

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Original Poetry.

SYMPATHETIC.

BY J. ROLLIN M. AQUINO.

The true man lives not for himself alone,
Nor seeks for joys which others cannot share;
But has a tear for grief, a tender tone
For those whose lives are shadowed by despair—
Who smile in vain to hide some weight of care.

The sorrowing heart grows glad, when sympathy
Is offered to it by a genial soul;
And buds of grief, which bloom in misery,
Are called when sympathy assumes control.

The brightly beaming eyes and flushing cheeks
Not always tell of inward peace and joy;
The heart which suffers pain, but never speaks,
May hide a world of trouble and annoy—
And still the smile of life and gladness show.

How necessary, then, that every heart,
Within whose depths the keen, contentment lies,
Should strive without cessation to impart
Its priceless lustre, and to sympathize—
True souls grow happiest in self-sacrifice.

We mourn for those who in death's cold embrace
Have found that sweet repose earth could not lead,
And yet the good smile on the hour with grace
Which brings and earth's long journey to an end,
When soul set free, itself may comprehend.

Yet did we look unselfishly on life,
And strive to live for that which is to be,
We could but joy for those who through earth's strife
Had passed away from strife eternally—
To heavenly pleasure from earth's misery.

Be joyful at the tomb, weep at the birth,
So said the wisdom of the olden age;
The future life is brighter for the death
Of comfort here; a joyous heritage,
Won only in earth's sorrowful pilgrimage.

Like floods with joy, when sympathizing hearts
Give smiles for smiles, when darker shadows fall;
The river and the sea are counterparts
Of life and death; it is the bliss and pall,
Time and Eternity—and this is all.

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 VIII.—CONTINUED.

That evening Uncle Mark came—broader than ever, but the same merry old sailor. Aunt Martha laid the baby in his arms, but he did not seem to know what to do with it; and when it began to cry, he handed it to Aunt Martha, saying: "I'd rather encounter a regular nor'easter, with the wind roaring from aft in the bare rigging." I smiled. "Yes, where it roars 'from aft,' Uncle; but I thought you did not like a calm?" "Not I, at sea; but here, where I don't understand reefing, it's another thing. But wife can reef, and shorten top-sail, too, in this ship, I see. And so you've called the boy John Mark—a double dose of spoilshep. May be a greater man than either of his namesakes." "I hope you will not make a sailor of him, Uncle Mark." "Not I, Anna; never fear. An old sailor like myself, knows too well the troubles of sea-life, ever to persuade a boy to try it." "Auntie," I said, wearily, "I want to go to Barbary Lane." "And that's what we both wish," said the Captain. "What do you say, Martha—shall this young gentleman make his first visit to us? You know the sign." "But you are not able to ride," said Aunt. "Yes, I am; I am better and stronger. Only think, the baby is six weeks old!" "To-morrow, if John is willing," said she. The morning came—a bright, soft, sunshiny morning. There was healing in the very air. A note from John, saying that he should not be home for some days, decided me in my course. "I go to uncle's, to-day, and I stay there," I said. A strange revulsion of feeling took place in my mind, for I looked upon myself as having been a tame, submissive wife, with not spirit enough to preserve my dignity. "Now I will show my husband that I can read obituary," I directed nurse what clothes to pack and send, and she wondered what I could do with them all in a short visit. Then I looked at the garden and bade it a silent farewell, and with help I walked to the rooms below; but the tears fell fast as I thought of the happy hours I had spent there—so happy till Mary Blake came. "I will never tell my troubles," I said, and repeated the lines:

"When woman droops, she droops in silence;
The canker grief gnaws secretly, but sure;
The wild cheek, the sunken eye alone
Shall tell of Death's dire work within."

I was waiting when Uncle came, and said, as he lifted me into the carriage: "We did not tell you, yesterday, of an addition we have to our family. They are emigrants from the Emerald Isle." It seemed odd indeed, to find at the cottage a hearty, cleanly looking Irish woman, about thirty, and a "little slip of a gal," as her mother called her, sitting upon the doorstep.

"Here, Bridget," said my uncle to the woman, "did you ever see a baby before? Do they grow in a kiln?"

"God rest your soul, yes sir—there's nothing else 'plenty' and she held out her arms.

"Please, ma'am, ye look weary; will I take the baby?"

She handled it so tenderly, that I asked her how many children she had.

"Seven, ma'am; four in Ireland, two in heaven, and one here in Ameriky."

I followed the woman into the bed-room where Aunt Martha was busy arranging things for my comfort.

"My dear child, I didn't expect you for half an hour, yet; I am afraid your uncle has driven too fast."

"Not at all," I said; "but I'm a little weary, now, and will lie down."

Weary in mind more than in body, for my heart was heavy, and I had a strange presentiment of coming trouble. Bridget sat down with the baby in her arms, and crooned some Irish song that seemed to have a wonderful soothing power, for I fell asleep, and did not awake till tea was ready.

For three days I heard nothing from John, and then the following letter was handed me by uncle, who also had a letter of three pages from my husband, which he did not show me, and I, of course, did not ask to see. Mine ran as follows:

My dear wife—I am very sorry that I must be away from home so long, but urgent business requires that I should go to the West Indies immediately. I learn from Mr. Scott that you are at Uncle Mark's. This is good. Tell nurse I will double her wages if she will remain with you and be faithful till my return. Do not be anxious about me; for I am well, and, by care, mean to keep so. You can little imagine how hard it is for me to leave home at this time. Your affectionate husband, JOHN.

I read the letter two or three times. I turned it over and over, and upside-down, but there was no more to be learned from it—and then I deliberately rolled it into a lamp-lighter, and burned it slowly in the fire on the hearth.

That evening we had family-prayers in my room, and uncle offered some strange petitions, but wonderfully applicable to myself. One was thus: "Help us to turn from the troubles of this earth, and find rest in thee; may we learn to trust thy promise, that thou wilt be true to those who love thee." I tried to pray in my heart, but all was dark and cold within.

The next day uncle went to Boston, but I sent no letter to John. He was gone but one night—said he saw my husband on board the vessel bound for the West Indies. He said, "he placed Mary Blake under my care, and I have seen her safely at her father's house. Poor girl! her beauty is a wreck, and she looks very ill."

I asked no questions, but every word he uttered was noted by me.

Suddenly he started up. "What a careless old sea-dog I am! Why, Anne, your husband sent you a box by me, and I forgot to take it from the stage." And he took his cane, and hurried away.

"Aunt Martha, how long will John be gone?"

"That depends upon the voyage. If favorable, we shall see him back in six weeks. I had hoped you would be spared this anxiety, Anna, but you can now sympathize with auntie. Your sad, pale face haunts me all the time; but think of poor Bridget—her husband died of ship-fever, on board the packet from Liverpool, and she just escaped with her life, and now is left with five little children to support with the labor of her hands. I have been thinking of proposing to you to take little Henny. It will be a task to teach her, but you may do much good, perhaps."

"I will think of it," I said, sadly. "Alas!" I thought within myself, "have I a home of my own?"

When Uncle came home, he opened my box—full of delicacies, to tempt the appetite of an invalid. He said, "There, Anna, now that is safe. I will lie down, Martha. Do not call me to tea; I will take none this evening."

Aunt Martha looked anxious. "Why, Mark, are you ill?"

A very severe headache—so hard, Martha, that every timber in the old bulk seems giving away; the storm is terrible in the main-top-sail!"

She bathed his head, and he fell asleep. We all retired early, but during the night I thought I heard Aunt Martha moving about.

Just before light she came into my room, looking very pale and weary.

"Anna, your Uncle Mark is sick with a fever. I was afraid it might be so, he was so much with the sick emigrants on board his vessel. He has little fear but he will recover, and the doctor who came in the night thinks he can subdue the disease. But you and baby must not stay here—it would prove fatal if you should take it. Bridget is making you some coffee, and I have sent for Joe and the chaise to be here at eight. I dare not have you breathe the air here much longer, for our room joins yours. Henny will go with you, if you wish. Your nurse is old, and the girl can wait upon you and the baby in your room, while she keeps the house in order."

She bent down and kissed me, while, springing as she did so, "God is a present help in time of trouble—trust him now; trust him ever."

CHAPTER IX.

"Oh Anna! how glad I am to see you; you'll love me now, will you not?" said Mary Blake, almost as soon as I entered the house. "And here's the baby—baby John, our own little baby, come back from heaven! Give it to me," she said to Henny.

"Please, ma'am, it's asleep; and it will be kilt in time if ye are so hasty with it," and Henny ran away with her little burden.

"Mary, Mary dear," said Mrs. Scott, "you forget that the baby is a wee little thing yet, and that Anna has been very ill; wait awhile," and she drew her gently into their own rooms.

"Well, this is most consummate acting," said I to myself, as I sat down in my chamber beside my sleeping boy. "What does Mary Blake care about me or my baby? Just, poor woman, how ill and wan she looks; no wonder—thank heaven, I have not her guilty conscience to trouble me. Now for present duty," I said. My family consisted of Nurse Brown—who wished to remain till John's return—Henny, and Joe. I do not know as I have introduced this last character to my readers. He was a clerk in the store—a very amiable, active boy; and quite a favorite with the village people. We slept at the store, but took his meals with us. This evening I called them all together, and we read a chapter from the Bible, and I read a prayer. This and many other things I did from a peculiar position that as John's wife I would do all that would be required or expected of me. I was growing wonderfully good in my own estimation, and rightly so, towards John and Mary.

Every day Henny went over to Barbary Lane to inquire for Uncle, and each day a similar message was returned—"We hope for the best, but symptoms are not very favorable."

I wrote notes to Aunt Martha, and she returned brief answers, from which I learned that she was anxious, but not despairing. She was so firmly convinced that he must die at sea, that she did not seem to think it possible he could end his days in bed. But one day my father came suddenly. He seldom left home, for he was feeble himself. "Father," I exclaimed, "you have been at Uncle's—tell me, is he very ill?"

"Yes, child, I see no hope in his case, but I do not tell Martha my fears. His mind is wandering most of the time, and he fancies himself in a storm at sea, and gives his orders in a clear, loud voice; then he will sink exhausted, and say in low, weak tones—'Home and Martha—home and Martha! it is all gone there!'"

"It was hard not to go to him, but I am so sorry," said Aunt Martha still forbidding it, and my father reiterated her wishes.

"My child you are looking ill and pale; this fine boy takes all your strength away. I am sorry John must leave at this time, and I came over partly to know what his business is; I suppose you can tell me all about it."

"I don't know, father."

"Don't know, child! Why that isn't at all like our sensible John. But never mind this time; but he must learn to trust our little Anna better than that. Perhaps you would do well to come home awhile with baby—the change might do you good."

I shook my head; alas! I knew too well that with my step-mother and her young children, I could have little rest. He sighed too, heavily. I always knew what that sigh meant—the memory of his first love. The wife who died only a few years after their marriage was never forgotten by him. My own heart was full to bursting just then, but with a determination to keep my secret, I said little.

That evening Henny came home just after tea, and brought no note from Aunt Martha—only a verbal message—"There is some hope!" I could bear such suspense no longer. The evening was mild, the day had been unusually fine for the season, the sky, a deep delicious blue. I had remarked upon it, but Joe told me that old Captain Simonds said, "That deep blue sky this time of year is only the forerunner of a storm."

"He is too wise," I said, and added, "Joe, I wish you to bring the horse and chaise round to the door. I will ride a little way."

When we arrived at the corner of Barbary Lane, I dismissed him. "Come for me here in one hour." Wrapped in my large shawl and hood, I walked on till I came to the red cottage. I saw a light in the parlor, burning dimly. I conjectured that they had moved Uncle there. I opened the front door noiselessly, and found the door of the parlor opened. At once my eyes fell upon the patient, and how sad a sight! That once strong, rugged man was now a mere wreck—pale, haggard as a specter!

Bridget was sitting near him, but when she saw me she started up. "An' ye're come, ye're come; an' ye'll find him so onlasy about ye!"

The sick man turned his head a little, and looked at me; his eyes grew bright, and he beckoned me to him. "Oh Anna, I've wanted to see you, and I must get well to help John through this affair. Ye see I know more about it than I thought at first—it's the same fellow—it's he, I know it is. But, poor child, I meant to have kept you with me till it was all over; it will be so sad for you to be there with Mary Blake. I must get well to take care of you. Ha! ha! was n't that a shallow trick to run up the Spanish flag while I was eating a Spanish desert? They caught an old bird with chaff that time. But I'm tired now, so tired. Sing Anna, sing; I'll join."

"The wind is piping loud my boys, the wind is piping loud."

I commenced—

"Once on the raging seas I rode," I immediately became calm, and I sang on; but I had not gone far when Aunt Martha made her appearance with a bowl of gruel in her hand. She started and turned pale when she saw me.

"Oh, Anna, who told you that he wanted you so much?"

"My own heart, Aunt Martha," and I resumed my singing. His breathing became regular, and he was soon asleep.

"There, now go, my child; be sure and take a warm bath and some camphor, when you get home. Joe is at the door."

How calm Aunt Martha was! how thoughtful of every one but herself.

That night I could not sleep, for thinking of Uncle Mark's words; it was evident that there was something about John's business which I was not to know—Mary Blake was mixed up with it.

Oh, John, you little knew how entirely my heart was yours!

Then, as I lay nervously awake, I thought I heard some one in the entry—it was a very light step, if one at all, and the sound more like the rustling of a lady's dress. My door was left open a little ways for the sake of the air. I saw it pushed open wider, and Mary Blake, in a black silk dress, with a white silk veil in Spanish fashion thrown over her head, and falling in folds from a very high shell comb, entered. I neither moved nor spoke, for at first I doubted whether it were a vision or a reality; but she approached very cautiously, walking on tiptoe, till she came to my baby's crib, when bending over, she was about to take it in her arms, when I sprang up and seized the child so hastily that it awoke and cried.

"Excuse me, Anna," said Mary, with all the ease and grace peculiar to her, "I thought I would come and bid our little Johnny good night, but I forgot how late it was. I'll call to-morrow."

Two weeks had already passed since John left; the weather was still fine, and I said to Joe—"Captain Simonds is wrong this time, for we have had no storm."

"No," he says he is right; and asked me if I did not notice the mooker clouds to-day. We've missed the Equinoxial this year, he says; and we always have it paid up with interest."

This was the last day of April, and the season had been unusually early and pleasant. I had sent Henny, as soon as she was up, to see how Uncle had passed the night. She came in weeping.

"And sure ma'am, the life is all gone out of him; and he's the good gentleman that was so kind when we had no friend nor father!" Her tears forbade her to say more, but when I proposed going immediately—"No ma'am, no ma'am; the lady said ye were not to come to-day—to-morrow, if you please, she wants ye."

"Yes, yes; Aunt Martha is right—she would be alone with her dead to-day."

Joe sat without saying a word for some minutes, and there was silent mourning at our table, till the clear tones of the village bell tolled its three times three, and then the age—sixty-six. Uncle had died in the strength of his manhood.

The day of the funeral was cold and gloomy, the sky gray, and the serried ranks of clouds forebode a storm. I sat by the side of Aunt during the service, and wondered at her apparent calmness. Alas! her grief was too deep for the multitude to understand. I could not go with the mourners, but remained in the lonely house till their return. I never shall forget the sadness of the house, and the reluctance with which I left Aunt Martha that evening. Joe stopped at the post-office to deposit some letters.

"Isn't it strange, Mrs. Hooper," said he, "that Mrs. Blake should be sending letters to Boston to your husband, when he will not be there for a week?"

"Letters to your husband! Mary Blake writing letters to John!" I exclaimed, for once completely thrown off my guard.

"This is the second within two days," said he.

"Joe, drive a little faster, the baby will take cold." Not half an hour from that time I was in my room writing; and I wrote on rapidly as my pen could move for two hours. I have no copy of that letter now, and I am glad of it, for I would not wish to retain a word of its contents, but I know it was a minute history of all I had suffered for six months; every accident was faithfully related, and tinged, of course, with the gloom of my own suspicion. Sealed and directed it lay on my table for the morning's mail. I saw Joe's expression of approval when he took it, but my own face was a blank.

I remember that at its close I bade John a long farewell, and mourned over the blighted prospects of my life. It was just such a letter as an inexperienced young wife of twenty, who had been reading Byron and Moore for some weeks would write. I quoted these lines, altering them to suit the occasion:

"The last link is broken that bound me to thee,
And thy cruel deception hath rendered me free!"

I felt quite heroic when the letter was despatched.

"It is my opinion," said Mrs. Brown, at breakfast, "that Mrs. Blake is a little wandering in mind."

"It is that she is," said Henny, who sat holding the baby; "and sure ma'am she axes for it all the time, and to-day she wanted to give it a sup of cordial, to make it slape well, she said."

"And you did not let her?" I said anxiously.

"And sure ma'am it was yerself that tould me not to give it a sup at all."

"That is right Henny. I hope you will remember."

"I will have to stay with my sick sister to-night," said Mrs. Brown. "If Mrs. Blake should come to your room again I wouldn't answer for the consequences."

"It will not do to take Joe from the store," I said, "and besides I do not feel timid at all. I have no idea but Mrs. Blake knows what she is about; she has sense enough, I fancy."

my attention before, that he looked very thin and pale; there were deep lines of care on his face.

"You are ill, Mr. Scott, I fear!"

"Yes, I am not well. I am growing old, Mrs. Hooper, and cannot bear the cares of business as well as formerly. Trouble breaks me down."

It was a sad, gloomy day, and I lived, through it, only by buying myself in making preparations, to return to Barbary Lane. The sky became more thickly overcast with clouds, and when Joe came, to an early tea, he said that a heavy storm would burst upon us. I went into Mr. Scott's rooms, on some errand, about eight o'clock, and, they had retired—all was dark and still. I made up a bed for Henny in my own chamber, and while she, and the baby slept, I sat reading. I could hear the wind whistling among the tall trees, and around the north-eastern corner of the house, now in a shrill blast, and then in low, fitful sighs, or rather wails, while the ocean moaned like a strong man in agony. I thought of Uncle in his new-made grave on the bleak hill yonder, and found it difficult not to think of the gloom, and the sighing of the wind in the old pines that skirted the Burying Ground. I laid aside my book, and these lines of Motherwell occurred to me—

"Mournfully! oh, mournfully!
This midnight wind doth moan;
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull, heavy tone.
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating through my brain,
And all my fond heart cherishes
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully!
This midnight wind doth swell
With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy,
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreary joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay, well may tears
Start at the parting knell!"

The tall old clock in Mr. Scott's dining-room struck ten. I took a small lantern and went down to assure myself that the doors were all fastened. I hardly knew what sudden impulse led me to open the outer door, but I think it was to see if the clouds were as dark and heavy as when I first went up stairs. "Bless it were for that purpose I forgot it at once; for, before me, leaning against one of the trees, and looking up at the house, was a tall man, wrapped in a Spanish cloak, and with a sailor's cap upon his head.

I knew that figure at once. I should have known that form, if I had met it as suddenly in the desert of Sahara. He came forward and saluted me gallantly in Spanish, and I answered in the same language. "Why Mr. Blake, you have quite the air of a bandit!"

He started back a little. "Ah, bravo!" said he; "well, more honorable men than myself have borne that name."

"Are you not coming in?"

"Not now; I arrived this evening in a schooner from Boston, and must go down to the vessel for a few hours. I found the house locked, and was unwilling to disturb any one. I want to procure a small trunk belonging to myself, but I do not wish to disturb Mary if we can help it. We always kept the trunk on the bureau in my room. Would it be too much trouble to hand it to me, Mrs. Hooper?"

"Oh, no; but if Mary should wake?"

"Then say to her that I have arrived, and will be here in the morning."

I went up to Mary's room, but she was not there. No one had disturbed the bed that night. I found the trunk, after some search, under the bed, and carried it down.

"Thank you from my inmost heart, Mrs. Hooper." And he made a low bow, thanking me again, as he walked away. I thought his gratitude quite disproportionate to the favor.

I went round to each of the outside doors to see if they were secured, not forgetting one which led from Mrs. Scott's dining-room to a porch. In that room I found Mary Blake rocking herself to and fro in a large rocking-chair.

"You are late to-night, Mary," I said.

"Ah, that sounds pleasant, Anna; why don't you always call me Mary?"

"I did not know you wished to have me."

"Oh, Anna!" she said, coming close to me, "have not I done all I could to make you love me? I have pined for your love as a child for its mother; but it is too late now!" And she flung me away from her with the force and strength of an angry man. I fell, breaking my lantern, and hurting my head against the corner of the fire-place. I was stunned for a moment, but soon rallied and found that we were in darkness, and, as I rose to my feet, I felt, rather than saw, that she was about to make another spring at me; but Mrs. Scott, alarmed by the noise, came in.

"Mary! Mary, my daughter, what have you been doing?"

"Do not you know, mother, she never would love me?—and I mean to kill her now!"

She glared fiercely upon me, and I saw how that nurse Brown was right. Mary had lost her reason!

"But you do love her, Mary, do not you?" and she begged of me by signs to assure her of it.

I threw my arms around her neck, thinking a little dissimulation excusable. "Yes, yes, Mary, I love you," and, hoping to soothe her thoroughly, I said, "Your husband has come, Mary; he will be here in the morning."

"Sydney Blake here!" she exclaimed, "and John gone! Oh, what shall I do without John! Mother—mother, you won't let Sydney in till John comes, will you?"

I grew sick and faint, and tottered out of the room just as Mary's father came in. She saw me go, and

said: "You should have loved me before, Anna Hooper—it's too late, now!"

I ran up to my own room as fast as my poor, trembling limbs would permit, and locked the door; and then moved the table against it; but I could not shut from my eyes that despairing look, nor from my ears those cutting words, "Oh, what shall I do without John?"

I undressed, and flung myself on the bed; but the excitement of the evening had driven sleep away. The wind moaned and howled, but as yet no rain had fallen. Worn out at last, I fell asleep soon after hearing the clock strike two. I could not have slept long when I was roughly shaken.

"Wake up, ma'am—wake up; ye'll be kilt intirely in the smoke!"

"What is it, Hanny?"

"The Lord be praised, ma'am, ye're awake. I'll be affther seeing what is the matter now, if ye'll take the baby."

I sprang up and opened the windows, for we were suffocating with smoke, while Hanny, with some difficulty, got the door open.

"Ooh, ma'am, and the smoke is powerful!"

All this time it did not occur to me that the house could be on fire; but no sooner was the draft admitted than the room was in a blaze. We wrapped some of the bed-clothes around us, and ran down stairs; but there the flames poured from dining-room and parlor.

I gave my babe to Hanny, and told her to go out of doors, while I ran back and secured a trunk in which John kept his valuable papers. Then I ran into Mr. Scott's part, thinking that as the fire caught on our side, they would have more time to save something; but the smoke was so dense that I aroused them with difficulty. In Mary's room I found her dragging Lucy to the window, and saying, "I'll save you, darling—I will; can't you jump?"

The fire had already begun its work upon the stairs, but I managed to get Lucy down; and then Mr. Scott, his wife, and myself secured Mary—but this last was too much for my strength.

"Thank God, it begins to rain!" said Mr. Scott. And it did pour down; but for a long time it had no effect upon the fire. We were much indebted to Hanny, who ran some distance to alarm neighbors. These succeeded in saving a few valuables, but the fire had made such headway that little was done to save the house.

The heavy, drenching rain fell at last upon the smouldering, blackened beams of the lower story, and on the still unburned kitchen, showing that the fire had caught first in the chambers. There was good reason to believe that a slow match had been applied in the little back chamber adjoining my sleeping room, where Hanny usually slept. Had she been there that night, not one of us would probably have been saved.

Wearily, faint and wet, I arrived at Aunt Martha's. She was up with a fire, and warm cordials and dry clothes hanging on chairs ready for us.

The baby was sleeping when I got there, all unconscious of the danger it had passed. My tears fell like rain as I looked upon it and thanked God for its safety.

"Now lie down," said Martha, "and try to rest," as she came out of the bed-room with that old-fashioned comforter—a warning-pan. "Dear Anna, this is trouble; but there is sorrow far greater,"—and I felt her tears on my cheek.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

BY MARY E. DAVIS.

Come hear to me, mother darling;
Come, oh come to me now;
Let me hear thy sweet voice calling—
Feel thy hand upon my brow.

Come at the witching twilight hour;
Come, oh come to me then,
And let me feel thy spirit's power,
Shielding thy child from sin.

Come when I bow in silent prayer,
Before our Father's throne,
And upward my petition bear
To the celestial home.

Come at the hour of calm midnight;
When the dark mantle falls
Over the earth, so fair, so bright,
My yearning spirit calls—

My gentle mother back to earth,
For in that hallowed hour,
A thrilling influence slendeth birth—
It seetheth spirit-power.

It husheth all tumultuous grief,
That in my soul doth rife,
And points aloft for sweet relief
To Heaven—lo Paradise.

That holy call! all darkness flies
Before its power away;
It gives a glimpse beyond the skies
Of bright, eternal day.

Then, mother, ever, often come—
Aye! come to me in dreams,
Lighting the darkness of night's gloom
With thy blest spirit beams.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 22, 1853.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

What is it? It is composed of everything that is good, and noble, and true. It is in all high thoughts—nursed upon the bosom of genius. It sets upon the gorgeous throne of intellect, and with its hand-maid, the Fine Arts, wields a golden sceptre over the heart. From the four rivers of Eden it flashed from the rippling wavelets. It hummed a sweet song in the fragrant zephyr that fanned the cheek of mother Eve. It smiled from leafy Vallombrosa, and glittered from the stars that gleamed like lanes from the deep Galilee. It has lingered upon the trembling string of the lyre, and enfolded poetry in its spotless mantle. The Beautiful! It is not in the alluring Targis, with her glittering jewels and frozen eyeballs, staring on forever. In the pomp and pageantry of the earth, it is only mimicked. It is in the simplicity of innocent, holy Childhood, sleeping upon the mother's bosom, and dreaming of the angels, or playing beneath shady trees. Manhood, moving onward in a noble mission, possesses true Beauty. And then Old Age—the twilight of life—when the stars of eternity begin to shine out from the far off heaven—how beautiful it is! In truth, earth, air and heaven are filled with the Beautiful. It is the great embodiment of "nature and nature's God," streaming from floating clouds, and murmuring rivers, silent groves and solemn forest. Science and Art are but keys to unlock the doors to its exhibition. All the Christian virtues cluster, as stars, in its crown. In sooth, we love the Beautiful, and it shall be a part of our mission to develop a keener appreciation of it.—National American.

The Experiences of an Old Nurse.

A SERIES OF SKETCHES.

SKETCH NUMBER FIVE.

The Confession.

It was twelve o'clock one cold December night, when I was awakened from a deep slumber by a loud rap upon my chamber door, together with the shrill utterance of my name, by a voice which I at once recognized as that of my landlady's.

Hastily throwing on a portion of my clothes, I unlocked the door to admit my hostess, who was shivering with the cold, and not a little vexed at being roused from her slumbers at so unseasonable an hour of the night, to answer the violent ringing of the door-bell. Unfortunately her sleeping apartment was on the first floor, and, being naturally a nervous and wakeful woman, Miss Higgins always declared that a mouse could not stir without her hearing it—a fact which several of the young men boarders could testify to the truth of, who not unfrequently returned home at the "witching hour of night," and passed to their rooms above, with rather uncertain steps. In their perambulations in the dark, they were always sure to encounter the ghost-like figure of Miss Higgins, who had stolen noiselessly forth from the precincts of her little bed room, under the pretence of discovering and alarming some villainous robber, (for my landlady was hideous-looking enough in the face to frighten a score of burglars, to say nothing of her bravery, of which she so constantly boasted,) but, in reality, to gratify her large share of womanly curiosity.

Of course Miss Higgins always made it a point to conceal the numerous defects of character of her several boarders, but when certain well-known individuals, not endowed with the faculty of self-denial, made their appearance at the breakfast table the next morning, a single glance from the keen grey eyes of their knowing landlady made them to change color, and tremble in their very boots, for fear of an exposure of their past night's folly and dissipation. On those particular mornings, I can assure you, there was no grumbling heard about wistly-washly coffee, or cold buckwheat cakes. Everything, no matter how ill-flavored or badly cooked, suited their usually over-fastidious tastes in every respect, on such momentous occasions. But I am digressing from my story.

Having finished dressing, I proceeded at once to the parlor, where I was told a stranger was waiting to see me. As I descended the stairs, I heard Miss Higgins mutter something about the inconvenience of boarding nurses. The remarks, I well knew, though uttered in an under tone, was, nevertheless, intended for my ears. A sharp retort rose immediately to my lips, but remembering how very much my poor landlady had to try her patience and contend with in her every day life, I checked back the harsh words my heart had dictated, and entered the square, old-fashioned parlor, with a face as calm and unruffled as if nothing had occurred to destroy my equilibrium of mind.

A tall, dark-looking man rose from his seat in a shadowy corner, upon my entrance, and, advancing towards me, asked, in a low voice, if he had the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Marlow, by profession a nurse. To my answer in the affirmative, he remarked that a brother priest, and friend of his, being taken suddenly ill that night, he had thought it expedient to procure for him a female nurse, and had therefore called upon me for the purpose of engaging my services for the sick man, if possible.

"You are a Catholic, I presume, sir?" said I, upon the conclusion of my companion's words.

"I am, madam, but I trust that the differences in our religious faith will not influence your decision in so important a matter."

"Oh, certainly not," was my quick rejoinder, as I requested the stranger to be seated for a few minutes, until I could definitely make up my mind upon the subject. I consulted my note-book, and found that I had no engagements for the future, under six or eight weeks. This afforded me no opportunity for escape, but somehow or other my inward nature rebelled at the thought of mingling with a people who seemed to lead a sort of isolated life, and who, themselves, were taught to look upon all persons entertaining a belief at variance with their own, as heretics. Thank God! there is less sectarianism at the present time.

In vain I plead the imprudence of exposing my not over-strong health to the storm which was raging terribly without. The stranger replied that he had a close carriage awaiting my pleasure at the door, and as the distance to be traversed was not a long one, he felt almost certain that, with the necessary precautions of clothing, there could be no possibility of my taking the slightest cold.

I thanked him for his kindness, and, after making some two or three trifling excuses, (one of which was my not being accustomed to the care of men in sickness,) I at last gave my reluctant consent to accompany the stranger to the home of the invalid, after much powerful pleading on the part of the youthful priest, who seemed endowed with the eloquence of a Demosthenes.

A few minutes hard riding soon brought us to Franklin street, where we were immediately set down before the door of a large and quaint-looking structure adjoining the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, and occupied for long years by the priests in charge of said institution.

With an undefinable feeling of dread at my heart, I silently followed my gentlemanly guide up the broad staircase, into a large and sumptuously furnished chamber, where the sufferer was tossing restlessly about upon his crimson draped couch, with no other attendant but an aged and infirm Sister of Charity, who, in her extreme ignorance of disease, was trying to persuade the invalid to swallow a wine-glass of pure brandy.

Having carelessly thrown aside my bonnet and cloak, I followed my companion to the bedside of the suffering man, who, perceiving the latter, paused in the midst of his groanings, to express a few words of welcome at the return of his brother disciple.

"I am, indeed, Father Francis, and, after some two hours search, have at last brought you a nurse who will probably understand your case; and minister to your wants, much better than Sister Agatha is able to."

This was said by way of introduction, and, moving to the side of the invalid, (a corpulent-looking man, of some fifty years of age,) I inquired if he had been ill many days. He replied, that on retiring about ten o'clock the night previous, he had felt as well as usual; but towards morning, however, he was awakened from a slumber by a feeling of extreme

chilliness, together with great difficulty in breathing, and also a violent pain in the head and back.

His words surprised me, for the symptoms were those of an acute continual fever, which had made rapid headway upon his system, in the short space of a few hours. He complained of great thirst, and Sister Agatha again came forward with her glass of brandy.

"Take it away, for mercy sake, my dear woman!" I exclaimed, as Father Francis stretched out his tremulous hand to receive the exciting beverage.

My imperative words, and abrupt manner, quite startled Sister Agatha, who looked at first frightened, then highly offended at being ordered about by a person many years younger than herself, and a heretic at that. Perceiving her flushed and indignant countenance, I said, by way of reparation for the wrong so unintentionally inflicted—

"Excuse me, madam, for my baseness of speech, but the idea of administering brandy to a man whose skin is dry and feverish, seemed to me so very imprudent, that I could not help checking you, (perhaps rather too violently,) for an act, the folly of which you were of course ignorant."

To my remarks, Sister Agatha only replied that Father Francis, being thirsty, she had given him several times a swallow or two of brandy, fearing lest the free use of cold water might be injurious to him.

It was evident that the aged Sister of Charity was no doctress, else she would have known that in all complaints of a febrile nature, only the most cooling and simple drinks should be used, all stimulants being carefully avoided, as they tend to increase inflammation.

My first step was to despatch Brother John, the young priest who had sought out my lodgings and procured my services as nurse, for a physician, which, strange to say, they had neglected to send for, thinking, doubtless, that the illness of Father Francis was owing only to a slight cold, from which he would probably recover in a few days.

Brother John obeyed my orders with great alacrity, and returned shortly after with Doctor Fisher, now in the spirit-world, and at that time one of Boston's most promising physicians. He pronounced the sick man to be laboring under a severe fever of an inflammatory nature, and accordingly proposed bleeding as the surest way of lessening the pulse of so full blooded a man as his patient.

That operation over, Dr. Fisher left, promising to call about noon of the same day—for morning had already begun to dawn, when I had thought best to send for medical assistance. The sick man was now placed under my especial supervision and care, Sister Agatha's services being no longer required in the invalid's chamber. The extreme coldness of her farewell, upon the day of her return to her own home, convinced me that I had made one enemy among the Catholics, if no more.

As might be expected, Father Francis grew daily worse instead of better. The fever had so firmly fastened itself upon him, that it was now impossible to think of throwing it off. For two or three days, the practice of bleeding was closely followed up, which, although it temporarily lessened the fever and regulated the naturally full pulse, yet weakened the patient's strength by the loss of so large a quantity of blood, and it was deemed inadvisable both by the doctor and myself, to continue such a course of treatment longer. The only thing to be done, then, was to patiently await the time when the fever should have reached its height.

It now became necessary to keep the invalid as quiet and easy as possible. From the first hour of our acquaintance, Father Francis seemed to take a particular liking to me, so much so as to prefer my attentions to those of even Sister Agatha, with whom he had been on terms of intimacy for long years. Even Brother St. John absented himself from the invalid's sight, as much as possible for a time, only entering the room occasionally during the day for the purpose of affording me some slight assistance.

As night approached, however, the delirium, under which the invalid labored more or less, generally increased. All of my readers, who have had much experience in sickness, know what it is to see a strong man wrestling with a severe fever. In the violence of his ravings, it was almost impossible for me to prevent Father Francis from springing out of bed, and dressing himself in his customary suit of black. Knowing his terrible strength at such times, Brother St. John proposed to me the idea of procuring two or more men watchers each night, for the purpose of relieving me mentally and physically for a time. But it was, always my principle, when attending upon the sick, never to avail myself of the services of watchers, so long as my own bodily strength would sustain me. With the aid of Brother St. John, who seemed entirely devoted to the cause of the invalid, I contrived to get through the nights tolerably well, though always impatient for the approach of daylight, when my patient usually fell into a light slumber, to the infinite relief of both St. John and myself.

Each morning, Sister St. Agatha presented herself at the door, to inquire after the health of her friend and benefactor, Father Francis. When told that the doctor had excluded all visitors from his chamber, she seemed quite offended, and showed what appeared to me to be a most unchristian-like spirit in the matter. As I rarely left the sick room, I seldom met with her; but I learned from the servants and St. John, that, notwithstanding the ill-feeling which she openly professed to entertain towards me, in engaging, as she foolishly did, that I had succeeded in influencing Father Francis against her, that she still made it a point to call as often as once a day to inquire after the invalid.

On the morning of the fourth day of the priest's illness, a servant knocked at the chamber-door of the former, and stated that there was a gentleman waiting in the parlor below, who said he had called upon important business, which closely concerned Father Francis. On being told that, said personage was lying seriously ill of fever, and could receive no visitors, he had expressed his determination of remaining within until the return of St. John, who was performing mass at the cathedral in the absence of his brother.

Not being able to divine the object of a visit at so early an hour of the morning, I left the servant in charge of my sleeping patient, and hastily descended to the parlor. A pale and interesting looking young man of twenty-five years, was rapidly pacing the room, but in hand, as I entered.

At the sound of my footsteps he turned suddenly round, and stopped before me with a low and hurried bow. The marble pallor of his face was in startling contrast to the waves of jetty hair that fell carelessly over his high and expansive brow. His dark eyes seemed to gleam with the light of insanity, while

the thin and tightly compressed lips betokened a strong will and resolute purpose. There was something about that sad and troubled countenance which impressed me so painfully that I stood regarding the youthful stranger in perfect silence for several minutes, when the latter at length broke the awful stillness by saying—

"Madam, you will doubtless wonder at the unseasonableness of my visit; but my business with Father Francis is of so important and painful a nature, that I find it impossible for me to set my mind upon the common affairs of business until some clue is furnished me to the awful mystery which enshrouds my soul in darkness, and makes me the most miserable of God's creatures."

I could not understand the language of the strange youth before me, whose distressed countenance and bewildered air had so excited my attention from the first; but I pitied him sincerely from the very depths of my woman's heart, for I felt that some terrible sorrow had already blighted the happiness of one whose life for long years to come should have been one perpetual summer's day.

Delicacy forbade me questioning him upon a subject which was evidently weighing down his soul; and, after waiting a half hour or more for Brother St. John, he took his leave, promising to call again in a day or two, at which time he hoped to be able to communicate with Father Francis personally.

Upon returning to the sick room, I found my patient awake, but restless, and terribly oppressed for breath. I made haste to promote a circulation of fresh air throughout the room, but, at times, unpleasantly warm apartment, and bolstered him comfortably up in bed, with a view to relieve the excessive pain in his head, of which he complained, by retarding the motion of the blood to the brain. Seeing him so much distressed by bodily pain, I refrained from mentioning the circumstances of the stranger's visit to him.

The morning was far advanced when Brother St. John—as the Catholic fraternity had christened him—returned from his morning devotions. Without stopping to partake of his breakfast, which had grown cold upon the table from his long absence, he proceeded at once to the chamber of the invalid, and knocking lightly upon the door, was soon ushered into the room by me, who, upon answering the summons, had expected to behold the calm and cheerful face of the doctor.

His pallid countenance and blanched lips arrested my attention, as with a hurried "Good morning, Mrs. Marlow," he staggered, rather than walked into the room. After shaking hands with the invalid, and inquiring after his health, he sank listlessly into an easy-chair beside the couch. Once or twice he essayed to speak to Father Francis, (who was suffering too much physical pain to note the troubled countenance of his companion,) but the words seemed choking him for utterance; and, rising from his seat with a strong effort, he moved towards the door.

"Are you ill, Mr. St. John?" I asked in alarm, at the same time following closely in his footsteps.

"No, madam, I am quite as well as usual, but the close and heated air of a sick room always tends to make me faint and dizzy. I think I will take a slight stroll in the open air, after which I shall probably feel quite refreshed," he said, as clutching at the railing for support, he slowly prepared to descend the stair-case.

"One question more before you go, Mr. St. John," I exclaimed. "Did the servant inform you that a young gentleman, who professed to have business of great importance with Father Francis, called this morning during your absence, and waited some time for your return?"

"She did, Mrs. Marlow," he gasped out. "I am sorry not to have seen him," he continued with a perceptible shudder of the frame.

"I asked him to leave his name, but he said that being a stranger to both Father Francis and yourself, it would be of little consequence. He left, however, with the intention of calling again in a day or two."

Just then the invalid called me to fetch him some drink, and without waiting to hear what further remarks St. John had to offer upon the subject, I hastily returned to the chamber; and saw no more of St. John throughout that day.

The doctor came and pronounced his patient a very sick man. The fever still ran high, and his pulse was still very full and quick. After giving me fresh orders to keep the sufferer free from all excitement, Doctor Fisher again took his leave, remarking that the fever would probably turn in four or five days.

Father Francis had been confined to his room just one week, when the mysterious youth again made his appearance, and begged most earnestly to be admitted to the presence of Father Francis. Strange to say, Brother St. John was again absent; and, being busily engaged in performing some duty for the invalid, I despatched word to the parlor by the servant, that the physician had strictly prohibited all visitors from entering the sick room.

The domestic returned with a card, upon the back of which was hastily written with a lead pencil:—"For the love of Heaven, grant me but a few minutes' conversation with the priest, Father Francis, as my life depends upon it!" I held the neatly printed card up before the eyes of the invalid, that he might read the name there engraven, at the same time inquiring if he would like to speak with him a moment or two.

"Henry Travers!" he exclaimed in horror; "do not admit him, for God's sake—I beseech you, Mrs. Marlow!" and the strong man fell back upon his pillow with a deep groan.

When the servant again made her appearance from communicating my refusal to let the stranger to the chamber of Father Francis, she, too, betrayed signs of fright and excitement.

"What is the matter, Bridget?" I inquired, as she stood trembling and almost speechless before me.

"Ooh, ma'am! there's something terrible about to happen, for the servant of the devil was surely here this morning, and vows that he will burn the house over our heads, if we don't, let him see the Holy Father the next time that he calls!" and the poor daughter of Erin crossed herself reverentially, as she caught a glimpse of the invalid through the half-open door.

After partially quelling the fears of the terrified Bridget, who returned sorrowfully and tremblingly to her work in the kitchen, I advanced to the couch of my patient, with the view of making some inquiries as to the cause of his sudden and powerful emotion. But his mind was delirious, and he only replied in broken and incoherent words to my questions, among which the names of Henry Travers, Marie, and Annette, were distinctly audible.

Believing that the sufferer was the agent in some

crime of greater or less magnitude, I checked back my curiosity, and resolved to wait patiently for the denouement of the affair, believing that sooner or later the mystery must be solved.

It was the morning of the eleventh day, and the sufferer, who had passed a restless and sleepless night, had sunk into a light slumber. The opening of the door by the physician awakened him, but, without lifting his eyes to the face of Dr. Fisher, who had advanced to his bedside, and stood holding his right hand, he again sank into a kind of stupor, from which it seemed almost impossible to arouse him for any length of time. As the Doctor left the bedside, he shook his head mournfully; the symptoms evinced by the invalid were decidedly unfavorable to recovery.

After this time I began to lose all hope of the patient's restoration to health. His spirits grew languid, his pulse began to sink perceptibly, and a trembling of the nerves, together with laborious respiration ensued, which made me to fear that the consequences must indeed prove fatal.

It was evening, and Father Francis was dying. Noticing a sudden fearful change in his countenance, I had sent St. John out once more for the Doctor, who, upon his arrival, immediately confirmed our fears by saying that the fast sinking man had but a few hours to live. As gently as possible, I performed that most unpleasant office of my profession—of breaking the sad news of approaching dissolution to the invalid, asking him, at the same time, if he had anything which he desired to communicate to his friends before leaving the world. He replied that he had much to say—a crime to confess, which would astonish the good people of Boston!

He now motioned St. John to his side, and gave him some order to fulfill, upon which he suddenly left the room. Expecting that he had gone for a priest to administer the sacrament to the dying man, I was completely amazed, when I beheld him enter the apartment some fifteen minutes after, accompanied by the pale and mysterious youth who had so excited my sympathy a few days previous. The latter seemed to feel that he was in the house of death, for, with downcast face, he walked slowly to the bedside of the sufferer.

"Henry Travers!" said the dying man, in a voice husky and tremulous with emotion, "I have sent for your presence here to-night, that I might confess you a sin which, for the past few weeks, has lain heavily upon my soul!"

All stood silent spectators to the scene before them, as the conscience-stricken man proceeded:—

"It was I who first won the confidence and friendship of your cousin, Marie Travers, through the intrigue and cunning of her *femme de chambre*, the apparently innocent Annette, and, having dazzled her senses by the splendor of our faith, I at last decoyed her away from her uncle's residence, under cover of the night, and placed her at the Ursuline Convent, in Charlestown, where she is still confined an unwilling prisoner."

At this point in Father Francis's conversation, Henry Travers sank down upon a chair, and, burying his face in his hands, groaned aloud in agony of spirit. Before the dying man could gather strength to continue, the chamber door was suddenly burst open, and a young girl, clad in deep mourning, the neck of the young man, who was too much overcome with emotion, at beholding the safe return of his beautiful and betrothed cousin, the gentle Marie, to utter a word.

"Great God!" gasped the death-stricken man, as his eye fell upon the slight form and sable robes of the young girl, whom Henry Travers still clasped tightly to his heart; "who has betrayed me?"

"I, Father Francis! that another victim might not be added to your already large list of betrayed and dishonored women!" and the crone-like form of Sister Agatha stole into the darkened chamber, where the angel of death was already brooding.

"May the holy Virgin curse and oppress thee forevermore!" were the words of Father Francis, as weak and exhausted, he fell back upon his pillow. The next moment the terrible death-rattle vibrated painfully in the ears of all present, while a feeble shriek from the withered lips of Sister Agatha, as she fell heavily to the floor, told only too plainly that death had claimed two victims instead of one.

Before the priest arrived to administer the sacrament to the dying man, the spirit of Father Francis had left its earthly domain, while the aged Sister of Charity, the once beautiful, but long since discarded mistress of the conscience-smitten priest, had thrust a dagger into her heart, and now lay weltering in her own blood upon the richly carpeted floor.

My story is finished. The terrible mystery was at last cleared. For some two or three months previous to the occurrence of the events here related, the daily papers had contained lengthy accounts of the supposed murder of a young and beautiful girl, who, some six months after her arrival in this country, had been secretly decoyed away from the residence of her uncle. For several weeks an unsuccessful search was continued by her cousin, Henry Travers, (to whom she had been for long years betrothed,) and the several members of her uncle's family. The lost one was about given up as dead, when an anonymous note was received by the young man, informing him that his cousin had been secretly decoyed away by Father Francis, who was laboring to convert the young girl to the Catholic faith, and, by inducing her to take the veil, oblige her to settle her large fortune upon the Ursuline Convent.

All are familiar with the story of its destruction by fire, in the year 1834. Annette, the French waiting maid of the gentle Marie, (whose violent grief at her father's death had made her an easy instrument in the hands of evil workers,) and St. John, the accomplices of Father Francis, fled to Paris upon the exposure of a crime in which they had both been active participants.

Marie and Henry Travers were afterwards married at the Old South Church, in Boston, where the romantic story of their love and misfortunes brought together an immense congregation, who were all anxious to behold the handsome couple who had undesignedly gained so much notoriety through the columns of the public journals of the day.

GOOD ADVICE.—Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations which may be preferred against him; every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defence as well as the accusation, and remember that the malignity of enemies may sometime place you in a similar situation.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES TO

BY MADGE CARROL.

The shadows of forgetfulness
Again enshroud your heart;
How can my feeble fingers sweep
Their dusky folds apart?
Your cold indifference has chilled
The hand warmed in your clasp;
It cannot now, with pliant touch,
The gloomy cloud-wreaths grasp.
Around the portrait Love returned,
The frost-breath of neglect,
Is turning like a snowy wreath
Where hope's sweet roses decked.
Have earthly honors thus misled,
With bright but fleeting gleam,
The heart that angels habited,
And made my memory dream?
Out floating from your spirit's depths
To meet the answering key,
Has the sweet whisper died away,
Whose music breathed of me?
In the wild war of public life
Do olden thoughts aspire—
When angels wore forget-me-not
Around your spirit-lyre?
Do angel-hands no longer tune
The love-chorus of your heart,
And waken memory's melodies,
The while we dwell apart?
Have you shut out that music-note—
Crushed back the rising thought?
Unbound the flower-wreath from the lyre,
That angel-fingers wrought?
If so, why am I thus impelled
Remembrance to reclaim?
Why thus recall the wandering heart
Affliction held in vain?
I know not why the same sweet power,
That moved me thus before,
Controls me in this pillow hour,
To write to you once more.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Clarence and Violet;
A TALE OF INCONSTANCY.

BY EMMA D. R. TUTTLE.

"I am faint! More air, mother, dear. Come and sit close beside me, and hold my hand in yours, mother, and let me sleep a little while."

Mrs. Lawrence went to the snowy couch of the fading girl, folded back the muslin drapery, that the breeze might play freely about the blanched brow of Violet, and took her thin, white hand tenderly in her own.

Soon the transparent eyelids closed over the mild eyes, and their silken fringes rested lovingly on the pallid cheeks. Shades light and beautiful kept flitting playfully across her face, which told that the spirit was not in repose, although its beautiful home, soon to be deserted for one of spiritual loveliness, was gathering strength to perform its last service for the almost unlensed soul.

While Violet slept, and her mother sat by her, marking the symmetry of her form which seventeen years had unfolded into womanly loveliness, smoothing gently each straying tress of golden hair, marking the smile which played about the lips which had so often spoken "dear mother," and thinking how soon the mould of the grave would gather upon her darling, the sweet lips he sealed, and the loving eyes folded forever, a shower of tears burst from her eyes, and her frame shook convulsively beneath the keen winds of anguish.

"Oh, God!" she exclaimed, "thou art unjust! Thou art a relentless, cruel tyrant to snatch away my idol—the only object in all the world for me to love!" and then the tears stopped suddenly, and a shadow, dark and deep, gathered upon her face, and she said: "There is no God—no heaven—no existence beyond the grave!"

An angel, kneeling by the bedside, whispered to her, saying: "It is the imperative voice of laws which Violet has ignorantly violated, calling for strict justice, which hurries thy blossom thus prematurely away; and neither God, nor the angels, can avert the painful penalty." But she could not hear the voiceless whispers, and so kept weeping on.

And there was another mourner, whose pale face and quivering lip told of anguish which words can ill picture. He sat by the bedside with his forehead bowed in his hand, as if trying to shut out from his sight so painful a scene; but ever and anon his hand fell nervously to his knee, and his eyes rested on the figure of the dying girl. It was Clarence Elton; and, one surveying the manly figure, the noble mien, and the handsome features, could not help pronouncing him worthy of being the affianced of Violet Lawrence, in the days of her most blooming beauty.

Violet gently awoke from her last natural sleep. A holy radiance lit up her face, and trust and confidence beamed from her eyes as they met the mournful ones of Clarence.

"How do you feel now, darling?" asked Mrs. Lawrence.

"I shall very soon be better, mother. It will not be long ere I shall be an angel, and tread the thornless paths of heaven, and never feel these death-pains any more." And when I am gone, mother, do not let one regret make you unhappy. The angels will be my teachers, mother, and I shall be educated more truthfully and more easily than if I had remained on earth. I will be with you sometimes. When the cool zephyr floats among the trees, think it bears some love fraught message from your Violet. When the early flowers peep up from the turf upon my grave, think how I used to love them, and think I am twining bright spiritual flowers into graceful garlands, to entwine your brow when you come to another sphere."

Violet closed her eyes wearily as she extended her hand to Clarence, who pressed it fervently, but as if it were almost too sacred to return love's pressure.

"I love you, Clarence," said Violet, "better than any one in heaven or on earth. I would gladly live to be your bride, and be mistress of your little cottage among the roses. I do not court Death's chilly clasp, but I cannot evade it. Be true to me, Clarence, and in the spirit-land I will wed you. Life will be lonely—desolate—and perhaps you may not be able to realize my spirit presence; but, as sure as I exist, I will be your wife as much as if I were embodied. Can you love a spirit wife?" continued she, smiling. "Yes!" And the manly tone trembled as he said: "I pledge truth to thee, my Violet. Oh, I charge the angels to shelter thy young spirit in the strange land where you are going. It seems, now, to me, that my arm could protect thee better than another's, even though it were an angel's," and he kissed her white lips. "How cold your lips are growing, Violet! Would that I could bear the pains of death for you!"

"They are few," said she, calmly. Let me tell you what I dreamt while I was sleeping, and you will let me go unregretfully. I thought I was standing near bright, gleaming waters, not very wide nor deep. The wavelets danced playfully about the shores, and on each bank were friends who loved me, but on the further shore they looked so radiantly beautiful, I thought they must be angels. They were looking earnestly this way, and seemed to be waiting for me. Soon a little shadowy boat came dancing over the undulating waves, with an angel at its silver prow; and on its starry deck my angel father stood and beckoned. So you see, dear Clarence, there is no spectral crew aboard Death's vessel. It came on until it reached the nearest shore, and is now waiting for me. I must go! Mother, kiss me—good bye!"

With an effort, she enfolded the neck of her lover with her arms, and gasped: "I'm thine—thy angel bride, Clarence!"

"And I will be true, Violet," he hurriedly said, as if he feared she could not catch his words.

With her pale, thin hands clasped around her lover's neck, she died without a gasp, and passed as quietly as a strain of music dies, or the fragrance of a flower vanishes.

A silence reigned in the room, such as a tornado leaves when stillness broods over desolation; and a shadow as deep fell upon the heart of Clarence, as an eclipse of the noontide sun falling on a fair picture.

After a pause, Mrs. Lawrence unlocked the arms of Violet, and Clarence arose.

"How still she lay upon her pillow sinking,
With her white folded hands upon her breast,
The joyous dream disturbed not her sweet thinking,
And faded the dark to rouse her from her rest.
She slept as if her soul exhaled in sighs—
As if her lover's kisses closed her eyes."

All the long day and lonely night, Clarence Elton sat in the room where the faded Violet lay, cold and strangely clad in her deathly array. It was the same room, where, in days gone by, they had passed many a pleasant and hopeful hour—where they had listened to the same little bird that was then singing in the lilac bush by the window, and talked of love and happiness.

Clarence longed and prayed for the spirit presence of Violet, and once or twice he thought he felt the touch of her velvet fingers upon his aching brow, and thought he saw the gleam of her golden hair. But it was only momentary, and seemed to him but a feverish fancy.

The clear eye of a clairvoyant might have seen her, with a shade of sadness in her spirit eyes, because she could not make her presence known to her lover. She felt each anguish-throb which pained him, and loved as much as she pitied him.

At length the time came when the forsaken casket could be no longer kept, and mournful feet bore the body of Violet Lawrence to its resting-place in the graveyard, and the earth was smoothed over her, and the green turf carefully laid above her. Spring, like a beautiful angel, went to work and soon besprinkled her grave with forget-me-nots, which Clarence nourished by his tears.

He thought much upon Violet, and her promise to be his wife as much in heaven as if she were embodied on earth. He loved her still, but his affections seemed to cling more around the past than the present, although he seemed unconscious of the fact.

Often he visited the grave of his loved, and, although Violet, in all her transcendent angel beauty, stood by the shiny marble slab, with her loving arm on his shoulder, he could not see her nor hear her words. She tried to speak of the love she still bore him, but her airy lips only uttered voiceless words, which Clarence could not hear, although he thought he felt the sympathy of her spirit about him.

Time wore wearily on with Clarence and the angel, for her sympathizing nature could not exclude itself from his sorrow. He thought almost constantly of his lost bride, but as no definite tidings came from her across the gloomy gulf of the grave, his mind wandered more and more as the separation lengthened. He felt perfectly isolated and alone, and often the question came up: "Must it be ever so?"

He went out alone when the air was balmy and the saint-like stars were beaming, when he had supposed spirits walked abroad, hoping to hear some whisper from the spirit-lips of his Violet. But the gift of clair audience was not then his, and Violet, with all her patient, longing, trying, could not impart it.

At length, weary of isolation, and seeking a balm for his wounded heart, he went into society. Oh, it was an effort for him to smile when tears were filling upon his heart; it was bitter mockery for him to flatter, and simpler to the bejeweled, bedizened and be-floated belles who hovered around him, like bees around a rare flower.

Among them was one, who, by her art in seeming to be interested in his heart's history, managed to arrest his attention. Through the magic power of sympathy, she gained his confidence. He had so long been exiled from the influence of the gentler sex, that the presence of Alice Lee seemed to him like the coming of the Indian Summer, after the fading season had come.

Clarence had grown pale after the sunshine of Violet's presence was gone, and a slight cough haunted him almost constantly. But it was scarcely heeded, and he thought it would pass away with the keen winds and frosts of winter—but it lingered, an almost unnoticed guest.

The intimacy between young Elton and Alice Lee grew stronger, until both mistook the nature of their attachment, and fancied it conjugal.

One evening Clarence told Alice he loved her, and asked her to come and inhabit his tenantless heart. Had he forgotten how an angel owned it for her rare, rare retreat? Oh, no; but everything beyond the grave seemed enshrouded by a veil of misticism which he could not penetrate.

Violet, his own Violet, true to him still in heaven, hovered over him as he breathed the vow of love to another, and tears dropped from her eyes. As Clarence pressed Alice to his bosom almost as he had enfolded Violet in days gone by, a cold shiver passed over him, and he remembered Violet's dying words, "I am thy spirit wife." But they soon passed away, and again turning to look at Alice, as she stood by his side, with dew-pearls sparkling in her raven hair like gems, and her eyes as bright as the evening stars, he praised her beauty, kissed her lips, called her his own, and they parted.

That night, as he lay half-dreaming on his couch, he heard the fall of a footstep as light as the patter of rain-drops, on the carpet, and suddenly Violet stood in spiritual beauty before him. She smiled, but there was a melancholy sadness in her smile, as she said, "I love you still, Clarence, and I read in

your heart that you still love me. Do not wrong another!" Then stooping, she kissed him with her airy lips, and vanished.

When Clarence first awoke he felt that he had indeed seen his first love, and that fidelity to her was but justice to himself, as well as her. But slowly the impression wore away, and he thought it but a struggling fantasy of dream-land.

Alice Lee was loved and admired by all, but from the love and flattery of her many suitors she turned away for the love which she supposed Clarence bore her. She could not see that his heart was occupied by another, and that she, though at a lesser distance from him, was only a pale star compared with the steady radiance of the star in heaven, which ever beamed steadily upon him. When she was in his presence she could not read the thoughts which were saying—"She is less beautiful than Violet," when she spoke to him, "her tones are less sweet," when she playfully gave him ears a sound boxing for some saucy oar, "she is less gentle!"

But regardless of conscience, regardless of his own true happiness, regardless of his vows to the dying Violet, he urged Alice to fix the day of their union, which was to be an evening near the close of June.

The evening came. The elegant rooms of Mr. Lee, the wealthy aristocrat, were adorned with a degree of magnificence they had never before presented. Rare flowers, tastefully arranged in exquisite vases, threw their fragrance on the air, and the gauzed-draped chandeliers shed a soft radiance over the gay assembly. The stately priest was there to pronounce the sacred rituals, and many friends to congratulate the young couple who were about to enter the garlanded gate to matrimony; but who shall say what they were to find within its sacred precincts!

In the principal parlor Clarence stood, pale as a specter, almost, with Alice gleaming in her bridal array at his side. She looked like a fresh spring flower which never a wooing zephyr even, had roughly kissed, ed—he like a blossom which had opened its petals on some snow bank, and only felt the biting cold and chilling frost, with little warm sunshine. Alice wore a single-diamond above her forehead on her shining hair; a rose upon her bosom formed of diamonds and emeralds was the only other jewel she wore. Her dress was of a white, airy material, fitting for the season, and very tastefully made.

The official priest approached, and the couple united hands—Clarence trembling in spite of all his staidness, and Alice quivering, but happy. The ceremony was ended, and when the tinkling piano sounded the bridal serenade, Clarence with his eyes staring vacantly, saw Violet enter, with a golden harp in her angel hand, and join in the music. Tears fell from her eyes and sparkled upon the harp strings, and her lip quivered as she sang. Her golden veil thrown over her shining curls, floated gracefully around her, and the two brides stood in graceful contrast on either side of Clarence. Violet said softly, "Clarence dear, am I not still thy wife?" and she looked lovingly and pityingly on Alice Lee. The law had just pronounced her his wife, and as such, he had vowed to love and protect her.

Clarence gasped, and almost fainted; but friends were ready with restoratives, and it was thought the illness arose from his delicate health.

When the tones of the town-clock struck the small hours, the gay assemblage dispersed. The festive rooms were silent, and a dull melancholy brooded upon the heart of him who should have been most gay. When they retired to the bridal chamber, a shudder ran through his frame, as he felt a touch soft as the caress of a zephyr, driving every thought of Alice from his mind, and turning it towards the invisible one.

Erring Clarence! thus to win the confiding affections of a trusting one but to teach her the anguish of married life, when the holiest affections of her husband cluster around mother. Erring Clarence! thus to be untrue to thy youthful love, because she is disembodied, and cannot minister to thy physical desires! Ah, bitterly will you repent, when you have drunk the cup of anguish to its loathsome dregs.

A few sunshiny days passed over the head of Mrs. Clarence Elton. She soon discovered that there was a sorrow preying upon the heart of her husband, over which she had no control, for it was wrapped in mystery which she could not penetrate, although she fancied there was some link within the past which bound his spirit. He was kind and gentle to her, but his love partook more of the quiet nature of fraternal feeling, than of the devotion of true conjugal love.

Once, when he had been on a visit to a medium-artist, he returned with the picture of a lady who, he said, used to be a playmate of his in youth, and under it was traced the name of Violet. He hung it in his study, where always when he was alone those calm eyes looked down from the canvass upon him, as well as from heaven.

How could she, whose life took its coloring from his, help but notice his peculiar actions, and how could she help being saddened by the sadness which haunted him. She implored his confidence, entreated him to unfold his heart to her; and let her administer the balm drop. But he was inexorable, intending to be wisely so.

At length a delicious sickness came upon him, and in his wandering moments he made a full revelation of everything he had a long kept. Poor Alice! how pale and wild she grew as the burning words fell one after another from his lips. How despairingly she clasped her babe-to-be broken heart, and wept. She tried to reason, but of what avail is reason, when hope is livid and dead. She tried not to think of Clarence, but the thoughts would come that he had fearfully wronged her. She had long felt that there were demands in his nature which she could not answer, harp-strings which she could never vibrate, but she had trembled and thought it was too late to recognize the fact. Exasperation seized her. Clarence had won her early love, when it was a jewel, he had no casket to shield. She in her girlish enthusiasm had grasped at love, but found it like the apples of the Dead Sea. Discord and unkind feelings arose between her and her loyal husband, and embittered every moment of their life.

Clarence's health grew more and more delicate. Consumption had pinched its pale fingers about him, and each day his brow grew paler, his cheek thinner, and his cough more hollow, until he pushed life's cup aside, and went up to drink it with Violet in heaven, leaving Alice a young widow and the mother of his child, whose responsibility he had imposed upon her without repaying her by his conjugal love.

Erring Clarence! sweetly sleep, thy ashes in the silent church-yard, where Alice weeps without a loving memory of the past to bless her, and happy be thy spirit in its new-found home, gladdened by the heart-angel of thy existence.

ANGEL MUSIC.

When the twilight weeps 'neath her azure veil,
And the sweet flowers sigh as the day grows pale,
Then an angel comes on her silver wings,
And a golden harp in her hand she brings,
Soft, sweet and low;
Rich numbers flow,
And I hush my breath while the angel sings!
Oh, the love-rays fall from her dew-dipped eye,
Like the soft star-beams from the twilight sky;
And she fans my brow with her fragrant wings,
While she gently strikes on the golden strings!
Soft, sweet and low,
Rich numbers flow,
And I weep for joy while the angel sings!
Like the soft south wind, when it wooes the flowers,
Like the glad bird's note in his love-wreathed bowers,
Like the thrilling sigh of the wind-harp's strings,
Are the rapturous tones that the angel sings!
Soft, sweet and low,
Glad breathings flow,
And I dream of love while the angel sings!
Like the plaintive voice of the moaning pine,
Like the wild, wild wail of the heaving brine,
Like the groans that sweep on the night-wind's wings!
Is the strange, sad song that the angel sings!
Dark, deep and low,
Sad moanings flow,
And I weep with the sad while the angel sings!
Then a lofty strain on the rich harp awells,
And the soul of bliss in its music dwells;
And the tide of song, o'er its glowing strings
Flows fresh and free from the Eden spring!
Soft, sweet and low,
Rich breathings flow,
And I dream of heaven while the angel sings!

Written for the Banner of Light.

DREAM-LAND.

BY CORA WILBURN.

"Oh spirit-land! thou land of dreams!
A world thou art of mysterious gleams;
But for me, oh thou picture-land of sleep,
Thou art all one world of abstractions deep.
And thy bowers are fair—on Eden fair,
All the beloved of my soul are there!
The forms, my spirit most prizes to see,
The eyes, whose love hath been life to me."

MRS. HERMAN.

From the realms of the true and the beautiful comes the angel Sleep, and lays his hand in blessing on the weary brows of the sorrowing, the toiling, the faint and weary ones, who oft with fervent prayer and earnest supplication invoke his coming. Led by that angel's hand, the loved ones meet beneath the arched heavens of a better clime, and heart-throbs are mingled—holy kisses showered on the bended brow from dear familiar lips—dark tresses wave, entwined with the hone-flowers, there nestling years ago; and the voices of the found and befriended are musically soft and tender as of yore—only the undertone of earth's forebodings is wanting—for those voices have mingled in the bosom of angels, and know no more of melancholy and regret. There, in that spirit-land of dreams, faint glimmerings of the future's blessedness break upon the awakened soul, the unsealed vision, the ear attuned to celestial harmonies, the spirit enrapt in recognition, joy and thankfulness!

Far, far away from earth—where the sounds of its discords reach not—where no tone of human misery mingles with the festive strains of the exalted and the pure—in a world of light and joy and beauty—in a land of eternal summer, does my spirit often roam in dreams, to meet a dear, familiar form—to recognize amid the luminous beauty of angelic face, the human lineaments, the "eyes whose love hath been life to me"—my mother's face! I know not, whether upborne on the pinions of faith and prayer, my spirit meets that radiant image in some planetary isle of bliss, or in some contemplative height where mutual aspiration builds an altar, sacred to the spirits' meeting; but I know that it is in a world inhabited by angels, and I feel there a stranger, by the awe within my soul—the thrilling consciousness that I, a dweller of a darkened world, am treading the sanctuary of beauty and holiness.

There, the lofty heights of aspiration lead to sunlit plains of peace and contentment; there the spirit of music dwells perpetually, and sings from crystal stream and gushing fount—from forest shrine and woodland depth; but her's are no longer the envious tones of earth. Not the faintest discord mars the perfect harmonies of love, the peans of joy—the hymns of nature—the songs of the blessed! No cypress twines around the placid brow of the spirit; the amaranthine flowers of Paradise encircle it; her sceptre is a wand of rainbow light.

There, no mists obscure the landscape's varied beauties—no threatening clouds e'er dim the vaulted dome; but higher seraphs pause, on their electric course, to behold, with placid joy, so fair a world. There, in temples of light, founded on Truth, upreared by thought, are twined the chaplets of remembrance, formed of immortal flowers—the tokens of duty performed and victories achieved. They mingle in fragrant beauty, the roses of eternal love, the lilies of pure thought, the violets of humility, the bridal flowers of promise. Undying laurel blooms beside the cherished hawthorn, and clusters of forget-me-nots—not perishable as those of earth—blossom in azure beauty; jessamine, and ivy, greet with treasured memories, and the cottage honey-suckle waves its fragrant bells, laden with home recollections—with heart-secrets entrusted to its care in days and years long past. There, the music of forgiveness lingoes; the Aeolian strains of aspiration, the clarion tones of inspired daring; the minstrelsy of heart and spirit, echoes sweetly, triumphantly, amid the arched vaults, the sculptured pillars of the Mind's temple, sacredly guarded, filled with the joyous life of a first inspiration—the melody of imperishable song. With the waving of remembered flowers, arise the strains once issuing from a mother's lips—the cradle-song we heard her sing, when the world was filled with joy and wonder to the seeking eyes—the exploring feet of childhood. Hark! from across the sunlit waters, crimsoned and purpled by the gorgeous passing clouds, comes a remembered air; that chronicles the first vague day-dream of poetic and longing youth; when love's roses blossomed 'neath the summer's fervid ray, the heart's expansion, the spirit's foreshadowed glimpses of realization, far, far beyond the earth. Oh listen, dreamer! behold the bitter experiences of the past, as heralds of crowning glory—the fruit that turned to ashes on thy lips, hangs in golden beauty from yonder boughs, a treasured thing of worth!

The funeral wail is changed to the triumphant hymn; the tears of anguish changed to crystal dew-drops, that bless and fertilize; the spikes that wounded are silvery shafts of light; thought quickened by the spirit's suffering; inspirations, glowing, pure and beautiful, mocked by night and pain! Souls fane of worship! what seraph-forms there gather in beautiful loveliness! winged charities, and holy

sisterhoods, angel motives, star-crowned hopes! What sympathies arise from treasured themes of yore! how much of unspoken poetry is musically rhymed by angel lips! what flowers of recognition fall, and fragrant tokens strew the sloping heights of progress in that dream-land of the soul! There the guiding motive of life is made manifest in a thousand varied forms of beauty—in a thousand mingling strains of welcome and rejoicing. Love—the purifier, the beatified, the saving angel of the darkened earth—reveals himself in dazzling glory, in triumphant transformation in his favorite land of dreams. No tear-drops stain his angel coronet; no earth-bligh fastens on his magic wand; no doubt or fear invades his god-like heart, to mar the beauty and the majesty of his face—to repel his thronging worshippers.

There, oh my mother! this radiant seraph leads me to thy arms, and they enfold me with a saving clasp. These friends, long since departed or estranged, we meet again, and no clouds of fear or time are on their serene brows. There, thou the loved and fully trusted dost stand again, and the pallor of death has fled thy cheek, the lingering mistrust has left thy heart, thine eye beams bright and blue, the roselike glow of health and youth is on thy face, and love eternal dwells within thy soul. To the bowers of friendship and to the breast of truth—to the shrines of prayer as to the halls of wondrous love, the guiding spirit leads my feet in dreams—far from the encroaching cares of earth-life, the shadow and the gloom, the terror and the coldness of life.

"Oh, spirit-land of dreams!" over thy enameled plains and towering heights my spirit wanders often; and methinks I gather strength from thy purer atmosphere, thy lovelier scenes. Delicious melodies linger on mine ear for many days, and haunt my soul with remembered glimpses of a Paradise of purity and song. Often, encompassed with darkness, warring with wrong, I hear the distant echo of the spirit-song of victory, and before the prayerful vision gleams a moment the spotless banner of the conquering angels; the distant vistas of that fairy land of repose and bliss. "Mid loneliness and heart-trials, sweet, low voices whisper—'Come!' and the benignant angel guides me to the blessed isle where my mother dwells, and beauty, love and hope blossom in harmony—where my spirit is strengthened anew for the conflict—where the ever-visible, ever-speaking God, reveals himself more clearly—where thought and aspiration are realized, and the aims of life are unfolded, its discords banished, and its many ills forgotten. Deeming it a blessed privilege to behold, although dimly, that sacred world—knowing that aspiration, faith and prayer will uplift us to its beckoning, summer shores—oh, let us guard our hearts from evil, that we may become worthy of communion with the holy ones of earth, now dwellers of the spirit-realms, believing that no outward professions will obtain for us this boon, but that purification of heart and thought and motive can alone render us worthy of communion with angels.

SALEM, Oct. 29, 1858.

"FAIR PLAY FOR WOMAN."

The brilliant Howdji, Mr. George William Curtis, the third on the course of "Fraternity Lectures," delivered his lecture one evening last week on the topic above named. It was a pleasing and attractive performance.

The question is not at all whether men and women differ from each other, or whether there are not differences of duty arising from differences in sex. In a general way, man may be called the intellect of humanity, woman the heart. Man, we say, woos; woman is won. He is warrior, and scholar, and father; she is mistress, and friend, and mother. It is an instinctive requirement, also, that every woman shall be essentially womanly, as that every man shall be truly manly; so that there is no such contemptuous nickname for a man as to call him "Miss Nancy." The question is not whether women are men. Men are men, and women are women. No boy is so contemptible as the she-boy, while the he woman puts all men to flight.

These differences, and the duties arising from them, have nothing to do with the questions arising from the other rights and duties of men and women in human society. The sexes have domestic relations in common, but men and women are both members of society. They both enjoy a membership of the political state, as well as the headship of families. The sexual sphere of each is plainly indicated by nature; but men have always assumed to regulate the sphere of women in these industrious and political relations which have nothing to do with sex, and have always treated them, not as equal with men in all social rights, but as socially auxiliary and subordinate. "In every age, and in every country," says Gibbon, "the wiser, or at least the stronger of the two sexes has usurped the powers of the State, and confined the other to the cares and pleasures of domestic life." This is the *resumé* of history, said Mr. Curtis, made by a comprehensive scholar.

The lecturer said that unquestionably both men and women in this country have a better general position than they have ever enjoyed in any other country or age; and in some portions of the country, there are laws and usages which justify the assertion that women are more respected among us than in any other country. But the question is—What is the spirit of our society and the character of our laws? We may be as gallant as Lovelace, or as courtly as Sir Charles Grandison, or, with Joseph Surface, we may make the most beautiful protestations; but this is a question of practice, and not of professions; and it is one of our national weaknesses constantly to confound our professions with our performances. Thus, for instance, we profess to hold as our distinctive principle, that "all men are created free and equal before the law;" and yet, as a matter of fact, nearly one-seventh of our whole population lies in the degradation of the most odious system of slavery known to history.

So profound is the feeling of the inferiority of woman to man, that public opinion holds the eminence of woman in science and art to be exceptional, and in literature at best equivocal. In painting, Rosa Bonheur may be very well—for a woman. In natural science, Mrs. Somerville is counted extremely clever—for a woman. So in practical science, the woman who proposes to seek medical and surgical knowledge by going to medical colleges and dissecting-rooms, in order to devote herself to this most pious profession, almost loses her reputation, disgraces the faculty, and benumbs society with palsy. But, thank God! said the lecturer, there are women in this country who choose to do what God has given them the power to do, and to answer to him and not to Mrs. Grundy for doing it.

Mr. Curtis maintained that every human being has the natural right to do what God has given him the ability to do, within the limits of the moral law; and that every human being has a right to be protected in the fruits derived from the exercise of that ability. This being so, how can the recognition of those rights be secured except by conceding woman's equal power in making the laws that govern society? Can the question of sex possibly affect this right? According to the democratic principle, our right to share in the government inheres in our humanity; and as governments are instituted for the welfare of the governed, they have the right to participate in the formation of the government; and on this prin-

ciple, unless the state assumes that women, as a sex, are practically minors, or intellectually incompetent, they cannot, with any justice or consistency, be debarred from the exercise of political rights.

Mr. Curtis expressed his regret that he was obliged to close, without being able to say all he had intended. Our duty, said he, as honest and Christian men and women, is to keep our own minds free from prejudice, to encourage every principle which tends to the emancipation of woman from every social, legal and industrial injustice, just as we do everything which tends to a similar emancipation of man, and attack public opinion with its own weapons. If it laughs, we can laugh again; if it scowls and sneers, we can laugh the more; if it wants and sneers, we can still laugh on.

Laughter on the wrong side is like the cry of hyenas among graves; but a laugh on the side of right is like the carol of birds in spring-time, which the echoes of heaven love to repeat and prolong the happy music; and then, like that Khan in the Eastern story, whose gates were never closed, but stood open day and night to all who chose to enter, so that, when no traveler passed, the wind sang in the doorway; but whether kings came or beggars, God was a constant guest—so be our minds ever open to every generous thought, to every humane movement, knowing that, whether the majestic cause of an outraged race claims our efforts, or the timid claim of some wretched woman demands our sympathy, then and there God and Humanity have come to test our heart's hospitality!

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SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS.

Almost everybody, in these times, feels that something great and momentous is in the immediate future. And although splendid misanthropes and fatalists like Carlyle are loth to entertain hopeful views for man's social or religious condition, judging from the corrupt circumstances with which we are all surrounded, yet we believe that there are indications in plenty all about us that go to show to every mind that properly heeds and interprets them, that progress is the inevitable destiny of the race. Let us, at any rate, rather follow our wishes, our longings, nay, our very dreams in this matter, than heed the dreary croakings of those who put but little faith in humanity at the best, and are willing to see nothing except what was already made it plain and palpable.

We aver, therefore, in looking at this subject thoughtfully, that all the signs of the times go to raise our expectations for the future; not that any grand things are to be done for us, but that the world—that is, the leading, the shaping, and the truly magnetic minds of the world—will take hold and do these things for themselves. In the outset, it is necessary that men should become awakened; should behold their true relations to themselves and to each other; should be able to perceive somewhat of the great and silent laws that run through their nature; and should understand in a better degree what is the purpose of their life, and what in fact is their destiny. And it is just in this direction that they are becoming awakened and enlightened. These compose the signs and the symptoms. Here lie the proofs, abundantly around us. We behold inquiry and investigation on this side, and rebellion and opposition on that. Independence is more openly professed, and individualism is more within the public reach.

And this movement is the more gratifying and full of permanent promise, from the fact which all candid observers are now willing to admit, that it is silent, steady, and unseen; from the fact that it is working, in truth, below the surface and out of sight; that it proceeds from and draws its energies from an influence as noiseless as it is thorough. Demonstrativeness and show are not apt to be the necessary attributes, or proofs, of a change of thought; these come only with and because of the action that is based on that change of thought. The popular mind, we all know and believe, is deeply stirred. People are literally making inquiry now, even about the streets, to know what they must do to be saved. Religion—that matter for daily life and daily labor—is brought more into common concern; is made more a subject of common talk; has pushed aside the discussion of frivolous and irritating topics, and promises are long to claim its proper place before the mind's attention.

Had this state of things existed only five or six years ago, the leaders of the people would hardly have understood to what secret cause to refer it. They would, however, undoubtedly have ascribed it to their own great influence over the popular mind, primarily, and, secondarily, have thanked God that they were allowed the blessed privilege of doing so very, very much towards helping on the Millennium. But now they can conscientiously and honestly set up no such claims. They know these "wonderful works" have none of them been performed through their immediate instrumentality, but rather in the face, always, of such obstacles as they have chosen obstinately to set up. It has been done in spite of their help, and by no means in consequence of it.

And being forced to recognize and acknowledge such a mortifying fact, it is the most natural result in the world for them to turn around and declare that the influences that have outwrought such good and noble consequences, are by no means correspondingly good and noble, but rather diabolical and diabolical. It is the logical consequence of the faith they openly profess in the efficacy of their own peculiar creeds and doctrines. As they believe, or pretend to believe, that no good can be brought about except through the operation of that intricate and inexplicable religious machinery of which they

form themselves the several minor and mechanical parts—so they believe, or pretend to believe, that if any good is represented to be otherwise brought about, it must of necessity come from that intricate and ubiquitous personage whom they take such an angelic glee in denigrating the Devil.

But ideas have been sown broadcast. They are swelling and sprouting. Even now they are thrusting their heads slowly, and almost timidly, above the surface. Everybody who feels deeply and seriously at all, feels that the crust is being broken. There are secret forces, as of volcanoes, working steadily and silently underneath, and in good time they will burst through and make their appearance in the upper air. There is no keeping them back; there is no controlling them even; they must be permitted to have their own way, and the results they will finally produce will be the natural results of such a variety of forces. Of course seeming chaos must be produced before matters social, political, and religious combine naturally into their proper proportions again; and timid minds will almost think the end of all created things has come, because they are not able as yet to understand who or what is again to restore order.

Silence always precedes the hurricane. The pause in the storm is generally ominous of its more vigorous return. When men are breathless, as if they were intently engaged in listening, it is to be expected that something of serious import is about to be said or done. That seems, in a great degree, to be the position of matters now. People are silent, sitting and waiting. Men seem to hold something in expectancy. They feel that the hour has not come yet, but that it will soon be along.

And what is that great hour going to bring? That is the question. They who are awaiting it, know what it has in store already. Not miracles—no wonders—not a new dynasty, or a new set of weapons for power to make use of—but freedom, liberality, charity, largeness of thought, individual responsibility. With these gifts, generous and ample, the world will be renewed. This involves no sort of miracle; nothing more than a direct return to the olden, natural, and fundamental laws. The change will not come with shouting and cannon-firing; but as the morning light dawns over the tops of the eastern mountains.

MOSES, OR THE APOSTLE—WHICH?

The New Bedford "Mercury" of October 26, contains "an outline" of a discourse by Rev. Mr. Craig, delivered in that city the previous Sunday, being an attack on Spiritualism. The subject is "Future Life," and some friend has requested us to answer it. If the outline is a fair one, we see little to answer; it is only worth being merry over. There are no new points of attack chosen, but people are gravely told that all the marvels of this age are but tricks of charlatans, which but shows that he knows nothing of the subject he has undertaken to speak about. It may do for thick-headed, old foggy professors of ancient languages and institutions to cry out all is humbug, delusion and trickery, because they are so wedded to the past, so buried up in its grave, that these phenomena, which certainly are contrary to the science and theology of the past, cannot be received by them; but the people, who have not cramped their brains to fit old notions, as Chinamen do their feet to make them small, know that wonder:ful things are done—and despite professors and theologians, will cry out—white, perhaps, they bend their necks to the "superior knowledge," of the latter (put an interrogation point there, reader,) nevertheless, tables do float in the air.

The principal argument is drawn from the law of Moses: "A man or a woman that hath a familiar spirit, or is a wizard, shall be put to death—they shall stone them with stones." If Rev. Mr. Craig considers this to be God's law, and believes that God to be the vindictive person he is represented to be, the quicker he gets a pile of stones together, and goes to work pelting some of the thousands who have familiar spirits, the sooner he will appease that person's wrath. No matter about the drop-scene which might possibly be let down on that stage, which sometimes is reared by sheriffs, in obedience to barbarous laws, given by Moses, and still cherished by an enlightened people—better suffer hanging, than a hell of torment eternal.

The legalizing of murder is the only one of the barbarous laws of Moses that moderns do not scoff at, when some stiff-necked brother, who patterns after the revengeful God, hints that they ought to be put in force now. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of his laws are absurd, and it is a disgrace to any clergyman to quote them gravely, except to show what animals men in the past were; and an insult to any congregation of intelligent men and women, to ask them to follow that lawgiver of an ignorant and barbarous age and people. We find it was necessary for Moses to give forth a law with a "thus saith the Lord" to it, threatening with the same death as the one above-mentioned, those who did not attend decently to the commonest necessities of man's nature, so prone were his subjects to wallow, like hogs, in their own filth! Do the people of New Bedford want the laws of Moses? The laws of Moses were those of "hate and force," and ought not to be quoted, except as historical evidence of the state of man in the infancy of the race. Yet, notwithstanding all Moses' laws against mediums, he and the priests consulted spirits continually. Of what use, then, his laws to us, who, even to the meanest among us, are more capable of governing than this old lawgiver?

Poor Mr. Craig thinks there is nothing real in the phenomena. He says:

The ground of this prohibition may or may not be the fraudulent nature of the phenomena. Probably the whole thing is an illusion and a sham—no ghost or demon at all in the affair, but only a silly or cunning human dupe or charlatan. Perhaps this is all the reason why the Bible warns us against it. Perhaps there are profounder reasons.

Herein we see the man's ignorance. He is not fit to teach his people either of the phenomena of Spiritualism or the Bible, for it is only probably, or perhaps—no certainty exists in his own soul—he knows nothing about it.

There is one very curious paragraph in the report, which we quote, and leave the affair:—

Necromancy, or Spiritualism, (a very ancient delusion,) is, by its own confessions, a consulting of ghosts. Witchcraft and magic are avowedly a consulting of devils. Now if a ghost or a devil were to come to me, and offer to reveal the secrets of the present condition of a deceased friend whom I love, God has enjoined me to close my ears against the illicit disclosure.

Now, what is a ghost? Webster says (and he is acknowledged to give the meanings of words, and those who speak English, generally speak in accord-

ance with his interpretation,) that "ghost (Sax. *Geat*, *Geist*, is spirit; soul of man; the soul of a deceased person; the soul or spirit separate from the body." And Mr. Craig says that Spiritualism is the consulting of ghosts; and he also says that if a ghost were to come and give him intelligence of a deceased friend, God has told him, through Moses, to close his ears. Well, suppose that deceased friend was the ghost who came to him—a wife, a mother, a father—would he, could he, turn the ghost away, if it bade him do a good? Does he believe God ever bade him do it? We think not, and in contra to Moses, we place the apostle of later days, who preached Christ and the new law of Love; which Moses knew nothing about, or, if he did, had only an indistinct, far-off vision of. The apostle says, "Brethren, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they be of God," giving as a reason, that "there be many false spirits gone out" into the world.

Now the apostolic language clearly teaches that the brethren of Christ's church, a far more respectable institution than that of Moses, were in the habit of believing spirits; and not only that, but every spirit, (all sorts of spirits.) And it seems that he did not forbid them to consult or converse with spirits, but only cautioned them to try them—to see whether they were good, and their aims goodness and truth. He gave as a reason for this caution, that there were false and evil, as well as true and good spirits, gone out into the world. Here is spirit communion allowed—nay, advised.

Instead of quoting Moses, as Mr. Craig does, the apostle bade the brethren seek all the good—and to use it, too—they could find in spirit-life. And this was eighteen hundred years ago, when Moses was held in as high esteem by most of the church, as Jesus is now. By this we may argue that the modern is more aged, "old foggy," thinks more of Moses and his antiquated institutions than the ancient did, who lived in the first century A. D. Verily, Mr. Craig, you are a slow coach, or your reporter has sadly misquoted you.

JUST AT DARK.

One starts a great many fancies—some of them after the pathetic order—in going home from his business just as the night is dropping down. The evenings set in early now, and consequently the lamps are lighted in good season. You see the shop-girls returning home from their weary day's work, themselves weary, and grateful for the blessing which the darkness brings along with it. The little newsboys are working their machinery for selling papers, with more vigor than at any other time in the day. Cartmen are hurrying off their over-worked horses to the stables, the heavy wagons drowning all other sounds with their rattling. Here passes a file of merchants' clerks; there a stream of mechanics sets in, carrying their pails in their hands. The life of the scene is particularly to be remarked, for it exhibits the world on its way from work homeward; and the world at that hour acts out its real, true nature.

We can then catch snatches and shreds, unbroken ends of conversation, such as, if adroitly put together, would form a mosaic worthy of any man's attention. On this side comes a man who evidently is in trouble at the result of a recent law-suit; and on that, another who has just made a lucky speculation, and cannot, by any possibility, keep the joy of it to himself. Here comes one whose heart is full of grief at the loss of some dear friend; there one who feels savagely at the move of some political opponent, which without doubt obstructs his own personal pretensions. Now a young girl, speaking ever so softly and confidently to her companion, of the beau she had only the other evening again, a couple of young men, one of whom is setting forth to the other the memories of his last Thanksgiving at home in the country, and expressing the earnest hope that the coming anniversary may have as much happiness in store for him.

Such variety—such incompatibilities—such nearness—such distance! The platter—the oyster—the jargon—the rattle of wagons and carts—and the shrill whistle of boys, bent on roguery, above all! Then the long rows of brilliant gas-lights on either side—the dazzle and glare of the newly-lighted shop-windows—the great shows at the restaurants, the apothecaries, and the hotels. Omnibuses going off down the street, packed and jammed full. Bustle all around—life everywhere—activity, although much wearied with the day's experiences, on every hand. At this hour the city streets are full of fancies for us. We combine men and circumstances into new forms there. Imagination, warmed much by sympathy, becomes kaleidoscopic with its sudden changes, and fairly delights and puzzles as with its freaks and fantastic operations. We always wish then that the world might become, if only for the passing moment, all that it is possible to wish and hope, and pray on its behalf.

THE NEW BIRTH.

Anna Corn, only child of Lewis B. and Frances Ann Wilson, died in this city Oct. 27th, aged 12 years 7 months and 17 days. Funeral services were held at her house on Saturday following. The casket from which Anna had departed was dressed with taste, in full dress, and it seemed that the child slept, rather than that she had left the form, no more to animate it.

Rev. W. R. Alger, in whose Sunday school Anna had been a favorite pupil, conducted the funeral services, and made a touching address. The scholars of her class at the Franklin school were present, and each brought an offering of flowers as a tribute of respect to their schoolmate's memory.

This innocent little girl added another proof of the power of spirits to hold converse with mortals, and to make themselves visible to the mortal eye. While she was sick, she told her parents that she knew she was going to the spirit-land. When asked how she knew it, she said, "the spirits told me so." She saw a great many about her; but she said she did not feel to be five particular spirits who talked more freely with her than others, and who assured her that the Father had sent for her, and that they were sent to receive her spirit, as it freed itself from the mortal. They told her she would be happy with them, and not to fear the change. Anna expressed a desire to go with the spirits, but did not seem to be entirely reconciled to leave her dear parents, whom she loved tenderly and devotedly. A few days before she departed, she was heard to ask her heavenly visitors if she could "not remain a little longer, for I love dear father and mother too much to leave them now." Shortly her countenance beamed with delight—she said audibly, "Oh yes, that will do"—then turning to her parents who were much affected, she put her arms about their necks and said, "I wish you would not feel so bad, for if you will not, I will stay with you till to-morrow." She did tarry till

the morrow, and then Anna was born again, and went to dwell in that kingdom of heaven from which her angel visitors had come to welcome her spirit to the spirit's resting-place. Her death was peaceful, and her features retained the smile of contentment which rested upon them when she left for her new home.

WHAT THE THING IS.

"Dr. Randolph, a celebrated Spiritualist, has openly recanted. In a lecture at Utica, on Sunday last, he stated it as his candid opinion, founded upon an experience of nine years as a medium, that Spiritualism was one third imposture, one third insanity, and one-third diabolism. Mr. Randolph declares that insanity is the usual fate of trance-mediums. He has received and accepted a call to the Christian ministry!"

Well, it lifts a desperate load off our hearts at last, to know what Spiritualism really is—yes, to know the very worst about it. After all the vain attempts of the Beechers, and the rest, comprising the clergy and the men of science, the savans and the linguists, "Greeks and Romans,"—and each one proved afterwards to be as much in the wrong as the investigator who had undertaken to describe and limit it before him—it is truly refreshing and satisfactory to find out at last just what this "pesky thing" is. "One-third imposture," (and Dr. Randolph ought certainly to know about it,)—"one-third insanity," (which it is not to be expected he can talk quite so rationally about,)—"one-third diabolism," (which is probably what he does not understand.) And then to have it from such excellent authority! For, as it relates to the "diabolism," we do not see what is to prevent "good" spirits from communing with their earthly friends, any more than "evil" ones. Or is it the case that the little devils have all the favors and privileges in this respect, and are at perfect liberty to go about, up and down the face of the earth, seeking whom they may deceive and destroy? While the good angels, the pure and loving messengers of God's grace, are kept confined within restricted limits, unable to communicate with those to whose souls they are naturally drawn by the strongest ties of sympathy, deprived of any efficiency, and without the ability to work a single work, no matter how valuable, let them burn ever and ever so much with the desire?

The key to this whole pretended revelation of Dr. Randolph, we think, can be readily found in the last line of the paragraph at the head of these comments. "He has received and accepted a call to the Christian ministry!" After nine long and weary years of personal experience in the business of "imposture" and "diabolism," we should think he would be very excellently qualified to minister to the church which would, upon such a confession, vote to receive him as their teacher, with not a day of trial of his sincerity. How preposterous it is, after all! If a body of truly sincere and religious men really believe Dr. Randolph, or in fact any other public medium, is candid in a confession of this character, we would give but little for the depth or the quality of their religious sentiment if they could be satisfied with such a person to teach their souls the way to Heaven.

But we will here inform our brethren of the church, that Spiritualists in this quarter do not consider Mr. R. a loss, while they sincerely trust he will be more worthy of the confidence of the "Christian church," than he has been of that of the Spiritualists. We do not think he left our ranks too soon for our credit, for, although possessed of good medium powers, Randolph had not sufficient stability to keep him from falling into temptations which precluded the possibility of his being recognized and supported by Spiritualists.

We wish him success in all that is good and true, whether in the church or out of it, and hope he will prove a better minister than he has a medium, else he will find as poor support among "Christians" as he has among Spiritualists, and be obliged to seek another shelter.

Shall we see Spiritualism shivered to atoms now? Perhaps "the church" or "the press" imagine that this one man's power is omnipotent to effect that result, but we think the many, while they admit the presence of some of Randolph's elements in Spiritualism, will declare his vision perverted, and decide and maintain that at least one half of the new light is truth.

GOING TO THE BOTTOM.

A sporting man in New York city having been recently brought before the public tribunals, on one of the gravest charges of which our laws take cognizance, the incident has very naturally opened the discussion of what the atmosphere and surroundings of a professed gambling house exactly were. The newspapers are doing what they can, in their way, to let the public into the mystery that broods around these establishments, and so, of course, drag many things to the light, of whose existence there no one ever entertained a serious thought. But by far the most interesting aspect of the matter is that which it is made to wear by the candid explanations, not to call them a defence, of the accused proprietor of the place in question himself. He states his case with so much nonchalance, and with such an air of perfect frankness, too, that one is really tempted to give him that serious attention which is ordinarily for-bidden to persons of that calling, by such as style themselves the moral part of the community.

The following extract from his communication we subjoin:—

"Gamblers, like stock brokers and Wall street speculators generally, whose pursuits are identical in principle, from the very nature of those pursuits, hold their passions and temper in greater check than any other class of men. They are quieter, and habitually put up with more insults than any other men, not because they have less pluck, but because they see no use in having a row, and they know that excitement from any cause invariably gives their opponent an advantage over them in play. To show temper at the loss of money, would make a gambler's friends lose confidence in him, and be less willing to 'stake' him when 'broke.' I simply wish to show that gamblers are necessarily the coolest men in the community.

There are men here in New York, whose wives cannot tell by their husband's appearance, conversation or temper at the breakfast table, whether they lost or won \$20,000 the night before, and it is the aim of every sporting man to attain that mastery over himself. Yes, indeed, gamblers are the least likely men in the world even to lose their temper about money, much less to commit a murder for it. Every man of the world knows that there is no difficulty in getting every cent of money a gambler has in the world, if you can only win it of him. But there's the rub. Cards are very uncertain things.

I will not attempt, in this connection, to defend gambling, but I will hazard the assertion that, outside of their profession, a more honest and honorable set of men cannot be found than gamblers. Nor do I refer solely to their transactions with each other,

but with landlords, tailors, shoemakers, hotel keepers—in short with all classes of the community with whom they have pecuniary transactions.

Professionally, they manage, of course, like other business men, to have a slight advantage over outsiders, but while, when dealing with brokers, speculators, politicians, and all classes of traders, you never know how much you are cheated, the gambler allows every man to see and reckon for himself the precise per centage against him in a game of chance."

There is, to our mind, with all the manifest effrontery contained in the above extract, a certain amount of cool, practical philosophy, which deserves consideration. The man has evidently sought to get at the bottom of the social arrangement. He has given his opinion on certain practices and professions; and it is our opinion that, to reflecting minds, seems very fully to correspond to the facts in the case. At any rate, it will compel thought. It will force men—some men—to look with more care into the present and existing arrangements, and make them more receptive to the great truths that are floating hither and thither among the people, looking for proper minds to inhabit and work in. Yes, even from a gambler may the most valuable hints respecting society, respecting religion, and respecting aught else, be taken. There never yet was a Nazareth, out of which it was not possible for some sort of good to come.

CONFERENCE AT 14 BROMFIELD ST.

Wednesday Evening, Nov. 4.

Mr. Wilson was called to the chair. The subject continued from last week—"Is anything wrong?" Mr. Chapman read the following, which he had prepared for the occasion:—

I believe there is no wrong, I have no definition for it, because I cannot give a definition to nothing, or that which has no existence. But if I were to give a definition of what a wrong would be, I should say it would be an injury inflicted on man by himself, or another affecting him as a being, or entity, finally and completely. Such, for example, as would be endless damnation. This would be a wrong, and a crime, and the greatest crime we could conceive of, and God, being the responsible party for it, would be the greatest criminal in all the universe. But happily we can say, that no such determination can find a place in God, and no such calamity can overtake the race.

What we see as wrong, is apparent, not real, and my definition of this, is, the infantile condition of the proper powers of man. Man is a step in advance of the animal creation, and while some of his species seem to stand entirely ahead of the animal; others seem to reach back, and take hold of the animal. In some, the dividing line between them and the animal is marked; in others, the distinction is barely discernible. You have all seen an animal man, and if you have looked at him with a philosophic eye, you have seen him strong in the man-animal powers, and weak in the proper manhood powers. Do you censure him for being thus? Then go and quarrel with the tiger, because he is not the lamb, and the hideous serpent, for his poisonous tooth.

You do not damn the Hotentot for not making the discoveries of Newton, nor the intensely religious Hindoo mother for sacrificing her children at the command of the gods.

Look at apparent wrong; Judas betrayed Jesus, and, from that hour, his name has been infamous among men. Treason is a nameless deed; we feel it, we cannot talk it. It is true, we must hate it. Philosophy may analyze motives, introduce palliating circumstances, and comprehend all results; still we must hate the treason, and hate the philosophy that does not hate it. We may not be the ally of Orthodoxy in damning the traitor, but we must take sides with her in damning the treason.

Judas was a traitor, and Pilate a coward, and how else but in the hands of these men could Jesus have been crucified? And if his death was the world's life, then Judas and Pilate, in action, were benefactors, and let us save the men, and damn the treason and the cowardice, and rejoice in the good that came through their evil, (apparent evil.)

We cannot always comprehend the complicated relations out of which actions rise. We have no power for divining motives, other than that which analyzes actions. We may perceive the logical relation between cause and effect, but while the effect is potent to the senses, the cause may be invisible. In this case, superstition usually settles the matter by miracles, imaginary gods, and imaginary wrongs; while enlightened reason suspends judgment, and enters upon investigation.

But as we cannot always determine causes, so neither can we always determine results in their widest application to life, when we consider life as always existing, and as made up of an infinite series of changes. Starting upon a great principle, we may determine upon human actions as they effect this phase of life, and the next phase succeeding this, but only partially. We can see only a segment of the circle of life, and only that segment can be legitimately the subject of criticism. We know not who repented most on the other continent of life—Calvin or Voltaire. It may be difficult to tell whether Cromwell had any advantage over England's murdered kings. If Charles was unscrupulous in the means to maintain his prerogative, Cromwell was his murderer. Caesar would take the liberties of the people, and Brutus would take Caesar's life. Was the conflict between ambition and patriotism? Who knows? If Caesar would be usurper, Brutus was assassin. Brutus is the world's nobleman, and who shall declaim against Caesar?

But let us look a moment at man, and see if he has the power to do wrong—that is, to do an act of positive evil. Man has the power of will, but that will-power is limited, both in its exercise upon himself and others. I take the ground that man cannot injure himself, that is, as I have defined injury. He may inflict upon himself pain, but that pain will soon cease, by exhausting that upon which it feeds, for it will destroy the body, and then cease to be. But if the body were eternal, then he might inflict an internal pain. Man has not the power to transcend the purposes of his being. If that purpose is good, then man can do no evil. It will be admitted that God has a purpose in man's creation, and what I affirm is, that man has no power to defeat that purpose. No matter what that purpose is, whether it contemplates one or another ultimate condition, the logic of my position is the same. In man's will-power lies his individuality, or his apparent independence. This will-power is inherent, apparently self-acting, and its tendency is to gravitate toward independence; and but for the limitations set to its action, it would run into absolutism itself, and, in that event, might commit a wrong. It is everywhere circumscribed by law. The will cannot act without

motive. This frequently wanting; but, offender the power, man cannot destroy himself—his soul. He may spill his blood, and cease to breathe, but the man still lives. In popular language, he has committed suicide, but more philosophically, he has, by a necessary fate, yielded to the law of dissolution, which applies to his body. He has violated no law, for his death was provided for in the economy of nature. He has done nothing, therefore, not ordained of God, and, consequently, nothing wrong. He must distinguish between an external fact, and an interior or ultimate principle. Death itself is a great law, but the manner of dying is simply an incident attending upon that law. If it be within the power of man to annihilate his being, then he can commit a positive wrong, and he cannot do this upon the score of free will, without limitation.

If God had determined that this human body should be the eternal habitation of the spirit, then certainly man, by the destruction of this body, could commit a serious wrong. Suppose man destroys the body, he only executes the law of God; and, indeed, I can see no act of man's, which does not run parallel with the law or purpose of God. It may be said that man is free to act within certain limits. His freedom is within a circle—beyond that he cannot go. Let us take an illustration.

The State gives the judge a discretionary power in the administration of law. For a designated offence, he may fine the culprit not less than one, nor more than five hundred dollars. His discretionary power lies between these two points, and beyond these he cannot go. So God has given to man a discretionary power, and that power resides in the will.

This power of discretion given to man, is in exact harmony with the laws and the purposes of God, so that a collision between them is impossible. To put this in a stronger light, imagine a moment the infinite God delegating to man a power greater than that possessed by himself—and this must be the case if man, in the use of a mere discretionary power, could commit a positive wrong—and thereby transcend the trust committed to him.

Man cannot avoid the fact of death; but he may, in the use of this discretionary power, modify that fact by prolonging the event, or hastening it, by opposite courses of conduct. He cannot avoid eating, and sustain the body; but it is in his discretionary power to make a glut of himself. And so this power of choice or discretion applies to all the concerns of life.

Man cannot avoid the fact of a future life; but he may modify that life by the use of this discretionary power in the formation of character. Man has no control over his existence as a fact—that is, he cannot choose to be born, or not to be born, or to be born at this place, or that place; but, being born, he can qualify his existence to the exact extent of the discretionary power confided to him, and lying between the two points which he cannot pass, and no more. Thus far he is free, and no further. And certainly he can commit no wrong as against the decrees or purposes of God; and it is equally certain that he can commit no wrong in the use of this discretionary power, unless his discretion transcends the purposes for which it was given. This last will not be contended for by those who acknowledge the Deity to be infinite in his attributes. No, there is nothing essentially wrong in all the universe of God.

Man, like the world he lives in, is exactly balanced, and makes his revolutions around the magnetic centre in virtue of two counter forces—the attraction of dependence upon his God and his fellows, and the repulsion of his individuality or selfishness. Either of these forces destroyed, and man flies from his orbit, and is meanwhile a wreck, and so will be until nature's equilibrium is restored.

But most of us are only comets, seeking an orbit, sometimes in the solar system, and sometimes out of it, darting away upon the unexplored and boundless deep. Our earth was once a comet, sporting thus upon the bosom of the outstretched and trackless space—full of wild antics and youthful vagaries.

But how naturally she performs her daily round, never once spoiling a day's work by inattention to business! So should we be, and do. Time shall make us planets, and then we shall bound o'er the celestial courses, true to the attraction that draws us home to the Infinite, and true to the repulsion that preserves our individuality.

Mr. Wilson made some remarks in defence of the negative side of the question.

Mr. Wetherbee said, we see so much to improve, to make better in the world, that the thought is constantly suggested to the mind, is anything right? Change is constant; we pass from point to point, from no to yes, and from yes to no.

A logical, broad, comprehensive view of things—of the past, present and future—leads us to say there is no wrong—

"All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good."

But are we to look on things in this broad sense, or should we look at them as finite beings. In a limited view we see much that is wrong. It seems wrong to add suffering to the suffering poor, to oppress the oppressed—selfishness, misery, and all degradation seems wrong. But if we review the past, by examination we find that the darkest hours of human existence are the most beneficial to the soul. We see good coming out of suffering, and what we call wrong is but the means of blessings. Thus wrong is wrong for the time being, but not wrong in the ultimate; while if we take wrong for the time being, not as a means ultimately in good, the world is full of it. Wrong is only wrong in detail, while a view from first to last makes all right, and there is no wrong.

Mr. Edson presented a paper, in which he said, I believe that almost everything that is, is wrong; others have taken the ground that everything that is, is right. There may be truth in both extremes—probably the truth lies between them. By what authority do we call this right, that doubtful, and the other wrong? By the authority of the soul, from which there is no appeal. What is this—the authority of the soul? Perceived or conscious truth. Truth is eternal—its voice is the action of the interior mind, flowing from mental or spiritual light; its effect is positive, and its being individual existence; it obtains in man by conception and birth, not a birth of the truth, but a birth of individual knowledge of its existence. Truth shown is authority for the soul—it satisfies it, in proportion to the soul's capacity, for reception, which constitutes each soul an individual sovereignty to perceive, define and determine for himself what is true or right. Hence progression, or an increased and increasing capacity to judge what is right. With me, there is wrong and evil by wrong, which is to act or cherish the desire in opposition to my highest perceptions of justice and truth. By evil I mean the bad effects that follow wrong actions. Our obedient philosophers tell us it is not so, that there is

no wrong or evil because God is infinite in goodness and everywhere present; consequently there is no place for wrong or evil to originate, no chance for it to exist if it could occur. We answer, God's presence and goodness do not prevent our existence and the exercise of our powers to do wrong, and produce evil, hence we infer that God's goodness and presence is in quality and essence, not in time and space—that his is that quality and essence that is above conditions, is not affected by them, but effects all qualities and conditions in proportion to their capacity to be effected by him.

We presume that this inference is correct, because we know by experience that in proportion as we become purified in love we feel God's presence; as we become refined in thought, and in mental and spiritual light we see him in his works; as we become passive and receptive we hear his voice saying, "Do thyself no harm—come up higher;" and as we obey we become interiorly conscious of his all pervading essence and quality; we know that it is an embodied principle, springing up within our will of life, from which floweth every good and perfect gift.

Our philosophers tell us that God is not only infinite in goodness, and everywhere present, but that he is the cause of all causes, so connected with each individual link in the endless chain of causation that, if he sever a single link, the tenthousandth, it breaks the chain, and God ceases to be, or has lost the control of the universe. We answer, the figure used is not a rod, if it were it might bend or be bent and not be broken; the figure is a chain made of individual links; it may coil, and recoil, and not be broken. It may render from its coils its individual links, not fitting, and filling, not having found their proper bearing, consequently not receptive. There may be materialistic animism, or animal Spiritualism, perhaps a discordant, hellish condition, and our philosophers tell us that this is not evil—that it is universal good, because God is not only infinite in goodness, everywhere present, and the cause of all causation, perfect in every conceivable attribute, omnipotent, and consequently could not have created wrong or evil. We answer: we believe that God is perfect in every conceivable attribute, and omnipotent in power, that he could not have designed evil, that he must have foreknown that it would occur, and that it would out-work the good; but we will not admit that God could prevent its occurrence or hinder its contaminating influence, for there are moral impossibilities with God as well as man. God could not conceive the undeveloped capacity in man to do right and enjoy the good, without conceiving capacity to do wrong and suffer the evil; God cannot influence the human capacity to choose—if he should, the thing chosen would be the choice of the soul of the universe, and not the choice of the human soul; God cannot develop the moral character in a finite being without subjecting him to temptation. There cannot be temptation without desire, and opportunity to develop this desire.

Hence we say that evil is a bad or disagreeable condition which proceeds from wrong actions; that ignorance is the occasion of its occurrence; that material or animal desires in connection with excessive love for the apparent good is the cause; that the conception and development of purer and still purer desires is the only cure; that prayer is the best means to cure it, because prayer is the passive, receptive, or divinely impregnated condition that conceives justice, and executes the Divine will which saves the soul.

No progressive man can live without prayer. The capacity to pray is in the germinating principle of life that manifests itself in all departments of matter, and obtains its conscious existence in man; it is the divine spark that kindles the refining fire within the human soul, which must burn out the chaff, and, consuming the dross, eventually ultimate an effect worthy of its cause.

Permit us to say, in concluding these unargued, but, to me, self-evident propositions, that I had rather go to hell than not to go anywhere, because God is there omnipotent for good, but powerless for evil, except in low conditions of quality, or essence, that have obtained in finite beings.

God, the perfect father and mother of us all, will not suffer a child to be spoiled, because he does not spare the rod—he holds it out through the laws of nature, permitting us to whip ourselves to our hearts' content; and when we are tired of evil, the toys and bubbles of life, and sick of the husks of truth, we begin to cherish the desire for the substance of truth; then our Father reaches out his hand and rejoices to help us; we put our trust in him; and, as we do this, the germinating principle of life shall swell within us into buds, and burst into blossoms, and grow under the sunshine of a perfect cause, and finally ripen into perfect fruit.

Remarks were made by Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Bradbury, and Mr. Adams, which our limited space prevents us from inserting.

THEATRICAL NOTICES.

The two weeks' engagement just concluded by Edwin Booth at the Boston Theatre, though far from being a profitable one in a pecuniary sense, is nevertheless the most brilliant one ever performed by this great artist, in our city. Of course the laughter-loving public, who flocked in crowds to see that very low comedian, Burton, could not possibly appreciate the chaste and refined acting of a man of true genius like Edwin Booth. All, however, who have witnessed during the past week his excellent renditions of Sir Edward Mortimer, Sir Giles Overreach, (one of his late father's greatest impersonations,) and last, but not least, his truly beautiful and intensely pathetic conception of Hamlet, will agree with me in pronouncing him the most talented and promising tragedian of his age. Mr. Booth is re-engaged for this week, and we trust the public will remunerate him. He appears in Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Richard III., Richelieu, and closes his engagement.

James Wallack and his wife, two very worthy artists, have been drawing fine houses at that cosy little house, the Museum, during the past fortnight. Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," but rarely given in this country, has been produced at this establishment in grand style, with Mr. Wallack as Leontes and his talented wife as Hermione.

At the National "Mike Martin" and "Jack Sheppard," are the attractions. Miss Louisa Wells performs on horseback in each of these plays; and all lovers of good horsemanship must lay their plans accordingly.

Nixon & Kemp's Circus Company will open at the Howard Athenaeum two weeks from Monday next. This is the same company which exhibited at the Public Garden this summer, and will be remembered as, having played a successful engagement of over three months, some years ago, at the old National.

New York Correspondence.

Dr. and Mrs. Hatch—Facts given at the Conference—Rodgers, the spirit portrait painter—Personal—Sympathy with the Indians.

New York, Nov. 6, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—The arbitrators in the case of Dr. and Mrs. Hatch, I understand, have rendered a decision, decreeing a separation of the parties, and the ready money—seven hundred dollars—to Mrs. Hatch. Of course, in a legal point of view, this verdict is of no weight. If I understand the proceeding correctly, it was based on a simple agreement between the parties, to submit their differences to friends, and abide by the result; but the decision carries with it nothing of the force of a divorce. As to the propriety or impropriety of separate bed and board, in this particular instance, I have nothing to say, for I lack that full knowledge of all the circumstances necessary to the formation of a wise judgment; but, on the general question, I desire to enter my protest, with all the force that language can command, against that laxity with which many Spiritualists seem disposed to regard the marriage tie. I do not learn that anything criminal, if charged, was substantiated against Dr. Hatch, and conclude that the verdict was rendered on "general principles."

The reaction against the rampant skepticism, which has recently manifested itself on the part of one or two individuals here, is bringing to light an array of astonishing facts, many of which, perhaps, would not otherwise have been heard of. Among the number related at last week's Conference, was one by Dr. Orton, who said that on that very day a most reliable merchant had made him the following statement:

A friend of his, a Spiritualist, became involved in his affairs, and finally appealed to friends in the spirit world for help. This was promised. He was directed at a certain hour to go to the corner of a particular street, when help should come. He did so, when a stranger approached him and placed a bag in his hands, without speaking a word, and departed. This bag was found to contain seven hundred dollars in gold. At other times, and in a similar manner, additional aid was secured, until the whole sum amounted to sixteen hundred dollars—sufficient to relieve the individual from his embarrassment.

Mr. Smith, of Chicago, related the following: A gentleman in New Orleans, four or five years ago, entrusted to his brother-in-law, in Illinois, eighty thousand dollars, to invest. The brother-in-law afterwards repeated to him that the money was invested and lost. Still, subsequently, the New Orleans gentleman failed and became poor. He was soon after developed as a medium; when the spirits informed him that he had been deceived by his brother-in-law, and that the money he had sent to Illinois was not lost. Following the advice of his invisible friends, he repaired to Illinois, and for three years has been supplied, in very unexpected ways, with money to carry on an expensive law-suit. His spirit friends, meanwhile, furnished him with facts, told him where to find documents, etc. His lawyer says he will succeed. A month ago he came to Chicago with five cents in his pocket. It was necessary for him to have seven hundred dollars at once. Where should he get it? A banker, the most unlikely person in the world to apply to in an emergency of the kind, loaned him the money, without a dollar of security, on his simple promise to pay, if ever he should get able to do so.

The same informant has also related to me the following incident connected with Rodgers, the famous spirit painter of Columbus, Ohio:

Mr. Rodgers was at Chicago, at the house of Alderman Green, a prominent gentleman and lumber merchant of that city, where he executed portraits of two children of Mrs. Green, and of the father of Mr. Green. The originals were all in the spirit-world, and Mr. Rodgers had never seen them. The three likenesses were in a group, and were drawn in colors, with crayons, in the following manner: The artist, in a trance state, or at least with closed eyes, seated himself at a table with his materials, in a room darkened to a moderate twilight, and sharing off from the different crayons to be employed, the necessary colors, used his fingers as a brush in the execution of his task—the figures in their relation to him, being drawn round side up. Still under these impossible conditions—impossible to merely human skill—the pictures turned out admirable likenesses, and fine specimens of art. There was a circumstance connected with the likeness of one of the children, of sad interest; which occasioned the mother to shed tears as she first beheld it. The left ear was malformed—indeed, imperforate, external meatus being entirely closed. During the life of the child, this defect had been concealed, by parting the hair on the right side of the head, and drawing it down over the ear. Now, in the picture, the hair was parted on the left side, and the malformed ear exposed. To those who can credit this statement—and the authority on which I make it is unquestionable—it furnishes an evidence of the intervention of spirit-power, almost impossible to resist.

At the Conference last evening, Mr. Weston gave us a chapter of his experiences with the medium Ruggles. On returning to his lodgings from the Conference a week ago, he found Ruggles out, and he did not return until about midnight. Soon after he came into the room, a table, untouched, whirled over on the floor, making a great crash. On the following morning while Ruggles was still in bed, about four pounds of wedding cake, which Weston had in his trunk, under lock and key, suddenly made its appearance on the bureau. The trunk was found locked, and the key in his pocket.

Subsequently the cake made another move, passing over the head of the bed; and in the evening it was replaced by the jiville operators in the trunk, which still remained locked. Afterwards he was told by Ruggles, while entranced, to look in his trunk, which he did, and found it empty. Cake, clothing, and miscellaneous contents had utterly disappeared, and could not be found on the premises. The spirits said they had taken the things out of doors to air. On the following day they were returned, and placed in the trunk as mysteriously as they went.

The relations of Mr. Weston, of the phenomena occurring in the presence of this boy, Ruggles, are marvelous in the extreme; still his statements seem to be made in a frank and candid manner, entitling them to weight; and last evening he took the precaution to have several of them corroborated on the spot by witnesses who were present.

Mr. Plorport speaks at Dodsworth's again to-morrow. I hear that Dr. Redman intends to go to

Europe in the Spring, where he will doubtless follow in the footsteps of the illustrious Hume.

There is to be a meeting of sympathy for the abused Indians, at the Cooper Institute, on Monday evening. Mayor Tiemann, Peter Cooper, Rev. Dr. Cheever, McClintock, Chapin, Bellows, and other eminent clergymen and gentlemen, are among the signers to the call.

Yonk.

The Busy World.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER.—1st page—Original poetry; continuation of "Rocky Nook," by Mrs. Porter. 2d page—Poetry, by Mary B. Davis; Sketch No. 5 of the "Experiences of an Old Nurse," entitled "THE CONFESSION," by one of our best contributors. 3d page—A fine story, entitled "CLARENCE AND VIOLET," by Emma D. R. Tuttle; "DREAM-LAND," by Cora Wilburn, etc. 4th and 5th pages—Editorials, Correspondence, Conference at 14 Bromfield street, etc. 6th page—Five columns of interesting Spirit-Messages. 7th page—Correspondence. 8th page—Pearls; synopsis of Miss Harding's lecture on "Modern Spiritualism," delivered at Music Hall, Sunday evening, 31st ult., and Mrs. Hyzer's lectures at the Melodeon last Sabbath.

"LIFE ETERNAL"—which we intended to print in this No.—is unavoidably postponed until our next.

HALLS' BRASS AND CONCERT BAND will start on a tour the 16th of the present month, and visit Portland, Cleveland, Montreal, and other places. They will give concerts at Portland, Island Pond and Montreal; also parade with the Cleveland City Greys and give a concert in the evening. As this is one of the finest Bands in New England, our readers in the above localities should not fail to embrace the opportunity offered of listening to their music. The tones from the gold bugle, played by D. C. Hall, are allowed by good judges to be very fine.

BANK OF THE METROPOLIS.—In accordance with the requirements of the general banking law, the President and Directors of the new "Bank of the Metropolis" have recorded a copy of their stock list in the Registry of Deeds, and also filed the same in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, preparatory to entering upon business.

We read in the Scriptures that "the crooked shall be made straight." Acting upon this precept, doubtless, a certain religious society in South Malden have ceased to be a unit. It seems that a clergyman by the name of Cruikshanks, by a bare majority of the church members, was settled over said society; which fact has caused much dissatisfaction. The consequence was—as the minister refused to resign his commission—that a large portion of his parishioners withdrew from the said church, formed a new society, and now worship in a newly built chapel, under the style of the "Straightshanks." If this is not acting "according to Scripture," what is?

It will be seen by those interested in the Harmonical Colony movement, that the time of holding their next Convention has been changed from Nov. 7th to Dec. 26th, at the same place. The "Directory" are examining different locations and hope, at the meeting then to be held, to decide where they will locate their first colony.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The Gaiety steamer Circassian brings European advices to the 26th ult. New soundings for an Atlantic telegraph line were taken by the British war steamer Gorgon, on her late passage out, from Newfoundland via Fayal. The Portuguese government has delivered up to France the ship "Charles Georges." The U. S. frigate Wabash has arrived at Constantinople.

The following philosophic verse, we find in Alger's Selections of Oriental Poetry:

All immortals are circular in form:
The transmigration of the soul is truth divine.
If endless linear progress were each being's norm,
The whole creation would at last become a line.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.—The California Overland Mail of the 11th ult., arrived at St. Louis on Saturday. Rumors are afloat of new gold diggings that have been discovered in Calaveras County, some thirty miles from Stockton, and said to be very extensive. The Frazer River excitement has died out; miners are returning in scores, penniless and disheartened.

O. King, No. 654 Washington street, keeps on hand a fresh assortment of Botanic and Eclectic drugs. His store is the repository of the largest number of roots, herbs, and other articles in this line, for a retail store, in the city. He has facilities for compounding medicines, which are unsurpassed, and those having spirit prescriptions, will do well to have them prepared by him, as none can so well do as a Pharmaceutist.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Phillips, Sampson & Company, have announced the following books, to be published Saturday, Nov. 13th:

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE, by O. W. Holmes, in 1 vol., 12 mo., 360 pages, with characteristic illustrations—price, in cloth, \$1.

The papers published under the above title, in the Atlantic Monthly, have been admired by all its readers, who will doubtless be pleased to see them collected in a convenient shape for the library.

POOR AND PROUD; OR, THE FORTUNES OF KATY REDBURN.

A New Juvenile, by Oliver Optic, author of the "Boat Club," "All Aboard," "Try Again." Price 62 1-2 cents per volume.

"KARL KROLEN" and "WALTER SEYTON." Two books for children, fully illustrated—price 50 cts.

PINEY WOODS TAVERN; OR, SAM SLICK IN TEXAS.

T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

We have received from Shepard, Clark & Brown, a neatly bound volume with the above title. It is a series of back-woodsman's stories, and partakes largely of the humorous. It is well calculated to enliven the spirit and chase away melancholy. A little fun strown here and there among one's reading hours is not amiss, but a decided hit. The characters in this book are well portrayed, and the scenes described in a rich vein of humor.

THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE: A True Story of New York Life. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Received from A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street. A pamphlet of over 100 pages, printed in good style and suited to the readers of the exciting branch of romance, and those who "hate Popery" and delight in "Know Nothingism."

REV. THEODORE PARKER.

This gentleman's health, we are gratified to learn, is much improved, and it is hoped that he will resume his labors at the Music Hall next Sabbath. If so, a report may be expected in the BANNER.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

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.

Warren Chase will lecture, 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); Nov. 28th, in Natick, Mass.; 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. 29th and 30th, in Boston; Jan. 2d and 9th, in Providence, R. I.; Jan. 12th and 13th, in Windsor, Ct.; Jan. 16th in Hartford, Ct.; Jan. 23d and 30th, in New York; Feb. 6th and 13th, Philadelphia; Feb. 20th and 27th, in Baltimore; March and April, in Ohio; May, in Michigan. Address, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Portland, Me., Nov. 14th; in Montreal, Canada, Nov. 16th, 17th and 18th; and in Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 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 Worcester, Mass., Nov. 14th; Lowell, Nov. 21st and 28th; Burlington, Vt., Dec. 5th and 12th. He will visit other places, lecturing four evenings in the week, besides Sundays, if the friends will make early arrangements with him to that effect. Address him at Lowell, Mass., until the last week of November; after which, at Burlington, care of S. B. Nichols.

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 her at No. 27 Richmond street, Providence, R. I.

Loring Moody will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations, in 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. Charlotte F. Works will speak in Taunton, Mass., Nov. 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 Burnbank Felton will lecture in Wilimantic, Conn., Nov. 14th, and in Norwich, Conn., Nov. 21st and 28th, Dec. 6th and 12th. Those wishing week evening lectures in that vicinity can address Willard Barnes Felton, at either place.

A. B. Whiting will speak in Waltham, Sunday, Nov. 14th; in New Bedford, 21st and 28th; and in Providence, R. I., Dec. 5th and 12th. Those desiring lectures during the week may address him at either of the above places.

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 Rosa T. Amodey will speak in Woburn on Wednesday evening, 10th inst.; in Washington Hall, Cambridgeport, Sunday, 14th inst., afternoon and evening.

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

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

Miss M. Munson will lecture in Cambridge on the 21st inst., and in New Bedford the 28th; in Worcester, Dec. 12th; in Quincy, Dec. 19th; in New Bedford, Dec. 26th.

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

Bro. J. H. Harris will speak at Stetson Hall, in Randolph, on Sunday, 14th inst.; Miss Emma Houston, 21st inst.; Miss Sarah A. Magoun, 28th inst.

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

Mrs. Puffer, of Hanson, Mass., will speak in Washington Hall, Charlestown, on Sunday, Nov. 14th, afternoon and evening.

II. A. Tucker will speak in Kingston, Mass., on Sunday, Nov. 14th, and will receive subscriptions for the Banner.

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

W. W. P. MILL BOOK.—We do not know that you can. Doubtless your spirit-friends know of your wish, and if they do will respond to it as soon as circumstances will permit. Patient waiters are no losers.

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 9 1-2 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 Wolf's Hall, Spaulding, by mediums and others.

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

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the BANNER, we claim was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. COLEMAN, Trance Medium, who allows her medium powers to be used only for this object.

They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spiritual communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

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

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

Weak theories to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits. In these columns, that does not comport with his reason.

Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted. In order to prove to the public that these messages are received as we claim, our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend, on application to us.

They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at half-past two, after which time, no one will be admitted; they are closed by the spirits covering the manifestations, usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

W. BERRY.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular columns. With every Spiritualist, who reads one from a spirit, they recognize, write us whether true or false? By so doing, they will do much to advance the cause of Spiritualism, as we can do by their publication.

Oct. 11—Cherish, Tom Welch, Elizabeth Kline, J. Barron.

Oct. 12—Charles Blackley, Jeremiah Mason, William Manchester.

Oct. 13—Benj. Shepard, Wm. Gibbs, Leonard H. Stephens.

Oct. 14—Thomas Hunting, James Leeman, Alfred Burke.

Oct. 15—Stephen Robinson, John McKenney, Sally Inman.

Oct. 16—Stephen Robinson, John McKenney, Sally Inman.

Oct. 17—Frank Harlow to Col. Wm. Carbury, Eng. Capt. Henry Marshall.

Oct. 18—John Hopkinson, Wm. Whitford, Actress, James Shannon, Mary Tompkins, Charles Saunders.

Oct. 19—Wm. L. Calhoun.

Oct. 20—Anonymous, Jepson Clark, Samuel Tobias Wayland, Charles Clark, Wm. Long.

Oct. 21—Benjamin Chadwick, Thos. Tewkesbury, William Robinson, James Finley, Elizabeth Sydney.

Oct. 22—Zephaniah Cable, John D. Childen, Eng. Solomon Hill, Patrick Murphy, Rev. John Moore.

Oct. 23—William Jones, Charles H. Healey.

James Fenderson.

For my life I can't see what good I can do by coming. Do you know James Ryder? He sent me here. He lives in Boston. He is, I am told, an unbeliever. He doesn't believe I can come. I was with him the other night, and he wanted me to come here. I might do him some good, he said. I don't know what good I can do. My name was James Fenderson. I've been dead about a year and a half—I ain't sure of the exact time. It was in 1857—in New Orleans.

Give my respects to him, and tell him he had better call for somebody beside me; I can't do him any good. I was a book-keeper; died of fever—they said it was yellow fever, but I thought it was black fever, the way I vomited. James Ryder was a book-keeper in New York, at the time I was. We were chums together. I was twenty-two years old. I had a bad cough, and left business, and went to New Orleans, thinking to get better. It seems some of the folks where I stopped had the fever, and the doctors said I was in just the right condition to take it, and I did.

My mother died when I was an infant, my father when I was a small boy, and I lived with an aunt, until I got big enough to take care of myself. She was living in Hoboken. I am quite happy in my present situation. It is very strange to me—I don't know what to make of it. I had some acquaintances with my mother, but it's very strange they don't live with me. I had hoped I should meet them here, but I have to plod on as I always had to do, alone.

Oh, I knew James Ryder didn't believe I could come here, but why did he send a nobody here, that he thought could not come here?

I thought it was strange when he said, come here, and was not here himself, but I see through it now. I at first thought he did not believe I could come, and so had not presented himself here; but now you tell me you publish a paper, I see through it, and know why he is not here.

The gentleman I first met here told me he was your son (addressing a gentleman present). I asked him if he had control here, and he told me he was merely a spectator, but referred me to a man who was the controlling spirit of your circle. I know nobody here—don't know he is your son, but he says he is, and I am in the habit of believing every one, until they prove themselves rascals.

It is very strange that I can come here. How is it? A great many stand around here who would give the wealth of earth to speak; I am lucky, for once in my life. Well, sir, perhaps I am taking up too much time. I have no particular duty assigned to me by my friend, so I have given what I could. I don't exactly understand this thing now, nor why my friend sent me here, but suppose I shall in time. Good day, sir.

Patrick Murphy.

Faith I've come again, place God, and I got in first rate, too. How do you do? I've come for something first rate, now. Oh, be glad, they want to know who hid the Bible and the Prayer Book. Faith it was myself did it, ain't I? I'll shake the old house to its foundation. God, I was a medium, and frightened myself all to nothing. I can do things there. I hid the Bible and the Prayer Book, and they know I done it. I told them so too; I rapped it out for them. I'm Murphy—you know me. I've been here before. Well, tell them I hid the Bible and the Prayer Book, that's all. The prairie says the devil is in me now. Be glad I've not seen the devil, and I'll not send for him. Faith I see myself, and that's enough. Good bye, now. Faith I feel happy when I am here—it feels like myself, only when I see the rig I am in, then I do n't feel like myself. Faith, did you see me formin' you a while ago? I was standing formin' you, and I was afraid the medium would see me. Good bye, now—I'll say that again, if I'm not careful. Tell the prairie I'm not dead, and that the devil is n't in me. Good bye, now.

Francis H. Smith.

My dear father—I am made very happy by meeting you again this day. I have now learned to control this medium to write, and shall soon be able to speak. Then I shall hope to give you something that will tend to relieve our many friends from the bonds of skepticism. Yours truly, and in love,

Oct. 6.

FRANCIS H. SMITH.

The above was written to a gentleman from Baltimore, who was with us at our sitting October 6. At first he did not recognize it; so used was he to calling his son Frank, that the full name did not at first strike him familiarly. Thus this was not in the mind of the person to whom it was addressed. This was also the party James Fenderson alludes to.

Timothy Fletcher.

Good day. You will recollect I used your medium to convey a message to my friends some time ago. I have been sent here to answer certain questions. I do not care to answer them here. If my friends will furnish me with a medium at a private sitting, I will do what I can to aid the cause and benefit myself.

I have nothing more to say, sir. You will know me as Timothy Fletcher, who came to you a short time since. Good day.

Oct. 6.

A Text.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Rev. Nehemiah Adams is requested to speak upon these words for the gratification and edification of a class of spirits who will attend to hear. SMITH.

Oct. 6.

A curious invitation, surely—one which, we venture to say, was not suggested by any person present.

Benjamin Hazeltine.

This is hard work—to speak. I want to talk at home, not here. I don't see anybody that I know here. My name is Benjamin Hazeltine; born in Pembroke, N. H. I have nothing to say to you; I don't want anything of you. I am disappointed—I don't see anything here to come for. I have been dead most sixteen years. (We inquired what year he died in.) No matter what year I died in—I know how long I have been dead. (Thinking he might not be correct as to time, we remarked that it was 1858.) 1858, is it? That's no news—tell me something I do n't know, will you? I did what I was a mind to for a living—worked sometimes on my farm. My children sent me here, and why did they not come here to meet me? I have got nothing to say to you, stranger; if they send me on another fool's errand again, they'll know it. One thing they will know—I have come here; and another thing—that I did not give what they wanted. I'm going, now. Oct. 7.

Isaac Baker.

I come to ask a favor, will you grant it? I have a brother living in Boston. I wish to send him a line or so through the medium of your paper. Can I do so? My brother is a medium, but he will not admit the fact, and is constantly striving against Spiritualism—striving to rear up something in his own mind which shall prove these manifestations to be something else than they really are.

I am a stranger to you, and to all present, yet I trust you will pardon me for thus abruptly intruding. I want my brother to understand one thing—there is more power in the spirit-world than there is in this, and he may strive ever so hard—the time will come when he will be a good medium, and a bright light. He cannot help it—he may as well fight against God himself, and the sooner he comes down to the right plane, and becomes a medium, the sooner he will become happy.

I do not know as I am right in saying this here, but when one is anxious, he will speak the truth plainly. I will leave now, after giving you my name. My name was Isaac Baker; my brother's name is William. Good day.

Samuel Fitz.

Begging pardon for my abrupt intrusion, I will proceed at once to the object of my visit. Some three weeks ago I held a private conversation, through a medium, with a friend of mine, who by the way is very strongly wedded to theological opinions. My friend asked me many questions, some of which I was able to answer and some quite unable to answer. Thinking it might be well, not only for the friend, but for the skeptical world, I have come here to-day to talk with my friend, although he is at some distance from me. I must here say, he is an opponent of the new light, although he says I would like to believe, could I be assured of its truth. Again he says, "My position in life would almost forbid my becoming a Spiritualist." Now it is not my desire to speak of what I was, or what I liked, on earth, but to prove to my friend that spirits can come to earth, without the aid or presence of their friends in mortal form.

When I was on earth I thought I loved the Bible; I studied it well, and thought I understood it; but I found, when my eyes were opened to spirit-life, that the Bible was not what I thought it to be. I hope my dear friend in the distance will not charge me with blasphemy. I give due reverence to God, but I cannot charge him with the authorship of that book—indeed, I cannot. I well know there are millions on earth who have great confidence in the Bible, but I know there are few who understand it. Now would you believe one who placed confidence in what he did not understand? Surely you say to the man who does, you are a fool. The theologian pretends to understand the Bible; he takes up passage after passage and pretends to explain it to the people; yet his own soul is not satisfied with the explanation he has given. I know it to be so, for I have, since my death, stood beside many who have been explaining the word of God, as they call it. I have looked down into the soul, and I have seen that the soul and word were not united; no, they were as far apart as the earth from the sun.

I want to ask my brother if he really believes in what he preaches—if his whole soul will respond amen to what his lips speak? I expect an answer—a candid answer. I care not whether it be audible or no. I expect a candid answer, and then I will call again and speak to him. The Bible is a book that all the people of the world, nearly, have heard of, yet I will venture to say, there is not one in a thousand who understands it at all. The theologian tells you it is the word of God. Now, who would be content to worship a God who could be so foolish to dictate a work like that? If one of your modern writers should dictate a book like that you prize so much, how many of you would look upon it with an approving eye? You would all say the author was without wisdom and fit to become a member of a lunatic asylum. I know the multitude will say I blaspheme, but it is true. The Bible is merely a history of the past, religiously speaking. Where you have one truth you have ten errors. The time is now come when the Christian world should be looking for something higher. Instead of standing in a peck measure all the day long, they should strike out for something that carries its own light. I do not hesitate to say that I was a believer in the Bible, with all its errors, and it is not until lately that I have given up its errors or a belief in them.

My dear friend should pause and think for himself, and not be constantly leaning upon somebody else. What though all the old world rise up and tell you the Bible is true, your own soul cannot understand it so. Your conscience cannot tell you it is true; why then stand upon that book? You may stand upon it as long as you please; you may carry it to the spirit-world, and sooner or later you will find you have hugged a toy to your bosom—a toy, I say—that which the past looked upon as sacred.

Nearly all the Christian world are idolaters—they worship the Bible and the minister. Now what folly it is for churches to send forth missionaries to minister to the heathen! Is the heathen more an idolater than the Christian? The low caste Hindoo casts himself beneath the car of Juggernaut and believes he is doing right; he is appeasing the wrath of his God. The Christian swallows the Bible—careless of its contents—and believes he is doing his duty before God. Oh, what a deplorable state! You seek for wisdom where it is not to be found, and clasp unto the bosom the folly of the past, and try in vain to go to heaven upon it.

When the Christian goes to the spirit-world, his first thoughts are of God and of the Bible, and he strives, and strives in vain, to find out by the Bible how long he is to remain in such a condition as he finds himself, and asks, where is God? and the farther he goes on, poor, foolish man, he finds out God had not more to do with the making of the Bible than he had with making this table. In one sense we may say God made this table—God made the Bible, for God made man and man made the table and man wrote the Bible; but, oh, the effect is sadly changed by the Bible coming through the channel of mortality.

Now the Old Testament was compiled from fragments that had been scattered, you might say, to the four corners of the earth—a mere rough outline of what had been transpiring in past ages. Nearly all the names given there are incorrect—you have not more than one in seven that is right. You will have positive proof of this in coming time. The next generation will see that what I have told you is true. In the New Testament you will find that you have an imperfect life of Christ and his followers. Nearly all of his acts were cast aside.

Now if Christ was God, not an act of his should be cast aside; but even the men of darker ages could not take everything and call it a sweet morsel. My dear brother, perhaps, will be carried further from land than ever by my remarks; but it will be far better for him to stand out to sea again, if he has only a compass on board whereby he may reach the shore in safety. I design my words to be his compass, and shrink from it as he may, the poll is soft and the seed will sink beneath the surface. In

time it will come forth and he will wonder why he believed as he now does.

You may ask how it was that I conversed with my brother, who was a septic. He happened to be thrown into the society of a medium, and then I embraced the opportunity, as I had known him in former times, to speak with him. I could not do well then, for the medium was undeveloped for me, and I deem it proper to come here. "Now," said my friend, "I believe this to be nothing more or less than the action of one mind upon another, for when I anticipated what the answer of the medium was to be, I could hinder the spirit from speaking." Now I come here to-day to prove to him that I can communicate to him at a distance, and to tell him that, had I been possessed of a well-developed medium, he could no more have controlled my power, as I confess he did, than he could control the winds of winter; and, were he here to-day, I could prove to him that all his power would not be sufficient to embarrass me one tittle. He knows me well. You may call my name Pitts, or Fitz as you have written it. He knows me well.

My prayer to God is, that the time will soon come, when the human race shall know their God as he is, and shall see him in all his glory, as they do not now see him, I am sure. Oct. 7.

James Pogue.

I met you some months ago, and gave a communication through this medium for my friends in Louisiana. They have requested me to come here again, if I really did come here then.

I wish to tell them that I have been in a state of mental confusion ever since I left my body, but I can come here and identify myself.

I am unhappy, because I do not understand the conditions that surround me. I hardly know whether I am entirely dead, or waiting to be transformed into another state. I hardly know whether those who are spirits entirely are capable of coming back to earth. In these moods I frequently wander to my old home and friends, and am only restored to a state of consciousness by seeing them pass me by with coldness.

I feel very grateful for the call, and I understand what I have been requested to give, but I cannot give it; I don't know as I am competent to do it. I do not understand the spirit-world, or the conditions which enable me to come here. When I am better able to explain, I will come here and do so.

I thank you for your kindness. I am James Pogue. Oct. 7.

James Keenan.

Is it I you speak to, sir? I don't like to speak where they are all looking at me. The priest, Father Canavan, brings me here, and he tells me—I will talk to my father and mother, and make them believe I am James Keenan. I lived in Boston. I died of fever last summer—no, last year's summer—1857 it was. I was most fourteen years old; I worked at anything I could find; I worked in a store sometime, and my father and mother lived in Jackson's avenue. I have two brothers younger than me; I'm the oldest of all. The priest says my mother is a medium, and it is right for me to come back and tell her to believe. I inquired of the priest whether or no if the Catholic religion was true, and he tells me he will tell me in time; I am not to know any more now. If I knew, I would tell my father and mother. I never knew Father Canavan myself—it was him that marry my father and mother.

I sweep out sometime for Mr. Alger—up in Court Square, along there. I sweep out and done chores sometimes for a man in Blackstone street, that keeps store; then I was on State street sometime. Yes, sir, I remember these things well—what else have I to think of? I am changed all over, but it's myself after all.

I'd like to speak to my father and mother—please God I'd like to do that better than come here, but the priest tells me it is better for me to come here and talk. I like the priest well; he tells me he will teach me by-and-by about the angels, and the saints, and God, and all.

I used to go to Moon Street Church when I was here. Yes, sir, I have most of the catechism by heart. I don't know whether I am out of purgatory now or not; but I believe in God and all the saints, and I believe I'll get out. It's right to believe in God, and in the saints on earth, and it's right for me to believe now.

The spirit here recited the creed of the Romish Church correctly.

Good bye, sir. Yes, I'll come again if the priest brings me and helps me. He does not tell me what to say, but he tells me what year I died in; he does not tell me what to say. He tells me that is for me to do. Good bye, sir. Oct. 7.

James Killbride.

It was some time before this spirit obtained control sufficient to speak. Once or twice before it, he was in almost complete possession, but the medium suddenly returned to consciousness, and, as she saw him, bade him go from her. He finally succeeded, and it is this he alludes to in the first paragraph. During his trial, he wrote the name of James Killbride.

Pretty bird, pretty bird, but ain't got wings strong enough to fly away from me! Because I happened to show myself before I controlled her, she said I should not come; but I would have come, if I had killed all the mediums on earth by it.

Fact is, somebody wanted me to come here and tell my real name. That's easy enough—you have it there, on the paper before you—James Killbride—that's my right name. They say, "Go there, and give your right name, and we will give you a chance to converse with us."

Of course I've seen the man that shot me. No, I don't know how he came here, and I don't care. Oh, I've no business here where I am. I ought to have done different, and then I should have been on earth. How old do you suppose I was—thirty-three? Oh, you are mistaken; I was thirty-eight when I died.

Well, I do n't know whether I shall stay all day or not; if it takes that medium as long to travel back as it did for me to get here, it won't be to day. I do n't know where she has gone—where she had a mind to, I suppose. I don't care where she has gone—but she'll learn one thing, and that is, not to fight me when she sees me again.

Do any of you know Ben Morgan? There was a little business transaction between us that I want to straighten out. I can do it, if I can talk with him five minutes. I owe him—that is, I did; don't know whether I do now or not. Tell him to call, and I'll pay up—in my own way, to be sure—can't do it in anybody's else way. He thinks I'm a rascal. So I am one way—in another, I'm not. Well, here comes my female opposer, so I'll go. Oct. 8.

Samuel DeWolf.

I don't know anything about this, myself; it is new business to me; but I believe I must speak. I feel very weak—I don't see why I should feel so. I have been hoping I might gain some strength before I proceeded to talk. I want to speak with my son if it be possible; if you think it is not possible, would you be kind enough to tell me so?

To begin with, then, my name was Samuel DeWolf. I was 78 years of age. I have been in the spirit-land in the vicinity of three years—not far from it. I am a native of Kennebunk. The son I desire to speak to is in New York, practicing medicine. I cannot rest, because it seems to be my duty to come back to earth and talk to my son. I do n't know as I do right in hurrying back, but I think I do. You ask for my disease. I died of cancerous humor, with which I had been afflicted ten years previous to my death. I had knowledge of it that time. I lost my wife some years before I came to this place of existence.

I have no fears of the future, although I have been very much disappointed; yet I expect the future will be more pleasant than the past—for I learn as man progresses he outlives evil, and enjoys life, becomes an inmate of heaven, or a sphere of life where peace dwells and love rules.

I was a believer in universal salvation. I find, as far as I have ascertained, I was correct in this. I find that all mankind are to receive pardon for all sins they have committed. I find a portion around me who believe in eternal damnation; such are very unhappy, I find.

I do not come back to advocate any religion; I think it better for every man and every woman to investigate God's truths for themselves, and then walk in the path of right, and be happy.

I desire to have a personal conversation with my son. I wish to meet him at some place most convenient to himself, where we can talk together. I think the time is not far distant, when I shall be blessed with the privilege of speaking with him.

Now sir, I am very much obliged to you for your kindness in taking down what I have said. Be so kind as to publish what I have given, and I shall be vastly obliged to you. Good day, sir. Oct. 9.

James Patterson.

Is this the place to come to? You guess so; do you know so? Well, I want to send a message to somebody. What you going to do for me? I'm green in this matter—don't know anything about it at all.

You see, about three years ago I was wrecked on Jersey shore. My name was James Patterson. I feel a little strange here to-day; perhaps it is because I am a little green at the business. But I've got folks on earth, and I want to let them know I can come back and talk, and when they know that, I want them to give me a call. I was steward on board the brig Mary, owned in New York. I don't know the occasion of the mishap, at all—I don't know it, I came to my death by that means. I have been strangely confused ever since—did not know whether I was in hell or on earth. Some time ago I was told I could come back, and was initiated somewhat in the mysteries of this new mode of talking.

I've got a sister in Boston—I have that. My mother, I am pretty sure, is visiting a little beyond New York, with another sister I have. These sisters' names are Elizabeth and Mary. My mother's name is Elizabeth. I am pretty sure my body was never recovered, as I have not seen it buried. My father was an Englishman, my mother an American woman. I was born in New York.

A strange place it is where I am. Nobody complains of being sick, nor of pain; but the cry is, "What is going to become of me? shall I see God, or heaven?" Nobody asks "Where shall I get clothes, or food?" but, "What is to become of me?" When I first saw a spirit, I was very much troubled, as I didn't know what was to become of me; but since I have learned I could come back, I have made up my mind to be content—trust to wind and tide, if you haven't a compass to take you into port. Haven't you any male mediums like this? I should think they would be more staunch and strong—to last a good many years. There are a good many who want to come. I am but an individual, and there are millions of them who are waiting.

It's a strange thing, is n't it? If any one had told me, five years ago, I should die, and was coming back to use a female-form to speak through, I should have been inclined to have doubted it. I suppose you believe in the final salvation of all men? Well, I think that is right. Oct. 9.

George Price.

The following conversation was addressed to a visitor:—

Maybe I intrude—if so, I beg pardon; will you allow me to ask a question? Perhaps I am wrong—are you R—? W—? Then we have met before. My name is Price. I think it is now twenty-five years ago since I met you at West Point. I was a classmate of yours. I am not happy. Strange circumstances have drawn me to you to-day—so strange that I am lost in wonder.

I am not going to tell you what I passed through after I left that place. Since I have seen you, I have suffered much. When I was a boy, I was possessed of a violent temper; sometimes it would be so unmanageable I was half insane. I gave it full sway, never thinking for one moment it would bring me desolation—yet such is my case; I am here to-day, an unhappy spirit—made so by giving loose rein to the lower passions. I have been dead now near five years. Five years ago I died in South America. I was murdered by one of the natives, in Rio. I was the offender, and deserved punishment—perhaps death. My exit from the sphere of earth was so sudden, so violent, and the conditions which surrounded me were so complicated, I have been unhappy ever since.

Three years ago I saw you at a place similar to that, where spirits were accustomed to congregate. I then sought to communion with you, but I could not. To-day I gained permission and aid to come. I want you to tell me one thing, if you can. Is there any such thing as a state of happiness in the other world, as we used to call it, or is there a state of endless misery, in which man suffers?

Your father aids me to-day, and is with me now. If I mistake not, you had quite as much fire as I had. When I look back to your youthful days, it is with mingled pleasure and pain—pain, because I did not from thence mark out a happier pathway—pleasure, because I am sometimes carried back in memory to those happy days when I was free from sin—from the load I now bear.

I am not at all used to controlling as I now control—this is something new to me. Yes, I can remember now how I used to try to read your future; but I came a great way from right, looking at you. Then you tell me there is no endless punishment.

This brings past scenes before me, and makes me very unhappy. My coming here to-day revives all that which was dead. I think I graduated, and went into the 4th artillery. A rough path I've traveled over. My first name was George.

The one with whom this conversation was carried on, remembered this party, although he had not heard from, or of him, since at West Point twenty-five years ago. Oct. 9.

Daniel Swazey.

My friends are looking for me, but they need not look, for I am dead. They are searching for me to-day, and I have just come here to tell them they need n't search, 'cause I'm dead. I asked some of my folks here how I could help and tell my friends on earth about myself. They told me, "Go to such a place, and there you will find a medium. They will tell you there what to do, and your friends will hear of your death, before they get your body."

I believed in Spiritualism before I died, and was a medium myself. I was born in Derby, Lower Canada. My name was Daniel Swazey. I've been dead three days, and I don't think they will find me—they may to-day—they may, but it's not very likely. I've been told since I came here that I died of heart disease.

I lived in Derby. I went out to tend to some business, and I had to go about five miles—three miles of the way was woodland; my body now is close by an old, crooked tree, where I've sat many a time, and eaten my victuals—whatever I may have had when I went to work. But you see they are misled; I told them, when I went out, that I was going another way, and then everything they do know goes to prove that I went the way they are searching. Then again, I used to have dizzy spells, and be unconscious, and they think I am in a pond called Deal's pond, but I ain't there, neither in body or spirit; but if they will go the other way—which they think of going, I see, too, but have not yet done, they will find me. I recollect sitting down there, and I am dead, three miles from Derby, in a piece of woodland. Let them keep a quarter of a mile to the right—then turn to the left, in a little foot-path—follow it round, and I think it is about a mile to a mile and three-quarters from the edge of the woodland. I want them to find me, but I fear if they do not, do so soon, I shall not have a decent burial. I don't think I was unconscious more than an hour after death, and I knew just as well what to do then as I know now.

I was sixty-one years old. Now I'll go. How

have you spelled my name? That is not right—spell it Swazey.

I've seen communications that were dated when you received them. I want this dated—say I came such a day, and make no mistake. Good day, sir. Oct. 9.

William Hallett.

I've tried a great many times to come to your medium, but I have never been able to do so till now.

I promised to come back if it were a possible thing, and, according to promise, I am here in so long a time. I said I thought I could come back in a month, and it's now a year and two months. Well, I reckoned from the wrong side, and so it didn't come out right. My name is William Hallett. I have a wife in Boston—no children. I died of consumption. I suppose you will say I don't eat very much like it. I was told I must not bring any thoughts of my last sickness here, and I have not.

The fact is, I have got a wife moving around Boston, and I don't like to see her as she is. I expected just what I see—ain't at all disappointed—not a bit. I want to say I do not approve of all I am permitted to see, and I do n't know but I shall try to put a stop to some of it. If I have power enough, I shall succeed; but I am like a fellow that has lost his tools, and is obliged to borrow somebody's else. I have to run around for a body. I went up in New Hampshire for my health, and never came back. I did not suppose I should, for I had old fashioned consumption about me. I was afflicted, too, by rheumatic

