

BANNER LIGHT.



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A Beautiful Sketch,—Written for the Banner of Light.

LEAH HEBBARD;

THE ANGEL-TAUGHT CHILD.

BY MADGE CARROLL.

(CONTINUATION OF PART II.)

We had drawn nearer to the city, whose winding ways our feet had threaded, floating on in our temple of pearl through the brilliant sea of light, through the myriads of descending and ascending angels, whose soft-tinted robes flashed past us in the sun, and the brightening of whose brows outshone the stars that were wreathed around them. We looked down upon the crowded city, upon its busy, ever restless throng, and wherever the foot of man, woman or child pressed the earth, rested also the feet of those that bring glad tidings. As I watched this scene so new, so exquisitely lovely beyond all loveliness that my eyes had yet been permitted to gaze on, I saw a young man—a man with youth's fire in his eyes, and the impress of great thoughts on his brow; but oh, so much of earthliness around those fine young lips! I saw him enter a large, showy-looking house, and the fair-haired angel by his side, with drooped head, entered also.

"Man rushes into the halls of vice without one moment's thought, and angels must veil their faces and follow. Children, do you think that if that youth could see his angel-guide over beside him, that he would lead the pure presence amid scenes so unholily? Here lies the triumph of spirit-intercourse. The Christian soul thinks, God sees me, and with a Christian's love and reverence for that friend unto whom his heart has drawn near, this knowledge checks the angry word, the unhallowed impulse. But an erring brother knows not this restraint. God dwells in the highest heaven, is His reflection. He is a strange God. I know Him not—what if He do see me? But convince the mistaken being, that one whose life was linked with his, the sister, or friend, whose approving smile was his approving conscience—the mother, in whose sweet presence sin grew hateful, and shrank from the light of those clear eyes—convince him once that those lie not in dreamless slumber under ground, neither dwell in holy places far away in untraveled distance, but are with him in his daily walks, follows him through the by-ways as well as the highways of life—and his is a hard heart if he can feel this unmoved and without a change."

It was Mary's soft, low voice that spoke these words, and as I turned to look upon her, I met a pair of eloquent eyes, gazing with tender thoughtfulness upon my face. Ah! those eyes! To what shall I liken their soft glory? To a violet that has caught a dew-drop with a star-gleam in it, and holds it trembling to its heart? Nay, they were a darker azure than the violet, and more downy bright than a midnight star or tear-drop. Her hair was flowing in sunniest waves down over her snow-white robes, and her pearl-pure brow was radiant with gems, none so bright and stainless as that brow itself. A strange sensation stole over me—those small, exquisitely chiseled lips, surely they had never pressed on mine, and yet my soul felt the rapture of their kisses. These round, fair arms had never twined about me, and yet I knew the bliss of their loving fold. Those dear, holy eyes had never before looked into my inner self, and yet deep, deep within my heart, there trembled a stray gleam marvellously like their serene lustre. Was it an infant memory, just springing into waking life—some knowledge that had slumbered for years in dream's quiet—or was it the tender thoughts in her breast that thrilled my soul with a new feeling, or new wisdom? I know not, I cannot explain the power that led me to spring toward that beautiful vision, and cry out—

"Are you my mother?"

"My child! my own child!" she exclaimed, and caught me in her arms.

Oh! crowning joy of joys! Oh! rapture unfolded within rapture! how can I describe it? How portray in feeble words the overflowing magnitude of my happiness? It rises triumphant above their poor expression, soaring as if with great wings beyond their reach. And as the eagle, feeling the sun beat upon him, cleaves the blue air toward it, so did my soul, with its warmth and fullness of bliss, with instinctive gratitude, seek God.

I was called from the heavenly temple on the shining heights, and from my mother's arms very suddenly, during my last vision. But with the sweet assurance that though not always visible, God's beautiful children were ever near me, and the dear promise from the lips of my angel parent, that I should see her very soon, I came back to the dullness of my daily life, strong and courageous.

III.

To-night, mingling and melting in with the moonbeams that streamed in silvery beauty through my chamber window, a soft mellow light entered, and hung in ethereal folds about that portion of the

apartment that had before seemed the darkest. It swayed in graceful undulations, glancing and gleaming, and gradually expanding into larger and more concentrated glory. And then in the midst of these sun-bright folds, I saw my new-found, my angel mother. She advanced quickly the instant I spoke her name, and clasped me in her dear, fond arms.

How can I give, in the poverty of detail, the richness of that filial communion? How control the hand that quivers yet with the joyful thrills that shook my soul during that blissful interview?

She bade me make a record of what she told me, and I obeyed, but cannot make it in her lofty and expressive language.

There is a fact that I have heretofore neglected to mention, and that is, that I am not able always to give the precise words used by my angel-friends, for they possess a rare power over my feeble manner of communication, that as yet I am not sufficiently advanced to receive. But although I may not clothe their ideas in such rich habiliments as they themselves do, yet in penning them I use the words they then impart. They alter the expressions and make them more in accordance with my own thoughts and capacity. My mother told me the principal events of her life, and how she came to be united to the man who is my father. He loved her sister, Julia, a fierce-eyed, fiery-hearted young creature, whom it would have been well had he won.

My mother's parents were in the humblest circumstances, and she and Julia obliged to earn their own livelihood by working out as hired helps. As both could not be spared from home at once, (their mother being a cripple,) they each in turn lived in the house of a wealthy family, who resided some thirty miles distant.

Anna (my mother) was away from home at the time James Hebbard, so unsuccessfully wooed Julia. James was merely a poor farm laborer, and the equally poor but handsome girl, lifted her fine eyes to a higher station than that he offered her.

So with haughty scorn she dismissed him, and with a bitter woe in his breast, he vowed revenge. He went to the city, where the gentle Anna wearily toiled. It was an easy task for him to trace his name on the spotless tablets of a heart whose very beats were love. His pleasant manners and handsome face aided him, and filled with a demon hate, he swore to wring the heart of the proud Julia through that of her meek and dearly loved sister.

My mother told me this in the softest, gentlest language. Throwing the veil of mercy over the hardest outline which I have given here. Poor cannot portray the anguish she passed through in the few short months she lived as the wife of James Hebbard. But three days after I drew my first breath, she breathed the love-laden airs of the angel-land. She has watched me growing up an ignorant, neglected child. She saw this life fostering within me seeds of baleful error and strong, ungovernable passions. With yearning tenderness, she strove to guide and impress me, to make her still small voice (the harmonious echo of the Father's) heard amid the tempest of warring elements. And it was not until love's dainty hands unlocked the doors of my empty heart, and her sweet tones rang music through my discordant life, that those higher, holier, grander powers gained control over me.

"My child," said my mother, with tender earnestness, "there is no person in the world, apart from love; no rule, no law outside of it. Some lives there are that may deny this to the seeming, but look into the inner self, and there you see the rebel hand ready to do battle soon as it dare. Ready to defy, and evade, soon as it may. Where is the beauty of obedience through fear? Leah, you have your father's defiant eyes and mouth, your father's short dark curls and stern forehead. And you also have his desperate spirit in you. Oh, be careful, darling! Some day I will show you the beauty of gentleness, the all-conquering power of love and truthfulness."

Your father in childhood lived a lonely, outcast life. Grow up in the midst of ignorance and temptation—there is much that pleads for him in that life. Oh! if you could look back upon all lives as I do, and trace every evil passion to where its first small seed was sown—only a word, perhaps, dropped from careless lips that might have rained manna on the starving soul—you would not be so quick to give burning for burning, stripe for stripe, and wound for wound.

Some day, my daughter, God the Father will ask you what you have done to beautify his vineyard, the earth. What fruit have you to offer Him now? Do you think He will accept the golden store, if in gathering it on life's highway, you have trodden down the tenderest twig? His loving kindness over-

Leah, you have very much to learn, very much to unlearn. Think over all that I have said, and remember it. I can remain at present but a short time longer."

Holy and dove-like were her accents, and her face shone with a soft, spiritual glory, indescribable, but altogether lovely. Now as she bent over me, her bright hair falling a gleamy veil about me; I spoke out my thought, and said—

"How beautiful it is to be an angel!"

"How divine a thing it is to be a woman. A woman! living out her true womanhood; above the petty trials and stumbling-blocks of life, above all wrong-doing, all false-seeming!"

"Mother, can I be such a woman?"

"My child, the full, free, perfect power is within you. Oh! then let its glorious lustre shine around you. It is the kingdom of heaven, dear. Do you know that the Bible says the kingdom of heaven is within you?"

"I heard the preacher say so."

"Then, my love, shut not the gates of this fair kingdom on the world. Close not this heaven and its blessedness from the hosts whose yearning throbs are praying for it; whose darkened lives are pleading for it. Throw open the beautiful portals, open as God opens His larger heaven for you, and as you hope to enter it. I will come to you again, dearest, and instruct you better concerning the nature of this kingdom. Now I must leave you, for a little time."

She kissed me over and over, sweet, motherly, good-night kisses, and seemed to float out on the moon-rays.

IV.

"Open thy heart! for the music of heaven
Steals softly along the green earth—
Thou shalt hear the soft notes at the closing of even,
Floating around thy lone hearth."

Open thy heart! for the angels are telling
The way to all glory and peace.
They are breathing sweet thoughts in the lowliest dwelling,
Causing all sorrow to cease."

As I sat at night-time by the river's bank, and watched the bending willow, its deep and starry glory in the flowing tide, the world came floating over the silver-lit waters.

I listened, and the soft melody was resumed. This time in love's own love-tuned voice.

"Open thy heart! they are singing around thee,
Peace on earth, and good will to all men—
Breaking the chains of sorrow that bound thee,
And leading to glory again."

Then listen in meekness, and treasure in love,
The knowledge they kindly impart,
And hark to the sounds floating down from above—
The angels are whispering, "Open thy heart!"

Far away up the starry steep, I heard snatches of a song, whose divine words and harmony I could not catch, but ever in sweetly-blended chorus the voices sang, "Open thy heart!" They died away, and silence fell upon the landscape.

Then in the same far-away tones, I heard "Love" calling me—

"Leah! Leah Hebbard!"

"Love, my sweet! where are you?"

"Here—close beside you," I heard her say, and as I started up, she laughed. That merry, bell-sweet laughter! how it startled the silvery echo over the river!

I looked about in happy perplexity; just so had the fairy often hidden and called to me, then laughed at my fruitless search, for many a time within the sight of her bright eyes, I feigned not to see her, and would seek further, it so delighted her.

But now, soon as I caught the flutter of her beautiful garments, I flew there and clasped her in my arms.

How pleasantly we talked together! Just as merrily and familiarly as though she were not an angel. Then she asked me to go with her, into the great house that had been her home. We went. And I trod again those brilliant floors, and looked once more on the gorgeous furniture, and splendid adornments of the home that once claimed Love its inmate. Mrs. Ladore sat there alone, in heavy mourning robes. It was pitiful to see Love's kisses and caresses, fall on her brow, and cling round her, unheeded as the perfumed night-wind.

"If she could only see me! only hear me!" sighed Love. "But some day she will. Come, let us go and see my father."

We visited the gay Charles Ladore, who, with a party of boisterous men, he called his friends, sat in one of the private rooms at the town hotel. Love's light feet faltered on the threshold. Oh, Charles Ladore! your child-angel inhaling such an atmosphere!

"He must not stay here! oh, indeed he must not!" she murmured softly but earnestly, casting an alarmed glance over the countenances of his companions. Then stealing to his side, she twined her arms around his neck, and whispered, "Father! oh, come, go home!"

I saw the excited man pause suddenly in the midst of a bantering conversation. Then in a desperate sort of gaily resume it.

"Father! oh, do come and go home!" pleaded Love.

He arose. "Collins, I believe—I believe I must go home."

Oh, wavering will! why not say I will go home? "Go home! why, man, what do you mean? What are you thinking of?" asked Collins, the host at the feast, grasping his arm.

"Oh, I—I think I've stayed here long enough!"

"Nonsense, man! why, we're just getting into

the spirit of it! Leave, now? You're crazy; sit down, sit down!"

He sat down, and Love's power was over. She drooped her head a moment, hiding her face, then turning, took my hand, and we came away. We passed under the dark shadow of the Ladore mansion, and pausing, Love touched the heavy oropos-folds.

"They do right to hang this here, for to them I sleep under the mound, over there. Oh, if they knew the truth, as you do, Leah, don't you think they would wreath flowers around the house instead, and let the sun shine in?"

"Oh, I know they would!" I replied.

"Do you know, Leah, that they will know it soon?"

"I hope they will," I answered.

"Mary did n't tell you, but she said I might, that you are going to convince them."

"Me?" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Yes; you are a medium, did you know that?"

"What is that? When did I get to be one?"

She laughed, and answered: "When you first saw Mary."

I was too intent on wondering what was the true meaning and signification of this word, to say anything in reply. So she said: "Your mother, and Mary, and oh! such a good, kind man, are preparing you."

"And what will I be? What will I do?"

She made no answer to my question, but remarked: "Leah, you talk a little better than you used to."

"Do I?"

"Yes, I could never learn you much, but Mary has taught you a great deal."

Her simple, child-like prattle, how natural it was! But why repeat it all? It may seem foolish to others, but it was so rife with meaning for me, because her exquisite tones gave it beautiful utterance. She made me visit with her every olden play-place, and got me to read over to her all that I have here written. But I was forced to let her go once more out of my eye's sight, out of my arm's reach, and I woke up by the river's brink just as the moon was resting on the blue-crofts, crowning the mountain with light, before bidding farewell to the valley.

V.

DYING.

To-day I saw the good, kind man, Love spoke of, who is to aid in preparing me for my mediumship. And I saw, for the first time, the nobleness of manhood. I hold him to be the grand ideal that must have stood glorious in the Father's thought, when He said: "Let us make man."

"So God created man in his own image, in his own image created he him."

We visited many places, and saw many things that were to me new and exceedingly beautiful. Among these I witnessed the "transition," commonly termed "death."

We entered through the half-open doorway, of a gorgeously gloomed chamber, where amid the soft lace drapery and snowy covering of a tiny rosewood crib, a little child lay dying. Dying, that was the word the waiting-women whispered with saddened faces; and clustered round the little one, so helpless to have and hold that brief life. It was a child, a mere babe, with brownest hair and laughing eyes, and a snow-fair forehead, on which the angel was already seated. It lay there, looking up. Ah! if they, with their spirit-blind eyes, could but have beheld the vision that little heaven-nearing being saw! One of the women, observing that the clear, bright eyes, were invited on a stray glow that glanced in between the rich curtains, lifted the heavy folds, and fastening them back, let the gold and purple light of declining day cast a softened splendor over the room. And in the still, serene, glory of the sunset sky, I saw pictured the "living green," of those sweet shores, so oft described, so ever, ever new. Rich, swelling slopes, with gentle tides laving the long grass at the waters edge, and in the azure mist beyond I caught glorious glimpses of fountains, whose pearly sprays dropped flowers and precious gems, of graceful paths leading to hills all emerald-bright, the very sight of which spoke of joy and peace; and in the mellow distance gleamed the exquisite outline of pure temples and marble mansions, all bathed in perpetual sunshine, dwelling in perpetual summer. All around and above the house, was gathered a mighty host, of pure-browed beings, shining in resplendent beauty before the eyes of that young wandering soul, whose earth hours were numbered—whose little tale was told, and was soon to be recorded in golden characters in angel-homes, and be chaunted a holy psalm by angel lips.

The mother was a lovely, girlish creature, with a shower of nut-brown curls that almost shrouded the tiny face over which she bent; and her mourning cry was that her child would not look at her—would not hear her call its name.

Strangely like to that young mourner, both in form and feature, was the bright one who leaned with her over that exquisite form; soft angel-arms were wreathing the drooping figure, and a sweet voice whispered words of divinest peace and heavenly consolation.

And as I stood there, with my angel-mother, a visible and living presence beside me, I longed to have unsealed the spirit-vision of this suffering creature, and see dawning upon her the sweet realization of the presence of that loved one.

I saw a slender stream of light emanating from one portion of the child's brain, and reaching out into the now darkening space outside of the house, and terminating where there hung suspended, a soft white substance, like a fleecy cloud. Then the misty vapor was illumined by a rich, mellow glow, and there, right in the heart of this unfolding and expanding radiance, I saw, more beautiful than in a lighted picture, the small symmetrically moulded face and head of a little child. They were the features of the child they said was dying—a transparent glory was stealing over them, and circling the lovely head with a dazling star-like wreath.

There was a slumberous lull of all the faculties as the infant soul serenely departed from its first, its material habitation; and every pulse of my heart was hushed to holy stillness, as I watched the passing of the sublime phenomena called Death.

Those who stood outside of the rail between the material and spiritual—those at her watchers who could only see the convulsive tremor of the little form, and the waxen arms that occasionally upflow as if in pain, whispered sorrowfully that the "poor little thing died hard." But I saw that within and without the temple of thought and sense, all was peace, the peace which passeth human knowledge.

And so the tender spirit floated out and away, away to the brighter, the sinless realms. Oh! what sweet, sweet words were poured into the stricken heart of that fair girl mother. Her angel parent soothed her so peacefully that she fell asleep, with her arms twined round the deserted tenement, and smiled in her slumber. The other watchers silently stood and left her. Left her with the moonbeams streaming over her burnished hair, the night breeze soft quivering the silken rings around the baby's face. Little lovely face, never to alter before a yearning mother's heart, never to grow sad, never to be dimmed by sin's shadows.

Mary and my mother knelt by the fair slumberer, kissed her white brow and rose-red lips, while smiling, she murmured softly the pretty pet-name of her angel child. Just then, with grief-struck face, there entered the other parent, the youthful father. Softly, but hurriedly, he came in, then exclaimed, in smothered tones, "Too late! too late to see her before she died." He wrung his hands, standing bowed with woe a moment, then stealing towards his wife, gazed upon her placid, girlish features so lovely in their heaven-lull repose.

"My beautiful Annie! my dear, dead child!" he murmured, and then he too, knelt beside her. And so we left them, angel-guarded and love-guarded, with the moon-rays resting a halo about them, and the summer zephyr breathing hope and peace.

Wending our way through the crowds thronging the city streets, we paused at many places, but made no decided stop, until we reached the narrow passageway leading down to one of those dens, so peculiar to great cities, where its neglected children drag through the miserable farce, their more favored brothers term their life. As we stood on the threshold of the apparently loathsome spot, Mary noticed the involuntary expression of disgust that passed over my face.

"Leah!" she said, speaking in her own subdued but earnest way, "this morning we visited a temple where the rich swell of organ music rose grand and high to the carved and gilded dome, or stole in soft and sweet murmurs through carpeted aisles and around graceful pillars,—where salaried singers chanted the praise of the Holy of Holies, and a learned minister preached to his listening congregation. But, child, although the exquisite carving over the superbly adorned pulpit proclaimed it to be the house of God, the gate of heaven, yet here on the entrance to this poor habitation, we stand as near the true gate, as when we stood under that fretted roof. Come in and judge for yourself."

I followed down the creaking ladder which my mother had descended before us, and stood within the unlighted, unadorned confines of the wretched spot that twenty poor pitiable creatures called home.

Down on the damp and filthy earth, beside a scanty pile of straw, knelt my mother in her unsullied angel-robes, clasping the two dark brawny hands of the woman who lay on that comfortless bed, breathing out her last frail hold on the earth. A woman, wearied out with striving, and being striven against, wearied out with sinning, and being sinned against, worn down by the heavy burdens and sorrows a perverted life had brought upon her, she was resigning that burden into the hands of the All-merciful, who alone could purify it to blessedness.

I wondered to see my pure mother bending over her, kissing the faded lips, and holding the sin-hardened face against her sinless breast.

"Do you want anything, Julia?" asked a sad-faced, sad-voiced young woman, coming to her side.

"I want peace," returned the sick woman, rather fiercely.

"That's not for the likes of us," remarked one of the poor beings that was lounging away the Sabbath in that drear place.

"And why is it not?" demanded the invalid, or Julia, as she had been called.

"Ask the preacher," replied the woman, sweetly.

There was a long pause, during which the last speaker crawled up the rickety ladder to the pavement above, where the other occupants of the cellar lounged about in the sun. The sad young creature was then alone with Julia, who motioned her to her side.

"Julia," she said, faintly, "I want to tell you that, miserable and degraded as I am, I feel what my sister, the one who died fifteen years ago, is here to my side; do you think it could be so?"

"It may be," returned her friend kindly, but doubtfully.

and terminating where there hung suspended, a soft white substance, like a fleecy cloud. Then the misty vapor was illumined by a rich, mellow glow, and there, right in the heart of this unfolding and expanding radiance, I saw, more beautiful than in a lighted picture, the small symmetrically moulded face and head of a little child. They were the features of the child they said was dying—a transparent glory was stealing over them, and circling the lovely head with a dazling star-like wreath.

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"Oh, I know it is!" exclaimed Julie, with as much earnestness as her weakness allowed. "They say God suffers his angels to visit the dying, and who knows He does not let them visit sinners? Surely sinners should have one sight of their dear faces before parting from them forever. Oh, Janie, I who have suffered so much here for every error I was guilty of, can it be I shall never see heaven? never find rest? but always, always in torment? no matter how I may long to see my better friends, and learn purity from them! Janie, it is dreadful to think of!"

"Let me send for the preacher. Shan't I?"

"No, no, Janie. When I went home with my little baby, and my parents would not let me come, I went to the minister's, and he refused me, too, sent me out into the night and cold, and my baby died!"

"But, Julie, don't you want to go to heaven?"

"Can the minister take me there?"

"No, but he can pray for you."

"Could he pray me there?" she asked in the same bitter tone.

"I don't know, but these men can do a good deal, sometimes."

"Do you know, Janie, that sometimes I think God is better than these Christians any he is?"

"But you should not think too much about it, it's wrong, they say."

"I have thought that the ministers know God to be better than they represent," she continued, without heeding her friend's advice, "that they only tell us of everlasting punishment to frighten us into being better here. I think that they believe there is help for us beyond this life. That if in our last days we desire to lead better lives, but feel ourselves so hemmed in by temptation, that to be good here seems an impossibility. I often wonder if they do not know there is a chance for such beyond the grave. A new life spread out before them, free from the temptations of this, where by great works we can purchase happiness. If they do not know as in their secret souls, I do in mine, Janie!"

"Don't be wicked, you're very sick, you know," remonstrated her sad-voiced companion.

"I know I'm dying, Janie, but there is a new light just dawning before me, I feel so fully that every means of salvation does not cease with this life. I was a desperate creature when my relations cast me off, and I tried to be as wicked as I could, and take revenge on the Lord, and the world. But my hard heart seems to be growing soft again, and the sweet old hymns I learned in childhood are coming up to my mind, so filled with music. And they are all hymns that tell of God's love; not one of them burns with his wrath, or threatens everlasting punishment."

"Maybe you're repenting."

"I am, Janie."

"Then let me send for the preacher."

"No, if I must be lost, I am beyond his help; if there is a hope held out to weary sinners in the other world, I go to claim it. Let me go in peace."

The princely presence (princely beyond aught that the earth knows, of princes), that had gone with us in silence through our morning wanderings, stood bending over the sick woman, and passing his hands gently over her head and face, then reaching out some distance beyond, where a stream of light followed the guiding fingers. I watched anxiously to see the result. After he had continued these movements for some time, he stopped and pressed his hands tightly on her head. The column of light that had streamed from the brain, instantly expanded, glittered out into dazzling brilliancy, as the sun occasionally streams down through a cloud. It darted out and up, through the crowded rooms overhead, and out into the pure atmosphere some hundreds of feet above us. And there was pictured a scene, the glory of which my feeble feather pen fails attempting to describe. Up through that splendid pillar of light, those unsealed spirit-eyes were gazing. A soft radiant joy-light broke over and beautified the face, it was a poor, worn-faced face no longer, but brightened up with the richness of hope, softened by the promise of peace and rest, and all sparkling with the bloom of that new youth and life just opening, just breaking in on that benighted spirit, as the glad clangor of bells sometimes break out on the midnight.

"Janie," she exclaimed, clasping her hands in ecstasy, "I see such beautiful objects! Oh, there is rest for the weary, there is help and hope in the sweet hereafter. I see heights on heights of light-crowned hills uprising, meadows rolling beyond meadows, floods on floods, all to be climbed and passed over before that sweet peace is mine eternally. But I see her, see her white hands beckoning me, see her white robes all strewn with stars, and a circle of sunbeams over her head. Oh, Janie, leave these associations of yours (they are ours), leave it is too late; try to lead a better life, and peace will not be so far from you when you reach the other shore. Peace and happiness, glorious-winged children of God, I see them in the far lighted distance, but some day they will fold me in their arms."

"Poor thing, she must be wandering," said Janie, looking upon her compassionately.

"Yes, wandering, wandering through green pastures, to lie down beside still waters."

A long pause followed, and Janie watched, deathly serene quiet softly settling over the only face that now looked kindly upon her.

The superb picture, formed of mist and cloud, sun-light, starlight, the changing colors of the earth, and the blue air, was wreathed and rolled out in still divinest beauty, before the surprised eyes that were riveted upon it. A long, long avenue opened brightly to the new-visions eyes, and melted away in brilliant distance. Statues, whose exquisitely moulded loveliness no earthly sculptor-hand designed, paintings, whose matchlessly blended colors, and faultless shades and lights no earthly artist had perfected—flowers of rainbow tints, and trees of redundant growth—fountains glittering and gushing in such wonderful shapes of beauty, that the eye could not follow their glancing jets—all these varied splendors were linked, chain on chain, along the rose-flushed light-filled way. And I saw the rapt sense of the sick woman lost in the brilliant mist, and faint, and fall. Then it faded from my sight. A gladder ray of light, similar to that which emerged from the infant's brain, but less pure and bright, streamed from that of this poor woman, and rose out of the dark cellar-way into the sunlit air. And in the same delicate and harmonious manner as before, I beheld the freed spirit born into the second life. My mother joined the bright groups that awaited it, and they floated away from view.

"I see heights on heights of light-crowned hills uprising, meadows rolling beyond meadows, floods on floods, all to be climbed and passed over, before that sweet peace is mine eternally. Try to lead a

better life, and peace will not be so far from you, when you reach the other shore." The last words of departed spirit ran in my mind. She must have been very wicked, thought I, and yet she has gone up to heaven, and thinks that "some day" peace and happiness will be hers. Is there then no burning pit where these unfortunates go? Was it true that there was hope in the other life? Happiness to be purchased by great works? Could it be a false idea, that as death found us, so must we remain forever? I was sorely puzzled by conflicting thoughts, by the war of new truths with old-learned errors, when Mary's soft voice broke the quiet of the room; she laid her white hand among the jetty tangles that overstrewn the hard pillow, and asked, "Leah, do you know this face?"

I hesitated; it had seemed to me singularly familiar, and now in never wakeful slumber, there were soft lines about it that made it seem strangely like my mother's. "Is it my Aunt Julia's?" I inquired. She answered yes, and after gazing upon the still countenance for many minutes in silence, she said, thoughtfully—"Here ended to-day the last earthly chronicle of a common story. A gentleman of wealth and leisure wooed and won, but did not marry, this poor creature in her earliest youth. You are old enough to have heard the tale many times over; the last words of this are now traced, and the record is carried by angels to the All-merciful Father; henceforth let it be sacred from injury." She looked around the wretched apartment, and upon the more wretched inhabitants, a few of whom had been summoned by the sorrowing but fearless Janie. Well is it for such as these that there is hope beyond this world. Well is it for such as these that the desire to lead a noble life, never comes too late! Leah, you know this unfortunate being led a misdirected life, and you have seen her at its close carried heavenward by heavenly inhabitants. Because of this, do you suppose wrong can be done with impunity?

Look upon this worn wreck of what was once so fair,—for Julia Bolton was very beautiful, with fire-bright eyes, dark curls, smooth brow and rose-red lips. Note now the change. It is not age that has so destroyed that girlish beauty. Age never so completely effaced every graceful line and lineament. Look about you; see the comfortless spot that has been her abiding place for three years, and you but see the traces of those inevitable results that follow wrong-doing. As we continue the study of these lessons of life, it will become more and more apparent every day, that any violation of God's law, brings its bitter consequences, both in this sphere and that hereafter." She ceased, and passed her hand lovingly over the clay-cold brow, then continued gently—"Who that does not see where the individual responsibility commenced and where ended, shall dare to judge the new-born soul? Bury the worn-out tabernacle away, cover with grave-soils all the olden sin and sorrow; the new tablets are opened, the new existence commenced—we leave her with the Father." With a deep, tender prayer, in their depths Mary's eyes uplifted toward the sky, then drooping, she took Leah's hand and mine, and we came away.

When first I sank into slumber, and saw the dear ones who were to conduct me along the golden paths of dream-land, it was the hour before sunset. When I awoke it was high noon of the Sabbath. I was astonished to find the sun streaming broad and warm into my little chamber. I had not been awake many minutes before Betty entered with as much softness as her thick shoes allowed. "Well you've come to life again have you?" she said rather snappishly. "Why, have I been dead?" I asked, bewildered.

"Dead! A body might think so, that know'd the trouble I've had to waken you, and could n't after all!"

I smiled; the idea struck me as very odd.

"You need n't laugh, you young witch! Where have you been? What's been the matter of you?"

"I don't know," I replied.

"You do know! Tell me where you've been, and what you've seen."

"I've only been asleep. Don't bother me now; do go away."

"Did anybody ever see such a child! And I've been worryin' over her so!" she exclaimed, apparently to the walls. I excused myself, then questioned her as to how I had seemed, and whether I had said anything, and more particularly if Mr. and Mrs. Ladore knew anything about it.

She said they did; that Mr. Ladore proposed sending for a physician, but was deterred by the suggestion that I was entranced, as persons laboring under religious excitement often are. She assured me that I had said nothing, and made not a movement. There had been considerable talk about it during the day, but it will pass over.

VI.

Several weeks have passed since I made any record, yet it has not been that I had none to make; that I remained silent. My angel-friends have visited me almost daily. Love has been my almost constant companion, and we have roamed in delightful idleness among our olden play-places. But a change has taken place in the nature of my spiritual communications.

In the first place I was made to understand the peculiar condition I entered when in direct communication with those in higher spheres. I have seen myself—or rather my body, the mere material dwelling of that individual selfhood—lying motionless on the ground, as if in slumber, and from the thronged region of sense there ran a fine cord of paly light, extending up and expanding into a wide cloud of azure-glowing mist, in which I stood enveloped, in my interior or trance state. This was the crowning scene of that mysterious and beautiful realm, that has so lately been opened unto me. I cannot describe it more fully—can scarcely grasp in my imagination the stupendous reality.

But now a change has taken place. I appear to see with my usual vision, and yet when close I may eyes, I can still observe my angel-teachers. And though I seem to hear with my customary hearing, no outside tumult can drown the soft tone floating down the inner depths. It would appear as though I were two selves, each with a separate consciousness, but it is explained to me as the material and spiritual, the outer and inner, or mental and physical. It has been revealed to me that Mr. and Mrs. Ladore Love's parents are to be convinced of the fact of spirit-manifestations through the medium of sounds and the moving of ponderable bodies. For so strangely are they precluded, that nothing apart from physical evidence could induce them to investigate the subject.

Father is now paying my board, but I have risen

no higher in the domestic scale. My apartment is still in the attic, my place in the kitchen with the servants. Father takes no interest in me except to see that I do no work, not even so much as going an errand to oblige Betty. He tells me that he intends to have me well educated; that he is saving up money and means to send me to the city, where I shall take private lessons.

How I longed to tell him all the sweet, kind things my angel-mother has spoken in his behalf, but I dared not. It grieves me to keep these abundant treasures of mine so zealously guarded, but hope that the day is not far distant when I can pour them freely forth, and shower them over the dark paths about me.

I wrote the above yesterday morning. That evening I sat dreaming by the kitchen window and watching the silver-bright rain dropping on the heated earth and dusty tree-leaves. I was thinking what a wonderful change has taken place within me—I, who, only a month or two ago was an unlearned, unlovely and unloved child. As I thought, my breast thrilled with the glad knowledge, and the triumphant thunder-marches seemed to roll out in deep reply.

Suddenly three loud distinct knocks were heard directly in the centre of the kitchen floor.

"What's that?" exclaimed Betty, who is always unnerved by a thunder storm. My work was begun! My idle dream-life over! Those knocks were on my heart's door; the time was coming to open it and let the tear-dimmed eyes around me look in and see the print of angel-footsteps. See them not only there, but up the wretched clouds, glittering over the blue fields of air, brighter than star-gems, shining on earthly hill-tops mid earthly meadow-lands, trending up and down, in low places as well as high, in lone places the same as in peopled cities. It was delightful to feel this, to know this, and more, a thousand times more, and then to hear Phil and Betty arguing the point as to the fact of the sounds, Phil insisting that they were out of doors—it was the wind blowing the branches against the window. It came again, rap, rap, rap—clear, distinct, undeniable. Betty screamed out that it was "a ghost," "a warning."

"Pshaw! a ghost of a rat!" exclaimed Phil contemptuously, going to examine the spot from whence the sounds proceeded. It was only a board floor, the cellar underneath.

"I've got it! It's Tab. knockin' on the joist," said Phil; but at that moment Tabitha entered, and the sounds rung in the air over Phil's head. Tabitha and Betty screamed in concert, Phil ordering them to "shut up." The knocking was then heard in all parts of the room, on the table, the chairs, the ceiling, walls, and floor, and so loudly, too, to be unmistakable. Phil was puzzled, and stared about in stupid wonder. The entrance of my father was a relief to the poor, unlearned creatures, and they all explained at once the singular circumstance.

"Well, it's spirits, Bet, and you're the medium, don't you know about the rappings?" said father, always ready for a joke.

Betty stood aghast.

"Ask some questions, now, and see if you don't get an answer."

"Oh, never! I would n't for the world," exclaimed Betty.

Feeling security in my father's presence, and as the sounds had ceased, Betty commenced laughing heartily. Phil was next, and then to question the invisible powers, but he only "pshaw'd," and seemed rather anxious now to form a pretext to leave the room.

"Keep command of yourself, the time to speak is not yet come," whispered to me the beautiful unseen ones.

Tabitha at last consented to ask some questions, as father, who had not heard the sounds, looked upon the matter as mere sport. They understood the usual manner of putting such interrogations, and Tabitha asked: "Are you a spirit?"

Three raps on the table came in answer.

"That means no," remarked my father.

"No, it means yes, three of them knockin's means yes," contended Tabitha.

"Well, go on, then," said father, laughing, as Betty was about to remonstrate.

"Whose spirit are you?"

There was no reply.

"Ask if you shall call the alphabet," suggested father.

"You ask," said Tabitha, rather timid now, and beside being doubtful as to her being able to pronounce that one word.

"Shall we call the alphabet?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Will you spell your name?"

"Yes," was the answer, again.

My heart throbbled wild as he commenced naming the letters. Whose name would it be? I listened breathlessly for the result. It came at last, "James Hebbard." I was astonished, so was my father, but justly declared himself not in the spirit world.

"Am I?" he inquired.

"No," was the response.

"Was your father's name Isaac?"

Three raps signified yes.

"Was your mother's name Ann?"

The reply was "Yes."

"Then it must be me," remarked father.

At a loss how to proceed, they paused. Tabitha then proposed that he should ask if it was a relative. He did so, and the reply was in the affirmative. It was then asked if the relationship would be made known through the alphabet. It was then ascertained that James Hebbard was his brother, and left the world forty-four years ago. Father said he had a brother, who died before he was born, but that his name was Isaac. One rap denied this. And after a deal of talking, questioning, and calling over the alphabet, they obtained directions as to the finding of the record of the birth and death, in my father's native place. I was very much interested, but disappointed, too. A silence followed. Phil was making a desperate attempt to appear very much annoyed, walked, whistling, to the door, and all were astonished to hear an accompaniment rapped out upon the tin pan on the table. Phil swearing it was the work of witchcraft, suddenly recollected some tender slips that needed attention, and dashed off through the rain. Other questions were asked, and more satisfactorily answered than the first. But as to that, my father vowed to ascertain the truth or falsity of, and insisted that his mother had told him that his brother's name was Isaac. After a long list of questions were asked, and answered, "Good bye" was spelled out in reply to one question, and the sounds ceased.

In snow-soft robes, with star-drops gleaming in her long, bright hair, came my angel mother into my room, at night-fall, and spoke words of such pro-

found wisdom, of such exquisite beauty, that I have no words wherewith to embody their meaning.

The princely presence,—I know of no other name or title to give him,—also came, and departed with my mother.

My uncle, the James Hebbard who communicated yesterday, visited me after this, and gave me good advice.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MEMORY'S BELLS.

BY LITA H. BARNES.

I am dreaming of the yore,
Which has over, evermore,
Passed away, passed away;
When I was not of the hour
That should see me 'neath Time's power,
Growing gray, growing gray;
When the music-breathing bells
Sounded only joyous knells—
Bill upon my ear 'tis swelling,
Childhood's happy stories telling—
Hear their clear and silvery chiming!

How they rouse heart-buried memories of the fading ancient times!

Oh, blest be memory's sway,
Which so kindly all the day
Brings a friend, brings a friend,
Up to cheer as in the past,
Saying, "Love shall ever last
Without end, without end;"
And thrice blessed memory's bells,
Folding round our souls their spells,
Softly o'er the senses stealing,
Waking new each slumbering feeling,
Hear their never-ending chiming,
Rolling back oblivion's mantle from the misty ancient times!

Once again, in all their gloe,
Come my comrades back to me,
In their bloom, in their bloom;
And forgetting Time's decay,
I remember not they lay
In the tomb, in the tomb!
No—re-remembering swell
O'er the chaos memory's bells—
Hark! their mellow cadence falling,
All our youthful joys recalling,
Hear those ever-blessed chiming,
Chanting forth in tuneful numbers, all our hopes of ancient times!

And how well remembered still,
Tho' from earth and every ill,
Passed away, passed away;
Tho' in dreams, like other men,
I have passed fourscore and ten,
Growing gray, growing gray;
Yet within my heart's deep cells,
Sweet and sweeter grow those bells—
Near and nearer to their dwelling,
With their strains my notes are swelling,
And our heavenly-hallowed chiming,
Shall forget, in hazy dreams, to regret those ancient times!

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March, 1888.

ADELE.

OR

The French Doctor's Story.

CHAPTER I.

THE EXECUTION OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

I am a son of the celebrated Comus, physician to the king and queen. My father, whose burlesque surname caused him to be ranked among the charlatans and mountebanks of the period, was a distinguished savant of the school of Volta, Galvani, and Mesmer. He was the first in France who directed his attention to phantasmagoria and electricity, and gave lectures to the court on natural philosophy. He was a great favorite with the unfortunate Marie Antoinette; and Joseph II. declared that during his brief visit to Paris, he saw nothing more interesting than Comus.

In the midst of all his court popularity, my father occupied himself with the education of my brother and myself, initiating us into the mysteries of the occult sciences, and imparting to us many curious secrets in galvanism, magnetism, and natural philosophy, which, though now common studies, were then confined to a privileged few.

His title of royal physician caused him, in 1793, to suffer imprisonment, but, thanks to an acquaintance existing between myself and Montaigne, I was enabled to obtain his release. He then, retired to the house in which I now reside, where he died, in 1807, at the age of seventy-four. But to return to myself.

I have already spoken of my acquaintance with Montaigne, but Danton and Camille Desmoulins were equally well known to me. I was familiar with Marat, rather as a doctor than a friend, but still I was one of his intimates. It resulted from this intimacy, brief as it was, that on the day Mademoiselle de Corday was conducted to the scaffold, I determined to witness her execution.

At two o'clock in the afternoon I stationed myself near the Statue of Liberty. It was a sultry day in July; not a breath of air was stirring; and the sky, dark with heavy clouds, threatened a storm. At four o'clock these prognostications were fulfilled, and it is said that it was at the very moment Charlotte ascended the fatal car that the tempest burst forth in all its fury.

A young artist was engaged in taking her portrait when they came to fetch her from prison, but it seemed as though envious Death would not allow her pictured image to survive her, for the head was as yet scarcely sketched on the canvass; and, strange to say, at the moment of the executioner's entrance, the artist was employed on the very part of the neck that was so soon to feel the sharp steel of the guillotine.

The rain fell in torrents, the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, but without dispersing the curious populace; the quays, the bridges, the squares, were crowded, and the tumult on earth almost drowned that of the heavens.

The women loaded the executed victim with exclamation, and their murmurs fell on my ear like the sound of some distant cataract.

Long before anything was to be seen, the eager crowd made way; at last I saw the fatal car breasting, like some doomed vessel, this surging human sea, and could distinguish the condemned woman, who was a total stranger to the even by sight.

She was a lovely creature, of about seven-and-twenty, with magnificent eyes, and finely-chiselled nose, and superbly-moulded lips; she stood upright, with her head slightly thrown back—a position which her hands tightly bound behind her back, obliged her to maintain.

The heavy rain had ceased, but as she had been exposed to its violence during three-quarters of the journey, her woollen robe clung as closely to her fine person as if she had just stepped from a bath, its fiery red color giving an aspect of strange and

glorious splendor to her proud and spirited countenance. At the moment of her arrival at the place of execution, a ray of sunshine broke from between two clouds, and, playing on her hair, surrounded it with a sort of halo; indeed, though the crime of this young woman was murder—that terrible act even when it avenges humanity—it seemed hard to say whether I was about to witness a punishment or a martyrdom.

On catching sight of the scaffold, she turned pale, and her sudden pallor was the more visible from the contrast of the red robe, which reached to her throat; but, almost immediately recovering herself, she regarded the frightful object with a smile.

The car stopped; Charlotte leaped to the ground, and ascended the slippery steps as rapidly as her long, trailing robe, and manœuvred hands would permit.

As the executioner removed the handkerchief from her neck, she again turned pale, but with a smile that contradicted the momentary pallor, and an almost joyous bound, she of herself stepped forward, and, without allowing herself to be secured to the infamous machine, passed her head through the yawning opening. The knife descended, and the head, severed from the body, fell, and rebounded on the platform. One of the executioner's assistants, named Legros, then seized it by the long hair, and, in vilo adulation to the multitude, struck in on the cheek. I could scarcely believe the evidences of my senses when I beheld a vivid blush overspread not only the profaned cheek, but the whole of the countenance, as though enough of vitality remained in the head to render it sensible of the indignity it had sustained. The crowd also beheld this blush, and took the part of the head against the living—the victim against the executioner. They demanded immediate vengeance, and the miserable wretch was at once seized by the *gens d'armes*, and conveyed to prison.

As I was curious to know what possible reason this man could have had for committing so brutal and infamous an act, I inquired his place of confinement; and, learning that it was the Abbey, asked and obtained permission to visit him.

A decree of the revolutionary tribunal had just condemned him to three months' imprisonment; but he could not understand being punished for what he called so natural an act.

I inquired what reason he had for committing it? "What a question!" he said, disdainfully. "Why, I am a *Martinet*; I had just executed the sentence of the law, and wished to inflict a little punishment on my own account."

"But you do not understand," I said, "that this violation of the respect due to the dead is in itself a crime."

"What, then," said Legros, looking fixedly at me, "you think they are dead, because they are guillotined?"

"Without doubt!"

"Ah! that shows you have never looked into the basket, where they are all thrown together, or you would have seen them roll their eyes and grind their teeth for sometimes five minutes after execution. We are obliged to change the basket every three months, they destroy the bottom so with their teeth. You see it is a heap of heads of aristocrats, who cannot make up their minds to die quietly, and I should not be surprised if, some day, one of them began to cry, 'Vive le Roi!'"

Having now learned all I wished, I left the prison. Haunted by one idea: that of those still living heads—and I determined to satisfy myself on the subject.

CHAPTER II.

ADELE.

I left the Abbey, and was crossing the Place Tarnane, in order to gain the Rue de Tournon, where I resided, when I heard a woman's voice, calling for help. I hastened towards the spot from whence the cries proceeded, and perceived, by the feeble light of the moon, which at that moment passed from behind a cloud, a woman struggling in the midst of a patrol of *sans culottes*. The woman, on her part, as quickly perceived me, and, judging from my dress that I was not altogether a man of the people, she broke from the hands of her captors, exclaiming—"See, here is Monsieur Albert, who knows me!" He will tell you that I am really the daughter of Mero Ledieu, the washerwoman!" and, at the same time, the poor, pale, trembling creature, seized my arm, and clung to me as a drowning man does to the saving plank.

"The daughter of Mero Ledieu as much as you like, but you have not a olive card, and so, my pretty girl, you must accompany us to the guard-room," said the sergeant.

The young woman pressed my arm, and I was at no loss to understand her mute appeal. As she had addressed me by the first name that came into her head, I followed her example—

"What is it, my poor Adele?" I said. "Tell me, what is the matter?"

"There I do you hear, gentlemen?" she exclaimed.

"It strikes me that you could as easily say *citizens*!" grumbled the sergeant.

"But listen, monsieur!" said the young girl. "You must not blame me for speaking thus, for my mother's business lay all in the great world; she accustomed me to be polite, so I acquired this habit—a bad one, I know, but I cannot help it."

There was in this reply, notwithstanding the trembling voice in which it was uttered, an imperceptible railway, which I alone understood.

I asked myself who this woman could be, but found the problem impossible to solve, though of one thing I was certain, that she was not the daughter of a washerwoman.

"You ask what has happened, citizen Albert?" she continued.

"Fancy! I went to carry home some linen, and as the mistress of the house was absent, I waited her return, for I had need of my money. Dame! everybody has need of their money now-a-days. I had intended to return home before dusk, but night came on before I was aware, and, having forgotten my civic card, I was surrounded by these gentlemen—pardon, I mean citizens—who would not listen to my explanations, but insisted on taking me to the guard-room." I cried out; you came to my assistance; I recognized you, and no longer felt alarmed, for I said to myself, since Monsieur Albert knows that I am the daughter of Mero Ledieu, and am called Adele, he will answer for me. Is it not so, Monsieur Albert?"

"Certainly," I replied, "I do, and will answer for you."

"Very good!" said the chief of the patriots. "But who will for you, my fine gentleman?"

"Danton! will he satisfy you?—Is he a good patriot?"

"Ah! if Danton will answer for you, there is nothing more to be said!"

"Well, to day he holds a meeting at the Cordeliers—let us go there."

"With all my heart," said the sergeant. "Old-time *sans culottes*, forward, march!"

The club of the Cordeliers was held in the ancient convent of the same name, Rue l'Observance. On arriving at the door, I tore a leaf from my pocket-book, and writing a few words in pencil, requested the sergeant to carry it to Danton, whilst I and my companion remained in the custody of the corporal and the patrol. He complied with my request, and in a few moments returned, accompanied by Danton.

"What have they arrested you, my friend?" he exclaimed. "You, one of our best republicans!" Then turning to the sergeant, he said, "Be easy, citizen! I will answer for him."

"But will you also answer for her?" persisted the obstinate patriot.

"For her? of whom do you speak?"

"Of this young woman, *pardieu*!"

"For him—for her—for all belonging to him. Are you now satisfied?"

"Yes; but my greatest satisfaction has been in seeing you," said the sergeant.

"Ah, *pardieu*!" said Danton, laughing, "you may have that pleasure gratis; pray regard me at your ease, whilst you have the opportunity!"

"Thanks. Continue to sustain, as you have done, the interests of the people, and rest assured they will not prove ungrateful. Will you let me shake you by the hand?"

"Why not?" said Danton; and he gave him his hand.

"Five Danton!" cried the sergeant, and "Five Danton!" echoed the patriots, as they departed with their leader, who, when he had proceeded a dozen paces, turned and waved his red cap with the same cry, which was duly echoed by his men.

I was about to thank Danton, when his name, many times repeated, reached us from the interior of the club.

"Danton! Danton!" cried several voices—"to the tribunal!"

"Pardon, my dear fellow!" he said; "you hear I am summoned; one shake of the hand, and then I must return. I gave the right to the sergeant, so I will give you the left, for, who knows? that worthy patriot may have the itch!"

So saying, he laughed, and re-entered his club. I was left alone with the fair unknown.

"Now, madame," said I, "where may I conduct you, for I am entirely at your service?"

"Dame! of course, to Mere Ledieu; you know she is my mother," was her laughing response.

"But where does that Mere Ledieu reside?"

"Rue Feron, No. 21."

The journey was performed in perfect silence, but I took advantage of the rays of the moon, now shining in unclouded splendor, to examine my companion more attentively.

She was a charming brunette, from twenty to twenty-two years of age; with large laughing eyes, a straight nose, rosy lips, and teeth like rows of pearls, which, added to hands and feet a queen might have envied, gave her whole appearance—in spite of the mean attire of Mere Ledieu's daughter—an air which might well have awakened the suspicions of the brave sergeant and his warlike troop.

On arriving at our destination, we paused, and silently regarded each other.

"Well, my dear Monsieur Albert, what is it?" asked the unknown, smiling.

"I wish to say, my dear Mademoiselle Adele, that it was scarcely worth while to meet, if our acquaintance is to be so brief."

"A thousand pardons! the meeting has been worth everything to me, for if I had not met you they would have carried me to the guard-room, discovered that I was not the daughter of Mere Ledieu, but an aristocrat, and would then probably have cut off my head!"

"Then you acknowledge you are an aristocrat?"

"I acknowledge nothing."

"At least tell me your name."

"You know it already—Adele."

"Nay! the name I called you at hazard cannot be your true one?"

"Never mind! I like it, and shall retain it—at least for you."

"Why need you retain it for me, since I am never again to see you?"

"Nay, I do not say that; I only say that in case of our meeting again, there is no need of your being acquainted with my real name, nor I with yours. I called you 'Albert,' keep that name, as I will that of 'Adele.'"

"Be it so," said I, "but now listen, Adele; confess that you are an aristocrat?"

"Which, if I do not acknowledge, you will guess, and so rob my avowal of all its merit!"

"And, as an aristocrat, you are pursued, and obliged to conceal yourself?"

"With Mere Ledieu, Rue Feron, whose husband was my father's coachman; you see I keep nothing from you."

"And your father?"

"Pardon, Monsieur Albert; though I keep none of my own secrets from you, those of my father must be held sacred; I can only tell you that he is also obliged to conceal himself, and that he is watching an opportunity to emigrate."

"And what is to become of you?"

"I shall, if possible, escape with him; if not, let him depart alone, and wait until I am able to rejoin him."

"And you were returning from a visit to your father when you were arrested this evening?"

"Yes."

"You saw what took place?"

"Yes; and learned the extent of your credit."

"Oh, my credit is not very great; but I have a few friends, and the one you saw to night is not the least powerful amongst them."

"And you will use his influence to aid my father's escape?"

"No; I shall reserve it entirely for you—I have other plans for your father."

"Others plans?" cried Adele, seizing my hand, and anxiously regarding me.

"If I serve your father, will he keep me in your remembrance?" said I.

"I will be grateful to you all my life," said she, with an adorable expression of anticipated gratitude. Then she added, in a suppliant tone: "But will you do it?"

"Yes!"

"Ah! I was not mistaken," she exclaimed, joyfully; "I knew you had a noble heart. I thank you, in the name of both my father and myself; and, even if you do not succeed, we shall not be the less grateful for your endeavors in our behalf."

"When shall we meet again, Adele?"

"When will you require to see me?"

"To-morrow; as I hope to have something good to communicate."

"Then I will meet you to-morrow."

"But where?"

"Here."

"What, in the street?"

"Good Heavens! what can be more safe. During the half hour we have been chatting here, not a single person has passed."

"But why will you not either admit me here, or else come to my apartments?"

"Because, by receiving you here, I should compromise the honest people who have given me an asylum; and by coming to your apartments, I should compromise you."

"Do as you think best; but I will procure for you the card of one of my female relatives."

"So that your relative may be gullotined, in case of my being arrested?"

"You are right; then I will bring you one by the name of Adele."

"Excellent! You will see this will end by being my real and only name."

"But how shall we meet, and at what hour?"

"Very easily; at five minutes to ten be at this door, and at ten I will open it."

"Then adieu till to-morrow, dear Adele!"

"Adieu till to-morrow, dear Albert!"

I took her hand, and would have pressed it to my lips, but she innocently presented her cheek.

That evening at half-past nine I was at the appointed spot, and at a quarter to ten Adele opened the door—thus we were both before the time. I hastened towards her.

"Ah! I see you have good news," said she, smiling.

"Excellent; but, in the first place, here is your card."

"Nay; first about my father," said she, gently repulsing my hand.

"If your father chooses, he is saved."

"If he choose! but how?"

"He must put confidence in me."

"He does so already."

"You have seen him then!—you have again exposed yourself to danger!"

"Yes; but what would you have, my friend? I was obliged to do it, and God watched over me."

"And you told him all?"

"I told him that you saved my life yesterday, and would perhaps save his to-morrow."

"Precisely so; to-morrow your father will be in safety."

"But how? for pity's sake speak! Oh! if you are successful, what a fortunate meeting it will have been for me!"

"Only," said I, hesitating, "you will not be able to accompany him."

"As to that, did I not tell you that my resolution was already taken?"

"Besides, in a short time I am sure to be able to procure you a passport."

"Let us now speak of my father. You can think about me another time."

"I told you I had a few powerful friends; I have seen one of them to-day—a man whose name is a guarantee for courage, honor, and loyalty."

"And this name is?"

"Marceau."

"General Marceau! Ah! you are right—what he promises, he will perform."

"And he has promised to serve us!"

"Heavens! how happy you make me; but how?"

"In a very simple manner. Kleber has just been named commander-in-chief of the army in the west, and your father will accompany him as his secretary. Arrived in La Vendee, he will give Marceau his word not to bear arms against France, then some night he will gain the Vendean camp, from whence he can pass to Brittany—to England. When he is settled in London, he can write to you. I will procure you a passport, and you can rejoin him."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Adele. "Then there is no time to be lost; for my father must be informed of your plans. But how?"

"Have you not your card, and my arm?"

"Ah, I forgot! give me my card!"

I gave it to her, and she placed it in her bosom; then, taking my arm, we set out, and proceeded as far as the Rue Taranne—that is to say, the spot where I met her on the preceding evening.

"Wait for me here," said she, and disappeared at the corner of the ancient Hotel Martignon.

At the end of a quarter of an hour she reappeared.

"Come!" said she; "my father wishes to see and thank you."

She led me into the Rue Guillaume, opposite the Hotel Mortemart, where, drawing a key from her pocket, she opened a little private door, taking me by the hand, guided me to a door on the second floor, where she rapped in a peculiar manner.

It was opened by an elderly man in a workman's garb, who appeared from his dress to be a book-binder; but the first words he uttered, the first sentence of thanks he addressed to me, betrayed the aristocrat.

"Monsieur," said he, "it was Providence sent you to our assistance; it is true that you are not only able, but willing to save me."

I told him all. I related how Marceau had engaged to take him in as his secretary, and to require nothing but the promise that he would not take up arms against France.

"I will make that promise with all my heart, both to you and the general," said the old man; "but when does he set out?"

"To-morrow."

"Hail! I better join him to-night?"

"When you please, monsieur; he will be prepared to receive you."

The father and daughter gazed at each other; at last Adele said:

"I think, father, it would be more prudent to place yourself at once under the general's protection."

"Then I will do so; but what if I am stopped, for I have no card?"

"Take mine," said I.

"But you?"

"Oh! I am well known."

"But where does Marceau reside?"

"Rue de l'Universite, No. 40."

"You will accompany us thither?"

"No; I will follow at a little distance, so as to be able to conduct mademoiselle home after you have quitted her."

"But how will Marceau know that I am the man of whom you spoke?"

"You must give him this tricolored cockade—that was the sign agreed up."

"How can I show my gratitude to my preserver?"

"By trusting him with the safety of your daughter, as she has yours."

The old man wrung my hand.

"Let us go!" said he; and putting on his hat he extinguished the lamp, leaving us to grope our way to the outer door by the feeble rays of moonlight struggling through the small panes of the staircase window.

They arrived at the Rue de l'Universite, without having encountered a single person.

"This is a good omen!" said I, approaching them, as they paused at No. 40. "Now, shall I await your return, or shall I enter with you?"

"No, do not compromise yourself further—wait here for my daughter."

I bowed.

"Once more, adieu, and thanks," said he, grasping my hand. "My tongue has not the power to express the sentiments I feel towards you. I can only trust that God will one day enable me to show all my gratitude."

My only reply was a silent pressure of the hand. He entered the house followed by his daughter, but before she left me, her soft fingers lingered an instant in mine.

Ten minutes afterwards the door opened, and she reappeared.

"My dear Albert," said she, "General Marceau is indeed worthy of being your friend! listen to his delicate kindness. Knowing that I should be glad to remain with my father as long as possible, he has insisted on my passing the night here, and sharing his sister's chamber. By three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, my father will be out of danger. To-morrow night at ten, if you value the thanks of a daughter who owes a father's life to you, come and receive them at Rue Feron."

"I will not fail to come; but has your father given you no message for me?"

"He thanks you for the use of your card, which he returns, and begs you will send me to rejoin him as soon as possible."

"You shall go whenever you wish it, Adele," said I, with a suffocating sensation in my throat.

"But I must first know where to find my father," said she. "Oh! you are not yet rid of me!"

I took her hand and pressed it to my heart, but she again presented her cheek, saying gaily: "Adieu until to-morrow!"

I returned home with a lighter feeling about my heart than I over before experienced. Was it produced by the consciousness of the good action I had just performed? or did I already love this adorable creature? I know not whether this night I was sleeping or waking; I only know that all the harmonies of nature seemed united in my soul—that the night appeared endless, the day immense—that even in defying time, I sought to arrest his flight, so as not to lose a moment of the days I had yet to live.

The next evening, by nine o'clock, I was in the Rue Feron, and at half-past, Adele made her appearance. She hastened to me, and flung her arms round my neck.

"My father is saved!" cried she; "and by your means; oh! how I love you!"

At the end of a fortnight Adele received a letter announcing her father's safe arrival in England. The next day I brought her a passport, but, at the sight of it, she burst into tears.

"Ah, you do not love me!" she murmured.

"I love you more than life!" I answered. "But I pledged my word to your father, and at whatever sacrifice, I must keep it!"

"Then," said she, "I must break mine, for if you, Albert, can let me depart, I have not the courage to tear myself from you!"

Alas! she remained.

CHAPTER III.

THE CEMETERY OF CLAMART.

Three months had elapsed since the evening on which I spoke to Adele of her departure, and the welcome subject had not been again mentioned. In compliance with her wishes, I engaged for her a little apartment in the Rue Taranne, by the name of Adele, the only one by which I knew her, whilst for her I possessed no other cognomen than that of Albert.

I had also procured for her the situation of under-teacher at a female seminary, as a still greater protection against the researches of the revolutionary police, now become more active than ever.

The Sundays and Wednesdays we passed together in our little apartment in the Rue Taranne, from whence we could behold the very spot on which our first meeting took place. Every day we exchanged letters, hers being addressed to "Albert," and mine to "Adele."

These three months were the happiest of my life, nevertheless I had not renounced the design formed at the close of my conversation with the executioner's assistant. I had already asked and obtained permission to make experiments on the duration of life after execution, and these experiments convinced me that the sensation of pain survived the stroke of the fatal knife, and must be most agonizing, for the blow, falling on the most sensitive part of the body, where all the nerves governing the superior members are united, the sudden severing of the spinal column, in which many of them have their source, would produce the most exquisite agony that it was possible for a human being to experience; and even if it only endured for a few seconds, during those seconds the consciousness, the individuality, would remain. The head would hear, see, feel, and be sensible of its separation from the body; and who can say that the brief duration of the agony would be any compensation for its intensity?

Unhappily, subjects for my experiments were not wanting; for the rage for blood was at its height; every day thirty or forty persons suffered death; and so great was the quantity of blood shed on the Place de la Revolution, that a ditch three feet in depth was obliged to be dug round the scaffold. This was covered with planks, but one of them turning under the foot of a child of eight or ten years of age, he was precipitated into this hideous gulf and was drowned.

It is needless to say, I carefully concealed from Adele the nature of my pursuits on the day she was absent from me; besides, I feel confess, that at first I experienced so strong a feeling of repugnance towards these poor mangled human remains, that I shuddered to think of the increase of suffering my experiments might cause them. But I reflected that I was studying for the benefit of society at large, and that if I could cause my convictions to be shared by

the members of the legislature, I might eventually succeed in abolishing the penalty of death.

Accordingly, as my experiments progressed, I kept a sort of journal of their results, and at the end of two months had made every possible trial of the persistence of life after execution. Still I was not wholly satisfied, but resolved on endeavoring to push my researches yet further, by the aid of galvanism and electricity.

The cemetery of Clamart had been given up to me, and all the heads and bodies of the guillotined placed at my disposal; a little chapel built in one corner of the cemetery had also been converted into a laboratory for me; for after chasing the kings from their palaces, the next act of the enlightened people was to banish God from their churches. I had here an electrical machine, and two or three of the machines called "exciters." Towards five o'clock in the evening, the terrible convoy arrived. I took, at hazard, one or two bodies, and the same number of heads; the rest were thrown into the common grave; the next day the heads and bodies on which I had experienced were added to the fresh convoy. In these studies I was usually assisted by my brother.

In the midst of this hourly contact with death, my love for Adele augmented every day, whilst, on her part, the poor child loved me with her whole heart. I often thought of making her my wife, and pictured to myself the happiness of such a union. But, alas! that was impossible at present; for, by the laws of France, Adele, in marrying me, would have been obliged to reveal her real name, which, being that of an aristocrat, an *emigre*, a proscribed person, would, in itself have proved her death warrant. Her father had written to her many times to hasten her departure, and, in reply, she told him of our love for each other, and asked his consent to our marriage, which was granted. Thus, so far, everything was well.

But now, in the midst of all the horrors by which we were surrounded, one event occurred more terrible than all the rest, and which profoundly afflicted us both. This was the trial of Marie Antoinette. It was commenced on the 4th of October—on the 14th she appeared before the revolutionary tribunal—at four o'clock on the morning of the 16th she was condemned to death, and at eleven o'clock on the same day she ascended the scaffold.

The same morning I received a letter from Adele, saying she could not pass such a day away from me. I therefore repaired to our little apartment on the Rue Taranne, where I found her drowned in tears. I was myself deeply affected by this execution, for during my boyhood the poor queen had showed me so much kindness, that I always retained a grateful recollection of her. I was haunted, too, by a vague presentiment of coming evil, and, though I endeavored to cheer and comfort Adele, my words belied the feelings of my heart.

The night was even more melancholy than the day. I remember that a dog howled without ceasing in the apartment underneath. Next day we learned that his master had gone out, taking the key with him; he was arrested in the street, conducted before the revolutionary tribunal, condemned at three o'clock, and executed at four.

It was now necessary for us to separate, as Adele's class met at nine o'clock. The school was situated near the Jardin des Plantes. I hesitated whether to let her go, and she herself, poor girl, was very unwilling to leave me, but to absent herself for two days would give rise to investigations which might prove dangerous in the extreme. I called a fiacre and accompanied her to the corner of the Rue Fosse St. Bernard, where I left her to continue her journey alone; but, instead of myself returning, I remained rooted to the spot, where we parted, gazing after the receding vehicle. It has scarcely proceeded twenty paces when it stopped, and Adele put her head out of the window, as if she instinctively guessed that I was still there. I ran to her again, pressed her in my arms, and imprinting a long kiss on her lips, hurried away. I fancied she called me again to her, but, fearing our movements might attract observation, I had the fatal courage to resist my inclination to look back.

I returned home in a state of despair, and spent the whole day in writing to Adele; in the evening I sent her a volume.

I had just posted my letter, when I received one from her, telling me that she had been severely reprimanded, and threatened with being deprived of her next holiday. This would be on the following Sunday; but she vowed that, even at the risk of being dismissed from her situation, she would be with me on that day.

I echoed her vow, for I felt that if a week were to elapse without my seeing her, which would be the case if the threat were carried out, I should lose my senses; the more so, as she had expressed some uneasiness concerning a letter from her father, which she found awaiting her, and which had evidently been opened.

I passed a bad night, and a still worse day. I wrote as usual to Adele, and then, as it was one of my days for making experiments, I called at my brother's apartments, and, finding him from home, proceeded alone to Clamart.

It was a stormy afternoon, and the rain fell in torrents. As I hastened along the plashy streets I heard the public criers repeating, in a loud voice, a list of the day's victims.

It was a long one, and bore on its fearful columns the names of men, women, and children; the bloody harvest was abundant; and there was no fear of my wanting subjects for my evening's employment.

The days were becoming short; I arrived at Clamart at four o'clock, and it was already almost dark. The aspect of this cemetery, with its vast and newly-made graves, and its few and thinly-scattered trees, waving their leafless and skeleton branches in the air, was gloomy in the extreme.

In its midst the gaping pit awaited the arrival of its ghastly contents, and in preparation for the increased supply, it was larger and deeper than usual. I mechanically approached the brink, and shuddered at perceiving that it was half full of water. I could not help thinking of the cold and naked bodies so soon to find a bed as icy as themselves. As I turned away my foot slipped, and I narrowly escaped falling into the hideous depth; my hair stood on end, and shivering with cold and woe, I hastened to my laboratory.

As I have before said, it was an ancient chapel, but I vainly cast my eyes around me to discover any signs of worship. The walls were naked, the altar shorn of its decorations, and where formerly reared the tabernacle emblems of God and eternity, now reposed a fleshless skull, symbol of death and nothingness.

I lighted a candle, and, placing it on my table covered with strangely-formed tools of my own invention, seated myself beside it; and, resting my head upon my hand, fell into a reverie. I thought of poor Marie Antoinette, who I remembered so beautiful, happy, and beloved, and who, only yesterday conducted to the scaffold, now lay, her head separated from her body, in the common grave—she who had formerly reposed beneath the gilded hangings of Versailles, the Tuilleries, and St. Cloud.

Whilst I was indulging in these gloomy reflections, the storm redoubled its violence. The wind came in heavy gusts, making the trees bend beneath its fury, like fragile blades of grass.

To the noise of the elements was now added a sound like distant thunder; it was the red tumbrell returning from the Place de la Revolution to Clamart.

The door of the little chapel opened, and two men entered, streaming with water, and bearing between them a huge sack.

One of them was the same Legros whom I had visited in prison; the other was a grave-digger.

"Here, Monsieur Ledru,"

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MORE CONTROVERSY.

The battle still goes on. It is not possible for the enemy, entrenched and fortified though they be in their ancient prejudices and gray formalisms, to silence the booming of the guns. Even when they think they have driven back the wave of opposition which, sooner or later, is certain to overwhelm them, they are surprised beyond expression to find that an insurrection has broken out within their own camp. Truth casts its seeds all over the earth. They fall here, and they fall there; no one can tell where they are going to spring up, or what fruit they will eventually bear. It is worse than useless to admit, it is very hardihood, for persons to refuse to admit that the light shines into all windows from heaven, merely because they insist on closing their own shutters and keeping it out. The ostrich hides his head only in the sand, and fancies that his whole body is unseen by his pursuers. A man holds his single finger close up before his eye, and the sun is blotted out of the heavens;—but only for him. The world is just as much in the glory as before.

A controversy is going on at the present time in the bosom of the mother church of England, which has for its scope the various existing theories in relation to the doctrine of inspiration. It is a mooted question, we have long considered; and a thousand times more talked about than understood. It appears that a Rev. Mr. McNaught, of Liverpool, a preacher of the established church doctrines, has taken somewhat new grounds; he comes out boldly and defends the thesis that *inspiration does not necessarily imply infallibility*,—and for the expression of such a view he has been recently expelled from an association of clergymen in that city! Of course that was the only way in which the subject could be met, and he was turned out. If this does not mean persecution, we do not see what does.

The ground of Mr. McNaught is simply the same ground which is taken by a very large portion of reflecting men, both in the church and out of it; it is substantially this,—that the inspiration of the books in the Bible was sufficient to ensure their accuracy in all important matters, but that further than this the writers do not claim for themselves anything like infallibility, nor could any higher claim be established. For this very fair and sensible view, or rather, for his *expression* of this view, Mr. McNaught is ostracized. He is to be persecuted until he either recants or goes out of the establishment of the church.

MORE BIGOTRY.
It is not very astonishing, even making due allowance for the prevailing revival of religion, that bigotry, uncharitableness, and stiff-neckedness generally have not altogether disappeared from the face of the earth. In fact, we had no serious idea that such was going to be the case. Least of all did we entertain such a thought, when we stopped to consider what is the nature of the creeds which are now tolling in the hearts of excited persons to their—shall we call them anything else than snares?

Mr. LeRoy Sunderland has been giving to the public a series of lectures, in the delivery of which he is even now engaged, upon the *modus operandi* of revivals generally; upon their philosophy; their real spirit and meaning; what they naturally tend to; and what was almost invariably their result. We do not know that Mr. Sunderland is doing anything more than it is both right and proper for any conscientious and capable man to do, at a time like the present; and what, in fact, honest lovers of the true religion ought sincerely to think him for doing.

In order to present a lecture, it is of course understood by this time that it is necessary to procure a proper place for its delivery. Mr. Sunderland did secure such a place. It was the lower Music Hall. By and by, a rumor of the object for which it was let reached the ears of certain gentlemen composing a certain committee, and the project was headed off. There it was; it could not be permitted to go on. They heard that a certain gentleman had proposed to analyze these revival movements, and they determined, being Orthodox persons themselves, that no such thing should be done. Hence Mr. Sunderland was shut out of the hall, he supposed he had secured for lecturing purposes, and told to go elsewhere—which he was obliged to do.

We think, after this manifestation of Christian feeling on the part of the Committee, who think they hold the final safety of all mankind in their hands, that Mr. S. hardly needs to take the pains to publicly analyze the spirit and temper of those who work the machinery of these revivals. Their own bigoted and illiberal conduct best tells its own story. Even if he were not to open his lips, except to tell this plain, straightforward story, he would find that the philosophy and practice of the whole arrangement would be thoroughly understood.

DR. FAIGÉ.

This gentleman, who is one of the best electricians we have, gave two lectures at the Melodeon last Sabbath, which elicited the attention and admiration of the audience. At the suggestion of Mr. Dana, the audience, *en masse*, invited him to lecture on Revivals, psychologically considered, next Sabbath morning, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Dr. Faigé is a fluent, witty, entertaining speaker, and he presents his subject in a scientific manner. His theory of electricity and mind, affecting spiritual phenomena, is rational, and accords with our experience.

GLOOM IN THE THEOLOGY.

Many, and especially long-faced and sorrow-skinned Orthodox Deacons, would seem to imagine that unless Religion brings sadness and melancholy along with it, it cannot be religion. They try to be happy under the load of so dark a belief, and we will be charitable enough to suppose they are. For them, Gloom and God are synonymous terms. Their souls seem to dwell apart, in subterranean passages, or deep and darksome vaults, where sunshine is never permitted to pour the rich and plentiful wines of its delight. We once knew one of these over-religious, or wrongly-religious persons, who absolutely refused to look at a beautiful row of maple trees, on a lovely Sunday afternoon in summer, because he “could not look at maple trees on Sunday!” The story is true, strictly so; and the man is still living, a wretched-faced deacon of a country church.

Mrs. Jameson has taken this subject in hand, in her “Common Place Book;” and, among other things, she dwells more particularly upon the permanently injurious effects that grow out of such a wrong-headed system. Melancholy has long been a concomitant to religious experience, when everybody innocently supposed that it was going to bring a superabundance and joy; so that it has come to be seriously concluded by some, and they not very few, either, that sadness and wretchedness were a necessary companion to such experiences, always going along with them. Mrs. Jameson says:—

“The missionary Bridgine accused himself of sin in that he had preached fasting, penance and the chastisements of God to wretches steeped in poverty, any dying of hunger; and is there not a similar cruelty and misuse of power in the servants of Him who came up to bind the broken-hearted, when they preached the necessity, or at least the theory of moral pain, in those whose hearts are aching from moral evil? Surely there is a great difference between the resignation or the endurance of a truthful, faithful, loving, hopeful spirit, and this dreadful theology of suffering as the necessity and appointed state of things! I, for one, will not accept it. Even while I do so suffer evil, I believe in goodness; even while my eyes see not through tears, I will believe in the existence of what I do not see—that God is benign, that nature is fair, that the world is not made as a prison or a penance. While I stand lost in utter darkness, I will wait for the return of the unfaithful dawn, even though my soul be amazed into such a blind perplexity that I know not on which side to look for it and ask, ‘Where is the East? and whence the day-spring?’ For the East holds its wonted place, and the light lies withheld only till its appointed time. God so strengthen me that I may think of pain and sin only as accidental apparent discords in His great harmonious scheme of doing good! Then I am ready—I will take up the cross and bear it bravely, while I must; but I will lay it down when I can, and in any case I will never lay it on another.”

This is brave. This is generous. This comes from a heart that evidently has been steeped in the influences of a pure and undefiled religion, that leans on no such props as fastings and sackcloth for its support, but burst out in full June flowers from the soul of him who knows what is the wealth of its possession. When we read anything like this from the pen of Mrs. Jameson, we take courage and go on. We bless God for His sunshine still.

“OUT IN THE COLD.”

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

With blue cold hands and stockingless feet,
Wandered a child in the cheerless street.
Children were many, who, housed and fed,
Lovingly nestled, dreaming in bed,
Carried their joy in a land of bliss,
Without a thought or a care of this.
They were warm in humanity’s fold,
But this little child was out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Black blew the wind through the cheerless street,
Dashing along the merciless sheet,
All furled and shawled, man, woman and child,
Hurried along, for the storm grew wild.
They could not bear the icicle blast
Winter so rude on their pathway cast,
Alas, none pried—no one consoled
This little wanderer out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

She had no father—she, no mother,
Sister none, and never a brother.
They had passed on to star-worlds above,
She remained here with nothing but love.
“Nothing but love”—ah, men did not know
What wealth of joy that child could bestow.
So they went by, and worshipped their gold,
Leaving the little one out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Wandered she on till the shades of night
Velled her shivering form from sight,
Then, with her cold hands over her breast,
She prayed to her Father in heaven for rest.
When hours had fled, ‘neath the world’s dark frown,
Hungered and chilled she lay herself down—
Lay down to rest, while the weath’ly rolled
In carriages past her out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Out in the cold, in an angel form
Brought her white robes that were rich and warm,
Out in the cold, on the sleeping child,
This sainted face of a mother smiled.
A sister pressed on her brow a kiss,
Led her ‘mid scenes of heavenly bliss;
And angels gathered into their fold
That night, the little one out of the cold—
Out of the cold.

[The above Song, with appropriate music by L. O. HANSEN, will shortly be published by Dutton & Co. We commend it to the favor of our musical friends.]

INCIDENT; SEEING AND FEELING A SPIRIT.

There is a lady in Charlestown who has, for a long time, been wasting away with consumption; she is now very near her end. A few days since, as she lay quietly upon her bed, with her eyes closed, and no one near her, she felt distinctly upon her forehead the pressure of a hand. She opened her eyes, and saw no one near, and yet she was sure some one had touched her, and asked her daughter, who sat at the opposite side of the room, if she had put her hand on her forehead, or if any one had entered the room, for she was sure she knew some one had touched her. The daughter had not moved from her chair, and no one had entered the room. The lady, a little agitated at the strangeness of the incident, whispered to herself, What is it? Can this be a spirit? Is my departed husband here? If he is, let his hand again press my forehead. The pressure on her forehead was repeated with greater power than before; and then she distinctly saw her husband’s spirit before her. The lady who experienced these manifestations is not a Spiritualist, and knows nothing of the phenomena, but asserts positively that what she saw and felt was not a dream or a delusion, but was as real as anything she ever felt or saw.

Gen. Persifer F. Smith has been ordered to Utah, as well as Gen. Harney. The chief command of the army will devolve on the former.

Political Items.

The Kansas Constitutional Convention met at Leavenworth on the 25th ult., having adjourned from Minneola. It was supposed that the session would be short, and that the Topeka Constitution would be adopted with some modifications. Gen. Lane was elected President of the Convention, but resigned immediately, it being thought better that the President should not be identified with the extremists.

There was a caucus of the Democratic members of Congress on Saturday night, the 27th ult., called for the purpose of attempting to devise some method by which the antagonistic elements of the Democratic Party—Leocompton, and Anti-Leocompton—can be reconciled. It was resolved to appoint a Committee of Twenty, ten of each division, to confer together and agree upon some course of action, the Committee to report on Tuesday evening. Nothing finally resulted. The Anti-Leocompton men refused to make any concessions, and the conference broke up without arriving at any conclusion.

A vote has been taken in the House of Representatives, to lay the report of the Committee on the Mattoon case on the table, which was carried. It was afterwards voted by the House that further action in the matter on their part was inexpedient and unnecessary.

The Senate have elected Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, President pro tem., Vice-President Breckenridge having been called home to visit his family. The vote stood for Fitzpatrick, 41; for Fessenden, 28; for Hamlin, 1. After Mr. Fitzpatrick had been sworn in, the Minnesota bill came up, on Mr. Mason’s amendment, giving Minnesota only one Representative. Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, and Mr. Fitch, of Indiana, argued in favor of three, or two at the least. Mr. Collamer, of Vermont, was for one. Mr. Simmons, of Rhode Island, thought she should have two. Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, said that Iowa, with 600,000 or 800,000 inhabitants, had but two. Mr. Polk of Missouri, argued earnestly for three. Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, supported Mr. Wilson’s amendment, allowing one Representative now, and more when a census should be taken, showing her entitled to more. Mr. Mason’s amendment was put and lost, and Mr. Wilson’s was carried. Ayes 22; Nays 21, when the Senate adjourned.

Senator Douglas has presented the Constitution of Oregon, and also petitions for the organization of the Territory of Dacotah.

On Thursday, April 1st, by an agreement between the friends and opponents of the Leocompton Constitution, a vote was had in the House of Representatives, at one o’clock P. M. An arrangement, which is styled the “Crittenden Amendment,” was moved by Mr. Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, and carried by a vote of 120 for, to 112 against,—or eight majority. The Bill thus amended, was then passed by exactly the same vote.

This amendment (after the Senate agreed to it,) at once remands the Leocompton Constitution to the people of Kansas, for their removal or rejection. Should they reject the same, the amendment then provides for the calling of a new Constitutional Convention, which is to frame a new instrument, to be afterwards submitted to the people under proper restrictions, for the purity of the ballot-box; and if this instrument receives the popular approval, it is then to be forwarded to the President of the United States, who, on examining and signing it Republican in form, shall forthwith declare by Proclamation that Kansas—without any further action on the part of Congress—is a Sovereign State of the Confederacy.

The amended Leocompton Bill came from the House to the Senate, on Friday last, and that body, by a majority of nine, voted to disagree with the House. Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, made a speech against the amendment, and Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, made one in its favor. The next step will be for the House to say whether it will adhere to its first vote, or will recede. Should it declare for adhering, it will then be returned to the Senate, and a Committee will probably be raised to confer with a similar Committee on the part of the House. It is thrown out that perhaps Minnesota will be put on the Leocompton measure, as a “rider,” thus compelling the friends of the immediate admission of Minnesota either to vote for Leocompton, or against their own favorite measure.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia North American writes from South America, that the people of all the South American Republics are restless and discontented. Peru and Bolivia are both now convulsed with revolutions. The people of the Argentine Republic are in a state of excitement, and threaten to overthrow the existing government. Chili is at present quiet, but there is no certainty that the Congressional elections, which take place in March next, will not arouse discontent, fierce strife, and perhaps open revolution.

The new Army Bill, which passed the Senate, provides for the raising two regiments of volunteers, for service only in Utah, and on the frontier. Both the condition of our little army in the mountains, and the safety of emigrants overland to the Pacific shore, seem to demand that the army shall be strengthened—to some extent, at least,—without further delay.

It is proposed to establish an Institution in Boston for giving instruction to students in the science of government, including history, philosophically treated, and political economy. A wealthy and benevolent gentleman has offered already to donate very liberally for that purpose. The plan is to make Dr. Solger, the well-known lecturer on history, the corresponding Secretary of the Institute.

There is great opposition to the removal of the Post Office to Summer street, and a public meeting of the merchants of Boston has been called, who have, after consultation with Postmaster Capen, resolved to draw up and procure signatures for a memorial to the Postmaster-General, in opposition to the contemplated change. There has been considerable excitement on the subject, and two meetings were finally held on succeeding days.

We call the attention of the readers of the BANNER to the account (on our eighth page,) of the execution of Orsini and Pieri, in Paris, for their attempted assassination of the Emperor of the French. It is full, minute in its details, and exceedingly interesting. No single event that has occurred in France for a long term of years, has created such a profound excitement in the public mind.

The Washington correspondent of the Herald says: I understand the President will appoint Commissioners to proceed to Utah, to endeavor to induce the Mormons to yield obedience to the laws, in order to avoid, if possible, the shedding of blood; and that Governor Powell, of New York, and Major Ben. M. O’ulloch, will be the Commissioners.

Correspondence.

New York, April 8, 1858.

Anniversary of the “Rochester Knockings.”—Appearance of Spirits to Miss Judah; Judge Edmonds’ Soiree; Rev. Thomas Harris; Miss Emma Hardinge at Newark; Mrs. Hatch on Revivals; New York Conference, &c.

Mr. Edmonds—An interesting feature of the week in this metropolis, among Spiritualists, at least, has been the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the “Rochester Knockings.” The fête was given by Mrs. Ann Leah Brown, one of the Fox family, at her residence in Ludlow Place, on Wednesday evening. About two hundred invited guests assembled to do honor to the occasion, made up very largely of veterans in the cause, many of whom had sacrificed time, money and reputation with the world, in their efforts to vindicate the continued substantial life of man, as a spirit, against the Saldoucean tendencies of the age. Prominent among the number were Judge Edmonds and Gov. Tallmadge.

As an agreeable and appropriate part of the exercises, a brief history of Modern Spiritualism, from its small beginnings in the Fox family by means of the raps, on to the present time, was given by Dr. Hallock. From that obscure and apparently insignificant point, the phenomenon has spread into the four quarters of the globe; and by furnishing tangible proofs, has converted to a belief in a future, many thousands, and perhaps millions, of doubtful and infidel minds. Many of the best thinkers, and noblest hearts, in America and Europe, are now numbered in its ranks.

Additional remarks were made by Judge Edmonds, and others; and a relation was given of some remarkable manifestations which have recently occurred at the spiritual soirees of Mrs. Brown. There, it appears, during the past winter, spirits have manifested themselves in visible form. Not only have they exhibited the hand, and made themselves sensible to the touch, but they have stood out in proper bodily shape, so as to be obvious to all present, and recognized by their friends. But this is not all. They have also spoken in audible voice, it is said, and have condescended, on some occasions, even to whistle a tune. Of course, the idea of spirits whistling, must provoke a smile; but the allegation itself is no harder of belief, than a thousand other things, which, to our surprise, have been established by indubitable proof.

Another of the remarkable phenomena which have occurred through Mrs. Brown’s mediumship, is stated to be the production of phosphorus by the spirits. This, it is claimed, has been concentrated on the hands and arms of the medium, until it dripped from her fingers, and was capable of being gathered in a roll.

The appearance of spirits so as to be visible to the external sight, and their ability at times to speak in voices audible to the natural ear, among Spiritualists, can no longer be disputed. On one of these points, at least, I have a case in illustration. Miss Hagar I. Judah, somewhat known as a medium in Boston as well as New York, during the past summer, was ill for a time at Buffalo. During her illness, she was occasionally borne about the room by invisible arms—and audible voices, not uttered through her lips, were heard in her presence. Conversations were carried on with these voices, which seemed to come from a point near Miss Judah, while her lips were immovable or closed. These phenomena were witnessed by various persons, and among the rest, by Dr. and Mrs. Hatch; and Mrs. H. passing into the interior, gave the following account of what was passing on the invisible plane:

A spirit was standing near Miss Judah, but the voice came not from it. But equidistant between the two, while their spheres were closely combined, appeared vocal organs, simply, without the accompaniment of a body, from which the utterances came. The implication was, that these vocal organs did not belong to another spirit, but were an artificial construction, made up of the combined forces and emanations of the medium and the spirit.

JUDAH EDMONDS opens a series of spiritual soirees, at his house, on Lexington Avenue, on Monday evening next, which will be continued on the first Monday evening of each month, and be free to citizens and strangers.

REV. THOMAS L. HARRIS has a voluminous work in press, on the Celestial source of the first portion of the Book of Genesis. Swedenborg is held by his followers to have given the spiritual sense of the same scripture; and this work of Mr. Harris, which is understood to have been given from the interior, and to relate to still deeper arcana than revealed by the Swedish seer, is looked for with great interest by those who sympathize in sentiment with Mr. Harris. It is expected to be out in June.

The friends at Newark, N. J., who have just completed a fine hall of moderate size—the furnishing of which was accomplished by the spirited ladies of that place, through the agency of a fair—dedicated it last evening to its appropriate purposes. Miss EMMA HARDINGE was engaged as speaker on the interesting occasion; but the particulars I have not heard.

The lecture season, though April is with us, shows no signs of flagging. Miss HARDINGE has just returned from a two week’s trip to Philadelphia and Baltimore—a week in each place—and at both points, I learn from residents of those cities, was greeted with overflowing houses. The interest in Mrs. HARRIS’ lectures, here, is unabated. Last Wednesday evening, at Clinton Hall, was probably the fullest house of the season. The room will hold six or eight hundred persons, possibly more, and was crowded. Her subject, however, which was advertised beforehand, was well calculated to draw. It was on the origin and nature and results of the present revivals. The lecture was a good one, and delivered in the best style of the accomplished speaker. But as to its matter, it was in all respects such as one would expect to hear from the coldest and most materialistic pulpit in the land. She did not seem to think that God, or even spirits, had anything to do with the matter. She did not say they had not, but she contented herself with looking for the causes on the natural plane, the chief of which she discovered in the panic and financial embarrassments of the world. She, however, anticipated great good to flow from these revivals. Though it was fear which has called into action the religious element in man, it unfolds and elevates him to have his moral nature awakened. Revivals also humble pride, break down the barriers between rich and poor, destroy sectarian differences, and in the present wide-spread excitement, she was able to see one of the important instruments which should hasten on the “good time coming,” when selfishness and cruelty shall be banished from the world, and all be harmony and love.

The New York Conference of Spiritualists, at its last meeting, also had up the subject of the revivals. The majority of the speakers agreed substantially with Mrs. Hatch, finding the moving cause in the panic; and the spread of the contagion in meekness and psychological influences. Others, however, took a different view, and held that these revivals are only another phase of the spiritual manifestations of the age, addressed to sectarian minds in a shape to enable them to receive it; that Spiritualists proper have too much lost sight of the nature of man; and that the end will be, an amalgamation of the two phases—Spiritualists conferring on the sects the intellectual part of an improved religion, by reforming its theology, and receiving in return the element of worship, and a general quickening of their devotional and religious natures.

VERY QUEER.

A young woman who has been baptised in the Episcopal church, who is a professed believer in Spiritualism, and likewise a good writing and trance medium, has just passed the required examination for membership, and is about to be received into the Baptist church by a second baptism. This may seem strange to some who are Spiritualists; but it seems a forcible argument in favor of one great truth in Spiritualism, which is, Spiritualism is not sectarian. This young lady, soon to be a new, fresh, beloved and cherished member of the Baptist church, and still an avowed, firm, unflinching believer in what is called modern Spiritualism; and not only a believer, but a medium, too, of a superior order, through whose hand many hundred pages have been written, a large number of which have been published. What unseen power causes this step to be taken, or what the ultimate good resulting from it will be, remains for the future to disclose. God works in a mysterious way; and his purposes are brought about by ways and means we think not of.

This step would seem like placing upon the brow an iron frame-work made by men’s hands, heavy and hard to be borne; to be worn with, or in place of, the light and airy wreath of nature’s fragrant buds and blossoms that already crowns her spirit. But what seems wrong to us, in others, is often, if not always, caused by wrong within ourselves; our perception is so short, and our reason so finite, that we cannot see

“Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.”
We cannot realize that a kind Father breathes through every soul, and is

“As perfect in vile man that mourns,
As the rapscall that adores and burns.”

And every step we take, whatever it may be, must ultimate at last in good, and that in all.

“One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.”

And our young friend, though a Spiritualist, will now join the Baptist church, from which church many members have been cast off, or have withdrawn for the reason of being Spiritualists. So let it be; it is very pleasant and beautiful to rest satisfied in the sure belief that

“All discord’s harmony not understood,
All partial evil, universal good.”

A. B. C.

BIGOTRY IN TEWKSBURY.

A short time ago a member of the Orthodox church in Tewksbury, and wife of a man well known and respected in that town, but who, fortunately for him, has not been blinded by priestcraft, left her earthly body, and entered the spirit world. She was something of a medium herself, and through her mediumship, her husband caught his first glimpse of the beauties of a Free Religion.

Shortly after her death, he subscribed for the Banner of Light, and on Sabbath, March 28th, he went as usual to the church he has always attended to listen to Christian sentiments. But what was his surprise when the officiating minister, Rev. Richard Tollman, declared, directing his attention to him, that there was a man there, who had just lost a good, pious wife; and yet had left looking to the Bible as his guide, and had gone to reading a paper, and concluded by remarking that her sainted influence had not sufficed to keep the husband in the fold, and because it had not, he compared him to the heathen.

Perhaps he did not know that it was this “good pious wife” who first gave her husband a foretaste of that true religion, which does not permit its disciples to blackguard any man because he does not agree with him—“which allows” all men to worship God in “their own way”—ties them to no church or sect; binds them to support no minister or priest-hood, but only asks of them to do what their own reason tells them is right and true, and to conform as much as possible to the life of Christ, who was never known to revile or to persecute.

The vine is known by its fruit—if such wounding thistles were presented to the people of the Orthodox church by its pastor, is he one of the branches of the true vine, the fruit of which is Love?

Who hope Spiritualists in his town will teach this man a lesson he has not seemed to learn, as many of his brethren have—that the time is past when ministers can whip men, like whining ones, into suberviences to their favorite creeds.—We hope they will let their light shine—not be afraid to show their colors at all times and on all occasions, and take good care to show that they walk with Christ, by living a life of greater purity than their church brethren, the fruit of which shall be Love and Charity. If they do this, the deluded men, who by the intolerance and display of dogmatism and hatred, show that they are none of His, will in time be illumined by their light and lead into the true fold, whose shepherd is Christ.

MESSAGES RECEIVED.

Which will be published in the order in which they are placed below:—

Robert Stanwood, James Finlay, — Wilkin-
son, Solomon Peel, Smith Robinson, Jackson Leonard,
Levi B. Trefethren, Benjamin Trefethren, William
Cady, Eliza Sheldon, Charles H. Davis, Margaret
Phinney, Geo. Currier, Richard H. Crowningshield,
John Moore, John Saunders, Andrew Winn, James
Smith, — Inches, Wm. Robinson, Joseph Leonard,
William Winslow, Rev. Ruth, Jonathan, to His
friend Henry Row, Rev. Dr. Benjamin Langworthy, Wm.
King, George Emerson, Harvey Burdell, Harriet Lin-
cott, Addison Phillips, William Gray, John Gillespie,
Charlotte Howard, Henry Clay, Deuben Willey, Adah
Eliza Smith, William Livingston, Chiqueno Wright,
Rebecca Rice, John E. Thayer, H. Wright, William
Honnans, Robert to Massa, Pratt, John Pemberton,
William Parsons, Mrs. Moombler, Robert Grapah,
Ellen Beck, Capt. John Coffin, Fred. Barker, Mary
Pauke, James Tebbotts, Capt. John Hanson, Elder
Bisbee, John Hubbard, Samuel Parsons, F. A. Jones,
Jane Billings, John Sowat, Rachel, Elizabeth French,
Ann Carr, Capt. James Bell, Nancy Burke, Charles
Goss, John White, Deacon David White, Charles Day,
Danforth Newcomb, Charles H. Davis, Wm. Duffay,
Laura Simonds, William Gurdian, John Sheldon, John
Tow, Wm. Bent, — Morton.

ELECTRICITY:

ITS RELATION TO SPIRITUALISM.

The caption includes the title of a lecture delivered in the Melodion by Dr. Paige, on Sunday afternoon and evening, to a large and deeply interested audience. We do not pretend to furnish more than the substantial features of the lecture, as space will not permit elaboration.

The Doctor commenced by stating that it was no part of his design to endorse or oppose Spiritualism, but simply to give his own views of the connection subsisting between Electricity and Spiritual Phenomena—leaving the audience, as individuals, to form their own conclusions relative to the truth or error of his deductions, which he had drawn after a long series of experiments.

Human existence—the elements which gave it life and support—came from a great first cause—God—whose proper attributes were wisdom, intelligence, justice, and mercy; but the course taken by that primary cause in progressing from the source to the consummation of that existence, had not been properly traced. There was only a cause here and an effect there. To mark this progression, and find a proper recognition among men. The Christian, by his exercise of faith, jumped over every obstacle between the incapacity and the perfection of human existence—content to enfold himself in the invisible, and to repudiate all inquiry, while the materialist declared it was all a blank; and thus, at the two extremes, have been made the points of warfare among men, from the first cause round the circle to that cause again. The Materialist had founded his belief on things material alone, such as he could grapple with, and the Christian, in what he called Faith, made up for the absence of knowledge, science, and everything else. Because of its tendency, as was stated, towards infidelity, science had been ignored, and its devotees persecuted. In proof of this kind of argument it was only necessary to recall the facts that the discovery of the circulation of the blood, and of vaccination, blessings in those consequences, were thus repudiated as infidel innovations, and their advocates persecuted—and thus Christian, animosity, contending itself, and firmly and obdurately satisfied with the invisible, insisted that, if the Materialist rose above the ponderable elements, he became at once an infidel. The great field of inquiry was now, however, opened; and cause and effect, as they could be traced through nature up to nature's God, were becoming legitimate—even although the philosophy of their discovery had left the theological track, and betaken itself to one not recognized by the churches.

In touching upon the different relations of those elements which make up our existence, and which were used by the Divinity in making up and preserving matter, Dr. Paige enumerated—1st, the solids; 2d, the fluids; 3d, the atmosphere; 4th, electricity; and 5th, the mind. The same relationship existed among all those elements, which were interlinked with each other. The solids were connected with the aqueous element; the atmosphere was composed of the two former, and incorporated with them; electricity ramified them all, and the mind acted as the governing power—not as a little demi-god located in the brain, or anywhere else in particular, but more expansive than the other elements. It was an important fact to note that the higher element controlled the others.

The lecturer then went on to show that the discussion, and inquiry into the relationship subsisting between mind and matter, constituted a very proper exercise, and entirely becoming in men living in this sphere, which was a part of eternity, otherwise men were not immortal. The truth was absolute that fixed laws controlled mind and matter, and must be obeyed: they are God's laws, and designed for good. To understand them, was true science; to obey them, true religion. A portion of mankind called this theory infidelity, and will deny all laws and live for the future by faith. This might seem strange when it was understood that our only happiness consisted in living up to an obedience to these laws of God. So to live made it important, nay, incumbent on men to know and understand these laws that they might avoid the penalty of their breach. Even taking theology for our rule of belief, we had entered on eternity already, consequently as our laws relate to immortal beings, and determine our existence through the eternity of the future, they ought to be understood and obeyed. If the pleasures of heaven were the investigation of the laws of God, what harm could come of the process here? None whatever; and it is now high time that we give up the pursuit of filthy lucre, here below, and study, and profit by, an investigation of the laws of God.

No higher pursuit could be found; for, as our obedience to, or disobedience of, those laws, must depend on our future. It is not time to wait for another state of being to commence this investigation; for if a man went to the other world a miser, he would find that he had no gold to clutch, and so also in every passion and pursuit of earth. If a man went to the other world with any one of them prevailing, it would stick to him there, and form his unhappiness, what ever earthly delight it may have given him. And this spiritual investigation ought to go on, despite everything that could be opposed to it, for it was the establishing of a new philosophy which would never be otherwise discovered, and existence would be the loser. Spiritualism, or whatever name the phenomena went by, would surely furnish a clearer insight into God's laws—and the rule of obedience to them—and what better religion could mankind have? It is enough for man to obey the laws of his own sphere; and for man to constitute every man's religion—the paying of obedience to those laws which are the practical result of the spiritual philosophy. God only required that man should do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before Him, without placing reliance on any vicarious aid for his elevation in the future.

Recurring again to his enumeration of the elements of human existence, the lecturer said that man, in his composition, embraced them all, along with all the propensities and passions which they included in accordance with the laws of their existence. This was seen in the thorough adaptation of man's anatomy and functions to the use of those elements. His brain, or mind, and nervous system, were given him to regulate this use—not that they were self-acting in their control, but the media through which electricity operated as the motor—and hence the connection between mind and matter. It should be here again distinctly remembered that the higher element controls the lower. All the other elements were under the influence of mind, and could not voluntarily act independently of the higher one; but without the aid of electricity, the mind could do nothing. [The effects of the partial absence of disturbance of the electric influence upon the mind

were illustrated in a very familiar manner, showing that they produced singular moods, semi-insanity, and nervous affections, the existence of which had never been included in the popular diagnosis of diseases. For instance, a man of common understanding would never choose the period of a prevailing east wind to go and ask a favor of another, knowing, as he would do, the absence of electrical influences under such condition of the atmosphere. It drove men's minds into the cellar—made them peevish and impatient of trouble—and consequently badly adapted them to any deed of generosity or kindness. Charged a leaden jar, and place it in a warm place, it will retain its electrical burden; but place it in a cold situation, and the electricity would disperse. It was precisely so with the mind under depressed and disturbing circumstances, such as had been in stand.]

Animal magnetism, which was so much preached down sixteen years ago, but now so heartily believed by theologians, because it seemed to oppose Spiritualism, was the result of electrical action on the nerves. Electricity, in its passage from one body to another, had the power of attraction, and in passing between two persons, threw them *en rapport*, and what the one would think, taste or feel of pain, or other sensation, the other would also. This fact was in perfect harmony with the laws of electricity. It might be said that this fact was in opposition to Spiritualism, but it was not so. It was a demonstration of sympathy. Sympathy was held to be a motive, influencing spirits to converse with men. Love would be nothing without electricity, or the principles that bound hearts, sympathies and affections together. Without electricity there could be no affinity whatever, and hence the idea of its operation in animal magnetism cases could be no arraignment of Spiritualism, which had so many apparent sympathetic consequences.

As a proof of the extreme power of electrical connection, as subsisting between the mind and matter, a case was cited as having occurred at Springfield. A man had his leg cut off, and the amputated member was placed in the collar. Some considerable time afterwards the patient complained of some one pinching the amputated limb, and on going to the cellar his attendant found it was really the case. In this connection Dr. Paige said that he had witnessed the emission of electrical sparks from a dead body long after the period of death. In the former instance the surgeon had cut off the fluids and solids composing the leg, but had not been able to cut off the electricity.

Psychology was the next detail taken up by the lecturer. This was the power of governing another through the action of the mind—the party so governing not knowing the manner of his operating, or the governed being able to understand the nature of the influence exercised upon his mind. After much experience as a psychological lecturer, Dr. Paige said he never exerted any mental influence over such as became impressed with his mind, passions, feelings or complaints. They became so impressed entirely independent of any effort of his. The parties lost their own mental identity, and became whatever his stronger desire willed them. They would pray, although they had never done it before, and sing and speak in the same manner. All revivals must be based as quite constantly produced impressions—all of them quite consistent with the laws of God, and in harmony with electric force. And they must be psychological impressions—religious psychology. Is this not Spiritualism? The lecturer would not say whether it was so or not, but leave it to others to decide—each one for himself. He believed, however, that it was human Spiritualism, and in precise harmony with the laws of mind and matter. As he said before, there was an affinity between the mind and the laws of God, whence came sympathy—love—God. Would to God that sympathy and love was more general, and that those who prayed for revivals, and pursued the gain of riches at the same time, would become imbued with the feeling that they could not be happy unless they could see the poor around them happier and better off than themselves.

Revivalists were psychologists, although they did not know it, and their labors were precisely similar to those of the lecturer. He described as having been followed by himself. He described as having been the law of all practical religion. A noted revival preacher would come round at a time when it was declared that God had left the locality—given it up to the devil—and would say to his congregation, "God is here, and He is going to save poor sinners, and He will be sure to save you if you will only try to be saved." That was simply psychology; and if the same party would tell his listeners to dance, instead of pray, for salvation, they would do it, and all in exact harmony with the laws of God, of human nature, and those of psychology. This truth might be unpalatable to swallow all at once; but by taking a little now and then, the mind would become able to see it, and recognize its veracity.

In defining what was Spiritualism we involved the condition of those who had departed this life in the idea. It was the opinion that they came to us, after they had cast off the human elements, and influenced us as we did each other. Many honestly thought so, and that their friends above acted through certain media, by means of, electricity, in taking possession and control of their minds—giving them, language and demonstrations of their presence by rappings, by moving tables, &c. People who have had no experience of the facts would not believe this; their early prejudices were opposed to this belief; but many were taught to think true what they did not now believe. But yet not to believe it was infidelity according to the laws of matter and mind—the laws of God—for it blotted out the spiritual element altogether. Clergymen were the most obdurate misbelievers in this shape, for they upheld the opinion that, after leaving the body, spirits lay dormant until Gabriel blew his horn and waked them up—and this even in the face of the declaration of Christ; that he could call up a legion of spirits in a moment, without the aid of Gabriel's trumpet. No man could help being an infidel who did not believe that spirits were all around him. Dr. Paige thanked God that Spiritualism had not its advent in the church, or under the influence of clergymen. If it had been so, it would have been abused. The Deity had not put the new wine into old bottles, for had it been so they would have soon burst. The church, by its hypocrisy, had connected Spiritualism with the poverty, sectarianism and politics, and destroyed its every influence for practical good. But returning to the idea of the spiritual communications with the dead, the common belief was that they entered the mediums, took possession of their minds, and made them speak. If tests of their presence in this shape were given, and no collusion possible, men had a right to believe that the spirit was at work. Individuals would see and believe as they pleased, and they could not help it, even to save

their own souls. Others will see and hear for weeks and refuse to believe. "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled;" but it is the condition of receiving that they first be hungry. It was so with unbelievers; it had been so in this very hall time and time again. Christ himself made belief a condition of harmony with himself and his nature, in strict accordance with the laws of human existence, and could do nothing without it, the same as spiritual mediums.

Moving tables, pianos, and other heavy pieces of furniture, could not be done by electricity. This accomplishment was out of the pale of its governing laws. A magnet that would lift ten tons weight of iron would not lift a pound of wood. This table-tipping had been seen, but the electricity which performed the feats would have knocked the places where they were done all to shivers in a moment. Whether or no the work was done by spirits, every one could form his own belief. One thing was certain: Electricity never yet made a rap on a table, or anywhere else. The human mind never controlled it to do any such thing.

Dr. Paige challenged all the media—were they ten thousand in one circle, to produce one solitary rap from electricity. He would give a thousand dollars to anybody—even to the Harvard professors, if they would furnish proof of such an electrical sound. There could be no proof; for there was no law of the human mind which could rap on, or move, a table one iota without mechanical aid. Electricity was not in itself an intelligence; it was but the vigorous agent of wisdom, and never could convey any intelligence uncontrolled by the mind.

In concluding his lectures, the Doctor made an earnest appeal to Spiritualists to recognize the vast importance of their philosophy, and of the direction given to spiritual phenomena. They were responsible for much in the way of human happiness and regeneration. Their control over powerful elements was immense, and charged with much good, and hence the propriety of the advice.

We have loosely abstracted an address of three hours' duration. Although invited, no questions were put implying controversy of the opinions advanced. At the close, a request was made that Dr. Paige would speak again next Sunday. This he promised to do, and make his subject "Revivalism: its benefits and disadvantages."

Prof. S. B. Brittan occupies the desk on Sunday next, in the afternoon and evening. Dr. Paige will lecture in the morning at 10 1/2 o'clock. Subject—Revivals.

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

A letter from H. B. Storer is in type, and will appear in our next.

GRATIFYING.—A correspondent at Waukegan, Wis., writes us as follows:—"The BANNER meets our most hearty approbation, and in this place your patrons are on the increase. We shall do all we can to augment its circulation. Protracted meetings are the order of the day in this region. We have no doubt they will result in good, in preparing the mind for something higher. While 'wz, too, are on the increase in our noble work."

CALIFORNIANS RETURNING.—We saw a couple of returned Californians, yesterday, who were on their way east. The tale they tell is a sad one. We will give only the figures. They went to the gold mines four years ago with about \$1500—they return home with scarcely half that amount, perfectly cured of the California fever.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE was reopened on Monday evening, by Mr. Charles R. Thorne, the new lessee, for the spring season, with a dramatic company. Mr. Robert Johnson, a fine melodramatic actor, has been engaged, and will play a majority of the leading business. We hope Mr. Thorne's path in his enterprise will be strewn with roses.—Doth's recent engagement at the Boston Theatre did not prove a very remunerative one, we are sorry to say; this was to be expected, however, coming as he did immediately after the rush to see the Ravine had subsided. Miss Agnes Robertson has been engaged, and, as she is quite a favorite with Bostonians, we are confident she will meet with success.—The Museum is always attractive, and consequently attracts large audiences. Warren, "the intubator," announces Friday evening, 9th, as the time selected for his benefit. He will himself appear. Upon this occasion, we understand, Mrs. Gladstein makes her first appearance.

Digby stated last week that there were plenty of "hands" about that needed aid. Iko Partington, in consequence, sent us a note, yesterday, wherein he states that he saw a fellow without hands, asking for aid.

Rev. Mr. Kallach, late of this city, is now practicing law in Kansas.

Negotiations are now going on between the United States and England, for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The Senate and House Committee on Foreign Affairs will shortly, by a decided majority, recommend its immediate abrogation. The English government professes to have no "concessions" in Central America.

The specious pleading of the Gazette is in favor of the contemplated New Post Office locality, is transpiring. It is near their office. Digby says he saw Iko Partington clap his thumb to his nose and twist his fingers in a peculiar manner, while the editor was inditing the article.

Spurgeon said in a recent sermon, that if the Almighty had referred the ark to a committee on naval affairs, it was his opinion that it would never have been built. And this is the "Modern Whitefield!"

Henry Bills has recently been married to Mary Small, in Alabama. As there is a law in that State against issuing small bills, the happy couple will either have to petition the Legislature for relief, or emigrate.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

SUNDAY MATINEE.—The desk will be occupied at the Melodion on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M., as usual. Professor S. B. BRITTON has been announced as the lecturer. "THE LAMP OF LOVE AND OF THE POOR"—entitled the "Harmonical Band of Aid of the Poor"—will hold their semi-weekly meeting at the house of Mrs. Alfred Nash, No. 7 Phillips Place, on Thursday afternoon, 8th inst. All interested in this benevolent work are invited to attend. Miss ROSA T. AVERY, the trance-speaking medium, will lecture as follows:—On Tuesday, 13th, inst., in South Dedham; Thursday, 15th, in Blandford; Sunday, 18th, in Foxboro'. A weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spirituallists' Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Thursday evening, commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock.

SPIRITUALLISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Speaker, Rev. D. F. Goddard. Admission free.

A CIRCLE for Medium Development and Spiritual Manifestations will be held every Sunday morning and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission 5 cents.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings in Evening Star Hall, No. 60 Main street, every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. The meetings will be occupied by circles, the afternoon devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and the evenings to speaking by Living Media.

MEETINGS IN CHURCHES, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Winthrop street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.

QUINCY.—Spirituallists' meetings are held in Marlboro Hall every Sunday morning and afternoon. Trance-Speaking Mediums, will lecture Sunday next, March 21, in the above hall.

BAILEY.—Meetings are held in the Evening Star Hall at the Spirituallists' Church, Sewall street. The best trance-speakers engaged. Circle in the morning free.

J. N. KNAPP, Supl.

Meetings at Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 1/2 and 7 o'clock. The best Lecturers and Trance-speakers engaged.

INVESTIGATION

OF THE

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM.

In the summer of 1887 there took place in the city of Boston what was called an investigation of the Spiritual Phenomena, by certain Professors of Harvard University and some one or more connected with the Boston Courier; and in the course of some three or four days of violent opposition to all the required and acknowledged laws that govern Spiritual Manifestations, whether mental or physical, these wise men of Harvard and of the Courier were enabled to give their opinion on the whole subject, and pronounce the delusion of so-called Spiritualism "a deception, a delusion, an imposition, and injurious alike to the honesty of man and the purity of woman."

I say that in the course of three or four days' investigation, these wise men were able to give opinions on a subject, that has been the study of wise men for as many years, before they would even pretend to be able to give an opinion on a subject so vast. At the so-called investigation by the Professors, if I am rightly informed, they were permitted to hear the raps made on the floor, on the table and upon the walls of the room where they were assembled, and a promise was made that these raps should be accounted for and explained by some other than the spiritual theory, at some future time; when that future time, will be, I think it not in the power of man to tell, but in the meantime they will permit the raps to be made, and the people to be deluded, notwithstanding it is "injurious alike to the honesty of man and the purity of woman."

My object at this time is not to examine this investigation in all its parts, but more particularly to compare the so-called Harvard investigation of one particular phase of the manifestations, with my own experience in the same. I refer particularly to that which comes through the mediumship of the Davenport boys, and I will just give you what I learn from good authority was the careful investigation of the Harvard Professors, which occupied some part of one or two days, and compare it with my own personal investigation, which occupied nearly every afternoon and evening for about two months.

It is well known to all who have witnessed the manifestations through these mediums, that one of the requirements of the law that governs them, is darkness; why it is required I cannot, and perhaps no one else can, give a reason that will satisfy all minds; but I suppose the same reason might be given why darkness is required in this case, that would be given why darkness was required in olden time for most if not all the physical manifestations recorded in what are called the sacred writings, both of the Old and of the New Testament. Another condition is, that those who are assembled to witness the manifestations should keep quiet and remain in their places, until such time as permission is given by the controlling power, whatever it may be, for each and every one to examine for themselves the state of things as they "progress in the manifestations. These things will be shown more fully, in relating my own experience, as I shall then be particular to note the most minute events. Now, having been told that these conditions were required, what was the conduct of these wise men of Harvard? Did they conform to these conditions and watch for imposition on the part of the mediums? Or did they impose upon the mediums and all connected with them, by violating these conditions? It is said, and I believe with truth, that one of the Professors insisted upon getting into the box with the boys, and that while there he was lighting lucifer matches and trying experiments with phosphorus, until the inside of the box would have been unpleasant to Lucifer himself, and he came near smothering both the boys and himself—not Lucifer, but the Professor. I am also told, and I believe with truth, that another placed himself at the door, and would frequently throw it open, thus letting in the light and destroying the conditions, and that most of them were anything but quiet and passive in their seats; and yet, with all these violations of the laws and conditions that govern physical manifestations, they pronounce the whole a humbug from a few hours' investigation of this character. As well might they pronounce the magnetic telegraph a humbug, because it would not communicate when the wires are cut and its other machinery out of order. Is it to be wondered at that the promised report of this Harvard Committee of investigation has never been forthcoming? Would it not be a greater wonder if, after mature reflection, they should attempt to make a report of such an investigation, if it could be called investigation? To me their whole conduct appears more like a farce.

I think I have given you a fair statement of the manner in which these Professors performed their work, and leave it for candid minds to judge whether, on so short an investigation, and with such violation of laws which govern these manifestations, they can for a moment be considered competent to give an opinion on this subject. And if this is the course pursued in all their investigations of Spiritualism, how can they say whether it is, or is not, "a deception, a delusion, an imposition, and injurious alike to the honesty of man and the purity of woman?"

With these few remarks upon the so-called investigation by the Professors, and the account of their proceedings at their sittings, as given to me by those present, I will now leave them and proceed with my own experience with the manifestations, as given through the mediumship of the Davenport boys. I willingly leave it for every candid mind to judge which is to be believed, those who for a few hours in two days violate all the laws and conditions of the phenomena, or he who carefully conforms to all the laws and watches who the closest scrutiny every manifestation made at circles nearly every afternoon and evening for more than two months. And not only in circles for the public, but in private circles, and also alone with sometimes both the boys, and sometimes only one. I say that after I have given my own experience, I will leave it for any and every candid mind to judge which is right.

The first time I ever saw these boys was soon after the Harvard investigation, when they had a room at No. 3 Little street. A friend of mine, a young man, and a little skeptical at first, went one evening to see the manifestations. The next day he told me his visit, and when asked what he thought of them, he said he believed the boys told and untied themselves, and that it was a humbug. I asked him if he examined the boys, and he could tell me in what manner they were tied, and how the knots were made or tied which made fast their hands, and whether the ropes were tied between the wrists in a knot? To all these inquiries he could give me no satisfactory answer. I concluded he would do to join the Harvard Committee, for I thought he knew just about as much in regard to the affair as they did, and no more; and I told him I was surprised to think he would go to investigate such a phenomenon, and come away so ignorant of it in all its parts.

The next evening I went myself, and as I had been told that lamps were rather scarce, so that we could not have one in the box while examining, but had to depend on what might shine in from the gas burners, I provided myself with a box of wax tapers, or matches, to use during the examinations,—not to burn in the box as the Professors did. There were present that evening about twenty persons. I examined the box and was satisfied that it was all right; it stood on legs which elevated it about two and a half feet from the floor; there were three doors in front and the box was placed with the back snug to the wall.

This box was about six feet long, three feet wide and four feet high. Inside the box, at each end and on the back, were seats made fast with nails or screws, so that they could not be removed. In these seats were auger holes, and also holes bored through the box just above and below the seats. After we were all satisfied that the box was right, we were directed to take seats, and a line was passed around so as to make each one fast in the circle. No one could approach the box without others present knowing it. The boys took their seats in the box, one at each end, and the lights were extinguished. Immediately the doors of the box were closed, and we could hear the handling of the ropes. In about three minutes lights were called for, and the boys were both found tied with their hands behind them, the rope being tied first round one wrist in a hard knot, and then around the other, both ends then passed through the auger holes behind them in the seat, and were tied in a square knot under the seat. The ends of the rope were then passed around their legs and their legs lashed together. Ropes were also passed around their arms above the elbows, to pinion them back. In describing the manner of tying one boy I describe both, as they were tied nearly alike. I stated that I should like to make a little alteration in the tying. I was told politely to make such alterations as I wished. I spoke to a gentleman present, and he took one boy, while I took the other, and we altered the ropes so that they were not only tied under the seat, but we passed both ends out through the holes made in the box, and then tied them in square knots, until the rope was used up, then the other gentleman varying his by tying an umbrella to the outside, across the auger-holes. In the way we had tied the boys, there was no possible way to untie them without first cutting the knots on the outside of the box. The musical instruments, consisting of a drum, a bell, a guitar, tamborine and violin, being placed in the box, and the spectators seated, the door would close as soon as the lights were extinguished and immediately the instruments would commence playing, sometimes the spirits playing all five at once, and at others only one and two. After playing for a short time a light was produced, and we were again permitted to examine the boys, when we found every knot tied as we had before left them. I should have mentioned that a gentleman present handed me his handkerchief, to tie around the ropes that tied together the youngest boy's legs. After this examination and all had become seated as before, the door of the box being closed, the cords were again heaved as if being untied. Directly the umbrella was thrown upon the floor. The gentleman who lent me the handkerchief then requested that I might have a knot tied in it before being thrown out. The spirit voice, through the trumpet, answered that it should be done, and in about one minute it was thrown to the floor, and when the light was struck, it was found at the feet of the rightful owner, and completely tied up in knots so that only about half an inch of the ends or corners were out, and the boys were both free from the cords that a few moments before bound them.

Thus ended the first exhibition of the wonderful manifestations through the Davenport boys as witnessed by myself, and this was my first introduction to them, having never even seen them before this; and it was not until some time after that I was introduced to the father. Subsequently, Mr. Davenport took rooms at No. 6 Lagrange Place, and it was here that I became more acquainted with them, and went on with my investigations, going several times a week, when at last Mr. Davenport wished me to attend and aid him in conducting the circles. This brought me to a better acquaintance with the boys, and gave me a better opportunity to investigate, and if there was any trickery or humbug I should be better able to detect it; and I will here remark, that I always told both Mr. Davenport and the boys that I was so sure as I ever did detect them in any deception, I would expose them to the world, and I certainly would have done so. In this place the manifestations went on afternoons and evenings, not varying much in their character, except in some few instances at private circles. I noticed that promiscuous public circles were less harmonious than private ones, and in consequence, at the private circles better and more wonderful manifestations were produced. This fact proves the necessity of their being good order and quiet in the circles, and shows the folly of even Professors, because by violating these rules they deprive themselves of

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. F. H. NEWBURY.—Should be happy to hear from you when anything of importance occurs in your city; but we cannot possibly print your favor of the 17th ult., owing to the crowded state of our columns. We wish it generally understood that all communications sent to us for publication, should be written with care, to obviate the necessity of correction by us. We are obliged to reject communications solely on this ground.

G. S. COLVIN, PORTAGE, MICH.—Your favor of the 24th ult. has been duly received. Please to accept our thanks for the interest you take in the welfare of the BANNER. If all our friends would be as prompt in replying as you have been, we should feel truly grateful.

DR. H. ROBERTSON, ILL.—We have received your views in the matter spoken of in the first part of your letter. J. J. D. HUNTER.—Our neglect, in not entering your name,

what they would otherwise have the pleasure of witnessing. At one of these private select circles, where all went with a determination to be quiet and harmonious, and leave the manifestations to the unseen powers that produced them, after the boys had been tied, and examined by all present so as to make it a matter of certainty that they could not use their hands in any way, the instruments were played and the spirit voice was heard through the speaking-trumpet, not in the box alone, but the trumpet came out and would pass along before the front row of the company present, which was at least twelve feet from the box, and then reach over to the second row where I sat, and all this time the spirit voice answering and asking questions and making remarks. I put my hand up and felt the trumpet and also guided a lady's hand to it so that she felt it also. I tried to hold it, but there was a power too strong for me. The trumpet then returned to the box, and in a few minutes the guitar came sailing through the air, being played upon, and at the same time accompanied by the other instruments in the box. It passed over the heads of the company, touching some on the head; it passed back and forth from my own head to that of the person next to me, several times, with great rapidity, and hitting not the slightest knobs that ever were upon our heads. For one, I was well satisfied that the spirits were determined we should know they were there and ready to give striking demonstrations of the fact. After the guitar had returned to the box, the tambourine came out over our heads and passed from one side of the room to the other with the rapidity of lightning; and I think if any one had had his hand in the way of it, he would not have been able to say, at is sometimes done in the prayer meetings, "It is good for me to be here." If any man had got struck with it at that time, he would have got a bump not laid down in the charts which are given by the Messrs. Fowler.

At one time a party of about twenty came from Stoughton, and engaged a private sitting. A committee was chosen from this number to tie the boys. This was often done in public promiscuous circles. After the boys were tied, so that the company were satisfied that the boys could not untie themselves, all were seated as usual, and in about half the time taken by the committee to tie them, they were released by the spirits. Most of the manifestations at this sitting were of the usual character, until towards the close; and while they were examining the boys to see if they were in the same condition as before the music was played, one of their number, a large, stout man, came forward and said he doubted the whole; he believed the boys got loose in the box and played the instruments themselves, and he would like to get in the box with the boys. As they were already tied, this man was told that if he would consent to take his seat in the middle of the box, and have his hands tied as the boys' were, he could do it. To this he agreed, and after he was seated and tied the tin trumpet was placed on the floor of the box, near the middle door; the man was seated directly opposite this door; the door was closed, the light put out, and almost instantly the man was calling loudly for a light. One was struck as soon as possible by Mr. Davenport, while I ran and opened the door, and there sat the gentleman, bolt upright, the trumpet lying across his lap, and his upper lip swelled, cut, and bleeding. I asked him what was the matter? He said some one struck him. I asked him who did it? He nodded his head towards Ira, the oldest boy, and said he did it. I told him that if Ira had struck him, he should hit him back. He said he could not, because he was tied. I asked him if the boys were not tied also, and told him it was as fair for one as it was for the other; and if the boy had struck him with his hands tied, he could respect it in the same way, and return the blow. The gentleman was in quite a rage when I first opened the door, but by this time had cooled down considerably. I then got into the box and untied him, and requested him to untie the boy he thought had struck him. This man had been a great skeptic, and made much fun of Spiritualists and Spiritualism, and it was for this reason that they had prevailed on him to attend with them, and you may well believe there was not one sorry he had got a little hurt. It took him about fifteen minutes to get the boy untied so that his hands were loose, and before he had half untied him, he admitted that it was not possible for the boy to do it, and owned up that he, at least, had had a most striking proof of spirit presence and spirit power. I think it will be a long time ere he will attempt to ridicule spirit manifestations before any of those who were present with him at that time.

At another time, a private party came from Abington for a private sitting. With this company were some lady mediums, and some of them got into the box without the boys being present, it being before the hour for commencing the regular circle. While they were in the box, quite a number of manifestations took place, said to be by the same spirits that control the boys, or work through them. After the circle had commenced, with the boys in the box, the bonnet of one of these ladies, and she was seated in the middle of the party, was untied by invisible hands and taken from her head; and when the light was brought, was found lying in the middle of the floor, about half way between the box and the company present. I believed I before remarked that there was a space of about ten or twelve feet between the box and the company; and I should have said, that in all cases a rope was put across to keep every one away from the box, and that those persons connected with the exhibition were either tied, or held by some one of the company of visitors, who generally selected the most skeptical for that purpose, as they would be likely to hold the tighter.

Soon after these events, that very important event transpired, which I suppose might be termed the great Rhee exposure of the Davenport boys. This Mr. Rhee, I think, resides in Charlestown, and according to his own account, visited the boys in the afternoon of the day when he made his wonderful discovery, for the purpose of fixing his plans, and then visited them in the evening, to carry them out and make the great exposure; all of which resulted in his cutting the rope, which was put across to prevent persons from going to the box, then going, unknown to any one present, to the box, and getting hold of the violin, and, as he says, one of the boys' hands; but not being able to hold the hand, he being a man only about six feet in height, and the owner of the hand a monstrous boy of sixteen, while leaving the box with the violin, he was struck in the back with the bell. Lights were immediately struck, the spectators rushed to the box, and behold, the boys were tied hand and foot, and Mr. Rhee had not made much of a discovery after all. After this, the spirits sent Mr. Rhee a challenge, for him to come and get into the box with the boys; but his courage failed him, and he declined. About this time, a report was

circulated that the boys had left town, and I have often wondered how much Mr. Rhee knew about that report—perhaps he could tell as much as any other man about it.

Finding that the report of the boys having left town had got a wide circulation, and that it would be necessary to advertise considerably to contradict it, and the boys and myself wishing for a change, it was decided, after consultation with the spirits, to leave Boston for a few weeks, and then return and advertise as having again returned. This would not make Mr. Rhee appear in quite so bad a light, and be beneficial to all. Accordingly arrangements were made to visit Lowell, and spend a few weeks in that city. We arrived there Monday, October 19th—the first circle was the next (Tuesday) evening, and the manifestations were very satisfactory to nearly all present. For the first two weeks only evening circles were held, but notice was given that any persons wishing to try experiments, such as tying the boys themselves, springing dark lanterns, getting into the box with the boys, &c., &c., could, by making up a party of their own, and engaging an afternoon for the purpose, by making application the day previous, have that privilege. Soon after this, parties of skeptics, and others wishing to give the subject a fair investigation, began to be formed, and afternoon engaged.

It was at one of these private afternoon circles that the famous printers' ink exposure took place; and it is truly astonishing how greedily a story of this kind, where it is supposed to operate against the cause of Spiritualism, will be caught up and heralded forth to the world with all its false statements, and be believed by ministers and deacons, lawyers and doctors, professors and infidels—in fact, by all who wish for the downfall of spiritual truth.

I will now give you all the facts in this case, and then you will have an opportunity to judge for yourselves, how much dependence is to be placed in newspaper statements of spiritual manifestations; and more particularly when such statements are made by persons who did not witness the manifestations themselves, but depend upon common street gossip for their evidence, as was the case with Mr. Varney, of the Vox Populi, author of the printers' ink article. The true state of the case was as follows:—

On the afternoon referred to, after the boys were tied hand and foot to their seats in the box, one at each end, and consequently about eight feet apart, and while members of the circle were making their examinations to see if the boys were thoroughly tied, a gentleman present took the opportunity to put on the underside of the large end of the violin a small quantity of printer's ink, and said nothing about it to any one; soon after the lights were extinguished, and almost immediately, the oldest boy, Ira, called for a light, saying that the spirits 'had got some paint and were daubing them with it. I told him I guessed not; but he insisted that it was so, and I struck a light and went to the box, and sure enough, something had daubed them. Ira's forehead was completely covered with black marks, as if made by paint upon the fingers. William's forehead had a large spot, nearly or quite as big as a dollar. Their clothes were also daubed with the ink, and the boys say it was done by the spirit trying to glaze the violin by wiping it upon their clothes. The head of the drum, and also the tambourine, were marked with the same. The gentleman who put the ink upon the violin, said that was the only place he put it; he also examined the hands of each of the boys, and stated to the circle that there was no ink upon their hands or fingers, and both boys were found tied in the same manner as when they were before examined. The article in the "Vox Populi" says, "Their fingers were found well bedaubed with printer's ink;" and this goes the rounds of the opposition press; but all contradiction of the same, and all statements of facts, are entirely overlooked. It would not do to publish them, and set the matter right; it might offend some worthy deacon, or good pious subscriber, and rather than do that, and let the truth bear its own weight, they will let their lies and false statements travel on uncontradicted or corrected. Now I look upon this ink manifestation as one of the best tests we could have had. The ink was placed upon the violin without the knowledge of the boys, and yet almost immediately was it discovered in the dark, and a light was called for; and it was spread about in a manner totally impossible for the boys to have done it, tied in the manner they were, and their hands were found entirely free from any defilement by printers' ink trickery. I think, myself, that the greatest humbug exposed by the printer's ink, is the abominable lie it is obliged so often to repeat, after being rolled upon the types and pressed upon such sheets as the Vox Populi, and others that have repeated it.

I would here remark that the box used at Lowell was a new one, and much larger than the one formerly used by the boys. I deem this necessary, because I have at one time stated that the box used by the boys was six feet long; and in speaking of their position at the time the ink demonstration took place, I stated they were eight feet apart; the old box was six feet in length, and the new one little over eight feet. While at Lowell, every facility was given to gentlemen in private circles, and every effort was made to prove the humbug, if there was any, but without being able to show any deception whatever. At one time, while all the instruments were playing, a Dr. Stone, asked me if I would pretend to say that the boys were then tied. I told him I did; he replied that he would stake his life that they were loose; I immediately struck a light, and told the company to rush up and see, which they did, and found the boys tied hand and foot, as when examined previously. Dr. Stone said he was satisfied, and so did all present.

At a circle one evening, a gentleman was tied in the box with the boys, and received a very severe blow on the nose with one of the musical instruments; a light was called for, and the boys found tied; but still he was not satisfied but that in some way the oldest boy had inflicted the blow. He and a number of his friends engaged, subsequently, an afternoon for a private circle, and as we afterwards learned, had a young man in training, so that when his hands were tied behind him, he could take a knife from his coat pocket and cut himself loose. This party attended at the appointed time, and after all were satisfied with their examinations of the boys, to see that they were strongly tied, the young man of the knife was selected to be tied in the box, which was done, and the lights put out. In a few moments he called for a light, and three of the party immediately struck lights, they having cut the rope, and placed themselves in front of the box. The doors of the box were thrown open, and there was the young man, with his arms around Ira, and holding him tight, as if afraid he might get away. But this was

very unnecessary, as both boys were found tied, hand and foot, and could not get away if they would. I then called upon the young man to make a statement of his adventure, which he did. He said that immediately on the lights being extinguished, he cut himself loose, so as to be in readiness for a spring, as soon as he could feel a blow. He said that he was first struck on the legs, but not very hard; he then put up his arms to defend his face, and immediately received a blow on his arms, as he then thought, from the boy. He seized the boy, and called for a light, supposing he should find the boys' hands untied, but was astonished to find how great was his mistake. The whole party then acknowledged that they were defeated, and that there was no humbug. I subsequently learned from some of the party that their object was to expose the deception, and then introduce to my back a taste of the cowhide; but there being no deception, and the party all satisfied of the honesty of the boys, my back escaped such an unpleasant demonstration.

I will now relate one case of speaking through the trumpet, to show that it was actually a spirit voice. I know that many suppose that it is Ira that speaks; but I am well satisfied that he does not. One afternoon I took Ira into the room alone, and locked the door. We then got into the box, and I placed him on the seat, at the end to my right. I put the trumpet on the floor, at the opposite end, and took my seat in the middle, with my feet up, so that the boy could not pass to get the trumpet. I then put out the light, and almost immediately the trumpet was raised from the floor to a level with my head, and I could put out my left hand and feel it there, and with my right feel the boy on the seat at the other end. I then conversed with the spirit for nearly ten minutes. Questions and answers, both alike coming through the trumpet in regular conversation. While this was going on, Ira made rather an impudent remark to the spirit, upon which the trumpet passed immediately under my legs, and gave the boy a very severe blow on the shin, and then passed back, and the spirit then spoke, and said he would learn the boy better manners, or something to that effect. I cannot give the precise words at this late day. At this sitting I obtained satisfactory evidence, to my mind, that the voice was what it pretended to be—a spirit voice.

Near the close of our visit to Lowell, we went one evening to the house of a friend, and had a circle in a private room, without the box. There were present about twelve, including the Davenport boys. We formed a circle round a table, and all joined hands, so that we could hold each other, and know where each other's hands were. After the gas was turned off, the first thing done at this sitting, was, that the spirits took the table, and lifted it over my left shoulder, out of the circle. The table was again put back, and a guitar placed upon it; this was then played upon, and passed round the circle, touching most of those present. I would say that in the circle were quite a good proportion of skeptics, and they were mostly of the Baptist denomination, so that we were closely watched. At this sitting I think every one present, in some way or other, felt the power of the spirit hand, and some of us in a very striking manner. One of our Baptist friends had two very smart blows, one on each side of his head, almost knocking him down, and making him acknowledge that the spirits had beat a little faith into his head. That evening was the first he had ever seen of spirit manifestations. I was myself struck several times on the head, on my legs, and on my arms; I also had the spirit hand placed on the top of my head, on my forehead, and my nose pulled; and once the fingers of the spirit-hand were run up in my hair, and my hair pulled violently; but upon putting up my own hand, I found nothing there. I think that at this circle there was not a doubt of spirit power. I could give many more facts that came under my own observation, connected with these truly wonderful mediums, but I think I have made this article already too long, and will conclude with a few remarks.

First, I will say that I think the spirit demonstrations as given through these mediums, go to establish the fact that spirits are real, tangible beings; that they are composed of matter that is capable of making itself felt, although it may be so refined as not to be visible to the natural bodily eye; and that the old theological idea, which, of itself, is a contradiction, that they are composed of an immaterial substance—in fact, that they are airy nothings, is the greatest delusion ever palmed upon mankind, and the quicker it is abandoned by the church and its ministers, the better it will be for mankind.

Secondly, I have found that of those who attend spiritual circles, under the pretence of investigating the claims of spirit power, the ministers and Christian professors are the least sincere, while those who are by them called sinners and unbelievers, infidels and atheists, are the most candid, and in fact seek the most desirous of arriving at the truth; and wish to know of immortality, let its proofs come from whatever source they may.

And, in conclusion, I would say, that I have now given a plain, unvarnished account of my experience with the Davenport boys. I believe them, in fact I may say I know them to be honest, and I wish that those who oppose them were as honest as they. If they were, then there would not be so many lies told as now, and some, like the one of the printers' ink, would not be raked up every few weeks, and go the rounds of the press, with trifling additions, if not improvements. I have made these statements, and given this experience, unbeknown to the Boys, and the first knowledge they will have of it, will be to see it in print. I feel that they have been so frequently misrepresented, and falsely charged, that it is a duty I owe to them; and if these facts will do any good in the great and holy cause in which we are engaged, I shall have all the reward I ask for recording them. DEXTER DANA.

Roxbury, March 29, 1868.

REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

The following remarkable prediction was made by Friar Bacon, who was born in the year 1214, 644 years ago. Here is poetry and philosophy together, forming a wondrous chain of prophecy.

Bridges, unsupported by arches, will be made to span the foaming current. Man shall descend to the bottom of the ocean, safely breathing, and treading with firm step on the golden sands never brightened by the light of day. Call but the secret powers of Sol and Luna into action, and behold a single steersman sitting at the helm guiding the vessel, which divides the waves with greater rapidity than if she had been filled with a crew of mariners tolling at the oars; and the loaded chariot, no longer encumbered by the panting steeds, shall dart on its course with resistless force and rapidity. Let the simple elements do the labor; bid the eternal elements, and yoke them to the same plough.

CHURCH DAMNATION AND SPIRIT SALVATION.

Mr. Spurgeon, of London, ranks first among the living defenders of human creeds which hold to the doctrine of perpetual torment that awaits those who live and die without the pale of what man calls the Christian Church. The following passage is from one of his recent discourses:—

"That was a dreadful dream which a pious mother once had, and told to her children. She thought the judgment day was come. The great Books were opened. They all stood before God. And Jesus said, 'Separate the chaff from the wheat; put the goats on the left hand, and the sheep on the right.' The mother dreamed that she and her children were standing just in the middle of the great assembly. And the angel came and said, 'I must take the mother, she is a sheep; she must go to the right hand. The children are goats; they must go on the left.' She thought, as she went, her children clutched her and said, 'Mother, can we part? Must we be separated?' She then put her arms around them, and seemed to say, 'My children, if possible, I would take you with me.' But in a moment the angel touched her, her cheeks were dried; and now overcoming natural affection, being rendered supernatural and sublime, resigned to God's will, she said, 'My children, I taught you well. I trained you up, and you forsook the ways of God, and now all I have to say is, Amen to your condemnation.' Thereupon, they were snatched away, and she saw them in perpetual torment, while she was in heaven."

The following passage, purporting to come from a pure, angelic spirit, through a medium of unquestioned veracity and purity of life, presents quite a different view of the deeply interesting question of future happiness and misery. This spirit speaks as follows:—

"No joy would there be for me did I know that in sin and sorrow I was lingering for eternity. Human life has but one throb, one pulse, one tear, one joy. One cradle rocks us in infant repose; one fond parent takes us on his bosom; one grave takes all that is left of the earth; and when nature claims her atoms, one welcome awaits us at the second birth. Humanity is one great life-tree of eternity; the branches are the nations—the leaves the individual forms. Some leaves are fresh and budding, others are seared and fading; the freshness of one is kept by the life current that should have gone to another. We would not be the evergreen bough, drawing the life-sap from out a neighboring branch; we would not progress when sorrow is stationary; we would not bound with angel regions, and leave misery with eternity's woes engraven on the soul. It is the work of life to exchange dark garments for shining raiments; to give a cup of water in the name of Jesus; to visit millions in prison, and starving souls in poverty. These are the glorious incentives to grasp immortality; these are the emulative tides that float our spirits to the golden ocean where we shall bound in billowy bliss forever. O, benighted thought! that there is not a soul that's nearest God. The outcast, the lowly, the down-trodden and the poor, all live within his measureless provision—all are nestling beneath one parent's protecting wing. O, my Father, draw us more tenderly nearer to our brother's and our sister's sighs; for the mortal life-link holds, and we cannot fly away from sorrow's asserted claims. O, sorrowing forms that I have seen! this is my joy, that what has blessed my soul with peace, will one day bless you. All God's truth that has made one soul free and happy, is still the same eternal truth, written in His book of nature for sad forms to read; and all the sweet endearments of consolation that have been bound to one soul, are not exhausted or lost; they will go flowing on in tidal waves of love, till they dash against some sinking form and roll him on progression's waves. How beautiful is the thought that a heavenly truth is never lost, a thought of beauty goes sweeping through the universe of space, till it finds a welcome in some heart! it leaves its impress on another soul, and thus in time all must be blessed."

In the latter of the above passages is manifested the spirit of the saving love that Jesus taught; in the former is manifested the spirit of the vindictive vengeance that crucified him on the cross.

THE PRESS AND SPIRITUALISM.

Our country exchanges are catching up the subject of spiritual manifestations, and discussing them, as they would not have done a few months ago. The Courier and its talented editors, by their crusade against the wonderful phenomena, has opened the columns of newspapers to a free discussion of this subject, which could have been effected in no other way—thus what man designed as evil to the cause, God has converted into good. When a paper of the respectability of the Courier thought the subject of sufficient importance to devote column after column to it, it was at once relieved of its insignificance in the eyes of men, and now hardly a paper comes to this office but has some expression of opinion in this matter. The editor of the Portsmouth Journal, speaking of a medium, who was recently there giving physical manifestations, says:—

At the invitation of Mr. Foster, we waited on him at his room in Vaughan street, the present week. As we entered, six were sitting around a table, and holding converse with the spirits of the departed. Every "spirit" called upon responded. Every question was promptly answered, and in no instance that met our observation was there an error made in name or date. In two instances where the spirits were requested to write their names, pieces of white paper were taken by an unseen power from the hand of the medium, and carried to the floor. Soon after, in each instance, the table unaided rose six or eight inches clear from the floor, and when the paper was taken up the names were written in reverse. Having never before seen matter thus influenced by mind, it was an unaccountable novelty. We felt a heavy touch upon our hand, although nothing was visible, when what professed to be a spirit said, "Are you not conscious of my presence when I touch you?" There is in the communications made a great lack of such information as adds to our store of earthly knowledge. If any positive good is to arise from the strange phenomena the world will not be long kept from it. It is useless for men of gross lives, the debauchee or the intemperate, to attempt to hold spiritual communications. Mr. Foster says that such can find no response to their inquiries through him. We are not prepared to say that the inspiration of old by which holy men wrote was an influence such as is now being developed, but in many respects there is certainly a resemblance.

In a very clever article by the editor of the Newburyport Herald, written after spending an hour with Mr. Foster, he remarks:—

There were four of us present—all, it is presumed, in the full possession of our senses, and determined to give the matter a candid investigation. Just previous to our arrival, the table usually occupied was broken by the violence of the manifestations, so that another was brought out for our sitting, which would preclude the idea that it was prepared for the occasion. We formed a circle around it, and upon the "laying on of hands" audible raps informed us that a communication was desired with one of the number, and a name was spelled out, which no one at

first recognized, though in a moment one of the number exclaimed that it was the name of a particular friend of his father, who had often requested that he—the latter—should be named for him. As if to corroborate this, the table began to ride violently back and forth, and rose several times some two feet from the floor, in spite of our united efforts to restrain it. The spirit, or influence, then seized this person's hands, and tugged at his coat sleeve with considerable force; afterwards it touched each of us in succession, and ended by pulling a chair out from under one of the company. A violin was next laid on the floor, when the strings commenced snapping, as if being tuned, ending with a performance with the bow, wielded by invisible hands. The instrument then came up into the lap of one of the sitters, when a request was written out that he should take it in his hand, and the spirits would pull it away from him, which they did with such force, that it struck another of the sitters with unpleasant violence. After this, a card, on which a private mark had been made, was thrown upon the floor, and on taking it up, a moment after, the name of the mother of one of the company was found written upon it in a very fine and distinct hand.

These experiments occupied a sitting of two hours, during which we saw enough to convince us that these things are founded in the laws of the universe, and that whether any practical good results from them or not, that they demand investigation from those who love the truth for the truth's sake.

The N. H. Gazette, speaking of the same medium, says:—

We passed an hour, a few days ago, with Mr. Foster, the "Spirit Medium," and witnessed some things which not a little surprised us. Audible questions were answered by raps, with considerable accuracy, and mental ones not less so. Some of the phenomena could not be by any possibility, have been produced by mechanical means. The phenomena, therefore, must either be as they purport, of a spiritual nature, or we must attribute them to a psychological influence. We incline to the latter theory; the more readily, perhaps, because our sitting developed nothing more strange than we have before witnessed among clairvoyants. From the interest that attaches to this subject, and the success of Mr. Foster as a "medium," we do not wonder that his rooms are daily filled with a crowd of anxious seekers after "light." His visit to this city is soon to close.

When a "medium" shall obtain correct answers to a series of questions, the answers to which are unknown to any person at the sitting, we will drop the psychological theory, and subscribe to the "spirits"—if no rational alternative presents itself.

The Bangor Whig and Courier publishes a statement in respect to the performances of the spirits through the Davenport boys, which, after detailing their usual manifestations, says:—

The boys were tied by our committee in the most secure manner their ingenuity could invent, but they were untied by some power with perfect ease and facility.

These are the essential facts that occurred during our investigations. We leave it for others to judge by what power these phenomena were produced. For ourselves, we are satisfied beyond a doubt, that the boys did not move from their seats when the manifestations were given, and that they did not by any knowledge or design on their part produce the results.

The following names of the committee are appended to the statement. Perhaps Prof. Felton could make these men believe they did not see these things:—

L. P. Rand, H. B. Emery, S. W. Hoskins, Newell Blake, Winslow Staples, Silas Stow, David Hanson, R. F. Kinsell, William H. Gibb, Daniel Billings, Jas. J. Norris, David Bickford, William J. Parlin, Artemas Rigby, S. B. Reynolds.

Communications.

Under this head we propose to publish such Communications as are written through various mediums by persons in the spirit world and sent to us.

[Emma A. Knight, of Roxbury, Medium.]

Sunlight and Shadow.

Every picture has its light and shade, every life its happiness and misfortune; the two combined form a beautiful contrast, make a perfect whole. Day breaks, matures into noon, then deepens into night—which is most beautiful? Were there no change, you would tire of the sameness. In this, as well as all things, does God display His wisdom. We wake in the morning refreshed by slumber, and hail the rising day with holy, grateful feelings; we go to our daily tasks with life and energy; but the body and spirit alike tire, and we welcome night with two-fold pleasure, for we need rest and quiet. Were life all happiness, we should not know how to prize it; were it all trouble, we could not survive it; but the latter makes us brave, to overcome, and strong to endure, bringing to life and existence all those nobler qualities which fit us to enjoy a state of happiness.

Then let the picture of thy life be beautiful to look upon—with the deepest shadows of trial, gradually brightening into the light of love, and the blackness of error crowned by the halo of truth; then shall the Artist Divine find pleasure as he gazes upon it, and award his approbation.

BENJ. WEST.

[Mrs. Fales, of Chelsea, Medium.]

Henry Kirk White.

At midnight's holy hour, when the din of active life has ceased, and silence deep and profound is resting like a gentle spirit upon a slumbering world, go forth, and in the solitude of thy own heart commune with the God of Nature.

And on the harvest morn, gaze abroad upon the fair earth, smiling in light and beauty—upon the green trees, laden with fruit till their strong branches, bending downward, sweep the ground—upon broad fields of waving grain and golden corn—gardens and store-houses filled with plenty—and then reflect, vain man! that all these earthly blessings were bestowed by your Heavenly Father to beautify and adorn the casket wherein He has enshrined a germ of immortality. The star is even now shining in yonder heaven which will herald the coming of that brighter day, when every knee shall bend, and every heart shall bow in humble adoration before the throne of the Eternal.

List! there is a sound borne upon the air like laurel tones, hailing a conqueror wreathed with the glories of victory.

God is driving the money-changers from His holy temple—the mechanic has left his anvil and his hammer—the merchant his counting-house and ledger—the lawyer his brief, and the minister his sermon—and all are pushing forward to join the fast-swelling ranks of the Holy of Holies. God's kingdom has come—His will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

[Miss Moore, Medium.]

James Davis, to his Wife, Gloucester.

Dear Wife—Though more than a year has passed since I left you, and took my flight to the spirit land, I have been near you. I am with you, and watch over you and the loved children; and why do you still weep as one without hope? for there is hope, and you need not mourn for us. I would not come to this earth to live again, though I did many things but when on earth that I ought not to have done; but there is progression here, and I am trying to reach those brighter spheres above me. You often ask, Am I happy? I am. I would to God that you were as happy as we are; then do not weep, for it makes us sad to see you grieve. If you are faithful, you will dwell in a brighter home, than you now do, and we will meet and welcome you to our abode. I will write to you again. This is from your husband in the spirit land.

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.
A WISH.

By C. TARKENTON.

Where trees and flowers freely grow,
And lovely, smiling faces glow
With health and peaceful happiness,
And none feel pangs of deep distress,
I'd like to go!

Where envious jeers and malice are
Not practiced, nor a liquor-bard
Makes funds of peaceful men,
And leads them on to sin,
I'd like to go!

Where men without distinction dwell,
And woman, with an angel's spell,
In modesty and virtue reign,
And neither love nor virtue feign,
I'd like to go!

Where all within their bosoms feel
The laws of God, their country's weal—
Where love of truth and right prevails,
And human friendship never fails,
I'd like to go!

BUFFALO, N. Y., 1858.

The Messenger.

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

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

These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted—only the answers given to them.

By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything but *Pinx* beings, liable to err like ourselves.

They are published as communicated, without alteration by us, as we believe that the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, instead of expecting that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. They all express so much of truth as the spirit communication perceives,—no more. It can speak of its own condition with truth, while it gives opinions merely relative to things it has not experienced.

The Spirit governing these manifestations does not pretend to infallibility; but only engages to use his power and knowledge to the best advantage, to see that truth comes through this channel. Perfection is not claimed.

Chas. Mayhew.—Spirits seek Revenge.

I've got a long story to tell; are you ready to hear it?

This is Boston, I suppose, and you live in Boston. How far is this from Tremont street? Well, nearly ten years ago—yes, it's ten years ago this month—I was murdered on Tremont street, Boston. Did you ever know of a sporting house on the Tremont road, on the right hand side of the road, within two miles of Roxbury? It was some ways from Park Hall. The building was torn down and is not there now. In one room there were billiard tables, in another prop tables, and cards were played in another room. Well, in one of those rooms I was murdered, and my body was buried beneath the house. I am all right about it now, but for more than five years I hung around my murderer, and I was determined to kill him. But I think better of it now. The man who kept the place knew all about it, but did not murder me; he only kept it still, and helped bury me. The man who did murder me, belongs to one of the first families in Boston. He is a dissipated young man, between thirty and forty years of age, and you may see him almost any time riding behind a fast horse. A relation of his is here, and says, don't give his name, for God's sake. So I withhold his name. You see I was in the habit of going there to play a little, and one night I was killed. This chap was a little drunk, just enough to be generous, and he offered me money to play. He put me up from one hundred to two thousand dollars, and I played like a fool and lost. By that time he was pretty drunk, and he had some words about it, and he drew a revolver, but did not shoot me. He struck me with it and struck me fatally. He struck me when I was down, too, and was a coward for it. He paid to have it kept quiet, and paid well, too. They buried me, but were never suspected—others were, but the general supposition was that I had committed some devilry and fled, and had died after or never dared to come back.

There is the story just as it is, and it is a true one. I learned a little after a year that I could come back, but not that I could communicate. As I told you, for more than five years I tried to make him commit murder, but never could do more than make him get drunk, and that only made trouble for his friends. They little thought, as he was raving in delirium about me, how much cause he had to remember me! My name was Charles Mayhew. I have folks in Boston now, and it is all right for them to know what has become of me. They will not believe me now, but in time they will. I can bring a host of spirits to back up what I say, for though they are not dwelling with me, they will not hesitate to speak the truth.

Some of the boys were sorry when I left the crowd, because I could make fun for them. Get me a little drunk, and I could make plenty of fun. But I suppose I am as one that never was now. Well, my body sleeps as well where it is as in any churchyard. It came pretty near being disturbed, though a while ago. I watched round there pretty close a while ago, but shall never trouble the people there. I thought it was rather creepy building over my ground.

I have been trying for the last five years to do better, and am happier; but all the five years I was seeking for revenge, I tell you I had a hard road to travel over. Since I found that was a wrong road, and commenced to do differently, I have been growing better.

This is afternoon, is it? Well, then, good afternoon.

Anonymous.

When the great volume of Nature shall have been opened to all the children of earth, then shall there be less mysteries therein; but at the present time a great portion of all earth's children are unacquainted with Nature or Nature's God. To be sure they may have fashioned a God according to their own ideas, but such a God has no existence in creation. All the things you see and know of, are accomplished by and through natural laws, and if you will take the trouble to carefully view this Book of Nature, you will see that what I tell you is true—strictly so.

Now, search the world over, and you will not find one healthy medium. In ancient times, the mediums possessed perfect health, and in ancient time they were surrounded by less materialism, although by more darkness. They were more in a state of nature, and therefore better controlled. But nineteenth-century of the inhabitants of earth, at the present time, are what we might call artificially made up, and thus we are obliged to use diseased forms, in order to give our thoughts to you of earth-life. The form that is laboring to any extent under disease, is less allied to materialism—in other words the spirit is nearer the spiritual life than the natural. Thus we can easier overcome the spirit, and use the material organism. To-day I find the medium poorly conditioned in regard to health, and it would seem almost incredible were I to tell you how and by what means we control this afternoon. She would be a perfect machine for those who have controlled her this afternoon; but for many who were congregated here to send messages, she is as nothing; no more than your building would be for the same purpose.

Thus it seems that some spirits require more than others material aid. Those who have approached you this afternoon have a great amount of material substance lingering about them, and they could not approach stronger materialism because of combustion, but they approach her and have used her this afternoon as perfectly as any.

Today we would like to have her in good health as she may be; to-morrow we want her in ill health. We do not want her to suffer, but perhaps she has by some oversight become ill, and thus rendered herself more fitting for the class that have manifested through her.

I have known spirits to manifest through organisms of which, in one hour after, the spirit had taken its final leave, and that organism in an hour after lay a decaying mass.

In the days of Jesus, the medium, we find this difference—most of the people were nature's children, living in a state of nature. They were developed but little—in form, we find they were large and muscular. In spirit, we find them very puny—the most of them unintelligent. But as the prophet says, every generation grows wiser and weaker.

We find his words true. Every generation grows weaker in body and wiser in spirit, and thus it will be until the inhabitants of earth find they have but an hour, as it were, to dwell in an earthly existence. Now we have thousands passing from you to us in infancy. In by-gone days it was not so.

My dear friends, our Father is wise and just, loving and good. He hath fashioned all things to make them good and happy, and it is only through themselves that they draw to themselves unhappiness. He designs you to be perfect, but yet He leaves you to be free to choose your own course. In committing a murder you suffer, because you have disobeyed one of nature's laws in spirit life.

I was drawn here to-day by the coming of one whose sad story I have looked into and find true; and as I looked on the dark page of human mind, that mind now engaged in a form of one I bear relation to, I could but wonder why man could sin, when his punishment was so great. For even now I see that poor child of crime, for such I must call him, suffering all the agonies of hell—a hell of conscience—a fire that is never quenched until he shall have outlived the error, and entered a sphere of goodness. Yes, I find him to-day plunging in all manner of excesses, to crush that worm that is continually gnawing at his vitals.

Mortals wonder at his course; they look upon him with perfect astonishment. Could they but see the secrets looked within that soul, they would pity him. I have long sought to approach him—long sought to penetrate beneath the material garb of the spirit, but the time seems to have been put off, and I should not have come to-day, had not circumstances forced me to.

Sad and pleasant memories crowd around my past. I sought to do my duty at most times as I best knew how, and if I sinned in ignorance, it is no sin at all; but I assure you, my friends, that I have atoned for every sin I committed knowingly, and I am to-day thankful to an over-ruling Providence for permitting me to return to one who is dear to me. In the future, I may give you my name—I may communicate to you. But pardon me if I withhold my name at present.

Bent, Hatter.

I've much to say, and am but poorly able to say anything. I only cast off my body a short time ago,—this is my first coming. I have manifested in private circles, but never publicly. I see a great crowd around you (spirits), and I want to know if you are always in the habit of having so many? I suppose you allow yourself to be questioned, and as I am unacquainted with your mode of doing things, I wish to ask you, first, how are my friends to get what I may say to you? Second, what is your paper called? Third, how long have you published it? Fourth, what part of Boston do you publish it in?

Now I suppose every spirit who comes to you has friends on earth, and they all have something special to say to those friends. Well, the most I have to say is, I would like to have those friends meet me half way. I have many dear friends on earth—just as dear to me as any other persons'. Enemies I suppose we all have. Now I found my spirit home so different from what I supposed it would be, I have been in a state of unconsciousness, as it were,—unconscious at least to all but what transpired about me.

They tell me you are in the habit of receiving some proof of those who come to you. Well, I can only tell you who I am and leave it to you to determine whether I speak truth or falsehood. I was an old man, past the meridian of life. I had for a good time been engaged in business in Boston and Lowell. That business was finding such gentlemen as you are with something to wear on your head. I was as sick a long while—for many years. My disease was cancer, which first made its appearance on the lip and extended all over my face, and finally to my vitals, when I could no longer stay in my old house, and left it. At least my physician called my disease cancer, but I verily believe if I had been doctored right I might have been on earth now. I suppose all the humors in my fluids centered in that spot and if wisdom had treated me, I might have been here. However, I am as well satisfied with my present condition as I ever was with my past.

I have a great deal of personal matter to like to give to my friends, but not in a public way. If they wish to know what that matter is, they must give me an opportunity to speak to them privately. I might give them a history of my spirit life, but they would not like to hear it, for I found nothing here so beautiful as I expected to find. It is much as earth. I was told about a year ago that I ought to come back to commune with my friends; but I did not care to do it. But I found so many of my friends were communing, and I thought that some of my friends on earth would come to me soon in darkness, that I thought it my duty to come.

Now if my friends wish to hear from me they will give me an opportunity to come to them. If not, I certainly do not wish to come, for I never did so even on earth, and I am not altered in that respect. I should like to commune with my old friend, my partner in business, very much indeed, and I could give him some information which would do him good. His name is Bush. I want to come to plain matter: of-fact people, or else I do not wish to come at all.

I was not in Boston much, but was in the factory when I was able to be out. The firm of Bent & Bush is one of the old settlers here. There are some very, well, what they used to call on earth, fast men, who were in my employ, and whom I should like to see doing better. I do not feel it my duty to come to them; if I did I should do so. There is one I think of, who seems to me to be a very good medium, or might be, although he is a very material man, living more for the flesh than the spirit. I am satisfied he has medium powers from a little circumstance which I will tell you.

A short time ago, I was with him and a thought struck me I might be able to let him know I was there. So I undertook to throw a little power upon a chair to see if I could not move it to attract his attention. I tried twice, without success, but the third time I moved it a very little, and I think I drew from him to move it; and if he will sit alone, I will try to aid him in this. His name is Benjamin Meddum. I do not know much about controlling your mediums; I have rapped a little and moved things at private circles, but never spoke before, and it seems rather strange to me. I feel as I did on earth, in one sense, and in another I feel different. Are you acquainted with my son, named Edward? Give my love to my partner; and I suppose you do not like to carry such dead messages, do you? Well, if you do not object, please do it. I do not know how I should be were I on earth, but I think I should not object.

I have already taken up much of your time and will bid you good day.

Martha Ann Williams.

I can't talk very well, I want to send something to my mother, my sisters and brother. My name was Martha Ann Williams. I lived in New York. I fell down stairs, and I broke my back—besides my arm. I lived, I don't know how many weeks afterwards—I can't tell, and mother said I should come back to her if anybody could. I was ten years old. She went most crazy when I died. My back swelled every day, till I died, and then I heard some of the people say, when they came in, that I had mortification; I don't know what that is, but I suppose you do. Mother is in New York, and I can't go to her there, and so my father brought me here. His name is George Williams; he died when I was a baby, and I never remembered him when I was on earth. I was the youngest. I feel sick now, as I used to. I've never been sick since I died, and I don't want to be sick now. It was in 1852 I died, for I know I should have been ten years old in that year. I don't know what year it is now. 1853? Then it's a long while since I died. Mother wants to know if I am happy; she said if she could only hear from me, and how I did, and if I was happy, she should be glad. Father was a Mason—a free-mason, he tells me to say, because you think he was a mason by trade. He's coming to talk some day. Mother can't pay the mediums there, and I know the reason she could not go, and we come here. We used to live on Walker street, but she don't live there now. My mother takes your paper. She looks every one she gets all over, to see why father don't come. She thinks I might come certain. I am happy now, only I don't like to stay here. I do everything I like to do, and nothing I don't like to; nobody compels me to come here; I come because I want to. I have no sickness here, but I used to feel bad at first when I used to see mother cry; but I don't now, for I know she will come to me soon, and then we'll all be happy. May I go now, sir?

Addison Phillips.

One step here, the next to the grave, and the third one might have said, Oh, where? God hath plainly said where, and none, not even a child, need err. If man would cease to study from the past, and begin to study from the present, how much better it would be for him. If, instead of closing himself around with high walls of dusty learning, he would go abroad in Nature's fair domains and seek for knowledge from thence, how much more pure would that knowledge, how less adulterated! You, at the present time, know but little of the life of Christ. A great part of his life was spent in producing what is now produced every where in your land, and it is not set down for you to read, because the darkness has excluded it. They could comprehend just so much, and no more. Now ask the Christian to give you his ideas in full of Christ, and he cannot do it. He has none of him, so to speak;—they are all borrowed, they belong not to him. As far as I know, he will tell you, I believe in what has been given us. They lean upon another man's opinion, on another's say, and have not courage enough to say anything of themselves. Ancient history, profane history, will give you more ideas of Christ's life, than you have any where else.

Go back ages past from Christ, and you will see that preparations were being made for him. The mind of man was being gradually prepared for his advent. Keep along in the way thus opened, until you arrive at Christ's time, and you may form your ideas from history, not from the Bible, and then I'll defy any sane man to believe him anything more than a medium. Now the theologians of the past discarded a great part of the life of Christ, because he did not come up to their ideas of a God. He was said to have quarreled with his brethren, and was possessed of an unruly temperament. He disobeyed his parents, and seemed to be subject to no other power. You have no account of this. He is represented to have been pure and holy. No doubt he was, after the spirit shone upon him—when he was fully developed, as far as purity can be seen through materialism.

You at the present day have a vast field to canvass—you will have plenty of aid in canvassing this vast field—if you really ask for light, you shall have it. It will come to you like cooling waters to the thirsty soul. Take your Bible and read it without the false images which have been set up in your midst, and how different will it be to you.

Christ promulgated a doctrine which, if you fully live up to, will be your saviour, and in no other respect can he be such. He was one of you, and it is in vain that mortals hold him up as their only salvation, speaking after the flesh. His whole life was a series of spirit manifestations from his birth naturally, to his birth spiritually. The darkness crowded around for a time, now it is being driven back again, and light will continue to shine until all darkness shall be light, all error truth, all sin goodness; and then shall there be a new heaven and a new earth.

The two worlds will soon mingle into one, so that you will scarce see a dividing line. Seek on, friends—it is your duty so to do. Build no Tower of Babel, except in your own souls, and thereon ascend to heaven, and in no other way.

Geo. McNully.

I hope I am welcome here. I have been requested, to come by my father. I suppose you are in the habit of receiving something from the spirits coming to you whereby you may know them. I have been in the spirit world near five years. My name is McNully. My parents are Irish. I was born in Boston. My mother is loyal to the Catholic church, my father to Spiritualism. He something like two years ago, renounced his belief in Catholicity and embraced the light all will embrace soon or late. He does not belong to your low class of Irish. I received a very fair education here; thanks be to my parents. My father is well educated; my mother is an uneducated woman. He requested me to come here and commune something like two months ago, but I have never been able to come until to-day. He is very anxious to see the communication in print, no doubt that he may convince some of his friends. I would have him know that in time my mother will believe, but all he can do will avail nothing; she must receive mighty power before, for error has been her surroundings for a half century, and you cannot do away with error in a moment.—He must have patience and long forbearance. If he could see the end as I do, he would be satisfied to wait. Tell him to go among the church people and do all he can to enlighten them. I would not advise him to break away from the church, for he has light, while they have none, and he will not be harmed by staying, while he may give them light. My sister is with me and sends love to friends. I will come again when opportunity presents itself.

James Holbrook.—Spirit Pre-vision.

I expect to find it rather hard to speak, but you must pardon all my faults, as I have been dead only four days. Two days since, and my body was buried in Chesapeake City. I feel as though I knew you all, for I have often been with you in spirit, before my spirit left for its spirit home.

I must give you a few particulars in regard to my life and death. My name was James Holbrook; I died of consumption. Before I was confined to my bed, I had an opportunity of seeing and hearing much of Spiritualism; I was perfectly satisfied of its truth, and when I was unable to leave my room, the only source of comfort I had was the Banner of Light. I read it over and over again, until I really believe I could repeat almost every word of it. I was able to read until within a few days of my death, and knowing as I did the time of my death, I was often here, in imagination, communicating to you, and thinking how I should be received by you.

I had no fear of death—the belief I had, kept me from it, and do you know I saw you two days before I died, just as I see you now, and I recognized every one of you as I came here to-day; so there must have been some fore-knowledge on the part of those who presented this picture to me before I died. I was very anxious to see the guide of your circles before I died, but I had no means of calling him. But just as I

was leaving the body, some one stood by me, and said: "Stranger, you have called me, and I am here." I said: "Who are you?" Said he: "I am the principal guide of the circle you have called upon." He told me he had come to witness my birth from the material to the spiritual world. I thanked him, and he told me to turn my thoughts to God, for from him came every blessing. I did so; and while I prayed, my soul left the body, and I stood by his side.

My friends laughed at me; they considered me partially insane, but they said, if it affords you pleasure, it is well. I used to get them to read the Banner to me. They did not read it because they wanted to. They were people with whom I had boarded, and to whom I was attached—kind friends, whom I see now are in the dark. They said if I would come here and communicate, they would believe, and never doubt. I told them I would, and I am here. I was so anxious, I could not rest. I suppose some of their friends are putting me up to coming, because they cannot come themselves. They want to know if I am happy—I wish to tell them I am, though I expect to suffer for some things I did on earth.

I found things much as I expected. You will probably hear from these friends, if they are smart enough to write. I was 27 years of age. Good bye, friend.

William Rogers.

Jerusalem! I'm here, ain't I? I got here before I thought to. I tell you what it is, I know this is Boston and that I am here, but I don't know one of you.

Look here, I'm dead, that's to begin with, and this is me talking, but not my body. I am just as glad to get rid of my body as you would an old worn out building that you have on your hands. My name is William Rogers, and I want you, to send what I am talking here to a man named Dick Payson; that's what I used to call him. He is in Marysville, California. When I died he was trading in Sacramento. I was in the mines. We got acquainted on a journey, and he stayed and took care of me, and I gave him all the gold I had. He was doctor and nurse, because I could not get anybody else. That was seven years ago. Just let him know I've been here and communicated. He told me about these things before I died, and I told him I would come here.

Does everybody have to tell their faults when they come here? Well, the worst one I had was getting drunk. If I had not done so, I should not have been here. If a fellow has no brains to take care of his legs with, he's in a bad condition. I should have been forty-one if I had lived another year—did not live long enough to catch up with it, so I want. There are mines of joy and mines of sorrow here, but no gold mines. What's the news with you, friend? Hard times! That was the cry when I went away. It must be a consumptive complaint. You must put down just what I say, else people will not believe it. I've got lots of people here, but they don't call for me, and I am not going to trouble myself about coming to them, till I am called for.

William Thompson.

Lord, what a sober set you all are! Is this the way you welcome a fellow? Never was here before. The device of it is I can't do very well. My name was William Thompson. Do you know me any better? I thought you would n't for I don't know you. I'm here for something, no doubt. I asked an old fellow (a spirit) here, whether if I came back I should be an Emperor, and he said he guessed not, but I might be happier. I'm like a fellow that's homesick. I shall tell you all the facts I am certain of. Well, I'm dead, that's one fact. Was you ever in New Orleans? Well, I died there in the what they call the Marine Hospital. Never had anybody in there, did you? Well I hope you'll never get there yourself, for the next thing you'd wish would be to get out, no matter how; for they are the greatest butchers I ever knew. I'd like to be buried decent, but I was buried half dead and half alive. I was born in Boston and went to sea. My father's name was Bill Thompson. He died before I quitted these parts. My mother is also dead. I picked up all the education I had since I was 14, and paddled my own canoe through the world and got through it quick, did n't I? Well, I came back especially to fling stones at that Hospital. I was n't dead when they stretched me out. They were lying there pretty fast, and it was above them under ground as fast as you can get them there. It's no use for you to palaver over your doctors or any of your professional gentlemen. You just tell them for me, if there is any devil he'll get them. I was sick seventeen days—part of the time I'd have porridge, and part not; part of the time my medicine, and part shut. I tell you I have not come here with my eyes shut. You'll have a pretty mess if you put down all I say. If you do, put down what I told that doctor before I died. If the old cuss can see through his leather glasses, he'll kick you out; and I believe I did that night, and I'm going to give them fit all I can. It's no use for you to tell me not to hurt them, for I want you to understand I juggle my own canoe. I'm here myself, and you can just keep your eyes on your work and not talk to me. Look here, there's an almighty good woman there—she told me she would have done more for me, but they wouldn't let her go in that ward. I had a devil of an old cuss to take care of me—she was round half of the time. Tell that good woman she had better get out of that. (We do not think so, for she had better do a little good than none.)

I shall talk just according to my own thoughts. I went out of my body swearing, and I came back about the same. Well, you've got a paper have n't you? publish that, for I want to give that old fellow a dig. I don't know his name, unless it was devil—at any rate he must be in league with him. I was in ward 10.

Well, old duck, I'm going, I'm not going to fool with you any longer. This old fellow (spirit) behind here says he quicker. He puts me in mind of some birdie just before winter, singing out *be-quit, be-quit*. Well, good bye.

John W. Goodin.

I have understood that you receive messages from those who have passed beyond an earthly state. May I be allowed to ask you on what conditions you do so? I am wholly unacquainted with this thing, and did not know till of late that I could come. I heard of Spiritualism, but did not give attention to it. I feel like one in a strange country, bereft of all friends, and as one who knows not where to look for aid; and therefore I have inquired of strangers what I had better do, and I was told to come here, where I should doubtless receive light and find myself in a better situation after going away. I know not what part of space I am located in. I cannot tell where I am destined to dwell; and in fact I cannot look ahead and claim one moment of time as my own. I have no ideas of a God, none of hell, none of heaven; for I find myself so strangely situated, that I am inclined to believe there is no God, heaven or hell. I am confused—my whole being seems changed. I am satisfied that I have lost my earthly body, and that I am communing through another, but how long I am to remain so I know not. Now after I have given you what I can of myself, may I ask from you advice in reference to this point?

I was somewhat conversant with mesmerism when on earth, and was called by some rather a powerful magnetist. I had also some knowledge of psychology, and in the various sciences pertaining thereto. I was a physician when in my earthly body; but like many others, I failed to do my whole duty, and therefore it may be one reason why I am in darkness. For a good length of time, I have been residing in Stockton, Cal. My name was John W. Goodin. I have something rather serious to communicate as regards my departure. I suppose I was murdered—in fact I know I was. I had some trouble with a party, but I intended no wrong towards them, who I have every reason to believe were my murderers. I only wished to defend myself and one of my friends; but before I had time to put my wishes into execution, I was transferred from one state of existence to another.

er, not at all ready to enter into that existence. As I said before, I know of Spiritualism, but had never investigated. Now I suppose you have devoted some time to the study of the philosophy of this new light, and I should be glad to have you advise me a little—then I will add something more in regard to myself.

After a brief discussion, he resumed:—
I am like a drowning man, and shall grasp at any glimpse of safety I obtain. I have relations on earth, who feel very sad in reference to my sudden change. I should not counsel them to feel so. I have now got over my greatest obstacles, and shall be much happier. I have no desire to remain in my present condition; I have desire to rise above it, and I trust I shall now do so.

Now my murderer has not yet been found. I know where he is—the precise locality—but not for worlds would I bring him to justice; for I feel that wherever he may be, he will suffer all the penalty God will see fit to place to his lot.

I have an acquaintance here, one whom I did not know much on earth, but as he entered the spirit life when I did, I feel like aiding him all I can. He is from the Western States. I shall be in communion with him more closely in a few moments. His name is Wilkins. He says he was born in Massachusetts. He hailed from Ohio when he was in California. He is very anxious to commune, and desires to know if he may do so.

You asked me a few moments ago if I had friends. I know not how to approach them or what to say. I feel as though I was in a very dark place, and I know not how to approach them in a right manner. God knows I wish to draw near and benefit them, especially my immediate family; but I am told I had better not say much to them at this time, but to consider on the subject and come again.

I do not as yet realize in full that I have nothing more to do with materialism. I cannot realize that I have passed from my body and entered spirit life. I am confused. At times I feel as if I could rise above all obstacles, and then I find myself in doubt. I passed away in 1857, but I do not seem to remember distinctly in reference to time.

I don't know what else I can say to you more. I will come to you in the course of two weeks if I can, and commune with you again. I once took an opiate, and by mistake took too much, and for five days I hardly knew what was going on. I seemed to have lost time, and was very much mystified, and I feel very much in the same way now. Good day.

March 6.

Elizabeth Woodman.

I come here to-day, not because I hope to exalt myself, not because I expect to give anything to benefit the public, but simply because I have been requested to. I have many dear friends on earth—a mother, sister, brother, husband, child. My mother has called for me, and why should I not come? Go, she says, and give me even one word through a stranger source, and I will believe. I have singled out your medium, and, without asking your leave, have thrown myself upon your kindness to-day. I have been here a little short of two years. I died of consumption. A question has been propounded to me, which will be answered in this way: If that which has transpired on earth pleases my dear friends, I am sure it will not displease me.

Ily recollections still cling around those I have in earth life, and it seems almost impossible for me to break the chain that binds me to earth—not that I care for its vanities, but for the souls that are united to me in the bonds of consanguinity. Tell my dear friends I am often with them; that I fully realize many of the conditions that surround them, and often strive to drive back the clouds that hover over them. Tell them to be of good cheer, for the rainbow cometh from the cloud, and the sun is behind it. Tell them I am happy, and have no wish to participate in the joys of earth. Tell them if our family were unbroken, I should be supremely happy, and am only bound to earth, because of the souls that are still in earth life.

My name was Elizabeth Woodman. My husband's name is Henry—he resides in Boston. Farewell.

March 6.

William Russell.

Let us thank God for the blessings we have to-day. Let us with you offer homage for those we are blessed with at this hour. While around us we see so many who are still plunging themselves in error and darkness, it seems to me that you Spiritualists are not half thankful enough. We who are coming to earth oftentimes find it hard to approach those even who have loved us best, and whom we still love, with pure, holier love than ever; and yet we do not cry out, why do they not hear and see? We know the time when come when they will hear and understand. We thank the Almighty for the institutions of to-day, for we know that His wisdom and goodness hath created them. I have had but little to do in communing with mortals, but I feel that my future ought to be dedicated to the service of mankind.

I lived, as it were, but an hour on earth, for when I look afar in the endless future, I feel that it was but an hour—an existence that came and went like a shadow. And yet I thank God for that existence; for the privileges I enjoyed during that time. I saw much of error when on earth. I had something to do with error. I believed many things which, on coming to my present state, I find will not do to carry me on to happiness. It was but a raft that would serve me but for a day, and wreck me to-morrow. Yet I look back upon the church, and I thank God for it; I am thankful that the institutions of to-day are no different. There are many dear children on earth who need the church. Strive as long as you will to direct their eyes to the star of Spiritualism, and they cannot see it. Nothing but the church can bring them to a stand-point where they can in time view that star. If you would only see that Jehovah works through countless channels and means, to bring His dear children to Him, according as their needs are expressed, you would not speak against the church. My spirit yearns to embrace the church with all its darkness. It yearns to take the hands of those who are in spiritual life. And I know the time will come when the fire will burn brighter, so that it shall even illumine the church, and they shall by its light see the star you worship. How God shales the earth is poorly understood. Now He speaks to the within by the without, and the people cannot receive the light, except they look through the darkness to view it.

Christianity I look upon as a blessing, and one of the steps in the great ladder of progression; and when any child receives light by stepping over a dozen of the steps to gain it, the chances are that he will fall back; as his chances are not so good as his who passed up on all the steps in the ladder. Many of my dear friends are connected with the church, and I would not have them cut themselves loose from that which will be their saviour. They are not prepared to receive the light you receive, therefore give to Caesar the things that be his, and to God those that belong to Him. Some of my dear friends are filled with spiritual light. I do bless God that they have passed through this darkness, and are standing where they can converse with angels, and that they hear his voice when God permits me to call upon them.

Oh, ye children, praise God for the blessings of to-day, and you will in good time have other and richer blessings showered upon you. My friends have said to me, William, will you come again? I have said I will, when conditions are such as by them I can control. I thank the dear friends that they have called on me here, and I would with them march on, on to joy unaltered. Tell them that in time the dear friends who are below will meet us; for in time the great Architect will fashion the temple of each human soul to suit Himself.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words—
That on the stretched-for finger of all time,
Sparkle forever."

Almighty Father; let Thy lowly child,
Strong in the love of truth, be wisely bold—
A patriot's hand by scepter's hand reviled—
Let him live usefully, and not die old!
Let poor men's children, pleased to read his lays,
Love for his sake the scenes where he has been,
And when he ends his pilgrimage of days,
Let him be buried where the grass is green,
Where daisies, blooming earliest, linger late,
To hear the bee his busy note prolong—
There let him slumber and in peace await
The dawning morn, far from the sensual throng
Who scorn the wild flower's blush, the red-robin's lowly song.

FRANKLIN KILLITT.

The true perceptions of a child are the objects that surround him; these are the instructors to whom he owes almost all his ideas.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.
But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts, with equal love combined,
Kindle never dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

THOMAS CARSW, 1640.

The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that man enters, in every action that he attempts, he is gauged and stamped.

Let those who never erred forget
His worth in vain bewailing;
Sweet soul of song!—I own my debt
Unrecovered by this falling;
Lament who will the riddle line
That tells his lapse from duty—
How kisel the madd'ning lips of wine,
Or wanton ones of beauty;
But think, while falls the shade between
The erring one and heaven,
That he who sinned like Magdalen,
Like her may be forgiven.

WHITZEL'S POEM TO DUBNA.

The Scriptures are a depth that few can wade far into, and none can wade through; but yet all may come to the brink, and refresh themselves with drinking of the streams of its living waters, and go in a little way, according to their strength and stature.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thee;
Then with thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt never more be sad and lone.

LOWELL.

Execution of Orsini.

The tragical end of the prisoners who were condemned for the attempted assassination of Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of the French, we have a full account of by late European mails. The sentence of two of the conspirators was commuted to perpetual banishment to the penal colonies of France, while the two leaders in the movement, Orsini and Pieri, were led out to be guillotined early on the morning of the 13th of last month.

There was a great crowd assembled to witness the last scene in the life of these men, numbering between one and two hundred thousand persons. They even began to assemble early on the evening before, and kept their place all through the night. There was a military force to protect the scaffold, numbering five thousand men.

At precisely six o'clock in the morning, the prisoners were awakened out of a deep sleep, when they heard mass and joined in the devotions. The scene is so graphically narrated in the columns of the London Times, that the readers of the Banner will pardon us for the space which we give to extracts from the same:—

At half-past five o'clock on Saturday evening, March 13, the warrant to execute the sentence of the Court of Assize upon those convicted of the attempt in the Rue Lepelletier, was received by the Procureur-General. The warrant only included Orsini and Pieri. The punishment of Du Rudio is commuted into penal servitude.

When the turnkeys who were charged with the duty entered Du Rudio's cell, they found him buried in sleep. They shook him once or twice before he awoke; when he opened his eyes and sat up on his pallet, he stared fearfully at them, and for a moment appeared bewildered. He thought they came to announce that his last moment had arrived, and he recoiled from their touch. "Don't be afraid," they said, "don't be afraid, we are not going to injure you; far from it. We bring you good news; you are to have a commutation of punishment, and we are going to take off your *camisole de force* (strait-waistcoat)." You need hardly be told what the feelings of the poor wretch were. It is said that he hummed an air during the operation.

This morning the weather was bitterly cold, and the ground wet, from the snow which had fallen. The streets in the more distant part of the city were deserted, but as you neared the quarter contiguous to the prison, detached squads of *Sergens-de-Ville* might be seen moving towards the same direction, the occasional flash of bayonets in the gas-light was discernible, and nearer still the vague mass, without form or outline, and heaving to and fro, showed that the awful moment was approaching. Many of the spectators had brought their breakfasts with them; they had their loaves under their arms, their pipes in their mouths. Some men wore grave and serious, and spoke in a low tone of voice; others jested and laughed, and many observed that the prisoners well deserved their fate. About fifteen paces from the gate of the prison, the scaffold was erected, and on it rose the instrument of death, the name of which recalls so many terrible associations. There it stood on its platform, like a ladder without steps—the block, with the hole for the head to enter, at the lower end; at the upper, the heavy knife of triangular shape, with its edge like a razor's. Hard by it the shell for the body after decapitation, and in front the basket for the head; the cord by which the blade is kept suspended, the framework, painted a dull red, just discernible in the dismal glimmering of a winter's morning—all presented a most hideous spectacle.

At five o'clock the sound of bugles and drums was heard in all the passages issuing on the Place de la Roquette. In a few minutes several squadrons of cavalry were heard advancing, the men wrapped in their blue or white cloaks, and the Dragoons' helmets gleaming in the lamplight. The place of execution was occupied by cavalry, as well as the space which runs round both prisons. In less than half an hour, numerous detachments of infantry, preceded by squads of *Sergens-de-Ville* to clear the way, took possession of all the points of the *Parabour St. Antoine*, issuing on the Roquette, and wherever chance led them in that direction were obliged to show satisfactorily that he was going on his lawful occupation. The armed force called into requisition on this occasion was calculated at over 5000 men; they were under the immediate command of a General of Brigade.

Precisely at 6 o'clock Orsini and Pieri were awake from their sleep by the governor of the prison, who announced that their last hour was come. The Abbe Hugon, chaplain of the Roquette, and the chaplain of the Conclergie, were present. The wretched men appeared calm when the news, which could not have been taken them by surprise, was announced to them. They heard mass, and received the communion with respect, if not devotion. Soon after they were taken to the room called *de la toilette*, for the change of dress. It is not large. When the convicts entered the *chambre de la toilette*, they were placed at different extremities of it, with their backs turned to each other. There were two assistant executioners—one from Rouen, the other from Caen—besides him of Paris. These lost no time in preparing the convicts for the scaffold. During the dreadful operation, Orsini remained calm; and, though he was not so loud or so contradictory as during his trial, Pieri was somewhat excited. The strait waistcoat interfered with his gesticulations, but he hardly ceased talking for a moment. When the executioner was pinioning him he asked that the fastenings should not be drawn too tight, as he had no intention of escaping. The cold touch of the steel on his neck when the scissars cut off his hair, so as not to interfere with the guillotine, for an instant appeared to thrill through him; but he recovered himself when he found that his beard was left untouched. He thanked the executioner for letting him die with his face as became a man.

When the hood, to which the veil which covers the features of the paritico is suspended, was put over his head, he is said to have laughed, and attempted a joke about the figure he must cut. At this moment he turned his head and perceived Orsini; he saluted him gaily, and asked him how he was getting on. He was interrupted by Orsini, who was himself undergoing the same operation with the same *sang froid* as if he were under the hands of a valet dressing for a party, with the words, "Be calm, be calm, my friend." Pieri's tongue ran on, however. The assistant proceeded to strip him of his shoes, for, in pursuance of the sentence, they were to proceed to the scaffold barefooted.

The man appeared to hesitate, but Pieri encouraged him to proceed, and assisted him as much as he could, still talking. The operation being over, and the *toilette* complete, he turned towards the turnkey and asked to be allowed to embrace him. The request was complied with. The moment of moving now came, and the Abbe Hugon cried out "Courage!" "Oh! I am not afraid—I am not afraid," he said, "we are going to Calvary," and in a sort of feverish excitement he repeated to himself, "Calvary, Calvary."

Orsini was, on the other hand, as calm and tranquil as his fellow convict was excited. He spoke little; but when the governor of the prison and some of the officers approached him he bade them in a low tone of voice farewell. The turnkey of his cell announced to him in a tone of regret that his last moment was come. Orsini thanked him for his sympathy. His hair was also cut away from his neck, but he underwent the operation without flinching. At the moment when the hood was put on his head, his face, which up to that moment was calm and impassable, became flushed for a moment, and his eye lighted up.

The prison clock struck seven; before the last sound died away the door leading to the scaffold opened as of itself. The Abbe Hugon entreated Pieri to profit by the few moments still left to collect his thoughts and assume a calmer attitude. He promised to be calm, but said he should chant a patriotic hymn; and it is said that he actually began to sing the well-known "Mourir pour la Patrie." Lennan on the Abbe Hugon he mounted fifteen steps of the scaffold, still repeating the verses of the song.

Orsini was supported by the chaplain of the Conclergie, and his calmness never abandoned him for a moment. When he appeared on the platform, it could be seen, from the movement of his body and of his head, though covered with the veil, that he was looking out for the crowd, and probably intended addressing them. But they were too far off. The greffier then directed the usher to read the sentence of the Court, condemning the prisoners to the death of the guillotine. The usher, who was an old man, over 63, was evidently much moved at having to perform this duty, and he trembled as much from emotion as from cold, as he read the document, which no one listened to.

After this formality was terminated, Orsini and Pieri embraced their spiritual attendants, and pressed their lips on the crucifix offered to them. They then gave themselves up to the headsman. Pieri was attached to the plank in an instant. He was executed first. The moment the veil was raised, and before his head was laid on the block, it is affirmed that he cried "Vive la Italie—Vive la République!" Orsini was then taken in hand. His veil was raised, and his countenance still betrayed no emotion. Before he was fastened to the plank he turned in the direction of the distant crowd, and it is said, cried "Vive la France!" It was but five minutes past seven when the second head fell into the basket. A cold shudder ran among those whose attention was fixed upon what was passing upon the scaffold, and for an instant there was deep silence. It passed off, however, very soon. When all was over the men went to their work, and parties who had gone together to the spot from distant quarters of the town, hastened home to breakfast. The morning was becoming clearer every moment. The troops began to move as if about to leave the ground. The guillotine was lowered and taken off; the crowds gradually thinned; some few groups still lingered about the spot; but the cold was bitter, and the snow began to fall, and in a few hours the place was deserted.

MONKEYS AT MALACCA.

In the afternoon we used to paddle gently up "Monkey Creek," to enjoy the cool shade of the forest and amuse ourselves. Passing clear of the belt of the Mangrove, we soon floated amongst the luxuriant vegetation of an Indian jungle; the underwood here and there giving place to small patches of grass or weed. Large alligators which had been ashore on either bank, launched themselves slowly into the creek, or turned round and kept a steady watch with their cruel looking yellow eyes. Bright colored lizards and strange shaped lizards shuffled along the banks, or lay on the branches of trees, puffing themselves up so as to look like nothing earthly; the shrill call of the peahen, and the eternal chattering of monkeys, gave life and animation to the scene. Pushing our canoe in amongst the overhanging wild vines and creepers so as to hide her, we sat quietly awaiting the monkeys, and it was not long before they commenced their gambols, or attempted to frighten us; a string of black ones once breaking through the trees with frantic cries, and throw themselves across the creek and back again with amazing energy; then a hoarse sound made us turn suddenly to meet the gaze of a face almost human, with long grey beard, which was earnestly watching us through the foliage of a withered tree; bring a gun to the shoulder, and the old man's head would be seen to leap away upon the disproportionate body of some ape. But nothing could equal in ludicrous interest, a family monkey scene taking place in some clear spot at the base of a tree. There, a respectable papa might be seen seated against the roots, overlooking the gambols of his child, while, with a fond soliloquy, his better half, a graceful female monkey, was employed turning aside the tufts of grass, as if seeking nuts or berries for the little one; then she would clutch the little rascal and roll over with him in all the joyousness of a young mother, and he shrieked, pouted, and caressed her as any little boy might have done; the whole scene was a burlesque upon human nature. Unable to contain ourselves any longer, we burst into roars of laughter. The father leapt at once on a neighboring branch, and shaking it with rage, grinned at us through a very spiteful set of teeth; the lady screamed; the baby squealed and jumped to her breast, clasped its little arms round her neck, and its legs round her chest; and then she was off with abundant papa following and covering her retreat with venomous grins at us, whom he evidently regarded as only a superior breed of apes.—Quoted by Captain Osborne.

Children's Department.

Prepared for the Banner of Light.

[NEW SERIES.]

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—NO. 5.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 1, 31, 13, 5, 8, 4, 29, is a spear.
My 2, 6, 7, 8, 26, is to speak.
My 3, 9, 31, 29, is to lend.
My 4, 6, 12, 26, 31, 17, is to repeat.
My 5, 10, 6, is a species of lizard.
My 6, 4, 26, 6, is to fatigue.
My 7, 31, 6, 7, 19, 20, is a beat of the drum.
My 8, 29, 7, 14, 26, 17, is the whole.
My 9, 26, 6, 31, 21, is a nymph of the mountains.
My 10, 30, 29, 6, 8, is limited.
My 11, 7, 26, 31, 14, 29, is to filter.
My 12, 6, 17, 26, 29, 31, 16, endless.
My 13, 30, 7, 31, 14, 11, are the parts essential to life.
My 14, 26, 19, 29, is a heavy metal.
My 16, 8, 31, 21, is, to guide.
My 17, 13, 31, 21, 17, is to clude.
My 18, 12, 17, 13, 30, 16, is a grub hurlful to corn.
My 19, 10, 14, 20, is a mixture.
My 20, 29, 18, 31, 26, 21, is forward.
My 21, 20, 18, is to consecrate.
My 22, 11, 11, 2, 8, is to send out.
My 23, 10, 24, 17, 16, is a fictitious tale.
My 24, 2, 15, 6, 2, 26, 12, is a large bird of prey.
My 26, 11, 20, 15, 31, 7, 17, is to detach.
My 26, 6, 13, 22, 24, 17, is to return to life.
My 27, 17, 23, 2, 22, 29, 12, is pure.
My 28, 15, 16, 2, 21, 8, is to deceive.
My 29, 2, 23, is a woman who lives a secluded life.
My 30, 21, 20, 15, 31, 6, 26, 8, 11, 11, is a female idolator.
My 31, 2, 26, 25, 11, 7, is one skilled in the disorders of the ear.
My whole is the name and residence of a Southern gentleman.
Salem, Mass.

ENIGMA—NO. 6.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 21, 1, 18, is a fish.
My 9, 11, 22, 17, 7, is a quadruped.
My 16, 8, 17, 9, is food for man.
My 14, 9, 3, 11, is a river in the United States.
My 10, 14, 21, is a man's name.
My 20, 3, 17, 9, is used in every kitchen.
My 16, 22, 14, 17, 8, is what the farmers dislike in June.
My 6, 7, 2, 13, 21, is what the gentlemen admire.
My 4, 21, 6, 22, 19, is a wild animal.
My whole is the name of the authoress.
Lawrence, Mass.

ENIGMA—NO. 7.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 5, 7, 11, 12, is a river in Maine.
My 9, 3, 21, 22, is a small town in the State of New York.
My 4, 6, 13, 17, is a lake in the State of New York.
My 10, 19, 8, 14, is a river in Connecticut.
My 1, 22, 2, is a river in North Carolina.
My 18, 15, 20, 3, 21, is a town in Hindostan.
My 16, 4, 22, 23, is an island in the Atlantic Ocean.
My whole is a proverb.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

Solution of No. 1: "Yang-tse-kang, in Asia; Volga, in Europe; Nile, in Africa; and the Amazon, in America." Answered by V. G. Barnard, of Worcester; Cardella, of Hartford, Ct.; F. V. A. Bowker, of Lawrence; J. F. Ross, of Somerville; E. G. Kent, of Montpelier, Vt.; John A. Goodwin, of Ashland.
No. 2: "Harvard College." Answered by Bowker, Cardella, Barnard, Rose Tryon of Boston, and J. A. Goodwin.
No. 3: "One to-day is worth two to-morrow." Answered by Barnard, Bowker, Cardella, F. Berry of Charlestown, J. Rossiter of East Boston, E. G. Kent, and J. A. Goodwin.
No. 4: "Argentine Republic." Answered by F. Berry, Bowker, Barnard, Cardella, J. Rossiter, E. G. Kent, Gilbert Husted of New York City, John A. Goodwin, and W. A. Ludden, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Also, answers to Nos. 22, 23, 24, and 25, (old series) have been forwarded by S. R. Leonard, of West Randolph.

The mathematical question by "Cosmos," was answered correctly for our last by F. V. A. Bowker, viz.: 1, 3, 9, 27; but the printer substituted a 9 in place of the 7, which was a fatal mistake. It has also been solved by Dexter Hale, of Yarmouth, Mass., and J. S. of Pontiac, Mich., who adds that the same may be continued *ad infinitum*, thus:—

1 31 = 121
3 = 4 243 = 304
9 = 13 729 = 1093
27 = 40

"Gues" of Pawtucket, is inadmissible. Bosphorus, should not be spelled "Bosporus;" and "Xiphoid," the writer says, is a kind of sword—refer to Webster's Dictionary.

"J. S. C." Philadelphia, the same name you have used has been given before by another correspondent.—To E. V. A. B.—Don't think it has been received. Will look for it.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

Under this head we shall be pleased to notice those persons who devote their time to the dissemination of the truths of Spiritualism in its various departments.
MR. SAMUEL UPRAM, trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. Will also attend funerals. Address, Randolph, Mass.
March 13.
Mrs. L. B. NICKERSON, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish. She will also attend funerals. Address Box 310, Worcester, Mass. Feb. 27.
Miss ROSA T. ANDREX, 22 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at 22 Allen street, Boston. Feb. 28. She will also attend funerals.
Mrs. DEAN, 201 Rapping, Writing, and Trance Medium, Rooms No. 61 Kneeland street, Hours from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 6, and from 7 to 9 P. M.
Miss SARAH A. MAJOR, Trance-speaking Medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish. Address her at No. 375 Main St., Cambridgeport—care of George L. Cade. Feb. 23.
J. V. MANSFIELD, Boston, answers sealed letters. See advertisement.
Mrs. J. W. CURRIER, trance-speaker, will answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. She is a Clairvoyant, Test, Healing, and Rapping Medium. Address J. W. Currier, Lowell, Mass.
A. C. STRILES, Independent Clairvoyant. See advertisement.
Mrs. W. R. HAYDEN, Rapping, Writing, and Test Medium. See advertisement.
CHARLES H. CROWELL, Trance-speaking and Healing Medium, will respond to calls for a lecturer in the New England States. Address Cambridgeport, Mass.
Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Bridgewater, Vt.
Mrs. J. A. MILNE, Trance and Normal Lecturer, clairvoyant, and writing medium, New Haven, Conn.
JOHN H. CURRIER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No. 120 Newbury street, Lawrence, Mass.
Mrs. R. MONTGOMERY, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, will receive calls at her residence in West Randolph, on Thurs-

days and Fridays of each week. Terms for Examination, 50 cents. Sitting for tests one dollar per hour. Jan. 10.
W. R. JOCKLEY, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.
H. B. STOKER, Trance Speaking Medium, Address New Haven, Conn.
C. H. FOSTER, Rapping, Writing and Healing Test Medium, No. 4 Turner street, Salem, Mass.
GEORGE M. RICE, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Williamsville, Killbuck, Conn.
MRS. H. F. HUXLEY, trance-speaker, will attend to calls for Lecturing. May be addressed at Paper Mill Village, N. H.
H. N. BALLARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burlington, Vt.
L. K. COOKLEY, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this office.

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS HART, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WIGGOT, Assistant Manager. Parquet, Balcony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 8 o'clock. Performances commenced at 9 o'clock.
HOWARD ATHENÆUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, JACOB BARROW; Stage Manager, HENRY WALLACE. Doors open at 8 o'clock; Commences at 7:15. Dress Boxes, 75 cents; Circle Boxes and Parquet, 50 cents; Orchestra Chairs 75 cents; Upper Boxes, 25 cents; Gallery, 15 cents.
BOSTON MUSEUM.—Doors open at 8 o'clock; performance commences at 9 o'clock. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon performances at 2 o'clock.
NATIONAL THEATRE.—MR. CHARLES R. THORNTON, Lessee. Prices of Admission—Boxes, 75 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents; 15 cents; Gallery 10 cents; Private Box 50 cents; Single Ticket \$1. Doors open at 7 o'clock; performance commences at 7:15.
ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. Ninth season. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors open at 8:30; commence at 7:15 o'clock.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—A limited space will be devoted to the wants of Advertisers. Our charge will be at the rate of FIVE DOLLARS for each square of twelve lines, inserted thirteen times, or three months. Eight cents per line for first insertion; four cents per line for each insertion after the first, for transient advertisements.

J. R. ORTON, M. D. G. A. REDMAN, M. D.
DRS. ORTON AND REDMAN.
Office, No. 58 West Twelfth street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, New York.
Dr. Redman receives calls and gives sittings for tests, as heretofore. April 10, 1858.

J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN.
I respectfully offers his Professional services to the Citizens of Boston, and the public generally. He may be found for the present at the National Dispensary, Haymarket Square. Feb. 25 Sept. 18

NOTICE.
Mrs. E. BROWN, (formerly at 244 Washington street) has taken rooms at No. 7 Elliot street, where she keeps for sale Spiritual Books and Papers, Stationery and Fancy Articles. CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—Historical and Spiritual Books and Romances, to let by the week.
Goods required to be dyed or cleaned at Hall's People's Dye House. Business hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Feb. 27.

WOOD'S BOTANICAL TEXT BOOKS.—The best recommendation of their utility, is the fact of their almost universal use, attained entirely by their merits. Single copies of the Class Book sent by mail, post paid, under the receipt of 50 cents, and the Text Lesson for 45 cents, with a view to introduction into Schools. April 10.
MOORE & NIMS, Troy, N. Y.

A HOME FOR THE AFFLICTED.—HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS.—DR. W. T. OSBORN, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, who has been very successful in curing the sick, treats with unprecedented success, by the laying on of hands, in connection with other new and invaluable remedies, all Chronic Diseases, such as Consumption, Liver Complaint, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Paralysis and Heart Complaint. Diseases considered incurable by the Medical Faculty, readily yield to his new and powerful remedies. Persons desiring board and treatment can be accommodated. Terms for examination at the office, \$100. No letters received. Two dollars. Hours from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M. Rooms No. 110, Cambridge street, Boston. Jan. 2.

NATURAL ASTROLOGY.—PROFESSOR HUSE may be found at his residence, No. 13 Osborn Place, leading from Pleasant street, a few blocks from Washington street, Boston. Ladies and gentlemen will be favored by him with such accurate and reliable predictions, as Consumption, Rheumatism, Paralysis, and other diseases, as may be given him in the exercise of these Natural Powers, with which he feels himself endowed.
LETTERS ANSWERED.—On receipt of a letter from any party, enclosing one dollar, Professor Huse will answer questions of a business nature. On receipt of three dollars, a full and complete history of the person writing will be returned. He only requires name and place of residence.
Hours of consultation from 7 A. M., to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents each lecture. Feb. 21 Aug. 21

A. C. STILES, Bridgeport, Conn., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT, A. K. T., guarantees a true diagnosis of the disease of the person before him, or no FEE will be claimed. Terms to be strictly complied with. For Clairvoyant Examination and prescription, when the patient is present, \$2; if by a lock of hair, if a prominent symptom is given, \$3; if a prominent symptom is not given, \$5. For answering sealed letters \$1. For Psychometric Delinquencies of character, \$2. To insure attention, no FEE and postage stamp must in all cases be attached. Dec. 2.

MRS. C. L. NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM, having fully tested her power of curing disease, she is now offering Chronic nature by the laying on of hands. Acute pains instantly relieved by spirit power; Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Chronic Spinal diseases, pains in the side, Diseases of the Liver, Nervous Prostration, Headache, &c.
Terms for each sitting \$1.25.
Hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.; will visit families, if required; No. 25 West Doutham street, two doors from Washington street, Boston. Feb. 6.

DANK NOTE LIST AND COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR. Corrected by W. F. DAVIS, (at J. W. Davis' Banking office) Boston. L. S. LAWRENCE & CO., Bankers, New York. Drexel & Co., Philadelphia.
Now is the time to subscribe. A Coin Chart will be issued containing 100 different kinds of coins. This coin chart will be sent to all subscribers to the Detector for 1858. Only \$1.50 per annum. Canvasers wanted.
Published semi-monthly for New England, by W. F. DAVIS, No. 25 West Doutham street, Boston. Jan. 23

J. V. MANSFIELD, MEDIUM FOR THE ANSWERING OF SEATED LETTERS, may be addressed at Winter street, Boston, (over George Turnbull's Dry Good Store).
TERMS.—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business, and charges a fee of \$1.00 and four postage stamps to pay return postage for his efforts to obtain an answer, but does not GUARANTEE an answer for this sum. Persons who wish a GUARANTEE, will receive an answer to their letter, or their money will be returned in thirty days from its reception. Fee to be sent in this case, \$3.00.
No letters received unless accompanied with the proper fee.
Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. Dec. 26.

SCOTT COLLEGE OF HEALTH.
DR. JOHN SCOTT, having taken the large house, No. 6 Beach street, NEW YORK CITY, for the express accommodation of ALL PATIENTS desirous to be treated by SPIRITUAL MEDICINE, can assure all persons who may desire to try the virtues of this new and startling practice, good nursing, and all the comforts of a home.
He offers his professional services in all cases of disease, whether chronic or acute. March 6.

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY. The subscriber, having found Electro-Magnetism, in connection with other remedies, very effective in his practice during the last twelve years, wishes to inform those interested that he continues to administer it from the most approved modern apparatus, in cases where the nervous system is involved, to which class of diseases he gives his special attention.
J. CURTIS, M. D., No. 26 Winter street, Boston. July 2.

SAMUEL BARRY & CO.—BOOKS, PERIODICALS and SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS, the BANNER OF LIGHT, &c., STATIONERY and FANCY GOODS; No. 839 Race street, Philadelphia.
Subscribers SERVED with Periodicals without extra charge. Binding in all its branches neatly executed.
CARDS, CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS, &c., printed in plain or ornamental type. July 23

JAMES W. GREENWOOD, HEALING MEDIUM, ROOMS No. 15 Tremont street, Up stairs, (opposite the Boston Museum). Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their homes. May 21-27

MRS. W. R. HAYDEN, RAPPING, WRITING, TEST, PRINTING, (Letters on the Arm) and CLAIRVOYANT. PAPHIO MEDIUM, 5 Hayward Place, Boston. May 14-15

N. O. LEWIS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.—Examines Diseases and Prescriptions by an Indian Spirit of the olden time. No. 15 Montgomery Place. Feb. 27.
DR. W. R. HAYDEN, PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL MESMERIST, 5 Hayward Place. May 14

THE AGE OF REASON, AND SPIRIT ANNUNCIATOR.

A Monthly Publication, forming a Complete Record of the Practical Facts exemplifying, and the Literature illustrating, the Truth of Spiritualism.
WE have several objects to fulfill in the "Age of Reason," all of them designed to advance the philosophy of Spiritualism, and promote the influence to which it is justly entitled. The first of these is to form a new channel through which the numerous and frequently marvellous cures formed by Mediums may be published without expense to them. The second, to chronicle the address of every successful Healing Medium in the United States and elsewhere. Thirdly, to give an account of all tests of spirits, duly authenticated. And, fourthly, to provide, at the lowest possible price, such pithy and poetical excerpts of the literature of Spirit communication, as most directly illustrate and enforce its grand truths and its revivifying truths. And with this exposition of its purposes, and the assurance that it will guard its readers against all attempts at quackery or extravagance of any kind, we commend the "Age of Reason" to your patronage.
Price, invariably in advance, 50 cents per annum. It will be issued on the 15th of each month, commencing on 15th of March, printed on fine paper, and will be made worth preserving. Published by JOHN SCOTT & CO., No. 6 Beach street, New York.

All Healing Mediums throughout the United States and Canada are respectfully requested to send their names and address for publication, with references. March 6

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