

# BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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## Original Poetry.

### HAPPY IN THINKING OF THEE.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Over that low line of hills  
The red sun sinks to rest,  
Hanging the clouds in crimson;  
From the light of his blood-red crest;  
And the brook meets the river,  
And the river meets the sea—  
I am happy in thinking of thee.

The lark asleep in the grain  
Perched on a sheaf of corn,  
Dreams over the melody  
Of the song he sung in the morn;  
And the eve greets the twilight,  
And the night tells the sky—  
I grow glad in the smile of thine eyes.

Ceres, Pallas and Venus  
Burn in the dizzy height;  
The moon, like a rich-fraught argosy,  
Sets sail off the coast of the night.  
The stars pale in the moonlight,  
And the moon in the sun,  
And in the death of the night and birth of the morn,  
I am happy with thee, darling one.

The east, like a sea of blood,  
Rolls back the clouds of even;  
The west, waiting anxiously,  
Blushes in the scarlet of heaven;  
And the brook meets the river,  
And the river meets the sea—  
I am happy in thinking of thee.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### "ROCKY NOOK," A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

Edge this story and variously disposed mind must acknowledge that the elements that enter into the conditions of our existence.

[CONCLUSION.]

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

Night was upon us before we were fairly on board the "Rover," but, with Captain Allen for a guide, I had no fear. The captain of the Rover was still on shore, but the second officer knew my companion well, and fortunately knew me as soon as my name was mentioned; he had been one of Uncle Mark's sailors for many years, and his heart warmed towards any one from his old village home.

"Mr. Hooper is better, we hope," he said; "he is in the cabin; our captain gave up his berth, and Jack is nurse; the poor fellow will not leave him night nor day. You see, Mrs. Hooper, Jack had got to be a poor, worthless wretch, and would have died in the streets if your husband had not found him, and given him clothes and food, and persuaded him to let him alone—and a more grateful fellow I never saw; he has scarcely left his friend since he was taken sick. Hallo! here he is," and, as he spoke, a young sailor came on deck. "Here, this way, Jack; how is your patient to-night?"

"Better, sir—he is asleep now," and Jack turned his eyes wondering to me, for it was a strange sight to see a lady on board.

"This is his wife, Jack," said the officer; "can you yield your place as nurse?"

"Thank God, ma'am, you have come!" exclaimed Jack, "he'll live now, surely. Ye see, ma'am, when he was light-headed, he talked about you all the time. He got your letter, telling of the death of the boy, when he was first taken ill; and, as I told you, when the fever was on him, he kept saying, 'my poor wife! my poor wife! I wish I had never left her.'"

"Can I see him now?" I said, for I was getting impatient. Jack hesitated.

"Well, ye see, ma'am, I have just given him a sleeping dose that the doctor ordered, and he is sleeping like a baby. I'm afraid of the consequences if we waken him; and then, ma'am, ye see I ain't no woman for nursing, and maybe he ain't fixed up just as your hands would do it; and I haven't shaved him, because ye see, ma'am, it was a little dangerous, part of the time."

"Never mind that," I said, "I'll not waken him, only just let me go and look at him."

A little reluctantly, I thought, Jack consented, and I followed him into the cabin, where, in his parrot bed, I found my husband; but I had to look some time before I could assure myself that it was in reality John. The small hanging lamp gave but a dim light—just enough fell upon his face to show how pale and worn it was, looking more haggard, perhaps, from the matted and uncombed hair, and the thick, neglected whiskers; one hand lay upon the quilt, so white and thin, that I asked myself again—Can this be my husband? Yes, yes, I knew him, but how strangely altered! I spoke not a word, but the tears fell silently.

"Ye see, ma'am," said Jack, "he's better—only weak and pale like; he'll get well, now. I'm to make him some broth when he wakes; and now you have come, we'll soon have him hearty again. Here's the captain's setty, ma'am, and I'll roll up this ere cloak for a pillow, and you can lie down and rest, and if you don't say so, I'll jest set here till he wakens, for maybe he'd think it was a spirit, if his eyes fell on you, seeing as he ain't expecting no such visit."

Jack's plan was a good one, but I very unwillingly consented. I would rather have installed myself at once sole nurse; but I could not find it in my heart to send the faithful creature away. We do not always know our guardian angels on earth; they do

not come at all times in white robes, and with wings all plumed for heaven.

I lay down as directed, wrapping myself in my shawl, and Jack folded a blanket, and laid it carefully over my feet. For awhile there was a noise overhead, of sailors' feet going back and forth, and the coiling of ropes; then all became still, and I heard nothing save the slight, monotonous sound of the water against the ship's sides, and the quiet breathing of the sleeper. Once Jack whispered—

"He's sleeping sweetly, ma'am; the doctor said he might sleep all night; you need n't be afraid to sleep yourself; I'm used to keeping watch, you know, and I can spin a yarn all to myself, and keep my eyes open, like an owl."

The truth was, that the doctor had told Jack to waken John once at midnight, give him some drops, change his position, and let him sleep again; and the good, cautious soul, was so afraid that I would make myself known at that time, and that the excitement might injure his patient, that he was anxious to get me to sleep first.

In truth, I was very weary, and probably did fall into a troubled, dreamy sleep, from which I was very roughly roused by a loud voice exclaiming—

"Hands off! Take that, ye rascals!" and I opened my eyes to see Jack struggling in the hands of two men in masks. He had already knocked one down, and was fighting desperately with the other, when I sprang to my feet. At sight of me, the ruffian let go his hold of Jack, and starting at me from beneath his mask, exclaimed, with an oath—

"This is better pay than we bargained for!"

By this time the fellow upon the floor had regained his feet, and said,

"Hold on, Jim, we'll bind her and put her in the boat; she's the captain's lawful prize."

As he spoke, my sick husband, who had been awakened by the noise, sat up in the berth, looking like a ghost from the unknown world, and for a second, the men stopped and gazed upon him; then one, seizing a bottle, dashed it upon the floor, and, reading "Judahum" upon the label, said—

"I'll pour this down his throat—an easier way than to bind such a bundle of bones. Here, old fellow, this will cure you!" but I was too quick for him, and, seizing the bottle, dashed it upon the floor.

"Ha! ha! my little lady! you look all the prettier for your temper; never mind, let the poor fellow die, and we'll find you a lover that will suit you better than this skeleton!"

"That is my sick husband, sir," I exclaimed, and you have already killed him." John had fallen back in a fainting fit; the sight of myself had probably affected his nerves more, even than that of the two men.

Jack, in the meantime, finding that they had locked the door after entering, had succeeded in breaking it down, and called loudly for help, while he armed himself with a hatchet, and was valiantly defending me.

"You may call," said one of the men, "but no one will answer; every fellow on board is bound, and they are dead men the moment they speak a word. Now, take your choice"—and he held a loaded pistol, aimed directly at Jack's heart—"sit down there, and let us bind you, and promise not to speak a word, or we'll have for thirty minutes, and your life is safe; but this little piece of womankind we will take with us."

"Take that," said Jack, and he knocked the pistol from the fellow's hand, and followed that with a blow on the head, that sent him reeling to the other side of the cabin. At this instant a tall man, also masked, came to the door.

"Come, boys, time is precious, the boat is ready; have you finished him?"

"That form! that voice! I knew it at once!" Mr. Blake!" I exclaimed.

The tall man stood as if suddenly turned to stone, and his two followers gazed at me as if awe-struck. Their leader gave me a look at the berth in which lay my husband, to all appearance a dead man, then turning to me—

"Madame, be so kind as to seat yourself." I obeyed; "and you—turning to Jack—mark that watch," and he laid one upon the table; "let these men bind you; if you value the safety of this lady, whom you were so valiantly defending, speak not a word for thirty minutes, or your own life and hers shall pay the forfeit. Madam, you have mistaken the man."

"I have been mistaken in his character, but not in his person," I said, as I rose indignantly, and turned towards my husband, who groaned as if in pain. "Thank heaven, he lives!" I exclaimed.

Blake turned a moment, as if undecided what to do. I saw his hesitation, and added—

"Do your worst, sir; we are in your power. I ask no mercy for the sake of the past."

He bowed low, (it was Blake in every motion,) and departed.

"Anna, Anna, what does all this mean?" said my poor husband; "how came you here?"

"I came out with Captain Allen, John, to take care of you."

"Oh, I am so glad; then you do love your poor husband a little, do you not?"

"Did you ever doubt it, John?"

"Only a little while—a little while, Anna. Where's Jack—my good, faithful Jack? Have they hurt him?"

The poor fellow was sitting bolt upright in his chair, not daring to move, or to speak; but making all sorts of dumb gestures to me, which I was very slow in understanding, but which, at last, I interpreted to mean that I must give John his drops. I did so, and begged him to rest awhile, and promised that after he had slept again, I would tell him all

about home and friends. He pressed my hand, and added—

"We have an angel in heaven," then he tried to take something from under his pillow. I aided him, and found the dagger-point of our child. We gazed upon it together for a moment, and then I laid it by his side, and he closed his eyes to sleep. Jack eyed the watch closely, and the moment the thirty minutes had expired, he whispered—

"Out the rope, Mrs. Hooper, if you please—quick, I must see what the crew have been about all this time."

The captain had been detained on shore, and some of the sailors had received permission to be gone for a day or two. All that were on board, Jack found bound, under like threats with himself; the ship was robbed of everything valuable, which they could take away; but though great efforts were made for the detection of the robbers, not one was found while we remained in California, which was about two months. John recovered rapidly, much to Jack's delight, who thought that the excitement of that terrible night would certainly be his death.

On expressing my gratitude to Jack, one day, and telling him how great a debt we owed him, the poor fellow could hardly find words to tell me how much greater were his obligations to John.

"Oh, ma'am, if you will only read the beautiful letter that my sister Milly sent me, written while lying on her back, and with her left hand, you would not wonder that I am so glad that I ever met Mr. Hooper."

"Your sister Milly!" I exclaimed; "does she live at the Point, and is your mother that good old lady, Mrs. Dole?"

"The same, ma'am," said Jack, as he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his jacket, "and here is the letter that they write about Aunt Martha, and you, and Mr. Hooper."

It was a kind, elderly letter, full of gratitude to John for what he had done for Jack, and an acknowledgment of the receipt of fifty dollars, which would, they said, be a great relief to the long, cold winter.

We boarded in San Francisco awhile, for John had business which detained him there; "but as soon as it is settled, I am going home, Anna," he said one day, much to my own satisfaction, for I did not like the city. He was resting on the couch, and I was looking over our trunks one evening, when I came across the package of letters which Blake had sent to me.

"Now is my time," I said to myself; "I suppose John will laugh at me for believing, they were genuine, but it will be so pleasant to hear them pronounced a forgery by his own lips."

I gave them to him; he glanced at them, carelessly at first, then rose up, took them, one by one, and read them carefully. I went on with my work very deliberately, till every trunk was in order; not a word was spoken; then I took my sewing, and sat down by the table, watching him, but asking no questions. When he had read them, he folded them up, and deliberately retied the string, and laid them on the table.

"Where did you get these, Anna?"

"Mr. Blake sent them to me."

"At what time?"

"A few months before you came to California."

"Did Luke give them to you after your return from New York?"

"She did."

"Ah, Anna, did you know why I came to California?"

"I supposed you wanted to make money faster."

"Yes, Anna, but only for your sake; I thought you were dissatisfied with our plain home, and my limited means, and I hoped to make you happier by wealth. I think I mistook the cause of your unhappiness."

"Indeed you did, John; there is something I value more than your money," and I hid my face in my hands and wept.

"Anna, my wife, how long have you doubted your husband's affection; tell me all now—let us have no concealment."

"Oh, John, John, it is not your wife that has concealed anything from you!"

My husband rose and walked the room. He seemed disturbed.

"Yes, Anna, you concealed these letters from me, and you never told me of this strange suspicion."

"It was not all suspicion, John. Do you remember your interview with Mary in the graperies?" I then related to him his words. His looks expressed astonishment.

"Oh, Anna, I wish you had asked me for an explanation at the time; how much suffering it would have saved you, and me also," he added in a lower voice.

"Have you suffered, too, John?"

He looked at me reproachfully, but with mingled sadness and tenderness.

"Did you think, Anna, I had no eyes to see the altered looks of my once cheerful wife, no ears not to miss the voice that used to be singing so merrily about the house, no heart, not to feel that my love was sung back into my own bosom, and that which I sought in return, as closely hidden away from me? Like too many men, I hoped that gold would win it all back."

"Oh, John, why did you conceal all this from me? I am sorry that I did not see at once that these letters must be forgeries; the conversation in the graperies led me to see everything, perhaps in a wrong light."

"Forgeries! Anna, do you think these letters forgeries?"

"Be sure I do, and I wonder now I should ever think otherwise."

"Forgeries!" he repeated; "no, no, you cannot think they are forgeries; they have too much of my own individuality for you to doubt their genuineness; no, they are mine, I cannot deny it—Mine and Mary's!"

"I dropped my work, and sat looking at my husband in mute astonishment for a moment; then came despair into my heart—my long voyage was in vain, my fond hopes, a moment before so bright, were suddenly crushed. I had no words to speak, no tears to shed; but I rose, and was leaving the room—I was at the door, when John's arm was laid upon my shoulder.

"Come back, Anna! come back and hear me—I am to blame. Oh, this foolish pride! I will down with it."

I was startled with his hurried manner, and suffered him to lead me back to the couch, where I sat in dread silence, while he paced hurriedly back and forth. Once or twice he turned towards me, and tried to speak; at last, seeing the distress on my countenance, he asked, "Anna, did you ever hear me speak of my father?"

I looked up, wondering what this question had to do with the subject; but he seemed waiting for an answer, and I replied, "I thought he died when you were very young."

So the world said, and so he did in one sense; but it was not death, as we usually understand the word. My father was a convict in a New Orleans prison for ten years, and he died there at last by his own hand, to escape a worse, and I am sorry to say, a deserved fate. There, Anna, I have told you the worst now. Can you love me still—can you bear this disgrace?"

I rose and stood by his side; I laid my head upon his shoulder, and drew his arm round me—for at first he seemed to shrink away. "John, that makes no difference to me; what matter is it to me, if I only have your love—your whole heart?"

As I spoke these words, his other arm was thrown around me, and he drew me to his heart.

"Oh, Anna, I thought I knew something of woman, for if ever an angel folded its wings on earth, it was my mother; but I thought a mother's love unlike all other love on earth. Forgive me, if I dared not believe a wife could be so self-sacrificing, or that her affection could overlook this great mortification."

"Oh, John, you have done me great injustice!"

"I think I have, but hear me through. My mother was the only child of fond and wealthy parents, who were descended from one of the early settlers of Plymouth; on their escutcheon rests no stain. As an heiress, and one whose personal charms were at least not unattractive, she received much notice in the limited circle in which she moved. There came from the South a gentleman, whose person and manners were very fascinating; he spent the summer in the little village where my mother resided, employing his time in hunting and fishing. It was not strange that my mother, then but eighteen, and her expected fortune, should win some suitors; but among them all no one took her fancy like this handsome and accomplished, but rather grave Southerner; he profligated my grandparents by a professed change in his religious views, and actually joined the little church to which my mother belonged. They gave their consent to the marriage, and only asked him to test his love by waiting a year; to this he consented, and went to the West Indies in the meantime. On his return, he found my grandfather had departed this life, leaving his property to be equally divided between his wife and daughter. The marriage took place at the time appointed, and the young couple went directly South, taking my grandmother with them. Then came sad developments, for he proved to be a mere adventurer; he had often spoken of his sister, and my mother had anticipated much pleasure in her company; but her disappointment was very great, when she found her an illiterate, bad woman—handsome, but unprincipled. This sister had one child, an infant, whom the mother would beat or caress, as her affection or her temper was in the ascendant; my father insisted upon his sister's having a home in his house, and she proved a great trial to my gentle mother."

My father had no property, though now and then he received jewelry and sums of money, which he squandered at the gaming-table, or in horse-racing. Of course my mother's fortune soon went, and she became dependent upon my grandmother for her daily bread. My first recollection is of a contest between my parents as to money, my father insisting upon my mother taking some which had come to my grandmother in a letter during her absence; she gently but firmly refused, and he struck her a heavy blow, which laid her senseless upon the floor. I was so young then that I could speak but two or three words; but I will remember my indignation, and my feeble attempt at comfort. Alas! that was only the beginning of the trouble which I was doomed to witness; abuse, blows, and neglect, were all my mother received from her husband after her property was spent; as for myself, I have no recollection of a caress or a kind word from my father. My poor grandmother was much of the time an invalid, but I shall never forget my mother's grief at her death; she died very suddenly one night, and I think my mother had her suspicions that all was not right, for her sister-in-law had remained in the room, while my mother was preparing some gruel, and from that time she sunk into a stupor, from which she never roused. Some days after the funeral, I will remember my mother's waking me one

night, and saying, "Come, Johnnie, darling, with you walk with mother in the bright moonlight? Be very still—do not speak loud."

"Will we go away from here, mother, where my cousin will not beat or kick me any more?"

"Yes, dear, if you will not make any noise."

There was noise enough in the house to drown all that I might make; but I was very careful not to make the least sound as we slid down the stairs, and passed a door, where some men were playing cards, swearing, and drinking. We walked through the fields, and just at dawn we turned into the high road, where we met a stage-coach, which my mother stopped. We rode two or three days, stopping only for meals. I was very tired, and glad when my mother said at last, "Come, Johnnie, this is Uncle Hooper's;" and the coachman lifted me out, and sat me down at the door of a little wood-colored farmhouse, where a large dog was sleeping in the sun on the step, while inside sat a white-haired old gentleman, leaning with both hands on a cane.

"My poor Ellen," he said, "you are welcome to your uncle's home, such as it is; come and find rest at least for yourself and your little one."

"Why, uncle," said my mother, "how did you learn my troubles?"

"A little bird told me," was his reply; "but come in, come in, and I'll tell you all about it when the little one is asleep."

What he told after I was asleep, I did not learn till years afterwards. Here, in this retreat, I found a home—a humble, but a happy one. My mother worked hard, making butter and cheese, and raising poultry, which she sold to buy our clothes; we were very poor, but Uncle Hooper taught me lessons of industry, and my mother heard me recite from books, and by her patience and love bound my heart to herself by the strongest ties. She preferred to be called by her maiden name, and mine became legally that, from the wish of my uncle, and through his influence, by law. When he died, his son, who had moved South, inherited the little farm; but we were permitted to occupy it, rent free, until my mother's death.

This cousin Hooper was formerly a clerk in the same store with Mr. Scott, and through him I obtained a clerkship with the latter. When I came to M—, Mary was a mere child, a very beautiful one, as you well know, and we were much with each other. Was it strange, Anna, that a boy should learn to love such a child, and when that love had once taken root, do you wonder that it grew in strength daily? Yes, I loved Mary Blake with all the ardor of a boy's first love. Don't tremble so, Anna; there's rest your head on my shoulder while I tell you the rest. When I visited my mother, as I did yearly after I moved to M—, I talked about Mary, and one day I startled her by abruptly saying—

"Mother, I am going to marry Mary Scott when I get rich enough."

She turned upon me such a troubled, anxious look, that I asked her what I had said to give her pain.

"John," said she, "once only since I brought you away from your early, wretched home, have I spoken to you of your father; it was to tell you of his arrest for crime, and his imprisonment. It is never pleasant for me to speak of him; but I ought, perhaps, to have told you of one other incident of his life, before placing you in the way of temptation; but, in truth I knew so little of Mr. Scott's family, that I never thought of this trial. Many years ago, before I married your father, he became acquainted with a young lady, won her affections, and fraudulently married her. I say fraudulently, because, though there was a form of marriage, it was illegal. She, however, supposed herself his wife until after my marriage; this event completely crushed a mind naturally rather weak, and she became a maniac; insanity was hereditary in her family, and no wonder such trouble as this should break the slender thread. Her child, for she had a daughter, was adopted by kind friends, and soon after was married to Mr. Scott, who, by the way, knows nothing, and we hope he never may, of your father's history. He knew his wife only as the daughter of an unfortunate lady, and the adopted child of friends whom he highly esteemed. You cannot, of course, marry Mary Scott, and I am glad that I knew of your attachment in time to prevent any evil consequences; aside from this hereditary insanity, the ties of blood, for they are such, ought to prevent."

You can hardly imagine, Anna, my feelings at this revelation; and as I was, I was thankful that it did not come too late. I was careful after this, in all my intercourse with Mr. Scott's family, to give no encouragement to the idea of marriage with Mary, and I tried gradually to lead her to look upon our correspondence as a bit of childish romance. I called her sister, and henceforth I looked upon her as such, and I looked forward to her marriage with some one truly worthy of her, with all the interest of a fond brother. Blake, as I have told you, came when I was absent—the engagement was hastily formed—Mary was led astray, as my poor mother was before her. You start—yes, your quick wit divines who Blake is—my cousin, the tormenter of my infancy! I recognized him at once, though he had become the polished man of the world. I cannot tell whether he knew me or not; we never spoke of the past; indeed, we seldom spoke at all, for my instinctive repugnance to the man kept me away from him. But the indignation of my whole nature was not aroused, till I learned from Mary of his cruel treatment of her; and when you overheard me in the graperies, it was the close of a bad recital. Those jewels were given her by Blake during their court-



ship, and she wished me to turn them into money to pay some debts which she had incurred, and had no other means of defraying. When I spoke of your want of knowledge of human nature, or not reading character readily, I referred only to the innate purity of my wife's heart, which could not understand such depravity as that of Blake.

Now, Anna, can you forgive my concealment? Can you pardon that false pride which would have kept you in ignorance of that which has been the sorrow and shame of my life? Can you pardon me that lingering tenderness for poor Mary, which, while it would shrink from ever winning her love as a wife, would yet gladly give her the friendship and protection of a brother?

In her moments of derangement, when she refers to our early love, how my heart is wounded, for I see that her love was more enduring than I supposed possible. I could not see her in her confinement at the Asylum; I could not help bind those delicate limbs, nor speak one harsh word to that poor, wounded spirit. I have been very unhappy, Anna, for I could see that you suffered. Again I ask, can you forgive and love me still? My heart is yours—yours only; but it is a heart all unworthy of your love.

He paused; but I could not speak, for my tears fell like rain; but I hid my face in his bosom, and as I felt the beating of his heart, I thanked God for the gift of such love.

"I am the unworthy one," was all my sobs permitted me to utter.

"Anna," said my husband, "our marriage was not, after all, a true and perfect union, for there was concealment and want of trust. Thank God, that principle—religious principle, I trust—has kept us from discord and separation; now let us commence life anew, and henceforth let there be no secrets between us; but, like the angels in heaven, let our hearts be open to each other."

"Amen," I exclaimed, and there entered into my own heart a peace and trust I had never known before; and as we sat with clasped hands for a moment in silence, I thought I saw my angel child in white robes hovering above us, and his sweet voice saying, "Pence I leave with you," as he floated away like a bright cloud.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

Again upon the sea! but with a heart almost as light as the bright billows over which the steamer bore us so proudly. Sorrow had wrought its work, and I was chastened but not crushed, but like a trusting child I had learned to say, "Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." We were anxious to reach home, for Aunt Martha had written that my father was getting infirm, and wished to see me. I owed him an apology for not informing him of my trip to California, and resolved to go to him as soon as possible after landing. We found him comfortable and glad to see us.

"You are a willful child," he said, "to run away without so much as saying, 'By your leave, father.'"

"I thought my first duty was to my husband," I replied; "and he needed me."

"Never mind, now; all's well that ends well, but I should never have given my permission, had it been asked."

"So I supposed, and, therefore, I did not ask it."

"Well, John," he asked, turning to my husband, "how much have you made in California—got rich, eh?"

"Just cleared my expenses—not a cent more."

"You have done well—better than I expected; got some experience, and a little more knowledge of the world."

"Enough, so that I can afford to stay at home awhile."

"You are better off than many, I suppose; do you remember the money which you let me invest for you, and which I would not let you have again? It has increased ten per cent. every year, and what with interest upon interest, has become quite a nice little sum. I cannot live long, and shall leave Anna a few hundreds only; the rest must go to my wife while she lives. Now, when I am gone, I wish you to add these to your own that is under my care, and invest it in a home of your own; make that home a pleasant spot—a place to love—and to which your children will look back upon in their old age with pleasure and regret. God bless you, my children. He has taken one, to teach you that this earth is not our final home; he will give you much happiness in this life yet; take it with moderation, and remember that this life is only the antechamber to a glorious future."

This was the good man's last advice; we never saw him again till we took a silent, tearful farewell of him at the coffin side.

We bought "Rocky Nook," and built a simple, tasteful cottage on the spot where the old house stood, and John spent many pleasant hours with his grapes and his fruit trees, till by his industry and taste, we had the pleasantest home in the village.

Years passed, and the merry voices of children were heard on the rocks, and amid the shrubbery. Mark was not there, save to the eyes of fond parents, who thought they sometimes saw their "angel-child," as they always called him, and heard the sweet voice, "Peace I leave with you," but fair-haired Ellen was there, and the two rollicking, noisy boys; and though there was no Anna, there was a Mary, bidding fair to be beautiful as her namesake; and last, according to John's prophecy, our little Martha. She was born only a few weeks before our dear, blessed Aunt Martha joined her beloved Mark in a world where parting is unknown. She died in the little red cottage, and in the same spot where uncle breathed his last, surrounded by all the little souvenirs by which his memory had been held precious. Death had no terrors for her, and she exchanged worlds with a smile that lingered on her features long after death had left its impress there. Just before she breathed her last, she was looking fixedly upward, when she suddenly exclaimed:

"He's there, Anna! I see him beckoning me upward; I am going to him; farewell to earth; Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

She was mourned by the whole neighborhood, and the sick and suffering missed for long years her kind words and her helping hand.

John was one evening reading the papers, as usual, when he met with the account of the Vigilance Committee and proceedings in California; and among other confessions, was one of a man who just before he was swung off, confessed that he was one of the robbers who plundered the brig Rover as she lay anchored in the Bay some years before. Their leader, he said, had shot himself in prison.

Not long after this account was published, I was spending the day with Mr. Scott and his wife. Mary

was at home, for, as the doctor had foretold, her derangement had subsided into a quiet melancholy, and her prejudice towards me had entirely worn away; she was often with us, sometimes staying a week at a time at "Rocky Nook," where John and myself always strove to make her happy, and were partially successful, for the poor shattered brain, and wounded heart, seemed most at peace when with us. She was ill, and I had gone to stay with her. I was singing one of her favorite tunes just at twilight, when we were interrupted by the stopping of a hack at the door, and the entrance of a young woman with a babe in her arms. The lamps were not lighted; Mr. Scott was in his arm-chair at one side of the fire; his hair was white, his face deeply furrowed, and his whole appearance indicated premature old age. His wife sat opposite to him knitting, quiet and passive as ever; but trouble had not affected her so deeply as her husband; she had little intellect, and no great depth of feeling, but a quiet, even temper. I was at the piano, and Mary at my side; thus were we grouped, when the stranger entered unannounced.

We turned, wondering who could it be; she stood a moment, threw back her veil, drew her child closer to her bosom, and gazed from one to another till her eyes fell upon Mrs. Scott, and rested there. The latter looked earnestly at the face of the woman, threw down her work, and, running to embrace her, exclaimed—

"My child—my darling Lucy!"

Mary, who had never been told the sad particulars of Lucy's flight, sprang forward with all the eagerness of a delighted child, "and brought Johnnie with you! he's waked up at last!" and she took the child in her arms. Mr. Scott alone drew back. He had risen from his chair, but not to welcome his child—no, there was sternness, almost anger, in his look; Lucy felt it, and checked the step she was about to make towards him.

"Father, this is Lucy," said Mrs. Scott.

He made no reply.

"And this is little Johnnie," said Mary, bringing the babe to him.

He moved it away, not even deigning to look at it. Poor Lucy stood pale and trembling.

"Father," again said Mrs. Scott, her mother's heart not comprehending the grief and pride of the man, "this is our child—our Lucy."

"No child of mine," was his reply; but his voice trembled, and I fancied his sternness was half assumed.

It was now quite dark, and I lighted a lamp. Lucy sunk down into the nearest seat. Her mother laid aside her bonnet and shawl, and we all turned to look once more upon the beautiful child who had been our pride and joy. Alas! her beauty was all gone; pale, haggard and worn, ragged in her attire, and sadly emaciated, she was a mere wreck. It must have been a hard heart that could have resisted her mute appeal; and Mr. Scott, after looking earnestly into that pale face, turned so imploringly to him, opened his arms, and poor Lucy sprang towards him, and, laying her head on his bosom, said—

"I have only come home to die; send me not away, father—for the sake of my child, let me die here."

"How time flies! Why, John, next week it will be twenty-five years since we were married!"

"Yes, I know it, Anna; and yet it seems but a few days since we sat down for the first time in our little dining room, and ate our first supper. Do you remember that first cup of tea? I thought I was the happiest man in these United States, when your dainty little hands passed it to me. But, Anna, the happiness of those days was but the little spring, compared to the full, deep, broad river. Like this last has been the peace of our later married life, and it grows broader and deeper as we pass on to the ocean of Eternity."

"Mother! mother!" said my two noisy boys, both in a breath as they came rushing into the room, "Ellen says we are going to have a great party next week, and a wedding; who is to be married, mother?"

"And may I have some fire-crackers to celebrate with?" said one.

"And, father, may I fire off my little cannon?" said another.

"Hush, boys; you'll make me distracted, talking both together, and so loud."

"Well, mother, please tell me," said Johnnie, coming near and whispering in my ear, "what is a silver wedding? Ellen says we are going to have a silver wedding next week?"

I explained it to the little boys, and they both ran out into the garden to give vent to their joy.

"Hurra! Ellen, I know all about it now! Father and mother are going to be married, and we shall have lots of wedding-cake, and music and dancing, and sit up till nine o'clock!"

For some days there was great commotion in our cottage. Henny and myself were busy from morning till night, compounding cakes and pies, and preparing poultry, etc., for John said we might as well have a dinner, and invite our old friends, it would be so much more sociable than a mere evening party. Joseph entered into the spirit of the thing with as much zest as the children; he was helping me stow raisins in the sitting-room one evening, the children had gone to bed, and Henny was giving some directions to the domestic in the kitchen, and I took the opportunity to say—

"Joseph, you will be an old man when you celebrate your silver wedding."

"I am afraid so, Mrs. Hooper."

"A single life is not desirable, Joseph. I shall be happy to know that you can forget the past, and find happiness with some congenial spirit."

"I have forgotten the past, Mrs. Hooper, or remember it only to be thankful that I was not permitted to choose my own lot; but I have been afraid that others would not forget, and would be unwilling to accept a heart that was once so wholly devoted to another."

"You can try, Joseph; love begets love, you know."

At this moment Henny entered; she heard my remark, and perhaps her mind, as mine, went suddenly back to past years. Their looks met, and I saw only what confirmed my previous suspicions. Henny had become a lovely woman; she had remained with Aunt Martha until the death of the latter, and had received a gift of the Red Cottage and a sum of money, which, having been well invested, will prove a good marriage portion. Perhaps we shall have another wedding; but, at present, we are all absorbed in next week.

The day came, bright and sunny outside, while merry hearts and busy hands filled the room. We had a house, full, and among the most welcome

guests were Jack Dale and his wife. He had made himself rich in California, and was now married to the widow, (little David's mother), and the two families lived in on the wedding and laid on a couch prepared for him, and he laughed more heartily than any one else to see Jack dance.

There was nothing to mar the pleasure of the day. I had been anxious about my turkey and roast-beef, as we had a new pen the week before; but they were done to a tune, and John's grapes and peaches had ripened just in time; the cake was pronounced just right—only Mr. Wiggins said she thought it would have been better if there had been some brandy in it; and she told Henny that for her part, she did not think married life was pleasant enough to wish to have the bonds made any tighter, by performing the ceremony the second time.

We sent an invitation to the clergyman who married us in our youth. The good old man, much to our delight, took the trouble to come, and after performing the ceremony, he added—

"My children—every pure and seriously disposed mind must acknowledge that marriage is of God. It is one of the divine arrangements—a sweet and silent harmonizer of the many discordant elements that enter into the conditions of our existence."

Written for the Banner of Light.  
AN ODE.

BY GEORGE BOWDWIN.

One son, May morn  
I strolled along,  
To sit beneath the old oak tree  
That stood beside a rushing rill;  
And there I lay me down to rest,  
And listened to the wildbird's trill.  
The sky was clear,  
The zephyr mild,  
With sparkling dews  
Each herb was piled.  
I sat and mused on what might be  
The fate God held in store for me.  
With happy hopes  
Raised high and wild,  
My heart felt free  
From grief and guile;  
And then I raised my heart in prayer  
To God to keep me in his care.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## COUSIN ED.;

OR,

### WHAT TWO HEARTS SUFFERED.

BY MAGGIE MARSTON.

Ed. and I were children together. We attended the same village school, waded the same pond after water lilies, and enjoyed, to the best of our combined abilities, the many rustic sports with which Cliftonville abounded.

Two brothers had married two sisters, and Ed. and I were the favorites of their double union. This made us very near to one another, residing, as we did, in the same town, although my cousin was some four years my senior. If Edward Marston had been my own brother, I could not possibly have loved him more than I did in those happy days, when, hand in hand, we trudged up the long hill leading to the little red school-house, situated on its summit; he, with the stinging tin pail, containing our common lunch, swinging carelessly on one arm, and I, with my small green satchel, out of whose gaping mouth invariably peeped the usual quantity of dog-eared books, and paper dolls. Ah, those were joyous days—too bright, alas, to always last!

The father of Edward was by profession a sailor, being captain of one of the finest ships that ever rode the waves, or spread sail before the wind. The ill health of his wife prevented her from accompanying him upon his voyages, which, at that time, rarely extended above four or five months in length. A small cottage, therefore, but a few doors distant from our own, was rented by my uncle, where Aunt Abby and Cousin Edward lived comfortably during his absence.

He was a handsome boy, this cousin of mine, with his slight, but erect form, an oval-shaped head, whose wealth of chestnut-colored hair fell in wavy masses over a brow lofty and expansive, and beneath which gleamed out a pair of large, dark eyes, whose varying expression lent an additional charm to his naturally pale and interesting face. I knew that his mother was proud of him, for I have seen her gaze upon him in rapturous silence as he bent earnestly over his book, for fifteen minutes at a time. No wonder that her heart, in her loneliness, turned towards him for sympathy and affection, when he was her first-born—in truth her all!

There was always a certain degree of manliness and dignity about him, even in early boyhood, which made Edward Marston the particular favorite and admiration of the fair sex, as well as the envy of his brother associates. No boy, however large and old, dared offer an insult to one of the girls at school, when Ed. was present. His stern look, and flashing eye, were enough to deter the most bold and daring of them from their purpose; and he who, but a moment before, had raised his hand in anger against a weaker companion, would, at sight of Edward Marston, shrink tremblingly away into some remote corner, like a guilty wretch, arrested in the act of stealing.

It was a common expression with my parents, that Maggie would never lack a protector, while Ed. lived. Everything that I did was right and lawful in his eyes, and if at school I chanced to be singled out for punishment, as the especial ringleader of some concerted piece of mischief, Ed. Marston was always sure to come to the rescue, and, being naturally quiet and well disposed in his own behavior, his influence was by no means to be scorned.

In looks and demeanor, I was just the opposite of Cousin Ed. My complexion was the color of the peach blossoms, only perhaps at times a trifle deeper, when flushed with some new excitement. I had hair of a golden hue, which fell in luxuriant curls over neck and shoulders. My eyes, which I loved to provoke Ed. by saying that they were a pale and faded blue, were, in reality, of an azure color, looking always three shades darker in the evening, than when exposed to the strong light of day. In figure I was what the French would term *petite*, and from the fact of my rather diminutive stature, I was called by my school-mates "little Mag." This appellation I did not like much; and many a time Cousin Ed. has found me in the garret weeping, for fear that I should never grow any taller. I had once seen Tom Thumb, when on a visit to the city, and from that moment had childishly become impressed with the idea that I should never be any larger than him, and it was only after much reasoning upon the part of

my parents, that they succeeded in dissuading me from last from the idea that I, too, would be placed in a miniature house for exhibition.

Instead of laughing at my fears, and calling me foolish, as most boys of Cousin Ed.'s age would have done, the latter only kissed away my tears, and comforted me, by saying that I would one day grow taller; and even if I should not, to his mind, a small and fairy-like creature was far handsomer than a tall and overgrown girl, who looked as if she had been cut out for a man, but unfortunately had been spoiled in the making.

You see, reader, my boy-lover was, even at the early age of fourteen, quite a connoisseur of female beauty. I have had my wish, however; although, as a woman, I am still slightly below the medium height.

Despite my cousin's deep love for study, he had once or twice expressed a strong desire to go to sea. This movement met with no favor in the eyes of his father, who, having only a single child, was determined, as he frequently said, to make something of him besides a sailor. The mother of Edward being always in feeble health, was not a little annoyed at this singular freak of Ed., as she called it. One Saturday, at the close of school, my cousin surprised me by remarking coolly, as he quietly gathered up his books, that he should probably have no further use for them, as it was his intention to ship for an East India voyage, the latter part of the coming week.

Of course his words quite amazed me, and rendered me speechless for the time; but the commotion which my relation of the affair produced upon my reaching home, will never be forgotten by either, so long as we shall live. Uncle Marston being absent, Ed. was of course confided to the special care and guardianship of his only brother, my father.

That very evening Edward and his mother were sent for by his uncle. Knowing his mother's steadfast opposition to such a thing, my cousin had cautiously refrained from mentioning the subject of his intended sea voyage to her, thinking that when the time arrived for his departure, and his mother saw how deeply his heart was set upon going, that she could not withhold her consent.

The news which my father imparted to his sister-in-law, were, to her unsuspecting heart, of rather an alarming nature. I could not help admiring the degree of resolution and firmness evinced by Cousin Ed. upon the occasion, although, to be sure, such a show of purpose were better suited to a man than a boy.

His reasons for going were, that within the past year, some two or three of his associates had left home to follow the sea, and as he had always felt a strong inclination to travel and see the world, he saw no good reason why he might not go then, as well as any time. My father's argument, his mother's entreaties, and my tears and, repeated assertion that I should certainly die if he did such a thing, at last prevailed over the firm and resolute boy, and induced him finally to abandon (or at least lay by until some future time,) his projected scheme.

The next week Cousin Ed. returned once again to his studies at the High School, to the infinite joy of his relatives, as well as to the peculiar satisfaction of his teachers, with whom he was a great favorite. For two years, life in Cliftonville tripped smoothly on to our young hearts. Ed. was still the same constant and devoted cousin as ever—accompanying me in my sports, assisting me in my studies, and humoring my slightest whim or fancy. At the end of that time, Uncle Marston happened to be home. He had made an unusually long voyage of fourteen or fifteen months, and you may readily believe that his warm and genial presence in our family circle (than which no happier one ever existed on the face of the earth,) was a source of dear delight to all hearts.

Edward was now sixteen years of age, and having, by great diligence in his respective studies, attained the head of his class, and won the first prize at the annual exhibition of the Cliftonville High School, it was agreed upon, after much consultation upon the part of the two brothers, to send my cousin to Harvard University, for the purpose of giving him a thorough collegiate education. Both his father and mother were ambitious concerning him, and I could not blame them for being so, since he was unusually gifted as regards intellectual endowments.

Ed. made no opposition to his father's plan when proposed to him, and all hearts secretly congratulated themselves with the thought, that the adventurous boy had quite forgotten his anticipated salt water excursion.

The day of parting came to our sad hearts. It was the first separation which Ed. and I had ever been called upon to experience, and the mountain of sorrow which lay upon our souls, may be more easily imagined than written. Hot, scalding tears, fell like a torrent from my eyes, as my cousin clasped me for the last time for long months in his arms. Child as I was, I had lavished upon him the entire wealth of a sister's love, which he, in return, had guarded and cherished with a brother's care. Edward Marston determined to take a more philosophical view of the matter, checked back the rising tears, and, imprinting a fervent kiss upon my brow, whispered in my ear—

"Be of good cheer, Maggie; our parting is but for a time."

The next instant he had knelt at the feet of his beloved mother, for her farewell blessing; had shaken hands warmly with both his aunt and uncle, and ere I could quench the fire of my grief, he was speeding rapidly, on his way towards the railroad station, accompanied by his father, who was to remain in Boston with him, until after the day appointed for the examination of fresh students. I watched his graceful form, and waving cap, through a mist of falling tears, until his loved image faded entirely from my view; then retired to the solitude of my own little room, to lift a prayer in secret to the Father of all created things, for the safety and protection of him who had that day gone forth from the paternal roof to mingle with the world, and mark out for himself a path to fame and distinction.

A few days later and my uncle returned home, to tell of the very successful examination which Edward had passed, and of his consequent installment within college walls. At that moment my heart fairly danced with joy, and I drew, in imagination, a score of bright pictures for the future, in which the youth, beauty and genius of Edward Marston shone resplendent.

My own studies I still continued at the village High School. The letters which I weekly received from my absent cousin were full of affection and encouragement, and to one who loved the broad open of the open field, better than the confinement and close restraint of the school room, his kindly words acted as an incentive to increased exertion upon my part. An progress which I made in the more difficult branches of learning, in the short space of six

months, actually surprised my teachers, and more than gratified my parents and friends. In music, particularly, I bid fair to excel, although the teachers of that delightful science which our village afforded, were not remarkable for their talent and proficiency.

Cousin Ed. had been gone from home just a twelvemonth, when I received a letter from him one morning in the early part of July, stating that if God granted him health and strength, he should in all probability be with us in the course of a week. The postscript of the letter read thus:

I shall also bring along with me my room-mate and particular chum; Walter Evans, a handsome young Southerner, who has expressed a strong desire to see my Cousin Maggie, of whose manifold charms he has so often heard me prate. Have a care to your heart, cousin mine, for if a stranger should outstrip me in love matters, I should be most confoundedly jealous.

Yours fraternally and eternally, Ed.

Such flattery from any one else but a cousin, would have made me blush scarlet from neck to forehead; but then, you know, cousins are a privileged class—particularly male ones—so I carefully refolded and laid aside the letter which my fingers had so tremblingly held as I scanned the glowing lines, and determined to follow Ed.'s advice in regard to guarding my heart, to the very letter; for the thought of offending one who had been to me the kindest and most faithful of brothers, seemed to me, then, a most criminal thing.

A stranger coming to Cliftonville! What an event it would be in the history of our quiet village! A Southerner, too; the thought was exciting; and wild with delight at the good news I had just received, I bounded off in search of mamma, to repeat to her attentive ears the joyful intelligence.

It was near the close of a beautiful, but sultry day in the middle of the month of July, that I espied from my chamber window (where I had been seated to watch the arrival of the last train from Boston,) two young men coming up the road in the direction of our cottage, each with valise in hand, whom my heart, rather than my vision, told me were none other than Cousin Ed. and his southern friend.

Casting a sly glance at my rosy face in the mirror, (a species of vanity from which not even village maidens are exempt,) and passing my small hands heavily over my sunny curls, I hastened down the front stairs, from thence out into the garden, and was soon clasped in the arms of my dear cousin, who was the same handsome boy who had sadly bade us adieu just one year before, except that he had grown a trifle taller in height, and a little thinner in the face—probably the result of severe and protracted study.

"This is my sweet little cousin, Miss Maggie Marston, Mr. Evans," said Ed., recollecting his friend, who had remained a silent spectator to our warm meeting. As my cousin pronounced these words, he placed a hand of mine within that of his companion, smiling pleasantly, all the while, at my fast crimsoning cheeks and momentary embarrassment, as I stammered forth in reply to Mr. Evans' gentlemanly salutation, "be assured, sir, that as the particular friend of my beloved cousin, you are now as ever welcome to my country home."

I never forgot the look of intense admiration which Walter Evans bent upon me as with true southern courtesy he thanked me for the hospitality so kindly extended to a stranger. His beauty—for beautiful he was, in a physical sense—was of an entirely different stamp from that of his friend Marston. His raven hair, dark and dreamy eyes, and rich olive skin, betokened him a child of the sunny south. His features, though not strictly regular, were nevertheless good, and boldly cut. There was a sensual expression about the large and voluptuous mouth, that told that self-gratification and personal pleasure were the ruling elements of his nature. He was far from being an intellectual man, yet with his wealth of earthly beauty he was what the ladies would have called very *distingue* in appearance, and the gentlemen a splendid fellow. Walter Evans was apparently some three years older than my cousin, for whom he seemed to entertain a strong and sincere attachment.

He was the only son of one of the wealthiest merchants of Charleston, South Carolina, and being naturally of a wild and impulsive temperament, his father had sent him north to complete his education, thinking that the severe discipline of college life would produce a beneficial effect upon his untamable spirit.

Among his class-mates he was a great favorite, inasmuch as he was always the willing ringleader in any proposed scheme of mischief, besides having constantly on hand a well-filled purse, the contents of which, in his great generosity of heart, he lavished upon his less wealthy companions with the utmost freedom and liberality. His ease and good-nature, rather than any superiority of mind, had won for him the friendship of Edward Marston, whose room-mate he had been since the time of their first entrance into old Harvard.

I cannot tell one half the pleasures that succeeded the arrival of my cousin and his friend. Every possible species of amusement which our village afforded, was indulged in by our merry trio to the fullest extent. Four weeks slipped by like a dream, and then came the time for my guests to return to college. The evening before their departure, Cousin Ed. begged a short interview with me alone in the library. My heart beat high with expectation, for Edward's manner towards me had grown, if possible, more tender and affectionate than ever, during the last two weeks of his stay in Cliftonville. With a calmness that surprised while it delighted, my cousin told me of the deep and holy love which he felt for me. Years of brotherly affection had ripened into manly love, which time and absence only served to increase. In seeking an engagement with me, he had noted under the sanction of parental authority. He had not only obtained the consent of his own parents in the matter; but my father and mother, to whom he had applied for permission to address me upon so delicate a subject, had smiled their earnest approval of his scheme.

It was past the hour of midnight when my cousin—now my lover—and I, left the library and sought our respective rooms. My heart was full of a new hope, which seemed to intoxicate my very senses. That night I dreamed a sweet dream, in which I saw myself the happy and idolized wife of Edward Marston—no longer a pale and hard-working student, but a man of noble intellect and heaven-born genius, whose name was a glorious and exalted one among his fellow associates.

The next afternoon my cousin and his friend, Walter Evans, took their leave, after expressing their united thanks for the very pleasant vacation which they had spent as guests of my father's family. The mother of Edward, who was now a permanent resident of Cliftonville, was also present, and



dent at our homestead, looked with increasing pride and affection upon her cherished boy, whose virtues and rare talents seemed to expand with each new-coming day.

For weeks after the departure of my cousin and Walter Evans, I kept up a constant correspondence with the former, whose tender and affectionate letters were now my only consolation. But as months sped on, even those miseries for which my heart so earnestly and longingly watched, grew less frequent, and I fancied that the tone of them seemed cold and changed. Could it be that the deep and abiding love he had professed to feel for me, was waning and dying? My sensitive heart was ready to believe that such a thing was possible—yes, even probable. Distrust crept into my soul, and made me wretched and uneasy in mind.

Walter Evans now visited us occasionally, although always alone. In a foolish hour, I revealed to him the cause of my sorrow, and of my utter disbelief in the constancy of my Cousin Ed. He affected to deeply sympathize with me, and advised me to bring my pride to the rescue in the matter. Under the cloak of a comforter, he gained first my confidence, and then my warmest friendship. My correspondence with Cousin Ed. finally ceased altogether, and the increasing attentions of Walter Evans towards the cousin of his friend, began to rouse a suspicion in the minds of my parents that all was not right—that the young Southerner was playing a traitor's part. This I would not hear, to even for a moment; and when at last his poor mother, worried and distressed at heart, wrote a long letter to her beloved son, requesting an explanation of his singular conduct, he replied that he had nothing to say upon the subject, except that he had been basely deceived by one whom he had once loved with all the fervor of his soul, but who had long since ceased to occupy a place in his memory.

His cruelty and coldness struck like a knife to my sensitive heart. Pride and indignation swelled my soul, and made me anxious to avenge my imagined wrongs. I now yielded myself entirely to the fascinations of my unfortunate lover, who seemed more than ever determined upon winning my special favor.

Two years passed before Cousin Ed. and I again met, and then it was upon the occasion of his mother's funeral, whose life had suddenly dropped away when least expected by her relatives. My heart momentarily softened towards Edward, as I beheld his ghastly face and mournful eyes bent coldly, yet sadly, upon me as I advanced, leaning upon the arm of Walter Evans, (who had kindly assumed the office of master of ceremonies), to press a farewell kiss upon the marble brow of my beloved aunt, before her slight form was laid to its last rest in the cold earth. Had my cousin stepped forth at that moment, and clasping me in his arms, called me "his own dear Maggie," I am sure that my heart would have melted, and I should have forgotten the past, and planted his image once again in the inmost niche of my soul.

But woman's pride bubbled up again to the surface of my heart, and once more acquired the mastery over love. After the funeral, Edward Marston returned to college, without even bidding me good-bye; for he, like myself, was too proud to seek an explanation as to the cause of our estrangement.

It was a whole year before I again set eyes upon my cousin, who had in the meantime finished his collegiate course, and was about commencing the practice of law in the city of New York. It so happened, that during the summer of the same year, that an old friend of my mother's, whom the latter had not seen for years, came to pay us a visit. She had recently lost her only daughter—a beautiful girl of eighteen—for whom she was, even then, in deepest mourning. During her stay of a month with us, she became so strangely attached to me that she proposed to my parents the plan of adopting me for her own child.

Of course my fond parents would not hear to such a thing for a moment; but, before leaving, she extorted a promise from my mother and father, that I should spend the coming winter with her at her elegant home in New York.

Thus I came to be in the Empire City. Moving in the most fashionable circles, Mrs. Rand conceived the idea of "bringing me out," under her particular supervision. My beauty, (pardon me, dear reader), and my youth, together with the report which my benefactor had caused to be circulated, (that on the occasion of her death, she intended making me her sole heiress,) of course brought crowds of admirers to my shrine.

Among the guests which thronged the spacious drawing-room of Mrs. Rand, on the evening of the party given in honor of the first visit of her young friend to New York, was Edward Marston. We met coldly, and were introduced as strangers. The similarity of our names excited momentary surprise in the mind of Mrs. Rand, but nothing more. I was fairly astonished at the calmness and indifference which I exhibited upon the occasion.

During our half-hour's conversation, my cousin, or, Mr. Marston—as I forced my lips to call him, although the words nearly froze my tongue—touched upon the various topics of the day; but carefully avoided all allusions to the past. As he rose to take his departure, he kindly congratulated me upon my engagement with his friend, Mr. Evans, and sincerely hoped that he should have the honor of meeting Miss Marston again, before she returned home.

I would have denied the engagement with Walter Evans, but pride would not permit me to do so; for, in the early part of the evening, my friend had told me that Mr. Marston was to be wedded in a few weeks to a lady of Charleston, and the sister of his most intimate friend at college; and so I only thanked him coldly, and let him depart without contradicting what my heart knew to be a foul lie.

At the expiration of his college term, Walter Evans had sought my hand in marriage; but to the great surprise of both himself and my parents, I had gently but firmly refused his offer. Perhaps the deep mist which had so long blinded my vision, was gradually clearing away. Foiled of his purpose, Walter Evans had returned disappointed and pride wounded to his Southern home.

One day, some six weeks after the party, a telegraphic despatch was received in New York by the many friends of the young lawyer, that Edward Marston was lying dangerously ill of small pox at the residence of a friend in Charleston. The terrible news so much affected me that I made a confidant of Mrs. Rand, with whom I was still stopping, and told her of my relationship towards Edward Marston, together with the story of our love and final estrangement.

Anxious to set matters once again right, Mrs.

Rand proposed accompanying me to Charleston, in order to see, my cousin, perchance for the last time. I did not stop to reflect upon the embarrassment which I should necessarily be subjected to in visiting unannounced the dwelling of my rejected lover, and meeting face to face one who was so soon to become the bride of my once beloved cousin.

The better feelings of my nature, however, triumphed, and without a moment's hesitation I set off immediately for Charleston. It was a long journey to my impatient heart, for the thought that my cousin might be dead before I reached him, distressed my mind beyond all measure. It was late at night when our carriage drew up before the elegant residence of Mr. Evans, in the city of Charleston. Sending up our cards by the waiter-boy, we were soon met in the spacious parlor by Walter Evans and his sister. My reception from the former was an exceedingly cold one; but from the lips of his proud and imperious sister we learned that Mr. Marston had two days before been removed to the city hospital, where his recovery was considered by the physicians as very doubtful.

Edward Marston, my own beloved cousin, languishing and dying in a hospital! The thought was madness, and without further delay I bade the coachman, who had attended us thither, to drive immediately to said institution, to the great horror of Blanche Evans, who declared that such a thing was perfect rashness upon my part, and that I would most certainly become a victim to that terrible disease.

My feeble pen, dear reader, is wholly inadequate to describe the joy of my meeting with my poor and disfigured cousin. For weeks I hung fearfully over his couch until God, hearing my prayers, restored him slowly but surely to health again. After years of suffering upon the part of both, the scales had at last dropped from our eyes. Walter Evans had played a treacherous part, and, under the garb of friendship, had sought to poison the ear of my lover against one, whose heart he hoped to win for himself. Yielding impulsively to the instincts of passion and pride, my cousin had allowed himself to be forced into an engagement with one whom he had never loved, and who, by her cruelty and desertion in the hour of sickness, had proved herself unworthy of him.

Upon the restoration of Edward Marston to perfect health, our little party returned at once to New York. Information was now despatched to my parents of the reconciliation which time had effected between my cousin and self, and upon their arrival in the Empire City, the marriage rites between Edward Marston and his Cousin Maggie were celebrated in grand style at the elegant residence of my friend, Mrs. Rand.

Thank God, our present happiness has long since atoned for all the suffering we experienced in past years.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
ANGEL NAME.

In the land where I am going,  
When this earthly life is o'er—  
When the tired hands cease their striving,  
And the tired heart aches no more—  
In that land of light and beauty,  
Where no sorrow ever came  
To cloud the perfect glory,  
What will be my angel name?  
When the spirits who await me  
Meet me at my entrance in,  
With what name of love and music  
Will that welcoming begin?  
Not the one so dimmed with earth-stains,  
Linked with thoughts of grief and blame—  
No, the name which mortals give me  
Will not be my angel name.  
I have heard it all too often  
Uttered by unloving lips—  
Earthly sin, and cares, and sorrows,  
Dim it with their deep eclipse;  
I shall change it like a garment,  
When I quit this mortal frame,  
And at life's immortal baptism,  
I shall have another name.  
For the spirits will not call me  
By the name I bear on earth—  
They will speak a holier language  
When I have a holier birth;  
Syllabled in heavenly music,  
Sweeter far than earth can claim—  
Very gentle, pure and tender,  
Such will be my angel name.  
It has thrilled my spirit often,  
In the holiest of my dreams;  
But its beauty lingers with me  
Only till the morning beams.  
Weary of this jarring discord,  
Which the lips of mortals frame—  
When shall I, with joy and rapture,  
Answer to my angel name?

Norway, Mr. Dec. 9th, 1858.

HUME, AND HIS NIGHTLY VISITORS.  
The N. Y. Evening Post publishes the following correspondence relative to this great medium:—

As, since Mr. Hume's accession to rank and fortune, anecdotes respecting him seem to be apropos, I herewith send you an experience of my own with that gentleman that occurred November 25, 1854. On the evening of that day I had attended a spiritual circle held at the house of a friend, at Ravenswood, L. I., at which Mr. Hume was the medium, and during which all the various well known phenomena which occurs in his presence had been witnessed and felt by us.

In the breaking up of the meeting, finding that Hume and myself were billeted upon the same gentleman, (a musical friend), I proposed to Hume to allow me to lie down with him when he went to bed, for an hour or two, as I was told that some curious manifestations might be expected. Accordingly, taking off only my coat and boots, I ensconced myself alongside of him under the bed-clothes, first looking the door and fastening the window-shutters, and ascertaining that we were the sole occupants of the room. Neither Hume nor myself had ever slept in the house before.

Almost immediately after the light was extinguished I heard raps all around me—on the floor, on the walls, on the head-board, on my pillow, in fact everywhere. The sounds varied in intensity from light taps on the pillow, to loud, resounding blows upon the floor and walls. I asked many questions, and received intelligent answers by means of these raps. I saw, also, in various parts of the room, nebulous-looking and wandering lights, now and then crossed by dark, irregular shadows. Soon I felt soft and gentle touches, as if by a human hand, upon the top and back of my head, followed quickly by the placing of a cool, moist hand upon my forehead, which I was told by means of the raps was the hand of Hume's deceased mother. In a few moments another spirit came, and after touching me from my feet upwards, also placed a hand upon my forehead, gently pulling and smoothing my beard, and closing my eyes, and then softly rapping out answers to many questions upon the closed lid. His hand felt soft and warm. Still another spirit now came, and stepped upon the bed, and began walking over it, feeling to me as if a child had climbed up and was walking over us, stepping carefully over us, and between us, but not upon us, the bed clothes being indicated at each rap. In a few moments, how-

ever, the spirit lay down on the outside of the bed, and on us both, pressing with all the weight, and precisely in the same manner as a living child might have done.

The spirits then wished me good night by the raps, and apparently departed.

The whole occupied about half an hour, and during the whole time Hume and I lay upon our backs, covered to the chin by the bedclothes, and touching each other the entire length of our persons, from shoulders to heel, and during it all Hume did not stir in the least, and made no muscular movement, other than that caused by his breathing.

I. L. WORTH.

## Life Eternal.

Communicated from the Spirit World, to a Lady to Boston.

[Through the Mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams.]

### PART SEVENTEENTH.

I have brought your spirit, with that of the medium, into rapport with those finer emotions, to that point of communication and soul-commingling, where you can catch from the bright spirit-surroundings, the emanations of angel souls. You are in that atmosphere where the same breeze that plays lightly around their brows, can touch the æolian chords of your own spirit, to lighten the notes of harmony within. You are at that point of immortal beauty, where your hands of faith can touch the unseen hands that guide you.

You ask, if this is so, why can I not more fully realize it?

I reply, because the rays of light fall not on the wings of faith. The reason I do not communicate so readily as in times past, is, that your own soul has progressed to a point, where it received the same influx as the medium's, and is, with her's, divided. The concentration of your mind on any object will enable me more readily to reach you. I would not wish for entire passiveness, but would have you act so far as to originate thoughts, as they will form a nucleus on which I can radiate beams of truth and righteousness. You know you cannot, of yourself, deposit love in the soul of a child. The love-germ must be born within it. But you can embalm that love. You can act upon it—refine and purify it. Thus, within your own spirit, there must be the natural germ of thought and expression, and my influence, or that of other spirits, can foster and enlarge it in the same way as you make the love principle grow brighter in the child.

Doubt will never do for progression. It is a negative, and the spirit, by that means, gets powerfully opposite to the principles of truth and trust. To prepare the mind for any burden, is equivalent to bearing the cross. If they act prepared already, the cross is borne. It hath been told in the book of scriptures, "according to thy faith, so be it unto thee." If humanity did but live up to that faith, what grand and glorious results would follow!

It does not follow, of necessity, in the development of great medium powers, that promiscuous spirits, of every rank, stage, and grade, must communicate through and to you. Look on the mighty medium powers of the past, and you will see that their wants were suited to their natures and their works. Napoleon, that brave and mighty medium, who had worlds to conquer, and kingdoms to save, had those unseen powers close around him that were of that peculiar nature which was best adapted to his work.

All the martyrs that have lived were mediums, bringing chariots filled with angels from on high, and benefiting the atmosphere of earth. All the great men of the past have carried with them this influx of unseen power. And if thine own spirit takes a bold and mighty stand—says to itself, "I will do a great, a glorious work for humanity," that strong magnetic light will pierce the sky above thee. The resolve will be met with smiles and rejoicings, for spirits are waiting to work through you—and how can they do their work on earth, save through the heart and soul of man? I find thy spirit capable of performing glorious and mighty work. I am the messenger of thy mission. It began when an undeveloped form sought thy council and protection. We ask eternity when it shall end, and the echo is, "never, never." Sometimes these saddened souls are pictures in disguise, to try the faith, love, and goodness of mankind. I have known spirits of love and beauty to present themselves to some friend on earth, in tragic horror and misery. It is well to test and try the spirit by fire, that we may purify it from all dross.

This picture, brought to you, was one of truth—a dark, and picture. It was brought to your gaze—held by the hand of friends—and it is hung on the walls of eternity. They have learned by the strength of your own spirit. They found how far it could hear the echo of misery in mortal woe. Just in proportion as the soul can retain sorrow, just so large are its capacities for happiness and glory. It is the just measurement of the spirit; 'tis the line—the square of revolution and progression. We take the compass of the soul that we intend to illuminate. When one of earth, that has but a little while heard the voice of friendly communications—when such an one can put by the sweet, musical tones of a loving child in the spirit life, to listen to the voice of woe, then do we know that sympathy with such an one is equal to affection. That deed is now registered in the eternal book. Out of that cross thy brow didst gain a crown, and that crown is made of spirit-loves, of earth loves, for the kindly deed fresh from the heart of humanity.

Now, I want to weave the immortal crown for the children of earth, and place it on your brow. The flowers and gems are gathered in every clime and land. They must be arranged with an eye to symmetry and beauty. One jewel now studs your brow—'tis the jewel of Sympathy with all mankind. There is a bright sapphire, and a soft, celestial evergreen, that grows around it. That must be placed against the jewel of sympathy. 'Tis not a native jewel—'tis not found mid our home-land and scenery. He that would wear this crown is a traveler, and he must go far and near to gather these jewels. This sapphire is Eternal Faith—'tis found on the mount. The soul must travel over the sea of doubt to find it. Dark nights must intervene, with no stars to shine. Morning sun must rise and set again; but, the jewel must be obtained. Dost thou get faith from sight? No! out of darkness grows the eternal evergreen of trust. Many a circumstance has occurred, since the beautiful gem of sympathy was set upon thy brow, and thou hast almost reached the sapphire gem of faith. There is an emerald of beauty that is native in the soul's own soil. It is a sweet hope, to be placed beside the pure white faith. It is found near the surface of man's own spirit-globe. Many have searched for it in vain; and their foot-

prints now lie on the soil that lays so lightly over it. It was never buried deep, for mid all the cares, perplexities, and troubles of this life, the little emerald stone will glitter. These gems form the brightest glories of every soul. Above them there is a chameleon tint of beauty, that arches all, formed by the delicate, the beautifully refined rays of charity. 'Tis not of itself a gem, but the combined emanation of the three graces—Sympathy, Faith, and Hope.

Soon as the soul is brought in rapport with mankind by sympathy, one tint of charity begins to rise above the coronet. Then, when thou hast traversed the mountain and desert wild, and passed through dark and dreary scenes, when thou hast found the sweet, celestial gem of faith, thy sapphire glory is begun, and the mellow tints that rose from sympathy, grow more ethereal still. The arch is more expanded o'er thy brow, and it only awaits to kiss the rays of hope.

Happy art thou when this immortal crown is filled. Out of thy hope thou canst illumine hearts, out of thy faith thou canst purify them, and out of thy sympathy thou canst call them to come forth and culture their souls—to go like travelers on the journey of life, and deck their brows also with the native gems within.

The mission that thou art called to, is replete with significance and power. The labor of thy soul and thy pathway does not call you away from any of the every-day cares. It does not take you from the home-circle, but it enlarges that circle, wider and wider, till the waves float on to the shore of eternity. Many will be brought, first to partake of your sympathy—spirits on earth, and spirits disembodied. They will ask thee for thy immortal crown. Give it not to them, but tell them how to find their own. Show them the gem of faith, by living the life of trust and holy confidence. Many will come searching for hope; tell them of the emerald gem, and point them to their souls within. Remember, thy development is upon thee now; we shall not move the outer or external, but we shall move and quicken the emotions within, for that is the immortal part. We care not to deal with dust. Henceforth a diviner life is before thee—a higher record stands; and I see a bright-plumed angel dip her pen amid the sands of time, and write immortal glory to the soul—peace to her spirit ever. Upward and onward is the magnet-gem within; all smaller things now seem like dross. We call not even for the soft, celestial breeze and tide, but the baffling waves—the cares of life—for the soul is to be refined, made purer, the diamond gem polished; the rough and hardy contact must ensue. Humanity is waiting for this immortal crown. I see here and there a brow glittering with all the emblems of that crown, and they shall be gathered through it, to the arms of immortality.

All the pages of the past that have been given, are leaves of our progression. This book is the emblem of your eternal labor. It is but an echo—a response to the longing of immortality within you. Out of your own emotions and aspirations, each page had birth.

Go into the grove and forest, and let the voice go forth in a sound of music and mirth, and echo bears to you the same rippling through every branch; each leaflet is stirred, till the grove is tremulous with beauty; so each page is a little leaf, trembling, quivering, from the echo of your own eternal longings.

Birds of beauty, birds of love, fly over the treetops; they light upon them, and chime their warbling notes with your voice. So spirits of higher progress may pass over these pages, but they will oftentimes light upon them, and nestle in their truths.

Stand forth and labor with the crown upon thy brow; trust in the God that made thee—the God who will keep thee. Count thy spirit as adequate to any work, and thus make up a grand, a positive power of light, that will attract to you those bright, seraphic souls. Make the beams of thy own spirit bright, so that they may reflect their dazzling glory upon others.

The eye of beauty mellow the light to fall upon the picture—so must thou soften the glory of the higher intelligences that pass near thee, receive it into thy soul, and mellowing the tints there.

Do you know that you are acting from others, when you suppose it is your own brain? How does the little child act out its toy life? 'Tis but a picture of the mother, and yet it has its own identity.

Oh, the world has not had gentleness enough. We have lived, seemingly, in the mineral existence—beautiful, but hard and cold. We are now being born to the vegetable and flowery world; but not of necessity fading, because flowery. The flowers of the spirit are perennial, and the properties that give them tint and fragrance, are not readily decomposed.

It is not time that brightens the spirit, and makes it radiant and glorious—it is condition. Many live with you, and pass away at the age of ninety years, and 'tis only as a single day in knowledge. Spirits have time enough for light and progress, but the conditions are not always right. To the great Omnipotent on high, a thousand years are as a day. If the thousand years are not replete with bright conditions for a soul, she counts it but a day. The spirit, is the immortal part, branching into eternity, and the tree would know what fruit the branches bear.

When crosses come, the glory is to meet them with hope and trust. That is the highest culture of the spirit, that enables us to meet any emergency unknown or unseen. If we knew that to-morrow some dark cloud was to hang over us, the soul would grow speculative, and seek to gather sympathies from those around, and when the trial came, it would be borne partly by foreign power, not our own. Then the power of the soul could never be tested. Let us first bear, then ask for sympathy. Sympathy can divide the grief, but it can never disperse the responsibility that belongs to every spirit to bear its own sorrows.

We find in the Gazette the following clever sonnet, on a bust of Edwin Forrest, under the familiar signature of "Wideswath"—

Silent, inanimate thing, yet eloquent,  
Thou spakest to me in well-remembered tone;  
But not upon the ear the voice is spent,  
For thine own memory I awake alone.  
"Let them come in!" it says, as an old delight  
Comes knocking at my heart, which once it thrilled,  
And enters, causing momentary flight.  
Of worldly cares that long its courts have filled,  
Oh, life renewed! 'tis blissful to recall  
Those golden moments marked by golden sands;  
On former scenes my weary eyes now fall.  
My fleeting hours are told by iron hands.  
Bright is the fabric raised from ruin's dust,  
Peopled, like fast men's fancies, on a bust.

NEGOTIATIONS, it is said, are going on between Naples and Rome for the beatification of the late wife of the King of Naples. What a blessing would be a beatification process applied to some wives and husbands not late. In that case the augmentation of happiness here would not be likely to diminish the bliss of the hereafter.

## Revelations of a Clairvoyant.

THE DEATH SCENE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

'T was evening. A mournful sadness filled my heart with an indefinite premonition. The mourning-winds, sobbing with May showers, might have contributed to my depression of spirits, as it sighed and dashed the great rain-drops against my window. Plunged in deep reverie, an occupation in which the clairvoyant excels, I lost cognizance of the external world, and unheeded and chaotic fancy roamed at will. I felt a hand, softer than down, touch my shoulder. Its touch was magnetic, and awoke me from reverie, to plunge me into the still more oblivious clairvoyance.

My spirit-guide stood before me, grasping my hand, and in a moment we soared upward into the ether light.

"My son," said he, "death has ever been a mystery to the children of earth. You have believed that it was unbearably painful—a valley of suffering and woe—had have trembled when you have felt the tide of life bearing you onward to its portals. It is important this illusion be dispelled, and it can be by clairvoyance and spirit communion."

Ere he had finished speaking, we alighted in an elegantly furnished parlor. The carpet gave no sound, and the damask curtained windows reflected not our approach. On a sofa, by one of the windows, lay a child of ten summers. Around her gathered the family circle. From her marble brow the sunny ringlets fell in clustering curls; her azure eyes were shaded by fringe-like lashes. From her cheek the bloom had faded, and its outline spoke of wasting disease. Slowly she raised her head—

"Let me look once more from the window, mother."

Her mother's arm was around her, and, leaning against her breast, she gazed out on the dark night.

"I fear you cannot see the beautiful garden, my child, the night is so dark."

The mother's tears fell fast. She could not gratify her dying child, for whom she was willing to sacrifice her life.

"No, mother," she faintly spoke; "I only wanted to look through the window. It is dark and rainy without, but oh, it is light within!"

"You are mystical, darling."

"No, mamma, I suffer no more. I feel a sweet peace. I am going to be like the angels I see around me. There is grandma! Grandma, I want to be a spirit, a spirit—it, gran—"

Her mother folded a corpse to her heart.

Clairvoyant vision saw the real transformation. While her friends indulged in uncontrolled grief at their loss, the scene awoke in me a joy at its beauty. I saw the spirit slowly disengage itself from the physical form. It gradually withdrew from the extremities, which became cold and dead. It concentrated in the brain. Her arms and limbs were dead, while the central organs still lived.

Soon after, she became clairvoyant. Her spirit began to free itself of the body, and, with her spiritual vision, she saw the spirits in the room. It was then she cried "grandma," and she was supposed to have died. Her grandmother stood by her side when she pronounced her name, solicitous for the little one so soon to dwell with her. She came to soothe her young mind, and, by her sunny presence, divest death of its terrors. Oh! how beautiful the thought that death comes not alone. Its dark pathway is thronged with angels! With what benevolence they come to the couch of death, and twine their arms around the trembling spirit, shrinking from the dark passage of the grave!

As the spirit-form concentrated in the brain, a halo-like aura emerged from the coronal portion of her head. By degrees it emerged from the relaxing form, until it stood a perfect representative of the child a few feet beneath it, to which it was connected by a thin cord of spiritual matter. The escape of the butterfly from its chrysalis shell was visibly brought to my mind. Slowly it emerges from its living grave, pauses a moment, stretches its gaudy wings, surveys the new creation, makes a few preparatory efforts, and then flies away—a rainier among the flowers.

For more than an hour we awaited the severing of the "silver thread of life." It continued to lessen, until scarcely visible at its central portion. A part withdrew into the spiritual form, and a part was absorbed by the body, preventing its immediate decomposition—a wise arrangement, by which the expression of countenance is preserved, and the horrors of death greatly mitigated to the living.

For a short time the child-spirit stood entranced. Her countenance was listless and dreamy. When she awoke, and again saw the friendly spirits around her, and her friends weeping beside her former self, she became confused, and supposed herself dreaming. At this moment her grandmother clasped her in her arms, and, in loving accents, told her that all she saw was a reality; that she was dead, or what mortals call dead, and a spirit in heaven.

"But why do ma, pa and brothers feel so bad?"

"They think that you are lost forever, darling, for they cannot see you."

"Let me speak to them, and tell them how happy I am, and what a happy place it is in heaven."

"You cannot. Perhaps you may at some future time. Their grief prevents them from receiving spiritual influence. You must go with me now to my home, and become familiar with its splendid scenes."

"I cannot, till I speak to ma, and tell her not to feel so bad, for I yet live."

She approached, and laid her hand on her mother's shoulder, pressed her cheek against hers, and whispered her sacred name. Her touch was not felt—her voice was unheard. In agitation she spoke it again and again.

"You cannot reveal your presence, my child," soothingly spoke her guardian; "spirit-tongues cannot speak to mortal ears, nor spirit-touch be felt by mortal nerves; you must be content at present. You can return again, and perhaps you can then reveal your presence."

"But I cannot leave mamma," she cried, imploringly.

"We will come back again to-morrow, but we must now go."

She took the hand of the child, and they soon disappeared in the distant horizon.

I turned to the sorrowing group at the bedside. To them all was dark and gloomy. The bright flower which they had so carefully nourished, lay withered by the untimely frost. There was the wreck of high hopes and ambition.

Oh, why could they not see the splendid future of







## MR. MANSFIELD AND C. H. COLLAGAN.

In the Courier of December 21, a letter from C. H. Collagan was published, which made some grave charges of deception and fraud against Mr. J. V. Mansfield, the well known writing medium of this city. The article is lengthy, and as it has been quoted from and copied in most of the papers of the country, we do not deem it necessary to publish it. In fact, it is not worthy of notice, except from the fact that Mr. Collagan is blown into a sort of mountain by the notice of the press, when in truth he is a very small mouse in himself. It is not necessary for us to say more in relation to the part he has played in this matter, as Mr. M., in his answer, places him in his true light before the public. In answer to these charges, Mr. M. has drawn up a statement of his connection with Mr. Collagan, and has forwarded the same to the Courier. He has kindly permitted us to make such extracts from it as are necessary for the enlightenment of our readers, who will not have the opportunity of reading that paper. Mr. Mansfield says:—

I deny, singly and together, every paragraph in his article. Not one of them but is utterly untrue, or a patch-work of fact and falsehood, to suit the man, the motive, and the occasion. I shall simply show Mr. Collagan as he is, and leave him. Whether he has ever been honest in his professions, I know not. That he stands now in direct opposition to his own former notes, deeds and acknowledgments, can be proved. There are gentlemen who stand ready upon oath, to declare that he not only allowed himself to be thought a Spiritualist, but classed himself among them, and was considered and spoken of as a medium for impressions and artistic work. Here is a letter to him, with his answer, which, by a kind Providence, are both in my possession, his answer being sent to me on the back of my own returned note, so that the public can see in what relations we stood to each other.

"My Dear Friend—I send you a description of a beautiful spirit who has presented herself for painting. The parents are my intimate acquaintances, and I am more than anxious to get a good picture. Below I will give you what I have seen."

A young miss, about ten years old, has large idealistic, large benevolence, firmness full, language exceedingly full, giving her a large eye, of a black, liquid cast, her mouth very regular, not large, hair black and rather straight, and form inclined to be slender.

She says, she will come and show herself to you, Thursday, April 22d, at ten o'clock, and again at four P. M. Please be passive and let her have her own way, and try and send me a true picture."

Does this language sound like that of a rogue to his accomplice or his tool, or like that of a rogue to an honest man, who did not believe in spirit-presence? Would I have written, "She says she will show herself to you, Thursday, April 22d," and urged him to be passive, if I knew all the while that there was no spirit to appear? Believing him an honest man, as I did, and as he professed and seemed to be, should I not have feared an exposure? Or would I have written such words to him—although I thought him honest—if he had not left upon me the impression that he drew from inspiration or vision? But here is his answer:

"Dear Mansfield—I send you the likeness, from the above description, as presented to me on Thursday, 22d inst. [the very day the spirit promised to present itself] and have no doubt but what it is perfect."

These two letters can be seen at my office by any investigators in this matter. And now a question or two to the common sense and integrity of all who may read. Why does this man address me so eagerly, if from the beginning, as he avers, he believed me "a swindler," "a charlatan," etc., etc., and was only seeking to know that he might unfold my villainy? Methinks the righteous indignation he was cherishing in his bosom might have repressed that expression, and chosen one more cold and formal. If he says he drew only from description, what right has he to say to me that he "has no doubt but what the likeness is perfect," when the description is so incomplete? The portrait, surely, had a nose, and one successfully drawn, although none is mentioned in my letter. This is considered an important feature of the human face, and the correctness of a likeness depends much on it. Where did he get the nose? And especially, why does the man say, that he drew the likeness "as presented to him on Thursday, 22d," (the day fixed upon by the spirit, but subsequent to the day when he received the description), if no vision had assisted him? Much remark is unnecessary. Verily, "Whom the gods destroy, they first make mad."

But let us have more light. According to his own published statement, he drew thirty different pictures for me, extending over the space of two years, and most of these—confessedly nearly four-fifths—"from descriptions" which I gave. No ambrotype or daguerrotype in nearly four-fifths of them at least, whatever the whole number.

Whatever the extent of his labors, he received—also according to his own statement—eighteen dollars, and sent in his bill for seventy-two dollars. All this while, from the first sitting, when he paid the dollar fee and left the office, he says he was "fully satisfied that his (Mansfield's) pretensions were false, and that he was neither more nor less than a swindler."

Now, why did he continue two years doing business for a swindler, helping delude mourners, receiving pay—and more pay, as I solemnly testify, than ever I did, during the whole time—for the portraits? Why send in, above all, his bill, if, as he now affirms, his object was the enlightenment of the world?

Has a man a right to claim full pay for inquiry, his share in the profits of "swindling," send his bill, and a lawyer to back it, to his associate, and then, professing to turn state's evidence, claim that he was all the time an honest man, and make public affidavit, that "he didn't place so much importance upon the money," but thought he "might make the knowledge beneficial to his friends." A true man on the great mission of human redemption from delusions—would have sent back that money, not begged or bullied for more.

One more gleam of light, from his own candle, upon this chameleon, and we will pass on. This man's own letter is in my possession—subject to anybody's inspection—in which he writes, "If you see fit to pay the bill, which my lawyer has for collection, by next Friday night, I shall then consider that I have no right to do or say anything further!"

So this good and patient, and long-suffering man, whose tender sensibilities have been so shocked at these villanies—who has borne, with martyr-spirit, so long his mighty secret, day by day accumulating, that he might "stand and unfold" at the last—after all, he will desert, give up, ay, be silent as the grave about it—"treachery," "swindling," "charlatanism," "nefarious business," all, all conceal, if only he can get the amount of that dear bill! In sober earnest, what are we to think of a man who, being satisfied from the beginning—twenty-four months before—that I was "no more nor less than a swindler," and professing in his "statement," to care comparatively little for the money, "continues on" to "find the exact amount of the treachery," enlighten his friends and the dupes generally, now writes, that for a sum of money—that wicked money, too—he will neither do nor say anything further?

How easily he would leave his friends to be victimized, how cheaply give up all his philanthropic fervor now, nourished through all the temptations of two long years, could he but get seventy-two dollars! "No right," then, he acknowledges, "to say or do anything further." "Dear Mansfield," you may cheat and dupe, and "swindle" all untroubled! I reserve the last view of this man's character, as furnished in one more scene, for my closing words, and will now make a few statements concerning my business in general, and my connection with Collagan.

First, I am a clairvoyant, and both see and describe spirit forms. My hand is also used mechanically to write descriptions. From these alone, many excellent likenesses have been made by artists, who are themselves impracticable. After such written descriptions—upon promise of the spirit to present itself at a given time to an artist—I have sent him the order and promise, and awaited the issue. In evidence that such power operates through me, and to show in passing there can be no need for such foolish wickedness as I am charged with, I offer the following from Henry Chase, Esq., of Lowell, who, upon reading the article in the Courier, hastened to Boston, and, with something of honest indignation, volunteered this statement:—

"This is to certify that the above picture is a correct likeness of my wife, who died thirty-nine years ago, of whom I was so partial to the likeness. It was drawn by Mr. Wolcott, of Ohio, at whose studio the spirit presented herself, and was recognized, from descriptions of her as seen by Mr. J. V. Mansfield, in clairvoyant state. I will also state that, at a sitting on the 29th of October, 1858, the spirit signed her willingness to Mr. Mansfield to present herself to Mr. Wolcott on the 7th of November, for the purpose of having her likeness drawn, and that the picture was executed in twenty minutes on that day, as I am informed by Mr. Wolcott."

From such "descriptions" as are here referred to, and professing—as his letter already quoted proves—that they showed themselves to him, Collagan executed, perhaps, thirteen orders for me. How utterly foolish and opposite to all the cunning that has been imputed by many, when honest men, too, like Mr. Chase, acknowledge that in accordance with my delineations he gets a correct portrait of one "of whom there is no painting or likeness extant," to give up my honest capacities and reliable guides, and enter into such transparent rascality and tell-tale roguery as is now charged.

Two or three times, and not more, Mr. Collagan was assisted by daguerotypes or ambrotypes, and always in good faith to all parties, under similar circumstances to the following. After his first effort, when the crayon had been drawn from description, and recognized, an ambrotype, loaned by the owner of the picture for the purpose, was taken by the artist, simply to suggest improvement in the shading and bearing of the neck, and this is all for which it was ever used.

The second case was not expected to be a spiritual test for an unbeliever, or, indeed, any one. The parents, who had lost a dear child, desired to get a portrait, a painting, any way or all ways, and furnished an ambrotype for the purpose of assisting such gleams or hints as might be obtained either through myself or Mr. Wolcott, the artist who first tried this order.

And here let it be said that sometimes, people anxious for paintings of friends, knowing that impressive artistry is yet in its infancy, were willing to assist all they were able, with suggestions and amendments, and when they paid for the portrait, and not for the test. Said one gentleman, "I don't care where you got it,"—the portrait of a darling wife—"whether it came from heaven or the other place." The only other picture, daguerrotype or ambrotype, was that of the young lady, taken from a corpse, and furnished by friends with the hope of helping to a more life-like portrait. Out of these three pictures, multiplied and placed round to serve his purpose, Mr. Collagan has manufactured his whole malignant story.

Once more, and I close. This man has really executed thirteen distinct orders for me. He says "thirty." How he counts and what he counts, I know not; but, like an angry or avaricious man, hunting for items against what he deems a wealthy estate, he may have counted every shred of amendment, or every retouching of his brush, to produce the number.

However this is, I proceed to show from his own final act with me, not only that he had no just demand against me—for I paid him for every picture taken from my office, and some that have never been taken off my hands; but that he knew it, and, either under incitement from others, or of his own perverse will, attempted, in what appears a perfect black mail effort, to swindle me out of money! This man came to me, and, in my own office—another within the next room—desired first to borrow five dollars of me. This he does not deny in his own letter. But he does not tell also that he volunteered to pawn me his watch for the same, shedding tears—wicked ones, I now believe—as he did it. I refused his watch—told him I did not want that, and, moved by his apparent suffering, offered him all the money I had in the office—six dollars.

Up to this time, no word had been said about my owing him. I never thought of it; and yet, if his story is true, I owed him at that very moment, not seventy-two dollars, but one hundred and sixty-two dollars! For, he says, he executed "thirty different orders" for me, and received pay for only three, at six dollars a piece. If the others were orders for portraits, in good faith done and delivered, why not have charged the same price and have brought in at his bill? But no bill at all had been heard of at that time. Now, a question to the reader. Would you have gone to borrow, with tears, five dollars of a man who owed you one hundred and sixty-two dollars, or even seventy-two, and offered to pawn your watch at that?

So much for the debt. But I offered him six dollars, declining his watch, and was perfectly thunderstruck when he refused to take the money. What does that mean? Want to borrow five dollars, offering to pawn his watch, and then refuse six, without being required to leave it. I will simply state, that had I taken that watch, I might have been liable—in the hands of a cunning lawyer, who stands at nothing, if only he can get the dollar, and such could have been found, if not there, upon the track—liable to a legal penalty of five hundred dollars!

Next came the bill, then the letter, both threatening and promising—threatening exposure for rascality, and promising not "to say or do anything further" if I would pay, and all this from the magnanimous lover of his race, who, two years before, deliberately entered the "swindler's" den and the "swindler's" work, on a holy crusade against imposture.

I have lost, and not made money in a cause which is to me neither riches nor reputation, but a religion. If Spiritualism is a falsehood, the sooner it is annihilated the better. That it is being sifted, I thank God; but I believe, if I believe anything, that it has that in it which is immortal.

I have spoken straight out a few plain facts and self-evident conclusions. I do not expect to convince all. They who want an excuse for their prejudices, may as well find it in me as in another; they who want the truth, really, will easily see where it lies; they who have had tests with their letters in their own hands—and they are hundreds—who know me and my deeds, will clear me of all the charges brought against me. And if, after this, any man suspects me of the wickedness Mr. Collagan has been left to concoct, I am afraid to be entirely calm, if not altogether indifferent, to his opinion.

J. V. MANSFIELD.

We must defer any remarks we may wish to make, as we are already obliged to crowd out several articles, in order to make room for this.

## FALSE REPORT.

A Spiritualist correspondent informs us that on the evening of the 7th of January, at the Cooper Institute, Mrs. Cornelia V. Hatch will reply to the threats of her husband in regard to the exposure of Spiritualist practices.—N. Y. paper.

This statement, it is said, is quite unwarranted. Mrs. Hatch will give no attention whatever to the Dr.'s attempts at exposing Spiritualism, but will conduct herself with that dignity which has all along characterized her during her troubles.

A BRIEF TALK.—Mrs. Earl Rathbun, of St. Louis, has sued Wm. Flunkie, laying the damages at \$20, for biting off the tail of her pet spaniel. What a funny!

## Abstract Reports.

REV. THEODORE PARKER.

Owing to the occupation of Music Hall by the Young Men's Christian Association for a Fair, Mr. Parker did not preach on Sunday.

HENRY WARD BEECHER AT FLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday, December 19.

The text chosen on this occasion was taken from Deut., chap. xxxii., 7th and 14th verses, inclusive.

This was the last address and exhortation given by Moses. It was to his time and people what Washington's was to our time. Both were self-renewing, persevering and energetic—tolling for a great end—both left an untarnished name—both left a reputation in after days. But Moses was the greater; he did a greater work with less instruments. Washington saw liberty given to his people, and enjoyed it himself. Moses saw the promises of the future, and the promised land, but could not go over. Washington was twice called to public honors, and gave his address, and peacefully retired and spent the remainder of his days. Moses, after forty years of labor, died unhonored. The parallel between these two needs one more touch. Such was the love entertained by the people for Moses, that it was necessary to hide the spot of his burial, lest they should raise altars above his grave, and make a god of him. But we know where rest the remains of our Washington; it is not even honored by national consideration. A miser owns his dust, and the spot so sacred where he rests; the grounds are noted, because they raise walking-sticks for the patriotic; and the nation has left a few pilgrim women to solicit money, from sometimes scanty sources, to save his remains from public sale or private speculation. Oh, that some command had buried our Washington as Moses was buried! The Jews, who were only remembered for that modern sin—murder—were likely to change bones into object of worship. The Americans are likely to change bones into articles of merchandise.

There are two Sabbaths in December, which guard two memorable circumstances—one the birth of Christ; the other the birth of our country. The puritan landing was the birth of these United States. Our fathers landed in Winter—the leafless sea behind them, and the leafless trees before them—the water was rook, and the rock was flint; yet there were countless leaves and nuts before them, hidden from their gaze; this was a future in which unknown to them their children were to be as countless as the sands, and were to inherit those hidden fruits and beauties. It is never right to seek in large bodies for that intelligence found in the individual; it is the average which gives us the power. There have been great artists, statesmen, preachers and Christians, as the pilgrim fathers. Did they first give up home for a principle? There was suffering for truth's sake before the foot-prints of our pilgrim fathers were seen in the snows of Plymouth. But where did so many firm minds ever start up before, and build a foundation so strong as that on which rests this thirty-second Sabbath. Our fathers went forth to meet a call and establish a country. Other men wrote poems—they made; other men imagined liberty—they wrought it. It does not need a monument to keep in mind the influence of their toils—the greatest respect we can pay them would be to build institutions, for our own sakes, not theirs—where might be inculcated such principles as would give us men just like them. Let us not over-praise—let us not be afraid to look at their faults; neither should we, who know the sea to-day as well as the land, deride Columbus for tossing on it so long. Shall the oak deride the acorn from which it sprang? Each man bore with him certain religious ideas of duty, which were inculcated into civil and political affairs; and when the day comes when civil affairs are driven from the church, our country will be in a most deplorable state. Our religion needs politics, and heaven knows our politics need religion; and until politics have religion, nothing will be secure; that which keeps the home and neighborhood pure, will keep the State pure.

The existence of a single man, with his organism, is wonderful. Everything beside man is contemptible, considering him only as a creation; or, with all his gushing springs of affection, more than ever had the mountain side. But how wonderful, too, is society? One is never tired of the ocean, with its eternal ceaselessness and awful grandeur; but what is it in comparison to the ocean of life, where each drop is individualized? There is nothing so strong as society—there is nothing which can work health out of such sorrows as are heaped upon it. Talk of camels carrying burdens—nations are God's camels. Society, like an overloaded ship, worm-eaten and decayed, still lightly rides the storm, despite of all which bears it down.

Government is enough to kill any nation; yet men need to be governed. A warrior, about going into the field, procures an armor which nothing can penetrate—strong, and so heavy, that when in the field, he is unable to lift his arm to defend himself—so with a nation weighed down by government. Uncivilized people are less repressed than fine people; this is because men, when they get intellect, pervert it. The favorite idea of taking care of people, is wrong; society will take care of itself as well as the individual; their instincts of self-preservation are equal. It is doubtful whether men are better with government than without it. A nation without a government presents a sad picture, only equalled by a nation with a government. Crimes are committed in despotic countries by those who rule—not by those who are ruled. In republican countries it is right the other way.

A ship sometimes carries such enormous machinery, and takes so much room to carry fuel, that there is but little left for freight, and scarcely any for passengers. So with government. It keeps its machinery polished, and claims a sort of divinity for it. Man worships it, while it consumes his virtue and wastes his substance. It is pitiful to see the prodigality in governments. The laws of the world are too much like the world's rubbish. Revolt and revolution have been the most prominent and delightful portion of government. There has always been two sides to the wonder; people are wondering what governments are good for, and government query the same of the people. It is a matchless proof of the strength of society, that it has been able to stand before government. Government is one of the national burdens; war is another. Yet destruction is an organic necessity of life—a revelation of nature. Destruction is not alternate—it is organic and char-

acteristic; from the first, existence has depended on animal destruction. The sea is a great slaughter-house; that which exists in it, depends upon that which is destroyed by it. A humane lion would contradict God's law; the instinct of destruction has been set in all life. Take out of this world destruction, and its place would be filled by starvation. These things must be thought of. If the Christian does not think, the Infidel will think for him: Man has an instinct for art—pictures, etc., show you this. Commerce shows his property instinct. The iron-teethed ships, the art of attack and defence. Cherbourg and Portsmouth show you his destructive instinct. The whole force of the nations has been withdrawn from all else, and turned to war, war! I could unite the whole world in one church, on the destructive plan, sooner than in any other way. To-day, Moloch's destructive fever in the veins is stronger than God's love. The trumpet of the Devil would gather millions, where Christ's would not get one. The fly is eaten by the bird—the bird by the owl—the owl by the soaring hawk—the hawk is shot by the boy. What for? The bird was hungry, and so were the owl and hawk. Was the boy? No; it was because he was the offspring of a man.

With animals, destruction is a business—a respectable means of getting their livelihood; with man, it is an enjoyment. Death is everywhere spreading a table for life. Necessary destruction gives life; unnecessary destruction is man's pastime. Cannibals, I think, are quite respectable—they have a stomach for what they destroy. It is wantonness for the President to bombard a defenceless station; he has not the stomach of the lion to justify him. It would cure destruction, in a degree, if men were obliged to eat all they kill. Famine is the great rider of war; war has not all the slaughter; famine is the silencer of peace—the closer of the busy mart; it is the robber of home quiet; it is not so generous as the sword, which kills outright. When man loses all—when his possessions are assailed and himself ruined, death is not death, but life. Yet war, sometimes, is God's husbandman; when nations are matted together, war is better than the plough. Governments place nations here.

This whole force of national life has been devoted to this infernal insanity of man. As much thought has been devoted to the destruction of men as has ever been devoted to their protection. The sword hangs in the lurid air of hell, I think, as the emblem of its peculiar joy, as the moon hanging in heaven is a type to the Musselman. But may we still war against wrong? Take from men the right to free worship, etc., and will they ever sign a peace pledge? If I were to live three hundred years from now, I would not join a peace society while there was a league against wrong. The sea was never more bridged with fleets than now, and the tramp of the soldier never so loud.

France drills her troops in Algiers; England in India, in preference to her own door-yard; and the United States in Mexico and Greytown. What is manufactured for destruction, equals any other supply in the world. More stone is brought into our stations than ever before. For every cathedral which the priest builds, government rears a fort. Kings war nobly, sometimes. Democracy's the meaner of the two. War—war is another of the burdens, because men delight in destruction. Another burden is slavery, of which I will speak to-night, thus affording those who object to the discussion of politics in the pulpit an opportunity of staying away; but I know the loudest to find fault will be the very ones to hear all that is going on—either here, or out of the papers. The pulpit, in my opinion, has to do with everything.

R. P. AMBLER AT DODSWORTH'S HALL, NEW YORK.

Sunday Evening, December 19th.

After an eloquent and appropriate prayer, Mr. A. continued:—

Time is the tree which bears the fruit, grown and ripened in form, which contains the seed of the future—that which is the promise of the future. Everything which bears the seed of divine appointment is a prophecy. And so the present is a living monument of that which is to be in the future. To be made acquainted, then, and see the facts which belong to, and foretell the future, we need not question the future, but span, if we can, the living principles now at work.

What is the dawn creeping so softly over the distant hill-tops, but a prophecy of the coming day? What is the seed which we plant so hopefully in the soil, but a prophecy of that which is to come from it? When we listen to the oracles which God is continually speaking, we are made prophets, with power to trace out the widening lines of destiny. With these remarks, I propose to bring before you some of the philosophical evidences which point out a future life.

The present is valued not so much for what it is, but for what it points out. If we carefully watch the life-currents, we shall find them widening into a sea. Time, in its vast periods, forcibly suggests an eternity. The path of God's design, now seen imperfectly, is, but the counterpart of that which is to be. A life beyond the grave—how all the outcrochings of the soul centre in that one fact; philosophers have sought to build about it a bulwark against skepticism. Poets have sung of it in inspired strains. It opens a boundless field, in which hope may roam—it invites the soul to an Elysian of fading beauty. In attempting to consider annihilation, we find ourselves peering into darkness, instead of adding the law of progress—instead of stimulating us to truth, it casts a wavering shadow over every hope.

However strong be the conviction and truth regarding a future, every evidence of immortality, from whatever source it comes, is needed by the soul—the great facts of the future cannot be too strongly confirmed. Though it were as plain as the sun in heaven, it is not incumbent upon us to rest without that inquiry which elevates and satisfies the soul. One of the most obvious indications of a future existence may be found in the intellect of man—in his power of abstract thought. It is doubtless true, that the brute has a certain power closely allied to that of reason in man. The ingenious beaver constructs its hut with as much evident care and system as is bestowed upon the grandest edifice; the bee manufactures its flower-abstracted honey with a diligence of application outquelling oftentimes, the constancy of the human, and with as wise an adaptation of the means to the end, as we could manifest. The instincts of the animal are, however, only sensuous—they are acted upon only by outside influences—necessities and wants. This is not abstract thought. Man dwells upon inward ideas, and

is ever reaching out after God—picturing to himself the terminating of his destiny here, and dwelling in the ecstasies of hope upon the things which are to characterize his future.

Human thought is too divine to be the offspring of human existence. Thought, beautiful child of the great God—what are the bounds to its flight? It knows no limit, but, wafted on the wings of its own splendor, it perches on the very battlements of heaven. All physical agents develop corresponding manifestations. Thought, then, does not come from physical causes. It was born far beyond. If physical elements result in physical manifestations, so spirit must result in spirit manifestations.

The heart does not produce thought. Thought, therefore, in its concrete, must occupy an immortal pedestal; it exists, therefore, as an evidence of a long hereafter; it is a flame, which the dampness of decay cannot quench, and which darkness can only make more bright. Even death itself produces a deep intensification of thought—for while the outward falls, the mind is awakened into new longing and intensity of hope. Thus it is thought which overleaps the bounds of time, and claims association with deathless things.

If the universe is the production of a wise power, there must be blended in that production a design; the design will be recognized by its result. We do not recognize it in the creation either of the brute or in vegetation; but when we look at man, in whose proud form nature is ultimated entire—man, who bears the image of his creator—we see the design; yet the temporary existence of man would not express any depth of design; if he sinks into the grave, and terminates in oblivion at last, the design is not great. Consider the magnitude of the work which God instituted for the creation of man. All that can be seen by the naked eye, all that can be taken in by the most excellent telescope, conveys only an imperfect idea of God's universe. We can have no idea of immensity; the final end contemplated must be proportionate to the design; therefore, that which is infinite in extent, can only be equalled by an infinity of duration; then it is undeniable that the intelligences of such creation must be immortal. Consider the length of time taken to ultimate man. This world was not spoken into life "with a word"—it was not ultimated in six days. God works slowly—to him ten thousand years are as a day.

Science and geology tell a different and a truer tale than the history of creation. Who can tell how long a period elapsed ere the earth, originally a heated globe, was conditioned to sustain the grossest development of vegetable life? And, again, ere it was fit to sustain the lowest order of animal life, and so on, to man's.

How long from the time earth was a globe of fire, to the ultimation of man? Did Deity labor through countless ages to produce a being who was to make a few respirations, and live no more? He will not destroy in a moment that which it took the eternities of the past to create! If the end of the human existence is with the close of this life, then God has labored for nothing, and Nature has committed a mere abortion. Everything in the universe, if rightly interpreted, speaks of a life to come.

The proper business of man is left unfinished in earth; indeed, but little is accomplished on earth. The youth battles to win the golden prize of success, and just as fortune is about to smile upon him, he is out down. It is true there are many who experience success; but even in these instances how much is left undone of intellectual and soul culture—the development of his spiritual nature, which is man's proper business! Those who have been deemed great, but stand on a pedestal of their own, and look over the heads of their neighbors, and they have signally failed to explain the things which are struggling for utterance in their own souls. The painter, ere he can embody his greatest idea, is taken away to scenes his pencil could never have copied. So is the composer called from the work of his heart, to a sea of song, far richer than that which, unexpressed, pulses in the moonlight of his heart. And so it is with all men, and their work of art is never completed. The history of life is cut short in its first chapters. The curtain is dropped ere the drama is done, and death cuts you off in the best moment of your lives. Then there must be a life where nothing will oppose the progress in desire. For time we must have eternity—for space we must have immensity—for spirit we must have God. And when the working-day of time draws near to its close, the day of rest will surely come; when the sun goes down, we know it will rise again. So with the soul—it goes out here in the glorious sunset of death, to bask in the light of heaven's eternal morn.

F. B. RANDOLPH AT THE MELODEON.

Sunday Forenoon, Dec. 28.

The lecturer said that, as far as he could look into the future, this day would finish his career as a public speaker on Spiritualism. He had many invitations to lecture, and appointments to do so; but wished to labor in that field no longer, for several reasons, the chief of which was, that he was not in any way proud of the company of Spiritualism-exposers into which he was thrown.

He said he had chosen to day to speak from a text, and selected the following: "Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me."

He said he wished to day to have justice done the subject of Spiritualism, and would forego any prejudice he might have against it, and give it a candid trial on its own merits. He wished to be considered honest, and candid, in his denunciations of Spiritualism, and so would admit an amount of truth for it, while at the same time he wished it distinctly understood that he was opposed to the death of Spiritualism. He had near and dear friends who are Spiritualists, but he feared they were on the path to ruin.

On this occasion, he should imitate the example of the old Italian diplomat, Machiavelli—he who could read the very motives of men and their inmost thoughts, to such an extent that some said he was in league with the Devil—and, forgetting his own individuality, reason from the standpoint of both Spiritualist and skeptic. He said he would bring Spiritualism in as a culprit, on an indictment charging it with treason against all governments; with fostering idolatry; with being destructive to all morals; with denying immortality to some, and giving it to others; with weakening the intellect, and causing suicide; with sending men off after new motors; with sustaining quack doctors and mediums and, to sum up, all manner of evil and unrighteousness. He would appoint learned counsel

CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE.



## The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the *Banner*, we claim was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. CONANT, Trance Medium, who allows her medium powers to be used only for this object.

These messages are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than *finite* beings.

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect 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 do not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

**Visitors Admitted.** In order to satisfy the public that these messages are received as we claim, our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend, on application to us.

They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at half-past two, after which time, no one will be admitted; they are closed by the spirit governing the manifestations, usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

Mrs. CONANT desires us to state that she has removed from the National Hotel, to Springfield street, near Roxbury.

## MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will every Spiritualist, who reads one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false? By so doing, they will do as much to advance the cause of Spiritualism, as we can do by their publication.

Nov. 20—Rev. John Moore, Joseph Grace.  
Nov. 20—Alfred Mason, Patrick Welch, George Dixon, Nancy Judson Cleveland, Light, Charles Clark, Robert Fanny Wells.  
Nov. 20—John Gage, Joseph Wiggin, Samuel Dow, Sally Reed, John Stewart.  
Dec. 1—Helen, the Eastern Belle, to Julia, William Henry Heist, Elizabeth, Dr. George B. Rich, Bangor.  
Dec. 2—Eliza Cook, Samuel Hodges, Nathaniel Weeks, James Barrett.  
Dec. 3—Charles Morse, John Mills.  
Dec. 4—Wm. Bailey, Tristram Burgess, Wm. E. Channing, Patrick Donahue, Richard D. Winn.  
Dec. 6—Samuel Garland, Joseph Waters, Geo. Kittredge, Whitcomb, Richard Tomlin, Wm. Adams.  
Dec. 7—George Hardy, James Capen, Charles Spinney, Charles Sautavant.  
Dec. 10—Rebecca Nourse, John Page, William Townsend, Simon Parker.  
Dec. 11—Lemuel Ryebarrow, Susan Lewis, Charles Tolman, Charles to William Henry Heist, Joseph Mason.  
Dec. 13—David Hamilton, Jas. Withworth, Wm. H. Temple.  
Dec. 14—Samuel Atkinson, William Hodgdon, Caleb Reed, Betsey Davis, Mary Snyder.  
Dec. 20—Charles Washburn, Frank Gorman, Ann Mitchell.  
Dec. 21—David Harris, William Foor, Mary Foster, John Washburn.  
Dec. 22—John Ring, Anonymous, William Chase, David Hill, James Flinnegan.

## Charles Wilson.

I don't see any of my folks, sir. I supposed I might see some of them here. Can I commune with them through you, sir? Then what shall I give you, sir?

My name was Charles Wilson; I died in Savannah, Georgia—of consumption of the lungs. I was a native of Philadelphia; I went there for my health. I died on the passage from Savannah to Philadelphia, but I never lived to get there, and they put back to Savannah, but I died before I got there. The doctor said I might live to reach home, but I began to bleed at the lungs, and they put back. They said something of the wind and weather, and said they might as well go back; but I died before they got there. I was carried to Philadelphia to be buried; I was nineteen years of age. I have a mother and sister in Philadelphia. I came to Boston most two years before I died, to be doctored, but did not get any better. Believe I did not stay but a week. I went to a Dr. Fiske. I was recommended to him by some one who had been with him, and got cured. My mother's name is Harriet Wilson. My father is dead. My sister's name is Harriet. My father died of consumption when I was quite small. We used to live in Walnut street.

I do not know why I can't go home; I can't get there, try as hard as I may. I always bring up in some other place. I once started to go there, and brought up in New York; but I did not see any of my friends there, so I did not speak. I started to go there to-day, but I brought up here—however, they told me to speak to you. I have been told my mother felt very bad about my being moved. She thought I might have lived long enough for her to have gone on to see me, if I had not; but I think not. I think I was dying before I got on board. I was pretty near gone then—I had a bleeding spell before I left, but my father said I died in the carriage going back to the house. I know nothing of that; the last thing I do remember, was asking for ice water, when I got on board. I did want to get home; I did not care if I died the next hour, if I only got home. My father was with me when I died, and tells me I died in the carriage.

A friend of my father was the means of my going to Savannah; his name was Augustus Clair; he paid my passage out, and took care of me while there; he lived there. Father says I will do well to thank him for his kindness. I don't know as I will get a chance to speak with him, so I'll thank him here. I think I will go now, sir.

Nov. 22.

## Ann Paul.

I wish to send a message to my mother; but you are all strangers to me, and I don't feel like talking here. I have been dead most four years; I died of consumption. My mother is in Lowell, now, and I am so anxious to commune with her! Oh, I wish you'd tell her how very anxious I am to speak to her, as I now talk to you. I died of consumption, and when I was on earth, my name was Ann Paul. I was most twenty years of age.

Will you publish this? Then I'll see my mother gets it, and then, perhaps, I'll come again; but I do not like to talk before so many strangers. I thank you for your kindness, but I cannot stay. Nov. 22.

## Nancy Seaward.

My dear sir, I have a favor to ask of you. I have been made acquainted with the way the greater part of those who come to you manifest, but you will pardon me if I do not commune in faith, as they do.

I only want to say that I, Nancy Seaward, who died in Boston nine years ago, would like to commune with my son William. I have something of importance to communicate to him. Perhaps it may be well for me to tell you my age. I was sixty-eight years of age when I died. I shall bid you good day, sir.

Nov. 22.

## Moody Dodge.

How do you do, sir? I have a question to ask, but I suppose you do not know more than I do. I suppose it is some of my relations or acquaintances who have called me. Is there anything here for Moody Dodge?

(We suggested that there might be some calls for him among some sealed letters that lay upon our table, which he examined.)

Not a thing for this child; but I suppose they want me to come here and identify myself to them. I died in Sacramento. I'm none of your half happy spirits—none of that. I'm just as happy as I can be. I should like to come back and talk to my folks as I talk to you, but there's no fun in coming here to strangers. Some of my folks live about thirty miles from here. This makes the third time I've been called, and have not known from whence the call came.

I'm going to make a bargain with this friend, be it a man or a woman. I'll be here every day for the next two months, and I'll let you know that I am here, by writing or speaking, if you will come here. I may not be able to communicate fully, but I will manifest my presence. I'm bound to meet that individual face to face. Perhaps it may be my sister. It's a direct call to Moody Dodge to come to earth and commune. I am firing stones here at somebody I cannot see—firing at random. If there is anything I can do to bring them in close contact with me, where I can take sure aim, I am bound to. I will say this when I meet this party, I'll do my

best to give them all the information they want, and will do all that I can to inform them of my spirit-life. Do not forget about the two months—I shall be here. Well, sir, I wish you good day, a pleasant night, and a good, bright morning to wake up on. Nov. 23.

## Emma Barr.

Perhaps you do not remember me. I came to you a year and a half ago. I told you my name was Emma Barr, that I died in Bristol, Maine.

I have been sent here to-day. It is so very strange my friends cannot believe I come and talk! Some of them have lately heard I had come here. They want me to come again, and tell my maiden name, when I married, and when I died; and, if you have no objection, I will answer.

Before marriage, my name was Ladd. I was sixteen years old when I was married, and between seventeen and eighteen when I died. I died of consumption, being sick only about six months.

I have a husband in Boston; may I not hope to reach him by some communication? My husband is a tailor. He has not called for me; if he had, and had requested me to give his name, I should have done so, and requested you to publish it. Now I give it to you, but do not wish you to publish it.

Will you please publish the time I came here. Good day, sir. (The time was twenty minutes to three o'clock, P. M.) Nov. 23.

## Joseph Perham.

Do you allow those who come to you to ask if you know who has called for them?

Well, my name is Joseph Perham. I have relatives and friends in Boston. In answer to a call, I come here to-day; if any of my friends will call for me explicitly, I will answer their call, and give them to know that I hear it, and have power to answer.

I was born in Bath, Maine. I died in California two years ago. I was thirty-five years of age—a month or two over that. I suppose these little facts are for my friends to identify me by, are they not? That is all I give them for.

It seems to me, for one, that I should prefer to commune with my friends in private; but I am told that it is my better way to come here first to strangers, and then I may hope to reach them with more surety.

Now I really should like to know who has called for me, and what they wish. I might be able to do good if I knew, but now I can only give a few facts, then go away, and wait the time to come and give the rest.

I think I died of change of climate, for I took sick after leaving this country, and died in San Francisco, shortly after my arrival.

My friends know I am dead, but I don't suppose they know I can come back and commune. Perhaps they heard I can, but do not know. I do not know whether the call comes from personal friends, or acquaintances, merely.

I was a book-keeper in Boston part of the time—at others, traveling agent. I had no particular business; if I had, I should have said so. Nov. 23.

## Capt. J. M. Marston.

If you have no objection, I should like to reply to a conversation I was an unseen listener to, which took place eleven days ago. I do not come here because I expect to give anything eloquent that shall please the ears or the senses of any who may read; I come here to vindicate my own rights—to prove myself, as far as I can, an honest man. I have communed with you before, but it was sometime ago, and you will not probably recollect me.

I shall not call any names to-day. I shall not be too hard upon those whose words have wronged me, but I shall endeavor to do them justice by justifying myself in all that is right.

When I was on earth, I bought and sold liquor of all descriptions. Yes, I was a rum-seller and a rum-drinker, but I contend there are some honest men among that class of people—men who are really honest.

I had my faults as most have, but I am not going to stand silent, or sit silent, or be silent in the spirit-world, when I hear so much said about me that is not true.

A party of gentlemen were gathered together eleven days ago, who, when I was on earth, professed to be my friends. They appeared to be my friends, and I noticed they were present at my funeral—a part, if not all. It was always a "good day" when I met them; but now that I am out of sight and hearing, as they think, it seems there is nothing too bad for them to say of me.

I had some dealings with one of the party I speak of, somewhere in the vicinity of four years before I left earth. I bought a quantity of liquor of that person and paid for the same. Now he says I did not, and has the audacity to say I cheated him out of \$700. I want that man to know that I am not out of hearing. I want him to know that I have power to produce the paper that will prove my words true to-day; and do the best he can, he cannot help himself; and I want him to know that when he goes to produce that paper, I shall take charge of it, and he cannot find it. I am not so far from earth that I cannot take hold of materials and control a small piece of paper. I know I can do it, therefore I feel safe in saying I can. I would like to request the gentleman who was in company with him at this time, to place as little reliance upon what he said as they can; and, moreover, I would like to have them keep as quiet as they can. That does not concern them; those affairs belong to me—have strict reference to my family—they are none of theirs, and I wish them not to trouble themselves with them. I would not harm them for the world, but it will not do any harm to let them know that there are invisibles who know the turn affairs have taken, and who have the power to control them, spite of all mortals.

One of these friends is a Brother Mason. I am sorry to see this in him; but nine tenths of the world are silent to a man's vices to his face, and when a man's face is turned, they blazon them abroad. If one has any vices, they are sure to be known when a man is dead. Dead! it seems to me the people of to-day might obtain a better phrase for that. They might say the person had gone out of this world; yet they have power to see what transpires here, sometimes, at least.

Some three of these gentlemen are ranked among the higher class of individuals on earth, and perhaps my coming may not be amiss. I may succeed in convincing them of the truth of spirit communion; but I did not come for that purpose, though sometimes we spirits are allowed to kill two birds with one shot.

How true it is one finds out who his friends are after he has laid off the body, if he has power to see what is transpiring on earth. The moment our spiritual senses come in contact with materialism, we can find out who their friends are.

Now, before I go, I want to ask these pretended friends to call me back again; if they doubt my power, and do not believe that I can come and know what is going on, to call again. I know I shall have power to call again.

I know I stand on earth—that every day of my life was a hell. I bought and sold liquor because I knew of no other way to gain a livelihood; and you all know that the world's people do not look very pleasantly on those who have no money. I might as well have been a rum seller as a beggar. I want to inform some of my friends that I repented as I went along. I never committed an act against my own conscience that I did not regret as soon as I committed it. I never sold a man a glass of liquor when I thought he ought not to have it. There might have been such sold in my place, and perhaps they belong to me, but I really do not believe I shall have to answer for more than belongs to me.

I took a great deal of money, and sometimes I was possessed of a good share of the wealth of earth; but I ever felt like this: This money has been gained by a business I detest, and which I believe to be sinful and wrong. Now what shall I do to redeem myself? I said I would give away my money where it was needed, and I did so.

God knows I do not want to have my name used so roughly on earth, for I have real friends and dear friends, who would not be well pleased could they hear some conversation that is afloat at this time.

I should be well pleased to send some word to my family, but I'm satisfied that time has not yet come; I must wait.

Now, sir, you may say the communication you have received is from Capt. J. M. Marston, of Lowell. I wish you a good day. Nov. 23.

## Mary Clauden.

I don't see anybody here I know. I never could write. I want to speak to my daughter Julia. What place is this? Boston? No it ain't. If it is, I did n't live here. Why, bless you, I lived in New York City. My own name was Mary Clauden. I was born in Eastport, Maine. I never lived there. I lived most thirty years in Boston. I lived most three years in New York—died there—I'm dead. There was nothing the matter when I died. I did n't die of anything. I drowned myself. Julia is in Boston. I want to talk to her. She would n't own me. She haunt owned me these six years. I left her in Boston; her father says she is here, and he knows better than I do. He has been dead most eighteen years—he brought me here to-day. I was married in Boston; my husband's name was William, he died at sea—was lost when Julia was four or five years old. I was miserable, and I thought I would not stay in Boston to plague Julia, and I went to New York, but I got more miserable when I got there, and I drowned myself. She is a smart gal; she is sewing for a living. I thought she would be here. I don't understand this. I feel as though I should be crazy. She can read and write, and I couldn't. She knows I'm dead, and I expect she is glad of it. Tell her I don't drink now, and for God's sake tell her to let me talk to her—do tell her. I was poor, and I thought I'd drink. I was sick, and the doctor told me to take brandy, and I got to liking it, and I drank, and when I was drunk I felt happy. When Julia was thirteen she ran away, and six years before I died she would not own me—she said I was dead, but I have only been dead a little while.

Can't you bring Julia here? Tell her I don't drink now, and that I drowned myself because I was so miserable. I went to New York, and thought I'd get dressed up, and do better, and then come back and surprise her. I grew worse, though, and went and drowned myself. Can you let me go now? I want to.

What an experience is this, and how natural is the tale told. Many a child has been forced to deny her parents for the same cause, and many a poor unfortunate has made a desperate effort to reform, and then present herself to those she still loved, in a manner to resume the proper place in their hearts. There is a whole sermon in the above.

## Rev. Dr. Burnap.

Men die, that they may live again; men cast off the mortal body, that they may be free to range at will the vast universe of the Creator; that thought may be no longer cramped by the vices of earth life, by the pain of the mortal body. It is well that man dies, for by dying he enters into a state of everlasting life.

The electric cord that binds body and soul together, oftentimes becomes a bright star in the particular horizon of the individual that may be said to belong to it. By that very light the spirit is drawn to material scenes; he sees, he knows, he often realizes the scenes his dearest friend is passing through; for, as all are bound together by sympathy, there is not one of the number that is out loose from mortal—not a link is displaced by the passing of soul from the body.

When the soul fully realizes it must quit the mortal tenement, it becomes shrouded in fear. The past comes up like a pictured picture, all dark at times, and then illumined by some bright act. And as that soul trembles on the threshold of the spirit-world, he is clustered about by millions, who have come to witness the agony, and to soothe and quiet, if possible, the fears of the distressed and passing soul. Now the time is even at the door, when these messengers of love, who so often attend the second birth, will have other duties to perform, and the soul must learn, ere it stands upon the threshold of its higher existence, of this change. It must cast off all fear, and its passage will be as quiet and untroubled as the bosom of yonder water in a summer's evening. Clear as crystal, where may be reflected joy instead of sorrow.

Two years ago I parted from my mortal body, not without many regrets and misgivings regarding the second state of existence. All my life I had been a professed follower of Jesus Christ, and believed as all Christians believe; as far as I could, that I should one day receive a reward for all good deeds done in the body. I believed also, I should be punished for every idle word and thought; but I must here say that my religion—my faith—was terribly shaken, when the messenger approached, and told me, by unmistakable signs, that I could no longer inherit the mortal temple. Then I would have given worlds, could I have known, beyond a doubt, whether there was a future existence, good or bad.

And I would here earnestly beseech all those who were acquainted with me when on earth, as well as the whole human family, to seek to know something of the spirit-world, that they may not stand trembling at the entrance of the new life, but pass on, like a child sleeping on its mother's bosom.

The true Spiritualist need have no fears; but where we find one on whose brow truth is stamped, we find ten thousand who do not practice the holy truths they profess to believe.

Yes, I would implore my dear friends to seek for the things which have been hidden, but which may be brought forth in answer to the call of the seeker. Death, that has ever been clothed in despair, may be clad in snow-white garments, and come with face radiant with joy, and hands full of blessings. The faithful soul—the true believer—may become fully acquainted with the messenger, of change long to its new state of life. Many may gather knowledge from every state of life that surrounds him—from the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the vile and the holy; and as man passes through this first state of existence, it is his duty to gather some light from every passing moment—from every condition within his knowledge; and, instead of crying out humbly, he should seek to know of the truth of all things that come floating down the river of time.

I would not advise my friends to do as I did, although my path may seem to be pleasant, and leave a halo behind. Yet I, who have passed the full length of that pathway, may well reveal of that pathway. I would not advise one child of God to travel in that pathway, but to turn aside and gather of every faint truths that shall serve them in the hour of change.

Ere I pass from you and your medium, suffer me to beg of you to give, as coming from me, a blessing for all those I loved so well when on earth, and a blessing also, for all who were enemies to me. Oh, I would ask once again, that my friends shall seek for themselves to know of the glories of the Father, for he hath not hidden anything from them; he hath not placed one blessing beyond their reach. They are capable of enjoying all that he has in store for them. That I may be known by those whom I knew on earth, I will give the name of Rev. Dr. Burnap. I last resided in Lowell, Mass. Nov. 23.

## William Hall.

Oh, it's easier to come back than it is to go; but it's hard, any way. Why don't you talk to me? I've got a father and a mother in Albany; I want to know how I'll talk to them—how I can get there. I've only been dead two weeks—that's all. Yes, they do know I can come; my mother saw me last night. I've got a brother sick with the same disease I was; he will die to-morrow. I went there last night, and my mother saw me. (She was setting up.) I could not talk. She didn't see me long enough. It's too bad I can't go there to talk. Oh,

yes, I knew about coming before I died; I was a medium myself. I want to tell mother something to give Albert; he'll die easier than I. I would give him a medicine an old man here told me of. He said he regretted he could not come and give me the medicine. It was one gill of alcohol, one gill of vinegar, and a half teaspoonful of salt. Said he—wet a cloth with it, and rub it about the throat, and he'll breathe easier, and die easier.

My head was all swelled up, and I could not see for two days before I died. First my head was sore, then it began to ache, and my throat ached, and I vomited a good deal; and at last my throat swelled up so big, and I did n't die; but I was troubled to die ever so many hours. If she gives him that medicine, he will die easy—he's got to die. He won't know anything about coming here, but he will suffer a great deal before. My mother is almost crazy; my father is away. Oh, I wish I could get there. Albert has been sick a week; he'll die to-morrow—they say he will; the doctor who was there with me, says he'll not live after twelve to-morrow. I hurried to get here to see if I could not get word to my mother.

Oh, only just that little simple thing, and he would die so easy! But I can't get it to him—and I had to work so hard to come! My name was William Hall. I lived on Seneca street. Well, I'll go now. Nov. 24.

## Charles W. Mathews.

Will you tell my mother that I want to speak. My name is Charles W. Mathews. I died in Boston last year. Was twelve years old. I lived in London street, East Boston. Nov. 24.

## Hugh Maloney.

Is this the place spirits come to, to send messages to their friends? They speak, and you write. Want you tell me what you want of me?

My name was Hugh Maloney; drowned off Sandy Hook last July—lost off the schooner Eastern City in a squall. I have a brother in Boston, and, if I mistake not, I am in Boston now. His name is William, and I wish to commune with him in regard to money and clothes. I did not have a moment to speak to anybody, for I did not expect to go as I did.

Now, do you know of any better way than to come here? My age was twenty-four. We were out fishing; my brother is a sailmaker, and works here. I never lived in Boston; have stopped here a week at a time. I first lived at Augusta, in the State of Maine. I did not live there after I was four years old. I lived in Machias, and I lived in Portland longer than anywhere else, so I'll say I hail from there, if you have no objection. The schooner I was lost from, belonged to Portland.

Now, I don't know what to say, as you are strangers to me; if there is anything else you want, I'll give it. I want my brother to know about my clothes and money, and a good many other little things which I can't be happy about until he does know. I want my brother to go to a medium. You may wind up as you please, sir, and I'll go. Nov. 24.

## Louis Pizalotte.

I should like to speak with my friends, or speak to you, and you speak, by writing for me. I do not understand much about coming or going, but I feel very, very anxious to say something to let my friends know how I can come—how I feel—how I like.

You will please say for me I find the spirit-world very much like home—fine place, fine people all around. I've got no opportunity to see God, nor do I expect to, for they tell me I never can. I feel happy, quite—do n't wish to come back—like well enough to stay—very well. My great anxiety is for those I have left behind.

I lived over forty years in my body. I live most five years without my body; I like the five years much better than the forty—much better. I think I live more than forty years in five. When I look for anything pleasant, it comes. I have no pain; I have no sickness at all, but I have an anxiety about my friends. I should like to let them know how I feel, and how they will find things when they come here. Years ago, when I came to this country, I was very much troubled, because they live so different; people all so cold—I could not get nigh to them; and all my life I hear of the far off country, and I expect to find a strange place, but I find it very pleasant; have no trouble, and do not like to come back to this country again, only to let my friends know how happy I be, and how happy they may be, should they come here.

I die of consumption. I suffer much in dying, but it was so pleasant to rest after dying—so pleasant to know you got so many friends, people all about you—such a fine place! I think I would die twice if I knew I come to such a fine place. When you know what you are to receive, death be nothing. I would die again if I get such a pleasant place again. When I die I suffer much from conscience; I pray all the time, and I get rid of all my sins when I was sick; now I'm very happy. Should I live in this country again, I would live very different, I would do good to all; if I had a dollar, I give half to one that's needy. I think if one could only come here and live a while, and then go to your country, he would know how to live a long time.

And then the music! Oh, so grand, so sublime, so beautiful! I thought I was soaring away on some golden harp, and I never heard such melody. I suppose that had a good deal to do in making me content.

When one listens to the music of the spirit-world, they are not obliged to be greeted with discord; everything harmonious, and however far distant the sound may be, we hear very clear; and the atmosphere so refined, the harmony comes to you so sweet—oh, it is beautiful! The souls that love music in your country, should come here to know what music is; they would find they had but a beginning, if they ever be in this country.

Everything makes music here—the voices—and sometimes when I come to your country—earth, I hear such soft music; and in fact I hear it always. I never want to be without it. I shall now try to perfect myself in music; I thought I understood it, but now I find my soul all discord. I am told that when I pass through seven degrees of development, I shall hear sounds I cannot yet dream of. I do not expect to get there for a long time.

I would like to speak with my friends alone. I should tell them very much that I cannot tell them here. Now you may say that what you have here is from Louis Pizalotte. I have friends in Boston; I was a musician; that, I suppose, you would judge, from what you hear me say. I thank you much for your kindness in writing, and bid you good day. Nov. 24.

## Samuel Woods.

Taint no use for me to tell you I'm dead, for you know that before I begin. Well, when I came here I found an old man, who questioned me some, and asked me, if I understood the business I was about to take hold of. I told him no—it was the first time I ever came this way.

"Well," said he, "you are expected to tell the truth in every particular—you are expected to tell certain facts, that you may be identified by your friends." Now I want to know what facts you want? Well, my name was Sam Woods. I resided here in Boston. By occupation I was—is it necessary to tell you? I'm slightly ashamed with my trade. I learned the trade of boot-making, but I did n't like it, and took up the trade of prop-shaking. I died in 1861.

What did I die of? There you are again! got to have the truth, I suppose—rum killed me. Oh, it do n't trouble me at all, your asking these questions. Oh, I'm a pretty clever individual, and shall endeavor to give you truth.

I've got a wife in Boston—did n't know that, did you? Well, suppose I should tell you I'd like to talk with her? You will please say that I, Sam Woods, would like to talk with my wife, Nancy Woods; and further, you may say that I'm a sober man now and know how to talk.

Well, I can't say as much for the country as the

German did, but I can say, I do n't get such hard usage as I deserved.

Was you ever down in Chestnut Cottage? Ben Graffam kept it. Ben is here, just behind me—he wants me to ask you a few questions; but he can come as well as I.

Well, I was there, off and on, most two years. I lived in Nashua street most of the time, and then I moved and went to Roxbury, on Warren street—then I lived in Cambridge street, and there's where I died.

Now, see here, I don't know but I should be happy by coming here once in awhile and talking to those I know. I should like to talk to my wife—then, again, I have a daughter, but she is too young yet for me to talk to, I suppose.

If you sin, it's right for you to pay the penalty of it. I should n't complain if I had found an old-fashioned hell—I deserved it fast enough, I guess—but I think there will be a good many hard chaps happily disappointed, as I was. Well, fair weather to you. Nov. 24.

## Caroline Mason.

Say that Caroline Mason would like to meet and speak with her mother, who dwells on earth. Nov. 24.

## Samuel Buck.

Sir, I cannot conform to all the rules of your circle, but I wish to send a short message to Buckville, Alabama. My name was Samuel Buck, and I would speak with William Buck, of Buckville, Ala.; and I would advise him to seek out a medium when he shall visit Montgomery, Ala., and I will meet him there. Let him make his own choice of a medium; I know some there; but if he would find, he must seek. I, with others, sought to speak with him some time ago, when he was here in this city. Again we make an attempt to gain an audience with him, and I think we shall succeed, if you will publish this. Nov. 26.

## Harriet Falls.

I do not know any one present. I cannot talk to you, as you are a stranger—you are all strangers. I supposed I should meet some one I knew here. I want to send a message to my friends; if you will carry one. I have a mother, two sisters, and a brother. I cannot single out any one of that number to speak to. My mother lives in Nashua, N.H., where I was born. I have one sister there; but I have one sister in New York, and my brother is a long way from here, so you can't send anything to him. Oh, I should like to tell my mother how very happy I am, and that sometimes I can see her, and a great many other things I do not care to speak about to-day.

I was sixteen years of age; died of consumption in the year 1850. They tell me it is now 1858. I cannot think it possible that I have been dead eight years—it do n't seem longer than one. I had a sister Katy. Oh, how I wish I could speak to her to-day. She was my twin sister. We were the two youngest; my brother was the oldest. My name was Harriet Falls. I have been trying to come back to speak a long time; I do n't know how long, but it seems it must have been a short time after I died. It is no great pleasure for me to come here, but I am obliged to, for I cannot do better than this, first.

Do you think I can induce my mother, or my sister



## The Public Press.

[This page is opened to the public for a free expression of opinion on the phenomena of Spiritualism.]

## PROBLEMS FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

**MESSRS. EDITORS**—Your former kindness, in publishing some thoughts of mine, induces me to hope that you will find a place in your columns for the following queries. If the agitation of thought be, indeed, the beginning of all knowledge, then may we not hope for some advancement in the correct estimate of what are called spiritual communications, by the discussion of problems like the following? They are such as have come up in my own mind for solution, after some ten years experience and observation in all the various phenomena which we class under the name of Spiritualism; and now, to enable your readers to determine as to the relation I sustain to the cause which we are all supposed to have so much at heart, let me premise a few statements:—

1. That I had spent some twenty years in the investigation of psychological and nervous phenomena, before my attention was arrested by the mysterious phenomena which have since taken the name of Spiritualism.

2. I brought no theory, as to the spiritual world, with me, when I commenced this investigation in respect to "spirits." I knew nothing of the spiritual world, and believed nothing of evil; while I had some hope of a better world for the whole human race. My previous theological views, therefore, can have had no appreciable effect in shaping my present estimate of the real merits of Spiritualism, considered as a source of instruction for mortals.

3. I have for nearly ten years past enjoyed every desirable opportunity for witnessing all the varied forms of the so-called Spiritual manifestations. Not to speak of those I have had in my own family, and through my own children, I have also witnessed them through all grades of media, from the Fox family in Rochester, in 1850, down to Mr. Redman, of whom the stories are told in respect to certain "bones." I have witnessed these things in Rochester, Auburn, Utica, and New York City, in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Providence, Boston, and Bangor; nor do I know what greater advantages I could have enjoyed for acquiring a correct estimate of Spiritualism. I have heard the most popular of the "speaking" media, have tried to keep myself posted in the Spiritual literature of the age; and, as you may know, at some considerable cost to myself, I published the first Spiritual paper ("Spiritual Philosopher," and afterwards, "The Spirit World") that ever was published; and am not conscious that I have omitted any essential means for acquiring a correct judgment in respect to this whole subject.

4. The disposition in which my investigations have been pursued, I hope I may say, has been a love of goodness and truth. I love truth for truth's sake, and I love goodness for goodness's sake, and both of these I have found as the result of the "agitation of thought." Hence it seems to me, that the chief good which the human race are to derive from Spiritualism, will be found in the *truth* (the truth) which this agitation will induce mortals to work out for themselves. We shall find (contrary to the alleged revelations from spirits and clairvoyants) that there is, and there can be, no "royal road" to manhood, or to the highest knowledge of the laws of nature and the constitution of things. In order, therefore, to fulfill the true mission of manhood and womanhood, we must think for ourselves—must each one think, speak, act, and grow for himself; and hence, as far short of this individual, personal thought and advancement, as either of us may fall, we fail in the great design of our existence.

But here are my queries. Let the candid weigh them:—

What is the difference, if there be any essential difference, in those states, signified by the terms—fascination, obsession, possession, and infestation? And, when one becomes a medium (trance, speaking, or writing medium), is not this state such as should be denominated spiritual fascination, or infestation?

Are not all persons, when once really fascinated, by spirits or by mortals, more liable than others to mental hallucinations thereby? What other class of persons ever have been, or can be, subjected to such egregious fantasies, as those who have been fascinated by Pathetism?

And what essential difference can be traced between the conditions of persons fascinated by spirits, or by mortals? Does analogy authorize the opinion, that there is, generally, if ever, more than one operator (spirit) to each medium?

How is it possible, in the nature of things, for the personal identity of any invisible being to be demonstrated?

May we not suppose the spirits which fascinate mortals, and make media of them, are more or less clairvoyant? Hence the "familiar spirit" of each medium reads all that is in the memory of the medium, and also, all that may be in the inmost memory of some who come near the medium, and who assimilate, more or less, into the medium's sphere. Do clairvoyant descriptions of persons, names and dates demonstrate personal identity? Can invisible witnesses (spirits) be cross examined at all? If so, when and how? And how can an invisible personage be a competent witness in respect to his own personal identity? Is there anything of this kind allowed in any Courts of Justice on earth?

To what faculties of man's nature does Spiritualism make its first appeals? What are the first emotions general excited on witnessing Spiritual phenomena? "Marvelous!" "Wonderful!" And wherein do such "mysterious phenomena" differ from feats in Pathetism; that is, so far as relates to the design of the operators in the production of mysterious phenomena?

When media are completely fascinated and rendered more or less unconscious, can they be considered competent for judging, accurately, as to the real grade of spirits whence the influence comes by which they have been overpowered?

How can it be considered as the highest good of any mortal, when he seeks and labors to become a medium, and when, by becoming a medium, he surrenders his individual sovereignty and loses his selfhood, in that of an invisible operator, of whose real character he thus rendered incapable of judging accurately?

What does analogy teach in respect to the grade of spirits which have the most power over physical bodies, or the nervous systems of mortals? Are they of that class who are the lowest, the least spiritual; or the nearest to this earth, or the physical bodies, on which these spirits exert their power? How is it demonstrated that any medium is ever controlled by more than one ("familiar") spirit?

Why call media "test mediums," when the spirits give no demonstrations of personal identity, but only tests of physical force, and such "responses" as have always been given by clairvoyance?

Will the spirits, in the body, or out, please tell us how they demonstrate in any case that the medium is not self-entranced?

And who has ever drawn the line of distinction, (or, who will do this) by which we can tell, in the case of the writing and speaking media, where the nervous functions cease, and the spiritual part begins?

As Spiritualism has so much to do with and through the nervous system of mortals, is there not danger of a Spiritual "mania," similar to the French prophets, and the Methodist, the Mormon and the revival mania, all of which, like Spiritualism, have been originated by alleged revelations from the invisible world?

Is it ever safe for mortals to rely upon tradition, or upon alleged revelations from the invisible world, (ancient or modern) as the highest authority for what we believe, or hope, or fear?

Is it safe for mortals to surrender their wills and their selfhood to the control of spirits? And what must be the grade of those spirits who seek to control mortals, especially those who, as is alleged, overpower the wills of the mediums, and compel them to speak and act in an unconscious state; or is it right for mortals to become mediums, when they know that they render themselves liable to be overpowered and led to do things which they, if left to themselves, would not do?

In what other way can the so-called falsehoods and contradictions of spirits be so satisfactorily accounted for, as by supposing that these communications come from each medium's own familiar spirit, and not from the real "guardian spirits" of those who ask for these "responses"?

Is there, or can there be, in the nature and constitution of things, any higher method conceived as possible, by which the Highest Intelligence in the heavens can communicate with mortals, than by influx, by which Truth is received by the reason, or the Highest Judgment? And is there any state in which a mortal can receive the higher truths superior to his normal condition, in which he has the appropriate use of each faculty (external and internal) of his thinking, conscious manhood?

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

Boston, Dec. 16, 1858.

## OBSESSION—REPLY TO "H. T."

**MESSRS. EDITORS**—In your edition of Dec. 18th, is a long article, signed "H. T.," in which the writer states that he agrees with the sensible and just remarks of Dr. Hatch upon the "Obsession of Spirits." "H. T." also states he has read the communication of Dr. Warren Chase, which he takes to be a reply to Dr. Hatch, and criticizes it as extremely inconsistent with itself, in this: He asserts, in the first place, that "mediumship does not unfit a person for domestic and social relations; and then says, that 'mediumship does render the subject an unfit companion for persons or opposite condition.'" "H. T." considers this a paradox; but it appears to me as clear and intelligible as language can make it.

Aside from mediumship, in the organization of society, no two in wedded or social life can live harmoniously, whose spheres, affinities or conditions are dissimilar—and, as mediums are mortal as well as others, it cannot be expected of them. If mediums are obsessed, and become unfit for the marriage relation, (particularly when there are no overt acts committed, or impurity shown from which judgment can be formed,) what is that influence that characterizes so much inharmonious in other ranks or stations in society?

It is unfortunate that parties discover trouble after a few years of experience, when, had they studied the theory of Spiritualism before they were wedded, it would have been found that evil, as well as good spirits, do influence in the affairs of the objective world.

Courtship affords facilities to discover traits of character; and, previous to the "popping of the question," there is no doubt of similarity of affinities in all cases—these affinities are cultivated, or uncultivated, as the parties see fit; and just in proportion as they are cultivated, just in such proportion is harmony the result.

"H. T." says he has observed Spiritualism for seven years, and has observed much difficulty caused by the demon of discord, purporting to come from the spirit-world. Grant it. But if he had exercised his observation of society with half the skill shown above, previous to the introduction of the theory, what discord and evils would he have discovered then? Is Spiritualism the only theory invested with discord?

Again: "H. T." says he has seen barefaced licentiousness boldly strutting in its ranks by virtue's side. Has he not seen it in Orthodoxy? I have. If Spiritualism is true, and Orthodoxy untrue, had they not better go hand in hand, or side by side, in truth?

"H. T." says again, "that the doctrine of every man is his own moral standard; and the overthrow of Jesus, as our standard, is being preached, promulgated and practiced by too many spirits in the body, if not by those out of the body." This I have never heard; but, on the contrary, in every instance, have been taught that Jesus was as pure a man as ever lived; and he who practiced life, as he taught and demonstrated it, established the kingdom of heaven in his own soul here, and obtained ineffable bliss in worlds beyond the grave.

Mrs. Hatch teaches, on page 161 of her Discourses, that Jesus was the most perfectly in communion with our Father—with the Divine One of heaven—the most pure, the most perfect, the most spiritual soul, etc. If the powers of the mind with which the man is endowed are not to be exercised, and control his conduct or actions, what is? Can man believe what he will? To what are addressed all the commands, the persuasions, the inducements of the Bible, if not the intellect? I cannot agree with "H. T." that every man and woman bears a true standard in the world from the part they act, for motives and conduct are often misrepresented; nor can I agree with him that every man's acts are his highest conceptions of right, for many will sacrifice right to obtain profit or reward. "H. T." says the moral medium has laid down a rule by which we can judge the true character and quality of every medium; and, again, that evil, as well as good spirits, can assume the likeness of heaven. Now, friend "H. T.," if evil spirits teach love, purity and truth under this garb, what matters it, for, by their fruits ye shall know them? What principle in us decides that the teachings are of love and purity in any case, save that of our reason?

"H. T." says he is a Spiritualist, and shall he denounce its philosophical truth, and the fact of the phenomena? No; but will he state the character and glass of phenomena under which he was convinced of its philosophy? For, in the latter part of his communication he ridicules the manifestations of bags of bones, white doves, upsetting chairs and tables, tying and untangling of persons, playing upon pianos, etc. As he has never witnessed such great and thorough reformations in heart and life as those brought about by the doctrines of the New Testament, through devoted ministers of the Gospel, how can he embrace Spiritualism as a philosophy, when, by his own admissions, this theory is not so productive of good as those of the New Testament.

Once more as to the extortion of mediums. If he has been a religionist, has he not spent more dollars in one year to assist the church, or minister, than he has spent to satisfy himself of his own immortality in the spirit-world, and in which the world of life is demonstrated? Mediums are mortals, and require support as well as others; and if ministers live by the altar, mediums are entitled to live by their labors.

J. C.

## GOOD AND EVIL.

**MESSRS. EDITORS**—What deplorable waste of time and words, to say nothing of the demoralizing effects upon the minds of both speaker and audience, it is, to endeavor to prove that black is actually white, light darkness, and bitter sweet—for these things may be as clearly demonstrated as facts, as that there is no real evil, and nothing wrong in the world. To think that men can be found so void of sound understanding, as not only to listen to, but to endorse such sophistry, in this age of the world, is almost too much to be credited, did we not see it blazoned forth in our weekly papers.

What does any man design, or expect to accomplish for the world, by the setting forth and vindicating of such a theory? We know that Pope has written—

"All partial evil's universal good."

But a greater than Pope has said, "Oh, generation of vipers! how can ye, being evil, speak good things?" and, "Broad is the road that leadeth to destruction, and many walk therein." But I suppose, although many passages of Scripture might be quoted in proof of the existence of wrong, it would all be of no avail to one who disbelieves in Bible inspiration. We will bring the subject a little closer home.

Suppose that any man who advocates the doctrine that there is nothing wrong, neither can be wrong, has a daughter, whom he almost adores—suppose that daughter is either cruelly murdered or seduced by a villain—will that father calmly fold his hands, smile, and say, "There has been no wrong done—no evil hath been committed—all is right and just as it should be—that it is but an apparent evil? Consistent with his theory, this should be his conduct. Does any one think there exists a loving father, possessed of all those paternal feelings which nature hath implanted in the good parent's heart, that could calmly pursue this course? Nay, would it be right and just for him to do so, even were it possible? And yet, to be consistent with his doctrines, he must do so, or be branded as a setter-forth of impractical theories; and what is the use of a doctrine which has no practical bearing? Had it not better be left in oblivion, and the man turn his attention to something which will tend to benefit his race?

As to universal good, of which Pope wrote, it cannot exist but in individual good. As every drop of pure water goes to form a sweet fountain, so every individual, becoming pure and good, can only make a universal good.

Mr. Chapman talks about suicide, as not a violation of Nature's laws. What a gross absurdity! Did God design that man should live twenty, or an hundred years? Read the physiology of man.

It seems that Miss Harding is set at the head of the public Spiritual speakers. She did great injustice to the Spiritualism of the Jews. She lacks either information or charity in reference to this subject. She evidently is prejudiced; and if Spiritualism is to depend for its success upon her abilities and judgment, Heaven help the cause.

But true Spiritualism is built upon the basis of eternal truth, and will withstand all the sophistry and infidelity that can be thundered against it; and the day is just about to usher its ruby light upon the world, when the wheat and the chaff are to be separated—when the demons of darkness are to be made visible by the light of truth, and driven to their own place on the left, and the pure and heavenly-minded shall be exalted to their seats on the right. This I believe to be the great day of sifting, spoken of in the 25th chapter of Matthew. Heaven hasten the wished for process.

H. T.

## LECTURE IN NORTON.

**MESSRS. EDITORS**—We have had in this town one of the most satisfactory public spiritual manifestations, through the mediumship of Mrs. Charlotte F. Works, of your city. On Thanksgiving day, the medium, while entranced, at the residence of George W. Spaulding, Esq., was controlled by a spirit purporting to be Rev. Pitt Clark, formerly for fifty years a Congregational preacher in this place, who passed to the spirit-world some twenty-four years ago, and who expressed an ardent desire to address his former parishioners, from the pulpit; the parties present being all new-comers in N., had no personal knowledge of the deceased, but the communication excited no little interest here especially among the older residents, and accordingly an arrangement was perfected for the occupancy of the desk by the medium, last Sunday afternoon, through the kindness of the present incumbent, Rev. Mr. Clark, (no relation to the deceased), and the church was crowded to listen to the discourse, which was given with all the characteristics of the deceased—his peculiar notion, attitudes and manner being at once recognized by those who had before had the pleasure of sitting under his teachings—and was a most eloquent, forcible and logical essay.

The minister, Mr. Clark, after delivering what served as an introductory to the exercises of the afternoon, at the close very kindly expressed his gratification at the medium's efforts, and cordially welcomed her as a co-laborer in the cause of human progress.

One great feature in the evening exercises, (after a beautiful discourse, purporting to be delivered by Edward Payson, of Portland, Me.) was the benediction, by the Rev. Pitt Clark, given in the exact words used by the pastor in earth-life, and carrying conviction to the hearts of many wavering individuals, of the truth of spirit communion.

Altogether, it was a glorious aid to the promulgation of Spiritualism, and the spreading of the divine light emanating from the great source of truth.

Norton, Dec. 22, 1858.

## MORNING STAR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

**MESSRS. EDITORS**—It is a matter of extreme gratification to myself to inform the advocates of human progress, that, on the third day of October last, at a circle formed at the house of our friend, Luther Wood, the controlling influence through Mrs. Anna M. Carver, our amiable medium, while addressing the circle, urged the immediate necessity of gathering the children of Spiritualists, and other families, in a Sunday School, for the purpose of training the tender germs of thought in the channel of spiritual light and truth, and the pure truths of spirit teaching, which are now, like gentle morning dews, descending from spirit homes in spirit lands.

The superintendent for the time being, and several persons from the circle, including the mediums then present, were chosen as teachers, and two of our worthy citizens, as committee men, to assist in advancing the object proposed. It was announced that same evening at our lecture hall, that the first Sunday School, under spirit direction, (of which we had any knowledge) would be open the following Sunday morning, October 10, at half-past nine o'clock, at the hall, to begin a course of instruction in the beautiful principles of the great harmonical philosophy, to all who may attend, whether of younger or maturer years. The superintendent invited parents and children to come cheerfully and prayerfully, hoping for an auspicious beginning.

The untiring and ever-moving circle of time brought the memorable, and I trust, never-to-be-forgotten day, the tenth day of October, 1858, when thirteen children, with their parents, and friends, and teachers, presented themselves at the appointed time and place, and engaged in a preliminary organization. The names of the thirteen children who composed the first meeting, were Willie L. Shaffer, Albert Kimball, William Henry Caffrey, Edward Azman, Corinna D'Silvia, Caroline Hill, Mary Jane Hill, Matthew Dobson, Anna Dobson, Carrie McLaughlin, Ida Carey, Mary Caffrey, and Matilda Azman. May their names in memory live through future ages yet unborn.

The following note was placed in the hands of the superintendent, by one of the dear little girls above named:—

"CINCINNATI, Oct. 10, 1858.

GENTLEMEN—I send my daughter Corinna D'Silvia to your school; she knows no other teaching but that of the Harmonical Society. May the blessings of heaven attend your undertaking, to instruct our children in regard to the principles of truth and progression.

Yours, Mrs. C. D'Silvia."

The four teachers present at this first beginning, were Mrs. Mary Moulton, Mrs. Anna M. Carver, Miss Ann Farey, and Mr. J. R. Rodgers. From that date to the present, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather every succeeding Sunday, the number steadily increased, till now we number on our record books upwards of fifty names.

On Sunday, November 14, the superintendent announced the name of "Morning Star," by which the first spiritual Sunday School would be in future known, and which was approved at the same hour, by the same spirit intelligence who proposed the enterprise, through Mrs. Carver, the medium, who addressed the audience after the close of the school, on the vast importance of its beginning, and its ultimate results.

The officers are Oliver Lovell and James Goodin, Committee; David H. Shaffer, Superintendent; Mrs. Mary Moulton, Mrs. Anna M. Carver, Miss Mary Thomas, Miss Ann Farey and Mr. J. R. Rodgers.

Since the commencement of our school we have had rainy or disagreeable weather, almost every Sunday, and much sickness has prevailed among the children. The attendance, however, is very encouraging, and the teachers are cheerful and prompt in their duties. A subscription paper has been projected by the friends to raise funds, with favorable results, to procure suitable books, free from sectarianism and dogmatism.

The visit of Andrew Jackson Davis, his Mary, and Mr. Stebbins, and their excellent lectures, were effectual spiritual mallets, to strengthen our spiritual stakes. They spoke in the highest terms of our school; and we feel very grateful to Mr. Davis for his kind donation of books.

That bright spirit-gem, Miss Emma Hardinge, has won golden-hearted friends here. She too is moved by the same spirit that presides over the young, and will return here to address the excited community, in behalf of our Sunday enterprise, and contemplate to use her influence to establish similar schools in St. Louis and elsewhere.

I send you a copy of the first of a series of Morning Star Melodies, composed by our friend, Mr. R. E. H. Lovering. We need, however, suitable books for the young, both for singing as well as reading. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Two of our city papers, who have heretofore opposed and ridiculed us as an association, have made favorable mention of our school. Yesterday there was an increase in scholars, and applications by several to become teachers. A gentleman of Cleveland, Mr. W., yesterday informed us that he came thirty miles to witness and learn something of our school; and the impression made upon his mind was indexed on his countenance, and he expressed his purpose to urge a similar enterprise in Cleveland. So excited are some of the Orthodox, in consequence of the formation of the Spiritual Sunday School, that they threaten to break it up.

"What," said a vestry man of one of the Episcopal churches, "a Spiritual Sunday School, to teach children the devilish doctrine? It is outrageous—I will make it my business to break it up!"

Dear friends, I look with holy joy through the dim vista of the future, and I behold this rising Morning Star, as it advances in the firmament, becoming a nucleus, gathering and clustering around it *mundi gloria constellata*—a glorious constellation of stars—making earth and heaven luminous with light, love and harmony. Perhaps you may hear from me again. Yours, devotedly,

D. H. SHAFER.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 18, 1858.

## PLYMOUTH ITEMS.

**MESSRS. EDITORS**—The Spiritualists of this town were addressed last Sunday afternoon and evening by Dr. Lyon, of Lowell, who gave general satisfaction, both as regards the subjects he spoke upon, and the eloquent manner in which they were delivered. The most clear reasoning and logical ideas were advanced, and, as near as we can judge, were received with open hearts by those who had the pleasure of listening to them. We have heard it generally spoken of, and a desire is felt by all that Dr. Lyon may soon visit us again, and give us a course of lectures.

Miss E. Doten, the excellent trance speaker, lectured to our citizens yesterday afternoon and evening. It is useless for us to say that the lectures

were of the highest order, and, without doubt, were from spirits of the higher spheres. With such influences, speaking through such mediums, it cannot be doubted that the glorious principles of Spiritualism must advance.

Twelve letters purporting to come from the spirit of Dr. Ervin Webster, through the mediumship of B. H. Crandon, the healing, writing and rapping medium, of this place, are in press, and will be ready for sale about the 30th inst. They are neatly printed in pamphlet form of forty pages, and bound exceedingly well. Those wishing copies, can be supplied by sending their orders to B. H. Crandon, Plymouth, Mass. Yours, ALL RIGHT.

PLYMOUTH, Dec. 20th, 1858.

## BIGOTRY.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set ought down in malice." DEAR BANNER—A day or two since I received the following letter, which I copy verbatim, adding a few comments of my own:—

"Philadelphia, Dec. 9, 1858.

Mr. D. B. Hale—Friend—I seen an article in the Banner of Light from you, dated Collinsville, Nov. 29, 1858, which, I think, does you little merit for the tomfoolery it contains. You would have Christians to be cheerful, hey? when you know that they are sporting over the eternal gulf, and fiery billows roll beneath their feet; or did Christ, who is the Christian's saviour, (not the Spiritualist's) show any signs of levity when on the cross? Ah, friend! the real character of the true Christian is that of mourning for his sins, and the sinners' around him, and this induced from the fact that his sins have nailed Christ upon the cross.

Believe me, you are in error, in the natural darkness in which you were born. Oh, repent! or you are lost. My love for the sinner makes me write to you. Repent, and turn away from that greatest of all delusions—Spiritualism. If you do not, gnashing of teeth will be your lot, and every smile of joy now on your countenance will turn to tears of blood.

"While the lamp of life shall burn,

The vilest sinner may return."

Yours, in hope of a speedy extermination of the delusion,

JAMES C. WILSON,

Methodist Class Leader.

Eating-saloon, 2d and Pine st., Philadelphia, Pa."

Friend Wilson, I thank you for your kind letter, and the deep interest you manifest in my present and future happiness. I believe your letter was prompted by none other than the kindest feelings towards me, though an utter stranger; and, in the remarks I shall make, I hope I cherish the same feelings towards you.

It always makes me feel sad to see professed Christians wallowing in the "Slough of Despond," quaking under the "thunders of Sinai," or pining away in "Doubting Castle," when, if they lived as Jesus expressly directed, they would be rejoicing on the "Delectable Mountains," and obtain beautiful glimpses of the "Land of Shalom."

You are "a citizen of no mean city," and a class leader in the Methodist church, and are, probably, "not a whit behind the chiefest," as you hold a very important position; and if you honestly believe that "by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better," then I fear that you strive to impress on the minds of your "class" from week to week, if they "go mourning all the day," that they are *Christians*. "I have not so learned Christ." "He is a High Priest, who can feel for our infirmities," with no thunder on his brow; but with the glorious gospel of "Peace on earth and good will to men," proclaimed to all, and illustrated in his life and teachings.

Friend, if you will lay aside the blue glass of popular theology, through which you have so long been looking, giving everything a ghastly hue, and look through your natural eyes with the light of philosophy, reason, and common sense, you will see the beauties and practical teachings of Christ, which, if truly carried out, would make our earth a Paradise. This I fully believe, and I feel happy in laboring to help on the good cause. Come, Brother Wilson, leave human creeds, assert your manhood, dare to think for yourself, and act fearlessly up to your highest convictions of justice and right—then you will find joy and peace, to which, I fear, you are now a stranger.

You call my writing in the Banner *tomfoolery*. "I thank thee, Jew, for that word." I know I cannot write to instruct and edify like others. I am a poor mechanic, with a very scanty education, but "when a free thought seeks expression," and I feel happy, I wish to say so in my humble way.

"He that judgeth a matter before he heareth it, is not wise." You condemn Spiritualism. Have you calmly investigated? If not, please do so, before you oppose it more. You will find in its teachings truths of momentous importance, little dreamed of in your philosophy. Do not throw away your grain, because you find some chaff in it. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good;" "despise not prophecies;" "try the spirits;" "believe not every spirit."

I believe in one God—immutable and unchangeable—"the same yesterday, to-day, and forever;" that His tender mercies are over all his works; that every one will suffer for their own sins, and not for another's; that this is but the threshold of our existence; that we shall never cease to exist, but shall go on progressing and developing our powers to all eternity.

My dear sir, I feel anxious to have you come out of this miserable delusion in which you have been so long groveling, and which is only tolerated, because some fifteen hundred years ago, three hundred or more Romish priests concocted a system of theology, to bind the souls of men in all coming times. But now we are emerging from the darkness of ages, and Spiritualism is the morning star to a new reformation, and all the powers of bigotry, ignorance, and superstition, cannot stay its onward course.

I have written more than I intended, but the importance of the subject is my excuse. My heart is full, and I fail to find words to express my thoughts. I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken in publishing your letter. I think it will do good. I earnestly hope you will be brought to a knowledge of the truth. "Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and peace" which you will then feel. You will then have "the oil of joy for mourning," and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Hoping that I may yet hear of your being a happy and cheerful Christian, I remain your sincere friend.

D. B. HALE.

COLLINSVILLE, CONN., Dec. 15, 1858.

There have been constructed in California 4406 miles of artificial canals for gold-washing, during the past five years, at a cost of \$12,000,000.



CONTINUED FROM THE FIFTH PAGE.

on both sides, and summon the witnesses to be examined.

The attorney for prosecution represents Spiritualism as very large, considering its years. Only ten years have elapsed since its birth in Western New York; but now it spreads over the entire world. It has been explained away five hundred different ways, but as fast as it is exposed, it comes up again in a new form—it will not be put down; consequently, it is a usurper. It is a thing living—no humbug—no phantasm—and cannot be explained away, because it is built on facts. It cannot be knocked down—so the indictment is safely based on these charges.

The witnesses for government are summoned. The first is P. B. Randolph, and the following questions pass between the counsel and the witness:

What do you know about Spiritualism?

I know it is a bad thing.

How do you know this, Mr. Randolph?

Because, I was a decent sort of a barber when Spiritualism came, took me from my work, sent me from Dan to Bersheba and back again, filled my head with complex sciences which I did not come honestly by through means of an education, and unfitted me from following the practical duties of life, and pursuing my honest profession.

How did you get acquainted with Spiritualism?

I heard there was a man by the name of Andrew Jackson Davis, who could see through a millstone, and went to him to know if he could explain certain phenomena which enabled me to discern the interior of objects without the use of the natural senses.

In what way did Spiritualism affect you?

I found my faculties greatly expanded in some instances, and contracted in others; it drew me away from society, made me totally neglectful of myself, till I became a lunatic, and wandered over the earth, and, at length, attempted suicide.

How long did you ever attend school in your life?

About ten months.

Who were your parents, and what circumstances surrounded them?

My mother was a mixture of two or three bloods, and was inclined to be dreamy, clairvoyant, and sometimes imagined she saw spirits.

But, says the counsel, perhaps this is only the carrying out of a natural law. The mother had a natural predisposition to the trance, and her faculty was transmitted to her son. How can this be attributed to Spiritualism?

One Mr. Bly was the next witness, and he was summoned to stand up in the imaginary court, and be examined.

Well, Mr. Bly, what is your occupation?

Exposer of Spiritualism.

How long have you been acquainted with Spiritualism?

Four or five years.

Are you a medium?

Yes—rapping and writing.

Did you do it by spirit influence?

Well—I did it, sir.

Have you been a professed medium?

I have, sir.

[Mr. Bly was in the audience, and at this point arose and disclaimed any pretensions to mediumship. Mr. Randolph adjourned his court for a minute, and rejoined—"Oh, no, Mr. Bly, this is not you on the stand—it is an imaginary Mr. Bly," and continued.]

Now, imaginary Mr. Bly, did you do very well by putting an M. D. to your name, and passing yourself off for a physician?

Yes, very well.

Did you make money fast?

Not very—people had n't confidence in me.

Why did you turn to exposing Spiritualism?

Because I thought it would pay.

Did n't you enter into a bargain with Mr. Von Vleck to deceive the people with these bogus manifestations?

I did, sir.

Do you believe in Spiritualism?

I believe nine-tenths of it is humbug; but there is some truth in it.

[Other questions were asked, and then Mr. Von Vleck, and afterwards Mr. Paine, took the stand, and responded to cross-examinations that would perhaps have ruffled their feelings if they had been there and heard the answers given by their imaginary selves.]

B. F. Hatch, M. D., was called up, and questioned: How long has it been since you discovered that Spiritualism led to immorality and libertinism?

Ever since the goose left off laying golden eggs.

What first induced you to expose it?

Because I could not have a hundred and fifty dollars a week and pickings any longer.

The next witness is an honest old farmer—Hon. Orestes Woodman.

What do you know of Spiritualism?

I have held a medium tight by the hands—she is a little child, and lives on Cambridge street, Boston—and I have been slapped on the face by a power which must have been a spirit.

This is testimony (said the speaker, impromptu) in favor of spiritual manifestations, which is of more weight than the villanous rogues of all the Blys, Von Vlecks, Paines, and Hatches in Christendom, who thrive in consciously deceiving the community. I do wish I was a medium just long enough to look into the secret history of all those persons who can thus ruthlessly toy with the most sacred feelings of the human heart.

But the next witness is summoned.

What do you know of Spiritualism?

I yielded myself up to it, and it bade me trample on every law of society or of common decency. It told me that men and women had a sovereign right to do as they pleased.

The next is called, and testifies:

I have been a medium, and it fastened disease upon me, and would have brought me to an insane asylum.

Another—I have been led to reject God and embrace pantheism.

When the witnesses for the government have all deposited their testimony, the counsel for defence presents Dr. H. F. Gardner.

He testifies that he is a Spiritualist and a Christian. He had doubted the immortality of the human soul, and such was the darkness of society, literature, and theology, that he craved for a single ray of light from the land beyond the grave. It came to him, and his soul's wild yearnings were satisfied.

He admitted that thousands of evil spirits came back, but it only proved immortality the stronger—immortality for all alike. Spiritualism was the polestar which guided the traveler safe out of the bog of religion and metaphysical theology. Spirit-

ualism is Christianity as it should be. If free-love is attributed to Spiritualism, he hurled the imputation back to the teeth of the one who says so. Rather go up to Vermont, years before the birth of Spiritualism, and give the Rev. John H. Noyes, and his perfectionists, the credit of this monstrosity. Learn that it is Calvinism gone to seed—all the freedom Calvinism taught carried into practical working. The human soul has been kept down, by servile customs and arbitrary rules. If a thousand horses, which had been tied to their stalls for a number of years, were set free, would it be out of the way to believe that some few of them, when they found they could run, would run themselves to death? But if a few horses break their necks, does it follow that the rest should go back to their stalls, resume their bondage, and remain tied up forevermore? The spirits you deny, Mr. Randolph, are the spirits I deny. It is very probable that the spirits of these perfectionists do come back and seek their affinities, among Spiritualists to-day, and find them.

After Mr. Randolph had finished this imaginary trial, and received the evidence on both sides, he himself rendered the verdict of the jury. He had placed himself in the position of prosecuting officer, and then as counsel for defence, and given the case as viewed from their separate standpoints, and the testimony of each's witnesses.

Now he objected to Spiritualism, for, as it existed to-day, in his judgment, it built up free-love, non-immortality, new-motor powers, ghost-worship. But let those who take the position Dr. Gardner assumes, discard the name of Spiritualism, and proclaim themselves Christians, and the high religion they inculcate will eventually be recognized as the truest religion man has known. Christianity, in its life and essence, is true Spiritualism. In the Gospels we read of demonic possessions, such as Spiritualism brings up to-day. As has before been said, in my opinion, Spiritualism is a sort of terra incognita between mind and matter. It is not worthy the worship of your souls. Cease to reverence those crude ideas. Reason for yourselves. Yet, if a single soul has found consolation or satisfaction in these manifestations, I would be worse than a pirate to deprive him of that holy joy. If any soul can find immortality through Spiritualism, which the Bible and Christianity will not give him, I say, in God's name, let it go on. If there is a single such case, all the disappointed Blys, Von Vlecks, Paines and Hatches under heaven cannot sweep it away. I don't know but spirits do come down, sometimes, and talk to mortals. I cannot see that there is anything undignified in it. I have a daughter—as pure and sweet a little thing as ever lived. If I had passed on to immortal life, and looking back, saw her going astray, would it be undignified for me to interpose—to speak to her—and if I could not do it one way, use whatever instruments to attract her notice would serve my ends? I say again, if the end is satisfactory, in God's name receive Spiritualism; but when you receive it, be sure that you do not surrender to it your individual soul, for it might lead you over the golden road of abnormal intellect on to destruction. I am told I do an injustice when I attribute free-love to Spiritualism. Perhaps I do. I prefer immortality and Christianity to Spiritualism; yet if Spiritualism corroborates a single idea of immortality, I charge you again to receive that proof.

When men come out in community, and make the boast how successfully they have deceived thousands of people with these bogus manifestations—rapping on tables and reading folded paper pellets—they only show how base they have been, in trifling with the finest instincts of the human soul—they only make the open boast that they have been the most unscrupulous pickpockets, knaves and scoundrels under heaven.

If I could get the first proof of this communication from my father and mother, I would unsay all the bitter things I have said against Spiritualism. But such proof I have never had.

#### Sunday Evening.

The choir sang from the "Psalms of Life" the "Vesper Hymn," whose sweet words, wedded to sweeter music, seemed almost to intoxicate the lecturer into a trance. But he conquered it, and arose, and gave, extempore, one of the finest discourses on immortality it was ever our fortune to listen to. We regret that we can make no more extensive extracts from it, owing to the wilderness of matter prepared for this week's issue.

Not a word was said in opposition to the great truths of spirit-communion. He defied all the Andrew Jackson Davises under the sun to disprove his position, and then went on to advocate the very ideas of the growth and development of the animal kingdom that Mr. Davis so grandly elucidates in his "Divine Revelations." He also defied all the savans of Harvard University to deny the very position regarding the pre-Adamic existence of man that Prof. Agassiz, more than any man living, has always maintained. Yet the discourse was replete with originality of conception and thought, and gave eminent satisfaction to those in attendance—particularly those whose predilections bent them towards Spiritualism; and many such there gave the lecturer their cordial thanks for sweeping away some of the cloudy doubts which they had labored under so long.

#### MENDOTA HARMONIAL ASSOCIATION.

"DEAR BANNER—We are pleased to inform you, and through your valuable paper the lecturers traveling through our State, that the friends favorable to the cause of truth and its advancement have recently organized, calling themselves the "Mendota Harmonical Association," and have rented the finest hall in town for our meetings, and use of lecturers. Heretofore we have experienced considerable trouble in procuring suitable rooms for lectures, as the several congregations in town, who have not a church of their own, had the control of the different halls, which they were not willing to have "contaminated," by Spiritualists using them—even when they did not wish to use the halls themselves; but through all the obstructions which were thrown in our way by the so-called Christians, our little band of believers has gradually but steadily grown, till we now number as many as the strongest congregation in the place.

M. S. ANDRESS, Sec'y.

MENDOTA, ILL., Nov. 25, 1868.

#### CASE OF HEALING.

A friend, writing us from Plymouth, says:—"A remarkable case of spirit-power, in healing, which took place in Middleboro' a few days ago, through the mediumship of B. H. Crandon, of Plymouth, will soon be sent you to be published in your paper. It is well authenticated by the most respectable citizens of Middleboro'."

## New York Correspondence.

New York, Dec. 25, 1868.

Messrs. Editors—I date my letter for your next issue on Christmas day; a holiday something more than national, the observance of which is co-extensive with Christianity, and its age dating back to the beginning of the Christian Era. In joyful memories extending even to the smallest members of our households, and dignity of purpose, of all the days of the year, we have no day like it; for then we celebrate the birth of One, who, whether he be regarded as man or God, left his impress upon the world only for good; and who remains to this day, after a lapse of near two thousand years, the pattern after which both men and women who would be just, endeavor to model their lives. When will the world—when shall we—in charity and love, in justice and mercy, be able to equal the Just One, and to look up to him, or to read the record of his sinless life, without a blush? Still we believe that the world is gradually growing better; and day by day, and year by year, is approaching nearer the point of its culmination, when righteousness will be the law, and wrong-doing the exception; and thus are we awaiting in hope, the "Good Time Coming," of which all prophets, ancient and modern, have confidently spoken.

That this time may be hastened in its advent, it is needful that knowledge be spread to the confines of the earth; that society be purified, as by fire, in all its departments, governmental, ecclesiastical and social; and that Spiritualism undergo the process as severely as the rest. Indeed, as this last has made advances which the others have not—filled itself with knowledge, piled in its brain as though by a whirlwind, with such haste and fury as to seriously distort and unbalance it—it would seem fit that the ordeal begin here, and here first demonstrate its purifying and harmonizing power.

The evidences before us indicate, I think, that this work, especially in our fold, has begun—and begun in earnest. We are arraigning ourselves, and our acts and principles, for trial. An endeavor is made to separate falsehood from truth. We are trying to ascertain what we have, and what we still lack. False brethren are throwing by their masks, and boldly exposing themselves and their deceit to the world. Honest brethren, led away by fanaticism into tortuous paths, come forth into the open arena, and avow their doctrines and practices, and endeavor to defend them. There is a general letting in of light, and a general collision of parts. Crash follows crash—many, with their works, will be ground into powder; and from the seeming chaos will come forth a rejuvenated and purified Spiritualism, overshadowed by the wings of angels, which will be to this world, not only a belief, but a religion.

The last expose in this city, is that of practices on the part of a medium, whose name is quite widely known—not one of our old prominent ones, however—of a nature which can not be written. It is to be feared that there are many other cases, here and elsewhere, less brutal, perhaps, but of a similar character; and I must again raise my warning voice in the declaration, that mediumship, unless on the religious plane and protected by the Lord, is full of danger; the most common one being licentiousness.

Mrs. Hatch, it is said, will re-commence her lectures under new auspices, immediately after New Year's. An injunction has been obtained restraining the doctor from all interference with her person or movements.

Mr. Ambler is expected to occupy the desk at Dodworth's for several Sabbaths.

The Conference of last week was particularly rich in facts. The debate on the question of "fallacies," or the causes of false communications, was on that evening brought to a close; Dr. Gray, Mr. Partridge and Dr. Hallock—with less persistency, however, on the part of Mr. P.—maintaining, to the last, that these fallacies are all of earthly origin. The discussion has lasted for several weeks, during which the hall has been well filled; and, with the exception of the gentlemen named, the speakers, several of whom have been from abroad, have generally taken a different view, and arrived at a different conclusion. That communications purposely deceptive, are made by false and malicious spirits, is believed to be the prevailing opinion of those who listened, and of those who took part in the debate.

The question of Winne's bones having been referred to, in a way to implicate Dr. Redman, Dr. Orton made a brief statement, which he said, perhaps, ought not to have been delayed so long. During the first weeks of the delivery of those bones, Dr. R.'s wife and child were both at Hartford, Ill., and Dr. R.'s habit was to go home Saturday evening and return on Monday. His sole baggage in these trips was a common sized traveling bag, which, as the key was lost, was never looked—the contents of which, Dr. Orton stated, he took the doubtful liberty, under the peculiar circumstance of the case, to examine and watch. Once he supposed he had gained a clue to the mystery. He discovered a vertebra in the bag, inside of the lining, which was torn. He did not remove it, but kept track of it, and it was transported back to Hartford by Dr. R., once, and he believed twice, without his seeming to have noticed it, when Dr. O. took it out himself. How it came there, Dr. O. said, he did not know. The bag usually lay on the floor in the closet, at no great distance from the shelf where the bones were deposited, and it might have fallen in. This much, however, he felt it his duty to say for Dr. R. After an intimate acquaintance of months with his manifestations, under the most favorable conditions for detecting fraud, had there been any, he had never discovered anything like trick, or indications of deception about them.

Among the interesting facts related, were some by Mr. Eddy, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. E. said, he was formerly an infidel, and was converted to a belief in a future state, by these modern manifestations. If any one could tell what was the cause of all the lying and deception in the world, they would find the great cause of fallacy in spiritual communications. Our spirits animate and move our bodies here. It is our spirits that lie. What makes the spirit lie? Answer that question, and you answer the other. But if, on the other hand, there is a call for truthful communications, they can be piled mountains high. He had only arrived in the city when he called on Mr. Conklin; and no sooner had he begun to write his question, than the answer was given. One question was about his child, which was ill when he left home. The answer was—"Better—almost well," and that was confirmed by a letter received this very morning. He was surprised at the skepticism manifested as to the ability of spirits to transport physical objects. He had been in a room repeatedly when

money was dropped down from the ceiling; at one time, and the largest sum he had ever known, sixteen dollars, principally in quarters. At other times it was gold. Each piece was marked with the letter K. He knew of many individuals who had received help from spirits, in this manner, when they were in need. Mr. Hume, the well known Western medium, was one of them.

In reply to some inquiries, Mr. Eddy stated, that the fact of the pocketbook, as also that of the diamond ring, were true. The pocketbook, or rather wallet, contained a small amount of money and some papers, and belonged to a gentleman in Lafayette, Ind. It was dropped down in his presence in a room at Cleveland; and he subsequently ascertained, by writing to the owner, that he missed it about one hour before. The distance between Lafayette and Cleveland is about three hundred miles.

With respect to the ring lost in the Lake, Hume was stripped and searched. His mouth was searched. Apparently in a trance state he went to the end of a pier, at a time when the water was very cold, and at a place where the water was twenty feet deep, dove down and came up with his hand full of gravel, among which was found the missing ring.

Mrs. French also stated some most remarkable facts in her experience, which I may narrate for the benefit of your readers, on some future occasion.

YORK.

## Philadelphia Correspondence.

Case of Healing—Ballard of Marblehead—Mrs. Henderson—Miss Munson.

Messrs. Editors—Mrs. M. Felker, of this city, residing at No. 947 South Front street, has been afflicted for more than twelve years with a scrofulous swelling in her throat, which presented the appearance of two large lumps—one, however, larger than the other. She suffered excruciating pain—could not rest at all comfortably—had great difficulty in swallowing her food, and, in consequence, was much depressed in mind. She had been employing doctors, and using various remedies, without success. Last Spring, the swelling in her throat had so increased that she lived in fear that it would soon cause her death by suffocation. I promised the lady to inquire of some of the healing-mediums in Boston or the vicinity.

While on a visit to New England, last summer, I became acquainted with Mr. Peter J. Ballard, of Marblehead—a humble, unassuming man, whom spirits control for purposes of healing. I heard that he could cure persons at a distance, and I mentioned Mrs. Felker, giving only her address, and saying she was afflicted with a gathering in her throat. The medium was instantly entranced, described at length her symptoms, named the disease, and ordered some medicine—simple herbs, and an outward application. I wrote down the prescription, and sent it to Mrs. Felker, mentioning also, that Mr. Ballard had made passes over himself, saying he aided her thereby, and that she really felt better.

Mrs. Felker punctually obeyed his directions; and the swelling has greatly diminished. On one Aida it has fallen so much, she thinks it will soon entirely disappear. She has no pain, is in much better general health, enjoys a hearty appetite and excellent spirits. From the time that elapsed between my visit to Mr. Ballard, and her reception of the letter (two or three days) several friends called in, and noticed the improvement in her health, and she felt decidedly better herself, without being able to assign any cause.

She requests me to send this account of Mr. Ballard's healing powers to the Banner. The certain almost entire cure can be certified to by several persons of the highest respectability. Mrs. Felker is willing to give any information regarding her case, to any one desiring it.

Mr. Ballard does not make a living by his mediumship. He works at a trade, and has to be called from his business to attend patients. He makes no charge, but leaves it to the ability and generosity of the inquirer to remunerate him for his time. His prescriptions, which are always given to the patient, are generally for familiar herbs and roots—simple and natural remedies of great Nature's healing store. This good, truthful, unassuming medium, is little known, and he deserves encouragement and success—for he labors willingly and cheerfully, and without fixed price, bestows the inestimable boon of healing. He has done me much good by his simple remedies. Friends, Spiritualists, investigators, if you are troubled with disease, apply to good Peter J. Ballard, of Marblehead, Mass.

Mrs. Henderson lectured last Sunday morning on "Rewards and Punishments," clear, forcible, eloquent, with sound argument and truths that reached the heart, while they were so many home-thrusts at the darkness of old theology; the lecture was calculated to strongly attract the investigating minds of skeptics. She spoke of the immediate and continued consequences of every action, good or bad; the inevitable results of goodness, the unfeeling suffering entailed by transgression, from which no prayers and atonement can release the soul. She spoke of the gradual progression of the spirit as it became receptive to higher influences; of the charity and forbearance we should exercise towards the erring; that we should give freely of material aid and Spiritual food, according to our means; that, in giving thus, we should ever receive anew. She spoke of benevolence and devotion to others, as the great source of contentment and happiness.

Questions were asked respecting the fall of Adam. The spirits did not recognize a fall from innocence, only a stretching forth of the intellect, that had grown to distinguish good from evil. Adam was the type of the race then existing, and not to be viewed as the first-formed man. It was asked whether the present system of trade, involving so much of dishonesty and selfishness, was not one of the causes impeding the onward march of Spiritualism? The answer was—it was one of the propelling powers towards it; that by contrast only could we distinguish right from wrong; that darkness rendered light more lovely and desirable. Several other questions were propounded, and most satisfactorily answered.

In the evening, the large hall was filled, and the medium lectured on "Science and Theology," showing clearly their antagonistic relations to each other; the evidences of Deity throughout all nature, the immutability of law that governs the universe, ruled man's actions. The lecture was, as all discourses given through this medium, logical, forcible, and eloquent with truth and beauty. She spoke of the gradual development of all matter—of unceasing formations ever continuing—of life ever tending upwards, from the smallest atom up to man—of spirits parading all things, even the life of the rock.

In contrast to the narrow teachings of old dogmas, such lectures are calculated to elevate the soul and expand our aspirations and ideas of the Infinite. Several questions, with reference to the discourse, were propounded, and replied to with satisfaction to the questioners.

Miss Munson, from Boston, lectured last Thursday evening at Franklin Hall, in the trance state, on the relations of Mesmerism and Psychology to Spiritualism. This gifted and true-hearted woman intends to remain with us some time, I believe, to examine the sick. As a proof that all mediums are not money-grasping and fortune-seeking, Miss Munson considers the circumstances of her visitors, and gives freely of the great gift of healing to the needy and suffering who apply to her. She lectured this afternoon to ladies only—the first lecture of the kind ever given in this city by spirit influence. Would that we could have many such lectures, and such women, to give forth to the world the noble science of health and purity. Ministers tell us continually to prepare for death. Miss Munson, through spirit agency, instructs us how to live—cheerfully, wisely, truthfully—in obedience to God's holy laws of health. Her manner is extremely pleasing to our sober Philadelphians—so gentle and persuasive, so thoroughly feminine. She is doing here a noble work.

The people here call out for tests and facts; they need the evidence of their own senses to convince them; and to each one that evidence is sure to come in its time and place. Yours, for truth,

CORA WILBURN.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 20, 1868.

#### MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak at Sutton, N. H., Jan. 24; Fitchburg, Mass., Jan. 9th; Nashua, Jan. 16th; Dover, N. H., Jan. 23d; Waltham, Mass., Jan. 30th; Abington, Mass., Feb. 6th; Leominster, Mass., Feb. 13th; Natick, Mass., Feb. 20th; Dover, N. H., Feb. 27th. He will answer calls to speak at other places during the week. His addresses are mainly in the trance-state, and upon the subject of Education. He will act as agent for the Banner, and receive subscriptions either for this paper or for the New England Union University. Address, Lowell, Mass.

Miss Emma Harding will lecture at St. Louis, and adjacent cities, during the month of January; February at Boston; in March at Philadelphia; in April at New York; in May and June at Worcester, Providence, Portland and Troy—together with such adjacent places on week-day evenings as her time and strength will allow. Those who do not know how to address her at the cities she visits, should send letters to her residence, 194 Grand street, New York, from whence they will be punctually forwarded.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Somerville, Conn., Jan. 2d and 9th; in Northampton, Mass., Jan. 16th; in Norwich, Conn., Jan. 23d; in New York, Jan. 30th, and in Binghamton, N. Y., in the month of February. Should the friends in the vicinity of Binghamton desire it, and make early applications, she will spend a few months with them. Address, until Jan. 9th, Willard Barnes Felton, Somerville, Ct.; from 9th to 20th of January, Northampton, Mass.

Loring Moody will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations, at Plympton, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 24th and 30th; Middleboro', Sunday, Jan. 2d; at Wareham, Monday, Jan. 3d; East Wareham, Tuesday, Jan. 4th; Sandwich, Wednesday, Jan. 6th; Hyannis, Thursday, Jan. 7th; Barnstable, Friday, Jan. 8th; Harwich, Sunday, Jan. 9th; Cape Cod, Saturday, Jan. 14th; New Bedford, Sunday, Jan. 16th. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner.

Henry C. Wright will speak in Plymouth, Sunday, Jan. 2. Subject in the afternoon, "What shall we do to be saved?" In the evening, "The existence, location and occupation of man, after he leaves the body." He will lecture in West Duxbury, at Temperance Hall, on Sunday, Jan. 9th. Subjects, "Man's location and pursuits after he leaves the body," and "How to get out of hell in this state."

Warren Chase will lecture, Dec. 29th and 30th, in Mercantile Hall, Boston; Jan. 2d and 9th, in Providence, R. I.; Jan. 12th and 13th, in Windsor, Conn.; Jan. 16th in Hartford, Ct.; Jan. 23d and 30th, in New York; Feb. 6th and 13th, in Philadelphia; Feb. 20th and 27th, in Baltimore; March and April, in Ohio; May, in Michigan. Address, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

H. B. Storer will lecture at Northampton, Mass., during next week, if arrangements are completed; at Williamstown, Conn., Sunday, Jan. 2d; Utica, N. Y., Jan. 9th; Oswego, N. Y., Jan. 16th; and the four Sundays of February at Providence, R. I.

Mrs. A. M. Henderson will lecture in Philadelphia every Sunday in December, and will answer calls for week evening lectures in that vicinity during the month. She may be addressed in care of Dr. H. F. Child, 610 Arch street, Philadelphia.

Miss Emma Houston, trance-speaking medium, having returned from a visit to New Hampshire, will answer calls to lecture Sundays and week evenings. Address to the care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, Fountain House, Boston.

H. P. Fairfield will speak in Boston, the last three Sundays in Jan. He will receive applications to lecture week evenings in the vicinity of Boston. Address at the Fountain House.

H. F. Miller will answer calls for lectures to be given by Mrs. Miller, trance speaker, in New York, Pennsylvania and the Western States. Address, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Mrs. Charlotte F. Works, public trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at No. 19 Green street, Boston. She will lecture in Mansfield on Sunday, 3d Jan.

Miss Sarah A. Magoun will answer calls to lecture in trance-state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address care of George L. Cade, Cambridgeport, Mass.

E. L. Lyon intends to spend some time in the State of Maine, and those Spiritual Societies desiring his services will please address him at Portland.

Miss Susan M. Johnson will receive calls to speak on Sundays. Address, Medford, Mass.

Jabez Woodman, Esq., of Portland, will lecture in Newburyport, Sunday, Jan. 9; Rev. John Pierpont, Sunday, Jan. 26.

Mrs. Alvera P. Thompson, trance speaker on Bible subjects. Address West Brookfield, Vt.

H. A. Tucker, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at Foxboro', Mass.

George Atkins will lecture in Taunton, Jan. 2d; in Orleans, Jan. 9th.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Letters not answered by mail, will be attended to in this corner.]

Subscriber—Mr. Paine, who figures so largely as the "humbug" medium, is brother to the water-gate Paine, we are told.

Our poetic friends must bear with us a while. Their favors are on file and will be printed as soon as our space permits.

#### NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY SERVICES IN BOSTON.—Miss Rosa T. Atwood will lecture in the Melodeon, Washington street, Boston, on Sunday next, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M. Admission, 50 cents.

A Circle for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1/2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 50 cents.

Messrs. in CHURCH, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, 215 West street. Dr. P. Gardner is the speaker. Boston, Mass.

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

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, at Lowell Hall, speaking by mediums and others.