems to rest upon the political system, or certainly to be so closely interwoven with it and its ramifications, that, when that is touched, the keys of the instrument are all swept together. Men can be made to understand what an election means, who would neither understand nor care for any proposed changes in theology, or, indeed, in the general conventionalisms of society. But touch them by an unexpected overthrow of their party candidates, and they are touched indeed. Hence we say that more men are interested, and strongly and deeply interested, in politics than in any other matter.

Look around and see what is the state of parties to-day. All broken—all breaking up; even the oldest, that boasts of its perpetuity because it was an offshoot from the Constitution itself, shattered and dismembered. Names go now for nothing; even the public men once elevated to a station scarcely lower than that of political deities, are now shorn of their prestige, if not their strength, and their personal power and influence reverting to others' keeping. No man can tell of a certainty, to-day, where he stands in partisan politics; surely he cannot say where he expects to stand six months, or a year hence, so uncertain have become all the usual calculations in this matter, of late, and so mixed, broken and shattered are the combinations that until very recently were considered as permanent as the skies and the seasons themselves.

Look at the elections. What do they indicate? Manifestly that new and different things are preparing; that there is a much better way than the old way, and that we shall not be long in finding it; that hitherto we have trusted others beyond their deserts, and should now come back and trust ourselves; that no associations are of any value, after they cease to embody the wants of the individuals who are parties to such associations. Pennsylvania tells us this story in trumpet voices to-day; where all old political prejudices are broken up, and men of opposite party predilections find themselves so oddly assorted and thrown together that they are tempted to laugh, like the two Roman augurs over the entrails, at the unexpected events that have thus brought them into relationship.

All these recent occurrences are pregnant with hints of the possible, the probable, and of that which is certainly drawing nigh. They are not hap-hazard occurrences, the idle play of circumstances, or the happening of results that proceed from no definite and clearly fixed causes. On the other hand, they manifest very plainly the tendency of the great, ever-active force that lies behind. They confess, first to a change, and a great change, too, in existing systems; and, secondly, to the fact that that change is in process of development. The goal is not always going to wear the expression we have carved for him in our political, religious, and social idols. The past contains no patent which prudent men are to take out for the future. Nature refuses to be thwarted, to be cheated, to be kept under forever by the restraints and decorum, and false forms of men, and so declares herself supreme by suddenly breaking up all their pretty arrangements which they thought were going to last always, and throwing them into temporary chaos and confusion.

In this state of chaos, therefore, they are to, first, look around to understand what anywhere they are—to find the missing thread which will conduct them through all the windings of the labyrinth; and, secondly, to learn to trust more, and at last, altogether, to the high and holy powers they will thus be made to see they possess themselves.

We apprehend much confusion among parties, among creeds, and among men, in the days that are dawning—any, that have already dawned. This confusion will unquestionably be as fearful as it is general; and timid minds, that have not yet learned to study the great, yet simple, law of cause and effect, will fail to perceive the relation of the new temporary condition of things to either the past or the future; hence they will be sorely exercised with baseless fears, and the more sorely because of their baselessness. The fault will be all their own, however, as the suffering must be likewise; it is the natural penalty which they ought to expect for refusing to trust man himself, preferring always to shelter themselves beneath some "thus-saith-the-Lord" authority.

It is plain enough that worthless systems must give way before better ones can supplant them. Of course two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time. When a snake gets ready to put on a new and more beautiful skin, he first sheds through the operation of putting off the old one. The old ones are as necessary for man as is the very air he breathes; they need not always be bloody, or violent, however, yet they may be none the less thorough and complete. When a man, or a body of men, stops

and seriously considers a past plan, and, seeing its falsehood, determines to revise their entire conduct in reference to that plan, the moment they put that resolution into force they become revolutionists; they are turning the old things upside down; they are doing, in reference to certain matters, what was never done before; they are proving to the sleepy world once more, that there is a better way yet than the old way, and that there always will be.

For ourselves, instead of feeling disheartened, or giving way in the least to the influence of despair, we feel most strongly encouraged by what are popularly termed the "signs of the times." We do not deny that we shall even be astonished yet, so rapid and startling will be the changes in the immediate future. That such changes are to come, is as evident as that the causes exist in such plenty which are to produce them. They lie thickly about us on every hand. They consist in the ill-arranged structures which we style government, religion, the social state; and they betray their existence by the increasing and manifest unrest that pervades all classes of people who dwell in these structures. Yes, this very restlessness, aimless though it may seem to be, signifies that a desire for improvement is at work underneath; and no active desires, if they lie in the laws and essences of nature itself, are ever suffered to go long without ultimate gratification. We can see all this distinctly enough in the history of the past; we are blind, and deaf, and demented, if we fail to recognize the same everlasting fact in the coming future.

THE FADING YEAR.

Golden Autumn is indeed smiling upon us, and, for the past week, it only needed pure hearts and souls in harmony with the outward world, to make life less burdensome and full of joy. Summer's smile yet lingers like sunlight on the face of Autumn, and the flowers which bloomed brightest beneath her regal wand, still faintly shadow forth, on field and in glen, the beauty of their earliest hour.

The genial sun beams so warmly upon us, that we are insensible to the silent yet sure steps of Autumn's decline and Winter's coming, and we do not recognize—so beautiful is the hour—the gradual withdrawal of the warmth of the sun, the fading green of the leaves, the paling of the rich tints of the flower, and the chill kiss of the air. Yet every season has its wealth of pleasure. It is refreshing in the Spring-time to wander forth and watch the trees and flowers, as they silently put forth their leaves and petals, and dress themselves in their living hues under the influence of Nature's smile. The sight of Spring, just bursting into life and freshness from the cold embrace of Winter, is like the heart as it smiles again from the long gloom of sorrow, or the dawn of boyhood as it gradually bursts from the inactivity of earliest life. In the Spring our faculties are "gilded by the influences of the outward world"—our aspirations plume their wings—our hearts grow warm and sympathetic, and we fall in love with Nature, even as we are won by the wreathing smile of beauty. Spring is the first husbandman—evidences of renewing life follow in its footsteps; its echoing tread wakes to activity the life which is hidden beneath the surface of the earth—the fertilizing sun attracts it forth, and it comes, as Spring glides silently away, and bursts to bloom beneath the geniality of a Summer's sun and smiling skies.

And then we roam far and wide the forests and the fields, linger in secluded glens, recline by babbling brooks, watch the swallow's skimming flight, or listen to the music of the inspired singers in Nature's mighty choir.

The green hills are dotted here and there with cattle and sheep, that feed in the warm sun, or grow drowsy in the cool shade of the tall maple. Peace is written in heaven—in the flowers—whispered in the breeze as it rustles through the grove—sung by the birds, and lived, by all, save man—who might learn from Nature to be joyous in the present, despite of what the past has been, or what the future may be. Autumn comes, and man is busy in garnering the ripening wealth of the fields.

To the scythe and sickle acres of golden-topped grain bow, and the echoing fall is heard beating time to the march of labor in the crowded barns. The last notes of the lark grow sweeter—the swallows collect themselves for a last reconnaissance of their old haunts, and with their young, bid a transient farewell, and leave the old farm a little lonely. Nature grows and as Autumn sings a requiem in the woods, and like tears, from the giant oak and slender sapling, from the towering pine, maple, poplar and ash fall their leaves, and carpet the barren ground. Winter comes, and with it the joys of the home-circle—the long evenings by the warm fire—grandfather's tales of the olden time—moonlight sleigh-rides, skating, coasting and snow-balling. Then, sheltered from the storm, with a prayer for those who are homeless, we may store the mind with useful knowledge, read our favorite authors, develop our inward natures, grow good and spiritual, and, with solving our younger brother's problems, build airy castles for ourselves in the ruddy fame of the fire on the hearth.

HORSE OR MAN.

After reading the reports of the great horse-fairs that have been held over the country this Fall, and having an opportunity to see the favor with which accounts of the handsomest and fleetest horses have been received by the public, we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise that people do not take a hint from the horse exhibitions, and proceed to train themselves after the methods so carefully tested in the case of the animals.

Mr. N. P. Willis, one of the editors of the Home Journal, of New York, was present at the recent Springfield Horse Fair, and wrote to his paper upon this same point to which we have alluded, after this fashion:—

"In this hour of still-visiting and unblanketing, we found, of course, excellent stuff for comparison and discussion. The art of removing defects and ingrafting excellences was fully discussed—with illustrations." But the unaccountable wonder is, that, with such an example under my own hand of what can be done to perfect one family of Nature, the horse, we are not stimulated to extend the experiment to another and more important family, that of MAN. I could not help looking round upon the crowd, in coming out from the stalls and stables of the carefully perfected and pampered, and lamenting exceedingly the undeveloped and carelessly neglected frame and health of his master the biped. Of the hundreds on the field, within sight, there was scarce one who would not have been pronounced, by a jockey, an animal out of condition. They all looked as if they would need two, or three generations of crossing with other qualities and complexions, and years of more careful training, feeding and exercising, for the restoration even of their own original type. Is not our country fatally degenerating on

this point? And, since it is of the condescending bounty of God that we are 'made in his own image,' would it not partake of the character of a religious reformation to restore to its proper dignity the image of God—in ourselves! Conversing with Gov. Banks on the subject, that evening, (himself a capital specimen of the Morgan build, pluck and endurance,) I inquired whether it could not be made a matter of State encouragement—premiums to be offered for the finest formed and best conditioned families of boys and girls, among the mechanics and farmers. It might, at least, make health a consideration, if not a condition, in wedlock, and its perpetuating of races."

It is a great deal, to know that people at last are waking up to the truth that these matters convey. Even an exhibition of horses becomes fruitful in good results to the human race, the moment they accept its legitimate suggestions. Why do we not have more perfect men and women? What is the prospect for the next generation? What are the fathers and mothers in this? These are questions few would like to answer, and answer them honestly.

But there must come a change. It does not follow that we are to grow more animal, only that the spiritual shall dwell in a temple more harmoniously adapted to the carrying-out of its ends and aims. We must have healthy bodies for healthy souls; the union is one of nature's own making, and we are to search carefully for its laws and obey them. There have been false and superficial teachers, who have told us that these things were unworthy our consideration and care; but their influence is departing—only wish it was already gone.

THE PRAYER OF THE SORROWING.

BY ELIZABETH DOTES.

"And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him."

God! hear my prayer.

Thou who hast poured the essence of thy life
Into this urn, this feeble urn of clay;
Thou who amidst the tempest's gloom and strife
Art the lone star that guides me on my way;
When my crushed heart, by constant striving torn,
Flies shuddering from its own impurity,
And my faint spirit, by its sorrows worn,
Turns with a cry of anguish unto thee—

Hear me, oh God! my God!
Oh, this strange mingling of life and death,
Of soul and substance! Let me comprehend
The hidden secret of life's fleeting breath,
My being's destiny, its aim and end,
Show me the impulses that urged me forth,
Upon my lone and burning pathway driven,
The secret force that binds me down to earth,
While my sad spirit yearns for home and heaven—

Hear me, oh God! my God!
The ruby life-drops from my heart are wrung,
By this deep conflict of my soul in prayer;
The words lie burning on my feeble tongue—
Alid me, oh Father! let me not despair.
Save, Lord! I perish: save me, ere I do!
My rebel spirit mocks at thy control—
The raging billows rise to drown my cry,
The floods of anguish overwhelm my soul—

Hear me, oh God! my God!
Peace! peace! oh willful, wayward heart, be still!
For lo! the messenger of God is near;
Bow down submissive to the Father's will,
In "perfect love" that "casteth out all fear."
Oh, pitying spirit, from the home above!
No longer shall my chastened heart rebel;
Fold me, oh fold me in thine arms of love!
I know my Father: death all things will—
I will not doubt his changeless love again.
Amen! my heart repeats, amen!

A STATUE TO NEWTON.

A beautiful statue has been set up to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton in Grantham, Lincolnshire, Eng., at the grammar school of which he was instructor. Lord Brougham—perhaps one of the most learned men in all England—delivered the address of inauguration. In the procession, was a schoolboy carrying a copy of the "Principia," one reflecting telescope, and one a prism. The galleries for spectators around the statue were arranged according to the prismatic colors.

The London Times, in speaking of this new and striking work of art, says, "A more perfect or impressive statue, or one which better realizes all our preconceived notions of one of England's greatest sons, it is difficult to conceive. It is of heroic size—from head to foot measuring nearly thirteen feet. But little of the 'figure' proper is shown, all but the hands being enveloped in the loose, easy folds of the academic gown. Thus nothing detracts from the interest of the face itself, which becomes the great feature of the whole, and which, from the mild, contemplative expression of the countenance, the broad, ample forehead and well-set mouth, firm, though not harsh in its character, at once rivets the attention of the spectator. It is not easy to convey a good idea of the face, though it is beyond all doubt one of the best and most characteristic that Mr. Theed has ever given us. The likeness is said to be a perfect copy of the philosopher in his prime of life and fame. Mr. Theed, to render this, had the advantage of forming his model from the most accurate contemporary portrait of Newton, and from a small bust of him done during his lifetime, and which, from its resemblance to the portraits, is evidently a reliable work."

The features, though not deficient in an almost animated look, and all of a happy expression, yet convey also the idea of the most profound, deep-seated thought. So fixed and impressive is this last aspect, that it almost seems as if the movements of the spectator would distract the philosopher's calculations and break the charm of thoughtfulness that appears to rest upon his features. The left hand of the figure holds a scroll covered with a mathematical diagram; the right grasps lightly, with an easy, natural turn, the folds of the silken robe. At the feet are books, with a lens and prism to break the monotony of a bare pedestal, and typify the young sage's great discoveries—which, indeed, were 'not for an age, but for all time.' The figure poses well, both in its front and profile—though, perhaps, its best and most imposing aspect is gained from a three-quarter face view from the right side. From this point the easy and natural gracefulness of the hands, and generally of the attitude, appears to peculiar advantage. On the whole, the work reflects the highest credit on Mr. Theed, and no little praise is also due to Messrs. Robinson and Cottam for the skill with which they have cast it, and the care they have taken to embody minutely the slightest touches of the artist."

MISS HARDINGE.

Next Sabbath is the last opportunity for the present that the friends of Spiritualism will have of listening to the able and instructive lectures of Miss Hardinge, as her engagements elsewhere preclude the possibility of her remaining longer in this city. She is doing a great deal of good work in the sphere she has been selected to fill, and has our best wishes, and we doubt not those of every friend of the cause, for her future welfare, wherever her lot may be cast.

MORALS OF THE PRESS.

It is not always the case that those who preach the loudest, practice the best. We have been accustomed for many months to read the furious denunciations and illegitimate satire that has been heaped upon the spiritual movement of this age by the so-called conservative, respectable, and altogether moral press; but we were no more persuaded, after all, that this same press would not take advantage of every opportunity to debauch the public mind and conscience, that offered a sufficient pecuniary recompense.

Many of the daily papers pretend that Spiritualism is low and debasing; that it feeds the passions, panders to the prejudices of the ignorant and unreflecting, imposes on the credulous, and carries everywhere it goes an influence of impurity. And yet these same papers, who thus cater to nothing but the ignorance and prejudices of their self-styled intelligent readers and subscribers, are eager to secure the very earliest returns of the brutal prize-fight that recently came off in Canada, and even kept their compositors waiting, weary, and wanting sleep as they did, till five o'clock in the morning, hoping the news would reach them over the wires before it was necessary to commence the work of printing.

Now this is a fair commentary on the value of the morality thus unpromptly professed by those priests which undertake to scout Spiritualism, because it is not as yet "respectable," and lavender-scented. In the columns of these papers are paraded the disgusting details of this brutal fight, already alluded to, and rendered, too, with a gusto that betrays the absolute love they have for the rehearsal. If this is not polluting the public taste, we should be at a loss to know what is.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Boston every Sunday during October; at Salem every Tuesday, and in Woburn every Wednesday. In November, she will lecture at Portland, Me., for the first two Sundays; at Montreal, Canada, the 16th, 17th and 18th; and at Philadelphia, Pa., the 23th. Miss Hardinge will spend the month of December in St. Louis, and be happy to receive applications from Western cities for a part of January and February. Address, during October, to the care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, Fountain House, Boston; during November to 191 Grand street, New York; and during December to the care of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo. Miss Hardinge unquestionably stands at the head of the public speakers in the field of Spiritualism.

Warren Chase will lecture Oct. 27th, 28th and 29th, in Haverhill, Mass., and Sunday, Oct. 31st in Quincy; Wednesday, Nov. 3d, in Woburn; Sunday, Nov. 7th, in Athol, Mass.; second week in Nov. in Bethel, Vt.; third week in Newport, N. H.; fourth week in Pittsfield, N. H., (his native town); Nov. 28th in Concord, N. H.; Dec. 1st, 2d and 3d, in Dover, N. H.; Dec. 5th and 12th in Portland, Me.; Dec. 7th and 8th, in Kennebunk; Dec. 14th 15th and 16th, in Portsmouth, N. H.; in Newburyport, Dec. 21st, 22d and 23d; in Salem, Dec. 26th; in Worcester, Dec. 28th, 29th and 30th; in Boston, Jan. 2d and 9th; in Providence, R. I., Jan. 12th and 13th; in Windsor Locks, Ct., Jan. 23d and 30th; in New York, Feb.; in Philadelphia and Baltimore, March; April in Ohio, and May in Michigan. The friends in Portsmouth, Dover, N. H., and Salem, Mass., are requested to make their arrangements as above, or write him at No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

H. B. Storer, inspirational medium, will fill the following engagements: In Providence, R. I., Sunday, Oct. 31st; Manchester, Conn., Nov. 7th; Worcester, Mass., Nov. 14th; Lowell, Mass., Nov. 21st and 28th; Williamstown, Ct., Dec. 5th; Manchester, Ct., Dec. 12th. He will lecture in towns adjoining the above places, if applied to by letter, which should be directed and sent to that place where he is to be next after the letter is written. Will the friends apply early, that no time need be lost.

Mrs. Charlotte F. Works will speak at Cambridgeport, Oct. 31st; at Taunton, Nov. 7th and 14th. She will make engagements to speak on week evenings during the interval. Address No. 19 Green street, Boston. While at Taunton, address Willard Tripp.

Mrs. Ada L. Conn will be at Concert Hall, Burlington, Vt., Nov. 10th and 11th, and give her wonderful public manifestations. Friends in Vermont who would like her services, will write immediately to S. B. Nichols, Burlington, Vt.

A. B. Whiting will speak in Williamstown, Conn., Oct. 31st. Those desiring lectures during the week may address him at either of the above places.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Hartford, Ct., Sunday, Oct. 31st; in Williamstown, Nov. 7th and 14th, and in Norwich, Ct., Nov. 21st and 28th, Dec. 5th and 12th. Those wishing week evening lectures in that vicinity can address Willard Barnes Felton, at either place. Address, until Nov. 1st, Hartford, Ct.

Mrs. E. J. French, of New York, will lecture in Providence, R. I., every Sunday in November. Mrs. French will receive calls to lecture week evenings during November, in the vicinity of Providence and Boston. Address No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, up to November 6th; afterwards, No. 27 Richmond street, Providence.

Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak as follows:—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.

Miss Rosa T. Amedey will speak in Portland, on Sunday, Oct. 31st. She will make engagements to speak on week evenings during the last week in October in Portland or its vicinity. Address No. 32 Allen street, Boston, previous to the 22d inst.

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

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

Miss Emma Houston will answer calls to lecture either Sundays or week evenings, in Boston or vicinity. Address Fountain House.

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

Miss Munson will speak in New Bedford on Sunday, 31st inst.

J. H. Currier, of Lawrence, will speak at Nashua, N. H., on the 31st inst., and at Manchester, Nov. 7th.

Mrs. C. Sawyer, trance-speaking medium, will lecture in Washington Hall, Charlestown, on Sunday, Oct. 31st.

TRUMPETS VS. BELLS.

Protestation of Professor Snail.

SWAMP COTTAGE.

October 1, 1858.

To JACOB JINKS, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR—

Satan is very active in these degenerate days, among the degenerate sons of men, and is continually tempting even the elect to depart from the good old ways, and walk in the ways of sin, so that even yet the words of the poet are true—you remember them, don't you, Jinks? "But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveler."

Last Saturday evening, after exhorting my family to repentance, I opened a Boston paper, and my godly soul was pained on reading that the merchants of Boston have an impious project in view, namely, putting a trumpet on the top of a building in State street, to serve the place of a bell!

I cannot believe that the Christian sons of Cottor Mather, Dr. Byles, Miles Standish, and their co-workers, will allow so sacrilegious an act to occur. Do n't every one of them know that from the remotest period bells have carried their clamor, rung folks to meeting, married folks, buried folks, and been active participants in peace and war, in joy and sorrow? Who are these presuming mortals that would so trespass on what God has established upon earth? If bells are on all the houses of God, will they not serve the houses of merchants? Or, do they so long to depart from his holy way as to have a trumpet, and a way of their own?

Ah, this trumpet scheme only shows to us, members of the church, how sadly depraved is the human heart, and how studiously careful we should be to guard every avenue of our souls from the encroachments of the evil one.

My friend Plush, of whom I wrote you, says that bells are only fit for cows! I sighed heavily at his gross profanity, and read several of good old Isaac Watts's hymns, in order that my heart might not be subject to the contagion of his sin. Why, what will become of prophecy if this trumpet is used, and becomes but the first of myriad substitutes for the time-honored bells? Are we not told that the time will come when upon the bells of the horses will be written "Holiness to the Lord?" In the name of all that's good, Jinks, do all you can to blast that trumpet movement. Call a mass meeting in the vestry of your church. Post bills on every corner, and beseech folks to come in. Exhort mankind from going against the written word, and circumventing the Lord in his prophetic purposes.

Last night I had a dream. Mrs. Snail had rolled up her three square inches of hymn book in a span-cleken linen handkerchief, and I, the Professor, had taken my large Concordance, Family Bible, Polyglott Testament, Travels in the Holy Land, Barnes's Notes on the Evangelists, and a map, showing the great black spots of Heathendom, under my arm, and started for the sanctuary. We expected to have a happy time. Our hearts were to feast on the glorious truths to be demonstrated by the Rev Dr. Peletiah Sodoms, in his manly efforts to prove the reasonableness of his own damnation, and the justice of God in subjecting him to eternal punishment. Inwardly Mrs. Snail and myself were revelling in our minds the like reasonableness of our salvation. There is only one bell in our town—only one of those divine clangers within hearing of Swamp Cottage—but that was very active, and ringing most divinely. Suddenly it seemed as though the judgment day had come, and Dr. Peletiah was about to have experimental knowledge of the reasonableness of the doctrine of eternal punishment—for the trumpet sounded. Its sound awoke me, and I was devoutly thankful that it was all a dream.

Since that moment, the trumpet and the judgment have fully occupied my mind. I consider the dream as ominous. I vorily believe it was a warning to the people of Boston, and to the whole world, to desist from their efforts to put up a trumpet instead of a bell. Should they not heed the warning, I am confident that God will come in great wrath, and slay the people, and destroy the trumpet, even as of old he drowned the Egyptians in the Red Sea, and destroyed their horses and their chariots.

Therefore I write this; and should the trumpet be put up, and its first sound prove to be that spoken of by the prophets, which should declare time to be no longer, and call us all to the judgment, let the guilt fall on whom it may, eternal punishment be meted out to whom it will, gnashing of teeth be the fated employment of whom it shall, weeping, the service rendered by some, and wailing the service rendered by others—remember, Jacob Jinks, that by reason of this warning letter, none of those things shall come.

Yours confidently,

PROFESSOR SNAIL.

A GOOD MOVEMENT.

Bro. J. H. Currier, of Lawrence, writes us, under date of October 20, as follows:—"The last two Sabbaths I spoke in Nashua, N. H., where a few noble souls have manifested an interest in our cause worthy of emulation. They have leased a neat, centrally located and commodious church, (the Freewill Baptist,) for one year, where they intend to hold spiritual services every Sabbath, as well as to throw open its doors for any of the clergy to lecture against Spiritualism; thus evincing a truly Christian spirit, and a confidence that the glorious truths, so dear to us all, need only to be seen side by side with the oracles and dogmas of the past, to be appreciated and adopted."

REV. THEODORE PARKER.

We regret that it becomes necessary for us to inform our readers that Mr. Parker continues ill, and that there is danger of his illness terminating in consumption. This, at his age, renders his situation exceedingly critical.

We trust he may be spared many more years; for those who are laboring to establish a liberal Christianity, which shall be in harmony with science and reason, can hardly afford to spare him now.

CONFERENCE AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET.

A conference will be held at this place every Wednesday evening, commencing on the 27th inst., for the presentation of matters relating to the subject of Spiritualism. Question for remarks on Wednesday evening—

IS ANYTHING WRONG?

All who are interested in Spiritualism are invited to attend. Admission free.

MUSIC HALL.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Lower Music Hall again on Friday evening, next, at 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission, ten cents.

Sabbath in Boston.

MISS HARDINGE AT THE MELODEON.

Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 24.

It rained in a kind of a nasty way, yet the audience at the Melodeon was larger than usual. Miss H. prefaced her remarks by the following texts of New Testament Scripture:—

And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness.

Who also hath made us able ministers of the New Testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory; why yet am I also judged as a sinner?

And he said unto them, Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the Kingdom of God: but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables: that seeing, they may see and not perceive; and hearing, they may hear and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them.

Such are specimens of the New Testament, in which it seems the Chief of the Apostles, and the reputed Father of Christianity, is sent to instruct the multitude false, that they might receive the delusion—believe a lie—and so not be saved, and that the letter killeth, while the spirit giveth life!

We have selected them, as embodying the theological idea of Jesus, and of Christianity, which has tracked its way gradually through the Caucasian race—which seems to be the great ultimatum of humanity—down to this nineteenth century.

It is our present purpose to show the relation between Christ and God, and between Christianity and Jesus of Nazareth—whom we purpose to place before you as the antipodes of Christianity, instead of its cause.

We look at contemporaneous history, and we find no record of Christ, nor of the miraculous events of his time. We consult Pliny, who wrote during the very time Christ was reputed to have lived, yet we find nothing concerning him. We take the historian of the Jews, Josephus, though he narrates every particular item, with care and accuracy, is silent on this point, till three hundred years after, another hand interpolates those ancient records with the system of Christianity. Rome, who was the queen of civilization, is silent, too. The most trifling matters are faithfully chronicled, yet we hear nothing of this wonderful man, except in one or two cases, where the rebellious sect of Christians is spoken of, as tearing out each other's hearts. Finding no satisfaction in profane history, we are compelled to content ourselves with the Scriptures.

In this discourse, please bear in mind we are treating of the theological Christ, not of humble Jesus, the Nazarene. One of the first passages in the record called the New Testament, tells of his miraculous birth, and of the fulfilling of the words of the prophets—though, when we look back at those same prophecies, we can hardly help believing that an Egyptian, Persian or Indian Messiah is referred to, judging from the wealth of Oriental language and figures. Two of his historians, or biographers, attempt to prove his noble blood by tracing the genealogical tree of Joseph back to old King David, while, on the other hand, Christianity always disclaims the idea of his least relationship to Joseph, and maintains his immaculate conception by Mary through the interposition of Deity. We find him at the age of twelve, disputing with the doctors in the temple, and his mother reproves him, saying, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." In this instance, surely the letter of Scripture killeth the spirit of immaculate conception. Again, it is claimed by St. Matthew, in his gospel, that he was born in the days of Herod the king. Now history informs us that Judea was not a Roman province at the time of Herod. In another portion of the Testament, we find he was born when Cyrene was Governor of Judea.

We have no evidence that Herod caused the first-born male child of every family to be put to death, after tampering with the wise men of the East, led on by a star no astronomer ever heard of. Even Josephus, though he collates every record of Herod's cruelty, makes no mention of this monster inhumanity. It is evident the biographers neglected to consult the map, in setting down the way-marks of the travel into Egypt, for they are most impossible ones. We are fain to believe, instead of admitting this slaughter as a reality, that it is an ingenious fiction, made up by those who are interested in having the law and the prophets fulfilled. Another trouble is, that this simple story of the slaughter of the innocents and the flight into Egypt, is an old Hindoo tradition, older than any language—even than the Sanscrit itself—carved on the monuments of the East, in a hieroglyphic no key will unlock. We believe this was the model, in spite of the apology of Justin Martyr, that Satan, in his cunning, fore-knewing the history of Jesus, had given the pagans some of the events of his life, and caused them to be mixed into their conception of their deities—doing this as a species of jealous envy of the one who was to crush him out of existence. But on the monuments they stand, and have stood for untold ages.

Luke, another biographer, speaks of Christ's birth during the governorship of Cyrene; and then of Joseph and Mary going up to Judea to be taxed; but in all Roman history we find no record of any such tax as they went to pay.

The next great event is his baptism by John the Baptist, who was crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and make his path straight." We find this same John forestalling the very religion of Christ; and when Jesus appears to him, to be baptized, John knows him not till God descends in the form of a dove; and then he is so incredulous that he afterwards sends his friends to make inquiry whether he is or not the promised Messiah.

Then we find him again wearing the gorgeous and fantastic drapery of nature, in the midst of the terrible wilderness, to be tempted of the Evil One, that the law and the prophets might be fulfilled. Here we are introduced to the *propria persona* of the embodiment of Evil. Who wrote the history of this terrible interview, we are left to surmise. Perhaps Jesus narrated the circumstances to his friends, who recorded it—for we read of no witnesses being present. The poor Devil seems strangely impertinent, when he offers Christ all the kingdoms of the earth—and shows them to him from the top of the mountain—if he will but worship him; and Jesus is wofully ignorant when he tells him in reply that he can worship only God, for he is heard to say to another of the devil's insinuations: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." If he is the Lord God, he does not maintain his character very well. We look vainly for the spirit which will unfold this mystery.

Again, we find an incongruity in his teachings. In one gospel he commands his apostles not to go, nor preach to a certain nation; and again, to preach the gospel to "every living creature." At one time he denounces the nation of Samaria, and again he makes a Samaritan his model of a benevolent and charitable man, and converses with a woman of Samaria, putting forth the most remarkable Platonic and Pythagorean doctrines. At one time he commands his followers, when smitten on one cheek, to turn the other, and if a man took their cloak, to give him their coat also, and again we hear of him impudently scourging the money-changers from the temple. He asks his followers to forgive the sinner seventy times and seven, and again to solemnly denounce him in the face of the church. At one time he vetoes the sacramental law of Moses, and again upholds it, and endorses the cruelty of the old Jewish leader, because of the hardness of the people's hearts. At one time he beautifully represents that they who feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and visit the sick, are the favored ones of heaven; and again he is made to say that a belief in his own divinity is necessary for salvation. At one time he can perform wonderful miracles, and at another he can do nothing, because of the unbelief of the people.

All these incongruities leave us deeply in doubt; and we are equally at a loss to comprehend the conduct of Christ at the crucifixion. The biographers differ so widely, that we know not whether it took place by day or by night; and when we see admitted his human attachment to life conquering, and in the garden of Gethsemane he asks that the cup may pass from him, and on the cross he exclaims—"My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" truly the letter killeth the assumptions of the paternity of God.

After he had risen, he allows one of his friends to touch him, to prove that he has not parted with his mortality. Why did he not let Mary Magdalen touch him, when he counsels her not to, because he had not yet ascended? And with mortal forgiveness he prays to his God to pardon his murderers, for they knew not what they did.

The world—the truthful, thinking, philosophic, analytic minds which have been the glory of the world—never have believed these incongruities, and never will. We do not pretend to unravel them, on the plane of theologic belief, but ask you to measure them with that power within each of you—the spirit of reason. By this we wish to show you who he was, and what myths of Egyptian theology are wound around him.

In the palmy days of the old Egyptian Gnostics, Greek and Roman Eclectics, the gospel of love was born. Nineveh and Babylon had passed into the death of luxury and pride, and a new era of philosophy and science had risen. The fungi of the eastern sects united in a great philosophy, and a divine inventor or author was sought for. The search was not in vain. We find in Jesus, born at Jerusalem, the need supplied. He was a man walking in humility, and governed by love and kindness. He was a Nazarene, but not in the punning sense implied by the Scriptures—only one who entertained the opinions of the Nazarenes. Opposition to all spiritual authority, but subjection to civil restraint, was the position of Christ. He went about doing good, and teaching unlimited freedom of conscience. This brought down upon him the indignation of the priesthood, and he was subjected to the felon's death. He taught that in his (and our) father's house were many—not mansions, but—monasteries, or places of rest and shelter, such as were established by Eclectic monks all over the east. We find him healing the diseased body as well as the diseased mind; and performing juggleries, after the manner of the magicians of Egypt. We find him, when his last hours drew nigh, taking leave of his friends, and asking them, whenever they should meet after his death, to drink to his memory. We recognize him in the touching scenes of his death—his heavy agony and noble humanity—and when the pain and suffering conquer for a moment his stern purpose, he asks his God why he has forsaken him, and with that agonized cry ends his mission upon earth. And again we recognize his pure soul in communion with his brothers after his death, they being endued with psychologic vision, capable of recognizing him.

Then we find churches, not springing up in a moment, but existing years before—colleges of Eclecticism—embalming his memory, and deifying his body.

Let us separate the true from the false, and when we find incongruities and improbabilities, let us not fail to make them known, for the truth is ever the strongest. The beautiful spirit of Jesus of Nazareth has been bequeathed to us as the best gift of the past, and we pray God will forgive those who have murdered his religion, till it is a dead, rotten theology, even as Christ prayed on the cross for those who took his life on bloody Gethsemane.

Sunday Evening.

In the evening, she based her remarks on the creed of Saint Athanasius—the pillar upon which Christianity stands, and which has supported the fabric for fifteen hundred years, and to which all Christian sects have subscribed. The miraculous conversion of Constantine, the mighty conqueror, drew with him the rabble—as a great name always will—to the Christian religion. It is claimed that while he invoked the Pagan gods before the eve of a battle, he saw a cross in the heavens; and the Greek words *toito nika* above it, by which signal he was filled with faith, and led his army on to victory. But there were those who traced his conversion by another chain of circumstances. He had before consigned a lovely wife to a bath of boiling water, and a son had been murdered by him soon after. His crimes haunted him, and in his troubled sleep a red hand traced murder in burning letters upon his brain. He applied to a pagan priest for respite for his sins. The oracle was consulted, and the voice of Jove, the Thunderer, himself, responded that there was no expiation for the murderer. He could get no satisfaction from Paganism, so he turned to Christianity and found it there. Christianity not only forgave his past murders, but granted him freedom to commit more. We find the first use he makes of his piety is at the very time he was at the Nicene council, when he gives orders for the murder of his nephew, and shortly after it dissolved followed it by the husbands of his sisters, and the Pagan priest who had denied him forgiveness for his crimes. No wonder that the Pagans dared write *Deuare!* on the door of the first church in Rome, and that Constantine found it expedient to move the seat of his new religion to Constantinople, for dread of the Pagans, whose sense of justice he had so grossly outraged. This was the Christianity of the meek and lowly Jesus, three hundred years after his death, and this is his champion!

Soon we find Europe pouring out its flower and chivalry to the torrid plains of Syria, to fight the crusades. The plains of Askalon are white with tents, and the sun-dashes upon the dimeters of those who have gone to rescue an old tomb from the hands of the infidel. The gay young knight, with the love-knot on his spear, and the old warrior, worn and gray with service. They have left home, all that makes life lovely, to fight the infidels, and to lay down and die, on the burning desert, food for the vultures, who have been drawn thither from all over the world. Do you know the terror of the unripe spirit, torn from his body untimely? Then know of the whole armies of disembodied spirits, hovering to-day over the plains of Askalon, looking in vain for Christ to come and receive them in the pomp of triumphant arms!

The next point alluded to was the Reformation in England. Henry VIII. wished to get a divorce from his wife. The Catholic religion, with its untold licentiousness, would not grant it; and he found refuge in Protestantism, and the tyrant king becomes Christ's vicegerent.

In Spain and Italy worse than demonic crimes became the service of Christ, and great intellects, which, properly guided, would have reformed the world, bowed themselves down to study a greater torment than the thumb-screw and the rack, to torture poor Jews—Jesus's brothers and sisters—with.

The tocsin rang on the eve of St. Bartholomew's day, and its sweet music was the signal for bloodshed and the slaughter of thousands of poor Huguenots; and on the last day, Margaret of Navarre, the pride of the chivalry of France, blushing and blooming in her bridal beauty, was first in a royal procession to see an old gray-haired admiral—one who had grown old in his country's service—wrapped in a shroud of flame and smoke—burned to death, in the name of God, because he was a Huguenot.

The most dangerous doctrine of Christianity is vicarious atonement—that the death of a good man will wash away the sin-spots from the soul of the murderer; and where Christianity has painted God black with diabolism, what marvel that religious ones have deemed their grossest cruelty his highest service?

New York Correspondence.

Mr. Pierpont's Lectures—In Roy Sunderland at the Conference—Interesting Session.

New York, Oct. 23, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—Mr. Pierpont is to remain with us still two weeks, making four Sabbaths in all. His audiences last Sunday at Dodworth's, were equally large, and equally well pleased, as at first. Many were unable to gain admission and went disappointed away. The subject of the reverend gentleman's discourse, in the morning, was—"Authority;" and he handled it in a very able and conclusive manner. The chief characteristic of the argument was—not what would have been expected from a mind strongly imbued with the poetic feeling—its plain common sense. His text was—"It taught them as one having authority;" and around this he clustered the points, distinctions and illustrations of a most instructive lecture. He said, that authority has its proper place, and teachings; and he drew clearly the very necessary distinction between them. The teacher addresses himself to the intellect—the understanding; and gives his reasons for everything the hearer is invited to accept. The teacher calls into play the various faculties of the mind he addresses, leaving them free, meanwhile, to receive or reject his teachings. Not so with the potentate. The man having authority, saith to one man, go, and he goeth; and to another, come, and he cometh; and to his servant, do this, and he doeth it. He does not address the intellect or judgment, but the will. And where the authority is acknowledged, this is right; though God, the sovereign over all, in the Deed, has condescended to accompany the command with the reasons, in at least four of the commandments; and where the reasons are not given, we may be sure that good and sufficient ones exist. Christ combined the offices of potentate and teacher. Sometimes he utters a simple precept or command, without any reasons; but more commonly, as the teacher, he commends his instructions to his hearers by showing them the reasons on which they are based; as, Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven. In other cases he utters the precept without any accompanying reason; as, Resist not evil; but to whomsoever shall smite thee on one cheek, turn the other also. To those who accept him as Lord, these commands are binding; for it is not incumbent on him to give a reason, unless he chooses.

A potentate also instruct his officers, that they may be enabled to carry out his commands; but the proper teacher is without authority. His appeal is to the judgment; and thus, in saying that Christ taught as one having authority, can only mean that he gave instruction with a dignity and force of illustration, which carried conviction to his hearers, of the truth of his sayings and his mission.

In our acceptance or rejection of the truths of Spiritualism, or of the truths taught even in the Bible, we have no other standard but our reason. To this everything must be subjected, in the clearest light we can command, and for the time being, right or wrong, its decisions must be final. If wrong, we can only wait for an increase of our intelligence, and a brighter, purer light.

Mr. La Roy Sunderland, of your city, is spending a week or two with us. At a Conference last week, and again at Clinton Hall, Sunday, he related facts in his experience, and conclusions at which he had arrived, much to our edification. His experience in spiritual matters has doubtless been great; and he avers it as his belief that he has witnessed more of the phenomena than any other man, but that he has scarcely found medium devoid of humbug and trick. He said he knew nothing about spirits or the spirit-world, still he had seen spirits and felt them and heard them. He had heard most beautiful music which he saw was not made by mortals. It sounded like an *Æolian* harp, and played a tune at his request. He believed it was produced by spirits. He has mediums in his own family, and had seen a table in his own house moved fifty-six feet without physical contact. Several persons, among them Dr. Ware and Mr. Davis, stood up about it, but did not touch it. He had seen tables moved in his own house hundreds of times. Still his experiences were unsatisfactory, and his communications, in the main, had proved unreliable. One night he was waked out of sleep, and saw before him the form of a beautiful woman, with flowing curls. He thought at first it was a physical body, but soon discovered that he could see through

it. In the morning the spirits gave him a rational account of it, and told him who it was. A few nights after, he was awakened by a noise, and thought he saw another spirit, but, by following it up, discovered that it was his own shadow! The spirits affirmed this to be a reappearance of the same spectre.

He had given much attention to mental epidemics. He had no intention to make war on the churches, but he had pursued the science of psychology for more than forty years, and found it easy to account for various nervous phenomena, revivals, trances, vision, and the like, without calling in the agency of spirits. He believed in the spirit-world, and in spirit influence; but did not believe that the form he saw was a spirit, for a spirit cannot be seen with the natural eye. Neither did he believe in guardian angels. Our mediums, he believed, were each attended by a familiar spirit, who gives the best answers to questions it can.

On the whole, I am better pleased with Mr. Sunderland than I expected to be. He is a man of great frankness and intelligence; but I fear that a seeming delight in paradoxes, and the love of startling his hearers, is doing him great injustice, and weakening an influence which otherwise might be widely useful to the world. For instance; the points, as stated above, were so left by him before the public; but on a further conversation with him, he admitted that spirits could be seen with the *spiritual* eye, and that spirits have the power to condense substance from the atmosphere, so that this substance, in their form, may become visible to the *natural* eye; and, furthermore, that though revivals of religion, and the phenomena of trances are depending on psychologic cases, that the same laws are brought in requisition every hour, whenever we attempt, by word, look, or gesture, to influence one another, either for good or evil; and, in short, that these laws are the means by which God moves his creatures; and has empowered them to move one another; and that it is only the abuse of this power, in attempts to subjugate the will of another, or to lead him astray, which is to be condemned.

The Conference last evening was a reduplication of that of last week. Mr. Coles and Mr. Von Fleck occupied considerable time in exposing the tricks of mediums. It is certainly time that deception and fraud should be winnowed from the cause, but in doing this, grave charges ought not to be brought against individuals, unless they can be backed by sufficient proof. It is not enough to show how a medium might have cheated. The question is, *did he cheat?* No one denies that many of the spiritual phenomena might be imitated; and no doubt there are tricksters who do imitate them; and unprincipled mediums who help on the wonders they exhibit, by additional ones which they produce themselves. But what well-informed and candid Spiritualist believes that this is generally the case?

Dr. Gray related the following fact: At a dark circle, an infant child of Mrs. Dr. Hallock, which had died at the age of two and one-half years, announced itself; and, at request, gave credence of its identity by rapping out a tune which its mother had been in the habit of singing to it. Then the mother announced that the little hand of her child was on hers, clear and distinct; and this hand was then placed on Dr. Hallock's hand; and, subsequently, on his own. It remained patting the back of his hand for some time. He measured it, and knew it to be a child's hand; when there was no child in the house; certainly not in the room.

MR. FOSTER'S MEDIUMSHIP.

New York, Oct. 17, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—As an earnest investigator of spiritual phenomena, and a constant reader of your paper, I would ask of your correspondent "Itivulet," whence the necessity for the *reliability* of the mediumship of Mr. Foster being so especially forced on the public? I make this inquiry in all sincerity, as the article to which I allude has had a diametrically opposite effect on me to that which his panegyrist contemplates, since it has led me to entertain strong doubts of that medium's integrity. Had this never been questioned, what need was there to occupy the public mind with comments on his *reliable* reliability? If he really possess this characteristic in so perfect a degree—if all "the facts constituting this portion of his mediability cannot be construed into anything but manifestations of the presence of invisible personalities," why is so much trouble taken to inform the world of that which his seances will undoubtedly establish?

For one, (and one out of many, who view this subject in a similar manner,) I am *repelled*, rather than attracted to this medium, by the peculiar style of this article; it is to me a *riposte* out of which an ocean of doubt and suspicion is flowing. No one can esteem, I might almost say venerate, an *honest*, *truthful* medium more completely than I do—for does he not restore to me my loved ones, and thereby deprive the grave of its sting, its sorrow and its gloom? But proportionately do I reprobate the person who, for the accumulation of earthly dross, should tamper with my credulity, and make a puppet of the spirit in whom my most sacred thoughts, my deepest affections are garnered up; for such an one, I hold no approbrium is too great—no consideration should prevent his being exposed to the scorn and detestation which such hypocrisy and charlatanism merit. I mean nothing personal in this to Mr. Foster; but I cannot help repeating the question—*why* such a tirade about his *reliability*?

I am thankful that it has not taken me seven years as I obtained *justly* reliable tests from my spirit-friends. In much less time have I received most incontrovertible evidence of holding communion with my dear departed ones. The names of those with whom I have had my seances it is needless for me to give, as their character for *reliability* is too well established for them to require any eulogium from me. One very desirous that the bark of Spiritualism may ever find a truthful

ANCHOR.

SOCIAL LEVEE.

The first of a series of six social assemblies, to be given by the Ladies' Harmonical Band of Spiritualists, will take place at Union Hall, corner of Washington and Essex streets, on Thursday evening, 28th inst. The object being purely a charitable one—to raise funds for the relief of the poor—we hope our friends will be present in goodly numbers. As no tickets are to be disposed of at the door of the hall, it is necessary to bear in mind that they may be obtained of Mrs. F. H. Cunningham, 17, Saratoga street, East Boston; Mrs. P. Sprague, 3 Marion street; Mrs. J. T. Gardner, 4 Phelps Place; Mrs. B. Britnal, 63 Kenley street, Charlestown; Mrs. J. Jenkins Warren, opposite Winthrop street, Roxbury; Belle Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, and at the Fountain House, corner of Harrison avenue and Beach street.

The Busy World.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER:—On the first page—Poetry; "Rocky Nook," continued. Second page—a fine story, entitled, "Rosa Bonheur," by Ophelia M. Cloutman. Third page—"Sweet Sara Lynde," a poetic effusion, by Lita H. Barney; a thrilling tale by Neil Anderson, called "The Victory and the Abbeys;" "To-day and To-morrow," by Gerald Massey; "Pride," by Agnes Carra—an original sketch; A Happy Death. Fourth and fifth pages—The usual variety of editorials, reports of lectures, correspondence, &c. Sixth page—Spirit messages; Poetry. Seventh page—Five columns of original matter, from various correspondents. Eighth page—Pearls; Miss Harding's lecture at Music Hall; Facts and Tests, &c.

It is stated that Gen. Walker and Mr. Soule have a new scheme on foot for settling emigrants in Nicaragua. Societies on the plan of the New England Emigrant Societies have been formed in the South, and several bodies of emigrants will depart from Southern ports early in November.

Why should railway travelers invariably avoid the 12.50 train? Because it would be 10 to 1 if they caught it.

The history of Dr. Charles Main's mediumship will appear in the next number of the BANNER.

ELOPEMENT AND ROBBERY IN TORONTO.—A man named Lewis Dunn, a runner for a hotel in Toronto, eloped on Monday with the wife of Mr. John Osborne of the Union Hotel of that city. The guilty pair carried off \$250 belonging to Osborne.

Read the letter on the seventh page in reference to Professor Grimes.

RACE.—Dignity wishes to know if a horse-race is akin to the human race?

"Tell me, ye angelic hosts,
To messengers of love,
Shall suffering printers here below
Have no redress above?"
The angelic hands replied—
"To us is knowledge given—
Delinquents on the printer's books
Can never enter heaven!"

Professor Snell is out against the "impious project" of placing a trumpet on the Old State House.

"THE PRAYER OF THE SORROWING,"—Poetry, by Lizzie Doten,—which we place upon our fourth page, will be read with pleasure by all refined minds. It is one of the most beautiful invocations in the English language.

Another overland mail—four days later—arrived at St. Louis on Saturday last; but brought no papers.

Professor Snell, of Amherst College, returned from Europe by the steamer this week.

"I think," said Digby to Brad, the other day, after a long silence, "that a military officer may properly be said to possess commanding talents!"

"I do n't offer sir, to militate," said Brad.

The New York and Boston dentists are daily pulling teeth by electricity. The operation was shocking enough before.—*Louisville Journal.*

Sawyer's new translation of the New Testament was issued, on Monday, by Messrs John P. Jewett & Co. They have been compelled to print ten thousand copies for the first edition.

EXECUTION OF A WOMAN.—Mrs. Twigg was executed at Danville, Pa., on the 22d inst., for the murder of her husband. Clark, her paramour was executed some time before.

While we believe the natural dispositions of most children are ornamented with the gems of virtue, rather than vice, yet such is the impossibility of preventing occasional bad associations, that too much care cannot be exercised in giving a right direction to mind and morals.

What grows less tired the more it works? A carriage wheel.

FROM MEXICO.—New Orleans papers of late date contain the particulars of the defeat of Vidaurri by Miramon. The former was not on the field when the engagement commenced, and his army appears to have been attacked when least apprehensive and prepared for it. The rumor at Brownsville was, that the defeated army lost 100 killed, and that 2000 of them were taken prisoners, with their artillery and provisions. An express from Monterey to Matamoros, however, says their loss was not so great, and that only a portion of the artillery and provisions were captured by Miramon's forces, and that the Liberal party made the retreat from the field in good order.

An official paper received at Monterey says that Vidaurri has already sent orders to the commander of Tampico for another park of artillery, where there is plenty to be had, which will soon be in the field, together with the many forces concentrating about Vidaurri, to renew the attack. Col. Guadalupe Garcia was to leave Tampico on the 2d inst., for the interior, with 300 Infantry and artillery.

Private advices from a high source state that Vidaurri had ordered all Spaniards to leave San Luis Potosi within twenty-four hours, and that if any were found there afterwards, they would be treated as in the enemy's camp. The Captain-General of Cuba has ordered two vessels of war from Cuba to protect his countrymen.

A NEW SPIRITUAL PAPER.

CHANCEY D. GRISWOLD, of Buffalo, N. Y., proposes to publish a Spiritual paper, to be called "The Sunbeam." The first number is to be issued on the 13th of November, at the price of one dollar a year. Clubs of eight subscribers to pay quarterly in advance, if they prefer to do so.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

E. D. PLYMOUTH.—Much obliged. Should be pleased to hear from you often.

N. L. BUDWATER, VT.—Your letter received; statement correct and satisfactory.

A. J. BISHOP, ILL.—A letter enclosed to us, addressed J. Seale, will reach they party you speak of.

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—Modern Spiritualism. Admission, ten cents.

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

MEETINGS IN CHURCH on Sundays, morning and evening, at Green Hall, Winthrop street. D. F. GOODALL, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

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

NEWSPAPERS.—Spiritualists of this place hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Essex Hall, State street, at 3 and 7 o'clock. The best of trance speakers engaged.

PATIENCE, R. L.—At the Harmonical Institute, No. 17 So. Main street, circles are held and lectures delivered every evening. Sabbath morning services at half-past 10 o'clock.

The Public Press.

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

NATURAL LAWS.—REPLY TO "W. S. A."

Messrs. Editors.—In your paper of Oct. 16th, I notice an article under the head of "Natural Laws," (No. 2.) in which it is attempted to be proved, first, that God gives his personal and immediate superintendence to the performing or accomplishment of each and every act of nature—as the raising of a chicken, or a blade of grass; second, that the God spoken of, is a personal God, and not as some spirits teach, merely a Principle. Now, in attempting to prove the above, the author makes no less than seven assumptions as a basis of his argument, neither one of which, to my mind, can be proved, and neither of which do I believe to be a fact; and, even admitting his assumptions, he draws deductions and inferences therefrom which the premises will not warrant. His ideas may be right, and I may be in error, but we are all constituted differently, so much so, that probably no two can believe alike on all subjects, and inasmuch as we all arrive at truth by giving every disputed doctrine a careful and candid consideration, and as I happen to believe his argument neither logical nor reasonable, I will advance some of my objections to his theory, merely asking that they may be received for what they are worth. We are all, or ought to be, seekers after truth, and my sole object is to assist in arriving at truth, and in combating error.

I will begin by making the following assumptions, which I believe few will dispute—first, I assume that we, as human beings, having certain inherent powers, exist. Next, that the known elements, as fire, air, earth, and water, exist; also, that some elements, or combination of elements, may be made to exist, such as steam by the known action of fire on water; gunpowder, by the known combination of certain ingredients, and so on.

Now if I, in the exercise of my individual powers, apply fire to gunpowder, I know (all the requisite conditions being complied with) that it will explode. Now I claim such effect is caused by an inherent nature in each of such ingredients, independent of the immediate action of a personal God; for if it would be necessary to the success of the experiment that a personal God should be present, and by his own powers and action cause the explosion, then the action of that God is under my certain control; for, when I choose to bring about certain results, all I have to do is to comply with certain conditions of nature, and lo! the God is on hand and obliged to perform what I demand. Most upholders of a personal God acknowledge that we, as individuals, are free to act for good or evil—so if I have the power at will to ignite gunpowder, or perform any other action by which I produce results in accordance with nature's laws, which results would not be produced if I had not acted, then as far as I have succeeded in accordance with my will, so far I have compelled the personal God, if such exist, to do my will. If any will say I have no power of myself to perform any of these actions, unless as God does it through me, then I am not a responsible individual; and, if I commit a crime, it is not I, but the God who acts through me, who is responsible.

The belief in the existence of a personal and all-powerful God, and, at the same time, in the doctrine that man is a free agent, and has power to act his will for good or evil, to my judgment, appears very inconsistent; for, as I have above endeavored to show, either the God is absolute and the man must be a mere machine in his hands, or the man is absolute and the God is under his control—and as either of the above deductions cannot reasonably be entertained, and as we know that man exists, and that we know of the existence of a personal God—the reasonable inference to my mind, is, that such a being as a personal God does not exist.

Your, fraternally,
J. H. S.
Boston, October 22, 1853.

NATURAL LAWS—NO. 4.

The Development system, as it is called, as applied to the physical universe in the sense in which it has been maintained and explained by some of its Spiritual advocates, has done much to produce an atheistic belief. This doctrine, as I understand it, is, that matter has in successive periods of the world, by its own innate energy, produced all the changes that have taken place in the realms both of physical and intellectual nature; that, beginning with matter in its crudest and most unorganized form, this process has gone on, continually refining and purifying it, until, in its last and most perfect state, it inhabited in man, with all his physical, moral and intellectual powers; that the mineral, the vegetable and animal kingdoms are but successive grades in the progress of development, and that man is its crowning work on this earth. I know well that the persons who have advanced these views, and who have also professed a belief in the existence of God; but the manner in which they have presented their theory leads inevitably to the conclusion—that there is no God separate from the physical universe, or to the doctrine of pantheism, in its most material and gross form—or, in other words, that matter is capable, in itself, of alone producing all the changes and assuming all the forms through which it passes up to its latest manifestation.

The development theory may be made a perfectly rational one, and may have been the mode in which the great Author of nature has proceeded in the successive stages of advancement in the physical universe, but not in the way they have presented it. It can in no way be made to extend to the mind, or the spiritual nature of man; and when it is carried to this extent, it becomes perfectly absurd and preposterous. There is no conceivable way by which matter, which originally existed without any intellectual or moral qualities, should ever assume them or become developed into them—for it is a self-evident axiom that nothing can transmit to other existences what it has not itself.

But those persons who have supported the Development system, as now considered, have left out of sight entirely, in explaining their views, the fact of God acting upon matter in the progress of this system; and have invested matter with the sole power of producing by itself all these changes. They do not mention him at all, as being concerned in them, but seem to think that matter is the only agent to produce them; and they not only develop minerals into vegetables, and vegetables into animals, and animals into man, with all his physical, moral and intellectual characteristics, but one species of animals into another, and the baboon into a human being.

The difference between their views and my own

upon this subject, may be thus stated. They would do and maintain that matter is endowed with the energy and capacity of continually unfolding itself into the different forms into which it passes; while I maintain that God himself, acting upon matter, has been continually employed in producing these various changes at the time when they take place. That he is the great architect, chemist, astronomer and geologist, who taking matter with all its existing properties, capacities and forces, which he in the first instance created, has moulded and fashioned it into all those new forms, and given to it all those powers and motives that have been imparted to it at the time when they take place; and that it would be just as absurd to suppose that matter of itself could construct a steamboat without the mechanical aid of man, or that it could transform itself into bread without human agency, as to suppose that the mineral, the vegetable and the animal forms existing, could be produced without the immediate agency of God, or of some being of the requisite intelligence and power, or that the planetary system could have been created, and its motions originated and carried on, without the immediate and direct exercise of his wisdom and power. And while the Development theory, properly modified and understood, may be a perfectly rational one, as applied to the construction of the universe of matter, and its progress—but not to mind or spirit—when the agency of God is supposed to be immediately employed for this purpose, it becomes a perfectly absurd and false one when his agency is excluded and ignored. It then ascribes intelligence, design, contrivance, adaptation, skill and plan to matter—qualities of which it is known to be entirely destitute, and in this way endeavors to account for effects, without the intervention of any adequate causes to produce them.

And a further difference between our views upon this subject is, that I view new races, whether of vegetables or animals, as new creations by God, and not as a progressive development; and in this I am borne out by the recent discoveries in geology. And further, that in no case can one vegetable, or one animal, be developed into another and a distinct kind, for of this is no evidence existing, drawn from any of the sciences, but it is merely and entirely an unsupported theory.

And to this Development theory, thus erroneously and deceptively expounded, may, among other causes, be attributed the slow progress which Spiritualism has made among a portion of the intelligent, religious and reflecting part of the community. Identifying Spiritualism with atheism, it has disgusted them, and failed to recommend itself to their acceptance. And while the evidence upon which it rests is impregnable and the facts it furnishes are indisputable, some of its doctrines, as laid down by its professed friends and believers, and among others, their atheistic views, have repelled a large portion of those who, otherwise, would have investigated its claims, and become its converts, if it had been presented only in connection with a rational theology that would have recommended itself to their judgment.

W. S. A.

Boston, Oct. 23, 1853.

"PROFESSOR" GRIMES EXPOSED.

FRANKLIN N. H., Oct. 11, 1853.

Messrs. Editors.—We have been told very much, at different times, of Professor Grimes, and his power to annihilate all the spiritual phenomena by a single touch of his wonderfully scientific wand. We have heard of his triumphs in various places in detecting mediums in their practices of fraud, and especially of his ability to explain, upon scientific principles, all the phenomena attributed to spirits. But what was our surprise, at learning from a handbill thrown in at our door, that this great Professor Grimes had actually made himself bodily manifest in our town, and would send all the poor Spiritualists "howling after their gods," by a few emanations from his learned and scientific mind. His first lecture was free, and though he gave the audience no insight into the alchemical process by which all darkness was to be turned into daylight, yet he promised it should be forthcoming in his future lectures.

The second and third lectures were delivered to tolerable audiences, among whom were many Spiritualists, eager to catch all the light which this great champion of science could throw upon the subject; but, up to this time, he had not reached a single point which pertained to Spiritualism. He had given several experiments in Mesmerism and Biology, such as controlling the subject to do his will in several ways—causing them to lift-up a table, or not lift it, at his will. Also, impressed sights upon the subject's mind, in precisely the same manner that experimenters in Biology have often done in our place. He also explained the raps, by saying, "wherever there was a rap there was a rogue;" then showed us how to make them, by putting the end of a pencil on the table, and slipping the thumb upon it.

He was asked a few questions by persons in the audience, relative to other phenomena, such as the answering of mental questions and sealed letters, but met the inquiries with bluff and evasive answers, and, finally, denied the phenomena; whereupon, Col. W. L. Fay, owner and occupant of the Webster farm, made the Professor the following proposition: That he (Grimes) might inclose a word or question in a closely sealed envelope, and if he did not procure an answer within six days, he would execute him a valid deed of his farm, valued at \$20,000, for \$2. But poor Grimes was brought to the test; he dared not do it, but resorted to his old bluff game, by saying, "six days, eh?" Now if he is the great disciple of science he professes to be, could he not afford to wait six days for a fact of such importance; or, in the event the answer was not obtained, would not \$20,000 satisfy him for a delay of six days only?

The Spiritualists, not being quite satisfied with this great expounder's illustrations—in fact we had not received what we bargained for—David Gilchrist, Esq., accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Elliott, (whom you know as an earnest inquirer after truth, a clear reasoner, and an able and eloquent advocate of the cause of spirit communion,) went to the room of Professor Grimes, and stated to him that he had not met the expectations of a large portion of the public—that one of our neighbors, who could neither read nor write, had been through all the experiments he performed, hundreds of times, in our stores and bar-rooms—with the single exception that he could not make his subject write, for the very plain reason that he could not write himself—and that if he were capable of meeting the phenomena, which we termed spiritual, and to which his remarks, so far, had no reference, except a general denial of the facts, they would like the privilege of bringing them to his attention, and would furnish a bill, pay all expenses, and throw the doors open to the public, and he should have half the time to answer to the

phenomena or evidence of facts they might present. But Professor Grimes distinctly and emphatically declined. He would not lecture for nothing. They urged upon his attention the fact that he was a scientific man, and almost the sole exponent of the opposition to the spiritual theory in the field; that he had received large sums for his lectures from the public, and that Spiritualists of this place had contributed liberally to his support while here. Indeed, they urged the point of duty to the public, when he alone possessed the key to unlock this great mystery; and repeated the proposition to furnish a hall, lights, fuel, etc. But it was all of no avail. The Professor was inexorable, and began to rave and pound the table before them; but this did not frighten them; in fact, they were well pleased that he chose the table, rather than themselves, upon which to make those unkind manifestations. They still insisted that this was a subject of vital interest, and that the public needed all the light which his learning and talents could throw upon it; even that philanthropy made demands upon science to answer these questions, which were attracting so much attention from every class of community.

They urged that their proposition was fair, and that they could not avoid the conclusion that he was incapable of explaining the spiritual phenomena, and that his promises were false and calculated to deceive, unless he accepted their proposal. But it was all to no purpose; he became frantic, shook his fists in their faces, and called them, and all Spiritualists, exceedingly hard names. And this refusal was made in the face of a statement, made by him in one of his lectures, and of which we have abundant evidence, that he had spent \$500 within the last six months investigating the subjects of Spiritualism and Mesmerism, and was ready to spend the same amount in the next six months; he cared nothing about time or money—his desire was to be set right on this subject. But when put to the test, neither a great fact (as the answering of a sealed letter) nor \$20,000 would satisfy him for a little delay. Time and money were now of great consequence, so much, even, that he could not afford to give his time for one evening to a free discussion of the actual facts which underlie the faith of millions in Spiritualism.

At the commencement of his experiments he stated, distinctly, that his own will, or mind, had nothing to do in controlling the minds of his mesmerized subjects (or mediums, as he is pleased to term them,) but after the close of his lecture J. W. Fairbanks, Esq., a gentleman who had listened attentively to his whole course, called the Professor's attention to a publication entitled, "Etherology and the Phreno-Philosophy of Mesmerism, &c., &c. By J. Stanley Grimes," the veritable Professor himself; and referred him to page 147, where he says, "Let us now consider, that, when a subject is properly induced, the mere silently expressed will of the operator can influence him, and cause him to move or feel in any desired way. No assertion in this case is necessary—no sound—no sign—no muscular motion. There is nothing but the operation of the silent but potent will." And on page 229, speaking of the communion of spirits, he says: "The truth, however, is, that Mesmerism, or Etheropathy, sheds no light whatever on this subject." It leaves it where it finds it." Also see page 178 for a perfect contradiction of his present theory.

The Professor made but little reply to Mr. Fairbanks. One's own words make an unpalatable meal. Though promising largely at each lecture great things which would be done in the next, he closed with the fifth, giving us no explanation of the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism. His ground is simply this—he claims the phenomena of Mesmerism, Biology, &c., (which experimenters show us in every town in the country,) to be Spiritualism, and if any questions are asked him in relation to facts which his theory does not cover, he meets you with a flat denial, or evasion and buffoonery. No man better than himself knows that he is utterly incapable of meeting the simple, undeniable testimony in favor of the Spiritual theory, and no intelligent Spiritualist, wherever Professor Grimes may go, may have the least fear to encounter him. He possesses no ability, either by experiment, or his back brain, "half asleep" jumble of ideas, to meet one single fact which Spiritualists claim as evidence of their faith.

CHARLES C. NOYES.

THE LIGHT OF SPIRITUALISM.

Messrs. Editors.—My parents were Methodists, and in that faith I was instructed in my youth. When arriving at manhood I united with a Congregational Church, and tried to believe the doctrines of that church, and fancied that I could sometimes see that they were true. Yet how dark and dismal were the mystical and undefined dogmas of the church compared to the light I now enjoy! "Through fear of death I had been all my lifetime subject to bondage," until the glorious light of Spiritualism dawned upon me. I can say that "whereas I was blind, I now see." I can now say with Paul who had a vision of this same light, at times, "I now rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Since the darkness of my former belief has passed from my mind how plain and how inexpressibly full of love are the teachings of Christ! Those glorious truths which he uttered are to last for all time, and are to shine with their pristine glory and beauty through all the cycles of eternity. With what undying radiance his teachings glow in the mind of the true Spiritualist!

While we are accused of throwing away the Scriptures, we feast upon their beauties. We now know they are true, and have no doubt of their divine origin, while in the darkness of old theology we doubted all and stumbled at every sentence. What we then saw "through a glass darkly," we now know. We may truly say that faith is lost in sight, and whereas we then only hoped for immortality—eternal life—we now know our existence is eternal.

We know that when these frail forms become unfit for us to inhabit, we have a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, that all could see this glorious light. How the earth would echo and re-echo with praises of praise and thanksgiving to the great Source of all! While this light is bursting upon the minds of thousands and tens of thousands of the lowly, thick darkness reigns in high places. Now the churches, the strongholds of dogmatism, are shaken like a small leaf in the summer breeze, yet few admit the light for fear of reproach. The time is approaching when this light, which is but in its infancy on this planet, shall fill the whole earth with its dazzling radiance. Then the dogmatisms of men—bigotry and superstition, shall pass away, and the whole earth shall be filled with light and truth, and verily the Christ shall dwell with the children of men.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Oct. 14, 1853.

MEDIUMSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

Messrs. Editors.—There is, perhaps, no subject connected with Spiritualism agitating the public mind so deeply at this time as the question of marriage in connection with mediumship and our philosophy. Many are asking what spirits teach, and what spirits do with mediums on this subject, to the married and unmarried. Those who have watched long, earnestly and candidly, know the answers, and can give them. Those who have taken a hasty or single glance, and judge upon it, or from the lies of the enemies of spirits and their influence, or from the disappointments and spite of the licentious and corrupt, will be likely to form erroneous opinions, and had better not attempt to foist them upon others.

Many of the happiest and best families, I have found in my travels, are those in which one or both of the conjugal partners are mediums; and a long and wide observation on this subject enables me to say I know that mediumship fits and qualifies persons, both male and female, for better companions and parents, rendering them more healthy, more active, more ardent, more ambitious, more pure, more affectionate, more devoted, when the opposite partner is good, pure, virtuous, honest, kind and affectionate. But I have seen cases where this sensitiveness and affection rendered a connection with the vicious, tyrannical and licentious, almost, or even quite unendurable, and from which they have broken, often at great cost of character and support, leaving homo and friends, and even children, to escape it; and, in such cases as I have witnessed, the public sympathy sometimes is given to the wrong party. A few cases of this kind, and a few others, such as are constantly occurring in all parts of the country, and among all kinds of religious believers, have given rise to the false and prejudiced reports that mediumship is incompatible with marriage, and that Spiritualism teaches and practices a dissolution of existing marriages and the formation of new ones, or none, and a promiscuity of the sexes instead. Never was there a more false or base charge; and it is easily proved so by facts, for both mediums and Spiritualists are constantly entering into these relations, and forming some of the happiest unions of our time, and this is invariably the case where both are pure, honest, harmonized, spiritualized and affectionized. But where one is a sensualist, or tyrant, or both, and the other is truly a Spiritualist—medium or not—the union is and will be unhappy to both, and a second, third or fourth would be no better to the tyrant or sensualist. It is to the pure that all things are pure—to the good that all things are good—and to the happy that all conditions are happy and made happy.

I know that the general teaching of spirits, (to which the opposite teaching forms but a slight exception) is, that our first and highest duties in this life are to our children—to those whom we have introduced into this sphere of being without their consent and entirely dependent on us as parents, or on the cold charities of a cold world—such as I found to be almost destructive to body and soul in my childhood; and I know that both spirits and Spiritualists require of all who pretend to be believers, to (first of all duties) provide for the support, comfort and education of their children, whether these children are the offspring of happy or unhappy relations. If the latter, there is so much the more for the parent to do to atone for the sin of being a parent in such relation. Spiritualism and spirits will accept no sensual or sexual attraction as an excuse for deserting children, when they are thereby left to suffer, either for want of care or education, by either parent, and whether both are living or one gone.

Has any religion or morals a higher and better teaching on this subject? If so, I should like to see it, and I will at once embrace and follow it; but while this is to me the highest, I shall adhere to it in precept and example, and no command of Bible or Christian, or church, or popularity, can induce me to desert my children to follow Christ, or anybody else, if my children are thereby left to suffer; and I know spirits will not approve such desertion in father or mother—neither will our philosophy. Spirits and Spiritualists, teach that the second great and imperative duty of life we owe in obligation to the conjugal companion whom we have taken as a partner in the social relations of life, and the obligations of a husband are especially binding, when he has taken a female in tolerable health, and by keeping her confined to the nursery, and raising or losing babies, has destroyed her health, or affection, or both, or keeping her confined to the kitchen with cooking and washing, has taken down her health and spirits, till she is no longer the lively, buoyant and happy girl or woman she was—that then the obligations and duties of the husband are doubled, and often more than doubled. And if he is a true Spiritualist, he will feel it, and redouble his efforts to make her happy first of all, except their children, in which she will also feel the mutual need and duty. After he has made them and her happy, and can keep them so, he may extend his charity, sympathy, or love—but not before—with the approbation of good spirits of either sphere.

The second great duty and obligation of life which we owe to our companions, becomes first in those who have no children, and in no case can it be excused or abated by Spiritualism. True, we do not consider it the duty of a being, whose soul is akin to the angels in condition and degree, to live with a brute, because he, or she, in days of youth and ignorance, had been psychologized into a consent to marry, or in the heat of early passion, had given way to feelings instead of judgment and wisdom. Such unions are not for the good of either, nor are they necessary to perpetuate good morals in society, but the reverse.

Marriage should be a civil contract, and subject to the general regulations of civil contracts by law, and obligations and duties should be enforced and binding by law, for and by the parties in contract, and not by a corrupt public sentiment, nor a bigoted religious ignorance. The church is no more fit to control marriages than it is to regulate the work of the dairy, or farm, or barn; the popular morals of our time, as corrupt as the church, are entirely unfit to set up a rule for marriage and divorce. Spiritualism alone is competent to this task, and it will do it in time; and when it does, the sensual and corrupt will complain worse than ever at the restraints and requirements laid upon them by law. Marriage will then be vindicated, restricted, purified, and made happy and binding in love, and durable, even more so than life on earth. The sensual and vicious, who are under our present system and its corrupting regulations, constantly changing affluities and partners, in the name of wives and husbands, and who are always unhappy from their own pollution and sins, and ever making others so, and more so in each change, will then be restrained and compelled

to fulfill obligations entered into with the first, or not allowed to have control of another, or permitted to make a legal contract with a second. The pure will be mated to pure, and good to good, and happiness found in conjugal life, and marriage triumphant. So I read and try to live. WARREN CHASE.

"FREE LOVE," &c.

Messrs. Editors.—I have noticed with pleasure, in the columns of the BANNER, within the last few weeks, several articles bearing upon the subject of "free love," "passional affluities," "marriage and divorce," &c., as connected with Spiritualism. Among them none have perhaps given me greater satisfaction than those of Dr. Hatch; and I wish to express an approval of the sentiments, in the main, contained in those articles—not only as regards the truth therein contained, but the view of what is the duty of all high-minded Spiritualists in the matter discussed. But my principal object of taking up the pen at this time, is to tender to you (the proprietors of the BANNER,) my hearty approval of the course you seem to be pursuing in the conduct of your paper. The public, to be profited by such a publication, must be permitted to hear all sides of every question; and when you publish the communications of honest and truthful minds, whatever they may be, or on whatever they may reflect, we, your readers, are benefited and made better by the perusal. And I am, therefore, much pleased to see that you give a respectable share of your space, each week, to correspondents of every idea and faith. In that way you more nearly approach that great want of this age—a free press. That is not a free press, by any means, that only furnishes such food to the great reading public, as the mass of that public may require. The "Press" should represent the minority when they are in the right; but in the papers, as at present conducted, we cannot look for the expression of truthful emotions; but, instead, we find therein those sentiments that have first been approved by the multitude—that great body, the members of which rarely think for themselves, but take their opinions from the church and society around them. But I hope much from the BANNER, and I hope always to see it free and full, as it has thus far been, in giving expression to the thoughts of many minds in our country, who wish to be heard on the side of truth.

And I believe me, Messrs. Editors, that, whether it comes out in print or not, there is a large and increasing class of Spiritualists—or, at least, of those favorably inclined towards its doctrines—who have long since become really disgusted with that phase of Spiritualism that appears of the faith denominated "free love," "affinity," &c., meaning no more nor less by those terms, than the liberty and freedom of every man and woman to live with whom he or she inclines, and then shape his or her social arrangements accordingly. With all such doctrines I express my unqualified disapproval. As one of your correspondents says, "we have a will," which is given us to exercise on occasions where our passions would lead us astray. Love should be free, I admit, but not so free as to allow it to fasten its claims upon affections that belong to another. Love should be directed properly, and controlled. Promiscuous love is licentiousness. Suppose I have a love for my neighbor's wife—it is my duty first and foremost, by the exertion of my sense of justice and the power of my will, to repress such love, and confine my conjugal affluities and affections to my own household, who hold a prior claim to my affections. I may have a strong "affinity" towards another man's property, and desire to possess it, yet I must let it alone, on the principle of right and justice. Away with such folly! The true Spiritualist does not desire anarchy and confusion, and the destruction of domestic joys, and the pulling down of households!

He wishes to live in accordance with his highest convictions of right. The old Bible doctrine, "he that provideth not for his own is worse than an infidel, &c.," was a wholesome truth that many in these days would do well to regard in these times. If Spiritualists would benefit the world by shedding a better light upon its religious condition, they must relieve themselves, as far as possible, from a class of hangers-on, who style themselves Spiritualists, but who disregard old-fashioned morality and genuine justice, and with a flourish of thankfulness that they are bound by "no authority," give to every gathering of Spiritualists a tinge of what opposers of Spiritualism have called "nastiness." Certainly all Spiritualists owe it to themselves, as a body, to disown their faith with all doctrines calculated to lower the standard of public morals. There is no such thing in good society, as the privilege to do as we please, and we need all the light of the past and the good examples of the present to direct our inclinations, and then we frequently go astray. Certainly, as long as a man and woman live in the same house as man and wife, they each have a right to the other's love and affection, and he is a thief and a robber who interferes in any manner with those affections and likes. Then away with "free-love," when it means discord and robbery. And the sooner Spiritualists discard and scorn the idea that our loves and affections are not a subject for our wise control, the better—1, for one, believe in a judicious control of and direction to, all our passions and faculties, hoping that the time will soon come when the rotten carcasses of the advocates of lascivious freedom and unrestrained licentiousness will no longer, in the shape of spiritual teachers and mediums, be found, among that class of Spiritualists who hope that their Philosophy and faith will improve the race individually, morally and socially. I do not charge the Spiritualists, as a class, with being immoral, but how long can they expect to retain among them, and in their society, virtuous men and women, if on every occasion they are to be treated to sentiments like the following: "Being free to love where we please, and whom we please, and say and do what we please." As one who is friendly to the doctrines of Spiritualism I wish those connected with the movement would take a high standard of morality, and practice—as many of them do—and by all the additional means that seem to be given them in the way of spirit intercourse be fast in learning truth, however new, and slow to condemn it, however old. Your correspondent is writing, of course, from his own standpoint of observation, and giving merely his views of those matters. Hoping to hear from all sides on matters that concern us all. Yours respectfully,
CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 13, 1853. J.

CLAMOR.—I love clamor when there is an abuse. The alarm-bell disturbs the inhabitants, but saves them from being burnt in their beds.—DUNKE.

All mortals have weak points, both by birth and education, and it may be questioned which of the two give the most trouble.

Parables.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words-long,
That on the stretched finger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

I saw upon a tree-leaf fair
A trembling drop of dew,
And as it smiling nestled there,
It caught the rose's hue.

But soon there came a dancing wind
And kissed the rose's crest;
It dashed the dew drop away
That shimmered on its breast.

'Tis so with every blessed hope
We cherish in this life
There comes, alas! a fatal wind
With tears and sorrows rife.

It tears from out our happy heart
The sparkling dew of love,
And whispers, there's no halcyon here
Save in that home above.

Life, as well as all other things, hath its bounds assigned
By Nature, and its end, as the last act of a play, is
our end, the fatigue of which we ought to shun, especially
when the appetites are fully satisfied.—M. TULLY.

Life, we've been long together;
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Partings leave a sigh or tear.
Yet steal away—give little warning—
Say not "good night," but in some happier clime
Bid me "good morning!"—ANON.

No man can be provident of his time that is not prudent
In the choice of his company.

Oh, brothers, home may be a word
To make affection's living treasure
The wave an angel might have stirred,
A stagnant pool of selfish pleasure!

Home! It is where the day-star springs,
And where the evening sun reposes—
Where the eagle spreads his wings,
From Northern pines to Southern oaks.

O. W. HOLMES.

Benevolence is a fountain which, while purifying all around
it, purifies itself.

We mourn in secret over some buried love
In the far past, whence love does not return,
And strive to find among its ashes gray
Some lingering spark that yet may live and burn;
And when we see the vainness of our task,
We flee away, far from the hopeless scene,
And fading close our garments o'er our hearts,
Cry to the winds, "Oh God, it might have been!"

Four things I am sure there will be in heaven; music,
plenty of little children, flowers, and pure air!—MARGARET
CLARKE.

Lecture.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE AT MUSIC HALL.

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

Friday Evening, Oct. 22.

At the request of Dr. Gardner, a committee was
appointed by the audience who proposed one of the
following questions for the subject of the lecture—
"The equal and impartial justice of God in his deal-
ings with man—the unequal and partial distribution
of his blessings as seen in the history of men and
nations."—The proof and premonitory symptoms
of a radical change in our political, religious and
social systems? Miss Hardinge chose the former,
and proceeded:

Infinite Father! thy children ask of thee a knowl-
edge of thy ways. They ask of thee—are thy ways
equal and thy blessings justly distributed to thy
children? We look abroad upon the earth, and we
see change stamped upon all things. There is not a
thing on which change is not wrought—there is not
a moment of time in which the process of change, in
some degree, is not going on. Do we dare to say or
think that without thy divine justice this work of
change goes on? Oh Father, Father! show us this
night that thy footprints are visible everywhere—
in trackless space, in the deep ocean, in the grain of
sand, in the massive rock, in the barren desert.
Teach us that thy perfect justice is written in all
life—in the little flower, in the giant tree, in tables
of flesh and blood, is carved in letters of fire on
every human spirit.

I choose the first subject given, because it is our
mission to deal with all change, the source of which
is progression. We may take notes of bubbles that
float upon the surface, and conceive of the currents,
in the depths beneath, of the great ocean of life; but
not until we know something of the soundings can
our ships of progression sail safely on. Be it
our mission to redeem the justice of our fall, to learn
the perfection of thy ways. As we gaze upon the
earth, we perceive ten thousand conditions of life.
Who are the subjects of these conditions? All who
have life. We are apt to say that God's ways are
unequal; but this is not so. God's purposes are
wrought in love with adequate means for the good
of all. When we understand the source of nature,
tracing her laws from the lower development of life to
the higher, we learn his unchangeable justice—when
we learn the forces of nature, individual and aggre-
gate, we perceive his immutable laws. In this per-
petual change, where does responsibility begin? We
look for evidence unseen—for motive and purpose—
and in the light of intelligence all is plain. Once ad-
vised of the wisdom and power of God, the only pos-
ition that remains to be demonstrated is the love of
the Creator. God's love is commensurate with his
wisdom and power—then it must be an impossi-
bility that there can be an unequal distribution of
his love—we cannot call it unequal. The heart has
moments of joy; then we feel that God is good.
There are moments, too, when grief crushes out all
joy, when the aroma of deep grief rises in clouds
and overshadows us and the curse of life seems stamped
upon us, and the heart cries—woe, woe.

How shall we reconcile the mighty and stupendous
position of God's perfect love, power and wisdom?
If we attempt to do it by the representation of in-
dividual minds, we shall fail. How distinct is the
idiosyncrasy of every mind—no two are alike—
judgment varies in every one. It would be in vain
to look in the narrow sphere of individuals to find
the position we seek. In the general whole we find
it—in the scheme of existence we find God's impar-
tial dealings with men. We perceive harmony in all
nature—planets and suns revolve in harmony—
starry worlds speak and proclaim God's wisdom,
power and love. There is some magnetic power that
fills the vast world of space connecting all worlds
subservient to his purposes. Times and seasons—
all vegetable and animal life—all are obedient to an
unseen planetary influence. If there is a power, the
lines of which reach through the vast unmeasured
waves of ether, unimpeded, that moves all nature
in harmony, think not to disconnect your destiny

from the chain of immutable laws emanating from
the same Source. There is a connection between
the grain of sand and every higher condition of life
that cannot exist without this influence. Commence
then with the grain of sand beneath your feet—it is
but a disintegrated part of the huge rock, standing
like a memento of eternity, apparently bidding de-
fiance to the dashing waves of the ocean, forever. It
was not always there—no, for in liquid form every
crustaceous rock once lay. Now there stands the
rock—the grain of sand has fled out, working its
existence to a higher condition, and yet it appears
lower. The little grain of sand in murmuring
whispers says—"Stretch out thy hand, oh, Eternal
One, and raise me up to the larger rock. Where is
thy distributive justice? The rock is large and I
am small." The voice of nature silently respond-
ing says—"Your mission is outworking your destiny.
Be still; you may grow to the mighty mountain;
then you will say, why cannot I shine like yonder
sun? From thy bosom shall come precious gems,
gold and silver, useful to the arts; and thou shalt
be the nursing of civilization."

The rain-drop on the flower complaining, asks
why it is not a ray of sunlight. It is subservient to
its use; it changes soon. The rain-drop was once a
ray of light. We hear the sigh of blossoms; they
ask why they have not locomotion to speed like beast
and bird, from place to place. In the long chain of
change they move—the law of love and wisdom gov-
erns them. The eagle asks, too, why it has not a
voice that speaks like man—why, it has not an intel-
lect, and is not possessed of the stupendous power
that belongs to man. All life is the product of its
condition; it is all good, it is all wrought in love and
wisdom by God. Every condition is struggling for a
higher. Man is the microcosm of all existence—not
the ultimate—but is the ultimate of all he com-
mands. Thus, by change, is life elaborated through
the various conditions to higher and higher develop-
ment, up to man. In man let us take the lowest con-
dition, the most abject child of misery, the poor child
of crime, and strive to elevate his nature by theories
and science, the love of angels and seraphs, and we
may as well talk to the rock. But talk to him of
robberies, of rapine and murder, and commence with
a link of improvement that lies near his condition,
and he understands you. He is made better by the
process of change, from one degree to the next; there
is the aspiration in his soul for something better;
the destiny of his soul is elevation. Speak to the
midnight robber of flowers, of music, of running
waters, and still you speak to a rock. His heart is
too hard to be reached by an influence so far re-
moved. Speak to him of God's justice, and he will
point you to his privations and sufferings, and those
of his helpless children.

Ascend a little higher. Speak to the gay, flirting
in fashion, clothed in costly silks, and colored feath-
ers; tell them of the spheres of radiance above; talk
to them of death—the moments when they shall tot-
ter on the verge of the grave—and they will turn
away with horror, and have nothing to do with such
unmeaning, disagreeable subjects.

Talk to sages and philosophers, and where are they
with all their mighty acquirements of human knowl-
edge? We think they are types of the animal
kingdom, after all. Talk to them about spirit, and
they will tell you that they know nothing of it;
they cannot see, touch or feel it; they cannot weigh,
divide, or analyze it; they will tell you first of im-
portance, then of electricity, then deny all. Who can
look at the sun and say it does not shine? He who
can look into the face of God, and deny spirit exist-
ence.

Man is everywhere a subject of love; in infeli-
city, in prison, on the gibbet—live into his heart,
and you will behold hope. When the cold and chilly
hand of death has laid our friends away, in hope
we knock at the gates of paradise for them; and
there is not a human heart that hopes in vain. No
hope is founded in nothing; search creation every-
where, and you will find a door shut against annihila-
tion. Let man be willing to listen to the voices
calling upon him from the noiseless air, and he will
soon learn of a brighter and better future—that God
is good—equal in his distributive justice. There is
nothing at an end—all is reaching on to perfectness;
the grain of sand is going through the necessary
gradations—is working out its destiny; valleys, rocks
and mountains are, in their place, working out their
destiny.

In darkness the work goes on; but light will
triumph over darkness, and we shall some time see
the wisdom of all things within the human heart.
The work of destiny goes on the same—change in
the various conditions is ever taking place. Every
failure, and every success, has brought a lesson that
was needed. The darkness that keeps the wise pur-
poses of God from our view is necessary. The rock,
the vegetable, the animal—all must work out them-
selves. Each is useful—there is no condition that
is not valuable. All are necessary—from the grain
of sand up to the radiant worlds that shine above.
The past, and the future, too, are necessary to our
present. The past is a strong hand of necessity,
that pushes us; the future is the bright and beauti-
ful chain that draws us upward. The experience of
the race is that of each individual. The hand of
God is in the past and the present, and in the life
of every individual the same. With the increase of
knowledge, we trace the long, unbroken line of
memory, and learn the necessity of all conditions.
We see the hand of Divine wisdom, of equal justice
in all, even from the lowest dens of infamy to the
most joyous and happy homes.

In all present life we see similitudes of the past.
Our faith in God has been wrought out of rocks and
grains of sand. On all conditions the sun has shone
in equal beauty, and a divine hand has shaped the
ends in equal justice. Man's aspiration is his des-
tiny; the poor tolling mechanic and operator, the
midnight thief, the assassin, each believes something;
the assassin loves something—has an aspiration for
something—therefore he is a child of God. Men
judge, and see inequality in God. Christ judges, and
sees the equal justice of God. In the case of the poor
widow, who gave two mites; she suffered from pov-
erty, from the unequal distribution of earthly bless-
ings, yet, in the judgment of Christ, her condition
was better than those who possessed them. God
judges, but not as man judges; there are worlds of
spirit-life, of law and justice, beyond the world of
science and human judgment. There is a growing
faith that reaches on to spirit life, and in this faith
we see the day when there will be no more sorrow or
sighing. Then shall all know the Lord, from the
least to the greatest; then shall we bless thee, O
Lord, for the boon of life, for thy wisdom and love;
that we have not been permitted to see and know thy
wisdom and love in every condition of life.

We will close this lecture by relating a strange

scene from which we learn a lesson. As we paused
before a gross mass of stone we beheld a tiny, fine
blue flower, just burst through the stones—it was
fair and beautiful. We wondered that this flower
grew here; it seemed to be misplaced. We looked
again—the flower was wilted—it died, and as it died
its perfume filled the air around, and attracted the
passer-by. We looked again, and from the seed of
this little flower had sprung up others, and the rude
mass of stones was covered with flowers, and the
bank was beautiful to gaze upon; and that rude, un-
couth sight was made better by the little blue flower.
In the by-ways of life many blue flowers are now
growing in beauty and fragrance from the single
seeds of love scattered in rough and desert places.
In every place where infamy and misery have been
made less, there spring up the fragrant blue flower,
the single seed may be like the single flower, but the
seeds of memory reproduce new flowers, and the banks
are covered with their beauty, and their fragrance
fills the air around. This blue flower is the flower of
love. This is the power that will equalize the con-
ditions of life—social, moral and religious.

The following are some of the questions asked by
the audience and answered by Miss Hardinge:

If God's ways are equal, just and even, can you
tell us what would be the best method to equalize
the ways of man?

Let every man do something for his neighbor.
What was the act of transgression by which Adam
fell?

We do not admit the possibility of falling from
good once obtained. Adam's fall was nothing more
than the manifestation of imperfect development of
spirit. Adam did not fall from his condition by any
act.

What is life?
Life is being. When we look abroad and see what
constitutes life, it is hard to tell where life is not.
Life is the essence and principle of all existence.

What is death?
Death is the more phenomenon of change—change
of form. We acknowledge in the term death no such
thing as presupposes annihilation. Death is but an
incident in life.

Have spirits a home—a local habitation?
They have a local habitation as well as a name.
Can you conceive of form without space? Spirits
have homes—bright, joyous, happy homes—more
glorious far than ever gladdened the hearts of mor-
tals—homes where all the dearest, fondest aspira-
tions of your hearts will be realized. To this home
all wanderers shall be led—in it all the weary shall
find rest.

[Of the subject of the above lecture Miss Har-
dingle had no previous knowledge; and without a
moment's thought, after the text was given, she
proceeded. The lecture was a powerful, complete
production, of which this report conveys but an im-
perfect idea. She seemed to speak, as a lady in the
audience whispered, "with authority." She did not
appear to present opinion or belief, but truth. It
would seem hard to discover a fault—to criticize or
oppose any part of it. Error cannot be presented in
such living, transparent, real beauty.]

Facts and Tests.

SPIRIT INFLUENCE.
Messrs. Editors—I have sent heretofore to you
some instances of *use* in the matter of spiritual in-
fluences, and if they have been quite material in their
nature, it is that all might recognize that the highest
spiritual does and will control in the most material,
which I take to be the assumption of Spiritual
ism. As an evidence of the same spirit of *use* and
good, I give the following:—

A young woman of my acquaintance was married
to a person then eminently distasteful to her own re-
latives, who became much displeased thereby, and
between those who had been inmates of the same
roof, and between whom all a sister's love had been,
sprang up discordant feelings of unhappy rancor.
But, fortunately, all parties had an impartial friend
in spirit-life, whose vision, cleared from the cloudy
film of earthly passions, saw alike the *good* in all.
Both sisters were mediums, and to one of them this
spirit came, and urged her to visit her sister—
a thing she had declared she would never do; but the
good angel conquered, and she went—uninvited, un-
expected. There she found another medium—Mrs.
Platt, of Hartford, Ct. She (the spirit) influenced,
and, through her, communicated much to the two
sisters, and that of such a nature that not an eye
was there but was filled with tears. Mistakes were
rectified, and a complete restoration of harmony was
effected between those who had become so bitterly at
variance. And to this day all parties thank that
angel visitor—who alone they can thank—as the sole
cause of the sweet reconciliation, and for a firm, un-
wavering affection, which now unites them.

This was truly a noble mission—the spirit of him
who said, "Blessed are the peace-makers." Yet it
was the work of that Spiritualism which causes such
an amount of evil in families by obsession.

Mrs. Quinn, of New Bedford, had a daughter, whose
eyes were sore from her birth. If I remember
aright, she was at times unable to open them with-
out assistance. An Indian spirit assumed control of
my hands, and they were laid upon the child, day by
day, for fourteen days. The third week ulcers ap-
peared upon the limbs, and in the some month that
the cure was begun, her eyes were well, and yet not
a particle of medicine was given after the laying on
of hands begun, though efforts had been made before,
for a long time, to effect a cure in the ordinary way.
Now, months have passed, and the clear sparkle of
those healthy eyes give still another evidence of
the holy beneficence and use which have come to
us by the hands of those who minister to us of the
spiritual.

Cordially yours,
E. S. WHEELER.

Quincy, Oct. 23, 1858.

HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.
DEAR BANNER.—Truth's great cause is progressing
in this section of Pennsylvania. During the last
month I have addressed eighteen meetings, in various
places in Chester County, at all of which there has
been manifested a spirit of interest to investigate
still further for knowledge of the spirit world and its
inhabitants. There are many warm friends who
have investigated and realized the truth of our beau-
tiful philosophy, whose warm hospitality in my pi-
oneering mission I have experienced. Some of them
have had signal manifestations occur in their own
homes, such as the moving of bodies without contact,
and writing sentences upon the wall, independent of
human agency—one of which was, "God is love";
another in characters which the members of the
family did not understand, but which was decipher-

ed by a lady who visited the family for the purpose
of making some inquiries as regards the communion
of departed friends. The sentence in these unknown
characters, to the family, was, "Sit very often for de-
velopment." The lady was an entire stranger to the
family, and they declare there was no such
writing on the wall, the lady of the house having
whitewashed it previous to the writing making its
appearance, and it was in an upper room, used for
sleeping, to which none had access except members
of the family. We must leave our opponents to at-
tribute this matter to any other source that is rea-
sonable, except the agency of departed, intelligent
beings. There are many in this State who endeavor,
by misrepresenting and slandering us, to bind the
people in their theological fetters; also where they
have power or influence over public buildings, they
close them against us; but their day of power is fast
passing away, and the people meet, despite every ob-
stacle. A good test medium is wanted through this
country; if any should feel like undertaking the mis-
sion I can guarantee them a hospitable reception,
and if they correspond with me at Oxford, Chester
County, Pa., I will give them all particulars.

Yours for truth's progress,
Wm. R. JOCKLYN.
Oxford, Pa., Oct. 15, 1858.

A WORD FOR A MEDIUM.

Mrs. Clough, formerly Lizzie Smith, is a pure-
minded, unpretending woman, whom I am glad to
see again in the field of labor, as appears by her ad-
vertisement in the Banner. I have said *pure-minded*
—belonging, as I do, to that class of Spiritualists
who believe in natural and reverted religion; that
there are such distinctions as *virtue, vice, purity, and*
impurity in the universe of God; that there is sin
other than in the Orthodox church.

Dr. Fisher, in my early induction into the faith of
trances, among other facts through the then Miss S.,
gave me a recipe in abbreviated Latin—telling me of
a case that I should soon have, then at a distance—
the appearance of the person, and the remedy. This
was done as the evidence of his being a doctor. Quite
a variety of cultivated minds have been represented
through her, among whom were many poets, each
preserving in a high degree their individuality. She
is very free at personifying. At a late sitting three
poets appeared—each spoke. My angel daughter
appeared, and her identity was fully established,
after which Burns, addressing Mrs. R., apologized
for not being able to address her as Scotia's poet,
through the medium, at some length. We give the
two first stanzas:

"Lady, I would not probe thy sore,
Thy child was very dear;
I would not make thy heart bleed more,
Or draw from thee a tear.

Her little form, so lithe and bright,
Her eyes of bonnie blue,
Have only gained a deeper light,
A sweeter, richer hue."

We never have received so many unequivocal tests
from any other source.

You are not to infer from my high commendation
of Mrs. C., that all who obtain a seance with her get
satisfactory communications. The condition of the
medium has something to do with it; she must be
passive. The state of those who visit her has much
to do, also. If an individual is not in harmony with
himself—if his plane and that of the medium are
widely different, the chance is less favorable. But if
we go with an honest aim for the truth, and the
medium is not perplexed or fatigued, truth will be
elicited.

C. ROBBINS.
CHARLESTOWN, Oct. 26, 1858.

SEEING A SPIRIT-HAND.

Messrs. Editors—I am pleased to see in the Ban-
ner, under the head of "Tests and Facts," several
interesting communications, giving incontestible
proofs of spirit-presence. Allow me, also, to make
public a singular manifestation:

A gentleman who was accustomed to meeting his
spirit-friends through Miss Munson, asked one of
them for the title of a French work which he wished
to procure, but could not at that moment call to
mind, and where the book could be found. The
female spirit controlling, told him it was in the State
Library, but she could not give the title, although
she thought if she could get the medium to go there,
she could direct her attention to the book. Nothing,
however, was said upon the subject to Miss Munson.
Subsequently she visited the State House with a
younger sister—a seeing medium—who, on going to
the Library, immediately called her attention to a
spirit-hand, which was pointing towards one of the
alcoves. Upon going there, in the expectation that
there was something for their examination, they
found nothing but French books, and concluded that
there had been some misdirection. When the gen-
tleman called again, his spirit-friend related all the
circumstances to him, and said that, finding the
younger sister so impracticable, she had attempted to
accomplish her purpose in that way, but did not
quite succeed. It was then that the medium knew
for the first time what the hand was showed for.

Should skeptics doubt this statement, they have
only to call on Miss Munson, 13 La Grange Place, who
will give them full particulars. Yours, etc.,
VERITAS.

A HEALING MEDIUM.

Messrs. Editors.—Being a medium for healing the
sick, and wishing to change my present locality to
one more congenial, and where my services will be of
more use to mankind, I address a few lines to you,
hoping, through the BANNER, to hear from some doc-
tor who wishes to get a clairvoyant to assist him in
practice, or some town where a medium for spirit
physicians would do good. I am influenced to speak
sometimes. I have attended medical lectures, and
graduated. I have been influenced about five years,
with good success. I can give reference as to char-
acter. Please give me all necessary information, and
oblige Yours respectfully, J. S. KIRBY, M. D.
Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 20, 1858.

[Thinking we could most benefit our friend by pre-
sents his claims in his own style to the public, we
publish the foregoing.—Ed.]

OBITUARY.

Passed on to a higher life, Oct. 13th, Miss Helen M., aged
twenty-five years and two months, daughter of Joshua A.
and Helen Horton, of Stockbridge.

Our dear young friend has passed on in the morning of
life, and many fond hearts have been stricken. Many words
of comfort and cheer fall from her lips during her illness,
which will be long remembered by her sorrowing friends.
While friends were vainly endeavoring to relieve the falling
tear, she would beg them not to weep for her. "Oh, mother,"
she said, "don't weep for me, for I am so happy. You ought
rather to rejoice that my sufferings are so near ended, for I
shall soon be where sadness and sorrow never come. Bright
spirits sustain me in this hour, and all I long to go to my
happy spirit-home." When asked if the passage appeared
light—"Oh, yes," said she, "bright as sunlight." "I am
going home to do no more," she said, "I am waiting," were ex-
pressions that fell from her lips.

While the damps of death stood on her brow, she called
for friends to her aid, and gave them the parting kiss, assuring

them that their parting was but for a short time—that as
soon as she was able she would come back to them in spirit,
and visit herself to them. Oh! that those who have no
faith in this beautiful philosophy, could have witnessed her
peaceful exit.

"Waiting, waiting!" oh how cheering
To fond friends were words like these;
Going, going home to heaven,
Where all pain and suffering cease.

"Weep not for me, father, mother—
Brothers, sisters, mourn no more—
Short's the passage o'er death's river—
Soon 'I'll gain the heavenly shore."

Waiting, waiting! for the summons,
Angels whisper, "Hasten, come!"
Suffering cease, bright moments rise,
Hath conveyed thy spirit home.

The dearest earth-dies are all reversed,
Fond hearts with grief are often riven;
But there comes a bright to-morrow—
A glad reunion waits in heaven.

S. A. MAY.

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SARATOGA SPA., N. Y., Oct. 1858. 3m oct30

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Winter street, Boston, (over George Turnbull's Dry Good
Store).

Trance.—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business,
and charges a fee of \$1.00 and four postage stamps to pay
return postage for his efforts to obtain an answer, but does
not guarantee an answer for this sum. Persons who wish
a GUARANTEE, will receive an answer to their letter or their
money will be returned to them, within thirty days from its receipt.
Fees to be sent in this case, \$3.00.

25¢ No letters will receive attention unless accompanied
with the proper fee.

Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays,
Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested to call
on only on these days.

A. C. STILES, Bridgeport, Conn., Independent Clairvoy-
ant, guarantees a true diagnosis of the disease of the
patient before him, or no fee will be claimed. Terms to be
strictly observed. For Clairvoyant Examination and pre-
scription, when the patient is present, \$2. For Psychometric
Diagnoses of character, \$2. For insurance attention, the fee
and postage stamp must in all cases be advanced.
Dec. 2.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

The following letter from a gentleman who had been ag-
gravated in the last stages of consumption, will be read
with interest by all who are suffering with that insidious
disease.

Messrs. B. O. & C. C. WILSON, Botanic Druggists, No. 20
Central street, Boston.

Gentlemen.—In 1848 I took a violent cold, which soon re-
sulted in chronic bronchitis; with the continuance of the
disease, my constitution was failing, and in the winter of
1849 I was confined to my room, and unable to move. I
remained in this state, and placed myself under the care
of a physician. In February, 1851, I was again confined,
and my bed, had night sweats, hectic fever, copious bleeding
from the lungs, &c., &c.; these my physicians checked, but
could not cure, and I was confined to my room, and unable to
move. At this juncture, I received a supply of your medicines. I had
been so often disappointed, I doubted their efficacy, and hesi-
tated to use them; I tried, however, the Cherry Balsam, and
after using one bottle, I experienced a TRUCK CHALKY TIGER,
and from that time, gradually recovered, and the cough
and bleeding became less and less.

For the benefit of those in the same afflicted and almost
helpless condition, I will state the effect of your remedies in
my case. The Cherry Balsam produced free and easy expecto-
ration; the Scrophularia Drope removed spasmodic irrita-
tion from the throat, and gave me freedom of voice and
cough; the Cherry Bitters aided digestion, and this increased
the strength of the system. The effect of the Scrophularia
was novel in the extreme; before I had used the first bottle,
my body was a disagreeable form of Job—bells from side to crown
—pruritus at once; true, I was not cured, but with them, all
violent coughing. It is now February, 1853, and my health
is more robust than it has been for the last seven years. To
the use of your remedies I mainly attribute my restoration.
That others may read, believe, and try, is the object of this
testimonial.

Quincy, Feb. 10, 1853. 3m WILSONS A-RE-AT-1853

NATURAL ASTROLOGY.—PROF. HUSE may be found
at his residence, No. 12 Oskow street, near the leading
Pleasant street, a few blocks from Washington street, Boston.
Ladies and gentlemen will be favored by him with such ac-
counts of their Past, Present, and Future, as may be given
them in exercise of the Natural Powers, with which he
feels himself endowed.

LETTERS ANSWERED.—On receipt of a letter from any party,
enclosing ONE DOLLAR, Professor Huse will answer questions
of a business nature. On receipt of THREE DOLLARS, a full na-
tivity of the person writing will be returned. He only re-
quires time and place of residence, and the day of the week.
Hours of consultation from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Terms 50
cents each lecture. 16-21 Aug. 21

B. O. & C. C. WILSON

WHOLESALE BOTANIC DRUGGISTS,
Nos. 15 & 20 Central st., near Killy st., Boston, Mass.

Every variety of Medicinal Herbs, Barks, Seeds,
Leaves, Flowers, Gums, Resins, Oils, Solid, Fluid and Con-
centrated Extracts, constantly on hand. Also Apocryphal
Glass Bubbles; Botanic and Medical every description; Symp-
toms of all kinds; Medical Books upon the Reforming System
of Practice; Brandy, Gin, Wines and other spirituous liquors
of the best quality for medicinal purposes; together with a
great variety of miscellaneous articles usually found at such
an establishment.

Orders by mail promptly attended to. 16-21 Aug. 21

A. B. CHILM, M. D., DENTIST,
No. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
may 1.