

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Original Poetry.

REMINISCENCE OF A SPIRIT. By Herself.

THROUGH MRS. GEORGE F. SEAVEN, MEDIUM.

"T was a lovely summer's sunset,
At the close of leafy June,
And the seraph-voice of nature
Sang a sweet, melodious tune;
And as if each note were laden
With sweet nectar from above,
Deep within, each soul transplanted
Living flowers of peace and love.
Heaven and earth seemed strangely blended—
Harmonized in one great whole;
Grosser earth, with heaven ethereal—
Two great forms with one great soul.
And my spirit, as it revelled
'Mid the beautiful scenes of earth,
Burst the gates of thralldom,
And received a spirit-birth.
Then a blissful, gentle slumber
O'er my senses softly stole—
Fitting sunbeams without number
Gathered round my new-born soul,
And a sense of spirit-beauty,
Such as earth had never given,
Dawned within my inner being,
Basking in the light of heaven.
Music sweet the air was filling—
'T was the melody of flowers—
Rich refrains, in gladness, trilling
Welcome to the ethereal bowers.
Then my spirit seemed ascending—
Floating like a snowy cloud:
First with azure-brightness blending,
Then earth shades my being shroud;
But a bright and beautiful creature
Gently waved the mists away,
And I recognized each feature—
As my loved and loving May!
Gentle May! Her own bright tresses
Waving lightly in the breeze,
As her footsteps securely pressed
Down the greenward, 'neath the trees;
And her spirit's fragrant brightness,
Sparkling gems of wisdom's lore,
Seemed a heavenly robe of lightness—
She the same sweet May of yore.
Once seemed to me, as if I saw
The earthsome light that found her,
She too brilliant was I ween.
And the light shapes round her glancing
Formed her chariot and steeds,
With a graceful motion prancing,
Pausing now, and now advancing—
Printing tracks of loving deeds;
While aloft her arm uplifted,
Pointing to the lofty spheres—
Pointing to the homes so gifted,
To the home which Wisdom rears—
She her radiant thought concentrated
In bright wreaths of fragrant flowers;
Deep within my spirit, uttered
Spirit-thoughts, like summer showers.
So imbued with lofty grandeur,
Which a God-like sense inspires,
Loved earth seemed a welcome manger,
Heaven a home with pearls and spires;
And I thought my beautiful treasure,
Lost on earth, was found in heaven
And the bright ethereal azure,
Was our home, by angels given.
Welcome thought! But quickly banished,
From the brain that gave it birth—
Angel May in space had vanished,
Leaving me a thing of earth.
Darkness shadows gathered round me,
And the light I vainly sought—
For despair had kindly bound me
Gone was all my rapturous thought.
Sliding down beneath the tempest
Of my soul's terrific sense—
Mingling with chaotic darkness,
Darkness fearful, black and dense—
Gone was sense to outward seeming—
Gone was life—no love-rays beaming—
Gone were all my hopes of bliss—
Till remembrance o'er me stealing,
Glimpses of earth-life revealing,
Lent a sunlight ray to this:
And I started from the thralldom
That had darkly bound my soul—
Dashed the spray from other billows,
Madly rent the elder pillows,
Wildly rushed from 'neath the willows,
And defied the waves that roll.
"Man," I cried, "So God-like seeming!"
Can the God within thee gleaming
With immortal rays of love—
Can that great Deity Presence
Isolate the kindred essence
Of the soul's bright fountain above?
Man in life so firm in action—
Conqueror in each bold transaction—
Hap of a nation's weal—
Why desponding? Why faint-hearted?
Why thus weep o'er joys departed?
Up, and break the silver seal,
And thy future life reveal!
Footsteps strongly, firmly planted,
In the ether mists above,
Immortal Nature's longings granted—
Life and light my struggles crowned.
Each dark mist a granite column
Seemed, so firm my iron grasp,
As I strove to reach the volume,
And unfold its mystic clasp—
Volume of that life eternal,
And the master-mind, paternal—
Love's own pure essence source—
Gentle nature, all maternal—
And the angel hosts fraternal!
Each revelling in their course,
Jagged cliffs o'erhanging round me,
Threatened to engulf my soul—
Iron shackles firmly bound me
Down, from the enchanted goal.
Fearing from exhaustion pining,
Heard I melody enchanting,
All my inner wishes granting,
Floating in the mists above!
And an angel-voice seemed chanting
Heaven's sweetest lay of love:
Equal to the work is given,
Help and strength, from highest heaven.

As the Great Immortal liveth,
And his blessings freely giveth,
To each striving, struggling soul,
So within thy inner being,
Deep the Father's Eye, All-seeing,
Seeks his jewels to enroll.
Whom the Great Eternal loveth,
He through fiery tempests proveth.

In earth form thou hast dearly bought
Earth-labors, with earth-perils fraught;
Thy noble acts have earned thee fame,
And given thee immortal name;
Still struggle bravely for the right—
Illumo thy soul with wisdom's light,
And nobly seek with all thy might
An high archangel's meed.
Then in the bowers of purest love
A high-arched, star-gemmed, bright alcove,
My belt close with this invow:
We shall be blessed indeed.
And with thy faithful, loving May,
Through groves Elysian thou shalt stray,
With honors crowned.
The hand that waves these mists away,
Now gently chides thee for delay,
And bids thee hasten on thy way,
Till thou hast found—
The cherub for thy radiant brow,
And in the Eternal's presence bow.
While all the ethereal realms resound—
Their anthems say:
Though lost on earth, in heaven is found,
Thine angel May.

ASHLAND, 1858.

For the Banner of Light.

Translated from the German, by Cora Wilburn.

ALAMONTADE.

BY ZSCHOKKE.

CHAPTER VI.

The Abbe Dillon, having rested awhile, took up the manuscript and read—
"So," said Alamontade, "it is enough—what would I further? There is a God, the highest goodness—the highest power—power for then I, who am endowed with consciousness and choice, would be more than God! I am allied to this mighty being, so full of holiness and goodness. I am of his kind! I need nothing more for my peace; I can die, and death cannot make me tremble. Can I be annihilated?—can that which is return to nothing? This nothing is imaginary; it is not an existence—an active presence. Can a pure thought be annihilated?—can powers, that bring forth changing phenomena, can they be destroyed? Then the Universe were destructible, and God himself liable to annihilation. What madness! Death is the unblinding of the spirit from certain natural forces, that we call the body, with which it was united. The spirit, which is of God, feels its home; toward it strives his longing, from finite to infinite—from the fleeting to the eternal. This longing to become one with that which is nearer to our nature than its unconscious powers—this yearning after perfection, is no invention—no childish arbitrary desire; it is the natural necessity of that which is related in the universe, just as the magnet attracts the congenial iron. In every mortal breast dwells this yearning; it differs only in language when it names Heaven and Hell, Elysium and Tartarus. This longing convinces me of nothing beyond its own existence; but the indestructibility of the Divine Being is guarantee for the indestructibility of our spirits. I behold everywhere in nature, the domain of form varying, but not the essence dwelling therein, or the cessation of those causes that connected them. I see everywhere appearances change, but not the forces which mysteriously dwell in them and cause their effects. Wherefore, then, shall I mock my belief in God, and convince myself that this longing was vainly placed in my breast, and the law that points to eternity vainly cherished by the reason? Wherefore shall I criticize the effects of the veiled domain of causes, as I cannot unveil them, and never perceive that the powers which compose my being can cease to be, when my form falls to pieces? Why shall I believe that the lifeless power that causes the appearance of an atom—that it existed from the beginning, and will eternally exist, while the power within myself, capable of producing the most exalted effects, is doomed to cease?
It has always been a mistake of the wise men of the schools, to gather information upon the nature of the human spirit, and the corresponding effects of soul and body, to prove or disprove immortality. These wise masters looked upon the soul, as upon a building, whose durability depended upon the combination of materials, whose utility could be thus perceived. All such endeavors have been vain until this day, because they are thoughtless and childish; the nature of the soul is, in itself as well as the elements of the body in themselves unmistakable for we behold them both in their effects. We look, however, as long as we are mortal, an insight into the darkened world of objects in itself; it is, therefore, equally foolish to seek for evidences of the immortality or annihilation of the human spirit, out of that which is not to be explored. All expectancies desert us in this matter, because we can never gain experience of the causes; only of their effects, through spirit instrumentalities, upon the spirit.
"Indeed," my dear Alamontade, said I, "these attempts, I have long since desisted as fruitless; nevertheless, I will not conceal from you, that I have been deeply agitated by a passage in a book that treats of this subject; the author said: 'I find everywhere that the species of objects continues,

but that the individual is lost.' There is to me some truth in that; nature, careless for the preservation of the individual, cares only for the continuation of the species, and this is sufficient for the duration of order in the universe. Nature cares not if millions of insects pass away in a day—it is as if they had never existed, in the domain of creation; but their species—their kind, remains."

"Species?—kind?" said Alamontade. "Is there in the range of beings in themselves, kind or species? Speak you not of bodies—of the material, that is of the effects of forces? Well, yes; there you find quality and kind—there the particles are concentrated, while the founded species remains."

It is not impossible that in the regions of elements and forces there are higher and lower orders. Their changing alliances and separations among themselves, cause the variation of phenomena. Yet every original faculty belongs in its meeting and separation with others, to its own eternal law. Therefore in the varied play of phenomena, there reigns equality and regularity. One superior force appears to unite the subordinate ones, with what we call kind and species; and it rules actively throughout eternity; it is the thread which, unbroken and indestructible, spins through the glorious web of life. It appears in the germ of the plant, there allies itself according to its laws with other material; by this law forms the palm and the olive, the blade of grass and the moss; and so gives the appearance of what we call in natural bodies, stars, plants, or animals—the kind and species. The subordinate forces then, again, separate themselves, in accordance with their peculiar laws, from the superior power; then follows death. But these forces, passed into other germs, begin in other the work of life anew. So it goes on to all eternity; and we say the species continue, but the individual disappears.

Even the human species belongs here. Here, too, is foundation and power for the eternal development and continuation of the species, stands higher than any other, by virtue of its dwelling life-power; and as the animal is yet higher through its indwelling, feeling, perceptive soul, so man yet higher than all, by his conscious, all-perceiving spirit.

The spirit of man is one of the original faculties of the universe, but differing widely from all that allies itself to him, or that is instrumental in the formation of his body. He distinguishes himself from them; he possesses the feeling of individuality. When the stone is weather-beaten, the plant withered, the animal dies, the elements that composed them return, without doubt, to the unmeasurable reservoir out of which they came, and become active again in other forms. This is the inner life of the world; it ever remains the same. There is in it no progress or achievement. Stone, animal, and plant, as they were centuries ago, are yet seen to-day. It is different with the spirit of man."

"Why so?" interrupted I, "if the elements of spirit individuality return to the reservoir of life, out of which they were brought forth, after death, and are there dissolved, so here, too, the individuality of the spirit would disappear, while the species, the universally outspread thought-force remained."

"And if that were so," replied Alamontade, smiling gently, "should I complain? This universal, all-perceiving, all-discerning power, filled with consciousness and holy will; that gives life and movement to the universe, as the spirit of man to his body, which it envelops—this power is God. I return to my Father—to the source of all spirit. But if the power within me, which we call spirit, is as indestructible as God himself; then it is impossible that its consciousness—its holy will-power, should cease; by these it distinguishes itself from all the powers of nature, and elevates itself above all, through which it is what it is."

"Who can discover a measurement for the immeasurableness of being?—who can overlook the concatenation of godly powers in the boundless all of existence?—who can count the steps leading to the throne of divine majesty? Ah, my friend, our spirit soars high above myriads of other existences; but, towards God, are myriads above us, and we stand far below. What we are, we know; self-conscious, thinking, God and the world-perceiving; filled with holy will-power—filled with boundless yearnings for immortality, and with the living feeling of exclusive individuality. What we may become, we have foreshadowings of. The powers of nature remain unchanged; not so our spirits. These progress from perception to perception—how what is grand to what is more ennobling still—from perfection to perfection; and beneath their feet the universe is transformed. The races of the present are, by the heritage of the past, better developed than those of olden times. This we learn from history; and in this the spirit is distinguished from all other powers of nature. What we shall be once, the most glowing hopes are silent. Great is God; holiness and love are his actions; wonder and glory his realm; eternity his life! And we exist in God; we are his children, and like him, immortal; what need we more? need we another consolation?"

"Yes, I am," said Alamontade, and his eyes turned, with a silent rapture, heavenward; "I am—that is sufficient. These little words mean eternity! for what is, is eternal—all that exists, for our God is eternal also."

The Abbe paused awhile. We reflected upon the last words of Alamontade's discourse, and our venerable friend searched amid his papers. He found, at length, what he was in search of, and said—
"Hear, dear friends, the last for tonight; this was once for me—perhaps it will prove the same to

you—the most important of all that that extraordinary slave spoke."

"Ah!" cried the gentle Roderic with deep emotion, "Is it possible?—a slave, a galley-slave! How could he harbor so much wisdom; or, rather, how could a man, with such lofty perceptions, of such exalted principles, degrade himself so far, as to become the associate of the vilest criminals for nearly a lifetime? It is inexplicable!"

"To-morrow you shall be informed of this, too," said Dillon. "You shall hear how the strange combination of circumstances brought the good Alamontade so low. See, my friends, I honor his memory as that of a saint. He wrote a journal of his unhappy life, and I added to it his history, and what he verbally communicated to me. He bequeathed to me this journal, and many of his compositions, written mostly on board ship, on the glowing coasts of Africa. I was not yet satisfied with this; I would be the heir of the chain that bound him; it was granted; and a good artist painted his picture for me."

"His picture?" cried Roderic, "you have his picture, and you have never shown it to us? Truly, he was one of the noblest of men! I entreat you, dearest Abbe, let us behold his likeness!"

Dillon arose. We took up the tapers and followed our friend, through several rooms, into the library, which was also his study. He opened the glass door of a closet; within hung Alamontade's picture, and around it a heavy iron chain.

"This chain," said Dillon, "served my saint in place of the brilliant halo."

"Is it possible!" cried Roderic with moistened eyes, and softly trembling voice—"was it possible that a man like this was compelled to wear fetters? What nobleness—what wonderful peace dwells in pensive resignation upon those expressive features!"

Roderic was right; that face bore no impress of the mysterious gloom, the retiring suspicion, the peep of criminals; it was the face of a martyr, of an unshakeable majesty and power. From the sickly, pale complexion; the melancholy of the closed lips; the deeply furrowed brow around which a few thin, prematurely whitened hairs fluttered; from the position of his head, slightly inclined towards the shoulders, could the deep, nameless grief, and the thousand varied sorrows of this noble being be perceived—sorrows that were slowly undermining his life. But the firm goodness of his glance revealed a mind at peace, though all without were storm—a spirit, mighty through joyous consciousness, that could smile at the pain of the body, and pardon the vultures of Prometheus for preying upon his heart.

We stood a long time before the attractive picture. It was as if that martyr's spirit were beside us; a deep sadness fell upon our hearts. Dillon placed his hand upon the iron chain, and sighed with an upward look—

"He was an earthly angel! He was innocent, and bore unmerited suffering. Ah, and how nobly he bore it! Alamontade, I will endeavor to die like you—may I depart with that exalted sense of virtue that was thine!"

Our friend Dillon led us back to the room we had left.

"It is getting late, my loved friends," he said. "To-morrow the perusal of his history shall do us good. But I promised you the communication of one of the most important of Alamontade's thoughts. Collect once more your attention. It is the most exalted idea, which mortal man can entertain, after the thought of God. Whoever it enters my soul, it feels its power—its destined worth; it feels all the earthly falling away, and learns, unaltered with any part of the universe solitary, only to itself belonging, to acknowledge its lofty self-reliance—to view its aim from the dawning distance."

We sat down as before. The Abbe took up his papers and read—

"The longer I conversed with Alamontade, all the more venerable and love-worthy he appeared to me. He was my teacher; I had become his scholar. I, sent by Captain Delaunay to lead him back to religion, had found my converter in him. I felt my reason again, contented with itself, and my doubts reconciled; I felt, that I hitherto had not thought, but dreamt—that I had endeavored to bring objects, which were not in connection with experience with the perceptions of sense—things that should be sought for by the glance of reason alone, into the pictures of fancy—that all this skepticism had arisen, because I would philosophize with the imagination, and obtain a representation of the being of God; or of the nature and possibility of immortality; such as we can obtain of material things. I perceived that the child, who imagines God a mighty, venerable person; the savage, who thinks him a destroying fire—that all these, in their childish presumption, deceived themselves."

"But, dear Alamontade," said I, "man is but a creature of the senses, and his imagination cannot rest. It demands the representation of the Divine existence in some form. You must acknowledge, yourself, that you are not always in a condition to keep your spirit upon the same elevated heights of contemplation—that it does you good when your spirit, amid the pressure of bodily pain and adverse circumstances, weary and faint, can think of God."

"Certainly," replied Alamontade; "not always am I so inclined or capable to think with clearest perception of God. It does me good, as a human being, to draw God nearer to me, as it were—to render him allied to the rest of my perceptions. In such hours, he appears to me as a holy, loving being, who has called me and all that exists into life, for happiness."

His wisdom, of which millions of witnesses teach me; his holiness, awaken my childlike, unbound confidence. It does me good to give myself up to him as to a father; it does me good to weep my sorrows before him; it does me good to cry unto him—to complain of what my brother man will not hear; I am, then, not quite forsaken, for there is one who takes compassion upon me.

Behold this faith in God, the inevitable necessity of my eternal continuation, no matter how or where, this is my religion. This is the religion of all nations—of all that in any degree rejoice in the possession of unfolding reason. Therefore the merit of Jesus Christ is great, that he represented the Deity to man, in the image of a Father—as the holiest, most perfect—as the all-blessed, and, therefore, all-blessing one—who cannot be comprehended by earthly sense.

But his teachings, as they came to various nations, took various colors and additions, in the degree of development in which that nation stood, but always in accordance with their religious conceptions—their ideas before the advent of Christianity—which they afterwards consciously or unconsciously mingled with the new faith.

There are innumerable and varied grades, from the lowest, grossest materialism, up to the practiced strength of reason. This variety induces the variety—not of religions, for there is but one in the world—the additions of religion, which are often confounded with itself, and give the idea of a variety of religions. From this—from the outer covering and adornment of what is true and simple—spring the various faiths; and among them, again, uprise the sects; and, among the sects, the peculiar views of every human individual. How could it be otherwise? Every progressive human being changes his religion more than once in a lifetime, as his knowledge, his moral necessities and his temperament change. The child has one belief, it changes when he becomes a youth, it changes as manhood differs the staff of age in his hand.

Leave him this variety, which you cannot destroy. Every one has a belief according to the necessities of his being. When the necessity changes, the active spirit strives upward, and the bud unfolds into blossoms, and a new belief is around it. Do not become world-betterers by the sword. Opinions and conceptions cannot be divided by the iron scissors of force. Every religion is refined and ennobled through unfoldment from the grasp of gross, and then finer, sense, and is strengthened by reason. Leave the Catholic his pomps and pageantries, in temple, by the altars; leave the Mennonite his shepherd-like simplicity, and the thinker the quiet contemplation within the walls of his study; only remove, everywhere, the obstacles that retard the development of the spirit—make it free, capable of thinking, and you have done all that is your duty.

Every one has his religion, only that one lacks it who, with all his talent, has not the courage to contemplate himself, but lives in bewildered doubt; and, to rid himself of their conflict, plunges into sensual dissipation, and, at a venture, endeavors to drown consciousness in excitement. These unfortunate beings, whose moral law is only expediency, unite in themselves the direct contrasts of human development—the brutality of the animal nature, with acuteness, wit, and judgment. Did not sometimes, against their suppositions, the voice of unvanquished Nature—the law of reason—speak loudly in their breasts, and compel them to the acknowledgement of right, and, despite of their own opposition, to render homage to virtue—and this mighty power overwhelms them against their will—indeed, dear friend, were it not so, these men would be the most dangerous beasts of prey upon the globe. The horrible inclinations, the passions of the wild animal, are in them fearfully contrasted with the prudence and the judgement of the human spirit."

"Dearest Alamontade," said I, deeply moved by the energy and dignity with which he spoke. "Do you believe that the wisest among mortals, must not alone possess religion, because he will not and cannot be in contradiction with the laws of his own being, but also that he is in need of religion to be virtuous? On this point you have, hitherto, and I confess, to my astonishment, been silent. For I comprehend in that which you call religion, what others name natural, or the religion of reason; not alone the belief in God and the immortality of the spirit, but faith also in the holy order of the universe; that is, the belief, that here or there, sooner or later, there is recompense; a punishment for vice; a reward for noble souls! Upon this, my friend, I would have called your attention, had I not feared to interrupt your train of thought."

"In and for itself, the religion that points to a reward, is not related to morality; they affect not one another," replied Alamontade. "Religion, or belief in God and immortality, necessary as it is, subsists by and for itself alone, and has no relation to what we call the reward of virtue—on as true virtue is self-reliant, and without regard to God, immortality or reward."

But it is, however, well to make use of religion in this manner as a means of educating the undeveloped race; it is the safest staff, with which we can uplift ourselves from lowest materialism, to the self-reliance of reason.

The eternal, indwelling moral law, ever the same in all ages and countries, ever bids us act in accordance with our reason. When I act, as by this eternal law I am compelled, then only am I, as I, should be—a free, self-acting spirit, fulfilling the laws of its being. If I do aught, for my own benefit, it is

not virtue; every animal does the same; it fears punishment in some cases, in others it awaits a pleasant reward. Virtue demands for itself no reward; it cannot be bought, not paid for; it expects no recompense, but practices the right without consideration of consequences. Virtue is the manifestation of the acting holy human spirit in its truth. A spirit freed from the influence, the animal propensities and interests, of the body, would, in its actions, be simply good—it could not violate the moral law; it were a holy being, divested of the chains of sense. Even the fact that our spirits dwell in forms that often act contrary to their higher laws and being, unfolds their strength in conflict, and when the spirit acts for itself only, unbiased by worldly interests, and untroubled by fear of punishment or hope of gain—when it operates by its own laws, then it is virtuous—that is, it is free, strong, and self-reliant—a spirit as it is destined to be, worthy of itself, calm, exalted.

If the idea of deity and immortal life were not indwelling in this spirit, yet would it act well or virtuously. There are many who believe in God and immortality, who are not virtuous; there can be others who, troubled by doubt, living without faith, may yet live virtuously.

Virtue and worldly prosperity, or what is commonly named happiness, have no connection, and exist independent of each other. I can augment my prosperity through cunning; but it is chance when it occurs through virtue, and it happens then only when virtue goes hand in hand with worldly prudence; but circumstances often occur that oblige me to sacrifice all my interests, because I would be virtuous—that is, independent of fear or hope, acting in obedience to the holy law within.

The virtuous man loves his duty, with all the powerful, unconquerable zeal of those who love what they call their right. He can calmly meet death, even as others meet it for their rights; for duty is the steadfast, unchangeable right of the spirit's moral being.

So is it weakness and short-sightedness, or prudence, in those who taught that morality and happiness should always be in harmony, and, in reparation for the misery that often allies itself to virtue, promise a material recompense in a future life; a blending of both aims, that must attain to the higher goal.

As in the germin, which I cast in the ground, so is it with the human spirit that is thrown into the universe. As the germ, following its physical laws—the necessary results of its organization—takes root, thrives, and shoots forth stems and leaves and flowers, without other aim than that of fulfilling its indwelling law, so the spirit of man, when it appears, as it is, as it should be, in accordance to the laws of order, is morally good without further aim. There is between the so-called laws of the material and spiritual universe only the distinction of name. They are in fact one and the same; the moral law is a natural law of the human spirit; when it must act, or rather should act nobly, because as developed, truthful spirit, it cannot do otherwise.

To do good, from fear of God, in the hope of reward, or the dread of future punishment, is only piety, but not freedom of the spirit, not virtue; piety, prepares for the freedom of the spirit, leads to virtue; is, so far as the means of educating the nations, praiseworthy. It is exacting too much, that every one, without fear or hope, should not nobly, for the sake of good only; it is asking too much of the new-born child, that it should walk, before it has gradually practised its strength; it is demanding too much of the spirit, when we desire the sudden revelation of its strength, purity and self-reliance without previous struggle and practice.

For the education of undeveloped humanity, the teachings of the ultimate harmonization of morality and happiness are indispensable; as the sword of civil justice is deemed a leading means of reformation.

"How?" cried I, in astonishment, "all these thousands, that so courageously bore the sorrows of earth, in the hope of a better life, in the confidence of God's recompensing mercy—those that sacrificed their own welfare for the sake of fulfilling their duties—how, Alamontade? Were they not virtuous men?"

"No," replied the old man; "they were more prudent than virtuous; for they gladly sacrificed the lesser good, in the expectation of being rewarded with a higher. But they were good men, and advancing in development; they are venerable to me; I love them; they needed but one step more to be free.

Do you comprehend, my friend, that here you have the reason why I have not before spoken of our moral duties, of virtue and of the Judge of the world. The spirit acts as it should; its virtue is no pious calculation; it takes no side aims to its help. It needs no reward for itself; it cannot even be rewarded, save through the consciousness of strength, of power and freedom to which it has exalted itself. It counts its most blissful moments, those of triumph over the sensual.

And if we are compelled to suffer for our virtue's sake, my friend, what is it that suffers? It is not the spirit; for it enjoys its victory even then; only man's sensual nature suffers. It is the earthly, then, that would be rewarded for its sacrifices; but how can that be, when the body returns to the dust—to the elements from whence it sprang? And tell me, what is the meaning of reward? If, throughout a life-time, I carry the burden of a diseased body, can my past sufferings be rewarded by a sound body in the second life? Have I not borne the pain? Have I not wept the thousand tears of bitterness? Has not the past all been?"

"Friend!" I replied, "I feel the wisdom of your words—but it is hard, disconsolate. If poor, suffering humanity, amid its many toils and burdens, possessed not the sweet expectation of not suffering in vain, of once being relieved of its sorrows, of beholding its misery beautifully recompensed by blessedness—ah! friend, humanity would despair."

"It is true," replied Alamontade, "material, undeveloped man, believing in the rewarding Judge above the stars, does not despair. But the more developed, the spiritual man, thinks still less of despairing; his body suffers, not his reproachless spirit; he knows that sooner or later, with the body, the anguish will be taken away. Besides, let us not wander about in mysterious conjecture, but strive to be clear on the subject we are conversing upon. We speak of suffering; all suffering is earthly; the spirit knows no other suffering than the consciousness of having fallen; that is, the sense of having succumbed to the lower, sensual allurements. Suffering is again distinguished and varied; bodily pain is never continuous, and can be endured, because we know that death, or return to health, must at last free the body.

I think, therefore, that when we speak of evils, we should not include bodily diseases; they are mostly of short duration, and even while they rage, allow many moments of repose.

But more bitter are the so-called sufferings of the soul; it is worth while to speak of these. I do not remember any individual who despaired on account of bodily illness; but more than one fell a prey to sorrow, when compelled to resign prosperity for the staff of beggary; or when undeservedly, or through his own fault, he incurred shame and dishonor; or when a prospect, a happiness, was irretrievably lost, upon whose duration the soul had calculated.

Well, my friend, whence spring these sufferings? From the false estimate of the value of things—from the ascendancy of our lower sensual nature over the spiritual. What is wealth and poverty? They are relative conditions; the rich man among the hordes of Indians, would be poor in our European capitals. To become poor, is only to deny our body certain things to which it has been accustomed. Whoever cannot, in case of necessity, do this, is more animal than spirit—and would he demand a reward in a better world, for not being an animal here? Is poverty such insupportable suffering? How many bewail their poverty, who are far richer than millions of their fellow-being? The complaints of such are ridiculous, they arouse no compassion. Honor and shame, how dependent are they on circumstances! In virtue alone dwells honor; shame alone in vice. The virtuous being may be indifferent to the judgment of the world. He who has not succeeded to find his own worth in the quiet fulfillment of his duties; who cannot, with unspotted conscience, rise above the changing opinions of the masses, is a poor, pitiful creature, more animal than spirit—more a child than a perfected man. He depends, in his blindness, on the changing play of circumstances, in place of looking to the eternally true and good.

As with this, so is it with all our soul sufferings; our own weakness is their cause; our moral strength annihilates them. There have been men who lavished their time in subtilizing away the evils of life; or in defending them, with the view, as they believed, of saving the honor of their God; or in sweetening life's trials with glowing hopes and promises of a better lot beyond the grave. Wherefore all this? These evils are necessities in the order of the universe, and their existence is the evidence of our destiny. This destiny of ours is *rigence, or perfection of our spirits*. The spirit is perfected, when it, unswayed by outer influences, acts through itself, according to its own laws. The evils of humanity drive the spirit to its self-reliance. Therefore is the saying: "Misfortune makes a wise man," a truism but little appreciated. The evanescence of the earthly, teaches us the value of the spiritual; the dust falls from the spirit, and compels it to the acknowledgment of its inner worth. Man, beholding the changes around him, seems to be dependent upon them longer; he returns to himself, and becomes self-reliant; he learns at last the sublime truth. The spirit of man is not for other purposes,—it exists for itself. The pure feeling of self-reliance by the spirit, is the guaranty for its imperishableness. So was it ordained by the Ruler of the world, that the spirit of man, through all things, should be able to perceive its dignity, not in the outer, but in itself. If it were formed for other purposes, it would, as a means, disappear when they also vanished."

CHAPTER VII.

"The thought-range of my stoical philosopher bore me away from myself, as it were," said the Abbe Dillon; "I felt a before-unknown sense of individuality; all earthly possessions, with their splendors and fascinations for the senses, paled before the consciousness of my true being. I perceived that they belonged not to me, nor to them. The world appeared in a new aspect; I saw it from a hitherto unreach standpoint. Alamontade was silent, as if he discovered my mood; as if he would give me time to collect myself beneath this unaccustomed horizon. It was not necessary; the spirit beholds in every truth its home and its property; error is a stranger to it.

"Oh, Alamontade?" cried I, "now I comprehend how you can die in peace,—how calmly you await the future unfolding of your spirit, amid strange scenes! But, I must confess, that it were well for the race if the veil that separates us from the future life, were only slightly drawn aside; if the Ordainer of the universe had revealed his self in a manner comprehensible to all, so that none would sicken from doubt."

"How, my friend," replied Alamontade, "you think man would be happier? Who, among men? The undeveloped, the minors, that cling to the material? No; these would feel happiness and love, the same as now; they are not made happy by the spiritual, only by that which flows from the earthly. They are happy in the feeling of agreeable prosperity and superfluity; the meed of fame, of public estimation, friendship, tender love, beauty, and so forth. To the undeveloped being, the magic of imagination suffices for the time, in place of revelation. He is not, therefore, unhappy; you see how cheerfully he dances through life; whenever he is exempted from sickness, misconstruction, poverty, enmity, or any other earthly evil.

The perfected man, in the condition of his development, demands no higher revelations upon the holy mysteries of the universe, than what he already possesses. He cannot even wish it."

"He cannot wish it?" I questioned. "I do not understand you."

"He cannot," replied the philosopher, "because he will not desire the impossible. The Deity cannot reveal himself to the senses; only to the spirit can he be revealed. He ordained it when he imaged forth our individuality; that of necessity we are compelled to think of and believe in God. He ordained it, when as original faculty he filled the world with the appearance of his works, which we perceive, through the instrumentality of the senses. When the Supreme Ruler speaks, as it were, through the mouth of our reason, and says: I am, and at the same moment, unfolds before our eyes his varied wonders, all doubt expires; doubt that was never born of reason, but of fancy, of the understanding formed of the experience of the senses.

Once again I repeat to you; all in nature's wide domain—all that we possess and experience—all, I say, limits the spirit at last to itself; leads it with gentle power to self-reliance. This we must regard as the aim of our actions, as our destiny, as our exaltation.

True it is, this earth-life is full of seeming evils; nothing therein is unchangeable; all is changing, and we float in an irresistible tide of undesired events and circumstances, on. But let us not for this complain so loudly; even this is the pointing

finger of the Ordainer of all; that we may elevate ourselves above the earthly and the fleeting; that we seek our salvation and endless aim not in these, but in our proper selves. The spirit of man is not the property of the material; but itself owns no other than itself.

True it is that we comprehend but little of the millions of objects that surround us—that we know them only in their effects upon us, and not for what they may be in themselves. But we will not be terrified by this. For whatever we have perceived of ourselves of the inner world, is the most solemn attestation of our worth, elevation, self-reliance, as spirits. We do not behold ourselves in a single connection that would degrade our individuality as the medium for a foreign power; nothing that would indicate such a possibility. We stand alone, but we stand for ourselves in the boundless realm of creation—we walk amid the changing phenomena, and are by them touched, and forsaken; amid their stormy throng our spirit awakes, and perceives itself; unfolds its powers, and becomes what it should be—a holy, self-acting being. Allied with an unknown material, that we call the form, we touch the dust with our heel; our head reaches unto God.

Yes, I am for myself created, a self-reliant existence; and while all around leads me again to myself, and all-surrounding nature guarantees my individuality, I perceive the self-reliance of my being, the record of my eternity.

Let the materialist tremble, when that which is earthly, falls off, and he deems he will lose himself. That which thought in this corpse is not dust, but an original faculty, that of itself produced varied phenomena. This power continues, it acts further, it were absurd to say that the powers of the universe lose themselves out of the universe; or the world is lost out of itself.

The most telling self-observation teaches me, that the self-acting I is of a different nature from what I call my corpse. Let it be resolved into the materials, and life-powers from which tooming nature formed it; my individuality remains unaltered, and outlives all change.

Soon, oh soon, this dust will crumble!" continued Alamontade in a voice as if inspired, with eyes that looked up to heaven with a holy joy. "So be it; I stand, an indestructible part in the circle of the universal order. The wonderful realm of spirit is my home; there live my kindred beings, there dwell my brothers!

Much, much have I suffered in my human nature; but blest am I! In these storms ripened quickly my aspiring powers. I have struggled and conquered; in the midst of misery I have felt unspeakable happiness; despised, an outcast from my kind, I have felt my nobility, that cannot be taken from me by any earthly misfortune. The galleys were my school benches. Languishing upon the glowing coasts of Africa, I perceived my power of wealth. Ah, how blest am I! At the termination of a painful life-path I look back with joy, for now all the thorns bloom wonderfully—the thorns I once hated, that so sorely wounded me!

And thou?" continued Alamontade, and his face beamed as if glorified; and I sat there reverently, gazing at him. "Oh, I of a saintly and tearful holiest, through whom I am—thine am I, thine for ever! Thou hast placed me high in the order of thy existences, oh, unutterable one! For I can think of thee, feel of thee; thyself speaks to me of thee within myself. Oh, Father-spirit! oh, Father-spirit! I am yet a mortal, and therefore of childish thought, and the thought of thee is accompanied by a child's warmth of affection—that is why I speak to thee. My speech is the child's whisper to the Father-spirit—the gratitude of human feeling! How happy I am for the boon of existence! In thee I live; through thee I exalt myself, and progress from one part of thy boundless all to the other. Oh, Father-spirit!"

His voice sank lower and lower; it appeared as if his spirit shook aside the fetters of language, to soar above more quickly. An expression of wonderful rapture beamed from his features; now and then his lips moved, as if in prayer,—as if the wearied body would yet accompany the spirit in its devotion, in its thankfulness to God."

So far read the good Abbe Dillon; midnight had surprised us, yet no one felt tired. We were silent, and tears trembled in our eyes. I threw myself upon Dillon's breast; Roderic also embraced him; and so we held him speechlessly to our beating hearts. It was to us as if we clasped the noble Alamontade himself to our bosoms; as if our thankfulness was not to the Abbe, as if it were an offering to him.

"So I, too, fell upon his breast!" said Dillon. "Oh, man!" cried I, with deep emotion, "how was it possible that you could have been banished from your brothers' ranks? How could you, with these lofty principles, become a criminal? Since when is the virtuous man condemned to the galleys? Have you, perhaps, been so gross a sinner, that society had to fear you? It is not possible, Alamontade! You have innocently been condemned to the most dreadful punishment. Speak, I implore you! I will undertake your defence; you shall, you must, once more return to life, honored and esteemed; shame shall not accompany you to the grave!"

He was deeply agitated; he drew me tenderly towards him, and his glad dissolved in tears.

"Oh!" he cried, "yet once again a human being—a brother to this long-orphaned, suffering heart! Oh, it has not forgotten how to love in the long years of its solitude; it feels once more its long-lost blessedness before it departs!"

He could not speak more; he remained silent, sighed, and wept softly. After a lengthened pause he lifted up his face to mine and said—

"Oh, sir, how have I deserved so much goodness—so much love!"

"If I could save your life," cried I, "willingly would I sacrifice mine! You know not that you have been my benefactor—my saving angel! You know not that you have drawn me from an abyss of despair; I was sent to you to bring you back to religion; oh, Alamontade! and it is you who have converted me, and restored my lost religion."

He did not appear to comprehend me.

"See, Alamontade, I was an unhappy man when I came to you first. I had lost God from my world, and I gazed tremblingly upon the future, as upon a lifeless darkness. Doubt upon all subjects, upon my being and capacities, enveloped me; I staggered amid contradictions, and was disgusted with myself for my absurdities. You, friend, raised me from despair, and restored me to myself—to my true nature and dignity. God, immortality, individuality—they exist! My God cannot deny himself. Through you, I am again in harmony with nature; weighed

in the scales of eternal reason, I behold the worth and worthlessness of things; the darkness passes away, and what was cold and dreary, blooms with renewed life! All this has been dispensed to me through you!"

In this beautiful hour it was that Alamontade's heart confided freely in me. He gave me, in separate leaves, his journal; he yielded to my earnest entreaties, and made me acquainted with many circumstances of his life. I may as well say it now, though you must have guessed it—Alamontade was innocent! I would have immediately gone to work upon his defence; I would gain for him the justice of public satisfaction—the return of his stolen honor. He shook his head, and entreated me not to take any steps in that direction while he lived; he longed not for the esteem of the world; it had forsaken him too long—too cruelly! and he preferred to belong to himself, undisturbed and untroubled, the last days of his life.

I succeeded in obtaining for him a better chamber and greater comforts. With joy would I have given all my possessions, if they could have brought him a cheerful moment, after so much suffering. Alas! that I became acquainted with him so late! In reply to my repeated desire, that he should confide to me all, even his most secret wishes, he said at last:

"Well, then, please write to Nimes, or Montpellier, and inquire what has become of Clementina—whether she is yet living—if she is married—whether she is happy!"

"I knew this Clementina from his papers and conversation."

"How were it, Alamontade," said I, "if Clementina were yet living? You would wish to see her once more, would you not?"

He smiled gently at this question, and looked dreamily to the ground.

"Ah!" she was the angel beautifying my childhood with a magic power, leading me weepingly to the threshold of the lost Eden! No, do not trouble yourself, my dear Abbe. She cannot remember Alamontade, if she lives; and she could not determine upon a journey to the death-bed of a galley-slave."

But I wrote. I demanded the aid of all my friends, all my acquaintances, to find Clementina, and persuaded her to hasten to Toulon without delay, where an important discovery awaited her. One of my friends succeeded in finding her dwelling; it was near Montpellier, and she had returned from Paris several years ago. She had scarcely heard of Alamontade, before she resolved upon the journey to Toulon, although she was suffering from a severe illness.

But, my friends," continued Dillon, "we forget that midnight is past, and that we need rest. Tomorrow, if you desire it, I will relate to you the history of our common friend. It is instructive; so terrible a fate could only be borne without despair, by a man like Alamontade. With his glance upon God, exalted above his own pain, he went heroically through a dreadful life, every hour of which was anguish worse than death."

With these words Dillon arose. We followed his invitation to rest; we embraced him with heartfelt thanks.

"What you said, dear Abbe, to the venerable slave, did you address to yourself for your conversion, that you should be able to tell me the history of our common friend. It is instructive; so terrible a fate could only be borne without despair, by a man like Alamontade. With his glance upon God, exalted above his own pain, he went heroically through a dreadful life, every hour of which was anguish worse than death."

"I will erect an altar to his memory in my garden," said Roderic. "The sight of it will always inspire me. When I falter, I will think of Alamontade, and my unpractised, weak spirit will gather strength and elevation from his memory!"

So we parted from one another; the rosy dawn found us before slumber descended to our eyes.

[END OF PART FIRST.]

TO E. L.

[About crossing Lake Pontchartrain and the Gulf, on her way to Savannah.]

Come, take the prize again, proud Pontchartrain—As loved a form as o'er thy bosom bore—And bear her lightly o'er thy billowy main; Till safe, she stands upon thy other shore; And thou, broad Mexico, in all thy pride And pomp of strength, forget to yield thy power—Roll gently where the fragile steamers glide; Without her I should know no happy hour, But sadly droop, as droops the fading flower.

A song is ever sung, and all my life Seems harmonizing with the magic tune—It crowns my days with joy, it steals all strife; I heard it first beneath the silver moon One joyous evening in the month of June.

The lips that sing it, now are shadowy lips—The visions of a memory of bliss—The beg full of the fading woodbine slips, Like it, I long for sweeter far than this, But have no power to share the wide abyss.

She's sick and she's weary; oh, soothe her and calm her, Soft winds, as you ripple the bright Alabama—She's sad and she's lonely; oh, with her, redeem her—More lightly, bright wave, as you bear up the steamer—She's leaving the land of the vine and banana, To rule o'er the hearts that are warm in Savannah—First light of the Stage, in her pride and her glory; Ah! many have listened to some ancient story Recited in action, till the feelings aspire, And wrongs that are fancy wake the heart's wildest fire; We join in her joy with emotions of pleasure, We drink in the power that she gives without measure, Then bear her up lightly, and soothe her, and calm her, For we'll meet yet again o'er the bright Alabama.

NEW ORLEANS, July 10, 1858.

AN UNLUCKY ANSWER.—The Pagan chief, Radbod, had already immersed one of his royal legs in the font, when a thought struck him:

"Where are my dead forefathers at present?" he said, turning suddenly upon Bishop Wolfrat.

"In hell, with all other unbelievers," was the imprudent answer.

"Mighty well," replied Radbod, removing his leg, "then I would rather feast with my ancestors in the hell of Woden than dwell with your little starveling band of Christians in Heaven."

Entreaties and threats were unavailing. The Friar declined positively a rite which was to cause an eternal separation from his buried kindred; and he died as he lived, a heathen.—*Molley's Dutch Republic.*

PHILOSOPHY.—Without philosophy we should be little above the animals that dig or erect their habitations, prepare their food in them, take care of their little ones in their dwellings, and have besides, the good fortune, which we have not, of being born ready clothed.—*VOLTARE.*

Written for the Banner of Light.

My First Visit to the City, AND WHAT OCCURRED FROM IT.

BY MYSELF.

I was to go to the city. Papa had just received a letter from his sister, the wealthy and fashionable Mrs. Gibbs, of New York, in which she strongly urged a visit from her niece, Nellie Hewitt, or Miss Ellen Hewitt, as that lady more properly denominated me.

The prospect was a brilliant one for a wild romp of sixteen to contemplate, whose love of mischief was far stronger than that of study, and who had been allowed to ramble over hill and dale, at pleasure, with no one to say, "why do you so?" People said I had a strong will of my own, and needed the check-rein drawn pretty tightly at times, but my father had peculiar ideas of his own upon that subject, which all the lecturing and reasoning in Christendom could not alter.

Our home had been once in the city; long years ago, when I was too small a creature to remember it. It was there, in the midst of the crowded and populous town, that my parents had seen their two eldest children sicken and die, of that fearful scourge of America—consumption!—their babe—was all that was left to them, and with me they resolved to remove into the country. So my dear father, to save the life of his only remaining child, a weak and puny babe, closed off his business in the city, and took up his future residence in Littleton, a charming village, which in point of size quite merited its name.

Thus I grew up, as it were, a child of nature, with a well-developed form and a vigorous constitution. Sage heads solemnly declared that my parents would some day or other rue their over-indulgence to their child, as they saw me madly dashing through the streets of the village upon a spirited charger which threatened momentarily to overturn its rider, and which, I am proud to say, no one in all Littleton but myself, could manage.

How I laughed at their childish fears, as touching the whip to my favorite horse, I made him plunge and rear, until all the old ladies ran screaming and frightened away from their windows. Then you might have heard me shout with delight at the alarm I had occasioned, for five miles round.

It is true that during my short life, I have passed through considerable many hair-breadth escapes, both upon land and water, but even their remembrance has failed to inspire my breast with terror, and I am at this very moment, the same fearless and daring child as of old.

At last, all things were ready for my departure. My father proposed accompanying me for the sake of protection, but to this I would not hear for a single moment; so after many wise counselings upon the part of mamma, to be little more sober and dignified now that I was about entering society, and at least twenty kisses from papa, I set out upon my journey in excellent spirits.

A few hours' ride in the cars brought me to the city. Arriving there, I immediately took a cab, and in about fifteen minutes was set down before the door of an elegant dwelling in Fifth Avenue. To the man-servant who answered the bell, I asked if Mrs. Gibbs was at home. I was told that *an aunt* was at that time engaged with callers in the drawing-room, but that if I would please to send up my card, perhaps she would condescend to see me.

"Condescend to see me indeed! I guess she will, for I am her niece, and have come to visit her!" I was vexed at the insolence of the lacquey, who evidently thought me beneath his notice, so after seeing my trunk safely deposited in the hall, I ordered that all-sufficient and liveried young man to conduct me at once to his mistress. My command was imperative, and he obeyed in silence. Before I had got up stairs, however, my anger had entirely subsided. Without waiting for the formality of an announcement, I at once made my way into the drawing-room, where were seated some half-a-dozen ladies, amongst whom I recognized Mrs. Gibbs, from her close resemblance to my father. "How do you do, Aunt Nancy?" I exclaimed, at the same time rushing up to her, and throwing my arms impulsively, perhaps roughly, about her neck. "How is Uncle William and the girls?" I added, all in one breath, while I hastily began to divest myself of hat, cape, etc.

My aunt made no reply to my questions, but, quickly releasing herself from my embrace, with a look that seemed to say very plainly, I am not accustomed to such bear-hugs, immediately rang the bell for a servant, and requested her to show Miss Hewitt to her room. I followed the domestic, feeling not a little repulsed at the cold reception I had met with from one who had so strongly urged my coming. I was told that dinner would not be served for two or three hours, and finding myself both hungry and tired after my journey, I at last threw myself upon the bed and slept soundly until the loud tones of a bell roused me to a consciousness of my situation.

I had scarcely time to smooth out my disordered curls and re-adjust the folds of my closely fitting traveling dress, before the waiter boy presented himself at my chamber door, for the purpose of conducting me to the dining room. To my great relief I found no one present but their own family. My Uncle William received me very warmly, and begged that I would try and make myself at home among them. My cousins, (whom I had never seen before,) Clara and Constance, both several years my senior, and two pretty, languishing blondes, rose from their chairs and touching the tips of their slender fingers to mine, expressed themselves happy to meet Miss Hewitt, in a simpering tone that quite disgusted me.

Richard Gibbs—or Dick Gibbs, as his father familiarly termed him—gave me a hearty shake of the hand, which betokened a welcome rising from the heart, and not a mere outward show of cordiality. During the dinner hour I laughed and chatted quite gaily with my uncle and cousin Dick, the latter having placed himself at my side. Once or twice, however, when I addressed Mrs. Gibbs as Aunt Nancy, I noticed that she exchanged significant glances with her two daughters, Clara and Constance. At first I could not divine the meaning of those side-looks, but I afterwards learned from Uncle William, who was not one of the would-be-somebodies of the present age, that my aunt, regarding her Christian name, Nancy Ann, as vulgar and ungentle, had long since dropped the Nancy, calling herself simply Anne Gibbs.

Cousin Richard had taken a box at the opera the first evening of my arrival in New York; and, of course, politely invited me to make one of the party;

but Aunt Nancy, or rather Aunt Anne, very kindly suggested that, as the opera was an entirely new feature to me, perhaps I would prefer remaining home with Uncle William. I at once acquiesced to her proposed plan, although I could not help wishing, as I saw them depart in their dainty opera scarves, that they would leave Cousin Dick at home, for company's sake, for he was so jolly and lively, that I knew I should like him.

A week passed, and the weather which had been dull and gloomy since the day of my arrival, began to look beautiful and June-like once again. The month of roses was my favorite in the whole year, and even in the large and thickly-inhabited city, I could not keep my bed after sunrise. Each morning I took a stroll around the Battery, or the various paths which adorn and beautify the Empire city. Returning with my fresh bouquet of violets and roses, I would place them in a delicate parian vase in the centre of the breakfast table, that the sight of those heavenly-dyed flowers might gladden the eyes of Richard and his father—for my aunt and cousins generally took a late breakfast in their respective dressing-rooms—a fashion not prevalent in the country.

I went to the opera; not so much to gratify myself, as Cousin Richard, who teased me to bear him company. Mrs. Gibbs and her fascinating daughters, attended by their indulgent papa, were to attend a grand soiree at the Astor House. Dick had also been included in the invitation given the family, but he, generous soul, would not go and leave me at home alone.

Evening found us then at the opera. Our seats were in a conspicuous stage-box. I had never been before—consequently was not dressed according to the prevailing mode. Yielding to the entreaties of my companion, I laid aside my hat and suffered my dark curls to float unrestrainedly over neck and shoulders. A robe of pure white muslin, and a lace mantel, constituted my sole costume, with the exception of a set of hairwork, with which my father had presented me a few months before, and rendered inestimably valuable, from the fact of its having been woven from the hair of my deceased twin-sister.

The opera was Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, and its rich and inspiring music thrilled my very soul. I, who had listened so often to the woodland warblers of my own country-home, had never conceived of anything half so grand and sublime in art, as that which now enraptured and enchained my senses.

Richard gazed upon me with pride, as he saw my eye sparkle and cheek flush with delight. Not until after the curtain had fallen at the end of the first act, and I perceived countless opera-glasses leveled at our box, did I realize my exposed situation, and blushingly withdraw behind the curtains.

The opera concluded, I returned home, and retired immediately to my own room, to dream over the glorious scene which had so excited my girlish imagination, and totally unconscious of the deep and lasting impression I had made upon one heart, in that large and brilliant assemblage.

The attention which I received from my aunt and cousins was, comparatively speaking, but slight. Their morning calls, and frequent shopping, I took but little pleasure in; while their afternoon siesta, intended to refresh them for the coming night's dissipation, was entirely unnecessary to me, since I never joined in their gay balls and parties.

Whenever company were gathered in the drawing-room at home, (for such I temporarily called my aunt's dwelling,) I was always anxious to take part in the festivities of the evening. My simple, muslin robes, and floating ringlets, were, however, a constant source of annoyance to my cousins, who, in costly silks and tissues, sought to hide the defects of their thin and stooping forms, and restore the bloom of health to their pale and haggard countenances by a frequent use of the rouge-saucer.

My father's means were insufficient to bedeck his child in such rich attire, and if they had been, I craved it not, for vanity found no place in my heart, nor could fashion tempt me with its alluring flatteries.

Among the guests, who most frequented Mrs. Gibbs's residence, (for Uncle Gibbs was quite a nonentity in the fashionable world,) was a gentleman named Atherton—a person of some thirty-five years, whose immense wealth and brilliant intellect, made him the acknowledged lion of elegant society in the great metropolis of America. Being several years my senior, and, withal, a man who made but little effort to render himself agreeable in company; I, of course, feeling myself both in age and intellect vastly the inferior of Mr. Atherton, was accordingly content to admire at a respectful distance one whose great genius, and, perhaps, greater wealth, so awed and dazzled the fashionable world of New York. Not so with the union trio, as I inwardly termed Mrs. Gibbs and her two daughters, whose chief business seemed to be the successful maturing of some well-laid plan, by means of which, to ensure the—I am sorry to say it—strangely indifferent Mr. Atherton. It was perfectly amusing, for one disinterested as myself, to stand back and watch the manoeuvres of both mother and daughters, in their close pursuit after a husband. As Clara was the eldest, and by no means as good looking as her sister, Mrs. Gibbs was particularly anxious to dispose of her first, in order to leave the field uncontested for Constance; but as soon as the latter knew that her ambitious mamma had fixed upon Mr. Atherton as the future husband of Clara, then she began to exhibit no little degree of jealousy in the matter, and constantly exerted her most powerful charms to fascinate the heart of the victimized man.

Great outlays in dress were daily made by the sisters, each one striving to out-do the other in taste and elegance of costume. Charles Atherton was feasted and feted, week after week, but still Mrs. Gibbs grieved in secret over his nonchalance and coldness of manner, and trembled not a little lest her nicely devised scheme should be entirely frustrated.

So far, my aunt and cousins had never feared poor little me, as a rival in the affections of Charles Atherton. That he would never, for a moment, fancy a wild and romping country-girl, a mere child, in point of years, they were all more than certain of. Indeed, had any person ever hinted such a thing, they would have laughed heartily at the idea. And well they might, for it was the furthest thing from my thoughts to attempt the captivation of any man's heart.

Besides, I was contented and happy in the society of Cousin Dick, who seemed, for the last few weeks, to have appropriated me entirely to himself; indeed his absence from society was already a subject of general remark among his friends. When company were assembled in the drawing-room, our evenings

were not unfrequently spent in the cosy little sitting-room, poring over old volumes in the library, and discussing the merits of the numerous rare engravings my Uncle William possessed. An old English gentleman, a friend of my father's, and for two or three years a boarder in our family at our quiet country home, kindly offered to teach me chess, a game of which he was particularly fond, and which served to beguile many a weary hour for us both during the long winter evenings. Accident revealing to Richard my knowledge of so scientific a game, he at once proposed my teaching it to him. To this I consented, but afterwards learned to my sorrow that I had been all the while unconsciously teaching him a more intricate game than even chess, and that Richard Gibbs suddenly found his heart checked, instead of his king. The attentions which I received from Cousin Dick, I sincerely believed to have been prompted entirely by friendship—also I should not have accepted them—for I well knew that Mrs. Gibbs would never consent to her handsome and accomplished son (of whom she was extremely proud,) marrying a country-girl, even if she were not unfortunately his cousin.

I fancied that Aunt Nancy (as I often stupidly persisted in calling my fashionable relative,) sometimes looked with unkindness and suspicion upon the numerous favors Cousin Dick so freely bestowed upon me. Though by no means desirous of incurring her displeasure, I still maintained the same free and friendly feeling as of old towards her darling son, and which, as cousins, I felt we were privileged to enjoy.

But to return to Mr. Atherton. He was still a constant visitor at the house of my Aunt Gibbs, and what was still more gratifying to her desires, had even begun to show some slight preference for Miss Clara. Mind you, dear reader, I say slight, but then, slight was "immense," in Aunt Anne's estimation; the most trivial attention bestowed upon her daughter by Charles Atherton being magnified into a thing of the greatest importance.

In the course of conversation, Clara had often spoken of her extreme love of equestrianism; now she had only taken a few lessons at an academy in New York, and was by no means skillful in her management of a horse. Hearing her express a desire to ride upon the road, Mr. Atherton, in return for the many kindnesses bestowed upon him at the Gibbs' mansion, concluded to invite Miss Clara to accompany him upon an excursion into the country. It was a glorious afternoon when Charles Atherton drove up to the door upon a noble, black horse, that seemed very proud of his handsome master, who sat so erect and gracefully upon his back. Clara, arrayed in a neatly-made riding-habit of dark green, had been in readiness for several minutes, and sat nervously beating a tattoo accompaniment upon the floor with the handle of her riding whip. For the last two or three days she had talked of nothing but her anticipated ride with Mr. Atherton, and of the sensation she should undoubtedly create in passing along Fifth Avenue, where most of her friends resided.

I was dressed for a walk when Mr. Atherton arrived, but determined to linger behind a few moments to observe the fun—for fun it really was. Beside the latter, rode a groom upon a spirited white horse, intended for the lady's use. The moment that I put my eyes upon the beast, I knew very well that he would never allow Clara Gibbs to ride him; he was one of those daring horses that had been trained for the ring, and taught to perform a variety of daring feats.

Clara, being naturally timorous, shrank back in alarm as she noticed his extreme restlessness and impatience. Encouraged by her interested mamma, who whispered in the ear of her daughter, "Never say die, Clara!" my cousin attempted to mount, with the assistance of the groom. This she tried unsuccessfully several times, until vexed and disappointed, she exclaimed—

"Why, Mr. Atherton, I should never think of attempting to ride such a horse as that, for I know I should get my neck broken at the outset!"

"I'll break him in for you, cousin Clara," I cried, at the same time rushing down the steps and stroking his flowing mane, who stood pawing the ground with his hoofs, all the while, as if impatient to be free.

"Supposing you attempt it," said Mr. Atherton, who had probably no idea that I was serious in the matter.

"That I will," I replied, "if cousin Clara will lend me the use of her riding skirt for a few minutes, and bring him back perfectly tame, and rideable, too."

I was soon decked out in Clara's riding habit and skirt, and ready to enter upon what my aunt and cousin called a hazardous adventure. The horse at first offered the same objection to my mounting him, as he had before done with the frightened Clara. Determined not to be conquered by a dumb beast, I gave one spring into the saddle, and before I could find time to say good-bye, I was dashing along over the pavements with the speed of a startled deer.

Mr. Atherton leaped into his saddle, and putting spurs to his horse, started off in hot pursuit after me, expecting to see me thrown to the ground before he could reach me. On, on he sped—that proud and swift-footed horse—like a bird before the wind. It was not until we had quite reached the outskirts of the city, that I attempted to check the velocity of my noble steed, in order that Mr. Atherton might gain my side, which he did, after several minutes of hard riding.

"Really, Miss Hewitt, you have given me a pretty severe chase, which I should have relished more, had not my fears been so thoroughly aroused in regard to your safety."

I looked at him a moment, as he drew in his horse and wiped the perspiration from cheeks and brow, then burst into a loud laugh, exclaiming, at the same time, in a most ironical tone,

"I thank you, Mr. Atherton, sincerely, for the extreme interest you have shown in my bodily welfare—or, rather, in that of my horse, whose neck is probably more valuable to you, under the present circumstances, than my own."

"Miss Hewitt," he interposed quickly, "you have most certainly misinterpreted my remark; I assure you that a lady's life is always precious—"

"Not another word, if you please, upon the subject, Mr. Atherton; the truth is, I am a country girl, and, having no brothers and sisters, have been actually obliged to make friends with the society of horses—which will account, in a measure, for my peculiar taste and untamable spirit."

He did not reply immediately to my last remark, but rode along in absolute silence for some time, until, anxious to continue a conversation in which I had become not a little interested, I broke out by saying,

"I think I shall take this horse to the World's Fair."

This happened, reader, before the time of Mr. Raley—or, at least, before he had astonished the nobility of both London and Paris by his wonderful skill in horse-taming.

"For what purpose, Miss Hewitt?" said my companion, suddenly rousing himself from the deep reverie into which he had fallen.

"To exhibit my skill in the mastery of him, to be sure, and return to America with the degree of 'Mistress of Arts.'"

"Say, rather, that of 'Mistress of Hearts,' Miss Ellen."

"Mr. Atherton!" The blood was rushing rapidly to my temple, and I turned my head away, to hide the emotion which my companion's words had so excited, the nature of which might be so plainly read in my deeply flushed countenance.

For the first time in my life, I felt disconcerted. Mr. Atherton seemed to divine this, and adroitly changed the conversation to things passing around us. This relieved me, and brought to mind my long absence from home. I proposed to Mr. Atherton the necessity of our speedy return, remembering only too plainly, that my Cousin Clara was perhaps impatiently waiting our coming. But my handsome and somewhat independent cavalier, would not hear to this. No, I must ride further—that is, if I was not lody-tired and weary of his society. "But Cousin Clara, what would she think at our long delay?" "Oh! that were an easy thing to settle; she would never have courage to mount so spirited a horse, and if she should, why she could take her ride with him some other day."

Thus Mr. Atherton reasoned and entreated, until he succeeded in making my will, (which was always considered so strong and indomitable) subservient to his own for a time. For a half hour longer we rode onward through a beautiful section of country, which afforded momentarily new and exciting topics for conversation.

My natural and unaffected manner had evidently pleased Charles Atherton, who had hitherto known only the society of ladies whose every look and gesture had been carefully studied. I had first attracted his attention at the opera. He had watched the varying emotions of my countenance with deeper interest than even the play itself.

I spoke of my anticipated return to my country home in a few days, and of my desire to breathe once more the pure air of my native hills. I thought he looked troubled as I uttered these last words, but I may have been mistaken, for the shadows of twilight were fast deepening into night; and, perceiving the lateness of the hour, we simultaneously wheeled about, and touching the whip to our horses, were soon galloping towards home at a rapid rate.

When I arrived at my aunt's it was quite dark, and the hall lamp was already lighted. As I hurried up stairs to divest myself of my riding skirt, and inform my cousin that Mr. Atherton wished to speak with her, (and who was quietly waiting in the hall below to apologize for our long absence,) I was met at the head of the staircase by Clara, herself, who with flaming countenance and flashing eyes, began to upbraid me for my rude and unladylike conduct. I felt deeply mortified to be thus censured within hearing of Mr. Atherton, but what I suffered could have been nothing in comparison to the shame Clara Gibbs must have experienced, when my dignified companion stepped boldly forth from his place of concealment, and (politely) forming an excuse, at once espoused my cause most nobly.

That night Richard Gibbs declared to me his love; which, to his great surprise, I kindly but firmly refused. This temporarily wounded his pride, and made me fix upon an early day for my departure. My Cousin Richard's altered manner towards me, did not escape the eagle-eye of my aunt, who, guessing the cause, soon corroborated her suspicions in the matter, by appealing personally to her son for information.

The storm which burst upon my head on learning of my refusal of Cousin Dick's suit, knew no bounds, and made me completely miserable during the remainder of my visit in New York. Mr. Atherton called several times but this only enraged my Cousins Clara and Constance the more, as he always took particular pains to inquire for Miss Hewitt.

I returned home with a happy heart, and felt a sense of relief, in knowing that in the midst of my rural home, I should be not only released from the slavish restraints of fashionable life, but also safe from the persecutions of my jealous cousins.

A year later, when spending a few weeks at Saratoga, the Gibbs family were surprised at receiving wedding card, with the somewhat familiar names of "Nellie Hewitt" and "Charles Atherton" engraved upon them. The news of my marriage with the wealthy and distinguished Charles Atherton, excited the last indignation of my aunt and her two daughters, who have never deigned to call upon me from that day to this. Richard, good soul, is still on terms of intimate friendship with "Cousin Nell," and out of sheer regard to him, we have named our infant boy "Richard Gibbs Atherton," who, bachelor as he is, yet wears his nameake.

THE OLD MAHOMEDAN VIEW OF THE CRUSADES.—A fact which occurred during the Crusades, is related by the author of *the Histoire Generale*—

"During one of the trees between the Crusaders and the Saracens, the latter asked seriously why it was the former had left their homes and traveled so many long miles, and where the Moslems had offended them, that they had sought their blood in such a vengeful way? Do Crusaders said; It was because they, the Saracens, were unbelievers; they had put to death our Lord; that they were idolaters, and in particular worshiped two great idols, called Mahound and Termagun. The Saracens answered that they were most silly mistaken; it was the Jews who had put to death Issa ben Mariam (Jesus, son of Mary) six hundred years before there were any Mahomedans; that a images, they abhorred them; so far from worshipping them, they never suffered the likeness of anything to be made, not even in a picture; while the Christians had images in all their churches, bowed down to them, burnt incense before them—and they treated the Christians to come into their mosques and houses, and so for themselves whether there were any idols there or not. It was all of no use. The Christians were so blinded by prejudices, they could not believe the evidence of their own senses, and they went on devoutly cutting the Saracens' throats because they had killed the Lord of Life, and because they worshiped two great idols, Mahound and Termagun."

When the heart is out of tune, the tongue seldom goes right.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO A LAD WHO PREFERRED YOUTH TO AGE.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

A song in praise of age I'll raise,
And strike a merry key,
For 'tis the happiest time of life
That sorrowing mortals see.
Away with fears that fourscore years
Should need to quell one's joy,
Or pluck the roses from his path—
For 'tis not so, my boy,
The aged one is well high done
With worldly care and strife,
And stands upon the threshold of
A higher, purer life.
Oh! don't believe he totters down
The sunny hill of joy,
To slumber coldly at the foot—
For 'tis not so, my boy.
He looks above in trust and love,
And whistles, calm in mind,
"The frame that I have taken on,
I soon may leave behind."
'Tis old and worn, but don't believe
It need to quell his joy
To part with it in Nature's way—
For 'tis not so, my boy.
He sees at last the season past,
When it can give him more;
He beckons death's dissolving touch,
And sees his trials o'er.
Think you that youthful happiness
Outrivals age's joy?
Of error 's no unwearied warfare—
For 'tis not so, my boy.

Lectures.

MR. PIERPONT IN CAMBRIDGEPORT.

Rev. John Pierpont addressed the Spiritualists of Cambridgeport twice, on Sunday, the 29th ult. He spoke in the afternoon in Washington Hall, the regular place of meeting of the Spiritualists of that place.

The exercises in the afternoon were commenced by singing a hymn, of which the following is the first verse:

"Lord, Thou art good—
All nature shows its author kind;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Pure, free, and undimmed."

Mr. Pierpont announced for his text the 57th verse of the 12th chapter of Luke:—"Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" We give the substance of his remarks below.

He said:—Before proceeding to the examination of this text, or any other, I desire to do as politicians do, and define my position. I do not profess myself to be a Spiritualist. Ever since I have held a Christian office, I have had an interest in spiritual things; but in regard to the spiritual things and doctrines of to-day, I do not call myself a "professor" in the church-definition of the term; neither am I a medium of any sort, either seeing, writing, hearing, or speaking. I profess no claim to any of these characters, and so you cannot expect me to bring you any truths from the spirit-world. I know not why I am called upon to address an audience of Spiritualists, except because it has always been my desire, since first witnessing the manifestations, to find out the truth of the whole matter. In my investigations, I have been facilitated by having in my family a little girl—a granddaughter—through whom I have received what are claimed to be, and seemed to be, spiritual communications.

Having told you what I am not, I will now tell you what I am. I am an investigator—an inquirer—a seeker. I have been, and am still, waiting to learn whether the doctrines taught by Spiritualists are founded in truth; and, as I believe I am an honest seeker, I can say I don't care a button which is the truth in this matter. I only desire to know the truth, for there is nothing stronger.

The selection which I have chosen for a text, throws up the whole idea of authority. It calls upon each to be his own reasoner. It is often asked, "What does Mr. Pierpont believe?" It is none of your concern. I do not believe for you—I believe for myself; you must do your own believing. I remember once, hearing an old lady, a member of Rev. Lyman Beecher's congregation in Litchfield, Conn., when asked what she believed, reply—"I believe in Dr. Beecher believes." Now, I ask not what Dr. Beecher, Dr. Walker, Prof. Stuart, the Pope of Rome, or any one else, believes—I am seeking for the plain, bare, naked truth. Therefore I come before you not to make out a case; I have no case to make out—I am to state facts, such as have been brought to my notice, and to give my ideas on those facts.

Is it a matter of historical truth that, in our days, under any circumstances or conditions, spirits departed can hold communion in any way with those in the body? The Spiritualist answers in the affirmative, and the opponent takes the opposite ground. The audience before me will not expect me to exhaust the subject in one discourse, or two. Nobody can compass the ground in that limited time.

The first question which presents itself is, is such communion possible? If it is impossible, that puts an end to the whole matter—for it is said—

"What's impossible can never be,
And therefore never comes to pass."

What religious man will dare say it is impossible, when it lays at the bottom of every religion in the world? You may say that it is not possible; but there is not a religious creed on earth which does not receive it as a truth. It is admitted as a fact, equally in the Old Testament of Moses, in the Gospel of Christ, and in the Koran of the Mohammedan. It is so universally received, that no religious mind can say it is impossible. We are told that Peter, James and John went upon the mountain, and there they saw Jesus talking with Moses and Elias. It is admitted in the New Testament, and believed by every professed Christian. The existence of such phenomena to-day does much to strengthen my belief in the Old and New Testament; and, if they ever existed, I should deem it impossible that they could not exist now.

Then, is it desirable? We feel that it is. Oh, what would the bereaved not give of his earthly possessions, if the answer to a single question could come back from the departed loved one! I believe that God has implanted no desire in our souls, for which he has not created that which will satisfy that desire. So the immortality of the soul—to be assured of it, has always been the ruling desire in the human soul; and, by virtue of the existence of that desire, it will be answered.

If it is possible—if it is desirable—then is it reasonable? To say that it were not reasonable, would be tantamount to saying that God had placed a desire in the soul which is unreasonable! Its occurrence in the past was reasonable—for God never acts out of reason; and what could reasonably occur

once, can we say that God has withdrawn? Can we say that God has forgotten his people—that he has made his world, and thrown it out to take its own course? Our world is not yet so far advanced—so disinterested and purified, that it no longer needs inspiration from a higher sphere. I know not that there was ever an age in which money-making and Mammon-worship were so strongly the characteristic, as in the present.

Then, in the next place, is it probable? (or *prorabile*, for that is what the word means.) It has been said that whatever has been, is capable of being proved to have been. Then how is this phenomena to be proved? We all know that proof must bear relation to the matter to be proved. The mathematical scholar proves his position by the use of figures; the algebraist, by algebraic demonstration; the geometer, to prove the proportion of a triangle, would not put it into the balance and weigh it; the merchant, to prove the length of a piece of cloth, would use his yardstick; in judging of historical facts, we are governed by the testimony of those who witnessed the events in question. Now spiritual manifestations cannot be figured out, weighed, or measured, but must rest on the evidence of those who have witnessed them. The question is not as to the kind of proof, but whether there is proof enough. Some are satisfied by less evidence than others; and there are always some like doubting Thomas, who was not satisfied till he had placed his fingers on the very wounds of his Saviour. I do not know but I have belonged to this class, myself.

But, proving that it is possible, knowing that it is desirable, and hoping that it is probable, I say, let us hear the case, as I have been examining it for the last ten years. What is required to demonstrate the existence of intellectual, invisible spirits? I think I may say, precisely the same kind of testimony that will prove to us that there is a God. We look at the growing, spreading tree, developing itself hourly—yes, momentarily—to a higher condition; budding, leafing, blossoming, and shedding beauty and fragrance imperceptibly—and then at the more evident, but not less, wonderful, development of mankind; we look at the whole great universe, and ask, who is the creating power? I don't need to argue to this audience the existence of God. We can all comprehend the existence of a benevolent design, and we can see the intention of the Designer; and, inasmuch as we can find it in no material power, we infer that there is an Almighty Spirit that does it all—a Spirit who exists everywhere, from the tinted blue of the sky above us, to the delicate insect whose mission in the economy of nature we can scarcely realize. Through the evidence of our senses we cannot approach one step towards the realization of that Infinite Being.

I have witnessed many manifestations called spiritual, and none of them could be produced by any natural force. You may style it the work of electricity, mesmerism, or occult force, but, to my mind, neither of these will unravel the mystery. I have been in a circle, around a table, and without the contact of a single person in the room, the table was thrown over with so much force as to split the top. Now, what physical force did that? Was it thunder? There was no flash, nor other evidence of electricity. There was no machinery, for I had scrutinized all the surroundings, and found such collusion utterly impossible. Perhaps some of you will not believe this manifestation—but I know it; and, as there is no natural force which could produce it, I must account for it through supernatural, or spiritual, agency.

Then, again, we find other phenomena which demonstrates intellect, such as rapping and tipping out of sentences and communications. Can galvanism account for that?—can electricity or magnetism? Electricity, under its own condition, can pass three thousand miles a minute, as it is now doing under the waves of the Atlantic, but it can do nothing of this kind—cannot, of itself, exhibit the least intelligence.

I am informed, by what purports to be Dr. Channing, that spirits themselves know not what the conditions are which govern their communion with mortals. They can go so far, and no farther. Now, if they are unknown to spirits themselves, why should shortsighted mortals presume to know? I am told by Daniel Davis, a well-known electrician of Boston, that he made an electrometer, so powerful that the presence of the least amount of electric fluid could be detected; he placed it on a table in the midst of a circle, and while the manifestations continued as distinct as ever, the instrument gave not the least evidence of the presence of electricity, while the natural amount of electricity necessary to produce such manifestations, would have torn the machine to fragments.

Last week, at a bookstore in Boston, a man belonging in a neighboring city, and well known there, came and introduced himself to me, and in the conversation which followed, informed me that at a recent circle in his house, he placed some paper and a pencil on the floor, in broad daylight, and when the circle formed around it, the pencil was moved, without mortal contact, and a communication from his daughter written out, in her own characteristic handwriting. He also related an instance of a man who had defrauded his sister by destroying a will. In answer to a sealed letter placed in Dr. Mansfield's hands, the spirit came, confessed the deed, saying that his inordinate love of wealth induced him to do it, and asked the forgiveness of the injured party. The autograph signed to the letter was shown to his mercantile friends and pronounced by them genuine. Now, I ask, could galvanism, magnetism, or electricity produce such manifestations?—for it is a truth in nature that no effect can be produced without an adequate cause.

Some maintain that these manifestations are produced by a natural law of which the world is, as yet, in entire ignorance. But here comes up the question—is the world to be governed by its ignorance, or by its knowledge? Are we to be satisfied by any such answer? Some unknown law?—well, what is a law? Blackstone says: "Law is a rule of action." Wherever law is concerned, it is a rule of action—not an agent. The law can never be any thing, it is but a channel through which an agent works. The laws of Massachusetts are, of themselves, nothing—they are only the channel through which justice is rendered; to say that the spiritual phenomena are produced by any occult law, is simply to say, "I don't know." But to me, it seems evident that those phenomena prove the existence of a spiritual power—acting through mediums, as we have the record of, in the Old Testament, and in the New Testament, where Moses and Jesus are spoken of as mediators, (or mediums) between God and humanity.

The exercises in the afternoon closed with another song, and the meeting was adjourned.

The Convention closed on Sunday the 29th. Everything passed off in a quiet, orderly manner, the wants of all attending were fully provided for, and a great deal is due to D. Tarbell, Esq., for his management, and for his enterprize in calling a Convention.

H. H. Woodard—last, though not by any means least—the gentlemanly proprietor of the So. Royalton House, has our warmest thanks for providing us sufficient for the physical in such a large spiritual gathering.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, Sept. 4, 1858.

Lectures Resumed.—Mr. Paine (of Worcester), and the Brooklyn Skeptics—The Case of Margaretta Fox—The Cable Celebration—Question before the last Conference.

Messrs. Editors.—With September comes the resumption of "stated preaching" lectures, and effort, in the various mental departments of life, following the partial break up and break down, the heats of summer always visit upon this metropolis. The Plymouth church will now be in full operation again, under the immediate direction of that prince of gallant preachers, Henry Ward Beecher; University Chapel will be returned by the magnificent inspirations and glittering fancy of Thos. L. Harris; Dodworth's will be inhabited again, with its changing speakers—beginning with Miss Emma Hardinge, to be followed in due time in December, by R. P. Ambler—to be as heretofore the centre of interest to the thousands of Spiritualists visiting the city; and all the other Spiritualist rooms in Gotham and its suburbs, may be relied on, for the present, as certain to be kept in full and rigorous activity. With the resumption of lectures at Dodworth's, the morning lecture at Union Hall will be discontinued; but the afternoon meeting and Friday evening Conference will remain as heretofore. Warren Chase speaks in Brooklyn to-morrow, and will probably occupy the desk for one or two Sabbaths at Dodworth's, if his other duties will permit him to remain with us until the close of Miss Hardinge's engagement. Mrs. Coles speaks at Rondout to-morrow. Mrs. Hatch is in the city, but is not lecturing. Mr. Ambler spends the months of September, October and November, at St. Louis.

I fell in with Mr. Paine, of Worcester—mentioned in my last—on an evening or two ago. He informed me that he had held five sessions in all, with the gentlemen skeptics of Brooklyn, with most satisfactory results. The physical manifestations without contact, and backed by an inflexible intelligence, were of a nature not to be mistaken. At the commencement of these sessions, Mr. Paine took the precaution, as he states, to require the signatures of the entire party to a statement of the phenomena witnessed on each evening. The party at first consisted of eight persons, but was finally increased to sixteen or eighteen, all coming under the same regulations, and numbering among them eminent representatives of the bar, the bench and the pulpit. Among the latter, I understand, are two Doctors of Divinity. Mr. Paine, if I understood him aright, intends to publish these certified statements of what occurred, at once; but, at the earnest solicitation of the respectable witnesses, who are desirous, at least, of a brief respite and opportunity for reflection, he proposes to withhold their names from the public for the short space of one month.

The case of Margaretta Fox, I see, is still attracting attention. I have not hitherto referred to it, because, I have failed from the first, to discover its importance. That a Spiritualist should join a church, or even the Catholic church, ought not to be considered matter of special wonder. It is certain that Miss Fox has not renounced Spiritualism, and it is also certain that the Catholic church needs light, which she may help to give it. Many Spiritualists in this city and elsewhere have not felt it necessary to dissolve their connection with their churches, on becoming Spiritualists; and I see no good reason why they should, if their churches are willing to retain them. So other persons who were not church-members, on becoming Spiritualists—the Misses Bruce, for instance—have united with churches, Protestant as well as Catholic; and doubtless this is one of the many ways by which the general dissemination of truth and the liberalizing of sect, are to be accomplished. So far as high spirituality is concerned, poor as are the churches in this particular, it cannot be denied that they are far in advance of the rank and file of Spiritualists. The mission of Spiritualism has thus far been intellectual; it has been itself with the reform of dogmas—the correction of beliefs—and has scarcely yet broken in on the plane of man's inner life, to arouse his religious nature and bring it into the sunshine of the Father's face. Whatever of this we have on the earth is most singularly still with the churches; and hence it is not mostly that Spiritualists, on having their devotional feelings awakened, should turn to the churches; and this, I apprehend, will continue to be the case more and more, until Spiritualism experiences a *General Awakening*.

During the present week our city has been alive with celebrations in various forms, of the great achievement of the age—the spanning of the Atlantic with a cord, to become a common highway for thought. Is there anything half so remarkable in the allegation that spirits and mortals may speak together, as there is in the demonstrated fact that a man may take an intangible thought—which cannot be seen or felt, or otherwise made obvious, to the senses—out of his head, and send it on a rope across the ocean? I think not. Yet the one is no more a fact than the other; but the city has burned no powder, has got up no processions, or dinners, or fireworks, in honor of the opening of communications with the heavens. Probably the trade and products of this upper region are not so much to its mind, as are the fabrics which Ekrope, and the far-off Ind, and even the Ethiope may supply.

At our last Conference the important question—Are spirits an efficient power in the affairs of mankind?—was the subject of debate, and called out considerable interest. Contrary from what might have been expected, there was a good degree of uniformity of opinion expressed, on the side of the affirmative. Hitherto, I think, Spiritualists have been disposed to look at the presence of spirits in our midst, as mostly inoperative. According to the common notion, the spirit of a departed mother or father, or friend, may regard with interest our earthly trials, but with little power to influence or aid us, except under special circumstances. In this debate the broader field of a constant and efficient activity, on the part of spirits who have inhabited this earth, in influencing individuals and molding the affairs of nations, was set forth, and met with a favorable response.

If the spirit-world is free; and if spirits can find access to our minds and there suggest motives; if they can soothe or inflame our passions; and if men pass into the spirit-world with the same sentiments and feelings with which they quit this, then it follows, that many of them will continue for a time the struggle to carry out their favorite projects, left unfinished here; and that the means within their reach are by no means contemptible. A single

great orator or writer, on our plane, will influence thousands of minds to adopt his opinions on a public question; and parallel modes of moving public sentiment, are open to the spirits. Thus it may well be that Napoleon is still exerting a mighty influence in the affairs of France and Europe; that our Revolutionary fathers are, as they declare, active in stemming the torrent of corruption in our own country; and that Lopez is still laboring to effect the freedom of Cuba. But why their poor success? Inquires some one. Because of the strength of the forces arrayed in opposition, it may be replied. Take the case cited at the Conference—the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in France, by the Catholics. Where were the Protestant spirits at the time—the answer—that they did not prevent it? The natural answer would be, that French spirits mostly influence France, and that French spirits, at the time, were mostly Catholic. Besides, when those persons in power who had the planning and executing of the massacre in their hands, opened their minds to the influence and counsel of murderous spirits, they naturally closed them against advisers of a higher order, and shut them away.

LETTER FROM NEWBURYPORT.

Newburyport, Aug. 29, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—We have not held any public meetings during the warm weather and do not design commencing before September; but the interest has been growing stronger, and every one is anxious for the time to come around for a commencement. There is less anxiety felt, as we have good preaching from the Universalist pulpit; the pastor preaches good spiritual doctrines, such as all true Spiritualists are satisfied with; he does not believe in the claims of Spiritualists, but so long as he preaches them we are satisfied. Mr. Spaulding is a very superior preacher. We hope, before a great while, he will have evidence enough to join us in our labors. He is on the right road. The Universalists are only working out their mission; they are following the course of all their predecessors, that of opposing any new belief; they met with the same opposition and outlived it, forming the stepping stone for the new dispensation. The Second Adventists are strenuous in their opposition to us, and go in mass, following their leaders. Elder Edwin Burnham, a preacher of their doctrine, who during the religious excitement the past season, preached *revivalism*, announces that he will preach in the City Hall against Spiritualism. He says he is ready to prove that the spirits of the dead know nothing of what is done on the earth after leaving the body, and that all mediums are possessed of demons; and he is ready to show how they act when they entertain demons. He admits all the demonstrations, even to trance speaking, but says it is done by demons who never were embodied. He dares not enter into an arrangement for the discussion, but says he will allow himself to be questioned at the close of this lecture. We shall give him a try. It will be seen that our very liberal city authorities will allow a lecturer to use the City Hall to oppose Spiritualism, but would not allow Miss Amey to lecture on Sunday in its favor; they would probably allow a lecture in favor of rum-drinking, but not in favor of temperance for the same reason that they refused the hall to Miss Amey.

The Spiritualists design holding a reunion meeting—a sort of half picnic—in some grove in this vicinity, in a week or two, to open the fall campaign with. It is not intended to be anything more than a social gathering, with speakers in a trance state. Unbelievers will be invited. It will be public and free. We desire that the public should better understand our position, and the views as enunciated through a medium.

There have been two likenesses of deceased persons painted in Ohio, of persons who have died here. They are considered to be perfect; one is that of a lady who has been dead nearly twenty years.

We frequently meet with opponents who charge everything in Spiritualism to Mesmerism. Had Mesmer lived to this day, he would have had occasion to rejoice; for all believe, or profess to believe, in Mesmerism—at least when it answers to refute Spiritualism. If they honestly believe in Mesmerism, clairvoyance, &c., I cannot see how they can doubt the ability of the spirit to mesmerise after leaving the body as well as before.

In a recent conversation with a Universalist clergyman he said he must admit that Spiritualism was doing what neither Universalism nor any other belief could—namely, converting infidels and atheists. He said he had in his society an atheist who had become a believer in God, through Spiritualism. He tried to argue him out of it, but in so doing he found he was knocking away all the foundation he had, and was obliged to leave it from fear of lending him to atheism again. Does this not teach a great lesson? Is it not a strong evidence of truth?

There are few, now, here, who have the temerity to characterize Spiritualism a humbug. Many members of Orthodox churches are believers. There are not less than five hundred believers who attend the Orthodox churches; but they are afraid to brave public opinion. Could they fully understand the injury they are doing themselves, as well as the cause, they would hesitate in the course they are pursuing.

An old lady, of near seventy years of age, a member of a Baptist church, has been developed as a seeing, writing, and speaking medium; she has the unbounded respect of all who know her. The church dare not oppose her, but do all they can to prevent the influence she exerts.

The papers have been very free to announce the recantation of Miss Fox, and her subsequent admission into the Catholic church, and yet not one of them knows whether she ever was a Spiritualist. So, also, with Miss Doten; but none of them have the generosity to state that she is now in the field, speaking in favor of Spiritualism. Prof. Otis was frequently quoted, while opposing us, but I have yet to see the first anti-spiritual paper announce his conversion—instead of which they now endeavor to cast opprobrium upon his school. Let them show a little generosity, by announcing one of a hundred prominent conversions, as an offset to the isolated cases of apparent recantation.

VERITAS.

LETTER FROM MAINE.

Yarmouth, Me., Aug. 25, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—We have, in this place, quite a respectable number of Spiritualists, and the number is gradually increasing; a good work has begun, and those, who oppose it, like Saul of Tarsus, will find it hard to kick against the pricks. Truth is mighty and will prevail, in spite of all opposition—of which we have a large share to contend with in this good old town of Yarmouth. We have had our circles

twice and three times a week during the year past, and light is now shining where darkness once reigned. It is not generally known that we have in our midst, and one of our number, a fully-developed and first-rate clairvoyant, rapping, tipping, and trance-speaking medium in the person of John L. Lovell, who has spoken publicly since February last, in an entranced state. We have, likewise, Mrs. Day, a very well developed medium, who has spoken publicly several times in an entranced state. We have a number of other mediums fast developing. Will you please give this an insertion in the Banner, and by so doing, help the medium and the cause? If any of our friends in other places need, or want their services, they will please address them at Yarmouth, Maine. We hope other mediums will visit us, as those we now have are destined to leave us for the present. We now have fifteen copies of the Banner weekly, where one year ago, I think not one had found its way to this place.

I am, very respectfully yours, G. P. T.

MESSAGE VERIFIED.

SHARON, MASS., August 29, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—Hannah Hewins, whose communication was published in the BANNER OF LIGHT of August 28, was a relative of mine. She lived in this town, and died here, at the age of 60. She was a prominent member of Mr. Phillips's church—Orthodox. The statements relative to her history, are all correct. Some of Mr. Phillips's hearers say he has not spoken upon Spiritualism, while others say that he has. Affirmative testimony must be taken before negative. Mr. Phillips is absent now; we will hear from him when he returns. J. P. H.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE SWEDENBORGIAN.

The September number of this magazine is very interesting. It contains several able and liberal articles. "The six days of Creation" shows the correspondence between the Word in relation to the Creator, and between the life of man, from the chaotic state in nature, which represents animal man with spiritual subdued, to the second day, when the spiritual manifests itself, and so on through the higher unfoldment of the spiritual, until, in the sixth day, man understands his spirit-power, and Divine Love is ultimately in all his deeds—not because he loves obedience to law, but from love of truth and good. This is a Christian and liberal article. Next in importance is the article on the "Rights of New Church Societies," suggested by the action of the "Christian Church of the New Jerusalem," organized in 1854, which advocates the right of each Church to perform the rituals of the church, when occasion demands, and no external is at hand—in other words, it ignores the right of ecclesiastical conventions to govern, in opposition to the individual church. The views here presented are those of individual church sovereignty in all matters of religion; against uniformity, and in favor of variety, as the best means of promoting the welfare of the church. Mr. Barrett's (the editor's) excellent address at the laying of the corner-stone of the New Church Temple in New York, is also to be commended for its spirit of Christianity.

THE TWO SISTERS. By Mrs. ENNA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. T. B. Peterson & Bros., 39 Chestnut-street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Southworth is one of the most gifted writers of romance living. Her books are not exaggerated tales, but pictures of real men and women, and those circumstances which control them in this world. The book before us, is full of interest; and though the scenes pictured are those which we at once recognize as being of every-day occurrence, yet they are told with such grace and beauty, that they lose their common-placeness, and the reader becomes, as it were, almost a character in the story, bound to live with the others their brief life—or in other words is compelled to follow them in their journeyings in life's sunshine and shadow, to the end of the narrative. There is, too, such a true Christian sentiment beaming from every page; the lesson of love, truth and mercy she intertwines in every chapter, are so genial in this age of doctrine instead of works, that the "Two Sisters" may be safely recommended as a proper Romance to be welcomed in every home. It only needs to be impressed upon the young, when the authors have given them such lessons, and has drawn characters which the voice within pronounces lovely, that it is their duty so to mould their own characters that they may display the same virtues.

Mrs. Southworth's books always find a ready sale, and this will be no exception. A. Williams & Co. have it.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST. By W. A. Danksin, Baltimore.

The writer is a Spiritualist of repute in Baltimore, and his lady is an excellent medium. It is interesting to all to know what has brought a brother to a belief in the reality of spirit-intercourse. Every mind arrives at this belief in a totally different way, or by a different course of investigation; hence one man's experience is no part of another's; and a comparison of experiences is interesting. Many facts might be brought to light, which are now hidden in the chambers of an individual soul, were each man to relate why he became a Spiritualist, who could put together a readable account of it. Mr. D. has embodied many facts in his little work, the offspring of both the physical and mental phenomena of Spirit-intercourse.

THE FRANKLIN GLOBE MANUAL. Troy, N. Y. By Moore & Niles.

A valuable text-book, to be used in the study of Geography and Astronomy. It imparts much useful—we may say, indispensable—knowledge of the subject of Astronomy, in a plain and entertaining way, easily understood by the child, and, in conjunction with the Globe, is vastly more practical in its results than the old-fashioned atlas-system, so far as Geography is concerned.

REMARKS UPON YOUR PAPERS FROM THE BOSTON COURIER, concerning Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, George Wm. Curtis, and Rational and Natural Religion: Wm. L. Kent & Co., Publishers.

This book is very well written, and has the better side of the argument. We "calculate" the Courier will be on our side of the house long before it has any prospect of demolishing such men as it attacked in the articles in question.

AMERICAN VETERINARY JOURNAL.

This monthly, for August, is, as usual, interesting to all lovers of horses and cattle. The farmer, the farrier and the stock-raiser will find much that is interesting and useful in its pages. It treats of diseases of cattle and the cure of them, and reports interesting cases of treatment. George H. Dadd, V. S., 46 Salem street. Price one dollar per annum.

OUR HUNDRED SONGS OF SCOTLAND. Music and Words.

We recognize in this volume some of the sweetest Scottish songs, which are always welcome in the concert-room or the parlor. Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street.

The Busy World.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.—The conclusion of the first part of "Alamontale"—a story fuller of sound philosophy than our readers have met with for many a day; A poem, on our first page, written through a medium by a dweller in the spirit life; "My Visit to the City,"—a clever sketch; "To E. L."—a poem—Radbol, The Pagan; a poem by J. M. Fletcher—"Lines to a Youth;" Mohammedan view of the Crusades; an abstract report of Rev. Mr. Pierpont's lecture in Cambridgeport last Sunday week; a report of the two last days of the South Roynton Convention; four columns of spirit messages—more than usually varied; "Miracles"—a vigorous and comprehensive article by William S. Andrews, Esq.; Immutability, by our esteemed New Orleans correspondent; letter from Oswego, N. Y.; Remarkable case of healing; Frightful Immorality, and other correspondence. On the eighth page is found, among other interesting matter, a report of the Reading Convention, by Dr. Child. On the fourth and fifth pages, editorials, correspondence, items, poetry, &c., all of which make up a paper which we are proud to present our readers.

CONTENTMENT.—Diogenes, the famous old cynic, was one day basking in the sunshine at the roadside in Corinth, when Alexander, the renowned conqueror, rode up. Astonished at the indifference with which the ragged beggar regarded him, he entered into conversation with him, and finally gave him permission to ask him a boon. "I ask nothing," answered the philosopher, "but that thou wouldst get out of my sunshine!"

HINDOO FANATICISM.—A gentleman writing from India says: "It is not a week since I saw a Hindoo, who had been forty years in government employ, and was worth £10,000, refuse, when the rope was round his neck, to purchase his life by disclosing the names of those under whom he acted. He replied: 'Never! do your worst!' and of the thousands who have been hanged or blown away from guns, not one has made a confession. They have all shown a courage which only a strong fanatical zeal could infuse into such a mass."—*London Journal*.

Yes; love of country and resistance to tyranny, though a virtue with the enlightened nations of earth, is only a "zealous fanaticism" among those who stand a little beneath us in civilization!

The "old theology" was probably never more forcibly presented than in the reply of a student at the recent examination of Andover Theological Seminary. Being asked, "In what sense did Christ die for all?" He answered, "He died for the elect, to provide a way of salvation for them, and for the non-elect that they might be more effectually damned."—*Transcript*.

Kaife, a London artist, has succeeded in photographing an exploding shell. The view is taken as the shell emerges from the smoke, and shows three-eighths of an inch of its track. It is curious that in every instance, there is in the smoke about the shell a phantom human head, not visible to the eye, but quite distinct in the photograph. It is no doubt the reflection of the shadow of the gunner.

A party in the office of a Western hotel, the other evening, were talking about the laws of different States—one contending that the criminal laws and their penalties were the same throughout the United States. That was disputed. Finally they referred to the "Old One," and asked him how it was. His response was—"If the laws were the same, what was the use of your coming West?"

THE BRAVE POLICEMAN.—George Carr, the heroic policeman, who, at the imminent risk of his own life, rescued a woman and her two children recently from a burning building in Cincinnati, deserves not only a medal for the noble act, but a sum should be collected and presented to him sufficient to make him comfortable the remainder of his life. God bless him and his, is echoed from soul to soul.

The following lines were written by Rev. Claudius Bradford, of Montague, Mass.:

In three departments of great Nature's ways
Have Massachusetts men won deathless praise.
First Franklin, in the lightning's forked glare
Has with his name forever on the air;
Next Morse upon the solid earth; and now
Field has upon the ocean's azure brow.
And while the first shall lead, the second soar,
Field, Franklin, Morse, in unity sublime
Shall float forever down the track of time.

A shoemaker, for the purpose of elapsing an opponent who lived opposite to him, put over his door the well known motto of "mens conat recti;" (a mind conscious of rectitude.) His adversary, to outdo him, placed a bill in his window with these words—"Men's and Women's conat recti!"

FREE LOVE.—We learn, from a private source, that Professor Snail, of Swamp Cottage, has written a powerful letter to his friend, Jacob Jinks, Esq., on the subject of Free Love. We shall probably receive a copy of it in due time, and will at once lay it before our readers.

At a recent celebration the following toast was offered: "Hoops and Tight Pants." The unqualified representatives of financial extremes. May the charms of the ladies be as boundless as their skirts; and may the gents never get as tight as their breeches.

The editor of the *Haverhill Gazette*, after giving the subject some attention, halts at the definite conclusion that "there is a power" which produces the mysterious phenomena called Spiritualism, but he can go no further for the present.

Rev. John Pierpont informs us that he is willing to answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism where friends may desire his services—provided his health will admit of it. He now resides, we believe, at West Medford, in this State.

Halls' Boston Brass Band gave another grand performance last Wednesday evening, at which the solos by Rhodolph Hall, S. K. Count, and J. J. Fontarive, were pronounced superior performances.

It is said that tuns of Atlantic Cable wire are being manufactured at different factories in the country, to supply the demand for monuments of the great event of the nineteenth century.

Miss Munson, whose advertisement may be seen in another column, is obliged, by her many calls, to give her whole time in future to the examination and treatment of diseases.

Rev. Eleazer Williams—the Indian missionary, and by many supposed to be the lost Dauphin—died on the 28th inst. in the western part of New York State.

Chemists tell us that Bunker-hill monument is higher in the evening than in the morning of a sunny day. The little sunbeams enter the pores of the stone like so many wedges lifting it up.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time.

ANOTHER BLOW TO SECTARIANISM.

Speaking of Rev. Charles Beecher, the Recorder says that this clergyman not only believes in the "East Indian nation of Pre-Existence," but also "that Christ when on earth was in a state of probation;" "that belief in a Calvinistic creed should not be a qualification for admission to the Christian church;" "that 'Christ may redeem all men in the next world, if not in this,' and 'that God may pardon there as well as here.'" Notwithstanding this, he was duly installed lately as pastor of the Georgetown Congregational church.

Really this is good news. God's power, love and mercy extended through eternity, by a minister of a Congregational church, instead of being confined to this little world! No other family could take the stand this one has and not have been overthrown by the church. The heresies of the Beechers are winked at—for who dare array himself in battle against their talent? The world should be grateful that God has sent such men among the church, and should see in it his wonderful wisdom.

A PRAYER.

Oh, God of Love! with protective soul,
We thank thee for thy grace;
We ask for inner light and warmth—
We ask for purity.
Thou wilt be done,
Wherever the sun
Beams earthly light and heat;
May Wisdom's voice
With Love beget,
As they in lowly (some meet)
Oh! make us humble, pure, and true,
And fit us for thy Paradise. JACOBITE.

MUNSON'S CIRCLES IN NEW YORK.

Our friend Munson informs us that he is taking especial pains to have employed at his rooms the most reliable and best test mediums in the country. He has just engaged the services of Mr. C. H. Foster, of Salem, Mass. He is one of the best test mediums, and will give universal satisfaction. Mr. F. has recently returned from Havana, where he excited the attention of thousands by the exercise of his marvelous medium powers.

One or two other mediums will be constantly in attendance, and it is Mr. M.'s desire to introduce many new phases of mediumship at his rooms.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.

The above hotel, well known to our Spiritualist friends, which has been kept by Dr. Gardner, has been taken by E. B. Wilson, of Toronto, Canada West. Mr. Wilson is an excellent medium, as well as his lady, and will make a popular landlord. He was the leading Spiritualist in his former place of residence, and is said to be a man of whom the Spiritualists may place reliance.

Dr. Gardner may be addressed at the Fountain House, for the present.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS.

Dr. Gardner informs us that having been unable to procure a more comfortable hall, the meetings for the present will be held at the Melodeon.

Mrs. Henderson will speak every Sabbath in September at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M., commencing with next Sabbath, the 12th inst.

The free tickets given out last season, will not be received the present season; but those who are really unable to aid in sustaining the lectures, will be supplied with passes, on applying to Dr. Gardner.

MADAME DU ROYCE'S REMOVAL.

The friends of this lady, and those wishing to be treated by her for diseases of the eye, may hereafter find her at the American House, instead of the Marlboro' Hotel.

A traveller announces that he once beheld people "minding their own business." This happened at sea—the passengers being too sick to attend to each other's concerns.

"The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom."—BEECHER.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

The following firms will supply country dealers South and West:
Rice & Torrey, 121 Nassau street, New York.
T. S. Munson, 3 Great Jones street, New York.
F. A. Jones, 157 South Third street, Philadelphia.
Barry & Halsey, 536 Race street, Philadelphia.
T. R. Hawley, Buffalo.
S. W. Pearce & Co., No. 25 West 6th street, Cincinnati.
S. W. Woodward & Co., St. Louis.
A. Dafford, New Orleans.

Special Notices.

PICNIC AT PINE GROVE.

The Spiritualists of Salem and vicinity will hold a social gathering at Pine Grove, on the 9th of September, if favorable weather, (if not, then the Tuesday following). Some eight or ten excellent mediums are already engaged to be present, together with a band of music, and a good time is expected. All are invited free, as no charge is made at the table, each one bringing eatables, or not, as they please. Care leave the Eastern Depot in Salem, at 9 o'clock, for the Grove; fare 5 cents. Friends will govern themselves accordingly.

For order of the Committee, J. N. KERR, Sup't.

SALISBURY, August 25, 1858.

HARMONIAL COLONY CONVENTION.

All persons interested in the establishment of a Harmonical Township, Precinct or Neighborhood, on the general basis announced in the late Circular of D. C. Gates and others, are hereby respectfully invited to meet in select Convention at Worcester, Mass., on the 15th and 16th days of September next, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., on the 15th. The undersigned expects that a goodly number of those numerous friends, in various parts of the country, who, by letter or otherwise, have expressed their readiness to co-operate in the movement, will be present on the occasion. Also such others as are prepared to take a working interest in the cause. Spectators and mere talkers are not invited. Adm. Ballou, as a cordial friend, adviser and promoter of the enterprise, has engaged to be present, and to submit for discussion such specific documents and plans of operation, as, in his judgment, may be requisite to our success. For the place of meeting, others will please inquire at No. 1, Bay State Block, Main street, Worcester.

In behalf of the movement, DANIEL C. GATES.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

MEETINGS IN CHURCH, on Sundays, morning and evening, at Guild Hall, Westminster street. D. P. GODDARD, regular speaker. *Gratis*.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells Hall. Speaking by mediums and others.

CIRCLES AT MUNSON'S ROOMS.

M. O. H. FOSTER, of Salem, Mass., has been employed by the undersigned, and will give sittings day and evening. Other mediums will be constantly in attendance. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings, in place of the large circles held heretofore, it has been deemed advisable to limit the number to eight persons, at \$1.00 each, for the evening. Circles will commence at 7 1/2 o'clock, and close at 10 o'clock. S. T. MUNSON.

Sept 11 at 8 Great Jones Street, New York.

Thus through the power of our spirit friends
the widows and fatherless comforted, while from the
churches they receive no cheering hope.

Yours, in the cause,
WILLARD BARNES FELTON.
NORTHAMPTON, September 1, 1858.

wisely adapted to the various conditions of human life that have existed, and in reviewing the history of those who have lived before us it is well to accept every thing that has been, as having been meant for

A good Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium can be found at the above rooms, whom I can recommend to the public wishing for Tzara.