

BY CORA WILBURN.

[illegible]



surely believe they



## Poetry

## THE JESTER'S SERMON.

The jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped upon a chair;  
The pages laughed, the women screamed, and tossed their  
coated hair;  
The school whistled, stag-hounds bayed, the lap-dog barked  
without;  
The soulless dropped the pitcher brown, the dooked railed at  
the loud;  
The steward, counting out his gold, let his pouch and money  
fall;  
And why? Because the jester rose to say grace in the  
hall!

The page played with the heron's plume, the steward with  
his chain;  
The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed with  
might and main;  
The groom beat on their metal cans, and roared till they  
turned red,  
But still the jester shut his eyes, and rolled his witty head.  
And when they grew a little still, read half-a-yard of text,  
And waving hand, struck on the desk—then frowned, like  
one perplexed.

"Dear sinner, all," the fool began, "man's life is but a  
jest.  
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor at the best.  
In a thousand pounds of law, I find not a single ounce of  
love.  
A blind man killed the parson's cow, in shooting at the  
dove.  
The fool that eats till he is sick, must fast till he is well.  
The woeer who can flatter most, will bear away the bell.  
Let no man halloo, he is safe till he is through the wood.  
He who will not when he may, must tarry when he should.  
He who laughs at crooked men, should need walk very  
straight.  
Oh, he who once has won a name, may lie a-bed till eight.  
Make haste to purchase house and land. Be very slow to  
wed.  
True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed  
with red.  
The friar, preaching, cursed the thief, (the pudding in his  
sleeve).  
To fish for sprats, with golden hooks, is foolish, by your  
leave.  
To travel well—an ass's ears, app's face, hog's mouth, and  
ostrich legs.  
He does not care a pin for thieves, who limps about and  
begs.  
Be always first man at a feast, and last man at a fray.  
The shortest way round, in spite of all, is still the longest  
way.  
When the hungry curate licks the knife, there's not much  
for the clerk.  
When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up, the storm  
grows dark."  
Then loud they laughed. The fat cook's tears ran down into  
the pan;  
The steward shook, that he was forced to drop the brimming  
can;  
And then again the women screamed, and every stag-hound  
bayed.  
And why? Because the motley fool so wise a sermon  
made!

Written for the Banner of Light.

## ELLA MAYWOOD;

OR,

## The Vision of the Tower.

I doubt if there is anything more appalling to the  
human mind than the fancied sight of a spectre;  
that bodily ideality, yet seemingly embodied reality,  
which rivets the gaze, while it freezes the warm cur-  
rent of the life-blood. In vain we try to grasp and  
reconcile with reason this illusion as a familiar and  
tangible thing.

Thus it was with the inhabitants of the village of  
Deerfield, when their peace was disturbed by the ap-  
pearance of such a phenomenon on and around their  
old church tower, that highly revered and respect-  
able place of public worship.

This sacred church, endeared by time, service, and  
association, as the foundation whereon was grounded  
in faith the spiritual ladder of the soul's salvation,  
leading to the very gate of heaven.

It still bore, in outward appearance, points and  
arches of its old gothic architecture, whose corner  
stone and religion were established by the devout  
pilgrims of primitive Deerfield, yet had a modernized  
aspect, which gave evidence that some latter-day  
saint had admitted new lights, with more aspiring  
faith, in the tower and steeple, if not upon the altar.

This was accomplished by an eccentric, yet elo-  
quent preacher, who, for many years, filled the pulpit  
with gospel dignity and piety, swaying the hearts of  
his people, and building up the church, materially  
and spiritually, in his own peculiar faith, doctrine,  
and ideas of church architecture. At last, his soul  
having grown to the height of immortality, his body  
was laid to rest in the old vault beneath the church  
tower.

The church stood upon a rising eminence—as all  
true churches should, spiritually, if not materially—  
looking over, but not overlooking, the inhabitants of  
Deerfield. The old sexton dwelt in a small chapel  
adjoining, formerly consecrated to service, now made  
useful as a lodging. The parsonage was but a stone's  
throw from the church, and the tall shadow of the  
steeple, at sunset, fell over its threshold in holy  
alliance, leaving its sanctity on the hearts of its in-  
mates.

One of the church's own members, a communionist  
and vestry exhorter, a charitable fund subscriber  
and doer, a woman of respectability, of good position  
in church and society, a woman of large liberality,  
of imagination and counsel, yet somewhat remark-  
able for credulity, in passing the church one eve, at  
sunset, was nearly exterminated by some awful  
spectacle which she beheld in the church tower.

The report spread like fire on a prairie—as village  
gossip ever does—that Miss S., in passing the  
church, had seen a vision on the tower, "a woman  
in her grave clothes, which had so frightened her,  
that she ran all the way home, without stopping or  
looking back."

This report, idle as it seemed, reached the ears of  
her pastor, and, much to her astonishment, and the  
people who had given it credence, they were reli-  
giously chastised for their morbid state of spiritu-  
ality.

The next visionist was a wee lad, returning home  
in full glee with his father's cows. He, also, was  
seen running through the village at full speed, pale  
as death, without his hat, and all his hair on end,  
"like quills upon the fretted porcupine," his cows  
in full chase after him, which drew the attention of  
every housekeeper, wife, mother, and guardian, who  
were anxious for the boy's welfare.

The story ran thus: "He reached his home, fell  
at the feet of his mother, pale as death, all of a trem-  
ble, his teeth chattering so that he could not speak  
for half an hour or more; and then, between tears,  
fright, and shakings from his mother, who feared  
his soul had lost his wife, he related the awful affair;

how, just as he was passing the church, whistling  
and thinking nothing at all of the white woman that  
Miss S. had seen, he took up a stone, and just  
dug it to see how high he could scale it; and then  
the woman came right out of the tower and looked  
at him so awfully, that he never could go to church  
again—no, never."

This lad's story added much to the strength of the  
report of Miss S., and many believed fearfully.  
It also elicited another sermon from the pastor, more  
severe than the former. But as moral and spiritual  
flagellation seldom cures the weak eyes of child or  
woman, so, in the case of the vision of the tower,  
neither Miss S. or the lad retracted, but asserted  
it as a positive thing.

On the very same day that the parson preached  
this sermon on the Holy Sabbath, while the shadow  
of the high tower fell across his threshold, while the  
last rays of the setting sun yet lingered on the golden  
vane, kissing his good night, the parson's wife was  
looking forth in holy meditation on the silent sleep-  
ers in the church-yard, and on one little grave where  
the mother's eye loved to linger; but as her eyes  
turned from that little grave to where his spirit, in  
imagination, had fled, on the tower stood the vision.  
The parson's wife shrieked. The pastor came; the  
maiden came. "The vision on the tower," said the  
parson's wife, and fell fainting into her husband's  
arms.

This was bringing matters home. He who had so  
soundly lectured his church, must bring his philoso-  
phy to bear upon his household. The parson's wife  
was a strong-minded woman. She had never been  
known to faint before, under any circumstance. She  
had held her boy in his dying hours, and closed his  
eyes, and clothed him for his grave; now she faints  
at the sight of a vision—she, whom all the church  
and people of Deerfield, acknowledged as a sensible,  
upright, pious woman.

In vain the parson tried to hush up this one weak-  
ness of his wife, and attribute it to a delicate state  
of health. Before the week ended, every man, wo-  
man and child knew, through the maid, that the  
parson's wife had seen the vision on the tower, and  
had fainted in consequence.

The next sermon of the pastor was more lenient.  
He preached on the purification of spirits.

The visionists increased daily, until nearly all  
Deerfield had, or thought they had, seen the vision  
of the tower.

Some, less fearful than others, had lingered pur-  
posely to look upon the phenomenon, and one, by the  
aid of a telescope, declared its face to resemble the  
features of "Ella Maywood;" it was just her height,  
and the color of her eyes and hair were the same,  
though dreadfully emaciated, and possessing all the  
required properties of a ghost; and thus a name was  
given to the spectre, which was now an established  
fact; but why Ella Maywood should disturb the  
peace of the inhabitants of Deerfield, was a question  
that theology nor philosophy could fathom.

Ella Maywood was born in the village, had always  
lived in Deerfield until the time of her death, which  
was not a very long time—only three months ago—  
in the early spring. She died suddenly, while at her  
daily labor, of an affection of the heart; but all  
knew it was a broken heart, and an affection which  
terminated her youthful existence.

Everybody went to her funeral, and paid that re-  
spect which is due to the dead. Thus it was with  
Ella, and she now slept in the family vault of her  
fathers, under the old church tower, whose ponderous  
iron bolts and bars no soft hand could unlock and  
withdraw; these were keeping her body safe, until  
the resurrection morn, that auspicious day which  
the pastor, at her funeral service, asserted would  
drawn at the judgment. Therefore, it was under-  
stood thoroughly by the people of Deerfield, that she  
was not expected to appear before the appointed  
time, and it was rather to the discredit of the pa-  
son's statement, and much to his especial distur-  
bance, that she had taken upon herself the responsi-  
bility of raising before that great day. No one  
doubted now that it was her spirit in the tower, and  
her vision began to be a source of great alarm to the  
inhabitants of Deerfield, and it behooved the pastor  
to administer the gospel yet more earnestly to them;  
inasmuch, that through his eloquence many, very  
many, were brought to see the error of their ways,  
and repent of their sins. Whether through awful fear  
or sublime reflection and Divine grace, many were  
converted, was not written on the church statute, or  
proclaimed in the plea for admittance, sufficient to  
the church was the additional members thereof.

These became converts to a saving faith, which all  
believed to possess affirmative qualities with the ele-  
ments of heaven, the reward anticipated by the  
righteous.

But this great revival, which drew everybody in  
Deerfield to church, did not allay the spirit of Ella  
Maywood.

The bell tolls more frequent, and at the conse-  
cration and holy communion, above the choir was  
heard a voice singing, whose tones were recognized  
as Ella's, adding much to the devotion as well as  
consternation of the pastor and people; for it was  
affirmed that no mortal could sing like that, and  
Ella Maywood was never known to sing a note in all  
her life—hence the conclusion of the converts that  
spirits are above mortals in ability and faculty.

After service of this memorable day at Deerfield,  
when sixty souls were added to the church, as they  
proceeded out of the portals of the sanctuary, every  
eye involuntarily upturned to the tower, a shriek  
among the female portion gave alarm, and many  
cried, "Where, where!" "There, there!" cried an  
enthusiast, "at the top of the church spire!" and  
here the pastor came forth and lifted his reverend  
eyes with his congregation, and there in white cere-  
ments, where the eye hardly dared to venture, stood  
motionless the form of Ella Maywood; when all had  
seen, suddenly she vanished into thin air; some as-  
serted that wings were visible.

Pastor and people were alike in earnest supplica-  
tion, prayer and fasting to avert the calamity which  
they felt sure was impending; whether by sword,  
famine, or pestilence, they knew not, but stood in  
readiness with the daily and hourly expectation.

Those who had never called upon the name of the  
Lord but in blasphemy, were now the most devout  
and earnest in divine propitiation, desiring to be the  
first elect, at the coming of the Lord; the first to  
wear the white robes of righteousness. Not a living  
soul in Deerfield acknowledged a natural cause for  
the appearance of this phenomenon, but attributed it  
alone to the vengeance of the Lord, whom they strove  
to appease.

The history of Ella Maywood was nothing upon  
man, who was grandchild to the old, eccentric pa-  
son who modernized the church. She was early left  
an orphan without inheritance, save that of health,  
beauty and quiet energy, with much pride and inde-

pendence of character, a sad dowry for a penniless  
orphan; but Ella lived in the even tenor of her way  
and made no pretensions above her lot; however her  
spirit might struggle.

All Deerfield grieved for and sadly missed her skill-  
ful hands, quiet grace, swift labor, with ingenious  
elegance. Alas, for the living, when Ella died, for  
no one could fill the place of her soft, plastic hand in  
making artistic shapes and fitting the drapery ac-  
cordingly; her soft gaze and quiet smile never could  
be rivalled in the memory of the inhabitants of  
Deerfield.

But did anybody remember, while she was living,  
that she had a soul within her body? No, nobody  
in particular of all the people she daily labored for.  
Why should they? She was properly clothed and  
fed, and was excellent in her profession; always  
suited everybody, and everybody expected it of her.  
What more could Ella ask for? She was never heard  
to complain or heave a sigh of impatience—always  
seemed content. If the inhabitants of Deerfield had  
omitted anything due to her in appreciation while  
living, they knew it not, and thought it extremely  
hard that her spirit should trouble them without  
rendering them former assistance. They had paid  
their respects to her when she died, by attending  
her funeral, although she owed almost everybody an  
engagement of work, and it was very hard for them  
to look up a new mantuamaker to fulfill her engage-  
ments. This was Ella's only fault; that they remem-  
bered her premature death and resurrection of spirit.

But there was one who did know and understand  
the whole soul and inner beauty of the spirit of Ella  
Maywood, one who had been the leader of her infant  
steps, the companion of her childhood, the lover of  
her youth, who had won her promise when she was  
but twelve years of age, to remain true and become  
his wife at the age of twenty-one, one who had gone  
forth from the village of Deerfield proud of his  
strength, talent, manliness and honor. He it was  
who had won the heart of Ella and promised in a  
little while to come back and give her that position  
which she so well deserved.

Antony Raymond had gained his heart's desire;  
his cup of joy was full, his name was on every lip;  
it was written on the scroll of fame; he had won  
station, wealth, honor, all that he had promised  
Ella; but alas, for the human heart in the hour of  
triumph, strong must be its faith, pure its love to  
resist the power and effect of adulation.

Antony Raymond yielded to its fascination, spell-  
bound with the attractive splendor that his celebrity  
had won as a successful author. Ella Maywood was  
neglected, and one usurped her place in his heart,  
endeavoring by her smiles to wholly eradicate her  
image, the life-long loved, and possess herself of the  
prize. She had wealth and luxury to offer; Ella had  
neither, only her pure soul, her ardent love. Soothed,  
flattered and caressed in an evil hour, Antony Ray-  
mond listened to the voice of the siren, who offered  
him life, fortune, station, and Raymond uttered and  
accepted vows which perjured his soul, yet could not  
be recalled, or lightly broken.

Not until he was alone with his own conscience  
and its still small voice whispered of Ella Maywood,  
did he comprehend the depths of his iniquity, the  
folly of his delirium, or the chasm his madness had  
piled between himself and the only being he had  
ever loved, or could love with fidelity.

With the full sense of this misery, in the deepest  
contrition, he wrote to Ella, begging, entreating, im-  
ploring her to assume her right, her first claim over  
him, and release him from the bondage into which  
his folly had precipitated him.

Ella Maywood received and read the fearful epis-  
tle—and died. Antony Raymond was free to follow  
his own choice. He received the intelligence of her  
sudden death with an indifference bordering upon  
insanity; the utter scorn of himself and bitter con-  
tempt of everything that had blighted his honor and  
withered his heart's dearest and purest joy, moved  
him to thanksgiving that the sufferings of Ella had  
so happily terminated. She did not live on, dying  
daily, as he himself must, or to curse and scorn him  
as he deserved.

It was less painful to marry another now that  
Ella was indeed dead.

She who had rivalled Ella Maywood, was also a  
native of Deerfield, and to render her triumph com-  
plete, she proposed that their marriage should be  
celebrated in the old church where her fathers had  
worshipped.

Indifferent to life or death, but daily praying for  
the latter, Raymond bowed acquiescence.

But three months had elapsed since the death of  
Ella Maywood, before Antony Raymond, returned to  
Deerfield with his bride elect, to be united in the old  
church.

The pride of his native village, all Deerfield wel-  
comed him with one accord; they had read his books  
and lingered over familiar scenes recorded there, and  
his name had become dear to every heart. Not a  
soul in all Deerfield in open words blamed Antony  
Raymond for his broken faith, or in any degree  
charged him with being the cause of Ella's death.  
He was a man, and therefore had a lawful right to  
marry whom he chose. He was famous also, and  
could not with worldly propriety fulfill his engage-  
ment to one so poor and divested of merit as Ella  
Maywood, even though she had lived; but a kind  
Providence mercifully removed her, so their theory  
ran.

Antony Raymond shuddered as he passed through  
his native village; each familiar scene partially  
awoke him from the dull apathy which deadened all  
his sense, and the keen torture he now endured was  
but a foretaste of what he must endure until his  
heart ceased to beat, for while its pulsation lasted  
there must burn the agony of memory!

The vision of the tower was in full fame and credit  
when Antony Raymond returned, and though his  
bride elect shuddered at the fearful repeat reached  
her ears and made her repent of coming, yet Ray-  
mond, scorned the idle superstition and gave no  
credit to its appearance, attributing the phenomena,  
if such appeared, to some elementary cause, as the  
foolish fears of the people.

And yet, as he looked upon the old church from  
the pastor's study, and knew that Ella slept beneath  
the tower, something of the superstition of the peo-  
ple's belief in her re-appearance crept over him; and  
as he talked indifferently with the pastor of his mar-  
riage in the old church on the morrow, his eye was  
scanning the tower, and his heart with Ella in the  
old tomb of the tower, and he yearned for a place of  
rest as cold and quiet, but saw no spectre above or  
below. As he went from the parsonage, he lingered  
around the church and gazed wistfully upon the  
graves of the silent sleepers, wishing he could indeed  
behold, his Ella in spirit to confront him. Was it  
indeed imagination, or did he hear his name whis-  
per near by? Surely it was the voice of Ella, and

in old days; her gentle tones had fallen on his  
ear; but all was dreary and desolate, and imagina-  
tion is strong to conjure. Ella slept the sleep that  
knows no waking.

The old sexton gazed upon him curiously and con-  
temptuously from the doorway of his dwelling. Ray-  
mond approached him; a new thought broke over  
his despairing soul, and he uttered it, unmindful of  
the stern, scornful eye of the old sexton.

"You buried my Ella," he gasped. "For the love of  
God, let me look upon her face once more. I am  
dying too, old man; would that I could sleep by her  
side."

The sexton paid no heed to his supplication, and  
Raymond renewed his entreaty. Slowly and severely  
the old man answered him.

"Let the dead bury their dead," Ella Maywood  
sleeps in peace; disturb not her repose. Marry the  
living, thou of the false heart," and the sexton went  
within, closing his door, and Raymond returned to  
his home more wretched than before, with the sex-  
ton's truthful words knelling upon his breaking  
heart.

Antony Raymond's wedding hour arrived, and such  
a storm as welcomed it was hardly ever seen by the  
oldest inhabitants of Deerfield. Wind, rain, hail,  
thunder, lightning, were his attendant witnesses, yet  
he was punctual to church, braving the fury of the  
storm, with wild, torturing madness; clenching the  
arm of his fearful bride to uphold her as she shrank  
back from the awful denunciation of elements, she  
who had thus betrayed him, felt in her sinking heart  
that her hour of retribution had come, and if now a  
choice had been left her she would have fled from  
him. She knew too well that his heart was riveted  
with chains everlasting to Ella Maywood's spirit,  
that Ella had died of broken heart, when she heard  
of his unfaithfulness. True, she had not hesitated  
to hasten her death by appropriating that which she  
knew would prove an instrument of torture to one  
so truly loved and loving, worse than the inquisition  
or rack to olden martyrs. She had won the promise  
of Raymond from the poor girl, but not his heart;  
therefore, with a consciousness of the fullness of her  
sin and its consequences before her mental vision  
for a life-long inheritance, she hesitated, and now  
shrank from Antony Raymond, whom she had lured  
on to destruction, as she would have recoiled from  
the touch of a fiend. And yet these two stood before  
the holy altar, ready to utter blasphemies which  
would destroy life and souls together.

In spite of the warring elements, many people had  
gathered to witness this singular marriage.

The pastor was in attendance, and while the tem-  
pest threatened destruction of the church, and the  
bride and groom stood like captives about to be  
sacrificed, yet the pastor began the ceremony and was  
proceeding, when scream after scream, from the peo-  
ple, amid the howling of the storm, interrupted fur-  
ther progress, and every eye was turned to behold  
the cause of this sudden outburst.

To "the vision of the tower," pointed the affright-  
ed assembly. It stood palpably before every behol-  
der, high above their heads, within a narrow arch of  
the old tower, leaning upon a figure of the crucifix-  
ion, on a narrow base where no mortal could possi-  
bly suppose for one moment to rest with safety. The  
identity of the vision was no longer doubtful—it was  
that of Ella Maywood, as she had been buried; her  
large, lustrous eyes were fixed upon the bride and  
groom; her thin white hand was stretched to-  
wards them. The false-hearted bride shrieked and  
fainted as she beheld the spirit of her so deeply in-  
jured. Antony Raymond stretched out his arms  
as cried:—

"Ella! sweet spirit!" But as she suddenly faded  
before his gaze, he groaned, "Oh God," and swooned,  
falling upon the altar.

Thus terminated forever the false union of Antony  
Raymond and his betrayer; the bride recovered  
quickly, but Raymond was borne senseless from the  
church to his home.

Weeks elapsed before he again returned to con-  
sciousness; although his life was long dispirited of,  
yet through a strong constitution, and excellent  
medical skill, he at last, after a sickness of three  
months, was able to leave his bed.

Strangely were the people of Deerfield affected by  
the attempted marriage of Antony Raymond. They  
recorded it as the interposition of Divine Providence;  
that the injured spirit of Ella Maywood was allowed  
to rise as a proof of retributive justice.

The spirit of Ella Maywood was at last allayed;  
since that hour she had never been seen in church  
or tower.

But stranger things were coming to pass, and had  
begun. Antony Raymond was rivaled in his author-  
ship, while his talents had been rendered useless by  
his indiscretion and folly; another had risen, casting  
his efforts entirely in the background. Ray-  
mond's works were written with strength, vigor,  
and talent; but his rival's were burning truths,  
kindled from the heart, flaming from the hand of  
genius.

Antony Raymond read scenes and passages fa-  
miliar; the high-hopes of his boyhood pictured; his  
own thoughts and feelings, which but one heart had  
ever responded to, one loved being had ever listened  
to.

One work rapidly followed another, until the third  
brought the inhabitants of Deerfield all standing.  
The title was "Deerfield," and every soul in Deer-  
field wept over its pages, illustrated to life-like  
existence—the old church and its beloved, eccen-  
tric pastor, his life and death; Antony Raymond,  
the hero of Deerfield; Ella Maywood, the broken-  
hearted; "the vision of the tower," and the super-  
stition of pastor and people, and at last a solution of  
the mystery.

The eccentric pastor, who had caused the church  
to be remodeled, had built for exclusion and devo-  
tion a study in the tower, which was concealed and  
known to no one but the old sexton.

Ella Maywood, who died of a broken heart, was  
not dead, but life was suspended for many days; and  
as the sexton was about closing the tomb, he heard  
a groan issue from Ella's coffin; returning, he re-  
moved the lid, and to his unspeakable joy, found life  
in her system; bearing her to his room, she soon  
recovered.

She listened to the recital of her death and burial  
with indifference, but aroused by the appeals of the  
kind-hearted sexton, who not only implored her to  
live and assume an interest in life, but to arouse  
her dormant talents, and live a higher life; not to  
be a slave as heretofore to the people of Deerfield,  
but to live in seclusion until she had accomplished  
something worthy of merit. Aided by his ingenuity  
in secluding herself—having no relations to mourn  
over her departure—and Antony—here the old man  
paused as he was about to utter great indignation,  
and Ella comprehending all he had said, and feeling

a sense of returning life, gladly availed herself of  
his advice and assistance. The sexton then carried  
her to the room in the tower which her grand parent  
had inhabited, which she took possession of, finding  
a library and every material suitable to a life of  
literary labor. The sexton supplied her with rail-  
ment and food, and Ella remained dead to the world,  
though she sometimes startled them by appearing in  
her corements, ringing the bell, and joining the  
choir in singing; and one Sabbath eve, finding a  
narrow flight of steps, she ascended the entire  
steeple; lifting a trap-door, she stood upon the  
narrow space beside the wane, and enjoyed a sub-  
lime view of Deerfield and the surrounding country,  
much to the discredit of her spirit and the horror of  
the people, whom she looked down upon from her  
height, seeming to her no larger than children.

Then was described the marriage and the success  
of her sudden appearance, effecting what she desired.  
Then her journey to the city, and success as an  
author.

This was, indeed, too hard an imposition upon the  
inhabitants of Deerfield, and when it was made  
known to them through the pages of a novel, they  
rushed en masse to see if those things were so. And  
much to the discredit of their piety and common  
sense, which they held in high estimation, the old  
sexton gave them proof undeniable. They were  
allowed to look into the little study in the tower,  
and also into the empty coffin of Ella Maywood.

The joke was too severe to be enjoyed; and some  
had wickedness to wish within their souls that Ella  
Maywood had never been born, or at least had not  
come to life a second time—they had been duped.  
Pastor and people, and the plot, could scarcely be  
forgiven, though it had added much to the upbuild-  
ing of the church and an increase of the worship of  
God, as long as the vision of the tower presided in  
terror over each heart; whether watch backsliding  
after its disappearance and disclosure of facts was  
caused by a disrelish of such constant devotion, or  
that they came to the consciousness that they had  
worshipped under wrong emotions, and so withdrew  
for a season to correct them, is not recorded on the  
church annals. Suffice it to say, the inhabitants of  
Deerfield were deeply mortified, and the congregation  
dwindled down to a very small, though respectable  
number; and the pastor thought it prudent, under  
all things considered, to accept a "call" in another  
part of the vineyard of the Lord, some distance from  
Deerfield.

This last work and revelation came to Antony  
Raymond while in a state of convalescence, just as  
he had been able to arise and say within himself,  
"I am a man once more, and though Ella be dead,  
I will wed no other, but live to her memory and the  
spirit so deeply injured." He gave no credit to the  
truth of the romance beyond its familiar descrip-  
tions powerfully portrayed, until he was assured by  
witnesses of the proof of its reality, and that Ella  
Maywood was living in great style in the city, and  
grown so beautiful that she was hardly recognized for  
the former Ella of Deerfield; and now indeed  
had Antony Raymond returned to life, health, and  
happiness, for he knew the spirit of Ella was his.

Ella Maywood stood before the public as an  
authoress of high celebrity, a tried, faithful woman.  
She had indeed died and risen to newness of life,  
but with unchanging fidelity her every thought,  
action, and feeling, was with the spirit of him to  
whom she had pledged her faith; and, when he  
stood before her, his pale brow bowed in deep con-  
trition, acknowledging his unworthiness, Ella, with  
woman's divinity in a pure heart, forgave him gener-  
ously, without appearing to notice that he had in  
any degree merited censure—admitting him as her  
mental and spiritual guardian. Thus tried in the  
furnace of affliction, they were worthy to be  
made one soul and spirit blended in harmony, and a  
long life of domestic bliss attested the truth of their  
spiritual union.

## A PROPHET AT FAULT.

Mundy, the Prophet, as he was called at one time,  
used to preach against theatres, and entertained the  
Quixotic idea of converting all the managers to his  
particular faith.

On one occasion he went to the Arch Street The-  
atre, Philadelphia, and inquired for Mr. Burton. The  
call-boy was the only person in the office at the time;  
and he, knowing the character of the inquirer, did  
not choose to answer him satisfactorily, until he had  
indulged his own curiosity by putting a few queries  
to the Prophet.

"What do you want with Mr. Burton?" said the  
boy.

"I am sent on an important mission, to save his  
soul from utter ruin, and I must see the man of sin,"  
replied the Prophet.

"Who sent you?" asked the boy.

"The Lord of Hosts," blasphemously exclaimed  
Mundy.

"Then it is a pity the Lord of Hosts did not know  
that Mr. Burton is in New York, and has been for a  
week;" and with that the door of the office was shut  
in the Prophet's face.

## INFLUENCE OF MOUNTAINS.

Climbing lofty mountains brings our minds and  
bodies together nearer heaven than any other human  
enterprise, and we admire those who make it their  
summer occupation. They are never *entirely* peo-  
ple. The act of ascending develops the superior en-  
ergies; the nerves are braced; the ideas gather puri-  
ty from the snows around; and the mind liberality  
from the vast scale of the mountains, and calm from  
their solitude; while the receding earth, with its sink-  
ing adjuncts, is a type of how tiny things assume their  
proper proportion and places, when contemplated  
from an elevated point of view. But the arrival at  
the summit is the culminating moment—then all  
these sensations mingle together, perhaps bewildering  
at first, but with delightful force; we feel a  
touch of superiority run through our nature, and we  
defy any one who has been raised 10,000 feet in the  
vault of heaven to descend and talk scandal, or do  
any other pettifogging meanness for a day or  
two.

## A VALUABLE LIBRARY.

A correspondent from Springfield, Vt., writes us:—  
"I will here state some facts which no other man  
in the world, perhaps, can state. I have taken  
newspapers constantly for more than forty-six years,  
and usually from three to six at a time, amounting,  
in the whole, to more than one hundred and fifty  
volumes, which I now have on hand, mostly bound,  
having never lost a regular paper which I have re-  
ceived. I keep constantly a supply of other paper  
for my family to use for patterns, wrapping, &c.,  
and my newspapers are as carefully preserved as my  
Bible. I have ever paid in advance, having never  
owed one dollar for newspapers."







## EARLY TEACHINGS.

While listening with the most intense interest to the words of inspiration as they fell from the lips of that gifted apostle of Truth, Thomas Gales Forster, I was most forcibly struck with the truth and applicability of the following sentiment:—"Keep your children from those nurseries of Fanaticism and Bigotry, the Sunday Schools, as they are now managed."

However radical and seemingly severe this sentiment may have sounded to the ears of many, I for one, felt within my inmost soul, that if the truth had never before been uttered, we had at last received it. It seemed to me that the controlling spirit had even planted his axe at the very root of the tree. I wished he might have entered more fully into that part of his discourse, and shown to the minds of his audience the momentous effects of erroneous teachings upon the youthful mind, as it is growing up, and preparing itself to battle with the stern realities of an earthly existence, preparatory to an eternal one. My mind was carried back to the scenes of childhood, when (whatever else was left undone) I must be sent to Sunday School—there to receive false impressions, that it has taken years of severe mental labor to eradicate.

I can say with truth, as I look back, that the teachings inculcated by those into whose charge my spiritual education was placed, were productive of more harm than good.

Now I would not be uncharitable enough to charge those teachers with intentionally endeavoring to propagate evil, although I must say I believe they reiterated much which they could not believe, and was entirely antagonistic to reason and common sense; but yet I can find an excuse (although a small one) in the fact that they themselves had been taught to believe the doctrine of eternal damnation was in the Bible, and of course must be taught, even though God-given reason should rebel against it.

So the love of God, and the fear of the Devil, were used alternately as arguments for our salvation. They also believed the doctrine of election was in the Bible, therefore children should be taught that our Heavenly Father, who is sometimes represented as all love, and at others as possessing hatred for his children, should predestinate from the foundation of the world, some to be saved and others to be lost. How well can I recall to mind my first attempt at argument, when I dared to ask my spiritual teacher how he could reconcile this doctrine with the free moral agency of mankind, upon which he would dilate, almost in the same breath. What answer did I receive? "This is one of the mysteries of Godliness, and you should not inquire into the wise decrees of the Almighty." Thus winding the iron fetters of Bigotry around that noblest gift of God—Human Reason.

Again, would he hold up to my mental vision the death of our Saviour, who gave his life upon the cross that he might appease the wrath of an angry Father.

Yet, when I dared to think and ask my spiritual guide how it was, that our Father, whom he had represented at times as overflowing with love for his creatures, could yet at the same time be so angry with them as to require the sacrifice of his innocent Son, to atone for a guilty world—thus placing the standard of human justice infinitely above his own, for what earthly father would require this? The same response as before awaited me. "You must not let your reason, which is finite, attempt to solve the mysterious of God." Thus it went on, until at last I found, in order to believe what he called the living truths of the Gospel, I must blind my eyes, and stop my ears to all the appeals of human reason, and say with my lips, I believe; when if reason was enthroned, she would most emphatically rebel against such teachings.

At times I can recollect, I would say to myself, this must be true, since those who are farther progressed in the scale of human existence than I am believe it, but before I could fairly entertain the idea, reason would interfere and whisper: "You had better believe nothing, and keep your soul free from the iron fetters of bigotry, by yielding assent to a positive error." I followed the dictates of this true friend, and rejoiced as I to-day for it. Yet before I became settled firmly in my present opinion, I went through other trials, mentally speaking.

I had been taught to believe that there were two places or conditions of future existence. One of perfect happiness, and the other of misery. I could not believe, nor make it appear consistent that God, whom I considered to be indeed our Father, could willingly inflict eternal punishment upon any of his creatures, and yet bear that love for them which he has expressly declared he possesses. So with these conflicting emotions, I rushed forward, and took refuge in the Ark of Universalism. Here, said I, to myself, I am safe, and comforted myself with reflections like these—if God is indeed our Father, and desires not the death of the wicked, he can, and will, devise some means in his Omnipotence, whereby we can all be saved. Yet at times even this position was not entirely satisfactory. Yet it was the best of the two evils. The most inconsistent feature in this position to my mind was, the act of transforming, as it were, a demon into a saint, merely by removing the breath from his mortal body. This I could not make appear consistent with the unchangeable operation of organic law. However, I preferred even to trust in his ability to do this, rather than attempt to believe the doctrines which my reason and judgment condemned; as entirely inconsistent with the character of the all-wise Father.

Thus have I been led from one position to another, at times almost bordering upon rank Materialism, until the beautiful truths of Spiritualism have been opened to my vision. Thank God, I have at last found the key to the wonderful lock.

The safe which has so long held in its iron grasp the real, consistent, living, truth, has been opened, and I have helped myself to its contents. I have opened the day-book, and there I find the daily and hourly record of the work performed by the great Master Hand. I see there the operations of Divine Laws, as worked out in human existences.

I have even dared to glance at the ledger, wherein I find summed up the account of every individual existence in the form of debt and credit. And in contradiction to what I have been taught, I find there is no bankrupt law, by means of which we can avoid paying our debts against Nature's laws, even to the uttermost farthing.

Every man must settle his own account, individually, and obtain a receipt in full of his own conscience, before he can be in perfect harmony with the laws of his own Spiritual being.

Thus working out his own salvation, he may enter into and behold the presence of his Father. Thus

have I given you a general outline of my past and present position regarding the theological teachings of the age. In thus doing I believe I have described not only mine, but that of thousands, who have labored severely, to rid themselves of the effects of erroneous teachings, and a great part of them directly attributable to the Sabbath Schools as they have been conducted in the past. As was said, in the discourse alluded to, "do not teach your children that they cannot of themselves do anything good, and then expect them to be in after life patterns of purity and virtue," but rather teach them that they were formed in the image of their Divine Father, and that which proceeds from his hands, although at first in its embry condition, yet it is capable of being unfolded to the greatest capacity, and that this jewel is entrusted to their care. That their Father looks to them, and them alone, for its return, in all its purity.

Therefore, let the standard of purity and virtue be placed high before them; and instead of seeking to intimidate them, by picturing an endless Hell to their imaginations, show them the glorious and happy results, that must naturally follow from a pure and holy life, ever keeping before them the beautiful picture of the life of the gentle Nazarene, which should be presented as an example for them to imitate, rather than expatiating so fully upon his ignominious death.

Then shall we have a better generation of men and women, whose lives shall be replete with good acts, as well as professions.

God help the spread of the truth now being unfolded, through the teachings of spirits who have gone before us—and may we be favored with more apostles of this glorious reform, who shall stand side by side with Thomas Gales Forster.

H. W. B.

## ERROR IN A NAME.

Some months since a spirit manifested to us through Mrs. Conant's organism, claiming to be the wife of a well-known jeweler on Washington Street. We are not acquainted with him or his family, and the communication was on matters which we knew nothing of. We found there were four distinct statements in it which proved true, but she gave the name of her husband as George, when it was Peter.

We did not intend to publish it, but wait for an explanation, without mentioning the error to any one; but it was inserted, and the public have it. These errors are undoubtedly owing to various causes, one of which is found in the fact that spirits control by power of will, and where many spirits are met, as in the case of our sittings, for the purpose of obtaining control, the spirit often finds it difficult to overcome anxiety and stronger will-power of other spirits, whose exercise of their wills cause error to creep into the communications. There are four truths to one error in the message alluded to, and we knew nothing of the party, her death, her disease, her sister's name, or time of her death.

## MUSIC FOR FAMILIES AND SOCIETIES.

## "THE PSALMS OF LIFE."

As the season approaches when meetings will be held and social and family circles convene, we will be doing our readers a favor by commending to their attention "THE PSALMS OF LIFE," a Compilation of Psalms, Hymns, Anthems, Chants, &c., embodying the Spiritual, Progressive, and Reformatory Sentiment of the Present Age, by John S. Adams. We noticed this work at its first appearance, about six months since, and at the time alluded to its superiority as a volume of poetry and music for Spiritualists. It has since been adopted by nearly every gathering of Spiritualists, and likewise used in the choirs and congregations of numerous Independent Societies. It is found on the table of every Spiritualist's family, and even where music is not a part of daily exercise, is read with much pleasure and profit. Great research was expended on the selection of the five hundred and more pieces combined in "The Psalms of Life." Hundreds of volumes were examined, and every great Spiritual thought embodied in verse was gleaned and wedded to appropriate music. As a book of poetry alone it is worth ten times its price to every one who believes that the doors of heaven are open, and that angels descend to visit those they love on earth.

Music is the most harmonizing influence that can be brought to bear upon our souls. Its public performance, concentrates the spirituality of all persons present, fixes the thought, and elevates each and all to a nearness to the spirit world which is heaven to realize. In the family circle its effects are equally beneficial. Our spirit friends find in it one of their best avenues of access to our homes and hearts. The work we have alluded to is admirably suited to our wants as Spiritualists, and we would, for this reason urge its adoption and constant use upon every individual, family and Society whose faith recognizes the ministrations of angels and the principle of eternal Progression. "The Psalms of Life," is published by Oliver Ditson & Co., in this city; it contains 262 pages, 522 Selections of Verse, and is handsomely bound in cloth, embossed and lettered. Price 75 cents, from which a discount is made to Societies. Let every Sabbath gathering employ it, and every circle open and close with its use. Persons wishing to examine it can receive a copy by mail on forwarding its price to the publishers, with their address.

HOPKINTON, Sept. 14th, 1867.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Spiritualism began its onward march in this town, on the evening of the 7th of September, on which occasion it had been arranged that Thomas Gales Forster, a Trance Speaker, formerly of St. Louis, now of Buffalo, should address the meeting.

Sickness, however, prevented his attendance, and his place was supplied by J. Rollin M. Squire, a medium somewhat known at Harvard. It was ten o'clock in the forenoon of the day upon which the lecture was to be delivered when I spoke to Mr. S., a fact which will disabuse the minds of many of our people, who thought the lecture had been prepared.

The Town Hall was filled, completely crowded, and this young man, (he is not yet twenty) held the audience closely riveted to his discourse. I doubt if that audience would have remained so attentive to any other than a Spiritual Medium throughout an hour's lecture.

One thing which struck me as rather a mark of progression on the part of the people was this. One of our ministers, after reading the notice of the lecture, advised his hearers to keep away from the Hall, and to avoid preaching a discourse against it, and the other would not give it a reading. Now the advice to stay away was not heeded, as it would have once been, but, on the contrary, served to fill the Hall.

After the lecturer concluded, the people seemed

loth to leave their seats, and when it was announced that the services were over, little groups were formed and the matter earnestly discussed. All agreed that they had listened to a fine lecture, and the clergy and other cultivated minds paid the high compliment to its ability by saying that the youth had been well trained and had learned his lesson well. Would to God they could only know that they were listening to the same spirit of inspiration which spoke through men of old, and on which inspiration and manifestations of the Spirit hang all their hopes of a bright beyond.

O. P. MONROE.

## A GOOD TEST.

NEW HAVEN, CT., Sept. 26, 1867.

Messrs. EDITORS:—Permit me to give a short account of a circle at which I was present. The circle consisted of three beside the medium, who is a young girl about nine years of age. She cannot write of herself, but when controlled, writes in a good round hand, which is a great test of itself. Several spirits wrote through her hand on various subjects, as "I am not dead," "Come to heaven," "I am happy," &c. But the best is the following: One of the circle asked, "If there was any more spirits than one present?" when all present plainly heard "no" spoken in a low voice. While debating the cause of the voice, the medium was influenced to write, "The spirits influenced him to say no," meaning a young child about five years old, who was asleep in an adjoining room, to which the door was ajar. I understood that the child had spoken out on several times when asleep in the room where a circle was sitting. The medium is a young girl who has had only a few lessons in writing.

Yours, &amp;c.,

The writer, whose name is appended to the private note accompanying the above, writes that the statement of the phenomena he witnessed can be vouched for by several citizens. It is a very strong test.

## A GOOD PAPER.

One of the best papers now published in Boston is the Daily Bee. Its editorials are able, spirited and spicy, its news department complete, its reporters superior, and in every respect the Bee is up to the times, and rapidly growing in public favor. This paper is the only one in Boston that zealously and fearlessly advocates the election of Hon. N. P. Banks, in which advocacy it displays much ability. The friends of Mr. Banks should give the Bee a cordial support.

ERRATA.—In the "Invocation" on our sixth page, second stanza, third line, the reader will please substitute "time" for "twice" in the sixth stanza, last line, read "paths" for "path," omitting the period after "trod."

## Dramatic.

THE BOSTON THEATRE, with the attraction of Mr. Edwin Booth, has done a very good business the past week; he has appeared in some of his best characters, giving additional proof that he is an actor of no ordinary merit. It was with no common degree of pride that we hailed the advent of young Booth to the Boston boards; it was with no common regret that we listened to his farewell.

We mean no fulsome flattery when we speak of Mr. Booth as the most promising actor upon the American stage, and it is with no unkind feeling that we warn him of its dangers. A reputation, which the bearer has been years attaining, may be darkened by one public act of imprudence; an exalted reputation destroyed by one hour's heedless folly. The mantle of the elder Booth has fallen upon the son, and Heaven grant that he may wear it with honor. The path of a young and promising actor is too often rendered thorny, by the folly and indiscretion of pretended friends. An actor's true friends and supporters are not to be found in the tap room, or at the gaming table, or at any other resort where those who have but little brains, and less wit, are too often found. Such men think that they evince a wonderful friendship, and a most noble support, by tendering to such actors only rum tokens of their interest; these, if accepted by the actor, will prove as ruinous to his reputation, as the fulsome flatteries of such people prove nauseous at last to the recipient of them. Such friendships are the foundation stones of that monument which is raised too often to commemorate a blighted reputation, and a premature decay. But why sermonize? Surely Mr. Booth knows well enough how to shun the rock upon which many a noble intellect has been wrecked, and many an enviable reputation ruined.

The selections at the Boston Theatre this week have been very judicious, and the farce entitled a "Conjugal Lesson," was very entertaining, and extremely well performed. Mr. Davidge grows nightly in favor with his audiences, and has established his reputation as an actor of sterling merit.

On Monday Mr. Barry revived "The Life of a Woman, or the Curate's Daughter," so successful at the (old) National, some years since, under Mr. Barry's management. It is a dramatic version of Hogarth's celebrated pictures of the Harlot's Progress.

THE HOWARD is doing a tolerable good business, and the public seem very well pleased with the juvenile delineations.

Mr. Marsh will soon bring out Cinderella and Fra Diavolo, the Honey Moon, and Don Cesar de Bazan, all of which will be noted by the children for the first time.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—The Keller troupe terminated their engagement abruptly on Thursday last, and left the same day for Montreal.

On Monday night Mr. and Mrs. George Pauncefort commenced an engagement. "Green Bushes," and "Little Tiddiekins" were played. A fair house welcomed them, and the audience seemed well satisfied with the evening's entertainment. Mrs. P. evinces talent of a high order.

ORDWAY's place of amusement is in the full tide of prosperity; in fact, all things considered, the probability is that Ordway is doing a better business than any other place in the city.

Tax Museum prospers as usual; the pretty Mrs. Gladstone is a card for Kimball, and a great acquisition to his "corps dramatique."

At a whole, we should consider theatricals at rather a low ebb at present in this city, and something astounding in the way of novelty is required, to make the tide rise, and cause money to flow into the boxes.

Mr. Wallack delivered the tragedy of "Hamlet" at the Metropolitan on Saturday evening last. We cannot speak with regard to the performance, as we were not present.

## The Busy World.

The farmers out West are offering their crops of corn at fifteen cents per bushel. Why don't the speculators purchase, and hold on for a rise? Have they discovered the bottom of the strong box? Justice is slow, but sure.

The California gold shipments are but a small proportion of the productive wealth of the year. We have now in the crops a valuation of fifteen hundred millions of dollars, in a state of maturity, to pay up debts, wipe out losses, and re-establish our affairs on a stronger basis than ever.

Mrs. KIRK and NEALE have both returned from their European tour, and were at their desks last Sunday.

This delightful weather is enough to make everybody contented and happy. It is the smile of heaven upon the earth.

The present is the beautiful Harvest Moon.

HALL'S Dining Rooms, in City Hall Avenue, are the most popular and elegant of the kind in Boston. He is a caterer calculated to suit every shade of appetite.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has presented to the Hon. Thomas H. Seymour, the American Minister at his Court, a beautiful table, made from a peculiar stone or marble, taken from the Siberia Mines. The entire cost of the article was seven thousand five hundred dollars. It has arrived at New York, and will probably be sent to Hartford, Ct. The Grand Duke Constantine has ordered a vase for Governor Seymour, the cost of which will be five thousand five hundred dollars. The Governor is very popular at the Emperor's Court, and he is quite intimate with the brother of the Emperor, the Grand Duke Constantine.

ENGLISH capitalists were a good deal alarmed with regard to the security of investments in the United States, in consequence of the late failures, and particularly that of the Ohio Life and Trust Company.

LIVERPOOL is nearly as large as New York, is without a daily paper.

A CHINESE sugar cane mill has been put in operation by Mr. J. F. C. Hyde, at Newton Centre. It is quite a curiosity.

HENRY DWIGHT, who recently died at Geneva, bequeathed \$100,000 to the American Board of Foreign Missions.

The necessary repairs to the Norwegian barque Ellen, which rescued a number of the passengers by the Central America, are very properly to be made at the Gosport Navy Yard.

A letter from Berlin says that Chevallier Bunsen is about to publish a new translation of the Bible, with explanatory notes, and that the first volume of it will appear at the end of the year.

WITHIN the past three months 8,600,000 new cents have been issued from the mint in Philadelphia, weighing forty-three tons.

CORNELIUS S. BOGARDUS, for a long period Deputy Collector, and subsequently naval officer at New York, died on Monday, of consumption, in the 46th year of his age.

In Decatur, Missouri, Mr. Charles Shepard was so much excited by a fight between T. A. Green, a young lawyer, and Mr. Davis, editor of the Gazette, that he expired in a few minutes.

MR. HENRY WALLACK, who has just returned from Europe, will soon commence a series of entertainments, entitled, "Evenings with Shakespeare."

It had rained for ten days in the vicinity of Galveston, and fears of injury to the cotton crop were entertained. The receipts of new cotton had been 900 bales.

The banks in Philadelphia and Baltimore have suspended specie payment, and the excitement is intense.

It is thought that the hull of the Central America can be raised, and her specie recovered. It is said she is in only forty-three fathoms of water.

A fight between a wild boar and a dog came off in Commercial street the other day. The boar whipped.

The officers of the Navy and Marine Corps are going to erect a monument at Annapolis to the memory of Captain Herndon.

The Firemen's Muster in Hartford, Ct., turned out to be a great affair. Over 3000 firemen were present from abroad.

## "FIGHTING AGAINST GOD."

Saint Paul advocated doctrines opposed to the opinions of some of his hearers, and so enraged them, that they would have strove with him, and probably have put him in prison, if not, indeed, have condemned him to the fate of Stephen, had they not been restrained by others; who, more gentle, less self-confident, said: "We find no evil in this man; but if a spirit or an angel hath spoken to him, let us not fight against God." In this they admitted the possibility of spirit communications. The same scenes are now enacted. Men of intelligence and sound mind, men whose evidence is taken on any and all other subjects, positively declare that spirits or angels have spoken unto them. But the doctrine is so opposed to the popular belief that many who hear them are impatient to condemn, while others, more considerate, seeing nothing positively wrong in these individuals, say, "We find no evil in these men; but if a spirit or an angel hath spoken to them, let us not fight against God."

## T. G. FORSTER'S ADDRESSES.

Now published, and for sale at our counter, and at Bela Marsh's 14 Bromfield street, the following discourses, delivered through the organism of Thomas Gales Forster, at the Music Hall, in this city:—

Sunday, July 26. Text, Job, 32, 8. "But there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."

Sunday morning, August 2. Intercourse of Spirits with Mortals, as recorded in the Bible, and witnessed in modern days.

Sunday afternoon, August 2. Science and Religion—their dependence each upon the other.

Sunday morning, August 9. "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into Life Eternal."

Either of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of four cents. Retail price: three cents each at the above places. Postage is one cent.

Wisdom cometh unto her children, and her children hear not, heed not, until the serpent of Folly has fastened its fangs upon them. Hear, oh ye children, and ye shall do well; profit, by what ye hear, and ye shall do better.

Make all around you happy by being happy yourself; for sorrow is sometimes contagious.

## The Pacific Coast.

The latest California news is by way of New Orleans, in the papers of the 14th ult.

The Settler's Convention adjourned on the 6th ult., after nominating Stanley for Governor, and endorsing a number of names on the Democratic ticket.

The Pitt River Indians in the eastern portion of Siskiyou county have committed many depredations of late. Lieut. Crook, of the United States Infantry, with a force of twenty-five men, had chastized them so severely that no further hostilities are apprehended.

The van of the overland immigration has at last crossed the Sierra Nevada, and for the last week trains have been pouring into California through the various mountain passes. All accounts agree as to the great numbers on the way—more than any season since 1852.

Throughout the interior the heat had been excessive. On the 9th ult., the mercury in some portions of the State, ran up to 120° in the shade, and in very few places beside San Francisco did it fall below 100° on that day.

Of murders, affrays, suicides and other deeds of crime and violence, many more are chronicled than it has been our misfortune to record for a long time past. A number of culprits have explained the extreme penalty of the law for their offences, and many more have been sent to the penitentiary from various parts of the State.

The United States Branch Mint, in San Francisco, reopened and commenced operations on the 10th ult.

## Late European Items.

## FOUR DAYS LATER.

The British steam propeller Jura, from Cork, Ireland, Thursday, 17th ult., arrived at St. Johns, N. B., Sept. 28th. She brings London dates (telegraphic) of the 16th, and no papers except the Cork Examiner of the 16th ult.

The cholera prevails extensively in Hamburg. Out of 239 persons attacked, 130 had died in eight days. At Apslan, more than 200 persons have died. The disease is also prevalent at Stockholm.

INDIA.—BOMBAY, Aug. 14.—The news from Delhi is to July 29. Sorties had been repulsed on the 14th, 18th, and 23d of July, with great loss on the part of the rebels. The British had 600 killed and wounded.

There has been no fighting since the 23d.

The Neemuch mutineers have arrived at Delhi. Brigadier Nicholson was expected at Delhi on the 16th of August, from the Punjab, with reinforcements.

Gen. Read has relinquished his command to Gen. Wilson, on account of ill health.

Gen. Havelock occupied Bithoor on the 17th, without encountering any resistance, and captured 13 guns. Nena Sahib escaped.

On the 29th of July, Gen. Havelock defeated 10,000 men on the road to Lucknow, and captured 15 guns. The British loss is not given, but is supposed not to be very great.

The butcheries at Cawnpore have been confirmed.

## Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS BARRY, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WARD, Assistant Manager; Parquette, Balcony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents.

HOWARD ATHENAEUM.—R. G. MANSIE, Lessee and Manager. Return of the MANSIE CHILDREN. The Curtain will rise at 7 1/2 o'clock precisely. Prices of admission: Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Dress Boxes, 75 cents; Family Circle and Gallery, 25 cents.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—W. D. ENGLISH, Lessee and Manager; J. PILGRIM, Acting Manager. Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 7 1/2. Boxes, 25 cents; Pit, 15 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Engagement of Mrs. D. P. BOWEN. Doors open at 6 1/2 o'clock; performances commence at 7 1/2. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. Ninth season—commencing Monday evening, August 31. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors open at 7; commence at 7 3/4 o'clock.

J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, respectfully offers his Professional services to the citizens of Boston, and the public generally. He may be found for the present, at the National House, Haymarket Square.

15-25

Sept. 18

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

BOSTON.—SUNDAY SERVICES will be held in the Music Hall, on Sunday, October 4th, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M. F. L. H. WILLIS will lecture. Singing by the Misses Hall.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Lowell, October 4th, and in Manchester, the 11th. He may be addressed at this city till October 15.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 6 o'clock.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at Fremont Hall, Winthammet street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Regular Sunday meetings in Court Room Hall, City Hall Building, at the usual hours.

## LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

Lecturers and Mediums resident in towns and cities, will confer a favor on us by acting as our agents for obtaining subscribers, and, in return, will be allowed the usual commissions, and proper notice in our columns.

CHARLES H. CROWLEY, Trance-speaking and Healing Medium, will respond to calls to lecture in the New England States. Letters, to his address, Cambridgeport, Mass., will receive prompt attention.

H. N. BALLARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burlington, Vt.

L. K. COONLEY, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this office.

WM. R. JOCELYN, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN H. CUMBER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No. 87 Jackson street, Lawrence, Mass.

H. B. STORER, Trance Speaking Medium. Address New Haven, Conn.

## THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

These celebrated Mediums for Physical Manifestations of Spirit Presence and Power, have established themselves at commodious parlors, No. 6 La Grange Place, (leading from Washington street) in a quiet, and respectable part of the city, where they will give public exhibitions of their powers, at 3 o'clock P. M., and 7 1/2 in the evening.

Private circles if requested.

This is one of the best opportunities to witness this class of Spiritual Phenomena, ever presented to our citizens. Every man can now satisfy himself as to whether these manifestations do take place, leaving the question of their spirit origin to be settled after.

"Are these things so?" is the first question to be decided.

Ladies will find this a good opportunity to witness the manifestations, as they are given at a private residence.

Price fifty cents each ticket, admitting one person to the circle.



## EXTRACTS FROM THE NOTES OF AN INQUIRER, KEPT BY J. W. EDMONDS.

NUMBER SEVEN.

April 29, 1856.

The circle met this evening, and the following was received:—

Let us now resume our teachings. We were speaking of the great principle which pervades all of creation, and lies at the foundation of the phenomena which you behold around you, and many of which you suppose to be causes, when they are but effects.

That great principle is Motion. This is the life and spirit of all created things.

I do not mean by this, locomotion only—the power of moving from place to place. That constitutes but a small part of the great principle. To you, while bound to the earth by your material bodies, this locomotion is a matter of importance; but to us who have thrown off the earthly surroundings, it is of no moment; for we pass from place to place at a wish—with a speed that literally annihilates space, and which lags not behind the celerity of thought. To us the passage over the circumference of your globe, is but the speed of a thought, and we may, in what seems to you to be the same instant of time, be here and thousands of miles distant. The swiftest motion of which you have any conception—a cannon ball flying with a velocity which renders it invisible to you—the ray of light which passes its thousands of miles in a second—the lightning which streams from heaven to earth as with a flash, are but laggards compared with the velocity of our motion, which belongs to our spirit nature.

Marvelous as this may seem to you and wonderful as it effects your existence on earth, it is, I repeat, but a small portion of that all pervading motion of which I speak. The iron, as it rusts, moves on to a change of its nature. The clay, as it congeals into rock, in like manner moves on. The plant, as it springs from its germ and lives to the full-grown tree, moves on. But why enumerate the instances of this motion, when enough has been said to show you what we mean by it.

But it is not merely while things live, while the plants grow, while the animals breathe, that there is motion. Even in death they move on. The tree decays and crumbles to dust. It moves on in that decay in the path of its destiny. The animal, in becoming a putrid corpse, moves on. The elements of which it was once composed all move over on. The life-principle, having gone through its process of progression while occupying the animal form, passes forth into the atmosphere of life which surrounds you, and moves on until it again unites with some physical conformation and proceeds in its eternal pathway of progression.

The material particles of which the animal was formed, move on in their decomposition to unite themselves with other particles of matter more progressed, and they in turn again unite with some animal organization, and thus proceed in their pathway of progression.

The atmosphere you breathe is ever moving on, not merely with the locomotion which it possesses in connection with your earth, but in its appropriate pathway of progression. Its constituent qualities are constantly changing and constantly becoming fitted to sustain a more progressed form of life.

The time once was with your planet, as it now is with some of the worlds which surround you, when your atmosphere was incapable of supporting animal life. Nay, the time was once when it was incapable of sustaining even vegetable life.

Pause now one moment and imagine, if you can, the awful scene of dreary desolation which the surface of your earth must then have exhibited. No life, no vegetation, no green thing to break the dreary monotony—no humming insect to speak of life—no song of bird to cheer the heart—no perfume of flowers to charm the senses, but one all-pervading fall of dreary desolation wrapt around the form of the earth and holding it in its appalling embrace. But even amid this solitude and desolation, there was motion still. The great principle of creation inhabited there, reigning in lovely grandeur and performing its task. The rocks were crumbling from the beetling cliffs and filling the dreary chasms below. The melted minerals which had flowed over its surface and congealed there, were crumbling to dust, and thus moving on to the formation of earth. The subterranean fires were performing their work, throwing up from the burning volcano the ashes which their motion had created, to fertilize the earth and fit its surface for the mighty task it was to perform. The atmosphere, though filled with elements that were fatal to organized life, was passing on to a great and almost radical change in its nature.

Thus as it was with the air and the earth, so it was with water. It was then uplifted by reason of the grosser elements which composed it, to sustain life even in the coarsest reptile on the rudest planet. But it moved on in its pathway of progression, slowly indeed, but surely, until it obtained the capacity of sustaining life. And then amid its turbid streams, and in its muddy beds, was animal life first developed, and developed as the legitimate result of that law of motion which from rude chaos had converted disjointed matter into an organized world prepared for animal life by the workings of the universal law of motion.

Ages upon ages ago, far beyond what your imagination can reach, this process began. Began! Yes, of your world it may be said, "it began," but not of the universe of which your world is one of the latest creations—for who can speak of the beginning or the end of eternity? Far back in the distant vista of time this process began. It has gone on performing its mighty work in obedience to immutable laws, until it is daily giving birth to vast hordes of beings who are destined to live forever in the presence of the great Creator. And it will pass on still for countless ages beyond your capacity to calculate, working with accelerated speed its great task of moving on forever. I say with accelerated speed, for it has attained that condition of development when each particle helps its fellow on, and feels not, as of yore, the heavy load which unprogression imposed on this great principle of motion.

Pause here again a moment and throw your imagination forward to the condition which must in time be the result of this motion of your earth. Man's physical form will become so purified of its earthly grossness, that what little there may be for the soul to drop aside in its onward progress, can be cast off from time to time and no death be necessary to shake off the impediments to its progress, which now retard it so much, but the man when born on earth be born forever, to meet no death, but destined to pass on without interruption to his high destiny in obedience to this universal law of motion.

In the meantime your earth, in obedience to the

same law, will have moved, until, in all its elements, it shall be fitted for such a race of beings. The mountains shall have flowed into the valleys—the dark places of the earth shall have sprung forth to meet the light—the desert shall have assumed its soft carpet of verdure—storms and clouds shall have passed away—the hurricanes shall have sunk to rest forever, and your atmosphere, once agitated by fearful commotion, shall gently fan the brow with its genial breath, and be prepared to bear upward to his home the man of earth with all his material surroundings.

Then indeed shall man have arisen from the dead. Then indeed shall the old earth have passed away, and a new earth be born as the legitimate offspring of that great principle of motion, which, springing from the bosom of God, is ever performing its grateful and most momentous task of bearing upward to His throne all things which He has created in His wisdom.

## SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS IN THE OLD AND NEW WORLD: BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT OF MRS. W. R. HAYDEN TO ENGLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND; WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HER EARLY EXPERIENCE AS A MEDIUM FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN AMERICA.

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

## CHAPTER XII.

Robert Owen.—The Manifesto.—The Anniversary.—The Bishop of Durham.—St. John's Hall.—A Letter from Mr. Owen.

The next most important convert to Spiritualism, after Dr. Ashburner, was no less a personage than the venerable and renowned Robert Owen, the socialist, the philanthropist.

Mr. Owen's experience, in some respects, was extraordinary. The first time he called on us, it was not for the purpose of investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism, but simply to purchase a copy of Mr. Ballou's book, which we had just republished, he being acquainted with the author. Mr. Owen was personally unknown to us at that time, and as we stood by the fire, talking of America, raps were heard upon the table, which was some distance from where we were then standing. So loud were the sounds as to attract the attention of Mr. Owen, although somewhat deaf; and he inquired of Mrs. Hayden the meaning of the sounds; to which she replied, that they were produced by spirits, and that some one desired to communicate with him.

"Very well," said the old gentleman, "if they have anything to say to me, let them say it; for I am always ready to hear all sides of a question." Seating himself at the table, he desired to know if any one wished to communicate with him, to which he received an affirmative response, together with the maiden name of his mother, Mary Williams.

So far, so good; but a single test was far from being sufficient to satisfy a mind like Mr. Owen's, and proof followed proof, and raps followed raps, until there was no hinge upon which to hang a doubt, and when once convinced of a fact, a great truth, he was not the man to let his light be hid under a bushel, and the result of his investigations was the appearance of his celebrated Manifesto, which has already been published in this country in one or two of the spiritual papers, hence we simply give his narrative of an interview with Mrs. Hayden:—

## THE NARRATIVE.

Many would-be-philosophers, and some who forget their own difficulties in their first attempts to introduce a knowledge of electricity, magnetism, mesmerism, and clairvoyance, as well as those of others in introducing any new, great improvements—who do not know what has been attained and proved in other countries, and who have not calmly and perseveringly investigated the facts long since ascertained as undeniable—will hastily decide that these new manifestations, although apparently mere extensions of animal magnetism, are cunningly devised deceptions.

Against any such crude and premature conclusions I strongly protest, knowing how long these same objectors have opposed the introduction of the system which I have for half a century advocated—a system based solely on self-evident facts, and built up of self-evident deductions from those facts—a system having in view solely the permanent good of all from birth to death—a system, and the only system, calculated to compel all from their birth to become gradually as good, wise, and happy, as their organization, given to them by the Great Creating Power of the Universe, or God, will admit.

I protest against the conclusions of these would-be-wise philosophers, because I have patiently, with first impressions strongly against the truthfulness of these manifestations, investigated their history and the proceedings connected with them in the United States—have read the most authenticated works for and against them, with much desire to disbelieve those in their favor—and although, against strong evidence, I long continued to doubt, and thought the whole a delusion, (but in many cases I was obliged to admit it must be an honest delusion.) I have been compelled to come to a very different conclusion.

While in doubt upon this subject I heard of the media in this country, and was casually introduced to Mrs. Hayden, an American medium, without having any intention to ask a question respecting the spirits; my object being to purchase a book which Mr. Hayden had for sale, written by a valued and most truthful friend of mine in America—Adin Ballou, who has written a plain, practical, common-sense history of this new revelation to the human race.

While conversing with Mrs. Hayden, and while we were both standing before the fire, and talking of our mutual friends, suddenly raps were heard on a table at some distance from us, no one being near it. I was surprised; and as the raps continued and appeared to indicate a strong desire to attract attention, I asked what was the meaning of the sounds. Mrs. Hayden said they were spirits anxious to communicate with some one, and she would inquire who they were. They replied to her by the alphabet, that they were friends of mine who were desirous to communicate with me. Mrs. Hayden then gave me the alphabet and pencil, and I found according to their own statements, that the spirits were those of my mother and father. I tested their truth by various questions, and their answers, all correct, surprised me exceedingly. I have since had twelve sances, some of long continuance, and during which I have asked a considerable number of questions; to all of which, with one exception, I have had prompt and true answers so far as the past and present, and very rational replies as to the future; but those last have to be tested by time. The exception was my own afterwards discovered error.

In mixed societies, with conflicting minds, I have seen very confused answers given; but I believe, in all these cases, the errors have arisen from the state of mind of the inquirer.

ROBERT OWEN.

London, 5th April, 1853.

The Manifesto fell like a thunderbolt upon his followers and the religious world. To them the great pillar and giant of infidelity had fallen—the most mortifying part of which was that he had been converted by the Rappers, the *vis spiritus* Rappers, and not by the Clergy or the brethren of the Church, and

great was the tribulation thereof. But Mr. Owen was as calm and unmoved as the rock of ages. The celebrated Bishop of Durham said on one occasion at a dinner party at which the subject of "Spirit Rappings" was introduced,

"That a monument ought to be erected to Mrs. Hayden for having made a Christian of the infidel, Robert Owen!" Would to God that the learned Bishop was a thousandth part the Christian, in the common acceptance of the term, that the despised Robert Owen truly is; it would be a glorious day for mankind; there would not be so many starving, dying and ignorant poor in that great capital of wealth and poverty. If the noble Bishop followed half so close in the footsteps of his Divine Master as does and has Mr. Owen, he would not require eighty thousand pounds per annum to support his extravagance, to keep his brood, and parks, and yelping blood-hounds, while many of the poor clergymen almost starve for the want of sufficient bread to support the cravings of nature. Robert Owen does not roll round in a luxurious carriage, with liveried and powdered, and bedizened servants—he does not simply preach, but he does a thousand times more, and better—his practices what he preaches.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## THE STONE AT THE SEPULCHRE.

Boston, Sept. 23, 1857.

Messrs. Editors.—The following communication was made through a medium, an accomplished lady, residing at West Roxbury, in answer to a long article which recently appeared in the Independent, from the pen of Harriet Beecher Stowe, under this same caption.

Respectfully yours, L.

"Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?"

Beneath this door are gathered the purest, the deepest affections of the human heart. Their softened, saddened shadows linger and play upon it. It is consecrated by tears, and embalmed in the regenerating promises of the future. It is the holiest shrine of thought. Death has been in our midst; life, in its beauty and strength has faded before his mystic touch. The little cherub, scarce liping his parent's name; the youth, in the new promise of Hope; the aged, full of years and honors, all become silent at his bidding. The sepulchre is ever ready to receive the trophies of our love.

Watchman! what of the night? we ask, in troubled accents. Is there no reply—are we left standing in mournful groups—awaiting its re-opening, only to receive another victim of its power? Are the divine aspirations of our affection thus blasted and torn in all their clinging tenderness, no more to cheer and bless the heart? Our God is love. "If ye love me, ye will love the Father also," said the Saviour; and also, "a new commandment I give you, that ye love one another." Is this love born of God, and centered in the holiest instincts of our being, to be restrained and quenched by the stern monarch of the grave?

Is it the body that lives and loves, or the spirit that quickens? The body we reverence as the temple of the soul; the encasement of that divine spark which is sown in corruption, to be raised in power, first, a natural, then the spiritual body. The natural must first perish ere the spiritual can be enjoyed; such is the beautiful order of the divine economy of the laws of life. The leaves of the forest fall, and the earth cares for them; the earthly body falls, and the sepulchre is its home. Shall we rest with its decaying embers, or shall we arise in the newness of life, and rejoice in the spring of our immortal existence? Our loved ones live and love; that divine spirit which beamed here with the faint gleamings of affection, is now animated with immortal strength to be and do all its Father's will.

"As I live, ye shall live also," said Christ to his disciples; and that he should live and reign till he had subdued all enemies; and the last enemy, even death and the grave, should be prostrate before him. When death is subdued, is not the stone rolled forever from the sepulchre? Comes not his voice back to us, saying, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? Natural life is the seed of death—in its very perfection, it must be resolved back to its native element. Who could ask for the dearest one ever to dwell upon the shores of time, in sight of the promised land, but never its blessed waters taste? Death comes from our Father's love, saying to the weary, here is rest; to the beautiful in youth and joy, here are beauties and joys that fade not with the using; to the sinner, repentance and forgiveness are the gifts of God. There are graves deeper in the human heart than e'er hewn from the rock of nature; let these be purified, and there is no longer an impassable gulf between us and the spiritual existence of our loved ones. Sin is the rock our own folly and imperfection has placed there, and our own reformation and repentance alone can remove it.

The body dies, but the spirit lives to realize its nobler being, its budding powers, all opening to the renewed life and hope of an eternal day.

The mother there shall clasp her infant dear, Not mid the changing scenes of earthly strife, But in the sure eternal calm of heavenly bliss. Death could not reach, with his cold touch, That breathing immortality God so freely gives. Unto the mother and the child she calls her own. He has bound them with the tie in union strong, That re-unites each living atom of his spirit life, And what is sealed in Him, is perfect, inviolate.

Let the sepulchre then be to us the gateway of spiritual life. May we bring to it hearts pure and unregenerated, with the love of all our Father gives, in earthly experience or heavenly hope. As nature weeps her severed ties, let the spirit follow and rejoice in the new-born life of immortal progress. All life is the gift of God to be enjoyed in his spirits, whether drank from the often bitter cup of earthly trial, or tasted by the clear waters of the river of life eternal. Is the sepulchre then the closed granary of treasured hopes and aching hearts? Are there no green vines twining around and through its walls, telling of life and love beyond? Is not the smile of purified affection still beaming upon us, saying, "Why weepest thou?" Can we not take up their unfinished anthem and say, "Glory be to God in the highest?"

The Saviour promised the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, to his disciples; and its presence imparts that peace that nothing can disturb. It is as hope, an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, through all the surging storms of life. What though our loved ones pass on to the spiritual gathering before us. One day upon earth is as naught, while the eternal ages are rolling on—their joy and pleasure shall lighten our pathway, and bring heaven near as their rejoicings echo there. Blessed be God that love, hope and promise, springing in earthly soil, may be matured in its spiritual life, and shed back their own fragrance to soothe and elevate. Let our dead be no longer strangers, in a strange land, but

let our own hearts receive and cherish them, and they shall become messengers of truth, purity and life, and the tomb itself the sanctuary of affection.

## INVOCATION.

[The following was spoken through the organism of J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE, at a circle held in this city, being the last of a series addressed by THOMAS GALE FOSTER.]

Oh, God! 'tis thee we thank for every joy, That glides and gladdens mankind's lonely hours; 'Tis thee we thank that death cannot destroy Our sense of life, nor dull the spirit's powers.

On wings of morning's glory o'er the world, From thy high mansions send the spirits forth, And as the flags of day twice are unfurled, From their bright wings drop down thy truths to earth.

And man beholds after the manna fall, And strives with deep desire to gain thy prize; Once gained, the chains of earth no more enthrall, And every wonder some new truth implies.

'Tis thee we thank for our discernment now, For all our faith, our deeper sense of peace, Oh, God, we pray thee, still thy strength allow— Our faith thus realized, our hopes increase.

Thy grandeur and thy glory brighten still The many cold and cheerless paths we tread; We know, oh, God! without thee and thy will, Were chaos all where once our planet sped.

We gaze upon the lights that on the skies— Bright stars of truth that point the soul to God, And as a lonely wanderer who decries A place of rest, we know the path we've trod.

Though full of thorns, have made us love the way Which thy right hand hath marked for those who feel That thou art God indeed—and that thy way Shall nations blind, and nations' glory seal.

Oh, God! above all rule and reign to-night; O'pinion's gates break down—thy truths are great; Not us alone, but nations fill with light, That every tongue thy majesty relate.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## OUR ANGEL DAUGHTER.

The following communication was written on the blank leaf of a family bible, recording the death of a little daughter; the second part added later, as will be seen by the date, shows a leaning to the Spiritual and sensible view of such events. The raps referred to are a matter of fact and of some months' notice, and the thought suggested by them is certainly a pleasant one.

MURTON.

Dec. 9, 1856.

Our little girl who used to sing "I wish I was an angel, and with the angels stand," has gone to the spirit land, and is now beginning her angel experience. How melancholy the thought that we shall never see her here again. How solitary our home, now her bright little spirit has departed from it. Her delicate and nervous body, hardly fitted for enduring the ills of life, is now hushed and motionless, and is no longer the receptacle of her young and interesting spirit. Quick in her perceptions, her bright little mind took an interest in everything about her. Her natural goodness, and infantile fascinations have so endeared her to us, that it seems almost impossible to be reconciled to the will of God in depriving us of our little one, now in the cold embrace of death. She was a frail and delicate child, requiring constant watchfulness, which tended still more to make her our idol. But frail as she was, she had been spared to us season after season, that at the age of six we had looked for a longer lease of life, than in her more infantile days we had expected. So bound to us had she become, that the home she has forever left, and the world in which we still sojourn, have in our eyes a gloom, a shadow cast over them.

Sept. 9, 1857.

Can it be, that that little form, so sublimated as to be invisible to her parents' devoted eyes, still haunts the familiar spots of her earth life? Something within tells me so—something within makes me wish it so. Can it be that in spirit existence her little identity, her immortal part, still lives, and in this new state of being is still round us, to impress her image on our thoughts, to whisper to us in our dreams, to grow in knowledge under the guardian care of angel aunts and good spirits, free from all mortal pain, and happy in the thought, that those who loved her too well, will meet her again in God's good time, never more to be separated? Something now whispers to me, that the thought is true: is it the voice of our child? Who makes the little, faint raps that daily and hourly strike upon our ear, suggesting to us the image of our little one? Oh, can it be her little spirit, fainter at first, but now plain; seeking to let us know that she is with us still? How dear those solitary raps—soft, like a drop of water, yet heard amid the bustle of living children and in the still hours of night. Hark! always the same muffled sound—sometimes near our head, and sometimes distant; how dear to us are the inanimate walls and furniture, that seem to be the selected spots for these solemn sounds. Can it be our little Hattie, by some power not understood, making the cold marble and the cold walls whisper to us? How dear those raps, though what their import is we know not. The first sound went deep into our hearts, and seemed to tell us it was Hattie, calling mother and they have continued. There were no raps when she was with us, but after the first grief for her departure had settled into the calmness that time will sooner or later bring, we heard the first rap on the table, so familiar to her in life; and they have continued; and they have grown to be pleasant sounds; they seem to us like the voice of our child now. We hail them as evidences of her unseen presence; and she is with us every day; and the gloom and the shadow is not so heavy upon us as it was.

Oh, Philosophy! destroy not the charm, That has silver'd my hours of sadness; Dissolve not a spell, if 'tis but a dream, That changes my sorrow to gladness.

Those little soft raps I now and then hear, I feel, is the voice of my daughter— I think they are saying, dear mother, I'm here. Though they sound like the dropping of water.

Our two little boys, when they hear these raps, Too young, like us, to have missed her; Look up with a smile, and say, do you hear? The voice of our dear little sister.

She visits us daily—she raps in the places Most frequented by her when here— And something within as soon as we hear it, Impresses us, Hattie is near.

Oh, Philosophy! destroy not the charm That has silver'd my hours of sadness; Dissolve not a spell, if 'tis but a dream, That changes my sorrow to gladness.

The wisdom of God is not the wisdom of man. His ways not the ways of mankind. Search for the hidden things, and ye shall find. For God says, "See, and ye shall know." Live so that you shall pass from earth in triumph, not in darkness.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE MORNING BIRTH TO HEAVEN.

The pall of night was rent and gentle waded on beyond the gleams of morn, which slowly rising into space its silver bands unfurled, and closed all the east with early day. The first golden streak, which now were fast mingling into one, pierced the clustering leaves, which, drooping from the tall elms nearly hid an elegant gothic cottage. It was the home of retired wealth; plenty smiled on its inmates. With-out, everything had an air of careful neatness. The zephyrs stole their perfume from crowded flower beds, from the orange and the tulip tree. And the graceful fountain, that stood within the garden, sent forth its foaming waters in the sunshine, furnished by a purling brook that stole away to the south of the cottage, through the precise hedges, out into the broad carpeted fields. From the trees came the voice of many a songster, and on no other spot had nature and art combined produced such results to gladden and make happy the transient dwellers of earth.

But amid all this richness and apparent happiness and comfort, a shadow had fallen upon the house. A bright eyed girl of fifteen springs, the only gem of the fireside, lay, weary and sick, upon her couch. Every means had been taken to draw her back from the verge of eternity where she had stood so long, but now the truth was known—no earthly power could save. Through the long and stormy night beside her couch the weeping mother sat; and early morning, bright and beautiful, has found her there weeping still.

Behold around the pallid lips of the child wreathed an angelic smile, and grasping her mother's hand awhile she calmly raises her own above, pointing to the skies. "Mother, I am weary, very weary with my stay, and I long to go away among the lights I used to watch in heaven. I love to listen to the voices of the—hark! I hear them now, cannot you? their song is so fraught with richness;" and she moved her aching head and the sunlight fell upon her golden hair; "I mean the angels, mother. While you slept last night, mother, methought my little sister stood beside me and beckoned me to come, and I wept to think that you would be left alone, and she stooped upon her golden wings and kissed my tears away. And I saw beyond, to a land of flowers, where they told me that faith and love forever bloom, and virtue wears a holy crest. They said, tell thy weeping mother, child, that each tear that she shall shed shall return to her a rich pearl of joy. And so when you lay me in my grave, mother, pluck some of the daffodils that bloom within the level meadow, and strew them on my last bed, for the angels say that when I rise to God I shall go mid the sweetness of eternal flowers. They bid me come; see you little cherub face with heavenly love aglow; she near me; my sister—list, mother, she says that I must 'oh! I go!' Around the wasted form of her child the agonized mother twined her arms.

"Speak once again, Elise; oh! speak and say thou hast not forever fled; with thee goes all my joy; for thee I've lived; speak and say thou art not dead. No answer came, 'twas but the clay still beautiful to which she spoke; far above, that guileless soul revealed mid new scenes divine. Beside the clay-cold face the mother lay her head and slept, and the advancing sunlight through the casement fell softly on the sleeping and the casket dead. And before the sleeper's eyes there stands a band of beings bright, who welcome the bird so shortly flown from earth. She sees them cross into the spirit land, and while loud peans fill the air, a beautiful spirit pointing to a distant star, crowns her child with everlasting leaves of bay.

And now she leaves the spheres, and with her blessed companions the sleeping mother nears, and in a voice of sweetness calls upon that mother to dry her tears, for "Mother, thy child Elise is not dead, but lives to guard and guide thee till thy shall unite us once again." That mother awoke. She believed and felt the force of her vision, and when she laid the worthless casket in the earth, and left the daffodils blooming o'er the grave, she looked beyond and saw her child within the Saviour's keeping. And with the early sunlight that trembles through the dream of leaves that hides the cottage, comes a golden haired, bright eyed form, and sits beside the mother, and together day finds them in sweet and trusting communion—the one waiting, and the other yearning to go; looking upon death as the angel who kindly opens the door to the spirit land and smiles at the blissful reunion of kindred and friends.

Who shall deny or underrate the joy we reap in holding communion with the departed?

Though strong the ties, they must be broken, Which bind us closely here on earth, But by those ties our God has spoken: And we inherit angel birth.

SQUIRE.

## LETTER FROM OHIO.

DAYTON, OHIO, SEPT. 21st, 1857.

Messrs. Editors.—After a long time many incidents of wandering life have passed before me, and I find opportunity to fulfill the promise which I made to you, with the good intention of being more prompt in that engagement.

I am very much pleased with the prospects that are indicated in the unfolding of the spiritual philosophy, in this and the surrounding States. It seems that a world of minds have awakened from a long sleep of unconscience, and are now eagerly striving to gain the truths which thus they have lost. There is a lack of good philosophical reason in the field. This plainly indicates itself by the cries that burst simultaneously from smothered souls for "light, more light."

The "Boston Investigation" is looked upon, not as a failure of the powers of spirit, but rather as an exercise of truth and justice; and the falling of the committee in the performance of their stated and assigned duty, is but an additional truth confirming the weakness of their position.

The Middle and Western States are with glorious New England in this affair, and are in themselves an insurmountable barrier to the enemies of truth and progress. Love and truth are inscribed indelibly upon their banners, and the moving army are guided and advised alone by exercise of wisdom and reason.

We are using the "big temple," no more by mortals, to an extent not known before, showing that it is truth which we seek, and not a rest or quiet "nay," upon the velvet cushions which many Christians demand, in order to enjoy their "crumbs which so sparingly fall from their Master's table." We certainly have no room for a "rest" or "quiet" upon the velvet cushions which many Christians demand, in order to enjoy their "crumbs which so sparingly fall from their Master's table." We certainly have no room for a "rest" or "quiet" upon the velvet cushions which many Christians demand, in order to enjoy their "crumbs which so sparingly fall from their Master's table."



angel-whispers tell us onward, and upward is our course to the realization of principles and truths not yet comprehended by mortal man.

Since I left you, I have spent my time in New York State, on the line of the Central Road and this (Ohio) on the Lake Shore, and in Cleveland, and Columbus. I have had constant enjoyment with good indications. I have spent but a short time in the place so far, but my enjoyments must necessarily be of greater length. I leave this place for Richmond, Indiana, to-day. We have a grove meeting there on Sunday, 23d inst., from thence I pass to the north part of the State to speak to the friends at Delhi, Lafayette, &c., returning to this place to speak on the 20th of September, and to Columbus to commence an engagement of six weeks on the 27th; after that, I shall return slowly Eastward, on the same line that I came, to fulfill my many engagements there made.

All things are well, and I am glad that I am what I am, for I am enjoying myself as a Spiritualist alone can enjoy this life. Yours, F. L. W.

#### THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

CHESA, Mass., September 12, 1857.

Messrs. Editors.—I have for the last three weeks attended almost every evening the circles of the Davenport mediums, whose circles are, and have been, attended by a large portion of the community. It would be useless for me to spend time to relate what I have seen and heard in public and private sittings with these mediums; but I will relate a few of the things that have been done by the spirits through them. One evening two gentlemen bought two pairs of handcuffs and fastened the hands of the mediums behind their backs, tying them also with ropes, so that it was impossible for them to move. The keys of the handcuffs were then placed on the top of the box in which the mediums were tied; the room was darkened, and in less than ten minutes the handcuffs were unfastened, as also were the ropes, and the mediums were entirely free, with the exception of one knot on one of the mediums, which the spirit John left tied. The gentlemen who brought in the handcuffs, being skeptics, were much surprised, and perfectly satisfied that the mediums had no hand in the matter, inasmuch as the handcuffs were so small that they barely fitted the wrists.

If any one doubts this, by calling on Mr. Stodder, Provision Dealer, on Commercial street, or Mr. J. B. Dillaway, of the firm of Grover & Dillaway, Stove Dealers on the same street, they will testify that the above is true, as they were the ones who carried the handcuffs to the circle.

On Saturday evening after the mediums were tied by the spirits, two hammers and some nails were put into the box, the room was darkened, and the spirits went to work nailing up two doors which had been made on each side of the box in order that persons might see how the boys' hands were tied behind their backs. When the lamps were lit, there was a grand rush for the box, but the mediums were tied the same as they were before the spirits began to nail up the doors. There being some few skeptics in the room, they were completely astonished; and what was still more wonderful, the nails were large board nails, driven with small hammers, (such as are used for driving tacks and the like.)

The same evening one of the mediums got into the box alone, and at the request of the spirit John—the door of the box was fastened with ropes, and nailed also, so that it was impossible for any one to get in or out without being heard. The light was then extinguished, and in a few minutes the gas again lit, the door unfastened, and the medium was fastened from head to foot in such a manner that it was impossible for him to move two inches from the seat in which he was tied. Those who were skeptical in regard to the spiritual part of these manifestations, were completely surprised, and satisfied that the medium had no hand in producing them.

One of the most singular of the manifestations, is the spirit hand which is shown, more or less, every evening, when the room is perfectly light. It is generally seen over the top of the box. During the time it is shown, the mediums are firmly fastened, and what is still more astonishing, the hand seen is nearly twice as large as either of the mediums' hands. I have had the pleasure of a friendly shake with the hand; and if I had my right senses at the time, (which I am inclined to think I had,) the hand to me felt like any human hand, and was so large that it covered mine completely up, which, by the way, is by no means a small one.

I have related all that is necessary, although I could tell of things far more wonderful than anything that I have here related, things that have transpired in private sittings with these mediums. I can only say to those who look upon these manifestations as the work of trickery, humbug, &c., to go to No. 6 La Grange place, Boston, and see for themselves.

E. M. G.

#### The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Cox, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light.

The object of this department is, as its title partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth.

By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are any thing but finite beings, liable to err like ourselves. It is hoped that this will influence people to "try the spirits," and not do any thing against their Reason, because they have been advised by them to do it.

These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not asked only the answers given to them. They are published as communicated, without alteration by us.

#### NOTICE.

We are continually in receipt of letters, the contents of which show us that many skeptics are in the habit of testing these messages. We have a letter before us now, which proves this. Now there are many tests here published, of which we obtain no clue which enables us to prove them. Our correspondent suggests that, for the benefit of those who read our paper, we publish the proof of the truth of the messages. It is a good hint, and if those who read them, and are able to inform us of their truth will write us in reference to them, we will notice the facts. Perhaps in no way could a private individual do more to convince skeptics, than by corroborating our tests, if correct. If there are errors in them, we should like to hear from them, for we like to hear both sides.

#### Abner Kneeland.

I'm sure all nature should rejoice with exceeding great joy, because darkness is fleeing away before light.

When I was among your number, dwelling in earth life, I was obliged to take up my cross and put on many crowns of thorns, on account of my belief. And, as I draw nigh to you this morning, for the purpose of guiding your circle, I saw a division of thought—light and darkness coming together; and they could not abide together, hence the display of uncharitableness you saw. I could only say to myself, I wonder how so many will seek to dwell in darkness, rather than in light.

When on earth, I was wedded to infidelity; my soul went out against all Christianity, as called for, among the church men, I found so much darkness, so much of the spirit of Retaliation, that I chose infidelity to Christianity. I was wedded to infidelity, and no man seemed to look upon me as a wicked man; but I cared not for it. I was willing, at all times, if I knew myself, to converse with them upon Theology my favorite study. But when you

find persons so wrapt up in darkness, that they will not hear, will not see, will not stand alone, like the person who was conversing with you a moment ago, it is almost useless to argue with them.

Now I cannot see that I was in error, only in regard to one point; I doubted the existence of a Supreme Being, never fully disbelieved it in my soul, and there I erred. But what brought this doubt to me? Why, Christianity. If I was standing without a hope of a Supreme Being, it stood me there; and, at the present day, it clothes thousands with robes of darkest hue. Deny it if you can, oh, ye churchmen! Your systems are founded on air—good for nothing, and like the churches of old, they are like white sepulchres, fair without, but full of filth within. Now, they will tell you these words do not apply to them, when Jesus expressly told them it applied to churchmen. But men are always willing to put the burden of their sins upon others—never willing to acknowledge their own deformity.

If I were on earth again, I should embrace infidelity with all its errors, rather than Christianity as it is. Yet I love the churchmen, and would not see one of them dwelling in darkness, if I could aid him. But mortals are oftentimes too anxious to impart light to them, and thereby give them too much, not thinking that eyes which are accustomed to darkness can bear but a few feeble rays at first.

My friends doubtless you have many professed infidels dwelling about you. Let me say they are so many free thinkers dwelling among creed-bound men. Go to them with truth, and see how eagerly they will accept it, if they see it. God bless all infidels, I say; look upon them as a class of brethren dear to me, for they are open to receive anything which God sends them.

When on earth, I made myself conversant with your Bible; but as I could not see spiritually, I could not believe it. Had I been surrounded with angels coming down from heaven, as you are, I should have believed it, not as coming from God, the Father, directly, but as true in the main—a record of the past, worthy of being my guide, so far as it comforted with my own Reason, and not one step further.

Now, there is light enough for all. Heaven is large enough for all, and hell is growing smaller every hour; for, as heaven expands, hell grows smaller. I speak of the Christians' hell—the hell they have fashioned, and as one after another comes out from misalloyed Christianity, and embraces true Christianity, hell is being circumscribed—or, that portion they are clinging to is cut off.

You all have hell enough here, quite as much as you need; and yet if you carry hell away with you, you will have it in our sphere; so see to it that no stain of sin is attached to you when you come here, but that every act of your life has been one, showing that you had love for your brother.

That old personage, the devil, too, is fast becoming, as it were, a phantom—a nothing. I doubt if there be many on earth at this time, who actually believe in a personal devil; and yet they erroneously cling to many dark ideas as bad as that. Tell the mother her child has gone to hell, and she says, Oh, no! somebody's else child has gone there, not mine. They are willing to make hells for others, but not for themselves.

Come, ye Infidels, and bring together all your forces, and see if you cannot annihilate this hell, for it is by you that it is to be annihilated. What if you be branded with a thousand ignominious names. You know they are in darkness, and you are not—so if your brother meet you with anger, say, get thee behind me, Satan, to his anger, and strive to let the light of Love so beam from your own characters, that he will be forced to borrow of your oil.

My friends, I'll leave a blessing for my own dear children on earth, and request that they march on steadily in this world, with brilliant hopes for their future existence.

I am Abner Kneeland—the old Infidel. Bless God, or Infidelity.

#### John Swan.

Much remains to be said in regard to spirits coming to earth and manifesting to its people. I have dwelt in the land of spirits but a short time, but quite long enough to be fully satisfied that the spirit world is a perfect counterpart of the natural world. To the spirit it is as tangible and real as anything you have on earth; while to the mortal it is vacancy, space, nothing. All classes of society, from the lowest even to the highest, are anxiously investigating the new phenomena. Some are doing so in secret, and many publicly. I have many friends on earth; a portion of them are rabid against Spiritualism, and a portion look towards it in a favorable light, seeing beauties in it they find in nothing else, and yet they do not declare themselves believers. I say they do not—I mean the mass of those who, in reality, believe in Spiritualism. But the time will come when they will not only believe in secret, but acknowledge it openly.

This being my first attempt with you, I hope you will consider my imperfections charitably, for I do not like to be thought an imposter. When I was on earth, I always preferred to think my brother man was honest; I suppose I was often deceived in consequence, but I could not bear to think him untrue. And now I am divested of the mortal form, I would like to be looked upon as an honest man; seeking not only my own good, but the good of all who may have chance to know me when on earth.

Spiritualism is true—and it is false—yes, true and false. Religion is true—it is false, also. Everything mixed with materialism is filled with falsehood, and if you throw away Spiritualism because part is false, you might as well throw away the whole material world.

He who sits at the table and calls for those who are out of sight to manifest to him, and does so honestly, in the fear of God, will seldom get untruth. I say seldom—there may be times when the surroundings are so imperfect as to cause error in the communication—not because the spirit is untrue, for he may not be aware of it. But seek for truth, and receive it wherever it is to be found. My friends will understand this, and appreciate it. Methinks if I were living on earth again, I would constantly strive to go higher and higher in wisdom; but you know that persons who pass from earth, change their views very materially.

I have been here but a short time, as I before said. I am happy; and, were I offered all the wealth of earth, it would be no temptation for me to return. I once feared to die, for I had no light to carry me beyond the grave; but, if you fear to die, you may know that your faith is no faith at all.

I have manifested before to my friends, but never in this way. It is my wish that those friends who have privately called upon me to respond to their call, through your paper, now to respond to mine. I want those friends to sit at the table calmly, easy in mind, and happy; if they have developed mediums, it is well, if not, we will endeavor to develop some of their own circle. But everything must be harmonious. That God will bless you, and them, and all mankind, is the wish of

#### John Henry Stevens.

Well, I like this much! First of all, tell me where I am? Well, I expected that, but I was not sure. Well, now just favor me with the time of day? Now the day—now the week—now the month—now let us have the year. Good God! I have not been here more than ten days? Now, if your time is right, it is that since I came! I have a sister, who died when I was a little fellow, and she was the first one I saw when I came here. She kept saying to me—go to a medium.

"Do you know where Ann street, Boston, is? Well, as the devil would have it, (by the way, I have not seen him yet.) I went down there and got a little light; then I went to go on board the schooner Rhoades, and I fell; but I was sober just after. Well, where do you suppose I found my body some days after? Well, my God, it was in one of your hospitals! And the doctors were cutting it up! Now, I don't like that. It was taken to some place, I don't know where, and many people called to see me, but I did not know me. And I didn't know them. Now,

I want that body buried; if those doctors can get any knowledge from it, I suppose they have a right to, but, after that, I want it properly buried.

I belonged in Biddeford, Maine. I left that place when I was young, and have been cruising around ever since. Somehow or other I got to drinking about eight years since, and I have been in trouble ever since. Now I should like to have them take good care of that old carcass. There I was stretched out on some sort of concern, about three feet long, and six or seven wide—a great big table, about three feet high. There was a lot of books and pictures there, a lot of instruments, and six or seven doctors. My God, I don't like these things! I have no friends, except shipmates, that I know of, on earth, except a brother, who ought to be in a foreign port, and an uncle somewhere in the State of Maine. All my shipmates are scattered. I was left here to have my time out. This is Spiritualism, is it? Well, I'll just tell you a bit of a yarn about it. I went in a house down Ann street, where they told me there was a spirit medium. Well, there was about twelve sat around the table. They were very solemn, then, but I thought what they would be soon. We got tips and raps. My sister came to me and wrote the best communication you ever saw through the medium. Now, she did not know me nor my name, and she was not a good woman; but she told me I should come to them soon if I did not do better. Now, I had that communication with me somewhere, I think when I was drowned. But I thought she was hitting on rum; I did not think it would come true so soon. Well, I suppose it is right enough to be hacked up in that way, if friends don't come to claim the body; but they might have waited till I had got away. Every time they out, I felt it, just as if they were cutting me, and my God, I wanted to get hold of them. It was quite early in the morning when they began, as I was carried in the night. Now, I tell you what it is, if that job is fixed up all right, I'm satisfied; but if it ain't, I am not.

But how is it? I expected to write as my sister did through that girl. She's a hard one, I tell you, but it was a good communication. She wrote, and then said—Who's here by the name of John Henry Stevens? I said, that's me—and there was my sister's name signed to it!

The uncle in Maine was named William Stevens, he was my father's brother, but they dissolved partnership when I was young, and I don't know where he is. I used to spell my name Stevens.

Now, do what you can to give me a Christian burial, will you, and I shall be happier. Sept. 19.

Rather a singular manifestation. A man was found in the water about the time he indicates, near the schooner Rhoades. It was supposed he was intoxicated at the time he fell. We possibly saw the incident in the paper at the time, but such things are taken slight notice of, and at the time of our sitting, it certainly was not in our mind, nor had it been thought of, if we had ever known of it.

The circumstances he details after speaking of his death, as the communication, and the proceedings at the hospital, there is no way of verifying, that we know of. All we can say is, that it is a genuine spirit manifestation, made perfectly independent from any influence of our mind.

Part of it does not seem true, for it is our law, that all bodies of strangers picked up and unclaimed by relatives, shall be buried, and it is an offence to deliver them to hospitals or physicians for dissection. Probably any dissecting-room would appear to him a hospital.

Now, we believe this rule is obeyed by our officers, who have charge of such matters, and there would be no reason in charging them with delivering this body to the dissecting-room. Neither is it rational to think that it could have found its way there in any other manner, for bodies are too plenty now for doctors to steal them. Thus, discredit is at once thrown upon this statement of the spirit, though there are some who are not so charitable as we are, who would think the entire statement likely to be true. There is some truth in it, and the reader will select it for himself, and throw the balance away.

If any of our Eastern readers can shed any light upon the spirit's antecedents, we should be glad to hear from them.

**Nancy Hobbs, Cambridge.**

I came to speak, but not to strangers. My name was Nancy Hobbs; I died in Cambridge in 1848, and was 31 years of age. I wish to communicate with my husband. I have slept well, and am refreshed and happy. The past has been to me a pleasant dream; the present is beautiful, and the future is a dream of peace. Yes, I have reposed long enough, and I was told by coming here I might do much good. I wish my husband to know that I am almost constantly with him, striving to benefit him; that I am acting upon him constantly, and have been for the last five months. And now it is wisdom that I came here, although I expected to find him here. But I see I am to communicate to you, and that you are to be a messenger for me. I have many things to say to him which I can't give to you; and if I could find a suitable medium I would give him much. I have not lost sight of earth, for those who have dear ones there cannot be expected to lose sight of them. Say to him, when evening comes I come also; when he sits down to rest I am there, though he knows it not, and I would speak to him of the past, the present, and the future.

**George Cheney to James Grace.**

First come first served, I suppose, so you'll please serve me. But I do not seem to know how it is I cannot do any better.

You see I belong to the anxious class, and wish to communicate something, if it is not quite as good as others who have been in the habit of coming to you. Now don't expect a great deal of me, for if you do you will get disappointed. I have only been here four years. I died in San Jose, California, and my name was George Cheney. You see I left Massachusetts about seven years ago for California; but as good luck would have it, I took sick and came to the spirit land. I have got a large circle of friends on earth, and I want to let them know that if they choose to give me a chance to come, I shall be glad to embrace the opportunity. I am rather a hard boy, but I am good after all. Here is something I want to give, and it is the principal thing which draws me here. My friends supposed that I was murdered—but it is not so; I was sick and died a natural death, and the money was stolen while I was sick. I didn't leave much, but what I did leave should have gone to my near relatives; but I suppose the persons who took care of me when I was sick, thought that they might as well have it as my people. It is all right now, but we are not dead, as they supposed, and many things are coming to light at this time.

There is a friend of mind on earth in Central America, whose name is James H. Hamblin. He belongs in New York State. So he told me, for I met him on the passage, and we were chums together. He knows more about this than anybody else. He belongs somewhere near Buffalo, but I do not know the name of the place now. He is now in Central America, keeping a place which might be called a public house. It is a little shed out of town which is the same as a tavern here.

I should like to have him give that \$200 to James Grace. He owes it to me, and I want Grace to have it. I suppose he thinks his debt is cancelled, but it is not so. Now I come to make this plain as far as I can. I want that money paid, as I said; I want my friends to know I died a natural death, and that I am as happy as I can be now, though as I grow better I shall become happier.

I shall be winding up with this, my friends, that if they will seek out a medium, I will seek them out and communicate. My father and mother are in the

spirit land. I have a sister living in Massachusetts, who is married since I died. Her name is Emily Cheney, but who she married I do not know. I was born in Duxbury, Mass. I started from there and went to Manchester, N. H., worked there a while at a mill. Not liking that business very well, I went to tending bowling alleys. I did not like that, and went to Lowell and staid there some few years, working at various things; sometimes I sported a little, but not much. After I left Lowell, I went to Boston, and then went to New York, thence to California, and from there I came here.

I suppose you will think it strange that I do not want that money to go to my sister. She has got enough, and I owe that money to Grace, and want him to get it, for I never forget a friend. I know he will get this paper, for he is a great chap to read the news.

#### Hopkinson.

I was suddenly called from earth. I have now been a dweller in the spirit life about one year, and I feel doubly indebted to a friend I have on earth for his kindness, which has been my saviour. He did not speak to me of Spiritualism when I was with him, but he has called me to him since that time, and has given me light, and thanks be to him, and to God, I am now happy. I lived to be upwards of sixty years of age. The most of my time was taken up by mental labor. The faculties given me by nature and the God of nature were misplaced. I sought to do good in my way—was considered an honest, moral man—but, like Martha of old, I was careful about many things, yet lacked one thing, and that was, Charity.

Our brother Paul used to say something like this:—Although I speak with wisdom, and although I have the gift of God, and although I am a righteous man, if I have not charity, then am I good for nothing. Charity with him seemed to be the redeeming trait in mortal organization. Now charity, with you people, seems to be small, and my judgment is—righteousness, because made up of materials of my own self.

I left on earth a large circle of acquaintances, of friends, of relatives, and of those so dear to me, that were I to die a thousand material, natural deaths, I could not be severed from them. I come to them, but they see me not, they hear me not, they heed me not. I love them, but a portion of their love for me is lost in the grave, and a portion of it too far beyond earth. That portion of the love they bore the body is gone down to the grave where that lies. The other portion is gone far beyond where that they bore the spirit, cannot reach it.

I want them to know that I am with them; and let them show the love they bear me, not by stretching out over a thousand years into the kingdom of the Father, but by recognizing me as one of them now, and be willing to receive me as I come to them at the present time.

I have communed before, and shall continue to do so at intervals, until I succeed in opening the doors of the hearts of those I love. My name was Hopkinson. I died in Cambridge, and my disease was dropsy upon the chest, and upon the brain.

Sept. 16th.

We neglected asking the Christian name of this spirit.

#### Charley Adams.

I suppose I am dead, but I can't understand very well how I am. My folks lived in New York City. I should like to be buried. My body was not buried; it is in the water, for I was drowned five days out from San Francisco. I was going after mother. Father was with me in Sacramento, and was drowned with me. I have got an uncle in the spirit world who brought me here. I have been to New York since I died. My mother went to a medium, and she cried very much. She said she knew I was dead, for she felt me. The medium saw so much that she cried, and did not tell so much as I wanted. I was almost fourteen years old—my name was Charley Adams. Mother has lost all—father said so—I do not see him at all. I can't remember well, I'm frightened so—so astonished. It was very hard—I don't think somebody done right—I mean Mr. Pearson—he told me to go down stairs, and he drove me down—it wasn't right—I think I might have lived if he hadn't. He said there was no danger, and I must not make such a fuss. I could find father. I had letters in my pocket for mother; father told me to keep them there safe. One had a piece of gold in it, which I got the first time I went out with father. I was taken sick with the dysentery and wanted to come home, and father said I should; so, as I was sick, he came home with me. Something fell upon me, and I was squeezed. I wish I knew you; I know mother will cry her eyes out. I must go to God now. Sept. 21.

We see no way of testing this, and we are not sure that the control was perfect enough for the spirit to give us truth. We throw it out, with the request that if it meets the eye of any person knowing to facts bearing resemblance to the statement, they will inform us.

#### George Clark.

This place is Boston, I believe. I wish to manifest in Exeter, N. H. I have been in the spirit land some six years; I find everything new, strange, and incomprehensible to me. I died of fever in California, but belonged in Exeter. I have been anxious to manifest ever since I left earth. I have a brother who was in Exeter when I left. I should like to have him acquainted with my whereabouts—to have him know that I am waiting for some demonstration on his part towards me, that I may manifest to him. I have traveled much over earth since I have come to the spirit life, for I find my spirit is still on earth. I find many things in foreign lands whose beauty astonishes me, and I think there is some superior power, the Creator of so much beauty.

I am told when I again leave the earth sphere I shall pass on higher than I have yet been. I have a dread of this, for I fear I shall not be fit to go. All things here are beautiful. I was always a lover of nature, and when I looked abroad upon its beauties, my soul was in delight, and went out to Him who created it. Some thought me strange, some foolish, but most all looked upon me as one always in deep thought. The thought which went down through many different channels when I was on earth, now seems to be roaming over all creation, and it seems to me I cannot be fully happy until I am perfectly acquainted with all the creations of God, and then with Him.

Tell my friends I have not changed in regard to my religious views. I felt, when on earth, that to be true, which I know to be true now. I cannot talk to you as I would to my friends; when I meet them where I can commune with them, I shall more fully manifest. Sept. 9th.

#### Solon H. Tenney.

Good morning. Doubtless you may think it strange that I call upon you so unconcernedly. On the 10th day of the past month, I was called for at a certain place in your city by one of my particular friends; and being unable to manifest there, although I was present, I bade the spirit who seemed to have the control, to say that I would be present again, and speak to my friend. But it seems I am not capable of controlling that medium, and I have come here to-day to say to my friend that I am quite as anxious to speak upon certain things as he can be to hear me; and I will speak of them to him as soon as an opportunity presents itself. I am happy, far more happy than I expected to be. The only source of unhappiness I have, springs from reflection; I have been striving to sever the chord of affection that binds me, and she who was my wife, together, but I did it impossible, and I am told that it will remain unsevered until we are re-united in the land of spirits. If permitted, I shall devote a great portion of my time, in making her happy, for she, of all on earth, is most dear to me. The peculiar circumstances attending her at my demise, render her an object of

pity, and it is my wish that all about her make her happy, and I wish to see it carried out in full. I want all those who love me to love her—and give her that pure and undefiled love, which will raise her above earth and its sorrows, as well as that other love which cares for things of earth.

I have much that I should like to say to my friends, but the time is not yet. I trust that my friend who called so loudly upon me, will receive this, and know it is positive proof that the spirit can manifest apart from those who seek to be manifested to. There can be no collusion between his mind and that of the medium—this must be positive proof to him. Good morning, sir. SOLON H. TENNEY.

#### Mary Prescott.

I thought I should get here this time. My name is Mary Prescott. I want to talk to my friends. I want Harriet to sit, so I can talk. I want to tell Harriet's father that everything is right—not to worry—and that little George is with him most of the time. Tell him I was with him when he was with that medium a little while ago. He thought it strange I did not manifest to him, but I could not.

I was a little girl when I died. I didn't know much about earth, but I like to stay here, for I can help lots of spirits and mortals, and I love to do it.

George is sick—the George that is on earth, not little George—and the doctor here tells me he must be very careful; during the present winter he will be liable to have chills and fever, and he must avoid colds, for if he does not he will not stop long on earth; and we don't want him here yet, though we love him.

Now you see I only knew these people since I came here, but I went to them, and they treated me so well I love to go to them.

Tell Harriet's mother not to work so hard, and to be happier. Tell her how much her father wants to talk to her—his name is Abner Kneeland, and he will sometime. Now I'm going—good-bye. Sept. 9.

#### William Parker.

My name was William Parker. I have friends living in Roxbury, Mass., and I wish to manifest to them. I wish my mother and brothers, and other friends, if they see fit, to sit at the small table in the front room, one evening in a week for manifestations. I wish my mother to take more rest, and be quiet, and not worry about anything on earth, for she shall be well taken care of. I wish my brothers to be ever kind to their mother, remembering that she once suffered much for them. Tell them that John, who has lately come to the spirit life, is happy, very happy, and will manifest to them soon. He was no relative, only a friend. I want that old lady, who comes in to see mother, to sit at the table—she is a medium. I don't know who she is, for I never knew her on earth. They have often wished that I would manifest through your paper, but as I have had nothing particular to say, I did not do it. Tell them that I have no desire to return to earth to live. I am a stranger to you, sir, and to all in the room (spirits) except a grandfather. Good day, sir. I will come again when necessary.

#### Charles Taft.

I am very anxious to commune with my friends who remain on earth, in regard to affairs pertaining to worldly possessions. I have been in the spirit life but a few years, and my spirit often comes to visit those I left on earth, and I seek to do them good so far as they seek to do right, and no farther. I wish my affairs to be settled—not on my own account, but on account of my wife and children—of her husband, also. All will end in good time, yet it is my wish that they make that time short as well as good.

With many blessings to all, I will come again. Please favor the spirit by publishing this as soon as possible.

#### Dr. Benjamin Billson.

The above name was written, and after this the spirit asked, "How is this?"

How long have you been dead? We asked.

Five days. I was 81 years old. My wife has been dead some years, and is far above me. I lived in Taunton. I had no idea of returning in this way, after I left.

There was much more conversation between this spirit and a friend who dropped in at our circle just at this time, and who was much surprised at the manifestation, as he had known him, but had not heard of the death of the party manifesting. The manifestation was not important to us, but the spirit evidently was sent to gather some ideas of life in the spirit world.

#### Little Freddy.

The medium saw a little spirit child, and said:—

There is a little girl here, who says she wants to write. She is a black-eyed, pretty little child, about six years old. It is a girl, with lots of hair, parted in the middle.

Then was written:—

"Little Freddy sends much love to Aunt Wells."

After this she became again visible, and the medium said:—

She says Mary is here with her. Her mother looks some like a French woman. The child is a girl, but she says her name is written right, and that Aunt Wells will know better than you do. She has on a white thibet dress, and says "Aunt Wells made it." Ask Aunt Wells to give her a needle, she says. Mother says, direct to Fanny Wells, with blessings from Mary.

#### Mary Pitman.

I came to talk to all the children. I was 87 years old. I am glad I'm dead. I came here in 1851, and died in East Boston. I used to go out nursing till about ten years, when I got so old I could not. They wanted me to come back, and I promised to, if spirits could come back. He that used to be my husband brought me here. He died about fifty-seven years ago, just after we were married. I had one child and then my husband died, and I never was married again. My child's name was Mary. She used to live in East Boston, but she is moving round. She married a Benson, who worked on ships. I was sick a good while; worked too hard when I was young. Tell them I am very happy indeed. I said I'd come. Good bye. Sept. 16th.

#### SUMMER.

[Communicated through the mediumship of Mrs. EMMA A. KNIGHT, Roxbury.]

Oh, beautiful Summer, just verging into Autumn, like a girl in her teens, having all the freshness of childhood, and many of the qualities of woman. Oh, sweet summer day, with thy balmy breath, laden with the perfume of flowers and now-mown hay—the latest and sweetest—with thy fields of grain flowing and swaying before the breeze, hanging their heads in gratitude for the richness bestowed upon them. Oh, brilliant flowers that so dazzle the eye, and tell of the approach of a sterner season, having less of fragrance but more of beauty than thy earlier companions. Oh, ye laden fruit trees, bending with thy rich offering to man. Oh, ye animals, ye insects, and vegetables, can ye not speak to man, and bid him be grateful for what he receives? Can ye not speak in louder and deeper tones to his callous heart, for he hath ears but hears not—eyes, but sees not—hands to receive, but no tongue to thank. Oh, ungrateful man, who have the highest place, the richest gifts—and the least gratitude—take example from Nature, from everything around you, listen, and hear the song of praise ascending to God, and join in the melody. MARY CUTTUM.



