

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. IV. COLBY, FORSTER & COMPANY, NO. 31-2 BRATTLE STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 27, 1858. TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. NO. 9.

Original Poetry.

OUR EARLY DEAD.

BY M. L.

Our loved and early dead, we think of thee!
Though passed from earth, thou art living to us still,
And daily a gush of free-born melody
Thy voice has echoed, yet our hearts can thrill.
Thou wert remembered voice, in low, sweet tones,
Comes floating to us on the passing wind,
And over, when we think of thee as gone,
A gentle presence brings thee still to mind.
Yes, thou art still our own; still o'er our souls
Comes the sweet influence thou alone canst bring,
And while for us the tide of being rolls,
To thy dear memory we will fondly cling—
Cling with increasing love as we draw near
The portal whence thou art gone—where we must go;
While hope grows bright, and faith to us so dear,
Brings us still nearer—love shall stronger grow,
And bring rich treasures to our fondle homes—
Undying treasures, thoughts of heaven and these;
Dearest than earth's most loved perennial bloom,
Or the sweet blossoms on Spring's earliest tree—
Types of Immortal Life. How sweetly flow,
As in a current, thoughts that far and wide
Find their free sources, gathering as they go
To this great ocean in a ceaseless tide.
Immortal Life! the great, vast, mighty deep,
Inimitable, yet to us is given
To share its riches while we climb the steep
And difficult ascent that reaches Heaven!
Yes, we begin our life immortal here,
When unto God in truth our hearts we turn—
When filled with love divine we cast out fear,
And faithfully obey, and strive to learn.
And now thou art of them! and it is sweet
To think of all thou wert, and all thou art,
So far as we may know, and it is moot
To bind these thoughts as garlands to our hearts;
They cheer the joyous hours, they quicken tears,
And strengthen us life's needful ills to bear—
They give the mind immortal scope.
And lead it on to regions bright and fair.
Yes, all that's great and lovely in our lives,
From immortality derives its strength
And beauty; and amid our daily strife,
From that sure fountain we must draw, at length—
The blessed fount of all that life holds dear—
Love pure and joyous, Freedom's dear-bought smile,
Truth clear and sparkling, radiant from the sphere
That gave it birth and lights its way the while.
Brilliant, and pure, and beautiful, are all
The thoughts that cluster round thee, our beloved,
So early passed to meet our Father's call!
And hear, we trust, the joyful "well approved,"
We strive to follow thee—our love
Still holds thy living image to our hearts;
And faith and hope reach onward and above,
Where now in earnest trust we feel thou art,
Freed from earthly dress, and living to a higher
And purer standard than we here can know,
Still rising freely as thou mayst aspire,
And looking down, perchance, on earth below,
Where many a mystery is now revealed,
And the great plan of life is fully shown—
Where hearts are struggling with a load concealed,
Yet pressing on to meet the dread unknown.
Father, All-mighty, accept the hearts
Thus turned to thee, and shed thy healing dew,
And the rich grace thou only canst impart
To those who pass life's shady portals through.
Bless as thou only canst each earnest thought
That turns to thee in silent wish, or prayer
Before the altar, and may we be taught
By all we learn, to nobly do and dare.
Father Divine, a higher, holier life
Awaits us, and while we are drawing near,
May we forget the battle and the strife
Of earth, and wipe away the starting tear;
Strong in the panoply of love divine,
We would pass onward to the blissful realm—
Where the true-hearted with low lustre shine—
Where cross becomes a throne, and thorns a diadem.
There may we meet the loved and lost of earth—
The friends for whom our lives were doubly dear,
The good and gentle of all ages past—
And live with them through love's eternal year.
How sweet the thought! how rapturous the hour
When waits the enfranchised spirit to its home!
Surely this life has many a precious dower,
But best—'tis ours to the life to come."
—*Oct. 1858.*

PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.

I have a rich neighbor who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, saying that Solomon says, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." And it is true, indeed, but he considered not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, that "there may be as many miseries beyond riches, as on this side of them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems at play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.—*Isaac Wallon.*

At a camp meeting of the United Brethren Church, recently held in Montgomery county, Ohio, Bishop Russell forbade any ladies with hoops on to partake of the sacrament, affirming that they would not be welcome at the table of the Lord.

"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 XII.

Our little home was my world, and I was fast settling down into a quiet housekeeper, like many others, with too little interest in the great, broad world beyond.

We rose early, and while I gave Mark his bath and dressed him, Henny would make the fires and set the table, and my husband attend to his horse and cow, his hens and pig. The biscuit and coffee were always made by my own hands, but Henny thought that nobody could attend to the potatoes but herself. An hour in the forenoon, while the baby slept, I taught Henny, and a labor of love it proved to me, for she was an apt scholar, and made rapid progress in her reading and writing and geography. In the afternoon Olive came for her music lesson. Sometimes Henny would be present with the baby in her lap, and it amused me to see with what eager interest she watched us.

One day a dancing tune was played, and the little girl, who was sitting on the carpet with the baby, could contain herself no longer, but, springing to her feet, she danced, keeping perfect time to the music. "Oh ma'am, if it was only a fiddle, it would be so like Ireland!"

How happy the child looked! Her plump little body was full of music, from the soft blue eyes to the merry toes. And little Mark caught the spirit, for he kept his feet going, and showed approbation with all his might. After that we often played for her to dance, till, to my astonishment, in a few weeks, I once found her playing one of the tunes for the baby's special benefit, when they were together in the room, and she played correctly, too. There seemed to be no need of regular lessons for her, for she remembered all the instruction given to Olive, and learned almost by intuition.

John smiled when I told him of Henny's remarkable aptitude, and hoped she would have nothing to do with the piano. John had some old-fashioned notions, and always insisted upon it, that there was more music in a spinning wheel to him than in a piano. He cared nothing for the music save as an accompaniment to the human voice, but he sent Henny at once to the singing school to cultivate what he said was the most perfect musical instrument ever made, viz., the human voice.

It seemed to me that he contracted a dislike to instrumental music, from his aversion to Sydney Blake.

I said to him one day when we were at Aunt Martha's—"Where do you suppose Blake is now?"

"Following his profession, I presume," varied by occasional performances on the piano, when he finds some fair Senorita to listen. I wish the fellow could have his deserts."

"And what are those?" I asked.

"A trial by the process of law, and the judgment of a halter at the end."

"Why John, you are unforgiving."

"No, Anna, it is no mercy to allow such persons liberty and life; the sooner they are out of the world the better for those that remain."

"But, John," said Aunt Martha, "it is an awful thing to send a human being out of the world, hardened and impenitent. Give him space to reform."

"There is no hope of such men, Aunt," said John.

"Ah, John, John," said she, meekly, "you are wrong there—no human being is beyond the mercy of God; and let us not be more harsh with our fellow-creatures than he with us."

John did not reply. He would have no contention with Aunt Martha, but he believed in capital punishment for murderers, and thought Aunt Martha and myself had too much milk-and-water philanthropy.

"If Uncle Mark were living," said he "it would be rather dangerous for Blake to venture into these parts; he would be a strong witness against him. He probably has a suspicion that I hold evidence of his guilt, and I have no doubt if he were to meet me on the high seas, I should find little mercy at his hands. He has already threatened my life, as I learn by a letter from Havana. Some of his friends there have said that Blake has vowed revenge on me before he dies, for the exposure I made of him in that city."

As John spoke, the vision of Blake came up before me—that handsome face, with the features finely cut, and the mouth small, but every line indicative of a firm, strong will, and I shuddered. "He is just the man to compass heaven and earth to accomplish his purpose," I said to myself; and as we walked home in early twilight, I trembled at every shadow, almost fearing that some assassin was hidden behind each tree and fence. We passed Mr. Scott's house, and John said—"Let us go in."

Like ourselves they too had taken a small house on the street. Mr. Scott did not feel the change so much as his wife; he was of a happy, quiet temperament, with little pride or ambition. He had accumulated property because it had been easy for him to do so, and if he was only assured of a modest competence for life he was satisfied. I did not visit them as often as I wished, because Mary retained her prejudice against me, and seemed rather annoyed by my presence. Oh, how I regretted that foolish jealousy! Since the fire she had been very calm, or

rather, I should say, since her fever. Immediately after the fire she was seized with a fever, and they despaired of her life. But we all hoped that, should she recover, her reason might be fully restored.

As she grew better she became less excitable, and settled down into a quiet melancholy, very painful to those who had known her in her merry girlhood. Her hair had come out during her sickness, and she now wore a pretty lace cap, with her front hair in short curls that were very becoming. This evening she had on a white wrapper, and sat beside a small work table, crossing a kitten which lay on her lap, while before her was a large miniature (a painting on ivory) of her husband.

She handed it to me at once. "You used to think him handsome," she said.

"Yes," I replied, "and this is a good likeness."

"He's a great deal handsomer than John," she said, looking at me archly. "I blushed crimson, for I remembered well that I had once made that remark; but I did not reply."

"The handsomest man she ever saw," said John, smiling.

"Ay, John, you were a bit revengeful then. Mary sat still a moment, looking at John, as if she would read the thoughts of his heart."

"John, would you like to hear a story?" she said at last.

"To be sure, Mary."

"Once on a time the people of an African village found a lion on the plain, and proposed to capture him by taking the roof off one of their huts and setting it over him. The plan was pronounced a very good one, and they at once proceeded to put it into execution; but in setting it down, they unluckily put it over themselves, as well as the lion, and were all devoured!"

"Why, Mary," said John, "and that when we were children, in Mungo Park's travels."

"I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary.

"I had said it was a fable, and was knitting in a quiet corner of the room, when she turned to me, saying—"And you too—wouldn't you like a story?"

"Yes, but not about lions."

"Lions are not so savage as men, Anna; but I was going to tell you the story of the Mermaid's Cave. Have you ever heard it?"

"No, I think not."

"So I guessed, for Aunt Martha don't believe it, and John always laughed at the tradition; but I believe every word of it. Perhaps you remember some rocks that run out into the sea down to the 'Point'?"

The tide covers them partly in high water, but when it is low water you can see an entrance, under the ledge, and it leads to a large cave, where the floor is dry, and one can sleep with the ocean around him, and its wild waves for watch-guards. This is the 'Mermaid's Cave,' and some day I will take you to see it. We will go when the water is low, and we will sing in there, and with the deep bass of ocean as an accompaniment."

A great many years ago a young sailor left this village to go on a voyage to the Northern Seas. The captain and crew were all Danes but himself, and everybody thought that he was only flinging his life away to go to those dismal regions. But he said no—he should find the North Pole, and come back a great man. He had his head filled with strange notions about a beautiful country beyond the snow and ice, where the waters flowed peacefully, the grass was green, the skies blue, the animals all friendly to man, and where all were good and happy.

"If we can only go just in the right season of the year," he said, "we shall find a passage there. Once a year the great icebergs part for a day, and if the ship is near, she glides quietly in. The rocks are of solid topaz and emerald, the thick grass is like the softest moss, and the fruits, though small, are rich and delightful to the taste. The people are busy, but never weary, for their wants are few and easily supplied. They have no knowledge of letters, and of course, no books; but they study the flowers and the trees—the waters below and the heavens above. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the night there—if it could be called night where there is no darkness. In those high latitudes the sun does not set for months, but when it fades away tenderly and lovingly, like a good mother leaving her children, with faith in her heart and a blessing on her lips—then, as if that faith met its promised reward, there glimmers at first a pale, roseate light in that part where the sun vanishes. Gradually it increases, spreading and growing brighter and brighter, till it is as if a host unrolled its banners of crimson and gold, and they floated free from zenith to horizon. Then the stars appear, joyous and bright, as if each was a guardian spirit to some of the dwellers below. After while they retire a little, and the moon, glorious and queenlike, walks abroad; more beautiful here than in the dim and cloudy South. The air is so pure, and the habits of the people so simple and accosting with the dictates of nature, that disease is unknown, and the word death is never heard. Children all arrive to old age, and the old, as they express it, pass away, to be renewed, and become young again."

Such was the story which Jacob Home told his aged mother. She was a widow, and lived in a little fisherman's hut near the sea. Her husband, had been an old pilot and sailor, and had, in his younger days, sailed all over the world. He used to tell his little son long stories of the sea, by their fire on winter nights, while they sat, mending their nets, and the good wife knitting their stockings.

After a long life of hardship and danger, the old man died in his bed at home. He drew his old boat up one night, to see if it was sound and tight, placed

his tarpaulin and great boots by his bedside, and said, "Wife, I am going 'my last trip to-morrow, and then I'll stow my old hulk in this harbor, and smoke my pipe, while Jacob takes my place on the water."

The morning found him sleeping the sleep which knows no waking. He was in a safer harbor than his old hut.

It never entered the widow's head that her son could be anything else than a pilot or a sailor, and she resigned herself to her lonely life, cheered only by occasional visits from him. Now Jacob was a fine-looking, stalwart youth, and when he had on his dreadnought coat and the hat and boots—all presented to him by some London gentlemen for some act of bravery on board a vessel—the village girls all said he was the handsomest boy in the port. He was industrious and prudent, and very kind to his old mother. Most any of the girls would have been proud to call him husband; but as he never took any notice of them, further than a polite bow as he passed, they were all too modest to tell him their wishes. There was one, however, Nellie Brown, who was resolved to win Jacob, if possible, and commenced by ingratiating herself in the mother's favor. She was often there, and seldom failed to carry the old lady cheese, or butter, or fruit from the farm, and medicine when she was ill, till Dame Home began to look upon Nellie as the "nicest girl in M." Others, more penetrating, saw an intriguing heart—for true love is always roiling, and shrinks from any acknowledgment of its passion.

Jacob, meanwhile, was busy in making his arrangements to take his northern voyage, and spent his evening in telling his mother of the wonders of the region, and his faith that he should one day reach it.

"But where did you learn about it?" said the old dame.

"Years ago, mother, when I was in Denmark, I saw a book of travels, which gave an account of it, and directions how to reach it."

Now Jacob could talk Danish as well as his mother tongue, and he had a copy of the directions folded in an old wallet; but what could his mother understand about latitude and longitude, and steering by the charts? Her only reply was, "But, Jacob, what will your poor old mother do?"

"I have left you all the money I have, mother, and it is enough for your wants; the old hut is sound and tight, and I pray God to bless you till I can come back and take you with me to the land beyond the icebergs."

"But, Jacob, you will have a sad time finding it."

"Yes, mother; there are terrible icebergs, and I shall hear their thundering crash, and we shall sail past dark, lonely shores, where the fierce white bear and wolves abound, and beyond these a region of silence, of cold and darkness that is terrible. But beyond it all my good ship shall sail, and some day the icebergs will part and open a pathway for me."

The good woman said no more, and he bade her farewell.

It was a strange notion this, of Jacob's, and one would suppose him crazy, had there not been a whole ship's crew of the same mind.

Years passed, and nothing was heard from him; but his mother had faith to believe he would return, and she told Nellie that she should save all the money he had left for her when he came back. The ship sailed northward; but the first winter they were shut in by icebergs, and the long, dreary night of months was dismal.

Year after year passed, and still they cruised about; but disease and famine came to them, and one by one they sunk by disease and hardship, till poor Jacob, like the ancient mariner, was left

"Alone upon the lone, lone sea."

How he supported life he never would tell—but his courage gave way at last, and one day, when upon a desolate shore, with nothing but rocks and ice around him, he prayed to God to let him die soon, that his sufferings might not be prolonged. A prayer for his poor old mother still trembled on his pale lips, when suddenly there appeared before him on the frozen sea a beautiful creature, with long light hair floating on her shoulders, and a face full of sweet compassion as she gazed upon him. He was too weak to rise to meet her, but hope sprung up in his heart as he gazed upon her.

"Poor mortal!" she said, as she laid her hand gently upon him, "you have suffered much in search of the mysterious land, and are now dying on its confines. Rouse yourself and take courage. Yonder is a refuge from the cold." And she pointed to what had before escaped his notice—a deserted hut of some poor shipwrecked mariner. She aided him to wards it, and there, on a bed of skins, he lay down to die.

But such was not his doom—suddenly the room was warmed and lighted by an iron lamp suspended from the roof—then food was placed before him. She came daily to tend him in his illness, and under her care he gained strength rapidly. All this time he seemed in a beautiful dream; but one day he found himself able to walk out, and the landscape could not deceive him—one dreary, silent waste of rock and ice. Soon she stood before him, and bade him mount to a high rock near. From there he saw the first roseate hues of the rising sun, and his heart leaped with joy, and his whole frame felt the reviving influence. At a distance, too, he saw a vessel just freeing itself from its ice-bound winter home.

"Return to your mother," said the beautiful being at his side.

"And you will go with me?" said he.

"Not so," she replied.

"Then I remain—my life is yours. I can no longer live away from your presence."

An expression of delight passed over her beautiful face.

"Not yet, not yet," and she drooped her head sadly for a moment. "Return to your mother—she mourns you as dead. Be faithful to your vows of friendship, and we meet again. One year of trial and the wish of your life is accomplished. Remember Leda."

As he took her hand, to bid her farewell, she said, "A year and a day, and we meet again."

He came back, and the mother's first salutation, as he entered the hut, was, "I looked for you to-day."

Meanwhile Nellie, who had flirted with all the young men in the village, but found no husband yet, came in to see the returned sailor; but he looked so wan and sick, and ragged, that she turned away in disgust. She had loved his beauty and his treasure.

Again he fell sick, and was near to death. For many weeks his mother watched anxiously by his bedside, and all but her thought he must die. But her faith, perhaps, saved him, and as good luck seldom comes alone, it happened about this time, that the money which she had invested in a neighboring city in land, rose in value, and Jacob was a rich man.

Then again came Nellie to the hut, and by all the cunning arts of the coquette sought to win Jacob. One evening he told them the story of Leda, and added, "She will come; I feel in my heart she will come."

"Ah, but you told us this story in your fever," said his mother. "It was one of your fever dreams."

"No, mother, it is no dream—she will come."

Nellie's heart sunk within her. Jacob was lost to her while this fantasy remained. Now she was not destitute of beauty. Her round, rosy face, and sparkling dark eyes, were no bad picture in the gloomy hut, and when she read the Bible to the old woman, or spun for her when she was ill, Jacob could not but acknowledge to himself that she would make sunshine in his home. Thus one step was gained; he began to look at her, and then to think about her. One day he even asked her to take a sail with him in his new boat. Nellie's hope revived; she put on her red riding-hood, which was very becoming to her, and they sailed about on the smooth water—for the day was fine—during some hours.

"Let us go to the Cave," she said.

He moored his boat, and they passed into the rocky arch. Jacob rubbed two stones together, and obtained fire, when they lighted a torch, and explored the interior of the cave. To their delight they found an inner room—stalactites, like pendant jewels, hung from the roof, and moss, and shells, and seaweed, covered the floor.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" said Nellie, and began dancing about. "Bring our basket here, Jacob, and some fish. Let us dine here. Only see! here is a table," pointing to a huge flat stone in the centre.

How merry they were as they amused themselves preparing their repast, and how prettily Nellie looked as she played the little housekeeper! Jacob could not help admiring her, and thinking how pleasant it would be to have her always in his home. Nellie saw his looks of admiration, and she thought, "Ah, he is forgetting his Arctic love!"

After this they made frequent excursions thither, and fitted up the little room with a rude bench for a seat, and a little cupboard for the cups and plates. Once, when they were here, Jacob said, "If Leda were here!"

"Ah, Jacob, do you still believe she will come?"

"Yes, she will come—it is summer now, but in November, when the storms come, Leda will come. A year and a day. She is my bride, Nellie, and you shall be our sister. Will you go with us to the land beyond the ice?"

Nellie shrugged her shoulders. "No, no, Jacob—I do not love the cold; let us stay with your mother."

Not far from Jacob's hut was another, in a wild and lonely spot; an old woman, so haggard and weird-like, that they called her "the witch," lived here. They said she could tell fortunes, and make love-powders, and had intercourse with beings not of this world. Nellie made old Elspeth a visit, and, after crossing her palm with silver, told her the story of Leda.

"It is no fancy," said old Elspeth. "Leda is a water-spirit—a mermaid—and she will come to claim Jacob." But, Nellie, the water-spirits have no souls till they are united with one of our race, and you would not be guilty if you took her life."

"Ah, mother, but Jacob would mourn for her all his days."

"True. What do you say to keeping Jacob away from her on the day appointed for their meeting? If she finds him faithless, she will say no more to him. They never forgive faithlessness in man."

"That will do, mother—that will do," and Nellie gave her more silver. The old woman gave her a powder, saying, "This will make him insensible for three days, and unable to move; the only sign of life will be a gentle motion of the heart. When he awakes he will forget the past."

Nellie concealed the powder in her bosom, and hastened to Jacob's hut. His poor old mother was ill, and Jacob stood by her bedside. She had sunk into a stupor, from which her son tried in vain to rouse her. At last she opened her waxy, faded eyes, and raising her withered hand, pointed to Jacob.

"You were right, my son—there she is, close to your side. Has she long, golden hair, and bright blue eyes; and does she look full of love and pity?"

"That is her, mother—that is her! You believe me, mother?"

"Yes, yes, my son; put your arms round me; lay my hand on my old Bible. Farewell, Jacob; God

will be true to you."

And she died.

And Jacob, who had been so true to her, now found himself alone.

And he wept.

And he thought of Leda.

And he remembered the day when he had seen her.

And he thought of the day when he had seen her.

And he thought of the day when he had seen her.

And he thought of the day when he had seen her.

And he thought of the day when he had seen her.

And he thought of the day when he had seen her.

"bless you," and she breathed her last with her head resting on his breast.

Jacob mourned many days for his mother; nor could Nellie win him from the hut for a long time. He grew pale and thin; he had never been quite well since his fever. The day was close at hand, and Nellie was anxious to get him away from his hut.

"Come, Jacob, let us take a sail in the boat; it will do you good."

He consented rather passively, and they went to the cave, where Nellie laid the table, and cooked Jacob's favorite dish of fish. In a glass of pure water she mixed the colorless powder, and gave him to drink. In a short time he sunk down upon the bench, his head drooped, and he slumbered.

"Now, Leda, you are forgotten," said the triumphant Nellie. Towards night she left the cave, with the intention of returning the next morning. But that night a terrible storm came on, the angry waves leaped upon the shore, and the white surf rolled high up, breaking against the granite rocks, as if furious at the stern patience of the stony barrier. It continued all the next day, and poor Nellie was almost distracted; she could not tell her troubles, and she shuddered when she thought, perchance, the water might enter the cave where Jacob lay helpless. Another sleepless night, and then the sun came out, shining brightly on the still angry sea, on the wrecks of stranded vessels, and on the beach all strewn with shells, sea-weed, and broken pieces of vessels that had foundered in the gale. It was not until late in the day that Nellie could effect an entrance, and even then there was danger, but fear and anxiety led her onward. But, as she climbed down the wet and slippery rocks, and along the narrow ledge that fronted the cave, just as she was about to enter, she saw a little boat, in shape like a beautiful shell, white, with a roseate tinge within, dancing on the waves, fearless and buoyant. It was guided by a beautiful being, which Nellie knew at once was Leda. Reclining in the boat, pale, but handsome as ever, with his dark, curling locks, and high white forehead, was Jacob. His head rested on Leda's shoulder, and her arm was around him. He turned languidly, and saw Nellie.

"Farewell, Nellie—I am going to the land beyond the icebergs. I have a guide that knows the way."

In her surprise and anger, Nellie ran into the cave. As she did so, Leda touched the waters with her wand, and they followed, rushing to the very feet of the girl, who, to escape them, ran into the inner room.

"I shall be drowned!" she exclaimed in great fright.

But no—the waters came only to the entrance of the inner room. The mermaids would not have her in their green homes beneath the sea. She threw herself on the bench, and, in her terror, was turned to stone. There she lies still; and, Anna, you can see her any day, if you will go to the cave. Will you go with me some time?"

I was startled by the suddenness of her question, and did not reply at once.

"Ah, you do not believe my story," she said, evidently displeased.

"Yes I do, Mary. I believe that we all have our guardian spirits; and that beyond the darkness, and cold, and icebergs of this world, there is a land of pure delight, to which we may be borne at death by these kind spirits. I believe they are with us in the trials of this life, but our eyes are so dimmed by tears we see them not."

"But Nellie—don't you learn from her, that those who would divide two hearts that love, shall be turned to stone? Yes, stone, that can never feel love or hatred more."

I rose to go; it was late, and somehow I felt oppressed and sad, and longed for my own cheerful home.

"John," I said, as soon as we were out of the house, "what do you think of Mary's stories?"

"The thoughts of a diseased brain, Anna; but I was deep in Webster's speech, and did not hear her last."

"To me they seem ominous of evil, John. I feel to-night as if some bird of ill omen hovered over me, and the shadow of its wings darkened the light above."

"Bah! those are foolish fancies, but they remind me of the turkey which I bought for to-morrow's dinner. We will stop at the store for it."

CHAPTER XIII.

The light burned cheerily in our little parlor. Lucy was at the piano, and Joseph stood near her, with his flute. They had sung so much together, that their voices accorded well, and the music was like a welcome home. Henny sat on a stool by the cradle, knitting; her round face was smiling and happy as she listened, and looked towards the two singers with admiration, unmixled with one shade of envy. "Away with sad forebodings," I said to myself; "a happy home is no refuge for such dark shadows," and I took my accustomed seat, and sang, too—

"The summer has its heavy cloud,
The rose-leaf will fall,
But in our home we wear no shroud,
Never does it fall."

"That will do for to-night," said John, who always retired early, and wished Joseph to do the same. He and Lucy bade us "Good night," and my husband, who was practical and business-like in everything, even in his prayers—for he was brief, though reverent, in his family devotion—was soon asleep.

"John, don't you ever lie awake nights, thinking of your business, when it perplexes you?" I asked one day.

"Not I," said he; "why should I? Night is the time for rest; and if I did not improve it, I should be unfit for the duties of the day."

"But one can't help it," I said; "thought will come, and sleep will depart."

"Yes, if you allow yourself to indulge in foolish fancies. My advice is to will yourself to sleep, when your head touches your pillow, and to spring out of bed when your eyes open in the morning. This drowsy, dreamy, half awake state is bad for any one. Rest and labor alternating is the life for a true man or woman."

"How differently we are constituted," I thought, as I drew my chair nearer the fire, and took a book to read awhile, as was my custom, after the household was in bed. On this particular evening I was reading Moore's "Yelled Prophet." It is a fearful thing, and I hardly know how I happened to take it up; but, once in my hand, there was a strange fascination about it, even in its horrible denouement. I read all the last footstep, and did away on the village street, and not a light beamed from any window. "Horrible!" I exclaimed, as the "Prophet" raised his veil, and disclosed himself to the terror-stricken

Zuleika, and yet, some say, such is life, and marriage is often but the lifting of the veil—lifting it, alas! too late, for we have bound ourselves with an oath, from which no human or divine power can free us in this life. Philosophers talk of releasing such from their bondage. Release! There is no rectifying the mistake of an unhappy marriage, there is no balm for such a wound, no physician but death. You may struggle—the chain will only chafe, but never break; it may lengthen, but the poor hearts that beat at either end, will only bleed the more, because human demons will pull, and jerk the chain, and leer, in their pitiless triumph, at the helpless sufferers. Have you made this one great mistake of a lifetime? Then, like Job, lay your hand upon your mouth, and your mouth in the dust, and be silent. Make a grave for your misery in the lowest depths of your heart, and let not your face be its tombstone, or your mouth speak its epitaph. Trample upon the grave, level it as did the Pilgrim fathers the graves of their early dead, and sow grain upon the soil, that the pitiless savage may not exult in your misery. Be strong, be patient, for only thus can you atone for your error. There is an unerring instinct in human hearts, that, like a beacon amid rocks, warn us off, but we sometimes dash boldly on, without heeding the light, and are wrecked. Complain not then of your suffering. Take it as your penance, in patience and meekness, and remember that mortal life is but a short part of your existence, and that the errors of this state may be rectified in a higher state of existence. Suffering, if patiently borne here, may be like precious seed, bringing forth rich fruit hereafter.

This was a strange chain of thought, and as I sat there by my fire, which was burning low, and my light, which had grown dim, I mused upon the amount of human misery caused by unhappy marriages. And then came, naturally, a vision of Sydney Blake and Mary. I wondered if they loved—if their hearts were ever bound together by those ties, so strong and sweet. Sometimes I fancied that poor Mary loved him yet. I may have been mistaken in her attachment for John. Indeed, my greatest fear had been that John had loved, and that her sorrow had only awakened anew an affection that had slumbered awhile.

"I will know," I said to myself; "after all, he has never made a full explanation. I must know." Idle curiosity—foolish wish, that only led me into deeper trouble. Thus my idle thoughts wandered on, and through them all the image of Sydney Blake haunted me; if he had vowed vengeance on John, he would surely accomplish his purpose.

I sat with hands folded in my lap, and looking dreamily at the dying embers. I was timid, and the shadowy corners of the room seemed haunted by spirits of evil. Once or twice I essayed to take my lamp and go to bed, but a sort of fascination kept me seated. I was not sleepy, and felt that I should not sleep if I retired; and I remained, dreamily trying to discern the future.

"How foolish I am," I said to myself, as the village clock struck twelve. My lamp had gone out, but a faint moonlight came through the white curtains, just relieving the darkness, but leaving every article indistinct and shadowy.

As the tones of the clock died away, I rose to leave the room, and turned, thus bringing myself in front of the mirror, where I saw distinctly the image of a tall figure in white, gliding towards me! All my childish fear of ghosts was aroused within me, and instinctively I was hastening away, when an icy cold hand was laid heavily upon my shoulder. I could neither move nor scream.

"Anna, you would not love me—you shall fear me, now!"

Her eyes were bright, and glared on me with that fearful maniac look which must be seen to be felt. And yet her appearance calmed me. It was flesh and blood. I knew what I must contend against.

"Mary, how came you here? You are cold. You should not have come out in this dress without bonnet and shawl. Sit down here by the warm hearth—there, let me cover you," and I threw my shawl over her shoulders.

She hastily flung it away. "Cold! It is those who have no hearts that are cold. I am hot—burning hot, here!" And she placed her hand on her heart.

"But, Mary, your hands are cold."

"Yes, yes—and my feet, perhaps," and then I noticed that she had neither shoes nor stockings, and one of those feet, so white and delicate, was bleeding. She had cut it against a stone. I sat down on the floor, and took it in my hands. I wiped the blood away, and wrapped the foot in my handkerchief. She was passive; but when I took the other foot, and laid them in my lap, and began chafing them, she laid her hand again on my shoulder.

"See here!" and she drew from beneath her night dress a long, glittering knife. Its sharp edge was near my face. I started, and would have sprung to my feet; but she held me down with a strength which I could not resist.

"Do not be afraid, Anna; I'll not harm you now. You love me, Anna, or you would not nurse those poor feet so gently, would you? I came here to take your life. You would not promise to go to the Cave with me. You are afraid to go alone with me. Hal ha! John's wife is afraid to walk with Mary!"

"I should not like to have you take the knife, Mary."

"No, you would not, but it is sharp, Anna; it would make quick work; the pain would soon be over. I should not be so bungling an executioner as Queen Elizabeth sent to poor Mary Stuart. How he mangled her white throat! Let me see; yours is smaller than hers," and I felt her long, cold fingers clapping my throat. I dared not move. I tried to appear calm, as I felt life depended on my presence of mind.

"But, Mary, I have not said I will not go to the Cave with you. Throw away the knife and I will go."

"And will you truly, Anna? Then you are my sister—my good little Anna. There, I'll throw the knife away," and she rose, opened the window and threw it into the street.

"Now let us sit here and talk, Anna. I love to talk, nights, and to wake when others sleep. Sometimes I have walked all night, when I have been so feverish that I could not stay in the house. How it cools the brow and soothes the heart to walk alone with thought, but the stars to shine upon you! Stars are angels' eyes, you know, and they never look cold and stern at us. Do you know the pine grove near Rocky Hook? Well, I have been there at night all alone, and the stars shined upon me. I held my breath and listened, and they told me what to do. Ah, yes, Anna, they told me, but when I looked up at the stars they said, 'No, do not'

mind what the pines say; they tell you that which is wrong'; but again the pines whispered, and I promised—then the stars drew a veil over their bright eyes, and the pines whispered louder and louder, and I shivered, for their breath was cold; but I said I would do their bidding. Ah! I did it once. Don't you remember? Wasn't it beautiful? How the flames curled up! and how the wind fanned them, as they promised to do. That wind was from the pines, Anna, and I thought you would go right up to heaven in a chariot of fire, as did the old prophet."

She was getting excited, and my own nerves were not strong, but I dared not leave the room. How greatly was I relieved when, just as she began to tell me what the pines again bade her do, John made his appearance. He had heard the talking, and thought he recognized her voice.

"Ah, Mary, is that you? Good morning. Didn't you find it rather cold? I see you forgot your shoes and stockings?"

"Why, so I did, John," said she very quietly. "Well—you know, I always was a forgetful little girl."

"Never mind—Anna can lend you some; her feet are quite as small as yours."

"Ah, but she is smaller in stature than I am, John."

"Some good warm stockings, Anna, and your thick gaiters; then a cloak, if you please; Mary will need it going home."

She was passive as a child, and allowed me to dress her, while John brought his shawl and hat.

"Are you going too, John?"

"To be sure, Mary, I hope you will allow me the pleasure of waiting upon you," he said, bowing politely.

"And then we will be children again, will we not? Ah, John, John," she said, pointing to me, "she does not know about those pleasant days, does she? You and Anna were not children together."

John looked grave. "Come, Mary, are you ready?"

She walked out with him, bidding me good night pleasantly, and I sat down again, trembling violently; but a good shower of tears, as usual, relieved me. I sat there still, when John came in. He said not a word, but re-kindled the fire, which had gone wholly out, then poured me out some cordial, and, sitting down in a chair by my side, bade me get well warmed before going to bed. It was some time before I could command myself sufficiently to tell him the story of the knife. I never saw him more moved. He turned deathly pale, and taking me up in his arms, carried me to bed.

"Thank God, Anna, that he gave you presence of mind at that moment; and I can never be sufficiently thankful for his interposition a few minutes later. I seldom waken, as you know, for I am a sound sleeper; but to-night I dreamed that the house was on fire, and that all had escaped, but yourself—the flames had enveloped the whole building, and I was pushing, in, calling your name loudly. The noise I made must have awakened me, and on hearing Mary's voice, I hastened in just in time, it would seem, for beneath her dress she had another weapon concealed, and I think her wild fancy was, to obey what she called the voice of the pines. I brought the weapon home; it is a Spanish stiletto, that once belonged to Blake—small, sharp, and deadly."

"John," said I decidedly, "either Mary Blake must be taken to the hospital, or I must leave M—for the present."

"You are right," said John; "it must be so, I suppose."

There was a deep sadness in his voice as he spoke, and I fell asleep, wondering more and more at the strange friendship between John and Mary.

The next morning I slept late; when I awoke the room was dark, and the whole house was still as midnight, though I heard the kitchen clock strike ten. John had so ordered it, that I might rest.

Henny had a nice cup of hot coffee, and some toast, ready for me, and had succeeded wonderfully in keeping Mary quiet. I told her the events of last night; the child wept, and flinging her arms around my neck, said, "Oh, Mrs. Hooper, if she had killed you, I would have lost my best friend. I will thank God in my prayer that he preserved you."

John ran in from the store to see how I felt, and finding me so comfortable, he smiled rather roguishly, and said, "Now, Anna, I think that wives and mothers had better go to bed early, and not sit up till midnight reading romances, don't you?"

"Perhaps so, John, especially if crazy ladies are permitted to roam the streets at that time."

John looked grave; but made no reply.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LOVE AFTER DEATH.

BY A. P. HIRMAN.

"Oh, if our souls immortal be,
Is not their love immortal, too?"
Here is joy, then, for the mourner,
Here is solace for your grief;
Make, oh make your faith then stronger
In this beautiful belief,
That the love our best ones bore us
Shall not perish after death;
But shall glow as warmly for us
When of them we are bereft.
Though unseen, around our pathway,
They are hovering, ever near;
Spirits pure are ever watching
O'er the ones who were so dear.
Striving still to guide and cheer them,
Though unfelt the soft caress,
Loved ones still are lingering round us,
Striving still to guide and bless.
Many scoff, and some condemn me
For these happy thoughts of mine—
For the thought of guardian spirits
Watching o'er a human shrine;
But the thing of death it softens
To all such as can believe
That our loved are with us often,
Though they're gathered in Death's shadowy.

INFLUENCE.

"That man has grown among kind and affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark. "And why do you think so?" said I. "Because of the rich development of all the tenderer feelings of the heart, which are so apparent in every word." A sister's influence is felt, even in manhood's later years; and the heart of him who has grown cold with its chilling contact with the world will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment; as some incident awakes within him the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice. And he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and weep for the gentler influence which moved him in his earlier years.

Delays are Dangerous; OR, ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

BY OPHELIA MARGUERITE CLOUTMAN.

CHAPTER I.

"Good morning, my friend!" exclaimed Harry Stanton, as he burst rather noisily into the sumptuously furnished apartment occupied by his friend, the Earl of Ellsmere, on a lovely morning in June, who sat gloomy and abstracted beside a miniature breakfast-table, quite regardless of the fast cooling coffee and snowy French rolls that awaited his disposal.

"Ah, Harry, is it you, so early?" said Clarence Ellsmere, starting up from his chair, and glancing hastily at his watch.

"Certainly." You did not think it my ghost, I hope! No, no, my boy, I console myself with the thought that I am good for at least half a century longer," and Harry Stanton, carelessly throwing aside his hat and gloves, seated himself with a complacent air, in the velvet cushioned arm-chair which his friend pushed listlessly towards him.

But the Earl, strange to say, seemed in no very agreeable mood to entertain company, and, without heeding the remark of his good-natured friend, sank dejectedly again into his accustomed seat. Perceiving his companion's unusually low spirits, the young man resolved to ascertain the cause of his sudden melancholy, in order to prescribe a remedy for the same.

"Why, man alive, what ails you?" cried Harry, bringing down by no means his slight hand upon the shoulder of his friend with a sudden movement, which caused the Earl of Ellsmere to jump half way across the room. Laughing heartily at the momentary fright which he had purposely occasioned, Stanton said, after his merriment had in some degree subsided:

"How is it, Clarence, that you still linger in-doors over an untasted breakfast, this fine morning, when Hyde Park is absolutely swarming with gay equipages and spirited equestrians?"

"Well, I believe it is a fine morning," said the Earl of Ellsmere, at the same time rising and throwing open one of the heavily draped windows of his apartment. He stood there a moment or two in silence, as if drinking in the exquisite loveliness of all nature around him; then suddenly recollecting his friend, who was not a little mystified at Clarence's absence of mind, he exclaimed:

"If you please, I will order my carriage, and we, too, will take a short drive upon the promenade grounds."

Henry nodded his assent to his companion's last remark, upon which, orders were immediately given to his valet to see that the aforesaid vehicle was put in readiness for their use.

CHAPTER II.

A half-hour later, and Clarence Ellsmere and his friend were dashing along at a rapid pace through London's most crowded thoroughfare. As Henry Stanton observed the frequent salutations which greeted his handsome and aristocratic friend on every side, he wondered within himself what earthly cause for unhappiness a man of Clarence's wealth and position could possibly have.

At length, tiring of the excitement and confusion attendant upon a drive in the Park, the Earl proposed that they should continue their ride into the suburbs of the city. Once left to their own free thoughts and pleasures, Harry Stanton proceeded to broach the subject of his companion's melancholy. To his great surprise, however, Clarence frankly revealed the secret of so much mental anxiety.

It seems that Clarence Ellsmere, the sole heir to his father's property and estate, had, in compliance with the latter's dying request, solemnly pledged himself to wed his cousin, Margaret Ellsmere, (then a child of some ten summers,) on her arrival at womanhood. Immediately after his father's decease, the young Earl had left the home of his boyhood, to make a tour of all Europe. For eight long years Clarence Ellsmere wandered unrestrainedly through countries made glorious, both in song and story, spending his summers generally in sunny Italy, and his winters in the midst of the exciting scenes and bewildering pleasures of the French Capital.

While abroad, the heir of Ellsmere gave himself little or no uneasiness upon the subject of his betrothal to his cousin. His marriage with her he looked upon as a settled thing; but as there could be no real love on either side, he saw no reason for hurrying matters to a close.

He had, however, been in town scarce a week, when a letter was received from his uncle, William Ellsmere, (the only surviving brother of his deceased father,) congratulating him upon his safe return to his native land, and requesting his immediate presence at Clifton Hall, now the property of the Ellsmere.

Clarence's quick perception read at a single glance the express object of that letter. It was only a polite way of inviting him to fulfill the marriage contract with his cousin, now a young lady of eighteen years.

His earliest recollections of Margaret Ellsmere were anything but favorable. An only child, she was naturally a spoiled one, from the over-indulgence of her father and only parent, the wife of William Ellsmere having died some two years after her marriage with a man who was many years her senior in point of years. Then, again, Clarence Ellsmere's love for the beautiful, which had ever been a strong one, had become still more fastidious and cultivated during his long absence from the home of his birth.

Margaret, if his memory served him right, had long, yellow hair, eyes of a pale and faded blue color, and a milk-white complexion, just the reverse of the young Englishman's ideas of beauty, who now gazed constantly over jetty tresses and olive-tinted cheeks, which lent a richer hue to the crimson tide that flowed beneath.

In short, fair reader, Margaret Ellsmere was, some eight years back, a wild and awkward hoyden of a girl, whose semi-annual visits at the Ellsmere mansion were anything but agreeable to the proud and high-bred boy. The chief cause of the Earl's aversion of mind was, as he freely told his friend, Harry Stanton, owing to the fact of his being under the immediate necessity of replying to his uncle's letter, (whom he regarded almost in the light of a stranger,) and of specifying some definite time for his appearance at Clifton Hall.

For some minutes after the conclusion of his companion's story, Harry Stanton was silent. The sole

ful consequence of the Earl's wholly irresistible, and spite of himself, Harry could not help laughing, as he contemplated it. Clarence, like most men of sensitive natures, by no means enjoyed being made the jest and ridicule of a fellow-companion. Perceiving the changing color, and slightly injured air of his aristocratic friend, Stanton said, with a degree of pleasantry so peculiar to himself:

"Well, after all, my dear boy, I don't see much to grieve and pourn over in what you have just told me. Why, if I were a man of your wealth and position in life, and what is still better, engaged to a bewitching rustic of a cousin, I should consider myself the happiest and luckiest fellow in the known world."

"Hang your rustic beauties!" retorted Clarence, angrily; "let them be beautiful as they may, they are only wild and ungraceful wall flowers, unfitted by nature to mingle their rank odors with the richer fragrance of city exotics."

"Methinks Lady Ellsmere's ears must burn a little at your very flattering remarks," said Harry, reproachfully.

"What care I! But, come, Harry, think of some way by means of which I can honorably break my engagement with one whom I neither love nor admire, and who, at the best, can only look upon her intended husband as a kind of matrimonial bug-bear, and I, Clarence Ellsmere, will esteem you my firm friend, until death."

"I will consider the subject well," replied Harry Stanton, as the splendid carriage of the Earl drew up before a plain, but highly respectable dwelling in one of the most retired streets of London, and which bore the endeared name of home, in the heart of the light-hearted youth. A friendly shake of the hand, and a promise to call at his friend's hotel on the morrow, and Henry disappeared from view, while the dashing equipage, with its liveried attendants, rolled quickly along the pavements, toward the elegant abode of the latter, in Mavorick Square.

CHAPTER III.

The following morning found Clarence Ellsmere dressed and awaiting his friend's arrival at an early hour. The smiling countenance and twinkling eye of Harry at once assured the Earl that he was the harbinger of good tidings, and it was with a feeling of joyous relief that the noble son of English aristocracy hastily advanced to meet the humble artist.

I will not attempt to relate to my readers the particular incident of their two hours' conversation, but the sum and substance of it is as follows:—

Being naturally possessed of an adventurous spirit, Harry Stanton proposed the rash idea of substituting himself for the person of the Earl. By assuming the disguise of the latter, (who felt himself a stranger even to his nearest relatives,) he could easily gain admittance to Clifton Hall, where, by skillful management and close scrutiny, a thorough insight into the young girl's character might be obtained, which knowledge, together with the true state of her feelings towards her cousin, he would carefully treasure up, and, returning once again to London, communicate the same to his friend and patron, the Earl.

Clarence was delighted with a scheme which promised no small degree of fun to the originator, and spared him the necessity of making a pilgrimage into the country, before the festivities of a London season had entirely subsided.

Harry Stanton, although some three years the junior of Clarence Ellsmere, was, nevertheless, looked up to as a sage in all matters of importance, by the latter.

The son of a poor artist, whose only legacy to his child, at his decease, was his hard-earned reputation, Harry Stanton had nothing to commend him to public favor, but his rare talent for painting, and a most prepossessing person.

On his return to London, some two months previous to the time of the opening of our story, Clarence Ellsmere had accidentally made the acquaintance of the young artist, while attending a performance at Her Majesty's Theatre; and, being charmed with his genial nature and cultivated tastes, the former at once admitted him to terms of most intimate friendship, which each succeeding day only served to strengthen and promote.

The great favor which the humble artist met with in the eyes of the wealthy and accomplished Earl, was but a signal for his entrance into the highest circles of society, of which Clarence Ellsmere was now the principal lion of attraction. So generally acknowledged was the existing friendship between the two, that no card of invitation was sent to the Earl of Ellsmere, that did not include a corresponding one for his particular chum and associate, Harry Stanton.

But to return to the latter's contemplated project. A few days subsequent to the one on which Clarence Ellsmere thoughtlessly gave his sanction to a plan, which more serious reflection might have condemned, Harry Stanton was slowly wending his way towards Clifton Hall, accompanied by a single servant. Earl's, who had generously offered his friend the use of his purse, the better to facilitate the success of his undertaking.

Left entirely to himself, Clarence Ellsmere plunged once again into the varied pleasures and dazzling scenes, which are opened on all sides to the sons of England's nobility. Managing mothers and scheming fathers looked with high favor upon one who was unconsciously breaking the hearts of their refined and fascinating daughters. Old belles, who were well nigh despairing of ever embarking upon the sea of matrimony, looked with envious eyes upon their more fortunate sisters, whose youth and fresher beauty, temporarily excited the admiration of the elegant and distinguished Earl of Ellsmere.

Amid all the splendor and gayereties of fashionable life, Clarence was conscious, at times, of an inward feeling of sadness—a longing for something which he did not possess. It could not be a wife that he desired, for the very thought of marrying his cousin Margaret, to whom he had been for long years betrothed, was highly repugnant to his feelings; and even if he were not already engaged to her, Clarence Ellsmere, with his charming address and exalted social position, could wed with perfect ease, the fairest flower that ever displayed her beauty and accomplishments at court.

What this vague and shadowy something was, for which his soul constantly thirsted, Clarence Ellsmere could not tell. In his dreams, a petite and limbed child, with hair black as the raven's wing, and dark lustrous eyes, seemed, beaming upon him, with a look of intense gratitude, that seemed to say, "from the depths of my very heart, I thank you," more plainly than words could possibly have expressed.

In his waking moments, it was, by no means a dim

out thing to locate that haunting and expressive face, or that slight form, which, if not full and rounded in its proportions, was by no means ungraceful in its movements. Estelle Montier was a flower-vender of the Boulevards. Five years previous to the period of the commencement of my story, Clarence Ellsmere had accidentally met with her, while carelessly strolling along that crowded and brilliant thoroughfare. When first discovered by him, she was humming a simple but mournful French ditty to herself. Clarence listened eagerly; for the slight voice, which fell softly upon his admiring ear, was no uncommon one. Weary with her day's labors, the little flower-girl was unburdening her sorrowful heart, by singing one of those simple ballads, which the great Raoul, at that time the idol of the French public, had so often sung in the cafes of Paris, before the star of her wondrous genius, which even then glittered upon her childish brow, had burst with glorious effulgence upon the civilized world.

A modest blush suffused the olive cheek of Estelle Montier, as, pausing in the midst of her song, she perceived the dark blue eyes of a tall and handsome stranger earnestly bent upon her face. Instantly recovering her usual composure, she said, with a degree of native sweetness and ease, which is so characteristic of the French as a nation—

"Will monsieur purchase my last bouquet of violets?"

Her bewitching smile, and the silvery and lute-like tones of the child's voice, were not to be resisted by an enthusiastic lover of the beautiful, like Clarence Ellsmere.

Without uttering a word, the young man threw down a golden coin, and was hastily turning away, when the little flower-girl, amazed at his singular conduct, as also at the sight of so much money, called out in an anxious tone, which arrested the ear of the proud Englishman, and brought him once more to her side.

"Monsieur has forgotten his flowers and his change."

For several moments Clarence Ellsmere stood there, questioning the humble child about her home and parentage, to which she replied with unaffected simplicity and frankness. Twilight was fast deepening into night, when the Earl of Ellsmere bade adieu to the beautiful child, which had so strangely excited his interest, and sought the comfort and quiet of his apartments at one of the most popular of Parisian hotels.

The next day, however, found the handsome Englishman once more at the stall of the poorly-clad, but beautiful flower-girl. Estelle welcomed her generous patron with a smile and a courtesy. After purchasing a small bouquet of dewy moss-buds, and placing them in the button-hole of his coat, Clarence suddenly turned to his companion, and said—

"Why do you not sing to-day, my child?"

"Oh, Monsieur," the trembling girl replied, while the crimson tide deluged face, neck, and shoulders, as she remembered the circumstance of her embarrassment and shame the day previous, "I do but sing to beguile the slowly passing hours."

"Do not speak thus sadly, my little friend," said Clarence kindly, "for sorrow should hold no place in a fresh and youthful heart like thine."

"But my poor mother!" sobbed Estelle, "if she were only well I should indeed be happy."

The words of the truthful and devoted child, touched the heart of the proud but sympathetic Englishman, and dashing the hastily rising tear aside, he inquired if she would like to learn to sing.

"Oh, Monsieur, nothing would please me more; and papa, who was once a great musician, and who is now in heaven, would be happy too, if he could only see his little Estelle a great singer!" and the light of enthusiasm which burned in the large, dark eyes, told of the latent fires which slumbered beneath.

"And do you think that if you were to become a fine singer, your dear papa, as you call him, would recognise his child?" asked the Earl, growing more and more interested in the little stranger before him.

"To be sure, Monsieur. Mamma says that he is an angel in heaven, and will never fail to watch over his little Estelle, when she is gone."

The holy and spiritual belief of that poor and humble flower-girl, made a deep mark upon the heart of the man of the world, who had hitherto lived but for himself.

Before leaving Paris for Italy, Clarence had induced Garcia to accept the little Estelle as a pupil of the Conservatoire of Music, of which that fine master was at that time the worthy head. Her voice, upon trial, gave promise of rare excellence, and Clarence Ellsmere, after leaving in the hands of Monsieur Garcia a sum of money sufficient to defray the young girl's expenses at the Conservatoire for a year, embarked for Italy, without revealing his name to either teacher or pupil.

Two years passed, and in his varied and exciting life of sight-seeing and pleasure-taking, the Earl of Ellsmere had well-nigh forgotten the little flower-girl of the Boulevards. At the end of that time he returned to Paris, and feeling a great inward desire to know how his little protégée prospered with her studies, he called at the house of Monsieur Garcia.

The latter had resigned his post at the Musical Conservatoire, some six months after the entrance of Mlle. Montier as a pupil of the institution. From the lips of Charon, who had succeeded him, he learned that Estelle had been suddenly deprived of her voice, on the very night in which she was to debut in opera, occasioned by the sudden intelligence of her mother's death. More than that Garcia could not tell, concerning one of those beauty and talents he had formed the most brilliant expectations.

Disappointed and surprised, the Earl of Ellsmere turned away from the door of the old musician. Determined to continue his search for the lost one, the young man next applied to Charon himself. He, alas, but confirmed the words of his brother artist, and could give no definite information of her whereabouts. He believed, however, that after the double loss of her mother, and a rare voice, she had left France, entirely discouraged and disheartened. Whither she had gone he knew not.

A twelvemonth later, and the feet of Clarence Ellsmere once more pressed the shores of his own native land. A host of admiring friends crowded around him, to offer their congratulations upon his return, while others who had never been honored by his acquaintance in former years, were now eager to pay their respects to one of England's noblest sons.

CHAPTER IV.

A month had passed, and still Clarence Ellsmere had received no word of intelligence from his friend Harry Stanton, whose proposed stay at Clifton Hall,

was not to have been extended beyond two weeks at the utmost.

The Earl had become both impatient and alarmed concerning the fate of one whom he already regarded with the fondness of a loved brother. With all the resignation of a martyr, who is about to be sacrificed upon the burning pile, Clarence Ellsmere set out for the estate of his uncle, believing that his doom was fixed and irrevocable, and resolved to behave like a gentleman of honor, in a matter which over-ambitious parents had arranged, without consulting the hearts of their children.

Some three days' travel brought the Earl to Cliftonham, where his uncle resided. His dress was neat, but exceedingly plain, and being totally unattended to, no one would have supposed him to have been other than humble Harry Stanton, as his single valise was checked.

Arriving at Clifton Hall, Clarence immediately sent up his card to the room of the mook Earl, who soon made his appearance in the drawing-room, with a terribly disconcerted air. Clarence Ellsmere was not a little vexed at his friend's mysterious silence and long absence, and was just on the point of applying some pretty strong epithets to his companion, when a beautiful young girl clad in sable robes passed through the hall with her rustic hat full of flowers, and glancing momentarily at the gentlemen seated in the drawing-room, sprang up the broad staircase, leading to her mistress' chamber, with the bound of an affrighted deer.

"Tell me, for heaven's sake, who is that?" cried Clarence, forgetting his ill-humor and vexation towards his friend, and rushing suddenly towards the open door, to catch a glimpse of the young girl's retiring figure.

"Only the little waiting-maid, or *femme de chambre* of your cousin Lady Margaret," replied Harry, in a tone of indifference.

"Waiting-maid or not?" said the Earl, "she is a perfect Hebe, and if I mistake not, I have before met with that singularly expressive face in the midst of my wanderings."

"Very likely," rejoined his friend, "for I believe your uncle, (and recollecting himself, Harry suddenly lowered his voice,) picked her up while visiting Paris a year ago on business, and brought her home with him to wait upon his daughter, on the occasion of her anticipated marriage with her distinguished cousin, the Earl of Ellsmere."

"The deuce he did!" exclaimed Clarence, biting his lips with anger; for the idea that the beautiful French waiting-maid of his cousin, and the little flower-girl of the Boulevards might possibly be one and the same person, seemed to lodge in the brain of the young man.

Further conversation between the two, was prevented by the entrance of a servant, who announced Lady Ellsmere, who appeared in full dress, accompanied by her *femme de chambre*.

As the latter entered the room, Clarence, without waiting for an introduction to his cousin, (who by the way was a tall and beautiful woman of the true English stamp), and darting suddenly forward, seized the small hand of the terrified girl, and fixing his dark blue eyes intently upon her pale olive face, said, in a low tone, "Has Estelle Montier forgotten her former customer and friend of the Boulevards?"

The mist fell from her eyes, and with a joyful cry the young girl rushed into the outstretched arms of the Earl, murmuring passionately, "My patron! and my long lost friend!"

Margaret Ellsmere looked to her cousin as she believed, for an explanation of so strange an affair; but Harry was equally surprised, and could say nothing.

Lady Ellsmere, shocked and provoked at the singular familiarity shown by the stranger towards her attendant, broke the awkward silence, by saying, "Cousin Clarence, the extreme rudeness of your friend, Mr. Stanton, is quite unpardonable in my eyes!"

"Say so, cousin?" interposed Clarence, releasing himself from the embrace of Estelle, and kneeling reverently at the feet of the proud English beauty, "Pardon, I beseech you, the presumption of one, who until this moment, has never known what it is to love and be loved."

The strange words of Clarence were inexplicable to Margaret Ellsmere, who, casting a scornful look upon Clarence, at her feet, said, "Rise, sir, and believe me, when I tell you, that if you were not the treasured friend of my dear cousin here, I should pronounce you at once a madman!"

The Earl could not forbear smiling at this last remark, but with all the manliness of his nature, Harry came forward and frankly confessed the cruel ruse which he had originated and carried on for the past month. Margaret Ellsmere tried hard enough to be angry, but the truth is, she was already too deeply in love with the poor but handsome artist, to discard him from her presence forevermore. And Harry, like Claude Melante in the play, in avenging his friend's wrongs, had entirely lost sight of his own heart.

Another explanation was due the father of Margaret Ellsmere, which Clarence however kindly volunteered to undertake. Of course the old lord was highly indignant, (as who would not have been?) at the base piece of deception practiced upon his child; but Margaret's tears and Clarence's persuasions, soon appeased his temper, and before twenty hours had passed, things were most satisfactorily arranged, to the mutual delight of all parties concerned.

The following Christmas, the walls of the spacious drawing-room of Clifton Hall, were witness to a double wedding; that of Lady Margaret Ellsmere and the poor but talented artist, Harry Stanton, and the distinguished Earl of Ellsmere and his humble yet beautiful protégée, Estelle Montier.

The appearance of the two brides, (whose beauty was in startling contrast,) in London society a month later, excited no little sensation among the fashionable of both sexes, who had long known of the Damon and Pythias' attachment, which existed between the two bridesgrooms.

A handsome dowry was the marriage gift of Lord Ellsmere to his only daughter; but Harry Stanton is rapidly accumulating a fortune of his own, by his persevering efforts in the field of painting. Estelle Montier no longer grieves over the loss of her voice in singing, for God has given her a husband, that is as devoted and proud of the once humble flower-girl, as if she had been born an empress.

And now, dear reader, may we not say, and truly too, that, although in the generality of cases, "Do-lays Are Dangerous," yet in this one instance, "All's Well That Ends Well."

An Englishman's lunch—A slice of 'am, six eggs, and a quart of ale.

LINES TO ALBERT LAIGHTON.

"That strain again; it had a dying fall,
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."—SHAKESPEARE.

Our own is not the sunny land of song,
Where sweets from never-withering blossoms rise—
Where warbling minstrels sing the whole year long,
And hearts are happy under cloudless skies!
No mountains, no valleys, have we, nor groves nor streams,
Made sacred by a Homer's wondrous dream,
No spot, like Greece and Rome, to people dreams
With birds whose strains have charmed the world so long.

We cannot boast our shrines where princes knelt
In worship long, long centuries ago;
Nor hied temples where the gods have dwelt,
And nerved the hero for some giant foe.
Our souls are thus, with love, to hold in trust
Some dear moments of the olden time—
To mark the spot where consorted dust
Has slept for ages from its life sublime.

But such proud gifts of age can ne'er be ours;
Our ancient boast is God's own handiwork—
The beauty of the young earth's whispering bowers,
Whose war's dread sorrows ne'er were known to lurk.
His towers of granite gleam with joy to hold in trust
Some dear moments of the olden time—
Our shining temple-roof, Heaven's starry dome—
Our ancient bards by his own hand enrolled.

The ocean, running brooks, Niagara's foam!
And we have living hearts to-day, as great,
As noble, as had ever Greece or Rome—
Hearts far more glorious in their high estate,
Making no radiant gleam with joy to hold in trust
Some dear moments of the olden time—
Caught from the ocean's anvil, singing rills,
The wildwood's whisper, and the feathered throng
Who chant the glory of our mortal hills.

The vernal airs, with soft Aeolian strains,
Charming to fragrant beauty bursting flowers—
The beautiful of heaven and earth remains
To thrill with melody the listening soul.
Bless God for such great gifts—such bards of song
Who drink from Nature's inspiration,
And bless the plodding world their whole life long,
With strains so sweet hard hearts forget to sin.

I bless him for them—bless him for the one
Who sings so sweetly by the sounding sea—
Whose charmed strains with every rising sun
I deem are wafted gleefully to me.
Brother, thou hast a poet's eye to see
The living beauty smiling Nature wears—
A poet's heart to thrill with bounding glea,
Scanning the sweetness of its perfumed airs—

A poet's ear to hear the daily song
Its angel voices sing so glad and free—
A poet's power to tell the listening throng
The glorious visions they may never see.
When angels sung thy cradle lullaby,
And blessed thy sleep with golden dreams so long,
Ere leaving thee to seek the Eden sky,
Thou must have caught the echoes of their song.

And in thy soul, their sweetness cherishing
Through childhood's legacy of golden hours,
They grew to an angel's song, as birds sing,
Or bees, when sipping sweets from summer flowers.
Then sing, my brother—let thy song be heard,
When morning blushes through the purple east—
When noon has hushed awhile the song of birds,
And night calls shadows to their twilight feast!

Sing, when the air is soft with vernal showers,
When Summer's sunbeams gleam on the sea and land,
When Autumn morns its crocus of withered flowers,
And Winter wraps them in the shroud of death.
Oh sing, my brother, ever sing, that thou mayst charm
The pain from aching hearts, thy whole life long,
And in such hearts thou shalt thy name enshrine,
And joy to link it to immortal song!

Written for the Banner of Light.

OLD LETTERS.

BY ADRIANNA LESTER.

It is Sunday-even, and one of those stormy and disagreeable November nights, to which we Massachusetts people are so much accustomed—I will not say acclimated, for such can never be the case, even with the most hardy and robust of our race. An easterly storm, with its usual accompaniments of wind and rain, is anything but a welcome visitor, especially when it makes its appearance upon a Sabbath morn, a day of anticipation and delight to millions of God's creatures, who have worked unceasingly and uncomplainingly through six long days, with the bright hope of finding rest and calm enjoyment upon the seventh.

Sunday night in the country is always one extremely quiet, and on this particular eve of which I write, with the rain beating mercilessly against my window-frames, and the wind moaning and sighing through the noble old elms that sentinel like keep guard before the door of my cottage home, I may safely assert, that I shall suffer no interruption from visitors or strangers this night.

I love the solitude of my cosy little chamber, with its simple, yet comfortable surroundings, and cheerful coal fire, casting a warm and ruddy glow over every object, no matter how dark and faded; and so I have settled myself quietly down in the depths of this old arm-chair, (which, if not the identical one that came over in the Mayflower, is certainly quite an heir-loom in our family,) for the express purpose of looking over again this old package of letters, which has been lying stowed away in one corner of an old trunk, which has not been disturbed from its resting-place in the garret for several years.

Here is the first one; it is from my dear old school-mate and room-mate, Effie St. Clair, and written to her friend Ada, just one month after her return to her southern home. You shall read it for yourselves:—

SUNNY NOOK, Sept. 1st, 185—

My Darling Ada—Here I am, seated in the hospitable roof of my generous uncle again. Such a welcome as I received from Cousin Henri, (my betrothed husband,) upon my return from school, fairly made my girlish heart dance with joy. But to be brief, Ada, I must tell you that the particular object of this letter is to claim your promised presence as bridesmaid, upon the occasion of my approaching marriage, which is fixed upon for Christmas Eve. Of course I am exceedingly busy in giving orders in regard to my bridal wardrobe, which is already in preparation—Cousin seems as proud of me, as if I were an empress, instead of simple, loving, Effie St. Clair. Uncle William has recently had built for him a splendid dwelling, upon the same street, as that in which he now lives, which he intends to present to Henri and I, for our future residence—home, I must call it, for that is a dear New England word, which I shall never forget. And now, dear Ada, just pack your trunk and start for New Orleans immediately, if not sooner; for Uncle William and Cousin Henri agree with me, in saying that my wedding cannot possibly take place, without your much-desired and agreeable presence.

Yours eternally, but hastily,

EFFIE ST. CLAIR.

I want, dear reader, to fulfill my promised pledge, to officiate as bridesmaid on the occasion of the marriage nuptials of my warm-hearted little southern friend, Effie St. Clair. I found her as beautiful and vivacious as ever, although afflicted with a kind of hawking cough, which I had never known her to have before. They were married—Henri St. Clair and his lovely cousin—and, after a fortnight's time, set sail for Europe, where they intended to remain for a twelve-month or more. The husband of my friend, with true southern generosity, insisted upon my accompanying them, but for once, I felt compelled to resist the pleadings of my dear friend Effie, for I had duties and ties in my northern home, which outweighed even the claims of friendship.

I parted with Effie and her handsome husband in New York, from which place they were to take the steamer bound for Havre. That farewell was our last, for mine eyes never beheld my beloved friend more. Her severe and protracted studies, while at school, together with the harsh and penurious effects of our climate upon her slight constitution,

engendered the seeds of that fatal malady, consumption, which hurried her with terrible rapidity into an early grave. The last letter which I received from her was dated from Italy, and written by her just one month previous to her death. It contained a single curl of raven hair, which she had persuaded Henri to sever from her head to send me, and a small ring set with pearls, which she had while at school, so many times playfully wished on to my finger, and which she desired me to wear always for her sake. It has never left my fingers, even for a single moment, since that time, although ten years have passed since Henri St. Clair, still a constant and devoted widower, laid the beautiful form of his lost wife to rest beneath the golden skies of sunny Italy. Peace to her memory!

Here is a third one from my old playmate and near neighbor, widow Carleton's only daughter, the fair Alice, as the village beaux used to call her. She was but just sixteen years old, when a handsome lawyer, but at heart a rascal from Chicago, chanced to come to our little village upon business. Meeting with her at the house of a friend, he became enamored of the young girl, and demanded her hand in marriage of her weak-minded and ambitious mother.

Mrs. Carleton, who had once seen better days, was dazzled by the brilliant offer of marriage which her daughter had received from the hands of a stranger, whose personal appearance was all that could be desired, and accordingly persuaded the childish Alice to relinquish her boy-lover, the son of one of the villagers, but a youth of rare promise, for a man twenty years her senior.

They were married in the little rustic church, and started at once for their western home. The letter which I hold in my hand was written by Alice Morton, six months after her marriage with Charles Morton, who was a lawyer only by pretence, and a notorious gambler of Chicago. His neglect and desertion, together with the remembrance of her old love, whom she had so unthinkingly put aside, for the purpose of gratifying her mother, brought on melancholy insanity, which ended in her death at one of the lunatic asylums in that city. She begged me in her letter not to disclose the story of her abandonment and sufferings to her aged mother, fearing that her heart could not withstand the terrible shock, and so I carefully guarded her secret. It is truly said, that "evil tidings travel rapidly." It was, not three weeks after the death of Alice Morton, before Mrs. Carleton received an anonymous letter from Chicago, revealing the painful circumstances of her daughter's death. The morning after its reception the widow Carleton was found dead in her bed, having committed suicide with a razor the night previous.

My fourth is an offer of marriage from a gentleman whom I met in New York five years ago. For a time I felt that I could love him, but when I told him that I could not consent to leave home without my invalid mother, he frowned and looked displeased, and so I firmly refused his proposal. I saw him a year since, and he was still unmarried. He anxiously inquired if my mother yet lived, to which I indignantly replied yes, and that I sincerely hoped God would spare her to me for twenty years longer. He bit his lips nervously, and, with a shrug of the shoulders, quietly turned away. I would not marry such a man if he had the wealth of a Croesus, and I were an orphan, and penniless, to-morrow. Not I!

This faded and time-worn epistle, was the last of a series, which I received from my dear and only brother, John. He was a sailor by occupation; and when only twenty-three years of age, was appointed captain of one of the finest vessels that ever sailed out of Boston. The future was bright and glorious before him when he started, and, as he waved his hat to us from the deck of the vessel, as she glided slowly out of sight, my mother and I felt a thrill of pride shoot through our hearts, as we gazed upon his intelligent face and graceful form. Alas! he never returned to us, for all of that brave ship's crew were lost at sea some two months after. His death was a terrible blow to the heart of my mother. Noting the violence of her grief, I restrained my own tears while in her presence, and strove to act the part of a comforter to her bereaved and saddened heart. She is reconciled now to his death, and believes that whatsoever God doeth, is well and just.

The sixth and last, is from one Louise Cramer, who has long since outgrown my friendship. She was a class-mate of mine at Lindenwood Lodge, but was never a general favorite with the mass of scholars, because of her proud and imperious manner.

In person she was what might be called regally beautiful; but she was as heartless as a marble statue. For me she professed to entertain a strong degree of friendship, and for some time after she went abroad to pursue her musical studies, (for she was gifted with one of the finest soprano voices God ever bestowed upon woman,) she wrote to me as often as twice a year.

Every feeling of her nature was subordinate to her ambition, however, even in early girlhood. To become eminent and famous in her art was all that she desired. The pinnacle of her glory was at length reached; for one of Effie St. Clair's letters, soon after her arrival in Germany, stated that our old school-mate, Louise Cramer, was singing under an assumed name at the opera house in Vienna, where she was accounted the greatest of modern *prima donnas*, because of her great favor in the eyes of the emperor. Effie writes: "I have heard M^{lle} Louise to-night; but her singing is as cold and impassioned as her heart is stony and unloving. She is still a glorious creature to look at; but a single glance at her statuesque face would tell you that she looked soul—in short, that she is a woman only in form."

After Effie's death, I heard from a gentleman friend in Philadelphia, who had known Louise Cramer well in childhood, that as soon as prosperity began to smile upon her, she discarded her poor old father, and only relative, who had toiled year in and year out, to procure money to defray the expenses of her musical studies while abroad, and left him to beg his bread from door to door, until, too weak and infirm to do so longer, he was placed in the city-poor-house, where he died cursing the child who had once been his pride and delight.

But it is twelve o'clock, and I must seek my pillow. So I will carefully re-tie this package of old letters, which has afforded me company for a rainy evening, and put them back to-morrow morning in their old place in the garret, to be treasured as sacred relics of the past.

The art of conversation consists in the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and you must sympathize. You must possess, at the same time, the habit of communicating and listening. The union is rare, but irrealizable.

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Stolen Casket.

BY MRS. C. A. HAYDEN.

"Lend me some keys, Liza; I want to rummage this old trunk; mother is always so careful of it one never sees the inside; I just want to know what's in it."

"But, Harry, your mother will be very angry, and like as not I shall lose my place; there's nothing concerns you or me in it, so you had better let it alone; besides, your mother will be home soon; what if she caught you meddling?"

"Catch a wren asleep! give me the keys, Liza; I'm not afraid of her; she won't be home these three hours. Come, you shall help me rummage, if you will—perhaps it's money, and if it is I'll give you some."

"But I shall lose my place, Harry."

"Oh, hand over the keys—you shan't lose your place." A few moments and the eager, prying eyes of the boy and girl were rapidly scanning the contents of the mysterious trunk. "Fudge! there's nothing here after all but clothing, and—hold on, Liza—here's something," and forth from the folds of linen he drew a small, antique box, curiously and elaborately carved, and which, upon opening, discovered a quantity of jewelry, brilliant and beautiful enough to have belonged to a princess. The astonished boy coolly surveyed the treasure, and as he carefully replaced it, muttered—

"Don't wonder she hides them; but should n't you think she'd want to wear them sometimes? I thought women always loved gewgaws! If I was mother I guess I'd wear that plain gold bracelet when that flashing thing was lying there; perhaps it's because they are old fashioned, and father's so proud to see he likes to see her dressed well. Anyhow, I'm glad I've seen them. I always like to penetrate mysteries."

A few days after, the girl left, alleging that her work was too hard for her, and her place was almost immediately supplied by a woman whom she recommended. About a week after she came, a fire broke out at midnight, and in the confusion that followed life alone was thought of. The house and nearly all the furniture was destroyed, and it was not until some days had elapsed, and calmness was in a measure restored, that the casket was even thought of. The woman who had supplied the place of Liza, strange to say, had not been seen since the alarm was given, and it was feared she had perished in the flames; search was made, and large rewards offered, but all to no purpose, and heartily discouraged Capt. Percival gave up the endeavor.

Some fifteen years afterward, in company with one or two gentleman passengers, Capt. P. visited Rome, and one day while examining a cabinet of curiosities, his attention was attracted to a conversation between one of his party and a gentleman present.

"Do you know who the original was? It is very beautiful!"

"No, I do not," was the reply; "it came into my possession through the confessional. I am a priest, and one day while examining a cabinet of curiosities, his attention was attracted to a conversation between one of his party and a gentleman present. 'Do you know who the original was? It is very beautiful!'"

"No, I do not," was the reply; "it came into my possession through the confessional. I am a priest, and one day while examining a cabinet of curiosities, his attention was attracted to a conversation between one of his party and a gentleman present. 'Do you know who the original was? It is very beautiful!'"

"Enough; I am satisfied," said the good priest. "I read the fact before you spoke even; and now may I ask," presenting the box, "was it a memento? or did you prize it for the wealth it contains?"

"Both, sir; in the first place it was taken from a freebooter, who had stolen it from a noble lady of Spain. It was my first voyage as commander, and I gave chase with the confidence of forty, instead of two-and-twenty. We had a smart encounter, which resulted in the capture of the vessel and her piratical crew; one of them was badly wounded, and dying a lingering death, seemed to feel some compunctions of conscience, for he made a clean breast of it to me, while we were towing her into port. He had abducted a young and beautiful girl, carried her to an almost desolate spot, and placed her in charge of a miserable old hag. It was contrary to the orders of his chief, who, like many of his class, had certain codes of honor, and was strict in exacting obedience. No sooner was his prize secured than orders came for sailing, and not daring to disobey, he left her, trusting to the vigilance of the duenna. A casket of jewels he had snatched from a toilet-stand in the chamber he had audaciously entered, and thrusting it into his pocket, had kept it hidden till then. With directions to find the cave, formerly a bandit rendezvous, and giving the casket to my care, he died, and escaped justice, while I started off in quest of the cave. I found it, and of course rescued the lady. She was very, very lovely, and, as a matter of course, I fell desperately in love with her. She returned it, and nothing doubting, I offered her my heart and hand. Sir! you should have seen the haughty scorn of the stern old noble! it could not have been more savagely expressed had the renegade who had stolen her solicited the same favor. Well, the words he thundered in my ears broke his daughter's heart! She died! yes, she died! It was midnight, in the gloomy old chapel, with no ray of light save where the moon-beams crept in. Ere we parted forever, she placed in my hands that casket of jewels; it contained a small miniature set in diamonds, with other jewelry, also the title-deed of an inheritance which, after the lapse of a few years, would be indisputably hers. I received it from her hands as a memento of past happy hours, few as they had been, rather than as a legacy."

from one whose home was soon to be with the angels. I could not, I would not believe that she would die, although the solemnity of the place and the hour added a deeper thrill to every impassioned tone of her musical voice; the ardor of my own overpowering feelings forbade the realization of half the agony she was enduring. We parted, and three hours after, the beautiful Inez de Reviro was no more! She was found lying upon a couch in her own boudoir, her hands folded meekly upon her breast, and a small stream of blood bubbling over her white lips; the grief of that parting hour had been too mighty for the throbbing heart, and it had burst its boundaries. Poor Inez! I guarded the casket, not for the vast wealth it would one day bring me, but as a memorial of the sweetest and saddest hour man can ever know!"

A dead silence was the truest expression of their sympathy, and the delighted possessor of the casket went to enjoy in the seclusion of his own apartment the happiness he so truly deserved.

Banner of Light.
BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 27, 1858.
LUTHER COLBY, THOS. GALES FORSTER,
WILLIAM HENRY, J. PAUL M. SQUIRE,
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.
Office of Publication No. 3 1-2 Brattle Street.
NEW YORK OFFICE.
No. 5 S. T. MUMFORD, No. 6 Great Jones street, is authorized to receive advertisements, subscriptions and communications for this paper.
TERMS.
Single copies per year, \$2 00
Six months, 1 00
Three months, 50
All subscriptions stopped at the expiration of the time paid for, so that subscribers are not compelled to pay for what they have not ordered.
CLUB RATES.—Clubs of four and upwards, One Dollar and a half each copy, per year. Persons who send us Twelve Dollars, for eight copies will receive one copy in addition.
Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent.
Persons in charge of SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATIONS, and LECTURERS, are requested to procure subscriptions at the above rates. Sample copies sent free.
Address "Banner of Light," Boston, Mass.
Colby, Forster & Co.

TRANSPARENCY.
"Your spirits shine through you."—MACBETH.
A man cannot hope to conceal himself. Disguise is permitted to no one. The smile—the eye—the brow—the speech—the manner—all combine to tell the true story. There is no possible escape from this betrayal. You need not labor to hide the deformities of your soul, any more than you can hope to conceal its harmonies; they are published to all the world, and will be published forevermore. No creeping or skulking, no hiding or dodging, no covering, whether foul or fair, is able to keep the truth from the eye of the most casual observer.
A man has a black heart, which he thinks in vain to hide under a smiling exterior; but by his last act he shows the world that the smiling is villainous, and the heart only a dark receptacle. He cannot keep his heart a secret of his own, let him try for it never so faithfully. He acquires a frowning look upon his brow, that he little imagines to be such a betrayal of his way of thought within; but the distance he thus puts between himself and his friends, best assures him that they have found him out before he thought of such a thing. He is base in his appetites, and obeys them in secret, though particularly careful to be very secret about it, too; but the obedience blazes in his face, out of his eyes, in the coarse and sensual expression of his mouth; there is not the power or skill in him to prevent the unrestrained demons writing their names legibly all over his countenance.
Nature will not consent to be mocked or cheated. If we defy or deny her, she is certain of her quick revenge. Drunkenness brings beastly manners, blurs the eyes, blurs the intellect, and darkens the light of the soul. The blind indulgence of the passions, in place of their proper and possible exaltation, leaves its distinct marks on the head, all over the face, in the debased and debasing speech, and the complete debauchery of the soul. Greed and gluttony write just as legible characters; there is no mistaking either them or their meaning. Hypocrisy makes everything about the man look mean, shuffling, treacherous, and despicable; we refuse to put faith in the hypocrite, judging him to be such only from the lineaments of his face, but cannot tell why. But still we put no faith in him. Conceit shines out like a noontide sun; it is impossible not to read and interpret it. Falsehood speaks chiefly at the eyes; it can remain falsehood but a very little while. Envy publishes itself all the time; it fairly eats its possessor up.
And if you look at the other side of the picture, the spirit shows contrastingly beautiful. The obverse side is a relief indeed. The clear and calm eye reveals the depths of a pure and aspiring soul. A fair and open expression of countenance speaks for a spirit that is at peace. There is nothing that so soon wins us all as the pure and beautiful manifestation of a pure and beautiful spirit. In a woman, we often look for it; but in a man, it overpowers all barriers, all obstacles—nay, every desire for opposition and resistance. A man's spirit streams through him—through his eyes, his face, his form, his manners, his gestures, his speech—just as naturally as the yellow sun pours its amber flood through the windows of our houses. It is not possible to obstruct it. Nothing in nature is dense enough, and opaque enough, to stop its divine passage. It must have an egress, even as there is a corresponding law for its ingress.
A beautiful spirit, whether in man or woman, makes the very atmosphere redolent of itself, wherever it goes. It is royalty itself, and more than royalty. There are none so coarse, or vicious, but they are able to perceive that presence in a moment. It is a something not in the dress, and yet the dress may serve to heighten its effect; nor yet in the surroundings, although even they may be made to so far obey its choice as to extend its outward halo. But there the spirit is, all the while; it looks out of those expressive, soul-lit eyes; it speaks in those features, all over that radiant face; it inhabits, while it also streams forth from that form, and those who see the form are well assured that they behold the living spirit. It plays all around the person like loving light, and in fact is the person itself.
Few are willing to consider at how little pains and sacrifice, which after all is no sacrifice, they may change the entire appearance of their spirits

in the eyes of the world. As soon as one puts off conceit and pride, and allows sweet humility to come in and occupy the seat of the soul, the manners become new—the expression of the countenance is another thing—the eyes speak a very different language. The moment Love is suffered to become the law of the life, a new atmosphere breathes all around the being, and a new light radiates from the man. Nothing in all the world possesses such a magnetism as this. Like the sun, it will work its beautiful results wherever it is suffered to shed its genial rays.
What a foolish and fatal mistake it is, to suppose that we can for any length of time, conceal ourselves from others! The one great problem is—how can a man conceal himself? Old Confucius was seriously asking that question, many long centuries ago. There is no such thing as concealment. A man publishes himself forevermore. In fact, his whole life is nothing but a perpetual announcement to his fellow men of what he is, and to what he aspires. It is the idlest of all idle dreams to suppose that this process of publication can at any point be suspended. In a bargain or a trade—at church—in the midst of his family—in public life—on the street—in his most familiar correspondence; by his walk to and from his business—by the way he answers to the looks and greetings of those with whom he meets—by his dress and manners; through his countenance, whether scowling or open, sullen and envious, or calm and serene—through the speech that is ever flowing out from his eyes, whether joyous and bounding or morose and suspicious, whether full of a high spiritual meaning or crowded with the hints of worldliness and a selfish life—in all these ways, and by all these instrumentalities, does the man continue to publish himself to the world wherever he goes.
Could there be any fact more pregnant with meaning in our little life-history? Could any single truth appeal to us with so much force and emphasis, as that the soul within us—or if not the soul, then the passions and appetites—is continually flowing out of us into the great reservoir of the world's power and influence? Who hesitates, then, when thinking seriously of these things, to so purify, and beautify, and exalt his spirit, that all the world which beholds it, may feel grateful that the influence of such a spirit was sent to them—may bless God for such pure and good companionship—and may be incited to beauty, and truth and purity themselves, because these alone are the essential elements of enduring happiness?

THE FIRST SNOW.
As the air is evidently full of the little feathery flakes, and they have been falling all around us northwardly, we think we could not better please our readers than by giving them an extract on the "First Snow," from a little book we have kept very choicely for a number of years. It is as follows:—
"You wake in the morning—thrust aside the window-curtain—rub your eyes, as if you might be deceived—and take another look.—Snow!
Yes, Winter at length is here. 'Tis fills your heart with strange feelings, and you muse pleasantly as you continue to gaze.
The walks in the yard are covered with the whiteness, till they are buried out of sight altogether. The sills are heaped. The tops of the fences are coated, in long, high, and narrow ridges. Caps of fleecy snow are upon the posts, and they look like old busbars, with their white caps and frosty beards. Everything out of doors is dressed in masquerade. And all this has been done in a single night, while you have been sleeping. Only, yesterday evening, when you last looked out at your chamber window, the ground was bare, and dark, and cheerless; the wagon-wheels rumbled heavily over the frozen hobbles; the sky was gray, and full of gloom. But now, a magic power has changed all. You think you must have made some fairy journey during the night, and that a new realm spreads out before your vision now. And you look out upon the snowy waste with as much delight as when you were a child of but half a dozen years, and shouted gaily at the First Snow in the early morning.
How still is the air! If voices or echoes reach you, they have a smothered sound. The snow is still falling. The white flakes have descended on the roof like angels, with their blessings. They have thrown a soft cloak of ermine over the whole—ridge-pole, gables, and dormer-windows. Everything looks so fantastic! You imagine that Nature has got a new freak in her head, and will never be done with putting off and on her fine dresses.
The bushes about the door and yard hang heavily with the fleecy fruitage of the night. Upon the fir-trees large masses of the snow have fallen, and the boughs bend down beneath their weight. The lawn looks no longer desolate; and the garden does not seem so mournful, with the naked bushes and dried vines scattered over it; all is spotless, and fair, and pure.
The round rails about the door-yard are heaped high with the soft snow; and the old gate-bars at the pasture are almost hidden; and the barn roof, and the sheds, and the well-curb, and the dovecote, are all buried up. A stack of hay that stands out in the lot near the barn, looks as smooth and regular as a cone; and the banded ricks of corn, for which the barn had no room, are standing about like white tents pitched upon a spotless field. The snow is piled and crowded upon the edges of the eaves, as if to see how much could safely hold itself there. There is the old cart, got ready for the mill the night before, now looking like a huge drift. The well is covered up, and you could find it only by the early morning tracks that have been made to it. Logs at the great wood-pile are now as smooth as need be—the knots, and gaps, and corners, all rounded off and filled up. The axe is buried. The grindstone is out of sight. Fowls venture beyond the sill of the hen-house, and slump in to their heads. They make a second trial, and it is the same; a third, and it is still worse; till at last they flap their wings in flight, rise above the snow-banks, and fly with a loud screech and onk to the shed that protects the back door. The crows of chanticleer from his roost is muffled and solemn; you fancy it might portend the dawn of some dreadful day.
The old horse looks out over the scene through the window near his stall, neighing for human society. And the cattle low loudly in their stanchions, as if they knew some wonderful change had taken place out of doors. The patient cows, overfed in their warm range of stalls, stand waiting for the milkmaid; who would long ago have filled her pails with their frothy milk, if she could have found a path through the snow-deeps to the barn."

The Chelsea Horse Railroad was commenced running on Wednesday of last week.

MORE HOPEFUL.
It has too long been the fashion for our speakers and writers, our poets and divine men, as it even now is for our preachers and pastors, to take a desponding view of things; as if the good had culminated for the race long ago, and there was little or nothing left to hope for. One can hardly open a book of modern verse, but he finds it brimming full and running over with jernalms. The sun has such a sickly cast, when seen through the glasses of these people, that one quite despairs of ever receiving any help from them. Our prose writers—essayists and workers in fiction—are not much behind. It is one continual wail over the sad and reduced condition from which the world, and all who are unfortunate enough to be in it, is at present such a sufferer.
Our sermons and Sabbath discourses are generally not much of an improvement on these gloomy views. True, the popular sentiment does not desire, nor will it scarcely tolerate the old heathenisms of hell and damnation, in all their ancient luridness; but it has not yet acquired that vigorous and healthy tone which outwardly expresses a preference for something in a discourse more in keeping with the character and hopes of humanity. For this reason it is, that whenever we hear of a clergyman's taking a brighter and better view of things, we are ready to rejoice, and proclaim the welcome fact with rejoicings.
Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, delivered a lecture before the Mercantile Library Association of this city last week, on the subject of "Public Opinion," in the course of which he very truthfully and properly remarked that "he believed the public sentiment of civilized and Christian society is truer and purer to-day than it ever was before. The forces of evil may seem to be strong as ever, but the forces of good are stronger than ever; and the scale is gradually turning in favor of truth and right. The labor of the past has not been lost; the labor of to-day is not in vain. No holy word, no righteous act can ever die. Strike the chords of influence with a manly hand! Their vibration will ring on forever. Be hopeful! We are moving on towards high noon; hardly out of the twilight yet, it may be, but thank God it is the twilight of the morning and not of the evening, and the hour-hand on the great dial-plate of time never goes back. Slowly and silently, except when it strikes at long intervals the progressive epochs of the world, it advances toward the meridian."
This is decidedly more hopeful. We are glad enough to record such a manly and just expression of what the signs of the times do really and truly mean. It gives us joy to see that the yellow haze, so sickly and jaundiced in its color, is lifting from before the spiritual vision of thoughtful men, and that they are able to use their finer perceptions as God intended they should.
Let us all take heart, brethren and friends! The day has not only dawned, but it is even now on the way to high noon! What joyful news it is, and to have it sounded abroad from lips that a little time ago were sadly deploring the misery, and wretchedness, and woe of the whole race! We are fast advancing into the glories of the day. Let each one of us purify his heart still more and more, and aspire higher and higher, so that the full light of noon may search our souls and find no spot or stain!

CLOUD-DREAMS.
The sunset clouds are feeling by;
Look in the glowing west;
The shining clouds float dreamily
Upon the sky's blue breast.
Like an angel, white as snow,
His wings are tinged with red;
And purple stripes, which sailing go,
Where waves of fire are spread!
The sunset clouds are changing now:
Mountains rise high and higher,
And stately towers crown their brow
With pinnacles and spires.
And now upon the sea-lake
White water-lilies float,
And Naiads fair the pure blooms take
To wreath a golden boat.
The sunset clouds with glory flush
The sky, and all is bright;
And rainbow colors burn and blush
Amid the amber light;
While angelic hosts of land and main
A loved form, cold and dead,
Two hold the feet, and two sustain
The flower-crowned, drooping head.
The sunset clouds are fading fast,
The dim west glows no more;
A gloom is o'er my spirit cast,
Which was so light before.
In vain the radiant stars, gold bright,
On the blue ether shine;
A dreary shadow rests to-night
Pull-like, upon my heart.

FOUR DAYS SPIRITUAL MASS MEETING.
A Four Days Spiritual Mass Meeting will commence in Convention Hall, Syracuse, N. Y., at 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 9th, 1858, and continue morning, afternoon and evening, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 10th, 11th and 12th. An invitation is extended to all normal lecturers and trance speakers throughout the country, and many have already engaged to attend. The order of the meeting will be such as to afford a hearing to all who may feel moved to speak in harmony with the great idea of Spiritual Intercourse. Sessions will be held for the narration of facts and personal experiences by the people; discussions on the various phases of mediumship and manifestations; the formation of circles; uses and abuses, public meetings, and the best methods of disseminating Spiritualism; its application to the individual life and soul; its relation to Christianity, the creeds, churches, sciences, philosophies, literature, reforms and institutions of the age. Arrangements will be made to accommodate as many as possible, free of expense, speakers being first provided for; and boarding houses and hotels will furnish a list of their lowest prices. To meet expenses and protect the assembly from a disorderly crowd, a trifling door fee will be taken during part of the meeting. Let Spiritualists in every section of the country rally with "one accord" at this great Modern Pentecost. Speakers who can attend from a distance, will communicate as early as possible. Address, in behalf of the Management, J. R. Robertson, 56 East Railroad street, Syracuse, N. Y.

PLYMOUTH.
Last Sunday afternoon Mr. George W. Keene, of Lynn, addressed the people in this place. He is a faithful and powerful man in the cause of Spiritualism. His lecture had in it sound philosophy and valuable information. He takes nothing for his services, not even for his traveling expenses.
Capt. George Simmons is very active and efficient in his efforts in sustaining meetings in this place every Sunday. The people are full of kindness, and truly advanced in the philosophy of Spiritualism.
Sunday evening Miss Lizzie Doten occupied the platform; her remarks were very excellent. Miss Doten is a bright star in the firmament of mediums, and bids fair for much future usefulness. It is her intention to devote herself to public speaking.

Sabbath in Boston.
[Abstract Report for the Banner of Light.]
THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL.
Sunday Morning, Nov. 21.
Mr. Parker announced that by the terms of the lease of Music Hall his society could not have the use of it next Sunday, but were proffered by the proprietors the use of the Lower Room. He put it to the vote of the Society whether he should preach next Sunday or not. It was voted that there should be no services.
DISCOURSE.
To-day, he said, was the three-hundredth anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne of England. How much the world has changed since then! Her accession is one of the great landmarks of history. She belongs as much to the Anglo-Saxon of New England as the Anglo-Saxon at home. She was the sovereign of both Britain and America. Let us, then, compare her times with our own—1558 with 1858. He asked attention, therefore, to some thoughts on the progress of the Anglo-Saxon people in three centuries—a discourse for the three-hundredth anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne of England.
Elizabeth herself was a strange union of weakness and strength. Her mind was comprehensive and well disciplined; furnished, also, with such literary accomplishments as would be extraordinary, not merely in a queen, but in any woman of to-day. Sir Thomas More was, perhaps, the first man who attended to woman's educational interests—who made knowledge popular with young women. Elizabeth, at an early age, could read and write in both learned languages—and many modern ones beside—with fluency and correctness. Her prose writings are well expressed, and her poetry would be esteemed as worthy of many popular poets of the present day. Her mind was practical, rather than speculative—like, perhaps, the mind of a statesman ought to be; like all the English race, she regarded measures more than men. Generally, her judgment was sound in regard to persons and things; she chose the ablest men of her kingdom for her councillors; put the highest political intellect in the highest political place; but, at times, her judgment was perverse—subject to the strangest caprices—and sometimes she did not hesitate to lie, and practice deceptions odious to the Saxon character. She had a most decisive will—great love of art. She was tyrannical and despotic to violence; and yet she had the sense to stand by and let the spirit of the age advance and do its work. In person she was ugly, although her parasites broke down the English, and damaged several other tongues, in the attempt to praise her beauty. Had she married Philip, her sister's husband, Bloody Mary would have been succeeded by Bloody Elizabeth. But, fortunately, Nature otherwise ordered; and thus no King of England, for four hundred years, did so much for the Anglo-Saxon people as this maiden Queen. With all her faults, she loved her subjects, and did all in her power to elevate and strengthen them. Her career helped mankind onward. Her services were great, although her character was desperate.
But it was not so much the design of the preacher to speak of Elizabeth, as of the Anglo-Saxon race, and its progress since her day.
Look first at the increase in the numbers of the Saxon race.
When Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, there were not four millions of men in the world with Saxon blood in their veins. To-day, in England and the United States—in these two nations, which, thanks to God, make but one people—there are forty millions. The population of the world has probably not changed during that period. Then how small a proportion of the human family did the Anglo-Saxons constitute, who, to-day, are the twenty-fifth part of it?
Then the British Queen governed only Welchmen and Irishmen, beside her own Saxons—a total of not more than six or seven million subjects; while now two hundred and fifty millions—one quarter of the earth's inhabitants—are governed by the intellect of the Anglo-Saxons. And yet we are not a military people, but devoted to agriculture and the domestic arts. Military glory has never been an object of war with the Anglo-Saxon race.
Measure, too, the geographical spread of the Anglo-Saxon race. In 1558, it was confined to Great Britain—to 120,000 square miles of territory. It had lost its large continental possessions, except alone the seaport of Calais, which it held by an uncertain tenure. The Saxon was not master of all Great Britain, even. The Celt held the greater part of Scotland, and Ireland, and Wales. Even the Teutonic inhabitants of Scotland, the people of the Lowlands, were rather cousins, than brothers, of the English race. In Ireland, the Saxon was an intruder—the Aboriginal Celts yet held their own.
To-day the whole of Great Britain is directly governed by Anglo-Saxon mind, and held by Anglo-Saxon men. The Celtic language, once so noisy in her history, is vanishing—will entirely disappear in the course of two centuries—perhaps in one hundred years, from Ireland, and from the Principality of Wales. So, also, is the race itself disappearing. In the far Northern regions, at Gibraltar, in the Mediterranean, on the coast of Africa, in Australia, New Zealand, Van Dieman's Land, and the Isles of the Pacific, the Saxon race held possessions to-day; while in India it held empires and millions in its sovereign grasp. In America, from the snows of the North Pole to the sultry plains of the Isthmus, and in the West India Islands, the Anglo-Saxon race was to-day the ruling and resistless power. While their kings are making treaties on the coast, their missionaries of science, commerce and religion are pushing inland on missions of discovery—exploring to-day what they will rule to-morrow. The Saxon forces entrance into China that he may buy, and sell, and visit. That half-civilized realm will soon all be open to his commerce. America and England are both in Japan. The aborigines of the Pacific Islands, also, will soon be swept from the earth before him by that terrible means which surely ensures the annihilation of all weaker nations before the vigorous and muscular march of a stronger people. Six millions of square miles are governed and possessed by the Anglo-Saxon. In 1558, the Saxon had full possession of only 60,000 square miles; now he has one-sixth of the entire surface of the globe.
Consider the increase of riches, or the fruits of industry—for, with the Saxon, riches are not the fruits of war. He thought the growth of wealth had been ten times greater than the increase of population—that is one hundred times what it was three hundred years ago.

In 1558 the entire Saxon exports and imports did not amount to three millions of pounds. In 1603 the royal navy of our fathers amounted to 17,000 tons. Now there are five ships in the British navy and five more in the American navy which surpass that amount. To repel the invincible armada, only thirty-eight vessels were raised by the city of London, and eighty-three little coasting vessels by the country at large. In 1602 four merchant ships belonged to England, which measured over four hundred tons. In 1558 the National revenue was £14,000; in 1603 it was £50,000. In 1601 the export of Saxon cloth was only a million pounds, and that was considered an immense success—an enormous trade. Then the Anglo-Saxon did not raise a watermelon, a pipkin, an artichoke, nor a turnip even; there was not a sprig of clover in his fields; gooseberries had just been introduced; not a cherry-tree was older than forty or fifty years, and cabbages were unknown in England. They did not cast a cannon, nor make gunpowder that would burn. They did not make good knives; until 1561 no Anglo-Saxon woman could weave; the first knit stocking was made for Queen Elizabeth by a lady who had brought the precious art from Spain. The stockings of royalty in that day would not be worn by the poorest housewife of ours. In 1558 there was hardly a piece of cotton in England; not an ounce of tea or coffee; sugar was sold by apothecaries only. The dwellings of the common people, for walls, had earth; for roof, straw; for floor, the ground; there was no window—few had chimneys. The furniture was in keeping with the house. The knives and spoons, of farmers well to do, were chiefly of wood, as also were plates, trenchers, as they were called.
Substantial yeomen did not own more than three or four power platters. None but the richest ever tasted wheat bread. The common people fed on barley or rye, or on a dish made of beans, peas and oats, all ground together. Fruits, except the few natives of the country, there were none. The dress of the work-people was of the coarsest material—the poorest cloth. Then garments were not removed at all at night—a change of linen was not; except to the wealthiest. Men wore leathern clothes till one hundred years after. Our own New England fathers wore leathern doublets; nay, even within two hundred years, wore leathern aprons to church as an ornament. The solid wealth of New England to-day is vastly greater than that of Great Britain then. Nay, young as we are, the preacher thought that the 120,000 men of Massachusetts had much more property than the four millions of Saxons when Elizabeth became queen—its wealth, earned not by war, but by honest work—of toil with the hands and thoughts with the head.
But (the preacher said) he did not think so much of a mere numerical increase of population or geographical spread, or the accumulation of riches; all these things are materials, merely, which may indeed be used well, but in themselves are not the truest indices of real national progress. Let us compare the present state of the Saxon race with that condition three hundred years ago, contrasting them by the standard of intelligence, as represented by science, arts, literary productions, educational institutions and other embodiments of it.
In 1558 our fathers had not much literature of any value, save some books of Bacon, (a greater man than his greater namesake) and of Chaucer, who is still, indeed, one of the world's great poets; for Spenser and Sydney were in their cradles, and Shakespeare was not yet born, nor till six years later. The preacher reviewed briefly the different productions of the literature of that day, and showed, in general, how inferior they were, even numerically considered, as compared with issues of the more liberal presses of Holland and Switzerland. Then it was monopoly of the fewest of the few; of genius to discover or of wealth to buy the knowledge of literature and science. There were a few Bibles for the poor to read, but they were obtained to desks, that they might not be stolen. There was not then a public library in Great Britain, and there was not a social or circulating library till Dr. Franklin established one in Philadelphia, (not dreamed of then) one hundred and thirty years after Elizabeth's accession.
Not a newspaper in the world! No common schools. No society for the acquisition or diffusion of knowledge.
Consider the significance of a newspaper like the London Times or the New York Tribune and what a sign it is of what a different age! Think of our Lowell and Lyceum lectures, scattering knowledge through every hamlet of the North! See how science has diffused itself in every cabin in England, Scotland and America!
See what a change in the industrial arts. Then, agricultural tools were only of wood—heavy and clumsy. Spinning was done by the hand; no Anglo-Saxon had ever seen a cotton mill, or a carding or spinning machine. There were no saw-mills, nor corn-mills, nor any other mills which now are driven by steam or water.
Consider the improvement in all kinds of tools for every artist and artisan. Think of the wonderful scientific continuances, by which, in our day, the philosopher at Cambridge is enabled to analyze the light of a comet never seen before, and to announce that its light is reflected, like that of the moon; not original, like that of the sun or stars.
Then, they had no trip-hammer—even wire had to be drawn by hand. Compare the little brigs of twenty-five tons, in which great navigators then sailed on voyages of discovery, with the steamers of our day, which carry the thirty-two winds in their engines, and board and house, as comfortably as if they were still at home, entire villages of people. Look at the marvelous contrivances by which we send our thoughts over continents and oceans in a few seconds of time! Look at that admirable discovery by which the human frame is rendered insensible to pain and can be brought to submit, as passively as a piece of timber, to the most terrible surgical operations. Look at the great progress which has been made in the great industrial arts of life! By means of them one man to-day can do more than twenty men could do in Queen Elizabeth's time.
Consider the developments of liberty, of increased security of person and property. England was never quite a despotism. Constitutional forms are as old as the Saxon race. Trial by jury is older than Hengist or Horsa. In the wilds of Germany our ancestors established the trial by jury; none of their kings could take human life unless twelve men first said, take it. Yet Henry VIII. and his bloody daughter found no practical restraint in parliament, and public opinion was but a slender obstacle. Then, the dogma of the divine right of kings was the creed of rulers and of many ruled. If the king could

not hang a man without trial by jury, he could at least murder him in jail.

The first act of Elizabeth was a forced loan of \$100,000 in the city of London. She ordered this rich man to give so much, and that wealthy citizen to give so much more, and none dared to refuse. One of her officers said in the House of Commons: "All we have is Queen Elizabeth's; she may take it all when she pleases." Nobody contradicted her. Think of what has happened since then! Think of Cromwell and the Puritans; think of Franklin, Washington and Jefferson, and see what a difference in the progress of ideas! There was no freedom of the press then; few books were printed. The law against seditious works brought any man to punishment; no mouth was safe, if it was open. Cropping ears or nose; cutting off hands; burning alive—these were common in all England.

Then, in every county of England they populated more men than all the forty now do with a population fivefold greater. Person and property are now more secure in the most thinly settled Province of British America, than they were in London in 1688; the Strand then was not so safe as any of the innumerable villages of the free States are to-day.

Then, see the contrast in the treatment of the poor! Not till 1663 did the Anglo-Saxon race ever make a statute to protect the poor. When Elizabeth came to the throne, there was not an almshouse nor hospital within a poor seas of Great Britain. The laws prohibited a poor woman from marrying under twenty-five years of age—a poor man under thirty. This statute continued in force till within two hundred years.

Slavery was not extinguished in 1688—he meant white slavery—although that was not worse than the enslavement of blacks—and it was not until 1874 that this form of villanage began to disappear.

What has been the Development of Religion? Then, Papacy prevailed. It was the religion of authority, and destroyed all free spiritual individuality in men. Henry VIII. favored the Reformation—not from love of it, but hatred of the Pope; and then began persecutions of men for believing what they had been taught to reverence, and but recently their rulers professed. But during the reign of Mary the new religion was driven back with fire and sword. In four years of her reign two hundred and eighty-five men, women and children forfeited their lives on its account. Queen Elizabeth, from motives of political expediency, introduced Protestantism; a change in comparison to which the subsequent acts of Cromwell and his Puritans were of comparatively little moment. The worst form of Protestantism, the preacher said, was better than the best form of Catholicism; more favorable to intelligence, morality, philanthropy, piety.

Then Dissenters and Quakers were hanged; now they were in the Cabinet and Parliament of England.

The preacher next noticed the change that had taken in philanthropy, contrasting our asylums and ragged schools with the absolute indifference to the condition of the poor in Elizabeth's time.

Look at the attempts to liberate the slave. John Hawkins, the first Saxon that stained his hands with the slave trade, was knighted—Sir John—and emblazoned his traffic on his escutcheon—a negro bound hand and feet to a tree—look at Capt. Townsend, that arrested, imprisoned and tried for his life.

Mr. Parker then contrasted the two eras as to the condition of women, and the state of science and religion. "From the state of St. John to the ragged school of London," he said, "it is the longest step man ever took in religious progress."

After a few further contrasts, the preacher ended his discourse.

MRS. F. O. HYZER AT THE MELODEON.

Sunday Afternoon.

The intellectual splendor of Miss Hardinge so intoxicated the minds of the goers to the Melodeon, that quiet Mrs. Hyzer labored under great disadvantages, and lectures to meagre audiences.

She said: The question has often been asked by those who cannot feel their duty to reason for themselves, why it is that Spiritualists—if their faith tells them that whatever is right, and that God is equal in his love, and will allow none of his children to suffer eternally for their sins—do not sit down quietly, and cease their labors for the elevation of humanity. A man cannot accept a truth, till he is fitted by his condition to receive it; and only when the conditions are right, will the influx come. By discernment, we keep evil away, and receive only the good. Fear is the greatest obstacle to the progress of humanity, and more than any other cause, makes the soul cower within itself. In the path of life, let us go on fearlessly, feeling that which of pain and suffering comes in our way, is experience, and not penalty; and the higher the soul goes, the more momentous it gains—the more we know of him, the better will we appreciate our Infinite Father. We esteem ourselves good, and have a high standard of virtue; but our Father is as further beyond us as we can comprehend. Then why should we dread to unfold our souls in beauty? If we ask him for bread will he give us a stone? If we aim to comprehend his mysteries and love, will he return a chilling no to our aspirations? It cannot be—asking is receiving. What beauty of soul we have we do not unfold, because we are fearful of Infinite Deity; yet it must go out, and add stars to the divine economy within us.

Will alone, without action, is nothing worth; but the first impulse of the soul in action, is a step towards the good to be gained, and the next step follows easier. Until the steps are taken, the result will never be gained.

Spiritualists often ask if they are not doing more than their share, and if the reward is equal to the task. Every individual soul is but a throb of the Infinite Heart. We often forget the motive, in our grasp for the result. As soon as we grasp the motive we should look for the result, keeping both in mind. We find the beautiful doctrines of Jesus Christ deepening; but they who have sought results rather than guided motives, have handed the holy words from pulpit to pulpit, and worshiped only on the outside of the shrine. He bade his hearers, when they made a feast, to eat in the meadow and the poor, rather than the rich and respectable; that they might have for them no hope of reward; that is pure and undivided religion; but, cast your eyes over the whole world, and see how the religious ones—they call themselves so—carry out this principle. What priest, or dispenser of popular theology, at the close of his tasteless worded discourse on the day set apart by the State Executive for Thanksgiving

and praise, will crowd his loaded table with the poor and despoiled? He speaks the words of great, noble Jesus—but only speaks them. The religious world regard only forms and ceremonies, because they have not lived for motives but for results—seeking to make Christianity a great and popular thing, which will deal out medicine to the soul as it is demanded.

Christ's character was one of the noblest our history tells us of; but yet it is idolatry to worship him, and much worse than idolatry—folly—to worship the records called the Bible. Why not go to our own souls and bring out their beauty—tear away the external, the false and deceitful covering, and open the soul to the sunshines? If the deeds of Jesus were as ready on the hearts of Christians as his words are on their tongues, we would not find want and suffering mocking humanity in the midst of our civilization. Can we say God has made these things wrong? Surely not, but the soul has been held back by fear, and has not lived up to its instincts, careless of the consequences which might follow.

Great reformatory movements are agitating the public mind at this time; but, to be successful, the reformer must first reform himself. By his example only can his teachings have effect.

If you have had higher impulses than you have dared to give way to, do not so blaspheme your Creator as to suppose there can be that holy desire within you incapable of ultimate. Surely it is no easy matter to overcome the grossness of life—but there is the beauty of it, for the harder the struggle, the nobler the victory. We are not to exile ourselves from the temptations of earth, but to live them down, and banish them by our lives. If our motives are divine, the results will surely be so.

Sunday Evening.

The text on which Mrs. Hyzer based her evening discourse, was the familiar passage from Emerson: "Beware ye superstitious, tremble ye tyrants, when the great God lets loose a new thinker upon this planet." She said the reason why Spiritualists rarely or seldom offer prayer in their worship, is because the very fact of offering prayer is a denial of God's immutability; and the heart of the true Spiritualist is always so full of thanks, that he cannot utter them in words; but while his lips speak no words, his heart silently whispers, "thy will, not mine, oh Lord, be done." The internal of to-day is the external, the shell, of to-morrow. The fact of a man's becoming a Spiritualist, is his diploma, authorizing him to think for himself—and the thinker will understand for himself, or not at all—he becomes an originator, and not a copyist.

The thinker can see the harmony of life—the blending of light and shade—but cannot see that any design of the Almighty can be thwarted. Suffering germinates the archange in the man, and places the brighter amaranthine wreath where the thorn-orn has rested. Man is better than he thinks he is. The melody is in his soul, and he is a poor artist who cannot call it out.

At the close of the discourse, a Thanksgiving collection was taken up, to be dispensed by the officers of the Ladies' Harmonical Band.

New York Correspondence.

Mr. Pierpont—Odio Lights—Od Force—Von Vleck and Bly; P. B. Randolph; the Kiantone Affair—the Conference: Physical Manifestations.

New York, Nov. 20, 1888.

MEASURES EDITORS.—Mr. Pierpont gave an interesting lecture on Odio Lights, last Sunday, at Dodworth's. As it is expected that it will be published, I shall await an opportunity to survey it in my leisure, before undertaking to speak of it in its philosophical aspects.

The subject of the Od, I am glad to see, is again attracting attention, and the part really played by it in the economy of nature, it is important to have defined. The Rev. Mr. Mahan makes it an operative force, capable of moving ponderable bodies, and displaying intelligence. On the contrary, La Roy Sunderland, in a recent paper published in the Telegraph, denies that it is a force at all; and quotes Reichenbach to the point; who says, that the odio flame is so weak, that it may be broken up by blowing on it; that it is a mere physical exhalation, surrounding all bodies, and in no sense intelligent, instinctive, or living, even; that its motion is very slow; that it can only be transferred from one body to another by physical contact; that it exhibits polarity like magnetism, but that the odio flames issuing from opposite poles, exhibit no tendency to unite with one another, etc.

Were I to speak on this subject, as one having had some experience with odio lights, I should be obliged to differ from all these writers; or, at least, to restrict them at some points, and greatly extend them on others. The Od, if not a force—as it is not in the ordinary use of the word—is a power, or capable of being used as a power. It is, in my opinion, identical with the sphere of a person or thing, which, in the case of a human being, is made up of his physical, psychical and mental emanations; and with other bodies—plants, animals, crystals, and the like—of the emanations of their proper elements, both natural and spiritual. This substance, which is constantly flowing from all bodies in rays of immeasurable fineness, forms a halo about them, which may be seen by a sufficiently sensitive eye. As it is thrown off and escapes, it has no force, but simply mingles with the surrounding elements, imparting to them its quality. But under the operation of the will of a man or a woman, or even of an animal, this Odio Flame wakes into new life, and exhibits energies, of which it had before given no promise. Till then it was the sleeping lamb or tiger, now it is a giant—angel or devil—with the power of subduing others to its will.

The magnetizer staffs over his subject, and—with his consent, for otherwise the operator would be powerless—pours into him an Odio flood, which first charms, then stupefies, and finally overpowers him; until the two become one, and the individuality of the subject, for the time being, is extinguished. He takes on the feelings of his master, thinks his thoughts, hears with his ears, but not with his own; and feels touches made on the body of his operator, while his own is senseless as a cloud. The operator, the preacher, establishes his influence on the masses through the agency of this power. It is as mighty for good as for evil. We all employ it every day, in bringing others to our wishes. The little child, in pleading with its parent, unconsciously wraps that parent in its sphere; and the lover, alighting by his mistress, enfolds her, as with a veil of light, in the gentle flames of his own outflowing emanations; in

this manner the Creator has appointed to establish a harmony and oneness between the two.

The Od is the same as magnetism. The only difference is, that magnetism is Od in motion, or, rather, action; and that when thus employed, the psychical and mental parts in its combination predominate, while in its more quiet form, as it plays about the body, the physical property is in excess. I have twice seen Mrs. Hatch—and on both occasions when she was uttering her beautiful prayers—surrounded by a luminous halo of great brilliancy, from six to ten inches deep; and, on another occasion, at a public concert, while listening to Dempster, the vocalist, as he sung one of his old Scotch songs, hall and audience disappeared, and, to my vision, the singer and myself seemed standing alone in the centre of a glorified sun.

It is the fortune of all reforms, in social ethics, politics or religion, as soon as a certain age or promise is achieved, not only to attract to itself a class of mere adventurers, but also in curing ulcers to breed others, and to fall out with itself. To this Spiritualism forms no exception. It has its corps of mercenaries, its questioners and doubters, and its unclean kennel in a corner of the camp. Just now, in this emporium, we are excited on all these points. John F. Coles, a respectable gentleman and medium, has been stricken down with doubts covering the whole field of physical manifestations. Von Vleck and Bly, two professed mediums, are engaged in making *exposés* of what they call the tricks of the trade, acknowledging themselves humbugs, and claiming that all other physical mediums are the same. P. B. Randolph, another medium, has quit Spiritualism and taken to the Christian ministry; and furthermore our world is full of scandal in connection with the names of J. M. Spear and Miss Hineckly, at Kiantone.

I have but a word to say on the subject of these serious afflictions. They were to have been expected, and should alarm nobody, but the rather should induce each one of us to look carefully into the condition of his own house, and make sure that his own hands and heart are clean. Mr. Coles is simply undergoing one of those vastations which always do an honest man good. Von Vleck and Bly have both been mediums, I think, to some extent—perhaps are so still—but in their exposures have injured, and can injure, nothing but themselves. The Telegraph contains a letter from Dr. Stiles, at Bridgeport, where Bly has been figuring, giving an account of what he attempted to do, of his failures, and of his quitting town under circumstances far from cheering.

As to Mr. Randolph, his letter in the Telegraph of this week, clears up his position somewhat. That a Spiritualist may not become a Christian minister, as well as a Christian minister a Spiritualist, seems to me, a strange doctrine. Perhaps no one entertains it. If so, the fault found with Mr. Randolph is only that he has denounced Spiritualism as made up in a very large degree of imposture, insanity and demonism. The facts of Spiritualism he does not deny, but on the contrary fully affirms them; and says that his battle is only against "unproductive, anti-religious Spiritualism," that he has become a Christian Spiritualist—a "convert to the religion of Jesus Christ" on the free platform as expounded by Gerrit Smith.

To speak of Mr. Randolph as a man of mean capacity, as the Telegraph did a week or two ago, and I think also the Age, is incorrect. He is a man of fine talents and intelligence, though I confess certain slang portions of his letter, to which I have referred, do not much bespeak it. His great misfortune as a Spiritualist has been, that he gave himself up to the control of spirits, he knew not whom, and accordingly for some years has been little better than a shuttlecock that is over changing hands, and moving under the latest impulse. I have no doubt he has been insane at times, as he says, and I know very well he has more than once been on the verge of suicide. Coming under the influence of his higher, his religious faculties, would seem to give hope of something better; and if he can remain stable in his present position, I have no doubt it will prove a happy exchange.

The Kiantone affair, in my judgment, is but another illustration of the folly of yielding oneself up to the authority of spirits; and that a man of Mr. Spear's mind, standing, and undoubted good intentions, should suffer himself to be duped in such a specious manner, is melancholy in the extreme. Friends of Newton may endeavor to ease it off, but it admits of no extension nor apology. The Telegraph, though its grammar is not to be commended, is right in the view it takes of the transaction. It is a scandalous chapter of folly.

At the Conference last week, Dr. Gray defined a medium for physical manifestations to be one whose muscular power could be detached from his will, and used by another. This muscular power, according to the doctor, pervades the sphere surrounding the medium, and for a brief time, while its vitality remains, may be used for the movement of physical bodies without contact. The distance to which this may be done, he limited to about twenty-five feet. On the point of limitation, several speakers took issue with him. Dr.orton cited the case of a house in Brooklyn, where physical manifestations occurred during the absence of the medium and family in the country, when the house was shut up. He also found proof, in the fact that examinations in cases of disease, may be made at a great distance, that the sphere of a person, still retaining its vitality, was capable of an almost unlimited extension; and if so, it was not improbable that it might be used in certain cases at a considerable distance as a medium for physical manifestations.

Mr. Smith, of Chicago, stated that a key had been taken from his house in Waukegan, and dropped down on a table at which he was sitting, in Chicago; a distance of thirty-five miles; and afterwards, at his request, the spirits took it up, again before his face, and dropped it in the piazza, where, by their directions, he found it. Mr. Smith was rather inclined to the opinion that spirits can move ponderable bodies without the aid of mediums at all. Mr. Partridge, Mr. Atwood, and others, also dissented from the position of Dr. Gray.

OUR WESTERN FRIENDS, AND E. L. LYON.

We intended to have noticed letters received from friends at the West in reference to Dr. Lyon in this number, but having to go to press earlier than usual on account of Thanksgiving, we postpone it.

"THE ISRAELITE," printed at Cincinnati, Ohio, is a talented sheet, and one most welcome to our table. Under the management of Dr. Wise, it is conducted with signal ability and a true spirit of liberality.

The Busy World.

An article from La Roy Sunderland, in reference to Healing Powers exercised by spirits and mortals, will appear in our next number.

Criticism on "Shahmah," by Warren Chase, next week.

The New York Express states that extensive preparations are being made for a second attack upon the Quarantine establishment. Meetings have been held at Staten Island, and a large fund is being raised. The plan of the attack, it is said, is entrusted to an officer of the United States Army, who is to receive a large sum of money, if successful.

While strolling up town last Thursday evening, we stepped into Union Hall, near Essex street. We found quite a gay assembly at the second Levee given by the Ladies' Harmonical Band; and many a smiling face looked satisfaction on the festive scene. The next assembly takes place on Wednesday evening, Dec. 1st. A joyous time is anticipated, and not the least of all, some fine music—Halls' celebrated Quadrille Band, having returned from their western tour; being engaged for the occasion. Tickets may be procured of the ladies of the Harmonical Band; of Mr. J. H. Conant, 85 East Springfield street, and at the principal hotels.

The whole number of deaths from yellow fever in New Orleans, during the past season, foot up within six of five thousand. In Mobile, the total thus far is three hundred and fifty-six—a large increase, compared with the previous yellow fever seasons of 1847 and 1863.

A WIDE-AWAKE "LADY."—A "lady" was detected, a few days since, in Cincinnati, Ohio, in pocketing a package of gloves in a store. When charged with the theft, she burst into tears, and tendered a \$20 bill in payment. The merchant took but \$5, and gave her \$15 change, but on counting the cash at night, that \$20 bill was found to be a counterfeit. "Phancy the phelinks!" of that storekeeper.

Nixon & Kemp's Circus Company—the best in the country—have leased the Howard Athenaeum, and will open there on Monday, the 29th inst.

Twenty buildings, embracing stores and dwellings, were burnt in Norwalk, Ct., on Saturday last. Loss, \$75,000.

Gov. Medary, of Ohio, has signified his willingness to accept the Governorship of Kansas, which was tendered him a week ago.

Gov. Stevens is pressing on the War Department the necessity of retaining a large military force on the Pacific, in order to maintain the advantages gained over the Indians.

HAVANA dates to the 16th inst., have been received. It was perfectly healthy in the city. Stock of sugar, 60,000 boxes; prices had slightly improved.

Great excitement existed at Mobile, on the 19th inst., in consequence of the detention of Walker's Nicaragua emigrants. They have demanded of the agent immediate transportation, or their passage-money refunded. Should he not comply, violence was apprehended.

Socrates, when asked what was the best mode of gaining a high reputation, replied, "To be what you appear to be."

A late arrival from California states that a heavy rain-storm commenced there on the night of the 21st, in consequence of which the miners had been driven from several of the river beds.—Henry M. Nagle, receiver in the affairs of Adams & Co., had completed the payment of the first eight classes of the indebtedness, amounting to upward of \$150,000.—Business is dull in San Francisco.—Ebenezer Thayer, of Boston, committed suicide on the 24th ult.—The reports from Frazer river are said to be more favorable. (?)

The dead leaves strew the forest-walk, And withered are the pale wild-flowers; The frost hangs blackening on the stalk, The dewdrops fall in frozen showers. Gone are the spring's green, sprouting bowers, Gone summer's rich and mantling vines, And autumn with her yellow hours, On hill and plain no longer shines.

Late intelligence from Mexico, states that Gen. Blanco, of the Liberal party, with an army of 1600 men, attacked and entered the city of Mexico, advancing to within one block of the Capitol, Oct. 13th. Gen. Zuloaga made an imposing resistance, and lost 400 of his soldiers, besides having a large number wounded. The loss on the part of the Liberals was comparatively small. Gen. Blanco held his position for a few hours, and then retired to Tainboga, where he remained encamped at last accounts. The city would have been completely captured by the Liberals, but the partisans within, upon whose movements the whole triumph depended, not being previously advised of the intended attack, were not prepared to render any efficient aid. The Liberal forces were concentrating about the Capitol with a force sufficient to render its capture inevitable. The whole Republic, with the exception of the Capitol, is now in possession of the Liberals. Gen. Esquivel was severely wounded in a daring attempt to capture the castle of Perote with a handful of men. Another account says that Zuloaga had only about 1000 men, while the other had 3000, and that with a little exertion the latter might have taken the city of Mexico.

MRS. HYZER IN PLYMOUTH.

On Wednesday evening last Mrs. Hyzer lectured in Leyden Hall, to a very intelligent congregation. After singing a very beautiful spiritual song, improvising both words and music, she gave a very interesting and affecting account of her conversion to Spiritualism, and of her becoming a medium; the recital of some of the incidents caused tears of sympathy to flow from many eyes in the audience. She then considered and answered some of the prominent objections made by the opponents of our faith—especially those most frequently brought up by the Christian church—namely, that Spiritualism is antagonistic to Christianity and the Bible; that its tendencies are demoralizing, and that it is a fruitful source of insanity; all of which objections she answered in a masterly manner, with facts and arguments that could not be refuted. Without prejudice to other mediums who have addressed us—we may venture to assert that the lecture by Mrs. Hyzer last evening, was as able a production as ever listened to in this place upon the subject of Spiritualism; and a universal desire was expressed to have her visit us again at an early day. A HEARER.

Mr. Burdick, publisher of New York, announces a book of travels, entitled—"The Roving Editor; or Talks with Slaves in the Southern States." By James Redpath." It is the record of a tour afoot from Washington to New Orleans, and will be published in January next.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The December number of this magazine is received by us. If possible its contents, more varied, are superior to any number yet published.

THEATRICAL NOTICES.

Mr. Hackett, the world-renowned "Falstaff," commenced an engagement at the Boston Theatre, on Monday evening. This gentleman has attained great celebrity, both as an actor and an operatic manager, and will doubtless prove a trump card for this establishment. Mr. Barry is certainly the Prince of Managers, and a better actor for the dramatic tastes of a Boston audience, could not possibly be found, let us search the world through.

Benefits have been the order of the day, or rather night, at the Museum, for the past week or two. The debut of Mr. Benjamin Jones, on the occasion of his tutor's (Mr. W. H. Smith's) benefit, created quite a sensation, and drew together a large audience, who, I am happy to say, were more inclined to leniency than criticism, for the young debutante was too much overcome by stage-fright, to acquit himself as creditably as might have been expected, from the promises of success which he gave at the morning rehearsal. One of the most promising young actors which we have upon the American stage, is Mr. Barrett, the leading man at Mr. Kimball's establishment. He is still very young, and is ambitious to stand at the head of his profession. His performance of the "King of the Commons," upon the occasion of his recent benefit, elicited the warmest applause from his numerous friends present.

Ordway's next little establishment, where our sweetest melodies may be heard—as well as the latest jokes and funniest sayings—still continues to attract thither the happy hearted, and is always full of smiling faces. We wish it all success.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

THOMAS GALES FOSTER has been lecturing in Philadelphia the two last Sabbaths. He is expected here by the first of December. His reception in Philadelphia was very flattering, as we learn from a letter received this morning, which we cannot publish, as we go to press earlier than usual this week.

Warren Chase will lecture, Nov. 24th and 25th in Pittsfield, N. H., (his native town) 28th, in Natick, Mass.; Dec. 1st, 2d and 3d, in Dover, N. H.; Dec. 6th and 12th, in Portland, Me.; Dec. 7th and 8th, in Kennebunk, Me.; Dec. 14th, 15th and 16th, in Portsmouth, N. H.; Dec. 19th, in Newburyport, Mass.; Dec. 21st, 22d and 23d, in Salem, Mass.; Dec. 26th, in Worcester, Mass.; Dec. 29th and 30th, in Boston; Jan. 2d and 3d, in Providence, R. I.; Jan. 12th and 18th, in Windsor, Ct.; Jan. 16th in Hartford, Ct.; Jan. 23d and 30th, in New York; Feb. 6th and 13th, in Philadelphia; Feb. 20th and 27th, in Baltimore; March and April, in Ohio; May, in Michigan. Address, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak as follows: At Portland, Me., November 21st and 28th; in Lawrence, Mass., Dec. 6th; Waltham, Dec. 12th; Cambridgeport, Dec. 14th, 16th and 19th; Newburyport, Dec. 26th; Sutton, N. H., Jan. 2d; Fitchburg, Mass., Jan. 9th; Nashua, N. H., Jan. 16th. He will answer calls to speak at other places during the week. His addresses are mainly in the trance-state, and upon the subject of Education. He will act as agent for the Banner, and receive subscriptions either for this paper or for the New England Union University. Address, Lowell, Mass.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 28th. She will spend the month of December in St. Louis, and be happy to receive applications from Western cities for a part of January and February. Address, during November to 194 Grand street, New York; and during December to the care of A. Mittenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo. Miss Hardinge unquestionably stands at the head of the public speakers in the field of Spiritualism.

H. B. Storer, inspirational medium, will fill the following engagements: In Lowell, Mass., Nov. 25th; Burlington, Vt., Dec. 6th and 12th. He will visit other places, lecturing four evenings in the week, besides Sundays, if the friends will make early arrangements with him to that effect. Address him at Lowell, Mass., until the last week of November; after which, at Burlington, Vt., care of S. B. Nichols.

Public meetings will be held at Concert Hall, Burlington, every Sabbath. Mrs. J. W. Currier, of Lowell, Mass., will speak on Sunday, Nov. 28th; H. B. Storer, Sundays, Dec. 6th and 12th; Rev. John Pierpont, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, November, 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th, at 7 o'clock.

H. P. Fairfield will speak on Thanksgiving Day, in the Union Church, North Dana, Mass., at one o'clock, P. M. General Conference at the same place in the evening, and all friends are invited to attend, and share in the exercises. Mr. Fairfield will speak in Milford, Mass., on Sunday, Nov. 28.

Loring Moody will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations, Sunday, 28th inst.; Reading, Monday and Tuesday, 29th and 30th; Saugus Centre, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2d and 3d; Salem, Sunday, Dec. 5. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, the eloquent improvisatrice, will lecture in Boston every Sunday in November, and will receive calls to lecture in this vicinity week evenings during the interval. Address, Dr. H. F. Gardner, Fountain House.

Miss Sarah A. Magoun will speak at Stetson Hall, in Randolph, on Sunday, 28th inst. She will answer calls to lecture in the trance-state on Sundays and week-evenings. Address care of George L. Cade, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Norwich, Conn., Nov. 28th, and Dec. 5th and 12th. Those wishing week evening lectures in that vicinity can address Willard Barnes Felton, at that place.

A. B. Whiting will speak in New Bedford, Sunday, 28th inst.; and in Providence, R. I., Dec. 6th and 12th. Those desiring lectures during the week may address him at either of the above places.

Anna M. Henderson will lecture in Williamstown, Ct., Nov. 28th; after which she will visit Philadelphia. Friends will please address her, during the month of November, at Newton, Ct.

E. S. Wheeler will speak in Quincy, Mass., Nov. 28th, and may be engaged for any other evening during the month, by addressing him at Quincy, as early as convenient.

Miss M. Munson will lecture in New Bedford Nov. 28th; in Worcester, Dec. 12th; in Quincy, Dec. 19th; in New Bedford, Dec. 26th.

Mrs. H. F. Huntley, the public trance-speaking medium, may be addressed, for the present, at Paper-Mill Village, N. H.

Miss Rosa T. Amedey will speak in Woburn on Sunday afternoon and evening, 28th inst.

Dr. E. L. Lyon may be addressed at Lowell, Mass.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY SERVICES IN BOSTON.—Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, the inspirational improvisatrice, will speak at the Melodeon, Washington street, Boston, on Sunday next, at 2-1/2 o'clock, P. M. Admission, ten cents.

MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BROWNFIELD ST.—A CIRCUS for trance-speaking, &c., is just ready Sunday morning, at 10-1/2 o'clock, to go at 8 o'clock, P. M. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINGS IN CHILMARK, on Sunday, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Winnefmet street. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Seate 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 Sundays, forenoon and evening, in Wall's Hall, speaking, by mediums and others.

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

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. Coe, a Trance Medium, who allows her medium powers to be used for this object.

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

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

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits. In these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

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

They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at half-past four, after which time, we will be admitted, they are closed by the spirit governing the manifestations, usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

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

Oct. 10—Wm. L. Callahan.

Oct. 22—Anonymous, Jepson Clark, Samuel Tobias Wayland, Charles Clark, Wm. Long.

Oct. 23—Benjamin Chadwick, Dr. Tewkesbury, William Robinson, James Finlay, Elizabeth Spiny.

Oct. 25—John F. McKee, Thomas Harris, Mary Robinson, Andrew Ludwig, Isaac Ballou.

Oct. 26—Lawrence Robbins, James L. Clark, Wm. Collins.

Oct. 27—James Henry Willoughby, Charles A. Vinton, Margaret Fuller, Betsey Davis, Richard D. White.

Oct. 28—Zephaniah Caldwell, John Gledhill, Eng. Solomon III, Patrick Murphy, Rev. John Moore.

Oct. 29—William Jones, Charles H. Healey.

Nov. 15—Edward Tucker, Margaret Clements, Nathaniel Brown, James Campbell.

Nov. 16—William Howins, Thomas Blake, Wm. Hathaway.

Nov. 17—Benjamin Young, William London, Dr. Henry Kitzinger, Sarah Barnard.

Nov. 18—John Robinson.

James Leenan.

I'm dead—do you know that? Some of the folks here helped me to come. I want to talk to my mother—got one. My name was James Leenan. I died on the ocean. I was born in Wethersfield, Ct. I was with Capt. Chase when I died, on board the ship Athens. I want to know what I saw here—how much? I was in my fifteenth year. I shipped to go in the cabin. I had been out a little while and this Capt. put me before the mast—that's because I was smart—but I was n't smart when I got knocked overboard. I fell—it was a calm day—a dead calm—no storm—we were in the Gulf stream. I tell you that's a bad place. What year is this? 1858! Oh, you are mistaken—you make me out dead eight years—you are mistaken. Well, 1858 it is then; you must know—I do not—then I've been dead eight years, and been doing nothing. 'Taint much use for me to talk—been dead eight years! Nobody will know me. I do n't know whether my mother is there or not now. No matter, there's no use of talking if I have been dead eight years. I ran away from home in 1843, and came to Boston, and I ain't seen my mother since then. She would n't let me go to sea—she made such a fuss about it I had to run away. My brother died in the West Indies—my father was lost at sea, and mother said as for having me die away from home she could n't. I couldn't rest, but had to go to sea. I told the Captain I was an orphan boy, and he believed it. I went to Baltimore twice, before the first good voyage I made. This was to South America, in the ship Athens, Charles Chase, master. It's no use for me to come back, now I've been dead eight years. I don't think mother is dead, for I have n't seen her. Eight years! It's a long time—do n't folks die sooner than that? I guess it was n't my first watch on deck. I was going to talk to mother, but I fear she has forgotten me, if I have n't been to her for eight years. Perhaps, though, I had better say something to her. I'll tell her that father wants to talk to her, and George wants to. They are happy now—that's the truth—no use in lying. I ought not to run away. I know it, and it has made me unhappy. She used to watch me close, I tell you; if I went out a step she was after me, but I ran away. I've wished a hundred times there was a devil to take me somewhere. Mother used to believe in a devil and hell, and she used to say he would catch me. But I have n't seen any, and I don't know where I shall land; but they tell me there ain't any.

My mother's name is Nancy. May be she is there. I have n't seen anybody on earth till to-day. I was on the Jib-boom when I fell. I hit my head on something as I went off, and I felt cramped when I was in the water. One of the able seamen was taken sick, and the Captain said I could do it, and put me forward, and I went. I was perfectly delighted with the old Athens, but you see I took too big a swallow of salt water the first voyage.

Eight years! who knows but I lived eight years in the old body under water? I thought I had been dead only a year or so, but I know I died in 1850, for it was 1849 when I left home. I have been going round seeing my father and my brother and lots of people in the spirit-world since I have been dead, so I thought according to the time I knew anything, I had been dead only a year. I know my mother thinks I have been in hell; and I do n't know but I have been, for I have n't been very happy, fearing that I might go to a worse place.

I don't see how it is; I was sick once with the measles and lost a week. I had been sick all that time and not known anything about it. That's only a week, though; but seven years! that's a long while. My father's name was James.

It aint any greater wonder that I had lost seven years than it is that there aint a devil—I aint sure there is n't one now, but if there is, I wish he would come, so I can be anchored somewhere.

Here's my father; now you see I'll ask him. Well, I learn something new every minute I am here. My father says I came here in 1850, but owing to injuries received at the time of passing from death to life, I remained in an unconscious state most seven years.

Well, tell my mother I've been dead eight years; I was going to say one. If she is anywhere where I can get to her, I should ask her to forgive me for running away; but what's the use of throwing all the good things away? If I was sure of always remaining in as good a place as I am now, I'd be happy; but to be always fearing you are going to meet a devil, makes things beautiful look very bad. Mother used to go to church, but I did n't after I got big. The minister's name was Brown, I think. Father do n't know much more about it than I, but he says he thinks I'm right. He did n't go to church much, for he went to sea. All the ministers here that I see look disappointed—maybe they have all heard of dead seven years and did n't know it. I'm sick of hearing about this—Where is God? What is going to become of us? What had we best do? Is it right to do this? I got sick of all this, and I struck out for myself and came here; I met a rusty-looking old man by the name of Perkins, and he tells me he has been to his family in Illinois, and is much happier for it, and told me to try my hand at it.

Albert Burke.

How do you do, sir? Not understanding your mode of proceeding, perhaps it may be well for me to inquire as to it, before I commence. My name was Albert Burke. I was born and died in Lancashire, Eng. I would be fifty-two years of age had I lived until the next month. I died in the year 1856. I have three sons and two daughters and a wife. About three months since one of my sons called for me at a meeting. I came. He did not believe it was me, and he says if my father will go to America and commune through the paper, I will believe, and communicate the intelligence to my mother and friends. Gentlemen, that's why I come here to-day. I believe you ask for my occupation—what I did in

life. I was, I do not know what you would call it here, but I called it clothing warehouse—I furnished the people with clothes. I do not find anything as I thought I would, here in the spirit-land. Instead of meeting a God, I met no such being. I do not know but what I am happy—quite happy. I do not feel much remorse for deeds done in the body. I tried to live an honest life—that is well for me, no doubt. I would very much like to speak to my son, my daughter, and my wife. I have taken much trouble to come here to-day. I have been in Boston when I was quite young, but I made no acquaintance here, therefore I have nothing to say to people here, but wish to speak with my own in Lancashire, Eng. When you publish this, you will oblige me by sending your paper to my son John in that town. He carries on my old establishment. It is in a small square called Clyde, No. 55. I shall say good day.

Margaret Lewis.

Oh, dear! you do not know me, do you? Well, I know you. I've been to you before. Don't you know you would n't go to New York for me? You know I told you of my body? Well, it's been cut up. I supposed I would have been buried, but I was n't. What do you suppose they went and done with me? They sold me for six dollars to the doctor. Oh, I always had a horror of being cut up. I have been trying to cut them out ever since. Oh, I wish I could. Well, I'm cut up, and if they do n't bury me decently, I'll burn that house up. I tell you I aint buried at all. They cut me up in a big stone house. On one side of the room was a lot of books; on the table was a canvas, and I was cut up on it. Over it there were lamps. Oh, dear! I blame you for it all. I come back to tell them folks—they know I have been here, and talked—and I tell them here, just as sure as they do n't bury me decently, I'll burn the house up.

Burn my body up—well, I'm glad of it if I do—you'd like to be cut up would n't you? There were two young men cutting me up—students! Students of the devil, I guess.

If you'd gone there you'd just got there in time to bury me decently. I had n't been dead four days when I came to you. Go out there and thrash those men, if you want to help me. Your old man here (spirit who guided the circle) was just as bad as you. He said he could n't help it, and that by examining me, the doctors might save somebody else that was sick with the same disease. I've a good mind to stay and take your medium out there. You can't drive me out. I'll go if I've a mind to.

Oct. 14.

Stephen Wilkinson.

I think I have rather hard work to speak. I am somewhat anxious. I should like to inform my friends of my death.

I was born in Boston, moved to New York when I was eight years old. Lost my father when I was fifteen. I lived to be twenty-four years of age. I was a printer by trade. I left New York in July, 1858, and went to New Orleans. I made application to the Delta office for a situation, but obtained none. I was told to go there; just as well; I was taken sick three weeks after I left New York; I died in about forty-eight hours after being taken sick. I have a mother living with her sister in New York. They do not know of my death; I saw something of Spiritualism before I died, and I knew what I could do very soon after I came here.

I feel very weak and bad; I do n't know as it's well for me to talk much longer. My chief object in coming here was to let my folks know I am dead. The most of my connections are well situated, as far as wealth goes. I was something of an outlaw—not subject to the fashion of the world they chose to move in, and, therefore, I knew but little about the relatives I have in New York. My mother, of course, I except. I was an only son. My name was Stephen Wilkinson. I died in the hospital—was carried there. I was taken there after I was sick. I boarded with Mrs. Robinson; I think it was in St. Charles street; but as I was a stranger there, I can't speak with certainty. I feel quite bad, so I think I might as well go.

Oct. 15.

John McKeene.

Do you recollect any one coming to you some time ago, and communicating to one Enoch Ordway, of New Orleans?

I'm not here to-day to communicate with him, but I am here to commune with some one else. Some years ago—well, I will say forty years ago—I had some dealings with a man whose name was William Thompson. The son of that man has called upon me to come here and make certain statements. If I understand aright, the man is no believer in spirit manifestations. He is at present in St. Charles, Texas. He says, "if you will go to such a place, and will tell how much money you defrauded my father out of, I will believe."

Now I am sorry to inform that individual that I did not defraud his father out of a single cent. On the contrary, his father defrauded me; and he brings this up to prove Spiritualism! The father is present with me to-day, he having passed away from earth some twenty years ago. It matters little or nothing to me who believes in the truths of Spiritualism, or who does not; I am willing to do all in my power to prove to people that the light really shines, and that they may see by it if they will open their eyes.

I do not intend to charge the gentleman with dishonesty; no, I believe he is an honest man; but he has been misinformed—not by his father, but by others. There are a class of persons on earth, who make it their business to attend to others' business, and by such he has been wrongly informed of me.

He says he hopes I will not get fatigued by coming here, should I be able to come. I have not known fatigue since I left earth. I could just as well come here, as I could get ten feet from him—perhaps better.

May be his own thoughts have traveled here to-day, some thousands of miles, and have stamped themselves upon the brain of the medium here to-day. I say it may be possible, but not at all probable.

He has been led to call upon me by hearing I had returned to earth—and conversed with certain parties. He wishes me to tell him where I originated—I suppose he means to say, "tell me where you were born." I do n't claim these shores as my native country. Suffice it to say, I was born in Scotland. When people call for those who have once lived on earth, but who have passed from the first state of life to the second, it will be quite as well for them to make their call in all honesty, for they to whom the call is sent, can easily detect and expose the deception in the heart of him who attempts to deceive. I do not care to read his thoughts, to see what answer to give, unless he should give me an invitation. When one gives an invitation, one accepts it.

"Come, read the page of my mind, if you can, and give me an answer?" I have done so, and have given the truth. I do not suppose he will give me another call; I am more harsh than he may expect. I never knew the boy, but I had dealings on earth with his father, forty years ago. I do not pretend to be better than was his father; perhaps if I had the same opportunity he had, I might have done as he did. But let us speak of the affair in all truth and honesty. You had better call my name John McKeene.

Oct. 15.

Sally Inman.

I suppose you write for all. I've got a daughter that I want to talk to. She is not here; I can't tell you the name of the place, but it is n't a great way from this place. Perhaps if you should call over a number of places, I could tell the one. Reading—yes, that's the place. I want to go there and talk to her. I do n't care to talk here. You are all strangers to me here. They have got a medium in the family that I know, but my daughter do n't know anything about it, and I want to come here and tell them I want to go there. I was told to come by my son-in-law. My name is Sally Inman; I guess my daughter would n't want me to put her name in print—would n't do. She's a dear good child, but

she do n't know anything about these things. I must go to her—I must. She's got a good husband here with me. He's a blessed good spirit, he is—he has been here most three years.

No matter about my age; I was an old lady, bless you. They go to church so much, that it makes them so rigid, so unbelieving, so perfectly dark, that I sometimes think I shall never be able to do what I want. They are church-going people—so was I; I have been through the whole of it, and I do n't blame them. God do n't expect, when he gives his children a new light, they will grasp it in a moment; but he has patience, and waits. I have n't got patience, but want to go there right off. Well, dear child, I'll go, now.

Oct. 15.

Clarence Blanchard.

Hallo! you see me—do n't you know me? Don't you know I come a long time ago? My name was Clarence Blanchard. I want you to write to my father, and tell him I want him to come here. I've got lots to tell him, and I want to see him. My father reads your paper, and he will get this. What do you call this, here, when so many people and spirits come here? Circles! Oh, yes; well, you tell him to come to your circle. My grandfather has got somebody here that wants to talk to him.

I've got lots of folks here this afternoon. Can you see any of them what's round here? Oh, yes; you can see your folks—but can you see my folks? Don't you know I can go home and see the folks?

I've got a cousin here, too—she wants to tell her father and mother how well she likes here. Her name is Carrie. She used to live in New York. She was burnt up—no, that wasn't it—she was killed—she was—what is it when folks get blowed up on board a boat? Oh, yes—scalded.

I can't fix things right—you must fix them up. I want my mother to come here, too. You did n't see me trying to come here all this long time, did you? I see myself. There's lots of folks here want me to say something for them. Don't you know there's lots of people come here when I come, and want me to talk for them? Luoy Lee is here—her mother lives close by my father—don't you know her? My grandmother is here long with me—one grandmother. They all want me to say something, "cause I can talk, and they can't." They lets me come because I can come. I can go home and make raps, and do lots of things, but they have to let some folks come to help me.

Won't you send it pretty soon? Everybody is talking to me here, and I must go. I can't talk for them all; must tell my own story.

Oh, I'm learning what I should have learned on earth in a natural state. I won't learn any of the things you folks teach on earth; folks don't believe that it's right, to teach children what you do—all of it.

It's hard for the folks that learn Carrie to get things out of her what she learned before she died. She learned lots of things about the Bible and God before she died, and they have got to get it all out of her. Don't you know it?

Do you know what there's going to be when I go away from here? Well, then, a great many people are going to have a sing, and I'm going to sing, too; you can't hear them here. Did you tell my father all? I don't like to live where you do. Oh, there's things here looks bad. Why don't you come here with me. I wouldn't come here to live. Good bye.

Oct. 15.

F. G. Welch.

A man by the name of Welch died some seven days ago at the West, and was buried from Chelsea, near Boston, on the 14th. He had made, some months before, a promise to a gentleman present at our sitting to-day, that if he died first he would return to him, and exacted the same promise from the gentleman. To-day he entranced the medium and wrote—

"I come to you first, but cannot speak.—WELCH."

Oct. 15.

James Costenlesso.

Say that I, James Costenlesso, did die of disease of the bowels in San Diego, Cal., in the year 1851; and also, that I do wish to return with messages to my friend at Galveston, Texas, and oblige the writer.

Oct. 15.

Frank Harlow.

My foot pains me so, I can't stay. I injured it, and it mortified. I was at work; and I let a block fall on it, and the doctor did n't know how to do it up, and it grew worse and worse, till it caused my death. I want to send a communication to my people. They think I might have been saved. So I might if I had been treated right in the first place; but I wasn't, so there's an end of it. My name was Frank Harlow. I was born in Providence—died in New York.

Well, I'm getting ahead fast here! I can't talk—it's no use. It seems to me, everywhere I go, I carry my pain with me, or somebody else catches it. I know it aint my foot pains me, just as well as you know it, still I feel the pain when here. If you do n't believe it, just take my place. I had the same trouble with a medium in New York—couldn't do anything. I have been dead about a year and a half. Well, it's no use to stay here; can't do anything this way, except to answer questions. One I wish to commune with is on East Broadway, and the other on Broadway. One's name is Walker, the other, James Harlow; he is my half-brother. I was a carpenter—so is James. For the last four years I have been rather unlovely.

There's a man by the name of Thurston I owe a small sum of money to; he is a poor man. This brother-in-law is contending with him, and says I never contracted such a debt, because the man cannot produce proof of it. He says he would n't believe the story if I rose from the dead. So you see I have arisen from the dead.

I have made arrangements for my brother to get the paper, so you need n't trouble yourself about it.

Harlow argues that I told him of all the debts I owed before I died, and did not mention that. Well, so I did, but I forgot that. I haven't been away from earth yet; don't know where I am going, and don't care as little.

Is there anything else you want? If not, I don't care about staying here. I would n't have come for any man but Thurston; but the debt is a peculiar one. If not paid, though, I'll keep coming—don't know, though, as I shall, if I have to suffer this pain long. Well, I'll travel—can't stay here.

Oct. 15.

Clairvoyant, to Col. William Carbury.

Why, how queer! I'm in a strange place, where there are a great many strangers. There's an old man brought me here, who says he wants me to help him. The room is half filled with images, some white, some brown. I wonder how I happened to get in here. The door is locked. It's a nice place, but I do n't know where it is—it is some person's office, I think. They seem to be arranging a box on a small table. They do n't see fit to tell me anything about it—but I may look about and see what I please. There are busts of different people here, and many pictures.

An old man, who has this box in his hand, is holding it up, and as the wind passes through it, there is strange music. They keep me right here, and will not let me move. There goes everything all over—who's to pick them up? I see one spirit I have seen before—that is Franklin. There seems to be soldiers here. A short, thick-set man, sandy complexioned, is here, and is holding this musical instrument. This short, thick-set man (the spirit) magnetized me; said he only wanted me to stand still, while he performed something. All those things are picked up—only one is broken. It is a brown image. Everybody here looks just as spirits do—that is, I do n't see the mortal body at all. The spirit says the name of the town I am in at

this time, is Rockford, Crawford County, England, and he goes there to move these things for the benefit of his wife and son. His son is an officer in Her Majesty's service. His son will be an instrument of great good when he believes in these things. He has promised to believe; should he go home and find his private room disturbed, he will believe—he has the key, and no one else.

In one corner of the room there is something looking like a skeleton, and it is in a wire frame. He says these are not real, human bones, but an exact representation. He says his son has received the BANNER from a friend residing in America, and he is earnestly desirous of receiving something in connection with what may be done in his own private room, through this paper. He says his son may call Col. William Carbury.

I hope they will not stay here long enough to put back all the furniture. I am coming home, now. I never saw such looking cars—they say they are cars, but they look like stage coaches. Oh, what a fine place! The old man says it is London. He wants to take me to see his son. He says this gentleman is his son. He is stout, sandy complexion, looks like the old man, and is tall. The old man wants me to judge how old he is—I should say forty-five, but the old man says forty-seven. He is in a large, stone building; it looks to me like a hotel. The father says it is the "Queen's Hotel." He is coming out now.

This looks like a railway station now. Yes, his son is going to Rockford, now, and he has left him.

He wants me to tell you if what has transpired this afternoon does not prove a blessing to you, it certainly will to others. He will try to send you word in relation to this, according to your request.

Oct. 16.

Capt. Henry Marshall.

My dear Sister—You ask me to give you some positive proof of spirit-intelligence. What shall I give that the world has not already received? Shall I tell you that I do often come to you, and do as often try to manifest? No, not this, for that would not give you one spark of proof. Shall I tell you I often bring our mother, and father, and many others, who were dear to us on earth? Or shall I tell you that you are soon coming to try the realities of spirit-life, and thus leave you to wait until you are no longer inhabitant of earth? No, not this, for it is not my prerogative to say when you shall come to me. What then? Why, I shall come to this stranger medium, and shall send you such as you read.

Ten years ago I left you for a home in the East Indies; there I passed from earth, while you mourned for me in New England. You cannot say I am not dead; you cannot say that I have given you one shadow of untruth. Now, while you seek, you will do well to seek aright, for by so doing you shall not only draw light unto yourselves, but shall be able to give forth unto the multitude. What name shall I put to these lines? Shall I give other than the name I bore on earth? No, I am still the same.

Oct. 16.

John Hopkinson.

Good afternoon, sir. I have a favor to ask. I wish to hold some conversation with a friend I used to know when I was on earth. I have been told I could drop him a message through your paper if I came here. I have visited you before, but I find you do not recollect me, for I believe you cannot see me. I have been away from earth about two years, and I am beginning to learn that I must make a mighty effort myself if I would cast off the prejudice that was interwoven in my being when I was on earth. I understand there are many modes of manifesting, but I am not acquainted with the various modes, therefore I am obliged to come here to a stranger that I may approach in near communion to those whom I wish to speak to. I have a family on earth, but I have not the blessed privilege of communing with them as I would like. It is hard for them to be persuaded of the truth of these things. I do not blame them, for I was very rigid in these things when on earth. I know of no one thing that could have induced me to have believed in the phenomena of Spiritualism when I was on earth, therefore I have charity for them.

I do not care to state here what I wish to say to my friend. He is a gentleman whom I well knew on earth, who has investigated this new doctrine and is well capable to aid me in the work I am about to undertake. I ask this favor of him, believing I shall not be refused. The name of the gentleman I suppose it is necessary for me to give—is it not so? I am not in possession of his Christian name—is that necessary? His surname is Wilder. My own name was John Hopkinson. I think I had better ascertain the first. Now if you will give me three minutes time I think I can get through by that time.

Well, I did not have to go far. I have ascertained his name is David—he does business in Boston and reads this paper. I wish him to go to some medium, and if he will, I will lay before him the business in which I wish him to assist me.

Oct. 18.

Wm. Whitfield.

My name was William Whitfield. I died in Boston seven years ago. I come here because sent here. I was called upon some months ago, by certain friends I have on earth, to tell them where certain things were lost. Now I must confess I do not like the business of hunting up lost things, and they were not much benefited by their call upon me. Now they have sent me to answer the question—"Do spirits have the power of seeing into the future?" I answer, yes; all spirits are clairvoyant, to a certain extent, and when they cast off the mortal form they can see more clearly than ever, by the same power.

I can see into the future, but there is not one spirit in ten thousand that would come to earth to tell one friend he was going to die at a certain time, even if he saw it. We can look into the future and see results. We cannot see into all eternity, and see results so very remote, but we can see to a certain extent—yet we do not deem it our duty always to disclose our knowledge.

Now one of our family came to spirit life a short time ago by accident, and some of my friends want to know why, if spirit communion be true, I did not return and tell them that such a thing was to transpire. I know it, but I did not deem it my duty to bring them trouble, knowing it would come in its time; and as I could not prevent the accident, I did not tell them of it. I do not feel annoyed because I am called to earth to talk of this subject, but it's my way of talking.

I was between fifty-two and fifty-three—near fifty-three years old. I was a carpenter by trade. I have a wife in Boston; I have one son. I have communed through other mediums to some members of the family—not my immediate family, but my relations. I come here more to help my friends out of the dark. I should not have cared to come here to answer this question alone, but to help them out of the dark; and I think I shall do good.

Now you say this to my friends, that if I knew there was \$20,000 buried beneath the earth, and I thought they could make a good use of it, I might tell them of it; but I don't think I shall be one of the spirits to do this, for I have not yet seen many mortals who knew how to use gold.

I don't know as I shall ever meet you again—if not, good bye eternally—if I do, I suppose you will remember me.

Oct. 18th.

From an Actress, who avers she has caused a suicide.

Some months have passed since you and I conversed together. Perhaps you will remember me in this way: I told you I was determined to induce one who was on earth to commit suicide. Do you remember me? I am, the actress. I did not give you my name then, nor will I now. I come to tell you I have accomplished my work. William Stewart is dead. He is one of whom I was determined to be revenged. He was an actor. I told you I should follow him as long as he remained on earth. He killed me, and I have killed him. William Stewart is no more—he is dead. He committed

suicide three days ago in London. Do you want I should tell you how? Well, from the time I last talked to you, I have stood by his side. In the first place, I induced him to journey to New Orleans; there he gambled till he lost all he was worth. Then I induced him to return to England. When there, he sought for a situation, but he found none. He was thus brought to poverty, and I obtained power over him; and finally he preferred death to life, and he cut his own throat three days ago.

What do I care for the world—this is the last time I shall trouble it.

I'm done with him. God knows, if there is a God, I shall never meet him again. God knows, if I have power over myself, I shall not.

I have told him it was I that caused him to commit suicide—that it was I that led him on from one thing to another, until he committed suicide. Oh, revenge is sweet, and I care not whether I suffer hell or no—it's greatest pang will be sweet when I think I came off victorious. I told him I should follow him; I have done all I can do to him, and I care no more. He coolly murdered me, and I have murdered him.

Oh, I hate the whole world—there is not one on earth I would shake hands with to-day; they are all tainted with evil. Me perfect! No; I have no good; I am happy because I have accomplished what I started to, and for nothing else.

Some one asked if she was sure she was telling truth.

Are you sure the sun shines on your earth? Then I am sure William Stewart is dead.

I saw him in spirit-life. I told him it was I that caused his death. "Oh, God!" said he, "that we had never met."

She was just as good a woman, at heart, as ever lived. I'm glad she's here; I don't know how to care for that woman, more than that table. Does he consider it a loss, losing Marlon? He never knew how to prize her. I suppose she'll do something towards helping him along now, as soon as she gets right herself.

Well, I'm no further on now, than when I began; but I must bid you good-day, all. Oct. 18.

The Public Press.

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

MIRACLES—NO. 2.

One of the objections against miracles is, that they are said to have been performed by finite beings, who, it is supposed, never would have been endowed with supernatural powers for this purpose, to exercise according to their own will and pleasure. But this I conceive to have been a mistaken view of the subject. Miracles, I apprehend, never were performed by any finite beings themselves. Finite beings have been employed, it is true, by Deity himself, under certain circumstances, as his instruments, to invoke his power for the performance of miracles, to aid in the fulfillment of his own purposes. These circumstances, and the purpose to be accomplished by the miracles, have probably, in every instance, been perceived by the person working the miracle, by the eye of faith alone; for it is through the agency of principle, under the guidance of reason, I conceive, that Deity ever has made all the communications of his will to mankind. God, being himself a spirit, can only be perceived by mortals through his works, and it is in these works that we are to learn his character, government and will.

No individual, probably, ever had the power to perform the miracle himself, but was only used as the agent, to indicate to his fellow-men the circumstances under which it would please Deity himself to work the miracle; and under no other than these circumstances would the miracle have followed, even had Divine power been invoked for the purpose.

The argument of Hume against miracles, as I understand it, to state it briefly, is this, viz.: It is within our experience, that the testimony of men has been false. But it is not within our experience that there ever has been a departure from uniformity in the operations of nature, as we see it to exist. My reply to this objection is, that it is not true that it is within our experience that the testimony of men has been false under the circumstances in which it was given in the case under consideration—for such a case has never come within our own personal experience; and it is these peculiar and accompanying circumstances, which are to make the miracles credible or not. In other words, the credibility of miracles depends upon the credibility of revelation itself. Just so far as revelation, as such, is credible, just so far miracles are, as being necessary to support it.

And Paley justly observes, in reference to this objection of Hume: "As Mr. Hume has represented the question, miracles are alike incredible to him who is previously assured of the constant agency of a Divine Being, and to him who believes that no such being exists in the universe. They are equally incredible, whether related to have been wrought upon occasions the most deserving, and for purposes the most beneficial, or for no assignable end whatever, or for an end confessedly trifling and pernicious. This surely cannot be a correct statement. In adjusting, also, the other side of the balance, the strength and weight of testimony, the author has provided an answer to every possible accumulation of historical proof, by telling us that we are not obliged to explain how the story or the evidence arose. Now I think we are obliged, not, perhaps, to show by positive accounts how it did, but, by a probable hypothesis, how it might happen. The existence of the testimony is a phenomenon. The truth of the fact solves the phenomenon. If we reject this solution, we ought to have some other to rest in; and none, even by our adversaries, can be admitted, which is not inconsistent with the principles which regulate human affairs and human conduct at present, or which makes men then, to have been a different kind of beings from what they are now."

Again, miracles are credible, not merely as being the evidence in part upon which revelation depends, but as designed to furnish additional evidence of the truth of natural religion itself. By this I mean to prove that God is employed in all those operations which take place in the physical universe. For it is a perfectly fair inference, that the same being who produces a certain effect by an act of instantaneous power, acting through another, as raising the dead, giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, turning water into wine, multiplying the loaves and the fishes, walking on the sea, moving ponderable bodies, &c., must be also the author of our existence, and of our senses, and of all the physical phenomena which we see take place in nature, by the train of second causes, which are put in operation for this purpose. And this I conceive to be another of the purposes to be effected by miracles—to show us that second causes are merely modes of operation, and not in any case actually efficient, or in themselves productive of the effects which follow them.

Again, the argument of Hume would go to the subversion of all knowledge, which did not come within our own personal experience. No truths are to be believed upon the investigations of others. Those who have not had an opportunity to study astronomy, must believe that the sun revolves round the earth, and not the earth round the sun, for this is in accordance with their experience, or their senses acting alone. Those who live in the torrid zone, must believe that water always remains liquid, and never freezes, for they never have experienced the contrary.

Another argument against Hume, relates to the phenomena called the *Spiritual Manifestations*. Upon his hypothesis no one can believe in any phase of these manifestations, that has not come within his own experience, and under his particular cognizance. He must not believe them upon the testimony of ever so many eye-witnesses to them, however unimpeachable they may be on the ground of character, intelligence and competency. His argument, therefore, goes against all testimony that is not confirmed by our own personal experience, however abundantly and satisfactorily this testimony may be.

The argument of Hume would also necessarily lead to Atheism, as a necessary consequence, with all those who are not themselves capable of reasoning out the fundamental doctrines of religion. They are not to receive the testimony of others who have investigated the subject, in opposition to the evidence of their own senses, or their own experience. They are therefore bound to believe that the world has

always existed, just as it now exists, and that it will always continue to exist in the same way. That there is no Supreme Being; that second causes are in fact the efficient causes; and that when they die, they will cease to exist. That, therefore, they are neither immortal nor accountable beings. These are the doctrines, as supported by the senses, or our experience, without the aid of reason or revelation.

The last argument I shall at this time adduce against Hume, and an overwhelming one, as I conceive, is that his doctrine refutes itself, and proves its own absurdity. This is, that there are such things as moral miracles, as well as physical, and it requires the belief of a greater moral miracle to disbelieve the alleged physical ones, than the physical ones themselves. That the moral order of things is found to rest upon a basis as stable and uniform as the physical, and that there must have been a departure from this uniformity, and this stability must have been destroyed, if the physical miracles never were performed.

Paley, in reference to this last view of Hume's argument, very justly and conclusively states reasons. He says: "If twelve men, whose probity and good sense I had long known, should seriously and circumstantially relate to me an account of a miracle, wrought before their eyes, and in which it was impossible they should be deceived; if the governor of the country, hearing a rumor of this account, should call these men into his presence, and offer them a short proposal, either to confess the imposture, or submit to be tied up to a gibbet; if they should refuse, with one voice, to acknowledge that there was any falsehood and imposture in the case; if this threat were communicated to them separately, yet with no different effect; if it was at last executed; if I saw them, one after another, consenting to be racked, burned or strangled, rather than give up the truth of their account, still if Mr. Hume's rule is to be my guide, I am not to believe them. Now I undertake to say, that there exists not a skeptic in the world, who would not believe them, or who would defend such incredulity." W. S. A.

THE LAST CHARGE AGAINST SPIRITUALISM.

DEAR BANNER—As there has been quite an imposing story in circulation through some of the secular papers of New Hampshire, concerning the seduction and ruin of some girls in Franklin, and, as I am apprized of all the leading facts in the case, through personal observation, I thought it proper to state these facts, that those of your readers who peruse such squibs may know the truth, and be able to judge of the disposition of men who are willing to endorse such sentiments, in order to put down Spiritualism; and also, to judge how far Spiritualism and Spiritualists are responsible.

I learn that, some time since, one Pike, claiming to be a spiritual doctor, visited Franklin without invitation, and, as he said, by spirit direction; that the Spiritualists, not liking his appearance, or, disbelieving in his pretensions, immediately wrote to several places where he had operated, and, learning from all these places, that he was neither reliable nor honest, gave him no encouragement, but advised him to leave the place—particularly when he began to tell that certain young ladies were being developed as mediums through his influence. They also told him that he must leave, and had better turn his attention to his trade, as he was doing no good. This he at last did; but not until it became known that the two young ladies where he boarded had become insane, (probably by taking medicine of his preparation.) The citizens immediately learning of his whereabouts, (Lebanon, N. H.) sent and arrested him, and carried him to Concord jail, where he awaits an examination upon the charge of seduction, malpractice, &c.

But the young ladies aforesaid are recovering from their insanity, and say that nothing improper has ever taken place between themselves and Dr. Pike, and that their father and mother are alone in fault for their sickness. These girls are of a family who have ever been considered wild, and at times insane; but, in the main, well meaning people.

As to such persons as Dr. P. is said to be, the friends in Franklin do not endorse them, nor do they wish their services—nor will they be held responsible for their acts. They are glad to deliver such ones to the care and tender mercies of popular faith.

In the meantime, Spiritualism is not dead in Franklin, for I have just given two lectures, and find many warm, true-hearted friends, who will not go back, but will sustain the truth, and who are glad to hear mediums who speak and practice the true spirit and faith. I am constantly engaged in speaking upon the subject of education; and in Spodard, Marlow, Lempestre, Warner, Franklin, Lawrence, Exeter, Salisbury, and many other places, I find a host of reformers, who are with me, and aiding me in raising funds for our new university.

J. L. D. ORIN.

LETTER FROM VERMONT.

MESSRS. EDITORS—High up in Vermont, in one of the little valleys on a brook-branch of White River, surrounded by snow-clad hills, huge rocks, and sorrowful hemlocks, I am housed and seated in a broad and brown old homestead, well tenanted with three generations of the Puritan stock. The swollen brooks come tumbling down the rocky cliffs with rattling noise that soon dies in gentle echoes as the surplus waters depart for a foreign home in the ocean—the summer-time birds have gone on their annual pilgrimage to more sunny climes—the summer-green trees have taken down their topsails—the farmer has stored his crops for "child and chook," and the whole country bears evident marks of an approaching winter, such as Vermont is well able to bear. A few rods below me, at the forks of the brooks in Bethel Lympus, stands the little brown church where I am working off a course of lectures, and where my Methodist Brother tries two Sabbaths in three to save souls in his way, but with poor success. He threw down the glove to me before I came, and is, therefore, prepared to contest every inch of progress of the truths of our glorious gospel. Thus far his resistance is like a wall of soft snow against a strong current of water, and it is not likely to be much better, as the preacher has evidently more honesty than knowledge and more pride and wit than wisdom. The industrious and intelligent farmers of the vicinity, having grown tired of the worn-out oracles of the churches and seen their failure to save persons from sin or suffering in this life, had resolved to examine Spiritualism. This some of them did successfully, and invited me here to give a course of lectures, and they have invited all to come and hear; and as the preacher could not keep his hearers away he resolved to come also and do the best he could against the spread of the heresy. I

think, by the evidence I have collected from Vermont, that she is not behind in this great movement of the world. In the winding valleys among the mountains are to be found many intelligent families, who keep well posted in the march of mind; and they have many of them found the truth of spirit intercourse, and are already enjoying its blessings and missionarying into the churches. The Banner, the Age, the Telegraph, and Spiritual books, creep around among these hills—are borrowed and lent till they are used up, and their contents are discussed and digested much more than in the cities. When Methodism was new and the most persecuted of any form of worship in New England, Vermont took it in and nursed it among her mountains, built it plenty of houses to live in; many of them are now tenantless and useless, as the passionate excitement of its teachings has subsided, and a "second sober thought" taken its place, and a more rational doctrine and mode of worship is demanded here. Spiritualism furnishes it, and now a belief grows into knowledge, and a warmer religion wraps the hearts of the Green Mountain State, and guards them against the winters of earth and death.

This is my only appointment and visit to Vermont for this year, and was secured by a friend here over many other applications, by a call that reached Boston before I did in October. It is a singular spot to drop a course of lectures in, but I trust the seed will not all fall on stony hearts. WARREN CHASE.

BETHEL, VT., Nov. 10, 1858.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Thinking a line from the "Granite State" might not be unacceptable, I thought I would give you a little information respecting the progress of the glorious cause in which we are engaged. Although cold winter is marching upon us with rapid strides, yet we are beginning to feel the life-giving rays of the sun of truth beaming upon us. There are many seeking for "more light," hungering and thirsting for that which will satisfy the cravings of the soul.

Our first public lectures were delivered about the middle of August last, when quite an interest was at once excited. A month later we had three lectures through Mrs. J. W. Currier. Soon after, the redoubtable "Professor" Grimes was here for a week, and went through the ceremony of "killing Spiritualism." The Free Will Baptist Church was thrown open to him the first evening, when he astonished his audience by declaring this Spiritualism to be no new thing—it was practised among the ancient Greeks about the time of the Salem witchcraft. Yet, soon after, he asserted that he, the veritable "Professor" himself, was the father of this "stupendous delusion;" "he knew all about it—was there when it was born." He acknowledged his inhumanity as a parent, in that he had been trying to kill the child, but somehow it wouldn't die. It amused some of the juveniles to think he was such an aged gentleman. But I will not repeat his sayings, as you have published the substance of his lectures within a few weeks.

The churches received him with open arms, but the "aid and comfort" afforded by him, I think, will profit them but little. One of our clergymen, who was defending the "Professor," saying he thought him right, honest, &c., was brought up rather suddenly by a lady, who said to him: "I think you must be in a precarious condition to be obliged to call in infidels to save your churches from Spiritualism." Prof. Otis was with us a few days of October. He delivered four lectures to good houses, and was listened to with profound attention. The subject of the Sabbath morning's discourse was, "The vital forces of Nature, including Electricity and Magnetism, giving the spirit's theory of Spiritualism." The mysterious manner in which the subject was elucidated, made it plain, simple, and reasonable. It must be heard to be appreciated. We are endeavoring now to make arrangements to have regular meetings; the liberal-minded wardens of the Universalist Church have generously offered us the use of their church for the present.

I would unite with your correspondent "Investigator," in recommending to all true seekers of truth and wisdom, the attention and careful perusal of the "History of the Origin of all Things," for I think that some of the purest and highest teachings that man is capable of comprehending, are unfolded to us in that book.

I send you the following lines, to be used as you think best, given by a spirit friend to his brother, through the mediumship of Miss E. S. Swasey of this place, through whom many beautiful gems are given us from the spirit-land. The brother has not been a firm believer in spirit-communication. The two last verses refer to the home to which he was then removing.

"TO MY BROTHER."

My brother! I my brother! though long years have fled
Since you laid me in anguish among the cold dead;
Yet the spirit, the spirit, so loving and free,
Still comes from its home, my brother, to thee.

I have waited long years, I have waited in vain,
To bring you the truths which in heaven I've gained;
I have sought you, I've sought you, with many a fear,
I have spoken, I've spoken; why did you not hear?

My brother! my brother! the time has now come
When I will rest me, I'll rest me, at your own quiet home;
Oh, will you not welcome me now to your heart?
And bid me no longer from you to depart.

I am listening, I am listening, your welcome to hear;
Oh, tell me, oh tell me, may not I draw near?
Oh, let me but rest in the home that I love,
When I come, when I come, from my mansion above."

Yours, A. L.

LACONIA, N. H., Nov. 11th, 1858.

CONTOOCCOOKVILLE, N. H.

MESSRS. COLBY, FORSTER & Co., Gentlemen—Having been notified that my term of subscription for the Banner of Light had expired with the last number, I hasten to send you a dollar for six months more.

We are highly pleased with the Banner—its position in regard to many of the errors that are apt to creep into all new associations—such as Free Loveism, &c., which I regard as destructive principles. Spiritualists should seek to elevate each other by living pure lives themselves. I am sorry to see Spiritualists dealing in abstruse philosophy, instead of the commonality of life. Mankind are apt to reach too far—to opt to seek to carry more than they can bear—yet it is better to reach than to stand still.

Perhaps you would like to know how Spiritualism stands in this place. There are many who are waiting for the light—they are willing to hear, but they are very careful about being reckoned as investigators. To be sure, the edges of the stone are worn off from some, by the Swedenborgian Church, which is

located in this place, yet the modern Spiritualist finds in the members of said church his strongest opposers. I enclose for your perusal an article from the Peterborough Transcript, of Sept. 25. What do you think of this Christian (?) assertion? I have heard of an editor who thinks that "Old Hickory" is still President of the United States. Perhaps this is the one. Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. CLEMONS.

[We think our correspondent is about right in the last opinion he has expressed. Surely the editor is one of those who know not what they say.]

LETTER FROM MRS. TOWNSEND.

DEAR BANNER—Again I find myself among the dear friends of the Old Day State, who received me with their usual kind, warm welcome. I left my husband at Ludlow, Vt., on Saturday, Oct. 30th., and after going by rail, until the sun had reached his meridian height, we stopped at South Acton to await the return train from Boston to take us to Marlboro'. Three ladies beside myself, had the consolation of waiting four long hours. A gentleman at the depot kindly provided us with some refreshments, and with conversing and attempts to rest, we managed to have the time pass quite pleasantly. I was met at the depot in Feltonville by that friend of humanity, Charles Brigham, whose home and heart are ever open to those who need a friend, and taken to his home and cared for as usual.

On the following day, which dawned bright and beautiful after the storm of the previous day, I spoke in Marlboro' to a goodly audience. Was there received by another family, who kindly offered me a home through the coming winter. Lambert Bigelow, 2d., with his dear little wife and sister, compose this pleasant family, and the inducement is so strong that I propose accepting their offer, and spending the week days in giving examinations to the sick who may feel disposed to patronize me.

My success, so far as I have practised in that department of my medium powers, has been good, and I trust that further experience will not prove detrimental to the cause I have espoused.

Mr. J. H. Tuttle, a young man of good intentions and with a kind heart, striving to do right toward all, has been practising in this vicinity the past two years, and has generally met with excellent success. He has had much to contend with from opposition, yet has so conducted himself as to gain many warm friends notwithstanding, and I trust that his future course will be marked with more flowers than has been the past. He has more business than he can well attend to, and seems pleased with the idea of having more of the same practice.

Also a Mr. Hunting, who has recently been developed as a healer by the laying on of hands, is doing a good work. I find there is a greater demand for both speakers and physicians than ever before since my acquaintance with the public, showing that Spiritualism, with its grand and noble philosophy, is marching on, even in the face of dogmatic opposition.

When we, who are chosen as instruments for humanity's benefit, have proved ourselves true to our Father's law, and they who put on the garments to hide their iniquity have been exposed, I hope there will be a better state of things than now exists. Let us strive to learn the right, and pursue its straight and narrow path, that we may not only be instruments in the hands of good spirits, but bright examples to the world in ourselves. When each one on earth has reformed himself, the work will surely have been commenced.

My room will be at L. Bigelow's, 2d. My days, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. My price, \$1.00 for examinations. May the good spirits aid you in the fulfillment of your mission, and crown you with a reward suitable to your deserts.

M. S. TOWNSEND.

MARLBORO', MASS., Nov. 12, 1858.

Facts and Tests.

TEST FACT, &c.

DEAR BANNER—Being a constant reader of your excellent paper, I perceive you solicit tests and facts—therefore I send you the following, with a brief account of the origin and progress of Spiritualism in this vicinity. About two years since we had but a single medium, a powerful opposition, and only one or two who believed anything of Spiritualism, and they had not seen any of the manifestations.

Thus we remained until last February, when, after greater exertion, the few who believed, with some others, the most favorable to the cause, were organized into a circle, and those names taken down who agreed to meet every week for the development of our single medium, and to witness any manifestations that might be given. I mention this fact for the benefit of others.

And now we have five mediums, a number of believers, and the prospect is, that the number of both will be shortly increased.

Now for the fact, which is not, perhaps, as great or so convincing as others may have received, but which appeared to us conclusive of intelligence. On Sunday, the 17th of October last, soon after we were seated at the table, Montgomery Gray, the medium first spoken of, made signs as if he would write, which he had not often done since he was developed to speak. On handing him the materials, he wrote, "Billy will be back by four o'clock." There was but a single person present that knew anything of the meaning of what was written, and as this one did not inform the others of the knowledge he had, those present were entirely in the dark as to the meaning. It was asked if the spirit controlling was named Billy, with some other questions, to which we received a negative answer; and after it was written the second time that Billy would be back as before said, we had other manifestations, and Billy's return soon passed from our minds. Now for the explanation. Mrs. Main was one of the circle, and she is the mother of three children, the oldest a girl of fifteen years, and two boys, quite young; the girl was on a visit some four miles distant, carried there by a young man by the name of William—called in the vicinity, Billy. She went on Friday; the mother directed him to return the daughter home on Saturday; but she had not returned on Sunday. The father had business away; the mother wished to go to the circle—hesitated awhile, but left her two youngest children alone, and went, hoping the daughter would return soon, to see to the smaller children. As a natural consequence, she felt anxious about those dependent on her care; and how opportune and truly did those unseen friends impart to her comfort and instruction! For Billy did come back, and Sarah returned home at four o'clock. The mother said nothing during the time of the circle, but she did before she went home, and she said that her daughter had returned, she was sure.

Now I would ask those who are inclined to doubt the intercourse of spirits, how they would account or dispose of this fact. Surely it could not be taken from any person's mind at the circle, for there was but one person there who knew anything of the case; and she did not know at what hour they would return. A few evenings afterwards, it was asked, when the medium was under control, how the information came, and the reply was, that the spirit-sister of the mother was with the daughter, and she came and gave it to the circle. Now I ask if it is more unreasonable to believe that this information was given in this manner, than to believe that electricity, or force, or some other cause, equally unproductive, produced it. We have some other manifestations that appear to us equally unexplainable, unless we admit spirit agency—which we may send you at some future day, if you deem this worthy of publication.

Yours respectfully, ASA GRAY.

LEDYARD, CT., Nov. 15, 1858.

RECOGNITION OF SPIRITS.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Permit me to lay before the readers of the BANNER some new proofs of spirit presence. They seem to me to be of more than common interest, as the circumstances are different from any that have come under my observation. Why I offer them, is, because I think they are convincing proofs, and were independent of the minds of the persons present.

I will give you the facts as they came. I called last evening at the house of one of my neighbors, Mr. H. W. Cogshall, who was sick with a fever, and not able to sit up. I seated myself by his bed-side, when he remarked, "I am glad to see you," and I very soon found he was quietly sleeping. The perspiration started from his forehead, and I was told afterward, that he awoke very much refreshed. While I sat near him, a spirit came and said to me, "Tell Henry that a short life of usefulness is better than a long life of idleness," giving his name as Uncle Thomas. Another spirit came and showed himself as though drowning. He was recognized as the spirit of a man who was lost in a small vessel (a short time since) which was run into by one of the Fall River steamboats. Also another spirit came—an old man—who gave his name as Grandfather Loring, saying he had had the rheumatism. I noticed some peculiarities in his ways and words. One thing in particular I remember of his saying: "Oh, the dog-skins! if they only knew how much easier it is to keep out of a scrape than to get out after they get in, they would save me a deal of trouble. Knowing nothing of this spirit, or of any that had presented themselves, I inquired of Mr. C.'s wife. She knew nothing of any except the grandfather, and him she had never seen; but upon inquiring of Mr. C. if he had ever known such persons, he recognized them all, also their sayings. Now, Mr. C., being asleep, and his wife knowing nothing of the persons, I think that any reasonable mind must admit of some influence outside of the medium.

Another instance. Last evening, a Mr. Lyman, of Westfield, called to see me. He wished me to give him a name that was then on his mind. I instantly gave him the name of a spirit that he was not thinking of, also of ten others, and the name that he at first wanted, I did not get until the very last.

Yours, E. E. S.

NEW BEDFORD, Oct. 24, 1858.

TEST FACT THROUGH MRS. FELTON.

MESSRS. EDITORS—A few evenings since, while a group of friends were waiting for some manifestation of spirit presence, Mrs. Felton was suddenly controlled by little "Violet," who pointed to a gentleman, and said she had been playing with his little girl, not the one he was thinking of, (another had previously been described,) but the one who died with something that troubled her throat—and then pointing to a lady, (stranger to Mrs. F.) said, "You know who it is; you were with her mother, and took care of her when she died." The lady said she did take care of her, as described, and that she died with the croup. The father then asked Violet what his little girl's name was. Violet answered that she did not know, but would find out and tell him. In a few minutes she went away, and was gone some half hour, when she returned, and said the little girl's grandmother (the gentleman's mother), told her to tell him her name was Lattie—which the gentleman said was correct.

On Tuesday evening a gentleman came into the circle, who had never attended one before. He had not been in the room five minutes, before Mrs. Felton commenced reading off to him his inmost soul-life, his tastes, attractions, loves, &c., which, she said, came from a male spirit, whom she described. He could remember no such person. She also described two female spirits, whom he recognized as a mother and sister. After he went away, he remarked that she had told him everything exactly right, but said she might have read it from his mind. When he got home, he told his wife of what he had witnessed, and, among the rest, spoke of the description of the male spirit, when she immediately recognized him. I have simply recorded the facts, and will let each reader form his own conclusions as to whose mind Mrs. Felton obtained the description of the male spirit from.

Yours truly, WILLARD BARNES FELTON.

WILMANTIC, Nov. 12, 1858.

SPIRIT-POWER.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Deeming the following a sufficient test of spirit-power for publicity, I send it to you for publication. As it happened nearly under the shades of Old Harvard it may in this form come to the notice of some of the dignitaries of that venerable institution. There lives in this vicinity a lady who we will call Mrs. N., who does not make any extensive pretensions relative to her mediumistic powers, as it is occasionally developed in private circles for the benefit of the friends or neighbors, who see fit to favor her with a call. On the evening of day before yesterday she had a sister call to see her from East Boston, and during their conversation it fortunately turned upon spirit intercourse, which the visiting sister denounced in rather severe terms not to be wondered at in these revival times. It was then proposed, by Mrs. N.'s husband, to sit at the table, in order to convince the sister of the possibility or tangibility of spirit-communication. Mrs. N. was immediately controlled or influenced by what purported to be the spirit of Dr. Darling, of Boston. Previous, however, to his making himself known, he commenced imitating the doctor's avocation of putting up prescriptions, as he used to when in the form, thereby endeavoring to identify his former pursuits. After some little conversation, he stated that he died or passed away, as near as he could calculate, about seven months since, and that his residence was No. 1 North Margin street, Boston.

The day following this, the medium's husband

made it in his way to inquire in that vicinity, and found, at the house above-designated, the name of Dr. Darling on the door. Feeling spirited with confidence at the success in his investigations, he made bold to call, and had a very interesting conversation with the wife, son and daughter of the said Dr. Eliakim Darling—as he wrote his name in full—thoroughly convincing him of the identity of the spirit controlling, neither he nor any one present ever having heard of such a person being in existence.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Nov. 18, 1888.

History of Mediums.

[Compiled by Dr. A. B. Child, for the Banner of Light.]

NUMBER XI.

MISS ELLEN D. STARKWEATHER

At the age of twelve years Miss Starkweather's medium powers were first discovered. It was suggested by herself and some friends visiting her that she should sit around the table, "as Spiritualists do, and get raps." This was done, sportively; no one dreaming that the real spirits would come and rap for them; but the spirits did come and rap. The alphabet was called over, and by raps it was spelled out—"Ellen D. Starkweather is a medium." This announcement frightened her, and she started to leave the room, when a large dining-table, standing in the room, was immediately moved by some unseen force, and without physical touch was carried between herself and the door she intended to go out at. This caused her to be still more frightened and she ran to her mother's arms for safety. A few days after, this, in a store on Washington street, a counter two and a half feet wide and fifteen feet long, with a large show-case covering it, was raised ten inches from the floor—and held there from two to three minutes. Three ladies besides the medium were at the time in the store. All these ladies, together, afterwards tried, and they could not lift one end of the counter, and the counter before being raised was nailed solid to the floor, and after it was let down it was found also to be nailed as solid to the floor as before.

On one occasion at her mother's house the whole circle, numbering eleven persons, sat back some three feet from the table at which they were having a sitting—so that the table stood alone, beyond the reach of every one in the room—and in the open daylight was raised and held suspended in the air for the space of one minute or more.

The Bible on another occasion was carried from a table standing on one side of the room, without physical touch, and placed under the sofa on the opposite side. This was done in the presence of a septic and two other persons, who were in the room, not in darkness but in light. Then Miss Starkweather's hand was moved and wrote—"You will find a leaf turned down where there is a text for the septic gentleman present to read; and the name of James P. you also will find written on the margin of the same leaf." After the Bible was laid on the table, the lid and three leaves opened without touch. The passage referred to was read for the benefit of the septic gentleman, who was an unbeliever, and intimated that the medium deceived. The words where the leaf was turned read: "Judge not that ye be not judged."

On another occasion, when a test was called for, for the benefit of a septic friend, twenty names of spirit-friends were written, counted, and put under the lamp on the table, the medium sitting at the same time, a distance of some feet off. The medium's hand was moved, and wrote a name in full—the same as one placed under the lamp—and then directed the company to rip up the carpet from a certain point, and this same name that had been placed under the lamp would be found there. This was done, and the name was found as described; and the names under the lamp were examined, and the one written through Miss S.'s hand was missing, and the one found under the carpet was identified, by private marks it bore, made by the septic, as the missing one, and as having been written by the septic present. The question is, how did this paper get from under the lamp to the place where it was found under the carpet? This name corresponds to the one written by Miss S. after the names were put under the lamp.

A pencil and blank paper was put in a table drawer; the drawer was looked, and there left for five minutes; when the drawer was opened, the name "Lorenna" was found distinctly and legibly written on the paper. This name was the spirit-mother of one of the company present. This was done in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Adams.

A lady sitting with Miss S. received the following, written through her hand: "You will find my name written on a piece of paper in your bonnet, signed Dora B." This paper and writing was found as the communication directed. The name Dora B. was a spirit-friend of the lady then sitting, and was a perfect stranger to Miss S., and Miss S. had not been near, and had no knowledge of the whereabouts of the bonnet in which the communication was placed.

Pianofortes have been repeatedly raised by and without her touch; and she has often played upon them without any knowledge of what she played. She has often been kept awake all night by the moving of furniture, by sounds and raps in her room. Spirit-lights in various forms, on many occasions, have been seen by all the different persons in the circle at the same time. Not in the dark, as has been usual, but in the light. Human hands have been repeatedly seen by all persons present in her circles; in most cases they appeared transparent.

About six months after she became a medium, she was entranced, which trance lasted seven hours, causing her mother and friends considerable alarm. In one of her first trances she read half a column of a newspaper, which a gentleman, who had just come into her presence, took out of his pocket and held to the back of her head; she read every word correctly, and had never seen the paper, or piece she read, in a normal condition. In this state she could also tell any object or thing a person had in their hand, or had concealed, and describe it minutely, without the least deviation from correctness. She could tell the time indicated on a watch held to the back of her head; the hands being moved in various positions without the possibility of her seeing. She speaks easily and very beautifully when in a trance; often speaks original poetry. Names are given through her in a trance and impersonations, which have proved great tests to different persons. She is perfectly unconscious when entranced. The experiment of sticking pins and the sharp point of a knife, has been effectually tried upon her by

sceptics, and it has been well tested and proved that she is perfectly unconscious to any pain when in a trance state. When in this state she has also the power to see and describe spirits.

At the house of Mr. John Peak, Miss S. was entranced; when the spirits, through her, directed the company to get five sheets of paper, and place one under the table, and one in each corner of the room; this was done; each sheet being, previous, carefully examined, to be sure that there was no writing on them, and also being marked by the company, so that they could not be taken and others substituted. It was then proposed by some one of the company to place a pencil on each sheet of the paper, when the spirit said, "No; we will find pencils." After five minutes, sounds were heard on the sheets, as if they were being written upon by a pen or pencil. Direction was then given through Miss S.—still entranced—to read what was written on the paper; and on the examination of each sheet on the outside nothing was found, when the medium said, "open the sheets." This being done, each sheet was found to have writing on the inside, which appeared to have been made by ink. On one sheet was written—

"We still Live."

(Signed) CAROLINE.

Mr. Peak had a daughter in the spirit-world by this name.

On another sheet was written:

"God is Love."

(Signed) HENRIETTA.

Henrietta is the name of a spirit-child of Mr. Huston, who was one of the company present. On two other sheets were also written names of spirit-friends of the company, and on the other sheet were scratches not there before, as if an attempt had been made to write some name, but was not successful.

It is a striking fact, that it often is the case, when remarkable spiritual manifestations are made, that at the time of these manifestations, though truly wonderful, they do not excite wonder, or even surprise, in any member of the circle present. This may be accounted for, perhaps, on the ground that the spirit influence at the time has a powerful effect upon all present, which partakes of real spiritual existence. And when withdrawing from the circle, the influence is withdrawn, and the wonder and amazement begins to be felt.

These remarkable manifestations were not made in the dark, but in bright light of two blazing gas burners.

At the house of Mrs. John Banister, in Somerville, Miss S. was entranced, and the circle was requested to sing; and while the circle sang, the cover to an air tight stove was raised a few inches at each measure of the tune, and beat time through the singing. Immediately after this, a little child of Mr. Banister, between two and three years old, was made to seize a pencil lying on the table, clasp it in the palm of her hand, with all her fingers around it, and wrote the name Aaron. This was the name of a spirit-uncle of the little child, whose name she had probably never heard. It cannot be presumed by any one that a child so young, almost an infant, had any knowledge of the use of a pencil, or any knowledge of letters or words. It was a fact, that the child did not know a single letter of the alphabet, and probably had never taken a pencil in her little hand before, at least to make an effort to write. Her little hand was moved again, and wrote, Mary Peak, which name is that of a deceased friend of the child's mother, of whom it is supposed the child had no knowledge. The child then said to her mother, "Ma, I'm going to make a dog." Her hand was then moved, clenching the pencil with a very strong grasp, and wrote—

"A Dog."

She then said, "Ma, now I'm going to make a cow," and wrote—

"A Cow."

This singular manifestation through this child, was, without doubt, much assisted through the medium powers of Miss S. If physical objects can be moved without touch through their mediumship, why cannot physical matter, that has life in it, be acted upon in the same manner, by the same power? Miss S. has been, and often is entranced, and in a trance state has been taken by spirits to different places, of which she has had no knowledge.

On one occasion she was taken alone, in a trance state, with her eyes closed, from Seneca street, in the South part, to Charlestown street in the North part of Boston. On her way thence she was met by a friend who noticed her peculiar condition and wondered how she could see to walk with her eyes closed. He turned and walked by her side some distance; her eyes were all the time shut close, and still she walked as a person would whose eyes were wide open and seemed to see every object as she passed. She went to the house of Mr. Henry D. Huston; he met her at the door, and found her entranced by a spirit friend who had come to bring him a message of importance. When she came out of the trance she was much surprised, as it may be reasonably supposed she would be, instead finding herself at her mother's house, where the spirit had taken possession, to find herself a mile or more from home in a strange house.

At a circle in the house of Mr. Henry D. Huston a bell was rung under the table. A septic present doubted that it was rung by spirit agency; he thought it was rung by the medium or some other person present. At his request the hands and feet of the medium was tied with long silk handkerchiefs in four hard knots, her feet being tied tight to a leg of the table; and each member of the circle moved back a short distance from the table and placed their feet on the rounds of their chairs. This septic (who was Mr. John Peak, a faithful believer now) kept close watch, in open light, to see if possible what power rung the bell. The bell was again rung as before and the four hard knots were untied without any visible agency, and the handkerchiefs found in the most distant part of the room from where the medium sat. At a subsequent circle in the same house a bell was taken into the air—was visibly moved without physical touch—and carried over the heads of each member of the circle and there rung, as if some hand held it and rung it.

As a writing medium she is very extraordinary. She writes upside down and from right to left very rapidly and plain to read. Tests are given by writing the names of spirit friends of others, and sometimes the name is signed in the spirit's own peculiar signature. Names are easily and generally given through her hand. She very seldom if ever fails to have communications written. Many prophecies have been given in her writing, and came to pass as prophesied.

Now, in a perfectly normal state, she reads from a spirit book, which is held out above her by

spirits, as she reads from a material book. This is a new development, and the condition does not at all times favor this manifestation.

Miss Starkweather, though young and manifesting all the characteristics of youth, is a medium of extraordinary powers.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all Time,
Sparkle forever."

Far in the azure vaults above,
A holy city stands;
Its everlasting King is Love,
His courtiers, angel hands;
Its blissful souls from sin are freed,
They shed no bitter tear,
And o'er its pearly gates, we read—
"No Bigot enters here."

Its diamond walls no crumbling know,
Its lustre never dim,
Its mighty idea of homage flow
In an unceasing hymn;
The path that leads to that bright place,
Eludes the vulgar's glare,
No lion's step on it we trace,
No bigot travels there.

The crowns its blest immortals wear
Are not of earthly kind—
The sea contains no gem so fair
As those with which they're twined,
Beside the rich embroidered banks
The ransomed hosts are led;
But, oh! among those radiant ranks
No bigot soul can tread.

Break down each superstitious shrine,
Dissolve each galling link,
That binds our souls shall then be yours,
Its waters you shall drink;
And you shall strike its harp so sweet,
Its angels sing, and fondly meet
Your spirit kindred there. Miss. HEMANS.

There is strength deep bedded in each heart, of which we
reck but little till the shafts of heaven have pierced its fragile
dwellings. Must not earth be rent before her gems are
found?

Spare her at least; look, you have taken from me
The present, and I murmur not, nor moan;
The future, too, with all her glorious promise;
But do not leave me utterly alone.

Spare me the Past—for, see, she cannot harm you,
She lies so white and cold, wrapped in her shroud,
All, all my own! and trust me I will hold her
Within my soul, nor speak to her aloud.

I folded her soft hands upon her bosom
And strew'd my flowers upon her—they still live—
Sometimes I like to kiss her closed white eyelids,
And think of all the joy she used to give.

Cruel indeed it were to take her from me,
She sleeps, she will not wake—no fear—again.
And so I laid her, such a gentle burthen,
Quietly on my heart to still its pain.

I do not think the rosy smiling present,
Or the vague future, spite of all her charms,
Could ever rival her. You know you laid her,
Long years ago, then living, in my arms.
Leave her at least—while my tears fall upon her,
I dream she smiles, just as she did of yore;
As dear as ever to me—may it, may be,
Even dearer still—since I have nothing more.

If the line which separates vice from virtue were dis-
tinctly and legibly drawn, the mark would not last long; for
so many would be crowding upon it, that it would soon be
obliterated.

Sublime, emerging from the misty veil
Of the horizon dim, thee, moon, I hail,
As, sweeping o'er the leafless grove, the gale
Seems to repeat the year's funeral dirge.
Now autumn sickens on the languid sight,
And leaves bestow the wanderer's lonely way.
Now unto thee, pale arbitress of night!
With double joy my homage do I pay.
When clouds disguise the glories of the day,
And stern November sheds her hoarser blight,
How doubly sweet to mark the moon's ray
Shoot through the mist from the ethereal height,
And, still unchanged, look to the memory bring
The smiles of Fawnian of life's earliest spring.

HENRY KIRK WHITE.

Defer no charities till death; he who does so is liberal
rather with another man's goods than with his own.

Flashes of Fun.

Sput, Brad's cousin, discourteously in the fol-
lowing manner. The suddenness with which he
leaves the subject may be attributed to his want of
experience. Brad, however, desiring to encourage
him and cultivate the talent which he undoubtedly
possesses, advises him to throw himself upon the
generosity of the public—in accordance with which
desire he courts the public favor in an
OWNED TO-NIGHT.

I love these soft moonlight and dremy nitz,
Save perhaps a fling in musketoze
Hoo a tu bust the blith wether,
An kepe blith whether u like or no,
but I gese iz gittin sumpbough tu kold
For them to "linger hear awhile" longer,
& as Winter proceeds much nery
Tha will live in a summy mair.
I gaze with admiration on the mune
As it trods noiselessly the sala fields
And takes the shine out of the stars of heven.
Whose pall she seemed, as if with koward fere,
When let her silver disk o'erspread the would,
and ere the son, still strugglin in the west,
With falser smile lit up the leden kluouds
& dyed upon the bosome of the eve.
Oh nito, what solice daz this presene bring
Unto the sole burnin'd in soroze see,
Which shunze the world & what the world wud giv
He sez no time for groof hoo kontemplanse
himself, and sez hoo inelgnifoonant
R awl his soroze too what himself iz
& what himself shol bee.

The orbz that role,

Without ever hittin, along the skias,
Revele a justise which shol doel with men,
Beceas him hoo moid them must bee inelgnit,
& inelgnit is justise.

Then nito
thou art a tocher, and out ov darkins
Komo lize a peccilly if "tain't kloudi,
What thil opion ov the Comit, nito?
Or thil herenly satillize a fored
Or thil visior boozie rapid flite throw aspace
Prodoozes such unhard ov triksoun
As to love the rode he travels a phire-
10,000,000 milze behind?

But here no more

May bee gin-oin to a liddle bit tu fast,
Heze the adage was tu him a rule—
You'd better golt while yung, &c—
But hoo do go so fast while yung's yung,
Sollidum liv long onuff too ab that tha
Kant du the salm when long life makes yung old.

Old Master Brown brought his furrel down
his face was angry and red, "Now Anthony Clair,
go seat you there, along with the girls," he said,
Then Anthony Clair with a mortified air, and his
chin down on his breast, dropt slowly away, and sat
all day, by the girl who loved him best.

Digby came in out of breath about half-past
eleven o'clock last night, evidently with something
on his mind. "The papers, the other morning, said

the Boston Theatre was overflowing, like a favorite
booth at a fair, and so up I went to-night to see if it
would do the same again. I knew the place was full
of tiers, but hadn't an idea they would overflow it.
But, by the way the public poured out to-night, I
think it possible for an overflow, especially when it
is over.

An eminent painter was asked what he
mixed with his paint, in order to produce such an
extraordinary effect? "I mix them with brains,
sir," was the answer.

A sick man, slightly convalescing, was en-
gaged in conversation with a pious friend, who con-
gratulated him upon his recovery, and asked him
who his physician was. He replied:

"Dr. ——— brought me through."
"No, no," said his friend, "Providence brought
you out of your illness—not the doctor."

"Well," replied he, "may be he did, but I am
certain that the doctor will charge me for it!"

A miserly old fellow has hit upon an experi-
ment to save candles. He uses the "light of other
days."

An editor down South reports himself con-
fused, and says he is recovering, though the blow
was a heavy one—an eleven pounder.

The Philadelphians say their policemen are
overworked; and one of the papers, in alluding to the
subject, wonders how the detectives dare take their
salaries.

"Why should a certain town in Massachusetts
be literary? Because it is always Reading."

Paeocuity.—They have a *Ladd* for trial-justice in
the Cambridge Police Court.

"Digby," said Brad, who had just finished reading
an exciting description of the vain attempt of a tall
Yankee to comprehend the H-ess and H-y jargon of
a Cockney, "what epitaph would a Cockney sug-
gest for the tomb-stone of a cook?"

"May be not roast, as he has roasted?"

"No."

"No! what then?"

"Pens to 'is hashes, would likely be his phrase!"
ejaculated Brad.

What is worse than raining cats and dogs? Hail-
ing cats and omnibuses!

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.
THE BANNER may be procured at wholesale of the following
firms, viz:—NEW YORK—ROSS & TOWERS, 131 Nassau street;
T. M. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones street. PHILADELPHIA—F. A.
DAVIES, 107 South Third street, (below Chestnut); BARRY &
HARRIS, 330 Race street; BUFFALO, N. Y.—T. B. HAWKES,
CHICAGO, O.—J. W. PETERS & Co., 28 West 3d street.
ST. LOUIS, MO.—S. W. WOODWARD & Co., NEW ORLEANS,
LA.—A. DAPPEMONT.

SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS:
Lecturers and Mediums resident in towns and cities, will
confer a favor on us by acting as our agents for obtaining
subscribers.

Traveling.—L. E. CONNELL, Trance-Speaker; H. H. STAGG,
Healing Medium and Practitioner of Medicine; B. S. MAR-
CELL; H. P. FAIRFIELD, Trance-Speaking Medium; H. A.
TUCKER, Speaking Medium.
Massachusetts.—CHARLES H. CROWELL, Cambridgeport; B.
K. TROTTER, Weymouth; H. G. ALLEN, Bridgewater; GEO. H.
METCALF, South Scituate; N. S. GREENE, Trance-Speaker,
Haverhill; JOHN H. CHAMBERLAIN, Jackson street, Lawrence.
Maine.—MR. AMOS DEARB, Union; H. F. RIPLEY, Canton
Mills; H. A. M. BRADBURY, Norway; DR. N. P. DEAN, Saco;
Wm. K. RIPLEY, Paris, for that part of the country;
HAMILTON MARTIN, Healing Medium of South Livermore;
J. N. HODGES, Trance-Speaking and Healing Medium,
Connecticut.—H. B. SPOONER, Trance-Speaker, New Haven;
H. H. HARTING, New Haven; Wm. KRITZ, Tolland; CALVIN
HALL, Healing Medium.
New York.—GEORGE W. TAYLOR, North Collins; S. E. BAR-
HAM, Dundee; ORRIS BARNES, Clay; E. QUIMBY, White Plains;
ADONIRAM TAGGART, Western part of the State; LUTHER
O'BRIEN, of Saratoga, Erie Co., speaking and sympathizing
medium, for delinquent diseases and for healing by manipu-
lation.

Pennsylvania.—WM. R. JOSELYN, Trance-Medium and Im-
provisator, Philadelphia; H. M. MILLER, Easton.
Louisiana.—J. C. GONWYN, South Bend Post Office, Concordia
parish.

Michigan.—JOEL HANDY, Adrian; J. L. HACKETT, White
Pigeon.

AMUSEMENTS.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS HARRY, Lessee and
Manager; J. P. PRICE, Assistant Manager. Parquette,
Balceny, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle
25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 6 1/2;
performances commence at 7 o'clock.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Museum open day and even-
ing. Exhibition Room open at 3 o'clock; performance
commence at 7 o'clock. Wednesday and Saturday afternoon
performances at 3 o'clock. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra
and Reserved Seats, 50 cents.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—JAMES PILGRIM and JOHN
MORAN, Sole Lessees and Managers. Admission—Boxes, 25
cents; Reserved Seats, 50 cents; Orchestra, 25 cents;
Private Boxes, 10 cents; Family Circle, 5 cents. Doors open
at 7 o'clock; performance to commence at 7 1/2.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly oppo-
site Old South. Ninth season. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY.
Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children 15 cents.
Doors open at 6 3/4; commence at 7 1/2 o'clock.

BOSTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

NATURAL ASTROLOGY.—PROF. HUSE may be found
at his residence, No. 12 Orleans Place, leading from
Pleasant street, a few blocks from Washington street, Boston.
Ladies and gentlemen will be favored by him with such ac-
counts of their Past, Present and Future, as may be given
him in the exercise of these Natural Powers, with which he
feels himself endowed.

LETTERS ANSWERED.—On receipt of a letter from any party,
enclosing ONE DOLLAR, Professor Huse will answer questions
of a business nature. On receipt of THREE DOLLARS, he will re-
turn the person writing will be returned. He only re-
quires name and place of residence.
Hours of consultation from 7 A. M., to 9 P. M. Terms 50
cents each lecture.

OTAVIUS KING, ELECOTIC DRUGGIST AND APOTHE-
CARY, No. 834 Washington Street, Boston. Spiritism,
Clairvoyant, and Mesmeric Prescriptions accurately prepared.
Dec. 19, 1887.

THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL, BY AN-
DREW JACKSON DAVIS, with suggestions for more ennob-
ling institutions and philosophical systems of education.
Price 30 cents; bound in cloth, 50 cents. Sent to order,
per post, by BELLA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield st.
Nov. 20.

HALLS OF DRILL, BRASS AND CONCERT BAND.
Music from one to thirty pieces furnished for Balls, Wed-
dings, Private Parties, Assemblies, Concerts, &c., on applica-
tion to D. C. HALL, No. 4 Winter Place, Rhodolph Hall, No. 3
Gough Place, S. K. Conant, No. 1 Russell Place, or at White
Brothers' Music Store, opposite Tremont House, Boston.
Nov. 13.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
No. 92 Sudbury street, (up stairs), Boston. Hotels,
boarding Houses, and Private Families supplied with reliable
help at short notice. L. F. LINCOLN.
Feb. 27.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.—A HOME FOR SPIRITUALISTS, TRANCE-
MEDIUMS, AND ALL OTHERS, for all others who wish
for quiet, order, and comfort. This house is now under the
management of the subscriber, who will always be at his post,
ready to attend to the wants of those who may favor him
with a call—at the corner of Harrison Avenue and Beach
street.
E. V. WILSON,
Manager for Proprietors.

SMITH & SQUIRE, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
No. 3 Scollay's Building, Court street, opposite the head
of Tremont street and Court Hill, Boston.
Geo. M. SQUIRE, J. C. SQUIRE,
Associated with B. F. MURPHY, Esq., 80 Wall st., New York.
Oct 16.

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST, No. 15 Tremont street
Boston, Mass. May 1.

O. LEWIS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.—Examina-
tion of the Human Body by an Indian Spirit of the
olden times. No. 70 Tremont street. Feb. 27.

MISS E. D. STARKWEATHER, WRITING AND RAPING
MEDIUM, No. 11 Harrison Avenue, Terms, 50 cents
each person. Nov. 13.

NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. JOHN SCOTT, having taken the large house, No. 10
ROXBOROUGH, New York City, for the express pur-
pose of ALL PATIENTS desirous to be treated by SPIRIT-
UAL INFLUENCE, can assure all persons who may desire to
try the efficacy of this new and startling practice, good nursing
and all the comforts of a home.

Dr. John Scott's Rheumatic Remedy warranted to cure
inflammatory rheumatism. Price, per bottle, \$5.
He offers his professional services in all cases of disease,
whether chronic or acute.

CIRCLES AT MUNSON'S ROOMS. Mr. C. H. FORSTER, of
Salem, Mass., has been employed by the undersigned,
and will give sittings day and evening. Other mediums will
be constantly in attendance. On Tuesday and Thursday eve-
nings, in place of the large circle held heretofore, it has been
deemed advisable to limit the number to eight persons, at
\$1.00 each, for the evening. Circles will commence at 7 1/2
o'clock, and close at 10 precisely. S. T. MUNSON,
sept 11

J. R. ORTON, M. D. G. A. REEDMAN, M. D.
DRS. ORTON AND REEDMAN.
Office, No. 108 Fourth Avenue, near corner of Tenth street,
one block from Broadway, New York.

Dr. Reedman receives calls and gives sittings for tests,
as heretofore. April 10, 1888.

BOARDING AT MR. LEVY'S, 291 WEST THIRTY-FIFTH
STREET, where Spiritualists can live with comfort and
economy, with people of their own convictions. June 19

DR. I. G. ATWOOD, the Mental and Magnetic Physician,
of Lockport, N. Y., respectfully informs his friends and the
public, that he has removed to Saratoga Springs, N. Y., where
unequaled facilities can be afforded to invalids for their res-
toration to health and happiness. He has taken rooms in
the celebrated "Grand Hotel," where he will give medical
and treatment in which, combined with the famous Mineral
Waters of the place, and his Magnetic or healing powers, he
feels confident will secure the most successful results.
Clairvoyant examinations, by letter, \$5. If symptoms are
given \$3.

For such as cannot be with him, he is prepared to treat by
clairvoyant prescriptions and direction. His syrups are
used in all parts of the United States, and can be safely sent
by express.

SARATOGA SPA, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1888. 3m

THE FOLLOWING ARE NOW READY.—ADDRESS deliv-
ered before the late Convention in favor of extending to
Women the Elective Franchise, by Geo. W. Curtis. Price 10
cents, or by the trade at \$1 per hundred. The medicines be-
lieved to be the most efficacious, containing eight in the series.

These Tracts furnish a simple and comprehensive statement
of the Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism. Price per hun-
dred, \$1.50, or 24 cents the series.

THEODORE PARKER'S SERMONS ON REVIVALS, &c.,
the outcome of these remarks, and sources continuous un-
abated. More than 20,000 have already been sold. Price for
the three Discourses 24 cents, or \$3 per hundred.

Beside the above, the subscriber has a general assortment
of Spiritual and Reform publications, and whatever points to
the elevation of Humanity, independent of creeds, but recog-
nizing Truth, come from whence it may. S. T. MUNSON,
June 19

SPIRITUALIST REGISTER FOR 1889.
ON OR BEFORE THE 15th OF JANUARY, 1889, I
shall publish No. 3, the SPIRITUALIST REGISTER, 1889,
a neat pocket companion, of thirty-six pages—facts for skeptics
and inquirers, ancient and modern Spiritualism, its uses
and abuses, free-love, reforms, short articles of interest to
all names of lecturers and mediums, general statistics of
the work of the spirit world, &c. It will be an annual, the
only one of the kind ever published, and the number
was extensively given by the popular press. Will all lec-
turers, mediums, editors and Spiritualists throughout the
country, please order as early as possible? Dealers and
others will immediately send their orders, with advance pay-
ment, as the work was at the close of the year, and the edition
will be limited to previous orders. Mailed free, 50 cen-
ts; fifty for \$3; fourteen for \$1; single copies 10 cents.
Address for \$3; fourteen for \$1; single copies 10 cents.
URIAH CLARK, Auburn, N. Y.
nov 13

MEDIUMS.

ALEXIS J. DANDRIDGE, HEALING MEDIUM AND
MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN, No. 13 La Grange Place, Bos-
ton. A. J. D. has discovered a new method of applying mag-
netism for the cure of diseases, which is much more effective
than any other method. This method is so simple, that any
one may learn to use it. The medicines he employs
retain their original curative properties, and also impart
directly to the diseased organs the power with which they
are charged. The effect of his new process has been