

hope for the child whose fate was wrapped in the  
most profound mystery.



Again the scene of our story changes. Twenty years have passed since the lovely daughter of Icteria's proud Earl disappeared as mysteriously as her mother had mourned her long and deeply, until a claimant for the wealth of the deceased Earl appeared, and, proving his identity as a gal heir, was placed by the law in possession of the bulk of the dead man's wealth, when the widow hastened to a foreign land to seek a refuge for herself and grief.

But of those events anon. We said twenty years have passed, or, rather, had passed—for our story treats of past events. It was nearly midsummer—the fourteenth day of June, A. D. 1854. A gallant ship was standing in towards the land, at eve, and heading for the highlands of Navarino, her destination being New York. Her quarter, main and forward decks presented a motley group of passengers, all intently gazing upon the far-famed land of freedom, which now lay stretched before their eyes, reposing, as it were in blue and gold—the liquid ocean and the glory of the setting sun.

Among those on the quarter-deck stood a tall, swarthy, but singularly handsome man, whose plain, unpretending garb failed to lessen a certain regal dignity of carriage, which inspired his fellow passengers with a belief that he was some nobleman in disguise, seeking to visit, in *incog*, the land to which their course was tending. And clinging to his arm, on which her hands rested, her attitude betraying a strange commingling of independence, native dignity, and the retiring modesty of her sex, was a young lady, beautiful as an Eastern houri, yet all Saxon in that loveliness, which formed such striking contrast to the Moorish and more manly beauty of her companion.

The gaze of both was riveted upon the distant land on which they were so deeply intent, that the summons to supper had sounded unheeded, the deck had been deserted and reoccupied for a brief space, and was again becoming untenanted, when, obeying a simultaneous impulse, both moved and spoke—

"Myra."

"Dorak."

"Well! are not you weary gazing at this land, of which we will see only too much ere we can quit it? Come! we will to our nook among the Gentiles in the cabin."

"Nay, Dorak, not yet! I am lonely there; here I have my society."

"Ah! would that some one of the maidens of our people had accompanied us; you would not then have been so lonely. How I envy them their freedom to-night, roving at will through the forest of merrie England, from which we must remain exiles, at least till my mi—" and the speaker cast a furtive glance around the quarter-deck, as if fearful of betraying to stranger's ears a secret not intended for them.

"What, Dorak?"

"Nothing, Myra! But come below; this air is charged with damp."

"Ha, ha! but cannot injure me, god Dorak. Do remain here a little longer! I wish to talk with you, at least to hear the story, concerning myself, which you promised me."

"When?"

"When passing Cape Clear, in Ireland."

"Ah! I had forgotten!"

"Well, tell it now. You mentioned Ireland as my native land, while I have ever believed myself a native of England. Was the tribe ever in Ireland?"

"Never! But the presence of the tribe was not necessary to your birth, dear Myra. However, I can tell you little beyond the fact. I was but a child myself when your father came to Lonsdale forest, and placed you—a laughing babe—in 'bur good queen's arms, while your mother, a beautiful gentle, as you know, so loved her gipsy husband, that she preferred life in the tents, and his love, to wealth and a coronet."

"My poor mother! But of myself enough; remembrance of my mother saddens me. But you—are you chief of our people now? Why, then, do you desert them? This journey must have some momentous object, or they would never have consented to be deprived of their queen and their chosen chief."

"You forget, dear Myra. I am not yet their chief."

"But you will be when—"

Here the maiden's voice fell to an indistinct murmur, while her companion, divining the substance of the words he could not hear, resumed—

"But you are aware that cannot take place until our late queen—your mother's—expressed wishes are complied with. I vowed to execute her will, and the fulfillment of that vow involves this journey, which I should gladly have foregone, for the pleasure of remaining in the midst of our Zingarian brethren."

"Ah! I remember her dying charge to myself; 'twas so mysterious. To you she bade me look for aid and counsel, desiring me to be governed by you in all things; yet affording no explanation, for which she also bade me turn to you. Explain, then, this mystery with which my fate is interwoven."

"At the proper moment you shall know all, Myra. Sooner I dare not."

"Dare not, Dorak! But enough; I understand you! You can tell me of my parents, however. Your vow binds you not to secrecy regarding their descent."

"What would you know concerning them?"

"The truth. Were they not gentiles, both?"

"Myra! and the speaker turned upon the maiden a tender, yet reproachful glance, adding, "Why doubt your father's origin? Was not he king of the Zingari?"

"But my mother was a gentile."

"On whose brow gleamed the mystic symbol of Zingarian royalty, placed there by one who owed his happiness to her love. But she was not a gentile. What she had been is sought to us. From the hour in which she became a bride she was a gipsy. Look on me, Myra! Am not I Bohemian? Trust me, thou art so, even as much as I; therefore recur to this subject no more, at least not until the stars permit a clearer explanation."

"The stars, Dorak! You and I should laugh at such mummers; or has your residence among the gentiles indeed imbued you with their credulity?"

"Nay! But methinks thou art scarce content with thy lot, as a gipsy queen, and might be induced to exchange it, even for a cottage-home among the foes of our race."

"Alas! now you wrong me, Dorak!" said the maiden earnestly, when, in a tone tremulous with emotion, she added, "No, no! you do but jest! You know I love our people too well to forsake them. Were I even a gentile, my home should be—"

"Where, Myra?"

"Here!" she murmured, suffering her head to sink

on his broad bosom, while the tears she could no longer restrain coursed o'er her cheeks.

"I believe you, my own sweet one!" rejoined her companion instantly, and gently raising her head, he pressed his lips tenderly to her polished brow, and drawing her arm within his own, he led her to the cabin.

"'Twas evening. The artisan and man of business had sought their domiciles, and the great thoroughfare of New York was alive with the more leisurely-moving throng which nightly crowd its sidewalks, when a close carriage, with a footman seated beside the driver, hauled up at the corner of Forty-Second street, to await some cessation in the living tide which at the moment barred its passage to the street just named. The efforts of a policeman soon cleared a passage, when the carriage moved on, halting, some five minutes later, at the entrance of a handsome house, on the front door of which an enormous door-plate informed the curious that the house was the residence of "Mons. Henri Dorak, Astrologer."

"'Twas at this door the carriage drew up, when the footman hastily alighted, bounded up the front steps, and was on the point of ringing the door bell, when the door opened suddenly, and our old acquaintance, the gipsy, appeared on the threshold.

"Is Monsieur, the astrologer, in?" demanded the footman.

"I am he. Your business?"

"My mistress."

"Desires to see an inmate of this house, and has forwarded by you a note containing a request to that effect," said the gipsy, hurriedly.

"How do you know?" demanded the man bluntly.

"'Tis immaterial. Return to her who sent you. Dear back her letter, and say her request cannot be complied with. The gipsy maiden is no slave, that she should render obedience to the whims of a gentile. Go!"

"I tell you what, Master Astrologer, you're a stranger here, and ignorant of our customs, or you would not undertake to send Mrs. Clarendon such an answer as that. She is rich and powerful. Should you offend her, you may have cause to rue it."

"Hail dare you threaten? Go! You have my reply. Yet stay; I will accompany you, and bear it to your mistress in person. Lead on!" and with a haughty gesture our gipsy friend signified his desire that the footman should precede him to the carriage.

Thirty minutes later the carriage drew up at the front entrance of one of the most superb mansions on Fifth Avenue, into which our friend was conducted by the servant, when, after a brief delay, he was conducted to a side-parlor, and ushered into the presence of an elderly lady, who rose on his entrance, saying—

"I am grieved that you should have suffered any inconvenience, sir; but—heaven! what do I see?" she exclaimed, advancing a step towards her visitor, when, as he stepped back, she added in a low tone, "No, no! Impossible!" continuing aloud, "Do pray excuse this evidence of the emotion with which I traced in you a resemblance to one of my early friends. 'Tis strange. Pray be seated, sir. A chair, Adèle! she added, to her attendant, who, having obeyed the order, retired, while the handsome gipsy, having courteously declined the proffered seat, assumed an attitude of profound attention. This the lady perceived, and, having resumed a seat, continued—

"As I was about to remark, sir, 'tis strange; but I addressed this note—which my servant informs me you have not perused—to you, requesting permission to wait upon you."

"Queen," suggested the gipsy, as he perceived her hesitation. While regarding him with evident amazement, she resumed—"In order to witness with my eyes the strange resemblance she is reported to bear to—to my daughter, which, if half so truthful as that you bear to the friend I mentioned, will render me most happy to form her acquaintance."

"Madame, she whom you desire to see is queen of the Zingaria, whom you well know hold no communication with the gentiles. But you shall behold the lily of our tribe. The stars have said it."

"But when?"

"When the fates have decreed. Were she before you now, the resemblance you seek to trace would avoid your gaze, and in her you would behold only Myra, the gipsy queen. So says the page of destiny."

"Strange being! Do you portend to read the page of destiny?"

"Why not? To the wandering Bohemian the mysterious is as an open book; therein he reads the fate of all living."

"My daughter's fate!" murmured the lady, trembling with emotion. "If you can read for me the fate of my child; to me, alas, 'tis a mystery."

"The thread of your daughter's fate is broken."

"What mean you?"

"She is dead!"

"I have long mourned her as such."

"So say the stars. You mourned ere she died."

"Ere she died? When did she die?"

"'Tis not written. Wouldst have the past as registered?"

"As regards my child? Yes."

"No! as regards thyself."

"Strange being!" murmured the lady, incredulously adding, "What know you of the past?"

"Ha! dost doubt? Thy horoscope hath been cast, Madeline La Vieux—Comptess de Lorme!"

At the name the lady started from her chair, her countenance expressing amazement and terror, and, as the subsequent title greeted her ear, sank back, murmuring, with a gesture of entreaty, "No, no! I cannot doubt!" when, concealing her face in her lace mouchoir, she assayed to control the tempestuous emotions awakened in her bosom, while the gipsy resumed—

"The past leads to the present, which also leads to—"

"What?" demanded the lady abruptly.

"That which at present you have no conception of; but which will be revealed at the proper time. Dost desire to test my knowledge?"

The lady bowed, and he resumed.

"'Tis well. 'Twas amid the vine-clad hills of France thy earliest breath was drawn; 'twas there thy earliest vows of love were pledged to thy peasant lover, of whom the conscription robbed thee. Then came one—a soldier—who wooed and won thee, to desert thy parents, and follow him in the garb of a vivandiere. 'Twas well for thee he loved thee. Thy star was in the ascendant; but thy memory played thee false, and, when surrounded by the Eastern luxuries abounding in the princely *Chateau de Briac*, thou didst forget thy parentage. Dost remember one day, whilst perusing a letter from him

who had raised thee to be a Comptess of France, an aged pair of mendicants, who applied to thee for charity, and were doled in the presence of thy husband's courier, and by thy order driven from thy presence by a menial? Didst think then that anguish, such as had made them beggars, would one day wring thy heart? Ah, no! Yet 'tis so. Thy mourned a daughter lost, as thou dost, and, like thee, an only child—their hope and joy—the staff on which they hoped to lean until the close of life. But enough! Thy cruelty was punished! Death robbed thee of thy husband ere six suns had risen and set, and another land than thy own received thee to its shelter as a fugitive. There a second noble wooed and won thee, and there fate's choicest prize to woman, a child, was given thee. Again an aged beggar crossed thy path. 'Twas in the noble park surrounding *Castro Clare*. She paused to caress thy babe, a smiling infant in the nurse's arms. Dost remember how, in thy terror, lest she should steal thy jewel at some future time, thou mad'st her loving act the foundation of a charge against her to thy husband, who sought her out, and drove her, with her companion, from the kingdom which contained your home? Again death robbed thee of a husband, and later still, thy daughter left thy side one eve, and hath not since returned."

"Enough! Tell me of her! Did she forsake me for a stranger?" exclaimed the lady, whose emotions were evidently wound up to the highest pitch.

"She did."

"Was he of noble birth?"

"Ay, as Adam's first-born. He was a man. But more you cannot know."

"I must! Tell me all, and you shall have gold—yes, all your heart can crave."

"Can gold open the book of Fate?" and the gipsy smiled scornfully, continuing, "Give me thy hand. Thy life-line will reveal the future," adding, as he gazed on her open palm, "'Tis finely traced, and may be read with ease. A bright future is before thee, lady. The prize decreed thee by fate is almost within thy grasp. Yet that future will fade, and that prize be lost, unless you attend to this warning. Beware of the rank and wealth which hath hitherto steeled thy heart against the calls of humanity, proving the bane of thy happiness, life-long. Eschew both; so shall your future be bright and pleasant. We shall meet again, lady, ere the succeeding moon begins to wane. Till then adieu!"

and, ere the lady was aware of his intention, he was gone, leaving her a prey to the strange and multitudinous emotions which his startling intimacy with every phase of her past life had called into being."

A month elapsed, during which time Mrs. Clarendon (her title being unknown in New York), was assiduous in her attempts to obtain an interview with the astrologer or his companion, but in vain. Both remained invisible to her, while she was invariably denied admission to their residence each time she called.

It was the eve of the thirtieth day since the visit of the mysterious stranger, and she was seated in a small parlor adjoining her *boudoir*, musing upon the apparent fallaciousness of his promise, when she was startled by his rich, musical tones, almost at her side, as he said:—

"Madeline La Vieux—Comptess de Lorme, and Clarendon, look upon her thou didst desire to see."

As he ceased, her eager glance rested upon the veiled form of a lady, whose hand reposed on his arm, and who, at a sign from him, removed her veil, disclosing the angelic form and countenance of the gipsy maiden, while her companion resumed proudly:—

"Behold the lily of our tribe—the fair-skinned gipsy maid—Myra, our queen! Canst trace in her features a likeness to those of thy lost daughter? Speak, lady! Dost think the outcast daughter of Bohemia bears any resemblance to the lost lady Adriene?"

"'Tis herself!" exclaimed the Comptess—as we shall hereafter designate her—apparently satisfied of the maiden's identity with her long-mourned daughter, and, extending her arms, she murmured, "My child, my child!" when she sank back fainting in her easy chair.

Myra had heard the foregoing words, and viewed the scene with evident amazement, clinging closely to her companion, and rejecting the offered embrace; but, on perceiving the lady faint, she hastened to her aid, and, applying a small phial, containing a powerful restorative, to her nostrils, speedily succeeded in restoring her to full consciousness; when, repairing to her companion's side, she again placed her hand in his arm, when he resumed—

"You are mistaken, Comptess! Our queen is not thy child."

"Ah, true! Yet how like my Adriene, as I beheld her last!"

"Nay! even that can be but fancy. How can the gipsy bear any resemblance to the gentile?"

"Why may they not? Are not all children of one common Father, Bohemian?"

"Ha!" exclaimed the Bohemian, starting, "dost thou believe this?"

"Most assuredly I do!"

"'Tis well! 'tis indeed well, thou art so humble, as to acknowledge thy common origin with a proscribed and outcast race!" and the speaker took from his bosom two lockets, one of which he extended to the lady, adding—"Dost know this bauble? Nay, ere it meets thy gaze, I would ask, if thy conscript lover—he to whom thou wert betrothed in youth—is still remembered?"

"Alas, yes! Poor Henry Mounard! What of him?"

"Anon! Look upon the miniature!" rejoined the gipsy, relinquishing to her grasp the locket, which she opened, gazed upon earnestly a moment, and pressed wildly to her lips, exclaiming—

"Yes! 'twas his! the pledge of our betrothal! In mercy tell me that he still lives; that I may seek and kneel to him for pardon!"

"Would that I could truthfully!" responded the Bohemian, earnestly, adding, as he tendered her the second locket, "he sent thee this!"

Grasping it eagerly as the first, she opened it, and, bestowing on it a brief glance, pressed it also wildly to her lips, exclaiming—

"My daughter's likeness! Whence came this? 'Twas in her own hand I last beheld it!"

"And from her own hand did he, who sent it thee, receive it?"

"She lives, then?"

"Nay! I have already told thee. Would she did! More hearts than thine would throbb for joy. But be of good cheer, Madame La Comptess! The star of thy destiny is in the ascendant. Turn thy gaze once more upon the fair-skinned gipsy maid. She is fair, as you see—too fair to be all Bohemian; yet scarce so fair as was her mother, when, as the beloved of

our chief, she joined our people and became our queen!"

"Her mother!" gasped the Comptess—"Who was her mother? Speak, I adjure, entreat and command you!"

"She whose likeness you—"

"Enough! My heart was not mistaken—my child!" and the arms of the speaker were a second time extended towards Myra, who, obeying the impulse of her companion's arm, resigned herself to and returned the embrace, while the latter, evidently deeply moved, turned away, and gilding to a window, effected to be engrossed by the scene without, until the lady, having recovered her composure, recalled him by saying—"Strange, incomprehensible being! to you I owe much recent misery, and also my present unspeakable happiness!" and she bestowed a tender glance upon the maiden, who now knelt at her side, enfolded by her arm, adding—"Will not you render me more deeply your debtor, by an explanation of that mystery in which the past, as regards my child and this, her charming daughter, is still enshrouded?"

"Yes, Madame La Comptess! for that purpose I am here; but first forgive the wandering Bohemian the pain inflicted in obedience to the desire of one, now no more, who desired to test thy humility, ere he resigned to thy care the treasure bequeathed thee by thy daughter!" and, assuming a seat, in obedience to a sign from the Comptess, the gipsy, dropping the quaint idiom in which he had hitherto conversed, with much of his mysterious manner, continued—"I must again revert to the past, lady, in order to be explicit. Pardon me, if in so doing I mention aught that may pain you!"

The Comptess bowed, and he resumed—

"Henri Mounard won distinction in *La Grande Armée*, where, being informed of your mysterious disappearance, by letters from home, he mourned you as dead. Judge of his amazement and anguish, when, as a sous Lieutenant of Voltigeurs, and courier to the gallant Comte de Lorme, he recognized his betrothed bride in the wife of his commander."

"Henri—that young officer?"

"Yes, Madame La Comptess, you met him then, and in the mendicants you ordered from your presence, on that occasion, he recognized your parents, whom misfortune, induced by grief for your desertion, had rendered beggars."

"Ah! I remember now—how blind! But proceed; I will not interrupt again," said the lady.

He bestowed on them ten louis in a purse, which had been your gift to him at parting, that they recognized, and, apprehending discovery by them there, and consequently by you, he appointed a meeting elsewhere, when he placed them under the protection of a band of gipsies, whose chief was serving in the Voltigeurs and was his friend.

On the defeat of *La Grande Armée* the chief returned to his people, and with him, Henri Mounard, who was admitted a member of the tribe, and went with it to England. He had vowed to become the avenger of your parents' wrongs, when he observed them driven from your presence; but the vow would have been forgotten, had not you incited your second husband's anger against a portion of the tribe, who had visited Ireland. 'Twas your mother, whose yearning love towards your babe, engendered suspicions of her purpose in your bosom, and, at your behest, she was exiled from the kingdom.

In that hour Henri Mounard recalled his vow, and swore to fulfill it, enlisting the aid of his friend, the chief, for that purpose. The latter had a son—an only child—whom they chose as the instrument of this revenge. Him they educated, permitting him to live apart among the gentiles, until he was thoroughly versed in all their customs; when, in the guise of a Spanish noble, he was introduced to the highest circles of London society, as the first step towards the end in view. That gained, the others were easy. He met the Lady Adriene at her birthday *fete* and succeeded in awakening an interest in her bosom which survived until their second meeting, at *Castro Clare*, where, as the wounded traveler, he experienced your hospitality and won her consent to become his. Later, when informed by him of his real station, apprehending your opposition to her union with a gipsy, she fled with him, and, leaving you in ignorance of her fate, fulfilled your lover's vow of vengeance.

She rendered herself beloved by our people, who hailed her proudly as their queen, and would have died to serve her. But she was short-lived. The death of her husband, in an attempt to rescue some of our people from the myrmidons of the law, gave her system such a shock that death was inevitable; when, regretting, for the first time, her breach of duty towards you, she charged Henri Mounard to seek you out and place her daughter in your arms. He promised, and she died content, invoking blessings on the head of her child, whose hand she placed in mine, requesting her in after-life to look to me for aid and counsel; yet suffering her to remain ignorant of her parentage. Death barred the fulfillment of Mounard's promise by himself; but, on his death-bed, he charged me with the task, which is at length executed. And now, lady, we may meet no more; but should any of my race e'er cross thy path, I know thou wilt remember the wandering Bohemian; farewell!" and, rising, as he closed the sentence with the quaint expression which had formerly marked his discourse, he was all the gipsy; a shade of sadness resting on his brow, as bending a keen, yet tender regard upon the kneeling maiden, she breathed her name—"Myra!"

During the foregoing explanation, she had been a deeply-entranced auditor; but, at mention of that name, she started, responding—"Henri!" when he resumed—

"The pleasant hours we've spent together, Myra, wilt thou remember them?"

"Dost think I can forget them, Henri?"

"Nay! but the tribe—our people—wilt thou sometimes think of them?"

"Think of them! What mean you, Henri?"

"That we must part; that you and they will meet no more! You are now in the midst of your mother's people; in the embrace of her to whom my father charged me to resign thee. In her charge I must leave thee, unless—"

"What, Henri?"

"Nay, nothing. Come, kiss me, Myra, and say farewell!"

"Never!" exclaimed the maiden, bounding to his side, and encircling his neck with her arms. "Do you bid me stay? What of our tribe? What of my people? For whom should I desert them? No, no! I Bohemian I was born, and amid the Bohemians I will die!" and, burying her face in his bosom, she began to weep.

"What! would you leave me, my child? Would

you fly from me, to resume the wandering life of a gipsy?"

"Yes, lady! 'Tis a life I love. A queen in the midst of my people, I shall be happier far, than with thee!"

"No, no! With me you will enjoy rank and wealth; with them?"

"Happiness! which you sought amid the glittering splendor of both in vain. I go with him! Our fates are linked together. The stars have said it!"

"The stars! What nonsense, child! Say, rather, thy love for this Bohemian."

"And if it were, why shouldst thou care?" demanded the maiden, repulsing the lady, and clinging more closely to her lover, for as such our readers have evidently recognized him.

"I would know his name!"

"To what end?" demanded the gipsy, sternly.

"I have fulfilled my mission; be your's the task to retain this treasure—farewell!"

"Yes, farewell, lady!" exclaimed the maiden, as she bounded towards the door in advance of her lover, who, however, laid a restraining hand on her shoulder, ere she crossed the threshold, and, arresting her movement, said, with forced calmness—

"Pause, Myra, ere you decide! She who claims thy society and love, is of thy kin—thy mother's mother. For whom would you desert her?"

"Dost think the queen of the Zingaria has need to pause where her heart is concerned?" and the maiden accompanied the demand with a glance of thrilling tenderness. "No, no! Go where thou wilt—even to the grave—I will follow thee!"

With a glad cry the Bohemian caught her to his heart, and turning to the lady, said—

"Thou hearest, Madeline La Vieux!"

"I do!" replied the latter, calmly adding—"Her decision is mine. Whithersoever she goes, I accompany her."

"What! even to the tents of the Bohemian?"

"Yes! even there, if they will permit me."

"Resigning rank and wealth?"

"All, for her society and love!"

"You have triumphed, lady, and in the name of our queen, I guarantee you a hearty welcome, should you ever visit our tents. Yes," he added, releasing the maiden, who now cast herself upon the bosom of the Comptess, "of all the gentile race, none would be so welcome to the gipsy's tents as the mother of Adriene—their queen."

"And thither I will go with you."

"'Tis needless, lady; your triumph is complete. Henceforth Myra's home shall be where you desire. Is it not so, my sweet one?" The maiden looked her assent, and he added—"And henceforth, if you permit me, all that son could be, I will be; and justly so, since by no other than the son of Henri Mounard can his cruelty be atoned for, while I shall deem myself richly repaid, if I succeed in obliterating from your memory all painful reminiscences of the BOHEMIAN'S REVENGE."

Written for the Banner of Light.

SUNLIGHT.

BY VICTORIA.

Sunlight dances o'er the meadows,  
Like a happy, fairy sprite,  
On the water's peaceful bosom  
Drops her smile, so pure and bright;  
Thou she liest to yonder woodland,  
Peeps through waving branches high;  
But she cleaves not through the shadows,  
In whose folds my soul doth lie.

Peaceful Sunlight! smile



not vacated by the old man and his lovely protege, after having first satisfied themselves that the mysterious pair had passed beyond the limits of the town. But to their utter dismay, they found that the inside shutters of the cottage were closed, and firmly bolted; so, after taking a survey of the premises, they departed not a whit the wiser than when they came.

Nine days passed, and yet "The Hermit," as the villagers appropriately named him, had not returned to Amesbury. On the evening of the tenth day, however, lights were discerned in the cottage. Within a small, but handsomely furnished apartment, the young girl, before mentioned, was seated, apparently busily engaged in reading. At one extremity of the room sat the old man smoking his pipe, and evidently absorbed with his own reflections.

Suddenly rising from his seat, the hermit moved towards the table before which the young girl was seated, and requested her to lay aside her book and listen to him.

"Well, father, what is wanted now?" asked the fair creature addressed, as she pettishly cast aside her book and turned towards him with a slight frown distorting her handsome face.

"What is wanted now?" echoed the old man; "I wish to communicate to you what you have so long sought to learn, namely, the history of your birth."

"Oh, then I shall be no dull listener," replied the young girl, as half ashamed of the peevishness which she had so lately manifested, she rose from her chair and imprinted a fond kiss upon the broad and expansive brow of him whom she had known and loved from earliest infancy as a father.

The tenderness of innocent and confiding childhood was irresistible even to the hermit's heart, and so drawing his beautiful charge towards him, he affectionately passed his hand over her small but oval-shaped head, with its wealth of golden curls, and looking earnestly into the depths of her violet-colored eyes, bade her, in tones of unmistakable kindness, to take a seat upon his knee.

This slight wish gratified, the old man began the recital of a story which had long remained secretly locked within his breast, by saying:—

"Twelve years ago this very night, I brought you in my arms to this cottage. You were then one year and eleven months old, and as fine and promising a babe as one might ever have wished to see. Since that time no hand but mine has ministered to your growing wants. I cradled you in my arms during your infancy; sung you to sleep at nightfall, and sought to train aright your young mind, as it daily expanded with the growth of your body. The seeds of knowledge, which I sowed in you, fell not upon unthankful soil, for you are not only well versed in English literature, but have some familiarity with the arts and sciences of olden times. It is true you are deficient in many of the lighter and ornamental branches of education, usually classed under the head of female accomplishments; but there is already time enough yet for the acquisition of these, should you desire it in after years.

You have often asked me why I kept you so closely confined within these cottage walls, and if I always intended so to do? I am now ready to answer these oft-repeated questions. First, my motive in keeping you prisoner these twelve long years was, that I might fulfill a fateful and most inhuman vow, made by me several years since, and prompted by a bitter feeling of revenge, on account of the terrible wrongs and cruelty I then experienced. Remorse has at last touched my heart, and the justice and freedom so long denied you, is now near at hand. In short, I have no further intentions of keeping you captive here in this quiet and secluded town, but a week or two longer. Soon you return to your kindred and native land, where, amidst new and exciting scenes, you will soon learn to forget the old man whom you have always been taught to call by the endearing name of father."

"What!" exclaimed the young girl, "are you not then my father?" and a look of mingled sorrow and surprise overspread her fair features as she quickly sprang to her feet, and stood silently awaiting the old man's reply.

"Hush, child!" said the hermit. No, I am not your father; but have patience, and you shall soon know all!"

Again the delicate head, with its soft ripples of golden hair was pillowed upon the stout and manly breast of the hermit, whom many feared and few or none loved, as, with quivering lip and slightly tremulous voice, he continued:

"Near eighteen years ago I lived in London, and was there betrothed to a woman, alas! you never knew—your mother—and by name Alice Campbell. The day appointed for our marriage arrived. All things were in readiness, and even the guests were assembled in the princely drawing-room of Sir John Campbell's mansion, when my intended bride was taken suddenly ill, and the long anticipated marriage of Alice and myself was indefinitely postponed.

During the illness of your mother, which was pronounced to be that of brain fever, (and which lasted some four or five weeks,) the invalid, whose presence I was denied on the plea of Alice's deliriousness of mind, was constantly visited by one Lord George Hazeltine, a nephew of Sir John Campbell, who had but recently resigned a military commission which he had held most honorably during a five years' residence in India. I had met with him but a few times previous to the period appointed for my marriage with his cousin Alice, whom he had not seen since she was a small child. There was much of the true-hearted and chivalrous soldier about Lord Hazeltine, (now sole heir to several valuable estates in England) that won my sincere friendship, destined, alas! to be of short duration.

As Alice grew convalescent, I urged that our marriage should no longer be delayed, but as weeks lengthened into months, and the lady still pined for physical weakness, and seemed in no way anxious for the consummation of an event upon which I had based my life's entire happiness in after years, I began to grow disheartened and impatient at this strange and unlooked for turn in love affairs.

While breakfasting alone at one of the numerous public coffee houses in London, one fine morning, my attention was attracted by two gentlemen who occupied seats at the next table, by their distinctly audible conversation, which, assuming the tone of a dialogue, ran as follows:—

"Well, Captain, do you attend the grand wedding to-morrow?" said the younger of the two, addressing his companion, a man of proud bearing and wearing Her Majesty's uniform.

"Whose wedding?" inquired the officer, as he paused from sipping the cup of fragrant Mocha before him.

"Why, the young and beautiful daughter of Sir John Campbell is to marry the ex-Colonel, Lord Hazeltine. I am surprised that you have not heard such a rare bit of gossip before this, for the affair, though a sudden one, is nevertheless the all-absorbing theme of conversation in fashionable circles. Lord Hazeltine, report says, is a cousin of the lady, whom she has not seen since a child, and whose military honors and immense wealth have given him the precedence over his less fortunate rival, Sir Charles Nottingham."

I could hear no more, for the thought that I had been most cruelly deceived by one whose love was far dearer to me than even life itself, was madness; my first impulse was to choke the villain, who, stranger though he was, had dared to utter in my presence words of falsity and mocking pity, thereby adding insult to injury. But a few moments reflection began in my soul a more merciful and reasonable spirit, and the idea that perhaps my love and confidence in Alice had blinded my eyes to the cunning and well-laid schemes of treachery of her accomplice and lover, now rapidly forced itself upon my hitherto unsuspecting mind, with terrible weight.

Without even questioning those who had spoken so lightly of the contemplated marriage of one who was, perchance, about to sacrifice her heart's happiness at the shrine of wealth and worldly fame, I seized my hat and rushed into the crowded street, resolved upon ending all further suspense in the matter by calling upon Alice, and learning from her lips the bitter truth or villainous falsehood.

A few minutes hard walking brought me to the residence of Sir John Campbell. Inquiring for Miss Alice of the servant who answered the bell, I was told that she was busily engaged with her mantuamaker, and could receive no visitors during the day.

Determined not to leave the house without beholding my still loved Alice, I was on the point of bribing the servant to procure me an interview with his mistress, when Sir John Campbell suddenly made his appearance in the hall, and after directing the servant to conduct me to the reception room, departed immediately, for the purpose of informing his daughter that I was awaiting her presence below.

Full half an hour had elapsed—an age of indefinite torture and suspense to my impatient mind—when Alice Campbell, with a face as blanched and colorless as marble, made her appearance in the small but handsomely furnished reception-room of her father's dwelling. One glance at that cold and strangely altered countenance was enough to confirm my worst suspicions. A brief conversation now ensued between both parties, in which Alice Campbell freely confessed the base plot of deception of which she had been the guilty originator, adding that her anticipated marriage with her cousin, Lord Hazeltine, was a matter of no small delight to her parents, who had from the first favored his suit.

I asked for no further explanation, confident as I was of no longer possessing the love of one whose heart I had always believed incapable of inconstancy and deceit. I did not hear curses upon the head of her whose cruelty had thus blasted each rising hope, and shut out the sunlight of love from my soul forever, but I bade Alice Campbell a respectful, yet, even tender adieu, as I hastily made my exit from her father's house.

At ten o'clock the following morning, the church of St. Paul was filled with a large and expectant assemblage, all of whom were anxiously awaiting the appearance of the distinguished ex-soldier and his intended bride. A perceptible flutter ran through the church, and instantaneously all eyes were turned toward the open door, upon whose threshold stood Alice and Lord Hazeltine, their progress momentarily impeded by the dense crowd. Another second and the bridal train had passed up the broad and richly carpeted aisle, forming a semicircle about the altar. Like a freshly chiseled piece of statuary looked Alice Campbell, as she knelt upon the steps of the altar, with the heavy folds of her white satin robe falling in artistic grace to her daintily slipped feet. The marriage ceremony passed without interruption, and the newly wedded pair turned to leave the church. Determined that Alice should be made aware of my presence, I stationed myself upon the sidewalk just outside the church door. The crowd surrounding me, however, was so dense that I, the deceived and broken-hearted lover of her youth, would have been unnoticed by Alice, had it not been that the lady's veil accidentally caught in the coat button of a gentleman who stood next to me. Turning to disentangle it, the eyes of Alice Hazeltine fell unexpectedly upon my sorrowful countenance. A convulsive shudder passed over her slight frame, as with fast falling lips and closing eyes, the conscience-stricken girl pronounced the once cherished name of Nottingham! I saw the look of anxiety and tenderness which the bridegroom cast upon the lovely features of his swooning bride, as lifting her in his strong arms he bore her to the carriage, which stood in readiness to convey them to their future home; then drawing my hat closely over my eyes, to avoid the observation of strangers who had witnessed the scene that had just transpired, I hastened away from the spot, with but one thought firing my burning brain—that of revenge!

Time passed on. Alice Campbell, now Lady Hazeltine, had made an extensive bridal tour through Southern Europe, and had returned once again to England, just in time to give birth to a daughter. Absence had strengthened rather than lessened the desire for revenge in my heart, towards one who had spurned my soul's deep love, for worldly dress and fame. When you were four months old, I learned by chance that a public christening was to take place at St. Paul's Church. The spirit of vengeance was now paramount in my breast, and I soon succeeded in laying a plan for your abduction, which proved as successful as the most fiendish of wretches could have desired. The ceremony completed, the little Alice—nay, start not my child, for such you were called after your mother, (the name of Mary Flanders being merely an assumed one, and given you by me, in order to ensure your more perfect concealment)—was sent home in a private carriage, accompanied only by its nurse, while Lord and Lady Hazeltine remained at church for the purpose of participating in the Sabbath morning exercises. The coach had not proceeded on its way beyond three squares, when I rode up on horseback to the side of the vehicle, requested the coachman (who by the way recognized me at once as Sir Charles Nottingham), and informed the unsuspecting nurse that the babe was wanted at church, and that I had been commissioned by Lord and Lady Hazeltine to bring you to them myself without a moment's delay. All objections upon the part of the old nurse were of course at once overcome by the powerful arguments of the faithful coachman, who had fees paid by me too often

In past years, to entertain the slightest suspicion of my honesty of purpose. With the babe safely in my clutches I turned my horse's head in the direction of St. Paul's Church, and thus rode quickly on, until the carriage containing the nurse had passed entirely out of sight; then putting spurs to my horse, I dashed off into a narrow street which led to a remote quarter of the city, and having reached my intended place of destination, I placed you in the care of an old woman whom I had bribed with gold to utmost secrecy in the matter.

With her you remained until you were one year and eleven months old, when under cover of the night, I sailed in the Lapwing for America, bearing you along with me. Meantime large rewards had been offered throughout the city of London for your recovery, but all to no avail. "I had at last gained the revenge which I had for months prayed for, and I now gloated in secret over the desolation which I had wrought in the home of my rival.

On arriving in New York, I took passage on board a sloop bound for Newburyport, where I remained only a few days, and then brought you to Amesbury, where you have grown up from infancy almost to womanhood, secluded from the bustle and confusion of the world, and carefully guarded from the eye of public curiosity, by him whom the villagers have styled the 'Hermit of the Powow,' and whom you have heretofore known, only as your father, and, by name, William Flanders."

It was past midnight when the old man concluded the recital of a tale, which more than once during its progress had wrung tears from the eyes of the beautiful girl whom he lovingly held in his arms. With many thanks for the revelation made to her after the lapse of so many years, during which the inquisitive child had been kept in entire ignorance of the history of her birth, Alice Hazeltine fervently kissed him good-night, whom she had indeed learned to love as a father, and hastened to her solitary bed-chamber to dream over the joys which the future held in store for her, when restored once more to the arms of a mother whose love she had never known, she could explore the mysteries of the great and living world, from which she had been thus far shut out.

A month later, and the hermit and Alice Hazeltine bade farewell to their quiet home on the banks of the Powow, for New York, from which city they embarked for England in the *Witch of the Wave*.

After a somewhat tempestuous passage, Sir John Nottingham and his beautiful charge arrived at their destined port, Liverpool. A few hours' ride brought them to England's great metropolis—London. Here the hermit learned from the lips of strangers that Lord Hazeltine had died of consumption, some five years before, induced by a life of dissipation, and that his gentle wife was residing with her aged parents.

After procuring new wardrobes for both Alice and himself, and a disguise to be used when occasion required it, the hermit, now greatly improved in personal appearance, took lodgings for "John Nottingham and ward," as he registered their names upon the books at one of the most fashionable hotels in London. After a week's sojourn in that city, the hermit, clothed in a disguise which at first baffled all efforts of recognition upon the part of even Alice, set out for Campbell mansion, the residence of Alice Hazeltine. Arriving there, he requested a few moments' conversation with Lady Hazeltine, but was told by the servant that his mistress did not give audience to paupers. Vexed and insulted, he refused to leave the house until he had communicated his errand, which he declared to be of great importance, to Lady Hazeltine. The foppish lackey, finding that he had found a customer who was not to be repulsed, at last departed to execute his commission, leaving our hero standing alone in the hall.

Arrayed in sable robes, her former beauty saddened but not destroyed, Lady Hazeltine descended the stairs, and in a tone of deep compassion requested the old man to follow her into an ante-room. His first words, upon finding themselves secure from the listening ears of others, were,

"Madam, I believe it was your misfortune to lose, some years since, a beautiful infant."

"You speak truly, sir," replied Lady Hazeltine, "but how is it that a stranger is so well informed of a circumstance which transpired fourteen years ago?"

"Pardon my presumption, lady, but promise me that you will sincerely answer me one question more, and I will tell you that regarding your stolen child, that will make your motherly heart dance with joy!" Mystified and trembling, the lady could only bow her assent to the old man's last remark. "Tell me, Lady Hazeltine, did you ever love him to whom you were once betrothed—Sir John Nottingham?"

"Love him? God in heaven alone knows how much I loved him, and how deeply I wronged his noble heart! But who are you, sir?" said the lady, recovering her dignity and composure, "that thus dares to penetrate into the innermost secrets of my soul?"

"Would you know, madam?" said the hermit, throwing off his tattered disguise; "then behold in me one who once loved Alice Campbell—ay, more than that—who still loves her now, Sir John Nottingham, the frenzied lover, and cruel abductor of her child, who, thank God, still lives!"

The shock was too great for the sensitive nature of Alice Hazeltine to endure. A fainting fit ensued, which the careful efforts of Sir John Nottingham soon conquered. Upon the lady's restoration to her former spirits, suitable explanations were made by both parties, which ended in the reunion of mother and child, and the mutual forgiveness of two who had equally sinned.

A fortnight later, and Campbell mansion was the scene of a private but happy wedding—that of Lady Hazeltine and Sir John Nottingham, known for many years in Amesbury as "The Hermit of the Powow!"

#### THE LAST WORD.

The last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more strive to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bombshell. Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look after the weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them. Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood. The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies like husbands, from flying off into space. The wife who would properly discharge her duties must never have a soul "above buttons." Don't trust too much to good temper when you get into an argument. Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products! Let married people take the hint from this provision of nature.

#### Written for the Banner of Light. THE CONSCRIPTS.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

How swells the soul as we read the tale  
Of the martyr-fire, or warrior glave!  
Or the rending of life's misty veil,  
When proudly the battle-banners wave!  
For the golden glory lights that hour,  
That shines on our own declining days,  
Where Memory spreads with her magic power  
The splendors of life's autumnal haze!

When Gallia's victor-eagles flew,  
And the up-hill Bourbon quailed—  
When the human heart, with impulse new,  
The dawning light of fair Freedom hailed!  
And Napoleon's braves their war-cries pealed  
Through the Syrian heat, and Russian snow,  
Till the floating ark of 'Tillit' sealed  
The conqueror's name with fame's highest glow—

Where bright Guineas spreads her sloping hills,  
Low down to the sounding ocean shore—  
And the levelled sunset the bosom thrills,  
As it floats the smiling vineyards o'er—  
Lived a peasant-laborer, and his son,  
Who, oft in hills' sequestered roof-tree's shade,  
Sat with the wife, when their toil was done  
And softly the chiming of the vesper played!

But again "to arms!" through the vineyards rang!  
"To arms!" for false Russia's oath is vain!  
And the son and sire to conflict sprang,  
Till their eagles waved 'mid Moscow's flame!  
They shared the ills of the drear retreat  
With the sturdy veteran's fearless joy,  
Till, while roaring thunders cleft the elect,  
The Old Guard rallied at red Kosonoi!

'T was past! and the dead and dying lay  
Outstretched and pale on the frozen ground,  
That thawed at morn by the battle fray,  
As eye grew cold as the heart death-bound!  
Wide 'mid the sweep of the Galla bands,  
The bivouac-fires spread their plumes afar,  
'Neath the same pale light that in other lands  
The lone wife hailed as the "shepherd's star!"

The dying sire saw the watch-lights shine,  
As he shivered in the cold night air—  
But no friend dare leave the sentry line—  
For they feared the wary Frenchman's snare!  
And the father plowed upon his breast  
His fainting child, in their utmost need,  
While far through the gloom his vision pressed  
Where he heard the tramp of the Cossack's steed!

Oh, dying braves! from the field ye won,  
Lift up your hearts through the dark'ning sky!  
Oh, mourning wife, by the wild Garonne,  
Repress by thy faith the tearful sigh!

For time's standard waves! and banners vast  
Loom high o'er life's smoke-wreathed battle-tide!  
There the spirit rests when the march is past,  
And the column files through Heaven's arches wide!

Boston, March 25, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### Essay on Eye-Glasses.

BY NED ANDERTON.

"The glass of fashion!"—Shakespeare.  
"James, bring some glasses!"—*Anecdotes of Conviviality*.  
"The spectacles at both houses are truly magnificent."—*Annals of Dramatic Criticism*.

I know not of what color or quality the reader's eyes may be—whether gray or blue, black or hazel—whether capable of discerning the State House dome from Wachusett mountain, without the aid of a telescope, or incapable of recognizing a friend though separated only by the width of Beacon street. However this may be, I trust he will bear with me while I devote a few paragraphs to those anti-remedies for defects of the visual organs called eye-glasses.

There was a very interesting and ingenious book published lately that treated of the manufacture of glass, of its origin and uses, of its properties and composition. If I were fifty years older, I should be very apt to display my erudition upon the subject, by commencing with the origin; and then, passing gradually through the history of every possible species and description of glass, I should arrive (somewhere about the twentieth page) at the economy of that particular glass, proposed as the theme for discussion. I should commence, possibly, with the plate-glass of a drawing-room window, looking out upon a lawn, sprinkled with spring flowers, and presenting a still pleasanter view of distant woods and shady avenues; thence I should pass—nothing loth, notwithstanding my love of nature in her green and sunny clothing—to the looking-glass, which would detain me two hours at least; when, the dinner-bell ringing, my attention would be attracted by the champagne glass, which would, of course, cause another protracted but more pardonable fit of admiration. The ball-room would be the next scene, where the out glass diamond-like lustres, outsparking all previous attractions, would be gazed only by the gentle and happy eyes that glared and glistened beneath them. But I shall gratify my garrulity at no such rate of self-indulgence. I shall confine my investigation to the eye-glass; for, as any motto setteth forth, "the glass of fashion."

Now, I will not say that this same glass is invariably worn for ornament, and not for use; but I risk little in asserting that the great majority of human eyes have no more occasion for such an appendage to costume, than the reader has for skates to stroll in the mall on a bright June day. If a person wished not to walk, but to stumble, it would be wise in him to resort to his skates, and endeavor to think the sunny path a sheet of ice; and, in like manner, if he wishes not to see, but chooses that his eyes should have a sinecure, he cannot do better than to become the possessor of a certain quantity of black ribbon, with an elegant specimen from the optician attached to it. The glass in this case ceases to be a superfluity; for I have frequently observed that when one gentleman does not wish to see another, he immediately raises his glass to his eyes, compresses the muscles of his brow to retain it there, turns his face in the direction of the object whom he intends to be invisible, and gazes as if on vacancy, without the slightest symptom of recognizing any earthly creature before him. This habit of staring a "no-body" in the face, on purpose that you may not perceive him, is by no means a paradox, or so uncommon as may be imagined. Of course there are the same conveniences attached to the glass with respect to a non-observation of other objects. Call upon a friend in the morning, and you will find him perusing Mr. Everett's last oration, (printed in small type) in the most happy oblivion that he possesses such an item as an eye-glass; he would as soon think of putting on spurs to read the paper, if he had a pair; but catch him at Mrs. Flutterwell's party in the evening, and you may observe him pretending to examine, not with his eye, but with his glass, the prints, annuals, and specimens of *verru*, with which every receptacle in the apartment is luxuriantly littered. His mind is occupied by other images and impressions—he is in no mood for admiring prints or reading poems; and he therefore

applies to his glass for aid—for security against seeing what he appears to be looking at.

There is not the slightest question but the glass, in this sense, is a utility as well as a decoration; but there is, likewise, no doubt of the existence of a very large class of glass wearers, who have adopted the appendage for no earthly reason but that others have done so before them. The glass is to them merely as a buckle which fastens nothing, or a neck-lace, which nobody suspects of being worn with any idea of securing the head to the shoulders. It has no more reference to the improvement of the sight, than a diamond ear-ring has to the feeling with which the owner listens to an exquisite passage of music. It might as well be applied to the organ of any other sense as to the eyes; and it would unquestionably be applied to all the senses, promiscuously, but that the prejudice seems to have run in favor of its application to the visual organ in particular.

It was remarked, doubtless by some wicked satirist, that, after the battle of Waterloo, when so many officers returned home wounded, it became a point of etiquette among the fashionable young men of the day to wear their left arms in slings—the left arm being that which they could most conveniently spare.

Hundreds, if report err not, aspired about that period, to the luxury of a shattered limb, who had nothing in the world but a black handkerchief to show for it. How true this may be, it is not for me to say; but it is difficult to regard it as altogether incredible, when we reflect upon the thousands who are daily contending for the far less honorable distinction of a mere weakness of sight. The black ribbon certainly seems to be a small edition of the black handkerchief.

There is another class of persons, the excellence and perfect capability of whose eyes are so well known to their acquaintance, that they feel ashamed to have recourse to an accessory, however attractive, for which they have no natural occasion; and yet are sensible of its seductive charms, and live slaves to its fascinations. These inheritors of provokingly perfect optics, are probably more to be pitied than those who have no eyes at all! Their miseries are the offspring of their felicity; they are doomed to suffer under the greatest of all blessings; they live on, year after year, without any diminution of sight; and perceive, with agonizing clearness, that their friends' faculties are hourly fading, and that one by one they are indulging in the delights of a glass—while they themselves continue to discern objects, whether far or near, as well as ever.

I must confess to having had once or twice some slight touch of this affliction myself—not with reference to one glass, but to two. When I saw the brilliant eyes of one of the "foremost men of all this world" glistening through his spectacles, I could not help fancying that the pebbles added a grace to intellect, and I returned home longing to look wise in the same way, and secretly disatisfied with my own exemption from optical defect.

It must be admitted that the twisting and swinging of the glass, as it hangs gracefully from the neck, furnishes one with a pleasant resource when one has nothing to say or to do; and it may likewise be acknowledged that the lifting it slowly and scientifically to the eye admits of a pretty display of attitude, and under certain circumstances of a graceful position of the head; yet the same effect might be produced by the adoption of another instrument, which, though sometimes used, is never affected. The instrument alluded to is an ear-trumper.

The world pretends to a deficiency of sight, but confesses its hearing to be unimpaired. Yet one implement may be as elegantly turned and as richly chased as the other; and surely the advantage of not hearing, or not seeming to hear, one half the remarks that are hourly uttered in the most enlightened society, would be quite upon a par with the convenience of not seeing everybody that we may be unfortunate enough to meet in the same circle.

Dumbness even might be assumed—or at least an elegant and fascinating impediment in the speech. This affliction presents abundant attractions; as it would admit, if communication were absolutely essential, of talking upon the fingers—a science that is especially favorable to the display of a white hand, and fingers delicately formed—to say nothing of a felicitous and convincing development of diamond rings.

I leave the suggestion, in all its sublimity, to be improved upon, and brought to perfection and practice. I must, however, confess my fear that the spirit of oratory is too widely and selfishly disseminated, to admit of its ever being cultivated in perfection. If one half of the world are resolved to see no more than they can help, the other half are equally determined to talk as much as they can.

#### Pearls.

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

The dead are like the stars by day,  
Withdrawn from mortal eyes;  
But not extinct—they hold their way  
In glory through the sky.  
Spirits from bondage thus set free,  
Vanish amid immensity.  
They're with us yet—the holy dead!  
By a thousand signs we know  
They're keeping o'er a spirit-watch  
O'er those they loved below.

There are two things which will make us happy in this life if we attend to them. The first is never to vex ourselves about what we can't help; and the second, never to vex ourselves about what we can help.

Each gem of truth freely given from thy store,  
Shall reflect o'er thy path its light evermore;  
Each flower of love to the sorrowing heart given,  
Shall bloom with sweet fragrance for thee in heaven.

The human happiness of mankind resembles a broken harp, which never plays a perfect tune, but mingles strains of the sweetest melody with many discords.

Wealth, like all other power, is blind,  
And bears a poison in its core,  
To taint the best, if foolish mind,  
And madden that debased below.  
It is the battle, not the prize,  
That fills the hero's breast with joy;  
And industry the ills supplies,  
Which mere possession might destroy.

True religion is a life unfolded within the soul, not a something forced upon you from without.

Love wakes men, once a lifetime each;  
They lift their heavy lids, and look;  
And lo! what one sweet page can teach  
They read with joy, then shut the book,  
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,  
And most forget; but either way,  
That and the child's unheeded dream,  
Is all the light of all their day.



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## TOLERATION—WHAT IT MEANS.

There is great need that we should stop and consider this matter all over again. Here we have been making boasts of our perfect willingness to let others think and believe as they pleased—as if that were a virtue on our part, instead of merely the minding our own business—and to-day, a question of conscience arises in one of our public schools, and straightway the entire community becomes excited over it, the larger portion insisting that their religious creed shall predominate, at any cost, and risk, and labor. We make boasts of tolerance, and raton children's tender hands because we cannot rule their consciences. We continue to talk of our toleration, and turn out into the street two or three hundred children, because they will not repeat our peculiar creeds, and psalms, and prayers and religious forms after us.

It is not more inconsistent, unhappily for us, in our schools than in our politics, our churches, our society, our manners, and our general opinions. We profess to be the most liberal people on the face of the earth in respect of this matter, but are practically no better than they are in the old countries, to which we point with such an affected horror. To be sure, we do not quite brand and burn, torture and destroy, blister the skin and put out the eyes; but we do as we do in obedience to exactly the same spirit, which executes even such practices. Our civilization may compel us to change those barbarous practices, for others that are apparently less cruel; and yet the appearance only goes against the theory—a diminished cruelty; it is none the less cruelty now—it is only more decent externally, more refined.

Do you think, good sir, that if the "Orthodox" people of Massachusetts could have had their way ten years ago, they would not have carried Theodore Parker in riotous style to the public whipping-post? Do you suppose that Henry Ward Beecher could have been permitted to say, fifteen and twenty years ago, from the pulpit, what he is saying so boldly and so effectively to-day? Do you believe that if the rabid and ranting individual who assails honest believers in spiritual communion through the columns of the Boston Courier, could but have his way, he would not banish John Pierpont from the old Commonwealth, even as our ancestors served sturdy Roger Williams? Is it for a moment to be thought of, that if the men who control church organizations generally, converting them into mere local dynasties and tyrannies, with an assumed spiritual authority as great within their limits as that of the Pope within his—is it to be thought of that these men, whose whole religious sentiment has shrunk and shriveled to the dimensions of a dry and unproductive ecclesiasticism, if once they could wield the power which lies at the bottom of their desires, would not exercise it to the personal oppression and total discomfiture of those opposed to them in opinion, or of those who absolutely refused to come under the yoke of their creeds and professions?

And what is there—one may well ask—in these matters of conscience, of sentiment, of faith, to excite in one man the desire to control another man? What has anybody else to do with your religious views, your religious sentiments? Who has appointed one man on earth, or one set of men—one church, or one class of churches, to go about the work of proselytism, as if soul and body depended on its being performed? Is truth the sole and exclusive property of one man, or one class of men? Has the Christian become possessed of it all, or of the chief right to its enjoyment and advantages—while the Jew, or the Barbarian, is an outsider, an intruder, a vain beggar for God's commonest favors? If one man thinks he has newly come into possession of truth, does it therefore follow that it is his more than anybody's else? Is not the light for all alike? and the water, too? the air—the stars—the beautiful frescoes of the sky—the pictures at morning and evening? Are we not all children to enjoy these bounteous gifts alike, and as freely as we will?

Then who has authority to say—"I have discovered Truth, and all others must come into my view?" Has the Almighty thus fashioned us to look out of one and the same set of spiritual optics? Are all perceptions alike? Do we all receive alike? Do we reason alike, starting from the same premises, and traveling to the same conclusions?

Is not, in truth, every man who sees, and thinks, and receives, and reasons at all, an individual man, born on purpose to do these things for himself, and to grow and develop by so doing? And if even from the cradle to the grave, throughout the whole of that brief little journey over quite as limited an arc of this planet, you refuse utterly and entirely to come into my religious view, or any man's religious view—to heed my solemn warning, or any man's solemn warning—to accede to my faith, my creed, my form of worship, or, indeed, to any man's creed, faith, or form of worship—what is that to me? why should I make myself personally wretched over it? what right have I to say that you are lost, or not lost? in what way is it my business? how am I concerned about it, except so far as I should love to have you come upon my plane of spiritual existence, and within my circle of spiritual suggestions, helps, sympathies and experiences? No man has any right to say of another that he is lost—that he is damned—or that he is likely to be; it is blasphemy against God himself, who has made us all after his own image, and who is to be worshiped and loved as the common Father, blessed forevermore. To usurp the blasphemous authority implied in such reckless denunciations, is mocking God; for the soul refuses to believe in the possibility that the watchful All-Father has created us for any such revengeful and thoroughly malicious purposes.

What should there be—we ask again—in the re-

ligious sentiment, above all other sentiments, to excite the desire of proselytism? Why is it that men have always sought for power in religion, rather than for the true life? What is there about it that should call up the ambition to rule, to acquire and exercise strength, to impose a particular form of faith upon others? Is it not one of the apparent anomalies of human nature, not yet extricated from the entanglements with which it is surrounded, and perhaps not to be explained saved by crowding it out of existence by the sheer force of external pressure? We incline to think it is. How one man can say with propriety that another, if his conduct is altogether according to the suggestions of a tender and enlightened conscience, is not religious, or is less religious than himself, passes our comprehension. We hold that these matters are entirely between God and the soul—and not between man and man.

If Spiritualism, or, in fact, if any other influence shall be capable of so pervading society with its power as to finally overthrow, dislodge, trample down, and utterly destroy these tyrannical practices, it will have earned the hearty thanks of the community of souls that still confess to the weight of this terrible thralldom. No matter, hardly, what the means employed, if so be the people awaken to the real necessity of living, growing, and developing as individuals, and not in bodies and masses. Tyranny of all kinds must be brought to an end; in the state, in the church, in society—everywhere. The contact of soul with soul should be as that of God with each one of us; never in fear, as superior and inferior, or with assumptions of authority; but as if each were a whole and independent creation, the most divine thing that had ever come from the hand of the Father.

## DEATH OF DR. WILLIAM A. ALCOOT.

It was but a couple of weeks ago that we were giving to the readers of the BANNER the substance of a letter from Dr. Alcott to the New York Tribune, in which he detailed the incidents of a recent case of cure by the mere act of faith in prayer; and to day we are called on to announce his death. He was widely known as a writer on physical education, on the principle of physiology and hygiene, and had attained ample distinction as a lecturer. In these two capacities he has been known throughout New England for at least a quarter of a century.

The works he has written, in the course of his industrious life, are said to amount to quite a hundred; besides which, he has freely employed his pen upon the pages of magazines, and the columns of newspapers. But all that he wrote was calculated to help on the work of reform; and at the bottom of all reform he considered lay that of personal habits. He believed in exercise, in temperance, in abundance of open air, and in obeying the laws of our own nature. Among the best known of his books are the following: "The House I Live In,"—teaching the anatomy of the human body—"The Young Man's Guide,"—"The Young Woman's Guide,"—"The Physiology of Marriage,"—"Courtship and Marriage,"—"The Laws of Health," &c., &c.

The editor of the Journal remarks of the life work and the habits of Dr. Alcott—"Aside from some radicalism in the matter of diet, the views of Dr. Alcott upon 'physiological' subjects were sound and eminently worthy of public attention, and the good which has been accomplished by his labors can hardly be over estimated. Professor Hopkins, of Williams College, in a letter to Dr. Alcott, some two years ago, remarked, 'You have been a public benefactor, a pioneer in a great work, and I have no doubt, have prevented untold suffering.' This testimonial to the value of his labors, was truthful and well deserved. The inculcation of sound views upon physiological subjects was the work of his lifetime, and faithfully was it performed. Although he profited in a pecuniary point of view by his lectures and writings, yet the work was to him a labor of love.

We had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Dr. Alcott, and can bear testimony to his gentility and kindly feelings. He was interesting in conversation, and always ready to communicate his knowledge to others—to give advice or timely warning. We have frequently published communications from his pen upon subjects of vital interest to the public health, and—on his last visit to the city—only a few days since, he called upon us, and placed several scraps in our hands, to be used, as he said, when we had space—and which are yet unpublished. Dr. Alcott was a man of very spare habits, and it has been said that he was a living witness of the consequences of his dietetic views. It is not generally known, however, that he was given over some thirty years ago as incurable of consumption. But he bravely battled with disease, and by abstemious habits, and careful attention to the laws of health, prolonged his life to the age of sixty-one years. His death, which was finally quite sudden, resulted from an attack of pleurisy, which was probably aggravated by the long standing lesion of his lungs. It was only last Friday that he was out, and apparently in his usual health."

## A CONSERVATORY OF ART AND SCIENCE.

The Committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts had a hearing, recently, of the petitioners for a reservation of lands on the Back Bay, for the use of a State Conservatory of Art and Science. Among those who spoke on the subject were the two gentlemen whose interesting remarks are herewith appended.

Rev. Mr. Waterston said:—"Our artists go abroad to study—to reside, and become infected with the apathy of Italy and Greece; they want to be sure to study the works of foreign art, but they must also improve their opportunities at home; they must draw their inspiration from our own forests, and rivers, and mountains, and scenery unsurpassed on the face of the earth. We want a gallery to develop the genius of American artists on American subjects, and to educate our painters and sculptors at home. The Greek Slave, beautiful as it is, is not American, nor what the genius of Powers would have executed had his education been completed or even been essentially influenced by an American school of art; in like manner his statue of our greatest statesman is not what would have emanated from the hands of one thoroughly conversant with the thoughts, appearance, and surroundings of the deceased Webster. Let our artists, by all means, study the works of the great masters; but let them originate a school of their own, American in its inspiration, and studied at home; and let us have in Boston a gallery where the works of American genius may be remarked and appreciated."

E. B. Tobey remarked that he was glad that commerce was to be fully represented in the contemplated Institutions, as it is in the Polytechnic Institutions of Europe. In that of London the central part is devoted to the programme of studies adapted by that Institution. We need here a place where can be seen models of ships, marine engines, and the numerous inventions connected with naval matters and commerce; this has a most important but too much neglected bearing upon our commercial prosperity. He thought that commerce should be treated more as a matter of science, and he believed that many of the disastrous failures of merchants could be traced to the lack of knowledge on this subject. The people need instruction in the principles and appliances of commerce. It cannot be too often repeated, especially when action is required, that popular education is the bulwark of free institutions.

## NIAGARAGUAN MATTER.

Public attention just now again is centered upon Nicaragua. From intelligence received from that quarter, it seems that England and France have pretty much obtained control of affairs in that locality; England having secured a protectorate—or what is its equivalent, and France, through M. Delly, having obtained possession of the Transit Route. Our American ships have been seized and their captains imprisoned by the French; and it looks as if we might have a squall in that direction before long that shall decisively settle our relations with Central America for some time to come. Sir Wm. Gore Ouseley, who was so long in Washington in a rather dubious diplomatic position, has procured three separate treaties to be ratified with those Governments, which amounts to an English Protectorate. Nicaragua, likewise, has published a Decree, in which she declares that the Transit Route is henceforth open to all the world.

The New York papers take up this matter with considerable earnestness, and speak of it as something to which this government cannot submit. Says the Times:—

If the President proves true to his pledges, and General Case maintains the doctrine of his letter to the Lamar, we shall speedily have the English brought to a close. The best thing the President can do is to recall Lamar, and a competent man to take his place, and put one or two men-of-war at his disposal. This whole matter has been trifled with too long already.

The Herald says:—

There can be but one opinion as to the necessity of prompt and decisive action on the part of our government. Instructions should be immediately dispatched to our naval commander to blockade all the Nicaraguan ports, General Forez be at once dismissed, General Lamar recalled, and a suitable person sent to fill his place. The miserable governments of the Central American States should receive a lesson sufficiently enough to save all future trouble in that quarter.

Says the Express:—

We do not know that there is any remedy for these grievances. The President called the attention of Congress to them a few weeks since, and asked for the necessary power. But the result was a mere declaration of sentiment, and the Republic, and only able to petty schemes of party or personal profit, treated the Message with contempt. The consequences are just what were predicted. The petty States of Central America, knowing that they are not to be held to account, are evidently determined to "crush out" not only English with Yankee influence, but Yankee commerce, on the isthmus—and the determination, it would now seem, is to be strengthened by English and French—but especially by French, support.

## CATCHPENNY CONTRIVANCES.

A book-publishing firm in New York recently fired a salvo of artillery in the Park on the occasion of publishing a new Dictionary! This is decidedly American, not to call it original. It rather beats the trick of the people of Chicago, who celebrated the centennial anniversary of the birth-day of Robert Burns with a general military turn-out, and a brisk rattle of musketry! The very thought of advertising with powder and smoke is delicious and inspiring. But there is no telling what will not overtake us next. Bonner need not think he has exhausted the subject by any means. There are other Richmonds in the field, and which one of the lot will turn up next, is the problem. We have had balloon advertisements, advertisements in the rail-cars, in the horse cars, in the omnibus, and on steamboats, but never in our knowledge anything in the line of powder and cannon.

Dictionaries and cannoning are related closely to one another. It is, in truth, so very natural a relation that one can only wonder it was not thought of before. Where have the dull fellows been all this while, that no more powder has been burned, that no echoes of artillery have been heard in the streets, that no horses have been frightened, that no limbs have been broken in consequence, whenever a new "generation" book has been born? Why were not the sixty-four pounders brought out on the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the "Lamp-lighter," and those other novels that so seemed to shake the universe of the book trade? Alas, the world is but beginning to wake up to what it ought to have known and practiced long ago! We are only getting our wisdom teeth, and these guns are in commemoration of the event. How long before we shall have a salute on the Common at starting another newspaper?

## MODERN MIRACLES.

From the Boston Daily Ledger, we copy the following statement of a cure effected by a healing medium:—

CURE OF RHEUMATISM.—Mr. Frederick Spoor, engineer upon Chelsea Ferry, thus certifies regarding a recent cure effected by Mr. Michael Libby, of 172 Salem street: "My sister, Mrs. Hancock, of Charlestown, was entirely prostrated by rheumatism, and for much of the time could not move a finger. Her regular physician affording no relief, I was induced to call in Mr. Michael Libby, a 'healing medium,' as he is called, although I am no believer in the spiritual theory; and in a very short time, by his manipulations, he relieved her such relief that she could bear to be moved. The first time he performed the manipulations, she was enabled to arise from her bed and walk across the floor, and in a few days was able to attend to her household duties. I cheerfully give my testimony regarding the above case, deeming that I am doing the world a service in making it known."

This is only one of the many cases occurring all around us, few of which ever meet the public eye. We understand that the same medium has effected a similar cure upon a child afflicted in the same manner. We do not publish it because it is one whit more remarkable than many other cases, but because it comes to us through a daily paper, and from a man not a Spiritualist. What powers are these, and whence do they come? Are they not the same powers held in the days of the Apostles, and do they not come from the same source?

## MERCANTILE HALL MEETINGS.

Arrangements have been made for the continuance of spiritual meetings during the vacancy which will occur in the Melodeon meeting, in Mercantile Building, Summer street. Quarterly cards of admission to the Sabbath afternoon and evening and Thursday evening lectures, can be obtained for a nominal sum.

Miss Sarah A. Magoun, trance-medium, will lecture next Thursday evening, April 7th, at half past seven o'clock. It is expected she will speak upon the Marriage Question. She will also speak on the following Sabbath.

Miss Rosa T. Amedy will lecture on Thursday evening, April 14th.

## LECTURERS.

Alvin Pease, who is engaged in Boston for a few Sabbaths, will receive calls to lecture in the vicinity of the city on week day evenings. Address No. 73 Salem street.

Miss Rosa T. Amedy will lecture on Thursday evening, 7th inst., at Norton, Mass.

## CHARLES COLBY.

A man, giving this name, has been lecturing against Spiritualism in various country towns. We have heard of him; but his course has been so very low, that any notice of him was not demanded. We now learn, however, that he has been representing himself as a brother to our Mr. Colby, which de-

mands correction. If he has made such representation, he is an arrant knave; for the Mr. Colby, whose name is attached to this paper, has no brother by that name. Friends will do well to expose this impostor, if he makes such representations.

## MISS EMMA HARDINGE.

Begs to apprise her friends that she has changed her residence to No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, where all future communications should be addressed to her. Miss H. will lecture in New York, Worcester, and Willimantic in April; Providence, Waterbury and vicinity, in May; Lowell, Portland and Oswego, in June. She proposes to spend next fall and winter in the West and South, and requests applications from those sections of the country to be made to her with as little delay as possible. She has already promised October next in St. Louis, and November in Memphis, Tenn.

## IMPROMPTU.

Oh, holy Love! did men but ope thy gates  
With Faith's bright, golden key,  
And enter where Jehovah's angel waits,  
To bid the Soul go free,  
Lust would no more thine Spirit's steady state;  
No more would earth loud groan in writhing pain.  
Then bitter feuds would quickly cease to mar  
Our beautiful domain.  
And angel-voices would be heard afar  
Chanting the sweet refrain:  
"Peace rules supreme o'er all the land and sea—  
Love's army's triumph—mortal now are free!"  
L. C.

## MORE SCHOOL DIFFICULTIES.

Another case of tyranny and mismanagement occurred in this city the past week, and we hope the matter will be lifted to the very verge, and the whole school system of Boston, with the petty tyrannies of their government, corrected.

Wednesday morning last, Miss Susie Cluer presented herself, to take her accustomed place in the class at the Franklin School. Mr. Gould, the master, informed her that she was to be "degraded" to a place in a lower class. She asked why she was to be thus degraded—if she did not get her lessons in the class she was now in? To which an affirmative answer was given. She then inquired if it were possible for her to learn anything in the class to which she was to be sent; to this Mr. Gould replied that he did not know as she could. Still she was to be degraded!

Now, then, for the ostensible reason for this ridiculous movement of "degrading" a child from a class where she had won a place, and retained it, which she was still competent to occupy, to a class she was far above in her studies, and where, according to the master's own words, she could not learn anything.

Mr. Cluer was for a time employed as a lecturer on temperance, and we remember well when he was "a card" for the same, and no trumpet was loud enough in his praises. But soon Mr. Cluer saw more filth and villany in the management of the temperance movement, and in the police department, with which he was brought in contact, than he found in the "fallen souls" themselves, and he began to tell the public so; and in his plain statements of truths, he called upon his head the censure of both of these institutions, and the open oppression of the police.

We are not going to say that his course was exactly the proper one, for it is not perhaps well to fight the devil with the devil's weapons; it is better to bear with his rascalities patiently, and overcome, if at all, with kindness.

We do not doubt, the justice of Cluer's exposures of the police department, for an institution more open to censure never afflicted Boston than this has been, from the time that Tukey took the reins, up to the present time. A total misconception of the office of a police department has prevailed in its management; and instead of crime being prevented, it has certainly been fostered by the mistaken policy governing it. Mr. Cluer told them so; but, being a poor man, and not under the protection of the "church" at this time, such open warfare was too much for him, and the police silenced him, and brought him into disrepute, as any man will be brought who fails to win his cause.

These several movements on the part of Mr. Cluer, threw him out of his means of subsistence; and, as he is sixty years of age, very few avenues to a competency are open to him for the support of his family.

The daughter is quite successful as a "reader," having given several public exhibitions in Boston and vicinity, some of which have been at Warren Street Chapel—Rev. Mr. Barnard's Society—of which Susie is an attendant. With a view to help her father and mother, and to obtain means to gain an education, she has, for a few months past, accompanied Mr. Cluer on some lecturing tours, which have opened for him a new field of labor, and has given readings in several instances, much to the gratification of those who have listened to her. These have been given at temperance festivals, religious societies, fairs, and at her own father's lectures. Certainly the efforts of the child are praiseworthy, and she merits the regard of the people for aiding her aged father in this manner. But on this filial regard rests the opposition to her.

These recitations have necessitated her absence from school somewhat, and for this she is degraded, ostensibly. It is said that Mr. Gould is a rigid ascetic, and has a horror of admitting anything into his school savoring of theatricals. Thus readings by Miss Cluer are obnoxious to him, as in exhibitions of the school, he has said she was too "stagnated" in her declamations. His manner of speech to the child, also, whenever she has mentioned her father, has betrayed a dislike to him, and probably these two elements enter extensively into his reasons for degrading Miss C., though that first stated is the surface reason. But Mr. Gould has suggested to his "degraded" pupil the necessity of her relaxing her studies and that it was proper she went into the country more. Rev. Mr. Barnard has made the same suggestion, and it has been acted upon, much to the benefit of Miss Cluer's health. Yet she is now deprived of an education, such as the public schools afford, for mingling recreation with duty to her parents.

We have thus fully stated this case, because Mr. Cluer is a poor man and an unpopular one—made so by his radical sentiments in part, and in part by the disposition he has of telling too much truth in a convincing manner of public officers. This being the case he has little to expect at the hands of sectarian teachers and school committee men; nor will this case of unjust treatment of a poor man's child arouse the ire of the respectable dailies, who cringe and fawn to popular and powerful bodies. But one paper—the Ledger—has taken any notice of the matter. God help the poor!

We think the friends who have heard Mr. Cluer lecture and his daughter read, will bear us out in saying that their efforts please, and we hope they will aid in sustaining them, and giving Susie an education. We call attention to his notice in the proper place.

## MUSIC HALL.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LECTURE OF HENRY JAMES, SUNDAY, MARCH 27.

Mr. James began his lecture by presenting the views of Emanuel Swedenborg, tracing man through the various degrees of material love to a perception of spiritual existence; and to the spirit-world he asked the attention of his audience. When man arrives to a degree of development where he can distinctly perceive spirit existence, he will no longer be misled. The phenomena of Spiritualism are nothing more nor less than a change in development wrought in the human mind. The various phenomena of Spiritualism you are already familiar with, most of which are disgusting and absurd. From Webster, Franklin, Bacon, Tom Paine, Shakespeare, Bunyan and John, communications are said to have come; and these show immortality to be a poor affair, and are like the bulk of communications made in various ways, with which you are all familiar; and are insignificant, contradictory, and unmeaning.

The speaker did not wish to deny any facts, but assumed that the lowliness of Spiritualism was an argument in its favor. He had no doubt that Bacon and Swedenborg, as claimed, had influenced Judge Edmonds; neither did he deny the claims of Gov. Tallmadge; and summed up modern Spiritualism as disgusting, but still admitting its facts. He said, to himself it was anything but interesting to have his brother come to the dinner-table, and give a post mortem account of his condition, and inform him that he is still alive and kicking. He could not see the good that would come from such manifestations. The more shabby the facts, the more important their import claims to be; claiming elevation in what appears degradation. The claims of the world are, that man is to be reduced to order by science, which is illy in keeping with the claims of Spiritualism. What we see about us in

Spiritualism is staggering, and it may be said of it that it is the darkness out of which the race shall emerge into a new era, which it is apparent is fast dawning upon the earth.

Who does not blush for the folly of man when he dips into a slop-jar of filth, a Spiritualist newspaper, and reads there a pretended revelation from heaven? Nothing is more in favor of Spiritualism than the very disgust of it.

He said, "I have no doubt that the spirit-world is the only real one. My convictions are so clear on this subject, that I would not thank the Angel Gabriel for any communication in relation to it. I fully believe in immortality, and believe, too, its possibilities are known only to God, and can never be communicated to man by any science. Immortality in the soul's persuasion is so deep and so sacred, as to utterly discard the necessity of all external evidence of its existence." The speaker here dwelt at some length upon the double probability of immortality.

Man possesses both body and soul; one is external, one is internal. Creation involves two worlds—the spirit, that God sees, and material, that man sees. The universe has both body and soul; the soul is the life, the germ of after existence; the body, the shell that breaks and falls off. The former is unseen while it grows in the shell.

The spirit-world is prior and superior; the physical, secondary and subordinate. Our external senses know nothing of any other world but the physical world. Our senses constitute the back door of the soul, our intuitions the front door. For a man to quarrel because the back door of the soul is not the front door, would be like quarreling because the sun at setting was not the sun at rising. Man, with his senses, has only seen the bone skeleton of creation; the perfect man of creation is yet undiscovered. The life is of God, and it is for us to get in the power and light of nature.

Man wants true selfhood, from which will grow freedom of action; this selfhood comes from the friction of all events, and is to extricate, in the ultimate, men from bondage; all of which tends to separate us from the animal, and develop the spiritual. Life is all a discipline preparatory to the birth of the spiritual man. Nature is composite, over active, on one hand is elimination, on the other assimilation. The law that presides is esthetic and spontaneous. History is the theatre in which these opposites are worked out; in it are worked out the laws of creation.

The church has developed self-love. Nothing is more diabolical than a belief in a special divine mission; the whole tendency of the church is downward, while that of the spirit is ever upward; "life through death" is the voice of the church; the church has caused one half of the unhappy moments of doubt and fear in humanity; this is the descending move, while the spirit's growth is the opposite.

The speaker quoted largely, and commented upon the writings of Swedenborg. He said, "I have a keen appreciation of the sweetness of his spirit conceptions, while his style is dry and repulsive to the last degree. I hold that Swedenborg was a man of transcendent use to the race; but I have not a ray of sympathy with that handful of people called the New Church. If you would inquire wisely of Swedenborg, read his own books and steer clear of the sect called the New Church. Swedenborg went contrary to any organization of any church. In the past, according to Swedenborg, it has been dangerous to commune with spirits, for demons could do injury to men; but in this age it is no longer so—it is safe to communicate with the spirit world."

The speaker again made a terrific sweep upon Spiritualist newspapers, sufficient to "wipe them all out of existence," if words could do it, declaring that no one could read them for any length of time without rejecting them as disgusting and sickening.

In the summing up of Mr. James's lecture, it weighs decidedly in favor of the doctrine of Spiritualism, yet he said many things which grated dissonantly on the listening ears, and kindly feelings too, of a larger half of his hearers, who were professed Spiritualists.

In regard to Mr. James's idea of Spiritual newspapers, if the gods of Parker, Beecher and Emerson, and the clear, beautiful reasoning and intuition of Emma Hardinge, and many other productions of a like nature, are properly called the filth of society dropped into a Spiritual newspaper, from whom will Mr. James look for the gems of life to come? Such productions from the religious stars of America have for many months covered a large portion of one Spiritualist newspaper, and have been read with great pleasure and thankfulness by its one hundred thousand readers.

Since writing the above we have heard from Spiritualists who listened to Mr. James's lecture, a general expression of displeasure and dissatisfaction at the very scornful manner in which he treated the manifestations of modern Spiritualism. It would seem to us that he is a Spiritualist inside, but has a decided preference to be considered opposed to Spiritualism outside. The disgust of his nature is working off, and he fires it at Spiritualists. They can bear it; they have had heavier guns fired into their ranks than he has fired, and no man has been killed or injured by them yet. We cordially invite Mr. James to state his views of Spiritualism in the Banner of Light.

We understand that a petition has been drawn up, and will be presented to the lecture committee by some of the leading members in this society, to hear another view of Spiritualism through the lips of Mr. Higginson, at the earliest possible convenience.

A. B. C.

## LECTURE BY RALPH W. EMERSON.

Wednesday Evening, March 30th, 1885.

Froeman Chapel, this evening, was crowded—not perhaps, by so many of earth's children, with less money than intelligence, to whom Mr. Emerson is, so acceptable, and by whom he is so well appreciated—for a cent a minute is more than they can afford to pay, even for Emerson; but we saw many of the "literati" of Boston—We saw independent minds there, who have always been pioneers ahead of the respectable rabble and always will be; whose instincts told them that Emerson was a great man long before the American people learned it from the British Reviews. Then, too, there were the clergy represented—men who dared go and hear Emerson now, and to say his remarks were worth going hundreds of miles to hear—though they, years ago, might, under a different public sentiment, have protested against his heterodoxy, while he was settled as a pastor over the society in Boston which Cotton Mather founded.

He commenced to-night by saying that the insect kingdom is marked by the observing eye, as procuring sustenance by suction; so are mankind susceptible of inflation. The scholar sucks in knowledge from books. Books are in all languages and all literatures, that the scholar may drink on them.

We have a high respect for a well-bred man. In Arkansas, where talk is of horses, alligators, and bowie knives, what a relief it is to find a man with a book of poetry in his pocket! We expect a great man to be a teacher, not in information or intelligence alone, but in both. Some scholars have heaped up minds—with everything there, but nothing handy or available to use. The mind thought original, oftenest has no originality. There are imitation, models and copies, and we would know where they got them if we knew their lives, and what books they read. Rabelais is the source of many a joke; but we would find Rabelais's wit book of himself. We find in Plato the study of Christianity. All reading is a kind of quotation.

The lecturer took up separately different authors enjoying a vast reputation for originality, and traced their ideas back to some fountain-head a good ways behind them; witty sayings which have gone into the archives as the words of some particular quizz, he found said by somebody else, and gave the audience a number of cases. This was from his own reading; and what a vast ocean of written thought there is that no man can fathom in a lifetime! The popular story of Baron Munchausen and the melodies of Mother Goose, we trace back through the English and German to the very infancy of the Arian races in India. He said many men were more original in crime, than in proper persons, and cited Macpherson, Junius, Lamb, Hogg, and Dr. Wilson. Many a poor barrier has, in idle hours, won golden reputations for other folks for giving what he could never do for himself. Our best thoughts come from others; but we adopt them as our own, and stamp our seal on them, and are as jealous of them as a maternal hen of her hatchlings. Hallam said, a thing that falls far from other men, becomes remarkably pointed repeated by Sheridan. Many a man gets the credit of things at his table-talk that don't belong to him.

Mythology is no man's work, but every man does something towards it, till it gets to be everybody's truth. Psalms and liturgies were of alike slow growth into everybody's heart; and the Bible's thoughts are the most common-place of all, and all its words available somewhere in conversation. Said the lecturer: The better the truth or sentiment, the less I care for its authority. Whoever tells me a noble thought says it regardless of whoever might have said it before. It seems to me as though we are talking and thinking out of a great antiquity. Language is a city to the foundation of which every traveler brought a stone. No man can set any more claim to it than the coral bug can claim the continent he helped build the basement of. It is like a beggar's dinner made up of a hundred charities.











## Philadelphia Correspondence.

## Spiritualism as a Science—Lecture to Female Prisoners at Moyamensing Prison, &amp;c.

DEAR BANNER—Miss Emma Hardinge lectured on "Spiritualism as a Science," on the bright Sabbath morn, giving, as usual with her, one of those deeply scientific and strongly suggestive discourses, that cannot fail to awaken thought. She has done Spiritualism much good, and has thoroughly alarmed old fogies—for, say what they will, the array of his torical facts and evidences, the clear reasoning, the simple conclusions, cannot be overthrown, that cast down the idols of old theology, and put in their place a pure, elevating, rational religion, whose tendency is to make men and women better.

I am incapable of giving you a full idea of the lecture; it takes the pen of a ready phonographer to do it justice. I will endeavor to give a few of its leading points only. Our medium spoke of the wonders and powers of electricity; of the proven facts of magnetism, acknowledged almost universally, but denied when applied to the other life, although the same principles, the same immutable law, ruled there as here. She spoke of the power of healing, as having its source in magnetism; of the law of phsyometry, beginning to be understood, whereby a person left the impress of their spirit on whatever they touched; whereby character could be read, and the mask could no longer conceal the soul. Hypocritism and deceit, though armed with smiles and seeming friendliness, could no more deceive the soul that felt another's true and repulsive sphere. The time is advancing when spirit shall be read by spirit, when every secret thought and action shall be revealed from the house-tops. The all-pervading influence of magnetism would, properly understood, cure all physical diseases, and establish harmony for suffering; aiding humanity by their own inherent powers, sustained by spirit power.

In the evening, she spoke upon Spiritualism as a religion; she said that it alone clearly demonstrated the fact of immortality, and that by science, beginning with the spirit-ore, it brought to every heart and home the fullest evidence of spirit-existence, and consequently of a God. It brought the evidence of spirit-existence, individualized, conscious, progressive; all the testimony given, proving that happiness resulted from right action, in this life and hereafter; misery, from infringement of the right; that in every human breast there was a standard of right; for men commit what the world condemns as wrong, when their own consciences qualify as evil—not openly and daringly, but in secret and in darkness, urged on to concealment by the consciousness within, denouncing wrong. She spoke of the beautiful effects of the law of kindness exercised upon all. Upon the poor bound it awakened the grateful return; the little bird chirped its welcome song, and looked up gladly at the gently spoken word; the babe leaped towards the kind arms outstretched to it in love; the child was good and docile with the loving; the youth applied himself cheerfully to the difficult task, incited by love for the kind teacher; men and women, hard and callous though they were, though they may for a time return your efforts with curses and revilings, at some period will yield their hearts to the all-conquering power of kindness. She spoke of mudslumship, its scientific adaptations; the sounds produced by the power of electricity; the faculty of seeing spirits, of hearing voices. She spoke of mediums, chosen for their peculiar faculties of giving evidence of spirit-power and intelligence; she addressed mediums, bidding them be careful, that their lives harmonized with their teachings, that they practice as well as preach. Spiritualism was the practice of the law of love, as taught by the good teacher of Nazareth. She repeated the Spiritualist's creed: It was belief in the One God, in the communion with spirits; in immortality and happiness through the exercise of right.

At three o'clock on the Sabbath afternoon, Miss Hardinge lectured to the female prisoners at Moyamensing prison. I can assure you all were deeply affected who heard her utterances, so fraught with the love, gracious compassion and forgiveness of spirits. Some poor captive ones wept and sobbed most piteously through the address, and the cries of little children struck painfully on the hearts of those assembled; little children in prison! Sinless ones in that atmosphere of sorrow and suffering; how sad a thought! Miss Hardinge read, with much emotion, the parable of the Prodigal Son, and then simply and beautifully, she told the listening ones of the great and good Father's love, of his calling them unto himself by suffering; of his laws, that could not be violated without incurring the penalty; of the consolation, smiting far more for sin than the condemnation of the world; of the sense of right implanted in every human breast, that caused even the little child to conceal the wrong it committed. She spoke of the world, as that elder brother perhaps ready to condemn and scorn them; but in contrast with it was the never-ending love of the Father, ready to receive the meaneast and lowliest of his children. The consequences of sin ended not with this life, but were perpetuated in the life beyond; and all there acknowledged that to sow in sin was ever to reap in suffering. The past could not be recalled, but its lessons of experience could be gathered up to form good resolves for the future, to lead the suffering soul from darkness to the light, to the consciousness of the Father's love and care.

"She who speaks to you," said the medium, "has conversed with the spirits of the dead—those who have been called dead, but who are living, loving you still, calling upon you in love to live righteously, that you may be happy in this, and all our Father's worlds." She commended them all, as sinners, to the Father's mercy; repeated that most eloquent of all petitions, the Lord's Prayer, and sang a sweet hymn for those poor outcasts of the world, unto the "Father in heaven."

"Oh, glorious Spiritualism! thou hast thy daily triumphs in the hearts of humanity! thou art being proclaimed in the inspired utterances of divine forgiveness from the prison walls, leaving there thy golden seeds of truth, thy rainbow tints of hope and love. It is my grateful task not only to render this faint tribute to the sympathizing and disinterested spirit-endowed one—Emma Hardinge, but to have been present at one of the triumphs of our blessed faith, in the heart of a sister woman.

Our friend, Miss Munson, whose fearful eyes attested to her deep emotion, saw a spirit standing by a cell, and was impressed to speak to the prisoner within, a young woman, about eighteen years of age, Miss M. asked her whether she had a sister in the spirit-world; she appeared surprised or alarmed, and withdrew to the other end of the cell; our friend persevered, asking her whether she had not a sister

who was dead, and who was named Ellen. She acknowledged that she had, and was then told that the spirit was beside her, lovingly endeavoring to guard her from future wrong. The poor young creature burst into tears, and said she had heard of Spiritualism; she looked at Miss Munson's sympathizing face, and said she trusted her, and told her the story of her sad life and errors, promising that when she would leave that place, she would never again take that which did not belong to her; she would do better, for she believed that her sister was truly there; she begged to take the medium's hand, and vowed amendment for the future. Miss Hardinge, too, went to the cells, speaking those words of encouragement and kindness, once heard from her lips, never to be forgotten.

It is against the prison rules to speak to any inmate on Sunday, but the kind, philanthropic heart of William B. Mullen, the superintendent, forgave the violation. I, for one, left the prison, thanking God for sunshine, light and freedom, fervently hoping the day would come when love should restrain all wrong.

Last Friday night Miss Hardinge lectured at the Musical Fund Hall, a spacious and fashionable place of resort. Her subject was, "Guardian Spirits," a beautiful and eloquent exposition it was of the affinity of spirit minds, with congenial minds on earth. To-morrow night she lectures at Phoenix Street Church, and then she leaves us, to dispense elsewhere the glorious truths of Spiritualism.

Many friends gladly await the coming of Thomas G. Forester; he is a favorite in the Quaker city.

The weather is springlike, occasionally with a re-touch of cold winds; the city birds sing joyously in their cages; abroad in the already velvet carpeted woods, no doubt the choir is stronger. In the worlds of life beyond, in the innumerable spirit-worlds, we know the angels sing for joy, inaugurating the spring-time of immortality in the hearts of men. Excuse my very imperfect abstract of the lectures; as is often the case, I am bewildered with too much light.

Yours for Truth, CORA WILKINSON.  
Philadelphia, March 28, 1859.

## LETTER FROM PROVIDENCE, R. I. MORE TESTS.

Messrs Editors—Charles Sydney Smith, of Providence, gave you a few weeks ago, a test that he had received through Mrs. Stowe, in which his deceased father manifested himself in a manner to make him, skeptic that he was, conclude his article with the question, "If this was not a spirit, what was it?" Last Sabbath, March 20th, the same medium being in sitting with myself and several other friends, among which was a brother of the Smith referred to above, who was influenced by the same spirit for him, who first personated the cause and manner of his death, by showing his thumb, making all signs of his being crushed, and manifesting a severe pain up the arm, and even by saying to his child, as a strong reminder, "you know the wall," and then showed his death scene. It was the first time that this son had received any communication from his father, though he had long sought for it; but now it came unexpected and overwhelming in its truthfulness, as the father's death was caused by the fall of a large stone upon his hand when he was building a wall upon his farm, from which he only survived about fifteen minutes. After this, he went on to talk to his son as he used to do, speaking of his former disbelief in any future existence, and debating several points with considerable vehemence, saying, "you and all my boys take after me in being doubters." He told us that he came to the hardest one first, and gave him signs that he could not deny; that he should go to the others, of which there are two, and spoke of the one that stood up before the people and let the words flow from his mouth, (he being a preacher), and that he would yet convince him and his remaining brother, of the truth of this new revelation.

He says, "you know where I was in '42, my son, (referring to the political difficulties in Rhode Island at that time), 'but that is all past; three of our leaders have come up with me.' Being asked which three, he replied, 'Gov. Dorr, Mr. Anthony, and the one we put in Secretary of State; who was he?' Several names were called, as the true one was forgotten by his son, when another proposed the name Willard, "yes, yes, that's it," says he, "you know, my son, that is one of the greatest troubles of our family, to forget names. That is another test of my truth." I said to the spirit, "do you not know me, Uncle Smith?" as he was a relative of mine. He says, "yes, indeed, but you were younger when I passed away, though I have often seen you, and your name is in the paper called the Banner of Light. I wish you to write out this test for its readers, for the world is wishing for more tests, and when you receive a true one, let it be known, and hundreds will bless you that know you not."

Several months ago, I published a tribute to Henry William Herbert, in your columns, and being in company with this same medium upon the Sabbath following, I was most agreeably surprised at receiving an affectionate greeting from the spirit referred to in the poem, who said I had drawn him to me by the cords of sympathy; that he would be with me often, and impress me with high thoughts. The next time he came he told me the sign between him and me should be "gold, and silver, and blue," (talked to me beautifully, and I liked much his acquaintance. The third time, I recognized him, but would not speak his name, as I waited for the signal from him; and as he went on conversing with me, I asked why he did not give it, when he said he would at some time. Upon the day of receiving the test from Uncle Smith, he showed himself to Mrs. Stowe's spiritual vision, and she described him as a rather large man, not very tall, that he had a high forehead, a very straight nose, of which she spoke two or three times, long looking, and dark hair sprinkled with gray. Having never seen him, I could not recognize him, but called another name, when she said, "he wishes me to say that he is wearing a wreath for you, of gold, silver and blue," thus giving the test when he knew I most needed it. Will some one who is familiar with his general appearance at the time of his decease, tell me through your columns if my description is correct? They will thus confer a favor on me, and add strength to the test given to the reading public. We have been listening for this month to the teachings of Miss Sprague, and truly we have had a "feast of fat things," as the hundreds who have crowded to hear her can attest. Her true and earnest love for the beautiful, her sympathy with the noble, her deep capacities for spirit control, and her clear, logical method of explaining every subject that is to be treated on by her, fighting with the weapons of truth all the mighty legions of error, always gaining the victory, have endeared her to a large circle of friends who will be waiting with open arms to embrace her, should she favor us with a visit in the fall. She will lecture on our State Prison next Thursday, whether she ever takes her way when she has visited us before. Surely, who need the teachings of our blessed religion more than they?

Our Brother Pardee has been speaking at the Western Hall of Spiritualists—for you have heard we have a Morning Star Circle, as they choose to call themselves. He is very eloquent, and his teachings elevated and instructive. A medium describes him as drawing around him the most beautiful spirits she has ever beheld. His artless soul would naturally attract such. I think he is worthy of a still higher appreciation. I would like to say more concerning both, but want of space forbids. Your paper grows better continually, and your contributions seem like household friends and familiar faces. I would like to meet them all. Truly yours,  
March 28th, 1859. LIZA H. BARNES.

## The Public Press.

## NATURAL LAWS.

Messrs. Editors—Under this heading I had prepared an article for an agricultural journal, but as your paper circulates extensively, not only in cities and towns, but among farmers, both at the East and West, it may not be out of place if it is found in the columns of the Banner.

Let me ask attention to some hasty sketches in regard to herds and flocks—to facts which all farmers recognize as having their basis in nature; and also to some of the natural laws, the obeying of which tend to the development and progress of their own race. This last may be a delicate subject to handle; but I know of nothing so delicate, nothing so sacred, when human beings are suffering from violations of nature's laws, which violations imbrute and imbrute their whole lives, that will cause me to keep silent, when by the obeying of these natural laws man would be made worthy of his name, fitted for the high position he is destined to fill.

Farmers, as stock raisers, by judicious breeding you have been able to mould your flocks and herds to your will. Offer sufficient inducement, and who could limit the fashioning power you hold over the brutes? See what has already been done. You are not only prepared to grow any of your domestic tribes to order, to fit any pattern; not only to mould their forms, but the life in those forms. If the blood moves fast in your veins and you take to horses, you soon surround yourself with a 2400 stock. You refine their bones, strengthen and invigorate their muscles, give life, spirit, and bottom; and just as high as is your conception of perfect animals, so your favorites will be. If you are not in so much haste to get through this world and into eternity, if you take life cooler, content to go along on the good old-fashioned go-to-mill jog, then your family of horses will gradually approach the standard of the perfection of patience and moderation, blended with muscles sufficiently powerful to move a little world.

Do your interests incline you to grow horned cattle and beef, your source of profit; your highest ideal of the ox is made real in the best combination of muscular fibre, fat, and bone, that can be united, introducing rigid economy into the partnership, giving a tendency to fatten, to run to meat, instead of bone.

Are your interests in the dairy business? how soon do you gather a herd of cows that run all their flesh off their bones by running to milk; and if milk, instead of butter, is your forte, you know how to get a stock of cows that will water their own milk, and save any conscientious scruples in that direction—such cows frequently quadrupling the amount of milk of many others of much finer proportions. How simple is the cow in your hands! With skillful breeding you develop her capacity as a milked fold, either to supply the butter-tub, the milk-can, or the beef barrel; and if you have the milk of human kindness in your hearts, you can make her not only a second mother in her lactical capacity but in her nature and disposition.

The sheep has been metamorphosed none the less than its kindred; the power that man has held over the domesticated animals has been far greater than one at first would imagine, and the future is pregnant with still greater and more useful results. If you have watched your herds and flocks closely, you will have observed that most of the ills affecting them arise from your neglect—at least, are under your control. So most of the ills of your own flesh come from the same cause, from not taking proper care of yourselves, from infringements of the laws of life. You carry your flocks to the highest state of perfection, by causing them to obey the laws of their being in the highest degree.

Have you thought of improving your own race by obeying the laws that govern you? So long as you live in the flesh you will be subject to the laws of the flesh, as much so as your flocks and herds. Great minds and large souls need fit tenements in which to dwell. See what you have done in moulding the animal, and know how much more power you have over yourselves.

Vice and virtue are hereditary, as the consumption or scrofula, both come by natural laws—sickness of soul or of body—and you are responsible for both, having no more right to be a rheumatist than a rascal. These natural laws have been too much overlooked by the world, and it is for you, who are daily taught these lessons, to see they are applied to the improvement of your own kind. The low, the mean, the base, must be grown away from; the high, the good, and the true must be grown into, and in a natural way. A writer in the Atlantic Monthly touches upon vital truths when he asks, "what is the position of the mother in the New England farmer's home? The farmer is careful of every animal he possesses. The farm-yard and the stall are replenished with young, by creatures for months dismissed from labor, or handled with much care while carrying their burden; because the farmer knows that only in this way can he secure improvement, and sound, symmetrical development to the stock on his farm. In this he is a true, practical philosopher. But what is his treatment of her who bears his children? The same physiological laws apply to her that apply to the brute. Their strict observance is greatly more imperative, because of her finer organization; yet they are not thought of; and if the farm-yard fails to shame the nursery, if the mother bear beautiful and well-organized children, Heaven be thanked for a merciful interference with the operations of its own laws! Is a mother in a farm-house ever regarded as a sacred being? Look at her hands and clumsy form! Is it more important to raise fine colts than fine men and women? Is human life to be made secondary and subordinate to animal life? Is not she who should receive the tenderest and most considerate ministrations of the farmer's home, in all its appointments and in all its service, made the ceaseless minister and servant of the home and all within it, with utter disregard of her office? To expect a population to improve greatly under this method, is simply to expect miracles; and to expect a farmer's life and a farmer's home to be attractive, where the mother is a drudge, and secures less consideration than the pets of the stall, is to expect impossibilities.

The finely-developed Durham ox cannot be reared from a native scrub in one generation, nor can all men be made healthy and robust in a lifetime, nor all Bostonian in intellect, or Howards in goodness; but permanent progress can be made in health, in strength of mind, in moral power, that would astonish many of the present school of philosophers, if we would be half as true to our organizations, and extend half the zeal improving men and women, that has been applied to the brute creation. The improvement that can be made upon the animal organization, by obeying the laws of its being, is none the less positive and sure in the human species, physically, mentally, and morally.

Every parent is aware that sudden and disagreeable frights to the mother, when *enacted*, frequently prove very disastrous, occasionally discolored the skin, or producing malformation in the offspring. If such may be the result of a sudden depression of the mind, where can the improved effects be limited, if, during this eventful period, the mind is exercised aright; kept joyous, hopeful, happy, trusting, truthful—warmed with a love of all that is lovely, beautiful, high, holy, heavenly? If the parents are of good stock, and these the surroundings and feelings of the mother, then, just as sure as the heavens are over your heads, just as sure will offspring born under such circumstances prove an honor to the world, blessings to parents, benefactors of their kind.

Through the obeying of these eternal laws of the Great I Am, lies man's hope of progress on ward and upward; and this progress, this natural superiority or gain of the offspring over the parents, when all the laws of propagation are obeyed; this interest belonging to humanity is even greater than penurious souls ask for usury. So few comply with all the terms, is why so few are blessed. How we trifle with immortal souls! If by obeying the laws of life such

blessings flow, what can be expected from ill-balanced organizations, from unfortunate parents whose offspring are conceived in sin, carried by vicious mothers, who may be surrounded by, or living in, haunts of infamy, crime, and debauchery? Is it not reasonable to believe that as the skin of the offspring may be stained, or a malformation produced by the mental condition of the mother during pregnancy, that its mind may be so indelibly stamped with vice, that it can never be effaced by all the training of after life? Realizing these great truths of nature, they warn those who know them to be truths, to shun the awful, the terrible consequences that attend such deviations, and to be merciful to those who, through ignorance or temptation, are drawn into the vortex of sin.

It is a law in nature that like causes under like circumstances produce like effects. Figs are not gathered from thistles, nor grapes from thorns. It may be asked, then, how comes it that virtuous offspring may come of vicious parents, and vice versa? As stock raisers, do you not see some of the marks, the fine or weak points of your stock frequently disappear for several generations, then appearing for several more? The key easily unlocks this difficulty. Circumstances and conditions differ. Then, again, impressions digressed upon the offspring through the lenses or conditions of the mother's mind, account for all these seeming contraries in nature. Nature never falters, but is ever truthful.

By no means would I undervalue culture of hands, head or heart. The workshop, the school, the State, the Church, are working great blessings, are indispensable to society. But if the boy is not born with a mechanical aptness, he will never make a Fulton. If his brother has not a poetry in his composition, he never will captivate the muses. His oldest brother may be intended by the laws of his country to be a statesman; but if the laws of nature and of God had not stamped the statesman upon his brow, the fame of a Pitt would never have been heard of. If the younger brother hath not inherent piety in his soul, all the washings of regeneration can only make him a tolerable member of society. Let him aim to be a member of Congress, and he would disgrace that body; a State Legislature, and he would barter his honor for railroad stock; a President of the nation, and he would stand and fall alone; a clergyman, and he would prove a wolf in sheep's clothing—for it is not that which is from without, but that which is from within, that shapes the mechanist, the poet, the statesman, or the saint; just as natural beauty is not in the outward adorning, but in the living soul, beaming forth in every feature.

Order reigns in nature, and when law is recognized, believed in, acted upon; when it is seen in us, without us, in every rock, in every plant, in every animal; when it is seen that the external form, tangible to the eye, reveals its inward life—if we but learn the language of forms, then will have been learned a most important truth.

Human beings are subject to the same physiological laws as animals. Do you want to see "representative" bad men, look at the sun pictures, or sin pictures, in the galleries of the police in the large cities. Every man carries his character, his manhood, or his meanness, in his organization. You all know that the stature, general form, temperament, color of the hair and complexion, are hereditary; so too, there is an inner man in harmony with the outer, which is hereditary. You can put on the pound of flesh to the bones of the animal just where you desire it, and pin it there for generations; so you can add to the human soul a pound of resolution just in that weak spot where it may be needed.

These great laws of nature are laid before you, ye tillers of the soil, because you are surrounded by, and dealing with these great truths, because you are the most favorably situated to carry them out; because the farm ever has been, ever will be, the fittest place to rear nature's noble men and women. Let the agriculturists of this country study nature, obey her laws, and they can digress upon the historical pages of this nation such characters as they will.

St. Louis, March 21. L. G. CHASE.

## MORE OF THE HASHISH VIEWS.

"Ye mighty ones, who sway the souls that go  
Amid the marvels of the world below!  
Ye silent slumbers, who set and hear around!  
Chaos! and streams that burn beneath the ground!  
All, all forgive, if by your converse stirred  
My pen shall utter what my ears have heard,  
If I write of things of doubtful birth  
Deep sunk in darkness as deep sunk in earth."

Having read with peculiar interest certain views in several articles in the Banner, under the head of Hashish, &c., the first by Dr. A. B. Child, and the last by Bro. Mandell, I find arising in my own mind a very singular train of thought, which I desire to jot down. The first article by Dr. Child, startled, in some degree, my ideas of good citizenship, and seemed to countenance error and wrong doing. In reading the several articles in answer, they were insufficient and wanting in that vital power, "inspiration," which gives answer to the want of the soul, and satisfies the understanding; and while I agree with Mr. Mandell, that it seems safest in the present state of society, to hold to that well-beaten track that wrong is wrong and must be thoroughly looked after; yet my thoughts have taken a wide, wild range, and as Mr. Mandell is a friend to the whole alphabet of humanity, I know my thoughts will not trouble him, and the Doctor, takes so broad ground, he cannot object.

I am fully satisfied that Spiritualists, as a body, are exploring the swamps and meadows of life, the hills and level plains of society, in a most thorough manner; the elements are all right for that work and the work will prove such as none have dreamed. The brilliant star is surely guiding correctly, but what the course, and where the destiny, no man knows. Thus every new position, assumed by any individual, seems at first untrue and wrong, but examination proves that vital truth is snugly nestled within seeming error. Taking the daring latitude of our friend, Dr. Child, in his article, and measuring by the standard of human knowledge of to-day, the universal vote would be against it; but assuming the Christ principle as the standard of measurement, and taking the words of Christ as the spirit of the governing law for mortals, we shall find ourselves arousing to principles we have little thought were binding legally upon our spiritual natures. Let us see. Assuming that the Christ principle is truly set forth in that declaration of principles by Christ himself in his sublime "sermon on the mount," none can doubt, for an instant, that the real sentiment of that sermon, from beginning to end, if adopted by mortals, would overthrow and tear down every institution of men on earth, and make all free from earthly domination, the saint and sinner alike; and if there is preference in tenderness and care, it is in favor of the sinner in such an emergency as this.

Dr. Child very justly says, "Hell is constantly warring with hell." This is the great trouble now with us all. Can a man be so thoroughly born again as to feel that he will trust God under all and every condition? This is the issue—not how great a sinner or saint is this or that man, but will we all of us "love God supremely, and our neighbor as ourselves?"

Mr. Mandell thinks there is nothing new in the positions of Dr. Child; for he says it is the doctrine long held by the bar-room, gambling-house, and brothel. I would ask Mr. Mandell where shall we look for that peculiar nature, the sinners, the especial favorites of Jesus of Nazareth, but where they are? Shall we go among the L.L.D.'s, the D.D.'s, the officials of church and state, the counsellors and governors, or shall we be honest, and in good faith go where Christ pointed the way? shall we be called "a friend of publicans and sinners," or "possessed with a devil?"

Should a thunderbolt from the clouds of heaven pour its deadly fires upon the mountains of earth, it would be no more startling than this simple question now agitating the waters of life. Must we love the sinner? and is sin one of the grand operations of the law of love, to melt down the soul, to mould it into form, and fit it to receive that Christian grace, charity?

Is there yet an unknown quantity in that won-

drous story which made the wandering spendthrift and prodigal a hero? and that woman at the well of Samaria, the recipient of truths which rulers, governors, and priests, tried in vain to obtain?

Can we rightly love any person without that humility which can take the bow in hand, and gird on the napkin, and wash their feet? To do this to a sinner, is hard and crushing, but well understood by him who gave the example, and the purpose of which Spiritualists should be first to see. This principle, when understood, will make the stoutest hearts among us quail, and ache, and sigh.

But surely this must be the Christ principle. "Rebel not evil; whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Who is so ignorant that knows not this very principle is *The Christ*? Is it his peculiarity, lovely and beautiful to the humble soul, desolating and torturing to the proud and self-sufficient?

To talk of, to punish, and torture our fellow-sinners, as we do, is to my mind, a crime. Drunkards and gamblers, prostitutes and criminals, these outcasts of society, with all their sins, are not to be compared in monstrousness of evil to the great soul of society, with the sin of self-righteousness, so marvellously cultivated by rulers and people of earth; 'tis the great sin of sins, this self-appointed, pompous, care-taking of God's children, neglecting ourselves. There is no principle in nature that will so take the rust and moth from us, as that humility of spirit which will regard the sinner as one of God's children, destined to grow in beauty, side by side with us, forever and forever.

Not a man or institution but is devoted mainly to the care of the morals of other people; not one solitary individual or institution has yet been found large enough in soul, expansive enough in feeling, to embrace the sinner, save him only who took the bowl, and girded the napkin around him, and did wash the feet of sinners. To be true men and women, we must trust God in his works, believe the words of Jesus, forsake all the forms of man begotten pride, and particularly the idea, so human, "I am better than thou;" looking to God as a living reality, and Jesus as the exponent of that reality. "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you, and this is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you."

ALOEZEL.

## MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Rev. J. H. Thompson will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Address at Medford, Mass.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in New York, Williamstown and Naugatuck, during April; in Providence, Worcester, Lowell, and other places, during May, and in Portland and Oswego during June. In the Fall and Winter Miss Hardinge designs to labor exclusively in the West and South, and requests letters of application for her services to be addressed to 124 Grand street, New York.

Mrs. Rosa T. Amesbury will speak in Cambridgeport, April 10th; Marlborough, April 17th; Foxboro, April 24th. She will answer calls for lectures, and attend funerals. Address No. 32 Allen street, Boston.

Warren Chase lectures in Cincinnati, Ohio, April 10th; Dayton, April 14th; Milan, April 16th and 20th; Cleveland, April 24th; Chicago, April 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th; and May 1st; Adrian, Mich., May 15th; Battle Creek, Mich., May 22d; Hamtramck, Mich., May 25th; 26th; Kalamazoo, Mich., May 29th; Grand Rapids, June 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th; Grand Haven, June 9th and 10th.

E. S. Wheeler, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at the Fountain House, Boston, Mass. He is engaged in Connecticut and Boston, until April 11th.

J. H. Currier, of Lawrence, will speak in Union Bridge, Scarborough, N. H., April 8th; Laconia, N. H., April 10th; Plymouth, N. H., April 11th and 12th; New Bedford, Mass., April 13th and 14th; Cambridgeport, Mass., May 1st.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak in Watertown, April 10th; Cambridgeport, April 17th and 24th.

Mrs. E. O. Hysor may be addressed, in care of J. H. Blood, Box 346, P. O., St. Louis, Mo.

Loring Moody will lecture in South Dedham, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 6th and 7th; Walpole, Thursday and Friday, April 12th and 13th; Foxboro, Sunday, April 16th; Mansfield, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 12th and 13th; Northampton, Thursday and Friday, April 14th and 15th. Will some friend in each place, who may see these notices, make all needful arrangements without further request.

H. P. Fairbank will lecture in Providence, R. I., April 10th. Friends in the vicinity of Providence wishing to engage his services for week evenings, during his stay in that place, will address him in care of Henry Simons, No. 259, Friendship street, Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture during the month of April in such places, on the stage route from New York to Birmingham, as the friends may desire. Address until May 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Birmingham, N. Y.

A. B. Child will speak in Plymouth, April 10th; Mr. Charles E. Wier, April 17th and 24th; George Atkins, May 1st; and J. C. Clarke and daughter, May 8th.

Dr. Payson and Amanda M. Spence will respond to invitations to lecture, addressed to James Spence, N. Y.

Miss Munson, clairvoyant physician, has since the conclusion of her engagement to speak in Philadelphia and Baltimore during the last month, resumed the practice of her profession, in which she has hitherto been so successful. She has taken the rooms formerly occupied by her at No. 716, Sanson street, where she will speak in the vicinity of the above places, as they may be desired, care of Dr. H. T. Child, 510 Arch street.

Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook (formerly Mrs. Henderson) will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., every Sunday in April; and in St. Louis during the month of May. Friends in the vicinity of Oswego, wishing to engage her services for week evenings, during her stay in that place, will address her, Box 422, Bridgeport, Ct.

J. C. Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Mr. Hall is one of the first apostles of Spiritualism.

Mrs. J. W. Currier will lecture in Western, R. I., April 6th, 7th, and 8th; Norwich, Conn., April 10th and 17th; Putnam, Conn., April 24th; Allford, N. H., May 15th. Evening services will be held in the vicinity of the above places, if desired. Address, Lowell, Mass.

E. V. Wilson, Fountain House, will answer calls to lecture Sundays or week-day evenings, upon the practical uses of Spiritualism, and its truths, relating many wonderful incidents which have taken place, with name and place for proof.

J. C. Oliver will answer calls for lectures on Spiritualism or Temperance, and his daughter, Susie C. Oliver, will accompany him to give readings. Mr. C. will act as agent for the BANNER. Address at the BANNER office, or 12 Chapman street. George Atkins will speak in Orleans, April 10th and 24th; and Taunton, April 17th.

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

Mrs. M. M. Macomber, trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture in any direction the friends of progress may desire. Address Olneyville, R. I.

A. B. Whiting is engaged to lecture in Albion, Mich., every Sunday for this month. All letters for him should be addressed to that place till May 1st.

Mr. Charles W. Burgess will answer calls to lecture on the subject of Spiritualism wherever his friends may desire. Address West Killbuck, Conn.

Prof. J. E. Churchill, can be addressed at No. 202 Franklin street, in place, Philadelphia, to lecture on Reform in Religion, Politics, and Socialism.

C. T. Irish will answer calls to lecture in trance-state where the friends of truth may desire. Address West-village, Taunton, Mass.

Western New York friends wishing to engage George M. Jackson as a lecturer, can do so by addressing him at Prattsburgh, N. Y., until the 1st of April, as he intends to spend the winter in the East.

Mrs. H. M. Miller will visit all places between Ashabula and Cleveland, where lectures can be held. If the friends in the vicinity of Cleveland desire her services they can address her at that post office.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury will speak at Springfield, Mass., on Sunday, April 10th. She will answer calls to speak on Sundays, and week-day evenings. Address, Hartford, Ct.

Persons desiring the services of F. L. Wadsworth as a lecturer, will please address "Spiritual Age," Boston, Mass., until further notice.

William E. Rice, Trance-Speaker. Address at 7 Davis street, Boston.

Dr. E. L. Lyon may be addressed at Lowell until further notice.

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

Miss Emma Houston, trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture Sundays, or week evenings. Address at Fountain House, Boston.



