

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 4.

## Original Poetry.

### AUTUMNAL.

BY J. BELMONT M. SQUIRE.

Summer has laid her robes aside,  
Retreating over hill and distant vale,  
Kissing to sleep the flowers her smiles had dyed,  
Telling the breeze a sad and mournful tale.  
Our hearts are thankful for the pleasures had;  
Old time will bring the traumas back again;  
Our prayers go with her, yet our souls grow sad,  
For hope is weak to conquer present pain.  
Fall Summer's season, like the happy heart,  
Builds up the fancies of our musing hours;  
It robes all life with a diviner art,  
And paints poetic pictures in the flowers.  
I recollect when Summer came last year,  
And smiled upon the labors of the Spring;  
She found upon my pallid cheek a tear—  
My heart a barren, desolated thing.  
For when Earth slept with ermine on its breast,  
And Winter's jewels sparkled in the dawn,  
I laid a lovely form away to rest,  
And wildly wept the gentle spirit gone.  
How oft I've read from off this sacred stone,  
The epitaph of her I held so dear,  
And sadly sighed to be thus left alone,  
My heart like Autumn's leaves grown cold and ere.  
Thus life a rose, her soul a drop of dew,  
Fell on its leaves from out the starry height;  
Death's sun—God's angel—burst the morning through,  
And kissed it up to Heaven in arms of light.  
And Summer came, and walked about the spot,  
From whence the Spring had smiled the snows away,  
And fairest flowers graced the lonely plot,  
Where in my sadness I was wont to stray.  
Fair emblems of the soul, the flowers that bloom,  
And grace the earth, in Summer's smiling day,  
And pale and die, in Winter's reign of gloom,  
To bud again when pass the stormy ways.  
For when our forms, maturing into life,  
Are rent by sickness' unrelenting hand,  
The soul speeds forth, to shun the storms of strife,  
And bursts to bloom within a brighter land.  
I thank thee, Summer, for the lessons given—  
Thy silent flowers have made less deep my grief;  
A bad too frail for Earth, she lives in Heaven—  
Survive no more shall rule through unbelief.  
In vain thou starest to win proud Autumn's hand,  
His heart is Nature's, screaming such as thine;  
She robes herself in gold at his command,  
And offers up her gems upon his shrine.  
Then fare thee well! and mayest thou come again,  
And breathe o'er earth thy life-inspiring breath—  
Resume amid the blossoming flowers thy reign,  
Ere my form sleeps within the arms of death!

Written for the Banner of Light.

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

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

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.

### CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

It was amusing to see how she consulted Uncle's taste, in all the little arrangements of the house and table. Upon the dining room floor she had put matting, because she said it seemed cooler to him than a carpet, and a cane-seat settee with some hair pillows, and spittoons in various places and plenty of newspapers lying around.  
"I do not like tobacco smoke," she said, "but it is just the only bad habit Mark has. You do not know what a struggle it was for him to give up spirit, and persuade his sailors to go without their grog. I must get him to tell you about it when he wakes. Run out in the orchard now and get some of the nicest early apples you can find. He has so few apples when he is on these long voyages, that he wants them on the table every meal, and, while you're gone, I am going to make an old-fashioned apple dumpling—his favorite pudding; the dear soul, don't it seem good to have him right here where I can know that he is safe, and not  
"By the dreadful tempest borne  
High on the broken wave."  
I can't help saying, every two or three minutes, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." Do you know, Anna, when he is on shore, I never think of his dying—only of my leaving him—because, you see, I am feeble and ailing a good deal, and he is so strong and vigorous. But what would he do, if I should be taken away? Why he would be helpless enough. I always put on his collars and comb his hair, and tie his handkerchief and— There was a slight rustle of the paper over Uncle's face, and I guessed, in a moment, he had not been to sleep after all. I drew the paper away, and there he was laughing, sure enough.  
"Why, Mark!" said Aunt Martha, gently, but with the least bit of sadness.  
"I am so glad I'm here, Martha, and not 'high on the broken wave,' but please come and comb my hair; it hasn't been combed since I was at home last, I was going to say."  
"No, no, Mark; I did not mean that—you could not do such things, but—"  
"But it is so pleasant to have my wife do it for me. Martha, I have always had a presentiment that I should die first, and I almost hope it will be so, for I think your stronger faith will enable you to bear the desolation of life better than myself." I did not hear more, but went out for my apples. At dinner we had at dessert a cup of coffee—Uncle's favorite beverage.

"Martha, this is better than 'pale ale,' 'XX,' or 'Maraschino.' But I did not use to think so."  
"That reminds me of my promise to Anna, that you would tell her how you came to be a temperance man."  
"It was when I was master of the brig 'Susan.' I had one brother—Henry Reed—John knew him well. He and Ned Scott were great friends, and it was at Mr. Scott's he learned his bad habits, for, as long as my mother lived, he seldom or ever touched a drop. After she died, we two were all that were left of a large family, and our love was like that of David and Jonathan. When he was fourteen years old he went to sea with me. On his return home Ned was at home, for it was vacation at college, and the boys spent most of their time together at Rocky Nook. Mr. Scott had wine upon the table every day, and used to drink his glass regularly with the boys. They always carried a bottle of spirit in all their fishing and hunting excursions, and had their regular spree even at that early age. It troubled me some, but Mr. Scott said he was not at all afraid. 'Why, Captain,' said he, 'we used to have our spree but nobody sees us the worse for liquor now.' My only hope was that, when out at sea again, I should have more influence over Henry, than with his companions on shore. But, to my great grief, I found that not satisfied with his regular allowance of grog, he would help himself from my own private cupboard in the cabin. My first mate, as fine a sailor as ever trod a ship's deck, was also addicted to this habit, and one night, after he and Henry had been drinking together, we came very near losing our ship from the drunkenness of the first officer. We had to throw our cargo overboard, and barely escaped with our lives and the vessel. This mate had a wife and child, and lived in that little house on the corner of this very lane. When we came home I told him I should not ship him for the next voyage, but if he would not drink a drop of liquor for six months, I would take him again. He persevered just one half of that time, till one day he was in Scott's store and some one rallied him on his 'Methodism,' as they called it. He stood this very well, till Mr. Scott said—'Come, Jones, you used to be one of my best customers—what is the matter? I haven't seen you take a glass of flip for three months; try a little of this anise cordial—that won't hurt a baby, you know.'  
"Holloa," said a rude fellow, 'Jim is on probation, as they call it—he is not allowed to drink a drop for six months and then he is going to be received into Aunt Martha's church.' This was a bit at my wife's piety. Jones flinched a little, but stood his ground pretty well. Unfortunately Mr. Scott had a barn raised, and Jones was one of the leaders, and delegated by Scott to pass the liquor round to the men. He drank to excess, and was just able to get home, when he lighted a lantern to go into the barn, and probably stumbled and fell, for the broken lantern was found near where the hay was stored. The barn was set on fire by the flame from the lantern, and poor Jones was burned to death.  
"Henry's love for me kept him steady while with me, and I think if it had not been for the influence of Edward Scott, he would have never gone so far; but it became at last almost impossible for him to resist temptation. One day we were unloading the ship's cargo at Havana. I saw Henry had been drinking too much, and I said to him, 'Henry, you had better go into the cabin and sleep away your liquor.' It was a very warm day, and he had just enough down to make him cross, but not to deprive him of strength. For the first time in his whole life he spoke rudely to me. 'Mind your own business,' said he, 'and I'll take care of myself.' I let him alone until I found he was getting too arbitrary with the crew, and I then took him one side and said, 'Henry, this will never do; you are exposing yourself to the boys, and unless you will go away voluntarily, I must use force.' He was very angry, and not knowing what he did, he attacked me with a marline-spike, giving me such a blow on the head that I fell senseless. I had not been well for some days, and had symptoms of fever, or I suppose the blow would not have affected me so. One of the men seized Henry and confined him in the cabin, while I was carried to my boarding-house and a physician called. The yellow fever was in the city, and I was soon attacked. I had been for many days upon precautions to ward it off, and I was more anxious for Henry on account of the fever. He, poor boy, had no sooner come to himself than he was most distracted at what he had done. My life was despaired of, and he was told that I must die, but he was not permitted to see me. It was not strange that he was sick himself, for he was a loving, generous boy. One old sailor, who had known him from infancy, watched over him and nursed him carefully.  
"Ah," said Jack, 'it was enough to make an old sailor, hard as I am, shed tears, to hear the boy curse himself for his unkindness.' He swore again and again he would never take another drop as long as he lived. His mental excitement increased his fever, and he was still very sick, even after I had recovered. As soon as possible I hastened to him. I was very pale and thin. His mind was wandering, and he at once took me for a ghost. 'There! there! I know he was dead, Jack, you told me a lie, and I was patient and obedient to you, trying to get well that I might show Mark, by my temperance, how sorry I was for that blow.' Nothing that I said would convince him, and we gave him an opiate, and I left till he should fall asleep. His disease was not the yellow fever, for which I thought I could not be too thankful. But, alas! it was on the brain, and his mind wandered sadly. Jack

seeing that he slept, laid himself down on the floor for a little rest. During that time Henry awoke, and with the cunning of delirium, rose very cautiously and searching the cabin found a razor, and put an end to his life. He thought, probably, that he had killed me, and he had no desire to live. You can imagine the sadness of that funeral at sea. There was not a dry eye on board when, with a choking voice, I read the burial service, and just before we lowered the body into the deep, I asked the men if they were willing then and there to sign the Temperance Pledge? They did so, a man, and the next morning we threw our grog overboard, lest we should be overcome by temptation. At the close of the voyage I paid them the amount of their allowance in money, and they all acknowledged that they were glad of the change. But there are great temptations for sailors on shore, and John, I am sorry to say it, but Mr. Scott's store was the worst Hurlgate. I might use the more common pronunciation, and it would be the most correct, Hurlgate, for my vessel that I ever encountered. I struggled hard against it for years, but thank God, Scott was convinced at last, and I believe he is a good man; but how many wives have been made widows—how many children rendered orphans, and how many hearts have been broken by the liquor sold at that counter? It has been a moral maelstrom, 'drawing in some of the finest craft that ever set sail on the voyage of life.'

### CHAPTER IV.

We had merry times while Uncle Mark was at home. He was a great favorite in the village, and the 'picnics' and boat-rides, which he planned for the young people, were always carried through to their perfect satisfaction. He would often ride up to Rocky Nook before we had breakfasted with some project for the day, and he was always sure to remember any poor sailor's wife who had few enjoyments, or any widow, whose struggles with poverty forbade many days of amusement. Aunt Martha cared little for pleasure-parties or rides, but if Mark was not very happy, and happy in his own way, she was satisfied.

Her house was always open to friends, and young and old were welcome to her hospitable table. Charles Scott came home from college at this time, and was much with Uncle. He was Mr. Scott's youngest son, and a fine, manly boy, bidding fair to be a great comfort to his parents in their old age.  
"I shall settle in my native village," he said, "and live in the old homestead at 'Rocky Nook,' for there is no place in the wide world I love so well."  
"A pious, comely youth," Aunt Martha used to call him; "the flower of the family."  
Mr. Scott was very proud of him, and used often to tell me that "Charles was the hope of his old age."

Alas! how wrong to depend upon our dearest earthly friends. Not long after this, in the senior year of his college life, he was out swimming with one of his classmates, and, becoming exhausted, he sunk. His companion did everything in his power to save him, but in vain.

"Leave me—leave me, Henry; I won't cling to you. Oh, my mother!" were his last words.  
It was the first death in Mr. Scott's family, and made a void that was never filled—a burden of grief that was borne by that mother to the grave.

"It is more than I can bear," she said to me some weeks after Charles's death. "I cannot submit to this dispensation of God's will."

Many years afterwards, in her old age, when her pilgrimage was almost ended, how differently she viewed it!

"Anna," said she, "God was wise and merciful when he took Charles so young to heaven!"

But I anticipate. To return to Captain Mark. Early one morning in autumn, we had had breakfast, and I was out in the garden gathering the last vegetables of the season for dinner, when Uncle

Mark made his appearance.  
"Come, Anna, the 'Silver Arrow' sails to-morrow from Boston. I must be in the city in a few hours, and Martha will go with me and stay till I sail. Put on your bonnet and shawl, and go with us. Poor wifely will take it easier, if she has a friend with her."

"Why, uncle, she is always very quiet and calm when you leave."  
"I know it; but bless your heart, child! don't you know such hearts suffer most keenly? She knows it is right I should go, and she never murmurs at the will of God. Why, if I should die to-morrow, she would not 'take on,' as some women do, and fill the house with her lamentations. No, she's not of that sort—her love is too deep, and strong, and pure; but, niece Anna, she would mourn for me till death came. I ought to die first, so as to have time to become pure and good enough to live with her in eternity. There are not many Aunt Marthas, are there?"

"I know of but just one, uncle."  
This was said while I was bustling round, making ready to leave. Mrs. Scott kindly offered to take care of John, and Uncle promised to stop at the store, on our way to his house.

"This is very kind, Anna," said Aunt Martha, who was already waiting for us, looking very peaceful, though not at all joyous. Her dress was a dove-colored merino, a very nice straw, trimmed with white ribbon, and a cashmere shawl—genuine cashmere—which Uncle had brought home to her, some years before.

I heard her sigh, as Uncle went round the house to take a last look at the pleasant home.

"I believe I have forgotten nothing," he said. He

well knew nothing could be forgotten, when Aunt Martha's watchful eyes and careful hands had superintended the packing.

The saddest hour for Aunt Martha was when we went on board the vessel the next day.

"Good bye, Mark. 'Ho that holdeth the winds in his fists, and the waters in the hollow of his hand, will watch over thee,'" were his last words.

We walked back to the hotel—such was her wish—for Anna, dear, there are some poor widows down here, near the wharf, whose husbands used to sail with Mark, and I want to see them."

Yes, that was the way she sought consolation for her own trouble; the poor widows were all the happier that day for the visit. Then she insisted in going with me in making some few purchases.

"It will be better for me to be busy," she said, "and you will need my advice."

The next day, on our return in the early morning stage, she said: "Come over to-morrow, Anna."

I knew why she did not say "come to-day," she always spent the day after her husband's departure in prayer for his safety.

I was sad at heart when I reached home. A strange feeling of loneliness, and a presentiment of evil came over me as I entered my room. I thought it was because Uncle Mark was gone, and I feared he might not return. I tried to shake it off by being very busy. John was at the store; but he had left a chicken all jointed in the pantry, and I determined to amuse myself in fricasseeing it, and trying to see if I could make some pies as nice as those we had had for dessert the day before at the "United States."

I had placed my pies in the oven, and had a most delicious, crispy brown upon my chicken, when Lucy Scott, who heard the sharp treble of the musical frying-pan, came running in.

"Oh, Mrs. John, only think, Mary and her husband are coming to-morrow! I'm so glad, for Mary always brings me a new hat, and a great many pretty things—a great deal prettier than the rest of the girls have here in B—"

Now, there was nothing pleasant in this news to me, and I felt annoyed that any one else should be delighted with it, and, instead of sympathizing with little Lucy, I merely said:

"And so you want to see your sister, because she brings you pretty things! I do not think much of that motive, Lucy."

The poor child was quite crestfallen, and a shadow crept over her pretty face.

"Why, Mrs. John, I love Mary very much, and everybody loves her, she is so handsome and generous; and you will love her, too, Mrs. John, when she comes, for I shall tell her that you are our sister now, because we all used to say John was our brother. But I do like pretty dresses and bonnets, don't you? You know they make us ladies look so pretty?"

"You are a vain little puss, Lucy; but don't stand so near that frying-pan. The fat is very angry, and may burn those cheeks of yours."

She moved away a little, and looked admiringly at my pies on the cooler, and said: "What a nice dinner you will have, Mrs. John!"

"Would you like some, Lucy?"

"I should like very much to stay and dine with you, and sit next Mr. John, just as I used to."

I could not help taking a hint so plainly given, and Lucy was our guest; but I expected the little mischief would say something to annoy me during the meal. However, she was quiet, for John had many questions to ask me about Captain Mark, and my trip to Boston, and I was ready with many little incidents. John was quite astonished at my culinary skill, and paid me, as became a good husband, a double compliment—eating heartily, and praising warmly.

When Lucy went home, I waited for John to tell me that Mary was coming; but he made no mention of the fact, though he must have known of it from Mr. Scott.

"Very well," I said to myself, "I can keep silence, too."

The morning came, and being a woman with all the curiosity of my sex, was it strange that when I heard the stage, I went to the window? I was in my chamber—the blinds were closed, but my eager eyes sought through the crevices for the "most beautiful woman my husband ever saw."

As the driver drew his rein, a gentleman, who sat beside him, threw away a cigar which he had been smoking, and alighted from the box. My attention was so occupied by him, that, for a moment, I forgot the lady. He must have been over six feet in height, finely proportioned, erect in his bearing, and moved as if every inch a king. He was dark, almost swarthy, with heavy whiskers, and an imperial. "Who can it be?" I thought. He opened the door of the coach, and assisted readily to alight. As she stepped out, she threw aside her thick veil and looked up directly at my window. I thought she must have seen me, but our eyes did not meet; yet I saw her as one sees the full moon, when it suddenly emerges from a cloud, and appears in all its radiant beauty. Yes, she was fair—beautiful exceedingly—not that delicate, classical beauty that sculptors love to chisel, but her's was that rich, full English type of beauty, rare in this country, and, therefore, more highly prized. She had a fine color, a good form, including the least bit to *embonpoint*, and certainly a musical voice, (by the way, an uncommon gift to beauty.)

"How homelike and pleasant it looks, Sydney!" I heard her say to the tall gentleman.

"At this moment, Mrs. Scott and Lucy came out,

and there was a warm greeting between mother and daughter, and a more boisterous one between the sisters.

"Why, Lucy, darling, how pretty you grow," and she drew the child towards her. "My precious pet, how glad I am to see you!" and she lifted her in her arms, and they disappeared in the house.

"How do you do, mother?" said the tall gentleman, as he shook hands with Mrs. Scott. "Excuse me a moment, I must see to the baggage."

And so this was Sydney Blake—Mary's husband—and then I wondered that neither John nor Lucy had spoken to me of him. Surely it was not strange that a young, romantic school-girl should be won by such a princely fellow as that! No wonder Mary Scott married him; he is one of a thousand. He looks as if he could lead an army, and be a second Edward—the Black Prince. John do not understand woman at all, or he would have said, "Mary Scott was lucky to draw such a prize."

I finished my toilet, and went to the glass to give the last brushing to my hair, which was laid smooth upon my forehead, and saw, of course, my own face, pale, and just one remove, young as I then was, from being very plain. I thought of the luxuriant curls, and bright, sunny face I had just seen, and turned away with a sudden sickness of heart. My eye fell on my Bible, and good Jeremy Taylor, that lay near it, and I should have obeyed a sudden impulse to read therein; it might have given me strength. But no, I would go right away. Mrs. Scott would be asking me in to see Mary, and I didn't want to see her. I would go over to Aunt Martha's, and send for John to come there to tea.

So I slipped out the back door by the garden, and climbed the path to the Lodge, intending to take quite a round-about way to Barbary Lane. I had gone but a few steps when I heard Lucy's voice, "Oh, Mrs. John, Mrs. John—please don't go away. Mr. Blake has come, and Mary, and they want to see John's wife, and mother says—please come and take tea with us."

"They want to see John's wife," I repeated to myself, and my lip involuntarily curled. Yes, yes; I am wanted because I am an appendage to John—I am nothing of myself.

Now it would have been treating Mrs. Scott only with proper respect for me to have gone back, but I was in no mood to do right, so I said: "I must go and see Aunt Martha; when I return I will call on your sister. Lucy was disappointed, but I turned quickly away. Now John had proposed a ride for the evening, and a call upon Aunt Martha, so that my visit could have been delayed a few hours, but I was ill. I called at the store; John was very busy. "I cannot go to Aunt Martha's to tea," he said; "but I will come round in the chaise and fetch you home." I went on, and found Aunt Martha in her darkened chamber, suffering with the headache.

"You can do nothing for me, my dear child," she said, in answer to my wish to make her some tea. "I shall be quite well after I have slept a few hours. Go down stairs and amuse yourself as well as you can, and by sundown I shall join you; all the better then for the pain I suffer now."

I had a lonely afternoon; for though there were books, and pictures, and curiosities, of various kinds, I was in no mood to enjoy them, and I threw myself upon the lounge and fell asleep, and dreamed that I was at sea in a terrible storm. John and Mary Blake were there, too. The vessel struck upon a rock, and John was so engaged in trying to save Mary, that he forgot me. I saw them both seated in the long-boat safe, and they sailed away, leaving me alone upon the wreck. I lay down and waited for death, for what was life worth then? But just as a huge wave came rolling towards me, and I saw the white foam of its crest, a strong arm was around me, and in a moment I was lifted into aboat, with Uncle Mark at my side. I reached out my arms to clasp his neck, and the motion probably woke me, for I opened my eyes, and John stood by the lounge!

"Anne, I'd give something to know what you have been dreaming."

"I wouldn't tell it you, John, for all the money in the Village Bank."

"Was it so very terrible?"

"Yes, the most horrible dream I ever had in all my life. But what time is it?"

"A little after sundown. Have you had tea?"

"No; aunt is sick."

"Quite well again," said that good lady, as she entered the room, "and would relish a cup of tea and toast."

We had a nice, little sociable tea, and I never saw John in better spirits, or more devotedly kind. "Do you notice, Aunt Martha, how our little wife improves? The air of Rocky Nook agrees with her, and you would be astonished at the marvels in the kitchen. I will give you an invitation to come and eat fricasseed chicken, and new apple pie, next week."

"I shall accept it; but, children, I have a pleasant surprise for you. Come with me into the kitchen."

We followed; and there was a large, oblong box, marked, "With care," and directed to Aunt Martha.

"There, John," said she, "is a present from Mark to Anna—but given on condition that she let it remain here until she shall have a little living, breathing, musical instrument at home, and then you can remove this there to keep it company. Mark is a little odd; but I suppose he wished to induce Anna to come often to Barbary Lane while he was gone, and he knew a piano would be an additional inducement."

I was blushing crimson, and did not speak, but John laughed merrily. "I accept the present with,



the condition, Aunt Martha, and will come to-morrow morning and open the box, and in the evening I will bring Anna over, and we will have some music."

"I could only tell that I thought Uncle Mark one of the dearest and best of men, and that he always gave me just what I wanted most."

"What a pleasant ride we had that evening! How kind and tender John was! He had brought a shawl to protect me from the night air, and wrapped it around me, as if I were an infant in his care. We rode in the light of the harvest moon, beside the ocean—the blue waters below, the blue sky above. Our hearts were at peace, and we talked of our childhood, and of our hopes for the future. John told me of his mother, who had been a widow from her infancy; and of her struggles with poverty, and his efforts, when a boy, to lighten her cares. He had always looked forward to the time when he should be a man, and have a home of his own, and a pleasant fire-side, by which she could rest in her old age. But, before I could accomplish this, God took her to her home in Heaven. She was all I had to love, and all that was beautiful and true in woman was found in her. For her sake I respect your sex—for her sake I could never wrong a woman, or wound her feelings. I thought, Anna, when I first saw you, that you looked like her. You have eyes like hers, and the same bright expression when you smile."

How my heart was comforted! How I thanked God that I had that strong, manly heart to lean upon! and in the fullness of my heart I said—"Oh, John, does the thought of death ever intrude upon you in our Paradise at Rocky Nook?—what if one of us should die?" and I leaned my head upon his shoulder, and wept.

"Anna, we can never enjoy our friends truly till we learn they are God's gifts to us, and can say with regard to them, 'Thy will be done.' But I think it wrong to distress ourselves with the thought of separation. Let us do our duty to each other while we live, and God will give strength when death comes, to bear the trial. I have lived long enough to know that there are sorrows in life worse than the death of those we love."

This last sentence was an enigma to me; but I thought that John's knowledge of life was greater than my own, and I took his words for truth.

It was late when we stopped at our own door. The house was silent, and all its inmates wrapped in slumber. No thought of them disturbed me, or ever would again. I would trust in John's love as in a fortress of rock, and nothing should mar my peace.

Alas! alas! The sunniest day—the bluest skies always precede the storm.

#### CHAPTER V.

"I promised to introduce you to Mrs. Blake, to-day," said John to me at the breakfast table.

"I understand she wishes to see John's wife," I replied.

"Very natural that she should. Will you go in this morning?"

"Not till you come home from the store. But when did you see her?"

"I ran up from the store to call upon her last evening."

I had just taken my Bible in hand, to read a chapter, as was customary with us, and I made no answer. In the prayer that followed, my feelings of the last evening were revived, and a thanksgiving went up from my heart for the quiet happiness of my home.

Two hours afterwards, as I sat at my sewing, there was a knock at my door, and on opening, Mrs. Scott and Mary stood before me.

"Ay! we've found you at last," said Mrs. Scott, in her motherly way. "Why, my little puss, where have you been hiding all this time? Here is Mary, so impatient to see you that I have waved ceremony, and brought her to your room. This is Anna, Mary, one of my daughters, of course, if she's John's wife."

There was a cordial smile on Mary's face, and her hand was held out to grasp mine, and her lips—those full, red, rascal lips—were pressed to my cheek. But, with a strange perversity, I received her embrace with great coldness; I almost repulsed her. For the moment, I could not repress the feeling. They came in—were delighted with the arrangement of the rooms, and I Mary admired my furniture, and my snug little kitchen, and then we went up stairs. Here she seated herself in the easy chair by the window, and looked out for a long time. It was a delightful prospect; the distant woods were clothed in the rich hues of early autumn; the village street was busy with active life; the distant ocean was bearing a few vessels outward, and one or two were making for the shore; a boat lay idle on the sunny beach, and two or three boatmen were sitting on the warm sands, in the careless abandon of sailors on shore. I glanced down the street, and saw some one near the store, directing the unloading of some flour. I took up the spy-glass, and learned that it was John. When I put it down, Mary took it, and she looked a long time. Mrs. Scott, who, like a good housewife, never could see anything amiss without wishing it remedied, called my attention to the fire-place.

"Why, Anna, you must have a new hearth laid, and a little painting done; you will need a little fire these cool evenings, and it will be so pleasant to have it on the hearth, so cheerful for you when you are alone."

I told her then of some improvements needed in the other room, and from there we went to the garret, and we forgot Mary in talking over our household matters. When we returned, she still sat by the window, her face towards the village, and leaning her head upon her hand, as if lost in reverie.

"Come, Mary," said her mother, "are you going to look there all day?"

"I should be tired, if I did," said Mary; and, as she turned, I saw that her eyes were moist, and I thought there were traces of tears upon her cheeks.

"Oh, mother, how strange that I should ever think Boston would be pleasanter than home. I wish I could stay here always. How happy you must be, Mrs. Hooper!"

"Why, to be sure, why shouldn't she be?" said Mrs. Scott; "you know she has John for a husband, and he is doing well in business, and thinks there is nobody like his little wife; and then she has Uncle Mark, and Aunt Martha, on one side to love her, and your father and I feel as if she belonged to us, and we love her almost as if she were our child."

Mary made no reply, but turned again to the window. Some one opened the gate.

"May I come up?" said a voice, which I thought was Sydney Blake's.

"No! no!" said Mary, hastily; "I'll be down in a minute."

"Will your husband walk into the parlor?" I said.

"No, I will go down," was her reply—and she hastened away.

"Only think!" said Mrs. Scott, sitting down in the chair which Mary had vacated, "Sydney and his wife are going to the West Indies in a few weeks. I feel as if I could not have it so."

"Are they going there to live?"

"Yes, I suppose so, though I can't learn much from Sydney about his plans for the future. He isn't like my husband about speaking of his business. You know pa always tells me everything; but then he is an old-fashioned sort of a man, I suppose, and thinks mother will be anxious, unless she knows all about his affairs."

While she was speaking, Mr. Blake and Mary stood at a little distance from the house, under the large elm tree.

"Mr. Blake is a very handsome man," I said.

"Do you think so?" I never considered him very fine-looking—though a great many do. I used to think I liked John's looks the best."

I laughed merrily. "Why, Mrs. Scott, John is rather short and thick-set, and he has hair that is almost sandy, and he wears little bits of whiskers, and his mouth, you know, is large."

"I know all that, but then John is so good, and he has such a pleasant expression, and he is so handy about the house, and always seems to know just how to help you out of trouble."

"Thank you, thank you!" Mrs. Scott, I said.

"It is true, Anna; but then I suppose he can't talk Spanish like Sydney, nor dance as well, nor would he make so fine an officer. I have seen Sydney dressed in a uniform which he has, which is very rich, and I thought that he made a fine appearance—but, come down and see him."

"No, I'll wait till John comes."

We all took tea together, and I accidentally had a seat by Sydney Blake, and my first impressions of him were confirmed. I thought him a very polished gentleman, so easy and self-possessed, saying everything at the right time, and in the right way.

After tea, Mrs. Scott asked me to play upon the piano. I did so, singing one or two simple songs. Mr. Blake brought his flute, and accompanied me. Without much thought I selected one or two songs—Uncle Mark's favorites. My companion was delighted, and every evening after that he wanted me to repeat them, and he gave me some to learn. Mary said that she did not play now-days; she never liked it much, and had no patience to practice.

"I wish she would," said her husband; "it would amuse her when we are upon the water."

As time passed, I began to like Mr. Blake very much, and not the less so, because I thought I saw that his wife did not seem strongly attached to him, and that even good Mr. Scott and his wife seldom spoke with much affection to him.

"What a splendid looking man he is," I said to John, one day, as we sat at the window, and Sydney passed.

"Do you think so?" he coolly replied, and went on reading the newspaper.

"And such a perfect gentleman!"

"Ah—what did you say?" and I saw he was much engaged with the "Prices Current."

"I say, John"—a little annoyed, and raising my voice—"that I think Sydney Blake the handsomest man I ever saw."

John dropped his newspaper, and looked at me for a moment, and then burst out into one of his merry laughs.

"Why, John, you are rude."

"Excuse me, Anna; I was so, but it is such a new thing for you to speak with so much enthusiasm of any gentleman. Blake is a fine figure, certainly," he said, as he glanced toward the window. "By the way, the name reminds me of a story I have just read of the way in which Aaron Burr's daughter, the beautiful Mrs. Alston, met with her death. The vessel in which she took passage for New York was taken by pirates, and the lady was made to walk the plank."

"Walk the plank—what does that mean, John?"

"Why, in other words, to walk to her grave—drown herself—to avoid a worse fate. The manner of her death was doubtful for many years, but I see that a sailor, on his death-bed, made a confession a few weeks since, in New Orleans, that he was employed on the vessel, and witnessed the terrible tragedy."

"Horrible! John, how it makes one shudder to think of pirates. Do you suppose there are any now-a-days?"

"Yes, plenty of them; did you ever hear Uncle Mark relate his adventure with one?"

"Why, no; when did it happen?"

"A few years ago. I think I can tell it to you almost in his own words."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
SONG.

Thou hast made my soul joyous to-day,  
As warm as the sunbeam at noon;  
Thou hast cheered all my heart's grief away;  
I thank thee, indeed, for the boon.

My life would be shrouded in sorrow,  
And pleasure's bright day would decline,  
Did thine eyes from thy soul fail to borrow  
The expression, which says, I am thine.

With larks that trill far in the morning,  
Just down from the red-apple tree,  
With moonbeams the green earth adorning,  
The joys of my life set to thee.

Then smile on my heart's deep devotion;  
These are not wild fancies which throng;  
My fond soul is filled with emotion,  
To which no chimerae belong.

Then be to me still a true woman—  
I'll cherish thee ever as such;  
If angels love that which is human,  
Can human love human too much?

NEVER DESPAIR.—True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the fast of all evils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul, is its best physician.—Von Ziebel.

Joy is the proper element of the human mind; gloom is akin to moroseness, moroseness is dissimulation.

In contesting the disputed title to a foot of land, how many have spent what would have purchased acres!

Written for the Banner of Light.  
THE TWO CHURCHES.

BY LITA H. BARNES.

There is a grey cathedral old,  
With long and solemn aisle,  
Where footstep hush, nor eye is shocked  
By an irreverent smile—  
Where gentle ladies dress for show,  
And men, with business airs,  
Engage, for stipulated sum,  
A man to say their prayers!

Where grand the pealing organ-notes  
Roll thundering to the dome,  
And with a lullaby, dreamy air,  
Men hear of far-off home—  
Where at the table none may sit  
Save those of high degree,  
Who pay the almighty dollar down—  
Unquestioned plenty!

There is a church—another church—  
Spread out before each eye:  
Its temple is the mighty arch  
Of yonder outspread sky;  
Its choir is formed of angel bands  
That fill with praise each hour,  
Its music, their spontaneous songs,  
Like fragrance from the flower!

Here every weary one of earth  
May join his praise with theirs,  
For to this church of Nature fair,  
Mankind are common heirs;  
And if men turn the shroud cold  
Of haughty Pharisee,  
Nearer Heaven's azure we may sit  
In sacrament with Thee!

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept., 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE WIFE;  
A TALE OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY CHARLES A. SEYMOUR.

At the age of twenty-five, Charlotte Crampton was still unmarried. Beautiful, intelligent, and accomplished—the sole heiress to an immense property, which had recently been greatly augmented by the death of a bachelor-uncle in the West Indies—the reader may readily believe that our heroine found no lack of suitors.

Left at an early age entirely to the guidance of her own good sense and judgment, and mistress, as it were, of her own peculiar pursuits and pleasures, it would have been a matter of no great wonderment, had Charlotte Crampton grown up to womanhood, impressed with a sense of her own importance and superiority, both in wealth and intellect.

But, unlike many youthful aspirants to worldly fame and fortune, the orphan-girl was endowed with a noble heart, united to a closely discriminating mind, which enabled her to look beneath the surface of things for real worth, and taught her generous nature the true and proper estimate of that great wealth, of which fate had made her the lucky possessor.

The home of the distinguished heiress, whose society was so universally courted and admired by the wealthy and gifted of both sexes in the circle in which she moved, was one of exceeding affluence, yet savoring strongly of the good taste and delicate refinement of its fair proprietress. There was no appearance of show and gaudiness in the tastefully arranged boudoir of this child of Fortune, but a simple regard for the true gratification of the particular tastes and fancies of its graceful occupant.

Surrounded by her favorite books and flowers, Charlotte Crampton was comparatively happy, even in the solitude of her own rural home. But when the summer months had flown, and friends no longer swarmed like bees around her country seat, then the young girl would throw aside her native freedom, and mingle for a time in the social gayeties and exciting scenes of fashionable life.

To her numerous friends in the city, it was a source of great surprise, that one so accomplished and beautiful as Charlotte Crampton, should thus long have remained single. And although many were anxious to win the hand and heart of the young heiress, yet to none of the opposite sex had Charlotte ever shown feelings of other than a friendly nature. To the oft-repeated question of her friends, as to why she had never married, she always replied, "Simply because I have never yet found time to study 'Ovid's Art of Love.'" Then with a merry shake of her finely-forged head, she would smilingly add, "but it is never too late to learn, you know."

It was while spending the winter months in the city of Philadelphia, not many miles distant from her rustic home, that Charlotte Crampton chanced to make the acquaintance of a young man by the name of Clarence Ashton, in whom, strange to say, she soon became deeply interested. Clarence Ashton was like herself, also, an orphan. During the life of his worthy parents, he had received a fine collegiate education, and was destined by his father for the practice of the law, on which subject he exhibited no slight degree of promise. At the death of his father, the young man came into possession of a large fortune, which at once obviated the necessity of his earning for himself a livelihood. Mrs. Ashton, who had ever been a most kind and indulgent mother to her only boy, survived but a few months the loss of her devoted husband.

The vast fortune of which Clarence Ashton had now the entire control, proved, alas! to be the bane of his life, by blasting thus early the seeds of promise and talent, which go so far towards ennobleing man in the sight of his Maker.

At first Clarence had determined to follow his chosen profession, but his young friends and acquaintances (of which he had now a plenty since his recent rise to fortune), laughed at the idea, declaring it perfect folly, for a man who was the possessor of an income sufficient for his ample support through life, to waste his precious time and energies over dusty law-books and logic. Instead of listening to the admonitions of conscience, and turning a deaf ear to the foolish judgment and idle counsel of his professed friends, the young man allowed himself to be persuaded into the idea that all labor, upon the part of a gentleman of wealth and position, was alike dishonorable and needless.

When once fairly in the power of his friends, they were not long in proving themselves his bitter enemies, although at first so skillfully masked and cloaked in deceit, as to banish all suspicions upon the part of Clarence, as to the nature of their base designs.

A few years of constant dissipation upon the part of Clarence Ashton and his boon companions, soon squandered away the large fortune which Mr. Ashton, senior, had been years in accumulating, through his own thrift and industry. Forced at last to part with his fine establishment and retinue of servants,

devoid of money and a profession, the young spendthrift realized, for the first time in his life, the extreme wretchedness and degradation of his situation. Now that it was too late, he looked back with feelings of remorse and shame upon his past, though short-lived career, which had been one of reckless extravagance. Now he reproached himself with the thought, that if he had but given ear to the warnings and pleadings of his own conscience, instead of the self-interested arguments of those who termed themselves his friends, he would not have been thus early ruined and disgraced.

As Clarence was the natural possessor of brilliant conversational powers, added to a fine and pleasing address, he was ever sought after and admired by the devotees of wealth and fashion. And, notwithstanding his sudden descent from a state of prosperity to one of utter ruin, had deprived him of the regard and esteem of many, whom he valued as his associates. There were still a few charitable ones left, who were willing to show the strength of their attachment towards one they had ever loved and respected, by many little acts of kindness and hospitality.

It was at the residence of an intimate friend of Charlotte's, where she was then visiting, that our fair heroine first met and was introduced to Clarence Ashton. From the moment that Charlotte first beheld the young man, her heart seemed involuntarily drawn towards him. The ease and grace of his manner, combined with the rare eloquence of his stranger, at once arrested Charlotte Crampton's attention, and excited her deepest admiration. During the long and most agreeable conversation which Clarence held with his intelligent and accomplished companion, he quite forgot for a time his own infirmities and weight of sorrows, so entirely absorbed was he in the society of his newly made acquaintance.

After the departure of the young man, and while Charlotte was eulogizing the particular merits and charms of Clarence, her friend related to her the story of his misfortunes, and the ruin which he had brought upon his own head. Charlotte listened most attentively to the words of her friend, but on their conclusion, she made no further comment or remark, by means of which her true opinion could be divined.

Clarence and Charlotte often met; and although the former could not but feel at times a slight degree of embarrassment, when in the presence of one whom he believed to be morally and intellectually his superior, there was, nevertheless, a something in the manner of the young girl, as shown towards him, which made him think that the attentions which he bestowed upon Charlotte Crampton, were not unwillingly received by her.

As time passed on, the friends of the young girl noticed, with increasing surprise and alarm, the growing intimacy of the enamored pair. Some people said, that one so hasty and rash as Charlotte, needed to be advised upon the subject, while others, less interested, said, let them alone, it is but a passing fancy on the part of both, which time will serve to dispel. In moments of serious reflection, Clarence became deeply aware of the great love he bore towards Charlotte. Many of my readers will perhaps express their unbelief in love at first sight. Be that as it may, I must still assert that, until the hour in which Charlotte Crampton first beheld Clarence Ashton, the former had never known what it was to love. Whether the feeling which drew the heart of the accomplished heiress towards that of the unfortunate Clarence, was a mere fancy, remains yet to be proved. Time and endurance must be the test of its strength and purity!

It was a long time before Clarence Ashton could bring his mind to a revelation of his heart's deep love for Charlotte; all-unworthy as he felt himself to be, of one so pure and noble in soul; while in wealth and position she was eminently his superior. Love, however, scorns all distinctions, and before many weeks had passed by, Clarence Ashton was an accepted lover; all that now remained to be done, was for him to retrieve his fallen reputation, and make himself a fitting object for the adoration of one so exalted as Charlotte Crampton.

The announcement of their engagement was a matter of great astonishment to the fashionable world of Philadelphia. That a person so superior, both in mind and person, as was Charlotte Crampton, should accept the uncertain love of a base and reckless profligate, like Clarence Ashton, was too incredible a fact to be for a moment believed. So said the young lady's friends, while the former's associates and boon companions of Clarence, declared him the luckiest fellow in the world, and sighed for a similar streak of good fortune themselves. The sneering and cutting remarks of the world did not fail to reach the ear of the penitent young man; but, encouraged by the increasing affection of Charlotte, he strove to banish them from his mind, and resolved to make due atonement for his past sins.

A few months after witnessed the marriage of the happy pair. I, as one of the beautiful bride's oldest friends, crowded around her to offer my heartiest congratulations for the future welfare and happiness of herself and husband. The exciting pleasure of a short tour over, and the newly wedded pair retired to the more quiet enjoyments of domestic bliss, at the charming country-seat of the latter. For several weeks things rolled smoothly on, and Charlotte Ashton, in her great thankfulness of heart, felt that her cup of earthly happiness was indeed full.

But with returning wealth came also returning friends. Those who had been most instrumental in reducing the once moneyed man to poverty and shame, now swarmed around their victim again, like birds of prey. Unfortunately, the generous and kind-hearted nature of the young husband would not permit him to rudely shake them off, before they had once more fastened their poisonous fangs upon him.

Charlotte's extreme love for the country induced her to pass the greater portion of her time at home. Clarence, on the contrary, was evidently tiring of the monotony of rural life, and now not unfrequently passed several days at a time in the city, leaving his newly-made wife to the solitary enjoyment of her own pursuits. Once or twice Clarence had proposed to his bride the idea of abandoning their splendid country residence for one in the city. Although the latter had never absolutely refused to comply with his wishes, yet from her remarks at the time, the young husband inferred that such a change would be distasteful and uncongenial to her feelings. He therefore deemed it unadvisable to urge her further upon the subject.

The young wife's unwillingness to remove to the city, was perhaps a matter of policy upon her part. Conversant as she was with the true state of Clarence's affairs when she married him, she had earnestly hoped, by her virtuous and holy influence, to

win him gently back again to the straight path of duty, from which he had almost unconsciously strayed.

From the hour of her first acquaintance with Clarence, until the time when she enjoyed the right of calling him by the endearing name of husband, Charlotte had seen little or nothing in the conduct of her lover, which demanded the slightest censure or reproof. Her friends, especially the female portion of them, had not been backward in setting before her eyes the vices and follies of the young man in their strongest light. "If," she said to herself, "Clarence can abstain from the intoxicating pleasures of the wine cup, and the evils of fashionable life on my account, before he is married, surely he will study still more my happiness and comfort when he experiences the great satisfaction of calling me his beloved wife."

With such thoughts did the confiding and devoted Charlotte strive to banish the vague fears and doubts which sometimes involuntarily forced themselves upon her mind. Many nights of sleepless anxiety were passed by the young wife, for Clarence, of late, had been absent from his home, even a week or ten days at a time. In vain the lips of love strongly endeavored to frame some slight excuse for the neglect of the wanderer. The residence of Mr. Ashton and his wife was but a few miles from the city, and at all times accessible both by railway and carriage hire, so that the distance might not prevent the return of Clarence to his home, each night at least. Neither could it be business that absorbed his attention, for, since his marriage, he had not manifested even the slightest desire to enter upon his chosen profession as a barrister. What then could be the cause of Clarence Ashton's sudden estrangement from home? Time alone can tell!

As Charlotte Ashton sat alone in her sumptuous boudoir, one fine morning, (where she had remained watching all night for the expected return of her absent husband) a servant entered, and placed in her hands a letter, which she hurriedly opened, fearing that it was the messenger of evil tidings. It was from a wealthy and rejected suitor of Mrs. Ashton's, and exposing most plainly the course of life which her faithless husband was pursuing in the city. The letter stated that enormous debts had been contracted by Clarence in the name of his wife, and that he himself had not unfrequently loaned the delinquent man large sums of money, from time to time, for the payment of which, he now felt obliged to look to the wife of his debtor. The informant concluded his epistle with expressions of deepest sympathy for the melancholy fate of one whom he had never ceased to respect as a friend.

The first thought that flashed across the mind of the horror-stricken woman was, that the letter which she had just finished perusing, was a base fabrication, a forgery, perpetrated at the instigation of one who had never fully recovered from the wound which his proud spirit had received, upon Charlotte's entire and unexpected refusal of his suit. Upon reflection, however, the young wife began to think that all was not quite right with Clarence. His frequent absence from home confirmed, in a measure, the fearful revelations of that fatal letter, and now, for the first time since their marriage, Charlotte Ashton began to distrust the fidelity of her husband.

Overcome by the waves of grief that rolled heavily upon her soul, the sorrowing wife sat pale and motionless as a statue. No tears issued from her cold fixed eyes, to unseal the channel of her aching heart, that now seemed bound in icy fetters. Bitter indeed is that grief, to which no tears come to relieve the bursting heart!

The sound of heavy footsteps, and the suppressed murmur of male voices in the avenue below, served to arouse Charlotte Ashton from the trance-like state into which she had unconsciously fallen. Quickly rising, she made a desperate effort to reach the door of her apartment, to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the intrusion. To her great surprise, however, her limbs refused her the necessary support. Clutching at a chair, she again attempted to propel herself forward, but she had scarcely gained the door, when it swung back upon its hinges, revealing to sight the seemingly inanimate form of her husband, carelessly laid upon a litter, and borne by four men.

A faint shriek escaped the lips of the terror-stricken wife, as she beheld the ghastly face of her beloved Clarence, streaming with blood. Intuitively she reached out her hands to grasp him, but her feeble strength failed her, and she fell backward like a dead weight, upon the floor.

When Charlotte Ashton awoke to the full possession of her senses, she found herself lying upon the couch in her own chamber, attended by a faithful servant. Her first inquiry was after her wounded husband, to know if he still lived. On being answered in the affirmative, she requested to be conducted immediately to the adjoining room, where a physician was dressing his wounds. From the lips of the medical man, Charlotte learned the sad particulars of her husband's injuries. He had been returning to the city in an open carriage, accompanied by a boon companion. The intoxicated state of both Clarence and his friend, who was driving, prevented their proper management of the horses, which, taking fright, dashed furiously onward, and soon succeeded in breaking loose from the vehicle, at the same time throwing out the unfortunate occupants upon the pavements.

Clarence's friend had been but slightly injured, but the former had been deeply wounded upon the head, and was accordingly borne as soon as possible to his home.

Language is inadequate to describe the agony which rent the heart of the young wife, as she gazed upon the unconscious form of her now deeply degraded husband, whose manly beauty had so often been her pride and admiration.

The physician declared that the most careful nursing and perfect quiet were necessary to effect his recovery. A brain fever was the natural consequence of the severe injuries Clarence had experienced, through his own folly.

Charlotte, the uncompromising and devoted partner of his life, hung over the couch of the invalid by day and by night, ministering to his slightest wants, and striving, by words of tender endearment, to restore him once more to reason, which, for several days, had quite lost its accustomed way.

The evil reports which had reached the ear of the young wife, concerning her husband's contracted debts, were, alas, but too true. Impatient creditors seized upon the beautiful home of Clarence Ashton. As soon as the latter was pronounced convalescent, Charlotte removed with him who had caused her so much sorrow, to an humble tenement in the city. It was, with a sickening heart, and throbbing brain, that the young wife bade adieu forevermore to the loved scenes of her childhood. Yet no murmur of



reproach fell upon the head of the truly penitent and still invalid man.

After the numerous debts of her husband's extravagance and dissipation had been promptly paid up, Charlotte found, that out of her once considerable property, but five hundred dollars still remained. This sum, she consoled herself, was better than nothing, although quite insufficient for their long maintenance, when we consider that Mr. Ashton was still ill, and consequently unable to turn his attention to any kind of business.

Charlotte communicated her intention of doing something, by way of earning a livelihood, to her husband. But the unwearied devotion of his wife touched the already smothering heart of the faithless Clarence, and on his knees he begged her not to seek for employment in the city, where she was so generally and well known. The thought of it was humbling to the fragment of pride that still remained in the breast of Clarence; how much more, then, must it be to Charlotte, who had seen all her earthly possessions wrested from her in the short space of a few months?

The latter made no further allusion to the subject in question, but guarded her own secret most closely. As soon as Clarence had regained his health, he opened a small office in one of the principal streets of the city, where he set himself heartily to work in the exercise of his profession. No self-interest friends now rallied around his standard, for, with his loss of riches, they also had taken flight, to seek, for a season, in the sunshine of those more prosperous than themselves.

With true manly energy, the young man labored to discharge the arduous duties of his profession, with but one stimulus to excite him, viz., the hope of restoring earthly comfort and happiness once more to the heart of his noble and enduring wife, who had shared unrepiningly his deprivations.

But despite his untiring activity and perseverance, the young lawyer did not meet with that success which he had anticipated. His former reputation had suffered so severely for the last few years, that persons who knew him feared to trust important cases in his hands, knowing, as they did, his entire inexperience in the practice of the law. Charlotte alone encouraged him to repose faith in Providence, and still toil bravely on.

About this time, quite a sensation was being created in the literary circles of Philadelphia, occasioned by the advent of a new volume of poems. The signature appended to the book, was, in all probability, the nom de plume of the real author or authoress, and even that was an unfamiliar one. Men or genius and talent were charmed beyond measure with the sweetness and pathos of many of the poems comprising the collection, while the press but echoed the praises of the admiring multitude.

Weeks passed on. The sale of the book was immense; but as yet no clue had been obtained by the curious public, as to the real name of the author. The publishers declared that the strictest secrecy had been enjoined on their part, so that the world was left for a time to vent their disappointment in idle conjectures.

Returning from his office one night, Clarence Ashton hastened to his wife's room. Taking a small but richly-bound book from his coat pocket, he presented it to Charlotte, saying—

"Here, dearest wife, is a gift which I have brought you. It is the new volume of poems that is attracting so much attention in literary circles at the present time." Glancing affectionately at Charlotte, whose dark eye beamed with strange delight, he continued, carelessly, as he proceeded to exchange his coat for a more comfortable dressing-gown—"I have only hastily run my eye over the contents of the book, but from the sad tone of many of the poems, I should think they might excite your interest, so strangely prophetic do they seem of many passages in your own painful experience," and the penitent husband silently brushed away a tear at the bitter recollection of his own evil days.

"I thank you, dear Clarence," said Charlotte tenderly, at the same time preparing to lay aside the book without opening it, "but I confess to be not a little familiar with these poems already."

"Indeed!" said Clarence, looking surprisedly at his wife, and not a little piqued at the cold reception his gift had met with. "Do you really mean to say that you have read the poems?"

"Yes," replied Charlotte, deeply coloring as the earnest gaze of her husband met that of her own, "I have not only read them, but have also written them!"

"Impossible!" cried the astonished man, gazing still more earnestly at his young wife, who stood modestly blushing before him: Then with an incredulous air, he added—"You are jesting now, Lottie, I think."

"In truth, I am not! You know I but seldom jest now-a-days," said Charlotte, her countenance assuming a sorrowful expression.

It was some time before Clarence Ashton could credit his wife's assertion, that she was indeed the authoress of the poems which had made so successful a hit in the literary world.

Many of the stanzas which the volume contained had been written by Charlotte in her hours of solitude, after she was married, and during her residence in the country. They were, evidently, never intended for publication, but after the loss of her fortune, she deemed it incumbent upon her to contrive some way of assisting her husband in his endeavors to gain for himself and wife an honorable subsistence; and, believing herself not entirely devoid of talent in the literary line, she had, after making numerous additions to her store of poems, collected them into a volume, and placed them, unbeknown to her husband, in the hands of an able publisher.

The book had been successful beyond her most sanguine anticipations; and yielding to the request of her publishers, Charlotte Ashton at last consented to the disclosure of her real name.

The popularity and fame which the young authoress soon gained was quite as sudden as had been her rapid descent from prosperity to a state of poverty. The sum which Mrs. Ashton realized from the sale of her book was sufficient to place herself and husband above want for life.

But not even the great success of his noble wife could tempt Clarence Ashton to rely upon her exertions for his future support, and so, guided and influenced by the counsel of one who had clung to him in adversity, he removed to the city of New York, where, resuming his profession, I am happy to state, that the reformed husband and arduous student met with that earthly reward which his untiring energy and perseverance so richly deserved.

Five years have rolled by since Clarence Ashton became an established lawyer of the Empire City,

and during that time he has laid by a sum sufficient for the re-purchase of the once loved homestead of his wife. But Charlotte has gently refused returning to it, on the plea that it might excite unpleasant emotions in the hearts of both, which had better be smothered forevermore.

On the banks of the charming and picturesque Hudson, still dwell Clarence Ashton, now an exemplary man and husband, together with the guiding star of his life, the devoted and accomplished poetess, Charlotte Ashton, from whose graceful pen still emanates some of the finest productions that adorn the literature of our country.

## ODE.

The following beautiful ode was written by JOHN G. WATKIN, for the recent Agricultural and Horticultural Exhibition at Amesbury.

This day, two hundred years ago,  
The wild grape by the river's side,  
And tasteless ground-nut trailing low,  
The table of the woods supplied.  
Unknown the apple's red and gold,  
The blushing tint of peach and pear;  
The mirror of the Pocomtuc told  
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.  
Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,  
These vales the idle Indian tread,  
Nor knew the glad, creative skill—  
The joy of him who tills with God.  
Oh, Painter of the fruits and flowers!  
We thank thee for the vine design  
Whereby these human hands of ours  
In Nature's garden work with thine.  
And thanks that from our daily need  
The joy of simple faith is born;  
That he who smiles the Summer wood,  
May trust thee for the Autumn corn.  
Give fools their gold and knaves their power,  
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;  
Who sows a field, or plants a flower,  
Or plants a tree, is more than all.  
For he who blesses most is blest;  
And God and man shall own his worth  
Who toils to leave as his bequest  
An added beauty to the earth.  
And, soon or late, to all that sow  
The time of harvest shall be given;  
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,  
If not on earth, at last in heaven!

Written for the Banner of Light.

## CONTRASTS.

BY CORA WILBURN.

"I am going to the opera to-night. I shall wear the dress my uncle brought from Paris, and the diamonds brother Charles presented to me. Come, Mary, be quick, arrange my hair in your best manner; then, twine that string of pearls with this plait; place the spray of diamonds just there, above that curl. How beautiful life is! How delightful to be young and beautiful and observed! It must be very cold—the streets are covered with snow—but it will be snug and warm in the close carriage. Come, Mary, what are you thinking of? You look so abstracted."

Mary Lee, the young attendant, sighed and softly replied: "I was thinking of the poor Miss Ilda, who has no shelter from the bitter cold."

"Oh, dear! don't bring any of your dismal pictures before me now; do n't, Mary, for pity's sake, for I want to look my very best to-night. How can I help their being cold and hungry, and all that? Why don't people work, and surround themselves with necessities of life? Stop, Mary; you are pulling my hair. There, it begins to feel chilly in here; hand me my shawl!"

A bitter smile played on the waiting-girl's face; but it was soon replaced by her habitual look of subdued suffering and placid resignation. She knew that to reason with the cold, untried worldly beauty, was only to bring upon herself ridicule and haughty reproach. She completed the arrangement of the lady's hair, and silently proceeded to array her in the gleaming satin, to fasten the costly brilliants, and lastly to hand her the perfumed handkerchief and gloves; and laughing, singing, and dancing with anticipated triumph, Ilda Vernon passed down the broad staircase, to meet her worldly mother's admiring eyes—the compliments of her attendant suitor. Not a thought of pain or change, or futurity, glanced athwart the unclouded horizon of her girlish hopes and proud conventional joys. Mary Lee gazed upon her with looks half of pity, half of scorn. The room to which she returned—Miss Ilda's dressing-room—was a luxurious retreat; velvet carpeting covered the floor, the rich flowers seemed bursting into life amid the shaded foliage, so well was nature imitated, and Italian sunsets, calm sea-views, and representations of palaces and fairy-like rural scenes, greeted the beholder in gorgeous, massive frames. Rich mirrors reflected every object—marble and ivory, gold and silver and precious stones, glistened in the adornments of that princely room—and lace and brocade curtains veiled the light, and flowers perfumed the air. Mary Lee sighed deeply, as she gazed around upon the familiar luxuries; then, with her usual meek air, she descended to Mrs. Vernon's chamber, to demand permission to go out.

"You may go out," languidly responded the lady to her question. "You must be home at ten o'clock, remember, as there must be a fire made in Miss Ilda's room. Shut the door, Mary—the cold air comes in," and shivering, she drew a rich shawl around her, while the young girl silently withdrew.

The winter gale howls dismally—the storm-clouds speed swiftly across the sky, where not a star is visible—a cold, drizzling mist descends and wraps all objects in indistinctiveness—the air is biting, bitter and keen, as the touch of adversity—the frozen ground is white and slippery, and signs and unguessed shudders crouch fearfully in the shrilly blast. On, through the dreary, almost deserted streets, speeds Mary Lee, tightly drawing her shawl around her and rubbing her little hands together to keep them warm. She pauses at the door of an old, black-looking tenement that, low-roofed, standing back from the street, seems marked as the abode of poverty and wretchedness. She has to stand there long in the dark, cold night ere the door is opened; and when she enters, the atmosphere within causes her to shudder with a deeper cold than that of the frozen street and gloomy sky. For in that house there is an atmosphere of desolation, of misery, that strikes to the heart—there is evoked one of those strange, unsolvable problems, that cause the soul to ponder in fear and wonderment, asking, "Wherefore, oh God! is this?"

There the wan and wasted figures of the poverty-stricken met the tear-filled eyes of Mary Lee. A mother and a daughter lived there—slaves of the needle—bondwomen to unremunerated toil. That mother's form had wasted 'neath the destroying blight of necessity—beneath the burden that was never lightened, the woe that never ceased! Her dim eyes noted day by day the gradual change that was fast leading to a premature grave the young, bowed form of her once beautiful and happy daughter.

Now that face is furrowed by deep channels, formed by despairing tears, and wild and desperate thoughts. By that daughter's side, cowering before the old story so scantily supplied with fuel, two children's forms were seen—two prematurely fading blossoms—that would be transplanted to a more genial soil. The father of those children had forsaken them, and left the worn and feeble mother to toil for them and for herself—perchance to curse the day that gave them birth—those inheritors of sorrow and privation.

What a contrast! from the regal magnificence of the Vernon mansion—this abode of wretchedness—these damp, bare walls—that uncarpeted floor—those rickety chairs, low ceiling and dim light. Yet here, too, human beings live—loving, throbbing human hearts—born to an inheritance of life and joy, whom perverted society, and wrong and treachery, have reduced to misery like this.

Yet, not all devoid of sympathy these injured souls, for as Mary Lee enters, a smile of recognition plays on the mother's wasted, care-worn face, and the children run to greet her, and the old woman leads her to a seat and smiles her gratitude for her coming. "I have brought you some tea and sugar," says Mary, and the color rises to her cheek. "Here, too, is some cake Miss Ilda gave me. I thought the children would like it. I would do more for you, but you know I have my own mother to support."

"You are very, very kind to us, dear Mary," replied the pale mother, with a faltering voice.

"Mary is good," cried one of the little prattlers, snatching a piece of cake.

The grandmother wiped her eyes. "Where is your lady to-night?" she inquired.

"At the opera," was Mary's answer.

"She was handsomely dressed, of course?" said the younger woman.

"Yes, splendidly; she wore a rich, dark green satin, flowered with gold, that was brought from Paris, and her diamonds are a fortune by themselves."

"Don't you think, Mary, that the price of her dress and shawl alone would be sufficient to keep us from cold and starvation for a year or two?" said the old woman, with an irony that the simple Mary comprehended not.

She smiled. "It would be sufficient to keep you all for life, I expect."

"And she has plenty of dress and ornament besides?"

"Dresses by the dozen," Mary replied, "and half a dozen jewel boxes filled with costly things."

"And yet she never thinks of the poor?" Mary shook her head sadly. "And these are the rich, the best, the happy?" cried the old woman, "and yet, that woman there"—pointing to her daughter—"she, too, if not a beauty, was once fair and gay and happy. She would be pretty yet, but labor and poverty have stolen her looks and cheerfulness. One diamond from that proud lady's hair, would scatter plenty around this cold home—would give us warmth, food and clothing—would save my poor child's tired eyes, and give rest to my weary, aching bones. Mary, dear! I was proud once, and would not stoop to beg; but the winter is so hard, and the work so scant and ill-paid for. Oh, Mary, ask her, ask your lady to assist us!"

"It would be useless, Mrs. Marsh; she is cold and selfish."

"But try her, Mary—try to reach her heart—'tis not for myself, but for this poor child and her little ones."

"It is of no use; I have vainly endeavored to interest her. Her heart is closed to all appeals for charity."

"Then may Heaven's curses light upon her!" cried the excited old woman. "The proud, gay, flaunting thing! She has no heart in her bosom—no soul in her body! May she freeze and starve and die, in some wretched corner, such as this! Curses on the rich! the widow and the orphan's curse upon them!" Exhausted and breathless she sank back upon her seat, and gave way to a violent fit of weeping.

"I am very sorry to see mother take on so," whispered the poor seamstress. "I do not envy the rich. Time was when I felt bitter and grieved that there should be so much difference in fates; but now I am quiet and resigned, for I know I shall soon go home; and there I know, there will be no poverty, no toil, no cold, no hunger; and a faint flush of hope and faith lit up the pallid countenance.

Mary soothed, and prayed, and consoled these lone ones, until she deemed it time to return home, with a promise of soon returning, with a smile for all, but with a saddened, heavy heart, Mary Lee, the true-hearted and benevolent, returned to the Vernon mansion—to her selfish and exorbitant mistress.

"Thou beautiful and long-prayed-for one! thou sleeping innocence! sweet bud of promise! type of angelhood, of Eden purity and peace! My child! my blessed babe!" murmured a young mother, bending over her first-born's cradle, while the infant calmly slept, and smiled in its sleep, as if communing with kindred angels. There was naught of grandeur, or of luxury in the surroundings of that cottage home—only the wild flowers peeped in at the open window, and the free sunshine streamed athwart the green lattice—and the fresh breezes played amid the snowy folds of the infant's cradle. It was the home of love and contentment—of happy toil and blessed peace. World-apart, simply contented, two loving hearts dwelt there in joy and unity, and when the linking bond that bound their souls took form in an infant's smiling aspect, they prayed for thankfulness and wept for blessedness. No fear, or envy, or care, invaded that peaceful home's sweet sanctity. It was a refuge from the toiling, busy, deceptive world—the home of love—the chosen sanctuary of the angels.

By the side of the departed, bending over the coffin that holds the form of one deeply enshrined and wildly worshiped, is a man in middle life, crushed, bowed down to earth by that greatest of earth's trials, bereavement. Wildly, vainly, calling upon the dead—the inanimate form that responds not. He heeds not the entreaties, the consolations, the proffered help of friends. His riches are as naught, since she cannot share them—life is a blank, since she departed, and even benevolent Nature wears a face of gloom, showing the absence of one worshiper. Ah, mourner! Time will drop healing from his shaded wings, and thou shalt uplift thy tear-clouded vision, again beholding earth in all her sunlit glory; wilt yet learn that the departed is nigh to thee in spirit—that love and faith and remembrance survive and live forever. Sorrow is a thing of earth. Consolation and joy perennial belong to Heaven.

"Dear mother, tell me what is heaven?" said a blue-eyed, golden-ringed child, looking earnestly into his mother's face. And reverently, and with deep feeling, the sweet-voiced woman replied:

"Heaven is where God is, Charlie, dear! where grandmother is, and all the beautiful angels!"

"And is heaven very beautiful, mother?"

"Too beautiful for any one on earth to tell," she replied, with upraised eyes, and thrilled heart. "And God is in all things beautiful on earth—in the trees and flowers, and running waters, in the clouds, the mountains, in all—in everything," she said, with glowing cheek. The child listened intently.

"Does God come to our house, mother?"

"Yes, dear; he is everywhere. His presence dwells in our humble home; there is no place where God is not."

In after years the man remembered his childish questionings, and his sweet mother's answers. He ever beholds the Divine presence in flower, tree, and running brook, and his myriad voices speak from mountain, plain and cave; from ocean, rivulet and star; from lofty site, and lowest human utterance. Remembering his mother's early lessons of truth and wisdom, he finds God everywhere, even where unforgiving human brothers deny its existence—finds it in the haunts of vice and crime, in the "pure spot," nestling in the convict's and the outcast's heart; he finds God everywhere, where society has usurped the judgment-seat; and, led on by hope, and faith, and charity, he has not found a desert haunt of earth—one human soul unvisited by God.

A woman, many years pursued by an unrelenting fate, by the overhanging dread of poverty, that is the direst phantom to a sensitive nature, at last returned to her native place, weary and discouraged with long continued battling against the world. A timid hope struggled in her bosom—perhaps the friends of her youth, the companions of her better fortunes, would befriend her—so on she walked, foot-sore and weary, faintly hoping, dreading more.

They received her with scorn and indifference, many of her early friends; others bent towards her with condescending pity, and a mock deference. Others, again, who could give naught else, gave tears and blessings; and Ilda's heart grew faint and fainter still. There was one, who, in her "golden days" of fame and homage, had tendered her fondest friendship, and vowed eternal truth. To her, poor Ilda hastened in her travel-soiled garments, and, trembling, hopefully, she gave her name. But she waited vainly for the fond caresses, the winning tones of other days; her arms opened not to receive the weary wanderer; there was no welcome given, no word of kindness spoken, and sorrowfully, silently, despairingly, Ilda crept away, and fled to the deep, dark woods, and hid her head amid the tangled grass, and wept and prayed aloud. So deeply absorbed was she, that the coming step was unheard, the soft hand unfelt that touched her shoulder so beseechingly; but when a remembered voice struck her ear, awakening a host of memories, she started to her feet, and cried aloud for joy:

"You here, dear James! How changed, how manly and noble-looking! and I left you a child; but your voice—it is I, dear James!"

"Yes, it is I, dear Ilda! dear benefactress of the past. Come home with me; you shall have shelter, and a happy home; the poor forsaken child you fed and clothed, is now a prosperous man. Come home with me, dear Ilda, away from false friends, and from all sorrows. Come!"

The weary wanderer followed, and found a home of peace, and love, and gratitude in one human heart. She had cast her bread upon the waters, and after many days it had returned to her, a fund of love and joy—an offering of gratitude.

"Sing, oh sing joyfully! for we are bearing home a pure soul to his kindred spirits; and as yet, unconscious of its glorious destiny, it knows not of the immortal vestment adorning it with so much beauty. Sing, angels, sing! behold the attendant group of Charities, the smiling faces of the heavenly, self-denials, the lightly tripping feet of good actions. Hark! the musical whisperings of hallowed aspirations, the lyre tones of poetry, the refrains of love and peace. See there the life scrolls unrolled—the how bright, how azure-tinted; shaded, it is true, with sorrow's clouds, and the mists of tears; but oh, how bright with Faith and Hope! Sing, spirits! sing for joy, for a glorious home awaits; a kindred band rejoices in the coming of this great and lowly one from earth!"

Thus sang melodiously the beautiful attendant angels of the spirit-life, and the summer Death stood radiantly smiling there, with pure-white roses in his golden hair, and love and pity in his deep blue eyes. Around the couch they mourned not, for she that had departed held among earth's daughters no high position for wealth, or fame, or beauty. But the angels sang rejoicingly, one bore before the awakening spirit of the now immortal, the starry crown of victory, wherewith regally to crown her triumphant brow; another bore the hallowed palm-branch, and a smiling cherub—the lily staff and from the assembled, holy multitude broke afresh the rejoicing hymn, and far and loud was echoed the glad refrain:

"Freud spirit, welcome home!"

October 5, 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## ALONE!

BY LIZZIE.

Oh, do not leave me sad, deserted, lonely—  
Me, whom so often you have called your own;  
Give me my resting-place once more upon your bosom—  
Whisper, only:  
"Mine—mine alone!"

My days are all alike now, dark and dreary;  
I staken like as one in hopeless strife!  
Let me not perish in your sight; delay not—I am very weary—  
You hold my life!

Oh, hear me too late! Time over flying  
Brings not again the moment scorned or lost;  
Have mercy! 'tis a breaking heart that pleads its changeless and undying,  
Its deathless love!

Forward no more; my conquered soul is praying  
To fold its drooping wings and be at rest—  
For you it yearns—come reign where you are master; no more willful straying,  
I shall be blessed!

How meek and changed, lo! those pale lips assure you;  
Thou soothe this fearful fear within my brain;  
Oh, pity me!—ay, even as you hope for mercy, I conjure you  
Give me my resting-place upon your heart again!

LIFE'S WORK.—We are weaving at the loom of life; the warp is our principles and motives; the filling our actions; and when the woof is finished, we shall be clothed forever with garments made from it.

## Life Eternal.

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

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

## PART FIFTEENTH.

The physical being is only kept alive by the power of the spirit. Let the mind become negative to disease, and the body decays and grows sickly. But keep the spirit positive, and we never need fear any physical ailment. Physical diseases in the past have been like spiritual errors. The former have needed the system of quackery, and stranger anodynes, to meet their nature, as remedies. So man's spiritual nature, unrefined in its conceptions, has needed this long discipline of doctrines, creeds, and priestcrafts.

But we, who have come forth to the light, now see that we no longer need for bodily ailments these crude remedies, any more than the spirit needs for its diseases those rough doctrines of death and annihilation—consequently a new and refined system of healing power has sprung up among you, termed homeopathy. This remedy, as you will readily see, will not do for the majority of mankind, for their spirits are not enough refined to accept those softer remedies. While the spirit of man is groveling in the doctrines of eternal misery, and living in the narrow confines of priestcraft, his body, of course, is like that spirit—gross, material, and unrefined—and he will need the remedial agents of allopathy to affect his grosser nature. Just in proportion as the spirit of man grows high and intellectual, just so far as he feels the material upon these finer productions of earth, just in proportion will the body become refined, electrical, more subtle, and a shorter period of time will it take for this organic matter to decompose. Then, as a matter of necessity, we shall not have this grosser form of death that we now have. The spirit will pass out with the smallest perceptible change. The little refined material of nature around it will suddenly dissolve its elements. Then what shall we have? Why, no more partings; no more farewells ringing through the air; no more sad notes for the dead and dying. But oh, we shall pass on so beautifully; we shall all be in one land—in one eternal reality.

The natural body of man being now composed of all the constituent elements which compose your globe, and being made of more density, you can readily see how much more marked and changed is the present condition of death, from what the future will be, when we have nurtured the material frame upon fruits, and the finer productions of earth. The animal race are now coming forward to absorb those denser, grosser properties, which man is throwing off, and, while throwing off, we are absorbing finer spirit properties into our beings. Man has fed too much upon the animal food. (But I will take up this point at another time, for I cannot, from some cause, elucidate it clearly now.)

I will speak of a little truth in connection with the diseases and remedies of mankind. While man has lived in a gross state, feeling upon the animal and vegetable kingdom, the remedies for disease to which he was subjected, had to be from the same organs of existence with which he had nourished himself—the mineral and botanic. Now, as he progresses, he feeds upon the fruits—the finer productions of the planet—and when disease comes upon him, he will continue to require remedies from the same order of existence upon which he feeds.

Perhaps there is no better elucidation of spheres than this one view of the different conditions of absorption. I would not recommend any one suddenly to break off from partaking of animal food. Man cannot—for certain properties of his material frame crave the animal, until it has thrown off its grosser particles. And how does the spirit throw off its grosser particles of matter, save from the refinement and cultivation of the intellect? We all know from observation, that where there is a superabundance of thought, there is less craving for food. The brain is positive to the physical nature, so it is not possible that one class of remedies will do for all men.

Many persons are too gross—too un-receptible for spirits to administer to their diseases. The laying-on of hands would not affect them, because they are wanting in spirit-refinement. There are many mediums developed among you, through whom spirit-physicians of the old practice are constantly working. It is well for some, and not well for others, to be under that treatment.

You have often, perhaps, in your life, felt a sudden pain or weakness. By coming in contact with certain individuals, you have been suddenly revived—the pain almost gone. How your spirit must have imbibed from them the positive power, which enabled you to make the disease a negative—and you felt it less—or no more. But to presume in the other sphere there is no more pain, no more disease, is a fallible supposition, and will not bear an argument, when we come to go into the details of that other life, its occupations, and labors. If we look back in the past, and take a long survey of diseases, we shall see that fifty years ago there were harder, grosser fevers, and pestilence was more prevalent. Now, while the age of intellect is in ascendance, we see more diseases of the nerves. If we may so express it, we call them finer diseases. Then what may we not look for in the future but diseases—not in the gross forms which have characterized them in the past, but yet disease holding a like relation to the physical condition of man?

These ideas may not sound soothing to the mass of minds who have looked for a heaven hereafter. But to him who reflects, it will show that our heaven will be forever in the soul—that it is the ever present now that decides whether we are happy or not. Ask a spirit if he is happy in his world! You may as well propound the question to a mortal on your earth. Out of kindness, consideration and love, he will almost invariably answer "Yes!" that being the easiest mode of satisfaction. But to say he is ever happy, with no perplexities, no cares, would be equivalent to a state of eternal perfection, which, when arrived at, if it were possible, would produce a satiety—a weakness in the soul. But, thank God, it can never be; for we grow on sorrow, on pains, on cares. Out of darkness the spirit produces its brightest beauties, even as the sweetest flowers grow in the deep, deep shade, where no sunlight sheds its genial beams. Then, in the abstract, are we not all one—our glorious group—one world of love coming? It is the grosser form of death that makes man look upon his friend as "departed," because the eye of the spirit looks no more through the little vestibule of clay. We can look now only through a glass darkly; soon we shall see face-to-







sists not in Sunday technicalities, but in every day common sense practice, in obeying the laws of necessity. To do business any other way is bankruptcy. Go to the suffering with love and sympathy and you will make your return richer than when you went.

#### MISS HARDINGE AT THE MELODEON. Sunday Afternoon.

In the afternoon the medium said:—"We are called upon this day to speak of 'the Spiritualism of the Jews, as a nation.' We have no right to call your attention to the history of so weak, scattered, and unimportant a race—the tribe from whom you have received your idea of God, of salvation, and of happiness or misery to come in a life hereafter—you, who, in this nineteenth century are the most enlightened nation on earth. In that nation—of itself no larger than the British territory of Wales—you find the footprints of the living God, and proof that he has thousands of times declared his preference for that nation, over any other of his children!

There is no historical evidence extant, except their own historian, Josephus; and we dare not accept the worse than Titan-fables of the nation, but must take the Scriptures as the foundation on which your religion rests. It would be vain to attribute the book of Genesis, and the books of the Pentateuch to Jewish historians, for we are ready to prove, what all intelligent minds know, that the former was made up of the traditions of other nations. The same accounts slightly varied in their groupings, have been repeated by every other nation, and the stage was old when Jewish history began.

An old Egyptian historian speaks of the same patriarchal Abraham of the old Scriptures, as one who stood out in living colors among the world's benefactors; and he is remembered, because he attempted to gather from the Egyptian Spiritualism the idea of the one Unitary God; and when he returned to Asia, to his own people, he endeavored to instill into their minds the highest idea of Deity, and from a teacher became a leader. We have but to examine the records of his history, to learn the character of his Spiritualism. We learn that the Lord God often appeared to Abraham, and talked with him face to face, as friend would talk to friend. The report seems incongruous. Sometimes he appeared to him in one position, and sometimes in another. Now, we desire to know who was this God, so that we can set this query to rest. In the book of Genesis, Abraham is represented as sitting in his tent-door, and the Lord appeared to him. In the next verse we find the Lord God to be three men, who partake of his food, and eat and drink with him. We soon find Abraham confessing himself as dust to the Lord God with whom he is conversing; and when God confides in him the fact of the coming destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, Abraham expostulates with him.

We find this same incongruity in the record of the interviews his descendants, Isaac and Jacob, had with God. Jacob conceived, while wrestling with an angel, that he had seen the face of God; but, on the other hand, we have the words of Jesus Christ that no man hath seen God at any time. Moses claimed to have seen the glory of God on the mountain, and Christians are willing to endorse this belief. We find in the story of Joseph that the Lord appeared to him in visions, and enabled him to interpret dreams by the aid of a divining cup. Now, those who will acquaint themselves with the nature of Egyptian divination—with the sacraments and forms used by the magi, not respectable enough to be called witchcraft, but since denounced as magic—will see that the God of Israel was not very choice in his instruments and means.

From the time of Joseph, the Spiritualism of Judaism undergoes a vast change. Men would seek God and ask his counsel, and we hear that the prophet Baal went forth on a high hill, to meet the Lord; and in the time of Balaam we find the angel of the Lord accommodates himself to speak through the lips of the beast of burden on which the prophet sat. If God would speak through the lips of so mean a beast, what do we arrogate, when we ask why the spirits—not of God, or his vicereagents, but—of our own loved departed, cannot speak through the table, the chair, or the organism of the willing medium?

We proceed, and find that the most telling point in Jewish Spiritualism is the record of Moses. Did we take it as it stands, it would prove a startling evidence of modern Spiritualism. Were we seeking for the greatest prodigy the world has ever beheld, we would take Moses. But we now have to speak another name, and will pause lest it be too sacred to be spoken in the same breath. We will ask you to go back with us twelve hundred years before the birth of Moses, and learn who was Bacchus—the patron of the ludicrous bacchanalia of the Greeks. Orpheus was a writer of the early Greeks, and among his works we find what are termed the Orphic verses, written twelve hundred years before the time of Moses. There is no dispute—the date is arbitrary, and cannot be denied. Orpheus wrote that, in the early age of man's history, before the art of agriculture was known—before the sun laughed upon the earth, and while man, an animal, fed with the beasts in the forest—was Bacchus born. He was found in a box, floating upon the water. He was drawn forth by a princess, and was called Osiris, because he was said to have two mothers, one by birth, and the other by adoption. As he grew in years, it was often seen that a crown of glory radiated from his brow. He taught people agriculture, and the cultivation of the vine; and they blessed him for it. He was endowed with a miraculous rod, with which he ever smote the rocks; and water gushed forth; and he caused barren fields and lands to flow with milk and honey. He led a conquering army into India, and was everywhere surrounded by prodigies—the results of his divinity. At one time he parted the waters of the sea, and again of two rivers, that his army might pass over; and his enemies, following, were drowned in the tide. Famines visited all those who opposed him, and he finally conquered the beleaguered territory. He introduced among his subjects the arts of government and letters; and when life was over, he ascended to his Father, Jupiter.

What matters it if he did not exist as a person; he was the favorite idea of the son of God. But we have as much historical evidence that Osiris lived, as we have that Pythagoras or Plato ever existed. We prefer to draw no inference between these two parallel histories, but would simply ask whether Orpheus wrote, twelve hundred years before, a plagiarism of a not yet written history—or did he create the model of what the world has regarded as the life

of God's chosen servant—for the parallel is inevitable.

It would be vain to deny that the Israelites were led from captivity by an Egyptian priest. Whether he was acquainted with the Vedas, the Elysian Mysteries of Isis and Osiris, we are not told. If the Ten Commandments be true, God is on our side; but if there be an error there, it was written ages before Moses had an existence.

Following this, is another change in the Spiritualism of the Jews. We have found God advising Jacob of the best means of obeying his brothers in their cattle trading, and again he goes forth with Joshua and Gideon, at the head of armies. Soon come Jewish prophets, when Moabitish prophets were no further needed. Anon we find this God of battles living in temples with Solomon, the idolator and adulterer—the wisest man who ever lived, because he built a superb temple to the Lord God. It is true the cherubim of the tabernacle strangely resembled the winged bull of the Greeks, and the priesthood strangely imitated that of Greece, even to their white robes.

We proceed to the time of the Babylonish Captivity, and we find another striking change in Jewish Spiritualism. Was not Daniel one of those who knew how to resist fire? It was an art known for ages among the secrets of the Oriental priesthood; and every symbol in their form may be traced to the religion of the much despised fire-worshippers.

We have seen the various developments of the Jewish conception of Deity. We have found him as a God of herds and shepherds; a God of divining cups and magi; a God who deals in fringes and garments—the Urim and Thummim of the priesthood; next, a God who commands the sacrifice of thousands, because he has declared his preference for a feeble, nomadic, wandering tribe, and that they might live in houses they had not built, and subsist on vineyards they had not planted; next he is commanding the building of a fine temple, for his own worship, seeming intoxicated with pomp and show.

Now, who wrote the Scriptures? This is a tremendous question, because the book is revered in colleges and schools, and all mankind are taught to worship it. Whence is this changeable and vagarious God? We will call your attention to the thirty-fifth chapter of the book of Jeremiah, where there is an account of a sect called Rechabites, who vowed temperance and chastity. They were a flourishing sect, and formed a college of eclectic medicine, for the expulsion of demons by magnetism, or laying on of hands, after which they brought together the traditions and religions of all nations in the same eclectic system. To this college who shall doubt the scribes and literati of that age had access? That Moses wrote the books attributed to him is a gross improbability, for they speak of his death and burial, in the language of a looker-on.

We ask you to search the Scriptures for yourselves. We only desire to arrive at truth; but it is due we call your attention to one other point—the destruction of that stern old nation. The scholar from Christian lands makes pilgrimage year after year, and weeps over the ruins of the Holy City; but there is no hope for Jerusalem—Zion cannot be reclaimed. In vain may philanthropists scatter their wealth. They cannot give to Jerusalem its departed glory. Its spirit has fled, and the foot of the stranger now echoes over the ruined walls, while the poor Jew, noble and proud in his conservatism, is scoffed, scorned and proscribed—a wanderer in lands not his own, far from the holy graves of his fathers. Never, we say, will the Holy City be rebuilt, till it becomes the heritage of the world, and its ancient people learn that the God of Israel is the God of all mankind.

#### Sunday Evening.

In the evening Miss H.'s remarks related to the Spiritualism of Greece and Rome. She narrated the history and traditions of the principal myths of their theology, giving them credit of an extensive system of plagiarism from the fabled divinities of India, Egypt and Persia, which, in turn, are plagiarized into Christianity. The cabalistic initials, often seen on the Roman cross—L. H. S.—were traced back to the Mysteries of Isis, and found to be the monogram of the god of agriculture. The ceremony of the Lord's supper was traced to the service of the old Grecian priesthood, who ate of the body of Ceres, and drank the blood of Bacchus.

Questions and answers followed, but were unimportant, and we omit them.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

COURTESY AND MARRIAGE, and other sketches, by Robert Morris, editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer. The essays contained in this book may be truly denominated glad tidings. The sentiments expressed are those of true humanity—high-toned, charitable and elevating. The heart that can tune itself to a practise of these sentiments, may find a heaven everywhere, and will exert an influence for good on all around. It does not partake of the narrative, and is the better suited to that class who do not enjoy novel-reading so well as a more solid style.

John Griggs, a retired publisher and bookseller, says of this book, and we think truly:—

"From the commencement of my book-selling career, in July, 1816, to the present day, I have taken a deep interest in the distribution of such books as I thought would promote the welfare and happiness of mankind, and I take this opportunity to say, that no book published in this country, (with the exception of the Bible), deserves a more general circulation into every family in our country than the book you now have in press. The most important part of education, in my opinion, is the cultivation of the heart, and a perusal of this work of our friend Morris, will produce good fruit. There is no chapter in it any person will read, but what the man, woman or child will say they are the better, after reading and reflecting thereon."

It is bound in Peterson's library style, and is a handsome volume.

#### "GOOD RIGHT-THINKING."

Such is the title of an illustrated fable of sixteen pages, which pictures the reward charity works out for itself, and the punishment which follows selfishness and uncharitableness. It is calculated for children, and will hinge the fancies of many a young mind. It is for sale by A. Williams & Co.

#### PROF. GRIMES IN FRANKLIN, N. H.

We have received a succinct account of the exposure of the humbugs of this lecturer, and shall print it in our next. The statement comes from "solid men," and places Grimes in his true light before men and women who are so ready to be "humbugged" by anybody who writes and talks against Spiritualism.

'Tis cruelty to load a falling man.—Shak.

## New York Correspondence.

Lecture on Spiritualism by Rev. John Pierpont—The Conference, etc.

New York, Oct. 16, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—Your "New York Correspondence" is not deserving the charge implied in the language of "Rivulet" in the last week's BANNER. His business is to gather news, facts and incidents for your columns; and in the discharge of this duty the frequent use of peculiar phenomena has led to the frequent use of Dr. Redman's name, but not to the disparagement of any other medium. I long since invited both Mr. Conklin and Mr. Munson to furnish me with all facts of interest occurring at their circles, which, so far as they have come to my knowledge, I have not failed to report; and I do not believe that either of them, least of all Mr. Munson, thinks that I have treated him or his circles unfairly. The desk at Dodworth's, last Sabbath, was occupied, morning and evening, by the Rev. John Pierpont. This hall was crowded, many having been unable to effect an entrance; and so great is the anxiety to listen to the veteran, that he has remained in the city and will speak again at the same place to-morrow. The press has treated him with unusual fairness. So accustomed are Spiritualists to misrepresentation and abuse, that the publication of a fair abstract of a spiritualistic discourse, in such papers as the Tribune and the Times, is matter of surprise. In this instance they have done so, and let us award them due credit. In Mr. Pierpont your readers will recognize the well known poet, whose reputation in this department of literature is by no means confined to America. He was educated for the bar, but changing his views he entered the ministry, and for many years has been one of the leading Unitarian clergymen of New England.

The speaker said, that Spiritualism was as old as the oldest book in the Old Testament. He was not a Spiritualist in any sectarian sense. In his investigations, which had been extensive, he had found nothing to shake his religious beliefs. But when the phenomena of Spiritualism occurred, he deemed it his duty, as a man interested in spiritual matters, to investigate them. He had done so, and became strongly impressed of their truth—that they were of God. They were part of the onward movement everywhere visible in the universe. He could nowhere discover that God had ceased to work, either in the natural or moral worlds. By favoring Spiritualism he had probably shut himself out of his church, but he apprehended that his church was not brave enough to investigate the question with him. The phenomena of Spiritualism had become as palpable as the sun at noon-day. The attempted explanations of its opponents do not begin to touch the facts. Bodies move without physical contact, and audible sounds which cannot be accounted for, are heard. The questions will recur: What moves those bodies? What makes those sounds? All supposed tricks of mediums, electricity, galvanism and magnetism alike failed to account for them. He had seen a table move several feet, when no one was within one or two yards of it, and then upset and break into fragments. He had placed an electrometer on it while it was agitated, and if electricity had had anything to do with it, the instrument would have detected it. The authenticity of the Bible was not upheld by one hundredth part of the proof which Spiritualists to furnish these proofs of spirit-agency. If this is denied, it is equally incumbent on the other side to tell us how the phenomena are produced, or to accept our explanation.

The evening lecture was equally well attended, and the Times says that Mr. Pierpont, by his earnestness and evident sincerity, won the respect not only of the Spiritualists, but also of the skeptics in his audience.

The case of Mr. and Mrs. Hatch is in the hands of arbitrators, where it has been for several weeks; and who are now, I learn, about ready to make their decision. What it is likely to be is carefully kept from the knowledge of the outside world.

The Conference last evening was crowded, and the debate lively. The question was, "What are the causes and conditions of these phenomena, and the reasons for and against the supposition that they are produced by spirits?"

So far as physical manifestations are concerned, there was a strong battle made against them all by Mr. John F. Coles. He did not believe that spirits have the power to move material substances, and did not believe that a rap was ever produced except by the toe-joints, or some other act of the medium. The mediums for this class of manifestations he pronounced humbugs and deceivers. He had caught a great many of them in the act. His eyes began to be opened about three years ago. He had seen tables float in the air, and heard voices through trumpets. With six men round a table, one may know where his own feet are, and where his next neighbor's are, but it is impossible to keep track of the whole. He had chalked the under side of a table, and the chalk marks appeared on the medium's knees. He had secured the trumpet, through which spirits spoke, so as to remove all marks from it, and then held the hands of the two mediums. The trumpet was spoken through, but fresh marks of teeth were plainly discernible on it. He had detected one medium with a pencil fastened in the toe of his boot, with which writing was performed under the table; and another wrote the names on the bottom of his boot, and stamped them off on the paper. Neither did he believe in Winne's bones. He accorded all honesty to Dr. Orton, but he believed that both that and the dove story were in some way deceptions.

Mr. Coles's speech produced something of a flutter. No one was sorry to have the deceptions of mediums exposed and rebuked, but it was felt that the speaker's denunciations were quite too sweeping. Especially was this the case when it was considered that he had been a medium himself, and had often spoken in the trance state, and further that he had traveled with Mrs. Coan, the celebrated rapping medium, over a large part of the United States, as a business operation. Horace Dresser reminded him, that on a certain occasion, in a private house, he (Coles) had personated an Indian, bounded about the floor in a very unchristian-like way, and made a speech in an unknown language. Mr. Coles acknowledged the charge. He was then laboring under the fancy that he was influenced by an Indian Chief. He could not help his actions at the time, or at least he supposed he could not.

Dr. Hallcock related an incident which is well worth preserving. Several years ago he was at Rochester, N. Y., in the presence of a lady and gentleman, when suddenly a full-blown rose, with accompanying leaves and buds, the whole three or four

inches long, appeared in a raised or embossed character on the lady's arm. It was of a red color, sharp and distinct in outline, and a drawing was taken of it, when it faded away. The gentleman, meanwhile, had a vision of a tree and the lady in it, which he interpreted as indicative of the aspiring tendency of her mind. The speaker, Dr. H., was anxious for the return of the rose, and watched every movement of the lady. Suddenly an accidental motion exposed her arm to his view, and there, instead of the rose, was the tree in like character, as the gentleman had described it.

—YORK.

#### EXPOSURE OF SPIRITUALISM.

"Deceitless the pleasure is as great  
In being cheated, as to cheat."

So says Hudibras, and we are almost inclined to adopt his opinion, when we see how ready many people are to listen to Prof. Grimes's pretended exposition of Spiritualism. But, *apropos* of the Professor's boasted science, we find an account in the papers of another *expose*, which we will relate in the language of the Boston Herald:

LETTING THE CAT OUT.—A cute Yankee advertised in Portland, that what he styled the "humbuggery of Spiritualism" would be outdone Wednesday evening at City Hall, "by letting the cat out of the bag"—admission five cents. At an early hour, says the Advertiser, the house was crowded, a goodly portion being women. The lecturer commenced, and the audience were hushed to perfect stillness. After making a few remarks—very brief, indeed—the lecturer took from beneath the desk a bag, and ripping it open, out popped a large cat, which, squalling and spitting, made a spring among the audience. The applause that burst forth was tremendous, amidst which our Yankee took his hat and coolly walked out of the hall. He had fulfilled his promise—the cat had been let out of the bag—and his money was fairly earned. While the humbugger was jingling his pocket full of coins, and laughing in his sleeve, the humbugged slowly left the hall, with the air and feeling of those who had been decidedly "sold."

The audience which witnessed this *expose* were not a whit more imposed upon, than the audiences who listen to Professor Grimes, or read Professor Fulton. Pity we had not the professor's name who let the last cat out of the bag—added to the former two there would be a glorious trio.

#### MUSIC HALL.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Lower Music Hall again on Friday evening next, at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission, ten cents. Miss H. goes to Montreal next month, and will then make a western tour.

## The Busy World.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER.—First page—Original Poetry; continuation of Mrs. Porter's beautiful story of "Hucky Nook." Second page—Poetry, "The Two Churches," by Lita H. Barney; a fine sketch, by Charles A. Seymour, entitled "The Wife: A Tale of Woman's Influence." Third page—"Contrast," by Cora Wilbur; Poetry; "Life Eternal." Fourth and fifth pages—Editorials, Reports of Sunday Lectures, Correspondence, general intelligence, etc. Sixth page—Spirit Messages: the one "To a Clergyman," (in the fifth column), which was given by request, should be widely circulated by Spiritualists. Seventh page—Correspondence: Another Voice in Defence of Mediums, Donati's Comet, Pulpit Worship, Natural Laws, (No. 3.) The Cause in Connecticut, Letter from New York. Eighth page—Pearls, Miss Hardinge at Music Hall, Facts and Tests, etc.

"THE WORLD MOVES."—Copernicus, first teacher of the theory that the sun was the centre of the planetary system, was excommunicated from the Vatican in 1543 for heresy. The sentence against him was annulled in 1821. The physician who first introduced Spanish flies into England, was imprisoned in Newgate. Dr. Harvey was denounced as a quack by his profession, and reduced to poverty, for publishing his blood-circulation theory. Vaccination was preached against in England because it took the control of events out of the hands of Almighty. But yet the Atlantic cable is laid and God's hand is recognized therein. The religious world has found it for its interest to give God the credit of new developments of science instead of his all-potent Devilship, as formerly.

Charles Tucker has been expelled from the church at Decatur, Mich., for being cured of rheumatism by a healing medium, and saying that "he was cured by the power of spirits," says the North-Western Excelsior.

TRUE.—The Spiritual Age says:—"The only safety to human society is the enlightenment and elevation of the whole community—the banishment of superstition, ignorance, disease and selfishness. This, Spiritualism is effecting more rapidly than all other agencies, notwithstanding the evils which are alleged against it."

The reader will find much "food for reflection," on perusal of the spirit communication under the head of "Life Eternal," (through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams,) upon the third page of the Banner. We call the attention of skeptics especially to the subject therein elucidated.

The combined Agricultural Societies of Franklin, Hampshire and Hampden counties held their annual cattle shows on Wednesday and Thursday last week, at Northampton. It was a very successful affair.

The Suffolk Bank has issued a circular to the Country Banks, stating that the business of assorting country money will not be continued by that bank after the 30th of November next.

A duel was fought in Mississippi, it is said, by S. Knott, and W. A. Shott. The result was, Knott was shot, and Shott was not. In those circumstances we should rather have been shot than Knott.

The Harmonical Colony Association announce another Convention to be held at Worcester, Mass., on the 17th proximo, the particular objects of which are set forth in the notice which we print in another column.

Says Brad to Digby, "You have long indulged in many little flights of wit in my presence. I now desire to show that I, though not a wit, am not a whit less witless than yourself." Can you tell me, Digby, why a muf's jaw like a fool?"

Digby acknowledged his inability to reply. "Because it holds a lady's hand without squeezing it!" said Brad.

Socrates was poisoned for "corrupting the minds of the youth" by swearing four new oaths not on the list of those allowed by Athenian laws.

The British frigate Valorous, from Plymouth, England, via Fayal, has arrived at New York with forty-two of the passengers of the burnt steamer Austria, who were taken to Fayal by the French barque Maurio. Three of the passengers—F. Mes-

mer and Prof. Eisfeld, of New York, and C. Barker, of Westphalia—were left in the hospital at Fayal, badly bruised. The officers and crew saved had gone to Hamburg.

TOUCH IT LIGHTLY.—The General Baptist Banner, the organ of the Baptist denomination in Kentucky, says:—

"While we as a denomination tolerate dram-drinking, we advise the brethren to use it cautiously, and for God's sake let the sacred and holy minister of God touch it lightly."

Mexico.—Mexican news in detail has been received. The statement of the defeat near San Luis Potosi of Vidaurri by Miramon, is confirmed. Other battles, on a smaller scale, had taken place. It would seem, however, that the fortunes of the Constitutionalists are on the wane. The report that Garza had imposed a forced loan at Tampico is also fully confirmed. The French Consul at that port had applied for some national vessels to protect the French merchants there.

"Mr. Jenkins, will it suit you to settle that old account of yours?" "No sir; you are mistaken in the man. I am not one of the old settlers."

Fortune grows tired of always carrying the same name on her back.

The Anheist and Belchertown Railroad, which cost \$225,000, has been sold to the bondholders for \$12,500. The road is twenty miles long.

Why is an Englishman like a bee? Because he is ruled by a queen.

THE NICARAGUAN MINISTER DISMISSED.—It is said that Gen. Cass has written a letter to Jerez, the Nicaraguan minister, declaring his mission closed, and recapitulating the grievances suffered from Nicaragua.

One thousand dollars have been subscribed toward the purchase of chime-bells in Old Cambridge.

LATE FOREIGN ITEMS.—Great agitation prevails throughout Syria. The Christian population live in perpetual fear of the Mussulmans. The Turkish Government is described as exercising scarcely any authority in the province.

The Parliament of Holland has voted 15,000,000, as indemnity to the colonies of Surinam and Demerara for the liberation of slaves, and 3,000,000 more to the slave owners in Dutch India.

The Emperor Alexander's reception at Warsaw is described as having been very enthusiastic.

On the 25th the Emperor Alexander and the Prince of Prussia reviewed the troops at the camp of Potoski, near Warsaw. The effective force amounted to 30,000 men—consisting of 43 battalions, 25 squadrons, and 64 guns.

The recent outbreak at Lisbon against the Jesuits and French sisters of charity originated in one of the fathers declaring from the pulpit that Portugal would never be happy until she got rid of the constitutional form of government.

The shaft of the Page Bank coal-pit, near Durham, took fire while the men and boys, to the number of eighty-two, were at work in the mine. It was feared that the lives of all would be sacrificed, but after great exertions in subduing the flames, seventy-two persons were drawn out of the pit alive, and the other ten dead.

The weather in England has been favorable for securing the balance of the grain crop and for beginning upon the autumnal field labors.

Here is a specimen of religious liberty in Austria. A countryman in the neighborhood of Maribach met a procession of pilgrims on their way there, and neglected to take off his hat while it passed. This is an offence under the new concordat, and the delinquent has been accordingly tried for it by the landgericht at Vienna. He was sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment with hard labor.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT in noticing an article in our last paper uses the words, "A hawk after the crows of the Courier." We do not know but the BANNER may think itself an eagle, and be about to swoop down upon and tear both hawk and crows, but we can assure it, that if our strength is not sufficient, our wings are fleet enough to avoid its talons, and the crows are not so fleet enough eating for us to run much risk in their capture. However, the BANNER, whatever may be its faith, is liberal in its tendencies and not disposed to interfere with the belief of others or burden them upon already heavily laden backs. To all such eagles we wish God-speed, and would rather add to, than take a-plume from their wings.—Sunday News.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

H. S. M., STOCKBRIDGE.—The obituary was not received in season for this week's BANNER. It will appear in our next.

J. F. R., HARTFORD, CT.—Your note has been received and placed on file for examination.

J. P. R., ALTON, N. H.—Thank you for the compliment. If keeping the BANNER in the track of Spiritualism, and not committing it to any other hand, will ensure us friends, we shall certainly gain them. Send us your tests. We sent you specimen numbers.

L. H. B., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—You have our thanks for the interest you take in the BANNER. May all good angels protect you through your earthly pilgrimage.

J. S. RENO, RAYMOND.—You may send the names you speak of. Will give your letter an insertion, which may procure you a call.

## Special Notice.

#### HARMONICAL COLONY ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.

There will be a Convention held at Horticultural Hall, Worcester, Mass., Nov. 17th, 1858, for the purpose of giving every friend of this movement an opportunity of hearing and understanding more fully its object and design, and for each one to present ideas—which will be of interest to this great movement—to harmonize and bring mankind together on the true principle of love and wisdom. It is hoped that there will be a great gathering of the friends of humanity at this Convention, not only to give countenance to this system of elevating the race, but to sign the compact, and become living members of Nature's grand institution for harmonizing the race. Come, mediums, and let spirits and angels speak their approval of this great work. Come, all ye brothers and sisters, who desire to live a life of harmony, purity and progress—come, for all things are now ready for action.

Per order of the directors of the Harmonical Colony Association.  
Worcester, Oct. 17, 1858.

#### NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY SERVICES IN BOSTON.—Miss Emma Hardinge will speak at the Melodeon, Washington street, Boston, on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock. P. M. Subject in the evening—"Spiritualism of Ancient Christianity." In the afternoon—"Spiritualism of Modern Christianity." Admission ten cents.

MEETINGS AT No. 14 BROADWAY STREET.—A CIRCLE for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock; also at 3 o'clock, P. M. D. F. Giddard, regular speaker. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINGS IN CHURCHES, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, WILKINSON STREET. D. F. GIDDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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 Sunday forenoon and afternoon, in Well's Hall, Spunking, by mediums and others.

NEWBURGH.—Spiritualists of this place hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Essex Hall, State street, at 2 and 7 o'clock. The best of trance speakers engaged.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—At the Harmonical Institute, No. 12, So. Main street, trances are held and lectures delivered every evening. Sabbath morning services at half-past 10 o'clock.



## 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. GAYNE, Trance Medium, who allows her medium powers to be used only for this object.

They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communication 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 *passing* 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 prejudice put forth by spirits. In these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses an individual truth as he perceives it, 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 prove to the public that these messages are given by the spirits, our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend, and who will be on application to us. They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at quarter of two, after which time no one will be admitted; they are held on the first and third of each month, and on the last of each year, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

W. B. BERRY.

## MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications are given by the following spirits, who are published in regular order. With every Spiritualist, who reads one of these messages, we wish to see whether he or she is a true Spiritualist, or a false one. We wish to see whether he or she is a true Spiritualist, or a false one. We wish to see whether he or she is a true Spiritualist, or a false one.

Sept. 25—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 1—Mary Wallace, Mary Adams, Clementina Gallaway, etc.

Oct. 2—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 3—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 4—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 5—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 6—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 7—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 8—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 9—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 10—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 11—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 12—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 13—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 14—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 15—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 16—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

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Oct. 18—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 19—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Oct. 20—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

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Nov. 29—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Nov. 30—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Dec. 1—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

Dec. 2—John Williams, Francis H. Smith, George Henry Davis, etc.

The man I should like to talk to the most, is John Goodrich. He lived in Concord, N. H.

Now what is the use of anybody dying to get out of trouble? I see my sins stronger than when I was alive. I supposed I should be worse off, or should be taken into heaven by mistake, and be a good deal happier. Instead of that, I am where I did not expect to be, and that's on earth. I find myself among those who drink.

A medium present saw the spirit as he influenced Mrs. C., and asked him how he "lost those two fingers."

How the devil did you know that? Well, I'll tell you—I lost them by a circular saw. Do you know how you saw that? Well, I was thinking back to the past—to scenes in the past; I mean—and you followed me, and saw those scenes.

I was a great fault-finder on earth—nothing went right with me. I was not begun right, any way. The devil follows me—always did.

Ask John Goodrich if he remembers the time he asked me to drink a glass of champagne with him, and I refused, because I told him I had something within that told me if I did, I should love it too well. He laughed at me, and I drank, and I kept going down from that moment. I don't think much of rumblers, though I know you have got a lot of them on earth.

Sept. 25.

## Mary Smith.

I see no familiar faces here. All are strangers to me. Six years ago I died in Cleveland, Ohio. My disease was consumption. I feel very anxious to commune with my friends. Is there any way for me to reach them?

My name was Mary Smith. Before marriage it was Hamilton—my husband's name was James H. Smith. I have one child on earth. I was twenty-seven years of age when I died. I feel so strange, coming here! I meet no familiar face, and I scarce know whether it is well for me to stay or go.

I wish to tell my husband and my child that I can commune; that I believe it to be right to do so. I have much to say in regard to my child. I do not like her situation; it grieves me exceedingly. I can't rid myself of the care of that child. I am not an unhappy spirit, neither am I very happy. I think I should be, could I establish communication between my own dear friends and myself.

Four years ago I welcomed my mother to spirit life. Oh, how much I wish, if it was the will of the living Father, that my child might come here. I see that in her pathway that will be a source of much trouble to her, if she stays long on earth. Can I not reach her? They tell me my most direct path lies this way. Am I deceived?

While my dear mother lived, I had no fears for my child; but now I know her situation is not a good one, and I feel, almost hourly, severe pangs caused by her unhappy state. And now, if I can succeed in reaching and communing with my husband, I shall be very happy, for then I know I can make all those thorns to disappear from the pathway of my child. Oh, yes, I know I have the power to do so, if I can only accomplish the first.

Pardon me for coming here. I hoped to meet some familiar face here; but all are strangers. I am going.

Sept. 25.

## Ambrose Whittemore.

I find some difficulty in controlling my medium. Perhaps my own peculiar state is the cause of the difficulty. Perhaps I am not well enough acquainted with these matters to make a successful effort. I have made quite a number of unsuccessful attempts to commune with my friends, and being very anxious in regard to some members of my family, I thought I would try to do so. I suppose it is necessary to give you facts, in order that I may be recognized. My name was Ambrose Whittemore. I was what might be called a turpentine distiller. I came to the spirit-world by rather a strange way, but I am told the direct cause of my death was apoplexy; in a word, I died in a fit. Perhaps I shall be better understood by giving this in a plain, straightforward way.

I left a family; a wife, one son and three daughters. My son has been an inhabitant of the spirit-world seven years—mistake—it is six; pardon me. I have been here near twelve years; not quite that. I resided in Charlestown, Mass. I have acquaintances there, perhaps some friends. It is my intention to be as clear as possible; if I make any mistake it is through ignorance. My wish is to prove to my friends that I do yet live—that I have power to return to them, and if they will give me opportunity, I can do much for them. I left my wife in rather straitened circumstances. She has suffered much since my departure. Although not a believer in these manifestations, yet she often tells her friends that I must be near her, for she feels me there. Now why not open the door wide and let me come, not stand there trembling while I am present? I intend to give enough here for my friends to identify me. I think I have given enough. They may require stronger proof, but if I was on earth I think I should not.

I have no wish to make a communication to the world at large, but I do wish to commune to my own family, and I cannot rest until the channel is free for me to go and come. I feel quite happy in my present situation. I had a full belief in a universal salvation, and I have had no reason to lay down that belief since I have been here. Everything around me proves I was correct upon that one point at any rate.

You speak of persons who knew me, living in Cambridge. I have friends and relations all around in the adjoining towns, but I have no wish to commune with anybody but my wife and children. The Universalist minister is a cousin of mine, but I have no wish to commune with him—when I do shall. No spirit should ever attempt to commune with a person unless he has a desire so to do, for with the desire comes the will and power to do it, and without it no spirit is sure of doing well.

Now, if you will publish such part of my communication as you see fit, you will oblige me, and I shall have reason and opportunity to thank you at some future day.

Sept. 25.

## Alfred Whittemore.

How do you do, sir. I claim the last visitor as my father. The old man seems inclined to keep something to himself. It's all right, I suppose. My name is Alfred Whittemore. I'm the son he spoke of. I'm going to tell you a few things that may perhaps unravel this mystery, and yet I'm not going to betray my father. I was in my twenty-first year when I died—if memory serves me right, and from the earliest recollection, the most of our kindred were above our family, in their own estimation—not in mine, however, and my father had not much to do with them. My father was attached to his family. He has no disposition to commune with any but his family, for the reason that he did not, before his death. When he is convinced he is wrong, he will turn round and do right—if he was sure he was doing right, he would be sure to go ahead, if the whole world should go against him. I remember when he died—it was in the evening. I remember what was said of him—that he was not so exact in his dealings with mankind as he might have been. That I believe to be false, for I believe my father to have been as straight a man as could be.

I took to sea, got a little wild, and was not so much help to him as I wish I had been. I have three sisters, and should like to commune with them and my mother—I shall, when it is right for me to. I died 4000 miles from home, and there are some circumstances connected with it, that some day I will give, but not now.

I only came to make strong my father's case, and will go, now.

Sept. 25.

## Aunt Silvie Brown.

How d'ye, Massa? Will please say Auntie Silvie come, and could not find what Missus want this time? Tell time of day, Massa—tell time of day (quarter past four). Missus tells me to fix 'em when I come

here, so let me fix 'em, Massa. She send your last letter, and she say, come again, Auntie Silvie—make a cross.

[This spirit here took our pen, and made a cross at the bottom of the page on which we were writing.]

## Joshua Eustis.

In all the departments of man's natural life we find one ruling principle stamped—indelibly stamped—fixed there—and that is a desire for more knowledge.

Nearly all the human family are seeking in the wrong way. They are like the child who, when he received his first lesson in music, wished to be taught to play some pleasing piece of music. Instead of going through all the rudiments, he wished to jump through, and get at something he will not comprehend if he gets.

So it is with man at the present. He seems to wish to know something of the future, instead of knowing the past. Now, if mankind had knowledge of the future, it would be no future.

Some of our friends want me to come here, and give them something that will be sure to happen in the future. They say if I will, they will believe in Spiritualism. I can look into the future to a certain extent, and with a certain amount of reliability; yet I am still a finite being, subject to a great amount of difficulty in passing through change after change. I have a great desire to inspire my friends with a faith—a knowledge of the future; but I am not going to reach into the future, to grasp something I have no right to, and hand it to my friends. Faith is not strengthened by satisfying a morbid curiosity. I see it would not benefit my friends for me to give them any such thing. If I could be satisfied by any power here present, that it was right for me to do so, I should do it. "Give us some positive proof," say my friends. Now suppose I should tell them that one member of their family would die at such a time, it would be a constant source of torment. No man or woman is a true Spiritualist who calls for some manifestation that belongs to the future.

I came here today, because requested to come; I commune, because I feel it my duty so to do. I withhold certain things, because I believe it my duty to do so. I do not wish to give my friends anything that will cause enmity. I have given sufficient proof, and my friends will see I have, just as soon as they become developed. When they become strong enough to digest all I have given, it will be time for me to give more.

Oh, it is a pity that the present generation do not look a little more into the present, instead of asking for the hidden things of the future. I have been to a great many circles since I died, but I have never been here before. My name was Joshua Eustis.

Now, I suppose my friends will say, he knew enough to go there, if it was him, but he did not know enough to give us what we wanted. Well, it might as well be so, for me to give something I verily believe I ought not to give.

I resided in Portland, Maine. I am going now, as I have an appointment within twenty minutes of this time.

Sept. 25.

## Elizabeth Tapley.

I could not speak. I desire to, much. Tell the children I am distressed to speak to them.

Sept. 27.

## Wm. Dowse.

I am not used to speaking, but I suppose all have to learn, and I suppose we must take the little with the great. That's what they told me on earth. Now I don't like to come to strangers, and lay before them all my little private matters, in order to be recognized by my friends. It seems to me as though there ought to be a reform in this matter—I don't know that there can be. There are a great many living with me who would like to come here, but do not, because they do not like to lay open all their little scenes in the earth life. They do not care for themselves, but do care for their people on earth.

Now I have nieces and grandchildren on earth, and if I could commune with them, I should like to, but if I have got to tell all the acts of my life, I had rather not commune, because my people will not like it. My name was William Dowse. I was a trader in Boston. I died here. Most of my connections are here. I have been in the spirit-world quite a number of years—I think between nine and ten. I have never communed before, although I should have done so could I have approached my relatives.

I feel that I have done but half my duty on earth, and I suffer in consequence now. I lived to be sixty years of age, although you would not suppose it, if you saw me. I have affairs I should like to talk of—indeed, I should cast a heavy load off if I could do so. You may tell me to do so here, but I shall beg to be excused. There are those who do not wish to make confessions of the whole world. I should wait a long time before I did so. Not that I committed gross sins on earth—oh, no that is not the reason. I know my friends are not well disposed to Spiritualism, or Spiritualism, and if I can turn the tide of affairs I shall be pleased to do so, but I can never do that by coming and telling all I know. Some of my friends are doing very wrong on earth. You do not know who they are, nor anybody here. I should like to have an interview with those of my kindred who are satisfied they are doing wrong. They have certain intuitive powers, which tell them when they are right or wrong, just as well as the highest angel. I have been told if I came here I could in time reach my friends and influence them. I know not how this is to be brought about, other than by their seeing this, and having their curiosity awakened by it, to speak with me face to face.

I was blessed with a certain amount of this world's goods, and left it to my kindred. I do not come here to tell them they are doing wrong with what I left, because I do not care what they do with it on my account, but if I can come here and tell them how they may do right with it, and be made happier, I shall do so.

I have said all I have to say, and will go. Pardon me, however, for saying that you have a large crowd of people, all of whom are very anxious to commune, but it seems to me it will take many years before some of them do so.

Sept. 27.

## Jeremiah Williams.

My dear son—I have made an attempt to commune with you many times since my departure from earth, but have not been able to do so, until this day, the twenty-seventh of September, in the year of the Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight.

You cannot realize that your father speaks to you through this message, yet it is so. During all the years of my absence from my home on earth, I have never ceased to think of those I left behind me. Your mother, who will recollect, tried the realities of spirit-life some time or I was called from earth to the higher life, and she joins me in communing to you this day.

You must seek help, and if you do not believe me, you must seek until you have proof enough to believe me beyond a doubt. Do this, and you will relieve your own conscience, and make happy your father and mother in spirit-life. JEREMIAH WILLIAMS.

Sept. 27.

## Joseph Gardner.

I was an Englishman by birth, but I died in Boston, in the year 1819. My name was Joseph Gardner; I was a tailor by occupation; I came to this country a few years previous to my death. I have some relatives residing in Boston; who, I am told, are very anxious to know something of myself, and I now take the blessed opportunity of speaking unto them through the medium of your paper. I never saw or even heard from one of my kindred since I left England, with the exception of one, and that was about one year after I landed in America.

I wish to tell my friends my body lies buried in one of the old church-yards at the northern part of

the city of Boston. Boston is not what it was when I lived. When I heard I was to speak to-day, I took the privilege of looking round, and I saw a great change in everything here. I kept a small shop in Washington street—then called. I was burned out in the year 1816; but I soon found another place a short distance from the old one, and went into business again. The friends I wish to speak to, and would like to have speak with me, I think have come to America since my death. They do not know I am dead, but they expect I am, as they can find no trace of me here.

Trouble in business affairs led me to come here to this country. I was a regular attendant at church—Christ's Church. May be there are some still living on earth who might like to speak with me; who attended the same place of worship. However, I do not come here to-day to reach them, but to set at ease my family, my friends and relatives, and perhaps to add something to the great cause that seems to be making such a furor over my own country.

I will go, now, as I have told my story. I was 54 years of age when I died.

Sept. 27.

## Asa Dearborn.

My dear friend, brother and son—Feeling it to be my duty, as well as pleasure, to return to earth after a lapse of years, to commune with some one or more who were of my family, I do deem it well to come by message to you, Moses Howe. Will you receive me? or will you say, "I never knew such a you?" or will you say, "It cannot be that the spirits of those who once lived and held command of forms like my own, can have power to speak to the inhabitants of this our mundane sphere?" I feel you cannot, will not, be like Peter, of old—not that I am your master, or Lord, but that I am just what this superscription tells you I am.

My son, soon you must pass from this, your present state of life, to that I have been trying, these many years; and again, you have in charge one whom you will know was more than dear to me—is it not so? Then do not marvel at my coming, but like a soldier of the one true God, I desire that you will seek at once to be better informed of the things that are so seemingly mysterious.

Do not ask how you shall seek, except by consulting your own intuitive powers, for they will in no wise lead you astray in these matters, for God is in the work, and who shall bid it cease? Surely not the clamorous multitude who cry out "humbug?"—who then? Not all the forces crying out against Progress—for the car will move on, and the number will increase.

My son—it is your duty, as a rational and true man, to seek to know of these things; if you do not seek, believe me you will regret it—not that you will suffer the tortures of a hell of fire hereafter, for there is no such place; but that, when in spirit-life, you will sorrow that you rejected the truths that would have served you well. Many there are who dwell in spirit-life, who are anxious to hold communion with yourself. Can you tell why? No, thinks you can. Do you not see you might be an instrument of great good, by our Father's blessing, could you be informed of these manifestations?

I see it, and you must, if you will think with freedom upon the subject that should interest you in this time, as it will in the future. I ask nothing you are not able to do; I only ask you to seek, and the holy one of Nazareth said, and truthfully said, you shall not seek in vain.

Say not his words did not apply to the subject I have brought before you; who can tell what they did relate unto? May they not have a part in the sayings and doings of this day?

My time with this medium is past, and I must bid me to my ethereal home—a home you will soon have the pleasure of seeing.

Believe me yours truly in spirit,

ASA DEARBORN.

To Moses Howe, minister unto the mariners of New Bedford, in mortal life.

Sept. 27.

## Jack Seward.

Hard work to board this craft. I thought I'd get here before the old gentleman done up his writing. I have a word to say to the old fellow he wrote to. Twelve years ago I heard him preach from a text I remember as well as if it was but yesterday. The text was: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

I'll tell you what it was about, too. There was an old fellow I used to sail under. I call no names. He was a hard customer, as everybody knew who sailed with him. Some of my comrades told me they were going to post up the parson, so he would preach to him before he went. The captain used to go to church the Sunday before he went to sea. Well, the old parson took the hint, and he gave him the devilish dressing down any man ever had, and all to him. Well, the captain took it all to himself—I know he did, for he was better after it. It was twelve years ago since I heard that sermon, if you are right in time, and I died just four years from the time I heard that discourse. I was lost. Now you won't get me into a scrape by telling the wrong time, will you?

I have an old mother living in Provincetown, Mass. Her name is Elizabeth Seward. She knows I'm dead, but she don't know I can talk. Tell her I'm happy as I want to be, and I should like to talk to her, and tell her of a good many things I have seen and heard. She has a son on earth—a half-brother to me—but we didn't hitch horses very well, so I'll say no more about him.

But give my regards to the old parson, and tell him I think just as the old man who wrote did. He was a great deal higher than I, knows more, and could talk better, if he had talked. I was lost on board the whale-ship Lucy. We had a storm. I got through with it, but got out on the other side.

Now, that old gentleman wrote just as easy as anything; but I tried, and couldn't write a line. I suppose you have got to understand every rope in the ship first. Well, just say that Jack Seward cast anchor here, and boarded this craft, and spoke to you. Good bye to you.

Sept. 27.

## George Converse.

I do not know as I understand how to control your machine here; suppose you tell me a little how to manage. It's a hard work to get inside of a box like this, when you have no air to run the machine with. I feel strange here, but I've got to say something now I've got here.



me; but I have not. I was drowned from off a fishing smack, four years ago. I want to know if there is any way whereby I can see any of my folks. The vessel's name was the *Enterprise*. I lived in Konebunk, Me. I was nineteen years of age. I was drowned four years ago, in 1854, in the month of September. I was out in a small boat, and was capsized in a squall.

I don't know what to say. I have no folks here. They know I am dead, but you may say I would like to come and talk with them. The folks here say that somebody would send the papers to my folks. Good bye, sir.

#### Answer to Letter.

Your questions are cloudy, and indistinct. Do more lucid, and I and some other members of the family will commune in the way you have desired, with much pleasure.

WILLIAM.

Sept. 28.

### Correspondence.

#### ANOTHER VOICE IN DEFENCE OF MEDIUMS.

DEAR BANNER—I was much pleased to read a letter from our noble co-worker, Warren Chase, defending us, poor, weak, women mediums, from the assault of one who undoubtedly professes to be a gentleman. And, as I see my name among the list of women referred to, I feel at liberty to add my own testimony to what he had so kindly mentioned in regard to myself and dear husband. Truly, he remarks, that my daily, domestic life is a sunshine of joy and gladness, because I have a good, pure, and honest husband.

I think the gentleman who has called forth these remarks from Mr. Chase, says that "mediumship unfits a woman for domestic life." So far as myself is concerned, (and I have no right to judge of others for him,) I deny that there is one particle of truth in the statement, save as women cannot well be keeping house, or attending to domestic affairs, when they are away on errands of mercy. But if the gentlemen will pay us a visit at our mountain home, I will put before him butter of my own make, bread, pies, and cakes, as good as are for health, and assure him he shall have a clean bed to rest his weary frame upon, and myself shall be the servant of the household, if blessed with my usual health. Also, I will declare to him from the depths of a heart that desires to be honest, that the man who is my own dear husband, according to the laws of both God and man, is so true and kind to me, that I have no disposition to forsake him for any other, though a world of wealth be offered in exchange.

My husband has never taken my gift of mediumship to make a speculation of—has never demanded that I should obey him, against my own sense of right—has never accused me of loving another better than himself, and desiring to leave him; but has ever allowed me to act according to my highest dictates of right—to extend my sympathies to a suffering brotherhood—to be the keeper of my own soul and body—thus placing me in a situation that I would be worse than a brute, if I were not a true and ever-faithful wife, in every department of that holy relationship. I am led to the conclusion, that if every husband were as noble, kind, and loving, as my husband is, (unless woman is far different from men,) there would be no cause for separation or inharmonious. Very well, I know, that with my disposition I could never live with a tyrant, or even with a person who would not grant me a "woman's rights." Were I capable of advising, I should advise every husband to understand, as far as he is capable, the duties of that relationship, which most certainly demand of him an honest, virtuous life. If he is true to himself as a man, to his position as husband, and, perhaps, father, the woman of his professed choice must be far less than human, if she is not a loving, trusting, virtuous, and useful companion.

Although a medium for spirits to speak through, I intend to be a wife, a decent housekeeper, a faithful sister and daughter, and most earnestly pray that I may be a true woman in the position I occupy in public, thus making my life to correspond with the teachings of angels.

M. S. TOWNSEND.

DANVILLE, VT., October 14, 1858.

#### A QUESTION ANSWERED.

MESSRS. EDITORS—A question was asked in a recent number of your paper relative to me, and more particularly to the method by which I read the Book of Life. I wish in hopes that some one more learned in the philosophy or science of things, would come forward and give an explanation of this phenomenon; but as it has not been done, I will offer a few statements, which I conceive have a bearing upon this matter.

A brief definition of it might be, simply, mental sensation, or the action of the mental world made cognizant to us without the aid of our outward senses. It is virtually using our soul, or spiritual faculties, while in the natural body, just as we shall use them when we reach the spirit-world. As I sit at my desk, engaged in writing with my faculties of sense and perception, my spiritual nature may be in rapport with the spirit of some one in China, or in some distant sphere, reading their condition, and bringing back to my mental consciousness a knowledge of them and their surroundings.

The spirit within me, and within every other person, has a natural cognizance of all that is transpiring in the mental world; but the physical senses of most men take no impressions therefrom. This might be called double mentality.

Man's physical nature will attain that condition when he will walk in open consciousness of the emotional and spiritual worlds—when they look upon an object, and will not only view its physical proportions, but their spiritual nature will bring down to their mental its history and destiny. We have the evidence of two natures in what is called double consciousness. I have the consciousness of standing outside of my body and viewing the same—looking into its different parts; still alive and awake at the same time. I do not suppose that I am outside of my spiritual body—it is merely an imagination, or a sense, caused by the double action of my nature, or the action of one of my two natures.

Supposing I wish to know the condition or history of some person or object; I must first designate to the soul, which person or object it is that I wish to become acquainted with, and then, either by sight or some sensation, the soul looks out upon the object or person, and conveys to me the information desired. All that is required to realize it, is communion with the world of mind and spirit, so as to be saved the operation of the mental faculties, except through the sensation of the material nature.

Some materialistic philosophers have endeavored to disprove, from this condition of the mind, the doctrine of spirit communication; but a more extended knowledge of the subject has led many to abandon the position. This is man's natural door to the

spirit-world: "Knock and it shall be opened." The world has for time past failed to do it, and so the spirit-world has commenced knocking on the other side.

Now, in order to bring this power of the mind to bear upon different individuals, there must be formed some mental connection. This can be done by means of the uniting of the persons; or they may scribble marks or characters—anything that makes use of their minds in the act. It is not the writing, but the influence, which they throw off while in the act of writing. Sometimes, when their minds are charged with the influence of another person, the impression conveyed will be of that person, instead of the writer. This explains many of the contradictions that appear in spiritual manifestations. This subject is one of magnitude, and in treating it I have been somewhat general in my remarks, fearing to encroach upon your space and patience. Hoping the subject may find an abler exponent, I remain yours,

H. LA BOWEN.

NATICK, MASS., Oct. 10, 1858.

#### DONAT'S COMET.

To contemplate this beautiful visitor profitably, the observer should understand something of the laws of perspective; so that, knowing the distance of the object, he can the better conceive of its size, and, vice versa. "The vanishing point" is that where the object ceases to be visible, as there all the parallel lines meet. A good and simple illustration of this may be seen by standing midway between the rails of a straight railroad; the two rails seem to approach each other as they recede in the distance, till they meet in one; in other words, the space between them is narrowed to a point—the point in question. It is obvious, too, in the flight of birds, balloons, &c., as they disappear from our sight. The largest balloon constructed, is visible only a few miles comparatively from its starting-place. What then must be the magnitude of an object visible millions of millions of miles more distant than the sun, as was this illustrious stranger, when first discovered last summer, in its return from the long travel of perhaps thousands of years? Since it was then first seen through the telescope, it has been for months rushing on toward our sun, with a speed compared to which that of the swiftest race-horse or rail-car is literally but a snail-like movement; or, as is carefully computed, but as one to five thousand.

As it now presents itself in such splendid and magnificence to the unaided eye of earth's inhabitants, who does not feel like asking—"Has it been thus booming onward during the numerous centuries, allotted by most learned astronomers to its revolutions, and found no limits to the immensity of God's works? Has it jostled never a world, nor run off its track, nor out of the realm of the common Father of us all?"

But its mission, whatever it be, is nearly terminated to our planet and its inhabitants. May it not fall of good—of elevating the minds of old and young to a realizing, practical sense of their own individual high origin and destination; and, if possible, arouse them to, feel with the sacred poet, as he exclaims—"Oh Lord, our Lord, how excellent in all thy works." When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him? And yet thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor." Man needs to look up, and shake off the shackles of sin and bondage to death. There are immense volumes of sermons and food for thought in the constantly recurring phenomena of the heavens and the earth, "enough for ourselves and little ones;" but where are the preachers to preach them, or the shepherds to feed the oppressed, hungering mass of humanity, except with the old, dry husks of sectarian theology?

E. SANBORN.

ANDOVER, MASS., October 10, 1858.

#### PULPIT WORSHIP—MISS AMEDEY AT BERLIN.

MESSRS. EDITORS—By request, I forward to the readers of the BANNER the following article, knowing your courtesy and willingness to give place to everything that may throw light upon the developments of old theology, as realized by those who labor for truth and right:—

In South Berlin, a few days since, Mary L., daughter of Windsor and Cynthia Maynard, burst the magical coil, and joined the angel band. I was called upon to attend the meeting of those who paid the last tribute to her sleeping dust. The services, as I was informed, were to be held in the Orthodox church. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Houghton, had been invited to be present and participate in the solemnities of the occasion, which he declined, declaring his unwillingness that the church should be opened, considering it sacrilegious; the committee were waited upon, and voted the use of the same to the friends, although, as it proved, their hearts were positive against it. You are undoubtedly well aware that sometimes (so termed) kind feelings are shown Spiritualists by those who oppose; but, generally, their kindness is found to arise from selfishness, inasmuch as they express themselves as hoping that the same demonstration may prove a stumbling block to skeptical minds, by making them stronger in their opposition. They know not how much they assist is every blow, as the following items will, I trust, prove to every thinking mind. At the time appointed, the procession moved to the church, mid the tolling of the bell.

In company with a friend, who was assisting on the occasion, I entered the pulpit, as desired. A Methodist clergyman had been invited, and was present. He, however, was not in the "sacred desk," which I considered strange; but the thought occurred to me, perchance he might be like the Apostle Paul, not thinking it proper for a woman to speak in public, or, being an anti-spiritualist, he chose thus to make it manifest. In a few moments the superintendent of the funeral camp into the pulpit, and remarked that the committee desired me to leave the place I then occupied, and come down below, adding, that the pastor had remarked, "the church, he could not control, but the pulpit was his, and I should not debase it." I thought that was worshipping wood, if not stone, and felt much aggrieved to be thus insulted in a public manner; but my spirit was soothed when angel whispers came, soft as soul-music to my ear, saying, "Forgive them, they know not what they do." Calmly I walked below, and seated myself near the worthy Reverend. After the reading of a hymn, (the same being sung,) some portions of the Bible were given for our instruction; then followed a prayer. Meantime, I felt the influence from the controlling spirit diffusing throughout my organism a holy quiet, and I felt as if floating away on clouds of light and inspiration to the home of spirits. When

I returned to the outer world, I was indeed refreshed, and as loving friends took the last lingering look of the mortal, sweet music seemed to fill the air, and angels tuned their harps to sweeter melodies. Owing to a severe cold, I did not follow the beautifulasket to its home, but returned with one of the noble friends of the cause, Mr. Charles Brigham, of Feltonville, whose heart is ever open to every good word and work, and who, with his estimable lady, welcomes all, of every name and hue, to their home of peace and plenty.

Notwithstanding the great outcry against weak-minded men, and still weaker women, I found the cause progressing there, as well as in other cities and towns. I conclude you will agree with me when I lay before you a choice gem, presented me from Dame Rumor's casket—which was, that had I not come down from the pulpit, force would have been used; do not forget, I beseech you, (even with this truth staring you in the face) that we live in a land of liberty, where every person has a right to their own opinions, and also "to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience."

I must admit, Messrs. Editors, this seems to me rather heathenish, and I might conclude that the children of earth have not progressed much beyond the days of John Rogers, had not this been the first outbreak of tyranny that I have realized since I entered the field as a medium. And, furthermore, I was educated an Orthodox, duly catechized and instructed, yet this is the first unfolding of the kind I ever witnessed. I entertain the highest regard for that or any other belief, when I see teachers and disciples act the Christian. When my angel Father speaks to me, it is of truth, and as my noble mother has been spared me for a pilot o'er life's dark sea, pointing me ever to Christ as the way to truth and life, who would that I thus express myself?—Knowing, as I do, that the work is Christ's, I can but feel that the morn is dawning, and that ere long all, of every name and denomination, will behold the sun of spirit communion, and not oppose, but assist. I trust I shall forgive, as I hope to be forgiven, for well I know all mediums have much to meet and overcome. But methinks I hear some gentle reader say, my patience is well nigh exhausted; for fear it may all flee, I will close, trusting that the friends of her who has passed on, may feel strong in the knowledge that "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," and that ere long they will join her in that land where partings never come, and loving hearts grow strong in the life, whose harp-strings, touched by angel fingers, echo "God is love."

Yours for Light, ROSA T. AMEDEY.

BOSTON, Oct. 12, 1858.

#### NATURAL LAWS—NO. 3.

MESSRS. EDITORS—In the animal creation we find the phenomena of physical life, sensation and instinct to exist. Can senseless, blind and undiscerning matter be invested with power of producing animals, that shall possess and exhibit these phenomena, unaided by any intelligent power, acting through it at the time to produce these beings? Take the beaver, the ant, and the bee for example. Can matter be endowed with the power of producing these animals, and impart to them the wonderful instincts under which they act? Does matter possess, or can it be invested with that intelligence, contrivance, skill and power of adaptation, which would so organize these animals, as to give them these instincts, and enable them to act under their direction and control? Does matter possess those qualities necessary for the formation of these animals to be endowed with these wonderful powers? I think not. The supposition is manifestly absurd. Who, then, does exercise the intelligence, design, contrivance and adaptation necessary for this purpose? Evidently some intelligent being in whom they exist. And this being is God, or his "ministering spirits." Natural laws, as commonly understood, cannot do this, for they are clearly wanting in all these qualities.

Can the peculiarities in the instincts, habits, modes of life, and of supplying their wants found in different animals, be produced by the operation of natural laws unaided by intelligence acting at the time? Manifestly not, for the reasons before given.

Can the different parts of the animal frame, as the eye, the ear, the nose, and the palate, of such a wonderful mechanism, and adapted to produce particular and distinct sensations, be produced by the operation of natural laws, unaided by intelligence acting at the time? These are all the productions of marvelous contrivance, skill and adaptation. Do these qualities reside in matter, or is it capable of receiving them by impartation? Clearly not. The supposition is absurd.

Can the muscles, nerves, tendons, bones, veins and arteries, that are absolutely necessary to the existence and functions of animals, be the productions of natural laws merely, unaided by intelligence acting at the time? Clearly not for the reasons before given.

Can the brain, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the bladder, the stomach, and the intestines, each fulfilling their appropriate office, be the production merely of natural laws, unaided by intelligence acting at the time? Clearly not, and for the same reasons.

Can the propagation of each species of animals, depending upon a suitable organization for the purpose, be the production of natural laws, unaided by intelligence acting at the time? Clearly not, and for the same reason. The supposition is absurd.

Can the fact of the two sexes, existing in all tribes of animals, adapted to each other's wants, and promoting the happiness of each, other, be the production of natural laws, unaided by intelligence, acting at the time? Clearly not.

The preceding are all cases, where intelligence, design, contrivance, skill and adaptation are displayed, means suited to ends, and causes to effects. Can senseless matter be endowed with this intelligence, and the other qualities, and does it possess them? Can it by its unaided power manifest these qualities, with no wisdom acting through it at the time for this purpose? No one can rationally pretend that it can be done.

If matter could be possessed of this self-acting power, it would prove that matter, by reason of its own nature, is capable of acting intelligently, and of producing changes in itself adequate to the effects, and need not to be endowed with a power for this purpose. And demonstrate that there is something in the nature of matter itself, that makes it capable of producing these effects by means of its original constitution. If matter can be made capable of acting for this purpose separate from mind, how can it be shown that mind was ever necessary to endue it with this power? If the intelligence, which it is assumed, first put it in motion, can be afterwards with-

drawn, and the motion still continued, does it not prove that the intelligence was never necessary for the purpose? For it can not without it. And does not this prove that matter, though itself unintelligent, can produce intelligent effects? And if it can do this, how can it be shown that there is any intelligence existing outside of it that ever controlled it, and modified it, to act in obedience to its will? And is not this in effect admitting the truth of atheism, or that matter in its own nature is capable of producing all the phenomena that take place in the material world? The operation of natural laws, in the sense in which they are commonly understood, is as much an admission of the truth of atheism, as would be the doctrine that matter in its own nature could produce these phenomena, without being endued by an intelligent being with power for this purpose.

Now I contend that it is necessary for this external intelligence to act upon matter, when the phenomena occur, and that they can be produced in no other way. And that this is done, either by God himself, or his "ministering spirits." And that, therefore, what are called natural laws, are not in themselves efficient, or actually producing these phenomena, but only rules of operation, which God has prescribed to himself, and not to matter, according to which, he regulates his own action upon matter, in the physical universe, and which rules he has made uniform and invariable, except in the case of miracles. And that in producing these phenomena, he exercises an immediate and direct agency.

W. S. A.

BOSTON, Oct. 16, 1858.

#### THE CAUSE IN CONNECTICUT.

When the centrifugal forces had scattered the Utica Convention, I returned to Brooklyn, N. Y., and met, a second time, two large, intelligent, and earnest audiences in Clinton Hall, where a few devoted friends are keeping up regular Sunday meetings, and good singing, with a zeal worthy imitation in other places, and furnishing a good place and suitable conditions, for competent speakers to be appreciated and rewarded, and a very good place to try and condemn the spurious and ignorant. From Brooklyn I came by the snakey path of the Nantuxet railroad, to Winsted, Ct., one of the busiest, most independent, and self-sustaining towns (or cities) of New England, lying deep down in a valley among huge rocks and high hills, with a large pond of water basined near two hundred feet above the bottom of the rapid stream, which itself furnishes great hydraulic privileges. From this pond comes tumbling over dam after dam, and cliff after cliff, the surplus water, furnishing power which the ingenious Yankees have turned to good account. The friends sent a notice of my arrival, with intention to lecture, over the city and country, on the wings of the winds of a severe rain-storm, and when the pleasant Sabbath came, the people came also, and we had one of the good times long to be remembered, and I hope sooner to be renewed than the long four years of the last vacation. Winsted is one of the places where people think for themselves, and where, of course, this condition brought out Spiritualism very early. Davis, Brittan, and others, had calls, and have done good service there; but Mrs. C. M. Tuttle has this point, the most effectual work. She is one of our best and most substantial speaking mediums. A clergyman in Winsted, of high standing, attempted to talk, scold, or lie the influence off, before an audience, but he soon raged himself into unpopularity, and has since been a burden to his society, which they will soon shift on to other people. The railroad ends at Winsted, as they could not make it crooked enough to go further, and consequently few speakers travel that way and stop over, and therefore they are not so well supplied as many other places; but it is a stronghold, well fortified with intellect.

I next stopped at Poquonock (Windsor) where three evenings were used up, speaking to good audiences from a high pulpit, and where I left them asking for more and more; but satisfied that I had fulfilled my engagement of three years standing.

October 3, at the call of a large bell, I entered the pulpit of a large and well-fitted church in Williamantic, where an excellent choir, with fine music, saluted me and the audience, and aided me through the three services. This is one of the places that furnished evidence that Spiritualism is dying out. One year ago there were nothing but a few scattered believers—now the best audiences and best choir, best bell and a large church, and regular service every Sabbath; the result of energy and judicious effort of a few citizens in securing good speakers. The efficient labors of S. B. Brittan, and the stirring appeals of H. B. Storor, and the angelic teachings of Mrs. Tuttle, have done a work here that cannot be undone by falsehoods and misrepresentations—it is one of the strongholds that may soon missionary visit to its neighbors. With these three points my visit to Connecticut closed, to be renewed again, I hope, in January, on my return to New York.

WARREN CHASE.

LOWELL, MASS., Oct. 16, 1858.

#### A VOICE FROM THE CHURCH.

DEAR BANNER—My heart is filled with alternate joy and sadness when I read the very interesting accounts of the enjoyments, tests and proofs which continually meet you in New York and Boston. I would much like to meet those various highly developed mediums, who favor you so oft with their presence, and receive through them that for which I seek, namely, the proof that my departed friends live, and are cognizant of my being.

Though there are very many whole-souled Spiritualists in Philadelphia, yet I know of not one good public test medium, where the anxious inquirer may receive the spiritual blessing for which he seeks. Why will our Philadelphia mediums not come out to the work of reformation? Why can we not compare with New York and Boston? and why will the Eastern mediums not often come this way to cast light in dark places? Can there not be found influence enough among a population of six hundred thousand to sustain them? Have faith and try, and if your cause is true, success is warranted.

Though a member of the church, I feel that not all the truth is there. Wise Prof. Felton says "the church is faulty." It has just as much evil and selfishness within it as it can hold. To be just with myself, I must speak truth: the church cannot reform itself. It has not within it the element of reform; not one new thought can be accepted that conflicts with former ones. In prayer meeting I have been called by my own brethren "a foolish Galatian," "one puffed up in worldly wisdom," "a stumbling-block," for speaking in favor of man's free agency, the love of God, &c.

Not long since I was called by a Methodist clergyman, "a child of the devil," for expressing my belief in future repentance and consequent salvation.

Now this is the condition of the church universally. Therefore, if Spiritualism is true, it must be a missionary unto us in the work of reformation. I sincerely hope this new faith is true. We must have public lecturers here from some source, to give impetus to the cause, or we shall die in sectarianism.

"Come, holy spirits, heavenly doves,  
With all your quickening powers—  
Bless us with your sacred loves,  
And plant celestial flowers."

Yours, in truth, J. A. H.

PHILADELPHIA, October 14, 1858.

#### LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, Oct. 12, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS—In a recent letter I spoke of an apparent disposition on the part of the Episcopal Church, both of England and America, to make public acknowledgment of its belief in the fact of spirit-intercourse—not modern Spiritualism, technically so-called, but of the great truth, that a way of communication exists, and has always existed, between the natural and spiritual worlds; and, furthermore, that it is the design of the Christian dispensation to demonstrate more fully this unity of the two worlds, and reveal the upper, with its glories, to the knowledge and gaze of mankind. On this point, I quoted some remarks of the Bishop of London, in a late sermon, in which he takes occasion to say that the vision of Jacob's ladder was intended to teach us this truth, and beseeches his hearers not to turn away from the heavenly messengers.

I have now before me a copy of The Churchman of this city, of October 7, containing a report of a sermon by the Rev. Charles D. Jackson, of Westchester, delivered before the clergy of this diocese, on Wednesday, the 29th ultimo, at its seventy-fifth Annual Convention. It is devoted to the same subject. The Rev. gentleman's text was taken from Hebrews, xii., 22, 23 and 24: "But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem; to an innumerable company of angels; to an assembly of the church, who are written in heaven; to the spirits of just men made perfect; and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant." The representation of the clergy, says the Churchman, was "quite large." The discourse it pronounces "able and interesting," and, though lengthy, says it was "attentively listened to."

The speaker commences by saying that the object of the Apostle in this epistle, was to show the nature of Christ's kingdom—its superiority over the old economy, as the substance of which that was the shadow—and that the fellowship of the old prophets with angels, "was enlarged," under this kingdom, "into communion with the spirits of all just men made perfect." "The argument was, that, though unseen, these spiritual powers are never absent." Among the ancient Sages, and in the popular religions of our day, there is neither angel nor spirit; and yet the instinct among men of a connection with the orders above and the orders below, is "universal and deep," and needs to be "caught up and nourished with the truth." The (Episcopal) church had gathered up the sure teachings of Scripture on this point, and wore it as a silver thread into all her teachings, so that those who would follow it need not go astray; "nor miss the sweet connection between that world unseen, and this."

With regard to the influences which angels and spirits exert over man, the speaker said, that it was positive and constant. The spirits of the just, as some would have us believe, do not enter the bright world "dead, dumb and blind to all that is passing here," to take the "rest of a stone," but they were still the same identical beings, in form and essence, memory and affection, as when on earth. Of angels he said, in the language of Hooker, they are mighty, royal armies, desiring good to all God's creatures, and preaching and ministering to dying men. Their agency is that of suggestion to the minds of men, and of performing visible, palpable acts; "and the speaker adduced Scripture to prove this, and also quoted the opinions of Charles Wesley and Bishop Hall to the same effect.

The speaker closed by deploring the Pantheism or Atheism of this age, which worships nature as an unknown God, or else giving matter an eternity, declares with the fool, "There is no God." Much of this error, he thought, "might be traced to that Sadduceism which does not believe in angels as present and active powers."

I cannot be mistaken in the supposition that this simultaneous movement on the part of the Episcopal Church, both here and in England, has a meaning in it. Not that it is the intention of that church to endorse modern Spiritualism, as it now stands before the world, disgraced by its own vagaries, and misunderstood and maligned by the press; but in view of the almost universal influence which these new doctrines and beliefs are exerting on mankind, it is not uncharitable to presume that "the manifestations" have caused the church to refresh its knowledge, re-examine its rubrics, and define what its real beliefs are on this important subject.

The cause of the Indian is attracting increased attention. Indian Aid Associations are multiplying through the country, and will soon be able to exhibit a front which will command the attention of those who have the direction of our Indian affairs. Mr. Deeson, the father of the movement, has recently traveled over the State of Vermont, and contiguous portions of New York, with marked and encouraging success. Members of Congress, ministers, governors, and the people at large, wherever the subject is presented, seem ready and anxious for action. At the monthly meeting of the Directors of the Association of this city, last Monday evening, it was resolved, that an Appeal be made to the President and heads of departments at Washington, to precede the Oregon army, sent to subdue the Pacific tribes in that quarter, with a peace commission; and make use of all means within their reach, to bring the difficulties with those Indians to a satisfactory conclusion without bloodshed; and a committee was appointed to prepare the Appeal, which is intended to be extremely brief, but to the point.

Yours,

#### FOREVERMORE.

Where shall my footsteps turn upon this shore—  
When thou art gone, what shall my soul adore.  
What griefs be mine, when o'er the joys of yore—  
A cell is drawn, that parts us evermore?  
Change thy decision, change to I implore—  
Wear still the gem of trust at first thou wore;  
Such sorrows as I never knew before  
Will fall on me—thou loving me no more.  
The booming eye, and smiling smile thou bore,  
The music of thy voice, again restore,  
Thou and these gone, I rather now explore  
The vast beyond—the land of love and lore,  
I now implore, restore as heretofore  
The love thou bore—and a word for evermore.

SARAH.



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