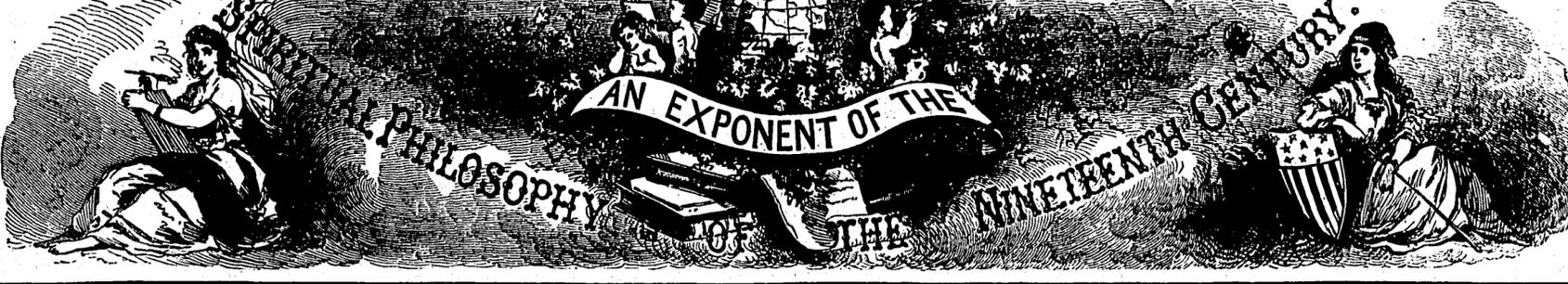


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### BEAUTY UNVEILED;

OR THE ADVENTURES OF EDWARD FOSTER, The Enthusiast, the Philosopher, and the Lover.

BY CHRISTOPHER HARTMANN.

There are some characters who do their looks Most pitiously belle; yet the great God Hath set his sacred seal upon the good. And, in a high and heaven-taught mystery, Connected all good things with all of beauty. This mystery it is for us to learn: Love's secrets then stand happily disclosed, And sweeter far, to souls of purity, Glows, freed from dross, the right Promethean fire.

#### CHAPTER I. Preliminary.

Very deep, undoubtedly, are the mysteries and inevitabilities of love. We have indeed here the greatest mysteries and the greatest simplicities. In this matter extremes meet, as in many, if not all others. The mysteries are involved in the unaccountable attractions, tenacious connections, stronger than death—enough, in themselves, it would seem, to prove immortality. For can it be possible that love, such as is sometimes cherished between two human beings, can all die with the body? It is not of the body; it cannot perish with the body. Then, again, its strange selections, its sudden and unlooked-for beginnings, or its slower growth amid circumstances or with persons where everything at first would seem utterly hostile. How perfectly marvelous it is, that, independent of all mere sensuous passion, the soul will sometimes experience a "love at first sight," which is no mere phrase of fiction; for it is possible that the strength of affinity may be so great as that two need only to meet to realize, all at once, that they are born lovers. Not only in the outer, but in the inner life,

"Some are never strangers, But soon as seen, the soul, as if by instinct, Springs toward them with resistless force, and owns Congenial sympathy."

And here the simplicities of love begin to be manifest; for it is but the exercise of simple affluities between souls. And when two such by any casualty are made to meet, they can no more help loving than the sun and moon can help attracting each other. Or, what takes place in chemical affinity takes place here in spiritual affinity. It is the chemistry of souls.

Then, again, are the sufferings of love, to say nothing here of its enjoyments. It would seem as if God had, by this one characteristic of love ungratified, unrequited, or disappointed—by the dreadful agonies hereby endured—attested most powerfully to its supreme felicities. For what but the substance of the very highest joys can become the cause of the very deepest miseries? Well saith one of England's sweetest and saddest poets:

"But of all dear joys That love must draw from the dark urn of fate, There is one deepest misery: when two hearts, Born for each other, yet must beat apart. Ay, this is misery: to check, conceal, That which should be our happiness and glory; To love, to be beloved again, and know A gulf between us; ay, 'tis misery!"

To feel that all life's hope, And light, and treasure, cling to one from whom Our wayward doom divides us. Better far To weep o'er treachery or broken vows— For time may teach their worthlessness—or pine With unrequited love—there is a pride In the fond sacrifice."

Oh, those happy, happy moments, They but deepen her despair! For she bends above the cradle, And her baby is not there.

With feelings deep, eternal as our own, And yet to know that we must quell those feelings With phantom shapes of prudence, worldly care— For two who live but in each other's life, Whose only star in this dark world is love— Alas! that circumstance has power to part The destiny of true lovers!"

Such are some of the peculiarities connected with this deepest of all human themes. We have been necessarily led into this preliminary meditation from the nature of our story. We hear much, in the religious world, of "Providence." Can we find anything more suitable for the very highest guidance of an overruling Providence than the destiny of true lovers? Those who are born not to be kept apart, we should think might most certainly be led, through the darkest and most bewildering circumstances, to that unity of heart and life which Providence, not Fate, had designed for them. And when, too, we think of the consequences of this love, of its ineffable delights to the participants of it, so divinely elevated above every other kind of pleasure, and the births, too, that grow out of it—the children that are made to people this human world and the far-off eternities, from alliances which at once and forever stamp the parental peculiarities upon the innocent offspring, we know of no subject so fully fraught with truth and importance, or which could be made the matter of more divine care and direction.

We are now prepared to enter upon our story. It was at the early age of eighteen that Edward Foster, a pale, thin, contemplative youth, with a broad and thoughtful brow, and an aspect every way indicating an abstracted, serious turn, began to think of his lonely condition. He had come from a town in an adjoining State, to enter as clerk in a mercantile establishment in the city. His parents were still living, and he had a goodly number of confidential friends and acquaintances. Yet still he was lonely. His disposition was retiring, and his extreme modesty and diffidence forbade that familiarity and mixing with society which the generality of people more easily acquire. And now, for the first time in his life, he began to entertain serious thoughts of an intimate connection with one of the other sex. He



THE EMPTY CRADLE.

She sits beside the cradle, And her tears are streaming fast, For she sees the present only, While she thinks of all the past—

Of the days so full of gladness, When her first-born's answering kiss Thrilled her soul with such a rapture That it knew no other bliss.

Oh, those happy, happy moments, They but deepen her despair! For she bends above the cradle, And her baby is not there.

There are words of comfort spoken, And the leaden clouds of grief Wear the smiling bow of promise, And she feels a sad relief;

But her wavering thoughts will wander, Till they settle on the scene Of the dark and silent chamber, And of all that might have been.

For a little vacant garment, Or a shining tress of hair, Tells her heart, in tones of anguish, That her baby is not there.

She sits beside the cradle, But her tears no longer flow; For she sees a blessed vision, And forgets all earthly woe.

Saintly eyes look down upon her, And the Voice that hushed the sea Stills her spirit with the whisper, "Suffer them to come to Me."

And while her soul is lifted, On the soaring wings of prayer, Heaven's crystal gates swing inward, And she sees her baby there.

knew of no one; nor could it be for four or five years, at least, that he could enter into any such union. But the point here is the *motive* and the character of our young hero's first thoughts of love. And these, I apprehend, are as different in different individuals as the predominating aim and characteristics of their nature. Sure I am that young Foster was not betrayed into it by any mere sensuous passion, for, although his nature was ardent, and his temperament quick and sanguine, yet at this time, by the constitution given him, and by the careful training which he had received from his parents, he was not one that could be easily excited to an unworthy object. What he might be guilty of in after years remains to be seen. We are now looking at him in the healthy and undefiled condition of his youth. And I know positively, for I was intimately acquainted with him, that young Foster's heart only ached for a partner. How much there is contained in that word! Our young friend wanted some one to whom he could perfectly unbosom himself, and tell everything that concerned him, revealing all his secrets, in full and perfect confidence, and one who could reciprocate that confidence, and be to him the sharer of his experience. Now in this, very largely, is the germ of the true union of souls. Who has not felt the same want? It is this loneliness, not for want of friendships merely, but for that companionship which consists in the perfect surrender of all one's secret history into the knowledge and keeping of another, that reveals to us the truth of our destined nature.

We are not made to live alone in any of our relations. We are not made even to realize, in our highest state, so much loneliness as consists in the least part of our life's experience being hidden from one other. There may be, indeed, exceptions to this in certain religious experiences, especially in the present imperfect condition of humanity, where confession to the Most High God alone becomes the sovereign privilege and secret of the soul. But we speak humanly and prophetically with reference to perfected states. There must be some one somewhere, in some time of life, either here or hereafter, to whom we can impart all that we have ever experienced or been

made the subject of. If there is any reservation, any one secret dwelling ever so deeply in the soul, which, for fear or shame or any selfish motive, we are unwilling to communicate to our nearest and dearest companion, then we may indeed talk of friendship, and of a certain kind and degree of love; it may be a very high degree, but we cannot be united in the holiest and most perfect communion. From the very necessities of the case there is a flaw in it, and an imperfection which more or less disjoins. It is but a partial surrender of one's self; and the reservation that is made shows how faithless is the lover in that respect, and how unworthy, perhaps, is the object beloved of such an entire confidence. It is true that, tried by this test, the marriages of the world present a very imperfect aspect; but we cannot help it if truth will have it so. This is a point of casuistry, perhaps, which may be questioned. No doubt it will be strongly questioned by the corrupted society of our times. And suppose it should be granted, as it freely is, that, in existing marriages, it is best not to divulge some of the sins and peccadilloes of which one or both of the parties have been guilty; this is but a concession to existing states of love and unity, but it is no argument for the perfection of those states. Sure I am that perfect and entire love cannot exist until each party can be fully in possession of the other's secret. The wholeness of mutual confidence requires it. And just so far as anything is withheld from the other, as a secret which fear or shame dreads to impart, whether it relates to the past or present, just so far short does it fall of the highest ideal which the soul would fain cherish in its most exalted states.

Now there was something of this feeling in the heart of young Foster. He wanted a companion to whom he could most fully unfold himself, and from what is known of his future history, I should say that herein was a presentiment of just that kind of a companion which he would one day come to be united with. But let that pass. Suffice it to say that it did argue a purity of character in the young man; it did show depths in his soul which were far superior to the motives for which most marriages are contracted; and he seemed, while not at all influenced by mere sen-

suous passion, to be already in secret amity with some invisible personage who should in future make her appearance. Hours and hours did he meditate upon who that one should be, or whether so great a joy in this world was in store for him.

But ere this era of his life should arrive he had to pass through many changes, and receive a greatly additional stock to his experience. He was at first a clerk in a retail dry goods store in the city of Boston. I remember well when his father, one of the most honest of men, came up from the Eastern town of his birth to seek a place for him in some such establishment. The way in which such a business was done in the city then was very different from the method of it in the quiet town of his nativity. Then it was emphatically an honest occupation; but in Boston, at that time, (some forty years ago—and I believe it has greatly improved since,) it was, I should say, one of the most hazardous occupations to which a pure child could be put. There were, of course, worse occupations, but I question whether there were any so fashionable, and at the same time so dangerous. I speak not now of a few honorable establishments such as always exist, where, from a sufficiency of wealth or patronage, they can afford to be honest, but of the smaller and more reckless establishments, to which the vulgar epithet of "cut-throat" was sometimes not inappropriately applied. Truly they were most piteous places. They were conducted upon no principle but such as would characterize the merest gambling, and the temptations connected with them were of a nature sufficient to shipwreck the morals of any young man who was not established beyond the possibility of a fall. I will remember the words of a worthy wholesale merchant, of whom the father of young Foster was inquiring for a suitable place for his son. "Your boy" (said he) "may be fire-proof; but I would not put a boy of mine into a retail dry goods store." And so indeed it proved to be. Oh, how shocked was his young and honest soul for the first three days that he was in that store! It was centrally situated in Washington street. There was a head salesman in it by the name of Smith—a tall, good-looking, assured young man, whose tongue had no end, and whose stories could only be measured

frequently by the length and depth of his perversity. This man was called a good salesman. He was good because he could be so politely and graciously. He was a handsome fellow, and the ladies generally liked to trade with him. But when the boy Foster for the first three days had stood and listened to his abominable falsehoods, his nature was shocked. He said within himself, "Can I do this? Must I now sacrifice all the principles of honesty in which I have been trained from my earliest childhood, to do this despicable business? How can I ever learn this city way of selling goods?" But how powerful is the force of example! Sad indeed to relate, by degrees he felt his better principles abandoning him, and he learnt to lie in the city fashion. That he ever could have descended to those depths of depravity which characterized our fashionable salesman it is not pretended. There was, indeed, too much of the real, stern, Puritanic honesty in this boy, ever to make him a "good" salesman. He learnt to equivocate and to falsify, and utter in a polite way the most palpable untruths; but at the same time there was always a restraining influence on him which could never carry him to those limitless excesses of false and dishonorable trade. So he was never entrusted with the chief sales, and he was compelled to look on and see Smith ever brightening in the eyes of his employer, and himself thrust aside as only second or third rate.

But an incident now occurred which rather vindicated the course of young Foster, and turned his employer's attention more favorably toward him. It had frequently been mentioned by a confidential friend to Mr. Cushing, the proprietor of the establishment, that this Smith had several times offered him gloves and other small articles at a price far below the usual standard. This excited Mr. Cushing's suspicion, but still, no further evidence appearing, he was still retained and trusted. But on a certain day, when Mr. Cushing was confined at home with sickness, he heard from the next room, which was occupied by Smith, this same clerk several times entering it, opening hastily his trunk, locking it, and leaving again in the same hasty manner. This, in connection with what had before been told him, excited his suspicions still more, so that he was moved to examine the trunk. This he very soon did, when, to his surprise, he found it packed full of goods which had evidently been purloined from the store. There were shawls, silks, fancy articles and things to the value of several hundred dollars. There were the private marks of the store upon every article, so that there could be no mistake as to the character and intentions of this very accomplished villain. The evidence seemed to be that he was about preparing to leave; in a few days he would probably have been off. But now he was destined to go in a more summary manner. He was brought up, charged with the theft, and, the evidence of the trunk appearing, was obliged to confess it. Mr. Cushing, being a generous and well disposed man, was not minded to take legal measures with him, but, after questioning him and satisfying himself that he had recovered all he could, at once stripped him of every fine garment he had, clothed him in an old and coarse, but warm suit, (it was now late in the fall,) put an old hat upon him, and, at midnight, bade him leave the city and make the best of his way to a more honorable life. He heard from him a few weeks after, that he had traveled as far as Waltham that night, thence made his way to Onondagua Co., N. Y., which was the place of his nativity; and the last he heard from him, several years after, was that he had commenced business in that part of the country, had joined a church of the Baptist persuasion, and had the appearance of a reformed man. How sincere it all was, it is not to this day known; nor is his history or whereabouts known to any of the parties concerned in these early adventures.

But this denouement with regard to Smith was the means of advancing young Foster to the station of head clerk. There was then one other under him, for the store I speak of was one of the smaller kind, and, in fact, so small that it did not survive but a few years, being passed to the common wreck of all such establishments, changing and falling as they were well known to do, quite generally, once in a round of about ten years. There were always a few which survived the general destruction.

Now, therefore, it was that our young hero felt his promotion quite pleasantly; though, from a want of that indomitable brass and assurance which is so necessary to success in many of the world's concerns, he did not conduct affairs so masterly and rapidly as his more famous predecessor.

It so happened that all the members of this establishment boarded at one place, which was nearly opposite to the store. The house was then kept by a Mrs. Tracy. Mr. Cushing, the proprietor of the store, was at that time paying attention to Mrs. Tracy's youngest daughter. In fact, he was engaged to her. She was a large, fleshy, buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, fair-complexioned girl; and at times her neat dress was such as to give her a very agreeable and somewhat fascinating appearance. After a little acquaintance, the more formidable impressions, which were quite too much for one's sense of the finest gentility, began to wear off, and Louisa was in truth quite an entertaining and goggling person. Her good sense and good nature more than compensated for all her disproportion of bodily outline. She was, I say, engaged to Mr. Cushing. But alas! the misery of these worldly engagements. She had loved him, in the ardency of her temperament, for his really good and gentlemanly qualities; but, from the first, he was known to be at times temperate, and the habit grew upon him. His business proving unsuccessful, he gave way more and more to the demands of this habit; and in addition to it, was also addicted to a species of "genteel" gambling. He would absent himself

from the store sometimes for whole afternoons together, spending his time in this way with a few of his companions, sometimes gazing, and sometimes losing. It soon became perceptible that the business of the store could not be sustained, and one day the doom of inevitable failure came. The goods were all assigned to a Kilby street merchant; but what was most surprising, and what most added to young Foster's stock of city experience, was, that in some mysterious way, the goods had, to a considerable extent, disappeared from the store but a few nights before the failure. It was a dark operation—something that he never fully understood.

But notwithstanding all the defects and misfortunes in the character and circumstances of Mr. Cushing, he was so truly amiable and generous, and had so much of the real man in him, which at times would show itself conspicuously above all meanness and littleness, that this girl's early love and pride forever clung to him. She knew that he was addicted to bad habits, that his business in consequence was a failure, and always would be while these habits continued; yet, nevertheless, she had too much false honor, foolish pride, and affection, to cut away from him; and so, like many another, adhered to him through all. She was solemnly pledged to him, had been allowed to him, had been his adviser and friend, as well as lover; and the long and short is—she would have him.

But here was a secret. She loved him, but it was not with that full and unabated love which for the first few years had characterized her affections. It could not be. She was not insensible to his faults, and she might have known that if she married him, she would go with open eyes into the fire. Still, what remaining affection she had for him, together with her pride, and her constancy, and her sense of mortification in the event of an open rupture and separation, conspired to keep her true to her engagement, hoping for a better result.

I have said that all the members of Mr. Cushing's store boarded in one house. Now it so happened that "little Edward," for that was the appellation he came soon to be distinguished by, became a great favorite and pet with the Tracy family. The old lady, motherly and kind, just the woman to be the mother of such a daughter, soon manifested toward him the partialities of her hospitable house; and now that Smith's rascality had brought him out, and there were no more favors extended toward the "good salesman," little Edward was admitted to unusual privileges. His simplicity and honesty, and a kind of open-hearted good nature, at once endeared him to all the family; and though, from a shrinking diffidence, he never mingled familiarly with any of the boarders, yet with Mrs. Tracy's family he was an intimate. The entire family, which was then at home, consisted of the mother and two daughters. The elder daughter was married, but did not live with her husband. She also had drunk of the bitter cup of unfortunate love, had married an artist of considerable celebrity, who had become intemperate, so that she could live with him no longer than the first two years of their union. She then retired to her mother's house. But it must here be remarked that this elder daughter was uncommonly beautiful. She had been, in fact, the belle of a neighboring town, before she had moved into the city, and her personal attractions were very great. She had a fine form, large, dark eyes, high and fair forehead, regular features generally, rather fallow complexion, and, altogether, was one of those dark-eyed beauties which so frequently command our admiration. She had married a portrait painter by the name of Willard. Mrs. Willard and Miss Louisa Tracy occupied together the back parlor of the house aforesaid, and although no other boarder was admitted to the privilege of their room, the little Edward soon came naturally by that right and favor. Every day, almost, as soon as he came from the store, he would find his way to their door, and either Louisa or Mrs. Willard stood ready to greet him. He was always a welcome visitor. There was not the slightest impropriety ever thought of in Edward's visits to their room; for he was so simple, innocent, and open-hearted, that every boarder regarded him rather as a kind of relative than an acquaintance of the daughters of Mrs. Tracy; and they saw the familiarity as a matter of course. And, indeed, it was more as a brother than anything else that Edward associated so familiarly and so constantly with these two young ladies. He had not the slightest movement of anything like passion toward either of them. He did not even think of love. He could not help admiring the beauty of Mrs. Willard, and no doubt it was the occasion of some closer attachment to her. She was, too, a decidedly intellectual and accomplished person; much more so than the other daughter. They could both sing and play well, but the married daughter had charms which could not be resisted. If Edward had any preference, it was for Mrs. Willard. She was his favorite. There was not a lady of all his acquaintance for whom he had so great an admiration. Louisa saw this, and it naturally made her a little envious, for she really had an affection for Edward. Edward himself knew nothing of it, for he was so young, and she was so much older, besides being engaged to Mr. Cushing, that she studiously kept the matter concealed from him till at last it could be concealed no longer. One evening, as Louisa was alone with him, she undertook to reveal to him some of the faults of her elder sister. She accused her of vanity, of an intoxicated admiration of her own beauty, and made it appear that she had sundry unamiable qualities which had been the means of augmenting strife between her and her husband. Edward was struck with astonishment. He had never dreamt any such thing. He had taken her for all that she appeared to him.

Now, it was not that Louisa hated her sister, or wished to injure her in the least, but only on account of this little affection which she felt springing up in her heart toward Edward, that induced her to indulge in this folly. The young man knew not what to do about it. He understood neither the motive nor the occasion for it. He certainly had not begun to be in love with either of them. He could not help admiring the young, brilliant, and accomplished Mrs. Willard; and, with a slight shock upon his sensibilities, he continued to do so.

It should be observed here, that after the failure of Mr. Cushing, he went to New York and engaged in a clerkship there. But the boarding-house in Boston was still kept by Mrs. Tracy, and in the absence of Mr. Cushing, there was hardly an evening that was not spent by Edward in the room of the two daughters. He had obtained a situation in another establishment, of a decidedly superior character, not far from the corner of West street, but where the same ignoble practices which then characterized this business were carried on with success. In this store were one or two clerks who were members of the "Orthodox" church. They were truly well-minded. But they had to comply with the demands of the proprietor of that establishment, and although it was considered an honorable one, and they did a business there of a hundred thousand dollars a year, yet it was the practice, night after night, during a certain season, to take lion cambric

handkerchiefs and other articles, new and undamaged, and throw them confusedly into a tub of water, and then take them out and hang them upon clothes-lines stretched from end to end of the store to get partially dry, and to sell the next morning for "damaged." The ladies would pick them off very much faster at the same prices, thinking they must be cheap because damaged. Another practice was also common. It was to take a piece of cassimere or flannel, and cut it in two in the middle, making two rolls of it, marking one piece sixpence or ninepence more than the other, and then put them upon the shelves. When a customer came in, the rule was always to show the lowest priced first, else those would be dissatisfied who only wished for a cheap article, after seeing that which was better. And if the cassimere or flannel at first shown was not deemed quite good enough by the purchaser, then the other roll would be taken down, which originally belonged to the same piece, but which was marked ninepence more, and with a little softer voice and smooth of the hand, the extra price would be named, and as half the people could not tell the difference of ninepence between two pieces of goods, very often the highest priced one would be taken, thinking it must be as much better as the price and the manners of the salesman would seem to indicate. Such was the miserable trickery of a shop of this order.

Young Foster continued in the business, however, for he had begun, and it was not easy changing. And during his continuance, as it was still in the vicinity of the house of Mrs. Tracy, he still continued to board with her, and to enjoy the company of the two daughters. Night after night, while Mr. Cushing was in New York, would they spend their time in the most agreeable manner, and an intimacy was here formed which was never fully broken.

In a year or so, Louisa was summoned to New York to be married. And Edward, having for a sufficient reason left the store that he had last occupied, now deemed it a good chance to go with her, where, with Mr. Cushing, he might possibly find business to better advantage in that city. His thought was carried into execution. They both went to New York together, and by the means of Louisa's brother, who was residing in that city, a place was soon secured for young Foster in Maiden Lane, where, however, he continued but a few weeks, his qualities as a salesman not being sufficient to keep him in that position.

Louisa was married, and she lived a miserable life. Her husband grew more and more intemperate, and finally had to leave New York, while she was in part supported by her brother, and in part by the work of her own hands. Edward, failing to find permanent business in New York, returned to Boston, and while in search of employment here, spent much of his time in company with Mrs. Willard. There now sprang up an intimacy between them which they never experienced before. Edward began to think of his misfortunes, and how little, perhaps, he was fitted for the business he was engaged in; and Mrs. Willard sympathizing with him, would also descend in an affecting manner upon her own misfortunes, in the marriage with the man she could not live with. The extreme beauty of the young woman began to impress and enchant him more and more. She was but twenty-five, and he now nineteen. And love now had fairly begun its work. But between what parties! He a youth, without experience, without money, without even any occupation that he could depend on; and she married to another man! This led to an interesting discussion on the nature of marriage. What is it? Do laws make it? Can it be made and unmade by power of attorney? Can anything but love make it? But ah! when once made by the laws, no matter how sorrowful, it must abide by the law's decree. And how many kinds of love? "Do I love?" soliloquized young Foster, "this dear creature for her beauty? Do I not carry my reason to a greater depth than that? Am I not in my inmost consciousness utterly lonely without some one to whom I can reveal myself, and with whom I can repose my whole heart, and between whom and myself there shall be the most sacred confidence? And why should this dear friend be married to a brute?—a brute, too, who has forsaken her, and is dead to her? Oh, let me, if possible, redeem her from this fatal bondage, and if I can love her worthily, then let the pure heavens bear witness to our sincerity."

Such was the dangerous and somewhat improper feeling that now existed. Mrs. Willard saw with evident pleasure the increased affection which was growing between them, and encouraged it. But what could it result in? Was there any prospect of divorce, or of death, or of anything that could cause their love to be any other than a half-gratified feeling, and a torment to them? Such a question did not disturb them at all. They loved. That was enough. They delighted to be in each other's company. They were uneasy when not together. They supposed that they had a right to love, and to indulge in that sweet and pure pleasure, which now mutually existed between them. And so they lived for the space of several months, during which Edward procured himself another situation, and Louisa remained in New York under the care of her brother.

Then another change came. Mrs. Tracy, being somewhat infirm, could no longer support herself well at the boarding-house; her debts had accumulated to a considerable amount; and she was obliged to sell out and remove to the State of Maine, where, in the family of a near relative, she proposed spending the remainder of her days as an assistant and co-worker. This made it necessary for the daughter to seek some other support for herself. Nothing offered in Boston, but just at that time a very near friend of hers, Mrs. Pierce, was about starting for New Orleans, to open a fashionable boarding-house there. She proposed to Mrs. Willard to go with her to live in her family, and with the assistance she could render and the company she would be, to remain with her for a small compensation—enough to clothe her well, and something besides. She accepted this invitation, and, trying as it was to Edward, sailed for New Orleans in about six weeks from the time of the proposal.

During this time Edward and Mrs. Willard were necessarily much together. They both deplored the separation, but acquiesced in it as the best thing that could be under the circumstances. Visions, too, of a future meeting in that Southern city would flit before their eyes. He supposed that he might, if a good report was heard from there, soon join the lady of his heart, and prosecute his business there as well as hers. So they parted. It was a pleasant day in the month of September. There were no unusual leave-takings, but I must not fail to mention, that the night before their separation, that which until now had not been indulged in—kisses of a hearty and pure affection—sanctified and made holy the bond which had been cemented between them.

[To be continued in our next.]

"Bury me in a Pompadour waist, cut biased," was the last request of a Vicksburg girl.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
MIDNIGHT.  
BY MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.  
I wandered alone in my sorrow,  
My soul was overclouded with gloom;  
A bright one moment blossomed,  
And withered its delicate bloom—  
A light from the merciless tomb.  
On that midnight of bitter anguish  
I deemed that no morning could dawn;  
When the light of the eyes that I worshiped  
From me was forever withdrawn;  
And I knew that my idol was gone.  
Without one fond murmur of parting;  
From the lips that I loved not one kiss;  
Ay, gone from this region of darkness  
To a world of ineffable bliss,  
But leaving me lonely in this.  
And my heart, in the torture of breaking,  
Cried out for the beautiful dead.  
Oh, could not the breast which was aching,  
The breast which in agony bled,  
Still pillow that fair golden head?  
Then over my spirit in mercy  
Was the veil of oblivion drawn.  
Froze from my rapture, but the glory  
Of sunshine forever was gone;  
On my sorrow no morning could dawn.  
I shrank from the desolate future;  
As I gazed down the vista of years,  
I could see but the gloom and the darkness,  
My eyes were so blinded by tears,  
My soul so overclouded by fears.  
Still bonds, from the blast of the tempest,  
The stem whence the blossom was torn;  
But through a red cloud there is gleaming  
A light in eternity born;  
The glory which heralds the morn.  
Oh, blossom, so tenderly cherished!  
Oh, light, from my pathway withdrawn!  
'T is only on earth thou hast perished  
To bloom in eternity's dawn;  
My gem from the casket is gone.  
Once more shall my vision behold thee;  
The parting is but for a while;  
With rapture my arms shall unfold thee,  
My soul shall exult in thy smile—  
In the light of thy beautiful smile.

Original Essays.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE CROSS.  
A Paper read before the Albany Institute,  
BY DR. G. L. DITSON.

PART ONE.  
Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Albany Institute—For several years I have been collecting material for a work on the antiquity of the cross, not by any steady or laborious effort, but simply by picking up those stray waifs of ancient lore which fell in my way in the course of my literary pursuits.

What originally signified such goods as a thief, when pursued, threw away to prevent being apprehended. Many of the facts which I have collected I think were intentionally scattered, lost, put out of sight, to prevent a proper apprehension of the subject to which they originally belonged. As one phase of my theme—indeed, the most prominent one—may seem to border too largely on the vulgar and indelicate, I will quote, in extenuation, an appropriate paragraph or two from authors who have with much ability casually touched upon this topic; though this prudential measure would hardly be necessary if my readers would constantly bear in mind that quotation on the title page which with more than a subtle bordering of inspiration proclaims: "Evil (only) to him who evil thinks."

Mr. G. C. Stewart, in his Hierophant, says: "To symbolize this regeneration and new birth the most appropriate emblems were adopted; some of them, and particularly those most forbidden in their actual use, are the sun, the serpent, and the cross. We must say, however, in extenuation, that in olden times men did not behold or talk about certain of Nature's creations with the same feelings that possess us in this more refined age. All ancient books are in proof of this assertion, the Bible itself containing many passages which would be regarded as blasphemous while reading in an audience of both sexes. The principal symbol with which ancient religion and science marked the entrance of the sun into the kingdom of summer was the phallus of India and Egypt, that has so shocked the sensibilities of Christian missionaries, although the same emblems are perpetuated in a modified form among the Pagans at the present day. 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The Banner of Light is issued on a sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 8, UP STAIRS.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 NASSAU STREET.

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WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT.

Business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed.

The New Volume.

It is with unfeigned satisfaction that we address our congratulations to the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, who open the new volume with this present number.

The BANNER hardly need make fresh promises, its very existence forming the strongest pledge of its intentions to serve the better spirit of the age and cooperate with the higher movements of the century.

With these views we launch our bark once more upon the ocean of Time, expecting storms to arise and rough seas to encounter; but with TRUTH at the helm, and numerous pilots in the superior life to guide us on our course, we shall fear not, for we even now occasionally catch a glimpse of the golden sunset that fringes the cold clouds of the earth-life.

The Defeat of Napoleon.

The victory of Prussia over France is too great in itself, and too prolific in results, to be fairly grasped in the mind all at once. It is an event not to be dismissed with the "boisterous surface phrases of common observation."

Reviewing the situation philosophically, it will occur to many people that Napoleon has, in the hands of overruling powers, been put to the highest service for France, in teaching her too volatile people how to husband their energies, concentrate their aims, moderate and subdue their feelings, and utilize all their faculties in obedience to the demands of the age.

We need not pause now to deplore the destructiveness of bloody war. Its desolation is too well known of all, and still mankind are bent far more resolutely on continuing the costly work than on relaxing it, if by its means they entertain the hope to secure fresh benefits.

We see how it is operating already. Spain is moving for a republic. Italy is in a ferment, and talks of a republic for the peninsula, with Rome for the capital.

Regarded in the light of history, it cannot but be admitted that Napoleon, whose dynasty has

now come to an end, had done his work well. It was thus appointed to him to perform his part. He doubtless had his faults, and was guilty of his crimes, but his place was a dizzy one, and few are the rulers, it will have to be admitted, that ever have occupied his station without falling away much more from the standard they originally proposed.

A Begun in Blossom.

The Rev. Mr. Peck, a Methodist minister of Springfield, a few weeks since preached a vanguard on Papal Infallibility; with whose views we have no disposition to take issue, nor in fact to criticise them in any manner.

We would gently remind this bloodthirsty shepherd of Springfield, that if he possessed the power and patience to analyze his feelings, he would discover that all his professed conviction on this mooted subject springs from an over-nursed passion. It is not the common schools that he loves, but the Roman Catholic denomination that he hates.

This is not a question as to the necessity of preserving the public schools. That can be done without any Bible. It was not for biblical instruction that the schools were originally instituted. It was simply for teaching the rudiments of a lasting education to the young minds of the country.

Our Public Free Circles.

Were resumed on Monday afternoon, Sept. 5th. The interest in these séances has not abated one iota. The Circle Room was early filled with visitors anxious to hear from those in the life beyond, and further investigate the beautiful phase of Spiritualism as exhibited through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant.

"The Empty Cradle."

On our first page will be found a beautiful engraving which tells its own story, but which is further illustrated by the touching lines below it. We need not add a word of comment or criticism. The work is by a German artist, and the grief of the mother, and the gloom of the humble apartment, are truthfully portrayed.

Sacramento, Cal.

Mrs. D. W. Stephens, writing from the above place Aug. 26th, says: "Spiritualism is far from being dead here. Indeed there is so much life in it that one of our noted ministers (Rev. Mr. Wieth) felt it a duty he owed his flock to devote an entire discourse to the subject, explaining and asserting that it was true. Then, after the style of Elder Knapp, he asserted that it was terribly true, and came from his Satanic Majesty!"

Who Hinders Reform?

We have before us the recital of a poor girl's experience in Detroit, who resolved of her own choice to break away from the life of shame she had been leading, and place herself again within purifying and reforming influences.

Fables and Ghost Stories.

Those who have eyes to see can now discern with wonderful distinctness the close relation existing between the romantic tales, fables, and wild stories of apparitions that have been accepted as living truths all over the continent of Europe, and particularly in Hungary, and the truth and power of the spiritual manifestations.

War and Christianity.

We see that the much-talked of world's conference of "evangelical Christians," which was summoned with so much flourish to be held in New York this month, has been indefinitely postponed by the managers to a more fitting season.

Cornville, Me.

Seward Mitchell, writing us from this place, Aug. 25th, sends money to renew subscription, and speaks highly of the work done by the Banner of Light.

"One by one the great landmarks are removed. What a glorious pattern was he! Hardly anything from his pen have I missed reading for twenty-five years. I have no tears to shed over such a life as that. How I used to love that noble soul when in Boston I heard him plead for the oppressed!"

Our correspondent says, "We are having glorious meetings here, under the teachings of the angels, through the organisms of Clara A. Field and Mrs. Bradbury." He also refers incidentally to the recent massacre of Christians in China, and thinks the real cause has not come to light, being of the opinion that "these naturally honest people have had a religion forced upon them which was abhorrent to them."

Indian Troubles.

The papers each day contain so many items of intelligence from the plains and thereabouts, redolent of "scalp dances," "war paths," "Indian outrages," "settlers murdered," etc., etc., that it is truly refreshing to read the following paragraph from a private letter written us by a correspondent from the camp of the 17th U. S. Infantry, Fort Sully, Dakota Territory, Aug. 9th, in which he says: "I am at present serving in the heart of the Indian country, and everything here is as quiet as in Boston. In fact it is amusement to us soldiers to hear of the Indian outrages which are so prominently given in the papers."

Delegates from Louisiana.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Central Association of Spiritualists of Louisiana, seven delegates were duly elected to represent the State in the Seventh National Convention of Spiritualists to be held at Richmond, Ind., 20th inst., as follows: Dr. J. W. Allen, President; J. H. Finch, Secretary; Prof. Dr. Brozene; — Duff, M. D.; Madam Jennie Ferris; Madam Savini, and Madam Kozza.

"The Inner Life."

This elegant book of poems, by Miss Lizzie Doten, has passed through several editions, and yet the sales are steadily on the increase. This fact is not to be wondered at, for the poems are upon live subjects and unsurpassed in classic beauty.

Table of Contents.

Those who will take the trouble to examine the present issue of the Banner of Light will find many interesting and entertaining articles, from leading minds, which cannot afford of well repaying perusal. The FIRST PAGE offers the introductory chapter of our new story: "Beauty Unveiled." This will continue some time, and like all lengthy works of romance there is a certain amount necessary of introducing characters, making preliminary remarks, etc., incident to its opening.

Mormon and Christian.

The Dr. Newman who went forth from Washington to Salt Lake City, to take Mormonism by storm by flourishing his Orthodox Bible in its face, has had to come away after a pretty severe tilt with one of the leading elders, leaving his Bible behind him. It must have been extremely humiliating. Elder Pratt took his Bible out of his hands, and opened it again and again to pages that taught and upheld the polygamy doctrine, reading off whole volumes of historical texts that went to establish the leading Bible characters, esteemed saints by Orthodoxy, as regular Mormons.

Last Grand Union Picnic of the Season.

The unprecedented hot summer with its blazing sun and stifling air has at length passed to join the myriads that are gone before, and autumn's hand begins gradually to be seen among the delicate tracery of the forest leaves.

With a view to profiting by these advantages Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, has arranged the last of his series of picnics for 1870, to take place at Island Pond Grove, Abington, Friday, Sept. 16th. All who have ever attended one of the Doctor's rural assemblies need no assurance on our part that everything will be done for the comfort and enjoyment of those participating in the festivities of the coming occasion.

Warren Chase.

We copy the following deservedly complimentary notice of this able pioneer in the field of spiritualistic reform from The New Life, published in Baltimore, Md.:

"Warren Chase is known by Spiritualists to be a man of broad sympathies—earnest, capable and intelligent. No man in our ranks has done more substantial service in the field. Beginning with the earliest movement, he has grown step by step with Spiritualism—and has grown stronger as he grows older. On the rostrum he not only strikes boldly, but he knows where to strike. He makes every blow tell. We have listened with great pleasure to the able discourses which he has sometimes instructed and delighted a Baltimore audience. Mr. Chase has not only worked earnestly himself in person, but he has been a close observer of the movements of others. He has been ever ready to unite in any effort calculated, in his opinion, to extend the boundaries of the new religion. We met him at the National Conventions in Providence and Cleveland, and found him using his best efforts to bring order out of chaos, but we saw then the effort was hopeless. Our opinion, based upon observation at the time, was that no good result would flow from that attempt at National organization. And we find our friend Chase has now reached the same conclusion. We heartily endorse his article (recently published in the Banner) on organization."

Meeting at Pierpont Grove, Malden.

A large and intelligent audience assembled at this place Sunday, Sept. 4th, to enjoy amid the beauties of Nature the glorious weather afforded at that time. The morning services were commenced by remarks from Dr. A. H. Richardson, who presided, followed by M. V. Lincoln and J. H. Powell, after which the meeting closed, and the friends partook of a collation per invitation of Messrs. Vaughan, Barrett, Cary and others of the Committee. In the afternoon, Dr. Richardson made the introductory speech of a conference, in which Dr. H. B. Storer, Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Cora Symes and others took part. Music was furnished, of a superior order, by the volunteer choir.

Louisville, Ky.

Our friends in Louisville have organized, and now hold regular Sunday meetings in Templar's Hall, corner of 11th and Green streets, at 10 A. M., and 7 P. M. E. Jewell has been chosen President, R. P. Smith, Vice President, G. H. Kidder, Secretary. Speakers who can make it convenient to visit Louisville the coming fall and winter, to lecture on "liberal religious thought and Spiritualism," are requested to address the Secretary.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

E. S. Wheeler, now on a visit to Boston and vicinity, will accept invitations to lecture the remaining Sundays in this month. After that he is engaged until January.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou has resumed her labors in the lecturing field.

H. P. Fairfield called upon us on Monday of last week, looking well and full of the spirit. He predicts a great "revival" for Spiritualism in the present fall and winter. Mr. F. fills engagements in Lynn the present month. He is also engaged for the month of October in Salem. After that he is free to make engagements.

Mr. N. M. Wright, a good inspirational speaker, has returned to Boston, and is now ready to receive engagements for lectures anywhere in the New England States. He can be addressed care of this office.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown will return from California early in September. Her address will be Lyceum Banner office, Chicago, Ill. She has been elected a delegate from California to the National Convention of Spiritualists.

Mrs. A. B. Severance, of White Water, Wis., the well known psychometrical reader of character, is intending to visit the National Convention of Spiritualists at Richmond, Ind., Sept. 20th.

Mrs. Susie A. Willis spoke to good audiences in Suncook, N. H., on Sundays 4th and 11th of September, at Bartlett's Hall. She will speak at Stafford Springs, Conn., the two last Sundays of October and the first in November.

Charles H. Foster has resumed his séances at 29 West Fourth street, New York.

Mr. A. E. Doty, of Iilon, N. Y., has consented to attend funerals in Herkimer county and vicinity. This will be a great accommodation to Spiritualists and liberals, as there is quite an extent of country there not supplied with a lecturer or speaker to represent our philosophy on such occasions. Mr. D. was formerly engaged in the ministry, but since his conversion to Spiritualism he has stopped preaching creed-doctrine.

Miss Julia J. Hubbard will lecture at Kendall's Mills, Maine, Sept. 18th; at North Scituate, Mass., Sept. 25th; at Manchester, N. H., Oct. 23 and 9th. Address box 435, Portsmouth, N. H.

Miss Nellie L. Davis lectured in Milford, N. H., the first two Sundays of this month, but has no engagements for the last two. During October she lectures in Worcester, Mass. Her address is 49 Butterfield street, Lowell, Mass.

Miss Lottie Fowler, the test medium, is holding public séances in New Haven, Conn. She met with great success in Hartford.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook has been lecturing recently in Dryden, N. Y., and vicinity, with good effect. The News says: "Mrs. M. has done much to enlighten the minds of the masses on the subject of Spiritualism; she has given useful ideas on the life that now is, and is to come; her themes have been practical, scientific and spiritual, calculated to affect the every-day life, the motives, actions and conditions of men, the sum of which molds and forms the individual's character. All her friends are eminently satisfied with the good and the success she has achieved, and speak their thanks in various ways."

A. B. Whiting, having given up the latter month of his engagement in Chicago (September) to Bro. J. M. Peebles, is ready to receive calls for the remainder of this month, and the other fall and winter months, in any part of the country. Address Albion, Mich.

Dr. G. W. Keith is healing the sick at Providence, R. I.

Death of an Eminent Spiritualist.

Under this heading the English magazine, Human Nature, (published in London), for August, chronicles the demise of the late Dr. Hahn, as follows:

"A dear brother Spiritualist has just left us. Dr. Hahn, of Stuttgart, of whom I gave you a brief notice in Human Nature of February last, has gone to join the host of our kindly helpers in the Summer-Land. In a letter dated 9th instant, his widow writes to me: 'I remain desolate, but he is gone to that state of being which he so ardently desired to attain.' Dr. Hahn was a very remarkable man. Of an exceedingly handsome person, learned, and of great renown in his profession as a physician, an unsurpassable inspirational artist, a great musician, and, above all, a medium with manifold gifts, he was the only Spiritualist in the capital of Wurtemberg; but he, amidst the pity, the derision, and the skepticism of his fellow-citizens, calmly yet firmly maintained the grand truth of spirit-communication. May the blissful state of being which he preconcived, be fully realized for him in the brightness of his sphere. G. DAMIANI. Clifton, 15th July, 1870."

Spiritualism in Patterson, N. J.

Dr. Willet Stratton gives us, Aug. 30th, an account of spiritual matters in that place, by which it seems that a great many believers are to be found there, but at present there is no organized society. Circles are held regularly on Sunday evenings at different places, and much interest is displayed in communion with the departed. Our correspondent speaks highly of Dr. Fellows, the physical medium, who was in Patterson at the date of the letter, and says that he was to start for Boston Sept. 1st, to remain five or six weeks, and hopes he will find a warm welcome. Of himself, Dr. Stratton says he is about to make a tour, as an exemplar of the same (physical) phase of mediumship; going first to Coxsack, N. Y., for two months, thence to Camden N. J.

Williamsburg Spiritual Bookstore.

Seeing the need of a depot where all the works on Spiritualism and other liberal and reformatory publications could be obtained by the residents of Long Island, Mr. Henry Witt opened a bookstore on Fourth street, Williamsburg, a year ago, and procured a good supply of the works above specified. We are pleased to know that his efforts to accommodate the citizens in that vicinity have met with their appreciation and patronage. Among his collection are to be found the complete works of Prof. Wm. Denton. Mr. Witt keeps a circulating library in connection with his bookstore.

Circulate the Documents.

Four new tracts will be immediately issued by the American Liberal Tract Society, together with an increased amount of the three originally put forth. Send in your orders, friends, to the address as published in the advertisement on seventh page, present issue. This movement, set on foot by such active workers as Prof. W. Denton, Dr. F. Gardner, M. T. Dole, A. Morton, H. S. Williams and others, is going on "from conquering to conquer."

The Fourth Annual State Convention of the Spiritualists of New Hampshire met at Concord, August 31st. There was a good attendance, and quite a large number of speakers. Good results will grow out of this liberal scattering of spiritual ideas. We are promised, by the Secretary, an account of the proceedings.



Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name bears through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

The Banner of Light Free Circles. These Circles are held at No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 4 (up stairs) on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles. Since our last report the following sums have been received, for which the friends have our warmest thanks:

Sending the Banner free to the Poor. Daniel Collins, \$1.00; E. Walker, \$1.00; Jos. Kinsey, \$1.00.

Invocation.

Breathe thou upon us, oh Holy Spirit of Truth, that we may live anew in thee. Illume all the darkened chambers of our intellect, that we may see our way more clearly and understand thy divine meaning.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—I am ready to answer your queries, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—What are the best means of restoring one who has been struck by lightning?

A.—Medical men inform us that there are only two successful methods that can be used, and they are these: The application of cold water and electricity through your common methods of application.

Q.—Can those who are keenly affected by the electric current during thunder storms, overcome the same by any means?

A.—Nature may overcome those conditions in them, but I know of no means that they can use to overcome them.

Q.—It has been said by the invisible speakers at your free circles and others, that the spirit of a medium during the trance often passes far away from the physical body, witnessing objects and scenes of which said medium retains no recollection on returning to normal condition, and not till after the final separation from the body at death.

A.—It is by no means certain that because a spirit who has been temporarily separated and in that state has been cognizant of its spiritual surroundings, that those scenes and circumstances cannot be transmitted through its physical organism and therefore remembered in a normal state, but it is not usually the case.

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Q.—By Cephas B. Lynn: Mr. Abbot tells me that there is a universal and special element in every religion. What are the universal and special elements of Spiritualism?

A.—It is true, I believe, that there is a universal and special element in all religions. That universal element is truth, absolute truth. That special element is expressed to the soul through forms, through symbols, through the various objective ideas that can appeal to any class of people.

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communion of departed spirits. That is the special point in their religion that appeals to them. It is unlike all others. The Spiritualist is, in his yearning for knowledge, for truth, unlike all others. He asks for absolute facts, for a demonstration concerning another life that shall be absolute in objective conditions here—that shall be a reality to his senses, not merely to his intellect or his faith.

C. B. L.—The Spiritualist doctrine, then, is higher than the Universalist?

A.—Not necessarily higher. It is of a different type. It is higher to the Spiritualist, but not to my body else.

C. B. L.—The work of Jesus, then, is the special element of Christianity, is it not?

A.—Certainly it is.

C. B. L.—It was necessary for Christianity to come up as an organic movement, in order to perfect this special element, was it not?

A.—Certainly it was.

C. B. L.—Does the same law hold good of Spiritualism?

A.—Certainly.

C. B. L.—And Spiritualism is to come up as an organic movement, the same as Christianity did?

A.—Yes.

C. B. L.—You think it the greatest truth of the day, do you not?

A.—It is the greatest to those who can accept it as such, but only to those. All truths are measured by the soul's need of truth. Spiritualists have need of just such truth as Spiritualism offers them. It is the highest, the best to them, but to those who have no need of it, it is not the highest nor the best.

C. B. L.—Will you define the term sectarian?

A.—The term defines itself.

C. B. L.—It represents an organic force, does it not?

A.—Certainly.

C. B. L.—Then in the highest sense is not Spiritualism becoming sectarian?

A.—Yes, it is. It could not be otherwise. Spiritualists rebel against it, but they must of necessity drift into it, because it is a spiritual and natural necessity that they should.

C. B. L.—The popular idea seems to be that if we become sectarian we must necessarily become bigots. Is that true?

A.—No, certainly not.

C. B. L.—Is it not where individual freedom is restricted that the point of bigotry comes in?

A.—Certainly.

C. B. L.—If we take sect as a finally progress ceases, does it not?

A.—Yes; but the sectarianism of the Spiritualist has infinite bounds. It cannot build a wall about itself, because it is spiritual and therefore infinite. It cannot say I have all the truth and you have none, because it recognizes truth everywhere. The true Spiritualist cannot be a bigot, though he may be a sectarian.

My name was Annie Louisa Crane. I was fourteen years old. I have been gone three years. I was born in Castine, Maine, and died in Augusta, Maine. My sister is a believer in the return of spirits, but nobody else that I know, none of our family are. I told her I would come back if she was right. I died with consumption, I suppose. I could not speak aloud for months before I died, hardly any. I want Mary to be happy, and to enjoy her beautiful faith all she can. I want her to know that when she comes to the spirit-world I will have everything in beautiful order for her. She is a dear good sister, always doing everybody good, and she will have a beautiful home when she gets here. She need not be afraid that she won't, because she will. She will be very glad I have come. It will do her a great deal of good, and she need not be afraid of its making trouble with any of the family, for they won't trouble her about it at all. She need not be afraid they will see it, because I hope they will. I hope they will—particularly Uncle Josiah. I hope he will. It will do him good. Josiah Crane, my father's brother.

I was born in Suncook, N. H., and I am back here to tell my friends that I am alive. John Perry is my name. I've been dead, I know, as they say, nine years, but I never was more alive in my life than I have been since I been dead. And I don't like to hear any of my folks in speaking of me say, "oh he is dead." I am not dead—not as they understand it. I am often round where I can see and hear a good share of what is going on among them. And I hope for their own sake, not for mine, for it won't do me any good nor any harm, but I hope for their own sake they will turn their attention to something better than brewing beer or selling it, or dealing in whiskey. That's their business in Albany, N. Y. I am satisfied with what has been done with what I left, although they are conscious of having done wrong. I am perfectly satisfied. I know that the time will come when all wrongs will be righted, and I am perfectly satisfied with the turn things have taken. If they had done what they have and were not conscious of it's being wrong I should not be satisfied. But I see that they are conscious of it, and that tells me it's coming out all right. The dead live and they can speak, so it behooves people to do about as near right as they can here in this life, because they are never alone. Good day sir.

I was called a few days ago—I think it was five days ago—to respond to some queries from two of my friends, and was unable to do so because I could not speak through the subject they gave me, and I could not write up by what was termed impression, and that is rather imperfect, so I declined to do anything at all. As I was somewhat acquainted with this place, I thought I'd come here and tell them if they will enclose those inquiries, with more if they wish, in an envelope, seal it up and send it to the medium, Mr. Mansfield, for me to answer. I will give them clear answers, I think, and make the matter all straight. Noah Sturtevant, East Boston.

From the depth of the darkness of ignorance, oh Soul of Wisdom, we pray to be delivered. Oh soul of righteousness, shine thou through the rific clouds that surround our being, illuminating our souls and causing us to grow great in thee. Give us strength to perform our duties. Give us wisdom; oh give us wisdom, for we are sadly in need of it. And for these thy mortal children, oh Lord, we ask that day by day and hour by hour thou wilt pour into thy being new light, greater truth, diviner revelations of thyself, and when their hour of mortality is over and the angel of change calls them hence, oh we ask for them that peace in which the soul can alone find its heaven. May they perform their duties so well in this life, our Father, that in that which is to come they may find peace and joy everlasting. Amen.

Q.—Does it know the cause of its re-incarnation?

A.—No; of the cause they know nothing more than you know here. It is a fact that you were called into physical life; but you came here without any voice of your own in the matter whatever. So it will be with you if you are ever re-incarnated in physical life.

Q.—Do progressed spirits have their choice about returning to be re-incarnated or not?

A.—No, they do not.

Q.—If this theory is true, then natural ties have no permanence?

A.—Yes, they do have permanence, but not in that external fleeting manner that you recognize as being permanent here. They are permanent with the soul through whatever change it may be called to pass. The soul never forgets its loves. You may be sure of that.

Q.—Every time a person comes upon the earth he is born of different parents. How, then, shall he determine who are his real parents?

A.—I can answer you in no better way than Jesus answered one who questioned him concerning marriage. He said: "In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage"; and I say to you that in the spirit-world these relationships of father and mother, parent and child, husband and wife, are not known. But the laws of spiritual attraction, attracting parent and child, or husband and wife, are known, because they are laws relating to principles, not to forms.

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Q.—Does not precisely the same affection, spiritually, exist between husband and wife in the next world as in this?

A.—Yes, precisely the same.

Q.—Then if one of them is sent back to be re-incarnated, does the other come with it, or are they separated?

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A.—If you expect unalloyed happiness in the spirit-world you will be mistaken. It is only one step beyond this life. It is a world where changes come, where sorrow and sadness are felt—not physical pain, to be sure, but spiritual, mental pain; far more acute than any physical pain. If you have been expecting a world wherein you would be perpetually happy, it is time that your eyes were opened. It is high time that you see things in their true light. You may as well see them here as to suddenly come to the unpleasant consciousness of them in the other life.

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A.—They are numerous. It is by no means one intelligence manifesting at this place at all times. Certainly not. Theodore Parker tells you what he believes to be true. I tell you, perhaps, something else. I give you the result of my experience and he of his. We do not see alike, because we have not experienced the same things in life.

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A.—To me, the doctrine of the metempsychosis has never been exploded. Some of the erroneous opinions attached to it have been exploded, but the doctrine itself, to me, presents a grand and everlasting truth.

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Q.—Is not the separation of which you speak temporary? Do they not meet and blend into one in some other sphere?

A.—That is my belief. There are those who declare to us that they know it. We believe their testimony.

I have only a few words to say, so I can say them very quick. I am made quite uncomfortable in my new life by the dissatisfaction that exists among my heirs, here in this life. It seems they are not satisfied with my will—because, forsooth, my will was not theirs. And so they are quarreling over it. And a part of them go so far as to say that if I was back on earth now I should do differently. I have to say I should not. I am satisfied with what I did, and so far as I am concerned, desire no change, because I think as it is it will result in the greatest amount of good. But if they see fit to quarrel over it, why let them do so. If by contesting it and breaking it they can make it over to suit themselves, I shall be satisfied, if they only get at peace among themselves. I am Dexter Richardson, of Uxbridge, Mass. Good day, sir.

My mother is poor, but she is very good. She knew when I died I could come back. She told me I could, and told me where to come, and to bring all the good news I could. I bring this news—that I live with Grandmother Stacy. My name is Minnie Welch, and I live with my Grandmother Stacy and Aunt Charlotte, and we have got a beautiful home, and there are apartments in that home for my mother when she comes. They have all been fitted up from her good acts and her good thoughts in the earth-life. She won't be disappointed in a beautiful home, better than she ever had in the earthly life, when she comes here. Tell mother I did not suffer in coming. She thought I did, but I did not. I did not know anything about it. She thought I suffered dreadfully; but tell her I did not; and when I got all away from any body I did not know how I got away. I thought I had come here in my sleep. I had a fever, and it went to my head. And tell mother I am happy here, and I want her not to cry any more about me, and to get along just as easy as she can, for it won't be a great while before she will come, and I shall be so glad when she comes. Only a little while. You will publish my name, won't you? because she will be looking for it. I lived in Cambridgeport. Tell mother that father has been afraid to come. He says nothing would induce him to come. He sends a great deal of love, and would say a great many things if he could. But nothing would induce him to come. He thinks you have to suffer dreadfully in coming. I don't; but I

Q.—Does it know the cause of its re-incarnation?

A.—No; of the cause they know nothing more than you know here. It is a fact that you were called into physical life; but you came here without any voice of your own in the matter whatever. So it will be with you if you are ever re-incarnated in physical life.

Q.—Do progressed spirits have their choice about returning to be re-incarnated or not?

A.—No, they do not.

Q.—If this theory is true, then natural ties have no permanence?

A.—Yes, they do have permanence, but not in that external fleeting manner that you recognize as being permanent here. They are permanent with the soul through whatever change it may be called to pass. The soul never forgets its loves. You may be sure of that.

Q.—Every time a person comes upon the earth he is born of different parents. How, then, shall he determine who are his real parents?

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should come to my mother if I did have to suffer a good deal. I'd die two or three times over to come to her. I'm ten years old now. I was n't quite nine when I was here. Good by, sir.

June 6. Thomas Barrett.

[How do you do?] I am well, sir. I have been solicited to return, but no way has been offered me by which I can come personally to those that have called upon me to come. So I have waited for a good while, but have finally thought I would come here and see if I can come; and if they will furnish me with proper means I should be glad to give them whatever information I am able to. I should prefer to come in some less public way than this. I am Thomas Barrett. I am from Malden, Mass. Seventy-three years of age when here. Good day, sir; good day. June 6.

Edwards H. Parsons.

I had no belief in the possibility of return this way when I lived on earth, though I had many dear friends who did believe it; I never could; but now I am glad to avail myself of this unpopular faith. I was unfortunate in getting out of this world. The cares of this life pressed so hard, so heavy upon me that they made me a coward. I said I would rather face death than the sorrows of this life; so I opened the door through which my spirit might pass out, thinking that by so doing I would rest; but I found, on coming to consciousness in the spirit-world, that my mind was just as active and that I was just as much interested in things here as I had been before death; and I suddenly found myself wishing I was back again, thinking that if I was I could make the wrongs of this life right. I saw the way out of the difficulty into which I had fallen and through which I could not see when here; and I desired as earnestly to come back as I desired to go hence when here. The immediate cause of my taking the step I did was this: For some time I had kept my own books. I had a partner who entrusted this matter to me; and I suppose that the press of business and poor health made me keep my books in such a loose way that when I came to endeavor to balance them there was a deficit of several thousand dollars that I could not account for, and of course any one but myself would say that I had appropriated the funds but not accounted for them; but as the great spirit of truth is my judge, I did no such thing. I could not account for the deficit, except by my loose way of keeping my books. When I found how things were, my pride came up, and said to me, "Parsons, you can't stand this; it is too much; you had better face death." So I faced death. I left my friends here—my wife, as good a soul as the great God ever blessed a man with—to face the danger and the difficulty, and to feel, perhaps, that her husband was a thief—that in some way, at least, he was wrong. But I come back to say to her that it was a fault of my head and not of my heart, and if I had had more courage, and the physical strength to have stayed here and done my duty as I ought, I should have cleared it all up, and settled it honorably in due time. I had suffered much, physically, for more than two years, and it rendered me spiritually incapable of doing what I otherwise should have done. I want my partner to feel, and my wife, that I was honest, in intent at least, and that from my new home I will endeavor to exercise such a care over those I have left as to in some way compensate them for what they have lost in my death. Edwards H. Parsons, a pork dealer, on Harrison avenue. Parsons & Wiggles. June 6.

This séance was conducted by John Pierpont; letters answered by L. Judd Pardee.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, June 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James L. Hartup, died in Rome, June 7th; Nellie Williams, of Boston, to her mother; Elizabeth McDonald, to her father in New Bedford.

Thursday, June 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edmund J. Anverth, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his children; Edward Richardson, of New Bedford, to his father; Edward H. Clemence, of Liverpool, England, to his mother.

Monday, June 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Thomas Hunt, of Salem, Mass.; Caroline Phillips, of Williamsburg, N. Y., (died in Frankfurt, Germany, June 9); Johnny Joyce.

Tuesday, June 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Andrew Rose, of Chicago, to his brother; Elizabeth, to her parents in Montgomery, Ala.; James Kelley, to his brother.

Thursday, June 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edward Hill Robinson, of New York City; Patrick Murphy; James Reedy; Clementine Woods, of St. Augustine, Fla., to her relatives.



