

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S
SERMONS.
One of the Sabbath Discourses
of H. W. BEECHER, will be pub-
lished in this paper each week.

EDW. H. CHAPIN'S SERMONS.
One of the Sabbath Discourses of
E. H. CHAPIN, will be published in
this paper each week.

ARCA OF NATURE,
HUDSON TOTTLE.
Price \$1.00.
BERRY, COLBY & CO.,
Publishers.

TWENTY DISCOURSES
—by—
GEO. L. V. MAYOR.
Price \$1.00.
BERRY, COLBY & CO.,
Publishers.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

ROMANCE, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Single copies, one year, \$1.00
Six months, \$.75
Three months, \$.50
Paid in Advance.

CLUB RATES.
Clubs of four or more persons will
be taken at the following rates: 25
One year, \$12.50
Six months, \$7.50
Three months, \$5.00
All subscribers must be paid for in
advance.

Advertisements at the rate of
one dollar per line for the first week,
and fifty cents for each subsequent
week.

Subscribers wishing the direction
of their paper changed from one
address to another, must always state
the name of the town to which it
is to be sent.

All business letters must be ad-
dressed, BANNER OF LIGHT,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

VOL. VII. {BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY, Publishers.} NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1860. {TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, Payable in Advance.} NO. 5.

(Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1860, by
BERRY, COLBY & CO., in the Clerk's office of the District
Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.)

COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY.

BY CORA WILDER.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DREAM'S REPLY.

"I called on dreams and visions to disclose
That which is veiled from waking thought, conjured
Eternally, as men construe a ghost
To appear and answer."—WOMANHOOD.

She found herself before an ancient and spacious
building, that stood apart from the city's crowded
thoroughfares, grey, solitary, yet inviting. Wide
steps led to its massive oak portal, which yielded
to the girl's slight touch without a sound. The
warm sunshine illumined every nook and recess;
bright and cheerful was the aspect of that home of
wealth and cheer.

Into a spacious apartment Cosella entered by the
wide open door that was half concealed by the silken
curtains. She paused in admiration as the ornate
mural decorations there met her eye. From the ceiling
to the very floor, arranged by some artistic
hand, draped most harmoniously, fell the rich folds
of the finest, most gorgeously-tinted Cashmere
cloths, veiling, as with a shower of stars and flowers,
the quaintly-carved frames of the huge mirrors
gleaming there, reflecting all the varied splendor so
lavishly displayed.

The wreaths and leaves upon the carpet seemed
imbued with life like brilliancy, and truth to Nature;
the footfall of the wondering intruder fell unheard
amid the mimic moss and blossoms. The swaying
crystal pendulous of the chandeliers dispensed their
sportive rays of rainbow-tinted light; the sunlight,
streaming through the rose curtains, flattered on
the rare old pictures and their massive frames,
revealed the coolness of marble, ivory, gold and
porcelain there lavished with a generous hand.

The love of the beautiful, the poetry of art,
swelled high and rapturously in Cosella's breast as
she paused before the breathing canvas, the inspired
work of the sculptor, the delicate textures, the rich
warm colorings that adorned that beautiful and
silent home. It was silent, notwithstanding its luxu-
rious appointments; no sound of life came through
its hospitably open doors; no voices of grief or merriment;
no sounds of childish glee; no familiar
watch dog's bark; no chirrup of a bird! But the
silence was not oppressive; it was calm and holy, as
if the spirit of contemplation brooded there, by the
home altar, even amid ease and elegance, in poetic
reverie uplifted to a higher world of beauty, brooding
not the outside tumult of the busy mart.

Cosella thought not of intrusion, but she wandered
from hall to chamber, along the silent galleries and
passages, meeting no living thing. Through old,
gently-furnished apartments, where stood solitary
couches draped with snowy linen and lace, and sur-
rounded by light-blue silken hangings; where the
same gorgeous luxury reigned; through chambers
glittering with silver and crystal ornaments, with
the wealth of painting and the triumphs of art; the
treasures of the sea she passed; ever guided by the
warm, cheering sunshine; passing, wondering, yet
not afraid; meeting no impeding stairway, no obsta-
cle in form or menace; on, through the chambers,
the downy galleries of wealth and ease, until the
limits of that deserted house were reached, and narrow,
hemming and unexpected grey walls arose,
excluding the fervid sunshine, rendering dear the
unoccupied space that marked that home's wide
boundary.

Cosella looked up; a winding stairway, tortuous
and wide, wound up afar into the very clouds—its
steps of cedar, white wood, its banisters of burnished
gold. For a moment the young girl paused and
thought—reflected deeply, clearly, vividly. How
easy to retrace her way, through the same beautiful
halls and chambers, and, passing through the open-
ing portal, return to the busy world, the customary
life. The ascent before her might be long and toils-
ome—wherefore attempt it? Two voices within
her; but that of the encouraging angel was sweet-
est, though lowest; it whispered, pleadingly:—
"Child, the stairway leads to higher regions, to a
purer life; will thou, for ease and wealth, resign
the noble victory born of toil? Wouldst thou not
behold the future, robed in emblematic garb?
Ascend, then, spirit! Come, with thy heart unop-
posed, thy hands yet pure; come, it is time!"

She yielded to the sweet, persuasive voice, un-
knowing what its language meant, yet filled with
the resolve to know more of the life beyond, above.
Not without effort was the determination made, not
without a sigh of regretful longing for the life of
ease below; and yet the angel conquered.

The timid girl, endowed with renewed strength,
with hasty feet and calm, prayerful heart, ascended
the first steps, then paused and took a long, long
breath. Then she sped on, resting whenever her
panting breath demanded a respite from the motion
of her willing feet. The stern, grey, cold walls
uncompensated her, shutting out the merry world,
with its varied sights and sounds. Departing sun-
rays flickered on her path; but all was still, soli-
tarily calm; no sound of life stirred there.

Suddenly the wanderer paused, and smiled with
surprise and wonder; for the grey, cold walls that
on each side rose up, whichever way the tortuous
stairway wound, were covered with the leaves, the
abundant blossoms of tall and stately trees, that,
decked in the fairy green of earliest summer's glory,
entwined around and sprang from the dark, cold
stone. The drooping clusters of the star-like, frag-
rant flowers were of the purest white; no colors
mingled there with the vivid emerald that life
sifted amid the dancing leaves, and whispered
prayerfully from the blossom's heart of incense.

Thus accompanied, the child of earth sped on, until
the twilight neared apace, and she paused to rest
awhile upon the broad, white platform just above.

She renohed it, and gazed down; beneath her lay
the vast and populous city, its church spires point-
ing heavenward, its tall monuments gilded by the
last beams of day. She saw the thronging crowds,
the jostling seekers of pleasure and business,
hastening from place to place with antlike speed, in
most diminutive stature. Like playthings glided the
embellished equipages, the prancing steeds, the
costly robes of fashion. The frivolity of a life of
pleasure, the insignificance of earthly pomp and
power, spoke to the gazer's heart, as viewed from
that flowerly height; and she turned from the sur-
ging city, with its host of idlers, to the roscate clouds
floating far above—to the waving, singing music of
the wind amid the trees—to inhale the fragrance of
the pure, white flowers that lined the pathway,
within reach of her outstretched hand.

On, on she sped; and the twilight shadows deep-
ened, and the sun departed, leaving the floating
clouds to retain awhile their golden fringe. From
the faithful toiler's sight the city was withdrawn—
she was alone with gathering shadows, solitude
and clouds!

For the first time, the calm of faith departed
from Cosella's pulsing breast, for amid the stillness
was heard the tramp of heavy footsteps—a purser
—and her troubled heart preaged it was an evil
thing, was on her track! Wearily, heavily, yet up-
lifting her soul in prayer, the maiden passed swiftly
on; pausing in sheer exhaustion to recover her fail-
ing strength a moment, then rushing blindly, madly
on, feeling in every strained nerve and sinew of
her trembling frame that life, soul and hap-
piness, depended on her speed! For, far above, in the
misty rolling clouds, she beheld her journey's end;
she saw a little cottage, environed all by clustering
roses, jasmine, and honeysuckle, overgrown with
ivy, a sweet though humble sanctuary that beckoned
amid a surrounding landscape of inconceivable beau-
ty; its hospitable door, wide open, dispensed a
rosent light that illumined the steep pathway, and
bailed the last step of the guiding ladder. The
light came from a roscate orb suspended, lamp-like,
in the open door—suspended there mysteriously
amid a gauzy veil that softened its intense, warm
radiance.

With arms outstretched, with a loud cry of joy
and recognition, Cosella reached the portal, fainting,
weary, breathless; and amid the solemn silence the
purser's footsteps were unheard. With foot upon
the magic threshold, with trembling hand veiling
her dazzled sight, Cosella was about to pass on,
when a voice said, soft and tenderly, "Not yet,
return!"

With a start and a moan, Cosella raised herself to
feet, to find the moonlight streaming on the floor, to
feel the sea breeze laden with the forest's spicy odor,
to find the beautiful ladder of ascension gone, her
journey's end a dream!

Shine listened to her child's recital with reverence
and much attention. She was a firm believer in
dreams.

"But perhaps you have read of such a house, my
Ellie," she remarked. "Your memory is retentive,
you are poetical; perhaps you have mixed your
daily thoughts with something you have read, and
so produced the dream."

Cosella smiled, and replied that she had not
thought of anything like it.

The same week the dream repeated itself—vividly
clear and distinct in its every detail; swarming not
in the least from its first peritany; ending with
the accomplished journey and the cottage home,
with its mysterious beacon. Shine looked grave
when Cosella told her of the strange dream's rep-
etition, and she reached her brain for its interpreta-
tion. Thereof, for many months, that vision
was presented to the young girl's sleeping eye; and
light-hearted and careless as she was, she would say
in a bantering tone:—

"Good night, mother; I am going to my dream."

Manasseh was not told of it; it might have shaken
his superstitious soul with terror.

Cosella had invoked the future's revelation. With
maidenhood and thought came questionings of the
soul, to which the strange, unbidden dream re-
sponded.

One evening Shine complained of headache and
restlessness; the next morning she arose pale and
haggard, and though she went about her usual av-
ocations there was a listlessness in her step and man-
ner that betokened physical pain. To Cosella's
anxious inquiries, she replied, "That she felt lan-
guid and weary, but hoped soon to regain strength."
But as day after day passed on, her face grew more
sunk, her eyes more supernaturally brilliant,
crimson spots burned on her cheeks, and the little
wasted hands felt hot and feverish. For many days
Cosella prepared for her the simple soothing bever-
ages in use among the natives, but they failed in
reaching the disease; then, without Shine's suspi-
cion, she called in the physician, who gave her much
hope, recommended diet and repose.

Oppressed with a vague terror, Cosella slept in
her mother's room, and watched the perturbed slum-
ber, and administered the cooling draught.

She had known no other mother; despite of the
veil between their souls, she loved her; now she
mused painfully and thought of what the future
would be without her. Alone with Manasseh—her
strange, incomprehensible father! she shuddered
involuntarily.

He had been away three weeks, visiting the cap-
ital. One starlight morning he returned; and Cosella,
glad of the presence her mother longed for, threw
herself into his arms with tears.

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense!" said Manasseh, assum-
ing a bantering tone. "You are a little sick and
nervous, that's all."

"Manasseh!" she continued; "I feel that I must
speak, come of it what it may. Ella, my child, leave
me alone with your father."

With tear-filled eyes Cosella left the room, carry-
ing with her Jaape, her mother's pet dog. She
knew not why, she felt down on her knees to pray;
but as she wept and supplicated for the dear one's
life, as if conscious of the negation, the futility of
that prayer, poor Jaape whined pitifully at mention
of his mistress's name!

Meanwhile the husband and wife sat side by side,
and Shine's eyes were lustrous with the resolve of
principle, that was formed, alas! too late. Never
had those eyes looked so into the stern, world-
hardened face of the relentless man. What was
there in that penetrating glance so to unnerve his
soul? to cause a nameless dread to overcome him,
who long since had buried power, and tried to stifle
memory? They burned into his very soul, those
glances of appeal and determination. Unconsciously
his voice softened as he addressed her:—

"What is it you would tell me, Shine?"

She passed her hand across her brow, as if to col-
lect her thoughts. The voice with which she spoke
was firm and even, unlike her usually low and trem-
bling tones. There was solemnity and fervor, the
fire of awakened soul, in the address of the stricken,
wasting woman.

"Manasseh!" she said, "I know not whether my
last hour approaches, whether this disease is fatal,
but I know that the time has come for me, for you,
to repent. Start not, I mean it; I fear no more your
anger. I know not whence this sudden change;
but I feel as if an angel had spoken to my soul that
the time has come for repentance, for atonement.
Cosella is a woman. I say not that you shall humble
yourself before her by an avowal of the past; but,
Manasseh, as you value peace and happiness, listen
to me this hour! Advance not in the fatal path of
disobedience, in the crooked ways you have entered
upon—by all that is sacred in our holy teachings, I
implore you—for it will lead to ruin. Are you
leading astray the soul of that innocent child, that
victim of the snare we laid for her? I have stand-
ingly endeavored to imbue her mind with the love
of truth and virtue; you would teach her only the
love of gold, the falsehoods of the world. Oh, Man-
asseh! I forgive you all I have suffered—my sleep-
less nights of remorse, my days of anguish, the
misery of endless wanderings—all, all, if you will
but henceforth be an honest man, a true father to
that poor child, so unconscious of the woe around
her."

"Perhaps," and she regarded her wasted hands,
and cast a look into the mirror by her side, "I may
soon leave this world. Oh, God! dread God of Jus-
tice! I cannot leave my child!"

The energy and moral strength that sustained
her, burst beneath the recurring wave of tenderness.
She burst into tears; wildly glancing upward, she
cried, in piercing tones, "Have mercy, God! oh, do
not let me die!"

Swift and varying were the emotions that swept
across the sun-burnt face of her husband; anger,
surprise, menace, and mockery, dwelt there by turns.
He said, in a cold, unresponsive manner:—

"You are ill, and excited, and your language is
that of fever. You had better go to bed and obtain
the needed rest."

"It has been ever so!" cried Shine; "the curse
of my life has been my guilty submission to your
will. I am ill, but I am sane; Manasseh, listen to
me, I implore you; if for naught else, for Lea's
sake!"

Alas! the angel spell of that isolated name had
long since departed; perverted by his craving soul,
he invoked the demon of discord, and swelled the
heart's ill should have calmed with bitterness and
rage.

"Speak not her name again!" he almost shouted,
"or see, frail woman, I crush you thus!" and a
low moan of pain escaped her. "Kiss! Manasseh! to save me
of duty; to speak to me of that Christian girl with-
in my power! I have not stolen from our people; I
have not violated Sabbath or festival when I could
help it. I do not deny my religion here, even amid
the Catholic unbelievers. Dare you hate to me of
right and wrong, to me, whom your bond and lord?

Obeys your destiny woman, without repining, and
destitute to me no more. Hark, to that again, pro-
nounce the name of Lea. I will not hear it from
your lips!"

Shine paced the floor awhile, then with a sudden
impulse she cast herself at Manasseh's feet, and with
the tenderest, entreaties besought him to return to
the paths of honesty and truth; to find some hum-
ble home, where they might live in peace and respect.

"Think of the innocent girl I was—think of this
degraded thing I am, Manasseh! falsehood and de-
ception have steeped my soul in shame. I dare not
meet untrusting a stranger's eye. I cannot gaze
upon that child's face, save with a pang, that she
would scorn me if she knew I wrested her from her
father's arms. Shall she live to become false and
sinful as I am, or will you drag her soul into guilt
through the gateway of religion? Religion, Manasseh,
I feel that it is fanaticism, revenge, that you call by
that sacred name. Shall she live—this wronged
girl—to scorn you for your treachery? Come, we
believe her father surely dead; is he ours indeed;
let us do by her as we would by a daughter heaven
had sent us!"

"The Christian's child—my daughter!" he fiercely
replied. "Woman, you know not the sweetness,
the triumph, the glory of revenge! I have no love
for that girl; beneath her apparent gentleness and
submission she hates me! her father's spirit lives in
her."

"Have you sought to win her love? have you ever
spoken to her as a father, a teacher should? hear I
not daily the sophistries you strive to twine around
her soul? to confuse her moral sense, to blunt her
pure perceptions, to bend her noble nature, her dis-

interestedness, her unswerving principles to your
mean thirst, your vile pursuit of gold! Manasseh,
if I am called by the death-angel, and you succeed
in counteracting my influence, in plunging that pure
soul in sin, I tell you that all the friends of Heaven
will pursue you to your latest day! remorse, endless,
fiery as the burning lake lost souls are rolling in
forever, will be your portion! Take from that white
tablet the elegance of God, so fairly written that it
sparkles from her eye and brow, impress upon it the
blackened characters of your worldly soul, the re-
cords of guilt—and God will punish you; punish you,
Manasseh, until in sackcloth and in ashes you be-
wail, and cry, and shriek aloud in vain!"

"What has come to the woman, is she mad?"
cried her husband, and astonishment for the moment
overcame even superstitious terror, and the rage
that trembled in every limb.

But the cruel fear had departed from Shine's
soul; in that hour, like one inspired she spoke,
dreading no consequences. Her true self—just to
womanhood, purity, and nature, vindicated its right,
crushed so long by slavish submission, and supersti-
tious dread.

She heeded not her husband's angry glances, she
retreated not before his menacing approach. She
folded her arms, gazed unflinchingly upon his erect
and stalwart frame, and still the lightning flashes of
vindictive broke from her eyes; the crimson hue of
determination burned brightly upon either cheek,
the usually low and faltering voice, borrowed tone
of impressive strength and solemn prophecy!

"Beware! beware!" that changed voice rang loud
and clear through the apartment. "Spare Perseval
Wayne's pure child, or dread the vengeance of offend-
ed God! You are lending her from her mother's
soul; you will not prevail, for angel's guide her,
You—your legions cannot harm, cannot approach
to taint her!"

Still the bright burning eyes were fixed on his;
she blanched not the countenance, no palsy of terror
shook the strong, brave heart; although white and
convulsed with passion, his face bent close to hers,
his strong grasp on her wrist, he cried to her to
cease her ravings, to return to the submissive mood
so well befitting her. Calm and unnerve she stood,
and smiled in pity, not in mockery.

"For years," she said, "I have been the silent too,
of your will; the submissive slave. I deemed it a
wife's duty to obey. I fulfilled the letter—obeyed
you even unto wrong. I know not why I speak to
you thus, Manasseh, but the words will come, bitter,
accusing, true as they are! I am urged to speak
to you, before whom for many years I have trem-
bled, by a power beyond my own; words and
thoughts strong, thrilling, crowding, I cannot restrain
the whirling tide! I speak unto your conscience,
husband! Shall I appeal in vain?"

"Until the last day you might expend your breath,
and never move me from my fixed purpose," he re-
plied; "and now, woman, as you value your health,
your life, be still! I once more bid you cease your
tirade. Utter another word of reproach or menace,
and—his cruel grasp tightened around her wrist,
the other hand was upraised with a threatening ges-
ture."

Again Shine smiled. "I feel no pain," she mur-
mured.

"Shall I recall you to reason—to sensation?" he
cried, savagely, and he shook the feeble frame; but
no moan of pain escaped her, not a vestige of fear
swept over the illumined face.

"Will you not give us a home in our native land,
where we can worship God in truth, and live in hon-
or? Will you not take me and the child to some safe
retreat, and so expiate for the past, your wrongs to
me and her?" demanded the clear, silvery, unflin-
ching tone.

"No! by the sacred tablets of the law! by the
oath I have sworn! by my life! no, I will not! You
shall wander through the world forever! you shall
have no fixed habitation, you shall form no friend-
ships; you and she shall be obedient to my will, my
project; she shall know no love, no affection for one
earthly thing, save where I dictate, where I bid her
bow at the world's shrine of gold! She shall—"

"Hold, Manasseh! I have done my duty, have
revealed to you the soul you deemed all bent beneath
your will. Now, listen! In a lonely life, deserted
and forgotten, you shall breathe your last, without a
friend to moisten your lips, to wipe the death dew
from your brow. Alone, alone, with grinding and
accusing demons, vainly suing for the mercy of Heav-
en, a cold, grey, barren stone, sinking deep, deep,
deep, into utter darkness. Manasseh, this is your
fate!"

For a moment a breathless silence reigned; for the
superstitious soul of the plotter was shaken by a
dread premonition; ashy paleness overspread anew
his face, his knees trembled beneath him; he caught
at a chair for support. Then with a loud cry, all the
evil of his nature awoke, he rushed towards the
inspired speaker, who still endowed with a strength
indwelling not in that frail and stricken form, stood
there with eyes upraised, with outstretched hand, and
crimsoned cheek—the trembling, yielding woman,
transformed into the gifted seer!

His heavy hand fell on the bare, white shoulders;
he tore the covering from her head, and rent her
hair abundant, jetty hair; she uttered no cry, offered
no resistance, but smiled in a lower voice:

"I will warn Cosella—she shall know all—even
though you kill me!"

With impious appeal to Heaven, with imprecations
too terrible to record even on this gloomy page, the
infatuated madman rent her robes, and plied his
degrading hand upon the feebly shivering form.

"At God's judgment-seat you will be called to
answer—murderer!—deceiver of the good!—I shall
accuse you!" he fiercely murmured Shine.

He would have killed her in his fury; for his face
was that of a demon, and demons lent him strength;
but his harsh, discordant voice, his dreadful imprec-
ations reached Cosella's ear, as with swollen eyes
and slow steps she passed by the chamber.

The young girl entered, and drew back with an
exclamation.

exclamation of terror, for Shine, with dishevelled
hair and torn garments, lay, to all seeming, inces-
table upon Manasseh's arm; and he, with livid face,
and horrid curses, was bending over her.

"What have you been doing to my mother, sir?"
impulsively cried Cosella, and she grasped his up-
lifted arm.

"I—I—nothing—she was excited—nervous—I—"
he stammered confusedly.

"You have been mistreating her, sir! Mother!
dear mother!" she cried, bending over the now pallid
face, and kissing the brow, "what has she done to
you? Oh, mother, dearest, speak to me!"

The music of affection in that voice, never so
intense before, aroused her from the terror that had
succeeded the previous excitement, the faintness con-
sequent upon her tyrant's usage.

"Release her! give her into my arms; this is
not the first time she has suffered at your hands,"
Cosella cried loudly. "Dare to touch her while I am
by, and, by the Heaven I believe in, I will forget
that you are my father, and defend her to the
death!"

Cosella stood close by him with arms folded de-
fiantly, with eyes flashing indignation, with anger
and command in her tones. One blow from his
strong arm would have felled her to the earth; but
he dared not touch her! A gleam of Lea's spirit
was in her eye; he quailed before it. The sweet-
ness and imperativeness of her mother's voice spoke
through her lips. Manasseh laid the form of his
wife upon the bed, and like a coward fled from the
room.

With tears and kisses Cosella bent over the
woman, who for her sake had suffered so much.
The spirit's energy was gone, the physical anguish
usurped its place; only the girl's light touch and
tender words had power to soothe. Throughout that
day and night, Cosella moved not from the sufferer's
side, and Manasseh, guilty and abashed, walked to
and fro outside, listening to every sound from within,
fearing, trembling, that Shine would reveal the
secret of the young girl's birth; praying that death
might claim her ere the revelation could be made.

One by one, slowly the stars of affliction, that
never had been with intense ill-lustre for him,
were extinguished in Cosella's breast; fear, distrust,
indignation; haunting shadows, vain outcries
for a better, holier love, landed the lone sanctuary
of her thoughts. She knew not why, sleeping and
waking, she dreamed of a pair of calm and sorrow-
ful blue eyes, beaming from a pale, intellectual face,
that, looking into her soul, awakened there the filial
love the stern, dark-browed, cold Manasseh never
could call forth.

CHAPTER IX.

DEPARTURE.

"Thine eye's last light was mine—the soul that shone
Intensely, mournfully, through gathering haze;
Like a faint beam with thee, to the shore unknown,
Nought of what lived in that lone, earnest gaze!"
Hear, hear, and answer me!
Thy voice—its low, soft, fervent, far-off tone,
Thine hand—the touch of the parting strife,
Like a faint breeze, oh! from that shore divine,
Beneath each sound, if love's vain quenchless life!
But once, oh answer me!"

For fourteen days, and as many weary nights, Cos-
ella watched by Shine's bed, and hoped and prayed,
and stole away to weep unseen. Manasseh hovered like
an evil shadow in the sick chamber, scarcely daring
to meet the searching eye of Cosella. What secret
conferences he held with the sufferer seemed to ex-
haust the remnant of her strength; they left her
with traces of strong agitation, with pallid face and
trembling limbs. The courageous girl, determined
to brave all for the sake of her who called mother,
boldly told Manasseh that she would not leave the
room while he remained; and she was rewarded by
the grateful pressure of poor Shine's hand; by the
stern man's murmured acquiescence; he dared not
openly manifest all the deformity of his character
to the child of Lea.

Shine faded slowly away; and two natures ap-
peared warring within her soul; at times trembling
when her husband's step was heard, shrinking from
his eye, answering him in the subdued and faltering
tones of yore; then gazing upon him with a blazing
eye and burning cheek; speaking strangely of wrongs
committed and sins unrepented of; a language that
appeared incoherent to Cosella, and which Manasseh,
in her hearing, attributed to the effects of fever.

Sometimes, gazing upon the child of her affections
with all a mother's tenderness, speaking to her of
God and Heaven, in so appealing and solemn a
strain, that Cosella's tears poured forth in answering
tribute; then again, silent for hours, as if commu-
niquing with her inward self, she would lie gazing up-
wards, with folded hands. Sometimes hoarse re-
signed, and patient, then piteously imploring for life
and health; her varying moods racked the young
watcher's soul with agony; an agony suppressed by
the dominant will, the prayerful energy of that an-
gled heart.

At last the physician gave no hope; and Manasseh,
with real or affected sorrow, clasped his knees,
and implored him again to try his skill. Perhaps
even his callous heart was touched, perhaps when
truly aware that the suffering patient victim would
soon be removed from his sight, he felt a pang of
pity and remorse. Who shall say, that for the time,
the better angel twinkled not the perverted soul?

Cosella heard the faint, and deathly paleness over-
spread her face; she bowed her head, until the long,
flowing curls concealed her eyes, and cried aloud to
God for mercy.

The good physician fondly stroked her head; he
was a father himself, and reverently said, "God
will be merciful, my child!"

The young girl hastened from the room, and in
the silence of her own chamber, she threw herself
upon the matting floor and wrung her hands; all
the wealth of love and indignance lavished so
bountifully upon her, rushed upon her heart with
overwhelming force.

"She alone of all on earth, has been so true, so
tender!" she sobbed. "I cannot love my father.
I fear him; what will be my fate when she is gone?
The perverted doctrine he strives to inculcate—I

know—I feel them false yet I shall have to bend,
to yield to him, as she, the loving martyr has done
through life! Oh, mother! mother! how can I live
without thee! They say that prayer can move Three
Jude of life and death! I grant to my soul this boon,
my mother's life! Oh, he will drag me from place
to place, the tool of his pride and ambition! He
will sacrifice my young affections, my holiest aspira-
tions to his unholy thirst for gold! I detect the
robes, the glittering trinkets he decks me with. I
have never seen a love gleam in his eye; a meaning
is there, so vaguely dark and terrible, it makes me
shudder! Mother! oh, mother! do not leave me!
or take me to rest with thee! I will not—I dare
not stay with him!" she cried with increasing agi-
tation. "If she dies I will fly—away from here, far
hence! alas, where? But woe to him! fate compels
me to call father! woe to him if his sacrilegious
hand dare touch her or me again in anger. I would
beg my bread from door to door, before I would sub-
mit to such an indignity. Oh, forgive me, Heavenly
Father! I think of self while she is dying!"

Subduing the uprising of her fiery temper, curb-
ing by affection and prayer the rebellious surges
of her soul, Cosella passed into her mother's cham-
ber; her pale face composed, a smile upon her lips,
giving no sign of the anguish that rent her heart.

The superstitious Manasseh dared not tell his
wife that the shadow of the death-angel's wing was
on her brow. Cosella could not unclose her lips to
frame the fatal words, and the pale sufferer knew
not of the impending change; but tortured the dear
child who kissed and blessed so fervently, with playful
allusions to the summer skies, the meadow flowers,
the winter's glory of her native land, which soon as
her health was restored she would revisit.

Alas! Cosella knew that soon she would behold
the immortal plains, the angel bowers, the unending
summer glory of the heaven impressed upon her
own people's soul! The heaven she dreamed of, not the
promised land of theology.

The young girl had not slept for many nights;
she trusted not to nurse or attendant

"Shall I not call father? he had me call him when you were?"

"No, dear, let him rest. Tell him—in the morning—that I forgive him—for all that I did him wrong—his pride. There is a package of papers—I wrote them; they are yours; you will find all there that I have not strength—cannot—dare all tell you. You will always love me, my little?" she questioned suddenly and anxiously.

"Ever, dear mother! who on earth has been to me like you? Who on earth shall I find like you? Mother! I cannot pray! I cannot take my eyes from off your face. I shall be desolate, forsaken, lost without you! Mother! I cannot—you shall not leave me!"

And cries and sobs broke from her tortured breast; but in that hour the weaker one was strong, and Shina's voice plead low and soft, without an shadow of reproach.

"This is sin—rebellion—my child! God is good, and orders all things wisely. My loved and cherished daughter, read to me the prayers for the night." Cosella hid her face, and kissed her lips and brow without a word, but deep sobs welled from the stricken heart, and in low, faltering tones, blurring the page with her burning tears, she read.

The prayer was long; in many portions sublime and elevating; unconsciously she gathered comfort from the assured promises, and praised her soul in the resignation born of faith. Shina followed the prayer with her lips and heart. When Cosella closed the book, she said:

"Repeat the *Shema*, my beloved child!"

Fervently, reverently, with upraised eyes, and hands meekly folded, she repeated the sacred ascription of God's unity:

"Hear, O Israel! The Lord thy God, the Lord is One."

With pious fervor, Shina repeated it. She made a feeble sign for Cosella to draw near.

"Remember your sacred promise!" This was said in a thrilling whisper. "Ever obedient to God's will—mid change—of joy or sorrow. Love me ever—receive my blessing—" the feeble hand lay on the bowed head with its clustering curls—"when tempted, call away from duty—remember! Do ever true and pure!" The lids closed softly over the heavy-lidded eyes, and the intense and lingering gaze that rested on Cosella's upraised face; the love-light of the tender eyes was withdrawn; one last, lingering pressure, and the stiffened fingers relaxed their hold; a low sigh—a faint, mellowly whispered "good night!"—and with a smile upon the calm and wasted countenance, without a struggle, the spirit passed away!

How long Cosella stood there, enrapt in prayer or contemplation, she knew not; when she looked around the nurse was gazing upon her in speechless terror. She had awakened to find the lady dead and cold, the daughter with fixed eyes, immovable as a statue, gazing with prayerful attitude upon her mother's face!

The voluble mulatto woman, commenced her lengthy prayers and condolences, but the bereaved heart replied not; and the woman, hastening from the room, awakened the servants and officiously aroused the master from his slumbers, to inform him of the sad event.

Manneseh started from his bed with an exclamation of horror and surprise. Hastily throwing on some garments, he rushed to his wife's room, to find his tortured victim, cold and still, and smiling in the repose of death; Cosella standing by with cheeks as pale as those of the departed, the tears of a first mighty bereavement stealing down her face, numbing hands and bosom with their briny flood!

"Dead—dead! my Shina gone!" he cried with an outbreak of sorrow that seemed real, for it startled the girl from her deep trance of grief.

"Oh, forgive, forgive, my wife!" he sobbed, as he pressed kisses on the unresponsive hand.

Cosella placed her hand upon his shoulder; its light touch thrilled him mightily, and he bowed his head upon the corner. "She bade me tell you that she forgave you all. I would have called you, but she deemed you weary, and desired you to rest. She died only, happy as an angel! I have delivered my mother's message. I leave you here—for I must to my chamber. I am overpowered with fatigue."

Why was her voice so calm and stern? She gave no sign of grief, save by the tears that unrestrained rolled down her cheeks and by the mortal pallor of her face. Manneseh looked upon her with reproachful eyes; so calmly, coldly she delivered his dead wife's message! She met his eye with unquivering glance.

"What said she besides? Peace be to her soul!" inquired Manneseh, rising not from his kneeling posture by the dead.

"She bade me be ever true and pure!" replied Cosella, firmly. "And I have sworn to do her bidding." There was so much emphasis in the words; such haughty defiance of all wrong in the solemn promise that, even in that hour, the guilty plotters felt he could not cope successfully with that brave, true girl. He made no reply, and Cosella, kissing silently the brow of the dead, passed from the room.

"Cold, haughty, unfeeling girl!" he muttered, for he could not read the refinement of sorrow that scorned external revelation in his presence.

Alone in her chamber, the angel hosts beheld the tributary offering of bereavement. The flushing dawn and the rising sun beheld the yet unfinished conflict, the wrestling of a heart untired.

The same day, Cosella demanded of her father the papers entrusted to his care. He answered her with indignation for the unseemly haste she manifested, he accused her of heartlessness and self-interest, so soon to break in upon his sorrow. She turned away with a mocking smile—with a haughty, contemptuous gesture, she left the room. Manneseh's glittering eyes followed her with deep menace in their depths.

He was compelled to disprove with the ceremonies of mourning, the prayers for the dead repeated by the assembled ten, for he was not among his people. He would not permit his wife to be interred in the Protestant burial ground of the town, set apart for the use of his foreign residents. He bought the ground for Shina's grave; a lovely, sequestered nook, some miles above the port, situated between rising hills, in full view of the ocean, dense with tropical foliage, with wild flowers and willow shrubs.

A simple monument was erected there—it recorded her name and age; it told not of her martyr life. When the funeral pangs moved down the street—the last kiss had been impressed on the marble brow, the last look given, Cosella turned to follow with the throng. She had been by Manneseh, that it was not the custom of the country for women to attend funerals; but what cared the loving heart for custom?

There was no long line of carriages, no hearse, with its appalling gloom. The coffin was carried by the friends of the departed—the dark cloth that covered it was strewn with flowers.

Wrapping a black silk scarf around her, putting on her white straw hat, Cosella was about to step into the hearse, when her father's hand was laid upon her arm.

"I command you to remain," he whispered low and threateningly, for some persons yet lingered near the house.

"You have compelled me to return from my place by the departed. Am I not troubled enough that sacrilegious hands must touch her, profane eyes have seen her in her shroud? Will you, too, submit me to annoyance? Back into the house, immediately!"

"I will see my mother to the last!" Cosella firmly replied.

"You shall not!" he cried, tightening his hold upon her.

"I appeal to these gentlemen," he said aloud.

"My daughter persists in accompanying the funeral, though I tell her it is contrary to the customs of the land. The heat is excessive, the wilful girl will make herself ill!"

"Your father is in the right, young lady." "Do not add to his great calamity by opposition."

"Young girls must be obedient," said these around; and with a cry of mingled rage and sorrow, at one bound, freeing herself from her father's hold, she ran, tear-blinded, crushed and wounded, to the chamber that had been hallowed by the presence of her gentle guardian.

She heard the retreating sound of footsteps; then all grew still, and the sorrow fell; the outer darkness enveloped, the desolation, wild and palpable, enfolded her! With tears and sobs, she called on Jesus, the faithful dog, who since his mistress' death had refused to enter the house. He was not in the house. "Her dog is permitted to follow," cried Cosella. "I, her child, am forbidden to pray upon her grave!"

Long before Manneseh returned, the good old physician sought the mourner's presence; he carried something wrapped up in a dark cloth; it was the lifeless body of poor Jesse, who had breathed his last upon the new-made grave! Fidelity and devotion strong unto death, beautifully manifest throughout Thy world's creations, endowing with the attributes of angels the lowliest things!

Cosella clasped the faithful creature in her arms, and kissed him reverently. With tears of earnest longing the full heart cried aloud, unconscious of another's presence.

"Oh, that I were in thy place, dear Jesse!—that I could die upon her grave, and be at rest! I envy thee, so good, so true! thou couldst not live without her! Even her dog has left me! Oh, Jesse, Jesse, faithful friend! I am alone, alone!"

The good man could not behold, unmoved, so deep a sorrow. He stooped down to the suffering girl, who was crouching on the floor, with the dead body of the little favorite in her arms, and with paternal tenderness he lifted to his own the pallid, tear-stained face, and kissed the young, sunken brow. "Hear, faith in God, my daughter; in his mighty hand he holds healing for every wound of earth!" he said.

"I am alone, alone!" was the wild, anguished reply; and the kind comforter knew that words were vain to him that dark hour.

In after years, Cosella, though did not kneel to Jesus for trial, to sing thy loud thanksgiving songs for every suffering past, for every pang of earthly sacrifice, that led thee to the altar's side! From the graves once enshrouding all of love and memory arose the angel forms that led the way to heavenly gates—arose the invocations bringing ministering seraphs, power and conquest, might and glory, joy and triumph, to thy soul! But the initiation was terrible, the conflict dire; the first draught of suffering was bitter as gall, and the quivering lip shrank from the proffered cup.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

WRITTEN FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

I'M LONELY NOW.

BY MRS. J. K. HARTWELL.

My heart is heavy and dull to-day.

For one that I love is far away;

And though surrounded by spirits blest,

Yet I feel in my soul a lone and drear.

There are faces here that are fair and bright,

But none that my heart can truly delight;

Yet my soul is a deepening gloom,

And I have come to a lonely tomb.

The sun is shining bright and fair,

Love, beauty and joy are everywhere;

But a gathering cloud is over my brow,

And the "Mountain Cottage" is lonely now.

Thou art gone from me now, and a shadow is cast

Over the present and future, but in the past

Is a ray of light to pure and fair.

We know that an angel has hovered there,

There's a seat at the table, a vacant chair;

And something seems wanting everywhere;

A light in my heart, my spirit is gone,

And without thee, darling, I'm all alone.

Warren, Va., 1893.

PREJUDICE.

BY MRS. D. M. P. WALKER.

Prejudging, judging beforehand, judging before one knows anything about the object, person, or opinion. Judging of a thing by one of its qualities; of a person by the style or texture of the dress, or of an opinion by a partial view, or, perhaps, no view at all of the subject—this is prejudice.

There are some people who gain knowledge by slow degrees and constant application; and others who were born with it, who never learned anything, simply because they knew it all before; who never wish to investigate any new fact, because their mind is already "made up." Now this prejudice, which is generally of the latter kind, is like a five-rail fence across their path to advancement, and what is worse, the rails are all wedged into the posts, and a man must stand with the ax of truth and make a great many hard knocks before he can start the wedges as to get a bar down, and let a new idea into such souls. And we would tell them if too great a rush of ideas comes in at once; they will either put up the bars indignantly and reject the whole, or, like a forest-tree when its fellows are all cut away from it, be uprooted by a slight wind.

Their old ideas are driven out, and the soil of their minds, from long neglect of plough and harrow, and a want of rotation of crops, has become too much exhausted to sustain the new truths, and germinate and bring to maturity a fruitful crop. Hence they are unable to digest the new ideas, and apply the truth contained therein to practical life.

In this age of steam and lightning, when the mental and moral world, like the physical one, is covered with a network of railways and telegraphs; when progress is the watchword, printed on every wrapper, labeled on every bottle, stamped into every cake of soap, painted onto every urchin's tattered banner, and emblazoned on every flag which flaps its folds from tower or dome—when progress is the sum total of every thought and action, would it not be well to postpone our decisions, and when this train of progress comes rolling in, to meet it at the freight depot with the eyes of investigation?

"Tis quite time we had a mental custom house, and reasonable duties imposed on some of the freight. Reason and Conscience are excellent custom house officers, especially if they have been well used. They are not afraid of "overhaul" packages and trunks. If a box comes marked truth, they open it as soon as it is marked error, and apply the test of investigation. 'Tis a great mistake that investigation will make men all fools or knaves.

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

By George Mearns.

NINTH PAPER.

ITS CHARACTERISTICS—COMMUNION.

THAT OF MARKING WITH EACH OTHER.

There is a more than Christian fellowship.

A greater human need than earthly.

A holier alliance than hellish.

To elaborate the crime of Calvary.

There is a broader scope of sympathy

Than earthly philanthropies have hoped to reach.

Yet to be reached when God's great final

shall come to understand each other's needs.

And each shall all cry and all shall cherish each.

The highest of all natural ends is that of one soul

to another, and of all souls to each.

Were it possible for mankind to commune naturally with all the lower

of creation without communing with each other,

such a predicament would be incompatible with human

happiness. Nay, it would be less auspicious

than that of brutes; for, with enjoyments hardly super-

ior, we should be sensible of various mental privations

of which they are unconscious. Human nature de-

mands human society. So every animal seeks the

company of its own species; but a dog would be less

wretched than any man without a fellow. For this

reason, and others yet to be mentioned, the natural

communion of mankind with each other is a transcen-

dent human need.

The mother of turtles lays her eggs in the sand

to be hatched by solar heat; and on creeping out of their

shells, the egg-layers are of age and able to shift for

themselves; but human infants are not so self-sufficient.

Like the deserted "children of the woods," of whom

we read in juvenile romances, every orphaned babe,

without the hospitality of more than brutes, must

quickly perish. For the story of Romulus and his rustic

step-mother is presumed to be fabulous. A wolf might

suckle a hungry boy, but would be more likely to make

a meal of him at the instance of her own appetite.

But what discredits the tradition is the thought that

all the wolves in wolfdom could not educate the founder

of Rome.

"We education forms the common mind."

then none but thinkers can teach a mind to think.

Therefore I do not stop to explain how a solitary man

could hardly take care of himself; how onerous must be

his labors for subsistence; how meager his enjoyments

and how intolerable his loneliness; but I say more

curtly that a solitary man is impossible. Solitude

never begets nor sustains anything. Every man is

an offspring and progeny of society. Out of that no child

would ever become an adult; and a man thrust into

solitude, if he could live alone long enough, would

devolve into less than a boy.

The condition of Alexander Selkirk, in the island of

Juan Fernandez, was more dreadful than that of any

slave that ever toiled unwarded or died of cruelty.

Instead of being "the monarch of all he surveyed,"

according to the flippant speech of fancy, he was a

desperate victim of destitution. When rescued from his

lonely desert, he was nothing like the Robinson

Crusoe of Daniel Defoe. His mental faculties had

greatly deteriorated; he had forgotten much of his

former knowledge, and had nearly lost the use of his

mother tongue. For want of human association, he

was fast relapsing into a brute.

When Casper Hauser was taken out of his dungeon

in Nuremberg, though it was afterwards ascertained

that there was no extraordinary defect in the constitution

of his mind, and he was then old enough to have

become a sophomore, yet, such was the effect of his

prolonged isolation, that he manifested as little intel-

ligence as a child whose days would not outnumber his

years.

In the early part of the settlement of New England

there occurred several instances of colonial white chil-

dren being captured by Indians, and well-educated into

ferocious savages. Such facts are natural enough, and

just as explicable as the proverb that "a man is known

by the company he keeps." In other terms, Commu-

nion is the instrument of education and the parent of

individual development.

"For in a wild, unknown to public view,

From youth to age a reverend hermit grew,"

only in the world of fiction. In fact, it is impos-

sible to live alone with comfort, and the love of society

is so natural, that a recluse life has rarely been at-

tempted, and only by such as are crazed by false reli-

gion or some capricious affection. Communion is a

law of human nature from which no man mind has any

desire to be absolved. Nevertheless, it is a progressive

art which few seem to understand, and fewer still have

learned to practice with satisfactory success. Every-

body piles it, but nobody finds it fully answerable to

the long-sighted aim of self-promotion. And yet this

very aim, illudabile as it appears, is to be realized a

thousand fold, in a dexterous application of the social

art. Mere popular incoherence occasions innumerable

blunders which, not understood as such, are commonly

regarded as crimes. I wish I knew how to convince

the jostling crowds that all social evils originate in

miscommunion, by which I mean the mistakes of good-

natured people who are only trying to enjoy each

other.

Mankind miscommunes in a great variety of ways—

politically, religiously, intellectually, industrially,

commercially, convivially, conjugal, parentally,

and educationally. A glance at these manifestations of

social error will suffice to show their conservative con-

nection with the most glaring evils in society. To

bring them distinctly before the reader's mind for the

above purpose, I must make a brief sketch of each;

and this by contrast will serve to quicken our concep-

tions of COMMUNION in a better social state. I begin

with a rough draught of

MISCOMMUNION IN CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

That rulers everywhere miscommune with the ruled,

or such as should be ruled, is evinced by the fact

that the ostensible end of government is nowhere

attained. For the professed aim of all rulers is to

suppress crime, whereas crime has never been sup-

pressed. Now the reason of this notorious failure

on the part of every civil power on earth, must be

either political impotence or gubernatorial incompe-

tence; either that rulers do not aim to suppress

crime, or that they are not able to suppress it. These

are the only possibilities. If the incubus of civil

power do not seek suppression of crime, then they are

rulers only in name; are themselves criminals; but if

their aim is not all pretence, then their failure to pro-

duce social harmony only demonstrates their political

inefficiency.

Though all civil powers seem to exist for no higher

end than to suppress crime, it is not to be inferred, from

this that mankind are really ungovernable, but rather

that no nation has as yet learned the art of governing.

This art, as the wise understand it, has never been

</

Till thou forget me not.

Many who would not for the world utter a falsehood are yet eternally scheming to produce false impressions on the minds of others, respecting facts, character and opinions.

truths and principles which Christ, the favored son, and numberless lesser mediums, have lived and died to unfold and propagate.

Like that solitary and faithful one, as he stood by the grave of Lazarus, we, too, must for the moment weep at a change which to the material senses seems so cold and cheerless:

H. A. TUCKER, Foxboro, Mass.
DR. H. F. GAUDNER, 49 Essex street, Boston, Mass.
DEKSTER DANA, East Boston, Mass.
JARED D. GAGE, Oneida, N. Y.
MRS. SARAH M. THOMPSON, Toledo, Ohio.
JOHN MATHEW DATENPORT, Iowa.

or handwriting, I am compelled to charge \$5.00; for
 tion to a single subject, or question, \$1.00. rica,
 No. 7 Davis street, Boston, on Saturdays, from 9 to 4 ber
 clock. Full oral examination at the office, \$1.00. good
 Address H. L. BOWSER, Watick, Mass Terro
 of the
 ov. 19. Oo

country
His me
all dies
with 1.
dce, sol
plied to

Address, Professor DEETOU, Baltimore, Md.
 enclosed. All manner of questions on love, law,
 by Spiritual Astrology. All letters faithfully re-
 419 April 14,

Table 1. *Continued*

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE NEW OR-
LEANS EXPLORE.

**ANOTHER VERSION OF THE NEW OR-
LEANS EXPOSURE.**

MEADON, EDITOR:—I have deferred writing you about the C. A. Newman, and other affairs in this city, because I thought others more personally interested would do so. Yet I am personally affected, as are all public mediums in a place like this, by the dishonest of our profession. When I arrived here, about Christmas, Mr. Newman had just begun to hold sittings, at 47 Dimples street, where I saw him for the first time, although I have many times been in places where he was stopping. I cannot say why he always hesitated to sit for me! I never witnessed much of his powers as a medium.

At the commencement here, I was told that his charges were two dollars an hour, which were soon increased to four and five dollars an hour. First, for an evening commencing at eight o'clock ten dollars, and subsequently twenty-five dollars, besides the presents; evening elocals at his office, commencing at half-past eight o'clock, price one dollar each person—number not to be less than six—generally from eight to ten.

In a few weeks there was a most wonderful excitement at the elocals; it was reported that hats, cigars, books, chairs, and other articles would leave their resting places, and be propelled against the heads or bodies of persons present in the dark. On one occasion, at a private residence, a plumed stool, weighing not less than twenty-five pounds, ran up the side of a physician present, and seated itself in the control of

But the most wonderful of all the manifestations,

was repeated to have occurred at the meeting of a party who were united in what was called "A Miracle Circle." In this circle, (composed of gentlemen and ladies of the keenest reputed intellect), tangible articles, such as watches, pious tracts, pencils, bracelets, gold coins, and other fancy ornaments, entered "a spiritual whirlwind," and, Elijah-like, mounted from earth to the residences of spirit friends in the other world; for which, in return, the members of that circle received some little token of mortality, said to "possess the magnetism of a thousand worlds!" Jewellers were busy making mementos thus to "go up," and also, cases to keep the presents of the spirits from mortal gaze; it always being enjoined upon the recipient never to let another, even of that circle, behold the article received.

"Charles Carroll, of Carrollton," was said to be one of the spirits engaged in exchanging mementos with one of his earthly admirers. His present consisted in a miniature chest, about half an inch by three-fourths of an inch in diameter, which the sitting spirit said "was an American family relic, which he had procured in the other world, and should again claim and take to himself, when this now earthly recipient exchanged it for his." "It was remarkable," say some of the initiated, "that whenever a choice of articles was given to the spirit—it always took the one of the highest earthly value, (usually dated gold pieces) in preference to smaller," and they wished the spirits had taken that which did not cost so much, as they could not see why men who use these earthly articles are in the heavenly home.

Redman's difficulties began to be manifest in the discharge of Mr. Leasing, of Baltimore, by which many became dissatisfied. It appears that previous to their visit South they had made an arrangement, so that Mr. Leasing was to receive a certain percentage of the receipts; and in this city, some time in January, that percentage amounted to about twenty dollars a day, which was considered by Redman too much for him to yield, "as he could easily get a clerk for two dollars a day;" and thus on the first of February, this trial and faithful friend, in whom all had confidence, was sent home. Mr. Leasing has made to himself many warm friends in this city.

I have made diligent inquiry, and I have not been able to find but one person who says he caught Mr. Redman making spurious spirit manifestations; "that he demanded back ten dollars, which was paid to him, and gave a promise that he would not expose him."

This gentleman affirms that this occurred before Bly came to the city. The others first obtained their knowledge of Redman's mode of deception by paying M. V. Bly ten dollars each for the secret mode and operation, upon which Mr. Redman was accused; and then in one instance made to pay back one hundred and ten dollars, being allowed to keep a portion of what he received, in consideration of "having given some other factory spirit communications." Redman was then advised to leave the city immediately to save his life, and Bly left about as suddenly, after delivering a lecture to East Fellows' Hall, declaring "all spirit manifestations tricks of mediums," for the reason that he

had continued demands on him to return money; that he had swindled out of his initials. Thus passes this eventful epoch in the mediumship of O. A. Redman. The general belief here is that he is a first class medium, but prostitutes his holy powers to mercenary ends.

Mr. Mansfield had agreed to come here, and was anxiously awaited, notwithstanding Bly told his audience and the public that "he dare not come, as he too, now was exposed; and hearing that he has returned without giving his name, many have been disappointed."

combined, has affected my success very materially. I cannot say whether I shall remain here through the summer or not. Yours truly, L. K. COOKE.

COURT OF DEATH.
THE Large and beautiful Colored Engravings of this Series
fine Moral Painting by REMBRANDT PEALS are being
sold

No other Engraving of the size (23 by 31 inches) of quality of this, can be bought in New York for less than \$1. It is only by securing 100,000 that they can be afforded for dollar.

As the Engraving forms a pleasing, beautiful, and instructive Parlor Ornament, no family can afford to be without

As several Clergymen, aided by Church Members, are now relieving themselves from church debts by the large commisions allowed on the sale of these engravings, it is thought

References:—Rev. Dr. Frimo, *Editor New York Observer*; Rev. Dr. Stevens, *Editor Christian Advocate and Journal*; Rev. Dr. Bright, *Editor Christian Examiner*; Rev. Dr. Foster, *Editor Christian Intelligencer*; Rev. Dr. Palmer, *New York*.

For one copy, \$1, and four letter stamps (19 cts.) per postage. Six Copies for \$5, without stamps, postage paid subscriber.

Those desiring letter of agency, with one copy and for members for the situation, will receive \$1.00 a copy.

to avoid mistakes, the Name of Town and State should plainly written. Address

G. Q. COLTON.
No. 41 Park Row, New York

Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs.
THE HORACE WATERS PIANOS AND MELODEONS,
deep, purity of tone, and durability, are unsurpassed.
Prices, reasonably. Send for a Piano and Melodeon.

H. J. GREEN, OF CORTLAND VILLAGE, N. Y., will forward, free of postage, on the receipt of the publisher's price, any one of the published works of Emerson, Park

Lydia Maria Child, Andrew Jackson Davis, E. H. Ophth,
 Henry Wind Boecher, and George W. Curtis; also, **Foundations upon the Boundaries of Another World**, by Robert Dale Owen, and the **Life of John Brown**, by Redpath.
 GREEN keeps for sale a general assortment of liberal
 Hygien books, Unitarian, Spiritual, Universalist, etc., etc.
 March 17. 33w

OZIAS GILLET,
MANUFACTURER,
And Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
CIGARS, TOBACCO, SNUF
Meerschaum Pipes, &c.

125 Hanover Street, (Diamond Block) Boston.
March 31.

NATIONAL HOUSE,
BY OLIVER STACKPOLE.
Corner of Blackstone and Green Streets, Boston.

Corner of Hazenstone and Cross Streets, Haymarket
Square, near Boston and Maine Depot, Boston.
BAGGERS taken to and from the Boston and Maine
Depot free of charge.
