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COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XIV. TEMPTATION AND TRIAL.

"Yet was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which shone, though wand'ring earthward now,
Her spirit's home was in the skies."—MOORE.

"Come to me, thoughts of heaven!
My fainting spirit here
On your bright wings, by morning given,
Up to celestial air."
Come in my templed hour,
Sweet thoughts! and yet again
O'er shafts with and memory shower
Your soft, effacing rain."—MRS. HEMANS.

After a few polite inquiries concerning the Senora's health, Manassah left the room; and Cosella, throwing aside all restraint, fell weeping on her friend's bosom. "Querida, mi hija!" (my beloved daughter), she fondly murmured, "tell me all! Somewhat grief weighs upon you; I see it in your altered countenance, your laggard step, your utter indifference to life, Cosella! Will you not confide in me, your second mother, your best, your truest friend?"

"I will, I will!" cried Cosella; "you shall know all, and advise me as a mother would a child. Oh, Senora Teresa! oh, mother! Salvador del Monte!" She covered her face with both hands, and turned aside, sobbing convulsively.

A shadow of surprise and anxiety passed over the Senora's face. It was the first time since her return that Cosella had mentioned that name. She said, with somewhat of impatience in her tone, "Well, my child, tell me of him."

"You know, my friend," she sobbed, "that I have loved him, that still, for his sake, I would forsake my father's faith. On my mother's grave he vowed eternal love to me; yet, since my return, not a message, not one token of remembrance, not a flower, even, has he sent to me! How have I floated in his affection? What have I done? why is he thus alienated, and I left so desolate?"

"No, no—do not desolate, not forsaken!" said Teresa de Almira, folding the weeping girl to her bosom; "here beats a maternal heart for thee, willing to protect and cherish, to accept thee as a daughter, for evermore! My husband, proud and stately as he be- comes, loves and esteems my Cosella; he will be a true father; my sons shall be thy brothers, our home thy resting place, dear, weary wanderer! The blessed Virgin's arms are opened to receive thee, the smiling Jesus beckons! Come to the church, my daughter! Forget this first, fleeting, romantic dream—forget Salvador del Monte!"

"Forget him?" cried Cosella. "Oh, Senora Teresa, have you never loved, that you so coldly, so cruelly bid me forget?"

The still beautiful and graceful matron smiled a quiet and significant smile, and fondly stroked the young girl's brow.

"You have been fortunate from your birth," she continued, mildly; "you have never felt the utter loneliness that has always been my portion. You have been blest with affection; how can you feel aught of want in a world so beautiful as yours? You can bid me forget the fondest hopes of my existence, bid me cast life and glory from me. Oh, my mother, if she were living, would not bid me forget?" And she turned aside, and wrung her hands in the bitterness of her reproachful mood.

"You are unjust, dear girl—you wrong your truest friend! You comprehend me not, beloved! I, who, with the holy Virgin's sanction, am in the place of your mother now, I would not inflict the smallest grief upon your heart, my child! I have not, spoken before, because I feared to grieve, to offend you. I know your pride and spirit; I know you have sorrow enough to bear, my patient one; but now I tell thee, speaking to thee as a mother does, he is unworthy of thy pure young love."

"Unworthy?" A faint color tinged Cosella's cheek—a great fear fluttered at her heart.

"Shall I speak, Cosella?" demanded the Senora in a low, faltering voice.

"Yes, speak, and tell me all, for I cannot live in this suspense; tell me what black wrongs have been between us, what wall of separation has been placed between our hearts?" cried the tortured girl, with wildly appealing glance.

With pity and tenderness Teresa gazed upon her, and sighed heavily; tears trembled in her eyes as she replied: "My child, come, give me your hands; rest your poor, throbbing head upon my bosom! Cosella, dearest, sorrow and disquietude come to all with time. Salvador del Monte loves a young woman! Stunt not, Cosella—let me finish my painful task. I had hoped you would have heard this from other lips. Whether she is his wife or his mistress one can tell. No one knows her family. She is young, and still beautiful, and is the mother of two children. We cannot believe him wedded; for he has sought several of our wealthiest and low-liest maidens, and after the consent of their parents and guardians was obtained, he broke from his promises, and returned to his first allegiance—to Inez Montardo—who, I have heard, is with him now in town. He usually keeps her secluded in a country house some twenty miles from here, so that few have seen her face. She receives few visitors, walks out only with him. It is a mystery, and its weight seems to prey upon Salvador himself. This I long knew, but dared not tell thee; it is a grievous task to me to tell this to my loving child!"

"It is the woman I behold! She is Inez Montardo; and she vowed love to me! Oh, it is not true—there is some terrible mistake—it was not Salvador!" cried the pale and agitated girl.

"By the blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel, by my

poison saint, it is true, my daughter—poor, crushed heart, it is the truth!"

"And you all allowed me to go, to return, to believe him! You left me to dream and hope so long! You told me not of this, that I might brand him a deceiver to his face! Oh, is this punishment for my forsaken faith? Am I indeed guilty, and justly decreed by God? I know not—I have none to advise and lead me! Is it trial to crush my soul for some great wrong? or is it but a passing dream, that darkens life? For this have I crossed the sea? have I wept and hoped and prayed for—for this, this awakening?"

With eyes upraised to heaven, clasped hands, and hurried utterance, she paced the floor, the first great shadow of a wrong inflicted by the hand she trusted, falling densely on the future she had pictured so vividly bright and beautiful.

Teresa vainly sought to calm her, to reason her into quiet, to speak to her of hope and a better love to come. It was in vain. In tears and sobs, in wild appeals to heaven, in outcries and reproaches, her grief found vent; and the friendly voices of consolation were unheard amid the tempest of her soul. When Teresa at length left her, it was in an exhaustion of grief; and the zealous believer trusted that, now that Salvador del Monte proved recreant to his love, the ministrations of sorrow would lead the wrong heart within the church's saving fold. She kissed her brow at parting, and fervently commended her to the Saviour's holy guardianship, to the blessed and sorrowing mother's care.

There was somewhat of consolation in Donna Teresa's heart while planning for Cosella's future. Her son Carlos loved the young girl, and had confided his hopes to his mother, who approved of his affection, and smiled encouragement upon him. Once recovered from the stunning blow of Salvador's faithlessness, a convert to the church, her daughter by the church's sanction, she would in time learn to love the handsome and agreeable Carlos, and by a union with him rejoice his parents' hearts.

But Cosella would never learn to look upon Carlos de Almira other than with a sister's eyes. The young man called sometimes at the quiet house, with flowers that his mother sent, with inquiries concerning the health of father and daughter. Strange to say, Manassah never expressed himself bitterly concerning these visits; he seemed to have laid aside his suspicions of the young man once so loudly unattractive. Cosella, entirely un-ware of the secret hopes entertained by her friend's son, whom she always called *hermano*, (brother), gladly welcomed his coming, and when her father was at home noted as interpreter between them.

Teresa de Almira called every day, and sought by every loving artifice to revive the drooping spirits, to cheer the fainting heart of the sorrowing girl. Ever gently, tenderly, she sought her to seek her home; protection, the sanction of holy church for removal from her harsh father's guardianship. Still Cosella wavered, and lingered, until the throbbing, wringing necessity impelled her on, and the timid, shrinking spirit acted for itself, took the first great step toward freedom and a better life.

One day young Carlos had delivered his mother's flower-message, and silent and embarrassed he sat opposite the pale, abstracted Cosella, regarding her with respectful tenderness. His heart was troubled for the sorrow so legible upon her face, he longed yet dared not, to seek her confidence.

He saw her start suddenly, color deeply, and tremble with sudden agitation; she waved her hand from the window; Carlos, rising hastily, beheld Salvador del Monte passing on the opposite side of the street. Her secret was revealed, and the shadow of a great disappointment fell on his young, proud, ambitious spirit. He heard her murmur, "He comes not!" and with a sudden impulse he seized her hand, kissed it tenderly, and withdrew without a word.

Cosella sat at the window, alternate hope and fear within her breast, for Salvador had bowed to her in passing. When Manassah returned home "Who has been here this afternoon?" he inquired.

"Carlos de Almira," she replied.

"Cosella, I want to talk to you," continued her father. "I disapprove entirely of your reserved and distant manner to some persons. I esteem the Senora Teresa, as much as my conscience permits me to esteem an unbeliever, and you, I have remarked, are shy and distant to her son, who, I am inclined to believe, looks on you with a favorable eye. Take my advice, and follow my bidding, and it will be well for you; do not cavil, and seek argument with me, it is not your place; leave all responsibility to me, and act my will. Do you hear, Cosella?"

"I do, but cannot comprehend what you demand of me," she replied.

"Teresa de Almira is wealthy; she loves you; you can exercise much influence upon her. Exercise it in behalf of your struggling, weary father. Be pleasant, and smile upon her son, and so reach the mother's heart, that she may acquiesce in our plans. The twilight shadows veiled Cosella's proud and scornful face; only her white dress fluttered in the cooling breeze, her hands moved nervously about.

"What is your plan?" she asked in a calm, cold determined voice.

"Cosella!" he replied eagerly. "I am engaged in a speculation that may make my fortune, but I need capital, I have not sufficient means. It is no sin to take from those unbelievers, we shall not impoverish them, for they have riches. Listen to this Carlos who I think loves you, smile upon him, fondle him, mother, and obtain from her the sum I need; I will never, never, ask this favor of you again, Cosella, but a fortune is to be won, girl! a few unmeaning words can obtain it."

"So rose and stood before him. "Would you sanction my love for a Christian?"

"Holy father Abraham! no, girl. Why ask me such a question? I mean that you shall only feign an affection—I would curse you forever, if you dared to make it real!"

"So for mercenary purposes, you would have me lie, and simulate the holiest feelings in our nature; you would make of me a vile and base deceiver, a

thing, a thing of seeming, a false, degraded being, dreading all things evil for the love of gold!" her voice was loud and shrill with the intensity of its indignation.

"By our blessed law-giver, girl! not so loud! Dare you think yourself possessed of more honor than your father, your guardian, who is responsible for every act? As yet, you are in my power; do my bidding, or, as I live, I will so embitter your life that you will be glad to obtain peace and rest by the means which I dictate! Did she, the departed, ever oppose my will?"

"You plunged one of the purest souls into error and degradation; you steeped her pure heart in all the blackness of remorse! I do not—dare not invoke the memory of my mother! If ever angels surrounded you, it was because she invoked them by her patient smiles!"

"Girl, this is enough! your tongue's free license must be limited. Silence!" he thundered; "never speak of her as a martyr, and a saint! She was my tool, my slave, as you shall be, by heaven!"

"No! by the God of truth and justice—never! You broke her heart, mine you shall not wither by the blight of sin. I will not pander to your greed of gain! I will not feign affection or friendship, to forward one mercenary design of yours! I will not steep my soul in falsehood! Never, hear you, for your sake, will I step out of the path of right."

He rushed upon her in the gathering darkness; his heavy hand descended on her shoulders thrice; she was about to scream for help, when a loud knock at the door was heard. With an oath, Manassah re-leased her; with clenched hands and loudly throbbing heart, from which at that moment every gentle feeling, every better feeling was swept away, Cosella rushed to her chamber, crying wildly as she sped past him—

"You are no longer my father! I scorn and de-precise you, and you touch me again at your peril!"

He stood for a moment overwhelmed with astonishment; then seizing his hat he left the house, in his blinded fury seeing not, caring not, who was the visitor admitted to his daughter's presence.

It was Salvador del Monte! Tremblingly Cosella returned to meet him; she had arranged her hair, bathed her tearful eyes, and readjusted her disordered dress. There was a tempest within her soul, faring resolute, and half-frenzied, vague and recurring wishes; wishes that bordered upon the unknown confines of sin were nestling to her heart! She raised her eyes; the face of Salvador was sad, yet tenderness was beaming from it, and the smile of joyous welcome sat on his lips. Carmela had placed the lamp of coconut oil with its controlling warmth on a everspring upon the table; the Hebrew volume lay close beside it.

"Welcome to Santa Lucia, Cosella!" were the first words Salvador addressed to her; they swept away the mountain land of doubt and fear, the wild despair so long an inmate of her heart.

"Am I welcome, welcome to you, Salvador?" she eagerly demanded, and her hand was extended in greeting.

"Ever welcome I ever dare and welcome!" he replied, as he took the extended hand within his own, and held it long.

"Why have you not called before?" she ventured to inquire. She saw a shadow sweep athwart his face.

"Listen to me, Cosella," he replied; "I come to your presence in fulfillment of a duty. I owe you an explanation for my seeming neglect; it was, for love, for tenderness, for respect for you, Cosella, that I came not, that I answered not your letter from Europe, your messages to me since your arrival. I must speak to you to-night, even if your father returns. I must claim and obtain this interview. Cosella, I dreamed, I hoped, you would forget me!"

She looked him in the face, without a word. He saw that it had paled, that its outlines were sharpened by grief and blight; he sighed for pity, with conflicting feelings.

"I know that you suffer much; that you deserve a happier lot," he continued. "From the pages of your Journal I have read your heart and sufferings; willingly, gladly would I lend you forth into a life of love and peace—but, Cosella, I may not!"

He saw her blush with terror, turn faint with suddenly departing hope. In his strangely vacillating nature, the slumbering tenderness awoke again; his voice was soft and melodious, as he entreated her to forgive him.

"Yet you promised to love me, upon my mother's grave; you vowed that I alone should be the one near and dearest to you! Do you remember, Salvador?" How mournful sounded the reproachful accents!

"I did," he falteringly replied; "and I do love thee, Cosella; but I can never wed thee or any other woman!"

She started from beside him; no sound escaped her pulsing lips; only her mate, reproachful, and be-seeing gaze, riveted upon his countenance, told of the deep agony within. He had been less than human had he not pined her.

"I would not have led thee on to love me, Cosella," he said, in faltering tones; "but I knew your love heart pined for sympathy. I thought you loved me first."

"I?" Surprise, indignation, unconscious maiden-pride spoke in that quickly-uttered little word.

"Carmela told me so," he continued; "and for the love of one so good; I would not prove ungrate-ful." Cosella, a vow that oft has galled my spirit, shines me to another; I cannot, dare not forsake her; it is not love that binds me now, and yet I cannot give thee, I honor, thy fitting place. We must not meet again; or, if, indeed, thy love for me be strong, we need not part. Choose for thyself. I will lead thee hence, and thou shalt be all to me—I will be dedicated to thy happiness!"

She had aroused from the first shock of bewilderment, and though her lips were bloodless, and a shudder thrilled her frame, she said, in a firm voice that faltered not at all: "Are you wedded to this Inez Montardo your wife?"

"Who told you her name?" he cried; "no, Cosella,

I am not married; and yet a vow I dare not break, binds me to her forever. I cannot tell you how all this came about; it was my youth and inexperience, his grace and beauty that enslaved me. I know, now, that she is not my soul's ideal. I know one who would respond to all my highest, noblest aims, my loftiest ambition; one whose mind is a repository for the beautiful, whose heart is the throne of poetry and music, an embodiment of the spiritual and the pure! I would love this child of nature; worship this poetess; breathe with her the airs of dream-land; bend in homage, not alone to outward loveliness, but lowly bend to mind and spirit-beauty. Pity and condemn me not—for, Cosella, I dare not!"

She understood him well. Anew the blissful security of yore stole to her fluttering heart, and stilled awhile its pain. Again the music breath of words, profound, alas! too often by worldly usage, stole to her listening ear. With the sighing of regret, the hushed tone of sorrow, she heard the blessed words, "I love thee!"

A vision spread before her of the secluded, flower-environment home of love; the skies above it were radiant with golden light, and resolute with the reflec-tions of soul; the air was full of melody, the flowers there glowed in the diamond dews; the gemmed leaves danced exulting to the music-freighted wind's request; the ocean sung its hymn of perpetual joy! The voices of the clamoring world reached not that peaceful spot; the blissful solitude was untroubled, save by the presence of the one beloved, the linger-ing footsteps of the angels. From trees, and fount, and ocean, leaf and flower, sky and sun-gleam, the sweetly tempting voices called: "Come from the world, the strife, the unending conflict! Come to the home of peace and love!"

She stood like one entranced; and he read well the passing emotions of her soul. Athwart the melodious waves, wafting her spirit to forgetfulness, came the voice, the words so dear: "I love thee, Cosella; wilt thou not abide with love and me? What is the world, its forms and usages, to thee?"

The world! what had it done for her? Solitude had enriched her mind and heart; abroad the per-versions, the intolerance, the grossness of her fellows, repelled the loving, generous, aspiring spirit. The world's condemnation—though young and untaught, she knew that it rested on the purest motive and the most exalted action; that often its crown of bays decked mercenary brows; its judicial censure, and its robes of honor, were bestowed on plotting, worldly tricksters; that the gorgeously woven veil of fashion and conventionalism concealed the monstrous vices, the hideously repellent sins and mockeries of society. Intentionally, the innocent girl knew this; and, love to her, was sacred, lasting—it drained out of earthly decoration, or of sin against its innate holiness.

And yet he who would have tempted that pure, young soul to error, was not wholly evil in his vacillating nature; but his spirit had not grown to the heights of sacrifice, to the glory of renunciation. Long had he struggled with the purely material bond that fettered him to Inez Montardo; his spirit had gone forth in search of a purer, higher affection—had sought the embodiment of what his toiler faculties, his spiritual nature, craved for in woman; and ever the oft-dwelling earthly attraction, the mistaken sense of honor, had led him back into the bondage that dragged his spirit down—twined around its up-springing wings—the chains of sense, that left that spirit powerless for good.

He told her that he loved her, now that he knew and appreciated her mind and heart; he drew a glowing picture of the future, all imbued with the diviner light of heaven; no grosser flattery, no word that could have aroused her pure soul's indignation, did he utter. With fervid eloquence, with respect-ful tenderness, he besought her to become his saving, guiding angel, And so?

"Oh, blame her not, I hope awhile
I dwelt in her soul, and threw her into
O'er hours to come!"

And that, beholding only hope, and love, and free-dom, she forgot awhile the fearful cost at which these precious boons alone could be purchased.

She was alone, unaided by outward strength, walled in by no home sanctities, guarded by no warning tones of love. Already the words of ascent trembled on her lips; beneath the wondrous spell her yielding heart sent the rich love tide to her face, illumining its paleness with a fervid joy. She ad-vanced to Salvador, she was about to place her hand in his, when a low, vague sound—a note of memory, struck by the passing angel of the hour—vibrated to Cosella's soul. The spirit aroused from the un-holy enchantment; the fearful wrong stood fully revealed, before her—no more a rose-crowned angel, but a looming horror and a fearful doom!

"A sound, as if a spirit's wing
Had struck a chord from out the string,
I recall clearly through the hushed saloon,
And did it aye beneath the moon."

Clear, silvery, thrilling, with intense solemnity the words of the dying Shira re-echoed through the silent room, heard only by the startled soul: "Be ever pure and true!" There was no dread of the world's conventional scorn; no fear of human inter-diction came to overcast the soul's desire for free-dom with a glowing light; it was the spirit's intui-tion, the mandate of the divine, the warning utterance of the inner consciousness, that aroused her from that dangerous dream; it was the spirit-mother's hand that broke the fascinating web; it was the aiding angel-band that strengthened the young girl's fainting heart in this her tempted hour!

She knew not that guardian angels hovered near; that the air was musical with the songs of their encouragement. She felt them not stroking her throbbing brow, inspiring her heart with the love of right. But the extended hand was quickly with-drawn; the crimson dash died out from her face; the pain and the suffering returned to her breast; but with it, mingled firm resolve, unshaken deter-mination. Salvador saw and felt the sudden change. Her voice startled him, it was so unnaturally firm, so strangely it vibrated to his soul!

"Go!" she said, and there was sorrow but no anger in the tone; "come not again into my pres-

ence; return to Inez Montardo; I will not become as she is. If you cannot break unholy bonds, you cannot keep the holiest vow. I forgive you, Salva-dor; but come not here again. Never will I look on your face again. Yet one word more: I never sought your love; you sent me daily gifts of flowers; Carmela said they were the offerings of your love. Dream me not so devoid of pride and feeling as to seek affection unbestowed. Henceforth there is one sanctuary only for my affections—it is in Heaven!"

He would have detained her, he would have poured forth his soul in pent-up passion for the pain inflicted, he would have told her of Carmela's treachery, but she glided from the room; he heard her swiftly re-tracting footsteps along the passage. With sorrow, shame, remorse in his bosom, he fled from the house, nearly overturning Carmela at the door. To his muttered malediction upon her for her falsehood, she replied with a mocking and exultant laugh, that rang in his ears like a death-knell.

When Manassah returned home he found Cosella in her chamber, lying on a lounge, her dark curls veiling her face, immovable and apparently sleeping. He called her several times, and, receiving no an-swer, muttered: "The girl slept like a stone," and left her, as he deemed, to repose and silence.

The morning sun shone on the colorless face, the pain stamped upon the wrong heart covered from the light of day, and longed for the darkness even of eternal night! Undisplaced human affections, un-developed faculties, unappreciated powers—strength-ened, subdued, and spiritualized by suffering, you were preparing for the future's might and glory!

CHAPTER XV. THE VIRGIN'S SHRINE.

"In the deep hour of dreams,
Through the dark woods, and past the mooning sea,
And by the starlight gleams,
Mother of sorrows, lo, I come to thee!"

"The troubled joy of life,
Love's lightening happiness, my soul hath known,
And worn with fervent strife,
Would add its wings—take back, take back thine own."—HEMANS.

On the brow of a sloping hill, amid a dense grove of cedars, beneath a rude canopy of stone, stands the weather-beaten, yet romantic shrine of the "Vir-gin of Solitude;" and her image, attired in ermine robes, a crown of sun-rays on her head, is decked with the daily flower-offerings of her votaries. The face is sweetly pensive; a mighty inspiration of love and grief gave to the artist's soul the power to form that image of sorrowful beauty. The fierce tropical storms often rend her robes, and tear the diadem from the placid brow; the tear drops of the storm cling to her trailing vestments, and glisten with a living semblance on the marble cheek. Her maiden votaries renew the faded robes, and replace, with love and reverence, the fallen crown. The fondly superstitious believe that she performs many mir-a-cles, and the loving and sorrowing, repair to her shrine to implore her motherly intercession for the object of their affections. The flower-wreath of the surrounding gardens appears to be lavished on the place; the air is replete of fragrance; the stream-let, leaping over its pebbly bed, bears flowery trophies to awaiting oceans; garlands and chains of choicest blossoms hang from the stony archway; the Virgin's robe sweeps showery of lilies to the ground; the feet press on a carpeting of roses. The sunlight falls, quivering and subdued, athwart a mass of foliage, tropical and luxuriant; the stars of heaven gleam magnificently brilliant on the wavelet's course; the moon illumines with resistless charm the up-turned, pensive face, the small and delicately sculp-tured features of Mary, that, imbued with lifelike fervency, seem ready to hearken in mute appeal. Some cunning device of art has colored and illu-minated the upturned eye, that ever seems swimming in a mist of tears.

And there Cosella, the Jewish maiden, often kneels in prayer, at morn and eve; escaping her father's vigilance, and the gloom of unshared thoughts. Thither, with Teresa de Almira, she wends her way, and weeps her tears upon the flowery soil. Thither, when the curtain of night enfolds the slum-bering shore, she sits and dreams, and thinks the mysterious voices of the grove and sea give answer to her wordless prayer.

One early morn—stars yet twinkled faintly in the roseate mist of dawn—Cosella came to the sweet shrine alone, a fragrant offering of pure white lilies in her hand. She started with surprise, with wonder-ment and admiration as she neared the spot; for kneeling there, she saw the Virgin's living counter-part, a lady clad in mourning robes, whose pale and beautiful countenance was uplifted in earnest de-votion, whose dark eyes swam in tears, while the sweet lips moved in supplication.

The young girl gazed upon her as if she were some vision of spiritual beauty thus suddenly em-bodied before her in that silent and poetic spot. The golden hair that lay in massive braids upon her cheek, the delicately molded hands, the wondrous eyes, the girlish figure, the thought-matured and intellectual brow, the indescribable charm of her face and attitude—all bound Cosella with a power of enchantment, speechless, admiring, thrilled and wondering to the spot. Where had she seen that face, so strangely beautiful? Never to her waking sight had those Madonna eyes been turned; yet somewhere surely, maybe in the land of dreams, their soulful glances had rested upon her, even as now they rested on the Virgin Mother's face.

The lady turned and saw Cosella standing there with folded hands; a flush of vague recollection stole to her cheek, far back into the linked past her star-gaze wandered; that dark haired, pale and pen-sive girl—where had they met before? She could not solve the problem—unknown, yet strangely near to her; unseen until that hour, and yet so familiar in every lineament—surely they had met in dreams if not in actual life.

"This is a sweet spot for prayer and contempla-tion, Senora."

The stranger started, and the rose-tinted dyed her very brow. What was there in the plaintive melody

of young Cosella's voice, that so strangely, wildly stirred her heart?

"A fitting place of prayer, indeed," she replied, but her sweet voice faltered with its strange emotions, and to Cosella's troubled soul came soothingly the love tones of that voice.

She looked into the lady's face; so much of hol-iness and peace was there, of strength and purity, of faith and resignation, the sorrowing one bent her heart in homage to its spiritual power. She said low and eagerly:

"You are a stranger here, Senora; I never met with you before."

But to Solita's listening soul there came the un-uttered thought, "You are a friend, long fore-shadowed in my heart's best dreams."

"I live in Santa Maria," replied the lady.

"I know thee and I love thee," fervently respon-ded spirit unto spirit.

"Will you sit down beside me?" said Solita, mo-tioning to the flowery seat at the foot of the rude shrine.

She smiled assent, and placed in her hand the lily offering destined to the Virgin. Her hand lingered long in Solita's clasp; a sweet, soothing in-fluence was upon her, as if near and living, the face of Shira beamed upon her, and the peace of by-gone days returned. As if pitying angels had led her to the sanctuary of one true human heart, forgetting present woes and future dread, she sat like one en-tranced in paradisaic vision, blessed and favored by that one glimpse of Heaven's outward darkens of her lot. Alas! that ruthless hands should tear her thence, that the inexorable fate yet went forth: "On—on through life and trial; thou art not reassured yet!"

And yet, oh blinded human-foresight! oh doubting human heart! the ruthless hands obeyed the angel's mandates, to themselves unknown; the decree of trial was the trumpet tone of Divinest love, re-vealed in suffering.

"You are in mourning, lady?" said Cosella, softly, gazing tenderly into the face so sweet and calm.

"I have worn this garb for several years; not that I mourn my friends or relatives, but because I like it. My parents dwelt with God long since. I am alone on earth."

The mournful melody, the lofty resignation of those words!

"And I wear mourning for my mother," faltered Cosella, and the quick tears started to her eyes and fell upon Solita's hand.

She said no word of consolation, and made no protestations of relief or friendship, but silently, lovingly she kissed the mourner's brow, and folded to her beating heart the sorrow-bowed young head.

The long-repressed emotion of Cosella gave way beneath these silent demonstrations of truth and love. The crushed spirit revived beneath the salu-tary showers of awakened feeling; she sobbed upon the stranger's breast, and with tears and kisses she asked her name.

"Solita Mendez," replied the embodied Purity and Grace. "You are not a native of our land," she continued, twining around her slender fingers the dark brown curls of her weeping companion. "Your accent is English, though in complexion and manner you are like the children of the sun. I speak Eng-lish, too, my friend."

She said "my friend," in the grateful mother tongue, and Cosella, now able to converse more freely, joyfully clasped her arms around the now-fond friend, and cried:

"You speak my native language?"

"I do; and you speak ours well—only your accent betrays you somewhat. Now I will tell you my his-tory, then demand in just return the narration of yours." A sweet smile accompanied her words.

The glorious sun had risen, and the sea was aglow with crimson light. Scattered darkness, life im-bued, seemed dancing on its scarcely rippled sur-face. Full, grand, and free, varied and harmoniously blended, arose from thickets, grove and forest, the matin song of birds. The sky's blue canopy was spread, and fleecy, golden-edged clouds peered from its depths, like sunny-glazed cherub heads, heaven's infant world of beauty, keeping watch over awakened earth. The fishing-boats sped swiftly across the tranquil waters, and the lagging sails of ships drooped idly. The leaves and flowers whis-pered low unto each other, and the tall grass swayed in greeting fragrance to the morn. The Virgin's shrine had not yet been decorated, but at her feet lay scattered the flowery tokens of the arch above; and a garland of white roses, blushing pomegranate blossoms and dark green myrtle leaves, was also there. It was the votive offering of Solita to her patron Lady.

They sat together, hand in hand, telling each other of their lives and aspirations; of their hopes and dreams. Solita's story was soon told; and Cosella related, with many tears that harked her utterance, of her joyless and solitary life, of her mother's death, of her utter loneliness and desolation in a foreign land.

"You have a father still left to you; rejoice in the possession of that one sweet earthly tie," said Solita, with uplifted glance to heaven.

She saw not the added pallor that overspread the young girl's face; she saw not that her lips were about to unclose in a harrowing revelation; but, rising from her seat, she said:

"Come, if you can, to-morrow, at the same hour. This is a holy meeting-place for friends. But to-day, if you have leisure, and desire to see me, call at the first house on the hill in the Calle del Monte; you will find me at home. Or, my friend, I will call upon you."

Embarrassment and confusion held Cosella speech-less. The Calle del Monte! It had been named so by the father of Salvador, the proud Hidalgo, who once held it as his own. How the name recalled the poignant memories that would not slumber! She dared not

by "a capital fellow" a fellow who has capital, and a martyr in the stocks would draw forth more of their resources than a martyr at the stake.

On THURSDAY, it is said that several English clergymen attended the late trial in England.

"A case without a parallel, is no case at all," as the compositor said, who worked on Scott's Family Bible.

A GRAVE PHILOSOPHER.—The text.

The U. S. Senate Judiciary Committee have under consideration the Bannan case, together with the resolution referred to them some time since to regard to the same matter, and will shortly report a bill giving full authority to the Senate through its officers to compel the attendance of witnesses. They intend to mature a bill giving them the same authority and power that the Courts possess in compelling the attendance of witnesses, which will meet all cases that may hereafter arise.

An AVERTED OLEAGYMAN.—A clergyman, not thirty miles from Brighton, Eng., who was noted for his affected pronunciation, went to a shoemaker and ordered a pair of boots to be made. A few days after he called and inquired if they were ready, and was answered in the negative. "Will they be ready by next Wednesday?" asked the clergyman. "No," said the shoemaker, "but you shall have them by next Thursday."

The West is suffering for want of rain. A Des Moines paper says it is six months since they have had any rain, and from present appearances the Mormon prophecy, that there will be no rain for two years, is likely to be fulfilled.

The New York Observer recites the case of a young lady cured of malignant lock-jaw, after the physicians had declared it incurable, by an old lady, who merely bound mashed beet roots to the wound made by a rusty nail in her foot, that had caused the difficulty, and kept changing them as often as they became dry. A remedy so simple should be remembered.

Recent excavations in the ruins of Athens have brought to light many old curiosities. A pedestal which, as the inscription shows, supported the statue of Lycurgus Lycophron, has been found, and a decree of the Senate of Athens, in honor of that distinguished citizen and orator; also a number of inscriptions belonging to the second century of the Christian era, which are to be published in the archaeological papers.

Whatever awakes me through life's changing scenes—Where'er on earth I may range—My constant companion through will have been

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But people who have inherited higher faculties and better opportunities, and who claim to be the conservators of public morality, are entitled to no such indulgence. Their conduct should be just and fairly, but fearfully, tried by the moral and Christian criteria which they profess to respect and defend. And what must be the honest judgment of reason and conscience respecting the conduct of such professedly moral journals as are eager and swift to accept the wares of this unrighteousness, by publishing—with pictorial illustrations—the demoralizing details of such criminal brutality? Are they ignorant of the irreconcilable law whereby men do not associate with the mental and moral as well as the physical elements with which they are surrounded? Have they yet to learn that association with the very crimes that startle and shock the uncorrupted mind and heart, is always dangerous, especially to the young whose characters are not yet completely established? Is it not obvious that the plastic mind of the young accommodates itself to the presence and contemplation of foul deeds and characters, until their naked deformity is viewed with complacency? And do they not know that men actually become vicious by becoming familiar with vice?

The objects to be secured by publishing the revolting details of prize fights are sufficiently obvious to a careful observer. The enterprising journalist must keep pace with the times. It will never do to be far behind his contemporaries, even in going to perdition. And so the daily and many of the weekly journals spread out the records of infamy with a view of securing a larger circulation by thus ministering to the morbid appetites and depraved passions of the multitude. The ostensible object may be very different from the one we have named. It may even be a professed regard for the highest interests and the moral reformation of the community. This remark is justified by a recent illustration. If our memory is not at fault, there was a time when one of our principal dailies possessed so nice a moral sense that it hesitated to advertise for the theatres; but the Tribune of the 30th ultimo devotes some five columns to descriptions of the late contest for the championship of England and America. We will give the journal the full benefit of its own excuse for this publicity. Here it is:

"We publish quite as much as we deem wholesome concerning the Bayers and Beeson 'International' fight—we hope enough to make every reader loathe the idea of another such contest anywhere or over on earth."

If we are authorized to draw any inference from this language, it is that a limited portion of the details of such brutal exhibitions—not exceeding five columns at any one time—may possibly exercise a beneficial moral influence, inasmuch as it serves to produce disgust, and thus to inspire—a preference for social order, a love of peace, and a taste for divine things generally. But we are assured by our own observation, not less than by the testimony of an Apostle, that "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" and if it be true that many young and thoughtful people are constantly becoming depraved by the influence of the base thoughts and practices of others, it must follow that the further we remove them from the presence and contemplation of such examples, the more effectively shall we conserve the moral interests of society.

But, if the philosophy of the Tribune's excuse be sound, why should it not act on the same principle in its efforts to suppress every other form of moral and social disorder? The same logic must be equally good in other cases. If partial details of the prize fighting operate as a good medicine for the moral constitution, why may not the exhibition of other forms of iniquity and baseness—at least to a limited extent—have a salutary influence in cleansing the social system, and in revivifying the moral health of the people? We have a statute that prohibits the publication and sale of obscene books; but according to the moral philosophy of human nature and human actions now under review, it might be "wholesome" to publish a chapter, occasionally, from some lascivious author, in order to inspire a feeling of disgust for the whole book, and for all similar works; and also with a view of restraining and subduing the disordered passions of the people. It would obviously be very improper and demoralizing to print all the profane language that is used in New York; but if there is any logical or moral force in the reasoning of our able and influential contemporary, we are left to conclude that the publication of a column of swearing, now and then, would produce a more general detestation for blasphemy, and, at the same time, excite a rational reverence in the community.

Naturalism and Supernaturalism.

We copy the following paragraph from the New York Monitor. The writer talks vaguely when he in states "that there are no such phenomena as supernatural causes," etc. All natural causes are veiled and invisible. In this relation the word cause is defined to be "that which produces an effect." Phenomenon is derived from the Greek, and signifies to appear. Phenomena may, therefore, be defined to be the apparent or visible effects of such invisible causes. We know of no spiritual writer of any eminence who is as utterly heedless of all proper distinction as to confused causes, natural and supernatural, with their phenomenal aspects or effects in the manner that our neighbor has done in the instance under review:

"The Supernatural.—Though the human mind is so different constitutionally that we should not so severely condemn those who honestly believe in the existence of supernatural agencies, manifesting themselves on earth, yet nothing is clearer to a well-balanced mind, of strong reasoning powers, than the truth that there are no such phenomena as supernatural causes or powers in existence. Everything that exists in Nature, every object in matter, every phenomenon witnessed by mortals, is perfectly natural, takes place in perfect accordance with the immutable and unchangeable laws of Nature, or, at least, of the great First Cause, who, by the human race, what a vast amount of credulity, imposture, deception and error would be avoided, and how much better it would be for the world."

The questions that relate to the existence of supernatural agents and occurrences must be answered affirmatively or negatively, according to the definition given to the word Nature. If we understand Nature to comprehend the invisible forces with the tangible elements and forms of matter; and if we also include in the natural category the unseen but immutable laws that regulate all natural processes and formations, then, obviously, all is natural. On the contrary, if we decide that Nature only embraces so much of the universal economy of being as naturally falls within the sphere of sensuous observation, it will appear that the natural operations of the human mind, and all the mysterious phenomena that point the finger back to the realm of invisible causes and irresistible forces, are supernaturally performed. If our neighbor inclines to his conception and definition of Nature, the soul—the invisible, vital principles of things, as well as their material forms—there is nothing supernatural; but if he does not, even the normal operations of the universe and man are supernaturally performed. In either case, all processes and all events are strictly natural in the sense of being compatible with, or subject to, the essential principles and fundamental laws of Mind and Matter.

Now if Man, as to his spiritual and indelible constitution, is not an integral part of the grand economy of the natural world, it must follow that the exercise of his faculties, affections, and all his voluntary powers, are supernatural operations and endowments. But if our definition of Nature be sufficiently comprehensive to include the human intelligence, then, of necessity, mind belongs to Nature, and all the powers of body, soul, and spirit, are natural powers. Moreover, all the functions of the mind, whether performed in the present or the future—before or after the death of the body—are natural functions. Thus all phenomenal manifestations of the presence and the powers of departed human spirits would inevitably be included in the comprehensive category of Nature. The whole controversy of Naturalism versus Supernaturalism is thus narrowed down to a definition. Let the two parties agree as to how much they will include in the domain of Nature, and the great discussion that has agitated the church and the world so long, will terminate at once and forever.

All the material elements and organic forms, all physical phenomena, and all human events, are natural in the general sense which implies that they are governed by established laws. But if our statement be predicated of primary causes, and especially, if it pro-

ceeds to regard the ultimate sources of all the forces, forms and phenomenal aspects of being—all are supernatural, inasmuch as God is superior to all the objects of his creation. If in this important sense our contemporary is pleased to assume that "there are no supernatural causes in existence," his assertion is a delusion, at best. It is unqualified *Falsehood*, since he denies the existence of any God but Nature.

Four friends of the Monitor means to affirm or imply that it is impossible for "a well-balanced mind of strong reasoning powers" to entertain the idea, that the spirits of departed human beings still retain, and may therefore continue to exercise, all the powers that naturally belong to them—we dispute the assumption, and we affirm that the nature of the case, no less than the facts of human experience in all ages and countries, authorize and enforce an opposite conclusion.

A single remark and we have done. Our contemporary, by virtue of the name he has chosen—assumes to be a wise counsellor or faithful monitor; and yet he stands in shadow and leaves us equally in the dark while he meddles with Spiritualism in his own vague and peculiar manner. If he is disposed to entertain his claims, and be regarded as a wise and faithful instructor, he will perhaps clearly define his position, that we may know precisely where to find him on any future occasion.

National Quarterly Review.

We learn from a Circular that Messrs. Putney and Russell, of this city, will issue—on or about the first of June next—the initial number of a New Literary Quarterly, which will doubtless take rank with the ablest of the Foreign Reviews. It will be truly catholic and eminently cosmopolitan in spirit and character, deriving its varied attractions from the Authors and Books of the highest merit within the range of American, English, French, German, Italian and Spanish Literature.

Some years since, Stringer and Townsend published an *International Magazine*, which in the main evinced decided ability. But the principal Editor was disqualified for the place and the duty assigned him, by his strong personal and sectarian prejudices, and the feelings of rivalry and resentment which caused him to overlook or to pursue, with undisciplined hostility, some of the brightest geniuses in American Literature. A book has just been published to vindicate the character of one whom he covertly pursued while living, and whose name and memory he stored to dishonor and to deride when death had seemed to have laid him at once to rest and to fear.

It is not enough for the man who assumes such a responsibility, to possess a large and familiar knowledge of the current literature of the world; he must also possess liberal views, a critical taste, and a dispassionate judgment. These qualifications are quite essential to a brilliant, honorable and lasting success, as extensive information and a practical experience. In the assignment of the editorial responsibility of the new Quarterly to PROF. E. I. SEARS, the Publishers have manifested a wise discrimination. That gentleman is already widely and favorably known through his very able contributions to the Westminster Review, the Dublin University Magazine, North American Review, Barnard's American Journal of Education, and other similar works. His papers on various important subjects clearly indicate the possession of a genial disposition, a generous heart, and enlightened and comprehensive views of men and things. Prof. Sears is certainly an able reviewer and a fine scholar, having read the French, German, Italian and Spanish Literature in those languages. At the same time he is free from the influence of local circumstances and the domination of national prejudices which warp the judgments of so many learned men and otherwise competent critics.

clairvoyance and Discernment.

The opinions of the most scientific physicians respecting the seat of disease in their patients, have often proved to be wholly erroneous, and consequently their treatment is sometimes fatally misapplied. We are acquainted with a lady, who resided in Bond street for several years, and being in delicate health, was treated professionally, and for a long time, by one of our most distinguished allopathic physicians. While away from home at one time, there occurred a sudden and unfavorable change in her disease, which rendered it necessary to summon a medical council. The lady's medical adviser from this city, and two or three other physicians were present. The unanimous decision—rendered at nine o'clock p. m.—was, that the disease was of the liver and spleen, and that the lungs were not diseased. At nine o'clock on the following morning, the patient discharged a pint of matter from an abscess in the lungs, and died in thirty minutes.

Now precisely where science fails of giving reliable information, it is well known that Clairvoyance comes to our assistance; and that, by the aid of this remarkable power, the precise condition of each vital organ may be perceived and accurately described. The clairvoyant developments through Mrs. Mettler—published some time since in the BANNER—furnish the most demonstrative evidence on this point. Mrs. W. R. HAYMAN is now giving daily illustrations of her clairvoyant powers—in her interesting and important examinations of Invalids—at No. 1 Waverly Place, in this city.

Gene to the Higher Life.

ALONZO B., son of William A. and Louisa W. Liden, after an illness of two weeks, departed this life from the residence of his parents, in Brooklyn, L. I., on Sunday evening, May 5th, 1860, aged fifteen years and six months.

Alonzo had recently returned from Hopkinton, Mass., where he was at school. He was a generous and noble boy, possessing many qualities calculated to endear him to his friends, who, notwithstanding his seeming departure and absence, still rejoice in the certain proofs of his actual presence. The last struggle had been over but a few hours, when he returned to demonstrate anew the fact that death is but a mere circumstance in a life that is far reaching and immortal.

SPIRITUAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Spirit at Lawrence.

Remarkable Spiritual Phenomena are occurring at Lawrence, Mass., as we learn from the private correspondence of an intelligent and influential citizen of that place, who is doubtless known to many of our readers. The letter from which the subjoined extracts are taken, was written some time since, and addressed to Mr. T. A. Deussen, of Chicago, who—with the consent of the writer—has placed it in our hands, to be disposed of as our judgment may dictate. The letter was elicited by a notice in the *Chicago Journal*, that "one Spencer" was "exposing Spiritualism" in that town.

We may observe, in transit, that those who engage in this exposing business, seldom fail to make their ignorance of the whole subject sufficiently manifest, while they as frequently expose their own unfairness by disregarding the positive testimony of the very witnesses whom they are thus instrumental in calling to the stand. As Spiritualism has already been exposed by an indefinite number of similar pretenses to a knowledge of its mysteries—all for the sake of truth and the best interests of the community—"the cause" will probably be safe for a few days, should those indelible preachers of truth and righteousness take time to hear the witnesses, revise their superficial theories, and correct their false judgments.

The witness referred to—whose direct testimony is given in the following extracts from his letter—is J. C. BOWKER, Esq.

As there have been some rather remarkable manifestations of invisible power and intelligence at my house during the past few weeks, I propose to ask the credit gentlemen, (except through you, to explain and expose the medium of certain facts which I am about to relate. I have the signatures of ninety individuals, many of our leading citizens, who have witnessed these manifestations, and attest to the fact that no human (mortal) contact or agency was had

