

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. IV.

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NO. 6.

Original Poetry.

LINES TO
BY MADGE CARROL.

The angels bid me write to thee;
They charge me to recall
One of the dimmest portraits
Upon thy memory's wall.
They bid me turn thy wayward thought
Back to that happy time,
When I, through thee, first understood
Their ministry sublime.
The finger trembles, that should point
Thine inward vision back
To scenes thou'lt left so far behind
Along life's busy track.
My spirit falters, but I feel
An angel's soft caress,
And hys that murmur cheering words
My flushing forehead press.
The shadows of forgetfulness
Hang thick about thy heart,
And yet sweet voices whisper me
I may those shadows part.
And there is one with snowy brow,
Who bids me say to thee—
"My brother dear! forget not her,
As you forget not me!"

PHILADELPHIA, 1853.

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 VII.

As we were going home from our walk to the Beach, we met Joseph in Aunt Martha's chaise. He had just been up to the house for me. "Aunt Martha has come, and would like to see you."

I was in the chaise in an instant. "Turn back a moment, Joe, I have something to take." A large basket was soon filled with bread, pies and a baked chicken, and then I bade him drive fast, for I was very impatient. Aunt Martha met us at the door, and I never saw her more joyful—quite exhilarated for her.

"Only think, Anna! your aunt will live—is now able to sit up! The fever was terrible at the crisis, and she lay for days at death's door. God is good! What is this?" as her eye fell upon the basket.

"Only something for supper."

"That was thoughtful, Anna. I am just in the mood for a little feast. I have fresh oranges and pine apple for dessert, and, better than all, letters from my husband. Come, child, and we will render thanks to the Giver of all mercies."

There was an open fire in the dining room, and the oranges and pine apples yielded a grateful fragrance. We soon had the cloth laid, and our little supper, and Uncle Mark's letter—so full of sailor phrases and quaint thoughts—made us quite merry.

"If John were only here," said Aunt Martha.

"If Uncle Mark were only here," I replied.

"You will, of course, stay with me till your husband comes. How long will that be?"

"In two days—I expect him on Saturday," and I hushed the sigh that rose in my heart. "I will tell Aunt Martha all," I said to myself; "she will advise and comfort me."

We cleared the table, lighted the lamps, dropped the curtains, and prepared for a long, cosy evening together, when we were suddenly surprised by the entrance of Betsey Patten, a sailor's wife, who lived a few doors from Aunt Martha.

"I'm right glad to see you back again," said she. "Somehow things seem to go smoother when you are here."

"Is your husband at home now, Betsey?"

"Yes, ma'am; he's mighty disappointed about not getting a place on board the 'Betsey Ann,' last week, and I reckon it's that has made him so cross—just look there!" and she showed us her neck and arms, bruised, and black and blue—"see where he struck me last night!"

"That looks bad, Betsey. Are you sure that you said nothing to irritate him—did nothing wrong yourself?"

"He begun it, Mrs. Reed; ye see, I had made a little money binding shoes, and had put it aside to buy me a nice dress, but Peter found it out, and he said, says he, 'Betsey, I must have that money to buy flour and potatoes with.' I naturally objected to this, and one word led to another, till I told him he was a good-for-nothing, lazy fellow, to want to live on his wife. I guess he'd been drinking a drop, for I never know him flash up so quick. He raised his hand, which is none of the smallest, and struck me a number of heavy blows."

Aunt Martha shook her head. "Ah, Betsey, this is bad business. Let me see, how long have you been married?"

"Only six months, and sorry am I that I ever saw Peter Patten. I earned my own living when I was a girl, and could dress as I pleased, and go where I pleased; now I must do just as Peter says. Oh dear, Mrs. Reed, 'taint so nice a thing to be married as young girls think for—there's a lot of trouble in it."

"And a world of happiness, Betsey, if we can only learn to conquer ourselves, and yield our own will. Now it seems to me you were wrong in calling Peter lazy; he would gladly go to sea if there was a chance, but at present the business is very dull—there are

many vessels laid up for want of freight. Now if I were in your place I would tell Peter that I was sorry I had called him 'lazy,' and 'good-for-nothing,' and offer to give him half of your money until he can earn something. One thing more—be careful about speaking of your troubles to your neighbors; bear it as well as you can, and try by kindness to make Peter more gentle."

This was rather a bitter pill for Betsey, but she promised to take it, and Auntie sugared it a little by a present of some flour and fruit.

When we were again left to ourselves, Aunt Martha sat in silent thought awhile, and I was wondering how I should begin my own confession, when she turned to me.

"Anna, how much unhappiness in married life would be saved if people would only keep their troubles to themselves. Never speak of the faults of your husband to a third person, and if you have any hard feelings, doubts or suspicions, bury them so deep in your own heart that it will be hard for you to find them yourself. Ten chances to one, the fault may be in your own want of clear-sightedness, and time will show it to you; but, if he is in the wrong, forbearance and patience on your side will almost always conquer at last. But I'll not waste advice where it is not needed—John is true and faithful as my own Mark. You must see to it that your mutual love does not lead you to love this world, too well—but now come and tell me all that you have been doing since I went away, and especially how you have got along without John at 'Rocky Nook'?"

I then told Aunt Martha about Sydney Blake, and all his kindness to me, of his wonderful musical talent, of all the books he had read and was going to read—of the poetry that was such music on his tongue—and then I told her how sad I felt that he had no faith in God—how, since our conversation by the sea-shore, I had longed to read, as he proposed, in the Spanish Bible.

Aunt Martha heard me through, now and then asking a question that would lead me to be more minute. Her knitting was untouched, her hands folded, and her eyes fixed intently on my face, which I knew was more than usually animated while I spoke of Sydney.

"I was careful in all this to conceal my own trouble. 'No,' I said to myself—'I will obey you here, and keep my secret buried deep from the world.' But had I told her this, she would have understood better why I should have found some relief in the amusement offered."

When I finished, I saw that Aunt Martha looked very grave, and her mild, blue eyes were fixed sadly upon me.

"Anna, I consider it a special Providence that sent me home yesterday—your aunt urged me to stay till Monday. 'No,' said I, 'some voice within bids me go now.' Byron, Moore, Spanish poetry, Sand and Eugene Sue! Poison, moral poison! Why, my dear child, do you know where you are—what you have been doing? How has your religious reading fared? how have your daily duties been performed? Have you examined your heart each night in the presence of God? Have you for the last two weeks been fitting yourself for the duties of wife and mother? Ask your own heart, have there not been hours when you have preferred the society of this fascinating stranger to that of your own husband?"

If your conscience says 'yes,' then my darling, you have stood on the very edge of the awful gulf. I love you, my precious child, and because you are so dear to me I am faithful to you. Promise me, as you love your husband, as you would be faithful to your God, that you will never read or sing with this stranger again."

I covered my face with my hands and burst into tears. I could see it all now in its true light—my foolish conduct, and my infatuation.

"Come Anna, we will go to the Source of all Strength, and she opened the Bible and read the fifty-first psalm, and then drawing me towards her, we knelt down. Her arm was around me, and it seemed as if she would, if possible, literally carry me to our Father in Heaven. Oh, how fervent, how humble, how intercessory was that prayer!"

But my own struggles were not over, even when I kissed Aunt Martha, and bade her good-night. I had a great mental conflict still. While I blamed myself, still thought that John was more to blame; had he not forced me, as it were, away from him?

I could not sleep, and turned to a book of devotion; these words met my eye—"Be not afraid of those trials which God may see fit to send upon thee. Always remember that God comes to thee in thy sorrows as well as in thy joys. Seek not consolation, but God. Look not so much on other men's faults as on thine own. Thou knowest thine own faults; but it is difficult to know the true nature and degree of the faults of others. Judge not, that ye be not judged."

I seemed to be driven away from all human dependence, from all excuse. I thought of the vessel in the late storm; it had pushed away from the shore; far from all human help on the stormy sea, alone with God, it sought safety. There it rode out the storm; and when that had ceased, it was permitted to sail quietly to its rest. Thus, thought I, will I do. Alone amid the storm, I will trust and be at peace. My sleep then became calm, and when I awoke in the morning the first light of a bright October sun shone through the white muslin curtains, and I arose with the feeling of one, who, if he cannot put sorrow away, feels that he has strength to endure.

Aunt Martha was already up, and breakfast was nearly ready. We sang a morning hymn, and Aunt Martha, in her prayer, thanked God that he had given

me strength to do his will. How could she read my heart?

That day I burned the music upon the table which Sydney Blake had given me, and I sang and played all Uncle Mark's favorite pieces; then I baked some pies and cake for John. The day passed swiftly and pleasantly, and in the afternoon Aunt Martha brought out a beautiful edition of Cowper's Poems, which she had bought for me while she was absent. I read an hour to her, and wondered that I had never perceived the beauties of this poet before.

Towards evening I took a run up to Prospect Rock, to have one look through the glass at the ocean. It was so clear that I thought I should be able to see vessels at a great distance. Two sailors—foreigners they seemed—were there before me. This was not unusual, for a great many people sought "Uncle Mark's Observatory," as they called it.

"Do you see her, Jim?" said one.

"I think so—she's that her to the leeward of that schooner?"

"They had no glass, and I offered them mine, which they accepted very politely—thanking me in rather broken English. 'Ay, ay, Jim, there she is, taut and trim, making for shore.'"

"She'll be in by six o'clock."

They returned the glass, and sat down upon the rock, while I looked at the vessel. One of them said to the other in Spanish—

"We'll keep still till dark, and then we'll go up to the house yonder, and seize our prize."

"There will be no trouble, I fancy," replied his companion, "save in getting him on board; we shall need two of the boys to help."

The language attracted my attention, and I was pleased to find that I could translate easily most of their words, and was trying to frame a sentence in that language, to speak to them, when one of them again spoke—

"I'll be glad when it is over; it's no pretty job, but the doubloons we'll get will serve us for one year, certainly. What if he should be armed? He is a strong powerful fellow, and fights like a devil when his blood is up."

"I tell you, we must go in the night. It's a lonely place—there's no one in the house, they say, but some women and an old man; and then, you know, if he'll not yield to us, we is power strong enough a power that he can't resist."

They were looking in the direction of Rocky Nook—a suspicious suddenly flashed through my mind like lightning! They are talking about Sydney Blake! They are going to rob him—kill him, perhaps. He has probably money, and they know it, and have learned that John is away. The glass trembled in my hand. I could hardly keep my place, but I tried to appear indifferent, and kept my eyes resolutely towards the sea. They said but little, and soon one of them rose to go.

"Do you see that little summer-house on the rocks? Meet me there at ten o'clock. I'll go down to the cave and wait for the 'Juan.' Then turning to me, he said in English—

"Lady, may I look through your glass again?"

I handed it to him, but I could not command my voice to speak, I was so much agitated, but made a great effort to appear unconcerned. I sat down and watched them depart in the direction of the beach; and then, with the speed of a deer, I ran across the old familiar path, over the field, and through the woodland, not stopping for breath till I came to the arbor. There sat Blake, smoking. As soon as he saw me he threw aside his cigar, and came to meet me.

"Why, 'Mrs. John,' (the family had adopted Sydney's name), how delighted I am to see you back! The house is dull without one singing-bird, and I, for one, have moped all day. But you are out of breath; the birdie has been on the wing too long; let me lead you to a seat."

He put his arm around my waist to support me; but I sprang one side.

"Oh, Mr. Blake, they are after you—two Spanish sailors! I think they mean to kill you, or take you on board a vessel that is coming in now. I saw it from Prospect Rock, and I heard all their plans. They talked in Spanish, but I understood every word."

The dark face of Sydney Blake became pale as death; what a contrast between it and the heavy black whiskers and moustache. He seemed for a second paralyzed with terror; but it was over in an instant; his color returned, his dark eyes flashed; he stood erect, and his right hand sought his breast, when I thought I saw the handle of a poignard.

"Thank you, thank you most heartily, for the service you have done me, Mrs. John. You little know the worth of your favor." He slipped a ring from his finger, and put it in my hand. "Take it," said he; "do not return it from false delicacy. I shall find it in yonder ditch if you will not retain it. Farewell—I have no time to lose; I must see Mary. I hope that it may at some time be in my power to serve you."

"Oh, Mr. Blake, if you will only believe in God—only have faith in him!" I said.

Again that curl of the haughty lip, and that half snarl.

"We cannot compel ourselves to believe, Mrs. Hooper—I do not know what might have been had I remained longer under your gentle influence—again farewell!"

He walked towards the house, and I hastened back by the same path by which I had come.

Aunt Martha was waiting tea. I sat down, and tried to appear indifferent and at my ease, but I cannot play this hypocrite very well.

In the afternoon of the next day I went home to

prepare for John's arrival. The house seemed deserted; Lucy was at school, and I heard neither step nor voice. My tea was on the table when John arrived, weary and hungry.

"Blessed be home!" said he, as I brought his dressing gown and slippers. "Anna, I was just thinking that a happy home was the sweetest type of heaven. But you look pale, dearest; have you been ill?"

"Oh, no, quite well; you forget that I never have much color."

"Sometimes I have seen the color in the cheek, when you are animated and excited. How pleasant this fire is! Winter is almost come, and that reminds me that I have bought you a set of furs."

"That was very kind, John; how did you know I wished for them so much?"

"I guessed it out; but come, our supper is cooling. How did you know I would like a steak with my tea?"

"I guessed it, John."

We had just finished our tea, when Lucy's familiar knock was heard at the door.

"Oh dear! Mrs. John, did you know that Sydney was gone? He left in great haste last evening. Mary has been ill ever since. She would like to see John as soon as he can spare the time to come in."

"Just so," I muttered to myself; "the very moment I begin to feel returning confidence in John, then Mary steps in." I looked anxiously in his face, but could see no change in his expression—no emotion of surprise at Sydney's departure, or heightened color at the mention of Mary's name.

"I will go, now," he said, with his usual promptness. "Here, Anna; is the box of furs; you can look at them in my absence."

I turned away, and went into the kitchen, thinking within myself that, much as I liked my present, no bribes would make me overlook his interest in Mary. I let the box remain unopened, though he stayed as much as an hour. If I had not looked at the clock, I should have said it was three hours. When he came in, he appeared to be in haste—said he must go down to the store for a while, but would be at home before nine o'clock. Lucy came in.

"Are n't you sorry Sydney has gone, Mrs. John? We shall not have any more music now, nor any reading. I used to like to hear him read. He has left all his books for me; said I might have them all, excepting some volumes which he told me to place on your table, because you might like to read them. I'll run now and fetch them."

They were complete sets of Sue's and Madame Sand's works. That evening, after Lucy had gone to bed, I took the books to Mary.

"Here are some books which belong to your husband," I said; "shall I lay them upon the table?"

She was in bed, and looking paler than usual, but lovely as ever in her laced cap, with pink strings, and a richly embroidered night dress. My voice sounded hard and dry, even to myself, and I knew it seemed so to her, for I saw she looked sadder as I spoke, and the smile which had lighted her face when I entered, passed away.

"If you would like them, Anna, they are at your service; I do not know about his books—I am no much of a reader."

"I do not wish to read them," I said, coldly, and was passing out of the door; my hand was on the knob, when a sense of civility induced me to say, "Are you ill to-day?"

"Only a severe headache, Anna, dear."

This last was in a soft, pleading tone. I resisted the impulse to rush out of the room, and reluctantly went towards her. She drew me down and kissed my cheek.

"Anna, I have loved you, as all the rest do—I wish you would love me, too. I need your love—it would be very precious to me, now," and, as she spoke, the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

There was a struggle in my heart. I was ashamed to acknowledge my suspicions, ashamed to have her surmise that I doubted John's affection for myself, or that she had the power to win him from me, and I sat there, allowing my hand to rest passively in hers, till suddenly my own feelings overcame me, and I, too, burst into tears.

"Why, my dear sister, you must not weep so—it is not for you to shed tears—wait till trouble comes. Your skies are all bright, now, and your quiet home a blessed resting place. May it ever remain so."

"I believe I am not well," I said, "and am very nervous."

"Ay, ay!" she said, playfully and affectionately; "I understand your feelings, but do not yield to them. Bear up and be cheerful. By and by a harvest of love awaits you. God grant that my trial may not be yours. I have never told you about my precious babe, our little John. He was a beautiful child, but God took him away from us just as he had learned to lisped 'mamma.' Long life and happiness to your little John."

"Thank you, thank you," I said, and kissed her. "I hear my John the first calling me, and I must go to him."

"Strange," I said to myself, "that John should be so silent when with me, about Mary. He never told me about her child, his namesake."

As I entered the dining-room, John had my furs on his arm.

"Well, Anna, you have less curiosity than most women—let me put these on your shoulders."

It was a beautiful set of stone marjins, much more expensive, I thought, than our means warranted; but, woman-like, I forgot that in their beauty. I was very proud of them, and one day when I had them to look at, Lucy's eyes fell upon them.

"How beautiful they are, Mrs. John! They look just like some that Sydney bought for Mary last winter, and I heard her say the other day that she would like to sell them, but they were in Boston. Let me see, I should know them, for there is a letter M. in a lily that Mary quilted on the lining, close to the neck. Yes, here it is! Well, they are beautiful, and cost a great deal of money. I'm glad you have them."

Those furs were packed away as soon as the child left the room, and I did not take them out again that winter. In less than a week after Mr. Blake's departure, Mary left us to join her husband in Boston, from whence they would sail in a few weeks for the West Indies.

Winter came upon us. I went out little, save to Aunt Martha's. Once a week John placed me in the sleigh, and, drapping the wolf skins carefully around me, drove over to Barberry Lane; and about as often Aunt Martha came to see me.

I never said a word to John about Mary, or mentioned the presents he had received from her. Neither did I tell him about the two sailors, or the ring. The last lay in a little box in my drawer, which was open daily. I neither concealed it nor showed it.

On the whole, it was rather a sad winter. Winter is often sadder and gloomier in a seaport town than in a country village, where farmers make life joyous with their social gatherings around huge fires, their sleigh rides, their numerous meetings and lyceums, and their long, quiet evenings, when father and sons gather in the family circle, reading, singing, or piling apples for sale, and household use. But in M— there was from almost every family a father, husband, son or brother at sea, and there were many storms during that winter. Ah, me! how often have I sat and listened to the moan of the ocean after a storm, and fancied it some poor sailor's requiem, or the dying groans of a ship's company, struggling with death upon a pitiless sea.

Aunt Martha was very anxious, and though she said little, I could see that her heart was not at rest.

"Oh, Anna," said she one day, "when I awoke this morning, these words were whispered in my ear by some good spirit—'Fear not, I am with thee; but my poor, weak heart cannot rely upon them and be at peace. I have a presentiment that your uncle will not return—that he is on his last voyage,' and, as she spoke, her whole frame shuddered."

"And my presentiments, Auntie, are, that Uncle Mark will soon come home again, a little sooner than I want to see him."

At this she looked wonderingly at me, and then she smiled, and we both resumed our sewing, for we were very busy with our needles all those stormy days.

CHAPTER VIII.

Spring came with its beauty and its promise. I could not run up the rocks to look out upon the sea, nor to the woods for the wild flowers I had been accustomed to gather at this season; but I missed neither the one nor the other, for a sweeter flower than any that I had ever plucked before, lay in my own bosom, and deeper, holier thoughts than the ocean, with all its terror and its beauty had ever inspired, filled my soul. In my hushed and darkened room, I could hear the gush of bird-music that filled the garden at dawn, and now and then, from a little opening in the window, I felt the kisses of the perfumed air, and I knew in my heart that the soft sunshine lay on the old mossy rocks, coloring them with those rich browns and greens so dear to my eye, and that it quivered on the boughs of the apple-trees, and glanced sharply from the old rugged pines; and it thought of me, too, and struggled through a crevice in the blind, and peeped at me through a rent in the curtain. I looked at it lovingly, and blessed it in my heart as the type of that glorious, heavenly love that cares so kindly for all, but I could do no more, for I was very weak and helpless.

I had given life to the precious babe that slept at my side, but it had nearly cost me my own, and now I had just passed a fearful crisis—a point when life and death was almost equal in the balance—but I was saved; the doctor had pronounced me out of danger, and I now lay in one of those delicious reveries peculiar to that stage of sickness when we feel that a kind Father has drawn us away from the dark valley, and that life, so doubly precious now, with its future, full of hope, is ours. The body is weak—unable to move—but the head is clear, and the heart full of love and thankfulness. Thus I lay, just conscious that I was alone, save the little sleeper near, when it suddenly occurred to me that Aunt Martha, who had not left me for weeks, had not spoken, with me that day, or her mild eyes looked lovingly upon me, as they were wont to do in my hours of greatest suffering. A sudden fear seized my heart. Is she ill? Has she bad news? And then I tried to recall the month and day of the month, but in vain; my poor, weak brain could not solve it; and, thus, in a suspense which made the perspiration start from every pore, I lay there, while the good nurse fancied I was sleeping. At last, a step down the stair! I knew it well—lighter than usual, but quick, eager, boy-like. How softly he opened the door—how gently he tried to move—but what suppressed pleasure in every movement! He bent down and kissed me, but he did not speak; no, there were tears in his eyes, and one great, big tear rolled slowly down and dropped upon my cheek.

"Oh, John, John! I never saw you weep before." I did not say it loud—only in my heart I uttered it. "God bless you, my precious wife," he said at

last; "the doctor says you will recover rapidly now. How could I have spared you?"

"Life is pleasant now," I said, and I tried to draw the babe closer to my bosom. John did it for me.

"Ay! ay! my little fellow, your father will take a good look at you, now; but do you know, Anna, I could not bear the sight of the child, as long as your life was in danger. It was a strange feeling for a father, I suppose, but I could not help it. Now, my boy, we will get acquainted," and John scanned his features very closely. "Well, really, I cannot see anything very interesting in that little dough-face, and those tiny, red fists, that look as if their owner was making ready to square accounts with the world at once."

"Why, John, nurse says it is one of the prettiest babies she ever took care of; only see how well-formed and plump its little limbs are."

"I dare say you and nurse are right, but you must not talk—you are very weak. Nurse, who seems to be master and mistress, too, in the house, has kindly permitted me to sit one hour with you, provided I am still, and do not talk; so, as I am on my good behavior, I will try and earn the right to come again."

"But, Aunt Martha, John—where is Aunt Martha?"

"Ah, that is what I came to tell you. The 'Silver Arrow' came into Boston Harbor yesterday, and Aunt Martha, whose faith had become very weak—for she never expected to see Mark again—has gone to the city to meet him."

"Thank God!" I said; "now sit near, John, so I can look at you, and I'll not talk any more;" and, then, with his hand in mine, I fell asleep.

For some days he came at that hour and sat by me, not talking much, only now and then giving me pleasant little bits of news, and telling me how nicely he was getting along with the garden—that the crocuses were in blossom, and that my white hyacinth was budding, and that the red buds of the peony that father gave me from the old garden at home, were peeping up; all these little things so pleasing to an invalid who is weak in body and mind. Then he always brought with him some little gift—a flower, an orange, the fragrant buds of the saffron, or wild wood flowers, and winter-green berries—and how pleased he was one day, when he had obtained some choice hot-house grapes. I venture to say he spent half an hour arranging them in a little glass dish with fresh green leaves, before he laid them on the table at my side. I suppose I was weak and childish, for all these things gave me exquisite pleasure. One day—the very day he brought the grapes—I felt restless, and took off my cap, and on putting my hand up to arrange my hair, long locks of it came out, like autumn leaves from the trees.

"Why, John, see here! what does this mean?" and I felt for my long mass of heavy hair, but it was missing.

"Why, it means, wify, that you have been very sick, and that your hair is coming out, or has come out, most of it."

"Oh, dear John, what shall I do? All my beautiful hair gone! You never will want to look at me again," and I burst into tears.

John said nothing to me, but asked nurse to bring the cap which Aunt Martha left for me—a very pretty little affair, with its lace border and broad strings. He smoothed my hair, and arranged the cap.

"There! there! I knew it would be so!" he exclaimed, surveying me with wonderful pleasure, considering I had lost the only claim to beauty which I possessed.

"Knew what?" I said rather pettishly.

"Why, that when you had this cap on, you would look like my mother, as I remember her when I was very small. The resemblance is very striking. I shall almost want you to grow old, because it will be more and more striking every day."

Now I knew that John thought his mother a handsome woman, and I, of course, felt flattered a little; but, after all, I could not help sobbing out: "But a wife don't want to look as if she were her husband's mother," at which John burst out into one of his merry laughs—the merrier, perhaps, because he had laughed so little of late.

"It will only be a little while, Anna; the doctor says your hair will grow again, handsomer and finer, and then what shall I do?" drawing down his visage to a most doleful length, while he laid both his hands upon the rather scanty crop on his own head.

"But, John, I shall like you just as well when you are a bald-headed man, as I do now."

"I have not the least doubt of it, Anna, and I shall return the compliment; our marriage was a mere farce, if the love we professed then does not outlast mere physical attractions."

Then he sat down by my side, and we talked awhile about the future, and how lovingly we would rear the child which God had given us, and how earnestly we would try to make him a true and noble man. "I felt stronger that day, and I thought life never seemed so beautiful, or so full of work for me. Uncle Mark, and Aunt Martha, too, had returned, and were coming to see me "just for two minutes," the nurse said, that I might be assured the captain was alive and well. How my heart overflowed with happiness!

"Please let me come in," said a voice at the door, to the nurse; "I want so much to see the baby!"

"Yes, yes, Lucy," I said, "come in," and her bright, pretty face soon appeared. She had some letters and papers in her hand.

"Father has been to the post-office," she said, as she handed them to my husband, "and he asked me to say to you that there was some business letters which needed answering, and, if you please, he would be glad to see you."

John carelessly threw his papers upon the bed and went out, while Lucy took his seat, and was allowed, to her great delight, to take the baby.

"Oh, Mrs. John, how happy we will all be, now there is a baby in the house—another little John. We had one once—I was so small I can just remember it—but I know how it looked in its little coffin, so white and cold, and how we all cried when it was buried—all but Mary; she did not cry any—she was up in the chamber, and so still and pale. She did not seem to care anything about the baby when it was sick and dying; but a good many weeks afterwards, she would cry and cry, and ask mother why she did not bring the baby home."

"There, Lucy, you may lay the baby close to me, now," and I drew it to my bosom, for a cold chill ran through me when she told about the "baby, white and cold in its coffin."

"Now, tell me more about Mary's baby."

"No, no!" said the nurse, "that will do for today; come with me, Lucy, and by-and-bye you may come in again."

When left alone, I observed John's letters on the bed, and, as I carelessly turned them over, one attracted my attention, and made me suddenly sick at heart. It was Mary's handwriting, and post-marked Boston! I put my hands to my head—I thought a moment—when, with the suddenness and distinctness of a telegraphic operation, all came back to me! My long sickness—my baby and Mary's absence—had prevented my dwelling upon the incidents of the Autumn. While I was thinking, and still held the letter, John came in, and I threw it from me.

"Anna, I am sorry that business calls me to Boston to-day, but I hope to return by to-morrow." As he said this, his eye fell upon the letter; he seized it eagerly, and turned a little away from me as he read; but I noticed that he looked very pale, and seemed agitated.

"Good by, Anna," he said; "I must go immediately. Joe has the horse and chaise ready to take me to Salem depot this evening." He was gone, and I alone with my thoughts.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

THROUGH DARKNESS THE MARCH IS ONWARD TO DAY.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Onward is the march of nations!
Never faint, and never sorrow—
Dark to-day, and light to-morrow;
Give not way to hesitations;
From truth's fountain deep potatoes
Drink, and never fall to borrow
Something from the present hour.
Men's woe often fathers pleasure,
Tendrest this while when broken,
Silence deepest thoughts betoken;
Depths of soul admit no measure,
Hidden is the brightest treasure;
Deep the love we read, unspoken—
Life is full of hope and power.

Hee thee to some sylvan bower,
List to nature's sounds untiring,
Soul-eating, soul-inviting;
Watch the bud bowed by the shower,
Bending low when storm-clouds lower;
Silent teachers thus inclining—
Stablist lessons are secured.
Aspirations, soul attiring,
Advise us all our fears disown;
When storms of life our hopes dethrone;
Flowers gleam bright, the clouds retiring,
God guards them—greater requiring
Does forth to us, to each alone—
Joy comes out of pain endured.

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Little Wooden Bowl:

A STORY OF THE HEART.

BY MARTHA W. DENTON.

"Dear grandfather, please give us a story this dreary winter evening," exclaimed half a dozen little voices, as the old man, addressed as "grandfather," seated himself in his arm-chair before the glowing fire-place in Farmer Romaine's old-fashioned, capacious kitchen.

"It is a real, seventy-six snow-storm, isn't it, father?" interrupted the good dame, who, with an arm full of fagots, appeared among the group, with her light, brown locks, fleecy with snow-flakes, just descended upon them, as she made a journey to the wood-pile. "Lift your chair, Jack, so I can pile the fire-stick higher. I hope Jeremy will find the roads broken out. The mare is a little skeerish, and if anything should happen to your father, what would become of you, my boys?"

"We are going to have one of grandpa's stories, mother," piped little Pattie. "Oh, won't it be nice!"

"Tell us a ghost story," implored Jack.

"No; it is going to be about General Putnam and the wolf—isn't it, grandpa?" exclaimed the oldest boy, Jimmy.

"Oh, no! please, grandfather, tell us about great ladies and fine gentlemen, won't you," chimed in Rosalie, a flashing-eyed little damsel, whom, in scanning the group, one would at once select as much the handsomest and most brilliant of the whole.

"Will you tell us something with a moral to it?" whispered the second boy, who was grandfather's namesake, Roger; "something like the peasant who sighed to be a prince. Rose likes to hear about lords and ladies, and I don't care about them; I love those who are good, if they are poor," sermonized the thoughtful boy, casting a glance round upon his sister.

"Yes; but, grandpa," replied Rosalie, "isn't it a great deal better to be great, and rich, and admired, than to be poor, and never thought of by any one?"

"All very good," returned the mild, old man, with a smile, rapping the ashes from his pipe, and placing it upon the fire-frame. "Riches are very comfortable, sometimes, but contentment is better, my children. I fear that little Rose is like the 'Little Wooden Bowl.'"

"Am I like a Wooden Bowl," returned Rose; "well, that is funny!"

"Do, dear grandpa, tell us about the 'Wooden Bowl,'" broke in the whole group.

"I will, my dear little ones," was the old man's reply.

So he took the pet Pattie on his knee, while dame Romaine now came from the casement, out of which she had been anxiously looking for her spouse, who had gone to the neighboring town; and, with her knitting, settled herself by the fireside to listen with the rest; and grandfather Gray proceeded:—

"There was once a Wooden Bowl that was so fine, so neat, so pretty—made of the best of wood, and so nicely carved, that no one ever saw a more delicate and tasteful Wooden Bowl; and no one ever took it up without saying: 'How pretty this is!' So the little Wooden Bowl grew vain and proud in time."

"Ah! it thought, 'if I could only be like a silver tankard! Now I am only used by the servants, but if I were silver, it might happen that the king himself might quaff from my brim that delicious nectar of Rhineland vintage; whereas, being only a Wooden Bowl, nothing but common folk eat meal porridge from me.'"

So the Wooden Bowl kept sighing, and addressed itself to the mistress:

"Dear mistress, I am too good to be a Wooden Bowl. I feel that I was not meant to be in the kitchen, but to be the ornament of proud tables. I am not suited to the servants, who have coarse habits, and handle me so rudely. Contrive, dear friend, to make me a silver tankard."

So the mistress carried the little Wooden Bowl to a goldsmith, who promised to overlay it with silver. He did so. The Wooden Bowl was silvered over, and shone like the sun. Then was its heart glad and

proud, and it scorned all its old companions. When it came home, it was placed on a shelf above its former companions, and became at once intimate with the family. Silver wished the Gold Goblet to call her first cousin, and made great pretensions to gentry. But it happened that when the other tankards and goblets were taken out for use, this one was always left behind, although she took the greatest care to render herself conspicuous, and often placed herself uppermost on the shelf, in order not to be forgotten, but to be placed with the rest on the great table. As this happened several times, and that evening, there being company, and all the plate brought out, save the silvered Wooden Bowl, she complained once more to the mistress:

"Dear lady, I have to beg that the servants may understand that I am a silver tankard, and have a right to appear with the rest of the company. I shine even more than others, and cannot understand why I should be thus neglected."

"Ah! said the mistress, 'the servants know by the weight that you are only silvered!'

"Weight, weight!" cried the Silvered Bowl; "what is it not by the brightness alone that one knows a silver tankard from a wooden one?"

"Dear," replied the mistress, 'silver is heavier than wood.'"

"Then, pray make me heavier," cried the Little Wooden Bowl. "I long to be as good as the rest, and I have no patience with the sauciness of that servant."

Still willing to gratify her, the mistress again carried the Little Wooden Bowl to the goldsmith.

"Dear sir," she said, "make this Silvered Wooden Bowl as heavy as a silver tankard."

"To do that," said the goldsmith, "it will be necessary to put a piece of lead in it."

"Ah!" thought the poor Bowl, "then he must bore straight into my heart; but one must bear all for honor! Yes, he may even put a bit of lead in my heart, if he only makes me so that I shall pass for a real silver tankard."

So the goldsmith bored deep into her heart, and filled it up with melted lead, which soon hardened within it. Then she was silvered over again, and brought back to the plate-closet.

Now the servants took it out with the rest, and knew no difference; so the Little Wooden Bowl that was, passed for a real, beautiful, silver tankard, and would have been as happy as possible, if she had not got a lump of lead in her heart. But, at last the old mistress died, and the Silvered Wooden Bowl, instead of sorrowing, as she once would have done, almost rejoiced; for every time she had lain shining on the table, she recollected that the mistress was the only person who knew that she was nothing but a Wooden Bowl, and if the mistress took another one she was jealous, and said to herself: "That is because she knows all about me. She knows I am a Wooden Bowl, silvered over, with a lump of lead in my heart." But when the mistress died, she said to herself: "Now I am free, for no one will ever know now that I am not what I seem. The family silver, however, was to be sold, and was bought by a goldsmith, who prepared to melt it, that he might work it anew. The unhappy Wooden Bowl was bought with the rest. She saw the furnace ready, and heard, with dismay, that all would be put into it. She was dreadfully alarmed, and exclaimed against the cruelty practised towards the friendless orphan who had so lately lost their good protectress, and began to appeal to her companions in rank and misfortune, who lay calmly within sight of the furnace.

"They will turn us to ashes," she cried; "how quietly you all take such treatment!"

"Oh, no," said an old Silver Tankard and Spoon, which stood side by side. "Oh, no, they will do us no harm; the furnace will do us good rather than harm, and we shall soon appear in a more fashionable and handsome form."

The Silvered Wooden Bowl listened, but was not comforted. It did not comfort her to find that silver would not burn, for she knew well that wood would do so.

"Ah!" sighed the silly Little Bowl, "I see that it is not by brightness only, neither by weight, that real silver is known."

The silver was cast into the furnace; but when the goldsmith came and took the Little Bowl up, she cried with a trembling voice:

"Dear sir, I certainly am a silver tankard—that you will well conceive by my appearance and weight—but I am not the same sort of silver as the other goblets are. I am of a finer sort, which cannot bear fire, but flies away in smoke."

"Indeed! what are you then? Perhaps tin?"

"Tin! you cannot think so meanly of me!"

"Perhaps lead?"

"Lead! Ah, you can easily see if I am lead."

"That I will do," he replied.

Taking his mallet, he severed the circle of the Silvered Bowl, when out fell the lump of lead.

"So, ho!" cried the master, "only a common Wooden Bowl, silvered over."

"Yes," cried the poor Little Bowl—which, so soon as the lead fell from the heart, grew quite light and happy—yes, I am only a common Wooden Bowl. Take away the silvering, dear master; cause me to be melted, and set me in the kitchen again to serve out meal porridge for the rest of my life. Now, I know how stupid it was for a Wooden Bowl to wish to pass for a silver one."

"And you think I am like that Little Wooden Bowl?" said little Rose, continuing, "because I know that the rich live in happiness, and the poor suffer want."

"But we ain't poor, are we, grandpa?" replied Roger. "We've got cows and pigs, and hens and sheep, and a big barn; and father will come home with a new frock for you, and nice sugar and flour, and Pattie a picture-book."

"Yes," replied Rose, but there are a great many little girls and boys that have nice new bonnets, and can wear shoes and stockings all the time, and don't have to go after the cows barefooted like you and me."

"But, Rose," replied Roger, "don't we have enough? and then, you know, father and mother are so kind. See the striped mittens mother's knitting for you!"

"Roger," at length chimed in the grandfather, re- suming his pipe and patting the deep-eyed boy on the head, "you talk like a minister!"

"Yes," Parson Whitney said, "a contented mind was a continual feast," broke in Jem, the eldest son.

"I wish I was Parson Whitney's daughter," interrupted little Rose. "She wears a silk dress, and a beautiful necklace; I saw her last Sunday; and such a fine bonnet, too!"

"And you looked at these, when you should have

been looking at the minister," remarked Dame Romaine.

"Oh, she is only a child, Bess," pleaded the grand- father.

Just then the sound of sleigh-bells were heard approaching, and the two eldest boys, as well as their mother, hastened to the door to greet the snow-covered and half-frozen sire.

"The jolliest winter blink I've seen for a long time," exclaimed Farmer Romaine, as he came stamping the snow off his feet, and shaking it from his dreadsnot coat, as he approached the fire.

"How are all my little lams here? How d'ye do, Pattie, my lass?" he continued, as the golden-haired child scrambled from her grandfather's knees on to those of her father. "Sleepy kitten, I've got some cakes and *bon-bons* for you and Rose; you shall have them in the morning. Bess, put these little trundle beds in the bed-room; and boys, I've got all you three a new pair of boots apiece, and each a new comforter. Jem, I've brought a pair of skates, and Roger and Jack a sled apiece. You are all good boys—you shall have them to-morrow; and now to bed."

The three delighted boys took their caudle, and, after a riotous route up-rickety stairs, and through garret chambers, (upon which they discussed their new acquisitions, and detailed what sundry of their school-fellows had boasted of,) they were, ere long tucked in between the home-made blankets of their couch.

The three now left before the kitchen fire were commenting upon the storm, and the various items that were current in town.

"I've got to go again in a week; I've made a market for my oattle, and must take them down next week; and I've been thinking, as Rose is so great a favorite with Parson Whitney, and they have urged us so hard to bring her to visit them, whether I should not take her along for a day or two. I brought her a new bonnet, though I thought I would not say anything to her about it. She's handsome as a pink, and I would not have her vain."

The mother felt a little pride at the idea of her pretty little Rose being petted by the parson and the great folks in town, and accordingly acquiesced. It is needless to depict the delight of our little heroine, when made acquainted that she had actually got a new bonnet, and was going to town the following week. She flew to caress her father, kissed her mother, and slapped Roger.

"Oh, I am so happy; I shall see so many ladies and nice clothes!"

"You must not drop your little eyes out, darling," whispered grandfather Gray, "nor forget about the Little Wooden Bowl."

Seven days afterward, Farmer Romaine set out with his drove of cattle, and his little Rose, for the neighboring town, and those who looked from the old gray farm-house after them, seemed, although well pleased, to feel regret at shutting the door after the beautiful, brilliant child, who was now speeding towards a stranger's habitation.

"It is six years to-day since Gertrude died," sighed Mrs. Squire Seymour, as she took a small locket from the side-board, and held it before the Squire, who sat in his great easy-chair before the glowing grate. "To-day she would have been twelve years of age."

"Six years—can it be possible!"

"And still we miss her," added the lady, sorrowfully, for she knew her husband really deplored their loss, more than even herself.

"Yes, I love her memory; she was a dear child. But come, Emily, let us take a drive in the snow, and call at Parson Whitney's; he's been afflicted with the rheumatism of late."

Accordingly Squire Seymour and his spruce dame were soon speeding towards the friendly door of the village pastor.

Welcomed to the glowing fireside of the venerable rector, the visitors soon felt themselves at home, (for the good parson, looking out for the temporal, as well as spiritual, knew how to keep the right side of such parishioners as Squire Seymour.) In time the little parson from the old farm was introduced into the group, with her sparkling black eyes, her raven curls, and cheeks which the winter cold left as red as a rose.

"Beautiful child!" exclaimed Lady Seymour, "isn't she like Gertrude? What is your name, little girl?"

"Rosalie—Rosalie Romaine," was her reply.

"How old are you?" interposed the Squire.

"Ten years."

"Ten years! Isn't she pretty?" exclaimed Madame.

"She really is not unlike Gertrude," replied the Squire, and then settled himself into a sort of reverie. The intelligence and sweet smile of little Rosalie took his fancy at once; this, combined with the circumstances of her appearing on the anniversary of his daughter's death, and his fondness for her, determined him, if possible, to adopt the sunny-faced, raven-ringed darling, in the place of the lost one. Madame, it seemed, had also the same intention at heart, and accordingly unfolded her project to the good old parson, who referred them to the father of little Rose, whom they could meet in a few days at his house.

Time passed on, and Farmer Romaine was importuned to give his consent to part with little Rose; at first he would hear to nothing of the kind; but when he came to visit the house of the Squire, and mark the wealth and comfort within, and felt assured that his child would be brought up in affluence, and at last become the heiress of all the wealth he saw before him, he was shaken in his negative determination, and left little Rose only for a few days, he said, that he might consult her mother.

But so much delighted did Rose become with all she saw, heard and received, that when Farmer Romaine again presented himself before the Squire, with the tale of Dame Romaine's reluctance, and his own paternal regret, little Rose decided, of her own free will, to remain, and plead so earnestly, that he was obliged to consent.

It became quite lively now in the mansion of the Squire, and Dame Seymour was only too happy to once more hear herself addressed as "Mother," by one whom she soon loved as though she were her own child.

And into that little heart, guileless as it was, came another love, dormant till then—the love of the world—mingling with all the love that she felt for Squire Seymour and his wife, and obscuring the love that had been felt for the dear father and mother, who had prayed above her infant couch, the old grandfather; who had dandled her on his knee in infancy, and all the group of merry brothers and sisters, that filled her childhood with gloe.

Eight years passed away. Little Rose, that was, had grown into a fine young lady, and we need hardly

say that the beauty which had been recognized by the humble group about the fireside on the old farm, and again at the parson's hearth, had given at *et al* to her girlhood, surpassed by few.

Permit us, dear reader, to present a ball-room in the smart village of —, and some of its attendant devotees and discipline.

"Who is that girl in the pink crape, with moss-roses in her hair, Burke?"

"Which one?" asked his companion.

"The one with the fair curls, with Lieut. Miller."

"That is Squire Seymour's adopted daughter."

"I should say that Lieut. Miller had intentions."

"Intentions! He may perhaps have them; but the heiress of old Seymour will be looking higher, I am sure."

This conversation passed between two young gentlemen, with eye-glasses at their eyes, who were looking on upon the display within the *salon de dance*, and particularly at the couple above mentioned, who had whirled out of the dancing circle to take breath.

"You are the brightest flower of the ball-room," whispered Madame Seymour, as she wrapped the shawl about her beautiful adopted child, preparatory to retiring; "and it amused me greatly to see how the butterflies gathered round our pretty Rose!"

"He is not a butterfly," thought Rosalie, as she withdrew to her room. "No, no! not Lieut. Miller."

The morning after the ball Madame Seymour (so the villagers had denominated the wife of the Squire,) entered the apartment of Rosalie, and finding her child in an attitude of reverie, again referred to the odds of the last night's *fete*, from which grew an earnest conversation upon more heartfelt and serious matters, the tone and instigation of which was Love, and the existence of which in her darling's heart, gave the adopted mother great uneasiness.

Left alone once more, Rosalie sought the drawing-room, and, throwing open the casement, brought the light upon the faithful picture of her childhood home, (which her foster father had procured for her from an artist.) She sank upon a sofa beside her, and, wrought upon by the powerful, yet inexpressible feelings of first affection, gave way again to reverie. Her unemployed hands were interlaced, and her bright, deep eyes gazing forward, while her jetty tresses tossed back from her fair brow, would make one testify that Rose Seymour was as captivated in her morning robe, as in the tissue of a ball-room. In her heart, and through her brain, these queries flashed as lightning:

"What does he think of me? or does he think of me at all?" Then darker thoughts drew out. "What if he should know all? If he should know that I am not the person that I seem; that my position is a false one, and I am only the daughter of a poor farmer? How that haunts me. He is so elegant and refined! How my father and brothers would look beside him. I used to dream of my old home with pleasure, but now how ill-timed I should find myself there. Yes, I was happy there once—happy and glad; but now I stand in continual fear. What if my father should come here—the old brusque farmer—and embrace me! Ah! I should die of shame; and yet he is my father, and I have a mother, too. How the memory of childhood will return. Once it would come like a butterfly, fluttering round the soul, to draw some honey from its flowers. Alas, I believe the flowers are dead—there is no honey for memory to feed on now. A thousand fawn around me now, but I fancy I hear them whisper—'She is nothing but a laborer's daughter.' And if he should say that; if he should hear it! But my mother! my poor mother! I loved her once so warmly, but now that I have gone into the world of frivolity and fashion, Rosalie be sincere with thyself. Now since you have known him, you have wished to be his equal, his—"

Rosalie was here suddenly interrupted in her meditations by Lieut. Miller, who had regarded her with admiration from the casement window, and now bounded to her side. She never had seemed so pretty in his eyes, and never had his heart so yearned towards her. As he came before Rosalie, she rose tremblingly to receive him, and, forgetting both caution and reserve, seized her hand, and exclaimed: "Rosa—Miss Seymour! let me speak to you; I have long wished to do so."

Rosalie hung her head, but young Miller continued, breathed of his devotion, and asked her to become his wife; and she consented, weeping many tears upon his breast.

Just at this juncture Dame Seymour entered with several visitors, who were paying their morning call, and greatly embarrassed the young couple. Rosalie's cheeks were very red, but when her dark eyes glanced at his, they grew deeper and darker, for a whole stream of love and hope and happiness poured over her heart, and those pretty cheeks were suffused by emotions that deepened their color. And Lieut. Miller bowed his exit, strong in hope and deeply in love. He loved Rose Seymour passionately; but he was resolved to never make her his wife until he could make her happy in every way—for, in truth, Lieut. Miller was only a farmer's son, and worked for his daily bread, and though no longer poor, lived just as farmers do. Yet they had spared no expense upon their only son. Arthur honored his parents, and found it his greatest happiness to visit his comfortable home, and to roam with his father through the wide meadows where he had frolicked when a child. And Arthur Miller's wife must love and honor these dear old people, as he did himself; without this he could never be happy.

Let us now glance back to the old farm-house among the hills. The silver-headed grandfathers had departed into the quiet land, and an epidemic had carried the oldest boy and the two youngest pets, also, into the quiet land, leaving the second boy only, out of the once merry household; and good Dame Romaine almost believed that the doom of her little Rose had been an evil talisman for her household. It was a long time since any

good woman's hand. "That would be sinful! miserable in me! Despire my mother—no!"

Dame Romaine held the thin white hand in her dry and horny fingers. "I knew it," she replied. "Roger said otherwise—he said, 'you were the Wooden Bowl that wished to be a silver tankard, and so must have a lump of lead in your heart.' Do you feel any lead in your heart, child? I know Roger was wrong."

"My brother was right," thought Rose—"the lead is here." She trembled, as she thought, and as she trembled she felt its heaviness within. Thoroughly humbled, for the moment, Rose Romaine cast herself upon her mother's breast and wept long, bitter tears. Ah! if she had lain there longer—till the good, wholesome feelings had ripened into principle—how different it might have been.

"Grieve not, my little Rose," said the mother soothingly.

Those words—"Little Rose"—brought a host of old remembrances; then the thought of Lieut. Miller flashed on her mind, and a *mauvais honte* immediately took possession of her; in a moment she was "Miss Rosalie Seymour," and she spoke reasonably and distinctly once more. Every word fell cold and chill upon the mother's heart, and bidding her once gentle Rose a tearful farewell, she departed, feeling that she must not seek her as her child again!

A few days after, while attending a festival, held among the good people of the lively village of —, a tall, sun-burnt youth made his appearance among the merry-makers, and—unwelcomed by those about him, whom he found all strangers, he appeared quite as awkward as he felt. At length, Arthur Miller, with the address of a true gentleman, attempted to place the new-comer at ease, and scanned the group to detect some face to whom he could refer the stranger as a friend, but was prevented by the young man, who, laying his hand upon young Miller's arm, implored him to spare himself all trouble, for he only wished to view his sister in the charmed circle, and depart without being known. Miller pressed the hand of the stranger, and led him to the side of the smiling Rosalie, who was, in the height of her beauty, admired on all sides. We can hardly depict the chagrin of the fair girl when, finding herself at *tele-a-tele* with her rustic brother Roger, and also in the presence of her elegant lover. Poor Rosalie Seymour! he then knew all, for he had heard it from her brother's own lips, and Madame Seymour, who had come also to the rescue, had detailed the late visit of the *ones* mother, and her delight that she had succeeded in winning the beautiful girl's affections from such rustic scenes and people.

"Very natural, sir, don't you think so?" appealed the proud dame.

"Pardon me, madame," replied Miller; "I cannot think it natural."

"Then you do not admire Miss Seymour's conduct?"

"I cannot," was the reply; and he soon left the scene without saying adieu to Rose, who attempted to seem gay, but found it a hard matter to dance with a load of lead at her heart; for, in the Silvered Wooden Bowl the dross had grown heavy.

The rustic brother, like the humble mother, soon took his departure, and for long days Rosalie had but to ponder on the heartless part she had so long acted. At length she received the following epistle from Arthur Miller, whose form and memory had never once been absent from her mind:

Beloved Rose—For the first and last time, permit me to call you so. It may console you in your future to know that one heart has beat for you with tender emotions. Rose, I love you, passionately love you, but I love others also. I reverence the parents who watched over my boyhood, and who watched with pride the prospects of my manhood. These parents, Miss Seymour, are humble and industrious. Education and circumstance have alone elevated their son. This letter, dear Rose, but for one circumstance, might have been to solicit you as my wife, but must now only tell what my wife must be. I am a farmer's son, and can only seek the love of one who would not be ashamed to be a *poor farmer's* daughter. Now then, dear Rose, it alone remains for me to bid you an everlasting adieu. I may think of you often, but shall never seek you voluntarily again. Hoping you may be as happy as I am confident you could have made me, I am,

ARTHUR.

The lead sunk deep, very deep—its weight seemed insupportable, now, in the heart of the Silvered Wooden Bowl—and the furnace was ready.

A short time after, Arthur Miller received these few lines:

"Only by one word you wrong me—that word is, 'despised.' I have not despised my mother."

ROSE ROMAINE.

Two years have now passed, and brought a great many changes. In the old home, among the mountains, the old farmer was stretched on his death-bed, and the death-damp was wiped from his shriveled brow by the hands of the reclaimed Rose. "My heart's child," gasped the old man, "and whether going or staying, I am sure you will never forget your poor mother;" and the prayers of the gentle girl might have been registered in heaven, but they hardly came to the ears of the dying man, whose eyes were closed in death. And so lonely and desolate was the home of happy days of old, that Rose forgot all her fashionable folly and gay heartlessness, and chose to remain and be the Little Rose of other days.

Time passed. One day as Rose and her mother sat at their work in their rustic home, the mother referred to the former gay life of her daughter, and questioned if she did not regret—

"No, no!" replied Rose; "I will stay with you always, could I but wipe away one tear."

"Amen!" said a deep voice from the doorway, and in another moment, Capt. Arthur Miller was folding the blushing Rose in his arms. "Dearest Rose, can I claim this little hand now; Miss Seymour, I have all my love to offer you again?"

"My name is Rose Romaine; by that name I was baptized; and now here I am Rose still."

"Yes, that name stands here," he replied, drawing the note of two years ago from his pocket. "How often, dear Rose, I have read these lines—I have not despised my mother."

Rose bent down her head, while a tear fell on her cheek, which Capt. Miller as instantly kissed away, and, before the good old dame, they knelt down to receive the blessing and consent. "We will have a home, where love and happiness shall dwell, and you shall live with us, my mother," articulated Rose; "and, Roger too, with the blushing damsel whom he is to call his wife, in this the old home;—stead, shall keep green the memories of his childhood and of mine."

We need not dwell upon the happy nuptials of the reunited pair—of the heritage bestowed by the foster parents upon their adopted child, now Mrs.

Capt. Miller. Enough, to say that the wedding festival was a gathering of old friends, both homely, rustic and fashionable, and that brother Roger added to the beautiful presents of his sister, a Wooden Bowl, neatly carved, without any lump of lead in it, while the happy Captain clasped her to his heart, exclaiming:

"My Wooden Bowl is more precious to me, now, than when it was silvered over, for it is most excellent of its kind."

THE NOBLEMAN OF EARTH.

The truest nobleman of earth,
Is he who loves to be
The first companion of the good,
The hero of the free.
Who works undaunted for the poor,
Who sees no rank in names;
Whose hopes ascend to heaven in crowds,
As sparks fly up from flames!
Give me that nobleman of mind,
Who loves a noble cause;
The right of labor's sturdy sons,
And freedom's righteous laws!
The hater of each evil scheme
A tyrant may advance;
A giant's strength about his heart,
Thoughts brilliant in his glance!

I love the nobleman of earth,
Who strives to bless the age;
And leaves a glory that is caught
On history's faithful page!
Whose name the millions love to lip,
Truth's sure, unflinching guest;
Who shines in love, as does the sun
In palace of the West!
He's deathless as the mighty skies,
When jeweled through with stars;
Could foot God's beauty in a blaze
Burst through his prison bars!
No mandate from the tyrant breaks
His spirit's upward bound;
While high on every liberal creed
His name is blazoned round!
And perjured kings may pass from earth,
Their pomp and lustre fade;
But nature's nobleman undecays
The cruel laws they've made.
His worship monarch is his God—
He leaves a name behind,
Flushed with effulgence that reflects
His majesty of mind!

Written for the Banner of Light.

ELEGARIA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF RIGHT.

BY CORA WILBURN.

It was a gala-night at her father's house, and the beautiful Elegaria had arrayed herself in costly robes, had decked her raven tresses with braids of pearl and a band of diamonds; her large, dark, lustrous eyes shone with joy and triumph; a somewhat haughty smile played around the dimpled mouth; tall, majestic, graceful, she was the admired of all—the queen of youth and beauty.

The tropical heavens glistened with a thousand stars; fragrant and luxuriant flowers twined around the spacious balcony, where, apart from the gay throng, forsaking dance and merriment, stood the queen of the *fete*, holding long converse with a handsome, dark-browed youth. There was fervor and ecstasy in his tones, and a subdued bitterness and wildness in her voice, as she replied—

"My father is determined!" she said; "this foreigner is wealthy, while you are comparatively poor; he is known and appreciated—you are unknown to fame; it is my father's express command, can I—dare I rebel?"

"Can Elegaria—she whom I deemed so far above all mean and petty calculation—does she, too, taunt me with poverty and obscurity? Holy saints! if a man had dared to speak thus! but from you, Elegaria!"

His voice, at first low and sarcastic, for a moment loud and threatening, sunk into a whisper of despairing love, of sorrowful abandonment. The maiden looked for an instant into his face; tears filled her eyes; gently and tenderly she rested her hand upon his shoulder, and entreated his forgiveness.

"Oh, Antonio, what shall I—what can I do? My father never before spoke to me of marriage; but since this stranger came, I am doomed. Were he but away, I feel sure my father would not compel me to wed another. Oh, Antonio, my gayety is feigned—my smiles are forced; I am very, very wretched!" and, hiding her face upon his bosom, she wept unrestrainedly.

Antonio now spoke tenderly and soothingly, praying by the love they had vowed to each other that she would reject the stranger's suit. There was a call of youthful, merry voices from the saloon, for the presence of the presiding genius; and quickly disengaging herself from her lover's embrace, Elegaria hastened away, first having solemnly promised to Antonio, that she would never wed the obnoxious Englishman—that she would die before she would consent to the union.

The *fete* was prolonged till crimson and golden clouds announced the near day; then the merry, thoughtless crowd separated, and Elegaria, letting down the sea-green curtains, and drawing close the folds of her rose-colored mosquito-net, retired to rest, and soon the veil of slumber shaded her lustrous eyes; she wandered far into the mystic realm of dreams.

From earliest childhood she had been warned of coming sorrow, sickness or trouble, by the appearance of a little child, a vapory, indistinct figure, that, hovering before and around her, led, in dream, over barren regions and rocky ascents, where thorns and brambles pierced her feet; where thick hedges intercepted the view, or black, stagnant waters impeded her progress. That morning Elegaria dreamed that the child-omen led her over rocks, steep and beetling, over marshes, where hideous serpents lay coiled; over forests, dead and still; and into waters, black and stormy, that threatened to engulf her shrinking form. Ever near, smiling maliciously, the infant hovered, dark, vapory and indistinct, calling on her to follow, in a voice that seemed Antonio's; laughing with the sarcastic tone that often marked his ironical merriment. Leading her thus for hours, while in her heavy sleep she tossed and moaned, Elegaria awoke, startled, weary and unrefreshed, to find the sunbeams penetrating the light curtains, to receive a summons from her father to attend him in his library. It was high noon; hastily dressing herself, she proceeded to obey his mandate; her maid offered her breakfast, but she refused. A presentiment of coming trouble weighed heavily upon her spirits; she trembled as she passed through the stately chambers of her magnificent home; but in her soul was the determination, come what would, she should be ever true to Antonio.

Don Enrique received his daughter with his usual stately tenderness, pressed a kiss upon her forehead, and bade her be seated, as he had news of importance to communicate. A strange power was given to the beautiful and naturally impetuous Creole—the power of self-control. With respectful attention and deference, she replied to her father's polite questionings of how she had enjoyed the party; how she had rested; how she now felt, and so on.

"I feel weary and refreshed this morning, dear father, for I have been dreaming much, and have not slept off my fatigue."

"I feel very sorry, daughter. You look pale; you must take more rest during the day, or your rosy cheeks will look wilted, and your bright eyes dim, and that would be a disappointment for somebody," said the old Don, smiling pompously and significantly.

Elegaria looked up into her father's face; her dark eyes asked the question her lips refused to utter.

"The Senor Clyde has been here this morning," he continued, speaking slowly, and never withdrawing his eyes from his daughter's countenance; "he has demanded your hand in marriage. I have given my consent. The Senor is honorable, and wealthy; stands high in his native country. You will retain your own belief; he will not interfere with your religion. To-night he will be here to receive the assurance from your lips; that his offer is gladly accepted; and in one month you will be married, and accompany the Senor to his beautiful home in England."

Not a word escaped the lips of Elegaria; pale as marble, and seemingly as still, she moved not; made no motion even to the fixed and stony glance with which she regarded her father; only her hands, that lay passively upon her lap, trembled visibly.

"Well, Elegaria?" somewhat impatiently said Don Enrique, "I expect an answer."

There was none; for all reply, Elegaria threw herself at her father's feet, and, embracing his knees, wept bitterly, without a word.

"Come, come, child!" said the old man, more softly, "You weep to leave me, your home and young associates. It is hard, I know, but it is the duty of a wife to follow her husband's fortunes. In England, my Southern flower will be the admiration of all. Come, come, daughter, your sorrow is too much; I cannot present you pale and weeping to your intended husband."

"I cannot—oh, I cannot wed the Senor Clyde," sobbed Elegaria, and anew she dropped her head upon her father's knee.

"Why not, Senorita?" quietly asked the Don.

"Oh, father! dear, kind, generous father! you have always granted my every request. Oh, be generous now; let me live with you forever. Do not compel me to wed a man I cannot love!"

"Why cannot you love him?" sternly demanded the father; "is he not handsome, rich, talented?"

"Yes, oh yes," timidly replied Elegaria.

"Then, girl, what fault do you find in him? Does he not bear an unimpeachable character?"

"He does," softly responded the kneeling and trembling maiden.

"Is it because he is seven or eight years your senior?"

"No, no, my father! I respect, admire, esteem the Senor Clyde, but alas! I cannot love him."

"Why not?" loudly demanded Don Enrique. Elegaria was silent.

"Do you wish to become a nun? The convent gates shall unlock for you, if you become not the wife of Senor Clyde. Choose your lot in life; my decision is final. Stay!" he shouted, as Elegaria rose to her feet, with intent to leave the room; "you shall, if you please, give me your reasons for refusing the Senor. I am waiting to hear, Senorita."

Desperation dwelt in the heart of the loving girl; it nerved her courage, and her pale lips pronounced the words she would have recalled the next moment, as she beheld the gathering storm upon her father's brow.

"I love Antonio Marcello, and have promised to wed no other."

Don Enrique rose from his chair, and paced the floor, while Elegaria, trembling like an aspen, stood with clasped hands beside the door. Her father paused before her, regarded her with stern, determined looks; then, taking her by the hand, he led her to a chair, and seated himself opposite to her.

"Do you know who Antonio Marcello is?" he demanded.

"I know that his mother is poor, but he is honorable, just and true," warmly replied Elegaria.

"Do you know that his mother was a slave?"

"I—I have heard it rumored; but even so, dear father, does it lessen his integrity; is he to be held accountable?"

"Nature will reveal herself! cried the Don; "do-generate girl! how dare you speak so in my presence? Have you no pride, no love of caste, no consciousness of position?"

"I love truth and nobleness, wherever I meet with it," she replied.

"Then honor those sentiments in Senor Clyde. Marry him, or go to a convent. You shall never wed with Antonio Marcello!"

"I will never wed the Senor Clyde!" she responded, her courage now thoroughly awakened, her vehement nature aroused.

"You will not! then listen to your doom! You shall be dragged to the convent's gates; but before they close upon you, the world shall know that you, its star, its idol—you, the reputed heiress of the wealthy Don Enrique, are—nothing but the daughter of a slave! You may well start, girl! a mulatto woman was your mother—she was my slave!"

With a burst of hysterical laughter, Elegaria cried aloud—"Then am I equal with Antonio!" and fell senseless to the floor.

"Oh, do not tempt me to sin! I have none to advise with. I have no mother, not even the memory of one, sacred and hallowed as a mother's memory should be. Let me be consigned to that living grave, the convent; let the world know my shame—my unjustly assumed position! But tempt me not to rob my father; his family jewels, the gold I once deemed mine, is in my hands, but I have no right as to its disposal. I dare not rob my father and fly with you. Oh, Antonio! let us separate; do you—endeavor to forget me!"

"No, my loved one—we have a right to life and happiness; now indeed we are equal. Your father thought by this announcement to separate us. The proud Englishman will scorn you, when he knows the story of your birth; but Antonio loves you fondly as ever, my pride! my princess! Will you, the star of the Capital allow yourself to be exposed to ignominy and shame, the scoffs of the envious, the heartless? Your father has thwarted his own plans

by this revelation; were the Englishman to know it, he would spurn you from him with supreme disdain. You have been vilely, cruelly imposed upon—you, so proud, so regally triumphant in that station from which a tyrant father is about to hurl you! No! my beautiful! come with me; take all your jewels—his proud family insignias—the gold he has so pompously entrusted you with. It is yours; you only take what he unjustly refuses you; you save yourself from an unloved marriage; you prepare happiness for yourself and for your devoted Antonio!"

The tempter continued his pleadings, and slowly the soul of the maiden yielded its consciousness of truth and rectitude; according to that alluring voice, that sought to lead her to sin by the paths of falsehood and retaliation. The proud girl consented to become the faithless guardian of a holy trust; disdaining another attempt to move her father, an appeal to the generous, and high-minded Clyde, she listened to the honeyed poison of Antonio's words; and smothering all nobler feelings, the rising remorse, the poignant ingratitude, she promised to fly with him that night; to become, for his sake, that lowest thing, a thief, for gold!

At midnight, a veiled figure stole stealthily and tremblingly among the magnificent saloons and winding corridors of that ancient and stately house; now, with uplifted finger, as if in warning to her guilty self, then shrinkingly pressing her crouching form against the wall, startled by some imaginary sound, or flickering shadow, the changed Elegaria passed on, pressing to her bosom the precious casket containing the family jewels—the gold entrusted to her care. On, past the sleeping and bribed servants, until her feet stood on the threshold, that separated that loved and familiar house from the strange untrodden world without. Elegaria paused a moment, ere she drew the bolt of the massive door; her better angel whispered for the first time caution, distrust of the flattering tongue, the advice of Antonio; but again the fascination of his memory overpowered her better resolves. With a long-drawn sigh, the door was unbolted by her trembling hands, and Elegaria, the proud and beautiful, passed her home's dear portal, and stood within the shadow of a mighty sin!

A dark and muffled figure awaited her; silently her hand was taken, and she followed through winding streets and lanes, until they stopped before a humble-looking tenement, and her silent conductor whispered: "Enter, Elegaria!" She found herself in a narrow room, meanly furnished, illumined by the rays of a smoking lamp. Vainly the trembling girl awaited for the love-fraught tones of Antonio's greeting. He sat moody, silently regarding her, the cape of his cloak hiding his countenance. When the strange silence was broken, it was by a husky, yet familiar voice, saying: "Give me that casket!"

She started to her feet in alarm. "Merciful heavens!" she cried, "this is not Antonio?"

"No, sinful girl! wicked and disobedient daughter! it is not the mulatto's son!" replied a voice that trembled with grief far more than with indignation, and throwing off his cloak, the person of her father stood revealed before her!

For several moments there was a profound silence in the room, as Elegaria regarded her father with distended eyes, while he returned the gaze with one of such searching reproach and grief, it pierced the heart of the erring girl with untold pangs. He drew her gently towards him, neither in tenderness nor in anger, and she allowed him passively to seat her in a chair—to take the casket from her hands. She continued gazing in his face with that same wild glance of utter amazement. In the same trembling, husky tones, he vainly endeavored to, steady, her father continued:

"I was harsh, and spoke impatiently to you yesterday. I even—but no matter now. I expected from you submission, at least a further appeal to my parental feelings. You know my temper; you took advantage of it; I thought you at least honorable—fixed in principle. I find you vile enough to rob me of my gold! But it is not your own avarice that led to this sin—it was that villain's influence. You shall fully rue this blind infatuation. In an hour he will be here, but you will not be the rich Elegaria! I knew of your wicked plan; thus have I frustrated it. Meet him as his equal in poverty; you return to my roof no more!"

Before she could start from her seat and call upon him for mercy, for a moment's attention, for pity and forgiveness, Don Enrique had left the house, and she fell sobbing, half fainting to the floor.

"I will rush after him—I will return home!" she wildly cried, rushing to the door; but she remembered her father's words, a thousand times more impressive in their grave and sorrowful indistinctness, than when spoken in anger and loud reproach—"You return to my roof no more!" "In an hour, Antonio will be here," she repeated. "Oh, he will not spurn me thus—he will love me, even without the gold!"

She counted the weary moments of that eventful hour, with painfully throbbing heart, with alternate flushing and paling cheeks; with a cry of relief and joy she sprang towards him as he entered. He embraced her fondly.

"Well done, my brave one, my heroine!" he exclaimed. "It was well planned; old Maria told me in time, that I need not wait for you on the street, but meet you here an hour after midnight. And now, my beloved, we are past the persecutions of our enemies; to-morrow shall behold us joined in marriage—no power then can separate us!"

"Antonio!" earnestly demanded Elegaria, as a sudden resolve arose in her mind, "could you love me I penniless? would you marry me if I had not robbed my father?"

"You talk strangely, dearest! It is for your own sake that I desire your wealth. You are accustomed to dress and costliness. I could not give it to you."

"Would you refuse to work for me—to allow me to share your labors?" she inquired, fixing her dark eyes, with strange questioning upon his face.

He smiled ironically. "Dearest Elegaria, why put such useless questions? I do not love business or labor any too well. Your white hands would soon lose their beauty in the performance of drudgery, such as the poor must submit to." He laughed—there was a ringing discord in that laughter, that caused Elegaria to shudder visibly.

Her drooping attitude gave place to an erect demeanor—to a returning consciousness of pride and power! Her dimmed eyes gathered light, her brow somewhat of its lost serenity, her cheeks their departed crimson. Antonio gazed upon her with delight and admiration. She waved him back, proudly, half defiantly, as he exclaimed—"How beautiful!" "My father came here with me," she said, and her piercing, soul-rending eyes rested upon her lover's face. She saw him start in surprise. "He was apprised of our plan," she continued. "I mis-

took him for you; he silently conducted me hither; here he revealed himself, accused me of ingratitude and treachery, not in his usual, overbearing manner, but with a forbearance, a tone of anguish in his voice, that cut me to the soul! He left me, bidding me never return to his roof!"

"But he did not find the casket! you have secured that—he did not find it?" eagerly cried Antonio.

"He said you had influenced me to this step!" sadly, dreamily replied the maiden, who began to read the mercenary soul before her.

"But you have it in safety? He will pursue us. Let us fly from here!" he cried, grasping the young girl's arm.

"He will not trouble himself about us," she coldly replied; "we are safe from his pursuit. But he said you would spurn me if I were poor—is that so, Antonio?"

"Wherefore waste time with words?" he impatiently responded. "Give me the casket—I will secure it—it must be placed in safety. If your father knows where you are, we may be discovered every moment."

A peal of derisive laughter burst from the lips of Elegaria—truly, the awakening had come.

"The casket is safe!" she replied, while indignant crimson flooded her cheeks, and icy hands seemed tightly grasping her heart-strings.

"Where, tell me where?" he demanded, still more eagerly, half angrily, his brows knitting, as he beheld her smiling scornfully upon him. "In my father's hands!" she answered, never removing her eyes from his face, which blanched to a deathly pallor. "Do you love me now, Antonio?"

His dark face was convulsed with rage—he clenched his hands in the extremity of his impotent fury—and looked threateningly upon the haughty, unsuited, majestic beauty.

"How came he—how could you give up—the treasure—weak, silly, fool!" he cried, frantically.

"My father took the casket from my hand; he told me you would spurn me, if I were poor; my father's gold is returned to its lawful owner. Do you love me, Antonio?" His eyes fairly blazed with rage, yet they quailed beneath the icy glance, the self-possessed haughty manner of his intended victim. "Go now!" she cried; "I am answered. You are the mercenary, heartless wretch my father denounced. I know you! Leave me! Holy Mother! all unworthy as I am, I thank thee for this escape!"

With a smothered oath, a loudly-uttered threat, the baffled villain left the house, vowing vengeance upon the proud girl, he would have led to sin and misery.

The Senor Clyde was visiting a friend, who lived on a beautiful plantation some three miles from the city. Scarcely aroused from his slumbers, he was told that a veiled lady desired to speak with him. With his usual courtesy, he immediately obeyed the summons. What was his surprise when the lady, throwing back her veil, discovered the pale yet beautiful features of the loved Elegaria! And when she threw herself at his feet, and entreated his intercession with her father, he wept with her, and offered his disinterested sympathy, telling her to look upon him as a brother, to forget that ever he aspired to a nearer tie.

As Elegaria looked up into his face, as it was illumined with pity and forgiveness for her, she was struck with the beauty of its goodness, the power of purity and intellect manifest on that noble brow, speaking from those clear blue eyes. She whispered: "You will do all a brother can!" and he left her to repose her aching head—to commune with her weary, tortured heart.

Allan Clyde was absent all that day. When he returned Don Enrique was with him; and soon the erring, but repentant girl, was pressed to her father's bosom. The generous friend stood aside, furtively wiping away his tears; as the proud man, forgetful of his presence, forgetting pride and vanity and worldly consideration, embraced his child, and blessed while he forgave her.

They returned home that night, and Elegaria pressed the hand of Allan Clyde with fervent gratitude, and whispered: "Forget me not, dear brother."

Allan Clyde was a constant visitor at Don Enrique's mansion, but he never spoke of love to the beautiful Elegaria, whose heart fluttered with pure joy and freshly awakened emotion at his approach.

At last he spoke of his return to England, and he saw that her cheek paled, that her lips quivered with sadness, and with newly-awakened hope he dared to ask her, "whether she desired him to stay."

An answering look of gentle entreaty was all the reply she gave—it emboldened him still further. He took her little hand, looked searchingly into her blushing face, and said: "I remain, if Elegaria gives the word." And she gave it; and he remained for days and weeks, until her heart was fairly won, her love avowed; and the smiling, happy and gratified father, joined their hands in betrothal.

Soon, there was a wedding at that stately home, and on the brow of the fair young bride there rested no shadow of regret or shame, for Don Enrique had confessed to her that he had invented the story of her birth, in order to bow her pride and render her submissive to his will. Ere this, she had tested her true lover's affection by telling him that she was, as she thought, the daughter of a slave. He pressed her fondly in his arms, and vowed undiminished love and care, though a double stigma rested upon her; and when, proud and triumphant, she told him of her father's confession, he smiled as usual, and loved her as before.

Thus, the influence of one good man, brought forth such abundant happiness; and thus he would have acted, had she been the veriest stranger, in place of the loved one of his heart. Who can say what would have been the fate of the beautiful and gifted girl, if her father's doors had remained forever closed? How desperation, sorrow and remorse, would have led to deeper guilt, adown that illusive path, leading to swift destruction. But pity and tenderness turned aside the parent's anger, and softened the rigorous decrees of moral justice. Young, inexperienced and tempted, she was saved in time, sheltered from future wrong, rescued from misery, suffering and remorse. She accompanied her loving husband to England. The miserable Antonio soon after perished in a drunken brawl.

Let us speak and act gently toward the erring, and in time and in eternity we shall reap an exceeding great reward.

"A philosopher does not see with the eyes of the poor liminary creature calling himself a man of the world, and filled with narrow and self regarding prejudices of birth and education; but looks upon himself as a catholic creature, and as standing in an equal relation to high and low, to educated and ignorant, to the guilty and the innocent."—DE QUINCEZ.

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FORM AND ESSENCE.

People would be much instructed, if they would stop, now and then, in the midst of current affairs—such as the business, the talk, the politics, and the preaching of the day—and place what they hear and what they believe in new combinations; divest the popularly accepted forms of faith of their supernatural and superstitious attire; look at things as they are, and not so much at what is arbitrarily made to stand for them; in truth, allow themselves to think, without the fear of thinking beyond certain limits already prescribed by sects and parties, and conventions.

This, in fact, is the great cause of terror with most people—that their thinking may lead them beyond the established boundaries, and so out of the lines of safety. They are all thinking, for they are sufficiently conscious of their power to do so; but then comes in the fear that they may not think *orthodoxly*. This is a deviation, of course, from the accepted standard, and so inspires timidity and generates wretchedness of heart. Hence very few are willing to accept the consequences of truly following out their natural intuitions into the field of thought, but content themselves with the half-beliefs, the unbeliefs, the cross-beliefs, and the no-beliefs, that so sorely perplex and distract the forces of the soul.

We were struck with a point, the other day, that might be well used in illustration of these remarks. It occurred to us while sitting and listening to an "orthodox" discourse on the usual round of topics that make up the circle of the "orthodox" faith.

We asked ourselves a question like this:—Suppose a teacher in one of the popular Orthodox Sabbath-schools were to sit down before his class of young pupils, and say to them: "Now, children, here is what we have been called Jesus instructed his followers in, some eighteen hundred years ago; he taught them to love one another—to repay hatred with love, and evil with good—to do unto others as they would have others do unto themselves—to love God who is the Father of us all; I do not myself believe the stories that are told of his impossible conception and birth, nor of many, if indeed, of any of his miracles; I refuse for myself to accept the mythical narratives that were written about him years after he died, by men who could understand neither himself nor his teachings while he lived, but who entertained a so-called opinion of his purity and worth that they could not weave fables wonderful enough, with which to surround and beautify his very name; yet, for all that, rejecting as I do these fictions and wonder-filled narratives that are the product of their over-excited imagination alone, I soberly and sincerely assure you that what this same Jesus taught is the highest and the purest truth, and that no one can be happy, either in the present or another state, unless he accepts it and shapes his life by it. Now, children, I would have you throw away all the miraculous stories of this pure being, and receive only his teachings, and thus be happy always."

Suppose, we say, any teacher in one of our Orthodox Sabbath-schools should talk thus frankly and persuasively to his young pupils on such a matter, telling them how necessary it was for them to let the *chief* of these original exaggerations go for nothing, but to garner the nourishing wheat of Christ's truth into their tender souls; does any sane man for a moment suppose that such a teacher would be suffered to open his lips again to any class of scholars in that religious organization? We think not; indeed, we positively know not. And yet no sane man, either, could charge such a teacher with denying, or attempting to deny, the real, valuable, everlasting truth which Jesus was born to teach, and so effectively did teach; oh, no, nothing like that. It would have to be admitted, on the contrary, that not one jot or tittle of this most exalted and loveable truth had he abated, or sought to abate, in imparting his instructions; only he had frankly warned his youthful pupils against being misled and mystified by these exaggerated stories that had been told about the person and personal history of Jesus, while he had not failed, either, to set forth the real teachings of the same Jesus with all his spiritual energy, and in all their original beauty and truth.

Now what shall we call this? Is it an example of devotion, on the part of the indignant authorities of the church aforesaid, to the *essence* of the truth as contained in the Gospel, or only to its *form*? Do they not betray by their action, that rather than sacrifice the story-telling and wonder-working part of the machinery, they are willing to let go the whole—the precious truth, the love, the real Gospel, and all? It cannot be denied that it is so. Many will try to palliate this most logical representation of the facts of the case, by denying this point, or stating that; but nothing of that kind will avail. The uneasiness displayed by those who would seek to evade the result of this plain statement of the case, does but prove the statement to be a really true and legitimate one.

Here, then, is a proper illustration of the distinction we would seek to draw between Form and Essence. This practically demonstrates what we mean, when we declare that some men, nay, that most men much prefer the show to the substance; that, as things generally go, it matters not so much what men profess for a religious faith, as how they profess it; that ceremonials, and surroundings, and

conventionalisms, are popularly counted more than absolute truth, and right, and integrity.

And this most pitiful condition of things must be changed. It is not to be done, either, by any miracle, but by the steady enlightenment of the public mind. Men everywhere must be led to see for themselves the great distinction that exists between show and substance, between empty religious and political formulas and vital, essential truth. The light must be made to dawn and shine, everywhere; and where people now little think the light can go and be received, there it must go with the greater power and certainty of being received.

What the world has craved from the very infancy of its existence, and is even now craving with more earnestness and prayer than ever before, is the knowledge, or revelation, of the substance; of what is real, and abiding, and ever-working. Orientalism, supernaturalism, superstition, arbitrariness, fatalism, polytheism, sacrificial dogmas—of these, and the kindred to these, it has had a sorrowful surfeit. It now asks for the Real—for the Truth. What has hitherto been permitted to come between, it is quite ready, and even anxious, to put away. It yearns for that knowledge from which it has so long been kept; and this very desire is proof enduring that that knowledge will ere long be attained. Nothing is implanted within the heart in the shape of a desire, which is not capable of an ultimate gratification. And the human soul will not always be denied; it cannot forever remain ignorant; it has, in truth, taken its longest step towards knowledge, when it has begun to desire and pray to know.

THE DEVILISH RELIGION.

As a fair illustration of the spirit and temper of certain men among the partialists—or those who hold to the stale dogmas of hell fire, a personal devil, the crucifixion of an innocent man on behalf of a world that had never known him, and know him not even yet—we subjoin the following significant paragraph from one of our exchanges—such as the "religious" journals would probably call a *secular* newspaper:

Rev. Dr. Cheever, of New York, writes a communication in the Independent, in which he calls the *moral* practice of Paris doctors on Senator Sumner the "trial by fire," and says, jokingly, that if we could hear Brooks, "possibly we should hear something about suffering from fire there also." The indecency of this little clerical pleasantry will strike some people. Another profane man, not a doctor of Divinity, commenting on Cheever's jest, said—"I should call that a *h-l* of a joke!"

Upon this most humane and Christian-like *morceau*, the Ledger comments in the following strain. It is deserved, and more too:—

"And such are the men whom many think capable of showing them the way to heaven! What sort of religion is this which Dr. Cheever professes? We hesitate not to say that nothing surpasses it in the way of malice and blasphemy, of revengefulness and cruelty. Dr. Cheever professes to speak in all things for God; and he also professes to believe, as he manifestly *hopes* also, that Brooks—now resting in his grave—is suffering the torments of the fires of hell. He would rather have it so than not; indeed, unless it is so, Dr. Cheever, and those who follow the demonic doctrines of Dr. Cheever, would prefer to have no God, no Heaven, and no Christ. It seems to us, at all events, that they believe in unseen devils; but we wish to see no beings with more devilish spirits than they."

We are glad, for one reason, that ministers allow themselves to make such revengeful remarks, and that is, because they betray the legitimate consequences of their religious profession and creed. We have all along insisted that this self-styled "Orthodox" creed is calculated to make men malicious and devilish, rather than gentle, forgiving, and good; and this incident goes to its demonstration. We have nothing to say here either of Charles Sumner, or of his assailant; except, perhaps, to state that we do not think even Mr. Sumner himself could wish such horrors for him as the Rev. Dr. Cheever evidently does. Christ said of his enemies, even when dying from their cruelty—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Dr. Cheever, who professes to "preach Christ and him crucified," manifestly looks down into the depths of the fires of hell, expecting to see the writhings of a man whom he hates—and thinks God unjust unless it is so.

THE POLITICAL WORLD.

It does not come exactly within our province to enter upon the discussion of political topics, and it is quite unnecessary for us to say that we do not design to do so at this time. We took up our pen simply to state that the people appear to be full of excitement about the local and national questions that are impending, and that the fact seems to have steadily impressed itself upon most minds that the next Presidential contest is going to be one of the most earnest the nation was ever called to go through. Party leaders are calculating and plotting; they are making their estimates of what such a step will bring to them, and what another step will assist them to avoid; they are computing all the chances that seem now to be collecting, like clouds, all about the horizon; but it is perhaps the most remarkable, if not significant, fact about the whole of it, that almost every day some seemingly trifling circumstance, thrust in, as it were, by a mischievous power, overthrows, of a sudden, all the calculations of the politicians, and puts them busily upon their reckoning again.

It is more plain, we think, to men's minds, than it ever was before, that a superior intelligence is arranging events for the future, as best suits itself, and as are best adapted to the highest good of the race. Everybody fully believes there is going to be an unparalleled political excitement during the two years that are to come; but nobody seems able to calculate, or even to guess, who will be the next President. And it is a good thing that they cannot. In the bewilderment and perplexity occasioned by the confusion of parties, men will be thrown back upon their individual conscience and reason, and the best effects are certain to follow. It is of no sort of consequence who is the next President, if such grand results are to flow out of the excitement over it.

ZION'S HERALD.

In our next we shall publish an interesting article from La Haye Sunderland, suggested by the editor's remarks on the folly of spending "small sums of money" in spiritual communications.

MORE LIGHT.

A subscriber writes us that the Spiritualists are fitting up a hall in Drowsville, N. H., for the purpose of spiritual lectures. It is large and commodious, and will be ready to occupy in a few weeks.

Love is a weapon that will conquer when all others fail.

THE OCTOBER WEATHER.

Everybody must have remarked it, and most people must have made their observations upon it. Day after day, so calm, so sweet, so holy; the air soothed almost to a spiritual-tone and temper; the masses of foliage on the forests changing so gradually, and beautifully, and holding out so many tints and colors as to make the heart of the sympathetic beholder overflow with joy; the smoky haze drawn so gently across the slopes and meadows, and through its thin and gauzy veil the running brooks twinkling as with another life; the yellow suns shining down into the openings made in the woods by the falling of the leaf; cattle standing patiently and in silence all about in the quiet corners of the old farms, enjoying as much as they can the influence of the blessed sunshine, and adding a quiet picturesqueness to the rural scene—when does a good God so lavish his bounties before the very eyes—when does he so freely pour his gifts into the soul already full?

October is one of our two favorite months—the other is June. Both are splendid gifts right out of the sky. The soul is renewed in the passage of each of them; but how differently! June flushes the spirit with its own swelling joy; October comes and steals with all softness into the heart, filling it with sadness—oh, so sweet, so real, and so mysterious that none know exactly whence it comes, or what it means. We love October now, because its influence is right upon us still; June we shall love again, as soon as we see its red roses over the garden walls, and sniff the indescribable fragrance of the ruddy apple-blossoms that line the old country roads.

Let us not forget to thank God for such beautiful gifts as these. The spirit, in truth, that knows how to enjoy and prize them, cannot feel otherwise than thankful.

THE NEW YORK TRAGEDY.

Never have we been called upon to chronicle a more hideous and horrible tragedy than that of the recent murder—or bloody attempt to murder—an entire family in New York city, by one of its own youthful members. A young man, not yet nineteen years of age, simply because he is properly reprimanded by his father for having abstracted a bank-book from his desk, retires to his room with a heart swelling with fiendish passion, sits down and nurses his revenge, collects several deadly weapons, such as a hatchet, a heavy blade, and a three-barreled pistol, partially disrobes himself, and then sallies out in his stocking feet, just at the moment his father is preparing to put out the lights for the night, and, with his hatchet, falls upon his two parents, his two young and helpless brothers, and the two terrified servant girls; after which, supposing he has made sure work of them all, he goes back to his own room, applies the loaded pistol to his head, and deliberately blows out his brains!

This is too horrible a scene to dwell upon. It excites in the human mind almost as much of disgust as it does of horror. It all occurred in the heart of an affectionate and religious family, where such a tragedy would have been the very last looked for. And the mind pauses on reaching this point, and asks what, is what can be the mystery which has not yet been plucked out of this most diabolical story? What could have been the *motive* of this murder? Where was the moral training of this young man deficient? In fact, is the training in our families anything real at all, or is it only a makeshift to answer the demands and appearances of a superficial society? We are plunged into the saddest reveries, when we vainly seek to understand what must truly be that society, out of which such volucres of passion are liable at any time to burst.

MISS HARDINGE'S LAST LECTURE.

Miss Emma Hardinge has kindly volunteered to lecture for the benefit of the Ladies' Harmonical Band, for the relief of the poor, on Thursday evening next, November 4; and Mr. Greenwood—the proprietor of the *Tableaux* of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress—has also generously offered his services, and the exhibition of his magnificent series of paintings, for the same purpose. This will be the last opportunity afforded, for some time to come, of listening to Miss H., who is universally acknowledged to be by far the ablest exponent of the spiritual philosophy. All, both the skeptic and believer, unite in their praise of her abilities. She deals but little in metaphysics, but is happy in the use of such arguments as satisfy the reason and touch the heart by their truthfulness.

As for the *Tableaux*, they need little praise—they sustain themselves by their beauty and faultlessness. The subjects which they represent are spiritual—they are spiritual—as prominent works of art, they should be patronized; but, more particularly, when they become silent co-workers in a cause so laudable as is that of relieving the poor, should they have many witnesses.

The Ladies' Harmonical Band do not work for Spiritualists alone—their labors are confined to the poor, wherever they may be found; and, like the true Statesman, who, regardless of party, labors for the whole country, they extend a helping hand to all.

The entire proceeds are to be for this object, and many thanks are due to Mr. Greenwood for his unselfish benevolence. The *Tableaux* will be exhibited at precisely seven o'clock, and Miss Hardinge's lecture will commence at eight o'clock. The admission fee to the whole will be twenty-five cents. We anticipate a full attendance, and would suggest to our friends to go early. A good seat is always an object.

AN ORTHODOX PORTRAIT OF THE DEVIL.

A writer in the *Congregationalist* Journal gives the following description of what he terms the "infidelity" of the day, which in plain English means: not belonging to our church—not subscribing to total depravity—not consigning babes to the flames of hell—not advocating the reasonableness of endless punishment, and not making a fool of one's self generally. He then follows up his graphic account with a portrait of the Devil of the nineteenth century, which must be very flattering to the vanity of that distinguished personage, and serve to recompense him in some degree for the slanders his character and personal appearance have received in the days that are past.

"The infidelity, to be sure, of the present day has become pious, and goes to meeting, but its teeth are just as sharp, and malice just as deep as when imported from France. Formerly the infidel wolf was wont to growl and snap in open daylight, but now it puts on sheep's clothing, and appears religious, uses honeyed words, smiles blandly, and even prays with some apparent fervor, finding this to be the best way to oppose the *Orthodox*. Mr. Thomas Paine was a green hand at the work. He was too outspoken. He showed his horns, horns and tall, and supposed he could accomplish his end. Poor, mistaken man! If he had been a Doctor of Divinity he would have shown more tact, and had more prospect of ultimate

Sabbath in Boston.

MISS HARDINGE AT THE MELODEON.

Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 31.

Miss Hardinge read an extract from the Bible, relevant to the subject, and said: Hitherto it has been our unthankful task to speak to you of the systems of religion, and to show to you that while the silver cord of truth, held in the hand of the living God, has been let down, to bind and unite man to his Creator, it has been bound around and covered over by so many sectarian hedges and barriers, and attempts to mystify the Great Father, by confining what belongs to the whole great human family within the lids of a book—that it has often been obscured and hidden, and harassed souls have groped for it in vain.

At length God has moved mankind to learn of himself, and a man shall no longer go about asking his neighbor where is God, for he hears his voice crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and make his paths straight."

We are to deal with Modern Spiritualism with the same candor, and with the same power of truth, which has compelled us to show you the mythic speculations concerning the God of Israel—to say what Spiritualism is, what it can do, and what it cannot do.

There are two classes of minds who are asking, what is the use of Spiritualism. One class is prompted by an idle love of the marvelous—brought up in the churchyard ideas of old religion, and so craving for some of the magic of Deity, to amuse themselves with by the fireside. They recognize the fact of spirit-communication; but as they find no treasure is to be heaped up—no labor-saving machines to be let down from the sky—they ask what is the use of Spiritualism, except as a plaything.

The other class, eager to elevate woman to a position she was never meant to fill, or possessed of but one idea, and strenuous to link it with the cause of religious reform, forgetful of the fact that great reforms do not belong to any shade of opinions, or any single class of minds—ask what use is in Spiritualism, and allow themselves to find none whatever.

Religion has believed itself all the guide man wants in life and death. Spiritualism teaches man of the existence of God, of the doctrine of immortality, and the idea of communication of the dwellers in earth-life with those in the life to come. This is all Spiritualism does. The politician asks the aid of Spiritualism in affairs of government. You ask spirits to clothe the naked and feed the hungry, and do all that is man's duty to do. Why, then, not ask of God that he will divide the earth among his children, giving each his foot of land? Why not ask God that machines may grow of themselves, without the primary labor of man's hands and brain? Yet you ask it of spirits, and find fault if they do not what God has failed to do!

We ask you to follow us through the religion of life—that religion which lays the axe in the roots of the tree—that plants a seed and nourishes the germ to the fragrant flower or fruitful plant, and which clasps all human kind by the hand and calls them brother and sister; not that which builds up the walls of faith so high that they shut out the sunbeams of God's smile, and which alienates brother from brother. This religion has told us of God, but it has not brought him to us. Can Spiritualism do it? It demonstrates his existence, and shows us the power, love and reason which permeate all things in nature and in life.

Yesterday we walked with one who was mighty on earth, strong in power, and at whose word councils sat and armies waited. Kingdoms bent their necks to him, and purple and gold flashed and dropped gracefully on his breast. He was a husband, and his loved companion looked up to him for help, advice and protection. The artisan, the painter, the sculptor, the poet; brought their mind-wealth and laid it at his feet. Today he lies in death. The armies sit wearily in their stirrups, waiting in vain for his coming; feet are bent towards the council chamber, and diplomacy waits the sanction of the mighty dead. Little children weep over his couch, and the partner of his life cries loudly for him to return again, and be her protector and guide. But there is no response. They unite in their call till the nation rings with it; yet he lies calm, gently, undisturbed in death. Religion tells you the spirit is gone; though the thews and sinews are strong and perfect, the spirit that governed them is fled, and can never return. But, in spite of the seal of death the tiny rap is heard; the watchers search for its cause, yet they find it not. Still it goes on; and in the deep stillness of the chamber of death the rapping designates letters, the letters make words, the words form sentences, and the sentences designate intelligence. The name of the mighty dead is spelled out, and his loved ones know he still lives!

Here is an example of what Spiritualism can do. The church says it is impossible—all the scriptures of the past say it is impossible; so says Science—and yet we will defy church, scriptures, science, everything, to account for the tap-tap-tap any other way than this.

Here is evidence of the control of matter by spirit, which uses it as an agent, and survives its wreck. Then here is immortality. We ask more of this spirit, and we find our tables and chairs floating in the air. How is this? We know the laws of gravitation and of attraction, and that while these laws prevail, we are not blown about by chance; surely we must look for a power to do this thing in opposition to these great laws of nature. There is no magnetism, and we find the table is controlled by intelligence, and indicates it in motions standing for words.

Do spirits love? Oh, how unselfishly! At man's birth and death, whether in the palace, or on the gibbet, they are there to pour the cordial of love on the broken soul, and they never forsake you. They are the Jacob's Ladder, and they approach nearer God themselves the higher they lead you up. But if this is the affection of spirits, what must that of our great Father be?

Where are the great creative faculties who have governed the earth in the past? Are we to know them no more? Are the great scientific enigmas they could almost grasp on earth, dropped at the portals of the living world beyond? Surely they can make noise without the crude agencies you deem so necessary, and baffle your ideas of electricity, by suspending tables, and moving ponderous bodies. Surely they must have some ideas of science.

The statesman gives forth to the world his ideas of national diplomacy; but spirits standing with him read but one word on the chamber walls of his

success. Whatever may be the other attributes of the Devil, he certainly is not omniscient, for he has learnt something during the last hundred years. He is not the same coarse, uncouth, homely creature he used to be. He has sawed off his horns, he wears as nice boots as anybody, covering his cloven feet, and his tail is rolled up under a neat sheep skin, and he bows and scrapes, and smiles, and prays, just like other folks. Formerly he was frightful, hideous—now he is quite attractive, winning by his smiles the young and unsuspecting."

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

Warren Chase will lecture, Nov. 7th, in Athol, Mass.; Nov. 14th, in Bethel, Vt.; Nov. 18th, in Newport, N. H.; Nov. 21st, in Manchester, N. H.; Nov. 24th and 25th, in Pittsfield, N. H. (his native town); Dec. 1st, 2d and 3d, in Dover, N. H.; Dec. 5th and 12th, in Portland, Me.; Dec. 7th and 8th, in Kennebunk, Me.; Dec. 14th, 16th and 16th, in Portsmouth, N. H.; Dec. 19th, in Newburyport, Mass.; Dec. 21st, 22d and 23d, in Salem, Mass.; Dec. 26th, in Worcester, Mass.; 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; February, in Philadelphia and Baltimore; March and April, in Ohio; May, in Michigan. Address, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Portland, Me., Nov. 7th and 14th; in Montreal, Canada, the 16th, 17th and 18th; and in Philadelphia, Pa., the 28th. Miss Hardinge will spend the month of December in St. Louis, and be happy to receive applications from Western cities for a part of January and February. Address, during November to 194 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.

H. B. Storer, inspirational medium, will fill the following engagements: In Manchester, Ct., Nov. 7th; Worcester, Mass., Nov. 14th; Lowell, Mass., Nov. 21st and 28th; Williamsville, 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. 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.

Loring Moody will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations, in New Bedford, on Sunday, Nov. 7th; Taunton or East Taunton, Sunday, Nov. 14th; Middleboro', Sunday, 21st; and, on intervening evenings, in neighboring towns or villages. Friends of truth are requested to make all needful arrangements.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, the eloquent improvisatrice, will lecture in Boston every Sunday in November, and will receive calls to lecture in this vicinity week evenings during the interval. Address, Dr. H. F. Gardner, Fountain House.

Mrs. Charlotte F. Works will speak in 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. Coan 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.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture 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.

Anna M. Henderson will lecture in Bridgeport, Ct., Nov. 7th, and in Williamsville, Ct., the 21st and 28th; after which she will visit Philadelphia. Friends will please address her, during the month of November, at Newton, Ct.

Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak, November 21st and 28th, in 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 M. Munson will speak at Stetson Hall, in Randolph, on Sunday, 7th inst.; Bro. J. H. Harris, Sunday, 14th inst.; Miss Emma Houston, 21st inst.; and Miss Sarah A. Magoun, 28th inst.

E. S. Wheeler will speak in Quincy, Mass., Nov. 28th, and may be engaged for the 21st, 14th and 7th, or any evening during the month, by addressing him at Quincy, as early as convenient.

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

Miss Rosa T. Amedey will speak in Maraposa Hall, Quincy, on Sunday, Nov. 7th, morning and afternoon.

Mrs. H. F. Handley, the public-trance-speaking medium, may be addressed, for the present, at Paper Mill Village, N. H.

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

J. H. Currier, of Lawrence, will speak in Manchester, Nov. 7th.

Dr. Lyon speaks in Newburyport the second Sabbath in November.

DROP OF WATER IN A QUEER PLACE.—We were shown, while attending the annual examination of Union Academy, at Pleasant Ridge, by Dr. E. F. Bouchelle, one of the most interesting Geological curiosities we ever saw or read of. It consists of a specimen of rock of the primitive, order of formation, and of the poetical order of crystallization, containing in its centre a globe of water movable and visible. The water is, if there be any truth in geology, one of the oldest drops of water of the universe, far more ancient than the waters in the flood of Noah. To use the language of Dr. Bouchelle, "it is a drop of the waters that covered in darkness the face of the great deep, when the earth was without form and void; in other words, this little drop is a portion of the first water that was created during the six days of Genesis, and became entangled among the particles of the rock during the act or process of crystallization. The rock being primitive, or the first of creation, the water must also be primitive." Any person wishing to see this geological wonder, can do so by calling on the Doctor.—*Entaw (Ala.) Observer*.

Why is orioline like an obstinate man? Because it often stands out about trifles.

soul—the word *ambition*! They disintegrate his nature, and read beneath it the mark of selfishness.

Spirits are the link between God and mortals. Collect all the gospels of the past that you can do in an hour, and see if it is not evident that the spirit does progress—that the standard is not higher, generation after generation, as they become purified on earth.

All you ask for is credulity in your witnesses. This found, you believe. Spirits tell you of a future life of pain, and of happiness—which ever their earth-life may merit. "Try the spirits, whether they be of God," and, nine times in ten, you are told they cannot control the medium to answer your questions. It is not the physical imperfection, but the creed which found them about—the creed which teaches them to believe that God came down and allowed himself to be crucified, as the only means of saving those whom he had made so imperfect.

In nearly all religions, we search for some one on whom to shift the burden of our sins; but the higher philosophy tells us that each shall be his own saviour. Men's deeds are but effects, of which the disposition is the cause. That disposition shapes the heaven on earth, and the sphere of happiness in the future life.

If you ask the developed spirit to guide you in politics, the answer will be, that there is but one kind of politics—honesty; and parties, based on any other principle, are rotten at the foundation, and must fall from the weight of their own corruption.

The sightless Milton was guided in the lonesome, dark hours of his earthly pilgrimage, by the unseen but not unfelt influence of sympathetic spirits. Shakespeare and Byron felt their power, and way back in the past, old Æschylus, Euripides, and Homer, owned their debt to them. There never was a brush put to a canvas, or a chisel to a block of stone, where the artist did not feel the inspiration of the old masters breaking through him. The poet, the musician, the artist, need not be told of this inspiration—they know it, and feel it.

Following the discourse, were a few questions from the audience.

Is there any sphere of human existence which has not a superior condition?

Everything in nature puts on a higher condition at its death. Man in the spirit life goes higher, into wider spheres of existence—onward and upward—till he is lost in the bosom of Deity.

Is it claimed that all Christian sects believe in the doctrine of progression of the soul?

Christian sects do not believe in the doctrine of progression.

What is the change of heart which new religious converts experience?

Belief is denoted by practice. The idea that man's disposition is spasmodically changed—in an instant—is a fiction. We know not by what law any such change can be produced.

According to the New Testament, is it lawful for women to speak in public?

Most surely it is not; for there is a special denunciation against it, by one of the master-minds of the New Testament era. There are, as well, denunciations against other things, which all who have faith in the New Testament would do very well to observe. The sphere woman occupied in Oriental lands was a low one, and it was doubted whether she had a soul. Hers was a condition of slavery, and it was left for the paganism of Greece and Rome to elevate her to a condition approximating to that of a human being. The malediction of the Apostle applies to women in the condition in which they were held at that time. Now woman is the poetry of life, while man is the prose. She was made for man's helpmate, but not his ruler. Her condition is better fitted for the use of medium power; and, in giving to mortals the love and wisdom of angels, we think she will never transcend the bounds of decency.

[The evening lecture will be published next week.]

New York Correspondence.

Interview with Mr. Foster, the Medium.

New York, Oct. 27, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—About a fortnight since, the undersigned, mother and daughter, went to the rooms of Mr. Charles H. Foster, No. 6 Great Jones street, New York, to consult him in relation to a severe family affliction, which had occurred on the day of our visit. We seated ourselves at the table, and began to make preparations for the interview, when immediately Mr. F. was entranced, and spoke thus:—"I see, standing upon the side of a vessel, the spirit of a little boy, who gives me the name of Theodore. In the water, at a little distance, lies the mortal body of this child. He was drowned from the side of this vessel. I also see men grappling for the body, but they are not in the right place—the body lies further to the west of them. They will not find it now."

Then, turning to the elder of us, he said, "I see beside you the spirit of a little girl, who gives me the name of Caroline, and she calls you mother."

At this period of the interview, we became much excited, and others in the room becoming affected from sympathy, the condition of the medium was disturbed too much to proceed.

At a subsequent interview, he stated that he again saw the body; that it was much disfigured from having been eaten by fishes, and that it would float within nine days, and be returned to us.

The circumstances of the death of our beloved child, as stated by Mr. F., are literally true. He was drowned from the side of a vessel, and the body did float, and was recovered on the seventh day, but was so much disfigured that we should not have been able to recognize it, except from the clothing.

The little spirit calling herself Caroline, was an adopted child of the elder of us, and did call her mother while living.

The following account of the accident was not published in the Tribune until two days after our interview with Mr. Foster:—

"DROWNED.—A little boy, named Theodore Kerder, aged seven years, was accidentally drowned on Wednesday evening, 6th inst., at the foot of Eighth street, East River. All attempts to find his body have proved unavailing. If it should be discovered, the intelligence would be thankfully received by his widowed mother, at 402 Eighth street."

It is with feelings of the most sincere gratitude to Mr. F., that we desire you to publish this, as a remarkable test of his seership.

Yours, respectfully,
EMILY KERNER,
ANN KERNER.

CONFERENCE AT 14 BROMFIELD ST.

Wednesday Evening, Oct. 27.

Mr. Elson was called to the chair. He stated that the object of the Conference was moral and religious improvement; it was for the expression of thought, the presentation of truths in a social, friendly manner—by which we hoped to be benefited individually and collectively.

Subject—Is ANYTHING WRONG?

Dr. Child said—Many things we call wrong, we believe are wrong. But is the existence of wrong only opinion? If so, the whole of wrong may be a mistake, for experience has taught us all that the truths of opinions are exceedingly precarious; they are changeable, in proportion as the soul that cherishes them is progressive. What a free man declared to be his opinion yesterday, he declares to be not his opinion now. A free man is progressive. A man in bondage may be held by an opinion a long time, and proclaim a pride in it; the reason is, he is bound to it—he cannot move away from it.

To ask, is anything wrong, is the same as asking, Is anything created that was not meant to be created? Does anything exist that was not meant to exist? It may be justly claimed that there is an unseen, creative and ruling power, that is all-powerful, and this power creates and rules in wisdom and love; and to this power there is no rivalry—no antagonism.

When the soul has grown to a certain degree of strength, it has faith in God; and faith in God is confidence in his power, wisdom and love—a perfect trust in the Infinite. The soul that has not grown to faith, distrusts the infinite perfections of God, and believes that God is not quite infinite in power, for there is another power that resists him, which is a wrong power; that his wisdom is not quite infinite, for there is a subtle cunning that belongs to the devil—not to God; that his love is not quite perfect, for there is a love that is wrong, which will bear most all his household to the burning wilderness of hell-fire, forever to bear the torture of his wrath.

Perfect faith in a God that is infinite, sees no wrong anywhere—for if a wrong there be, it is a wrong of God. If God be, not wrong in part, no wrong can exist without a loss of his infinity, a frustration of purposes, and an adulteration of his love, which, with the idea of God's omniscience and omnipotence, is incompatible.

Every cause and every effect that exists has a purpose, the end of which is love; thus it is not wrong, but right. Could we see the plan, the purpose, and the end, we should be able to see wisdom and love in all things. To see and define wrong, is a want of spirit growth, which growth unfolds the vision to see the truth. To see evil is to "resist evil"; to have faith in God is to resist not evil. To see wrong is to judge; to have faith in God is to judge not.

All that has existed and that does exist, that we call wrong, is necessary to certain conditions in the progress of humanity, collectively and individually; the necessary manifestation and use of existing conditions of human life—not in the minutest particular wrong, but in every particular right. Humanity, to rise from a lower condition to a higher, must be subject to the laws of that condition; and those laws make in effect what we call wrong. But when we rise to higher condition, we shall review the past, and see that all is right; the higher we rise, the clearer will be the view of right in all things. The time will come to every soul when we shall see that all

"The earth is in the very midst of heaven, and things, though seeming wrong, are all of God."

All matter, in all conditions—all life, deformed and beautiful, are but the "scriptures" of the living God, for man to read, mark, learn—to understand, and love; and he who reads this great volume of nature, the Bible of God, with care, will find no wrong therein recorded. In all nature God speaks, and he utters no wrong.

Mr. Wilson said, I hardly know how to grapple with the question; it is a mighty one. I hear the whisper, what is right? what is wrong? They are twins, and should walk hand in hand. Is it right to lie? Is it wrong to tell the truth? It sometimes may be so, for, by telling the truth, the feelings of a brother or sister may be wounded and injured. It is right to love our neighbors as ourselves—to love God—to recognize angels and listen to their whispers of love; to listen to the voice of nature, the sweet song of the birds, the gurgling of running brooks, the thousand strains of harmony that she sends forth. But one says, it would be wrong for the adder to sting the traveler—to permit a mad dog to go at large, carrying destruction to life with him, when he could be put out of the way. This is an evil, and evil is wrong. It is wrong for me to act contrary to my highest conceptions of truth. Is not every evil wrong? Is not slavery, piracy, robbery, murder, and every calamity of life, wrong?

Mr. Baker said, Pope has said that whatever is, is right. Taking a broad view of the question, we must acknowledge the truth of this saying. God is all-wise, all-good, all-powerful. Good and evil, then, can be but relative terms. This earthly state of human life is but a school for the soul. What we call wrong, is not wrong—it appears so to us because of our ignorance. Everything is for the best, the highest good of man. The experience we pass through, in which we encounter what we call wrong, is but a process of education to prepare us for a clearer perception of truth.

Mr. Robbins said, this is a novel question. In all my past life, from boyhood to manhood, I have listened to the teaching—"do no wrong." As light of truth is spread over the earth, wrong seems more apparent; yet in a deeper sense, on a more careful examination, we see good come out of evil. Evil is sometimes so fruitful of good, that it seems right in the end. We see that what we call evil has been the means of producing good. Joseph's brethren told a lie to their father, and by the means of this lie they were supplied with bread in a famine. This lie brought about one of the most righteous acts we have in history. Thus it is with finite perception; we cannot see that what appears wrong, may, in the future, be a means of blessing; things may appear wrong in the present, but ultimately they will turn out for good. Slavery appears wrong, but it may be a means for good; it will have an end; and it is Spiritualism that shall bring about its abolition. All existing evils we shall sometime see are right; then we shall not see them as evils, but means for the production of good.

Mr. Adams said, that it is just as sensible to say whatever is, is wrong, as to say that whatever is, is right. He contended that two principles existed, good and evil, and both were omnipotent—that we learn the right from wrong, and the wrong from right. Without wrong there would be no progression. He

judged the Creator as he would himself, were he in his place.

Mr. Chapman said, that we all believe that God in the end would make all things right. Then it would appear, if the end is to be right, the process cannot be wrong. If the first be wrong in process of creation, the ultimate cannot be right. Ultimates are made of primates, and ultimates cannot be white, if primates are black. Creation is like a problem. If the student makes an error in the process, it causes a bad result. I cannot see that Deity makes an error in the problem of creation. If what we call evil is not good, then God has made something that is of no use—that is wrong. We behold the physical world, which is the work of God—stars, sun and moon, all in order and harmony; all nature is obedient to unerring laws, laws that we call good. Then if God has made nothing wrong in all nature, when he comes to man—the last, the best, the noblest, the crowning work—would it not be strange if he had made him wrong? Taking the stand-point that sees evil, conquest would be on the side of evil; but taking the stand-point that sees God all wise, all good, all powerful, evil vanishes: If wrong there be, it is against God, and he has no power to remove it.

Mr. Adams deplored that a man of intelligence should utter such sentiments.

Mr. Lincoln said, there is right and there is wrong—all principles are good within themselves, but the application of principles may be wrong. Love and force, for instance, are good in their places, but both may be applied to base purposes, and this application of all principles and proper uses is right. Mr. Brown said, in viewing nature, the production of Deity, I see in all matter, and the laws that govern it, evidence of a Supreme Intelligence of wisdom and power, that rules for good, and conclude that all is good—even what appears wrong will produce good—that there is no absolute wrong in the past or present. All that exists has been established by a divine law, and must not be wrong.

Mr. Rice said, we may call evil good or bad; but the question is—does evil do good—does evil result in good? In the scale of all life, all is good. There is no real evil—evil is only evil from being compared with good in a higher condition. Slavery, we say, is an evil; but good may come from it. Is not the slave made to rapidly progress from his low, native condition, to a condition of light and intelligence—some, even, to rise above the native-born citizens of America? This is good that comes from what seems to be an evil. Thus good we can see coming out of evil, which evil is a necessary means of good. Other evils may be productive of good—of good we cannot see.

Adjourned one week, when the same question will be further considered.

A. B. C.

Correspondence.

NATURAL LAWS.—REPLY TO "J. H. S."

Messrs. Editors—In your paper of the 30th Oct. are some strictures of J. H. S. upon one of my articles. He charges me with making seven assumptions, neither of which, to his mind, can be proved. As he has not stated what these assumptions are, nor attempted to refute them, I am spared the necessity of attempting to support them.

He seems to deny the position I took, that in the production of animal and vegetable life, God exercises an immediate and direct agency. And, also, that in my statement, I considered God a person, and not a principle. As it regards the first position, he asks whether gunpowder will not explode when fire is applied to it? and also, whether steam will not be produced when heat is applied to water? and whether the intervention of God is necessary for these purposes? To the last I answer, No. God created these substances with their several capacities, and whenever they are brought together, these effects will follow. But the combination of the fire with the gunpowder, or the heat with the water, are merely chemical effects, which do not of themselves involve the application of any intelligence, unless they are brought together by human agency. But in regard to the plant and the chicken, I endeavored to show that no chemical or physiological agency could alone account for their production, as such an agency does not possess the intelligence, design, contrivance, skill, and adaptation, manifested in their production. And that therefore the intervention of some Being, in whom these qualities exist, can alone have produced them. And this Being I call God. These, therefore, he puts, are not analogous to those mentioned by me, and will not therefore serve his purpose of overthrowing my position.

In regard to God being a principle, and not a person—which doctrine he seems to maintain—in order to settle the question properly, it is necessary to determine what is a principle, and what is a person, in their present application. By a principle, then, I understand something which is devoid of consciousness, will, intelligence, skill, design, and contrivance, &c.; and also, something, to which no moral qualities can be imputed—as justice, truth, kindness, and benevolence. By principle, I understand merely a physical energy—as light, heat, electricity, gravitation, &c. By person, I understand something which may possess all the intellectual and moral qualities enumerated above. And, as the most of these qualities are manifested in the production of all animals, and vegetables, and as they cannot produce themselves, I infer that they are produced by a person, and not by a principle—and this person I call God.

As to the position he takes, that a man cannot be a free agent if God is a person, I do not see the force of it. It makes no difference, in my judgment, whether God be regarded as a principle or a person. God does not oblige him to ignite the gunpowder, or apply heat to the water. It is his own act, and he alone is accountable for it.

W. S. A.

Boston, Oct. 31, 1858.

OUR CAUSE IN VERMONT.

DEAR BANNER—Let me say to you, and the friends of truth, that the cause of Spiritualism in this place, and in Northern Vermont, is onward and upward. Besides the teachings of the spirits within a few months, through Miss A. W. Sprague, within a few weeks past we have been blessed with a visit from Mrs. Townsend, and now we are enjoying the teachings (that flow to us through Mrs. Julia Sumner, a trance speaker from Illinois. Through their labors the cause of truth has received a great impetus; many of the opposers have ceased their opposition, and many more have been neutralized. We are having meetings now quite often in this village. We are looking for a great and glorious time this winter in Vermont. The churches in this place have become alarmed, and have instituted protracted meetings—or, as they call them, "trances," and I think it is about their last and dying struggle here.

We have just had our nerves somewhat agitated by reading the views advanced by Bro. Coles, of New York, at their last Conference. It appears to me that he must have been dishonest in years past, or is now obsessed by low spirits. I think the remarks that he made will give the enemies of our great and glorious cause new courage, and a fresh weapon with which to attempt new opposition to the truth; but the truth will stand. Yours, for progression,
SAMUEL BRITAIN.

So. Haverhill, Oct. 25, 1858.

A TOKEN.

Messrs. Editors—The following is one, like many tokens of sympathy, and promises of hope, which our new philosophy inspires, and which have been given me in my visits East and West. This came, on a piece of paper, accompanied by what the business world would call a more substantial token of esteem.

"Dear Brother Chase—Please accept from one who has often read with pleasure the writings of the 'One One,' a word of sympathy and encouragement. The ingratitude of the world toward you has often caused the tear to moisten my cheek. Much happiness have I enjoyed in listening to your lectures on spiritual light, love and truth. Your memory will ever be dear to my heart. In my early days I was taught to believe by authority in the Baptist God, Baptist depravity, Baptist election, atonement by blood, salvation by grace from a God of wrath, hate and war, salvation from his hell of fire and brimstone, &c. Such teachings, I was told, I must believe, or be damned forever. I struggled and tried, till my reason was so unbalanced, that my friends had to watch me for a time, fearing I might use violence on myself, and take my own life. Thanks to God, and the new philosophy, for the light of to-day; my doubts and fears are swept away; I am sure I shall meet my friends in the spirit-world."

Thy Brother,

Such testimonials have been common to me for the past year or two, and give me the fullest assurance that our philosophy is doing its good work, and preparing its thousands to answer the inquiry, of "what good does Spiritualism do?" The crowded halls, and earnest looks, pressing calls, and inquiring letters, all show that our harmonical philosophy is working out its mission successfully.

In Lowell, Lawrence, and other places I have visited, I have found an increased interest since last year—larger and more intelligent audiences; and in some places I hear Spiritualism is getting to be "respectable," in the estimation of the church people. I fear for it when everybody shall speak well of it; but as Jesus said of it in his day, (or of its teachers), "Blessed are you when reviled and persecuted," &c. When a few more fanatics, visionaries and angular geniuses shall have left us, and run onto the switches and side tracks, I think we shall be able to do something practical for humanity; and I look first for a practical and important move in education and the emancipation of our schools and colleges from the control of a blind theology and dogmatical superstition. When enough persons are found, like the one who speaks for himself in the above note, they will take hold, and either free the schools, or start new ones, as some few have already done in the Institute at Harmonia, Mich. (my home,) and the one at Jamestown, N. Y., by Dr. Wellington, and another which I trust will, ere long, be heard of in New Hampshire.

WARREN CHASE.

HAVERHILL, MASS., Oct. 28, 1858.

The Busy World.

This week's BANNER is filled with an immense variety of readable matter—original stories, poetry, essays, spirit messages, editorials, correspondence, lectures, &c. Read every line—it is a "star" number.

The news from Europe by the arrival of steamship *Agassia* at New York on Sunday last, is meagre—not worth printing. Oct. 16th the grain market was represented by firmness in price, and a fair demand for the daily large consumption of breadstuffs.

We have in type an article on *Miracles*, which will appear in our next issue.

The Thursday evening parties of the Ladies' Harmonical Band, at Union Hall, should be well attended, as the object is a worthy one—the assistance of the poor. The first reunion, on Thursday evening last, was well attended by a very select company. The second of the series will take place on the evening of Nov. 18th.

The Homestead, published at Hartford, Ct., by Mason C. Weld, is one of the best agricultural papers in the country. Farmers should not be without it.

Mr. Wm. R. Jocelyn the trance medium and improvisator, now traveling in the State of Pennsylvania, is authorized to receive subscriptions for this paper.

LIFE ETERNAL.—Part Sixteenth—will appear in our next.

TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.—We clip the following from a talented little sheet, called the Portland Pleasure Boat:—

"Just as soon as a poor, hungry soul, who can find no food in the dry, husky ceremonies of the church, looks outside, to see if he can find salvation, deacons or pastor or other watch dogs are after him to drive him back to his bonds and burdens. He must attend his own church, if his soul starves."

The 25th of November has been assigned for Thanksgiving in Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Michigan and Mississippi. The 18th has been selected in New York and New Jersey.

The marriage between Jonathan and Miss Great Britain, which was so brilliantly celebrated a few weeks ago, is evidently a very unhappy one. At all events, no words have passed between them since the bridal day.

Information has been received at Washington that Paraguay has three hundred newly mounted guns on stone batteries at the mouth of the Parana: A large land force will be needed to turn this fortification from the land side.

The war department has received a despatch confirming the accounts of the engagement of Major Dorr with the Camanches. Fifty-six warriors and two women were killed. Secretary Floyd will take immediate measures to increase the force in Texas.

The Frazer River gold-hunters have returned to San Francisco—most of them—perfectly satisfied that they have been egregiously humbugged. We predicted this would be the result of "the fever," months ago.

Later advices at San Francisco from Hako-dadi state that an important treaty had been concluded with the Japanese government by Mr. Harris, U. S. Consul at Jeddo. A new port, lying in the Bay of Jeddo, five miles from the city, is to be opened to Americans. A son of Com. Tatnall had left for

Washington via China with the treaty. It was also stated that a Japanese prince, with fourteen attendants, was to depart immediately for Washington, via California.

STRONG WOMEN.—Never shrink from a woman of strong sense. If she becomes attached to you, it will be from seeing and valuing such qualities in you. You may trust her, for she knows the value of confidence; you may consult her, for she is able to advise, and does so at once with the firmness of reason and the consideration of affection. Her love will be lasting, for it will not have been lightly won: it will be strong and ardent, for weak minds are not capable of the loftier grades of passion.

The Supreme Court, at Taunton, overruled the exceptions taken in the case of Abigail Gardner, who poisoned her husband, Moses J. Gardner, at Hingham, two years since. She was convicted of murder in the second degree, and had been sentenced to the House of Correction for life.

Gen. Jerez has delivered to the U. S. Secretary of State a letter from President Martinez, making an apology for the offensive allegations against this country, on the occasion of the contract formed with M. Bully. Our government has no complaint to make with regard to France in connection with her movements in Central America.

B. O. & G. C. Wilson, wholesale and retail botanic druggists, Nos. 18 and 20 Central street, keep for sale every variety of botanic medicines, which are prepared with great care under their own immediate supervision. As they do an extensive business, they are constantly receiving from their agents abroad a fresh supply of roots, herbs, barks, seeds, flowers, &c., consequently their stock is always of superior quality. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

THE LATEST FASHION.—A "Crimolinite" has been adopted in the public ball rooms of Belgium, and ladies whose crinolines surpass a fixed development, are charged an extra admission fee. At a ball given at Montigny, one female was measured and charged an extra seventy-five centimes; another person, of an economical disposition, preventing reducing her crinoline by taking out two hoops.

Digby and Brad are henceforth sworn friends. Brad's wit, which "exceedeth not much," is considerably actuated by Digby's superiority. They were heard, the other day, coping with one another in the following manner:

"Why is an electrical battery called gal-vanic?" asked Brad of Digby.

"Because it throws off sparks?"

"No," said Brad.

"It must be because it produces attraction, then," said Digby, with a smile.

"My native city has treated me badly," said a drunken vagabond, "but I love her still." "Probably," replied a gentleman, "her still is all you do love."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

E. H. C. SOUTH HALIFAX, VT.—You may get as many subscribers as you can, under your first proposal.

MARRIED.

In this city, Oct. 15th, by Rev. Mr. Edwards, S. F. F. Loring to Miss Sarah A. Grover.

OBITUARY.

BOOK IN THE SPIRIT WORLD, July 13, 1858. Ida MRS. the only child of Andrew J. and N. Jane Whitman, of Buckfield, Me., aged three months. A child that lovely little babe, whose smile was a word of cheer, the glowing spirit of its parents as they fondly expressed it, bright angels gathered, and when the silver cord was loosed, the faithful flower away from the earth-plane, and transplanted in the garden of the spirit-world.

Also, at Buckfield, Me., August 9th, 1858, Joshua Whitman laid aside the earthly form, which his spirit had honored and sanctified by dwelling therein for a period of seventy years, one month and five days. His kind and amiable disposition, strict honesty and integrity, gentle and patient and superior intelligence, endeared him to all his acquaintances; and long will he be remembered for his many virtues and worthy example. He was a life of daily toil upon the farm, and with his own hands he earned the fruits of a well-spent life. The poor and needy were objects of his special attention, and for the oppressed and down-trodden his great heart yearned, while bitter tears of sorrow would roll down his aged cheeks in sympathy for the bondman. He was a tender and faithful husband, an affectionate and careful father—in fine, a man most devoutly beloved in the domestic circle, and universally esteemed as the most worthy sphere of personal friendship. He won for himself that "good name" which is "rather to be chosen than riches." May all his children imitate his example; may they cling to his motto—"Walk humbly with God; deal justly by all; speak evil of no man." By his widow, who with her declining years, will be lonely and sorrowful, and a large circle of children who were wont to receive counsel and instruction, his loss is most severely felt. Long since he embraced the doctrine of Spiritualism, and it gave him great pleasure to believe that spirits came and the dead communed with their friends on earth. The funeral rites were attended by a large number of friends, who listened to an impressive and eloquent discourse delivered by Mrs. Haskell, trance-speaking medium, from the words, which the deceased had often repeated in life, "Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?"

O. W.

Special Notice.

HARMONICAL COLONY ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.

There will be a Convention held at Northcutt Hall, Worcester, Mass., Nov. 17th, 1858, for the purpose of giving every friend of this movement an opportunity of hearing and understanding more fully its object and design, and for each one to present ideas—which will be of interest to this great movement—to harmonize and bring mankind together on the true principle of love and wisdom. It is hoped that there will be a great gathering of the friends of humanity at this Convention, not only to give countenance to this system of elevating the race, but to sign the compact, and become living members of Nature's grand institution for harmonizing the race. Come, mediums, and let spirits and angels speak their approval of this great work. Let all ye brothers and sisters, who desire to live a life of harmony, purity and progress—come, for all things are now ready for action.

For order of the directory of the Harmonical Colony Association, Worcester, Oct. 17, 1858.

D. C. GATES, Recorder.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY SERVICES IN BOSTON.—Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, the Inspirational Improvisatrice, will speak at the Melodeon, Washington street, Boston, on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock. P. M. Admission, ten cents.

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

MEETINGS IN CHURCHES, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, WASHINGTON STREET. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

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

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

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—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.

A. C. STILES, Bridgeport, Conn., INDEPENDENT CHIROPODY. ANT. guarantees a true diagnosis of the disease of the person before him, on no fee WILL BE EXAMINED. Terms to be strictly observed. For Chiropractic Examination and prescription, when the patient is present, \$2. For Psychometric Delineations of character, \$2. To insure attention, the fee and postage, stamp must in all cases be advanced.

had passed away, we endeavored to explain her situation to her.

Oh, dear, I don't understand you; it can't be possible that I am dead. Oh God, did I die in a hospital! Oh, I can't believe it; it's terrible. I think of it. It can't be so; I know I have only been sick. Oh, dear, let me lay down and sleep. I've set up all night long, trying to get them to give me pen and paper. I talked till it was late, but it was no use, and the Lord sent you to me. Let me sleep, now, and you come into my room when I feel better. Oh, I should go crazy—crazy, if I thought I should die. I told Dr. Palfrey not to tell me when I was going to die; but he said he hoped I'd get well. Give me some drink. Though I guess I won't drink, for they told me not to drink when I was excited, and I've been talking to you. Joseph will be here Saturday. They have not let me see him, but they told me I should see him when I got better; and I've been thinking of him these two days, and I think he'll come. Can't you stop that water running—it troubles me terribly. Shut the window—it is cold. This being kept in a hospital—oh, dear, it's terrible. There, never mind about the window or the water—go out."

This spirit, evidently, could not banish from her mind thought of the hospital, in which she seems to have been sick, and thus the surroundings she made for herself here were such as were characteristic of that place—hence her allusion to "water running," and other things, which had no existence in reality about us. This was quite an affecting scene; so real did it seem, so life-like was it portrayed, that every soul present sympathized with the spirit.

The Public Press.

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

SPIRITUAL FANATICISM.

Fanaticism grows out of the wild workings of passions and credulity, issuing in intolerance and persecution. Coupling fanaticism with spiritualism, it loses none of its odious, illiberal characters—none of its gory stains. It is to be met early, if successfully, by opening its dark vaults—by subjecting its miasmatic mists and vapors to the light of truth. Ignorance figures largely in this game.

Before proceeding to speak of the symptomatology of this species of fanaticism, so repugnant to true spiritual philosophy, we will state certain principles which will enable us to see their tendency and divergence.

1. It is as settled as any principle, that man is a progressive being, and ever will be.

2. That the future life is but a continuance of the present; that we enter there with the same principles, faculties and attachments, and the same diversity of taste. There, affinities truly meet.

If these propositions are true, our moral, social and intellectual characters will stand out with more prominence than here. The laws of society then will be more other than that of affinity, birth and wealth not entering into consideration.

Now let us take a few of the symptoms:

1. We have heard some of the leading minds among Spiritualists express the opinion that the Orthodox Church and its Bible were the two, if not the only, gigantic evils in the universe—the great, towering obstacles to human progress. Another, who claims to be one of the large men among Spiritualists, advanced the idea that J. T. Palfrey, Esq., "should be put down by some means," for his views, etc.

2. It is a notorious fact that a very large number of our spirit-mediums—eight-tenths—fancy themselves under the guardianship and special direction of Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, the distinguished martyrs, prophets, seers, and the glorious reformers of the sixteenth century. They are told so, and it is accorded with their pride that they religiously believe it; yet their ignorance shows that there can be no affinity between them—that it is the wildest folly and deception.

3. I have no confidence in such mediums, as these communications bear the impress of weakness or falsehood, while I am not prepared to admit these spirit, once so elevated and pure, have become the great liars on this planet—as falsehood shines out conspicuously from these apostolic governed mediums.

4. I have been to twelve healing-mediums in Boston professedly under the personal guidance of Rush, Nevil, Fisher, Warren, and the like, and have asked the property of a single article they have preferred. The answer given was, "I cannot control the medium." I then said, "I will name the property, if you can rap, or say yes." But no answer could be obtained. So we are told of hundreds of Washingtons, Franklins, Websters and Channings, in different parts of the country, guarding, guiding, manifesting and entrancing at the same time! Those who do such distinctions are almost without exception ignorant and weak-minded.

Look at a moment on the countless Socrateses, Platos and Zons that are scattered around us! Said a very intelligent Spiritualist, while writing on this subject, "I am not long since a lady of good breeding, high respectability and no inconsiderable share of smarts called on me and gave a long narrative of the 'deeds' which she had held with Jesus Christ, in a course of which narration she informed me that, the commencement of her mediumship, she resolutely never to receive any communications from the spirit world, unless they came from one of the persons of the trinity. Hence it was that Jesus condescended to be her tutelary spirit. Still more recently, we had a trance-speaker in our hall, in Buffalo, through the same member of the trinity purportedly spoke, and declared that his medium was superior spiritual development and elevation, to all other mediums in the world, and gave notice that God would come, in the afternoon, and work the greatest miracle through him: that ever had been witnessed on earth."

Now we can deny that lofty and progressed spirits can quit this mundane sphere, through the exalted pbs of angelic existence; yet, if at all, it is not directly. It is not to be believed, for it would be solution of order to do so—it is unequalled for, these unnecessary. Instead of the sweet music of spheres—the glorious symphonies of life—we should have the hoarse roar of discordant elements.

No, kind read the moral and intellectual stars of earth, in losing material form, do not lose their minds respect; as though the future state bears no resemblance, and is not a continuation of this; as though to be no "hewers of wood or drawers of water" in the future, but an inglorious level.

Think not that impute fraud or dishonesty to those mediums from whom come so many cures, but weakness. Spirits clairvoyant, and are supposed to see the fully of who need great names for to welcome truth. Spirits thus seem to take advantage of their fraud and weakness, and so these

persons become their dupes. And as their surroundings go to make up their moral and intellectual characters, we find there a corresponding grade of intellect, their passions inflammable, and with such beloved sacred guides and guardians, they are fitted for any enormity, any crusade against the opposers of their spiritualistic views, that fanaticism or circumstance might seem to demand.

In times like the present, no true Spiritualist will hold his silence, will muffle his clarion, will cater to the prejudices of the rank and file. The eyes of the world have turned their gaze upon us, as illustrating spiritual philosophy. Let us be true to God and ourselves. "The law of attraction and repulsion are fixed laws," as declared by that famed medium, Miss Hardinge—thus cultivated minds have attraction or affinity for those of like stamp, and do not come down from their high places to commune with vulgarity and stupidity in this mundane sphere. The converse of this opinion would cause us to believe that at what is termed death, wisdom and folly, learning and ignorance, virtue and vice become wedded.

A very excellent and well informed writing medium was told that Webster was her guardian spirit, and "expressed a wish that I would call and see if such was the fact. I did, and found a different character. The spirit, on being interrogated on the deception, said, if they (spirits) appeared "under their proper names, none would hear them for a moment." But there is truth to be gained, while error is becoming more easy of detection. It needs no very close survey of the tide-waters of Spiritualism, at this time, to see that a large number of test mediums are become physicians, or healing mediums. Here their frauds or weaknesses are less easy of detection, and the metallic divinity becomes more accessible.

C. ROBINSON.

CHARLESTOWN, Oct. 28, 1853.

BROTHER HASTINGS AND HIS BOOK.

DEAR BANNER—Once in ancient days, when brutes were possessed of the language of men, there was a mountain in "great labor." So heart-rending were its lamentations that the excited people were amazed, and set themselves about watching the result. When lo! a pouso was produced. And even in our own day we find men—mountains of conceit and bigotry—ambitious of great things, whose overdone efforts to do something wonderful, result, as unpromising of greatness, as did the mountain of the great fabric writer. Would we search the pages of history, both ancient and modern, for some general peculiarity that prevails with all great men, we would, I think, find no trait so generally diffused as that of the tenacity with which each clings to his own particular hobby. It makes but little difference what that hobby is—whether it be fact or fiction; an idea, or theory; it is the same—it is a hobby, and must not be assailed or called in question. Should some "luckless wight" be impudent enough to do so, a shower of *adjectives*, at least, would be his portion. Now, if great men ride and nurse hobbies, is it unreasonable to suppose the same characteristics may be found to exist among men of "lesser greatness?" and does it not follow, as certainly as effect follows cause, that the closer the filthy rug of bigotry is wrapped around them, the firmer and more unyielding do they hug their hobby. But of all the sects that history names, or which are yet to be chronicled upon her coming pages, none ever have, and I believe none ever will, compare in nervous fanaticism, and unyielding hobby-riding, with that ill-tempered sect to which our worthy brother, the author of "The Great Controversy," belongs. I think that the statement of so palpably a fact, that our worthy brother is partially denuded in respect to his hobby, need not be excepted to, by any, for has he not experienced enough of "hopes deferred," and expectations blasted, (see page twelve "Great Controversy,") to drive to madness men of giant intellects? But to his book—"The Great Controversy"—very ingeniously written, showing to a demonstration what a man will resort to, to make out a case and nurse his hobby. The book in question was evidently written to overthrow, or help to do so, the beautiful and soul-elevating philosophy of spirit communion, and forms a sort of body-guard to a work called "Spiritualism, a Satanic Delusion," by one Ramsey, with two D's to his name. Our worthy brother in his "Controversy" commences by assuring us that "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain beneath countless burdens, afflictions and curses; and that it is clearly written, both in the book of nature, and the book of God." Earth moves in disorderly physical, mental and moral. Like some gigantic machinery, etc., "it rolls and crashes in harsh confusion; and it bears within its mighty whirl the torn and bleeding forms of those who have vainly endeavored to reduce it to order, symmetry and harmony."

Now, Brother Hastings, do for the sake of harmony, be a little more explicit, and inform us who are they whose "bleeding forms" have been so ruthlessly "torn in the mighty whirl of this world?" Who, but the Great Author, or present ruler of this "disordered earth," would or could "reduce it to order, symmetry and harmony?" Is God endeavoring to do it? No! because, according to our worthy brother, God has but little to do with this world now. One Satan holds the reins of government at present—he having long since dethroned the Almighty and driven him from his possessions.

Therefore Satan appears to be the *person*, according to Brother Hastings's reasoning, who is endeavoring to make this world more harmonious and symmetrical—more peaceful and more orderly. No other inference can be drawn from our brother's book, than that Satan is now the present ruler of this world, and "is vainly trying to harmonize it," has been "torn," and made to bleed at every pore; unless we are to infer that these "bleeding forms," mean *himself*, and the feeble, few co-workers with him, who have been "vainly endeavoring to harmonize this world" to the belief that the Great Creator is soon to wind up his affairs, and close up accounts with mankind. Thus he trots out his hobby. He searches the pages of history—sacred and profane—and recounts the calamities that have fallen upon races of men in different ages; the crumbling and overthrow of the nations in the past; the wars, the famines and sufferings of the inhabitants of this earth, for six thousand years, as he confidently tells us, are all to be attributed to the *vengeance* and vindictiveness of the Great Creator. He also says that Satan, (the great antagonist of God,) has wrested the crown and scepter from the Almighty, and has "held sway for six thousand years, while, according to our brother's calculations, amounts to the entire period of the earth's existence. Therefore, God, who has naught to do with the present order of things—having been dispossessed of his "kingdom immediately upon its completion, by his Satanic Majesty—is compelled to

stand aside, and lament his fate!" Oh, what superlative nonsense, brother Hastings!

Paganism, Mohammedanism, and every other *ism* comes in for a share of our worthy brother's indignation. He believes this world is growing worse and worse. He believes in the progress of the world—but it is a progression downward. In fact, there is nothing right with him; every system, all conditions and institutions of men, originated with the "Prince of the power of the air," and are all tending toward that point in the no-distant future when the pent-up wrath of an injured Deity shall burst upon a ruined world!

The advent and amazingly rapid spreading doctrine of Modern Spiritualism, is the last and most significant "sign of the times" with him, that Satan's reign is soon to terminate. Our worthy brother thinks that Satan, being aware that his days are numbered, and his thousand years of bondage are soon to begin, is making renewed efforts to recruit his ranks, and modern Spiritualism is the inducement offered. Our worthy brother feels that Satan has made a happy hit in thus devising a way to win souls over to himself. Our worthy brother introduces no proof that Spiritualism is not what it claims to be, but takes it for granted that it is all the work of the Devil, because, forsooth, in the first place, the Devil is capable of doing it all; and, secondly, God is permitting Satan to go on, thereby working his own indignation up to the more perfect and absolute destruction of the work of his hands, when the end comes.

But, brother Hastings, and your colleague Ramsey, D. D., your warning comes too late; Satan is already bound with chains stronger than iron, and is cast out from the hearts of those who love justice and their fellow-men. The world moves on, and in its "mighty whirl" the tottering superstructure of creeds and creed-worshippers, whose foundation is sunk deep in superstition and bigotry, is dislocated and shivered to its base. Its broken columns roll and crash in "harsh confusion," and grate upon our ears in their terrible downward course, bearing along the torn and bleeding forms of those who have vainly tried to build it up. Hence arises the pleasing hope that its ruin may be complete.

D. F. RANDALL.

HARTFORD, CONN., Oct. 13, 1853.

FROM MRS. HUNTLEY.

MESSES. EDITORS—I am just home from a tour of some seven weeks in your State. The first Sabbath in September I spent in Abington. This being my first visit, I could not judge so well as to the progress of our cause. I can only say that I had good houses, found warm friends and welcoming hearts to greet me, a stranger in their midst. From here I passed down almost to the shores of Cape Cod, and gave two evening lectures in the town of Wareham, where I have often, in times past, rested my weary frame in the pleasant homes opened for my reception. Leaving there, I came to South Carver, and lectured one evening to a full house. Here a few earnest souls have sowed the good seed, which is springing up, and will give them a plentiful harvest. The three last Sabbaths in September were spent in Taunton, where I had large and attentive audiences. Spiritualism here has taken hold of some of the first minds, both in the church and out, showing that the people are disposed to think for themselves.

On the 22d, Ellen Tisdell wrapt the robe of immortality around her, and went up higher, to dwell with the angels. In compliance with her request, I attended the funeral, on the 25th, in the Universalist Church—her mother being a member of the same—yet the holy light of Spiritualism had shed its halo around her, and rolled the stone away from the door of the sepulchre, so there were no dead there—only the living clothed in the beautiful vestment of an angel. The society willingly opened the doors of the church for the services. The pastor objected—whether from the honest convictions of his own heart as to its impropriety, or a fear of popular opinion on the other side—I know not; but trust the former.

The first Sabbath of October I spent in New Bedford. The hall in which I spoke was filled to overflowing with earnest listeners, seeking for truth, and not fearing to investigate. The second Sabbath, in October I spoke in Foxboro'. This was my first visit to this place, also; and if the hospitality, shown me is characteristic of the town, I think that bigotry and intolerance cannot long survive amid such noble and generous influences. The third Sabbath found me, tired and weary, in my own home.

Subsequently, I crossed over the proud Connecticut into the sister State of Vermont, and lectured in Rockingham—in the old-fashioned church upon the hill—where I met the friends of olden time, who had spoken words of good cheer when first, tremblingly, I began my public labors. My heart grew glad to meet them, and I forgot that the body was weary in the gladness of the spirit. There is a fine medium here—Mrs. Sarah Willey—through whom the higher intelligences give many pearls of wisdom to earth's children.

In this place (where I reside), where my first public efforts were made, the opposition say that Spiritualism is dead—but they fail to produce harmony sufficient to chant its requiem, or a grave deep enough to bury it in—while the truth is, it is quietly thriving and growing in its own way.

About two miles from here the friends are erecting a hall for spiritual meetings, which will soon be ready for dedication to the good work. I shall probably spend the month of November in the vicinity of home—the two first Sabbaths in December in Taunton—the two last in Providence, R. I.

I would say adieu for a time to all the kind friends who have made my wanderings pleasant, and may heaven's choicest blessings be ever theirs through life's vicissitudes; and when they pass on to spirit realms, may they realize all the happiness our beautiful faith teaches.

D. F. HUNTLEY.

PAPER-MILL VILLAGE, N. H., Oct. 22, 1853.

SPIRITUALISM IN EXETER, N. H.

MESSES. EDITORS—We have often been favored in the Banner with accounts of the progress of the cause in various places, but do not remember to have seen any report from this town. For some reason, to me unknown, our citizens have not in any way had those means of testing the facts of Spiritualism, which have been afforded in most places of its size, and in many smaller towns. Very few of our people have had an opportunity to witness any startling physical demonstrations; no test medium has been among us for several years, (and then only for a day!) no answers to sealed letters have been received; in short, whenever we read the paper, the oft recurring question is heard—"What's the reason we never have anything of the kind in this town?"

We have had two discourses from Mrs. Hyzer, two from Prof. Otis, and fourteen through Mrs. Jane

Ricker, of Dover. The two former persons are well known. The discourses through Mrs. Ricker have all been of a high character, and were well adapted in subject, matter and style of delivery, to her audiences. All were of a practical religious tone, and most of them glowed with fervid eloquence, warming and quickening the holier emotions of the soul, and touching as with master-hand the sweetest chords of the heart, and attuning them with holiest harmonies. Surely some of the poor of Exeter have had the gospel preached to them this summer. Last week we were highly gratified, by being able for the first time, to witness some striking physical and musical manifestations. We were favored with a visit from Miss Jenny Lord. Accounts of her circles have been published, so that I can only add my testimony to that of others. As usual, at her circles, we had abundant evidence that a double-bass viol, violoncello, guitar, drums, harmonicon, triangle, tin horn, &c., were played skillfully without contact with mortal hands. I was present in a circle of six, and also when the room was so crowded that it seemed impossible for mortals to have used those instruments, as they were used. They were played most of the time singly, but occasionally three or four were played together. A person cannot realize the amount of demonstrative evidence given in these circles, from a description, to any nothing of the moral evidence. There is no difficulty in knowing when a tambourine is when violently shaken, as though by a strong man, yet this instrument when, thus shaken was freely moved about the heads of the circle, passing in an instant from one side of the table to the other; in short, had not its management inspired one with confidence that it was in the hands of one who could see clearly in the dark, we should not have dared to remain in the circle. The drum-stick would dance about the table, and from the table to the drum like a thing of life. We believe that no one who has attended these circles here, has been able to form any idea how the thing was done, and we think all will be compelled to admit the agency of those who claim through the medium to be the musicians. We advise all who are not firmly grounded in the spiritual faith, to avail themselves of the first opportunity to attend one of Miss L.'s circles. Of one thing I am sure, they will nowhere meet with a more kind and obliging medium—one who is more willing to afford the skeptic every advantage for testing the matter which the laws of mediumship will admit of, and that too, without demanding any unreasonable compensation.

Geo. G. OGDEN.

EXETER, N. H., Oct. 14, 1853.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS AMONG THE FRIENDS.

DEAR BANNER—In your paper issued October 9th, I noticed an article on Presentment, setting forth in a clear manner a spiritual influence that attended Thomas Chalkley—one of the early Quakers—and I am aware that the influence is not accepted by the Society, as being in any way connected with spirits, as is believed to be the case by the Spiritualists of today. Having been brought up amongst this class of people, I have, since my investigation of the phenomena, in some of their places, been reminded of a very marked resemblance to many manifestations among the earlier Quakers. Thinking it might interest your readers, I venture to give some incidents connected with the early history of this society.

In the Friends' Library, Vol. I, page 67, (a standard work, approved by the New England yearly meeting), is found the following: "George Fox, as well as other of the first Friends, sometimes had a foreboding of important events. While confined in Lancaster Castle, public report of the warlike operations of the Grand Turk excited fears in many, that he would overrun Christendom; but George told several persons that he had seen him turn backward, and, within a month, the intelligence reached England that he had been defeated."

"Another time," he says, "as I was walking in my chamber, with my eye to the Lord, I saw the angel of the Lord, with a glittering drawn sword stretched southward, as though the court had been all on fire. Not long after, the war broke out with Holland, the sickness broke forth, and afterwards the fire of London; so the Lord's sword was drawn, indeed."

The next day, after his release, the great fire broke out in London, and consumed a large part of the city. During his confinement, he had a remarkable vision of an angel of the Lord, with a glittering sword drawn in his hand, stretched out southward toward the city, which he believed to be indicative of this calamity. Three days before the fire broke out, a Friend from Huntingdon found it his duty to go through the streets of London, and warn the people of its approach. He scattered his money as he went, and loosed his knee bands and stockings, as a man who had hastily put on his apparel, telling the people that this should they run up and down, scattering their money and goods, half undressed; like mad people, for the violence of the fire, (which they did, while the city was burning;) but they regarded not the warning.

In Vol. 2, of the Friends' Library, page 21, in speaking of John Banks, it says: "About this time a pain struck into my shoulder, and gradually fell down into my arm and hands, so that I was wholly deprived of the use of it; the pain increased both day and night. For three months I could neither put my clothes on nor off, and my arm and hand began to wither, so that I applied to some physicians, but could get no cure from any of them. At last, as I was asleep upon my bed in the night-time, I saw in a vision that I was with dear George Fox, and I thought I said to him, 'George, my faith is such, that if thou seest thy way to lay thy hand upon my shoulder, my arm and hand shall be whole throughout.' This remained with me two days and nights; that the thing was a true vision, and that I must go to George Fox; until at last, through much exercise of mind, as a great trial of my faith, I was made willing to go to him, he being then at Swarthmore, in Lancashire, where there was a meeting of Friends, on the first day of the week. Some time after the meeting, I called him aside into the hall, and gave him a relation of my dream, showing him my arm and hand; and in a little time, while walking together silently, he turned about and looked upon me, and, lifting up his hand, laid it upon my shoulder, saying, 'The Lord strengthen thee, both within and without.' I went to Thomas Lowers, of Marsh Grange, that night, and when I was set down to supper, immediately before I was aware, my hand was lifted up to do its office, which I could not do for long before. This struck me with great admiration, and my heart was broken into tenderness before the Lord; and the next day I went home with my arm and hand restored to its former use and strength, without any pain."

The next time that George Fox and I met, he said, 'John, thou mentedst I answered, 'Yes, very well in a little time.' 'Well,' said he, 'give God the glory,' to whom I was and still am bound in duty so to do, for that and all other of his mercies and favors. He hath all power in his own hand, and can thereby bring to pass whatsoever seems good in his eyes, who, by the same, prepares instruments, and makes use of them as pleases him who is alone worthy of all praise."

On page 131, Joseph Oxley speaks thus: "In this place (Ashwell, England,) lives Barbara Everard, a poor, honest, decrepit creature, apparently convulsed all over, by which her speech is much affected, and understanding, also. Yet the Lord has been pleased to make use of this young woman in an extraordinary manner, having bestowed on her a gift in the ministry, in which office she appears above many of far more natural talents. In common conversation she is difficult to be understood, being of a stammering tongue, but very clear in utterance in her ministry."

In Sewell's History, Vol. I, page 132, is recorded a prophecy of George Fox, in reference to the breaking up of Parliament, in the month of April, 1653. G. Fox not long before being come to Swarthmore, and hearing Judge Fell and Justice Benson discoursing together concerning the Parliament, he told them "That before that day two weeks the Parliament would be broken up, and the Speaker plucked out of the chair." And thus it really happened; for, at the breaking up of the Parliament, the Speaker being unwilling to come out of his chair, said that he would not come down unless he were forced, which made Gen. Harrison say to him, 'Sir, I will lend you my hand;' and, thereupon, taking him by the hand, the Speaker came down. This agreed with what G. Fox had predicted. And a fortnight after, Justice Benson told Judge Fell, that now he saw George was a true prophet; since by that time Oliver Cromwell had dissolved the Parliament.

On page 131, in giving an account of the life of Miles Hatfield, it says: "When he was brought before the court, the chief priest of the town then stood and desired the court that he might ask Miles one question; to this Miles said, 'The Lord knows thy heart, oh man, and at this present has revealed thy thoughts to his servant; and, therefore, now I know thy heart, also, thou high priest, and the question thou wouldst ask me; and if thou wilt promise me before the court, that if I tell thee the question thou wouldst ask me, thou wilt deal plainly with me, I will not only tell thee thy query, but I will answer it.' Then the priest said he would. Then Miles proceeded. 'Thy question is this:—Thou wouldst know whether I own that Christ that died at Jerusalem, or not?' To this the priest, wondering, said: 'Truly, that is the question.'"

On page 332, it says: "A certain woman came once into the Parliament with a pitcher in her hand, which, she breaking before them, told them so should they be broken to pieces," which came to pass not long after. And, because when the great sufferings of G. Fox's friends were laid before O. Cromwell, he would not believe it. This gave occasion to Thomas Alam and Anthony Pearson to go through all or most of the jails in England, and get copies of their friends' commitment under the jailors' hands, to lay the weight of the said sufferings upon O. Cromwell; which was done. But he, unwilling to give orders for their release, Thomas Alam took his cap from off his head, and, tearing it to pieces, said to him: "So shall thy government be rent from thee, and thy house;" which was fulfilled.

On page 316, is an account given of the prophecy of E. Burroughs, concerning the downfall of the power of Richard Cromwell, in December, 1658. A letter was written, and sent to the Protector and his Council, viz.:

"The Lord God will shortly make you know that we are his people. Though we be accounted as sheep for the slaughter, yet our King of Righteousness will break you to pieces, if you harden your hearts and repent not. And, though that love will not draw thee, neither the gentle feelings of our God have any place in you, yet judgments shall awaken you, and his heavy hand of indignation shall lie upon your consciences, and you will be scattered and distracted to pieces."

(Signed) E. Burroughs.

This prediction was fulfilled the next year, a few months after the delivery of this letter, when Richard laid down the government.

On page 488, is recorded the prophecy of Wenlock Christison, concerning Major General Adderton, of the Colony of Massachusetts, in the year 1661, who was one of the most bitter persecutors of the Quakers: "Take heed, for you cannot escape the righteous judgments of God."

Then said Major General Adderton: "You pronounce woes and judgments, but the judgments of the Lord God are not to come upon us as yet."

But, before we draw the curtains of this stage, we shall see the tragical end of this Adderton, who now received this answer from Wenlock:

"Be not proud, neither let your spirits be lifted up; God doth not wait till the measure of your iniquity be filled up, and that you have run your ungodly race; then will the wrath of God come upon you to the uttermost. And as for thy part, it hangs over thy head, and is near to be poured down upon thee; and, shall come as a thief in the night, suddenly, when thou thinkest not of it."

On page 598, Major General Adderton, who, when Mary Dyer was hanged, said, scoffingly and in an insulting way, "that she hung, as a flag for others to 'take example by,'" and who, also, when Wenlock Christison being condemned to death, warned the persecutors because of the righteous judgments of God, presumptuously said: "You pronounced woes and judgments, and those that are gone before you pronounced woes and judgments; but the judgments of Lord God are not come upon us as yet."

But how he himself was struck by these judgments, and served for an example, we are to see now. He, upon a certain day, having exercised his soldiers, was riding proudly on his horse towards his house. When he came about the place where usually they loosed the Quakers, so called, from the cart, after they had whipped them, a cow came and crossed the way, at which his horse, taking a fright, ran away, and threw him down so violently that he died. Thus God's judgments came upon him unawares.

All the above prophecies, I think, from the standpoint of the spiritual philosopher, can be explained without forcing upon the mind a conclusion which could not, to my understanding, be founded in reason.

Yours, in love and truth,

A. C. ROBINSON.

FALL RIVER, Oct. 10, 1853.

The world's history is nothing but God's commentary on the text, "He that sows to the wind shall reap the whirlwind."

