

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LETTIE ARNOLD;

OR,

THE BOUND GIRL.

BY NINA OLAYTON.

CHAPTER XIV.

Morning found Lettie at the railroad station in Groton. She took an early train, caring not whether she went, if it would only take her far away from Grenville.

The car was filled, but she shrank into a corner to muse upon the future. On, on, sped the iron horse, through beautiful valleys, tinted with bright foliage, and docketed and jeweled with its Autumn attire—by hills and mountains, that loomed up, dark and frowning against the morning sky—over frail bridges that creaked and groaned beneath the heavy pressure. The child's heart cried faster, faster, and she exulted to think that every stroke of the ponderous levers, every revolution of the mighty wheels, increased the distance between her, and the scene of all her childish misery. On, on, plunged the Steam King, breathing flame, and smoke. A curve in the road—all is safe, for no signal of alarm waves in the breeze. Great God, the drawbridge is up! In vain the engineer essays to check his fiery steed. On it rushes, dragging its living freight to destruction, ay, into the very jaws of death.

A hissing, rushing sound, and they are plunged into the cauldron below. Infancy, in its purity and innocence, maidens, with beautiful forms and artless ways; the happy bride and the proud groom; youth, with high aspirations; men, weary of life's stern conflict; age, with silver hair and furrowed brow, were all hurled into the world of spirits, in the twinkling of an eye. Where but a little time before all was joy, life, and animation, now Death flaps its wingless wings, and terror strikes the survivors with dumb agony. Fire and sword never carried so much desolation to the hearts of the multitude, as these appalling tragedies enacted upon the stage of life, by the carelessness of man. Oh, what a thrill of agony vibrated through the heart of the nation, when the voice of the lightning proclaimed this sad disaster.

Assistance arrived, and the mangled bodies were removed, while the living emerged from the charnel house of death. The surging waters clasped some in its icy embrace, and bore them down to its fearful bed, where the sea-weed formed their winding-sheet, and the winds and waves sighed a requiem for the life so soon departed.

When Lettie experienced the first shock, she slid to the floor and awaited her doom, calm and motionless. As the cars were thrown from the bridge, and down the embankment, she was hurled with great velocity into the water. Although stunned by the shock, she yet maintained her presence of mind, and as she rose, espying a seat near her that belonged to the car, she clambered upon it. Looking around her, she shuddered at the dreadful scene. At a little distance from her she saw a child sinking beneath the waves, its long golden curls were dripping with water, and its white arms were raised supplicatingly upward.

In an instant, forgetting self in her desire to save a fellow-creature, she seized a stick, and by its aid propelled herself over the place where the curie had disappeared. They rose again, and the girl seemed endowed with new strength, as she lifted the unconscious form upon the seat. She chafed the cold hands, and breathed her warm breath upon the child's shut lips. All this time the seat had been gradually moving toward the bank, and looking up she saw that she was safe. A prayer of thanksgiving swelled up from her heart, as she touched the ground, and drawing her precious charge up, she bore her to the nearest house. In a short time she came to her senses, and when she heard Lettie's story, she clasped her arms around her neck, and said:

"Dear, good girl, now go and find mamma. She will be glad that her little Ida is saved, for she will wonder very much when she does not see me."

Bidding her lay still, she sped once more to the track. On every side rose shrieks and wails of agony, as husbands sought wives, wives husbands, parents children, and children parents. There was moaning and groaning as some dear one was discovered, laying calm and still, and no responsive life-throb vibrated through the frame at the sound of the loved voice.

Like an Angel of Light, Lettie flitted from post to post. Now restoring lost ones to each other's arms, moistening the parched lips of some mangled sufferer, and again staunching the wound of another. Did the surgeons require bandages, her ready hands and feet had already procured them.

The people of the village were very kind, and threw their doors wide open to admit the sufferers. A large hall in the place was fitted up as a temporary hospital, and there Lettie took her post, and many watched eagerly for her gentle step, soft hand, and beaming face. She had found the drowning child's mother, and very grateful she felt to think that she had been permitted to place this only child in her widowed mother's arms.

Mrs. Stanley, for that was the lady's name, escaped

from the scene of the disaster with a broken limb. The excitement and agony, together with the terror which she experienced, when she found her child was missing, all served to induce a fever, and had it not been for her gentle nurse, she would probably have joined her waiting husband on the other shore.

A week passed away, and people had thronged to the scene of the disaster, in search of friends; and many received but shattered remains, who when last gazed upon, had gone forth full of life and vigor, with the prospect of many pleasant years before them. The strong, mighty man was struck down in the pride of years, while the pale invalid escaped. The voice of power, whose trumpet notes had sounded through the land, that had won the laurel wreath wherewith to grace the lofty brow, now was hushed in death, and anguish wrong many hearts as they thought of the noble spirit so soon called from the arena of life.

Aching hearts that smiled to hear the song of the pale angel, were passed by. Where others drew back pale with terror, Lettie stood firm; and though her cheek blanched oftentimes by the dying bed of a mangled sufferer, yet often their heads were pillowed upon her bosom, and her calm, sweet voice, as it rang forth in a soothing melody, eased the pain as the spirit flitted through the gates of day.

Mrs. Stanley was convalescing, and the orphan left her now a great deal, that she might minister to the wants of others. One day after having been absent for several hours, she was surprised as she approached her couch, to see a lady sitting by it, busily engaged in conversation with her patient. She was very near before the pair observed her.

The lady turned around, and the next instant, to the astonishment of Mrs. Stanley, Lettie was in her arms. It was her beloved friend and teacher, Miss Allen.

"Why, aunt," exclaimed the latter, "you did not tell me the name of your wonderful little nurse, and I never thought of finding my little friend here."

In a few words the girl explained what had transpired since she bade adieu to the classic shades of Grenville.

"Are you the little bound girl that Lizzie used to tell me about?" inquired Mrs. Stanley, in astonishment.

"Yes, the very same," replied Miss Allen; "when you were telling me about the wonderful singing of your little nurse, I thought of Lettie, but did not dream it was her."

"I did not tell you one thing," remarked her aunt, as Ida came joyfully in, to greet her cousin, "that if it had not been for her heroic efforts, I should now be childless."

Her niece drew the happy girl still closer to her; it was nothing new for her to hear of her performing such deeds, and she sat silent, thinking of the dear friends that had been given back to her, in life, by the child; for Mrs. Stanley and Ida were the only living relatives of Miss Allen.

Suddenly, she spoke:

"Why, how pale you are, Lettie. Here, I suppose you have watched day and night by the couch of suffering, until you are all worn out and exhausted."

Lettie smiled faintly.

"Oh, no, I am only a little tired and excited with the pleasure of meeting you. I shall feel better, presently;" but even as she spoke, a sharp pain darted through her side, and she reeled, and would have fallen to the floor, had not Miss Allen caught her in her arms. One of the attending physicians instantly approached her, and taking her in his arms, he bore her light weight to a neighboring couch.

"Poor child," he said, "I am afraid we have let her overtask herself. She was always ready and willing, and never would own that she was tired. I guess the patients will miss her some, for they prefer her care to any of the others. She ought to be removed from this place at once, or at least within a few days. I understood that she was a poor orphan, and some of the wealthy patients have made up a purse for her, as a slight testimonial of their gratitude for the untiring devotion with which she has attended them."

These words he had addressed to Miss Allen, who was helping him restore her to consciousness.

Mrs. Stanley had always intended that the orphan should accompany her home, and her niece now heartily approved her plan.

Within a week from the time of Miss Allen's arrival, they left the scene where had been enacted so much agony, sorrow, and distress. Lettie, pale and weak, clasped the hands of the suffering friends, as she bade them adieu, and gracefully accepting the gift that was urged upon her, passed from their sight, while prayers of thanksgiving were wafted after her, and blessings were showered upon her head.

CHAPTER XV.

At Woodbine Cottage, on a pleasant avenue a little out of the city of T—, our Lettie, pale and languid, has consented to take up her abode for awhile. Mrs. Stanley, now fully restored to health, is endeavoring to repay some of the kindness of the orphan. It seems very strange to Lettie, to find herself the object of any attention, and it seems very pleasant to think that she has friends now who love and cherish her.

Miss Allen proceeded South as governess in a wealthy family, a few days after they returned. Lettie sorrowed at parting with her, but it was very different from the dreariness that swept over her spirit when she bade her adieu at Grenville.

A month tripped lightly by, and then she awoke from the dreamy apathy into which she had fallen.

One day she announced her determination to seek some employment. Mrs. Stanley endeavored to dissuade her, but she was firm.

"I have been dependent upon your bounty quite long enough," she said, in response to her friend's entreaties. "I had drawn a picture of the good I would do in the world some time ago, but I find indulgence has almost obliterated it, and I must go forth and seek, and the channel will be opened."

The money that had been bestowed upon her at the time of the railroad disaster, was sufficient to clothe her comfortably for the winter.

For days she sought in vain for employment, and at last, when almost discouraged, she procured a situation as seamstress in a wealthy family. Being very skillful and ingenious in the use of her needle, for a time she gave great satisfaction; but soon the young ladies in the family discovered that their beautiful seamstress was an object of too much interest to their gentlemen acquaintances; for her sweet, girlish beauty, quite threw their charms in the shade. This would never do; they must rout the enemy at once. So one night, poor Lettie received the wages due her, and was told that her services were no longer needed. Grieved and astonished, she hastened home and told her story to Mrs. Stanley; that lady guessed the reason, but she would not pain the guileless heart before by revealing it.

Winter ruled the earth, flinging its mantle of snow over the bleak and barren hill and plain, and crowning every branch and twig with its beautiful diamonds; and then the stern, grim old monarch surveyed its frosty kingdom with delight. The brooks and rivulets liked not his reign, and strove to flee away, so he bound them in fetters strong as iron, and vowed that such should be the fate of all who disobeyed his stern decrees; but the grand old Ocean laughed his threats and commands to scorn, and proudly said it owed allegiance to none but the God of the Universe. Then Winter strove to conquer, and he plucked at the rebel's white beard, the surf, as it flowed upon the strand, but he could not seize the Ocean to place his fetters upon him. Then he went out in his beautiful ships of ice upon its bosom, dreaming still of conquest; but old Neptune lashed himself in fury, and tossed his palace in anger, and then he found he never could be a subject of the grand old Ocean.

The world of fashion and display rejoiced as the freezing blast swept by their princely dwellings. Did not the festive season commence then? and was not life one whirl of pleasure? Gaiety and merriment echoed and re-echoed from happy hearts. God pity the poor then! Want, famine and cold creeping into their miserable hovels, and no gold, potent gold, to drive it hence! Oh, what a mockery to them was the glad laugh and shout with which the favored children of fortune, wrapped in their costly furs, dashed by in their beautiful sleighs, with their richly caparisoned steeds. Frost and starvation plied upon many a brow the cold white seal of death that Winter.

How fares Lettie all this time? Again she procured employment. Now at one of the stores where they gave out work to poor girls. She had insisted upon paying her board if she stayed with Mrs. Stanley, much to that lady's distress; but she found the girl would not be dependent upon any one, and fearful of her seeking another home, if she refused, she at last yielded to her wishes.

The orphan attracted much attention with her gloriously beautiful face and figure, and many a high-born lady, with untold wealth at her command, would have exchanged it all for one tithe of the loveliness possessed by the poor sewing girl, of which she seemed all unconscious.

Lettie often grew faint and weary, as she thought of the long life of toil and strife that cast its shadow over her pathway. It was a fearful way that she trod that Winter, and dangers beset her on every side. Vice came clothed in the garb of pleasure, and showed her a beautiful path strewn with flowers, while the music of syren songsters almost wooed her to follow.

She thought of the tolls she paid, and it seemed as if it grew darker with the contrast. Then she shut her eyes to the glowing picture, and her spirit grew strong in its consciousness of right, and eternal faith and truth supported her. Then she cried, "Get thee behind me, Satan." And lo! the mask fell, revealing the hideous face of vice! Upon the flowers she perceived large thorns. The lights emitted a false glow, and the syrens sang only of misery. Then her heart swelled with great emotions, and an ardent prayer of thanksgiving was wafted upward, and she went up her way rejoicing, and singing of the brightness yet to come.

Spring came with its frolicsome spirit, and stern old Winter claimed her for his bride; but with her smiles and tears, she wooed him from his throne, and he laid aside his sceptre and his crown, yielding all for the bewitching coquette. But she had another wooer in the bright orb of day, and when old Winter saw her great his arrival with smiles of joy, he fled and hid himself in the grim old woods; but the sun pursued him and pierced him with his bright rays, until he disappeared far, far from view.

One afternoon in the month of May, Lettie received a respite from her needle. About half a mile from Woodbine Cottage was a lovely grove of trees, and Lettie determined to make them a visit, for she missed the woods, the running streams, the blue sky, and the songs of the birds, and she was weary of the dust, turmoil and crowding of the great city.

Her soul rejoiced with a great joy, as she stood beneath the blue canopy of the arching dome above, with the "wild anthems singing sweet melodies"

through the beautiful foliage, and the blue violets and sweet anemones lifting their worshiping eyes upward. Ida Stanley gazed upon her beaming face, and said:

"Oh, Lettie, I will make a wreath, and crown you 'Queen of the Forest,' and then you shall sing to me."

The orphan smiled, and nodded her assent. In her eyes there shone a new light, as if some mental aurora was tingling the clouds of her mind with its bright morning hues, or as if some sunbeam had struggled in, folding down the portals of a new day. It was a glorious afternoon, as if June had sent forward heralds to announce her approach, and May, with sisterly tenderness, had thrown a garland of love over hill and plain, and arraying herself in her gala dress, she awaited the advent of her regal sister.

Ida soon brought her delicate wreath and placed it upon the fair girl's brow, and truly she seemed well fitted to reign; and then seating herself before her, she awaited the fulfillment of Lettie's part of the promise. Sweetly, grandly, rose the rich cadence upon the air, and as it rang through the forest's cathedral aisles, the child held her breath to listen. Never had she seen Lettie so absorbed; her whole being seemed thrilled by the flood-tides of inspiration.

She had another listener, who sat awe-struck as the glorious strains vibrated upon the air. He gazed upon her, for she seemed not a being of earth, and he almost expected to see her fade from his sight. It was Mr. Alcot, the manager of the opera. He now approached and introduced himself to Lettie, who seemed about to flee like a startled fawn. One glance at his mild pleasant face reassured her.

"My child," he said, "never have I heard such a voice as yours, although I have listened to sweet tones in Italy's sunny valleys, on the vine clad hills of France, and in England's proud halls. I came forth to-day to refresh my spirit in Nature's temple, and to listen to her sweet songsters; but I dreamt not that I should find one of such great price in this old wood."

Lettie invited him to call upon Mrs. Stanley, as she would enter into no engagement without her sanction. He did so, and in a week it was decided that he should have the pleasure of transplanting this wild flower of the forest, to bloom in the world's great garden.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was evening in the city of B—, and expectation was at its height, for a new star had arisen amid the galaxy of beauty and talent that nightly held the multitude entranced. This evening she was to make her first appearance, and rumor sang loudly of the loveliness, genius and talent of this wild flower of the forest.

When night, like a goddess, seated herself upon her throne, with her sparkling coronet upon her ebony brow, the brilliant world of fashion and display awaited at the opera the dawning of this new star. At last there floated before the eyes of the eager crowd, a cloud of light, almost dazzling with its brightness. All was hushed; every eye rested upon her; it seemed as if an angel had sailed down from the spirit realms to stand before them.

Amid that silence the inspiring voice was first heard. A low, soft strain of melody was wafted upon the air. Gradually it rose higher and higher, until it swelled forth, rich and gushing, stirring their hearts with wonder and amazement.

See! she seems to have lost sight of the world around her, and is improvising her young "cloud-bank" life! Again her heart's desolate agony seems vivid before her, and her voice catches the sadness, and throws it over the mighty multitude; and as she sighs, moisture floats in the eyes of the proud and mighty, as well as the poor and the lowly, while the cloud-like figure fades from their view.

Again she appeared, and now her voice rang gloriously, grandly forth, and filled that vast expanse with the sweet melody, and the crowd vibrated and thrilled at the sound of her magic tones, as, slowly, sweetly, the rich cadence died in the distance. Then the audience rose like one person, and laid their floral offerings at the feet of the young goddess. "Applause shook the house, as a welcome was sounded forth to the bird of song."

When she retired, she was congratulated upon her brilliant triumph, and in no heart did the arrow of jealousy rankle, since she bore her honors with such a modest grace.

And that night placed Lettie Arnold upon the worshipful shrine of a music-loving people. Yes, the "pauper," the little "bound" girl, is the bright star that has arisen so gloriously before an admiring world. Nothing by way of art could polish this jewel; for she shone in her own native purity. She returned to her hotel that night happy; she now realized her mission.

"Oh, mother," she thought, "could you have only lived to witness this night! Perhaps you did look down upon your child from the bright spheres above, and blessed her in her joy. Dear mother, I will use my talents for the benefit of the poor and suffering. I will consecrate my life to them, henceforth and forever! I care not for the laurel wreath of fame, nor long for the adulation of the fickle multitude; the blessing of some poor lonely heart that I have opened will be far sweeter to my ear. Yes, I will lift the veil of despair from many a sorrowing heart; my voice shall breathe joy and gladness into the desolate ear, as well as minister to the gratification of the brilliant world."

A band of smiling spirits hovered over her couch,

that night, accepting the offering which her noble, unselfish soul had laid upon the altar.

Her first appearance was but the dawning of a succession of brilliant triumphs, and at seventeen, Lettie Arnold was the acknowledged "Queen of Song," wherever she made her appearance. Her name was upon every lip, and cities vied with each other in bestowing the most honor upon this brilliant star.

Those who, when she walked the streets as a poor sewing girl, deemed her beneath their notice, now courted and flattered and bent their fawning necks in homage; but her proud spirit scorned such adulation. Sometimes the envious snarl forth calumny, with its venomous tongue, to pierce her name, but it turned and stung itself to death, while Lettie walked on in her pride, not the pride that degenerates into haughtiness, but that which keeps the spirit pure and good.

Her kind friends, Mrs. Stanley, Miss Allen and Ida, rejoiced in her success; for the former loved her as a daughter, and was very happy, when she sang in T—, to have her make Woodbine Cottage her home. Sometimes it seemed to Lettie as if it were all a dream, and that some night she should awake and find herself back in the old farm-house, with Mrs. Bell's shrill voice sounding in her ear.

One day the people of Grenville were surprised to hear that Mrs. Arnold's remains were being moved from the Potter's Field; but other things rising up to attract their attention, that soon ceased to be the nine days' wonder. True, the fame of the wonderful singer had been wafted to their quiet hills and valleys, but they dreamt not that it was the little "pauper," the despised "bound" girl.

Lettie could not bear the thought of anything that she had loved resting in the spot that had proved such a desert in her childhood's life. Reverently she laid the casket to rest in the grove where she first met Mr. Alcot, and where the vieta of the future parted, that the glorious scene might be daggered upon her vision, and the birds warbled there their morning orisons, and the sunbeams parted the leaves of the trees and fell broadly and brightly over her mother's grave.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Come, uncle, go to the opera to-night with me, to hear that wonderful singer they rave so much about," pleaded a young girl, as she knelt by the side of a gentleman in a luxuriantly furnished parlor in one of the fashionable streets of C—.

"Are you very anxious, Eva?" laughed the gentleman she addressed, as he brushed the golden curls from her white brow, while his black eyes smiled down into her face.

"Yes, uncle, I am particularly desirous that you should go, you are so fond of music, I know you will like it."

"Well, pet, I will go to please you, although I don't fancy operatic airs very much," he replied.

"But, uncle, they say her voice sounds just like water gushing from a fountain, and Mrs. Abbott says she is splendid."

"Mrs. Abbott! Why she don't know any more about music than Juno here," and he patted his dog's head and laughed contemptuously.

"Naughty uncle Philip," said the little witch. "You mustn't talk so about Mrs. Abbott, when you know she dates on you. I suspect she has thought that she should one day be my aunt, ever since her husband died."

"Eva," said the uncle quickly, "you have always wanted to see this picture," and he held up a small locket, suspended from his watch chain.

"Oh, yes, she eagerly replied, holding out her hand to receive it. "Oh, how beautiful!" she exclaimed.

"What is her name?"

"Her name was Dora Grafton," he replied sadly. "She would have become my bride, if treachery had not stepped in and tore her from my arms. Afterwards, she married the author of our war, believing me false. I suppose that ere this her spirit has crossed the Dark River, and I know she is waiting for me on the other shore. Now, Eva, you understand why I have never married."

The young girl made no reply, but her eyes were filled with tears, and soon after she left the room, leaving her uncle to his meditations.

Night came, and amid the throng that sought the Opera were Philip Danville and his niece.

"Oh, my God! it cannot be, and yet it is like her!" was the exclamation of the former, as Lettie appeared upon the stage, like some bright bird of Paradise.

She was under a strange power that night. Her heart fluttered and sank as if some raven of omlany was flapping its shadowy wings over her head. Her voice thrilled every breast with a feeling of awe and terror. Suddenly, in the midst of a wild burst of melody, the appalling cry of "fire, fire!" fell like a thunder clasp upon the stricken people.

For a moment, they sat breathless, as if scarce comprehending the sound, but as the forked flame came creeping on with its serpent tongue, as if about to spring upon its prey, they rushed tumultuously for the door. Then the weak and helpless were knocked down and crushed beneath the feet of that mighty multitude.

A calm, commanding voice was now heard above the rushing of those troubled waves, and Lettie, standing there in her white robes seemed like an angel of light to the horror-stricken crowd.

"Stand back!" she said. "You are treading human life beneath your feet! You, in your mad haste, and terror, will send more victims to the other world than the fire will claim!"

Then women and children knelt at her feet and

begged of her to save them, and with her magnetic touch and soothing voice, she swayed the multitude to some extent. And all felt when they crossed the burning portal, safely, it was owing to the calm heroism of that young girl.

Forgotten of self, Lettie waited to see the suffering rescued from danger, and when recalled to her own condition, she found her means of egress cut off. In a moment she appeared upon the roof, accompanied by two other females, who, faint with terror, had been overlooked until too late to escape by the street door.

A thrill of horror pulsed through the hearts of that mighty multitude, as they saw her about to be offered up on that dreadful altar.

But see! a ladder has been procured and a brave fireman is ascending to save her. He approaches, but she points to the women, and in the silence the people below can catch the music of her clear, ringing voice, as she says:

"The maiden can be spared, before the wife and mother! Bear them down in safety."

He does not attempt to reason, but obeys her command, and the next instant he is seen descending with the fainting creatures clinging to him, while those beneath groan in anguish as they hear her pronounce her death sentence.

Oh, what a grand and fearful picture was that presented that night. It burnt itself into many a heart and brain that gazed upon it. The flames shot up like rockets, and the moon and stars paled before the lurid light. It rested against a dark background, while below were the sea of agonized faces, anxiously gazing upward. On the roof stood the beautiful singer, while the hissing flames seemed to shriek with exultant joy to think that she was their prize, who had snatched so many victims from their warm embrace.

She clasped her white hands and raised her eyes above.

"Oh, glorious death, to perish in the cause of humanity!" she murmurs. "I have no particular friends to weep over my ashes, as others have. True, the world will mourn to be deprived of the creature that ministers to their gratification, but as others shall spring up after me, I shall soon be forgotten. I had hoped that I should be spared, to make the hearts of the widow and the fatherless sing for joy at my approach, but oh, Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!"

A shout from the people now arrested her attention, and looking up, she saw a gentleman upon the roof, approaching her. But the fire has burst up between them! It will embrace her first! Already she feels its hot breath upon her cheek. With a bound her preserver is by her side, and now a glad hurrah comes welling up from below, as he issues through flame and smoke, with his precious burden safe in his arms.

The fiery element stays for a moment, its terrible course, as if astonished at the audacity of man, and the next instant it shoots madly up, furious that its prey has escaped. There is a crashing of timbers, and the massive structure falls. The handwork of man, so long gazed upon as a miracle of wonder and art, is laid low.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The incidents of the night of the fire, but added fresh laurels to the crown which a delighted people had already placed upon the brow of their favorite. The excitement of that ordeal was too much for our heroine, and for weeks she was unable to leave her bed. During that time, every one was debarred from her sick room, except the physician, and nurse, but kind wishes and floral offerings were daily showered upon her.

All her efforts to discover her preserver had proved unavailing, for in the hurry and anxiety of the occasion, he had disappeared. None seemed to know who he was, nor whence he came. One day as she was reclining upon a lounge, with the tinge of health again visiting her cheek, a servant entered with a card upon a salver. Taking it up, she read the name of Philip Danville. Everything in the room faded from her vision, and before her rose the dearly loved features of her angel mother. Then inwardly chiding herself for her emotion in supposing that it was the one connected with her parent's sad life, she ordered the servant to show him up.

When next she looked up, her preserver stood before her. She could not be mistaken. His features had been indelibly stamped upon her mind since that fearful night. Gently turning her gratitude, which she essayed to express, into another channel, he spoke of what seemed uppermost in his thoughts.

"Pardon this intrusion," he said, with a smile, "but in you I see a living resemblance to one who became long since dead to me, but whose face, framed by love, has hung in the inner chambers of my memory for long, weary years."

"Reader, we will drop the veil while the harrowing secrets of the past are brought to light in the sunshine of the present."

An hour passed away, and when Philip Danville left the hotel, sorrow with its trailing garments enveloped his form; yet there was a light rekindled in his eye that had gone out in despair, long, long before.

Meantime, Lettie's heart kept time to a lively measure, and she said to herself, "I have found one friend who will love the daughter in remembrance of the mother."

Again do we enter the luxuriantly furnished parlor, where we behold Philip Danville and his niece upon the night of the fire. Eva is reclining upon a lounge, with a book open before her; but her thoughts seem to be far in the dim distance. Near her sits a lady, and she also is apparently wandering in dreamland. She bears resemblance enough to the gay girl by her side, to denote the relationship that exists between them. Sorrow has laid its chastening hand upon her. One by one her dear ones have grown pale and silent in the presence of the Death Angel, until none remain in the valley but her brother and her darling child. Mr. Danville holds the evening paper before him, and is apparently deeply engaged in its columns.

Suddenly, Eva breaks the silence:

"Oh, mamma! if you had only seen that brave, young girl the other night, you would have loved her. She looked so good and beautiful, and then she told them to save the poor women, when they went to take her down. She seemed just like an angel. Oh, I never could be so courageous! I was so frightened even when I was upon the ground, and it was dreadful to see her there upon the blazing roof. Then if Uncle Philip had not saved her, she must have died."

"Eva," said her uncle, "come here. How should you like to have that beautiful songstress come here to live with us?"

"Oh, will she, truly?" she cried with delight.

"Yes, Eva, she has promised, and she is the orphan daughter of *Dora Griffin*."

"Oh, now I shall have a sister! Oh, I am so glad," and she danced from the room.

The next week's papers contained the following announcement:

"We understand that the beautiful and accomplished Bird Song, Miss Lettie Arnold, is about to seek a retreat from the clamorous multitude, in the home of a friend, until her exhausted energies are recruited; when, it is said, she will proceed South to meet engagements in several cities. It is hoped that she will long remain before the public, and by the magic power of her wonderful voice, cheer the hearts of suffering humanity."

At "Rose Lawn," the beautiful summer residence of Mr. Danville, our Lettie has folded her weary wings, and stayed awhile her soaring flight. In Mrs. May and the bright Eva she has found a mother and sister. Truly, the stormy waves have tossed her bark into peaceful waters. With such companions, the days sped with lightning wings, and now, the orphan speaks of returning again to her mission of love and joy to the weary-hearted.

One evening she stood leaning against one of the vine-wreathed columns of the piazza, gazing upon the day monarch, as he sank to rest, drawing the golden-fringed crimson curtains in gorgeous festoons about his royal couch. The last glance of his eye rested upon her and left her veiled in its glory. Suddenly, she was roused from her reverie, and turning she beheld Eva by her side.

"What, dreaming? Well, I will give you something worth dreaming about," said the merry girl. "How would the bird like to try her voice upon the lake, to-night? Uncle Philip says it will be delightful sailing."

"Oh, I should like a moonlight sail above all things," she said, gladly. "It has a soothing charm that fills my spirit with delight. The water, sparkling and glowing like sheets of silver, the sweet fragrance of the zephyrs as they float by, the calm stillness of the hour, links the spirit with repose, which cannot be realized in the broad light of day, for the sun always speaks of action."

"Why, really! I have not heard such a burst of enthusiasm since you have been here," exclaimed the joyous Eva. "Uncle calls you 'Pearl,' because you are so calm and still, you scarcely ever speak your happiness, but it sparkles in your eye, and brings the flush to your cheek. Now, with me it is very different. If I am pleased, it comes instantly to the surface and flies off in the shape of words. Uncle says I am all froth and no depth, but I think that is libelous, do you not?" and she laughed merrily.

Lettie sighed and replied:

"I hope, dear Eva, that your path may always be as happy as it is now. Sunshine seems always to have encircled you, and I think you would never be able to thrive in the shade. I do not imagine that you would have such a flow of humor, however, if clouds should gather around you."

"Oh, I was not always so happy," was the response. "Once we were very poor, and mother worked very hard to get me food and clothing. To be sure, I helped her as much as possible, but I was very small, and could not do a great deal. She looked very pale and wan, then, and when she heard that Uncle Philip was dead, it seemed as if she would die. She used to clasp me in her arms and say she did not know what would become of her darling Eva, then, but when we went to get Uncle's body, it seemed as if God had heard her prayer, and sent His messenger to bring us, for we came very near being killed, and had it not been for a little girl, that risked her life to save us, we probably should have been."

Lettie listened very intently, and she now said:

"What was the child's name? Do you remember?"

No; mother was so excited that she never asked her name. She has endeavored to find her since Uncle came home and made us so happy, but the lady she wrote to said the child had gone away and she did not know her whereabouts."

"I once performed a similar service to the one you have mentioned," said Lettie, "and the lady gave me this ring; there are initials of 'A. M. to E. D.' on it."

"Oh, come in; I will ask mamma if she knows the ring. Perhaps you are the same little girl! Won't it be very romantic?" and she clasped her hands and danced into the house, almost dragging Lettie after her.

Mr. Danville and Mrs. May sat by a window, engaged in conversation. They looked up as the two girls entered.

"Well, Pearl and Pet, have you concluded to sail, this evening?" asked the former; "it is a beautiful night."

"Oh, yes, we want our excursion on the lake," rejoined Eva; and then approaching her mother, she placed the ring in her hand, saying—

"Did you ever see that before, mamma?"

Mrs. May uttered an exclamation of astonishment. "My daughter, how came this in your possession?" she said, in a trembling tone.

"It was given me by a lady to whom I rendered a service," responded Lettie.

"Found at last!" exclaimed Mrs. May, and she clasped the orphan girl in her arms. Then turning to her brother, she said:

"You remember the circumstances, do you not? How fortunate that my little benefactress is our loved Lettie!"

"Now, you will always stay with us, won't you, darling?" said Eva. "You are always talking about the path of duty, and I think this must be it, for we all should be so unhappy if you went away."

"You are quite a lawyer," was the laughing reply; "you always contrive to make your side good."

"We are truly now united," said Mr. Danville. "Our 'bird' has now a lasting claim upon us; now she will certainly not refuse to abide with us."

"Nay," said Lettie, with a smile, "when the storm-kings marshals his forces for battle, and stern winter ascends earth's throne, then must I fly to the sunny fields of the South. My work is not done yet. Not because the sun of prosperity is smiling upon me must I forget my suffering brothers and sisters. My life is consecrated to them, and only when the power of blessing is withdrawn, can I sink down into a life of indolence and ease."

They spoke not to change her purpose, for her countenance was animated by the fire of her noble resolve. They could only admire the noble spirit of the girl who had thus so unselfishly offered herself upon the altar of humanity.

An hour passed away, and then the party were sailing on the calm bosom of the lake. The moon has just risen and is flooding the scene with her silver light. Their beautiful boat, the "Water Lily," floats peacefully along, as if proud of her burden.

Music upon the water! Who does not love the witching spell it casts over the soul? Lettie sings—and as the glorious strains swell forth upon the still night air, they are wafted up through the perfume of the flowers, and hold her listeners entranced, while the willows that fringe the shore, bow their heads in mute adoration.

That moonlight sail was remembered by Lettie, long after those who had participated in it were separated by the waves of Time—and memory's bells oft rang forth a melody of that scene, hung in the dim aisles of "long ago."

CHAPTER XIX.

Again we wander through the village of Greenville. Progression, in its mighty march has left its footprints here. Art and science have striven hand in hand with Nature, until the Past has almost abdicated its throne in favor of the Present. Upon the spot where the dreary village almshouse once stood, is a neat, quiet building; but it boasts of but few inmates. No rod of iron rules there now. Many of our old friends have laid their outer garments aside and gone a little higher. Numerous flowers have been nipped by the frosts of sickness and sorrow, but are now transplanted to bloom in the gentle spring-time of love in fields above. Deacon and Mrs. Bell, still live, but sorrow has not passed their dwelling without entering. Their youngest son, Abel, is the stay of their declining years. Down in the depths of the blue sea rests the earthly form of Moses. The seaweed forms his winding sheet, and the winds and waves sing a requiem for the life so soon departed. The name of Ruth is never mentioned, now. She fled with one who wooed her by false promises. Poor, weak girl! no signet of wedded love flashed from her finger, and like a garment, she was cast off when the wearer tired of his prey. Then, down lower and lower, she sank into the whirlpool of degradation, until she toiled her way back to her father's door, begging for bread, and her parents spurned her with scorn—for had she not disgraced their name? No, they would not bestow charity upon their suffering daughter, but gave largely into the treasury of the Church, and offered prayers for the heathen in distant lands. Then despair drove her back to the city, where she plunged anew into the black waves of shame, and sank lower and lower, until at last, an angel of mercy reached down to save and bear her to a place of safety. And when she faint would have knelt down and worshiped her preserver, oh, the shame and remorse, that swept over her soul, when she recognized the despised "bound girl."

Ah! full well the Deacon and his wife realized that the light had faded from their home, when eight years before, their call had met with no response from the little attic, and the springing step and sweet voice of Lettie no longer sounded through the house. Conscience then awoke within them, and stung them with unavailing regret, and remorse conjured up to their sleeping fancy, a form of girlish beauty, lying beneath the sparkling water; and when report reached them that such a form had been found and taken from the embrace of the clinging waves, they doubted not it was Lettie's, and they grew colder and sterner, as if to shut out the face that hung, rebukingly, upon the walls of memory.

Despair knocked at the dwelling of Mr. Lane, and poverty flew in at the window; and when they prayed for strength to avert the blow, or submission to bear up beneath it, the listening zephyr bore the cry to the ready ear of Lettie. The dark shadow forms fled from the house, as a snow-white messenger of love and happiness winged its way in. Cora Lane now graces the home of a young merchant, with her loving presence; while Nettie still remains the house hold pet.

Mark Lee paid another visit to his aunt, and rejoiced at the gaping wonder of the villagers, when he proclaimed that the young girl whose sweet voice was now greeted with delight from north to south, was the "pauper," the "bound" girl.

The matter was duly canvassed at the next sewing meeting, where it ever proved an unending topic of conversation.

When Mark left Greenville, he bore away its fairest rose, Laura Grant, to grace his city home.

A year passed away, and then Lettie flew to the bedside of Mrs. Stanley, who placed the orphan's hands together, and then joined her husband upon the other shore.

Consumption laid its blighting touch upon Miss Allen; and Lettie watched beside her couch. And when she would fain speak her gratitude, her listener turned back the pages of memory, and pointed to the quiet school-room. She kissed the cold brow, and shut the calm eyes, when the death-angel stamped his seal upon her forehead. Then plucking the basket where the birds could sing above it, and where the zephyrs, laden with the fragrance of the woodbine and the hawthorn shed its perfume around it, she left her quietly to repose.

Years pass on, and add in their flight, new glory to that which already encircles the head of Lettie. She has fitted, like a bright bird, from north to south. She has roused the cold blood of England with her inspiring voice; has stirred the warm hearts of the French and become the idol of the Italians.

The people have, with one united hand, laid costly offerings at her feet, and the press, with flourishing trumpets, descant her praise.

But the world knows not the precious aroma that arises from the roses of her every day life. They hear not the hymns of praise and thanksgiving that float around her head, wafted from the hearts of the poor and lowly. They guess not of the boundless love that follows her from those she has rescued from dens of sin and misery, and placed far above the power of temptation. They dream not how she went among them, in her angelic purity, fearless of contamination, while the multitude crossed over upon the other side.

No, they knew not all this; because she sounds no clarion before her, like the Pharisee, but moves gently and silently, as the falling dew from Heaven.

Mr. Danville has been borne hence by the angel messengers, and gladly, joyfully, did he glide through the open portals of the spirit-life to meet his much loved Dora.

Eva May has gone to shine in another home. Very tenderly did Lettie smooth the path of her orphan charge, Ida Stanley, until another begged the privilege of supporting her through life's valley. Then with a sister's love, she yielded her place to him.

Many have plead with the beautiful songstress to become the pride and light of their private homes, but she steadily resists all such entreaties; and as she marches on, she stops not to look in at the windows of happy homes, lest her courage should fail, and her mission not be hastened to the glorious fulfillment she sees in the far distance.

With her white hands she rolls the mountain of difficulties from many a troubled soul. Her hand and heart are pledged in the cause of suffering humanity. When she becomes tired and weary, she flies to her adopted mother, Mrs. May; and if she is not called hence, and Lettie folds her wing before she is called to a higher field of usefulness above, she will receive the wanderer in her arms.

Written for the Banner of Light TO MY DEAR FATHER.

BY SARAH.

In the march of life,
Mid the toil or strife,
Father dear, from the morn of dreams,
As my feet press nigh
To the noontide high,
Thine are nearing the sunset beams.

Ah, I see them now
O'er thy manly brow
Through the silvery softness play;
And each whispering dart
To my saddened heart
Brings fresh thoughts of the closing day.

Through long weary years,
Amid hopes and fears,
With what fond and untiring will,
Dark misfortune's gale,
That my steps assail,
Thou hast watched, and art watching still!

Ah, this love of thine
It will ne'er be mine
To repay with these fettered hands;
Yet may watchful thought
Be remis in naught
That thy kindness or age demands.

May that love e'er do
A fond parent true,
Brightly live in my breast for thee;
And these conscious powers
Gild thy evening hours
With the sunshine of sympathy.

And when sunset throws
O'er life's evening close,
The last gleams of the parting sun;
When the shadows deep
O'er thy eyelids creep
With a murmur, "Life's tolls are done!"

When thy voice—loved tone,
In a farewell moan,
Sadly dies on the listening ear,
Heaven give me power
For the trial hour,
If I still shall be lingering here.

But if e'er the tide
I shall then abide
With the loved who have gone before,
I will clasp thy hand,
As thy feet shall land
On the beautiful angel shore.

In that bright lookout
I will join the shout
Of dear mother and sister there,
As they hail the car
For the blissful shore
That thy welcoming bark shall bear.

But I know thou'lt come
From thy starry home
Unto those thou wilt leave behind,
So I'll fondly trust,
If thy form in dust
Sleep ere mine, I may be resigned.

And I know each gem
In the diadem
Thou wilt wear in the home above,
Will reflect a light
On this wintry night
Of thy still sweet unsal'ring love.

Eric Co., Pa., 1862.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.
A STORY OF AN ANGEL.

One evening, after having finished reading *The Independent*, I went on the housetop to see the sky and its stars. As I feasted my bodily senses upon the beauty of the evening, the eyes of my spirit were opened, and I beheld coming out of the clear heavens a myriad of swift-winged angels. They were the guardians of the night, the Lord's police of love. In shining raiment, with faces full of joy and compassion, with a slight that made sweet music to the listening ear, they descended in multitudes and scattered themselves over the whole city.

Of some it was the pleasant lot to watch the couches of innocence and rest; and these with looks of bright peace sought pleasant homes in quiet streets, where children were saying their evening prayers; some with faces of heavenly pity took their post in dark places, where vicious poverty had destroyed the evening's sweetness with vile odors, and the evening stillness with drunken rioting and brawls. Some went among the shops and warehouses, and followed the tired merchants as they closed their day's labor. A multitude stationed themselves about the college, hovering in at the open windows—some with eyes of sad compassion, to watch the idlers at their cards and wine; some with joyful looks, to comfort; by unsuspected ministrations, the faithful workers in their diligent study. Bright spirits of love and charity thronged even about the great grim jail, and through its iron gates. Every household, no matter how humble, had its guardian; every passing lotterer in the quiet streets had his watching angel following near or afar off—unless, alas, by reason of persistent sin, he was forsaken!

The mission of these guardians of the night is to whisper to the souls of men good thoughts and holy desires; in their sleep to bring them their sweet visions, happy dreams; to repress bad impulses; to ward off the machinations of the evil spirits of darkness. Of the work of one angel on this night, I will write.

In one of those narrow streets in the suburbs where mechanics and laborers make their humble dwellings, there stood the small house of a carpenter, and across the way the shop where he strove all day to conquer poverty, and where he stored at night his good tools, the weapons of his warfare. All his hard working neighbors—the factory men, the bricklayers, the masons—had at this pleasant twilight hour, finished their labors, and now lounged about their doorsteps, or in their little gardens, enjoying the cool of the evening. But the carpenter, in his little shop, by the light of a candle, still sawed and hammered and turned his great auger. There he worked till long after his good wife, over the way, had put to bed her four young children—till after she herself had wear-

iedly followed them to rest—and till after all his fellow-laborers had deserted the street to seek their humble couches. As he worked while the early night waned, a guardian angel watched him near and lovingly.

The carpenter was a very poor man; he owned nothing upon earth but the shop, and the tools, and the small house, with his homely wife and four little children. But his guardian wore shining raiment, and a golden crown, for she knew he had great treasure in heaven. When she gazed upon him, her face grew radiant with joy. She was continually ministering to his hungry soul. She opened to his mind's eye bright views of the Father's loving-kindness; she repeated to his trusting spirit most wonderful promises; she tuned his heart to sing sweet songs of praise.

Other eyes than those of the angel watched the carpenter. Human eyes that had a fendish glance glowered from the darkness outside through the windows of the shop, and stealthily noted the busy man, but perceived not his spiritual companion—eyes which the angel saw with a troubled look. For a wicked man prowled round the little building, meaning to burn it.

It was nearly midnight when the carpenter finished his work, put away his tools, and went home to his rest. Then the street became hushed in silence, and the good angel kept watch. With a troubled face she watched; for in the shadow of the buildings, hidden from the moonlight, she saw the guilty man still lurking. When the moon had gone down, and deepest night and silence brooded over the place, he stole forward to carry out his fell design, and raised the little window of the shop. Then in distress his own good spirit came near, and spoke out plainly to him:

"Do it not; the man is poor; four little children look to him for bread. He has done you no wrong. God will avenge him."

But he would not hear; and the guardian angel that had from his infancy watched him, and striven for him, and with great love yearned to save him, turned from him, and leaving him to his own devices, hid her face in her mantle, and fled away.

When the carpenter's watcher saw this dreadful thing, and saw the forsaken man set about the fulfillment of his bad purpose, for a moment she trembled with grief. "Is there none to prevent this?" she thought; "is it indeed God's will?" But looking with clasped hands up to heaven, she perceived beyond the shining stars the glorious face of the Ever Merciful, and again her countenance beamed with peace and joy.

"It is the Lord," she said. "He will make this calamity better for the man I love, than would be a mine of gold."

The incendiary threw his burning brand into the little window, and as he saw tongues of flame rising from the pile of chips and shavings underneath, sped away into the silent darkness. Darkness and silence fled with him from the street; for in a moment a broad sheet of fire blazed up with a ruddy glare and a merry crackling, and soon the alarming cry sounded, "Fire, fire!"

Heavy footsteps ringing upon the pavement, hard fists beating upon his door, harsh voices shouting his name, roused the carpenter from his slumbers. As he arose in distress, bewildered by the light and the noise and the cries of his frightened children, certain only that some dreadful misfortune had befallen, his guardian angel came close to him and cheered his sinking heart, saying:

"It is the Lord; it is the Lord."

He went out and strove, as long as striving seemed of any avail, to save his little building or its contents. But the red flames had mounted up to the very roof-tree, and no power could quench them. The shop was burned to the ground; all his good tools were destroyed. The morning was gray in the East by the time the fire had burnt itself out, and the rattling engines were dragged away, and the shouting crowd dispersed.

In the dreary dawning, the carpenter, with a heavy heart, returned to his dwelling to meet his sad wife and sobbing children. But in the midst of forebodings, he still heard the angel's voice saying: "It is the Lord," and he put away all but that thought. With a brave, cheerful face, he sat down and addressed himself to soothe his tired, trembling little ones, till each, re-assured by confidence in him, grew calm, and left him and his wife to put the best face upon troubles.

Now, indeed, as he looked at her, did his faith almost fail him. Remembering how many weary days and nights of toil, on her part as well as on his, had been spent in the effort to save the money to build that little shop; remembering the hopes of future exemption from grinding poverty, nay, even of comparative comfort, with which he saw it finished; remembering with a sadder pang than any other thought could give the good service his lost tools had done him; fancying himself, in the cheerful morning drawing near, not as commencing his work with a brave heart, but standing idle over the scene of his desolation, destitute even of implements to begin new labor—thinking of all this, he bowed his head almost in despair, and his strong trust seemed broken.

Then said the angel softly:

"Doeth God aught but good to those who love him? Forsakeh he them that put their trust in him? Knowest thou not that, to such even his afflictions are blessings?"

And immediately the carpenter repented of his sorrow, and lifted his bowed head, and said to his wife:

"We do wrong to grieve; we ought rather to rejoice in the Lord. We were happy in him last night; let us be happier to-day, for this affliction is a proof of his love. He has promised that he will care for us. Oh! how can we ever be joyful enough that we are so safe in his love and care?"

And with this glad thought, sorrow and regret, anxiety and mistrust, departed out of the hearts of the carpenter and his wife. They knelt down and thanked God for his abounding goodness, and with firm faith asked his help and protection. And their angel guardian of the night, in the first beams of the rising sun, flew up toward heaven, singing praise.

NEW HAVEN.

BRO. JAMES COOPER, M. D., writes from Bellefontaine, Ohio, in this wise: "My trip through Indiana was spiritually profitable. Much interest was manifested at all points, and the audience generally good. At Greensboro, we had a glorious meeting in Uncle Beth Hineshaw's free meeting house, Mary Thomas, of Cincinnati, and myself being the speakers. I believe it was generally conceded that this last meeting was the best that ever had been held there, where the meetings are always good."

Written for the Banner of Light. THE SNOW.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Snow fields I love. There is a joy abroad When murky clouds split on the feathery snow...

One hazy night A snow-bank in the southern sky, sullen And overcast came. The earth at morn was clothed...

I looked out on the morning gray, Hung mistily in eastern sky. The frost Diamonds sparkled beneath the rays, so light...

I love the storm— The slumbering earth changed to a world of snow. I love the quiet home from which to view...

"Selfish," shrieked out the passing wind, "I harm Not you. Your brother, where is he? Last night I threw snow through his broken window panes..."

"Too true, too true," I said, "we never think Of our poor brothers when our fires burn bright; 'T would burn far brighter if it warmed them all..."

"What's Man?" I asked; "a pigmy in his power— A sportive toy to mighty Force and Law; The Elements, Jehovah's giant slaves..."

Original Essays.

ANCIENT GLIMPSSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NUMBER THIRTY-SIX.

Some thirty years ago there appeared "An Irish gentleman in search of a religion." As he had been cradled in Rome, the twilight of his life witnessed him returning thither, babbling of green fields...

However, we must not tarry to relate personal adventures of the past, but proceed to the more immediate work of the present. Let it suffice to say that the present voyaging is far more agreeable than the growing light than the dark navigation in the Junk of old Jewry with John Calvin, or any other Theo-Jack-o-Lantern as pilot...

Mr. Bruce, in the Science of Civilization, discovers that enlightened religion unfolds only in the rear of the intellect—if narrow and feeble this, then narrow and bigoted that. That religion is comprehensive only by the larger and fuller sweep of the intellect...

only the fragmental outgrowth, the reaping as we have sowed. Hence the barren or woody results of religion which has not attained to the higher light of civilization, which remains fossiliferous in its gatherings, or is welded to some old landmark.

Mr. Bruce, in his travels to discover the sources of the Nile, found the descendants of Jews and Christians in no advance for the last two thousand years with an exclusive biblical civilization. An Arabian devotee to the traditions of the elders showed our traveler the grave of Eve on the shore of the Red Sea...

As Deborah prophesied under the Palm tree in old Jewry, so does the Galla tribe under the Wauzey tree in Africa. They have "certain Stones also," significant in "their devotions, which I never could sufficiently understand to give further description of them..."

In 1608 Scotinus proclaimed himself king of Ethiopia, thus: "I am your King, the King of Israel. I am your King, the King of Sion." He then "wits down upon a Stone, the altar of Annubis, or the Dog-Star." There is then a festival commemorate of our Saviour's first coming to Jerusalem...

It would seem that the old observatory mountains were sacred to the more prominent of the heavenly hosts, and held interchangeable relations as correlatives of each other. The stars were saints and angels, and the mountains the abodes of the Gods, as well as the sun, moon and stars. The mountains were the telegraphic termini, and the astrologers, prophets, mediums, men of God, or seers, were the interpreters to utter their oracles in "riddles" and "dark sayings," as per Bible and Chaldeanwise...

There was a jealousy among these Gods of the mountains. Ezekiel was a prophetic medium for Israel's rocks, which modern geologists have tumbled from their foundations. But, in old time, it was by prophecy and rams' horns that mountains were removed, and mightiest walls of adamant, and eternal hills were made level with the plain. Hear the Lord through Ezekiel: "Thus saith the Lord God: Behold oh, Mount Seir! I am against thee, and I will stretch out mine hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate..."

Alas! for Mount Seir, under such a malediction, for "blaspheming Israel's mountains." Oh! Ah! and a lack-a-day! We betide you, oh, Mount Seir! Else from the wrath to come! "Skip away like rams, and the little hills like lambs." Stand not upon the order of your skipping, but skip at once! Præter! Vamose! Seai!

Bruce speaks of a town along the regions of the Nile, called El-Yah, thick planted with palm trees. In the name of this town we find two equivalents of the Jewish God. See Mackay's "Progress of the Intellect," Dunlap's "Vestiges," and Stuart's "Biblical Astronomy." In old Jewry the palm tree was a God-tree, under which Deborah prophesied or divined, and judged Israel, by the mouth of the Lord; somewhat savagely, to be sure, and proximately to the name of Jim Crack Corn, when as a Pythoness she let off in verse the overthrow of Sisera, by the help of the Lord and of Jael.

Lord, when thou wastest out of Seir, The whole earth trembled, far and near; The heavens dropped, the clouds poured out, And hills and mountains skipped about.

Curse ye, Meroz. Thus saith the Lord, They would not fight at the hearing of the Word. They chose new Gods; I, Deb, arose With first the Word and then with blows. With Shangar's god, and spike of Jael, Thy foes, oh, Lord, I sent to hell.

Curse ye, Meroz, &c. They cried on me, "Oh, Deb, awake! Be 'wide-awake' for Israel's sake; Let fly at Korah, Dathan, Abiram, And open the earth again to fire 'em."

The mountains melted from the Lord; Mount Sinal sent its fiery word In molten slags and riven rocks, Which proved old Jewry orthodox.

Blest above all women shall Jael be, Who spiked Sisera, so he could not "See From the wrath to come," of the uplift hammer, Nor left him time to say, "Oh, damn her!"

The mother of Sisera at the window looking out, Cried through the lattice, "Good God! what's he about? Why so long in coming, why his chariot wheels so tarry?"

S' death! it's like the veto when two loving ones would marry." Curse ye, Meroz, &c. Her wise ladies answered, and she answered to herself: "Have they not decided, yet the prey and the pelf? To every man a damsel, or two if he should like; When lo! I there came the Word of Jael and her spike."

And looking from the lattice, she heard a devilish clamor. 'T was Deb and chorus staging of Jael and her hammer; Her hand to the hammer, the hammer to the nail. So perish, Lord, thine enemies, as by the hand of Jael.

They sang of needle work, of honey and of oil, And all things meet for them that take the spoil. The points of faith all clear with rattling and with thump. They swore by Israel's Lord that Jael was his trump.

The stars in their courses let fly at Sisera; The Lord fought from heaven in the midst of the melee; The river, too, of Kishon swept them in their fears, And then the land had rest for the space of forty years.

The Psalm of Deborah is a capital commentary upon "bless and curse not." She appears to have been obsessed by the "fury of the Lord," something akin to the Greek Furies. Josephus and Philo speak of such as being possessed by a divine fury. Philo says of Moses, that on one occasion he cursed and swore so terribly that the bystanders fled in amazement, supposing him to be "divinely inspired."

Whether his face shined on such an occasion, or presented the aspect of a thunder cloud, Philo does not say. But it would appear that the poetic or prophetic blast that swept the chords of Deborah's soul was rather of that Miltonic cast, which "came rattling down o'er the Caspian." The Jewish prophesess was largely developed in the organs of destructiveness and sublimity. Her fierce wrath swept like a consuming fire in volcanic upheavals of densest smoke and red-hot lava, and thus the Hebrew palm tree must bear away the laurel from the Dodonean oak.

Among some of the tribes along the regions of the Nile, there is witchcraft and sometimes human sacrifices. "The particular family," says Bruce, "whose privileges it is to be slaughtered, so far from avoiding it, glory in the occasion, and offer themselves willingly to meet it." Jephtha's daughter was not quite so willing to be offered to the Lord. This blood theology permeates all barbarous religions. That of old Jewry furnishes delectable morsels for our Sunday schools of to-day. However much priest-craft, church-craft and ignorance may strive to hide it in mysteries, it as revoltingly marks the status of the Hebrew religion as that of all other barbarians, ancient or modern. The Holy Ghost takes color of the surroundings through which it passes, and when through bloody sacrifices its inspiration is of that dark and sanguinary nature which characterized the old Jewry outpouring of the spirit.

Nor does the miraculous aspect of the Biblical record at all differ from the similar modes of being of all other peoples. All unknown and mysterious phenomena, with all the accretions of legend and myth, find their readiest solvent in the lucas a non lucendo of miracle, equivalent to ignorance and denial of mesmeric and spiritual law extending beyond the formulas. A Portuguese historian relates of a bird introduced into Abyssinia, which could speak Indian, Portuguese and Arabic. But where is the difficulty here, if the ass could speak Hebrew in old Jewry? If Cretal Judæus applies to one, so may it to the other.

The Jesuits introduced holy dramas into Abyssinia. Of course the Devil figured in the dramatic personae of these religious plays. For how could theology thrive without the omnipotence of the Devil? He was the buffoon on the Abyssinian stage, and he played such fantastic sleight-of-hand tricks, as to cause the audience to "flee from the wrath to come," exclaiming, "Alas! alas! these Franks have brought devils into our country with them," suggesting the equivalent of "What shall we do to be saved?"

A monk wishing to carry a point, claimed to be risen from the dead, and to be the bearer of a message from God and the Virgin Mary, the Mother of God. Scotinus, who received the message, being rather a hard shell, thought the monk looked rather fat and sleek in his resurrected body. The monk claimed this as the result of the good cheer of the other world. Scotinus answered the message, and for its speedy delivery into the other world, ordered the monk to be hung on the tree at the palace gate, as it would be wrong to keep him from the "wine, biscuits and sweet-meats" which he had left in Paradise.

Mr. Bruce found among the Shangalla tribe the symbol worship of trees, serpents, moon and stars, or the hosts of heaven. They had prophets, or diviners, who, as they did not prophesy smooth things, "were looked upon as servants of the evil being. Their prophecy bad events, and think they can afflict their enemies with sickness even at a distance." It will be recollected that the Hebrew prophets were in bad odor for their much prophesying of evil instead of smooth things, and that the "Thus saith the Lord," found hard reception when the Word, like the course of true love, did not run smooth.

But these Shangallians "have each several wives," as conformable to the Word of God in old Jewry. "This, however, is not owing to any inordinate propensity of the men to this gratification, but to a much nobler cause, which should make European writers who object this to them ashamed at the injustice they do the savage, who, all his life, quite the reverse of what is supposed, shows an example of continence and chastity, which the purest and most refined European, with all the advantages of education, cannot pretend to imitate."

It is the wife, not the man, that is the cause of this polygamy; and this is surely a strong presumption against what is commonly said of the violence of their inclinations.

I will not fear to aver, as far as concerns these Shangalla, or Negroes of Abyssinia, (I believe, most others of the same complexion, though of different nations,) that the various accounts we have of them are very unfairly stated. To describe them justly, we should see them in their native purity of manners, among their native woods, living on the produce of their own daily labors, without other liquor than that of their own pools and springs, the drink of which is followed by no intoxication or other pleasure than that of assuaging thirst. After having been torn from their own country and connections, reduced to the condition of brutes, to labor for a being they never knew before; after lying, stealing, and all the long list of European crimes have been made, as it were, necessary to them, and the delusion occasioned by drinking spirits, is found, however short, to be the only remedy that relieves them from reflecting on their present wretched situation, to which, for that reason they most naturally attach themselves; then, after we have made them monsters, we describe them as such, forgetful that they are now not as their Maker created them, but such as, by teaching them our vices, we have transformed them into, for ends which, I fear, one day will not be found a sufficient excuse for the enormities we have occasioned.

The incontinence of these people has been a favorite topic with which blacks have been branded; but throughout the whole of this history, I have set down only what I have observed, without consulting or troubling myself with the systems or authorities of others, only so far as having these relations in my recollection, I have compared them with the fact, and found them erroneous. As late as two centuries ago, Christian priests were the only historians of heathen manners.

The Shangalla of both sexes, while single, go entirely naked; the married men, indeed, have a very slender covering about their waist, and the married women the same. Young men and young women, till long past the age of puberty, are totally uncovered, and in constant conversation and habits with each other, in woods and solitudes, free from constraint, and without any punishment annexed to the transgression. Yet criminal commerce is much less frequent among them than in the same number chosen among Christian nations, where the powerful prejudices of education give great advantages to one sex in subduing their passions, and where the consequences of gratification, which always involves some kind of punishment, keep within bounds the desire of the other.

To come still nearer, it is a fact known to naturalists, and which the application of the thermometer sufficiently indicates, that there is a great and sensible difference in the degree of animal heat in both sexes of different nations, at the same ages or time of life. The voluptuous Turk estranges himself from the fairest and finest of his Circassian and Georgian women in his seraglio, and, during the warm summer months, addicts himself only to negro slaves, brought from the very latitudes we are now speaking of; the sensible difference in the coolness of their skins leading him to give them the preference at that season. On the other hand, one brown Abyssinian girl, a companion for the winter months, is sold at ten times the price of the fairest Georgian or Circassian beauty, for opposite reason."

It might be well to institute inquiries for the parallelism in the intense Biblical civilization of our negro slave States, where pro-slavery is the Word of God, and the just and merciful saying of Christ for the slave, "inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these ye do it unto me," is of the Devil and most damnable infidelity. Bruce found his obese negroes only apart from Biblical and Mahometan civilization; and uncorrupted among his native woods and rivers."

He says "There is no country in the world where there are so many churches as in Abyssinia. Though the country is very mountainous, and consequently the view is much obstructed, it is very seldom you see less than five or six churches, and, if you are on commanding ground, five times that number. Every great man dies, thinks that he has atoned for all his wickedness if he leaves a fund to build a church, or has built one in his lifetime. The king builds many. Wherever a victory is gained, there is built a church in the very field slinking with the putrid bodies of the slain." This "sweet smelling savor to the Lord" is quite of a piece with Western civilization, Romanist and Protestant, where the church atones for all wickedness in a theology of blood.

Of a piece, too, is this rearing of churches on the battle-fields in Abyssinia, to appease the souls or demons of the spot, to the customs of old Jewry, "according to the Word of the Lord." If temples or cities were to be built, human sacrifices were laid with the foundations as the blood offering to the genius loci—the Lord or Demon of the place. "In his days did Hiel, the Bethelite, build Jericho; he laid the foundation thereof in Abiram, his first-born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son Segub, according to the Word of the Lord, which he spake by Joshua, the son of Nun," as related in the sixteenth chapter and thirty-fourth verse of the first book of Kings. This too being of a piece of pouring the blood in the trenches, and sprinkling the altar with the same, in the Mosiac ritual, where "no devoted thing that man shall devote unto the Lord, of man and beast, shall be redeemed, but shall surely be put to death; every devoted thing is most holy unto the Lord; hence the foundation of Jericho was laid in the blood."

rites of Abram and Segub, "according to the Word of the Lord."

In vain do our modern priests, our translators and compilers, strive to hide the savagery of the Hebrew Lord of old time. His status was simply that of cotemporary savagism. It was "only in his character of Zeus, and as a sectarian, that he denounced offerings to other Gods, which offerings he claimed as "sweet smelling savors," belonging to himself. Even in the present day, uncivilized nations lay their foundations in human sacrifices, and our Christian churches symbolize the same when they immerse a talismanic scroll in the foundation of their temples.

When the veil of ignorance and superstition, in which pulpit and other training have enshrouded us, shall be rent, and we learn to read the Bible from the point of view in which it was begotten, and in the light of cotemporary status of surrounding nations, also in the light of subjective influx and objective signs and wonders; when we behold the parallels in modern Spiritualism, we shall no longer basely bow to the infernal Word of a darkly shrouded and undeveloped people, whether to the consecrating of slavery in our land, or any other infernalism. Let us slough the Word of its exorcisements, which, so far from being infallibly divine, stink in the nostrils of every thorough man. C. B. P.

BOSTON.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Not the "Hub of the Universe," but the Hub of New England, from which the spokes of travel and traffic extend over land and water in all directions. It is not a solid hub hung out in the world for a sign, but made for use, as well as show; hooped with metallic bands of trade, which keep it from falling to pieces; painted by religious pride, and gilded by wealth and fashion; boxed with a social system, the patterns for which were borrowed from Christianity, and moulded in civilization, and cast in competition, and greased with charity.

The axle of the nation runs through it into Charlestown Navy Yard, and gives it an important place in this great national crisis. Yet, on close examination, it has paper as well as metallic hoops. Under the religious painting is heart-rot, and dead, and decaying wood; creeds dried up like old tann-stools, and doctrines gone to seed and blown away like thistle seeds. Yet the sectarian paint keeps a good outside show of a Christian religion. The gilding is cracked and loosening from the masses, and neither large firms can save from failure, nor broad skirts hide the poverty of the masses. The social boxes are loose, and produce a constant clatter of gossip in the families, and business for police courts and news-gleaners.

This department alone would furnish the material for a string of novels longer than any yet written. A few days in the city have brought me face to face with a few facts which show the social condition to be bad, though not worse than other large cities of our country. On a Sunday I saw a woman cooking extensively at the stove of a lady with whom I knew she did not board, and I proceeded to inquire why she did not go to church? She replied that she must cook on Sundays for the week, and borrow a stove at that, for she had to work on soldiers' coats all the week, for which, by close application, she could earn \$2.50; and she could not get board at any respectable house for less than \$2.25; and as the twenty-five cents per week would not find her in shoes, she must contrive some cheaper way to live. I leave out the comments.

I found a poor feeble girl making vests for a merchant tailor, with the aid of a sewing-machine. She was able to earn enough to pay her board and clothes herself, out of fashion. But sickness caught her. The landlady doubled the price of her board, and she was out of money. What could she do? The landlady could not keep her, for with every shift and constant hard labor, she could only pay her rent, and bills, and support her children. The girl sent to a friend whose heart and hand were among the largest in the city, but whose pocket of course was not long. He would not lend her the money, but his present, joined to that of a few others who knew her, relieved her from pecuniary want for a few weeks, and another kind friend, whose salary will barely enable him to pay his rent and support his family with the constant labor of a feeble wife and daughter, took her home to stay free from charge, till she can again earn her board.

Why does she not get married? Ah, that is the question. Now let us turn to that picture which is before her: yonder is a good woman with several children, keeping boarders, and working like a slave to support them under her load of rents and profits. Where is her husband? She does not know; but he is a bachelor, or widower, or loafer, far away from her heart and home, and furnishing no assistance to support his children or wife.

High up in an attic of C— street, in a cold and dreary room hardly fit for rats to live in, is a sick woman and her child, poorly fed and warmed by the charity of a few friends. She married to get a home and have a husband to help support her, but he turned to a brute, and she left him to escape a death more terrible than that of poverty.

Not a thousand miles from the city, lives a woman with her aged father and mother, working at any honest calling to support herself and her boy twelve years of age. She married to get a home and husband, and lived in Boston; when she went home to be with her mother at the birth of her boy, her husband ran away with the girl that did their housework, and six or eight years after, she heard of him in the city of Chicago, but only casually.

One more, and I close this picture of the dark side of marriage. A few weeks ago I saw a poor patient of Dr. —, under treatment for a disease no person should have. Once before I saw her, many years ago, a little girl, an orphan, had a pet in a family that had taken her to bring up, far from this city. She knew me, and as the tears filled her eyes, I asked her to connect the two times, places, and conditions in which we met, and it ran as follows: She was a pet in the family, and as she grew into her teens, the wife (a second one) grew jealous and turned her away; she had no home or friends to go to; she tried the factory, but because of a delicate constitution, her health soon failed; her system was too feeble to compete with the hardy Irish and German girls in domestic service; she had no trade; two chances for life opened before her—marriage, or the poor-house, and she married, went to New York with her husband, who soon deserted her, leaving her destitute; she returned to New England, thinking once more to try the factory; but an unhappy

husband offered her a house and support in a neatly furnished house in this city, and her artless soul and body went soon and fast on the road to deeper ruin, for she soon found the house belonged to others, and he was only a visitor, and soon left her the prey of others, as she had been of him and the other husband. The next place is the grave for her body, and the spirit-world for her soul, where I hope the miserable system of social life that met her here, will follow her no more.

With such pictures, how can a poor and pure girl risk the chances of marriage? If Spiritualism does not change our social systems and cure many of those terrible evils and vices, my last hope fails, and I shall be glad to take my exit from this world and its institutions.

MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

A CHAPTER OF SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

It was of Red Bank, N. J., twenty-two years ago, that sad tidings came to me in the gray twilight of an autumn evening. A dear Sister—the youngest and fairest of the family—had gone to the sunny clime of the Angels, while the form that was so dear to me was left to repose in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. Our last earthly interview had occurred some two or three years before, and during the interval she had married a man who was unknown to me. A little more than a year following the date of the marriage, the silent messenger came for her, and the little residuum of mortal life was incarnated, but for a brief season, in her first and only child. The pure and gentle nature of that sister made the earth fairer to my vision, and life far more beautiful in the contemplation. Her being held me as by a silver chord over which the rude winds of life had swept in mournful numbers. That chord with its gentle resonance, so deeply solemn and yet so mysteriously musical, was no longer smitten by the rude conflicts and jarring discords of the world. There was true consolation as well as deep solemnity in the thought—coming up from some unfathomed spring of the invisible nature—that the mystical chord was not broken. Its earthly termination still encircled and penetrated my whole being. It seemed far more enduring, and its vibrations became more intensely real when the new-born Angel, taking that silver chord from the feeble grasp of a mortal, bore it upward to heaven.

The Spiritual Realm had not then been unveiled by the opening of the interior vision; but faith in the reality of the Unseen World and the Hidden Life, was an anchor that held my frail barque through the night, and amidst the storm. Disease had long preyed on my physical constitution, until the body was little better than a total wreck; and having little hope of renewed health and continued life on earth, I sought, as far as possible, the solace of silence and seclusion. I was living near the ocean. When the restless tides of human feeling and passion were calmed at the evening twilight, I was accustomed to seek opportunities for silent and reverent meditation. At midnight and in the early morning, I listened for hours to "The great music that dies not of the seas."

It came to my ear softened by the distance that lends enchantment to sounds as well as to the objects that address the vision; and it lulled the senses, and disposed the mind to abstract thought, that I was at times almost unconscious of my outward relations. The hills of the body were forgotten in the thrilling contemplations and sublime joys of the spirit. Then did the soft and solemn harmonies of the Inner Life, descending through that ethereal chord, vibrate on every nerve of sense, and awaken faint echoes in the haunted chambers of the soul.

More than twenty years, with their grand achievements in every department of human enterprise, and with many thrilling revelations of pleasure and pain, came in orderly succession, and they have followed the uncounted eons of the Past. Time and the constant presentation and occurrence of new objects and events have softened the rugged outlines of earlier life, and partially obscured the images of those who long since left us to pursue our journey alone. Yet still I linger here, and life seems stronger to day, and—in an important sense—more hopeful, because its issues are no longer veiled from human inspection as they once were. Life now appears to have a new and a deeper significance; and what men call death is perceived to be but the separation of the divine fire, with the elements of essential and imperishable beauty, from the ashes of the old altars which the world had desecrated and the Angels deserted.

But the new light respecting the destiny of the ashes has neither diminished my respect for the spirit nor my veneration for the memory of the departed. We love to tread lightly and to speak with hushed voices in the silent city of those whom men call "the dead." The sensuous world cannot perceive the presence of the invisible ones, or feel—as they come and go—their "Impalpable impressions on the air."

It is for those whose nature have been refined and exalted to realize a truth which at once fills the world with light, and converts the trusting heart into a paradise peopled with new loves and immortal joys. It is a sacred personal experience of this nature that I propose to relate in what follows.

Eighteen years had elapsed since my Sister's grave was opened, and the earth closed over the fair form and the pure heart of that guileless one. I was a wanderer from my home in New England, and it was not my privilege to drop a tear in that grave. When the intelligence of her ascension came to me by the sea-side, in the evening twilight of that autumn day, the dust had already "returned to earth as it was." The Seasons came in their order, and departed with all their varied revelations of life and beauty, until the flowers of eighteen summers had bloomed and withered above the little mound, and still my feet had never touched the soil that garnered the sacred ashes.

mysterious impulse. Accordingly arrangements were made for a brief course of lectures, and my good friend Mr. C. P. Loxley accompanied me on the occasion of my first visit to that part of the Connecticut valley.

The day before I arrived at N. an invisible intelligence purporting to be a little child born of Southern parents, revealed its presence at the house of Mr. Felton, and after informing the family—through the mediumship of Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON—that the present writer was about to visit the place, requested Mr. F. (father-in-law of the medium) to offer me the use of his horse and carriage while I remained in town. The spirit affirmed that it had a special and important reason for urging the proposition, and it would not retire until a promise was given that the request should be granted.

Mr. Felton was prompt in making the offer which was cordially accepted. On the day succeeding my arrival, it was decided by the writer and the junior Mr. F. that we would ride about the town in the afternoon of that day. But peculiar circumstances, which were not anticipated and need not be explained, obliged me to postpone my excursion until the following day. The next morning we started at nine o'clock, and my friend drove out of town in a south-westerly direction. We were only fairly on our way when I began to experience a singular feeling of dissatisfaction. At first the sense of displeasure was so vague as to defy all attempts at a solution of the mystery. By degrees, however, as the feeling became stronger, the cause, in some sense, appeared to be partially defined; and at length I became sensible that my displeasure was occasioned by the particular direction we had taken on leaving the town. After this statement, it may be necessary to inform the reader that the writer is not ordinarily disposed to be capricious, and it was not without considerable hesitation and a severe mental conflict, that I decided to follow an impulse that seemed at once unaccountable and absurd. The road was good, and the country on either side was agreeably diversified; but new objects and pleasant scenery were powerless either to divert the mind or to diminish the inward sense of resistance. At last I was constrained to yield, the strong feeling of repugnance having become painful from its intensity.

"Have you any preference for this route?" I inquired of Mr. F. "Not the least," he replied. "Well, then," I responded, for some cause not clearly defined in my own mind, I want to travel in the opposite direction. "That will be toward Hadley," said my friend.

At the mention of that name, I was suddenly reminded that it was there the summons came to my departed Sister. It had not occurred to me until that moment that I was so near the hallowed spot I had so long desired to visit. From the instant we changed our course, I felt a settled and solemn conviction that I was going to visit MY SISTER'S GRAVE. My friend drove back through the town and over the bridge that spans the Connecticut at that point. The strange feeling of dissatisfaction had wholly subsided. I was conscious of being partially withdrawn from surrounding objects, and felt little disposed to make observations by the way. I was an entire stranger in Hadley, never having set a foot in the town before. As we entered the place and proceeded up the broad avenue that extends from one end of the village to the other, I felt little or no inclination to stop until after Mr. F. had turned out of the principal street, taking the road, if I mistake not, that leads to Amherst College. Very soon after turning the corner, and especially as we drew near a large farm-house, situated on our left, I began to experience another change of feeling. True, there was nothing remarkable in the double frame building, on the left, but it fixed my attention in a peculiar manner. When very near the premises, I was suddenly seized with a strange unwillingness to proceed; and when opposite the house, I felt as if restrained or held back, with great force, by some invisible human agent. I had at length resolved to follow the impulse, lead where it might.

At a moment my friend had reined his horse up by the roadside and stopped at the gate, in obedience to an impromptu suggestion from myself, which seemed to find expression without my own volition. I must see the man who lives here before we go any further, I added, and at once alighted from the carriage. There was no person visible about the house, as I opened the gate; but instead of going to the front door, as I would naturally have done under ordinary circumstances, I walked directly toward the barn. On reaching the farm yard, I found a man busily employed, whom I addressed in substance as follows:

"Sir, I am in pursuit of information respecting a young lady by the name of Britton, who—nearly twenty years ago—married and settled in this town; and who also departed this life some twelve or fifteen months after her marriage."

The stranger inquired the first name, which was given; whereupon he replied: "The lady of whom you speak (E. B.) married my brother, and" (pointing to his own dwelling) he added, "they both lived and died in that house!"

Having mentioned my name and intimated the relation I sustained to his brother's wife, he invited me into his house, and at once led the way to a large room, on the second floor. "There," said he, (pointing to a bed in one corner of the apartment) "your sister drew her last breath." I could make no reply. Memory like a resurrectionist was busy in lifting the shroud from objects and scenes long gone and forgotten. It was I who interrupted the solemn pause, by requesting the gentlemen to conduct me to her grave. Half an hour later I was in the cemetery leaning on a plain marble slab, inscribed with my sister's name and her age at the time of her departure. Perceiving that I was not inclined to converse, Mr. — left me alone. Seated at the foot of that little green hillock, I found it an easy task to forget the world. But it was not with the dead that I communed. Those whom mortals are prone to regard as silent, cold and lifeless, are still quick with a diviner life, a keener sense, and loftier thoughts. A spiritual presence was around and within me like an atmosphere, luminous and palpable as the sunshine, and more precious than the perfume of the wild flowers that bloomed above the green mound in the valley. Heaven opened to my consciousness at the very portals of the grave. When we are "in the spirit" we cease to measure life on the dial plate, and I cannot say how long the spell continued. When at length it was partially broken, I felt unwilling to leave the spot without at least some simple memorial. Steeping down, I plucked some clover that was blooming directly over the brow that was once the expressive index to her pure and peaceful spirit.

this simple incident. I was in the act of depositing the clover blossoms in my pocket diary, when I was startled by a message from an inward revealer. The mystical utterance was something between a feeling and a voice, but so much resembled a vocal expression as to be perfectly intelligible. The inward Voice said "THERE ARE MEMORIALS THAT YOU MUST HAVE." It occurred to me that I retained nothing in my possession that her hand had ever touched, except one of her letters; and it seemed improbable, under the circumstances, that anything of particular interest from its associations would be likely to fall into my hands, after the lapse of eighteen years. But as I turned away from that consecrated spot, with the unselfish love that united us in childhood and youth revived and spiritualized in my own heart, I still felt a conviction—inspired by the Inner Voice—that something of interest might yet remain for me. The echo of that voice still moved the inward medium of sensation; and even the auditory nerve seemed to vibrate in gentle undulations.

On our return from the cemetery—desiring to obtain something that would serve as a keepsake—I inquired of Mr. — if he supposed that any little article of my sister's personal property yet remained in his family. He replied that he recollected to have seen a small casket, with the top inland, which he thought was still in the hands of his sister; and that if I desired he would accompany me to her residence. His proposal was instantly accepted, and I was soon introduced to the lady. In answer to our inquiries she said, that another member of the family who had removed to the West, had taken the casket with her. There was a prolonged pause following this announcement. My reason suggested that I should pursue the matter no further, but the inward Voice would not be silent.

We were seated at one end of a long room—the gentleman, his sister and myself. At the opposite end of the apartment, by a front window, sat a lady visitor who had come in to spend the afternoon. I had not been introduced to her; but overhearing our conversation, she interrupted the pause that succeeded it.

"Sir," said she, "I have two books at my house that were the property of your sister—her Album, filled with the contributions of her friends, and another book containing a record of her own thoughts." "Madam," I replied, "these are the things that I desire to obtain." She said they were borrowed, and named the lady in the neighborhood who claimed them as her property. That person was immediately consulted, and as soon as I could ride to the residence of the lady who had the books in her possession, they were delivered into my hands.

I felt that the object of my visit was realized, and immediately returned to Northampton. On entering the room where Mrs. Felton was seated, she was immediately influenced by a foreign intelligence. The person and character of my sister were most accurately described; and then the spirit—entrancing Mrs. F., said, "We have been completely successful in our efforts, at last, and the first object of your visit to this place is happily accomplished."

This experience occurred more than three years since, and was the means of renewing the pure and passionless love of childhood for its dearest object. It was a new baptism of the soul, fraught with sacred recollections of one whose image is enshrined in the memory, and whose pure spirit shall live in the affections forever. S. B. B.

The Abolitionist.

We copy the following eloquent panegyric from a recent number of the Haverhill Tri-Weekly Publisher. It is from the able pen of Oliver J. Gerrish, Esq., of that town: "The Abolitionists need not our vindication or praise. Their fame, though unthought, is sure. History will show them as the prophets of their time—as the men who rose above the blinding mists and the choking dust of politics and commerce, into the clear blue of God's eternal truth, and from that hill of vision saw the fatal rock toward which the Ship of State was surely and swiftly drifting. For long years they have shouted the alarm in the ears of a drowsy nation, calling upon it to awake out of sleep and attend to the things which belonged to its peace. They have simply insisted upon the incorporation of the Golden Rule into the nation's creed; preached justice; said, 'God is God, and is not made.' But their warnings have been unheeded; their names loaded with infamy, and themselves shouted down. But their words bide their time. The inexorable law of God's justice moves on, clearing a pathway for itself. And now the crash has come. The nation has sinned, and the nation must suffer. But it is not too late. Repentance will bring forgiveness. There is a door of escape. Every consideration worthy to address itself to the patriot and the Christian, urges us to avail ourselves of it. Through its portals, Freedom, Peace and Prosperity beckon us to their thanksgiving; and over its archway is inscribed: 'JUSTICE TO THE OPPRESSED.'"

Feed Water. Mr. Editor—In your interesting column of Items, last week, I found an item, copied from Dr. Hall's Journal of Health, stating that "Ice water at meals chills the stomach, and consequently, retards digestion." After Bishop Chase established Jubilee College, at Robin's-nest, Ill., he says: "I have found that a plentiful use of ice—in my family and in the College boarding-house, during the summer months, has effectually prevented the prevalence of the different types of fevers incident to the miasmas of the rich level lands of the West. I think it cannot be denied that families who use ice water through the hot weather are more healthy than families without it. I am quite strong in the conviction that the constant use of ice water during the summer months will avert summer complaints, such as diarrhoeas, vomitings and cholera, that come of an excessive secretion of the bile. Experience and observation have taught me that the use of ice water is beneficial to health, and is not injurious to digestion." It may be thought that there are many exceptions to this statement, even if the statement is true, but I believe that these exceptions are more of prejudice than of actual experience. A. B. C.

Miss A. W. Sprague. A friend writes—"Our much esteemed sister A. W. Sprague, has been in Oswego, New York, since the middle of August last, sick of a nervous fever, which for a time completely prostrated her nervous system. She is gradually recovering, and I think she will be well and ready to take the field again early next summer. Though a great sufferer, she has been sustained and comforted in the belief of the beautiful philosophy she has so earnestly advocated for years, and is now encouraged to hope for a speedy restoration to health. Her numerous friends will doubtless be glad to hear from her; and as she finds it impossible to reply to the numerous letters received from them, she has requested me to make the facts known through the Banner."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1862. OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, ROOM NO. 8, UP STAIRS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Terms of Subscription: Single copies, one year, \$2 00; six months, 1 00; three months, 50; Clubs of four or more persons will be taken at the following rates: One year, \$1 50; six months, 75.

Money sent at our risk; but where drafts on Boston or New York are procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss. No Western Bank Notes, excepting those of the State Bank of Ohio, State Bank of Iowa, and State Bank of Indiana, are current here, hence our Western subscribers and others who have occasion to remit us funds, are requested to send bills on the above named Banks in case Eastern money cannot be conveniently procured. Canadian bank notes are current here. Postage stamps—ones and three only—of the new issue, will be received for subscriptions; subscribers will please send none of the other denominations, for they are of no use to us. Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Subscribers in Canada, or other foreign countries, will send the terms of subscription 52 cents per year, for pre-payment of American postage. Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always give the name of the Town, County and State to which it has been sent. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the most favorable terms. Send all BUSINESS LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS TO THE EDITOR.

"Banner of Light, Boston, Mass." ISAAC B. RICH, Publisher for the Proprietors.

A NEW STORY.

We shall commence the publication, in next week's paper, of a stirring and romantic tale, by a practiced hand, entitled

"LADY AND LOVER."

It is a tale of the truly romantic order, and will engross the interest of all readers.

PATIENT SPIRITUALISM.

Last week, we had somewhat to say of the feverishness of some of our modern reformers; we have something to say now on the very opposite quality. These are times when, if ever, one is to make haste slowly. Haste will certainly make waste now, and possibly bring shame. If ever our leaders needed some powerful hand to guide and control them; if ever the men in whom we trust to extricate us from peril needed to be taught self-command, patience and faith, it is manifestly at this particular time, when all men are readily enough excited to action of some kind, but very few are inclined to let events have their time and room to act their part unaided.

It may pretty generally be assumed that he who has not patience, in all its desirable fullness, has a lack of genuine faith to just that extent, also. For, not to be patient, is the same thing with not being willing that time and tide should work along with us; and surely, if anything would imply radical distrust in spiritual laws, that fact would. We often hear it spoken of persons in a derisive manner, that they would certainly have made suggestions, had they stood at the Almighty's elbow on the first day of creation. That simply means, we have individuals among us at this present day, lineal descendants of the imaginary ones alluded to, who put a deal more of faith in their own little conceits than they ever did in the effective cooperation of Providence, as their very impatience and fretfulness testify.

The one conceit of the day is, or has been until very lately, to be thought "smart;" such or such a man is a very smart man; can go ahead of a good many others and out a wide swath; can perform tricks, of trade or his profession, which others are not "up to," and because they would not deign to entertain them; and while these steel spring fellows, who jerk and snap their way along, are remarked upon, which, indeed, is true even of outright nuisances, the mass have fallen into the opinion that the quiet, meditative, thoughtful, and larger brained ones, are of no special importance. And so the steel-spring style of man comes insensibly into vogue, and everything like reflectiveness, and reasonable plans, and calm determination, is at a permanent discount.

This is a view of what is true in matters of business and affairs. But the illustration answers just as well for persons professing to be influenced by high spiritual considerations. In the spiritual field, we readily discover the same spirit of unrest and impatience. It is as if the farmer should keep grubbing because, having sown his seed on one day, it does not come up on the next. Who can see the end from the beginning, save God, who sees and knows all things? Who is so wise that he may plan and propose, and count with certainty on his plans and purposes resulting just as he would have them? Who can look into his own nature, and declare that within it are all needed sources of knowledge; that he has but to start a suggestion himself, and he can work it out successfully, without the aid of any inspiring power.

No man can truly say that he is a Spiritualist, who manifests the least unreasonableness, impatience, or chagrin, because his work does not come to what he proposed to himself. Suppose his efforts do not tell in a certain direction; does it follow, therefore, that they are utterly useless, that they will do no work in any other? Even if one fails altogether in his constant reaching forth for some material advantage and good, he cannot say, by any means, that his efforts were of no use; perhaps they brought him benefit in some other mode and direction, which benefit he might never have got but for the stimulus of this grosser pursuit. Certainly his mind has been kept active all the while; and that is something—a good deal better than idleness and lack of purpose entirely, in which state the mind soon loses all its tendency to growth and expansion.

Patience—patience! That is what we all want, quite as much as we need to work. All work and no waiting, makes but a one-sided affair of it. Time must be given to the seeds to germinate. We cannot force Nature; but soon find that we must patiently wait on her and obey her. Because certain matters have failed to result just as our preconceived ideas would have them, it does not follow that the matters themselves have gone wrong, but rather that our ideas went off unadvisedly—that we thought to take the control of matters into our own hands, instead of remembering that we are only instrument and tools in the hands of a higher power. And all our disappointment, too, comes to us for discipline; we may be patient even under them, knowing now that we needed them or they never would have been sent. And, coming by our own instrumentality, too, we can blame no one, and no outside influence, for a visitation which was self-sought and must needs be self-borne.

No more Jealousies.

Well says the New York Herald—a paper singularly awake, whatever its opinions may be worth—"When Southern mills shall have sprung into existence in such abundance that they no longer need the cotton-fabrics of Old and New England; when their tanneries compete with ours; when they begin to export cloths, stuffs, iron-ware and grain; when their ship-yards resound with the hammer, and their forges are able to turn out steam engines; the happy period will have arrived when no cause of inter-state jealousy will remain for demagogues to make capital of, when a national Congress can meet together harmoniously, and the question will not be asked whether a President derives his origin from a Northern or a Southern State. Difficulties concerning internal improvements and the imposition of duties on merchandise will have passed away, and the sole object of the aspirations of Americans will be the common aggrandizement, and the extirpation of foreign rule upon this continent. If, therefore, amid the treason and rebellion by which the South is convulsed, manufactures are thriving, we see cause for rejoicing, but none for either envy or sorrow."

Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit-land.

Number thirty-six of these interesting essays will be found on our third page. In a note accompanying this paper the author alludes to several errors in the Glimpses, typographical and literal, which in the revision at some future day, will be corrected. "Not to the early Christian sect, the Ebionites, but to the Marcionites, we should have referred," he says, "as declaring the Jewish Jehovah to have been a fallen angel. Plotinus was not of the fourth century before Jesus, but of the third century after." Our correspondent adds: "Within a few months, our sources of information have been very much increased. An English gentleman, for some time a resident in Persia, and a seeker out of the mysteries, has invited us to the use of his library, probably one of the rarest in America. It supplies the very want which was not filled by our 'Redwood Library,' though this has many outlines among its twelve thousand volumes. After Glimpses No. 40, our vision is enlarged from the more original sources of Egyptian, Grecian and other mysteries, which completely sustain us in all our positions with reference to old Jewry."

About Poe.

A learnedly verbose and piquant review of Russell Lowell, in the February number of the "Continental Monthly," speaks incidentally about Poe—or, as some called him, "poor Poe,"—and observes with decided truth and justice, that "with a mind neither well-balanced nor unprejudiced, and an imagination that mistook the distorted fancies of a fevered brain for the pure impulses of some mysterious muse, and gave the reins to couriers that even Phæton would have feared to trust, he can only excite our pity where he deserves our admiration. Qui non dat quod amat, non desinit ille quod optat—was an inscription on an old chequer-board of the times of Henry II. And what did Poe love? Truth shrugs her shoulders, but forbears to answer—Himself. His were the vagaries of genius without its large-hearted charities; its nice discrimination without its honesty of purpose; its startling originality without its harmonious proportions; its inevitable errors without its persevering energies. He acknowledged no principle; he was actuated by no high aim; he even busied himself—as so many of the unfortunate great have done—with no chimera."

"A Short War and a Desperate."

Such was the remark made by Gen. McClellan, not many months ago, relative to the length of this war. The matter portion of the public can now have what their peevishness set at rest, if we are to believe what a writer from Washington says about Gen. McClellan and his plans, in the New York Times. He says that our masterly leader has caught the rebels at Manassas in their own trap. They are like a fox in a burrow with one hole, where they must soon be forced out, and then Gen. McClellan will fall upon them like a thunderbolt. The public will not then complain of his want of energy. I tell you it will be so fearful as to have waiting and mourning go up from every Southern household. Knowing what I do, I repeat that the Rebels are doomed, and Secession will never raise its hydra head again in the land. The folds of the giant Constrictor are now tightening around the rebellion, and the coming month will see it crushed out completely and forever. Again I say—look out for "a short war and a desperate one."

Snug Weather.

Yes, indeed; for a couple of weeks, or so, just back along, we have had real pinchers. One feels what it is to be frost-bitten, to be chilled almost to the heart. How many of us keep in mind the suffering, during these spells of bitter cold? If a body really desires the naked pleasure of being loved, wholly and unreservedly, there is no easier or more direct way than to go and perform some charitable deed—do it delicately and with a sensible discrimination—toward those who expect nothing at all from him, and who, according to the ordinary social calculations, have no sort of right to expect any remembrance in strangers' bosoms. Nothing will so surely warm us as to go and do good to others; in warmly them, we heat our own furnaces seven times hotter than theirs. The selfish person knows nothing of this, and can know nothing for all our telling him; for his own selfishness keeps him cold to all the approaches of this genial heat. But when selfishness melts away, or is overcome—then, what an awakening to a new life in the heart!

The Way they do it.

It is said there is a firm in Boston that actually pays out six cents per pair to women and girls, for making drawers for the soldiers! The firm, of course, have what is called an "army contract;" but the poor sewing girls—they have six cents per pair! It is not very strange, we know, as human nature goes, to find that men are given to make the best bargains they can; but really, is it not coming the matter a little strong to put the prices for work down as low as that, and the prices for productions as high as they can? Is it just and consistent for a man to claim to be all patriotism and nothing else, all philanthropy and benevolence, entirely devoted to the elevation of a down-trodden race—and yet drive as sharp bargains as this one shows itself to be? Out upon all this shamminess! If a person is resolved to do good, let him go straightway, and do it; but let him not, in heaven's name, merely profess his good resolutions, and, under cover of them, go and practice that at which all benevolent men revolt.

Woman's Management.

In a certain town up in Berkshire, which is noted for its social refinement, its neat and substantial dwellings, and the general thrift and happiness of its inhabitants, a large proportion of the housekeeping population is said to be made up of females—either widows or maiden ladies; and it has been adduced as an effective argument in favor of woman's ability to manage her property for herself, that this town is surpassed by none for any of those high and desirable characteristics which ought to make an advanced state of civilization. Now here is an instance of exactly what some persons are unwilling to believe: of a community consisting in great part of females, who know how to transact business certainly as well—as far as that business extends—as those who affect to style themselves the "lords of creation." Here is a worthy practical hint, then, of what many people are yearly petitioning our various legislatures for—to permit females to have the full control and management of their own property, and not to consider them no better than serfs by utterly refusing them any rights which they show themselves quite as capable of enjoying as the sex that happen to wear boots and pantaloons.

A Common Trick.

Many persons are guilty of little practices, "not quite the cheese," of which they are unaware even after they have been told of it. Among them, such as this: you ask a person to be kind enough to drop a handful of letters for you into the post-office box as he goes along, and he readily assents, of course; but he will not start until he has carefully shuffled them over and read the superscription on every one! Why do that? It is the most unmannerly practice in vogue. He might just as properly ask you to tell him what were the contents of your letters, for it belongs to the same piece of curiosity-hunting. Why not take your letters, and go along? and, if he must know to whom you have been writing, and even try to guess what you have been writing about, let him wait at least long enough to get out of your sight, and then fall to his work with all the impatience of his desire. Such trifling practices betray character and manners so readily. It is just as old Confucius asked—"how shall a man conceal himself?" It cannot be done. The little things let the cat out of the bag directly. It will generally pay, therefore, to look after the smallest habits we have about us.

The People.

The cry of "the People," has been raised by demagogues, since the people began to find out their power. It is a very convenient, as well as a very delusive cry. If the people themselves were wise, or when they are wise indeed, they will see through all this, and refuse to be influenced by it any longer. There is a grander meaning in that much abused phrase—"The People"—than ambitious tricksters and stupid little men ever dreamed of. For to the people belongs the whole of the world's great future. They are fast taking their destiny into their own hands. As Dr. Chapin eloquently expresses it, "nothing is more interesting than to mark the progress of a people sweeping down through the ages. Slowly emerges this third estate; but when the prison doors are once open, then come Luther, Columbus, gunpowder, the mariner's compass, and the press. Organization begins, and we see the movement of a people. Their progress is seen in improvement in external things, and in internal elevation." It is the great inspiration of this age, that the People are rapidly becoming elevated and free.

A Kind Notice.

We are always grateful for favors done us, and whenever anything like the following incident occurs, it makes us mirthful as well as thankful. It seems that a few nights ago a gentleman residing in Moses Meadow, Conn., visited a Methodist meeting, and listened to a terrible onslaught against Spiritualism in general, and the BANNER OF LIGHT in particular, from the officiating clergyman. This called the gentleman's attention to the paper, and he forthwith enclosed us the fee which enrolls his name upon our subscription books for a year. Our brother thought, since the priest had called his attention to our sheet, that he would read it for himself.

Webster House, Boston.

This large and convenient house on Hanover street, in this city, has recently been thoroughly overhauled, altered and repaired, and newly fitted up for the reception of travelers and boarders, and having changed landlords, is now kept by Col. JESSE LADD, formerly of Holderness, N. H., who with his pleasant and excellent family will make it a convenient and pleasant home for travelers who want good quarters in the city. Col. Ladd has long been one of the prominent and active members of our great Church of Humanity, and well known to a large circle of Spiritualists, and this added to his business and social qualities, fits him for the station he now occupies, as the host of all who seek elegant or comfortable quarters among strangers on the journey of life.

The Emancipation League.

The members of this organization have made arrangements for a course of six lectures to be given at Tremont Temple. The course was inaugurated last Tuesday evening, by Rev. George B. Cheever, of New York, on the subject, "Emancipation Immediate the only just and honorable policy, and the only way to prevent foreign recognition of the rebellious States, and a foreign war." Next Tuesday evening, Jan. 21, Orestes A. Brownson will speak, and will be followed on succeeding Wednesday evenings by M. D. Conway, Frederick Douglass, and others.

The Continental Monthly.

Very much in the style of the Atlantic Monthly, but very different in material, is the new monthly that has made its appearance in Boston. It contains a greater variety; and though the aristocracy of talent is employed on the Atlantic, talent of no mean order enriches the pages of the Continental. The February number contains some twenty-five articles, "all modes of mind contrasting," and a better humorous feast is spread out on the Editor's Table, than is often placed before us.

The Societies.

At Lyceum Hall are indeed pleasant reunions. The hall was well filled on Tuesday evening, 14th inst., with smiling faces, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." Much tact and skill have been manifested by the managers in the inauguration of these social parties, and we are pleased to know that they have proved a success thus far. The next party will take place on the 28th inst. Tickets 50 cents.

LIZZIE DOTEN AT LYCEUM HALL, BOSTON.

Sunday Afternoon, January 12, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

THE BEAUTIFUL.

After a feeling invocation to the "Great Soul of the Beautiful, the perfect orb," from the lips of the medium, and a finely rendered song from the choir, whose notes were enhanced by the mingling in of the soft tones of the flute performed by Prof. A. Bond, the medium made a few remarks upon the disappointment felt by the audience at the absence of Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, who was announced to speak to-day. Mrs. S. had arrived in the city intending to fulfill the engagement, but a sudden indisposition had overcome her, and she was not allowed to leave her home. The discourse purported to come from the spirit of Mrs. S. E. Mayo, formerly a writer of note in the Universalist denomination. She said:

The whole world is in a state of vassalage. It is bending in a state of worship, at the footsteps of the beautiful. It binds all mankind with a rosy chain, and leads them at its will. It leads, governs and guides man all his way through life. Man's love for the beautiful will never let him rest long in the shadow of deformity, but he ever seeks for that which will alone satisfy his soul. He is looking upward and onward into the divine future. He is ever seeking for the new, for his ideal of the beautiful has never been realized—not till he closes his eyes to earth are his visions realized in all their glory. Ye who are disappointed in this life, because all the visions of your dreams are found unreal, know the grand ultimatum is yet to be revealed in the celestial realms of the future; know that every soul has its glorious ideal of beauty, and the time shall come when that ideal shall become the real. Through this worship of the beautiful, comes the true elevation of man's nature.

What is it that calls for the development of all his highest spiritual powers, half so much as this? Humanity can only catch here and there some faint echo of the music that pervades eternal space. All seek for the creators and exponents of the beautiful, to lead them down with the trophies of their thanksgiving; and the painter, the sculptor, the poet, the musician, and the architect, are those in whose soul God has planted the love of the beautiful. The spirit stretches forth its hand to them, and they enrich us with the heaven-born creations of their art. The voice of the Eternal speaks, and the great gateway of the spheres is open, and the human soul recognizes its relationship to the Deity.

Man has toiled with his own soul, and learned to love its God. The churches have urged man to get religion, and tried to compel it to worship his Creator, narrowing him down to their own poor channel. Creeds cannot hold the heart of man, for they are the mere outline of piety. Creeds are not beautiful to his heart, and he will never love them, though his fear may hold him still a slave.

Man's soul is a vine climbing up around the Deity, and institutions have been endeavoring to bend down the vine. But the tendency of the vine has been upward; and even as the vine goes upward, so let the soul of man grow, and expand, and unfold. Plato had something of truth in his theory, that the soul had lived in the heart of the Eternal One, and learned the beauties of his sphere, and it will not be satisfied with anything short of the divine life. The soul of man is ever aspiring—surging upward, forever.

Man and woman find their ideals of beauty in each other. Man will pause before the statue of the Venus de Medici, the form of the perfect woman, and the marvel of art, in rapt admiration; and woman will look up to the statue of the Apollo Belvidere, and be reminded of the God that dwells in her heart. The love of the beautiful is an educator of human life. Place around the little child the beautiful, and the little child will be educated and refined by those surroundings, and its soul grow into a higher appreciation of truth. You hardly know why you submit; but the beautiful is a willing bondage, and you are content.

Spirits have come to teach mortals the religion of the beautiful. You know it will bring to you what you most desire to possess. It makes the soul feel its wings growing and expanding, and ready to spring forth in the clear sunlight and drink from nature's sparkling fountains. There is a great temple in the spirit world called Beautiful, and at its portals and within its gates mortals are waiting to learn of God. They ask not in vain. Always the stars of hope are shining there, and the songs of spirits being wafted downward, and mortal ears sometimes catch the strains. There is war and bloodshed on earth, but the sweet songs coming down will attract the attention of men. Wait yet a little longer; faint not—for the voice of inspiration shall come into each heart, and all shall be poets and all be prophets.

Man turns from the things of earth, but he knows not what it is that is struggling in his soul; he knows it is something too large for him to express. It will take such a hold that all institutions and regulations will change. Men and women cannot love what is not lovely and beautiful in each other, and so the great marriage-tie yet to be unfolded will be that of attraction. Man cannot join together what God has put eternally asunder. Attraction, and that alone, will be the test, and no relation can exist in its purity without it.

Oh, men and women, you can bear evidence to the fact that we speak the truth. You have tried to live that which was true to the customs and conditions of the world, but false to your own souls. Look not to that which fools admire, but to the beautiful within, and you shall confess that harmony and peace make life happier than it ever was before.

Make things practically right, and effects will be beautiful and pure; and, while you infuse your conduct with all the strength of your soul, you are sending forth the little leaven that shall leaven the whole lump of your being. Guard the love of the beautiful. Turn your faculties toward the accomplishment of what will be of good to yourselves and to others in its practical workings, and the voice of the Almighty shall give you constant approval. Let men be true to their noblest intuitions, and the beautiful shall bless man's soul and baptize his being forever. Spirits will take you by the hand and lead you up to the throne of the Beautiful. All your perverted nature shall be changed, and never again will your hand be raised against your brother, or to blot out or obscure the angel vision. You are all spirits in the flesh, and are daily becoming more and more in kindred with the spirits disembodied. As you change, the peace that surrounds your being shall become more and more apparent to you, and we shall all become His temple, and the perfect Being shall dwell in it.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Miss Lizzie M. A. Carley will speak in Portland, Me., next Sabbath, January 26th.

The old question, "Is it lawful for a man to marry his widow's sister?" having been disposed of, the second inquiry which arose, "Is it lawful for a lady to marry her Parents?" seems to be likewise settled by the following which we cut from one of our city papers: "31st ult., Mr. George Parents to Miss Sophia H. Walker."

Digby wishes to know why people bother themselves about hoarding up gold and silver when shillings are so plenty and go so quick at par.

OSBORN E. DODGE.—This gentleman who is well known to our citizens as a concert singer of much merit, returns to New England, after an absence of eight years. He will give a series of concerts in this city, shortly, probably in the Music Hall. One of our exchanges, in alluding to him, truthfully says: "Mr. Dodge has undisputed sway in his line, and is certainly unapproached by any person now on the stage, as a singer of genteel humorous songs." Mr. D. will be assisted by Mr. William Hayward, who also has a high reputation as a vocalist.

"Compendium of Facts on Supermundane Phenomena," by A. H. Davis, Esq., of Natick, two chapters of which have already appeared, will be continued in our next.

A new paper, entitled the "Era of Progress," has introduced itself into our annals. It is published semi-monthly at Peplin, Wisconsin, by John Sterling. The editor in his salutatory says:—"We will earnestly endeavor to purify society of dissipation of every kind, and generate among our readers a spirit of hope, charity, temperance in all things, industry, purity, and self-reliance, and make our paper the special organ of the I. O. G. T. of the North-west; and to facilitate this leading feature, we have made arrangements with some of the best writers and lecturers of the North-west, to furnish us from time to time with reform communications."

Mr. Charles H. Foster, the test medium, who has recently taken rooms in London, is, we learn, commanding much attention in that city. A correspondent of the London Spiritual Magazine says: "I consider it but an act of duty to Mr. Foster, and to the cause to which his life is apparently devoted, to request you to allow me through your columns to present a brief but emphatic testimony to the genuineness of the manifestations received through him." A communication from the pen of William Howitt appears in the January number of the Magazine, which we shall transfer to our columns as soon as our space permits.

Superficial men have no absorbing passions; there are no whirlpools in a shallow.

A tasteful and appropriate monument has lately been erected over the grave of the great philanthropist, Robert Owen, at Newtown. It is in tomb form of blue slabs and polished marble corners. Upon the south side is the following inscription: "In memory of Robert Owen (the philanthropist), born at Newtown, May 14th, 1771; died at Newtown, November 17th, 1858." On the opposite side is written, "Erected by public subscription, 1861." The whole is surrounded by a low iron palisading.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON'S lecture in New York city, on Tuesday evening of last week, says the Independent, was a clear, temperate and manly statement of the position of the Abolitionists toward the War. He took the common ground of patriots that the rebellion is an unholy conspiracy against freedom, and that the safety of the nation, the honor of the flag, the hopes of liberty, all depend on victory to the good cause of the Union.

Dr. S. W. Howard and Lady, the distinguished Clairvoyant Physicians, have permanently located in the city of Indianapolis, Ind., and respectfully tender their services to the afflicted. They examine and prescribe for patients at all hours of the day, at their office, No. 13 South Mississippi street. Post office address, box 873, Indianapolis, Ind.

It is reported that Russia, at the commencement of the difficulty between England and America, employed all her influence in favor of peace, and has recently taken steps to the same end. The Russian Cabinet communicated to the great powers of all the reports received from its representative at Washington.

None of us can afford to lose the privilege of suffering for the sake of those we love.

Digby has just ascertained that a woman in one of our suburban towns recently made application for the office of post-mistress, as she felt herself competent to take care of the "males," (males.) She'd been married only six times.

On New Year's day the Pope received General Guyon and the French officers. Gen. Guyon spoke of their devotion to the Pope. The latter thanked Gen. Guyon for the sentiments expressed, and said the French soldiers at present in Rome would not permit the fulfillment of any irreligious or impolitic act. He concluded by bestowing the Apostolic benediction on the Emperor Napoleon and the Imperial family.

WITHIN SMELLING DISTANCE.—We have heard of many things on which papers contrive to get drunk, but of nothing so strange as that in the case of a fellow who, as reported, was convicted of having got drunk on the testimony of two police officers.

"Joy," (I see) as the blind man said, when he fell on the slippery pavement.

English Philanthropy and English Selfishness are being weighed, just at this time. The selfish side of the scale hangs lowest as yet.

It is fortunate for Fortune that she is blind, else she might blush to behold the fools she patronizes.

If the world knocks you down and jostles you in its great race, do not sit whining under people's feet, but get up, rub your elbows and begin again.

Respectability is a thing that many people are very willing to run in debt for.

It is far better to suffer than to lose the power of suffering.

Obscure writers, like turbid streams, seem deeper than they are.

It is oftener noble and more difficult to conquer a doubt than a rebuff.

A VALUABLE HINT. I'll tell you a plan for gaining wealth. Better than banking, trade, or leases; Take a bank-note and fold it up. And then you will find your money in ORANGES. This wonderful plan, without danger or loss, keeps your cash in your hands, where nothing can trouble it. And every time that you fold it across, it's as plain as the light of day, that you double it.

Particular Notice.

We wish it distinctly understood that we cannot afford to mail our paper to single subscribers, for less than the terms of subscription designated under our editorial head, viz., \$2.00 per year. We shall continue to furnish the BANNER to clubs of four or more persons at the club rates, and to none others, at less than the full price. We need all the support we can legitimately get to enable us to weather the mighty storm that is sweeping over our beloved land at this time, and we hope our patrons will aid us to the extent of their ability, that the BANNER may triumphantly wave over every obstacle, disseminating the great truths of Spiritualism broadcast throughout the earth.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

A. H. CHAGRIN FALLS, Ohio.—Your letter of Dec. 2d has just fallen into our hands. We will attend to the matter you refer to.

P. C. S. LOWELL, MASS.—The message contains matter of interest, but it is not prepared with sufficient care to appear in print.

D. G. WHITE, DECATUR, ILL.—The contents of your letter are duly noted. Please accept our sincere thanks for your efforts in behalf of the BANNER.

Various communications are unavoidably laid over this week. We wish our paper was large enough to accommodate all our friends without delay; but as it is not, we do the best we can under the circumstances.

Lizzie Doten at Lyceum Hall.

Miss Lizzie Doten will speak in Lyceum Hall, on Sunday, January 20th, afternoon and evening. The subject in the afternoon is, "Death and Eternal Punishment." In the evening there will be a kind of Spiritual Conference, where a number of Spirits will be present, and talk through the medium. A Poem from the Spirits of Poe is also promised, whether in the afternoon or evening, we are not informed. The meetings are free.

Mr. Colchester, the Medium.

Mr. C. still continues his sittings for the public, at No. 75 Beach street, in this city. He is worthy of the special attention of our readers, as one of the most reliable and versatile mediums in the field.

Notice to the Public.

Mr. Mansfield has now ceased answering letters directed to us and enclosing two dollars for the BANNER; and if our readers desire his services hereafter, they must enclose him the letter to be answered, with his usual fee—one dollar. The reason for this change is, that Mr. M. has too much business of his own to attend to, and as the offer was in the first place voluntary on his part, we cannot find any fault at its withdrawal.

The Banner of Light.

Bound Volumes of the BANNER for the year 1859—Vols. 5 and 6—can be procured at this office. Price \$3 each.

The Spiritual Reasoner.

This work by E. W. Lewis, M. D., of Watkins, N. Y., is a record or journal of spirit-teachings, communications, and conversations, in the years 1851, 1852, and 1853, through N. S. Gardner, medium. These conversations are held between a band of intellectual investigators, and the spirit of John Locke, Lorenzo Dow, Occult, etc. Many interesting queries were put to the higher intelligences by this little band of inquirers, and the answers are pregnant with thought. The volume is for sale at the Banner of Light office, Boston, at thirty-seven cents a copy. When sent by mail, 10 cents additional for postage.

The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the best scientific books of the present age. Did the reader of this volume, by this fact fully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reader will find an enumeration of its contents. This work has found its way into Germany, been translated into the German language by a gentleman well known to the scientific world, and has been extensively sold in that country. We will send the book by mail 50c any part of the United States, on the receipt of \$1.00.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a convenient medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

WM. L. JOHNSON AND M. W. PHAY, DENTISTS.

HAVE taken rooms at 175 Court Street, Boston, where they are prepared to perform all operations in SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTISTRY. Dr. J. makes the Surgical branch of Dentistry a specialty, in which he has had an experience of sixteen years. Being endowed with strong Magnetic and Healing powers, he is enabled to extract teeth, in many cases without pain. He also makes use of his healing powers in the treatment of Nervous Diseases in all its forms. Jan. 25.

NOTICE.

JAMES W. GREENWOOD, who has given abundant evidence, in the past six years, of his Magnetic HEALING POWERS, has taken Rooms No. 10 Tremont Temple, Boston, where he can be consulted daily, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. At other hours he will visit the sick at their homes. 1w Jan. 25.

MRS. F. D. CARLTON will be happy to wait upon all those who would like to converse with Spirit Friends. Tremont Temple, No. 10 Tremont street, Newburyport. Jan. 25.

WANTED.—BY MRS. J. H. CONANT—one or a suit of Rooms, near this office. The charges must be moderate, and the pay will be prompt. For full particulars inquire at this office, or of Mr. J. H. Conant, at White Brothers, 50 Tremont street. Jan. 5.

HAMMONTON SETTLEMENT.

LANDS FOR SALE IN THIS BEAUTIFUL AND THRIVING SETTLEMENT.

THE soil is a fine, sandy loam, adapted to the growth of Wheat, Olover, Corn, Peaches, Grapes, &c. It is the best fruit soil in the Union. The Climate is mild, healthy and agreeable; the markets, are the best, and all facilities are now at hand. This Settlement was started three years ago, and the land sold to none but actual settlers, and the result has been, five hundred houses, two mills, five stores, and four public schools have been erected, and a population of three thousand industrious, liberal, enterprising and moral settlers, from New England and the western States, making a very desirable and thrifty community.

A large number of acres have been planted with Grapes and fine fruits. This settlement offers a rare opportunity for those wanting homes and protection against hard times. The farm lands are offered at the low price of from \$10 to \$50 per acre, and those who cannot pay all cash can pay one quarter cash and the balance in one, two, and three years, with interest. Also, town lots and cottage lots, of from one acre to five acres, from \$30 to \$200 each, or on one year's time.

Also, Improved Farms—Two beautiful, improved places, for sale, on a fine lake of pure spring water, with vineyard, fruit, &c.—desirable for a Water Cure. Grounds well laid out.

To visit Hammonton—leave Vine street wharf, Philadelphia at 7 1/2 A. M. and 8 1/2 o'clock P. M., direct for Hammonton. Inquire of E. J. BYRNES, Hammonton Land Office, near the station. Letters, including a stamp, will be answered. E. J. BYRNES. Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J., Jan. 1862. 5w Jan. 4.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Tremont Court & School streets. Admission 50 cents; Orchestra and Reserved seats, 50 cents. Performances commence in the evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 2 o'clock. BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Washington street. Goodwin & Winter, Lessees. Catastrophe of the Gaucen. Performances every evening, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Prices—50, 25, and 15 cents. AQUARIUM AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Central Court, Living Whites, Animals, Aquaria, &c. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission 25 cents; Children under 10 years, 15 cents. MORRIS BROTHERS, FELL AND TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—Nearly opposite the Old South Church, Ticknor, 25 cents.

New Books.

A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D. AUTHOR OF "WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT," &c. &c. IS NOW READY and will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the country for 25 cents. This book, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 158 Washington street, Boston. Dec. 21.

THE GREAT CONFLICT!

OR Cause and Cure of Secession. BY LEO MILLER, ESQ., delivered at Pratt's Hall, Providence, R. I., on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 8, 1861, and repeated by universal request, at the same place, on Tuesday evening of the following week. Single copies 12 cents; ten copies \$1, mailed free; one hundred copies \$8. All orders addressed to BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield st., Boston. BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, or ROSS & TOUCHET, 121 Nassau street, New York, will promptly supply. Dec. 21.

English Works on Spiritualism.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; OR, GHOSTS AND GHOST-SEERS. By Catherine Crowe. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price 80 cents. LIGHT IN THE VALLEY. MY EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM. By Mrs. Newton Crowland. Illustrated with about twenty plain and colored engravings. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price \$1.00. Dec. 21.

EVERY ONE'S BOOK.

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED IN THESE TIMES! A New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis! THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH! CONTAINING MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE HUMAN BODY AND MIND. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

How to repel disease, regain health, live as one ought, treat disease of every conceivable kind, recuperate the energies, recruit the worn and exhausted system, go through the world with the least wear and tear and in the truest conditions of Harmony—this is what is distinctly taught in this volume, both by prescriptions and principles. There are to be found more than 300 Prescriptions for more than 100 forms of Disease.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"AMERICA AND HER DESTINY," A SPIRITUAL DISCOURSE, given extemporaneously, at Bowdoin's Hall, New York, on Sunday Evening, Aug. 25, 1861, through EMMA HARDING, of the SPIRITS. Price, \$3 per hundred, or 5 cents single copy; when sent by mail, one cent additional. Just published and for sale wholesale and retail at the Banner of Light office, 158 Washington street, if Nov. 2.

A NEW BOOK.

An extraordinary book has made its appearance, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The following is the title: AN EYE-OPENER; OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED. BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

This book will cause a greater excitement than anything of the kind ever printed in the English language. When the "Eye Opener" first appeared, its effects were so unprecipitatedly electrical and astounding, that the Clergy, in consultation, proposed buying the copyright and first edition for the purpose of suppressing this extraordinary production. The work was finally submitted to the Rev. Mr. West, for his opinion, who returned for answer, that the book submitted for his examination, threatened, if it was true, the demolition of all creeds, superstitions, in his opinion, nothing would be gained by its suppression. Said he, let truth and error grapple.

This "Eye-Opener" should be in the hands of all who desire to think for themselves. Price, 40 cents, post-paid. The trade furnished on liberal terms. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 Washington st., Boston. if Sept. 14.

Essays on Various Subjects.

INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon all the Earth at the present time, and the Nature of the Calamities that are so rapidly approaching, &c. by Joshua Cuyler, Franklin, Washington, Maine, &c. given through a lady, who wrote "Communications," and "Further Communications from the World of Spirits." Price 50 cents, paper. When sent by mail 10 cents in addition for postage.

Further Communications from the World of Spirits, on subjects highly important to the human family, by Joshua, Solomon and others, given through a lady. Price 50 cents in cloth—10 cents addition for postage, when sent by mail.

Communications from the Spirit World, on God, the Departed, Sabbath Day, Death, Crime, Harmony, Mediums, Love, Marriage, &c., &c., given by Lorenzo Dow and others, through a lady. Price 25 cents, paper. The Rights of Man, by George Fox, given through a lady. Price 5 cents.

The above works are for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 5.

"WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT" VINDICATED. BY A. P. MOOMER, A Pamphlet of twenty-four pages, containing clear and lucid arguments in support of the ALL RIGHT doctrine, and a perfect overthrow of the claims in opposition to this doctrine, as set forth by Cynthia Temple, in a pamphlet entitled, "IT ISN'T ALL RIGHT." For sale at the Banner of Light Office, 158 Washington st., Boston. Price, 10 cents. if Sept. 14.

DR. L. L. FARNSWORTH, PHYSICIAN AND PHOTICIAN, is permanently located at No. 42 HUDSON STREET, Boston. Persons sending ailments and \$1, will receive a full diagnosis of character. Dr. F. also examines disease and prescribes by a lock of hair strands, \$1—in each case two 8 cent postage stamps must be enclosed. Before sending hair, have it cut from a high standing, in Boston and vicinity, who have received great benefit by means of his magnetic powers. Medical consultation free. Office hours from 9 to 5 P. M. Nov. 9.

Pearls.

And quietude, and level five words long, That on the stretched finger of all time Sparkle forever.

THE SOUL ON EARTH. The soul on earth is an immortal guest, Compelled to starve at an unreal feast;

THE DEPARTED. Oh, hearts that never cease to yearn! Oh, brimming tears that ne'er are dried!

GOOD. Good is not a shapely mass of stone, Hewn by man's hands and worked by him alone;

WOMAN AT HOME. Seek to be good, but aim not to be great; A woman's noblest station is retreat;

THE REPUBLIC: ITS DANGERS—REAL AND IMAGINARY. A Lecture by Mrs. Corn L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, Jan. 12, 1862.

We shall call your attention, on this occasion, to the subject as announced, of the dangers of the Republic, imaginary and real.

What, in the first place, are the chief weaknesses and dangers of our Republic?

The word republic has its origin from the Latin: *republica*—a public thing, and is applied to that form of government which aims to make all things public.

It is not necessary for us to recount the history of the cause of the Revolution of the thirteen colonies, now the United States of America, or to consider the justice of that long struggle; but it is necessary to refer to some things in connection with the early establishment of your government, which have been overlooked by most politicians and statesmen; namely, that its approval was by no means unanimous.

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divided into two great classes: one, the Puritans of New England, who had fled their country in search of freedom of religious worship; the other the class of Cavaliers, from the kingdoms of France, Spain and England, and who were exclusively, and in the fullest sense, royalists and aristocrats, in all their ideas.

When Washington himself was pressed by some of his officers to accept the crown of the thirteen colonies, his only answer, after mature consideration, was to ask what act of his life had induced them to suppose that he desired or would accept it? This was all.

The Constitution of the United States, after the people had decided upon a republican form of government, was framed accordingly, but discussion and discussion respecting it lasted during several years, and we may add that difficulties more violent than ever since have been experienced, grew out of the refusal of some of the colonies to accept of it, causing various withdrawals and amendments, too long to recount; until, at last, the leading minds of each state, considering it better to quell the disturbance than to permit a direct and positive rupture, accepted the Constitution, as, in short, a compromise.

But from that time we may assert that among the politicians of some of those states, there was never for one moment a relinquishment of the idea of state sovereignty; and the establishment of a republic which should embrace thirteen distinct powers, was so difficult and delicate a matter, that it required all their patriotism, statesmanship, and love of liberty, to induce the people of each state to accept it, and become the subjects of a government superior to their own.

But you understand that with such separate powers, and diversities of interests, the Republic, almost from its inception, bore within its constitution the seeds of discord; and the very power which was reserved to each state, on its admission, was that which would deal the death-blow to the General Government.

When our war arose with Mexico, and sixty thousand volunteers were called for, six hundred and fifty thousand recruits offered for enlistment; so that, in many instances, it was absolutely required to cast lots to decide who should be accepted.

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ple, which shall render every citizen a patriotic statesman, with intelligence to understand that each of his public acts should be done with a view to the welfare of the whole country.

What are the class of people emigrating to this country? They are, for the most part, the peasantry of Great Britain and Germany, in fact of every civilized country, ignorant, enslaved by oppression and imbruted by long bondage to physical toil.

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Congress, he could not call out a single volunteer—and that the naval power of the country was scattered in every direction, and so rendered utterly inefficient.

But what do we witness to-day? In the space of less than a year, nearly a million of volunteers, North and South, have been enrolled for three years, or to the end of the war, are organized, drilled, clothed, fed and paid, for the suppression of a rebellion, the end of which is indefinite, as is acknowledged even by your wisest patriots.

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then this country must share the fate of its predecessors, and either crumble into general anarchy—or be divided among a number of rival states, and remain a prey to intestine warfare.

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